



GAIETIES 2010  
**THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CAL**  
An Original Musical Comedy

by  
**RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY**

Music and lyrics by Linden Melvin

Premiered November 17, 2010  
Directed by Emily Goldwyn

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at  
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 2010

Copyright © 2010 by Ram's Head Theatrical Society  
All rights reserved

For more information, visit [ramshead.stanford.edu](http://ramshead.stanford.edu)



**STANFORD**  
UNIVERSITY

# **GAIETIES 2010: The Last Temptation of Cal**

## **ACT 1, Scene 1: Move-in Day**

*We open on Serra Move in Day. Several students have already arrived, and are accompanied by fanatical parents and rolly suitcases. All three Serra RAs (Todd, Span, and Lauren) sit behind a table anxiously awaiting the arrival of their new freshmen. An unkempt girl with dirty long hair approaches the table.*

Todd: Is that him? Is it?

Span: Cool down Toddster. It's just a homeless guy.

Lauren: Ew it's walking towards us!

Todd: Check the book, Span! Check the book!

Kara: Uh, Is this Serra?

All RAS: Vladimir!

Kara: It's Kara and I'm a girl.

ALL: KARA!!!

Todd: Astrological sign: aries!

Lauren: Birthstone: diamond!

Span: Sexual position... hmm... I don't seem to recall the answer to this one.. Guess you'll have to show me in the upcoming 9 months..

Lauren: Anyways...

All RAs: WELCOME TO SERRA!

Span: Where we know exactly who you are!

Lauren: Where you're from!

Todd: And everything you've ever done!

Kara: Are all RAs this creepy?

Todd: We're not creepy, Kara! We just love you! Serra Love!

Lauren: (finishing off in the dumb sing-songy voice usually used for dorm-slogans) It's SERReal! Anyways, I'm Lauren and I'm the RA on the first floor! Best floor! And in case you didn't know,

this year is going to be...EPIC!

Kara: Can I go now?

*She starts to leave.*

Todd: Woah there don't forget about your pal Todd! That's me!  
Second floor is my turf. All girls. But don't worry, I **won't be peeping at you ladies in your underoos**. I'm a Mormon!

Span: And a sex offender! The boys' floor was his first choice but after he crashed the HoHoPalloza, several of our first floor freshman filed restraining orders. Not to worry though, I'm sure you two will have a great year together.

Kara: I'm leaving.

Span: See ya around Kar-Bear

Lauren: Ooo what a SERRAbulous nickname, Span! Now that's some SERRious love right there!

*Caty Lynn and her parents enter with luggage.*

Caty's Mom: Are those your RA's?

Caty's Dad: I think they were just buying drugs from that homeless man!

Todd: Ooh here comes another one!

Span: I'll take this one guys.

Lauren: Go Span!

Span: CLIT!

Caty: Excuse me???

Todd: Catherine Lynn Isabel Thomas, right?! C-L-I-T! CLIT! Good one, Span!

Span: Todd's a sex offender.

Caty's Mom: So you're the ones in charge of my daughter, are you? Well then surely you are aware that as the resident assistants of this dormitory, you have been placed in loco parentus for my daughter Catherine Lynn Isabel Thompson--

Caty: Caty's fine.

Span: CLIT...

Caty's Mom: Yes, Clit. I assume then that you are fully capable of enforcing Catherine's strict nutritional regimen, and will adhere to our family's anti-minority policy-

Caty: MOM!

Caty's Mom: As well as an observation of all high holy days, including Palm Sunday, White-Monday, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, and of course MelGibsonmas.

Todd: Mr. and Mrs. Thompson I can assure you that your daughter is in great hands. I myself am a Mormon!

Caty's mom: Oh god. Come along Catherine.

*Caty and her parents storm off stage just as Panthers struts his way on stage texting on his T-mobile sidekick.*

Todd: And that's good RAing. Take notes Span. Watch me with this next one. Annnnd got it! WELCOME TH--

Panthers: You (pointing to Todd). Stop right there. Name's Panthers. (To Lauren) I didn't catch yours though.

Lauren: It's Lauren, but you can call me SERRAUREN. So Panthers? That's an EPIC name. What does it mean? It's so scary.

Panthers: Can't tell you that. But I can tell you one thing: your eyes. See you around the dorm.

*Panthers slinks over towards Caty.*

Lauren: He's so nice!

*Spotting his target, Panthers intentionally bumps into Caty Lynn.*

Panthers: Woah there, you should watch where you're going. You could hurt someone with those...eyes.

Caty: Oh sorry...

Panthers: Well, while you've got me here tell me something interesting about yourself (*extends his hand*). Panthers.

Caty's Mom: What a nice young man. This is my daughter Catherine Lynn Isabel Thompson.

Panthers: C-L-I-T. CLIT. Ah, so that's why my iPad pussy-app was going wonkers. Sweet acronym. SICK name. Love it.

Caty: That's not my name!

Caty's Dad: Look there Caty, you've got yourself a Stanford

nickname! You know they have nicknames for everything here! CoHo, RoHo, FroSoCo and best of all CLIT! My little Clit! It's got a nice ring to it!

Panthers: (sticking out his hand.) Panthers.

Caty's Dad: Alright Caty, you stay here with your new friend Panthers. Your mother and I are going to find your new Stanford room.

Caty: Wait.

*Caty's parents leave.*

Panthers: Looks like it's just you and me Clit.

Caty: Can you maybe stop calling me that?

Panthers: Can maybe stop being so attracted to me?

Caty: What?

Panthers: Your eyes. Stop fighting. You're scared, but for the first time in the world you feel safe. Check out my iPad.

*Panthers pulls out an iPad.*

Caty: Are you on drugs?

*Suddenly, out of an adjacent bush pops Bressica. She's still dressed in her party clothes from last night.*

Bressica: DOES ANYONE HAVE ANY ADDERALL?! I'm so down, and I know you all got free samples from Vaden's table at the Activities Fair. WhereWho?

ALL THE RAs: Bressica!

Bressica: Holy Eff! Stop yelling.

*Todd walks over to intervene.*

Todd: Hey there, what's the story morning glory? Did we imbibe some prohibited substances last night?

Bressica: I didn't imbibe anything last night. I just soaked my tampon in Goldshlager's. NO BIGGIE. But then when I headed over to Theta Delt since it was fucking table o'clock, those pussies are like "we're stoned, we'd rather masturbate to guitar hero." But I'm SO D-Squared, (drunk and DTF) that I hit up a rando bar in Palo Alto and start talking to this preppy guy about his golf clubs. Next thing I know, you're yelling at me!

*Tiger Woods wakes up and bolts out of the bush.*

All of the RAs: TIGER WOODS!

Bressica: Found your golf ball!

Tiger Woods: HOLE IN ONE!

*Tiger Wood's wife runs running on stage wielding a 9-iron.*

Tiger Woods: Gotta go! Call me!

*She chases him off stage.*

Panthers: You're one of those college sluts... (He sticks out his hand) Panthers.

Bressica: Where? Oh, well I was hoping you were that Jesus guy. He's like so famous. Definitely the hottest freshman in Stern.

Caty: Wait. Jesus? Our Lord and Savior? Is coming here? To Stanford? To Stern?

Todd: To Serra!

Panthers: I hear a couple homies over in Flo Mo saw him walking around on lake lag.

Bressica: I hear he has a magic stick.

Testimony 1: We hear he's thrilled to accept his bid as the newest member of Testimony a cappella!

*Silence.*

Testimony 2: (*dejected*) We're really banking on this...

Rando KE OV #1 (Slick Nawildo): Well, I hear he wants everybody to come to Kappa Sig's ETHNOTRACHÉ RAGER this weekend!

Panthers: Who the fuck are you?

Rando KE OV#1 (Slick Nawildo): Name's Slick. And I like the cut of your V-neck, stranger. You should rush K-Sig, for swizzel.

Rando KE OV#2: BOOOOST!

Panthers: Chill.

Todd: Well I hear that Jesus is from Utah where he hid a bunch of Golden plates and seer stones, and that someday he'll be back to rid the world of President Obama and all the other Muslims!

Span: Okay Toddster, time out. (He points back to the RA table).

Everyone: JESUS!

Synergy Guy: Can someone point me towards Synergy?

Everyone: AWWWWWW!

*Unbeknownst to everyone Jesus, a black kid is standing on the other side of the stage looking horribly lost. He approaches the Table to check in.*

Jesus: Hey there. I'm here to check in to Serra.

Lauren: Fine. What's your name?

Jesus: Uh, Jesus. Jesus Christ.

Lauren: JESUS CHRIST!

***Back and Black***

JESUS, YOU'VE COME TO SAVE ME,  
AND GRACE STANFORD WITH YOUR GLORY!

STANFORD, JESUS LOVES YOU!

HE'S BACK, AND HE IS BLACK!

BLESSED BE THY NAME,  
SENT TO HELP US PROCLAIM,  
STANFORD WILL WIN BIG GAME,  
AND PUT CAL TO SHAME.

NOW LISTEN WELL,  
I'M READY TO TELL,  
ABOUT A SAVIOR SO HOLY.  
HE GOT ACCEPTED TO YALE,  
HARVARD, PRINCETON TOO,  
BUT HE CHOSE STANFORD JUST LIKE YOU AND ME

STANFORD, JESUS LOVES YOU!

HE'S BACK, AND HE IS BLACK!

WHEN HE APPLIED TO SCHOOL  
HE HAD A RULE  
ABOUT THE PLACES HE WOULD NOT BE.  
GOD SAID UNTO HIM,  
"SON, DON'T GIVE IN,  
TO THAT PILE OF SHIT NAMED CAL BERKELEY."

BERKELEY, JESUS HATES YOU!

YOU'RE NOT EVEN GOOD ENOUGH  
TO BE A SAFETY SCHOOL!

HE'S BACK, AND HE IS BLACK!

THEY CALL YOU INNOCENT AND RIGHTEOUS  
FOR YOUR SACRIFICE,  
YOU'RE THE ONLY SAVIOR IN HISTORY  
WHO COULD COME TWICE!

STANFORD, JESUS LOVES YOU!

EVEN IF HIS SKIN COLOR  
IS A TABOO!

HE'S BACK, AND HE IS BLACK!

JESUS, OUR LORD,  
HE CHOSE, STANFORD,  
TO SAY, FUCK YOU,  
TO ALL THINGS:  
GOLD AND BLUE!

JESUS! JESUS!! JESUS!!

HE WILL BLOW YOU...

AWAY!

BACK AND BLACK!

Jesus: Yup, that's me.

Todd: But you're... BLACK!

Lauren: Todd, you can't say that!

Jesus: It's okay, I get it all the time. There's been years of visual misrepresentation due to racism, discrimination and George Bush. I guess with the recent popularity of Beyonce, God thought it was time for me to come back and get a real education.

*Nervously Caty approaches Jesus.*

Caty: Oh, it's you! Jesus! It's really you! I have so many questions! Like if God is omnipotent, then why does he allow evil in the world?

Angus McTartpounder: Yeah! And if he's really got a plan for everyone, is there any room for free will?



Christina Applesaucetwat: Will they ever un-cancel Arrested Development??? I love that show! It's just my sense of humor!

Testimony: ARE YOU OR ARE YOU NOT JOINING TESTIMONY? WE'VE LITERALLY BEEN WAITING HERE FOR CENTURIES.

Jesus: Uh...

*Jesus looks totally overwhelmed.*

SCENE.

## **Scene 2: The KALassroom**

*The scene opens in a dingy classroom. It looks under funded and shitty. There is a bright red man writing on a chalkboard wearing a tweed loincloth and a bowtie. Large horns protrude from the sides of his head. Two militant lesbian teaching assistants are in the background. Meanwhile, Mei, an overzealous, overachieving Asian student is running around the classroom snapping photographs of everything.*

The Devil: Welcome class to "Religious Studies 192: Harry Potter, King of the Jews." Turn in your reading responses to my Teaching Assistants, Svetlana and Letsvana, former students from my fellowship at DeVry's Transylvanian campus. (*Svetlana's whip cracks*). I assume you all did the reading. (*Letsvana's whip cracks*)

Keifer Mcpoophammer: Like books?

The Devil: YES, like books. Like the books I assigned yesterday. And the day before. And the day before... Did ANYONE do the reading?

Keifer Mcpoophammer: I don't understand the question...

*Mei thrusts his camera into KEIFER'S hands*

*Mei motions with his fingers to take a picture and puts his arm around THE DEVIL and puts up a peace sign.*

Mei: CHEESE!

The Devil: Excuse me, weren't you in this class last semester?! I could have sworn you turned in your final paper on a TI-89!

Mei: Oh, no! That's a really common mistake since 96% of University of California at Berkeley is from the Asian subcontinent. Are you thinking of Sze-Shun Tsingtao? Or Liu Xiao Ling Tong...

The Devil: SILENCE. IF YOU INTERRUPT ME AGAIN I WILL TURN YOUR

PUBIC HAIR INTO COBRAS.

Mei: But Sir, I did the reading and I was hoping you could clarify the passage on Severus Snape and the parting of the Red—

The Devil: BOOMSLAM!

*Mei grabs his crotch and starts writhing in pain, screaming.*

Mei: PUBIC COBRAS, NOOOO!!!!

The Devil: Did anyone ELSE read the book?

Sylvia Firecrotchandblotch: I read a book once!

The Devil: (Sarcastically) Really? (Then sincerely) Really?

Sylvia Firecrotchandblotch: "Everybody Poops." I highly recommend it.

Dylan: I couldn't get through the dense themes.

Tucker Bromanstein: I don't read fiction. Everybody knows that girls don't poop (Tucker high-fives his pal Trampus Dorsalfin).

The Devil: Bad news Tucker, girls do poop.

Tucker Bromanstein: NOOOOOOOO! (As he runs out of the room).

Trampus Dorsalfin: I hate learning.

*Enter SHWAG a 24-year-old sophomore who has monopolized the Berkeley weed market. A cloud of smoke follows him. He is looking intensely at a piece of paper.*

Shwag: Umm...Is this Culinary Arts 288: Doritos, Cheetos, and the Rhetoric of Fine Snacking?

The Devil: Svetlana! Letsvana! (We hear two whips crack) Take care of this

Letsvana: What is your name, monster? And you would like to sleep with my sister Svetlana? Well you cannot. For she is not my sister.

Svetlana: Zis is Transylvanian humor. Very funny. (Letsvana's whip cracks)

Shwag: Oh that's...okay...( With rapper cadence) Clients call me Shwag. My chronic's the illest. And if you're in my grill, please grill me a burger. Damnnn I'm hungry. Business cards, any takers?

*The class raises their hands, except for Mei*

Dylan Douchehole: I think this might be a Dorito?

Shwag: Oh yeeaah. *(Eats the Dorito like he's high as fuck)*

*Shwag sits down. Takes a large hit of a bong, passes it around.*

The Devil: Moving on--

*In runs TEVA, holding a nalgene and a protest sign.*

TEVA: Exuse my tardiness, I had an extreme rock repelling lesson this morning followed by a rally organized by Melissa Etheridge. We were protesting AIDS.

KEIFER McPoophammer: Uh... I don't understand. What part of AIDS were you protesting? The A part or the D part?

TEVA: Seriously Keifer, you might want to inform yourself before you open your mouth. If you didn't know, AIDS is the number one cause of genocide...in Canada.

Shwag: Right on TEVA! What did you do?

TEVA: I organized a shit-in at the local Berkley AIDS clinic...

Mei: Don't you mean sit-in?

TEVA: Shit-in. I found that after consuming 4 pounds of GORP, a hearty mixture of raisins, peanuts and M&M's, it was really quite effective. *(She farts)*

Tucker Bromanstein:(offstage) NOOOOOOOOO!!!

The Devil: ENOUGH Mei! NO MORE POOP JOKES!

*Mei has been sitting quietly for most of the scene.*

Mei: Sir, I've just been sitting here..

The Devil: FIRE NIPPLES!

*Mei reels on floor, violently rubbing his nips and begging.*

Mei: GAAHHH! Jesus Christ!

*Everyone gasps.*

The Devil: What did you say?

Mei: I just... Ohhhhh!

The Devil: Mei, you know that Jesus' arrival at Stanford has made me very tense.

TEVA: I agree, it represents a return to patriarchal values--

The Devil: Silence, you imbecile. Don't you understand? His pure nature creates a bubble of protection, making Stanford impervious to my attacks.

Mei: Why do you hate Stanford so much?

The Devil: Why do I hate Stanford? Why, you ask?

*The devil sings a song about how God cast him out of heaven (Stanford) into Berkley (Hell). He sings how much he hates Berkeley and to get vengeance by destroying Stanford*

**Operation: Penetration**

WHEN I WAS BORN, STANFORD WAS SUPPOSED TO BE MINE.

BUT THEN JESUS CHRIST ROBBED ME, BLIND.

GOD GAVE HIS SON JESUS ALL OF STANFORD.

AND GOD FORCED ME TO CONTROL FUCKING CAL, BERKELEY.

NOW IS OUR LAST CHANCE,  
LET'S SET STANFORD FUCKING STRAIGHT,  
LET'S FIGURE OUT AT WAY THAT WE CAN,  
PENETRATE.

STANFORD HAS BEEN AT THE TOP OF THE HEAP,  
TONIGHT WE'RE GONNA FUCK 'EM WHILE THEY,  
FUCKIN' SLEEP.  
TUCKED AWAY BENEATH WHERE THE FOOTHILLS RISE,  
NOTHING CAN PROTECT THEM FROM OUR,  
BIG SURPRISE.

YEARS WE'VE SPENT STUCK BENEATH THE TREE,  
LOOKING FOR A CURE FOR MEDIOCRITY.  
NOW'S OUT CHANCE TO SHOW STANFORD,  
"GOLDEN BEAR" IS NOT JUST A KINKY TERM.

OPERATION : PENETRATION.  
IF THEY'RE TO TAKE US SERIOUSLY,  
FIRST WE MUST POP STANFORD'S CARDINAL CHERRY!

THERE IS ONE WAY TO WALK RIGHT IN,  
THROUGH THE GATES OF HELL IN RODIN'S GARDEN!

OPERATION : PENETRATION!

PENETRATION! PENETRATION!

PENETRATE!!

The Devil: But it doesn't matter. As long as Jesus remains pure, I cannot even enter the Stanford campus. Unless...his purity is somehow destroyed.

Shwag: Say what?

The Devil: The only way Jesus can be tainted, is if he commits each of the Seven Cardinal Sins. Wrath, Pride, Envy, Gluttony, Greed, Sloth and Lust. (*suddenly the devil begins to have an idea*) I may not be able to enter the Stanford campus, but you five can and must go in my place.

Mei: What will that do?

The Devil: You must ensure that Jesus commits each Cardinal Sin. Doing this will remove Stanford's protection shield created by Jesus' purity, so I will be able to destroy Stanford at last. BOOYAKASHA!

Teva: That sounds great and all, but Stanford is pretty much perfect. Is there one place on the campus where Jesus could commit all 7 cardinal sins at once?

*(The Callies contemplate...)*

All (in a moment of realization): Kappa Sig!

The Devil: Exactly. You will pose as Stanford students and invade the upcoming all campus party hosted by Kappa Sigma.

*Shwag, Teva, Svetlana, and Letsvana are all stoked on the plan they begin to leave. The Devil sees Mei trying to sneak out the other way.*

The Devil: MEI!

Mei: I just need to pass this class. I don't want to get involved--

The Devil: Here's my deal, you come with me and I'll give you the thing you want the most, a passing grade.

Mei: Do you promise you won't turn my knees into beehives again?

The Devil: Absolutely.

Mei: Okay...

*The Devil walks off, but not before...*

The Devil: KNEE-HIVES!

*Mei immediately clutches his knees and runs screaming out of the classroom.*

### **Scene 3: The Activisluts Fair**

*It's an Activities Fair scene. You know the drill. Tables, signs, megaphones, and obnoxious, over-enthusiastic students everywhere. In the forefront is the service section including Camp Kesem, Alternative Spring Break and S.T.A.N.D. Sounds like a dick measuring contest...*

Kesem Kid #1: Hey there Flower Power! Thanks so much for setting up our Camp Kesem table! Think of how many kids you just helped! You're going to get so many kudos tonight.

Kesem Kid #2: Think nothing of it Jumping Jack! I'm just happy to be doing some service!

Alternative Spring Break Douche: Are those my ears burning? Because I thought I overheard you guys chatting about service! At Alternative Spring Break, we sacrifice our entire Spring Break in the name of service!

Kesem Kid #1: Um... Okay. Well Camp Kesem might be a little bit more servicey than you ASB kids can handle. You know cause we take care of kids whose parents have cancer, in like, their darkest hour. So... we're basically the cure to cancer.

S.T.A.N.D. Guy: Oh hey there, sorry to barge in, just wanted to let you know that while you guys were arguing, over a billion people were just needlessly murdered in the Sudan. But no, by all means, continue...

Kesem Kid #2: Well... at Camp Kesem, we have secret nicknames and...MaGic!

*Poof! Kesem Kids make everyone disappear. Meanwhile, 10 African orphans die in their mothers' arms...of poorness...*

Bressica: Ew, where am I?

Panthers: I thought I smelled Syphilis. Welcome to White Plaza, Bressica. This would be the activities fair.

Bressica: Ew.

Panthers: Speaking of Ew...

*Panthers makes a face like he smells something disgusting.*

Caty: Oh hey guys!

Panthers: Glad you wore your vomit perfume today, Clit.

Caty: Oh yeah, sorry, I just came from the COHO.

Panthers: EUGGH! COHO STANK!

*Panthers groans and sprays her with cologne.*

STANFORD SHAKES GENTLEMAN: Hark! Young stripling! Attend this evening's performance of *The Taming of the Scrotum*, I beseech you. It is to be held in the fountain outside Terman. Oh, but be sure to bring your warmest winter fur. Alack, you may suffer a mortal case of pneumonia before the performance concludes, which frankly would be more pleasurable than sitting through the play itself.

Caty: Oh, sorry. I don't speak Russian.

SHAKES GENTLEMAN: Simpleton! To Verona!

Panthers: What's the matter Clit? Don't want to join any clubs?

Caty: For your information, I'm actually in the process of starting my own club. It's called Jesus Is Something Special!

Bressica: You're starting a club called JIZZ? Your acronyms are fucking whack, CLIT.

Caty: Sweet Angel, God bless you and your family!

*On side of the stage yelling and commotion starts.*

Angry Black Girl: You said want to be REMOVED from the Diaspora list? NOBODY gets removed from the Diaspora!

Jesus: Well some girl named "Vicki A" or something has been sending me like four hundred emails a day trying to sell me used Toni Morrison novels for IHUMs that don't exist anymore.

Angry Black Girl: I'm Vicki A. Consider yourself banned from Ujamaa and the top three floors of Mirrielees!

Jesus: Oh shit. I guess I'll take *Song of Solomon*.

Angry Black Girl: Mm-hmm and remember, come election time, I best not see you voting for any of those cracker-ass senators!

*Jesus escapes across stage to the rest of the gang.*

Jesus: Hey guys, sorry I'm late.

Caty: (grinning) It's okay Jesus, I like to wait!

Jesus: Well thank you very much my new friend Cate!

Caty: This rhyming game is really great!

Bressica: Ugh, I think I'm gonna vom. Speaking of which where's Vaden's table, I need to pick up my shipment of morning after pills.

*The Vaden table looks like a club with a velvet rope and a bouncer.*

Vaden Bouncer: Right this way miss Bressica, we cleared the VIP line for you.

Bressica: Thanks Terrence!

*Bressica is ushered up to the front of the table.*

Panthers: So what kind of powers do you have anyway, Jesus?

Jesus: Powers?

Panthers: Yeah. Like can you fly? Shoot lasers out of your hands? Make girls get naked by blinking?

Caty: He's not an x-man!

Jesus: Well I can make fish fall out of the sky. And um... I can walk on water.

Bressica: That must make fountain-hopping suck.

Panthers: So basically, you're the lamest x-man ever.

Jesus: I can turn water into wine.

Bressica: That's what I'm talking about! Fill me up!

Caty: He's not a drink dispenser!

Panthers: Whatever. It's fine I'm sure you boned every honey you wanted in high school.

Jesus: Um, well I mean...

*Awkward Silence.*

Panthers: Wait. You're not saying...

Jesus: Well...



Panthers: Side bar. Jee-zus.

*Panthers puts his arm around Jesus and pulls him off to the side.*

Panthers: So I'm looking at a guy like you and I'm thinkin' to myself, why isn't this mofo face deep in Angelina Cardona's snatch? And then I'm thinkin', you're gay. Which is tight. But-

Jesus: Nonono, believe me. I knew this smokin' girl, Mary Magdalene... I don't think I'll ever get over her. It's just I've never... My mom always told me to avoid temptation.

Panthers: Well, you're in college now, where mommy and daddy have no clue about what you're up to. Lesson one, rule 8: Negs. Wat and learn.

*Panthers walks over to the Stanford Savoyards table.*

Panthers: Stanford Savoyards eh? Well might I say ladies, your hoop skirts are looking particularly zestful today. Good luck filling up the front row!

Sally Savoyard: What a thoughtful young lad! Care to join me beneath my bustle?

Panthers: You've got yourself a date missy! Meet me in Social Dance in 15 minutes.

*Panthers struts back over to Jesus.*

Panthers: See, it's just that easy.

Gervis: What's easy Therman?

*Panthers turns to find Gervis, a nerdy looking kid staring at him from across the Stanford Atheism table.*

Caty: Therman?

Bressica: (to Gervis) Who are you?

Gervis: Allow me to introduce myself to all of you. My name is Gervis, as you can see, I'm the head of the Stanford Atheists club.

Caty: If you go to Stanford why have we never seen you in the dining halls?

Gervis: Your Stern-centric worldview has clearly blinded you from the fact that there is a large group of people who live outside the Wilbur/Stern bubble. Most notably the zany partiers up in SLE! In fact, I am quite well acquainted with your friend Ther-

Panthers: Panthers. It's Panthers. You may have forgotten Gervis.  
(*Very deliberately*) It has been a long time since admit weekend.

Gervis: Ah, but it seems to me as though we were together only yesterday... Pan-thers.

Bressica: Ooh sexual tension...

Panthers: Well, I'm sure Gervis is quite ready to get back to his rousing game of Magic the Gathering.

Gervis: Might you be late for something as well?

*Panthers looks at his watch.*

Panthers: (frazzled) Crap. Yeah, I've got to go to...a DJ lesson. I'm a DJ. Yup, ya know dis! Smell ya later.

*Panthers bolts off stage. But to where?*

Gervis: So you're this Jesus everyone's been talking about. Well let me be the first to make clear that I do not believe in you.

Jesus: Sorry?

Gervis: I refuse to be spoon-fed this doctrine of faith that forces me to believe in you despite the glaring lack of evidence that proves otherwise.

Caty: You have some nerve. You (*struggles to find offensive comment*)...rude boy!

Bressica: (*singing*) Come on rude boy boy. Can you get it up...

*Bressica pulls from a fifth of alcohol she has somehow acquired.*

Jesus: It's okay, Caty, he's entitled to his beliefs.

Gervis: Well I must be off. The maiden of Structured Liberal Education beckons. But fear not new friends, I have a feeling we will be seeing each other again.

*With that Gervis dashes off Meanwhile, several of the activities fair tables begin packing up. Caty and Jesus find themselves alone.*

Jesus: Man, the activities fair is over already? I didn't sign up for a single club.

Caty: It's okay, I have a club you can join!

Jesus: Oh yeah? What's it called?

Caty: JI...never mind. Look, Jesus, you don't have to sign up for any silly clubs. You're already the son of God! That's a full time job if I've ever heard of one.

Jesus: I wonder sometimes if that's the only reason I got in.

Caty: What are you talking about?

*Jesus sings a (pretty short) song about how, all his life he's gotten by on being the son of God, but never found his purpose in life. He hopes that at Stanford he can finally find what he was really meant to do.*

**O.M.D.**

MY ENTIRE LIFE I'VE NEVER HAD TO TRY,  
I'VE ALWAYS GOTTEN BY CAUSE MY DAD IS IN THE SKY,  
BUT,  
NOW THAT I'M PART OF STANFORD'S O'FOURTEEN,  
I'D LIKE TO LIVE MY LIFE OUTSIDE THIS FUCKING HOLY TRINITY.

MAYBE I'M WISE, BUT MAYBE I'M WRONG,  
BUT EITHER WAY THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE KNOWN,  
ALL ALONG:  
CURING THE DUMB MIGHT SEEM EASY RIGHT NOW,  
BUT THEN I DON'T THINK IT'S SO EASY WHEN I  
LOOK AT CAL,  
IF MY PURPOSE IN LIFE IS TO MAKE CAL *NOT* SUCK,  
THEN I THINK TO MYSELF,  
OH MY DAD, I'M FUCKED.

EVERY GIRL I'VE MET HAS ALWAYS GOTTEN WET,  
WHEN I SAY I WALK ON WATER THEN THEY SAY THERE'S NOTHING HOTTER,  
BUT,  
NO ONE MADE A DIME TURNING WATER INTO WINE,  
AND IT ISN'T GLUTEN-FREE TO TURN MY FLESH INTO BREAD,  
DON'T YOU SEE?

THE EIGHTH DEADLY SIN HAD ALWAYS BEEN  
AND WILL ALWAYS BE  
ANYONE WHO COMES FROM BERKELEY!

MAYBE I'M WISE, BUT MAYBE I'M WRONG,  
BUT EITHER WAY THERE'S SOMETHING I HAVE KNOWN,  
ALL ALONG:  
CURING THE DUMB MIGHT SEEM EASY RIGHT NOW,  
BUT THEN I DON'T THINK IT'S SO EASY WHEN I  
LOOK AT CAL,  
IF MY PURPOSE IN LIFE IS TO MAKE CAL *NOT* SUCK,  
THEN I THINK TO MYSELF,  
OH-OH  
OH-OH MY DAD...

I'M FUCKED.

Dean Shaw: Jesus! What are you talking about?! Dean Shaw here, dean of undergraduate admissions! And lemme tell you—it's not easy to get into Stanford even if you ARE Jesus! (subject to change/made up by Shaw himself)

Caty: Seriously, Jesus, you'll find your place here, I promise. C'mon, let's go, we should start getting ready for that party tonight.

*Caty and Jesus leave the stage and out pop Mei, Shwag, Teva, Svetlana, and Letsvana from behind the scenery.*

Shwag: You hear that? The party's tonight. And a good opportunity to move some inventory.

*The Devil stands atop a raised platform, illuminated by a shaft of light talking into a walkie-talkie.*

The Devil: A good opportunity for Jesus to fall prey to temptation.

Svetlana: Ve will bring bag of tricks filled with sprout of Devil's pepper, mugvort, and late night chicken tender so he turn to Zvitch?

Letsvana: Zvitch hunt! Zvitch hunt!

The Devil: You will all blend in as Stanford students, and infiltrate that party. There, we will ensure the destruction of Jesus' purity. Ahh I can feel it. After so many long years, things are settling into their place. And Stanford is set to fall. (*Evil laugh*)

*Black Out.*

#### **Scene 4: The Pregame**

*Split scene between the boys' room and the girls' room. We start with Jesus and Panthers drinking brews, reflecting on the day and discussing the many random biddies they will hook up with that night.*

Panthers: Young Jeezy I know you wanna get at my facebook status.

Jesus: "'Pre-gaming' with my boi, Dr. Jay, lord and savior -not a bitch like I thought but actually a baller- after a great day at the Activisluts Fair." Nice. Wait you thought I was going to be a bitch?

Panthers: I thought you were gonna have a huuuuuggggee magic

staff up your ass.

Jesus: I'm not like...a wizard...But, you're saying, you weren't impressed by the whole Jesus thing?

Panthers: Fuck no. Coolest thing you ever did was turn water into wine. Who even drinks wine? We're in fucking college. Turn that wine into jager bombs and you'll walk into tonight's party feelin' like ASSU President, Kelsei Wharton.

*(Kelsei Wharton enters from off-stage)*

Kelsei: Yup, you know dis!

Panthers: Now, my drink of choice puts the COCK in cocktail. Two Appletinis comin' up.

Jesus: Already? We haven't even gotten to the party yet.

Panthers: Wait. Wait. Wait. What?!?!? We're pregaming bro. Hold up, you don't know what pregaming is.

Jesus: Well...I mean yeah of course. Pregaming, it's freakin' awesome.

Panthers: You probably don't even drink do you?

Jesus: Wat me. *(Jesus snatches Panthers' drink and chugs it)* I'm going big tonight. Big like the book of Acts!

Panthers: That's what I like to hear! Get at me big J!

*The boys fist pound and chug their drinks.*

*Lights black out and open up on the girls' room where they are getting ready for the party. Bressica, Caty Lynn, and 2 random Serrostitutes (really positive girl and crying girl) all wear their super slutty, offensive ethnotrashé costumes.*

Bressica: Well, I'm so effing excited for the effing party. Like Ethnotrashé, perfect right? What ethnicity is Ke\$ha?

Dorothy Mcblasthole: I'm pretty sure she's white.

Bressica: Then I'm going as white.

Dorothy: That's hott. I was thinking Harlem Renaissance meets Zora Neale Hurston black.

Bressica: OMG, I love *Their Eyes Were Watching God*. Will that make Jesus homesick?

*Bella from Twilight enters, sobbing, annoyingly.*

Bella Swan: (crying) Buuuuh Buuuuhhhh!!!

Bressica: Jesus, Bella! Are you still crying about your limp-dick long distance boyfriend?

Bella Swan: I texted Edward 5 minutes ago but he still hasn't responded!

Caty: Don't worry Bella, I'm sure he'll call.

Bella Swan: He's probably dumping me for some hot girl with smellier blood and like...a personality, or something. Fine. Fuck it. I'm just gonna hook up with that hot Mummy on the third floor.

Bressica: Do it.

*Bella runs off-stage.*

Caty: Sounds like she might be wrapped up for a while! Get it? No?

*Enter Taintly Dufflebong. Awkwardly standing in the doorway. Despite his name Taintly does not smoke weed. His life is consumed by only one thing: IHUM. And God, does she live for the breaks...*

Taintly Dufflebong: Nice one Caty. Yeah it's just me, Taintly. What you guys doing tonight? Are you going out? No big plans for me. I'm just takin' a break from IHUM...

Caty: Oh hi Taintly. So, you're not going to Ethnotrache?

Taintly Dufflebong: Would love to but you know, with all the IHUM reading, there's just no time. Have you done your section response questions? I just finished mine for next week, so now I'm just taking a break. It feels so good to just...take a break.

Bressica: What are you talking about? You gotta go tonight! It's going to be effing epic.

Taintly Dufflebong: That may be true, but unfortunately I can't take that long of a break from IHUM. It's so nice, ya know...not to be workin' on IHUM for the moment, but I have so much work, I just can't afford many long breaks.

Ryan ManNuttersoup: GUYS! It's 9:30pm and I have been trying to go to sleep since 7. I have sent out multiple emails to Serra-chat as well as posted flyers on all of the billboards and common spaces. If you are not respectful of quiet hours I will be forced report you to the RAs.

Bressica: Well maybe if you didn't spend all your time masturbating to anime porn then you might have enough energy to stay up later than my paraplegic grandmother.

*Ryan goes running down the hall.*

Ryan: SPAAAAAAN!!!

Enter Span.

Span: Oh hell no.

Taintly: Hey Span. I'm just taking a break from IHUM. Do you know when the applications for the Boothe Prize are due? I find that the information online regarding IHUM just isn't that extensive.

Span: Who the fuck are you?

Taintly: I won't say now, since I'll be the name on every one's lips once the Booth Prize is announced.

Span: Go choke on a dick.

*Fade back to the boys' room.*

Panthers: And remember, chapter 6 says to readjust your tools while girls are looking at you.

Jesus: I can't believe this stuff really works.

Panthers: This book has gotten me more pussy than the Great Gatsby and Don Quixote combined.

Jesus: Someone's a closeted bookworm...

Panthers (*defensively*): Someone's a closeted homo! Now let's go see if the girls are ready.

*Fade back to the girls' room. Bressica is putting on make-up.*

Bressica: Gotta look good tonight girls! I'm tryna get a taste of Jesus' forbidden fruit. I've already vagazzled.

Caty: Yeah right. There's no way he'll be down.

Bressica: Ew, you're jealous. Look, I'm obviously his type. Like, Mary Magnacarta! Hello?

Caty: It's Mary MAGDALENE. A *reformed* sinner and embodiment of true virtue. You're—

*Bressica holds in her hand an invisible cock and makes it look like she's giving it a blow-j.*

Caty: Different.

Bressica: Feh.

Caty: Look, I have lived my entire life devoted to a man who represents the very essence of goodness, and purity, a man who cured the blind, and clothed the homeless, a man who would never...

*Jesus and Panthers enter the room. Dressed in juicehead Guido attire, hair spiked, fists pumping.*

Jesus: (*noticeably drunk*) AYO! I must have drank from some blessed chalice because I am feelin' the spirit and I know it ain't holy.

Panthers: That's what I'm talkin' about! It's fuckin' fratterday, which means Panthy D and J.Muscles are lookin' to get CRUNK!

Jesus: To the row!

*The group exits stage right. All of a sudden though they come back led by a drunk Jesus holding an iPhone for directions.*

Jesus: (while looking down at his iPhone) Just kidding! To the row!

*Black Out*

### **Scene 5: Ethnotraché**

*The scrim comes up, the rooms are wheeled off stage and we are now at Kappa Sig's Ethnotraché rager. We can see both the outside and inside of the party. Inside faux-ethnic people are raging their faces off. Outside there is a long line of freshmen eager to get in. The Callie gang is onstage at the party, preparing to put their plan into action. Meanwhile, the Devil remains at Berkeley and stands atop an elevated platform overlooking the scene.*

The Devil (from platform): Now remember, to remove the protective shield Jesus' presence creates around Stanford, he must commit all Seven Cardinal Sins. You five must ensure that each sin is perpetrated by the end of Ethnotraché so that we may finally infiltrate the campus and Stanford will be mine! Everyone--to your posts!

*Callie gang scatters.*

Pally High Pete: Did you bring the fake SUIDs? (*Trevor nods*)



Good. Alright Trevor, so the key to sneaking into a real college party is that you have to pretend that you've lost your virginity like 1000 times.

Pally High Trevor: Cooly cool. Got it. Okay. Here goes. (Trevor walks up to a one of the enormous Delta Force Security Guards) Woah there sex guy! Did you just see me lose my virginity over there in that bush? Again!? So...awesome!

Delta Force: S.U.I.D?

Pally High Trevor: Totally! (*Trev hands him the Fake SUID*) Be careful though! It might be kind of sticky from all the sex I've been having. With it...

Delta Force: What dorm did you say you live in?

Pally High Trevor: Uhhh...LARKER!

Delta Force: Larker?

Pally High Pete: South Twainonada!

Delta Force: Excuse me?

Pally High Trevor: Yo man, lets make a run for it!

*Pally High Trevor and Pally High Pete run past Delta Force into the illustrious Ksig backyard and he chases after them screaming. As this happens, the Stanford gang enters the scene whilst Teva (dressed as a Kappa Sig Frat Guy) assumes the position at the front entrance. Panthers and Jesus start to head in.*

Teva: Whoa, whoa, bra. Where do you think you're going?

**Panthers:** Just tryna' rage some face!

**Teva:** Sorry to sack your scrotum, but this gathering is at its maximum man **capacity**. Only the ladies are allowed in. **The Kappa Sigma brothers have pussy priority**. Sorry brahs.

*She/He motions for Bressica and Caty to enter.*

Jesus: Come on, we're all from Stanford here. Its an all campus party right?

Teva: No can do son. Now excuse me, but a lovely 200 pound water polo player awaits me on the "flo."

Jesus: That's fucked up man! We came ALL THE WAY FROM STERN! Now quit being a pussy and let us in.

Teva: Easy on the wrath...

Devil: Check!

Teva: But, if you're down to get dirty I'd be pleased to engage in a wrestling match. I have a black belt in Ka-ra-te, and have spent the last three summers trekking the Punjab with a team of wild boars.

Jesus: Bring it on bitch!

*Just then Slick Nawildo the Kappa Sig Rush/Social chair comes in to mediate the situation.*

Slick: What seems to be the issue bra?

**Panthers:** This unchill asshole won't let us in! Look I was thinking about rushing here, but if we can't get in I might just have to check out Sigma Nu...

Slick: Sigma Nu? Not on my watch! Here have a tank top. Its from my cite, tanksybyslick.blogspot.com. BOOST. Name's Slick. You can think of me as the brains, slash social chair, slash rush chair, slash DJ, slash tank top designer behind this party. Follow me bitches...

*Slick leads the Stanford Heroes past Teva into the party where they are surrounded by wasted freshmen raging their faces off. Paly High Pete and Trevor have successfully beat off Delta-Force and have also joined the par-tay.*

Panthers: I think I have a new hero.

Slick: I think you also have... TO DRINK THESE SMIRNOFF ICES!  
ICED!

*Panthers and Jesus grab the ices from Slick, get on their knee and down them.*

Panthers: This is like the best drink I've ever tasted!

Caty: This is a horribly offensive theme. Hasn't every minority petitioned to blow up your house?

Slick: Everyone except the Iranian club. But I'm pretty sure they've got something brewin'. Anyway, it won't matter once they see our intelligent laser-smog machines which only cost our entire social budget. BOOST. *(Pointing to Trevor and Pete)* Okay, so you two are gonna need to bartend. I'm gonna go lock myself in The Mid, pound a fifth of Everclear and suffocate myself with one of those smog machines. Rush K-Sig.

*Slick runs offstage. Hell-bent to do exactly what he promised. No sooner has he left than Trevor and Pete are standing atop the Bar*

*servicing beer.*

Pally High Pete: You want a beer?

Pally High Trevor: You're gonna have to show us your titties first.

Pally High Pete: And find our virginities!

Pally High Trevor: So we lose them again!

Pally High Pete: To your moms!

*They high five, truly content with their place in the world.*

Pete and Trevor: COLLEGE! (beat.) LARKER! (beat.) RUSH KAY  
EEEEEE!!!

*PETE and TREVOR jump down from the bar as JESUS wanders alone onto the flo' teeming with grinding freshman. Mei, "accidentally" bumps into Jesus.*

Mei: Oh excuse me sir, can you assist me? I am in search of the "A-cubed-C" in Old Union, but I seem to be very lost.

Jesus: I haven't taken Math 51 yet, sorry.

Mei: Nooo! I am seeking the Asian American Activities Center. Although it is probable that Stanford's slip in the U.S. News and World Report rankings has lead to the demise of Stanford's cultural centers.

Jesus: Jigga what? Stanford has like an eight percent acceptance rate, it's the best school in the world.

Mei: It was one of the best schools. Now it's fifth after... Columbia.

*ALL audibly gasp while Mei sidles away.*

Jesus: Columbia was my safety school! Eff that, Stanford is still so much better. (JESUS storms over to the Stanford gang)

Devil: What a delicious display of Pride and Envy! We've got more than we bargained for. Shwag, move in.

Todd (*as he approaches the Stanford gang*): Do I spy a Serrugrat in need of an EANAB?!?

Jesus: MyRATodd! What's up MyRATodd?! And what the hell's an EANAB?

Todd: An equally attractive non-alcoholic beverage, Jesus.

(pronounced hey-zeus) Hows about we head back to my SERR-ingle. I've got a bottle of Martinelli's with your name on it...

Jesus: (*Backing away*) I think I'll take a rain check

*Jesus backs right into Shwag.*

Shwag: Yo, watch your step my homeboy, don't crush the merchandise. Unless, you carnivorous cardinal cat tryna coho at the bosto on some of this produuuuct?

Jesus: Are you speaking English?

*SHWAG pulls out a tray of deliciously large weed brownies.*

Shwag: Is the Leprechaun's Hairy Beaver on fire? This is Blue Dream. It is iller than the Iliad, yo. You down to roll your Torah?

Jesus: I don't know what you're saying but I know Jesus loves brownies.

*Jesus eats the brownie.*

Jesus: I feel funny. Is this real life? Is this gonna be forever?

Shwag: Looks like Jesus got cross-faded and is pullin' a David after Dentist.

Jesus: I think I'm just gonna pass out man...

**Shwag:** The only cure for this kind of sloth is a hit of the open kitchen!

**Jesus:** (with sudden energy) Open kitchen?! I gotta get at some dino nugs!

*They both head to the Kappa Sig open kitchen and begin ravenously devouring all the food from the Pita Chips to the Annie's Mac. Helga, the Kappa Sig chef enters furiously.*

**Helga:** Not my English Salmon Pie! **Stop you gluttonous monsters!** Zis is **Helga's** kitchen! Get out!

Svetlana (overhearing Helga's rant): Vait, you are eastern European? My vostochnyh yevropeyskih zhenshchin!

*Svetlana, Letsvana and Helga participate in a highly sexual three way make out as if it is a customary greeting in "Eastern European: culture."*

The Devil: Slutvana, Slutlana! Stop being sluts and get back to your job. Jesus has committed Wrath, Envy, Sloth, Greed and

Gluttony meaning there are only two sins left!

*Svetlana and Letsvana start to walk away but Taintly blocks their path.*

Taintly: Oh hey there, fellow frosh! I'm just taking a *break* from ihum! As I'm sure you are too! Which one are you in? Art of Living? Humans and Machines? Sex: It's Pleasures and Cultures?

Letsvana: Ze vone vis all ze verk!

Svetlana: Ze vone vis all ze kittens!

Taintly: Oh cool. Kittens. Weird. Neat. Who's your TF? My final paper is in the running for the Boothe Writing Prize. It's on the characterization of Love in Plato's Symposium! What's your essay on?

Letsvana: Kittens.

Svetlana: Inspired by Kittens.

*Letsvana delivers a backwards punch to the head. Lights out for Taintly. They quickly spot Jesus, and haphazardly put on an awkward rendition of the "Stanford Tree Costume."*

Svetlana: Hello Monster. Judging from your Red Zone tee-shirt, you are vhat they call "Frosh." Do you know who ve are?

Jesus: A SPOT leader?

Letsvana: No idiot, ve are ze Stanferd Tree! Ve are important part of Stanford Tradition. You hear of QTFMO?

Jesus: You mean, FMOTQ? Full moon on the quad?

Svetlana: No, QTFMO: "Quest to Find Tree and Make Out." Stanford students are famous for do random (Durandom hehe) hookup.

*Jesus looks around and sees every couple making out on the 'flo around him.*

Jesus: I guess they're right.. Uh I don't usually hook up with randos. You're sure it's all right?

Svetlana(singing): Oh jyes, ez all right now.

Letsvana (singing): Baby ez all right now.

*During their song, they slowly corner Jesus from each side and go in for the kiss. But Gervis runs in just in time with his SLE clan. They are all dressed up as the Navi'i from Avatar.*

Gervis: NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

SLEster: You should not be here.

Svetlana: Qvit cock-blogging Jesus! (*approaches Gervis*)

Gervis: Jesus, you need to listen to me.

Letsvana: Vwhy don't you and your little blue cat vrends, go back to your kennel in Slinkonada!

Gervis: First of all, my fellow students and I live in SLE--the East Flo dorms charged with preserving the works and memories of Stanford's greatest scholars. Secondly, we are not felines, but the Navi'i, as imagined in James Cameron's Avatar. You two however, look suspiciously unfamiliar...

*Just then Bressica stumbles in as Svetlana and Letsvana vampeer away.*

Gervis: Dammit, where'd they go?

Caty is dancing with Tessica. She's kind of tipsy and in a mood to make confessions.

Caty: How do you do it?

Bressica: Do what betch?

Caty: Make every single guy drool over you!

Bressica: I mean look at me.

Caty: Yeah I guess you're right.

Bressica: No I mean what I'm wearing.

Caty: You're barely wearing anything.

Bressica: Duh!

Caty: Oh.

*Caty, spotting Jesus walking towards her, tears off her modest sweater and shawl. And in nineties teen movie fashion pulls her hair out of a ponytail. Maybe she takes off her glasses? Either way Clit's All That.*

Panthers: Damn, Clit.

SAE #1: Ay Mami! It's a \_\_\_\_\_! Get the reserve stash of SAE's secret jungle punch!

SAE #2: Isn't that what I just drank?

SAE # 1: Sure is bra!

*SAE #2 falls to the floor. SAE #1 scoops him up and throws him over his shoulder.*

SAE #1: Bro's night in!

*Caty sexily approaches Jesus who is chatting with a group of freshman.*

Jesus: Wow Caty, you look so...

*CATY aggressively approaches Jesus and they start MAKING OUT. Suddenly loud rumblings and flashing lights overhead. Everyone turns.*

Gervis: NOOOOOOO!

Devil: Alas! Jesus has committed all 7 cardinal sins! Stanford is mine!

*END OF ACT ONE. BOOM.*

**Act II, Scene I: The Morning After**

*We open on Wilbur brunch, the morning after. Momma Kass is laying down some solid oatmeal while Panthers and Caty sit in silence eating their meal.*

Panthers: (reading the dining news letter) Says here in the dining news that they're bringing heirloom tomatoes to Wilbur!

*Caty does not respond.*

Panthers: Heirloom tomatoes!

*Still no response.*

Panthers: (digging) So that party last night was pretty much insanity.

Caty: (*sarcastically*) Yeah it was a real thrill.

Panthers: What's wrong Clit?

*Jesus enters.*

Jesus: Hey guys. Hey Caty...

*Caty whips around and gives him the ULTIMATE DEATH STARE. Jesus is oblivious.*

Jesus: Man, this headache is worse than a crown of thorns. And I'd know.

Panthers: Yeah, my stomach feels like the Circle of Death. Hey, but at least we popped your party cherry last night, in a big way.

Jesus: Yeah, what happened last night? For some reason I don't have too many memories...

Panthers: What happened? You and Caty--

Caty: Nothing happened! Absolutely nothing important or meaningful happened!

*Caty Lynn picks up her plate and storms off to get more food.*

Jesus: Is she mad at me or something?

Panthers: Yeah, that's weird; I thought she'd be happy you guys made out.

Jesus: We made out?!



Panthers: And not just with Caty. You were getting with everyone in the dorm! Even

*Enter Bressica. Slut looks like fuck.*

Bressica: Heyyyyyyy

*Bressica plants one right on Jesus' cheek.*

Jesus: Oh Crap.

*Caty returns with a plate of food and spots Bressica sitting next to Jesus.*

Caty: Oh should I give you two some alone time?

Bressica: Caty, get over it, he only polished my porpoise!

Jesus: What?

Bressica: Speared my bearded clam?

Caty and Jesus: What???

Bressica: Hid his snake in my burning bush?

Panthers: You guys boned?

Bressica: Nooooo! We made out!!! Even though that hot Hispanic guy from SAE totally poured sour cream on my burrito!

ALL: (like the Toy Story green aliens) Ohhh...

Caty: You're disgusting

Jesus: Caty, I had no idea that you and I--

Caty: (biting sarcasm) That's fine. It clearly wasn't very memorable.

Jesus: That's not what I meant!

Panthers: My omelet tastes weird...

Bressica: It's just making out. Not like it's a big deal or anything.

Caty: You're right! It's just MAKING OUT! Everybody does it with everybody! I guess it was just totally unreasonable of me to think that my first kiss might be a little special. Especially if it's with the son of god!

Panthers: You know my dad's pretty legit too. Papa Panthers has

like six of the dopest Mazda dealerships in LA. Zoom zoom baby.

Jesus: (shot to the heart) Your first kiss?

Caty: Screw you Jesus!

*Caty runs out of the dining hall crying.*

Panthers: Yo, I'm happy about this new local produce initiative at Wilbur but this omelet tastes a little too organic for my liking.

*Kevin, Kira, and Kevin run in. They are covered from head to toe dripping in what looks like blood.*

Panthers: Holy shit, what the hell happened to you guys?

Kevin: I do not recommend fountain hopping!

Kira: We were just like hanging out in the Claw! Working on our tans! When all of a sudden blood started oozing from the fountain!

Edward Cullen: BLOOOOOD WHERE?

Bella Swan: Edward! You're back!

Edward: I came back for you Bella.

Bella: Look Edward, I'm with Bill the Mummy now.

Bill the Mummy: Oh, hey there, what's up!

Edward: A mummy?!? Are you fucking kidding me??

*Edward storms off stage.*

Bill the Mummy: Rue.

Bressica: What's that noise?

*Panthers pulls out a frog from his omelet.*

Panthers: AGGHHHHHAHHH! Wholly balls! There is a full-on frog in my omelet!

*Ribbits become louder. Numerous other shouts of people finding frog body parts in their omelets screaming "not the golden frog" "frogs, nasty" or "tastes like chicken"*

Jesus: (talking to herself) Blood in the fountains? And now frogs?

Panthers: This is the whackest Wilbur brunch ever!!!

*Everyone looks queasy.*

Jesus: This reminds me of something...

*Ribbits become extremely loud and golden frogs begin raining from the sky on Wilbur brunch. SONG! Something's brewing...*

## **Scene 2: Dorm Meeting Dzrama.**

*We open on Serra's emergency dorm meeting. Students are chattering nervously.*

Lauren: Okay, one two three, eyes on me! (No one cares) Okay, Listen up please Serrockstars! Your RAs have called this emergency dorm meeting, to discuss the rumors circulating around several recent "incidents" on campus.

Jobin Jizzhamster: Do you mean that all the fountains are filled with period?

Todd: Excuse me Jobin, I think we've discussed that "period" isn't on our list of Serraproprate words.

*Taintly runs in panting.*

Taintly: You guys! YOU GUYS! I was just out on Wilbur field taking a break from my IHUM reading response, tossin' the frisbee around, with myself, when out of NOWHERE these HOBOS came up to me! HOBOS! And not one of those rich, Palo Alto ex-internet millionaire hobos. No! They were real hobos. They wanted my money and when I told it I didn't have any, it stole my lanyard!! You know my lanyard! The one with my bike key! And my SUID (Pronounced Sweed)! They stole my SUID!

Span: Yeah, Taintly, great. A hobo stole your lanyard. Fascinating. Ever heard of the bookstore?

Taintly: But you guys don't understand, it... it mugged me! He stole SUID! (*pronounced: Sweed*) MY SUID!

Gregory GrundelSmith: OMG! My *girlfriend* and I, were just enjoying a nice candlelight dinner at the Axe and Palm then to totally destroy the romantic atmosphere, a hobo came in tryin to buy chicken tenders! I didn't know hobos existed within a 15 mile radius of the Stanford campus!

Taintly: NOOOOOO HE USED MY SUID!!!! I only had 10 cardinal dollars left...

Greg Gunderbutt: Don't worry, he got scared off when a herd of

naked, deranged *sand-people* swarmed in, from the row, and started yelling at us about weight lifting! They appeared to be mating so I assume their numbers are multiplying.

Lauren: I wouldn't worry those were just new Sigma Chi pledges fresh off their first corn-dogging. Here's hoping they'll make me their sweetheart. (Longingly) So epic...

Span: Dream big.

Lauren: Span! You promised me that if I slept with you that you'd be nicer to me!

Span: Aaaand great. Yeah so, clearly something evil has turned all our fountains into periods and made us think that fucking hooking up with fucking Lauren would be some sort of good idea.

Todd: Clearly the lord is testing our faith. We must be steadfast and true...

*The sound of a buzzing swarm begins.*

Caty Lynn: Do you guys hear that noise? It sounds like a swarm locusts!

Jobin Jizzhamster: Worse. IT'S THE A CAPPELLA GROUPS!!!!

*Swarm of overly aggressive a cappella people rush the stage. Each one of them is singing as loud as they can, creating a cacophony so deafening that a frail young Freshman goes into temporary coma. Two paramedics remove her from the stage.*

Kara: MAKE IT STOP!

JESUS: We need to find some way to distract them!

SPAN: (*searching his pockets*) Uh. I. All I have is this pack of kleenex?

Mixed Co: DID YOU SAY Kleenex?! Material for our Love Sucks costumes! Mixed Co Mobilize!

TODD: Nice one, Span! And Mendicants, here's...uh... a girl!

Bressica: I'm available!

Medicants: WE'RE FINALLY GETTING LAID!!

Fleet Street: WE'RE GONNA KEEP HOOKING UP WITH EACH OTHER!!

JESUS: And... here's an African orphan...?

TALISMAN: WOZA MFANA! Translation: "Welcome little boy!" Also

the opener for our hit song: *(sung by everyone)* "One By One" which you can download on iTunes.

Todd: OKAY, now that we finally have some peace and quiet...

*Just then two glittery, tinsel Thetas, dressed head to toe in retarded neon rally, run in screaming.*

Thetelise Jerkoffer: WOOOOO! Ready Theta? Okay!

Thetelizabeth Hottitters: *(rapping retardedly)* We're the girls of Kappa Alpha Theta and we're here to say that we've got an up-coming event for phil-an-thro-pay!

Thetelise Jerkoffer: *(not rapping)* Out of the goodness of our hearts, we will take 200 recently impoverished BP execs, fly them out to Stanford, and give them the opportunity of a lifetime to get...

Both Thetas: Hair tinsel!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Caty: You mean support the men and women responsible for the most catastrophic oil spill in American history?

Thetelizabeth Hottitters: Ew. Clearly you're too selfish to be a Theta.

CATY: Hold on, Frogs in the omelets, blood in the fountains, a locust of A Capella groups. Its like the Ten Plagues of Egypt-

*Suddenly Pi Phi, Tri Delt and Chi-O all run in, faces pockmarked with oozing boils.*

Xtina Pi Beta Phillips: And boils on our faces! I look like a Troll-Delt! I just don't understand, our rush chair, Jessica Simpson, mandates that the Stanford Pi Phi house use the Proactiv acne care treatment twelve times a day yet will still got these boils!

Chi O: We Chi O's got them too. (Whipping out mirror) Improvement from usual!

Kaply Defner: KAPPPPPPPPPPA!

Pi Phi 2: (brief pause, then return unphased) But you don't understand, Pi Phi's avoid facial disfigurement like the plague!

*(beat)*

CATY: The Plagues! Don't you see?! We're not cursed with Plagues of Egypt. We're cursed with the Plagues of Berkeley! Think about it: hobos on our campus, rabble-rousing students, women perioding in our streets!

(beat)

Jesus: We gotta get out of here.

*ALL EXIT but are blocked by the SLEminati and backed into a circle.*

Bressica: Oh my God! Dementors!

SLEminati: Uh, no. We're just kids from SLE.

PANTHER: I would go with them, man. They look effin' pernicious.

*The gang leaves with the hooded figures.*

### **Scene 3: The SLounge.**

*Scene opens in front of the Scrim a group of SLE kids doing what we presume SLE kids always do in their lounge: reading books, taking notes, discussing philosophical concepts. LARPing?*

SLElox: I'm ROFLING, I'm ROFLING!!! (between laughter) Doth mine ears deceive me or have I just bore witness to the construction of an argument built upon a foundational assumption that is fundamentally incorrect! ROFL...ROFL...ROFL...

SLElem: (lispng) Hark! Your appeal to my ethos strains not upon my consciousness, dear Slelox but upon yours, for your efforts are like that of Sisyphus, who pushed the magnificent boulder up the great hill for eternity, accumulating not progress, but much perspiration upon his then glistening brow.

*Heroes enter unnoticed right as SLElem finishes.*

Jesus: Where are we?

Clicking SLE #1: Ga wa we whey \*click \*click SLE.

Bressica: Ew, SLE? Just standing here is like social suicide! I need shots.

Clicking SLE #2: Um ba'da \*click \*click Neebalay

*The hooded figures walk off.*

Caty Lynn: What did he say?

Panthers: He says to stay here. (everyone gives him a look) I mean probably, that's what I would say, if I were like wearing some gay hood...

SLElisha: At least Sisyphus had, in his very possession, the boulder, our object in question is hardly analogous. Oh Sisyphus, his mind, always weary, his beard, ever longer, ever longing!

SLElem: ERRONIOUS. ERRONIOUS. His longing was his own!

SLE-TA:(*enters*) Alright Slesters, it looks like our study break is over. But we should surely look to continue that conversation later. I know *my* mind is *rife* with conjecture.

*Various mumbles and murmurs of agreement come from the group. They are all set to continue class when SLElox spots Panthers.*

SLElox: THERMAN!

*Panthers looks behind him sheepishly.*

SLElem: Why, Therman! Right on time, always punctual. If only you had arrived a tad bit earlier! Our arguments pro and con Sisyphus have really intensified in complexity. Your previous stance, has been effectively disqualified. I would like to gather your insight, however. You seemed yesterday that you would not falter on your position. Maybe after we do the project, you would have time then to, (*chuckle*) "shoot the breeze," if you will?

Panthers: Uhhhh...

Bressica: Who the F is Therman? He has syphilis? Is he hot?

SLElox: THERMAN! Who are your peers? I can't imagine why we haven't been introduced as of yet?

Caty Lynn: Panthers, do you know these kids?

Panthers: Ummm...I...I...Uhhh...Ummmm. Ummmm. Uhhhh.

Jesus: And why are they calling you...

SLE ALL: THERMAN!!! Therman is here!

*More SLE kids arrive to Lounge, mumbling excitedly that Therman has arrived. By now, a whole mess of SLE kids are circling Therman.*

*Enter hooded guards.*

Snape: Enough! The Level Slevin council has requested your presence for this emergency gathering.

Panthers: The Level SLEvin council! But I'm merely a Slevil Six! (*realizing he's given himself away*) I mean...fuck.

Jesus: What was that?

Hooded Guard: Desperate times call for unorthodox measures. Therefore the Sle-lord chancellor has granted you and your friends temporary Slevil seven status, to enter the temple of the SLE-minati.

Bressica: Ew. What the feck?

Snape: Now to the rest of you, off to your Potions Class. And...*(points to Harry Potter who is in SLE)* Potter, I have my eye on you. Something tells me your... uuup to something *(most of the SLE kids disperse)**(Harry Potter score plays in the background!!!)*

Jesus: Oh hey, Harry Potter! I'm a huge fan! Any advice to a seemingly ordinary guy who finds himself thrust into extraordinary circumstances.

Harry Potter: Just believe in yourself. Oh and also try to emotionally prepare in advance for everyone you know and love to die.

Jesus: Uh Cool. Will do.

Harry Potter: Bressica! You never returned any of my owls! I thought our night together meant something!

Caty Lynn: Seriously Bressica?

Bressica: What? I was just in Diagon alley tryna turn some tricks for change!

Harry Potter: So I wasn't the only one?!

Bressica: It was just you and one other guy. He said his name was like Smoldemort or something?

Harry Potter: NOOOOOOOOO!!! *(Harry Potter runs off stage screaming, like a bitch)*

Bressica: Ew. Get over it.

Hooded Guard: Come now. There is no more time to waste. The high Sle-lord Chancellor awaits.

*The heroes exit. Black out. Curtains up to reveal the temple of the SLEminati. The temple is cryptic and lit by torchlight. several hooded figures stand in the middle of the stage beneath a throne. On that throne sits another hooded figure with a crown. Enter the bewildered heroes.*



Hooded Guard #2: We have brought the four that you summoned, High Chancellor Gervis.

The Gang: GERVIS?!

*Gervis removes his hood.*

Gervis: The prodigal son returns.

Jesus: (*awkwardly, embarrassingly*) Hi Gervis, good to see you again.

Gervis: Not you, prophet! I wouldn't greet you so enthusiastically seeing as you've ruined EVERYTHING!

SL-uminati Council: EVERYTHING!

Gervis: No, I was referring to the one among you who leads a double life.

Panthers: Clearly it's not much of a secret anymore. Look guys, I have something to tell you. I'm...a SLE kid.

Jesus: That's impossible. You're my roommate!

Panthers: I'm a live-out-SLE. I didn't want you guys to know...

*The gang is in shock.*

Panthers: Listen, it's like this...

*Panthers launches into a heart-wrenching soulful ballad of how all his life he was a nerd who despite his intellect, never got any, how he read the game and decided to reinvent himself as Panthers, how his competing desires to pursue his intellectual passions, but still be popular has reeked havoc on his psyche, but how he's also tired of living this double life. At some point the rest of the SLEsters join in the chorus. It's a group number but emphasis is on Panthers.*

### ***TransubstanSLEation***

IN MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS  
I GOT STRAIGHT FUCKIN' A'S,  
SURE, I WAS NOT A SOCIAL GUY  
I CANNOT LIE, I SMELLED REALLY BAD,  
I WAS REALLY NOT COOL,  
MAYBE THAT'S WHY  
CAL WAS ALWAYS MY DREAM SCHOOL.

BUT THEN ONE DAY  
I HAD MY CLOSEST FACEBOOK FRIEND SAY:  
"DID YOU KNOW THAT STANFORD GIRLS

DON'T DREAM OF GEMS  
OR GOLD OR PEARLS?  
NO, NO ALL THEY CARE TO SEE  
IS IF YOU HAVE A MASSIVE, GIANT,  
SCARY, HUGE, INTIMIDATING PHD!  
AND SINCE JESUS WILL BE  
A PART OF O'FOURTEEN  
YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO USE PROTECTION  
BECAUSE STANFORD WILL HAVE IMMACULATE CONTRACEPTION!"

THAT'S WHEN I SAID,  
CAL ALREADY LOOKS DEAD  
STANFORD MAY LET FEWER THROUGH  
THAN THE GATES OF HEAVEN  
BUT I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE  
IF IT MEANS FINDING ROMANCE  
I MAY NOT KNOW A LOT NOW  
BUT I KNOW ONE THING:  
STANFORD'S BETTER THAN CAL!  
I APPLIED EARLY, GOT A LETTER FROM DEAN JULIE SAID:  
"GOOD JOB ON NOT CHOOSING BERKELEY!  
YOU'RE NOT A PUSSY  
OR A WEENIE I CAN SEE,  
WELCOME TO THE CLASS OF FOURTEEN,  
OUR NEWEST TREE!"

I THOUGHT THAT WAS ALL, BUT THEN I SAW:  
"YOUR GPA LOOKS VERY HIGH TO ME -  
I THINK THAT YOU WILL FIT IN SLE  
EVER SO PERFECTLY  
JUST SO YOU KNOW AND ARE NOT ALARMED  
NEXT FALL THE LAMB OF GOD  
WILL BE COMING TO THE FARM!"

THAT'S WHEN I SAID,  
CAL ALREADY LOOKS DEAD  
STANFORD MAY LET FEWER THROUGH  
THAN THE GATES OF HEAVEN  
BUT I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE  
IF IT MEANS FINDING ROMANCE  
I MAY NOT KNOW A LOT NOW  
BUT I KNOW ONE THING: STANFORD'S BETTER THAN CAL!

BUT WHAT WOULD JESUS SEE  
THE FIRST TIME HE SAW ME  
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO BUT TO BE COOL  
SO I MADE THE CHOICE  
TO HIDE MY INNER VOICE  
AND THAT DAY I BECAME  
PANTHERS BY NAME.  
MY LIFE WOULD BE DOUBLE  
MY NAME WOULD SPELL TROUBLE  
YES, I WOULD BE

THE BADDEST MOTHER FUCKER  
THAT YOU'D EVER SEEN  
I'D KICK THE ASS OF ANYONE  
WHO DARED TO EVEN SPEAK  
OF FUCKING CAL BERKELEY

AND SO HE SAID,  
CAL ALREADY LOOKS DEAD  
STANFORD MAY LET FEWER THROUGH  
THAN THE GATES OF HEAVEN  
BUT HE'LL TAKE THOSE ODDS  
IF IT MEANS HIS FIRST BLOW JOB  
I MAY NOT KNOW A LOT NOW  
BUT I KNOW ONE THING:  
STANFORD'S BETTER THAN CAL!

Jesus: Dude.

Caty: So you're in SLE, and your name is Therman?

Bressica: I need a shot.

Gervis: While I'm sure you have much to reveal, Therman or Panthers...or whatever you call yourself, however we must turn our attention to the matter at hand.

Jesus: What?

Gervis: You, Jesus.

SLE-minati Council: YOU!

*They all point at Jesus.*

Jesus: What did I do?

Gervis: You are the reason that paradise is deteriorating before our very eyes!

Jesus: I don't understand.

Gervis: Let me show you...(Gervis claps and he summons the hooded figures, who then act out Gervis' story) In the beginning God created two universities. The first was a glorious campus cut from the cloth of Eden to reward the academically curious, with sunshine, world-class professors, countless career opportunities and of course, a lenient alcohol policy.

Caty: Stanford?

Gervis: Precisely. The other, was built to punish the simpletons of the world, by subjecting them to over-enrolled classes, political correctness, tuition hikes and an inhospitable campus

surrounded by smelly homeless people, uppity lesbians and a flood of indistinguishable Asians.

THE GANG: Berkeley.

Gervis: Bingo. And in that wretched institution, God decided to place his arch-nemesis Lucifer, in charge of keeping it's students locked in misery. However the devil, not one to be content in his surroundings, yearned to get back at God by destroying the place God loved the most.

Jesus: But what does that have to do with me?

Gervis: As the son of God, You were created in the flawless image of a Stanford student and yet you betrayed your maker. You committed the Seven Cardinal Sins and as a result, Stanford has fallen from grace, no longer offered protection from the anarchic hell the Devil has and will continue to create.

Jesus: (*now panicked*) But I didn't know! How could I have known? No one tried to stop me!

Gervis: Hush Iago! We all tried! The SL-uminati council was created to ensure that you maintained your purity.

Panthers: So then it's your fault! Why didn't you warn me! I could have stopped him.

Gervis: We did not count on the fact that the prophet would be so eager to abandon his purity in the first week of school.

Jesus: But I was...

Gervis: Yes, you were drunk. And now all of Stanford will pay the price.

Caty: Told ya so.

Panthers: What do you mean, "pay the price"?

Gervis: Fool! It's been all around you! Stanford is turning into Berkeley. It's turning into Hell.

CATY: Told ya that too.

JESUS: You know what, CLIT? Since you're so smart, how 'bout you be the fucking prophet around here?

CATY: How about you do the job you were born to do?

JESUS: How about you get on your knees and suck on my dick.

CATY: How about you get on your knees and suck on my CLIT.

Gervis: SILENCE! There are only a few plagues left before the Devil's final attack.

Jesus: Final attack?

Gervis: In one hour, his army will descend and he will release the final Plague of Oski meaning the souls of every man, woman, and creepy grad student of Stanford will belong to him.

Caty: We have to stop him!

Panthers: But how?!

Bressica: We need to get to him before he unleashes his army of skanks on the entire campus.

CATY: Where do we start? Stanford has the second largest campus in the world! After the University of Moscow.

GERVIS: As a seasoned topographic scholar, I can't think of a single place where the Devil could enter. Campus Drive loop is a maze so complex, even Leonardo DiCaprio can't incept it.

Bressica: And El Camino is just too trafficky.

JESUS: I've got it! The Devil could only return through the same place he left.

CATY: Where could that be?

JESUS: The Gates of Hell. Follow me.

*The heroes exit.*

#### **Scene 4: Showdown at the Gates of Hell**

The Devil: AT LAST! After all these years, I HAVE ARRIVED! And there really wasn't that much traffic on El Camino.

Mei Lee: Horray! And now it is finally time for me to receive my A+ grade, and to graduate, and go to graduate school, and to become a doctor!

The Devil: A+? Oh, Mei Lee... I'm afraid you just barely scraped by with a C- in my class meaning you will remain a member of my army forever! Hopefully you won't mind the permanent scar of a three point nine grade average!

Mei Lee: NO! Mother and Father will not accept this! They will bind my feet!

The Devil: So sorry Mei Lee. It looks as though you'll have to

remain with me for the REST OF ETERNITY!

Svetlana: Zis is unfair! Zittle Asian girl help you!

The Devil: Help me? I helped you! You rejects would be nothing without me!

Letsvana: Notsing? Back in Transylvania, Svetlana vas astrophysicist!

Svetlana: And Letsvana vas number one golden shower prostitute in all of Eastern Europe.

Letsvana: Zere vas much competition.

Shwag: Are aware that Shwag is like the number one most successful commodity investor on the west coast.. California's most successful cash crop? Uh yeaah, I'm like the Warren Buffet of weed..

TEVA: And I've turned down a taping of the Ellen Degeneres show like 10 times. If it weren't for you, I'd be walking down the aisle with Ellen instead of that cunt, Portia De Rossi.

The Devil: Dream on rug-muncher.

TEVA: You've crossed the line. We're out of here.

*The Callies, except for Mei Lee, exit.*

The Devil: Fine! I need none of you! Go! And, consider yourself banished from my protection. My little Asian assistant will stay loyal, won't you Mei Lee?

*He puts his hands out towards her menacingly, as if about to cast a spell.*

Mei Lee: Ummm, I...well I...yes.

The Devil: That's what I thought. Now, go do math problems, or watch anime, or whatever the hell you people like to do, while I destroy Stanford.

*In run our Stanford Heroes.*

Jesus: Not a chance!

The Devil: Ah here cometh the Savior. Right on schedule.

Jesus: This is your last chance to leave!

The Devil: I think I'll stay. And so will you.

*The Devil points at the Rodin sculptures, which come alive and restrain the heroes.*

Jesus: Woah!

Bressica: Eww, kinky! Are you single?

Caty: Let us go!

Jesus: So your plan is just to ruin Stanford to settle some old vendetta?

The Devil: Stanford is merely the Genesis. Once I destroy it, the earth will be rid of its future leaders. Humanity will suffer greatly, and it's all thanks to you Jesus. Some savior you turned out to be.

Caty: Don't listen to him Jesus!

Panthers: Gervis! You must know the secret! How do we stop him?!

Gervis: (sounding like a surfer bum) Brah, slow your roll! I think on my own time jambroonie!

Caty: What's happening to him?

Panthers: The plague of Oski! He's becoming Berkeley!

The Devil: HAAHAHA, exactly. And you all will have front row seats to watch as the rest of this private paradise called Stanford crumbles into the public petulance that is Berkley.

Jesus: No. (beat) Take me.

The Devil: What?

Jesus: I offer to you, what you have longed for most- the soul of the Son of God. I give it to you freely as long as you leave Stanford alone.

Caty: Jesus, you can't!

The Devil: The soul of Jesus Christ, the savior? Finally mine? You have yourself a deal.

Panthers: What are you doing, dude??

Jesus: Listen, I love you guys. And I love this place. I'll sacrifice anything to keep it safe.

Caty: Take me instead. I couldn't face Stanford without you, Jesus.

*(Caty and Jesus sing a love song)*

**Cardinal Sin**

JESUS:

CATY, YOU'VE COME TO SAVE ME,  
AND HELP ME SEE,  
THAT ALL I NEED IS INSIDE ME.

CATY:

DON'T YOU SEE? YOU CAN SAVE STANFORD,  
IF YOU BELIEVE,  
ALL YOU NEED TO BE, IS INSIDE ME!

IF THE GATES WON'T CLOSE THEN STANFORD WILL BE SCREWED,  
THEY'LL DECORATE OUR ARCHES WITH THAT UGLY GOLD AND BLUE.

WAIT A MINUTE, JESUS! MAYBE THAT'S THE KEY!  
WHO'D BE PROUD OF A SCHOOL SO FULL OF MEDIOCRITY?

OH MY DAD THAT'S IT!  
CAL COULD NEVER LOVE THEIR SCHOOL!  
I WISH THERE WAS A WAY THAT I COULD THANK YOU FOR THIS CLIT!

NOW IS OUR LAST CHANCE, LET'S SHOW 'EM HOW IT'S DONE,  
LET'S REMIND THE GOLDEN BEARS WHO IS REALLY NUMBER ONE!

I LOVE STANFORD!  
I AM NOT AFRAID TO SAY IT!  
I HAVE SOMETHING CAL CAN'T DREAM OF,  
I HAVE PRIDE IN MY SCHOOL!

STANFORD WILL WIN CAUSE WE HAVE GOT THE CARDINAL SIN!

YOU CAN SEARCH AROUND THE WORLD AND NEVER FIND,  
A PLACE AS GREAT AS STANFORD.  
PALM TREES LINE THE STREETS,  
THE SUN FILLS THE SKY,  
ONLY HERE AT STANFORD!

WHERE CAN YOU FIND MEMAUD, MEMCHU,  
COHO, FROYO, AND YOUR ROHO?  
ONLY HERE AT STANFORD!

STANFORD WILL WIN CAUSE WE HAVE GOT THE CARDINAL SIN!

CATY:

NOW THAT IT IS THE END,  
I WANT TO TELL YOU WHAT I'VE BEEN HIDING,  
SINCE WE FIRST MET...

JESUS:



STOP, YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEAK,  
I ALREADY KNOW.  
I'VE TRIED TO TELL YOU,  
I LOVE YOU TOO.

The Devil: Say goodbye savior.

Caty: No Please!

*The Devil reels back. Suddenly Taintly wanders into the path between Jesus and the Devil.*

Taintly: Oh hey guys.

The Devil: Who the fuck are you?

Panthers: Taintly what are you doing here?

Taintly: Oh hey guys. Just taking a break from ihum, to ya know... save Stanford. So nice to just take a break...

The Devil: Get out of the way! This soul is mine.

Span: Not a chance.

*Span runs up and puts the Devil in a chokehold.*

Span: No one messes with my kids, motherfucker.

Lauren: Oh Span! I knew you cared!

*The Devil turns and shoves Span off of him. Lauren lets out a gasp and comes to his aid. Todd enters and faces the devil*

Todd: A Serrugrat in trouble?! Mormon powers activate!

*Nothing happens.*

Span: Really, super job Todd.

The Devil: That's enough!

*Suddenly Pally High Pete and Trevor bolt in from offstage.*

Pally High Pete: Stop hurting our college!

Pally High Trevor: Or we'll throw our virginitities at you!

Pally High Pete: Which we lost!

Pally High Trevor: AT COLLEGE!

Panthers: If you want to hurt Jesus, you're going to have to get

past me.

Bressica: And me!

Mei Lee: And me!

The Devil: Mei Lee? Get over here, now.

Mei Lee: NO! Not any more! You think I'm just another scared little fobby asian school girl! Well I'm not! I don't like math! I don't like anime! And I love lesbian porn!

Panthers: Same herezees girl.

Caty: You're going to have to take on all of us, Devil!

*The clock tower tolls midnight.*

The Devil: So be it. And just in time for Stanford's final plague. BAHHAH!

*The Devil extends his hands and tries to cast his spell. Nothing happens.*

The Devil: WHAT?!

Jesus: You are powerless.

The Devil: NO! NO! This can't be!

*The stone sculptures release Jesus.*

Jesus: Yes, powerless. Because, Stanford's spirit is a stronger defense than any wicked power you will ever possess.

The Devil: I'll kill you!

*The Devil lunges at Jesus when suddenly—*

BOOMING VOICE: NOT ON MY WATCH!

*The devil stops in his tracks.*

Jesus: Mom?

All: Mom?

*Enter Dean Julie.*

Dean Julie: WOOO! I haven't been this happy since The Enunciation! Son, I am so proud. Not only have you found love, but in unifying those around you, you have proven true every quality I have always loved about Stanford. In the face of

mortal danger, you maintained faith in your peers and the ideals of Stanford itself. And that is stronger than any Plague of Oski. Devil, go to hell! Oh, and by the way, don't worry about Big Game, I think you've got God on your side.

*Shell-shocked, the Devil stumbles backwards into the Gates of Hell, which slams shut behind him. Everyone cheers and begins to celebrate.*

Act II, Scene 6: Finale

*(Everyone is in White Plaza, bustling activity)*

Gervis: Jesus, congratulations. Your selfless devotion has united the campus and the Devil will never harm us again!

*Gervis smiles.*

Jesus: Thanks Gervis.

Gervis: What became of those Berkeley weenies anyways?

Jesus: I actually think they're faring pretty well. It's like switching from a PC to a Mac.

*A Women's Ultimate Player approaches TEVA.*

Ultimate Girl: Judging by your athletic build and exquisitely toned thighs, I think you may just be the perfect addition to the women's ultimate Frisbee team.

TEVA: Sounds like a plan. How 'bout we take this back to my single in Terra to gorge on some fresh produce and hemp granola?

*The two walk off into the sunset.*

Shwag: Yeeeah, and not only that but, because of my extensive experience in business commodity trading, Stanford has decided that I would be the perfect candidate for the graduate MS&E department!

Gervis: What ever happened to those Transylvanian dominatrixes.

*Letsvana and Svetlana enter leading a tour.*

Letsvana: On left is Vilbur parking lot!

Svetlana: On right is student groups!

Letsvana: Tovias Volf!

Svetlana and Letsvana: Qvestions?!

*All hands go up. A whip cracks. All hands go down.*

Mei: What's up guys? Sorry I've been a little MIA. I've been swamped with KD Phi pledge events and weekly Chappie meetings at Theta Delt. Who knew nerds were considered cool at Stanford?

Bressica: Who knew there was such exciting research going on at the Stanford Medical Center. I've made serious breakthroughs with my clinical trials in chlamydia treatment.

PANTHERS: Who knew your intellectual curiosity reached far beyond the Eagle nebula of Orion's belt? Despite your Hester Prynne exterior, you are a proud, intelligent heroine for the ages. Jeez, these literary references are really turning me on.

Bressica: Ditto

*(They start making out)*

Slick: My man Panthers! Looks like you're gonna be a brother at sickiest gnar gnar frat on campus! Why don't you ditch the dorks and come try on your new k-sig tank...

Panthers: Awesome! And what about my friends?

Slick: What, like Jesus and the SLE kids? No way, no nerds and no sons of god. It's in the bylaws.

Panthers: Well, then I guess, I'm out man.

Slick: You gotta be kidding me! Well then Panthers, consider your partying days OVER.

Panthers: Actually it's Therman, but you can just consider me the social chair/rush chair/dj/amateur tank-top designer for the newest, sickiest, smartest-frat on campus. SIGMA LAMBDA EPSILON. Otherwise known as SLE. Suck on that.

*Off walks a dejected Slick.*

JESUS: (to CATY) I guess everyone gets a happy ending... (JESUS leans in to kiss CATY)

*Their kiss is interrupted by the one, the only: DR. DEMENT.*

DR. DEMENT: Quick reminder—Drowsiness is red alert!  
\*\*\*\*\*DISCOURSE ON SLEEP RESEARCH\*\*\*\*\* Based on recent experiments, we have found that prolonged bouts of sleep debt can drive the victim clinically insane.

SLEMINATI: (waddling on, wheeling in THE DEVIL) Master, the subject.

THE DEVIL: \*\*\*\*\*psychobabble\*\*\*\*\*

JESUS: Well I guess not everyone.

CATY: Now that everything is back to normal, let's do what God intended us to do: Go out there and win BIG GAME! (JESUS and CATY kiss)

*CLOSING SONG!!!!*

***Cal Sucks, Amen***

IN THE BEGINNING THERE WERE TWO  
STANFORD CARDINAL  
AND CAL'S GOLD AND BLUE  
JESUS SWORE TO PROTECT  
ALL OF STANFORD UNIVERSITY  
THE DEVIL TOOK CAL AND SAID,  
"A SCHOOL MADE JUST FOR ME!"  
SO STANFORD WAS GOD'S CREATION  
A PLACE TO HAVE FUN  
AND GET A HIGHER EDUCATION  
CAL EVOLVED MUCH MORE SLOWLY  
THE DEVIL DIDN'T REALLY CARE  
CAL OFFERS MAJORS LIKE  
SHITTING IN YOUR UNDERWEAR  
AND SHAVING RABBITS' PUBIC HAIR  
AND PLAYING NAKED TRUTH OR DARE  
AND HOW TO FIX A CHAIR,  
OR HOW TO PAY A TAXI FARE  
OR HOW TO FUCK A GOLDEN BEAR...

AND SO IT BEGAN WHAT WOULD SURELY BE  
THE GREATEST RIVALRY IN HISTORY  
EVERY YEAR THEY WOULD PLAY BIG GAME  
ON AN AUTUMN DAY  
STANFORD WOULD WIN AND CAL WOULD CRY  
AND LISTEN WHILE WE SAY...

STANFORD IS THE GREATEST SCHOOL  
TO EVER HAVE EXISTED  
CAL CAN ONLY DREAM OF WHAT IT'S LIKE  
TO BE WAITLISTED!  
FROM THE CLASS OF FOURTEEN  
TO THE CLASS OF O'LEVEN GOD CREATED STANFORD  
IN THE IMAGE OF HEAVEN!  
STANFORD WINS AND  
CAL LOSES ONCE AGAIN  
HALLELUIA, AMEN

A PIECE OF EDEN IS STILL ALIVE  
YOU CAN FIND IT

AT THE END OF PALM DRIVE  
BERKELEY SITS AT THE HEART  
OF FAILED OPPORTUNITY  
COVERED IN HOMELESS PEE  
CONTRACTED WITH STDS  
OUR PROFESSORS ARE SMART  
OUR WOMEN LOOSE  
SO TELL ME,  
WHICH COLLEGE WOULD YOU CHOOSE?  
A STANFORD TREE  
WITH COMFORT AND SECURITY  
OR A GOLDEN BEAR  
THAT NEVER LEARNED TO COUNT TO THREE,  
ONLY GOT IN FROM LEGACY  
AND NEVER POPPED A GIRL'S CHERRY...

STANFORD IS THE GREATEST SCHOOL  
TO EVER HAVE EXISTED  
CAL CAN ONLY DREAM OF WHAT IT'S LIKE  
TO BE WAITLISTED!  
FROM THE CLASS OF FOURTEEN  
TO THE CLASS OF O'LEVEN  
GOD CREATED STANFORD  
IN THE IMAGE OF HEAVEN!  
STANFORD WINS AND  
CAL LOSES ONCE AGAIN  
HALLELUIA, AMEN  
CAL SUCKS - AMEN!

*BAND PLAYS!!!!*

*BEST GAJETIES EVER!!!*

*THE END.*