"A N Y T H I N G

&

E V E R Y T H I N G"

A monstrous conspiracy in three
acts and a couple dozen songs.

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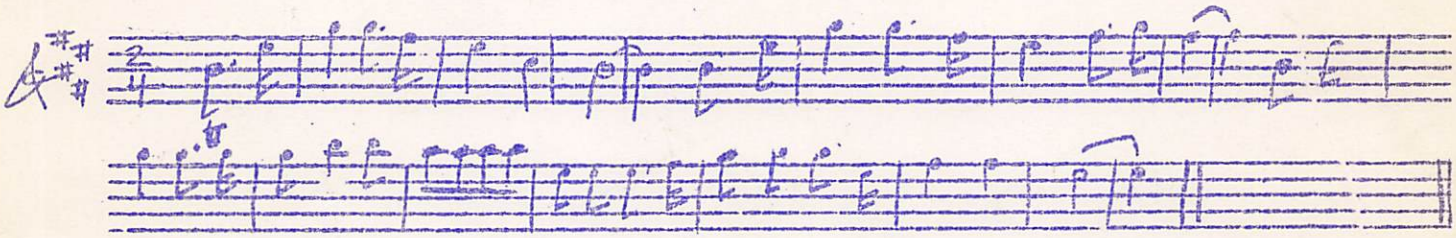
Act One.

Scene One. Prologue.

(Clothier is empty and brightly lit as the Audience enters. The curtains are open, the stage is bare and lit by work lights. You can see all the way back to the kettledrums and grand piano in the alcove, that's how empty it looks. In fact, the only sign that anything will happen tonight is the Ushers, who are wearing stage makeup. In fact, they are the members of KWINK. When a sufficient quantity of Audience has accumulated, the members of KWINK walk up the gangway onto the stage. They stand there. A piano introduction is played. No microphone is used. Then the KWINK members sing, badly, the Hamburg Show Song.)

HAMBURG SHOW SONG.

Oh, we're goin' to the Hamburg Show
See the Lion and the Wild Kangaroo
And we'll all stick together
Through rain or shiny weather
'Cause we're going to see the whole thing through!



(It sounded sickly.)

KWINK MEMBER. Hey, can we have a microphone?)

(A microphone is brought out. The other KWINK Members leave.)
(It is now Scene Two, Prologue to the Second Prologue.
KWINK MEMBER. Thank you. (Stilted, he is.) Ladies and gentlemen, Friends, professors, students, and people, it is my job this year to present to you the 1957 Hamburg Show. I do so with pride and pleasure.

There probably aren't very many of you who remember that song we just sang. That's too bad, because it was the original Hamburg Show Song-- genuine, official, authentic, certified. The Hamburg Show was not always the work of just two or three people. (Lights dim and the KWINK MEMBER improves.) Back before Clothier was built, in mythical times, the Hamburg Show was more of a variety show-- a kind of spontaneous hodgepodge. The only continuity that ran through it was a pair of characters in costume-- the Lion and the Wild Kangaroo. The two of them horsed around between scenes, and they were generally the only ones who knew what was coming next.

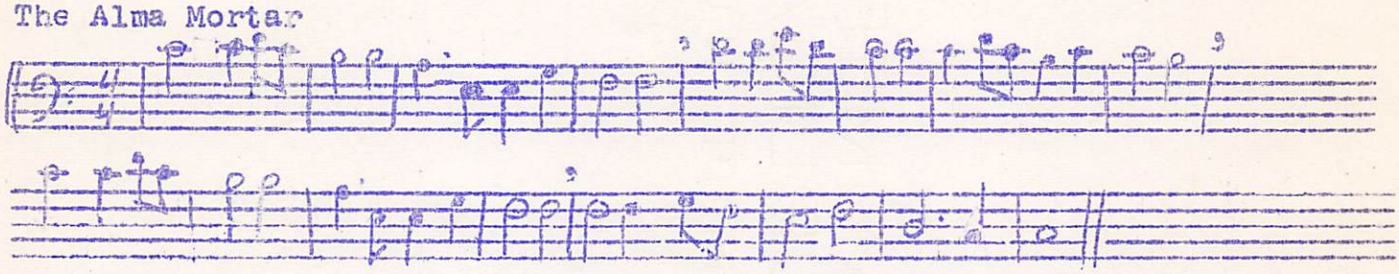
Well, we want to revive some of the features of the old Hamburg Show. Of course we're not going to revive the spontaneity, because that would be going back on Progress, but we can at least make it as big a hodgepodge as possible. We can also revive the Lion and the Wild Kangaroo (spotlight ANIMALS) as we revive the old Hamburg Show Song.

(He sings the song again, this time not badly, with an echo chamber and rock'n roll accompaniment.)

Scene Three. Second Prologue.

(The doors at the rear of the center aisle open, and in comes the academic procession for the graduation of Wrathsome College. First comes the College President, with a small flag; then come the deans; then comes the faculty ((in this case the orchestra;)) then comes the Student Body; then come the non-students, and those who have flunked out by the end of the play; then come the Lion and Kangaroo, who were holding the doors open for the procession. The Alma Mortar is played. First by the organ, then by the faculty. Naturally, President, Deans, Faculty and Students are in Academic Garb.)

The Alma Mortar



Scene Four-A. Interlogue.

(The College President appears, spotlit, in the President's Box above the Audience. He begins to read his graduation address. As he speaks, lights go up onstage, and we see GEORGE W. STORCH and SAM PICKLE sitting together, watching the graduation. PRESIDENT fades out as they talk.)

The President's Speech.

Every year about this time I get up to talk about what kind ofa year it has been, and I always wonder what I'm going to say the next year, but it doesn't matter because I always (chuckle) end up saying the same thing anyway.

As we look back over the year, I think I can say without successful contradiction that we know it has been quite an eventful one. There have been times of laughter and times of sorrow and times that were downright mediocre. In September there was a whole new crop of Freshmen, just the way there is every year. In fact, I don't know why I mentioned it. Returning upperclassmen were pleased by the newly-painted lounge in the library.

Then there was the time someone dropped his tray in the dining room-- we all laughed at that. The times of laughter and disappointment, sometimes perhaps tears, blend in our minds to produce a composite picture of all the many things that we've done-- typing papers, sitting in the Snack Bar, trying to plan ahead for a full night's sleep, the formal dances. It's difficult to wrap it all up in a nutshell; that's why it's hard for me, when (begin again.)

GEORGE W. STORCH. Boy. Do you realize it? We're really graduating.
SAM PICKLE. Yeah. It's hard to believe, somehow.
GEORGE W. STORCH. Gosh.
SAM PICKLE. Everybody looks funny in caps and gowns.
GEORGE W. STORCH. It's kind of silly.
SAM PICKLE. Yeah. But somehow it-- sort of gives you that feeling--
(Pause.)
GEORGE W. STORCH. I remember when we were Freshmen. Boy, that was silly.
SAM PICKLE. Yeah.

(Traveller opens.)

Scene Four. Let's Take a Trip.

(Seats on a train.)
ANNOUNCER (off.) Dirty Right Feet, Andorra, Germwood, Piston, Handsdown, Linus, Secant, Norton. WRATHSOME, Crawling Board, Seedier. Seedier Local! (Tweet-tweet of conductor signal.)
(GEORGE W. STORCH has entered, struggling with a suitcase. MILLIE WINTHROP gets into the seat in front of him. She wears a veil; he is Joe College with a cap. He takes out a catalogue and starts reading excitedly. The seenery distracts him, so he looks at the scenery excitedly. He is clearly excited.)

GEORGE. Gosh! College!
(MILLIE stirs.)
GEORGE. College!! Gosh!!
MILLIE. Are you going to the College too?
GEORGE. Why, how'd you know?
MILLIE. I don't know, you just (sigh) sort of looked like a college man.
GEORGE. You really think so?
MILLIE. Oh, yes!
GEORGE. Are you going to the College too?
MILLIE. Oh, yes!
GEORGE. Gosh!
MILLIE. Oh, yes! How do you do? I mean, what class are you in?
GEORGE. I'm a Freshman.
MILLIE. Why, golly, so am I!
GEORGE. Well, that's all right with me. What I meant was, you looked older.
MILLIE. I did?
GEORGE. Yes.
MILLIE. So did you.
GEORGE. Really?
MILLIE. Oh, yes.
GEORGE. Golly. Thank you.
MILLIE. Nothing at all.
GEORGE. Pleased to meet you.
MILLIE. How do you do?
GEORGE. Oh, fine, usually, except in hot weather.
MILLIE. What's your name?
GEORGE. George Storch. George W. Storch. Just call me George Storch. That is, call me George.
MILLIE. My name's Millie.
GEORGE. Oh, good.
MILLIE. What made you pick this college?
GEORGE. I don't know.
MILLIE. That's strange.
GEORGE. Is it really?
MILLIE. Well, sort of.
GOERGE. What made you pick this college?
MILLIE. Oh, I don't know.
GEORGE. Funny, same with me.
MILLIE. Gosh, already we've got two things in common.
GEORGE. Three.
MILLIE. What's the third?
GEORGE. We're both on the same train.
MILLIE. Yeah. Yeah, three.
GEORGE. Gosh. What do you suppose it'll be like?
MILLIE. Oh, I know what it's like.
GEORGE. You do?

[illegible]

[illegible] Hugh Fest, Andover, Oakwood, Lisdon, Pendleton, [illegible] Brown, Horton, MATTHEWSON, Drawling Board, Reeder.

[illegible] (Tweet-tweet of conductor signal.)

[illegible] stumbling with a suitcase. MARTIN HIGH [illegible] goes to front of bus. She wears a veil. [illegible] to Lugs with a sap. He takes out a envelope and [illegible] anxiously. The secretary distracts him so he [illegible] at the secretary anxiously. He is clearly excited.)

[illegible]

[illegible] you going to the College Ball?

[illegible]

[illegible] (sigh) sort of looked like a college man.

[illegible]

[illegible] going to the College Ball?

[illegible]

[illegible] you do? I mean, what class are you in?

[illegible]

[illegible] right with me. When I meet one, you looked

[illegible]

[illegible] people in not machine.

[illegible] Hugh Fest, Andover, Oakwood. Just call me George Brown.

[illegible]

[illegible] you going to the College Ball?

[illegible]

[illegible] ballroom?

[illegible]

[illegible] you. Who dance in uniform.

[illegible]

[illegible] Ball is like?

MILLIE. Oh, I thought you meant something different.
GEORGE. I meant college. What did you mean?
MILLIE. I meant college.
GEORGE. Oh, uh huh. Gosh.
MILLIE. Think of it.
GEORGE. A whole new--
MILLIE. Golly!
GEORGE. --different kind of world.
MILLIE. Golly.
GEORGE. A whole new different kind of world.

(They leave the train, climb off the stage, and start back up onto the stage via the gangway.)

Scene Five. Scene Around Campus.

(Upperclassmen are sitting in yellow porch chairs, among the columns. Prominent are RUFUS MANSFIELD, JOAN HALLING, MORRIS WALPOLE and a lot of others.)

(Up the walk come GEORGE W. STORCH and MILLIE WINTHROP with suitcases)

GEORGE. Gosh! College!
MILLIE. Isn't it beautiful?
GEORGE. Yeah.
MILLIE. Are those upperclassmen?
GEORGE. I guess so.
MORRIS WALPOLE. Welcome, Fools!
(GEORGE and MILLIE stare worriedly.)
MORRIS. You are freshmen, I take it?
MILLIE. Why yes, we are.
(The upperclassmen jeer.)
MORRIS. Well, it's too late to turn back. Are you prepared to take the vows?
GEORGE. What vows?
MORRIS and UPPERCLASSMEN. Poverty, chastity, obedience.
MILLIE. Don't you like it here?
MORRIS. Aaaah. You'll learn. OH, we know how you feel. All hipped up on your next four years. (CHORUS and MORRIS: Gosh! College!) You've come to a whole new (CHORUS: GOLLY!) different kind of world. Well, you'll find out pretty soon what it's like. What the administration is like, what the food is like, what crud you've got to put up with. Ugh. You'll hear all about the fraternities, and how low those high academic standards really are, and the lousy professors you'll get, all that jazz. Good luck on your next four years at college.

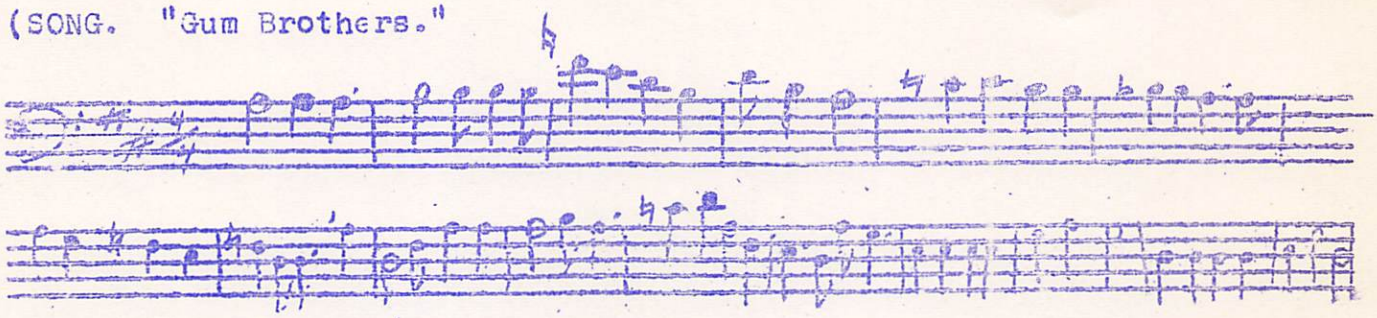
(BALLET: "Four Years at College")

(STEVEN PILLWORTHY and FLIPSY MC FINN come bicycling in.)

STEVEN. Hey! Are you freshmen?
GEORGE and MILLIE. Yes.
(STEVEN and FLIPSY laugh fiendishly)
FLIPSY. Wait'll you get my father for Political Science. He'll flunk you cold.
STEVEN: Yeah, and wait'll you get my Mom for Chemistry. Hoo boy!
MILLIE. What are your names?
FLIPSY. I'm Flipsy McFinn.
STEVEN. I'm Steven Pillworthy. We're pals.
FLIPSY. You could call ours an "interdisciplinary friendship."

STEVEN. We're real good friends.
FLIPSY. You've heard of Blood Brothers.
MILLIE. Yes.
STEVEN. Well, we're GUM brothers.

(SONG. "Gum Brothers."



We're gum brothers, gum brothers,
Chewing makes it chewier:
When we trade our chewing gum
It makes it even gooier!

We're gum brothers,
Gum brothers,
What is one's is one another's
Everything we have we share,
Even Steven, equal, fair,
Gum brothers all the way!
Switch!

We're gum brothers, gum brothers,
Whatever we are doing
We will always call a halt
And trade what we are chewing!

(Bridge) It's just a little piece of gum
But it means quite a bit;
It isn't very flavorsome
Except for the taste of the other guy's spit!

We're gum brothers,
Gum brothers,
What is one's is one another's
Everything we have we share
Even Steven, equal, fair,
Gum brothers all the way!
Switch!

We're gum brothers, gum brothers,
We chew more when we have the room
And if anyone objects
We chew it with a GOOM GOOM GOOM!

We're gum brothers
Gum brothers
What is one's is one another's
Everything we have we share,
Even Steven, equal, fair,
Gum brothers all the way!
Switch!

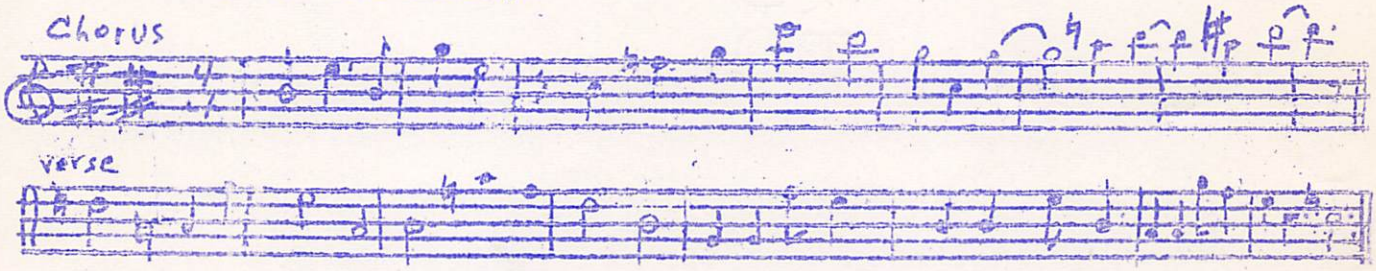
FLIPSY. Bye now. And GOOD LUCK.
STEVEN. You'll need it, all right. (They bicycle out.)

They bicycle out. Left onstage are MILLIE and GEORGE, with suitcases.

A page of dialogue has been omitted, as it was unutterably bad. The reader is free, nay, welcome, to insert a page of his own faltering dialogue, provided only that the following take place in its jurisdiction:

1) MILLIE exits, possibly to find her dormitory.
2) MOLLY P. STORCH enters, playing Frisby with HERMAN GRUBNIK, PETE SCHULTZ, and the KANGAROO;
3) It is discreetly explained that GEORGE and MOLLY are brother and sister, and MOLLY (an upperclassman) is given some superficially plausible reason for being onstage ((let us not worry why they are brother and sister; for the Final Cause of dramaturgid propinquity is ofttimes as obscure as the Final Causes of the World proper, known only to the Author of us all;))
4) MOLLY tells GEORGE that she is playing Frisby, and expains the game to him (a transparent device for explaining it to the alumni in the audience;)
5) MOLLY sings the song, "Friz Me the Frisby."

SONG: "Friz Me the Frisby."



Friz me the frisby
Whiz me the frisby
Give it thrust
You must, you must!

Friz me the frisby
Friz me the frisby
Make it whistle
Make it whiz
Let it bristle--
Ready? Friz!

Friz me the frisby
Whiz me the frisby
Give it thrust
You must, you must!

Friz me the frisby
Friz me the frisby
Make it scuttle!
Make it rattle!

SCHULTZ: It'll hit you--
MOLLY: What'll?
SCHULTZ: That'll--

(She is hit by frisby.)

Friz me the frisby
Whiz me the frisby
Give it thrust
You must, you must!

Friz me the frisby
Friz me the frisby
Make it sizzle
Please don't fizzle
Hurl that frizzle, pliz pliz pliz!

Friz me the frisby
Whiz me the frisby
Give it thrust
You must, you must!

Friz me the frisby
Friz me the frisby
Throw it careful
Please don't miz
Try to get it where I is...

Friz me the frisby
Then you can kiz me
And give it thrust--
you must, you must!

(As the Song was Sung, a small brouhaha in the audience has intervened to keep the song from seeming as long as it really is. KANGAROO has unexpectedly thrown a frisby into the audience; a stooge there has caught it and thrown it to another stooge; and as MOLLY sings, a covey of frisbies has taken the air, and whirs formidably from stooge to stooge. Then the frisbies are thrown back to the stage: first from the front row, then from a row further back, then from the second section, center aisle; then from the second section, side aisle; then the music stops. KANGAROO points at 1 STOOGE. 1 STOOGE points at 2 STOOGE. 2 STOOGE points at 3 STOOGE (each point accompanied by a drumbeat.) 3 STOOGE points at 4 STOOGE. 4 STOOGE points at balcony, where stands 5 STOOGE with frisby poised. There is a drum roll. 5 STOOGE throws the frisby. A mausolear hush clutches the transfixed audience as the frisby swoops slowly, majestically down-- over the second section, over the first section, over the orchestra, and into the waiting hand of KANGAROO. Drums smash jubilantly. Audience goes wild. BLACKOUT.)

Scene Six. An Un-Irving Experience

(The campus, night. The moon shines through the trees and we can hear a dog barking.)

(BINNIE NUSTLE and GEORGE W. STORCH enter.)

BINNIE. Gosh, it's a nice night.
GEORGE. Yeah.
BINNIE. Uh-huh.
(Pause)
GEORGE. (Irrelevantly) Do you like animals?
BINNIE. Oh, I just love animals. They're so nice, really. They're so much like people, except different.
GEORGE. Yeah.
BINNIE. Did you ever have any pets?
GEORGE. Yes, I've had lots of pets.
BINNIE. What were their names?
GEORGE. Irving.
BINNIE. Irving?
GEORGE. Yeah. Every pet I've had I've called Irving.
BINNIE. That's very good. Easier to remember. (Both laugh stiltedly.)

I had the most incredible experience today.

GEORGE. What happened?

BINNIE. I don't really know if I can convey it.

GEORGE. Well, go ahead. You're sort of good at that.

BINNIE. Well, I was walking down the hall, and thinking over a joke I heard the other day; and suddenly I heard somebody whistling Ravel's Bolero. Just whistling it, on and on.

GEORGE. Yes, go on.

BINNIE. You don't see it.

GEORGE. That's all? You just heard someone whistling Ravel's Bolero?

BINNIE. But you see, I'd been thinking all these silly, frivolous thoughts, and then this haunting music--it was coming from the stairwell--just on and on--

GEORGE. I think I understand.

BINNIE. I don't think you do.

GEORGE. I do. You're a very sensitive girl, Binnie. I read some of your poetry, remember.

BINNIE. But you don't get it.

(SONG: "Burden of Sensitivity.")

The burden of sensitivity
Is my millstone, my albatross, my crown of thorns,
But I can bear it!
Despite the quips, and whips and scorns
I'm proud to wear it.

Either you sleep too much or too little
You're hungry or bloated, have blisters or sprains
Either you're feeling soggy or brittle
Defenseless from troubles and strains.

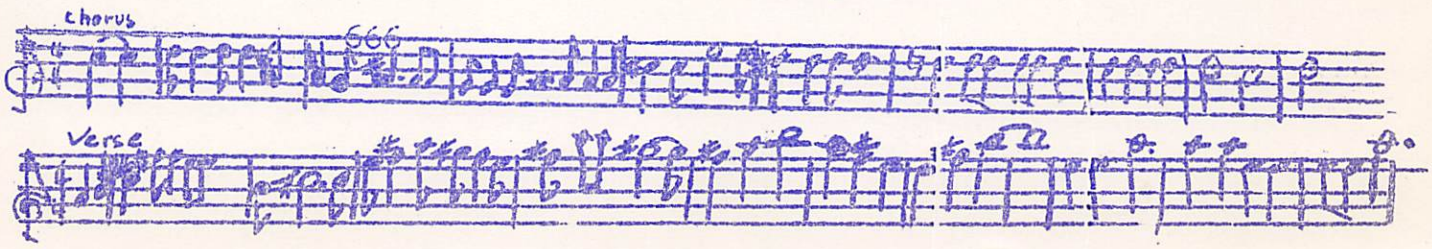
The burden of sensitivity
Is my millstone, my albatross, my crown of thorns,
But I can bear it!
Whatever irksome strife adorns
Its relative merit.

Life is hard because love is sticky
You're expected to finish whatever you start--
If one lives, one must love, but it's tricky
To manage affairs of the heart.

The burden of sensitivity
Is my millstone, my albatross, my crown of thorns,
But I can bear it!
Regardless of what Nietzsche warns
It's best to share it.

The men in my life have been frequent
But attended by mixups, confusion and pain
And though months may go by, it's consequent
To find myself at it again.

etc.



[illegible]

BINNIE. Hey, where is Delta Cephei?
GEORGE. It's right up there. Look for a big "W" in the sky. Do you see it?
BINNIE. No.
GEORGE. It's right over there.
BINNIE. I can't get the Gestalt.

(MYSTERIOUS STRANGER sweeps in.)

MYSTERIOUS STRANGER. The Gestalt, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves.

(MYSTERIOUS STRANGER sweeps out.)

BINNIE. Well, I give up. I think stars should be appreciated, not studied.
GEORGE. That's very strange. You know, Binnie, you're very--inscrutable.
BINNIE. Oh, no.
In fact, I'm logically consistent.
I'm even tautologous.
Kiss me!
GEORGE. Oh. You want me to kiss you?
BINNIE. Yes.
GEORGE. Oh, I see. Uh....(Kisses her)
Gosh, can I call you Irving?
BINNIE. But Irving is a boy's name.
GEORGE. Yes, but it's sort of a tradition.
BINNIE. Do you think I'm a pet?
GEORGE. Oh, I'd do things with you I wouldn't do with any pet.
BINNIE. You would? I hope they're nice things.
GEORGE. I mean, I never kissed my dog.
BINNIE. Oh, that's nice.
GEORGE. What?
BINNIE. That you never kissed your dog. I'd rather you kissed me.
(She prepares to be kissed.)
GEORGE. (Hedging) Well, I kissed my rabbit once.
His name was Irving,
Actually I was much littler then.
But the rabbit was pretty small too.
BINNIE. George?
GEORGE. Uh-huh.
BINNIE. Do you like me better than Irving?
GEORGE. Which Irving?
BINNIE. Irving, the rabbit.
GEORGE. Oh yes, I guess so. I mean there's no comparison.
BINNIE. Let's discuss this further.
(They exit.)

Scene Seven-A. Interlogue

(Graduation once more
The college President again begins to speak. Lights up on SAM PICKLE and HERBERT MARLIN, who sit in caps and gowns)
((Seating of the graduates is alphabetical, it may be noted. This is but another finesse!))

SAM. Boy, oh boy. This is really something.
HERBERT. It's sort of unbelievable.
SAM. Yeah. You sort of think back to everything that happened.
HERBERT. You can't help it.
SAM. Think of all the grind we put up with.

HERBERT. Yeah. Think of all the crud we made other people put up with!
SAM. Yeah, that too.
HERBERT. All the places.
SAM. The men's infirmary. You know the men's infirmary?
HERBERT. Yeah.
SAM. I spent a week there once. It was boring. Didn't do any work either.

Scene Seven. Turtles.

(MILLARD STRIMP lies abed, trying to read. SAM PICKLE and JOCK STARK sit around dejectedly.)

JOCK. Hey. Quit pretending to study!
MILLARD. I don't feel like studying anyhow.
JOCK. That's the spirit.
SAM. Be happy,, like us.
(Long disgruntled pause.)
MILLARD. Is it true you get mononucleosis from kissing?
JOCK. That's an old wive's tale.
MILLIARD. Doctor Wockle says you get it from kissing.
JOCK. Anyhow, Doctor Wockle is an old wife.
SAM. By definition.
MILLARD. But it's kind of strange we all got it at the same time.
JOCK. Maybe!-

MILLARD. Maybe a Typhoid Mary is loose among us!
JOCK. Maybe!
SAM. It's possible.
JOCK. Carol Snort?
MILLARD. Uch!
SAM. No.
MILLARD. Millie Winthrop?
JOCK. No.
SAM. No. Binnie Nustle?
JOCK. Yes.
MILLARD. No. Jane Mool? Hermione?
JOCK. Not Mool. You'd kiss Hermione?
MILLARD. Not again, I wouldn't.
SAM. There's no one girl. That would be impossible.
JOCK. This is just a wild goose chase.
MILLARD. (Pontifically) All of life is a wild goose chase.
SAM. Only for some. Other people just keep ducking.
MILLARD and JOCK. Ha Ha Huhhh. Phlitttt.
(Long pause. Abruptly they all jump up and dance downstage.)

SONG: "Mononucleosis."

Mononucleosis, mononucleosis.
You get immunity from halitosis.

SAM. I really fear I can't remember
Where I picked up the germ;
It must have been one of those girls
Around the end of last term.

Mononucleosis, mononucleosis.
You get immunity from halitosis.

JOCK. Circumstances here at college
Make it hard to be infected

I mustn't say where I got mine
But I wasn't detected.

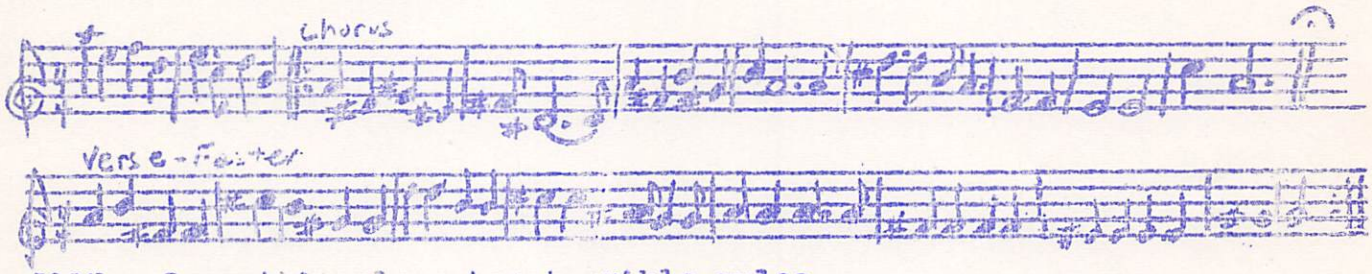
(Bridge)

ALL. You simply kiss a girl good night!
Soon you've got it and you know it,
You can feel it, the blood tests show it,
When they find a mononucleated leucocyte--

Mononucleosis, mononucleosis.
You get immunity from halitosis.

MILLARD. If you think that I fell ill
So crassly, well, I beg your pardon.
I'll have you know that I caught mine
In the president's garden.

Mononucleosis, mononucleosis.
You get immunity from halitosis.



JOCK. Boy, this place has horrible rules.
MILLARD. I knew we'd get around to that.
JOCK. I'd go crazy if I had to keep them.
SAM. Aw, you guys are just complainers. What rules don't you like, anyway?
(Long pause.)
MILLARD. Mainly the one about not having pets.
JOCK. Yeah, that's the killer.
MILLARD. Think of all the pets we could have.
JOCK. Dogs.
MILLARD. Cats.
JOCK. Donkeys.
MILLARD. Armadillos.
JOCK. Gorillas.
MILLARD. Women.
SAM. Turtles.
JOCK. Woodchucks.
MILLARD. Did you say turtles?
SAM. What do you mean, did I say turtles?
MILLARD. You know what I mean, did you say turtles.
JOCK. Antelopes.
SAM. Yeah, I did say turtles. What about it?
MILLARD. Nothing about it. I just wondered, that's all.
JOCK. We could even have chinchillas.
SAM. Nothing phooey. You don't just wonder if another guy said Turtles all of a sudden. There's something bothering you.
MILLARD. Bothering me?
SAM. Yeah. How come you're so jumpy about turtles all of a sudden?
MILLARD. Me jumpy about turtles. You're crazy. My attitude toward turtles is <u>perfectly</u> <u>normal</u>.
JOCK. Ostriches would be fun.
SAM. HOLD ON! I've been noticing you lately. Whenever turtles are mentioned you start acting funny. Whenever turtles come up

in ordinary conversation, you get a strange look in your eye. You get a funny twitch in your right shoulder.

(MILLARD'S right shoulder starts lurching.)

MILLARD. You're crazy. I don't have any twitch.

SAM. You know what I think it is? You have a turtle.

MILLARD. I do not.

SAM. (Evenly, calmly, firmly.) All right, Millard, get that turtle out of your bed.

MILLARD. You're crazy. I don't have a turtle.

SAM. Come on, we know you've got a turtle in your bed.

MILLARD. Really, I don't, honest.

SAM. You're not allowed to have a turtle in your bed.

JOCK. It's against the rules.

SAM. You can only have a turtle on Sunday afternoons with the door open.

JOCK. Yeah, come on. Give us the turtle.

MILLARD. But. I swear to you, I don't--

SAM. Come on, we know you've got a turtle.

MILLARD. (Desperately) How did you find out?

SAM. We have ways. Give us the turtle.

MILLARD. You can't have it.

SAM. Neither can you.

JOCK. It's against the rules.

MILLARD. You just want it for yourselves.

JOCK. What would we want with a turtle?

MILLARD. Well, then, what would I want with a turtle?

SAM. Oh, we know what you'd want with a turtle.

MILLARD. You can't have it.

SAM. You'd better give it to us or we'll call a nurse.

JOCK. Nurse!

SAM. Wait, Jock. Maybe he'll give it to us without that.

MILLARD. Why can't I keep it?

JOCK. Because you can't.

SAM. It's against the rules.

MILLARD. Why is it against the rules?

JOCK. Because it is, that's all.

SAM. Because the townspeople wouldn't approve.

JOCK, And just think of the Board of Managers!

SAM. Now then, give us the turtle.

MILLARD. I won't!

JOCK. Nurse!

SAM. Wait, Jock. Now, Millard, you don't really want a turtle in your bed, do you?

MILLARD. Yes.

SAM. Why?

MILLARD. I like what it's doing.

SAM. Now, Millard, just think a minute. Just think of all the poor little children who can't have turtles in their beds. Would you want to have something they can't have?

MILLARD. Darn straight I would.

JOCK. That's not democratic.

SAM. I thought you were a democrat, Millard. I'm a democrat. Jock, here is a democrat.

JOCK. I'm a Republican.

SAM. But he's a democratic Republican. Now aren't you going to help your fellow democrats?

MILLARD. I'm not a democrat. I'M a socialist.

SAM. That means you have to share your wealth.

JOCK. Yeah.

MILLARD. Not my wealth. Other people's wealth.

SAM. Come on, give us your turtle. Be a good guy. You've had it long enough.

MILLARD. It's mine, mine, mine!
JOCK. Can't we at least borrow it?
SAM. We'll even wash it when we're through.
MILLARD. Please leave me my turtle. It's all I have in the world.
SAM. Now, look here, Millard, are you going to give us that turtle voluntarily, or do we have to play rough? Lefty! (STARK rises.) Lefty, we're going to have to show this guy a thing or two.
MILLARD. No, no, not the turtle! You can have anything but my turtle. It has great sentimental value.
JOCK. Should I fix him, boss?
SAM. Not yet. Let me try persuasion first.
MILLARD. It was a gift from my sainted great-uncle Rudlow--
SAM. Look, Millard, you've got all your life ahead of you. Why throw it away on a little thing like this?
MILLARD. Life without my turtle would not be worth living.
SAM. I've about reached the end of my patience.
JOCK. Now, boss?
SAM. No, no. Millard, it's right in the Bible that "thou shalt not deprive thy fellow man of turtles." Rumanians 3-0200.
MILLARD. It's a lie.
SAM. On my honor! It's a fundamental principle of canon law.
MILLARD. I don't hold by cannon law myself. I'm a devote of six-gun justice! (Whips out his hand, pointed like a gun.) Bang! Bang! Bang, bang!
SAM. Ha ha! It didn't work!
MILLARD. Not yet! Bang! Bang! Bang? Bang! (He slumps.) Bang! Bang!
SLOW CURTAIN

Scene Eight-A. Interlogue

(Graduation once more.
The college President again begins his speech. Lights up on JANE MOOL and BINNIE NUSTLE, who sit in caps and cowns.)

MOOL. How did we do it?
BINNIE. What?
MOOL. Get here.
BINNIE. As all things have a beginning, so all things must come to a close.
MOOL. That's not quite what I meant. I mean, how did we make it from there to here. It took so long. So much happened.
BINNIE. (Significantly) So very, very much...

Scene Eight. Pillage and Rapine.

(The room of JANE MOOL and JOAN WALLING. Stockings and hankies hang drying on strings. MOOL is studying as ELLIE WHELK enters.)

ELLIE. Everywhere strings. Strings and things.
MOOL. How's your paper coming?
ELLIE. I swear I can't write thatpaper. I can't even figure what the paper's supposed to be about. Maybe I could just die or something.
MOOL. Don't be silly. You need a pill.
ELLIE. Why do I need a pill?
MOOL. Oh, everybody does.
ELLIE. What do you have?
MOOL. Aspirin, empirin, Bufferin, Alka-seltzer, benzidrine, dexidrine, phenobarbitol, Miltown and Tums.
ELLIE. It's hard to decide.
MOOL. Also Life Savers.

ELLIE. What flavor?
MOOL. Peppermint, butterscotch, and rhubarb.
ELLIE. I'll try the rhubarb.
MOOL. Better not. They're moldy.
ELLIE. What do you recommend?
MOOL. Aspirin.
ELLIE. Two. (Takes them.)
MOOL. Where's Binnie tonight? She isn't in her room.
ELLIE. She's out with some Freshman.
MOOL. She's incredible. She's always swearing off men, and then next night comes back saying she went to the movies with some boy and had a mystical experience during the newsreel.
(HERMIONE HAM comes in.)
HERMIONE. I heard a joke.
MOOL. Wonderful.
ELLIE. I suppose you're going to tell it.
HERMIONE. Well, you see, a woman went into a butcher shop, and said "I want a pound of kiddleys," and the butcher said, "you mean kidneys, don't you?" and the woman said, "I said kiddleys, diddle I?"
ELLIE. What's playing in the vill?
MOOL. Something with Rock Hudson.
HERMIONE. You get it? See, this woman has a speech impediment, and whenever she should say "N" she says "L", so--
ELLIE. Are you still learning the guitar, Hermione?
HERMIONE. Oh no. I've got a mandolin.
MOOL. Do you think you're practicing enough?
HERMIONE. Well, I really don't need to practice. I've got very nimble fingers.
ELLIE. You're basically nimble, Hermione.
HERMIONE. Oh, do you think so?
MOOL. Definitely.
HERMIONE. Well, explain what you mean, exactly. I want to know what you mean when you say I'm nimble.
ELLIE. What she means is you get around so easily. One minute you're in this room, next minute you could be in someone else's room.
HERMIONE. I don't know what you mean.
MOOL. Well, try it and see.
HERMIONE. Oh--was I disturbing some conversation you might have been having?
ELLIE. No, you weren't, not until you came in.
HERMIONE. Well, I'll come back later.
MOOL. Be sure you do.
HERMIONE. Come back?
MOOL. Come back later.
HERMIONE. Okay, see you later! (Goes.)
ELLIE. How does she manage?
HERMIONE. (Reappearing) Manage what?
MOOL. Manage to be nimble.
HERMIONE. Oh, it's just a natural talent, I guess. (Goes again.)
MOOL. What <u>were</u> we talking about?
ELLIE. Well, I guess it doesn't matter. I still have that paper to write.
MOOL. Have another pill.
ELLIE. Do you think it's safe?
MOOL. Safe! It's the only way I manage.
(BINNIE comes in.)
BINNIE. I need a pill.
MOOL. Of course. What kind?
BINNIE. Give me a Miltown and a No-Doz.
ELLIE. Are you going to take them both at once?
BINNIE. Mm-hm.

ELLIE. But that way, they'll counteract each other.
BINNIE. That's the idea. I don't need a pill anyway. I just want to regain my composure.
MOOL. (Giving her pills.) Yeah, you do look sort of decomposed.
ELLIE. What's the matter?
BINNIE. I have become a scarlet woman.
ELLIE. Too bad. You looked so good inviolate.

CURTAIN. END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

Scene Nine-A. Interlogue.

(Graduation once more. The College President again begins his speech. Lights up on PETE SCHULTZ and JOCK STARK, who sit in caps and gowns.)

PETE. Boy, graduation is really something. All the professors in drag.
JOCK. Think of all the things we've done at college.
PETE. Do you remember that fabulous party?
JOCK. Party? Around here?
PETE. The one Pickle gave down by the trestle.
JOCK. No, I can't say as I do....

Scene Nine. Blue Suede Loafers.

(The front porch. Columns, porch chairs, etc. JOAN WALLING, SAM PICKLE, RUFUS MANSFIELD, HERMIONE HAM are sitting around.)

HERMIONE. Did you hear the latest?
JOAN. No.
HERMIONE. Well, it doesn't matter anyhow.
SAM. Do you realize I've got to spend the summer in Connecticut?
RUFUS. You poor kid. Connecticut is really out.
JOAN. Connecticut is a doozer.

(PICKLE approaches and approaches JOAN WALLING.)
SAM. How's it going?
JOAN. Oh, pretty well, I guess.
SAM. Would you like to go out tonight?
JOAN. Oh. Okay. Sure.
SAM. Do you have money?
JOAN. Well, no.
SAM. Well, I guess we could just have a party.
ALL. A party? Around here? A party? etc.
SAM. I think it could be managed.
(HERMIONE espies a protuberance extending from PICKLE's pocket.)
HERMIONE. 1949. That was a good year.
SAM. Want some?
HERMIONE. Well, yes, I guess I might have a drop.
SAM. There's more. The woods at nine, by the trestle.
HERMIONE. Roger.
SAM (to JOAN.) Shall I get you here?
JOAN. Well, I guess so.
SAM. See you later, then. (Exits with slight swagger.)
RUFUS. You know what we're doing? Wasting time.
HERMIONE. Admittedly!
JOAN. What should we be doing?
RUFUS. Anything! Not just wasting time, saying pseudo-clever things.

I'm not really satisfied. Ordinary things don't leave me gratified.

I may be just a regular guy
But I'm disgruntled, and I know why;
I'VE GOT A STAR IN MY EYE!

(Music: introduction, vamp.)

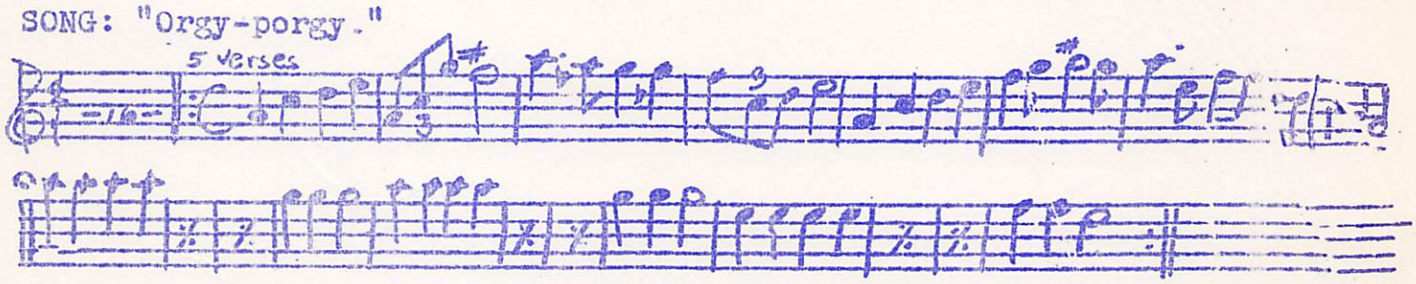
JOAN. Well, aren't you going to sing a song?
RUFUS. Nope. I don't go for that kind of stuff.

BLACKOUT

Scene Ten. Turkeys in the Straw.

(The woods by the trestle, night. We can see people vaguely. MILLARD STRIMP lies in the foreground nursing a bottle and humming incantations. MAX WABASH enters with a girl.)
WABASH. Is this the place?
MILLARD. I daresay it is.
WABASH. Good.
(Lights slightly up. Other people are seen.)
VOICE OF HERMIONE. Ow, I got something in my eye.
VOICE OF PETE SCHULTZ. That's your finger.
SAM PICKLE (to WABASH and his girl.) Welcome. Make yourselves at home.
WABASH. There's no place like home.
PICKLE. Hey, we've got to brighten this party up. Let's play spin-the-bottle.
(Desultory cries of "yeah," "oh, sure.")
PICKLE. Well, it's easy to improve the rules. Instead of spin-the-bottle, we just play flip-the-bottle, like this. (Catches bottle pointed at JOAN WALLING.) Now I kiss you. (Kisses her lightly.)

SONG: "Orgy-porgy."



JOAN. Georgie-porgie, pudding and pie
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the boys came out to play,
Georgie-porgie ran away.
PICKLE. Hey, you've got it wrong-- it's not Georgie-porgie, it's Orgy-porgy-- because we're having a real George of an Orgy!
(Drum accompaniment.)
Orgy-porgy is the greatest flavor
For a pudding or a pie
It's got spice and it's got savor--
Why don't you give it a try?

Orgy-porgy, pudding and pie
Kiss me, baby, make me sigh;
When I haven't got the breath,
Kiss me till there's nothing left!

JOAN. Orgy-porgy, pudding and pie
You don't miss your water till the well runs dry
While it's full then do your drinking
Don't waste time wth too much thinking.

PICKLE. Orgy-porgy, pudding and pie
Be my little butterfly--
Kiss me, baby, I'm your flower
With lots of pollen, lots of power!

(Bridge)
Every dish I ever tasted
Made me yell for more, more, more
Every piece I ever had
Was better than the one before
Thank of all the gourmandcy
That you and I have got in store!

JOAN. Orgy-porgy, pudding and pie
Have another shot of rye
Pretty soon we start on gin
Forget where we're going and where we've been.

PICKLE. Orgy-porgy, pudding and pie
Ain't you glad you said you'd try?
Your body's great and your kissing's fancy--
It must be magic necromancy.

(Dancing and tucket and pervasive purposeful pandaemonium. As the lights dim:)
VOICE OF HERMIONE: What are you doing?
VOICE OF SCHULTZ. You don't know?
VOICE OF HERMIONE. You don't know.

DIM TO BLACK

Scene Eleven. The Hall Truth.

(A public hall. Telephone booths. People pass constantly. JOCK STARK is on the phone.)
STARK. Hello. I understand I've gotten a telegram. This is Jock Stark. You got it but you don't have it? Where is it? My dormitory, huh? Thank you.
(GRUBNIK enters and encounters DAVE KRESH.)
KRESH. Slud.
GRUBNIK. Gremps.
KRESH. I hear the fraternity issue has died down this year.
GRUBNIK. We'll have to revive it.
KRESH. How?
GRUBNIK. We could send threatening letters to people and sign them in Greek?
KRESH. That's too subtle.
GRUBNIK. Yeah.
(They part and exit.)
STARK. Hello, Max? Listen, did I get a telegram? The switchboard says they sent it to my room. Yeah, I'll wait.
(MILLARD STRIMP comes on.)
STARK. Hey, Millard, how's your turtle?
MILLARD. Healthier than ever. I'm feeding it Wheaties. (Exit.)
STARK. Max? Is it there? Where the Dickens is it? Took it to the House Director's office? Now why the... Yeah, okay, I'll call them.
(NELLIE WILSON comes in.)
NELLIE. Hey, Jock, what's your major?
STARK. I'm majoring in Gut.
NELLIE. Oh? Honors or Course?
STARK. Honors, of course.
NELLIE. As a Freshman, did you take Gut One or Gut Five-Six?
STARK. I took Gut Five-Six, but I was lucky. I had Professor Whillikers.
NELLIE. G. Whillikers?
STARK. In person. He came down from Cornell. (Into phone) House Director's Office? Listen, I got a telegram, but the switchboard

sent it to my dormitory and then somebody took it from my dormitory to your office, I don't know why... I know you don't handle things like that. So you sent it to the Deans' Office? Fine. Yes, thank you. Thank you so much.

NELLIE (still there.) What are your seminars?

STARK. History of Modern Gut, Problems of Contemporary Gut, Theory of Gut and Gut in Translation.

NELLIE. What about The Idea of Gut in Western Thought?

STARK. I had that as a course last semester.

NELLIE. What are your minors?

STARK. Religion and education.

NELLIE. Sounds like a good Gut program. Well, so long, Jock! See you later! (Exit.)

STARK. Hello, Deans' Office? Listen, I think you have a telegram for me. I don't know who it's from, I don't know what it's about, I just want to find out... I know this isn't your line, but I think you've got my telegram. I've been trying to find it for twenty minutes. For twenty minutes it's been my only activity... No, I do not want the Activities Office. Oh, you sent it to the Registrar's Office? Yes, I see. No, thank you.

(JANE MOOL crosses, talking earnestly to a young man.)

MOOL. But you fail to grasp the fundamental difference. I'm not a Polynesian, and neither are you. (Exeunt.)

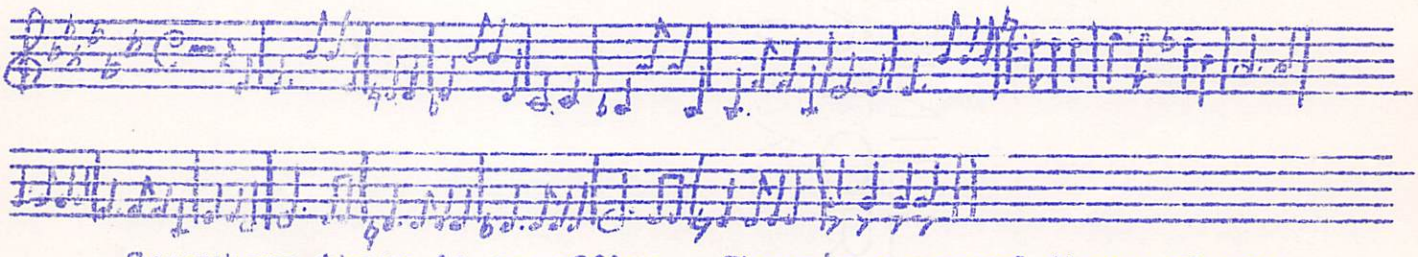
STARK. Hello. Hello, this is Jock Stark. You have a telegram for me, don't ask me why, just look for it. Yes.

(Pause.)

Yes, hello! Fine. Wonderful. Could you read it to me? I'd very much appreciate it. My father what? My father died. My mother signed it? Yes, thank you. Yes, I'm sorry too. God bless you! (Slams down phone.) Offices! Stinking, lousy offices!

(He steps downstage and viciously sings "That Office".)

SONG: "That Office."



Somewhere there is an office. There's a record there of you.
That's where the mistakes are made, the things that don't get through.
No one wanted it to happen, but it happened all the same;
It's really quite too bad, it really is a shame;
It's that office that's to blame.
It's that goddam office that's to blame.

It never is on purpose; it's no one's fault, oh no;
That office just makes trouble 'cause it happens to be so.
Don't think that things go wrong because of spite or hate;
Things don't screw up the way they do because of fate,
It happens because someone comes in late.
It happens because someone comes in late.

Somebody takes a coffee break or sets aside a file,
A girl mistypes a number or they sit and talk a while,
Or a short blonde secretary is powdering her nose
And she looks down at your papers, and she says, well, I suppose
After all, there's no real hurry about those.
They say, oh, there's no hurry about those.

Some day someone will find out the office building that it's in,
And that person will be me, and I'll grin and I'll grin;
The elevator man will be crotchety and slow,
But I'll get to that office because NOW I KNOW,
And I'll say to the manager, Hello.
I'll walk up to him and say Hello.

I'll ask, Are you in charge? and bash his head in with a stone,
Shoot the secretaries, disconnect the phone;
Then I'll burn all the papers in the middle of the floor,
And then I'll put a padlock on the pretty glass door,
And that office won't make trouble any more;
No, that office won't make trouble--
for ANYBODY--
ANYWHERE--
Any more.

Scene Twelve. A Cryin' Sham.

(RUFUS MANSFIELD and NELLIE WILSON sit in the Snack Bar, she reading inattentively, he with disconsolate demeanor.)
RUFUS. (Earnestly, but offhand.) You know something?
NELLIE. What?
RUFUS. Life is a sham.
NELLIE. It is?
RUFUS. No. I mean it.
NELLIE. Oh?
RUFUS. What I mean is, everybody is a fake.
NELLIE. Am I a fake?
RUFUS. Sure you are. Everybody is.
NELLIE. What do you mean? I mean exactly.
RUFUS. Well, look at it this way. Does anybody ever talk about anything important? I mean, except for us, right now.
NELLIE. Well, lots of things are important.
RUFUS. How do you know?
NELLIE. Huh?
RUFUS. I said, how do you know?
NELLIE. Well, golly. That is, lots of things are important.
RUFUS. Like what?
NELLIE. Well-- I don't know---
RUFUS. Nothing is important, but a very few things. A very, very few things. Life. Death. Birth. That's what's important.
NELLIE. Just those three things?
RUFUS. Death. Birth. Life.
NELLIE. Nothing else?
RUFUS. Birth. Life. Death.
NELLIE. Well, what about the meantime?
RUFUS. The meantime-- is-- nothing. Wasting time. Talking. Drinking cocacola. (Pushes his coke away in disgust.) Drinking cocacola, yes.
NELLIE. Just birth, death, and life, huh?
RUFUS. You mean, you never thought about it?
NELLIE. Well, not exactly that way.
RUFUS. How could you not think about it?
NELLIE. Well, of course, I have thought about it. But sort of differently.
RUFUS. How did you think about it? How--
NELLIE. Well, it seemed to me--
RUFUS. Excuse me, go on.
NELLIE. No, finish what you were saying.
RUFUS. Well, why did you stop thinking about it?
NELLIE. Well, I finished.
RUFUS. Finished what?
NELLIE. Finished thinking about it.

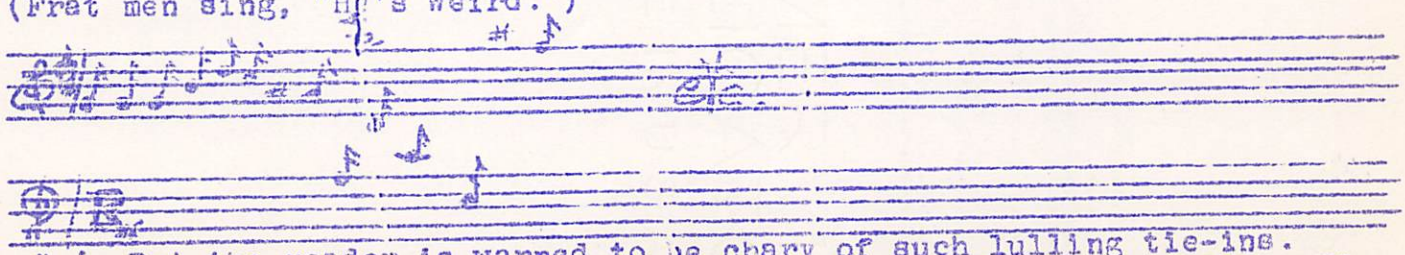
RUFUS. How could you finish? It's so important.
NELLIE. Well, the way I see it, you see, people are born.
RUFUS. Uh-huh.
NELLIE. Then they live a while...
RUFUS. Yeah, go on.
NELLIE. And then they die, you see?
RUFUS . Yeah, well, go on, so what?
NELLIE. Well, that way they're dead. (Pause.) The point is, they should make it as pleasant as possible for themselves while they're alive. Without hurting other people, of course.
(Pause)
RUFUS. Excuse me. I have to go.
NELLIE. Why, what's the matter?
RUFUS. I don't know. But something is terribly, terribly wrong.
(Exits definitively, but with pathos. End of scene.)

Scene Thirteen-A. Interlogue.

(Graduation once more. The College President again begins his speech. Lights up on Dean Whillikers, who unaccountably has the same name as Professor Whillikers ((q.v.,)) but is or is not the same person. As it happens, the reader is empowered by the payment of a meagre royalty to produce this play with any optional subplot about the Whillikers line that he may fabricate. Unfortunately, however, the true Whillikers story-- like Edwin Drood and the Marie Celeste-- is beyond the beck of even the present writer. In any case, Dean Whillikers is a Dean.)
WHILLIKERS. My name is Dean Whillikers. I used to be Professor Whillikers, before they made me a Dean.* These graduations make me sentimental. I've been here a while, on or around this campus for eight or ten years, and all I can say is, college is like... well, college is like a lot of things. It's hard to describe college. All kinds of things happen. And the kids get so riled up about so many things. They're always out to give me a black eye. They watch me like a hawk, misquoting my speeches and distorting stories about the things I do. They should understand that I have their best interests at heart-- at bottom, that is.
They should know better than to lose their heads over such petty issues-- they're always getting excited about this and that, one thing and the other. Women's dormitory hours, fraternities, things like that. They don't understand the Middle Way-- the path of wisdom.

Scene Thirteen. Fur Enough.

(The other corner of the Snack Bar. FRAT MEN sit boisterously at a table. GRUBNIX walks on. Since we saw him last he has grown a beard.)
1 FRAT MAN. A walking armpit!
2 FRAT MAN. It looks like the beard is growing him.
3 FRAT MAN. Where does he get off, anyway?
1 FRAT MAN. I wonder where he got on.
2 FRAT MAN. And how he managed.
3 FRAT MAN. Yeah.
2 FRAT MAN. He's one of those phony intellectuals.
1 FRAT MAN. Oh, all ihhhhh..... (trails off.)
(Frat men sing, "He's Weird.")



* ! But the reader is warned to be chary of such lulling tie-ins. As we have seen, this is not so. Cf. 'Cornell' allusion, p. 20. --Ed.

Song: "He's Weird"

He's Weird.
He has a beard.

He's all so cute and hairy.
I bet that he's...

He's proud to be outside the group,
He's a noncompoop, a noncompoop!

He's strange.
He probably has mange.

Why is he in such a hurry?
Is it just because he's furry?

He's nothing but a crummy Stupe,
He's a noncompoop, a noncompoop.

He's all so sort and tufty.
He'd look a heck of a lot better in mufti.

We find him somewhat frowsy.
He <u>really</u> looks lousy.

To heck with him and all his troop, (Note misspelled 'troupe2)
He's a noncompoop, a noncompppp!

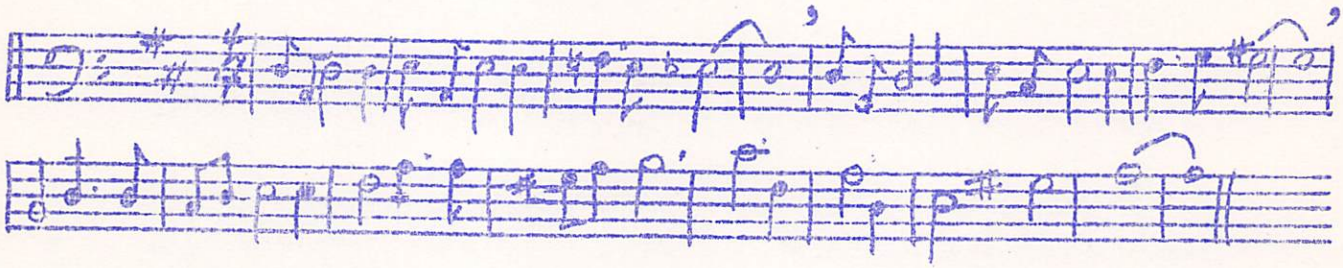
GRUBNIK. Hey, fratheads! Is there anything about me that annoys you?
1 FRAT MAN. Oh, no. You're beautiful.
2 FRAT MAN. Yeah. We love you as you are.
(GRUBNIK sings, "Liberty, Equality".)

SONG: "Liberty, Equality".
Some people seem to have no earthly reason for metabolism
Except to jape and jeer at all the rest,
Warmed within the confines of their confidential cabalism,
Infant fledgelings chirping from the nest.
Liberty, Equality, Conformity!
Liberty, Equality, Conformity!
Here for eternity
In your snug fraternity,
Safe from life's enormity.

Observe the certain plumage of the totemistic brethren.
Other dress subjects them to unnervances.
With cackles and with clucking, Tuesday night they band together in
Their secret sanctimomious observances.
(REFRAIN)

I cannot help but pity these poor sentimental ritualists
Their reverence for trivial amenities.
They claim that in their secret thoughts
they're really individualists,
The twofaced hypocritical obscenities.
(Bridge, spoken:)
They like to drink in paneled bars.
They like bricabrac and tinsel on their cars.
Egregiously provincial, they smoke cigars!
For escaping such brotherly aping
I thank my lucky stars.

I thank the sprites, the leprechauns, the deities and pharoahs
That I do not behave like that myself.
How glad I am life's ravages and savages-with-arrows
Have made of me a Ghibelline, not Guelph.
(REFRAIN as above until:)
... in your smug fraternity
Safe from life's enormity.



(MAX WABASH enters. HE, TOO, HAS A BEARD.*)
WABASH. Hey, Grubnik! You coming to the Folk Sing?
GRUBNIK. Darn right I am. See you, chums.
(Exeunt GRUBNIK and WABASH. The FRAT MEN are confulsed.)
3 FRAT MEN. They're sure set up for that Folk Festival, all righty.
2 FRAT MEN. That Folk Festival is all Communist Propaganda anyhow. You ever hear the songs they sing? Worker's songs, people's songs. All about liberty and freedom. Boy, you'd think they'd just come over from Moscow.
1 FRAT MAN. Yeah.
2 FRAT MAN. Yeah.
(Blackout.)

Scene Fourteen. Just Plain Folks.
(A mob of bearded and dishevelled people are folking around. Armed with guitars they sing, with emprit and Togetherness?)

SONG: "Rise Up, Urban Proletariat!"

Rise up, urban proletariat!
Rise up, urban proletariat!
The intellectual classes
Must stirring**up the masses
And realize their function as a revolutionary commissariat.

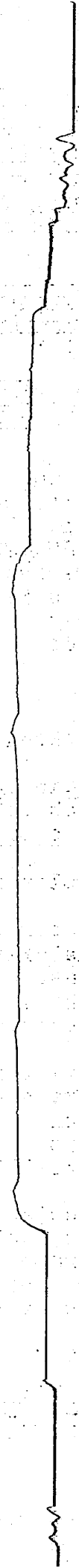
Get the expropriators expropriated!
Get the expropriators expropriated!
Only in expropriation
Will ever be saltation
For you masses who religiously are opiated.

In your methods be eclectic!
In your methods be eclectic!
That legalized diversion
Will be hiding your subversion
In fulfilling your position on the forces of dialectic.

(Verse One is repeated.)

(Blackout.)

* This nuance seems to have been quite ignored by critics.
** Hitherto unrecognized (by critics) as New York dialect. ***
***These glosses threaten to swallow the scenario. None further.



Scene Fifteen. Gemehnschafted.

(The Snack Bar. Seated are Clint Apgar and Millard Strimp, who has his arm around Hermione Ham. In comes Catherine Mills. She is pregnant.)
ALL. Hiya, Cathy!
CATHY. Hello. CLINT. What have you been doing lately?
(HARRY MILLS comes in.)
HARRY. We got married after all.
HERMIONE. Hey, great.
MILLARD. Are you working?
HARRY. Not yet. But I'm strong and willing.
MILLARD. Is that your car outside?
HERMIONE. It looks like a Volkswagen.
HARRY. No, it's the new German Schleppkraut. Runs on kerosene.
CLINT. How's the mileage?
HARRY. Well, it gets eight kilometers to the liter.
MILLARD. What does that mean?
HARRY. I'm not sure.
(Pause.)
CATHY. Well, how are things here?
CLINT. As they ever were.
HERMIONE. Actually, more so this year.
CATHY. That's too bad.
CLINT. Social life! You have to be either delibate or going steady.
MILLARD (twiddling HERMIONE.) Yeah. You kiss a girl and it's six months.
(She looks at him adoringly.)
HARRY. I hear the new Dean is a frat man.
CATHY. They're taking over the ruddy world.
MILLARD. Soon you won't be able to hear the folk music for the tramp of marching feet.
HERMIONE. Aw, what have you got against fraternities, anyway?
(Pause.)
HARRY. Well, I suppose that's a good question.
MILLARD. (Arising.) Well, it's time to go climb a tree.
HARRY. I hadn't noticed.

Scene Sixteen. Truly Storch.

(The front porch. RUFUS MANSFIELD leans on a column. MILLARD STRIMP enters pitifully, rueful and woebegone.)
RUFUS. Hi, Millard.
MILLARD. Hi.
RUFUS. How's your turtle?
MILLARD. Just fine. He's grown so big I can't fit him in the bath-tub any more.
RUFUS. How's your work going?
MILLARD. Well, the last I saw of it it had run off with a ballet dancer.
RUFUS. Flunking anything?
MILLARD. Well, sort of. I can't seem to get down to work.
(RUFUS turns away. MILLARD sings reprise of "Orgy-Porgy," to wit:)

Orgy-porgy, pudding and pie
If at first you cannot try
Wait until you don't succeed
Then laugh until you cry.

(MILLARD exits. RUFUS remains. A change of pace. Enter MOLLY PITCHER STORCH, GEORGE WASHINGTON STORCH, and their father, ALEXANDER HAMILTON STORCH.)
MOLLY. Rufus, I want you to meet my father.
RUFUS. How do you do, sir?
STORCH Sr. PLEASED TO MEET YOU, SON!
MOLLY. Rufus is in my Economics class.
STORCH Sr. Oh, very important, very important. Study that course hard,

son. Hit those books. Economics is an important subject, an important subject. Prepares you for the business world.
MOLLY. Oh, Daddy, you're always talking about business.
STORCH Sr. Well, why not? It's gosh-darned important, isn't it? You know, take my advice, young man, you've got to be pretty fast on your feet to get along in today's world. You've got to think fast and think big. You've got to be able to sell yourself to people.
RUFUS (ASIDE). Sell yourself. Sell your body, sell your mind.
STORCH Sr. Yup, you've got to sell yourself. You've got to show you can take it as well as dish it out.
RUFUS (ASIDE). I don't want it.
STORCH Sr. That's why I'm glad my boy, here, is a football star. (GEORGE beams.) That's the kind of thing that gives you experience with people.
GEORGE. Aw, Dad, it doesn't count for that much. (Modestly does he say this.)
STORCH Sr. No, son, you just watch. You learn confidence and poise out of a game like that. Confidence and poise are what count in a first impression-- and that first impression is important. Let people find out you're a mover.
RUFUS (ASIDE). Not far enough.
STORCH Sr. You've got to think big and act big.
RUFUS (ASIDE). What could be smaller?
STORCH Sr. Well, now that I've seen this part of the campus, I guess we can be moving along. I've got a big business deal to attend to this afternoon.
RUFUS (ASIDE). Decadence! Hypocrisy! Narrowness and stupidity! Oh, I can see the cockroaches everywhere, I can hear the mice gnawing!
STORCH Sr. IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING YOU, TOO, SON!
(Blackout)

Scene Seventeen-A. Interlogue.

(Graduation once more. The College President again begins his speech. Lights up on HERMIONE HAM and JANE MOOL, who sit in caps and gowns.)
HERMIONE. Gee.
MOOL. Yeah.
HERMIONE. Remember that time some parents came into the dorm and all you had on...
MOOL. I'd rather not think about it.
(Pause.)
HERMIONE. Remember that time we were in Commons all night?
MOOL. And you wanted to play ten-letter Jotto.
HERMIONE. Nine-letter Jotto.
MOOL. You wanted to play Jotto.
HERMIONE. Yeah.
MOOL. Gahhh. I remember.
HERMIONE. You came into Commons at two. You looked awful. Your hair was in curlers. Say-- I always wondered-- what was all that yelling?
MOOL. What yelling?
HERMIONE. Before you came into Commons.
MOOL. Oh, yeah....

Scene Seventeen. The Birds and the Beasts.

(The room of JANE MOOL and JOAN WALLING. Mool is at a typewriter. JOAN enters.)
MOOL. Hey, where have you been? Things were popping around here, boy. And I heard they had a big party down by the trestle. Now, why couldn't I have heard about that? Hey, what's the matter?
JOAN. I don't know. I don't know where I am. I don't know anything. I just want to go to bed.

MOOL. I have a paper due tomorrow!
JOAN. Well, do it in Commons.
MOOL. Are you kidding? The minute I set my typewriter down Hermione Ham will start telling me about her boyfriend.
JOAN. I'm very tired.
MOOL. She makes her boyfriend sound like a real fool. He must be one anyhow. Hey-- aren't you even putting on pajamas?
JOAN. No.
MOOL. You need a sleeping pill. Let me give you one. Hey, you look bad. Let me fix you some lemonade. I still have lemons from last week, and I stole sugar at dinner. (Exits.)
(JOAN sings reprise of "Orgy-porgy".)
JOAN. Orgy-porgy, pudding and pie
Shrinks your soul and makes it die
When the pudding's eaten and the pie is thrown
Your spoon is dirty and you're all alone.
(She takes the bottle of sleeping pills, gets into bed, and slips it under the covers beside her.)
MOOL (entering.) I made pink lemonade. There was some Lavoris left.
(JOAN takes the lemonade. MOOL goes to mirror and starts putting her hair up in curlers. She cannot see JOAN, who is taking the pills as she drinks the lemonade. By the time MOOL finishes talking, the jar is finished. JOAN puts it under the covers beside her when MOOL gets up.)
MOOL. I had the deadliest evening. First I went to hear that speech about the Franco-Prussian war, you know? Well, I just adore history, you know, but this guy was an absolute puddle. He's head of the department at Chicago, you know? and he acted like everybody in the world disagreed with him and I don't even know what we were supposed to be disagreeing with. Well, after that stupid lecture I went to the snackbar and everybody was sitting around-- you know, Ellie and Binnie and Max Wabash, that crowd? so I stayed around there a while, and everybody wanted to get a beer, but nobody had a car, and nobody was willing to walk, and nobody had identification cards (not even fake ones,) and the state store was already closed, so we ended up playing hopscotch on the lawn. You know, I found out it's really impossible to play hopscotch on lawns. The watchman came and shone his flashlight on our faces, and he wanted to know our names, because we'd tried to open one of the windows from outside, so you know what name I gave? Hey, how's the lemonade? Joan?
JOAN. Kiss me good night, Jane.
MOOL. I swear you're crazy. That sleeping pill must be taking effect already. (Resignedly, goofily.) So, I'll kiss you good night.
(Kisses JOAN on the forehead. As MOOL leans down, her hand rests on the bottle of sleeping pills.)
MOOL. Hey, what's this? (Takes it from under covers.) Joan!
MOAN. Good night. (Stretches, smiling a little.)
MOOL. Hey, Joan. Hey. HEY, BINNIE!

(BLACKOUT)

BINNIE!

Scene Eighteen. Excerpt from "Modern Sins."

(From the dark, an IMPORTANT TYPE VOICE is heard.)
IMPORTANT TYPE VOICE. Say, that was quite a scene, wasn't it. Actually, that scene was so good, let's do it again-- this time, as it might have been made into a silent movie.
(The motion picture screen has been lowered, an old-time piano starts tintinnabulating, and titles appear-- white on black-- projected from behind. After the first titles, the action begins: a table

is the main prop.)

TITLE	ACTION
1. THE MODERN MUSEUM OF ART FILM LIBRARY Excerpt from "Modern Sins" (1916)	
2. The influence of Griffith and his predecessors was widely felt in Hollywood. "Modern Sins," produced and directed by one of Griffith's ex-cameramen (name unknown), clearly shows this influence.	
3. The picture was never completed for lack of funds. However, there is evidence (particularly from the style of editing,) that Griffith himself actually attempted to prepare the disconnected clips for release.	
4. Fanny ..... Helen Smits Bernice .... Lillian Kraemer	
5. ... The Humble, but Unashamed tenement flat of two working girls...	We see the table. The lights are flickering.
6. ... the "Daily Rounds"	Fanny comes on. She wears a grey dress (with bustle) and is made up all grey. She dusts wildly with feather duster.
7. Self-Improvement.	Fanny picks up a book and reads for a moment.
8. Fanny has got a Beau "back home."	Fanny picks up a picture-frame from the table and clasps it to her bosoom.
9. Expecting a letter.	Fanny holds her hands together and raises them eagerly skyward.
10. Was that a "knock"?	Startled, she cups her ear. She gets up and lilts to meet Bernice, who enters in mawkish dejection, dragging her feet.
11. "Bernice! My dear Room-mate! You are home early."	Fanny turns to the audience and gestures a broad welcome. Then, irrelevantly, Fanny picks up the picture frame and turns skyward.
12. "His letter will come to-day. I know it."	(Same.)
	Bernice, paying no attention, walks forward. Her head droops toward her shoulder. She stands, enclosed in dainty bathos.
13. "What is the matter, Bernice?"	Fanny rushes to Bernice.
14. A Lost Soul.	Bernice postures soulfully.
15. Violated by a Vile Seducer. -- Her foreman at the office.	Bernice changes stance, again postures soulfully.
16. "Are you all right? Let me fix you some hot co-coa!"	Fanny rushes to her, grasps her solicitously for a moment, and shuffles quickly out.

We see the table. The lights are flickering.

Fanny comes on. She wears a grey dress (with bustle) and is made up all grey. She dusts wildly with feather duster. Fanny picks up a book and reads for a moment.

Fanny picks up a picture-frame from the table and clasps it to her bosom.

Fanny holds her hands together and raises them eagerly skywards. Suddenly, she sups her eyes.

She gets up and flits to meet Beatrice, who enters in newsies. Deferiton, dressing her tress. Fanny turns to the audience and features a broad welcome. Then, irrelevantly, Fanny picks up the picture-frame and turns sideway.

(Same.)

Beatrice, peering no attention, walks forward. Her head droops forward her shoulder. She stands, enclosed in dainty certice.

Fanny turns to Beatrice.

Beatrice postures soulfully.

Beatrice changes stance, again posture equitably.

Fanny turns to her. Grasps her solicitously for a moment, and shuffles quickly out.

TITLE	ACTION
	From the recesses of her garb, Bernice removes, and holds up, a tiny vial.
17. Poison!	Bernice turns the vial in the light. She uncorks it and daintily raises it to her lips, drinks. She blots her mouth on a handkerchief. Faltering, she walks to the table, expires on it. She lifts herself up and gestures pitifully. She sinks by degrees.
	Bernice enters, bearing tray with cup. She puts tray down on table beside the wilting Bernice.
18. "I just Know his Letter will come To-day."	Fanny walks toward the audience, gesturing rapturously skyward. Then she notices the vial rolling slowly toward the edge of the table. She picks it up.
19. What is this?	She examines the vial. She is visibly startled, and gasps.
20. "Bernice! What have you Done!"	Fanny rushes to the table, and starts slapping Bernice on the hand.
21. "Good night, Fanny."	Bernice raises herself some, looks ever-so-sweetly at the balcony; then, jerkily, tenderly, she sinks to the tabletop.
	Fanny is surprised, upset. She gestures at the walls, the sky, hits herself on the forehead with the heel of her hand.
22. To get a Doctor!	Fanny exits quickly.

Scene Nineteen. Excerpt from "The Clipped Pegasus."

IMPORTANT TYPE VOICE. You know, this vignette is just so chock-full of dramatic possibilities, why don't we do it once more-- this time, as it might have been written by Tennessee Williams and directed by Barbara Pearson Lange.

(Lights up on a bed and night-table. A lit candle is on the night-table. MAYBELLE DAUL steps forward, and addresses the audience.)

MAYBELLE. This is just a sho't story, and it's been abridged. It's a reminiscence, and reminiscences happen to music. (Music.) I was livin' in Memphis, quite a long long time ago, before the world was lit by Sputniks, with a cute little girl from the Delta named Liza.

(Action. MAYBELLE is onstage, LIZA comes in. She limps.)

MAYBELLE. Liza, honeybelle, is that you?

LIZA. Yes, Maybelle.

MAYBELLE. Why, Liza, what's the matter?

(LIZA sits dramatically.)

MAYBELLE. I can read it in your eyes, child. Somethin's happened.

LIZA. No, nothing's happened. But the world has changed, a little big.

MAYBELLE. What is it, lamb?

LIZA. Oh, Maybelle-- I've been livin' a lie-- we've all been livin'

TITLE

17. Poison!

18. "I just know his father will come to-day."

19. What is this?

20. Bernice! What have you done?

21. "Good night, Fanny"

22. To get a Doctor!

Scene Nineteen. Excerpt from "The Crimped Pageant."

IMPORTANT MYSE VOICE. You know, this vignette is just as chock-full of dramatic possibilities, why don't we do it once more— this time as it might have been written by Tennessee Williams and directed by Eugene Ferson Lange.

(Lights up on a bed and night-table. A lit candle is on the night-table. MAYBELLE DAUL steps forward, and addresses the audience.)

MAYBELLE. This is just a sho't story, and it's been sho'd-n. It's a reminiscence, and reminiscences happen to music. (Music.) I was livin' in Memphis, quite a long long time ago, before the world was fit up Southern, with a cute little girl from the Delta named Lizzie.

(Action. MAYBELLE is seated. LIZZA comes in. She limps.)

MAYBELLE. Lizzie, honey-child, is that you?

LIZZA. Yes, Maybelle.

MAYBELLE. Why, Lizzie, what's the matter?

(LIZZA sits dramatically.)

MAYBELLE. I can read it in your eyes, child. Somethin's happened.

LIZZA. No, nothing's happened. But the world has changed, a little big.

MAYBELLE. What is it, lamb?

LIZZA. Oh Maybelle-- I've been livin' a life-- we've all been livin'

ACTION

From the recesses of her garb, Bernice removes, and holds up, a tiny vial.

Bernice turns the vial in the light. She uncorks it and daintily raises it to her lips, drains. She blots her mouth on a handkerchief. Faltering, she walks to the table, explores on it. She lifts herself up and gestures pitifully. She sinks by degrees.

Bernice enters, bearing tray with cup. She puts tray down on table beside the writing Bernice.

Fanny walks toward the audience, gesturing rapturously skyward. Then she notices the vial rolling slowly toward the edge of the table. She picks it up. She examines the vial. She is visibly startled, and gasps. Fanny raises to the table, and starts slapping Bernice on the head.

Bernice raises herself some. Looks wan-and-weakly at the balcony; then, jerkily, tenderly she sinks to the tabletop.

Fanny is surprised, upset. She gesturee at the waiting the sky, hits herself on the forehead with the heel of her hand.

Fanny exits quickly.

Excerpt from "The Crimped Pageant."

a lie-- pretense, mendacity! I've been workin' hard and scrimpin' and savin', and pretendin' I was a respec'able girl, but I'm rotten! I know it now-- I'm rotten!

MAYBELLE. What do you mean, Liza baby?

LIZA. This is the end, Maybelle, this is the end. You know that Mister Bates who's been pesterin' me for months?

MAYBELLE. Yes, I know that Mister Bates.

LIZA. Well, he took me to his home-- he was goin' to show me his glass menagerie, he said-- and then the most awful things happened! Oh, I can't describe it.

MAYBELLE. I see.

LIZA. You do see, don't you, Maybelle? But it wasn't my fault, it wasn't--

MAYBELLE. I see. Well, it's in the past already. Honey, lie down a bit, and I'll get you some dandelion wine. (Exits.)

(Poison bit. LIZA takes from under the bed a quart bottle marked conspicuously CLOROX. She drinks, and puts the bottle down, lying looking at the audience with a woozy smile.)

MAYBELLE (returning.) Here's your wine, lovey. Now, tomorrow, you can just tell that Mister Bates-- What did you do, Liza? (Sniffs the air.)

LIZA. Kiss me goodnight, Maybelle.

MAYBELLE. (Rushes to her, holds her) Oh, honey, why did you do it? Why? This didn't need to be the end, it needn't have been-- we could have gone on-- you needn't have done it-- we could have stopped the lies and mendacity and hypocrisy and misunderstanding--

LIZA. Good night, Maybelle (as she melts.)

MAYBELLE. Good night, honey.

(A pause. MAYBELLE turns to the candle and tries to blow it out. It is too far away. She tries again, unable to get up as long as she is holding LIZA. Eventually the candle is blown out, but obviously from the other side.)

Scene Twenty. Seminar and Some Aren't.

(Professor Whillikers* and some students are discovered, sitting, absently leafing through books and papers. There is some food on a nearby table.)

WHILLIKERS. Well, we can begin the Seminar as soon as Jane Mool gets here.

(General yawning.)

Student. Well, she ought to get here soon. She was up all night writing her paper.

(MOOL arrives.)

MOOL. I made it!

STUDENT. I sold it.

STUDENT. I bought it.

WHILLIKERS. Is your paper ready?

MOOL. Here. (Distributes.) The title of the paper is, "Different viewpoints in the analytic observation of the subject under consideration."

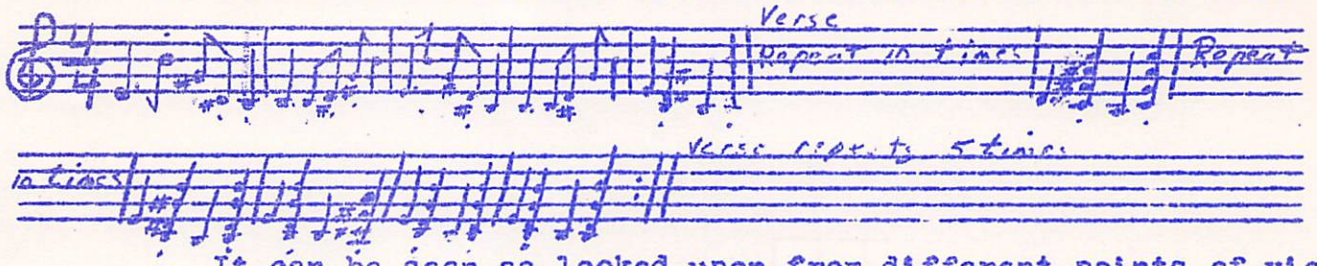
WHILLIKERS. I presume that when you say, "Consideration," you mean "study" rather than "kindliness".

MOOL. That's explained in the paper.

WHILLIKERS. Ah.

*

SONG: "It Can Be Seen as LOOKed upon from Different Points of View."



It can be seen as looked upon from different points of view.
It can be seen as looked upon from different points of view.
I will try to clarify this, and thereby to verify this
To whatever small extent I may be able to so do.

The division of the subject is connoted by the way
That the categories here might lead the neophyte astray,
So let me state a fact the which you yet may know not of:
As I have stated earlier in what I said above:

It can be seen as looked upon from different points of view.
It can be seen as looked upon from different points of view.
So you see my definition has been saved from inanition
To the very rich extent that I was able to so do.

This outlook in the setup of the concepts I express
Shows a tendency to take us in an infinite regress
Since the framework of the viewpoint somehow seems to have dissolved
(Frantic search for missing page)
The bifurcated status of dichotomies involved!

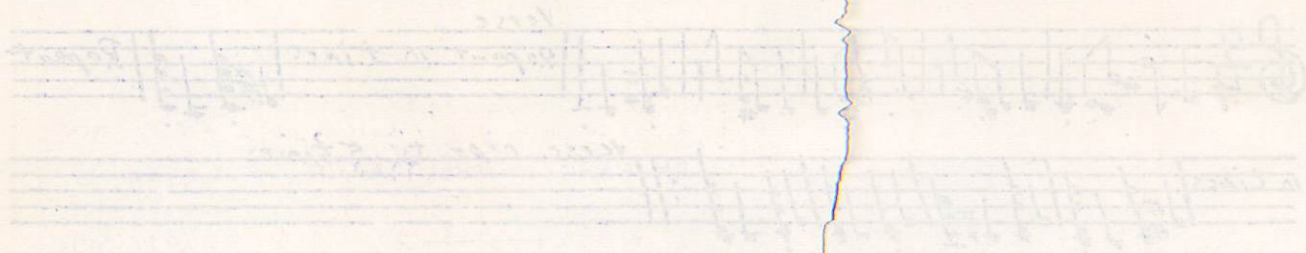
It can be seen as looked upon from different points of view.
It can be seen as looked upon from different points of view.
I think that I have proved it in a manner that behboved it
And in doing so have shown that I was able to so do.

(All participants nod sagely, as the lights quickly fade.)

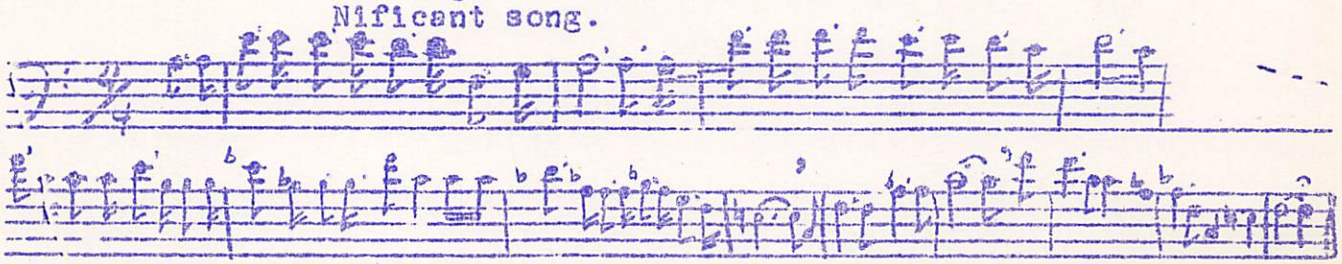
Scene Twentyone-A. Interlogue.
(Graduation once more. The College President again begins his speech. Lights up on SUE RILLOWAY and MOLLY PITCHER STORCH.)
SUE. Gosh, graduation.
MOLLY. Oh, come off it already.
(Pause.)
SUE. Think of all the things that have gone on here.
MOLLY. Yeah. Say, tell me something. How are they ever going to end this second act?
SUE. Mmm. I don't know.

Scene Twentyone. A Pot of Message.

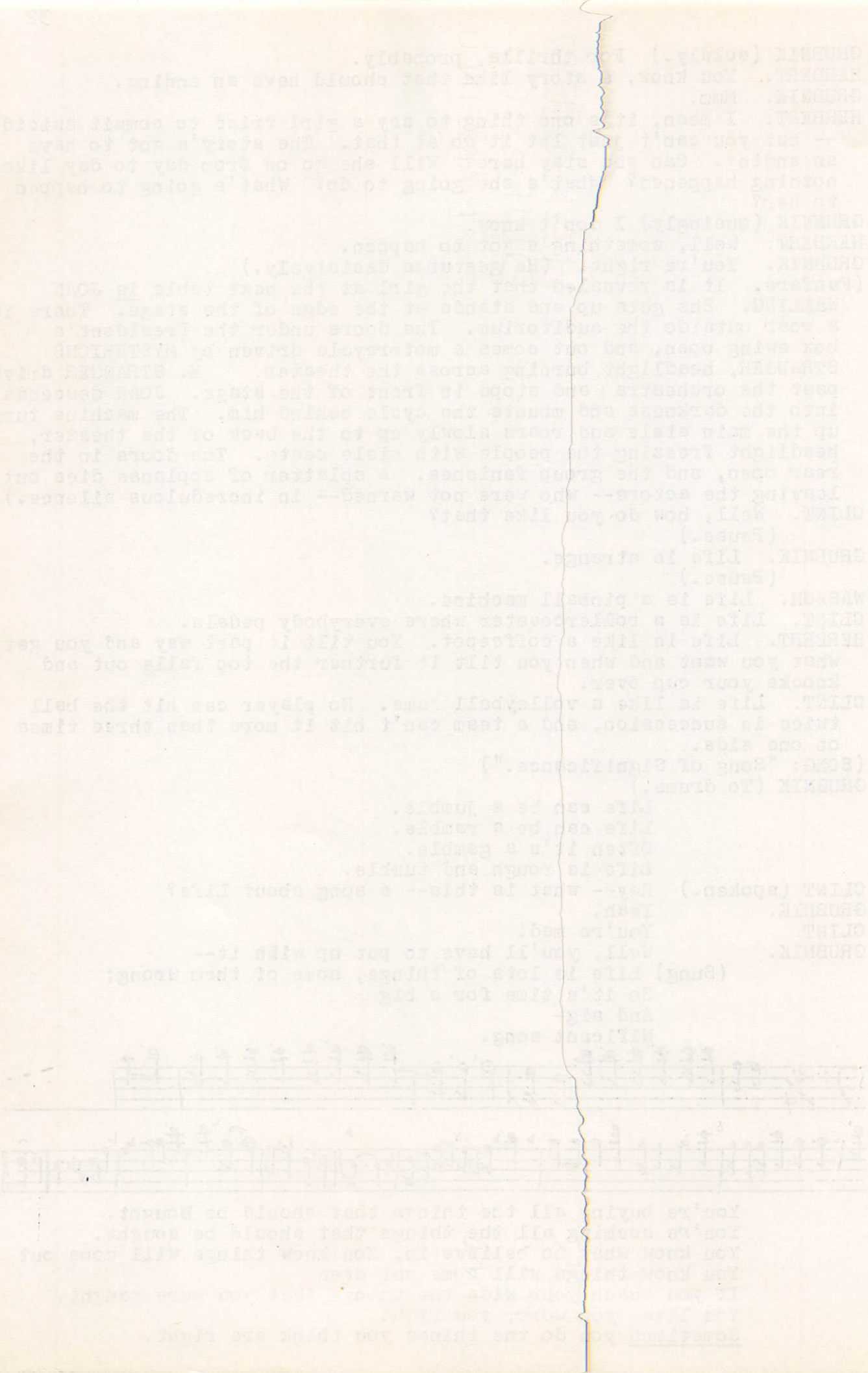
(The Snack Bar. Present: HERMAN GRUBNIK, HERBERT MARLIN, MAX WABASH. In comes CLINT APGAR.)
CLINT. Gug. How are things? (Sits.)
WABASH. No worse.
CLINT. I heard a girl tried to commit suicide the other night.
HERBERT. Who?
CLINT. If I knew I wouldn't say.
WABASH. What happened?
CLINT. She took a lot of sleeping pills. Boy, what excitement! Ambulances-- stomach pumps-- doors to the girls' dorm open--
HERBERT. Why would anybody do a thing like that?



GRUBNIK (acidly.) For thrills, probably.
HERBERT. You know, a story like that should have an ending.
GRUBNIK. Mmm.
HERBERT. I mean, it's one thing to say a girl tried to commit suicide -- but you can't just let it go at that. The story's got to have an ending. Can she stay here? Will she go on from day to day like nothing happened? What's she going to do? What's going to happen to her?
GRUBNIK (musingly.) I don't know.
HERBERT. Well, something's got to happen.
GRUBNIK. You're right. (He gestures decisively.)
(Fanfare. It is revealed that the girl at the next table is JOAN WALLING. She gets up and stands at the edge of the stage. There is a roar outside the auditorium. The doors under the President's box swing open, and out comes a motorcycle driven by MYSTERIOUS STRANGER, headlight burning across the theater. M. STRANGER drives past the orchestra, and stops in front of the stage. JOAN descends into the darkness and mounts the cycle behind him. The machine turns up the main aisle and roars slowly up to the back of the theater, headlight freezing the people with aisle seats. The doors in the rear open, and the group vanishes. A splatter of applause dies out, leaving the actors-- who were not warned-- in incredulous silence.)
CLINT. Well, how do you like that?
(Pause.)
GRUBNIK. Life is strange.
(Pause.)
WABASH. Life is a pinball machine.
CLINT. Life is a rollercoaster where everybody pedals.
HERBERT. Life is like a coffeepot. You tilt it part way and you get what you want and when you tilt it further the top falls out and knocks your cup over.
CLINT. Life is like a volleyball game. No player can hit the ball twice in succession, and a team can't hit it more than three times on one side.
(SONG: "Song of Significance.")
GRUBNIK (To drums.)
Life can be a jumble.
Life can be a ramble.
Often it's a gamble.
Life is rough and tumble.
CLINT (spoken.) Hey-- what is this-- a song about Life?
GRUBNIK. Yeah.
CLINT. You're mad!
GRUBNIK. Well, you'll have to put up with it--
(Sung) Life is lots of things, some of them wrong;
So it's time for a big
And sig-
Nificant song.



You're buying all the things that should be bought.
You're seeking all the things that should be sought.
You know what to believe in, You know things will come out
You know things will come out even
If you teach your kids the things that you were taught.
You live, you work, you fight.
Sometimes you do the things you think are right.

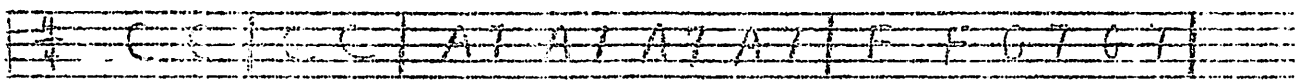


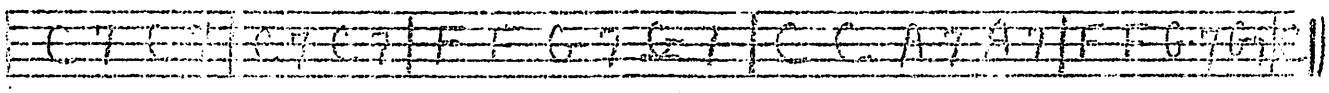
You're buying all the things that should be bought.
You're seeking all the things that should be sought.
You never ask a question that will trouble your digestion
But concern yourself with whether you'll be caught.
You live, you work, you fight;
Sometimes you do the things you think are right.

You're buying all the things that should be bought.
You're seeking all the things that should be sought
The platitudes you grope with
Are inadequate to cope with
The vicissitudes with which our life is fraught.
You live, you work, you fight.
Sometimes you do the things you think are right.

(During the song a MIGHTY CHORUS has abruptly appeared from the wings, and the LION lopes onstage to conduct them. Just before the last verse, KANGAROO edges through the crowd with two kettle-drums, which he halts next to the lion at the edge of the stage, center. As LION conducts the last verse he stands poised with drumsticks upraised; and before the last two lines he beats the drums. The effect is devastating. The whole thing is one of the strongest stage directions ever devised.)
(At the end of the song, the LION and KANGAROO unmask and are discovered to be CAPLAN and NELSON respectively, perpetrators of the show. Rather than answer for their malefactions, they sing.)

(SONG: "Mollification.")





NELSON. You thought this was the finale, well, you're wrong.
CAPLAN. It's just another loud
And crowd-
Ed song.
NELSON. But perhaps the trouble is
You're used to towels marked HERS and HIS
CAPLAN. Or you know,
Perhaps the show
Is just too long?

CURTAIN. END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE.

Scene Twentytwo. Plots before My Eyes.

(Commons. Loafing are BINNIE NUSTLE, HERBERT MARLIN and MAX WABASH. In the background is a game of bridge, where we first see IBN BEN SALADDIN. HERMAN GRUBNIK enters busily.)
WABASH. Hey, Grubnik!
GRUBNIK. Yeah?
WABASH. I hear you're writing the Frankfurt Show this year.
GRUBNIK. Hmm-hmmm.
NUSTLE. What's it going to be like?
GRUBNIK. Oh, well-- this and that.
HERBERT. It better not be like last year-- people running up and down the aisles, singing in the balcony, no plot---
GRUBNIK. Well....
NUSTLE. And not like the year before. All about collage. Ugh.
GRUBNIK. Well....
WABASH. Yeah, you'd better put in some excitement this year.
HERBERT. And a plot.
NUSTLE. And not just this lovey-dovey boy-girl stuff, either.
WABASH. If you're going to have love songs, they'd better be gutsy ones.
GRUBNIK. So you want a plot, huh?
LOAFERS. Yeah.
GRUBNIK. Okay. We'll have a plot.
HERBERT. Not about politics in Delaware County, I hope.
GRUBNIK. No, not about Delaware County. We'll have a plot with a real broad scope.
NUSTLE. Uh-oh.
GRUBNIK. Yeah! You want a plot, huh? Okay. You see Ibby over there, playing bridge? You think he's just an exchange student from the Middle East, don't you. Well, just keep your eye on him. And then-- let's see-- we'll have a... um... (wanders off.)
WABASH. The guy is completely disorganized.
NUSTLE. Hey, it says in the Times that the Ibn Khan died.
HERBERT. Who's that?
NUSTLE. The big oriental potentate. You know, weighed in diamonds every year.
HERBERT. Sounds dull.
WABASH. Have they chosen a successor yet?
BINNIE. No.
WABASH. What's the difference? There'll be a world war in three years.
BINNIE. How do you know?
WABASH. My knee aches whenever there's going to be a war.
(WAZIR enters.)
WAZIR. Could you tell me where to find Ibn Ben Saladdin?
WABASH. He's over there kibitzing.
WAZIR. Ibby! (Rushes to him.)
IBBY. Mohammed! How are you?
WAZIR. I must speak to you, my boy. I am on an important mission.
IBBY. Let's go outside.
(They go outside. The scenery changes. The LION and KANGAROO carry off the couch containing the LOAFERS, who protest. Characteristically.)
IBBY. Faithful old Wazir of my father's court, what have you to tell me?
WAZIR (throws himself down prostrate.) Your highness!
IBBY. What is this?
WAZIR. Your grandfather has died, and made you the Ibn Khan.
IBBY. What? ME the Ibn Khan? What about Uncle Ben?

WAZIR. He is to be left in Paris with his racehorses and showgirls. Your grandfather said to me on his deathbed, it must be Ibby-- (prostrate again) it shall be Ibby--
IBBY. That makes me a spiritual leader. (Wanders musingly.)
WAZIR (following him.) You have two hundred thousand followers, Your Highness.
IBBY. Have the newspapers been informed? That it is to be me?
WAZIR. Not yet.
IBBY. Let them wait until the end of the semester.
WAZIR. Very well, your highness. But there is more.
IBBY. Aw, Ah?

WAZIR. The Great Powers know of this.
IBBY. Washington?
WAZIR. And Moscow, your highness.
We have reason to suspect two of your uncles showgirls as having tipped the goods. There will probably be agents to see you.
IBBY. Agents from Washington?
WAZIR. And Moscow, your highness. You are Mogul of Tocharistan, and leader of all the Ramadites. They will ask much of you. And don't forget the oil.
IBBY. I see. Is Shamavil still Prime Minister? I have not yet heard the outcome of the elections.
WAZIR. He was re-elected, your highness. The votes were counted yesterday.
IBBY. Good. Cable him the following message. Wait. (Looks at audience.) We may be overheard. Come. (They exit.)

Scene Twentythree-A. Interlogue.

(College President starts droning his speech again, and the lights rise on RUFUS MANSFIELD and MAX WABASH; perhaps there was a mistake in the seating arrangement. Or, better, have WABASH sit behind RUFUS.)
WABASH. Boy oh boy oh boy oh boy. Hey, this is really something.
RUFUS. Does it really affect you that deeply?
WABASH. Wow-dow.
RUFUS. I see.
WABASH. Boy, you remember all the things we used to talk about? The way we used to complain all the time?
RUFUS (chuckles grimly.)
WABASH. Yeah, that was fun. Complaining about the food, complaining about the Dean, all that stuff.

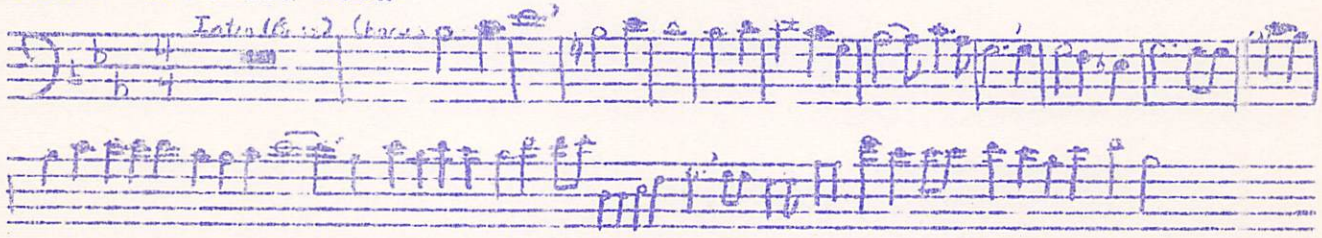
Scene Twentythree. Big Game Hunters.

(The boudoir of Pete Schultz, early evening. A sign on the wall says NO POKER. Next to it, on the wall, are two mysterious mousetraps. Schultz is undressing. Knock at door.)
PETE. Go away.
(JOCK STARK comes in.)
JOCK. Hey, you want to join the Big Game?
PETE. What big game?
JOCK. Poker!
PETE. No poker this semester. I can't afford it.
JOCK. Aw, come on-- you can win back what you lost last semester.
PETE. You promise?
JOCK. Your chance is as good as anybody's. This is the Land of Opportunity. Come on, let's get up a game.
PETE. No, no. I must not play poker. Remember what the Dean said.
JOCK. Forget what the Dean said. He doesn't really mean it. Hey, what have you got mousetraps on the wall for?

(GRUBNIK comes in.)
GRUBNIK. More talk on my favorite subject. What's he done lately?
PETE. Nothing new. But you remember what he said about poker.
JOCK. He's trying to destroy all the college traditions.
GRUBNIK. The poker tradition is one of the most vital we have. (Looks at wall.) Ha, ha, ha, you'll never catch mice that way.
(SAM PICKLE comes in, tying his necktie.)
PICKLE. Well, men, what's the action?
GRUBNIK. Hey, where are you going?
PICKLE. Where do you think?
JOCK. You have to go in the back entrance these days. The State Police are checking draft cards.
GRUBNIK. With whom?
PICKLE. With whom do you think?
PETE. Pickle's going out with Binnie Nustle.
PICKLE. Tattle-tale!
PETE. Why else would he be wearing a tie?
GRUBNIK. Transparent motives indeed.
(CLINT APGAR enters.)
CLINT. Gentlemen, an announcement. He called me in today.
GRUBNIK. What about?
CLINT. He heard about you-know-what.
PICKLE. He couldn't have!
CLINT. He did. (Sees mousetraps.) Hey, what are you trying to do, catch bats?
PETE. He must have a spy-system.
PICKLE. But everybody does these things. He's trying to enforce every little rule.
CLINT. He'd only heard a rumor, fortunately. But he said he'd heard it from <u>more than one person</u>.
PETE. What did you say?
CLINT. I told him the charges were ridiculous.
JOCK. Good idea. At least you didn't deny it.
CLINT. Yeah. But I'll have to lay low for a while.

GRUBNIK. Think if he actually got evidence against you!
CLINT. Oy!
PICKLE. It's getting so nothing is safe any more.
PETE. He's getting a stranglehold on every activity.
GRUBNIK. Look at what's happening to the place!
JOCK. All the good people are leaving.
ALL. Yeah!

SONG: "Have You Seen?"



Chorus:
Have you seen?
Have you seen?
Have you seen
What the Dean
Has done?
Oh, life could be rich
Without ever a hitch
If the Dean weren't a son
Of a gun!

This place is getting worse and worse;
He's enforcing every rule!
As surely as a zombie's curse
There'll be nobody left in school!
CHORUS
Guess who's been expelled summarily?
You remember Sam MacLivey?
They found him laughing merrily
In a pile of fallen ivy. (Hey!)
CHORUS
Do you remember John Mulheeny?
He was a real neat guy,
Kicked out by our liberal deanie
For wearing a RED bow tie!
CHORUS
Good people are going out of stock.
Remember Janet Farrell?
She transferred to Antioch
'Cause the Dean didn't like her apparel.
CHORUS
Because we write on the bathroom wall
He says that we're all sick.
Worse than that, he has the gall
To make the charges stick!
CHORUS
The old locks had a master key
The Dean had to revise them.
Our keys will start to atrophy
With no place to exercise them.
CHORUS
The Deans won't even let you
Touch any of the fauna
If the Deans are out to get you
Man, they're gonna!

(ALL end in disconsolate positions on the bed.)
PETE. Men, I must go to bed. I <u>must</u> go to bed.
(Exits and goodnights. Pete sits on the bed and takes off his socks, tossing each one into a mousetrap.)
(LIGHTS FADE)

Scene Twentyfour. <u>Ménage à Quoi?</u>

(The Snack Bar. The SPY FROM SOCONY-VACUUM is talking to one of the girls at the counter. She is his AIDE.)
SOCONY. What does he look like?
SOCONADE. I couldn't find out. I can tell you his room number.
SOCONY. Well, I'd better not visit him until I've found out a little about what he's like-- his personality, tastes and so forth. Is there any way I can recognize him?
SOCONADE. Well, I have this information from our agents. He has a flower-shaped birthmark on his right leg.
SOCONY. Flower-shaped? What kind of flower?
SOCONADE. They didn't say.
SOCONY. How the dickens am I going to find somebody just by the birthmark on his leg?
SOCONADE. He takes Physical Education at four-thirty this afternoon. Soccer. I'm sure you could recognize him.
SOCONY. How am I going to be able to look for him on the soccer field?
SOCONADE. Think of something. They don't call you the Fox for nothing .
SOCONY. Where is this "Physical Education?"
SOCONADE. Down by the Field House. Four-thirty.
SOCONY. Very well, then. (Exits.)

(SOCONADE moves away behind the counter and fiddles with the coffee machine, to be replaced by SOVIET AGENT. He knocks trickily on the counter as a recognition signal. SOVIET CONTACT, another girl who happens to work at the snack bar, steps forward and tatoos a smart reply.)

SOVIET AGENT. Do you know what he looks like?

SOVIET CONTACT. Our agents didn't say. You want his room number?

SOVIET AGENT. Well, I'd better not visit him directly until I know some more about him-- they've got some gall, sending me on a rush job like this with so little briefing. Is there any place I can find him?

SOVIET CONTACT. You can find him on the soccer field this afternoon.

SOVIET AGENT. Is he on a team?

SOVIET CONTACT. No, it's physical education.

SOVIET AGENT. Ha-ha. How will I recognize him?

SOVIET CONTACT. He has a cake-shaped birthmark on his right leg.

SOVIET AGENT. Cake-shaped? What kind of a cake? Birthday cake? Wedding cake? Pancake?

SOVIET CONTACT. They didn't say.

SOVIET AGENT. Ridiculous. Someone is incompetent. But I'll find him.

SOVIET CONTACT. How are you going to do it?

SOVIET AGENT. (Smoothly.) They don't call me "The Turtle" for nothing. (He flicks an ash from a very long cigarette, and exits.)

(The SOVIET CONTACT steps back, and another girl-- the CITIES SERVICE GIRL-- hereinafter abbrev. CITIES GIRL-- steps up to dust the counter. In walks the SPY FROM CITIES SERVICE, henceforth CITIES.)

CITIES. I'D LIKE A CUP OF COFFEE, PLEASE. (Hoarse undertone:) Do you have any information about him?

CITIES GIRL. No, but I have his room number.

CITIES. That wouldn't be too good an idea yet. I'll have to find out what he's like first. What else do you know about him?

CITIES GIRL. He has a birthmark on his leg.

CITIES. What kind of a birthmark? What leg?

CITIES GIRL. A lamp-shaped birthmark. Right leg.

CITIES. What kind of a lamp? Table lamp? Desk lamp? Floor lamp?

CITIES GIRL. I don't know.

CITIES. That's fine, just fine. How am I going to recognize him by a birthmark on his leg?

CITIES GIRL. I don't know.

CITIES. That's fine, just fine. How am I going to recognize him by a birthmark on his leg?

CITIES GIRL. He has soccer practice at four-thirty this afternoon.

CITIES. I'll find him.

CITIES GIRL. That's right-- they don't call you--

BOTH. "The Crocodile" for nothing.

(CITIES starts to leave.)

CITIES GIRL. Hey, you forgot your coffee.

CITIES. Oh, fudge, I guess I better drink it. (Takes coffee to table where GRUBNIK is sitting.) Mind if I join you?

GRUBNIK (smugly.) Not at all.

CITIES. This is quite a nice college you go to.

GRUBNIK. Mmm-hmm.

CITIES. What's student life like here?

GRUBNIK. Oh, pretty fair.

CITIES. How's the football team doing?

GRUBNIK. I wouldn't know.

CITIES. What fraternity are you in?

GRUBNIK. None, really.

CITIES. Do you go here?

(GRUBNIK nods.)

CITIES. What's your major?

GRUBNIK. Sociology. I'd major in Philosophy, but they don't have any department of philosophy here.
CITIES. That's too bad.
GRUBNIK. (With relish.) What brings you to the campus?
CITIES. Oh, business.
GRUBNIK. Business, huh?
CITIES. Yes, Say, you wouldn't happen to know where I can find Ibn Ben Saladdin, would you? He's an exchange student.
GRUBNIK. No, I couldn't say. (Smiles to himself. IBBY is at the next table, reading the paper.)
CITIES. Well, it's been nice talking to you.
GRUBNIK. So long.
(BLACKOUT)

Scene Twentyfive. Physical Edification.

(A fine, sunny afternoon. The young men are standing around the field in athletic "uniforms" bearing the College Colors. Some are chatting and smoking; others lie on the grass reading. The glowering COACH appears on the field and blows his whistle several times.)
COACH. All right, men. Into line. Straighten up. Dignity. This is an athletic field, not a tea party, not a library. Now-- Apgar-- Grubnik-- (As he calls their names, some reply with heterogeneous phrases, squeaks, explanations, etc. The others do not, as they are absent.) Kresh-- Mansfield-- Kresh? -- Marlin-- Masterson-- Perkins-- Perkins? (IBBY, next on the list, waves his hand happily at COACH, who notices, and therefore does not call his name, but nods.) Schultz-- Strimp-- Strimp? Wabash. Anyone whose name I didn't mention? Wabash?
SOVIET AGENT (beyond this point, called SOVSPY.) Me, sir.
COACH. What's your name?
SOVSPY. Jack Black, sir.
COACH. What are you doing here?
SOVSPY. I transferred from Cross Country.
COACH. Okay. Anyone else?
SOCONY. Me, sir.
COACH. What's your name?
SOCONY. John Cahn, sir. I transferred from Touch Football.

COACH. All right. Nobody else, I hope.
CITIES. Me.
COACH. Who the devil are you?
CITIES. Alan Fallon. I transferred from Rowing.
COACH. Rowing? We don't have rowing here!
CITIES (hastily.) I know, sir, that's exactly why I transferred.
COACH. All right, then, exercises. Count off by fours.
(This is done, as confusedly as possible.)
COACH. All right, "jumping jacks." One-two, one-two, one-two... etc.
(He walks back and forth up and down the line inspecting. The gag is that only the person he is looking at is actually jumping up and down; the rest are merely waving their arms rhythmically. As he walks along the row a wave of actual motion moves to meet his eye, but those he has passed revert immediately to mere arm-swinging.
To make this even funnier,* the SPIES are bending over every whichway trying to see birthmarks on the legs around them. The person who presumably has the birthmark, that is, IBBY, is wearing sweat pants, see, so it would be quite impossible to see the birthmark anyhow.)

* This scene was never performed.

COACH. Okay. Pushups. On the ground! One-two, one-two...
(Same thing. The guys he is not looking directly at merely arch their torsi lackadaisically. SPIES are crawling in and out of this activity inspecting everybody's legs, especially each other's. To cap this, three groggy-looking guys come out of the wings, in street clothes. They are JIM PERKINS, DAVE KRESH and MAX WABASH.)
COACH. Aren't you supposed to be in this class? Where are your uniforms?
1 GLG. Somebody hit me from behind and took my uniform.
2 GLG. Same with me.
3 GLG. Same here.
COACH. That's a pretty unusual excuse. Okay, get in the lineup. One-two, one-two, up-down, up-down, etc.
(More slapstick sight gags. Curtain falls, mercifully.)

Scene Twentyfour-A. Interlogue.

(Lights up on the College President, who drones his threnody. The lights rise on COURTNEY HALLOWELL and a bystander. HALLOWELL sags a bit in his doublebreasted suit, but has a rather stunningly vivacious aplomb. They are watching the graduation.)
HALLOWELL. Say, don't these kids look fresh and young? Reminds me of when I went to college. I went to a school like this, oh, longer ago than (heh heh) you'd (to bystander) remember. I went to Swarthmore College. Ever hear of it?
BYSTANDER. No. (Edges away.)
HALLOWELL. Yes, it's very famous. By gumpet, those were the days. I remember all the fun we used to have! Brash lads, unprepared for the rush and trample of our workaday world. Not that it isn't a fine world, mind you, a fine world! But I do say it would be fun to be back in those carefree Halcyon sunny days of yore. Golly, those kids sure look as though they've been having fun. I guess it's fine to have fun while you're young-- before you fall into the net of responsibility! (Musingly.) I wonder how this campus would look with two towers...

Scene Twentyfour. Extraneous and Gratuitous Nostalgia.

(A parlor with a piano, Swarthmore College, 1914.)
(Several chaps in knickers stand about.)
1 KNICKERS. Well, how do you know we won't have a war in Europe?
2 KNICKERS. Impossible. There's been peace for fifty years. And besides, modern armaments would make such a war the most terrible thing the world has ever seen. Think of it-- poison gas! The Kaiser would never think of creating such a holocaust.
3 KNICKERS. Ah, you lads are always "passing the berries" on such highfalutin' subjects. Hey! Guess what happened in Booth's Café this Aft.? I was done there with Ratsy Donogan and Pips Hallowell, and oops! Maybe we'd better not talk about it right this instant. Here comes old fudgenose himself!
(In comes PIPS HALLOWELL.)
ALL. Heighdy, Pips!
Pips. By George, fellows, I've just composed another song! It's about life at college. (Passes music to 3d Kn., who plays.)
SONG; "The Grum Song." (Pips sings and the lads harmonize.)

[Tune omitted- see "Swarthmore Songs," ed. H. L. Brown, W. W. Timms, Swarthmore Collection.]

1. Flowers of garnet hue, bring to me and you memories of old Swarthmore.
Tho' so far away, Tho'ts are bound tox stray to the things we loved of yore.
And the place loved best for a quiet rest, when summer days would come;
In an old canoe, just "me and you" were floating down the Crum.
As we dreamed on the Crum, of the days that would come,
and the dear old days gone by,
And you told there to me, of the things to be, and we dreamed them, you & I.
In our memories clear there are things we hold dear, but
we cherish more than all
The plans that we made, and the plots that we made,
as we floated down the Crum.
2. When our work was done and t'was time for fun and to loaf was our desire,
Booth's Café would do, and the Tea Room too, for of eats we never tired.
Standing by the Pot many couples met when each First Day would come,
And the train we took had a Media look, with a roundup down the Crum.
There were fussdrs galore, standing down by the shore
of the dear old rambling Crum,
There's the same fusser's train down the shady lane, on a Sunday afternoon.
There were Gaddy and Jack, there were Reba and Mac, graduated now they say,
But each planned in the shade she'd not be an old maid,
As they strolled along the Crum.

(Authors unknown. From "The Garnet Flower," 1915.)

Scene Twentyseven. Turtle Snoop.

(The Snack Bar. The SOVSPY is talking to SOVGIRL, but we can't hear what they are saying. At a nearer table are JANE MOOL, ELLIE WHELK, and CLINT APGAR.)

CLINT. Things are going downhill.

ELLIE. Actually, things aren't really going downhill. It's just the world turning.

MOOL. Did you see the way they redecorated Fenimore Hall?

ELLIE. You'd think they consulted a motel manager.

CLINT. The way I heard it, Students picked the colors.

MOOL. They must have asked everybody what was his favorite color, and then chosen among them at random.

CLINT. It's possible.

(MILLARD STRIMP has entered.)

CLINT. Well, if it isn't the turtle!

(SOVSPY turns, astounded, drawing his gun.)

ELLIE. How are you, Millard?

MILLARD. Oh, I'm fine.

MOOL. Where are you living now?

MILLARD. I've got an apartment in East Priam. (Eagerly.) I may give a party there later on.

CLINT. East Priam is too far. You ought to live in Seedier.

(SOVSPY has his gun trained on the group through his jacket. He stands stage right, you understand, so he's on audience's left, and he holds the left wing of his jacket out with his left hand, and in his right hand holds a big pistol which is pointed at all the carefree youngsters.)

SOVSPY. Which of you was talking about turtles?

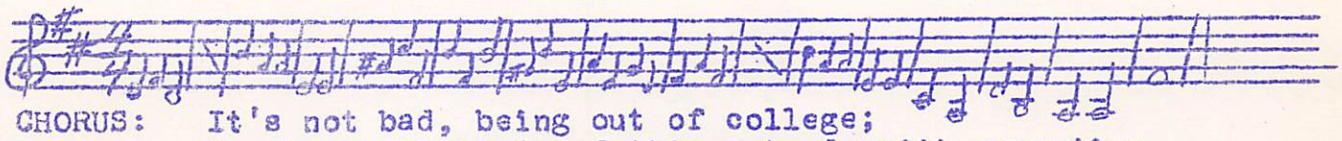
MOOL. Turtles?

MILLARD. Oh, do you have one too?

SOVSPY (with decorum.) I'm very interested in turtles. They're sort of a hobby of mine.
MILLARD. Well, put 'er there. Turtles are a hobby of mine, too.
(MILLARD crosses to shake hands. SOVSPY, to free his right hand, catches the gun in his left armpit, and must contort elaborately to shake hands without the gun showing.)
SOVSPY. May I speak to you for a moment?
MILLARD. I guess so. (They go aside.)
SOVSPY. Agent X-29!
MILLARD. Do I know you from somewhere? Did I see you at the diner?
SOVSPY. No, no! Turtles! Turtles! You were working with Rudolf Abel before he was exposed. I heard of your excellent work.
MILLARD (effetely.) Huh?
SOVSPY. Oh, uh, um, er... Turtles! Yes, turtles! Aren't turtles beautiful animals? So soft, so cuddly-- yes, turtles, beautiful turtles! (Exits mumbling.)
CLINT. What the heck was that?
MILLARD. I couldn't say.
ELLIE. What are you doing now, Millard?
MILLARD. I'm working at a diner. But I'll be back next semester.
MOOL. How are things? (Distractedly.)
MILLARD. Not bad. I sort of miss college. But it's really not bad.

(SONG: "It's Not Bad.")

CHORUS is sung to the tune of "The Alma Mortar" (Act One.)
Verse:



CHORUS: It's not bad, being out of college;
You have all kinds of things to do with your time...
You read books and you drive to different places
Honestly (or Whillikers, Gee Gosh, Diggety, etc.),
You get along just fine.

The diner where I work is sort of fun
The people are interesting and I'm well fed.
Some people I was serving thought they knew me;
They saw me on TV. Or so they said.

CHORUS

I recently read some pretty good books
They were interesting but kind of deep
The same week I went to two double features
I haven't been getting too much sleep.

CHORUS

I used to do a lot more driving
Sometimes I got as far as Delaware
But I rammed this guy's car into a wall
So I won't drive for a while-- I wouldn't dare...

CHORUS

I met this girl-- her father is a lawyer
She has two dogs and an apartment by the park.
Just recently I asked her for date
But when I got there the house was dark.

CHORUS

(The traveler has closed behind him and he is alone onstage with a microphone.)

Scene Twentyeight. AAARRRGGHHHHHHHH!

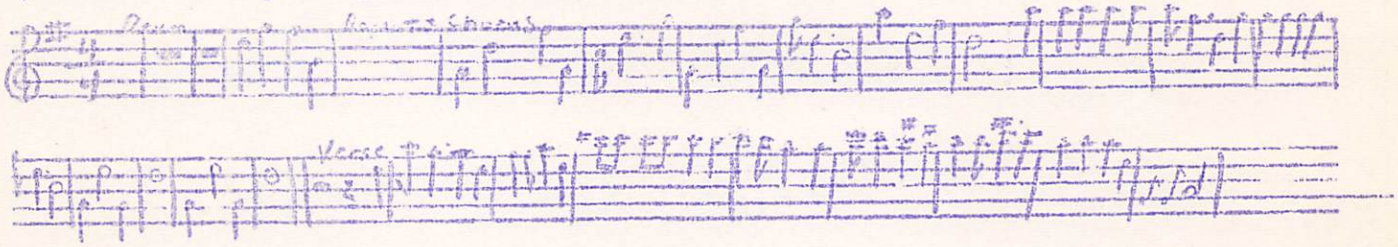
(The bedroom of the IBN KHAN. IBBY and WAZIR are seated.)
IBBY. So Shamavil says his coalition will support my policy?
WAZIR. He is certain. He is certain also that you will win popular support, particularly through your education and health programs.
IBBY. Fine. There remains the problem of visits to me from secret agents, if any. I don't think it's very likely.
WAZIR. Perhaps not! Well, your highness, I shall return to the hotel. I am tired from all this politicking, and the exotic American food gives me indigestion.
IBBY. Good night, Mohammed. See you in the morning. (Exit.) (Exit WAZIR, that is.)
(Knock at door.)
IBBY. Come in.
(SOVSPY enters.)
SOVSPY. Good evening, your highness.
IBBY. Good evening.
SOVSPY. It's taken me quite a while to find you.
IBBY. Oh?
SOVSPY. Can we be overheard?
IBBY. I don't think so.
SOVSPY. I am here on special business.
IBBY. I think I know who you are.
SOVSPY. Do you wish me to introduce myself?
IBBY. Please do.
SOVSPY. I am placing my life in your hands. (Bows.) Aram Zdarovii, representing the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics.
IBBY. Oh, you Communists are all alike. You don't have to talk to me, I've heard it all before. Dialectical Materialism, Marx, Lenin--
SOVSPY. I'm afraid you've got me wrong, Your Highness. That stuff is for the children. I see I can talk to you man-to-man.
IBBY. What is this? No political propaganda?
SOVSPY. None at all. Just facts; hard, solid facts. Listen. You are leader of the Rhamadites, Mogul of Tocharistan and owner of the richest oil fields and fastest pipeline in the world. Never mind the propaganda-- you have power and I have power. With my help you can rule the Middle East!
IBBY. I have in mind the good of my people.
SOVSPY. Oh, come now.
IBBY. Does it seem strange?
SOVSPY. Let's talk hard facts. Your country is in a central location. You are in power. If you want to get <u>more</u> power, it will be quite, quite simple.
IBBY. Oh? Tell me about it.
SOVSPY. Let's put it this way. Nasser doesn't know if he can count on you as an ally. First you convince him that you <u>are</u> his ally, and then-- poof! Declare war on him, and show conspicuously that you're willing to use the tactical A-bombs we give you. You can step right in! Of course, with a little help from our junta in the Egyptian Army.
IBBY. I see. What then?
SOVSPY. Next it's Saudi Arabia. We control the secret police there. Our agents can foment a little uprising in honor of your taking Egypt, and some fast footwork will net you a coup d'etat.
IBBY. What about the Rabuf of Fubar?
SOVSPY. He trusts you, and I think a gift of a couple of Cadillacs would make him very helpful.
IBBY. What about the Imam of Oman?
SOVSPY. Three Cadillacs there. Maybe a Rolls-Royce.

IBBY. What about the Mufti of Iftum?
SOVSPY. A Mercedes and a bicycle.
IBBY. And so the Middle East is in my pocket, huh?
SOVSPY. That's right. Think it over.
IBBY. I will indeed.
SOVSPY. My life is in your hands.
IBBY. Don't worry about that. For the present, at least.
(SOVSPY enters. IBBY lights a cigarette. Knock at door.)
IBBY. Come in.
(Enter
BOHEMIAN TYPE COLLEGE STUDENT, whom we have not seen before. He wears dungarees, a sweatshirt, and a bandana around his throat. He is unobtrusively carrying a guitar.)
IBBY. Good evening.
STUDENT. Good evening. (Pause.) I suppose you know who I am.
IBBY. Oh, let's get on with it.
STUDENT. I'm from the CIA. You can call me Wilbur.
(Outside the left-open door, 1 FRATMAN and 2 FRATMAN have overheard this interchange.)
1 FRATMAN. Hey, that boho in there says he's from the CIA. What the hell's that?
2 FRATMAN. Must be some new anti-fraternity club. It'll never get off the ground.
(They ridle away.)
STUDENT (closing the door.) I just wanted to assure you that the American government places confidence and trust in you. We know what you're like and where you stand. You're our friend, and we are yours.
IBBY (amiably.) Fine, fine, fine.
STUDENT. The forces of totalitarianism, oligarchy, atheist Marxist-Leninism and central planning steal across the world like sinister shadows, awaiting chinks in the armor of freedom; and under the false banners of "free speech," "democracy," "civil rights", they foment discontent with the freedom we now have. Our only defense...
IBBY. Have you seen the campus?
STUDENT. Why, yes... Er... I presume you've been visited by agents of er... other powers...
IBBY. Maybe yes, maybe no. (Showing him the door.)
STUDENT. Feel free to call upon us at any time.
IBBY. Just one thing. How did you find out who I was?
STUDENT. Easy. I looked in the Freshman directory. They don't call me Wilbur for nothing.
(Blackout. Sighs of relief.)

Scene Twentynine-A. Interlogue.
(The organ pit is illuminated, and suddenly looks like the control room of the campus radio station. DAVID HORR and ELLIE SCHUKER are at the controls.)
DAVID. And now, station WRSN brings you a recorded speech by the president of our college.
(THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT begins his speech once more, from somewhere in the dark. DAVID presses some buttons, then gets up and stretches.)
DAVID. Say, did you hear any of that strange story about drugged coffee?
ELLIE. You mean about how they always put saltpeter in the coffee on weekends?
DAVID. No, this was something different.
(Lights snap off in the pit, on onstage.)

Scene Twentynine. Slyness Trouble.

(The Snack Bar. SAM PICKLE and ELLIE WHELK are at a table.)
PICKLE. So you're sure you don't want to go to Sandy's bar?
ELLIE. Under no circumstances. I've got to write a paper tonight.
PICKLE. Papers we have always with us. Good beer is hard to get.
ELLIE. Sorry.
(IBBY and SOVSPY come in.)
IBBY. So you still want to talk to me, eh?
SOVSPY. Yes. Don't take me for a fool. If I had nothing to offer, I would not waste your time and my own.
(They sit.)
IBBY. Very well. Shall we get down to business?
SOVSPY. Well, let's make this interview as gracious as circumstances will permit. Would you like anything? A hamburger? Coffee?
IBBY. I'll have coffee.
SOVSPY. Very well. I'll join you. (Goes to snack bar.)
PICKLE. So you definitely don't want to go out tonight?
ELLIE. I must write a paper. If I sit here and get more and more bored, I'll eventually do it. If I go out with you it wouldn't be boring enough.
PICKLE (smugly.) True, true. Well, can I get you anything?
ELLIE. Coffee.
PICKLE. Right-o.
SOVGIRL (to SOVSPY, at counter.) This drug will make him more--susceptible to your arguments.
SOVSPY. Will he taste it?
SOVGIRL. He won't have the slightest idea.
SOVSPY. Fine.
PICKLE. Two coffees, please.
OTHER COUNTER GIRL. Cream?
PICKLE. Cream?
ELLIE. Yes.
PICKLE. Yes.
SOVGIRL. Cream?
SOVSPY. Cream?
IBBY. No, thanks.
SOVSPY. No.
(With complete irrelevance, HERBERT MARLIN goes past.)
ELLIE. Hey, Herbert, have you got a cigarette?
HERBERT. Sure. (Gets out Chesterfields.) You like your pleasure big?
ELLIE. Well, that depends.
(SONG: "Like Your Pleasure Big?")



CHORUS:
Do you like your pleasure big?
If so, you like your pleasure big,
If so, why not?
If so, you like your pleasure big,
If so, you like your pleasure big,
If so, why not?

Down in Jamaica they all say
The pleasure need not be of very short duration
With care you may continue all the day

BRIDGE:

As the pleasure gets bigger
No sorrow will linger
All troubles go home
With snap (sic) of the finger...

Jamaica girl once say to me
You like your pleasure big, sir?
When I said I felt differently
She gave to me this answer:
CHORUS
Back home down Jamaica way
My donkey* like to dance and bray
But up here in the U.S.A.
My donkey can only say:
CHORUS

ELLIE. Now could I have a light?
HERBERT. Yeah, sure. (Gives it to her, exits.)
(At the counter: confusion over coffee. PICKLE takes two cups, so does SOVSPY.)
SOVSPY. Hey, did you say you wanted cream in your coffee?
IBBY. No.
SOVSPY. Oops. (Moment of profound worry.) Just a minute.
(Crosses with IBBY's cup.)
SOVSPY. Say, I think I got the coffee mixed up. Was yours with cream?
ELLIE. Yes. It should be.
SOVSPY. Ah. Here. (Exchanges the cups.)
PICKLE. What is your paper on?
ELLIE. "Some aspect of philosophy."
PICKLE. That's difficult. Have you chosen an aspect?
ELLIE. Danish pastry and the free-will problem.
PICKLE. I don't understand.
ELLIE. Well, you see, with Danish pastry you have a lot of choices, but outside factors probably influence you.
PICKLE. Boy, they really have got it down to a fine point, haven't they?
SOVSPY. How's your coffee?
IBBY. Well, about like usual. Now, what more do you want to discuss?
SOVSPY. Well, I don't think you're really being fair about the whole thing. With a twist of the wrist you could become Master of the Middle East. (Slowly, suggestively.) Now, wouldn't you like that? The whole Middle East in your grasp. In your grasp. All of it. The whole Middle East.
IBBY. It wouldn't be right.
SOVSPY. But think about it. Think de-e-e-ep. Think it over. The whole Middle East. The whole Middle East.
IBBY. So?
PICKLE. Are you sure you don't want to go for a beer? Just one?
ELLIE. Beeeeeer....
PICKLE. It would only take a short time. Just a quick one. Nice, cool beer.
ELLIE. Nice, cool beer. Yes.
IBBY. You're wasting my time. I have an examination tomorrow.
SOVSPY. But think of the power within your grasp. Power. POWWWer.
IBBY. Look, this is irritating.
PICKLE. Then we could go for a nice long walk. It's a lovely evening.
ELLIE. Walk. Evening. Lovely. Lovely.
PICKLE. Well, shall we go? Just a quick one.

* Cf. Calypso songs in general.

ELLIE. A quick one. Yes. (Rises somnolently.)
IBBY. Hey, Ellie! Have you done your paper yet?
ELLIE (turning and floating the other way) Paper.....
PICKLE. What he means is, let's go for a walk.
ELLIE. Paper... must do... paper...
PICKLE. Hey. I know where there's lots of paper.
IBBY. Are you going to have it in tomorrow?
PICKLE. Sooner than that.
ELLIE. Paper... must do paper...
PICKLE. Hey! Wait! (They exit.)
IBBY. Now look here. There's no way you're going to persuade me to do anything. However, I have a bargain to make with you. I've about reached the end of my patience. I know this ideology business isn't going to influence you, so let's put it in practical terms. Either leave me alone, or I'll turn you over to the authorities.
SOVSPY. I have my pride. I refuse.
IBBY. But think it over. Think of all the valuable secrets you know. Think of being able to get a pardon in return for all the secrets.
SOVSPY. But they don't call me the Turtle for nothing...?
IBBY. Like some more coffee? It's my turn now.
SOVSPY. Okay.
(CITIES is at the counter, conferring with CITIES GIRL.)
CITIES GIRL. This will fix him. It'll make him very suggestible to whatever you offer.
CITIES. Okay.
IBBY. Two coffees, please.
CITIES GIRL. Right. (Winks at CITIES.)
CITIES. Well, Ibby, I'm glad to get a chance to talk with you. You know, I've been thinking about the situation in the Middle East, and it seems to me that unless the oil is properly drilled and refined, all the natural resources out there are just going to go to pot. Now, there are some oil companies that just happen to have the equipment and manpower. Oh, let me pay for the coffee. (Does.)
IBBY. Just a minute. I have to talk to this guy first. (To SOVSPY.) Now, then, let's put it this way. If you were to voluntarily turn yourself over to the American authorities, you'd probably pick up a nice piece of change for the information you could give them. And after that you could write articles about what it was like, and so forth. Think of the book rights! Think of the motion picture royalties!
SOVSPY. Royalties.
IBBY. Think of all the money you could make! Prestige, power, fancy cars. Think of the movie they'll make of your life story.
SOVSPY. Life story...
IBBY. Think it over.
SOVSPY. Over...
IBBY. Let me know what you decide. Leave the answer in a conspicuous place.
SOVSPY. Conspicuous place...
IBBY. Now what can I do for you? (As CITIES approaches.)
CITIES. Well, as I was saying, about drilling rights, I happen to know the man who runs the foreign branch of the Cities Service petroleum company, and if anyone in the Middle East with Oil Rights came to him, he'd be able...
(SOCONY and SOCONADE are at the counter.)
SOCONY. You say it will make him suggestible?
SOCONADE. He'll agree to anything.
SOCONY. What does it taste like?
SOCONADE. No taste at all.
SOCONY. All right, then. Hi, Ibby! Can I get you some coffee?

IBBY (To CITIES.) Want coffee?
CITIES. I guess so.
IBBY (to SOCONY.) Sure.
(SOCONADE brings the coffee; SOCONY takes it from her, and carries it to the table where SOVSPY sits mumbling, CITIES sits eagerly and IBBY sits.)
SOCONY. You know, Ibby, a fellow was talking to me just the other day about drilling for oil in the Middle East.
IBBY. Well, you and this guy should get together. That seems to be his line too. Here's your coffee. (Passes it to CITIES.)
CITIES. Yeah, well, it just seemed to me that if anybody had rights in the Middle East and no capital equipment to drill it with, he ought to bring in an American company.
SOCONY. Say, you're right. Now, it just so happens that I know a guy down at Socony-Vacuum...
CITIES. Socony-Vacuum! They're a bunch of bums! They'll gyp you out of everything! Now, Cities Service..
SOCONY. Cities Service! Are you crazy? Socony Vacuum has eighty-ton portable pneumatic rigs, and all Cities Service has is those crummy old twenty-three-gauge two-prong jobs. Now, with an eighty ton...
CITIES. What's wrong with the twenty-three-gauge two-prong? It's seen all the best oil fields-- the Gulf, Texas, Brazil-- it'll stand up anywhere!
SOCONY. You're crazy! The 80 pneumatic has it all over the 23gauge twoprong. The 80 pneumatic...
CITIES. Eighty pneumatic...
SOCONY. Is the best ever designed. It's portable, light...
CITIES. Portable.
SOCONY. Resilient, takes direct current... (IBBY leaves...)
CITIES. Direct current...

BLACKOUT

Scene Thirty. <u>Putting the Heart before the Course.</u>

(The library. CLINT APGAR is studying. SUE MILLOWAY enters.)
SUE. Hi. (Pause.) Do you mind being been with?
CLINT. No. But I have to study. Honors exams coming up.
SUE. Well, I'm in the same fix. You know, at a time like this you sort of need companionship.
(Pause)
CLINT. Gee. Yeah. As a matter of fact you're right.
SUE. Yeah.
CLINT. Well, we'd better study.
SUE. Yeah, I guess so. You know, there's something funny in the air tonight.
CLINT. There is?
SUE. Don't you feel it?
CLINT. No.
SUE. Try.
CLINT. I'm feeling as hard as I can.

SUE. Well, it's There.
CLINT. Well, we'd better study.
SUE. Yeah.

(They study. Then they sing "I Just Feel Like Bein' in Love," reading the appropriate quotations to each other.)
SUE. According to Freud, the child's libidinal attachment to his opposite parent is directly accountable for the role-relationship accepted in adulthood.
BOTH. (This is the SONG: "I Just Feel...")
Everywhere, between the sexes,
The seat of cathexis is the solar plexus!

CHORUS. I just feel like bein' in love,
Anything will do; (MUSIC on p. 51)
A doorknob or the stars above
Or maybe even you....

CLINT. According to David Hume, it is impossible to establish the principle of causality except as a mere euphemism for temporal wequence.

Never mind the causal nexus,
The seat of cathexis is the solar plexus!
I just feel like bein' in love,
Anything will do;
A molehill or a satin glove
Or maybe even you.

SUE. Krafft-Ebing mentions the case of Desdemona H. and Alexis W.-- who were very fond of each other.

For Desdemona and Alexis
The seat of cathexis was the solar plexus!
I just feel like bein' in love
Anything will do
A turtle or a turtle dove
Or maybe even you.

CLINT. Lewis Mumford says here that the troubles of urban society stem from the blind self-interest and hidebound ideologies of the various classes and interest groups.

Though it drives us, hurts us, wrecks us,
The seat of cathexis is the solar plexus!
I just feel like bein' in love,
Anything will do;
'Cause I just need a gentle shove
To fall in love with you.

(They kiss.)

CLINT. Gee. Tonight I could write the Bible, if you know what I mean.

SUE. Gee. Tonight I could eat ham and eggs, if you know what I mean.

BOTH. Gee.

Scene Thirty-one. Peaches and Cream.

(A place in view of the water tower. On the water tower, someone has painted the word "DA" in cyrillic script. HERMAN GRUBNIK enters, with BIENIE HUSTLE.)

BIENIE. Oh-- they've painted the water tower again.

GRUBNIK. That's no fraternity I ever heard of.

(They exit. PETE SCHULTZ, DAVE KRESH and JIM PERKINS enter. PETE carries a guitar.)

PERKINS. Hey, Pete, sing us a song.

PETE. What kind of a song introduction is that?

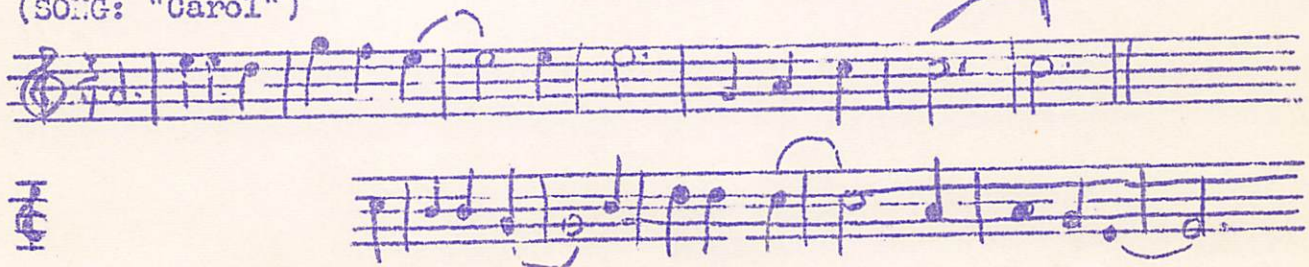
KRESH. Well, sing us that Old Folk Song you learned up at Cape Cod last summer.

PETE. That's no good either.

KRESH. Sing it anyway.

chords: E^m, D, G, C, E^m

(SONG: "Carol")



Once I had a love myself, not long ago;
I don't want to make you sad, but I loved her so.
My lover's heart is growing cold,
And I feel very, very old.
I met her in a fishing town, by a pretty bay;
The waves were fast and topped with white, but the sea was gray. (chorus.)

I told her she was lovely, there by the sea;
And she sweetly told me that she thought well of me. (chorus)
We did not talk too long; there was no more to say;
The pines were heavy up above the quiet place we lay. (chorus)
Her father was a hearty man, understanding well;
He told us to use well our time, and never tell.
My lover's heart...
Next night I was with some friends, drinking from a barrel;
They joked me that I had no love, and I told them of Carol.
My lover's heart...
Next day she was gone; but by sundown I found her,
Her hair was spread upon the sand, the surf was all around her.
My lover's heart...
That's how I made my mistake; don't you make it too--
I told the secret of my love the way I'm telling you--
My lover's heart is growing cold,
And I feel very, very old.

(They exit.)
(IBBY and WAZIR come in. IBBY looks at the water tower.)
IBBY. Well, I see the Russian agent has consented to my plan.
WAZIR. Do you mean that's the end of the plot?
IBBY. Well, wait-- there are still several things we didn't do. We could have, uh-- and then if you were to...
WAZIR. No! Your highness, I was but jesting.
(They exit, laughing merrily. The water tower falls down.)

Scene Thirtytwo. Over and Out.

(The Snack Bar, again. MILLIE WINTHROP, ELLIE WALK, HERMIONE HAM.)
MILLIE. Ho hum.
ELLIE. That's what I say.
HERMIONE. Yeah.
MILLIE. Put on some good rock and roll.
ELLIE. Haven't you heard? Rock and roll is out.
HERMIONE. Yeah.
MILLIE. You think so? (Philosophically.) What do we mean when we say rock and roll?
ELLIE. It's that bang-bang hug-me-baby music.
MILLIE. It's not. It's real music. It touches the soul. It has the rhythm of life.
HERMIONE. Don't be silly.
MILLIE. You don't understand rock and roll. Rock and roll is music with heroic stature. In rock and roll, the singer is... every one of us! (Declaiming like a bad litterateur.) He does the things that we're afraid to do. He is bigger than life. He uses an echo chamber. (Her voice is suddenly reverberating over the PA with a tape echo.)
ELLIE and HERMIONE. Help!
MILLIE. (Thundering.) How can you say rock and roll is dead? Rock and roll is the music of the soul. You don't just listen to it. You gotta live rock and roll. You gotta feel rock and roll. You gotta... Do the Rock-a-doodle-do!

SONG: "Do the Rock-a-Doodle-Do."

CHORUS
Do the rock-a-doodle-do.
Do, the rock-a-doodle, do!
The kit and kaboodle
Are doin' the rock-a-doodle
So why the hock don't you?
Don't be stodgy, don't be logy
Come on out of that fog, you fogy,
Hear that electrified combo playing
Don't be crotchety! Drop your crocheting!

CHORUS
Early, early in the morning
Hear that rockin' rooster crow
Don't let it worry you--
Come on, cat, let's go go go--

CHORUS
When we're breaking windows or hubcap stealing
Or looking for anything to do,
Suddenly we get that feeling:
Time to start-- rockin' and reeling--
And do the rock-a-doodle-do!
Do the rock-a-deodle, do!
The kit and kaboodle
Are doin' the rock-a-doodle
So why the rock don't you?
There's no such dance as the rock-a-doodle;
It's just a recent stylization--
But twist your hips and everybody flips--
It's our reply to automation!
(End of Song.)

(MORRIS WALPOLE has gotten on stage.)
MILLIE. Hey. When I first met you I thought you were a real important character. Where have you been for the last two acts?
MORRIS. I live off campus.

CURTAIN. PROCESSIONAL (Whole cast and audience go up the aisle, all in cap-and-gown except MILLARD STRIMP, WAZIR and AGENTS. And KIDS.)
SHOW IS OVER.

tune of "I Just Feel" (p. 48-49.)