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Family Plays

FAUGH

(i.e., Fine Arts Undergraduate Housing)

Comedy by
Jerome McDonough



FAUGH

(i.e., Fine Arts Undergraduate Housing)

Never one to follow trodden paths or run to expected results, Jerome McDonough creates fresh characters, fresh language and fresh situations to produce fresh comedy in *FAUGH*.

First-rate entertainment for adult and young adult theatres in the distinctive, recognizable style that has made McDonough one of America's favorite authors of short and mid-length plays.

Comedy. By Jerome McDonough. *Cast: 3m., 8w.* *FAUGH* tells the story of a run-down old dormitory at Watkins College. Georgia Killian Watkins, granddaughter of the founder of the college, thinks the house is a blight on the campus which bears her family name, and she is determined to get rid of it. But Miss Charlotte, the housemother, and her covey of residents are just as determined to keep the comfortable old hovel as it is—even if they have to act like human beings for a change. The setting is the Fine Arts Undergraduate Housing (F.A.U.G.H.—pronounced “fawg”). The residents are a mismatched mélange of youths and former youths even dizzier than the crowd in McDonough's uproariously popular *Roomers*. *Roomers* and *FAUGH* are delightful on the same bill. The dynamic characters of *FAUGH* provide a romp through laugh land: Nikky has been a student for nine years and still without a senior ring, Simon is a music major composing an opera for sand crabs, Herbert believes his computer has fallen in love with him, and Minsey, who is probably a human being, but not always. *This play can be shortened by omitting episodes. Set: a dorm parlor. Time: the present. Costumes: modern clothes. Approximate running time: 50 to 60 minutes. Code: FDI.*

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ISBN-13 978-0-88680-281-3



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FAUGH



(i.e., **Fine Arts Under-Graduate Housing**)

(as in "Onward into the . . .")

A Farce

by

JEROME McDONOUGH

Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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(FAUGH)

ISBN: 978-0-88680-281-3

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“Produced by special arrangement with
Family Plays of Woodstock, Illinois”

Dedication

To all the writers and performers who
have brightened my life with their gifts of laughter

And to the wonderfully strange original cast:
Iman Crawford, Lee Thompson, Teresa Woods,
Nancy Adams, Christina Eakes, Leslie Hamilton, Tammy Lucero,
Esther Mendoza, Christy Moulder, and Mark Tate.

FAUGH

Cast of Players

(8 women, 3 men*)

- NIKKY—a perennial (female) student—for at least nine years
MISS CHARLOTTE—the housemother of the FAUGH; a ding
KOKO—an art major; very, uh, adventurous
VINCE—Koko’s boyfriend; rather a tame person for the FAUGH
SIMON—a strange composer of strange music—strange
JANELLE—Simon’s girlfriend—no one knows why, including her; also tame; niece of Dr. Keely Bonham
HERBERT—an engineering student and computer fanatic; operates in his own world—by everybody’s choice
EV—a young woman smitten by love for Herbert; otherwise a normal person
MINSEY—probably a human being (has multiple personalities—perhaps by her own choice—and sometimes by others)
DR. KEELY BONHAM—Dean of Fine Arts at Watkins College; and former FAUGH resident, but has grown out of it
GEORGIA KILLIAN WATKINS—granddaughter of the founder of Watkins College; a terrible crud
**Dr. Bonham and Georgia Killian Watkins may be played by men. (Change names to fit.)*



Time: The present

Place: **Fine Arts Under-Graduate Housing**
on the campus of Watkins College†

Scene 1: A May morning

Scene 2: That afternoon



† Any resemblance between this fictional college and the fictional residents of the fictional FAUGH and real fine arts colleges and students living or dead is probably not at all surprising. On the other hand, what is real, really?

ABOUT THE PLAY

After two years of struggling with the lower depths of youthkind while researching and writing *JUVIE* and *ADDICT*—years which he called “psychologically difficult”—Jerome McDonough soared to the balloon-floating heights of laughter to give us this comedy.

FAUGH—the acronym for Fine Arts Under-Graduate Housing, pronounced “fawg”—presents a houseful of college students who collectively are kind of like college students everywhere, but individually unlike anybody you’ve ever met before . . . to which you will probably say, “Thanks for all small blessings.” Never one to follow trodden paths or run to expected results, Mr. McDonough creates fresh characters, fresh language, and fresh situations to produce fresh comedy.

FAUGH tells the story of a run-down old dormitory at Watkins College. Georgia Killian Watkins, granddaughter of the founder of the college, thinks the house is a blight on the campus which bears her family name, and she is determined to get rid of it. But Miss Charlotte, the housemother, and her covey of residents, are just as determined to keep the comfortable old hovel as it is—even if they have to act like human beings for a change (unlike the unfortunate victims in *ADDICT*, the kids of *FAUGH* get high without chemical assistance).

Producers of Jerome McDonough’s hysterical *ROOMERS* will note similarities; in fact, *ROOMERS* and *FAUGH* are ideal companion pieces for a program of short plays.

The author, who immerses himself completely into everything he writes, is grateful that he can find emotional release in a happy play like *FAUGH* after the despair of a play about life’s disasters.

“I hope I’ve written my last trauma-popper like *ADDICT*,” he told us. “I know me well enough, though, to know that the next thing that horrifies me completely will wind up as a play.”

We hope so.

—The Editors
July, 1986

PRODUCTION NOTES

Properties

A computer keyboard and monitor—Herbert
 A tray, a punch bowl, and several cups—Vince and Janelle
 A bicycle wheel, a garden hoe, and a rolling pin—Miss Charlotte
 Axe, toboggan hat—Minsey

Costuming

The production company has wide discretion in the costuming of FAUGH. The standard and the “weird” dressing patterns of the time of production will be the guidelines. The following costumes were utilized by the original cast: **MISS CHARLOTTE**—an older dark dress which seems a bit too “dressy” for everyday. **NIKKY**—(Scene 1) old jeans, old top, old tennis shoes; (Scene 2) slightly newer old jeans, old top (brighter color), and old tennis shoes. **JANELLE**—(Scene 1) fashionable top, pants, and shoes; (Scene 2) party dress and accessories. **SIMON**—a threadbare college logo sweatshirt (name of college immaterial), jeans and cheap shoes. **VINCE**—(Scene 1) fashionable shirt, pants, and shoes plus a sweater tied around his shoulders; (Scene 2) suit and tie. **KOKO**—an oversized bright-colored smock and jeans, funky tennis shoes. **HERBERT**—a good quality but sloppily worn shirt untucked here and there, high-water (too short) pants, wing-tip shoes, and broken and patched eyeglasses. **EV**—nondescript top, pants, shoes; also wears glasses which slide down on her nose. **MINSEY**—(Scene 1) brightly colored clothes, some of which may match, most of which do not; (Scene 2) a very nice pant outfit—borrowed, of course. **DOCTOR BONHAM**—(Scene 1) a business suit or dress, matching shoes and purse; (Scene 2) her best business suit or dress, purse, and shoes. **GEORGIA KILLIAN WATKINS**—a very conservative, yet obviously expensive dress and matching accessories.

Sound

Sound is a key element in the production of FAUGH. One entire character—Waddy—is never seen at all, but is made believable (?) through the use of sound effects. Sound effects cued in the text: bowling, exercise (aerobic) music, a loud crash from off Right, the computer bell or “beep” tone, the pounding, hammering, moving, and miscellaneous noise of the scene change, and Ev’s dance music.

A stereo sound system with speakers at the right and left extremities of the performance space is highly recommended. The audience can almost “see” the bowling taking place below the floor of the stage if stereo is used. (Sounds from Waddy’s basement need not be limited to the ones cued in the script. Extra absurd sounds may be added at various times during the play, should the director so desire. This is easily overdone, however, and could steal the focus from more important plot elements or lines. Discretion, please.) The aerobic music would also benefit from the stereo effect.

The loud crash is the sound of Minsey doing some unimaginable damage in the walk-in freezer. The original cast stacked quite a few noisy and unbreakable things off Right and then knocked them over at the proper moment. Very satisfying.

There are too many cues in FAUGH to utilize a real computer or a pre-recorded “beep” sound track. Luckily, different computers have different types of “beep” or “ding” sounds. The original production used a set of orchestra bells offstage Left for the computer sound. A stage hand hit a single note on the bells for each computer “beep.”

The hammering, pounding, etc. is actually done backstage during the scene change.

Ev's "vamp" dance music will be dictated by the popular music of the time at which the show is produced. The song should be immediately recognizable by the audience.

The original production used a very uptempo instrumental song as opening and closing (curtain call) music for the play.

Time and Date Considerations

FAUGH was written in 1985 and published in 1986. Dates which are part of the script will be suitable for about five years. Following that five-year period, producers should update any such references in the script to maintain the time feeling of "The Present."

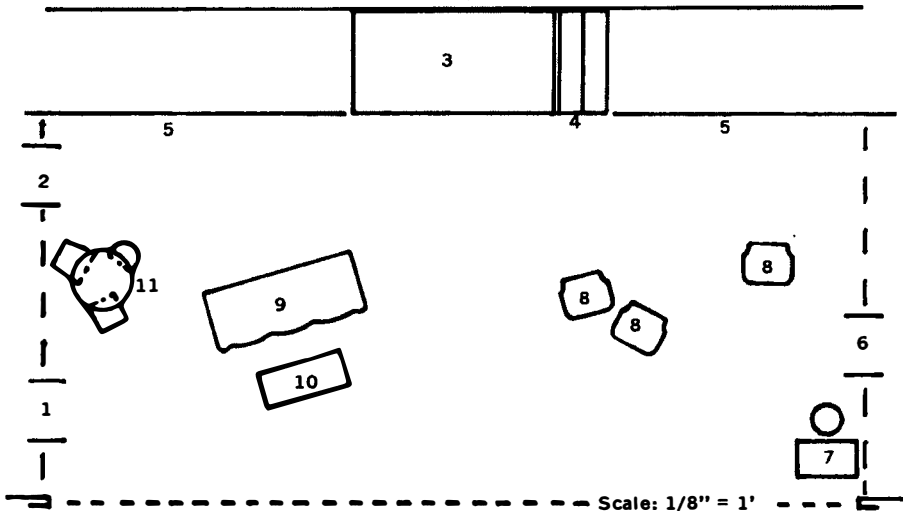
Suggestions

The interaction of lines, action, business, and laughs in FAUGH should feel natural. Cues, especially sound cues, must be rehearsed to perfection. The cast must "ride" laughs so that plot elements will not be lost. The tempo should be very bright, yet not so quick that the sense of the play is lost. (Make that the NONsense of the play.)

But the keynote in FAUGH is fun. If the cast has fun, the audience will, too. And so, "Onward, into the FAUGH."

Jerome McDonough
Spring, 1986

Floor Plan



- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1—Exit to front door | 6—Exit to back door |
| 2—Exit to Miss Charlotte's quarters | 7—Herbert's computer table & stool |
| 3—Landing | 8—Random chairs at random |
| 4—Stairs up to 2nd floor
(Stairs to basement not visible) | 9—Couch |
| 5—Wall or curtains | 10—Coffee table |
| | 11—Round table with assorted chairs |

Add set & trim props as desired. The effect should be "early cheapcollege housing"

FAUGH

[Pronounced “fawg”]

by Jerome McDonough

[The parlor/lobby of Fine Arts Under-Graduate Housing, or, as the inmates call it, FAUGH. Up Center is a landing. Stairs lead off each way (ascending stairs showing, descending not). Down Right is the exit leading to the front door, offstage Right. Up Right is the exit to Miss Charlotte’s living quarters. Off Left is the exit toward the back door. The stage is decorated in early cheap college housing. Several over- and under-stuffed chairs are Left Center and Left. There is a couch Right Center in front of which is a coffee table which has seen much coffee. Far Down Left is Herbert’s computer table. A round wooden table is Right, surrounded by several chairs of different eras. The appearance of the room is one which was once very comfortable –but not lately]

Scene 1

[AT RISE: NIKKY is asleep on the couch. MISS CHARLOTTE moves to the center of the room from the landing and tries to speak, but an enormous sound of bowling comes up from the basement and she can’t be heard. She moves to the landing and shouts off and down, as if toward the basement]

MISS CHARLOTTE. Waddy, dear, would you please not bowl until my little speech is over? Thank you. *[She takes two steps toward the apron when an equally large noise of an exercise record comes up. She trudges sweetly back to the landing and shouts down again—sweetly:]* And hold the aerobics, too, shall we? *[The noise falls. MISS CHARLOTTE takes the floor and starts to speak, but it becomes obvious that she will not get anyone’s attention. She doesn’t notice, and, to tell the truth, she hasn’t noticed much of anything recently]* Gather around! Time for my “Personal Appearance—Key to Success at Watkins College” lecture. *[Beginning, from notes she holds]* “Dear residents of Fine Arts Under-Graduate Housing, or—boys and girls of the FAUGH, as I call you—we first address. . .” *[Her speech drops to miming—not that it matters to anybody. She keeps gesturing as if delivering an important speech. VINCE and KOKO enter, paying no attention to her]*

KOKO. A chunk of marble six feet by three feet by four feet should be enough for my new sculpture.

VINCE. Should be.

KOKO. You can get it this morning and put it in my room.

VINCE. [*Horried*] On the third floor?

KOKO. Use a rope.

VINCE. But, Koko . . .

KOKO. Honestly, Vince, every time I ask you to do any little thing, you whine so.

VINCE. OK, OK. I'll get it up there somehow. Then we'll grab some lunch.

KOKO. [*They are exiting*] No way. There are chisels to sharpen.

VINCE. How could I forget? [*They are gone*]

MISS CHARLOTTE. [*Becoming audible*] Next—"Foot Fungus and You"—[*MISS CHARLOTTE's miming begins once again as JANELLE follows SIMON into the room. SIMON is obviously distracted by something else and JANELLE is trying to talk to him*]

JANELLE. Let's start studying for finals this week-end, Simon. [*No response from SIMON, who is moving his hands as if hearing a melody in his head*] Simon?

SIMON. [*Finally responding, but not to her*] How DOES a sand crab sound, Janelle?

JANELLE. A sand crab?

SIMON. Does it go "Uggha, guggha, uggha" or is it more like "SkuhwEE! skuhwEE!"

JANELLE. I'm sure I don't know. So, do you want to study for finals or not?

SIMON. Final what?

JANELLE. Final exams!

SIMON. Janelle, those aren't until May.

JANELLE. It IS May, Simon.

SIMON. I wondered why it was getting warmer.

JANELLE. Listen to me. [*Speaking each word very deliberately*] Shall we study for finals?

SIMON. [*His mind gone again as he moves offstage*] Final what?

MISS CHARLOTTE. [*Audible again*] And remember that clean clothes and a clean mind go hand in hand—although I'm not sure how they manage that.

NIKKY. [*Awakes, then sits bolt upright*] What time is it?

MISS CHARLOTTE. Nine twenty-five, dear.

NIKKY. Time for my 9:25 class! Wake me again in time to ditch my 10:50, Miss Charlotte. *[She flops back down]*

MISS CHARLOTTE. Of course, dear. *[Back to notes. Reading—to nobody, of course]* “What to do if your favorite garment is condemned by the Department of Health”. . . *[MISS CHARLOTTE’s sound under as HERBERT, a very studious type with many many books in his arms, enters followed almost in the next step by EV, who obviously worships him. He does not even notice her presence, so involved is he with his books and thoughts, whatever they may be. HERBERT sees the near-sleeping NIKKY on the couch and approaches her]*

HERBERT. Nikky, have you seen anybody hanging around my computer? The strangest messages are appearing on the screen.

NIKKY. Messages?

HERBERT. *[Crossing to his computer, checking for late developments]* Stuff like “Herbie hung the moon” and “Herbie is a hunk.”

NIKKY. A secret admirer.

HERBERT. You think so?

NIKKY. This is not my thinking hour. Try me at 10:50.

HERBERT. *[Having found nothing on the screen, turning to her]* I have a class then.

NIKKY. So do I! But I don’t let it run my life, Herbie.

HERBERT. Herbert!

NIKKY. *[Rolling back over]* Right.

HERBERT. *[Exiting, muttering]* Herbie the hunk. *[EV is still following and HERBERT still hasn’t noticed her. She starts to leave with him, but stops and runs quickly to the computer and speaks as she types. . .]*

EV. B-E . . . M-Y . . . H-O-N-E-Y . . . comma . . . H-E-R-B-I-E. *[Then she is gone quickly, off to look for him again]*

MISS CHARLOTTE. *[Gesturing to her armpits, becoming audible]* And of course, ladies, under each arm a nicely scented dress shield so we will not be embarrassed if we should start to—glisten. Men sweat, as you know, and women glisten. *[Her last few words were accompanied by the leaping entrance of MINSEY, a true outer-space creature who has double-double-double multiple personalities]*

MINSEY. Overhead! *[Leaping high in the air and following through with a huge tennis stroke]* Smash! *[Pointing to Miss Charlotte]* Foot fault! *[MISS CHARLOTTE just looks at her sweetly and moves over to*

nudge Nikky awake. About three words into MINSEY's next tirade, NIKKY awakes and looks at Minsey. To Miss Charlotte] Out!? You ought to have your eyeballs dry cleaned!

MISS CHARLOTTE. *[Still smiling and looking at Minsey, but talking to Nikky] Who does she think she is today?*

MINSEY. *[As NIKKY peers at her] I cannot believe that the British Lawn Tennis committee . . .*

NIKKY. *[Going back to sleep] John McEnroe. [NOTE: If this name is no longer meaningful to the audience, substitute the name of another contemporary sports figure who is known for his fiery temper. Adjust other lines as needed]*

MINSEY. Yes?

MISS CHARLOTTE. Minsey, do you have to be John McEnroe?

MINSEY. Get this woman off the court!

MISS CHARLOTTE. It was so much more pleasant when you were Nancy Reagan. *[NOTE: Substitute the name of the current First Lady or another popular woman who is known for high style and elegance as is Mrs. Reagan. Adjust lines as needed]*

MINSEY. *[Walking past Miss Charlotte, looking off, as if toward officials. Gesturing toward Nikky] This year's crop of ball boys is pretty pitiful.*

MISS CHARLOTTE. Scarlett O'Hara wasn't too bad. But you are NEVER to be Attila the Hun again. The roto-rooter man almost refused to believe me.

MINSEY. *[Sitting, speaking to another chair] That's right, Barbara. I appreciate you inviting me to appear on 20/20. [NOTE: Update as needed]*

MISS CHARLOTTE. What are we going to do with you?

MINSEY. That's a tough one, but . . . *[She stops in mid-sentence and jumps up into a prize-fighter stance] But I shoulda took him in three. [MISS CHARLOTTE nudges NIKKY, who responds without even looking up]*

NIKKY. Rocky. *[NOTE: As above, once this name no longer works, substitute the name of another well-known boxing figure of fact or fiction]*

MINSEY. I gotta do-a some road work now. On the road.

MISS CHARLOTTE. *[Calling as MINSEY exits] Oh, Minsey? The Registrar says you are not to enroll under any more names. Six is enough—and three of you are failing two classes! [With one last run at her notes]*

And, in conclusion, remember that cleanliness is next to— *[she can't find the next card]* —well, everything is next to something. *[There is a very loud crash from the direction where Minsey just went. MISS CHARLOTTE moves off, chiding her]* Minsey, PLEASE stay out of the walk-in freezer! *[A very smartly dressed woman, DOCTOR BONHAM, enters the room, obviously seeking someone. She looks around and sees Nikky asleep on the couch. She touches Nikky lightly]*

NIKKY. *[Without looking up]* Maybe she's Humphrey Bogart again. That lasted a week.

DOCTOR BONHAM. What are you talking about?

NIKKY. *[Finally looking up, then jumping to her feet]* Doctor Bonham!

DOCTOR BONHAM. *[Still looking around]* Is Mrs. Murray here?

NIKKY. *[Trying to conceal her face from Doctor Bonham]* I'll check.

DOCTOR BONHAM. Don't I know you?

NIKKY. No, no! You don't know me at all.

DOCTOR BONHAM. Some years back, . . . We haven't met?

NIKKY. Never.

DOCTOR BONHAM. No matter. Just tell Mrs. Murray I'm here. *[NIKKY exits hastily as DOCTOR BONHAM studies the room. MINSEY enters, coming up on the Doctor's blind side, very quietly. She mimes pulling a club from a golf bag (or uses substitute—like a broom)]*

MINSEY. *[Peering over Doctor Bonham's shoulder. Speaks very loudly]* FORE! *[As she swings, DOCTOR BONHAM jumps, completely taken off guard. MINSEY continues]* This Palm Beach course is the toughest. Whattaya think, Caddy? A nine iron?

DOCTOR BONHAM. A nine iron?

MINSEY. Always questions! You want questions? Well, I've got one for you. *[She becomes ultra-feminine and sophisticated]* How are we to arrange the guests this Saturday? *[Parading back and forth]* Everything has to be just so for the President and I am beside myself. You can't put the Moslems next to the Christians and who does that leave at the Middle Eastern Gala? Just who does it leave?

DOCTOR BONHAM. I don't know.

MINSEY. NOBODY! THAT'S WHO! *[Pacing again]* And things just get worse and worse. I haven't been able to find decent Chinese fast food for six months and you know how the President likes a nice egg roll during David Letterman. *[Update when needed. DOCTOR BON-*

HAM is looking around nervously, wondering what to do. MINSEY is through here, though, and announces her exit] But, I must be off. [*DOCTOR BONHAM is about to respond to this, but MISS CHARLOTTE enters, speaking*]

MISS CHARLOTTE. [*Addressing Doctor Bonham*] Keely, your room is an unholy mess. I want you to march right up . . .

DOCTOR BONHAM. Miss Charlotte, I am no longer a student.

MISS CHARLOTTE. We all get discouraged now and again, dear.

DOCTOR BONHAM. I haven't lived here in fifteen years, Miss Charlotte. I am the Dean of Fine Arts.

MISS CHARLOTTE. It's our dreams that keep us alive, isn't it?

DOCTOR BONHAM. [*Giving up*] Yes, I guess so.

MISS CHARLOTTE. [*Exiting*] We'll forget about that old room and I'll get us some gingerbread. [*She is gone just as SIMON's re-entrance is announced by a huge "Sku-wee!" from the stairway. He enters, followed by JANELLE. Neither notice Doctor Bonham, of course*]

SIMON. Sku-wee! Sku-wee! Janelle, I cannot get it right. You're the only one who can.

JANELLE. Simon, I just made that sound to keep you happy. But I refuse to sing on a recital as the voice of a sand crab.

SIMON. I won't use your name.

JANELLE. No.

SIMON. You can wear a mask!

JANELLE. NO!

SIMON. All right. It's back to getting the real crab's voice loud enough.

JANELLE. Have you tried a microphone?

SIMON. He keeps walking away from it.

JANELLE. [*Exasperated*] Why not pin it to his tie?

SIMON. Sand crabs do not wear ties. [*But he thinks further*] On the other hand— [*gesturing near his own neck as he exits*] maybe just a little bow, right at the . . . [*He is gone. JANELLE just shakes her head. She has not noticed Doctor Bonham standing there*]

DOCTOR BONHAM. I've heard that love is blind, but it must be deaf, too. [*Finally seeing her Aunt*]

JANELLE. Aunt Keely! What are you doing at the FAUGH?

DOCTOR BONHAM. An emergency. My favorite niece [*indicating Janelle*] and her friends may be tossed into the street.

JANELLE. I'd better get Miss Charlotte.

DOCTOR BONHAM. I already tried that. How can you people function with her in charge?

JANELLE. She isn't really "in charge."

DOCTOR BONHAM. What is she?

JANELLE. In capacity that anyway, Waddy takes care of whatever comes up—on the phone.

DOCTOR BONHAM. Waddy?

JANELLE. He's the janitor, I guess. He lives in the basement. None of us have ever seen him.

DOCTOR BONHAM. Oh, yes. Waddy. None of us ever saw him either. *[Making a note]* Strange.

JANELLE. Nicky helps out some so she can keep her place on the couch.

DOCTOR BONHAM. *[Finally remembering]* Nicky! Nicolette Freeman, right?

JANELLE. I think so.

DOCTOR BONHAM. So she's hiding out here.

JANELLE. Hiding out?

DOCTOR BONHAM. Nicky's a legend at the registrar's office—she used to sign up for classes. She just pretends to be a student now—to keep her parents' money coming. This makes her ninth year. *[Not looking Up Center, but speaking to Nicky]* And you can come out of there, Nicky. I see you.

NIKKY. *[Who has been hiding just out of sight on the landing. Entering]* Dr. Bonham, I promise to sign up for classes next semester.

DOCTOR BONHAM. Forget it.

NIKKY. Please! My parents think I'm finishing my doctorate.

JANELLE. How close are you?

NIKKY. Well—I could be a sophomore by next year.

DOCTOR BONHAM. You are gone.

NIKKY. It's a terrible world out there. My dad made me get a job one summer. *[Shuddering]* I don't even want to talk about it.

DOCTOR BONHAM. Start packing. *[NIKKY starts to exit, disconsolately. Then she turns back—one slender thread of hope]*

NIKKY. You look like a woman who's dove to have her car waxed, Dr. Bonham—I could— *DOCTOR BONHAM responds with a thumb gesture—"You're out!" NIKKY seems to exit, but really lurks just out of sight, listening]*

DOCTOR BONHAM. *[To Janelle]* How can you live in this mad-

house? I ought to just let that Watkins woman turn it into her museum.

JANELLE. Museum?

DOCTOR BONHAM. The founder's granddaughter wants to make the FAUGH a museum honoring her uncle John.

JANELLE. Who's that?

DOCTOR BONHAM. Her grandfather, George Killian Watkins, had two sons—John Q. and George, Jr. Junior followed his father into real estate but John Q. wanted to be an artist. So the elder Watkins built this college—mainly for the tax advantages.

JANELLE. What is John Q.'s part in this?

DOCTOR BONHAM. John Q. Watkins lived here at the FAUGH—and turned out to be a major art talent. His death a few years later shot the prices of his paintings through the roof. *[HERBERT enters during the next line and interrupts it with a howl as he looks at his computer screen]*

JANELLE. How did he . . .

HERBERT. It happened again! *[Reading]* "Be my honey, Herbie." *[Turning very earnest]* I'm going to get this stopped. *[Taps at the keys furiously, looking at screen as he types]* "Please type access code." *[Hits return button, then thinks very hard as EV enters behind him and watches him work, adoringly. DOCTOR BONHAM and JANELLE watch, not knowing what is going on]* I need a password so clever that nobody will think of it. Ah! *[typing]* E-R-B-E-R-T-H-A-Y—*[pronouncing it pig-Latin style—"Erbert-hay"]* "Erberthay"—who could crack that? *[HERBERT types a few more keys, hits a final "enter" and walks off, proudly. EV walks off behind him, silently mouthing "Erberthay, Erberthay"]*

DOCTOR BONHAM. I would think that was a very strange scene—if I hadn't already heard about Herbert Schnell. What's he doing in the Fine Arts housing?

JANELLE. It was the only dorm he could find.

DOCTOR BONHAM. The others were full?

JANELLE. No, he just couldn't find them. But how did this John Watkins die?

DOCTOR BONHAM. The family won't talk about it. The rumor is that he ran off with a circus, there was a train wreck—and he was eaten by a crazed seal act. I don't think I'll mention that story while Miss Watkins is here this afternoon.

JANELLE. But why close the FAUGH?

DOCTOR BONHAM. Georgia Killian Watkins has heard that a bunch of weirdos and oddballs are living here.

JANELLE. Odder than somebody who was eaten by seals?

DOCTOR BONHAM. Rich people are called “eccentric”—Fine Arts Under-Graduate Housing, on the other hand, is stuffed with oddballs.

JANELLE. There are plenty of normal people here.

DOCTOR BONHAM. You consider your boyfriend normal?

JANELLE. Well, no. But I never met anybody like him.

DOCTOR BONHAM. Not on this planet.

JANELLE. Where’s your sense of adventure, Aunt Keely?

DOCTOR BONHAM. I traded it for a guaranteed space on the faculty parking lot. Face it, Janelle, the FAUGH is doomed.

NIKKY. *[Calling from off, Up Center]* Maybe not.

DOCTOR BONHAM. *[Turning toward Nikky’s voice]* You are a memory here, Nikky. We teach about you in history.

NIKKY. Even if I can save the FAUGH?

DOCTOR BONHAM. You will save the FAUGH when the Statue of Liberty gets a hickey.

NIKKY. Your loss.

JANELLE. Why not hear her out?

DOCTOR BONHAM. Oh, all right. At least you’re experienced in long-term deception, Nikky.

NIKKY. Exactly. Now, I figure— *[But the plan cannot be revealed because KOKO and VINCE are coming through again]*

KOKO. Admit it, Vince, you didn’t WANT to pick up that little piece of marble for me.

VINCE. Koko, the man told me to pull my fork lift up to their dock. A chunk that size is over 3400 pounds! That’s the same weight as a Buick.

KOKO. *[Turning away, pouting]* There you go, whining again.

VINCE. Koko— *[A thought strikes him]* Actually, I didn’t get the marble because—it just isn’t you.

KOKO. *[Turning back to him, still put out]* It is, too. Marble is me all over.

VINCE. You always say you don’t want to get stuck in the same old things. What’s more same old than marble?

KOKO. Well . . .

VINCE. You always break new ground. Nobody else mixed tempera and toad spit until you did. *[DOCTOR BONHAM throws her hands up]*

and starts to walk out, but NIKKY grabs her and holds her as the conversation continues]

KOKO. That WAS pretty revolutionary.

VINCE. And it's time to strike again.

KOKO. Vince, you're right.

VINCE. Of course. Now how about lunch?

KOKO. *[Starting to exit]* Forget it! I've gotta research every artist's medium ever tried. *[Stops and turns back to Vince before leaving]* If it hadn't been for you, Vince, I might have wound up like that hack, Michelangelo. *[VINCE just watches her leave, half-relieved about the marble incident, but still wishing his relationship with Koko could be a bit less—something]*

NIKKY. This is perfect. *[VINCE starts to leave, but NIKKY stops him]* Vince, hold it a minute.

VINCE. What's up?

NIKKY. Just listen. *[Turns to Doctor Bonham]* OK. Georgia Killian Watkins might not shut us down if we could convince her that the FAUGH is a class act.

DOCTOR BONHAM. Drugging her is out of the question, Nikky.

VINCE. Shut us down?

JANELLE. *[Shushing him]* I'll explain later.

NIKKY. We just put our best feet forward—*[gesturing to Janelle and Vince]* with Ken and Barbie, here.

VINCE. What's going on?

JANELLE. Later.

DOCTOR BONHAM. I get you. We pass these two off as typical inmates—uh, residents.

NIKKY. Sure. Dress them up and give them each a tray of hors d'oeuvres. But what would be the most impressive thing of all? *[MINSEY leaps into the room]*

MINSEY. *[Screaming]* Everybody into the shower room for water polo practice!

NIKKY. Here's our trump card now.

DOCTOR BONHAM. Your mind has finally jelloed, Nikky.

NIKKY. You are so unimaginative—even for an administrator. *[MINSEY has been looking around, trying to get her team together—nobody has shown]*

MINSEY. Anyone not reporting immediately does ten minutes in the alligator pool—that'll chop those lap times down to size.