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Family Plays

HIPPIE

Book and lyrics by R. Eugene Jackson
Music by David Blackburn



HIPPIE

Musical comedy. Book and lyrics by R. Eugene Jackson. Music by David Blackburn. Cast: 5m., 11w. There was a time when the landscape was dotted with tie-dyed shirts, long hair and sandals. It was the era of peace and love, and it is the setting for R. Eugene Jackson's *Hippie*. Beads, Starlet, Moonshine and Daffodil want change at Arnold J. Periwinkle Junior College. They want straight A's for every student, coffee with every exam and free concerts every week. It's a laugh-a-minute as the group clashes with incompetent campus police officers, a high-handed administration, and a group of yuppies who go undercover to infiltrate the hippie clique. Events escalate into a riot led by two little old ladies hired by the yuppies to serve as thugs. Eventually the groups begin to see eye to eye, and everything comes together in a concert thrown by the administration that hilariously spoofs Sonny and Cher's "I Got You, Babe." A gut-buster for audiences of all ages. *Set: a college campus with a few benches, etc. The genders and names of students may be changed. It is important to have fun with the costumes and feel free to exaggerate clothing to complement each character's personality. Approximate running time: 80 minutes. Piano-vocal score available. Vocal score available. Demo/accompaniment CD available. Code: HD9.*

Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098-3308
Phone: (800) 448-7469 / (815) 338-7170
Fax: (800) 334-5302 / (815) 338-8981

www.FamilyPlays.com

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Hippie

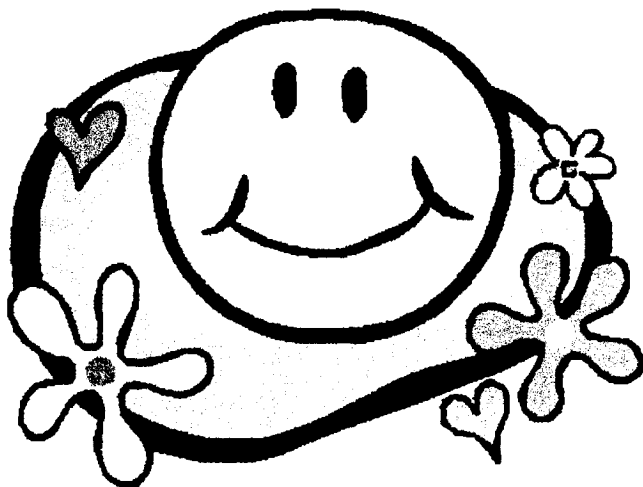
Hippie

A Groovy Musical in 2 Acts by

R. EUGENE JACKSON

Music by

DAVID BLACKBURN



Family Plays

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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(HIPPIE)

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ABOUT THE PLAY

There was a time when the landscape was dotted with tie-dyed shirts, long hair, and sandals. It was the era of peace and love, and it is the setting for R. Eugene Jackson's *Hippie*. Beads, Starlet, Moonshine, and Daffodil want change at Arnold J. Periwinkle Junior College. They want straight A's for every student, coffee with every exam, and free concerts every week. It's a laugh-a-minute as the group clashes with incompetent campus police officers, a high-handed administration, and a group of yuppies who go undercover to infiltrate the hippie clique. Events escalate into a riot led by two little old ladies hired by the yuppies to serve as thugs, but eventually the groups begin to see eye to eye, and everything comes together in a concert thrown by the administration that hilariously spoofs Sonny and Cher's "I Got You, Babe." A gut-buster for audiences of all ages.

Musical Numbers

ACT I

1. Overture
2. "Ten Demands" Beads, Starlet, Moonshine, Daffodil, Chorus
- 2a. Flashback Music Band
- 2b. Flashback Ends Band
3. "Hippie" Dr. Skroll, Mrs. Padd, Chorus
- 3a. Flashback Music Band
- 3b. Flashback Ends Band
4. "No Parking" Brack, Gilliam, Phylo, Minnie (chorus)
5. "Hippie," reprise Dr. Skroll, Mrs. Padd, Officer Cook
- 5a. Time Elapses Music Band
6. "I'm the Brains" Starlet, Brack, Moonshine, Daffodil
7. "Flower Children" Moonshine, Daffodil
8. "The People's Parking Lot" Beads, Brack, Hippies

ACT II

9. Entr'acte Band
10. "Capricorn the Goat" Chorus
- 10a. Flashback Music Band
- 10b. Flashback Ends Band
- 10c. Flashback Music Band
- 10d. Flashback Ends
11. "Riot" Brack, Phylo, Minnie
12. "My Tie-Dyed Dude" Gilliam, Beads
13. "I Want You, Babe" Sunny and Chare
14. "My Tie-Died Dude," reprise Gilliam, Beads
- 14a. Flashback Music Band
- 14b. Flashback Ends Bands
15. "Hippie!" reprise Beads, Chorus
16. Curtain Call Music The Company

CAST

College students

Hippies:

Beads
Starlet
Moonshine
Daffodil

Non-hippies:

Gilliam
Minnie
Phylo
Brack

Other hippie and non-hippie students as desired

Dr. Skroll, *female president of the college*

Ms. Padd, *her secretary*

Officer Cook, *a male university police officer*

Officer Andrews, *a female university police officer*

Sunny and Chare, *satiric versions of Sonny and Cher*

Two “little old ladies”

It is acceptable to change the genders of characters (and their names accordingly) if it otherwise fits with the story.

Hippie! was first produced by the Tuscloosa Academy, Tuscaloosa, Alabama, with Matthew H. von Redlich as the director and Emily S. von Redlich as the producer/Musical Director.

PRODUCTION NOTES

Properties

microphone—Beads
 water jug—Starlet
 leaflets—Moonshine
 Daffodil—flowers (not daffodils)
 list of demands—Beads
 licorice—Daffodil
 books & school supplies—Brack, Phylo, Minnie, & Gilliam
 ticket pads & pencils—Andrews & Cook
 tickets—Beads
 food & drink—other students
 cameras—Cook & Andrews
 bullhorn—Dr. Skroll
 handkerchiefs & batons—officers
 cookies—Cook & Andrews

Costumes

Costuming for each character in *Hippie* should distinctly accentuate the type of role the character plays. Beads, Starlet, Moonshine, and Daffodil should wear obviously hippie-style dress (long hair, tie-dyed shirts, beads, headbands, etc.). Brack, Gilliam, Phylo, & Minnie should originally be garbed as normal students and later as outlandishly hippie-like as possible. Their latter outfits should also be blatantly fake to set them off from the normal hippies. Cook and Andrews are dressed in security or police outfits, but perhaps with pant-legs and/or arms too short to make the two appear harmless and somewhat incompetent. Dr. Skroll and Mrs. Padd might be clothed as you would expect to see a stern school teacher from the 1950's. Above all, it is important to have fun with these costumes and feel free to exaggerate clothing to complement the character's personalities.

The Set

ACT I

Scene 1—a grassy area under some trees at Arnold J. Periwinkle Jr. College

Scene 2—same setting, the following Monday

ACT II

Scene 1—one week later

HIPPIE

1. Overture

Act I

[A grassy area under some trees on the campus of Arnold J. Periwinkle Junior College; a few park benches; possibly a park table; a small stage, preferably with a microphone. It is high noon in early Spring 1970.]

AT RISE: BEADS, a college-aged hippie wearing the traditional hippie clothing and sandals and long, bushy hair, stands on the stage. He has enough beads around his neck to cripple a normal person. He is a goofy, but pleasant young man. Accompanying him are STARLET, MOONSHINE, and DAFFODIL, the female versions of the same thing. STARLET is brash, carries a water jug, and stands beside BEADS on the stage. MOONSHINE seems empty-headed, but carries a broad smile and serene look on her face. She holds a packet of leaflets. DAFFODIL dresses in the 50's style with nearly a dozen petticoats, making her look dumpy and in a time warp. She carries a handful of flowers that are clearly not daffodils. A CROWD of hippie and non-hippie students gathers.]

2. Ten Demands

[The first four bars of the MUSIC vamps under the following dialogue.]

BEADS. *[to the crowd]* Dudes and dude-ettes...peace! *[He makes a "V" sign using his index and center fingers.]*

CROWD. Peace! *[They return the sign.]*

BEADS. *[in an oratorical style]* Students of Arnold J. Periwinkle Junior College and Technical School, man, we've got big time problems here.

CROWD. Yeah!

BEADS. Problems that need to be addressed.

CROWD. Yeah!

BEADS. Problems that have been ignored for too long.

CROWD. Yeah!

BEADS. So we're marching on the administratin building.

[The CROWD cheers.]

BEADS. *[He holds up a sheet of paper.]* And we're going to give President Skroll a list of ten demands.

STARLET. *[She steps in front of him.]* Ten demands!

BEADS. *[He gently pushes her aside. To the CROWD.]* And here they are.

[The vamp goes directly into the song.]

STARLET. *[spoken]* Number one.

BEADS. *[He sings.]* We want incense candles in ev'ry room
To free our minds of classroom gloom.

STARLET. *[spoken]* Number two.

BEADS. We want student voting on ev'ry speech
To brief the teachers on what to teach.

STARLET. *[spoken]* And the third.

BEADS. We want student desks to be removed
So we can dance when we're in the groove

STARLET. *[spoken]* Want the fourth?

BEADS. We think this is a good and hard-fast rule:
If anyone's sick, we close the school.

[The CROWD cheers. The MUSIC vamps under as MOONSHINE speaks to a guy.]

MOONSHINE. Hi. I'm Moonshine. I shine like the moon. *[She holds her smiling face between her spread out hands.]*

GUY. *[suspiciously]* You're selling moonshine?

SECOND GUY. You're going to moon us?

MOONSHINE. *[shocked]* Oh!

BEADS/STARLET. *[He sings]* Ten demands, we've got ten demands,
And we will never retract them.
Big demands; we've got big demands,
So read 'em and then enact them.

STARLET. We're not delirious.

BEADS. Our needs are serious.

BEADS/STARLET. We've got ten—count 'em—big demands.

STARLET. *[spoken]* Number five.

BEADS. Since we're just too busy with campus capers,
Do not assign us any papers.

STARLET. *[spoken]* Sixth demand.

BEADS. And to help the students feel right at ease,
We want the classes to be a breeze.

STARLET. *[spoken]* Seventh one.

BEADS. You know we stay up all night and cram,
So serve us coffee with each exam.

STARLET. *[spoken]* Number eight.

BEADS. And to ease the stress of taking tests
We want a dozen donuts on all the desks.

[As the MUSIC vamps under, DAFFODIL speaks to a woman in the crowd.]

DAFFODIL. Hello. I'm Daffodil. I give out daffodils to help people find peace in their souls. *[She hands one to her.]*

WOMAN. But these aren't daffodils!

DAFFODIL. *[She looks down at her flowers, hurt. Then she looks at Beads.]* Oh!

ALL. *[They sing.]*

Ten demands; we've got ten demands,
And it's our plan to report them.

Big demands; we've got big demands,
So it's our hope she'll support them.

STARLET. They're not frivolous.

BEADS. They will deliver us.

ALL. We've got ten—count 'em—ten big demands.

STARLET. *[spoken]* Nine.

BEADS. For our list'ning pleasure this we want—
A cost-free concert every month.

[The CROWD cheers.]

STARLET. *[spoken]* Ten.

[The MUSIC stops.]

BEADS. What?

STARLET. You said there were ten demands. That's only nine.

BEADS. Nine?

STARLET. Nine.

[BEADS looks embarrassed and tries to decide what to do. Then he does. The MUSIC restarts.]

BEADS. Nine demands; we've got...

ALL. Nine demands.

SOME. Read 'em.

OTHERS. Count 'em.

ALL. Support 'em

All...

Nine...

Big...

Demands...

[After the song, STARLET turns to Moonshine.]

STARLET. *[gruffly]* Moonshine, you got the leaflets?

MOONSHINE. *[A smile easily sweeps across her serene face.]* Oh, yeah.

STARLET. *[impatiently as she takes a few]* Well, hand them out. What do you think they're for? *[She does.]*

DAFFODIL. *[being ignored]* And I've got my daffodils.

STARLET. *[sarcastically]* How sweet! *[DAFFODIL gives out a couple of flowers.]*

STARLET. *[curtly to a male student as she gives him a flyer]* Read this. *[to his girlfriend]* Here; you read it to him. I don't think he knows how to read.. *[The MALE STUDENT turns up his nose and exits.]*

GIRLFRIEND. Hey, Nooney, wait for me. *[He rushes off after him.]*

MOONSHINE. Starlet, you're frightening them away.

DAFFODIL. *[to a man]* Here. Have a daffodil.

MAN. Don't mind if I do. *[He looks off left and strikes a dramatic pose.]* Tina, my darling, I'm coming for you. *[He puts the flower between his teeth and dashes off.]* Wheeee!

MOONSHINE. *[in a pleasant voice, to a female student]* Here you are. This will tell you how you're being manipulated by the college. *[She smiles.]*

FEMALE STUDENT. *[She takes it.]* What can I do about it?

MOONSHINE. *[She is not sure.]* Uhhh, join the army? *[Flustered, the STUDENT exits.]*

BEADS. *[calls after her]* She meant you should join our movement.

MOONSHINE. *[she smiles]* Yeah.

STARLET. *[She turns to Beads who is watching from the stage.]* Well? Are you just going to stand there? *[He goes to her.]* How did you ever get anything done before I showed up?

BEADS. Starlet, I've been making speeches here every Monday for the past three years without your help.

STARLET. Three years? This is a junior college. It only has two years.

BEADS. Well, some of us like to take our time.

[DR. SKROLL, a well-dressed, older lady—and President of the college—enters with MRS. PADD, her secretary, in tow.]

STARLET. *[steps in front of her and hands her a flyer]* Get smart. Dump the administration.

DR. SKROLL. I *am* the administration.

STARLET. *[She points off left.]* The dump's that way.

DAFFODIL. *[hands her a flower]* Have a daffodil.

DR. SKROLL. *[as she turns her head away]* Get that out of my sight. I'm allergic to all plant life.

DAFFODIL. Then how about a licorice? *[She pulls a piece from her bag and holds it out to her.]* It's only slightly used.

DR. SKROLL. Are you insane? That stuff turns your teeth black.

MRS. PADD. And black is not a good color for teeth.

DR. SKROLL. I can handle this, Mrs. Padd. You just take notes.

MRS. PADD. Certainly, Dr. Skroll. *[She pulls out a pad and pencil.]*

BEADS. *[He tries to calm DR. SKROLL.]* President Skroll—peace.

DR. SKROLL. *[to BEADS]* Mr. Beads! You again. How long have you been carrying on this little crusade of yours?

BEADS. Oh...

MRS. PADD. Once a week, every week, since 1967.

DR. SKROLL. For three years?!

MRS. PADD. And look what he's done just this year.

#2a: Flashback Music

MRS. PADD. September first.

BEADS. *[He takes a flyer from MOONSHINE and hands it to MRS. PADD.]* Here's an important demand from the student body.

MRS. PADD. What student body?

BEADS. Me.

MRS. PADD. [*She hands it to Dr. Skroll as if Beads were not in the room*] From a student: some sort of demand.

SKROLL. [*as she ignores it and reads other papers*] Throw it away.

MRS. PADD. [*She wads it up and tosses it into the air.*] Four weeks later and four demand letters later.

BEADS. [*He takes another flyer from Moonshine and hands it to Mrs. Padd.*] A couple of demands from the student government in exile.

MRS. PADD. The student government is not in exile.

BEADS. They are, but they just don't know it.

MRS. PADD. [*She hands it to Dr. Skroll.*] Two demands this month.

DR. SKROLL. Twice the trash.

MRS. PADD. [*She wads it up and throws it into the air*] Early November.

BEADS. [*He repeats the action.*] A list of demands.

MRS. PADD. [*She repeats her actions.*] Another list. More demands.

DR. SKROLL. More fodder for File Thirteen.

MRS. PADD. [*She wads it up and throws it into the air.*] Et cetera, et cetera. Until March third.

DR. SKROLL. Wait a minute. Wasn't March the third a Saturday?

BEADS. A protester never takes a holiday.

MRS. PADD. And neither does the list. It was seven demands that month.

BEADS. The creative juices were really beginning to flow. You know?

DR. SKROLL. No more demands. I don't want to read any more demands.

MRS. PADD. You haven't read any of them.

DR. SKROLL. Right. And I don't intend to start now.

#2b: The Flashback Ends

DR. SKROLL. That was then. This is now. [*She turns to Moonshine.*] Give me those. [*She grabs a handful of flyers and tosses them into the air.*] There. That's what I think of your demands.

BEADS. But, Dr. Skroll, I spent a lot of time developing those.

DR. SKROLL. And I spent a lot of time rejecting them. You should spend more time on your books and less time on this radical nonsense of yours.

BEADS. Nonsense?

DR. SKROLL. And now I see you've brought in some co-conspirators.

BEADS. No, no. We're cool here. See, this is Starlet, my, uhhh...

STARLET. His new girlfriend.

BEADS. My new chick.

STARLET. We share the same...

MRS. PADD. Yes?

STARLET. ...ideas...on freedom from tyranny, liberty, and the guarantee of straight A's in the classroom.

DR. SKROLL. Even if you don't deserve them?

BEADS. What she means is...

MOONSHINE. All human beings deserve straight A's.

BEADS. This is Starlet's sister—Moonshine.

STARLET. Although I don't claim her. Who would?

DR. SKROLL. And who is this? *[She indicates Daffodil.]*

DAFFODIL. Hi.

BEADS. I don't know. She followed me home one day.

STARLET. So he kept her.

BEADS. *[He takes a flyer from Starlet and shows it to Dr. Skroll.]*

These are our demands for this week.

DR. SKROLL. How many times do I have to reject these before you get the picture, Mr. Beads?

STARLET. We won't stop until you've approved every one of them. And a few more I have in mind. *[to the other Hippies]* Isn't that right?

HIPPIES. Right!

STARLET. We're staying right here.

HIPPIES. Right here!

STARLET. And we're speaking every week.

HIPPIES. Every week!

STARLET. Until we get our way!

HIPPIES. Right!

DR. SKROLL. *[She speaks to the crowd.]* What do you ragamuffins know? You're nothing but a bunch of unwashed, stringy-haired, hippies dressed in clothes the city dump rejected. *[She sings.]*

#3: Hippie!

DR. SKROLL. Just look at your clothes.

Only bums would wear those.

Looks like they came from the city dump.

The smell of your hair,

It stinks up the air.
It's wadded and tangled in a dirty lump.

Just look at your feet.
Haven't been washed in six weeks.
They look as if they will turn sour.
Your whiskery face
Is a disgrace.
The only cure is a month in a shower.

Please clean up your act.
Stop running in a pack.
Quit being a radical hippie clique.

BEADS. *[spoken]* What can we say? *[He sings happily.]*

BEADS. We're Hippies!

HIPPIES. Hippie, hip, hippies

BEADS. We're Hippies.

HIPPIES. Don't flip your bippies.

BEADS. We're hippies.

HIPPIES. Hippie, hip, hippies

We're hippies all day, hippies all night
Hippies at play; hippies delight
We're hippies, we're hippies—all right!

DR. SKROLL. *[spoken]* But why?

BEADS. Just look at your clothes.
Only stiffs would wear those.
Looks like they came from a funeral.
Your noxious perfume
Is a toxic fume.
Don't be a stiff; turn it loose and have a ball.

Hey, dig those black shoes.
They're so tight they must bruise.
So take them off; let those big feet breathe.
Your girdle must squeeze.
You can't even sneeze.
And under it I am sure your body seethes.

HIPPIES. So clean up your act.
Stop getting on our back.
Quit being a reactionary hack.

MOONSHINE. *[spoken]* Be like us!

BEADS. We're Hippies!

HIPPIES. Hippie, hip, hippies.

BEADS. We're hippies.

HIPPIES. Don't flip your bippies.

BEADS. We're hippies.

HIPPIES. Hippie, hip, hippies

We're hippies all month, hippies all year

Hippies you love; hippies you fear.

We're hippies, we're hippies—let's cheer!

[they cheer]

Let's cheer.

[they cheer]

All right.

BEADS. *[spoken]* We gotta be ourselves.

HIPPIES. *[spoken]* Hippies!

DR. SKROLL. *[She points to the flyers on the ground.]* Well, "hippies," clean up this litter!

[She and MRS. PADD exit in a huff. The HIPPIES begin to disperse and exit.]

CROWD. *[ad-libbing]* Let's get out of here. It's no use. We'll never win. I give up.

BEADS. *[calls after them]* Wait! Wait! Don't go! We can't give up. We have to fight for our rights. We'll never win if we surrender. We've got to work together. Come back.

HIPPIE ONE. Nah, man, we're gone.

BEADS. Cool. Well, don't forget next Monday.

STARLET. *[calls after some]* You come back here or we'll glue your homework to your eyeballs!

MOONSHINE. Starlet, you can't talk to people like that.

STARLET. I just did.

MOONSHINE. And look what happened.

STARLET. Remind me to get some glue before next week's rally.

BEADS. Cool it, Starlet. They'll be back.

STARLET. We need to do something to make things happen, Beads. They come and they listen, but they don't *do* anything.

BEADS. I'll win them over.

STARLET. When?

BEADS. Eventually.

STARLET. Not soon enough.

DAFFODIL. You know what?

STARLET. What?

DAFFODIL. I need to get some more daffodils.

STARLET. *[disgustedly]* How sweet!

[They gather in a group and discuss plans. Meanwhile, FOUR NON-HIPPIES enter from right. They are Brack, a handsome but rude sophomore, Phylo, an off-beat sophomore, and their respective girlfriends, attractive Gilliam and off-beat Minnie. BRACK carries a parking ticket. The others carry books and other school supplies.]

BRACK. I can't believe they gave me another parking ticket! Doesn't this college have anything better to do than hand out parking tickets?

GILLIAM. Well, yeah, Brack. They hand out other kinds of tickets too. Don't you remember all your encounters with the campus police?

#3a: Flashback Music

[OFFICER COOK steps to Brack's right while OFFICER ANDREWS steps to his left. They wear campus police uniforms and carry pads full of tickets. COOK turns toward Brack and rips off the top ticket and hands it to him.]

GILLIAM. The first day of class.

COOK. Sir, you're parked illegally. You can pay this ticket at the Bursar's office.

BRACK. *[sarcastically as he takes the ticket]* Great.

GILLIAM. The second day of class.

ANDREWS. [*She tears off a ticket and hands it to Brack.*] Sir, you were speeding on campus. You can pay your fine at the Bursar's office.

BRACK. [*sarcastically*] Just what I needed.

GILLIAM. The fourth day of class.

MINNIE. What happened to the third day?

GILLIAM. His car was in the garage, so we walked to school.

MINNIE. Oh.

COOK. [*hands Brack another ticket*] Sir, you can't park here in the lobby of the administration building. And you'll have to pay for those doors you drove through.

MINNIE. You drove through the front doors of the administration building?

BRACK. To pay for my parking tickets.

GILLIAM. The fifth week of classes.

ANDREWS. [*gives him yet another ticket*] Sir, that was President Skroll's car you just ran into. That'll cost you. See the Bursar.

BRACK. Why not? We're on a first name basis by now.

GILLIAM. By last week...

COOK. Sir, you've broken every parking and moving violation known to man. Why don't you take a whole pad of tickets... [*He hands him a pad.*]

ANDREWS. ...and a pencil... [*ANDREWS gives him a pencil.*]

COOK. ...and turn in your own violations.

ANDREWS. And save us the trouble. [*They exit.*]

#3b: End of Flashback

MINNIE. Well, Brack, why don't you just obey the traffic rules?

BRACK. Because I don't want to, Minnie. That's why. I pay tuition here. Why shouldn't I be allowed to park wherever I want to?

PHYLO. I'm with Brack. There's not enough parking on campus, so we should mutiny—or something.

BRACK. Well, I'm not paying.

GILLIAM. But they'll expel you.

BRACK. Not if I... [*He spots Beads.*]

GILLIAM. Not if you what?

BRACK. Wait a minute. Just a minute. I've got an idea. [*to Beads*] Hey, pal. Hey!

BEADS. Are you talking to me, dude?

BRACK. Uh, yeah. I've heard you do your thing out here, you know.