

# ABOVE THE NOISE

An A Cappella Musical  
©2024 By Rick Burkhardt & Jermaine Golden

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STARRING THE FICTIONAL COLLEGIATE ALL-MALE A CAPPELLA GROUP

## THE CANONS

a cappellus personae, in order of appearance:

REMY — Archivist / videographer, Sophomore  
DRAKE — Music director, Senior  
ELDER — Oldest member of the group, Supersenior  
OFROSH — Brand new group member, Freshman  
KEWPIE — Brand new group member, Freshman  
COREY — Choreographer, Sophomore  
LOVERBOY — Sexiest member of the group, Junior  
MICHAEL and GREG — Basses, Juniors  
VP aka “VEEPER” — Vocal Percussionist, Sophomore

(all other characters are played by these ten,  
in unsubtle costumes)

ACT ONE

[In darkness, a song begins, then cuts off. Lights up. REMY, on a perhaps blank stage, speaks to us.]

REMY [phone in hand]

Pause. Hi I'm Remy, I want to show you something — it's a video on my phone. Play.

DRAKE [with musical accompaniment]

It is the dawning of your Freshman year. You are childlike and impressionable. You have wandered, by chance or by fate, into a bland trapezoidal room where auditions for the most sexually —

REMY

Pause. No, that's not it. That's Drake. He's the music director of our a cappella group. It's his first year as music director so he's... acting a little weird but that's not what I wanted to — I wanted to show you my solo — the first solo I ever did with the group. Lemme just — scroll forward — um — Play

ELDER

Drake, the bylaws / clearly state: we can admit one new member to the group, and // no more —

DRAKE

Ohhhh... // But that just seems so limiting —

ELDER

That's all that will fit in the van!

REMY

Pause. um no, that's — that's Elder — he's a senior — actually he's a supersenior — this is his fifth year — as a senior — this is not relevant to my solo — this solo is basically the highlight of my life so far, I really worked for it, so I'm just gonna fast forward to —

ELDER

wait Remy doesn't have a solo, he's only a Sophomore / — solos go to upperclassmen first, then —

DRAKE

Elder — focus — the auditions —

REMY

No — pause — don't listen to them — this video is from like *eight months ago* — I definitely have a solo now — where is it — fast forward — [a burst of music, dancing, etc] — No that's not it...

DRAKE

Remy, we still have to decide the results of the Fall auditions — so if you can just / show us —

REMY

No that was way back at the beginning of the school year / — I didn't get my solo until later.

DRAKE

Right, that's where this story / starts—

ELDER

Did you video the auditions, Remy?

DRAKE [happy about this]

Of course / he did. Remy videos everything!

REMY

Of course I did.

ELDER

Wait — are you videoing us now?

REMY [He takes his job seriously.]

Pause. Yes, videoing is my job. I'm the group's archivist. These are all videos on my phone. Play.

DRAKE

It's all on your phone, right Remy? [REMY wiggles his phone] Remy you're a god.

ELDER

He's not a god.

DRAKE

Technically he is a human with godlike powers, and we in his presence are blessed — Remy, since we owe you not merely our gratitude but in fact our very souls, —

REMY

You always say this.

DRAKE [without stopping]

can I just see your phone so I can — [REMY instinctively clutches phone to his chest] oh right, sorry. Can you show us, the audition videos, you made, on your phone?

REMY

I was just going to show them my solo.

DRAKE [as music begins to surge behind him]

Well of course...! and does that not include, Remy, the wondrous, near-mythic story of your solo coming into being...? — a story which begins with the newborn school year, the gleaming leaves of autumn, the fresh scent of the incoming freshmen —

ELDER

No, we don't need to smell the incoming freshmen —

DRAKE

Oh, but we *do*, because —

REMY

Pause. [music freezes on a chord] Okay. Ahem. [REMY sings] OKAY. OKAY DRAKE'S RIGHT. IT'S BETTER IF YOU GET TO SEE SOME CONTEXT.

FIRST I'LL SHOW YOU HOW THIS WHOLE THING STARTED,  
WE CAN WATCH MY SOLO NEXT.  
THIS, BY THE WAY, IS NOT MY SOLO — MY SOLO IS WAY COOLER THAN THIS —  
THIS IS JUST ME SETTING UP THE STORY —  
LEMME JUST SCROLL BACK TO — SCROLL BACK TO — SCROLL BACK TO — UM, OKAY.  
PAUSE. REWIND TO THE BEGINNING — PLAY.

DRAKE [with musical accompaniment]

It is the dawning of your Freshman year. You are childlike and impressionable. You have wandered, by chance or by fate, into a bland trapezoidal room where auditions for the most sexually unremarkable all-male a cappella group on campus have already begun!

ELDER

Line up by the chalkboard...

did you all bring number two pencils...

of course not. Remy!

DRAKE

Prepare your youthful voices...

...and make a futile attempt to relax...

REMY

I'm on it! [REMY grabs pencils and forms and begins to hand them out, including to the audience]

DRAKE

...while a small group of 18-to-22-year-olds radically transforms the course of your life.

REMY

He doesn't mean that. But it's true.

SONG: ABOVE THE NOISE [DEMO: TRACK #01]

DRAKE

THERE'S A LINE OF BOOTHS TO CONSUME YOUR YOUTH  
FULL OF JOCKS AND GOTHs AND FREAKS AND GEEKS AND GREEKS  
AND THEY'VE ALL GOT SOMEONE HOPING YOU'LL BECOME ONE  
BY ABOUT THE SECOND HALF OF WELCOME WEEK

THERE'S A CAMPUS TOUR, THERE'S A VAST BROCHURE  
DETAILING RULES WHICH ONLY FOOLS WILL UNDERSTAND  
AND BY THE GRACE OF GOD YOU WILL ESCAPE THE QUAD  
WITH A CRINKLED MASS OF PAMPHLETS IN YOUR HAND

AND IT'S ALL ACTUALLY USELESS ADVICE  
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH A VOICE  
SO NOW IT'S UP TO YOU WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO DO  
IF YOU WANNA GET HEARD ABOVE THE NOISE.

DRAKE

Remy! Show us the solo auditions!

REMY  
Play!

AUDITIONER #1 [appearing in mid-audition]  
I JUST WANT YOUR EXTRA TIME & YOUR FIDDLE-DIDDLE-DIDDLE-DIDDLE-IT!

ELDER [to REMY, who switches to a different video]  
Next!

AUDITIONER #2 [appearing in mid-audition]  
PLEASE ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF

ELDER  
Next! [again REMY switches the video, DRAKE objecting silently]

AUDITIONER #3 [appearing in mid-audition]  
I GOT FRIENDS IN LOW PLACES. / WHERE THE WHISKEY DROWNS AND THE BEER  
CHASES MY BLUES AWAY.

ELDER  
Next! [REMY adds a new video without stopping the old one, DRAKE is bewildered]

AUDITIONER #4 [overlapping]  
TELL ME WHY (AIN'T NOTHIN BUT A HEARTACHE) TELL ME WHY (AIN'T NOTHIN BUT  
A / MISTAKE)

ELDER  
Next!

OFROSH  
I SHOULDA BOUGHT YOU FLOWERS AND HELD YOUR HAND.  
SHOULDA GAVE YOU ALL MY HOURS WHEN I HAD THE CHANCE.

[ELDER taps REMY on the shoulder, REMY is about to switch the video again, DRAKE stops him]

OFROSH  
TAKE YOU TO EVERY PARTY CAUSE ALL YOU WANTED TO DO WAS DANCE.  
NOW MY BABY'S DANCIN BUT DANCIN WITH ANOTHER MAN.

DRAKE  
Do we have any more from him?

REMY  
Uhh...

[REMY clicks but all they've got is:]

AUDITIONER #1  
I'M SO FANCY. YOU ALREADY KNOW!

DRAKE

I also like this!

[ELDER taps REMY on the shoulder repeatedly, REMY starts AUDITIONERS #2 #3 and #4]

AUDITIONER #1

I'M IN THE FAST LANE, FROM L.A. TO TOKYO!

AUDITIONER #2 [overlapping]

YOU GOTTA FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT TO PARTY!

AUDITIONER #3 [overlapping]

I SAID A HIP, HOP, THE HIPPIE THE HIPPIE TO THE HIP HOP HOPPA YA DON'T STOP A-ROCKIN TO THE / BANG BANG BOOGIE SAID UP JUMPS THE BOOGIE TO THE RHYTHM OF THE BOOGIE THE BEAT!

DRAKE

These guys are great!

AUDITIONER #4 [overlapping]

BOW WOW WOW YIPPEE OH YIPPEE AY! BOW WOW YIPPEE OH YIPPEE AY!

DRAKE [to Remy]

Bring us more!

AUDITIONER #1

WE ALL LIVE IN A YOLO SUBMARINE! YOLO SUBMARINE! YOLO SUBMARINE! Hashtag yolo!

ELDER

Stop the video. The bylaws forbid hashtags in auditions.

DRAKE

Since when?

ELDER

1874.

DRAKE

That makes no sense.

REMY [pauses. ELDER and DRAKE freeze. REMY turns to us.]

And then this happened. [Unpauses]

KEWPIE [staggering in out of breath]

Am I in time for the audition?

DRAKE

Can we still audition him?

ELDER

Not according to the bylaws.

DRAKE

What's your name?

KEWPIE

[pant pant] Kewpi.... [oops]

DRAKE

Kewp... what? Kewpie? Like the dolls?

KEWPIE

uh.... Yeah, Kewpie.

DRAKE

You an exchange student?

KEWPIE

yes?

DRAKE

Where you from?

KEWPIE

uh Greece. I'm from Greece.

REMY [to us]

Let's just watch that again. [rewinds]

DRAKE

Where you from?

KEWPIE

uh Greece. I'm from Greece.

DRAKE

Cool! Sing us something from Greece.

KEWPIE

SUMMER DAYS, DRIFTING AWAY,  
UH-huh [he gets clapped on the back on this last syllable]

DRAKE [clapping KEWPIE on the back]

You're moving to the next round.

ELDER [to REMY]

Show us the sightsinging round.

DRAKE

Where's the sheet music?

ELDER

Remy!

[As they continue, AUDITIONER #4 drops out, removes his AUDITIONER costume, and seamlessly becomes a member of the backup singing group. This will continue throughout the song, gradually building the complete a cappella group THE CANONS.]

DRAKE

[handing out sheet music, with REMY]

YOU CAN SURF ALL NIGHT ON THE SLICK WEBSITE  
"THINGS THAT EVERY COLLEGE FRESHMAN OUGHT TO KNOW"  
YOU CAN DISCERN AS MUCH FROM THE BAGEL BRUNCH  
WHERE THE BAGELS WERE ALL CONSUMED TWO HOURS AGO

YOU CAN ATTEND A CAUCUS AT THE COUNSELING OFFICE  
WHERE YOU'LL LEARN HOW YOU CAN TURN OUT JUST LIKE THEM  
YOU CAN COMPILE A LIST OF ALL THE TIPS YOU'VE MISSED  
AS YOU INGEST ANOTHER FIST OF M&M'S

AND IT'S ALL ACTUALLY USELESS ADVICE  
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH A VOICE  
SO NOW IT'S UP TO YOU WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO DO  
IF YOU WANNA GET HEARD ABOVE THE NOISE.

DRAKE

Round two: Sightsinging! Remy!

[OFROSH, AUDITIONER #1, and AUDITIONER #2 all do pretty good sight singing]

DRAKE [during AUDITIONER #2]

These guys are amazing!

ELDER

Next.

AUDITIONER #3 [totally lost]

Uhhhh.

DRAKE [during KEWPIE's audition — KEWPIE also sight sings pretty well]

He just got nervous.

ELDER

Dude —



DRAKE [to REMY]  
Right. All together now?

REMY  
Yep.

[all 5 of them sing together: OFROSH, AUDITIONERS #1, #2, and #3, and KEWPIE. It's not great.]

DRAKE  
Great!

[ELDER starts to say something]

DRAKE [immediately back to singing]  
YOU SHOULD NEVER GO TO ANY OFFICE HOURS  
AND YOU SHOULD PROBABLY WEAR SANDALS IN THE SHOWERS  
AND THE SECRETARIES ALL HAVE SUPERPOWERS  
THERE'S A MILLION LIFE SECRETS IN THIS SPLASHY SHEAF OF LEAFLETS  
WHICH WERE TYPED UP BY SOME PUPPET WHO JUST WANTS TO BE A BOY  
Remy!

REMY  
What?

DRAKE  
Show us the matching and blending round!

[The CANONS start teaching the remaining auditioners their parts, during which we hear.]

COREY  
Do we have any more scratch paper?

DRAKE  
Remy!

LOVERBOY  
Is somebody setting up the humidifier?

ELDER  
Remy!

MICHAEL  
What happened to the donuts?

GREG  
Veeper ate them!

EVERYBODY  
Remy!

DRAKE

Guys, Remy's trying to show us the Round 3 audition video!

REMY

Play.

THE REMAINING AUDITIONERS [#1, #2, OFROSH, and KEWPIE, in 4-part harmony]  
AND IT'S ALL ACTUALLY USELESS ADVICE  
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH A VOICE  
SO NOW IT'S UP TO YOU WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO DO  
IF YOU WANNA GET HEARD ABOVE THE NOISE

DRAKE [during the above]

Yes! These four! I wanna accept these four!

ELDER

[holds up one finger] One.

DRAKE

Life is so unfair!!!

[Auditioners finish their chorus. AUDITIONER #2 melts into the crowd.]

ELDER

Remy! Show us the choreography round!

REMY

You're looking at it!

COREY

Watch me guys! ah 5-6-7-8! [Corey demonstrates choreography] Your turn! [the remaining auditioners, OFROSH, KEWPIE, and AUDITIONER #1, try to learn]

DRAKE

Remy! Show us this in slow-mo!

REMY [in fake slo-mo]

As you wish! [He presses a button, and the song and dance slows down to slow motion.]

DRAKE

Who's that guy in the middle? Remy!

REMY

Yes master!

DRAKE

Find his facebook profile!

REMY

Right here! [He presses a button. We see AUDITIONER #1 suddenly do a bunch of Facebook selfies.]

MICHAEL

He posted that on Facebook?

ELDER

This is cyberstalking, you guys.

DRAKE

It's not technically cyberstalking!

GREG

I feel unclean.

DRAKE

Remy!

REMY

What?

DRAKE

I don't know, I just shout your name whenever I get excited.

REMY

That's the most beautiful thing I've ever heard.

ELDER

Focus! Remy!

REMY

Focusing! [punches button on phone]

[Back up to Tempo.]

COREY

Okay now all Canons join in! This one looks good when it's really tight!

MICHAEL

That's what she said!

[Everyone onstage is singing and doing the choreography. It's starting to look suspiciously like a production number.]

COREY

ONE MORE TIME!

[All the current Canons suddenly stop singing or dancing, and sit, watching the 3 remaining auditioners sing and dance alone. The auditioners falter under the sudden spotlight, but mostly hold it together.]

COREY

Come on! Come on! Keep it together!

[The three auditioners finish the chorus, with choreography, and maybe even a nifty little button. It's impressive, but after we've seen the entire group, it's slightly underwhelming, given that there's only three of them...]

REMY

Pause. [The three auditioners freeze.]

DRAKE

So these are the final three.

REMY

Yep.

ELDER

We can accept one.

DRAKE [suffering]

Remy, you told them to wait for a text message?

REMY

I did.

DRAKE

You have their numbers Remy?

REMY

[wiggles his phone]

DRAKE

I want to have your children Remy.

REMY [to us]

He always says that.

ELDER

Time to vote!

DRAKE

Oh, this harsh, loveless world.

ELDER

Close the door.

[The CANONS turn their backs, to the sound of a slamming, echoing door. The three remaining auditioners, OFROSH, KEWPIE, and AUDITIONER #1, unfreeze. It's live. It's not video. It's

awkward. OFROSH and KEWPIE look at each other for the first time.]

OFROSH

So... I guess now we wait... to hear from them?

KEWPIE

That's what they said...?

OFROSH [very shy]

You sound really... good, like... you've been singing... for a long time.

KEWPIE [a little suspicious]

Aren't we supposed to be competing?

[OFROSH's phone gets a text message.]

OFROSH [breathless, thrilled]

They want one more song...! One more song!? We've been auditioning for fifteen hours!

KEWPIE [getting a text message]

One more song! Oh my gods, I don't have anything else prepared!

OFROSH

...we'll have to wing it.

KEWPIE

Literally?

[AUDITIONER #1 didn't get a text message. Sadness.]

AUDITIONER #1

Well, good luck guys. [he leaves]

[The Canons return!]

DRAKE

It's come down to just the two of you.

It's nearly impossible for us to make this choice.

We need to hear just one more song from each of you boys.

The moment you're ready, make some noise.

[OFROSH begins, swallowing his fear, perhaps with a song a little something like this:]

OFROSH

SHE WEARS SHORT SKIRTS

I WEAR T-SHIRTS

SHE'S CHEER CAPTAIN

AND I'M ON THE BLEACHERS

DREAMING OF THE DAY

WHEN YOU WAKE UP TO FIND  
THAT WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR  
HAS BEEN HERE THE WHOLE TIME

[The Canons look to KEWPIE. KEWPIE joins, perhaps with this]

KEWPIE  
I TOOK MY TROUBLES DOWN TO MADAME ROUX  
YOU KNOW THAT GYPSY WITH THE GOLD-CAPPED TOOTH

OFROSH [rejoining]  
CAN'T YOU SEE THAT I'M THE ONE  
WHO UNDERSTANDS YOU  
BEEN HERE ALL ALONG  
SO WHY CAN'T YOU  
SEEEEEEE  
YOU BELONG WITH  
MEEEEEEE

KEWPIE [continuing simultaneously]  
OH, SHE'S GOT A SHOP DOWN ON  
THIRTY FOURTH AND VINE  
SELLING LITTLE BOTTLES OF  
LOVE POTION NUMBER  
NIIIIINE  
LOVE POTION NUMBER  
NIIIIINE

[OFROSH and KEWPIE continue singing their songs as the group joins in with the final chorus, which builds to a thrilling climax.]

THE GROUP  
AND IT'S ALL ACTUALLY USELESS ADVICE  
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS YOU CAN DO WITH YOUR VOICE  
SO NOW IT'S UP TO YOU WHAT YOU CHOOSE TO DO  
IF YOU WANNA GET HEARD ABOVE THE NOISE  
IF YOU WANNA GET HEARD ABOVE THE NOISE  
IF YOU WANNA GET HEARD ABOVE THE NOISE

[Boom. End of song. Pause. So.... what happened?]

DRAKE  
An extremely difficult decision has been made. Oh, it was a vicious, bitter battle, and you both shone brilliantly above the bloody fray. But in the end, we were forced to decide... [VP drumroll] Thank you Veeper. We were forced to decide... [sneaky glance at ELDER] we decided three hours ago we want you both. You're both in. [ELDER is flummoxed. The other CANONS explode into a frenzy of congrats and laughter and such.]

REMY

Pause. [REMY presses a button and the scene freezes. He speaks to the audience.] We're gonna fast forward here, just to get the new guys to their first-night meet-n-meat initiation party. It's like a 45 minute drive out into the cornfields. And then we are going to get to my solo. You guys ready?

KEWPIE AND OFROSH

Ready for what?

\*SCENE TWO: THE MEET & MEAT PARTY

[Fast forward: REMY pushes a button on the remote control, and the group performs a song at such high speed that not a word of it can be understood. It lasts a few seconds. Then they are at the party. Snacks! Beer! A bowl of French Onion dip travels around.]

DRAKE

Welcome, fresh shells, to your first evening of membership in the Canons!

ELDER

Once a Canon —

EVERYBODY

Always a Canon!

COREY [fast, memorized, perhaps sung]

Due to your striking vocal prowess, stunningly provocative dance moves, and awesome broability, you have arrived at your first annual ceremonial Meet and Meat — a very historically significant event of men gathering to let alcohol flow and char animals!

KEWPIE [happily]

This is still a thing?

LOVERBOY [also fast, memorized, perhaps sung]

With this solemn ceremony we honor our beloved fathering forefounders who laid each other the groundwork for our everlasting brohood, as well as the many who have come before us, after us, in front of us and behind us.

DRAKE

Three! Four!

HALF THE GROUP

WHAT'S the FRONT of our CANNONS?

THE OTHER HALF

THAT'S the SWELL of our MUZZLES!

THE FIRST HALF

WHAT'S the BACK of our CANNONS?

THE SECOND HALF

THAT'S our CHASE GIRDLES!

ALL

[a series of explosion noises, with a sharp cutoff]

DRAKE [to OFrosh, sticking a pitch pipe in his face]  
Blow a D.

[OFrosh blows it, in more or less abject terror]

SONG: CANONS' ANTHEM [DEMO: TRACK #02]

ALL CANONS [except KEWPIE and OFROSH] SING:  
OH SING WE, NOBLE CANNONS  
FOR WE ARE MEN OF PRIDE  
ACROSS THE HILLS AND VALLEYS  
WE SPREAD OUR WADDING WIDE

BE WE LANDSMEN, BE WE SEAMEN,  
BE WE FULL-SCREW BOMBARDIERS  
WE WILL FEEL NO FLAK WITH OUR GOOD LANCE-JACKS  
BRINGING UP OUR REARS

SOOOOOOOO  
SPONGE OUT THE DISCHARGE FROM THE NECK!  
FASTEN THE RAMMER TO A GOOD WAD SCREW!  
RAM THE BALL PAST THE LIP TO THE BOTTOM OF THE BORE!  
NOW OPEN THE TOUCH HOLE, INSERT THE FUSE!

AIM WITH THE KNOB, THEN OUT GOES THE SHOT  
OUT GOES THE SHOT  
OUT GOES THE SHOT  
AIM WITH THE KNOB, THEN OUT GOES THE SHOT  
BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM! BOOM!

DRAKE  
Stupid human tricks: GO!

VP  
Sixty! [begins countdown] Fifty nine! [the countdown continues]

[They go around the semicircle, each doing a Stupid Human Trick. For example: REMY puts his leg behind his head. COREY strikes a match with his foot. MICHAEL consumes the entire bowl of French Onion Dip in seconds (ew). DRAKE does Tuvan throat singing.]

DRAKE [to OFROSH]  
Go!

OFROSH  
Uhh...



MICHAEL  
Come on bro!

COREY  
You've had 20 seconds to think of one!

OFROSH  
[licks his nose. Cheers all around.]

LOVERBOY  
Exquisite!

DRAKE  
Kewpie!

KEWPIE  
I don't get what's happening.

DRAKE  
Stupid human trick!

KEWPIE  
Uhhh

COREY  
If you're a human, you must have a stupid human trick!

DRAKE  
Skip him! We can come back to him!

[They continue around the semicircle. ELDER whistles and hums simultaneously. GREG walks on his hands. LOVERBOY licks his elbow, directed at OFROSH. VP shoves 5 ping pong balls in his mouth while still counting down. Only 12 seconds left. The pressure's on!]

COREY  
Oh! Oh! Twelve seconds!

ELDER  
Come on Kewpie!

GREG  
We might actually make it!

KEWPIE  
What's a stupid human trick?

DRAKE  
Something you can do that nobody else can do!

KEWPIE

I'm... Okay my thing is matchmaking. I'm super good at making people fall in love with each other.

COREY

It has to be something you can do here!

KEWPIE [a little drunk, a little cocky]

Well I *can*...

VP

ZERO! [the time has run out]

EVERYBODY [bummed]

Awwwwww!

GREG

LAME, Kewpie, / lame!

COREY [Genuinely so sad]

Ohhh, we were so close!

DRAKE [about KEWPIE]

Be kind to our web-footed friend!

COREY [giving up on life]

Time is so cruel!

DRAKE [so kind]

I know.

[GREG's phone rings]

MICHAEL [about the phone]

You have got to be kidding me!

[VP begins to lay down a beat. It seems like he probably always lays down a beat.]

LOVERBOY [slapping Greg's ass]

Phones are supposed to be off, Sexyback.

GREG [a little pleadingly]

It's been off all day.

MICHAEL

Do not answer it!

GREG [answering it]

Suzanne?

MICHAEL [in pain]  
Agggghhh! [he begins to imitate Suzanne's voice on the phone, falsetto, into cupped hands, as GREG fends him off] WA WA WA WA WA WA WA!

ELDER [grandly, as MICHAEL continues]  
According to Canons tradition —

DRAKE [trying to steal the narration]  
Oh! this is the part where I get to —

ELDER  
the newly elected musical director —

DRAKE  
Yes — I will now —

ELDER  
is responsible for checking the meat!

REMY  
WHOSE MEAT?

ALL  
OUR MEAT!

GREG [on phone]  
Ohhh Suzanne what's wrong?

MICHAEL [to DRAKE]  
She's doing it again!!!

GREG [on phone]  
Don't get upset.

DRAKE  
It's none of our business Michael.

ELDER  
The Canons bylaws of 1874 state that cellular phones are / not permitted at —

DRAKE [turning to exit]  
Somebody come help me with the meat, I need two more hands.

COREY [already drunk]  
That's three more than usual.

ELDER [not judgemental, but perhaps confused that the timeline is off]  
Are you drunk already?

COREY

I had to get drunk very fast because I have class in six and a half hours.

DRAKE [ceremoniously to the room, with one hand protectively on COREY's shoulder]  
Corey and I shall now check [deep bow] the meat.

LOVERBOY [as they go]  
You wanna check my sausage?

DRAKE [exiting with COREY]  
I'll check your mama's sausage.

REMY [at work, getting the forms for OFROSH and KEWPIE]  
Sausage joke FAIL.

MICHAEL [to OFROSH and KEWPIE, pointing at GREG]  
Look ye now upon Greg, a poor poor foolish man, and do not let his fate become yours.

[GREG flips MICHAEL the bird, holds it in place. REMY slaps GREG's ass.]

GREG [still flipping MICHAEL the bird while talking sweetly on phone]  
Ohhhh, but I miss you too! No I'm not on my way home, but I miss you very much!

REMY [to OFROSH and KEWPIE]  
Hello! Hi. I'm Remy. Congrats on getting Canoned.

LOVERBOY [giving a weird shoulder rub to OFROSH, regarding REMY]  
Watch out for the Remy-bot. He is a nonstop sex-seeking missile.

OFROSH  
uh... really?

REMY  
Yeah, the only thing that'll stop me is if I ever actually have sex, so [shrug] pff. I'm Webmaster for the Canons' Social Media, I've just sent invitations for you to join our Facebook Group and follow our Twitter handle, and you'll see a link for our YouTube Channel on the Official Canons Website, and — [handing them paper surveys] sorry, bombarding you on your first night — if you could fill these surveys out that'll be awesome, then I can add your profiles to our website, and what you really should know about me, since we're going to be hanging out a lot, is that I basically video everything we do.

KEWPIE  
You do?

REMY  
Yeah, like I videoed what we just said. Lemme show you. [rewind]

KEWPIE  
You do?

REMY

Yeah, like I videoed what we just said. Lemme show you. [rewind]

KEWPIE

You do?

REMY

Yeah, like I videoed what we just said. Lemme—

ELDER

Put it away Remy! The bylaws clearly say: no recording the Meat & Meets! What happens tonight will be passed down only through whispered legends of our Canon Brethren!

REMY [pressing button on phone]

Pause. [everything freezes. REMY looks at us, chuckles.] heh heh. Play. [everything unfreezes]

ELDER

Imbibe we now the nectar of the gods! [opens a beer, hands it to Kewpie]

KEWPIE [Taking it enthusiastically.]

You're speaking my language. [He drinks. Oh dear. Yuck.] Ugh — Dionysus get out of my ass!

ELDER

Such an intriguing colloquialism!

COREY [entering with plate of steaks, and lots of help from DRAKE]

Charred to perfection, the animals lay their bodies before us! [Loud chorus of enthusiasm. COREY distributes steaks.]

REMY [pausing the scene again, speaking to audience]

Pause. Y'know we can actually fast forward over this part —

[Brief fast forward. Later in the party. KEWPIE and OFROSH are eating together. KEWPIE is pouring beer over his steak. There are backup vocals.]

MICHAEL [to GREG]

Are you still on the phone?

GREG [on phone]

Is it okay if I'm home in an hour?

ELDER

Nobody's driving you home in an hour, Greg.

OFROSH [a little drunk, giggling, to KEWPIE]

Right now I'm signed up for Intro to Comparative Religion, Poly Sci 101, Microfinance, Advanced Expos, which is stupid, and Post Colonial Gender Outlaw Narratives in Late 1980's Bollywood.

KEWPIE

Oh yeah, I'm... signed up for all those too.

OFROSH

Ohmigod that's unbelievable!

KEWPIE

Oh shit — it is?

OFROSH

We are going to be such amazing friends! [KEWPIE is thrown] Have you declared a major?

KEWPIE

Declared what?

OFROSH

A major, you have to declare a major, like as soon as possible.

KEWPIE [loudly]

A major!

DRAKE

A major?!

[The guys sing a gorgeous A major chord.]

OFROSH [Laughing]

Are you for real?

KEWPIE [a little too fast]

Yes, definitely I am, real, why do you ask that? I think — maybe this poor quality wine sauce alcohol juice is making you think I am not real, but —

OFROSH [shy, warm]

I — like you.

KEWPIE [that's a surprise. wow.]

You do?

MICHAEL [to OFROSH and KEWPIE]

The opposite of “love” is not “hate” — it's “Greg's girlfriend.”

GREG [covers the phone, sings sweetly to MICHAEL]

FUCK YOU MICHAEL!

MICHAEL [sings sweetly to GREG]

YOUR MOTHER'S SYPHILIS IS HER FINEST ATTRIBUTE!

DRAKE [entering with more meat, slapping GREG's ass]

No fighting in front of the kids!

REMY [pausing the scene again]

Okay sorry, that's not... I'm *going* to show you my solo, but first there's this other important, uh — [fast forward]

KEWPIE [having just tasted the meat]

Is this boar?

COREY

No, it's cow. It's a delicacy.

KEWPIE

What have you guys been doing to your cows?

LOVERBOY

That's a personal question.

DRAKE

TMI!

REMY [Pauses the scene, speaks to the audience.]

Pause, no, sorry — I'm gonna fast forward like two hours. [Fast forward]

[Two hours later. MICHAEL, COREY, and VP are taking turns throwing corn chips at GREG.]

GREG

[still on phone, singing gently, warding off corn chips the others are throwing at him]

HUSH LITTLE BABY, DON'T SAY A WORD, PAPA'S GONNA BUY YOU A MOCKINGBIRD

[GREG continues the song, with various CANONS supplying inappropriate backup vocals.]

ELDER [to KEWPIE, avuncular]

So, matchmaking! Quite a tantalizing skill! Let's be honest, the idea of matchmaking makes some of these boys a little nervous. In all my years as a 23-year-old, the things I've learned about love — I realize this may terrify you, but —

KEWPIE [pretty buzzed]

I just — like helping my friends — and you're my friends, now, right? So —

ELDER [pointing to GREG]

Well good, then: there's a man who could use some substantial matchmaking assistance. He's in a "committed relationship."

GREG [on phone]

What do you mean I'm singing it wrong?

ELDER

If you can make him fall in love with someone else, everyone here, him especially, will thank you forever. That's a promise.

KEWPIE [worried]  
A promise?

ELDER  
A deep deep promise. I believe in you. I wanna see it. I'll give you three weeks.

KEWPIE [confused]  
I don't need three weeks.

GREG [on phone]  
I'll throw all those posters away, I swear.

ELDER  
I'll give you four weeks. Kewpie, we want you to show off for us, share your deepest secrets! In return we offer you eternal bro-hood — friends for life!

KEWPIE  
Life?

ELDER  
Come on, what else can you do?

KEWPIE  
Um... Archery? Like, marksmanship?

ELDER  
Hm! Darts?

KEWPIE  
I'm good at darts.

ELDER  
Corey!

COREY  
Elder!

ELDER  
You still have that nerf dart gun?

COREY  
Affirmative!

ELDER  
And a blindfold?

COREY  
Uh yeah, I have a whole closet of blindfolds to match all my outfits.



ELDER

Would you be a little lamb chop and bring us one nerf gun and one matching blindfold?

COREY

Since you asked nicely. [goes off to get it, slapping GREG's ass on the way out]

KEWPIE

And more wine!

ELDER

He means beer!

LOVERBOY [to OFROSH, putting an arm around his neck]

Lemme put a head on that for you. [opens a new beer for him, which sprays everywhere.] Whoops! Hey! Sorry! You look good in a wet shirt.

OFROSH

You think so huh?

LOVERBOY [to OFROSH]

Haha — enough about all other subjects, let's talk about me. Around these parts I'm known as Loverboy.

OFROSH

I know.

LOVERBOY

My real name is a heavily guarded secret.

OFROSH

It's Steve.

LOVERBOY

Where'd you learn that?

OFROSH

Facebook.

LOVERBOY

Oooh, a stalker! I've always wanted a stalker. What else do you know about me?

OFROSH

You took over the solo in "Dream Police" when Ziggy graduated. And you're particularly skilled at love duets.

LOVERBOY

Mmm! Forward!

OFROSH

What's that mean?

LOVERBOY

Forward is my favorite position. HEY EVERYBODY! OFrosh here has done extensive Facebook research on every member of the group.

REMY

Oh that's awesome! So you already know about our founders Jacoby & Benidiah?

OFROSH

— um — I — [he doesn't know anything]

LOVERBOY

Don't embarrass him! He's mostly interested in me. That's natural and healthy.

COREY [bringing nerf gun and a pillowcase for a blindfold]

It's a phase.

MICHAEL

Guys, if we don't get Greg off the phone, Suzanne will literally keep him on the line until he comes home, if it takes till sunrise. She will not let him hang up.

REMY

Intervention!

ELDER

Kewpie, might your archery skills somehow come in useful here?

KEWPIE

I can shoot the phone out of his hand.

COREY

You can not.

ELDER

Five bucks says he can.

LOVERBOY

I'm in.

COREY

Me too.

ELDER

Who else?

VP

In it to win it.

COREY

With or without blindfold?

ELDER

No blindfold.

KEWPIE

I'll take the blindfold. [puts on blindfold]

COREY

Let's make it twenty bucks.

ELDER

Five, gentlemen, five, is my final offer.

MICHAEL

I'll go distract him. Ohhhh Greeeeeeeg! Greggy Weggy!

REMY [putting in five bucks]

This is my life savings.

ELDER

Should I point you in the right direction?

COREY

Spin him around!

KEWPIE [to ELDER]

Makes no difference.

LOVERBOY [spinning KEWPIE around]

Everybody paid up?

REMY [to audience]

Okay. So, we need to watch this next part in slow motion. [presses button on phone]

[KEWPIE, blindfolded, in slow motion, shoots the phone out of GREG's hand. The phone spins straight up in the air, in slow motion, and slowly falls back into GREG's other hand. GREG, stunned, looks up and sees MICHAEL.]

[Everyone is silent, except for a tirade on the phone. GREG slowly closes his phone, to the sound of an angelic "ahhh", which becomes underscoring for the next bit of dialogue.]

GREG [sings]

I LOVE YOU.

MICHAEL

Yeah that's hilarious.

GREG  
NO, IT'S... IT'S MARVELOUS. I'VE NEVER FELT THIS WAY BEFORE.

MICHAEL  
I've got something you can feel that way.

GREG  
REALLY?

MICHAEL  
Uh — No!!

GREG [on his knees]  
PLEASE — PLEASE HEAR ME OUT!

MICHAEL [increasingly upset, near violence]  
Okay this isn't funny!

GREG  
I KNOW I'M NOT VERY ARTICULATE — I'M A BASS! BUT IF YOU'LL JUST LET ME EXPRESS....

MICHAEL  
You come one step closer and you're getting a black eye — I'm serious Greg!

ELDER [to KEWPIE]  
What did you just do?

KEWPIE  
You promised everyone here would thank me.

ELDER  
uhhhh

KEWPIE [quite worried]  
You promised...!

ELDER  
That's an idiom, Kewpie, it's an American idiom —

KEWPIE [very scared, not angry]  
Elder, your promise was very clear and easily audible —

ELDER [also worried because GREG and MICHAEL are about to come to blows]  
Whatever's happening here, Kewpie, I think you need to fix it!

[KEWPIE fires second arrow. Another angelic "aaah". Arrow hits MICHAEL. Scales fall from MICHAEL's eyes. MICHAEL and GREG are now completely in love. And fully underscored.]

MICHAEL  
Greg?

GREG  
Michael?

MICHAEL  
Greg, will you forgive me? I don't know what I was thinking.

GREG  
I thought you'd never love me.

MICHAEL  
I'm so sorry, Greg, I can't believe I let you think that for even an instant.

[MICHAEL AND GREG start rolling around on floor, making out. GREG's phone is ringing.]

KEWPIE  
Will everyone thank me now?

ELDER [dryly, not laughing at all]  
Okay when did you guys plan this? This is really pretty funny.

LOVERBOY  
Serious commitment to a joke.

[The guys don't know what to do. REMY picks up the phone and looks at it.]

COREY  
Should we separate them?

DRAKE  
They're not fighting.

REMY [holding phone out to GREG]  
Uh Greg? It's Suzanne.

\*SONG: BASS LOVE DUET [A stirring love ballad eg "This Magic Moment" arranged as bass duet]

DRAKE  
Oh my god — it's a bass love duet.

[The song goes on, reaches a climax.]

KEWPIE [to Elder]  
You promised everyone would thank me.

ELDER

Well obviously that isn't true.

KEWPIE [frantic]  
Elder if you don't —

LOVERBOY  
Hey guys, the beer has all suddenly turned into Dr. Pepper.

COREY [devastated]  
Dr. Pepper???

KEWPIE [terrified]  
Who's that?

OFROSH  
It's a drink, Kewpie, it's an American soft drink.

KEWPIE [relaxing]  
Oh thank you Gods, thank you.

DRAKE  
Okay I really don't know what's going on.

\*SCENE THREE: THE NEXT DAY

[VP abruptly dons an absurd toupee, becoming the PROFESSOR. The scene changes as he speaks. KEWPIE and OFROSH sit in desks, OFROSH unable to stop looking at KEWPIE, who is hungover.]

PROFESSOR [writes on an imaginary chalkboard, with REMY supplying the sound of chalk.]  
One of the interesting things about ancient Greek religion is the way it overlaps with Greek history. Comparative religion professors, like me, don't believe in Zeus, of course. We don't believe in Cupid, or Pegasus the flying horse. But some of us think the Trojan War may have actually occurred. Which is to say, the story of the Trojan War may be based on actual military conquests of the Mycenaeans, an extremely warlike civilization, circa 1200 BC. [REMY makes the sound of the end-of-class bell. KEWPIE raises his hand] For our next class — Oh, is there a question?

KEWPIE [hungover]  
Yes — um, excuse me, Doctor, uh, Pepper — do you know — did the great god Pan actually die, or did he in fact escape from Mount Olympus somehow?

PROFESSOR  
We won't be discussing pagan religions until week 13. And my name is actually pronounced “Pep-PEAR”. Please read chapters one through seven of your textbooks. Class dismissed.

[underscoring music begins — “Where All The Love Was”]

KEWPIE [hungover, pulls out phone as OFROSH begins packing up to go, speaks to it quietly]  
Siri: Textbooks — What are textbooks? I thought all books have text?

OFROSH [sheepishly]

This is a textbook. You need it for class. [Offers the textbook for the class. It's huge. KEWPIE clearly has no idea how to hold it.] It's three hundred dollars.

KEWPIE [aghast]

Is it magic?

OFROSH

It's used.

KEWPIE [whispers in fear, to phone]

Siri — do I have three hundred dollars?

OFROSH [awkward]

No — you don't have to pay me — I — I mean, you can just borrow my book.

KEWPIE [his life saved]

You're the best friend I've ever had!

OFROSH [thrown]

Oh! — I, uh, really? I — [he gets a text message] — just a... second. [clumsily gets out his phone]

KEWPIE [flipping through the textbook.]

This is unbelievable!

Everything in here is wrong.

[seeing a picture in the book]

“The volcano Santorini, thought to have destroyed Mycenaean civilization” — pff —

Santorini wasn't a volcano! Santorini was a nightclub with a volcano theme! Ahahahaha!

Oww... [laughing hurts his head]

OFROSH

I um...

[he gets seven more text messages in a row]

what the —

[he reads the messages, glancing at KEWPIE awkwardly]

OFROSH

I should show you where our next, uh, class is...

KEWPIE [as they start to walk outside]

What do you call that terrible wine we drank last night?

OFROSH

Beer.

KEWPIE

I haven't been this hungover since the fall of Rome.

OFROSH

— yeah I'm still — haha — walking on clouds, I mean, sorry, not literally, but —

[They open a door — creak! — and walk outside — other students pass by, frisbee, etc. — REMY makes the sounds of birds. A beam of sun hits KEWPIE's eyes.]

KEWPIE

Owww! The sun out here is so bright! Aw my head. [whips out smart phone]

OFROSH [in a reverie]

— I mean, I don't know if *you* got any sleep, but *I* — [sees KEWPIE isn't listening] — oh — sorry, was that — TMI, or...?

KEWPIE [paying no attention to OFROSH]

Siri: send text to Uncle A. Uncle A: Drive that fucking sun behind the biggest cloud you can find or I'll make you fall in love with a goat, again. k thx bye. [sends message]

OFROSH [rummages through bag to find sunglasses for KEWPIE]

I think, uh — [offers sunglasses] Have you tried wearing sunglasses?

[The sun goes behind a cloud.]

KEWPIE

Nope.

[OFROSH is stunned. He gets another text message, spins around, reads it quickly, hiding it from KEWPIE. There are four antiwar activists on the Quad. One of them speaks through a megaphone.]

ACTIVIST 4

And I say that this war is being funded — with what money? What money is paying for this war? Is it the money they said they didn't have last year, when they raised our tuition for the fifth time?

OFROSH [sings to himself] [SONG: WHERE ALL THE LOVE WAS, PART ONE]

you go to a party, you try to make friends  
this strategy's never once worked before  
but somebody's there, and something begins,  
no wait — I mean — that's dumb — start over —

outside the party, the moonpuddles make  
a pathway of silvery light on the ground,  
and somewhere between the night and the day,  
you follow it into the clouds

ACTIVIST 4

Or maybe it's the money they didn't have the year before that, when they cut financial aid for students in half?

OFROSH [sings to himself]

twenty four hours ago, you were  
only a kid with a schoolkid crush  
frightened and lonesome and homesick and  
wondering where all the love was

ACTIVIST 4



Seems like we can always afford to go to war with some distant country, we just can't afford to actually learn where it is. [continues in background]

KEWPIE [referring to the activists]  
Who are these interesting people? Are they priests?

OFROSH [speaks]  
Uh, no — no — *that's* the campus preacher, over there —

CAMPUS PREACHER [in another corner, preaching to hecklers]  
The Lord God speaks to me as the reckoning grows closer — he tells me you're all sinners!

KEWPIE  
I don't like him.

OFROSH [gets another text]  
Oh crap. [sings to himself] Silence my phone — don't silence my phone —  
Stop texting me please — no please don't stop —

KEWPIE  
What is the name of this place we're in?

OFROSH [sings]  
This is the quad [clears throat, speaks] This is the quad

KEWPIE [making a note on his phone]  
“The Quad”

OFROSH [singing to himself]  
can't really focus, can't really read,  
can't hear a thing my professors say  
too skittish to sleep, too giddy to eat  
— oh god, what a wonderful day! [OFROSH gets another text, tries to ignore it]  
twenty four hours ago, I was  
yanking my bags off a greyhound bus  
dragging them into a dorm room and  
wondering where all the love was [OFROSH gets another text]  
[speaks, thrown off of his song] Oh my god! [tries to deal with text]

KEWPIE  
Who keeps texting you?

ACTIVIST1 [collecting signatures for a petition]  
Hello, good people, do you have a moment to help us stop the war in Dizkhzyrgishtan?

KEWPIE  
Diskzhirgistan?

ACTIVIST2

It's actually pronounced Dizkhzyrgishtan.

[OFROSH is texting as fast as he can. KEWPIE notices.]

ACTIVIST1

Dizkhzyrgishtan is the country that formed last year when Dsoudbabgfdibstan split with Dfiurnazoufghfstan, and we feel that our government is not acting with a genuine concern for the people of Dizkhzyrgishtan —

COREY [runs in, overlapping]

OFrosh! Did you get my texts? [sees KEWPIE]

OFROSH [cutting COREY off]

Yes! I got them all and I'll meet you there and don't send me any more right now okay?

KEWPIE [to COREY]

Hi!

COREY [to KEWPIE]

Yo, how ya doing bro. [to ACTIVIST1] Oh hey!

KEWPIE

Is something happening?

ACTIVIST1 [to COREY]

Hello, good morning, we're collecting signatures to stop the war in Dizkhzyrgishtan.

COREY

I — yes! I am so committed to stopping that exact war. We should all sign this, this is really important. [starts signing]

ACTIVIST1

Oh — uh, cool. uh....

COREY

OFrosh you should sign this as soon as I'm done.

KEWPIE [whips out smartphone again]

Siri: send text to Dad. Dad: hey, please stop the war in Dizkysgrthystan.

ACTIVIST2

It's actually Dizkhzyrgishtan.

KEWPIE

Spell it. [holds out his smartphone]

[COREY, handing petition to OFROSH, surreptitiously gestures to his watch, concealing the gesture from KEWPIE. OFROSH is signing the petition.]

ACTIVIST2

D-i-z-k-h-z-y-r-g- k- h... shit.

KEWPIE

Dizkhzyrgishtan. Got it. Dad: please stop the war in Dizkhzyrgishtan. Thank you! Smiley Hearts and Arrows. Love C. [message sends]

COREY

Okay so OFrosh and I gotta zoom off to a study session so we'll catch you later okay?

KEWPIE

Study session?

COREY

Yeah it's a pretty serious study session for this sort of anthro class we might be taking but might not actually because it's a really big workload.

KEWPIE [to OFROSH]

Aren't we already taking five classes?

OFROSH [to KEWPIE]

Uh yeah, this one is just, um...

COREY

Gotta go — my schedule's insane — later dude, cool? [drags OFROSH off]

OFROSH [as he's dragged off]

Kewpie — I'll — um —

KEWPIE [simultaneous, as they go]

Yeah okay, just, text me or — ? [They're gone]

ACTIVIST3 [reading off his phone.]

Holy shit.

ACTIVIST2 [to ACTIVIST3]

What?

ACTIVIST3

The war just ended.

ACTIVIST1

What?

ACTIVIST3

The war. It ended. It's over.

ACTIVIST2

Where are you reading this?

ACTIVIST3  
CNN... MSNBC... BBC... everyplace.

ACTIVIST1  
Are you serious?

ACTIVIST3 [to ACTIVIST4]  
Hey — Hey! — The war is over!

ACTIVIST4 [stopping his speech]  
What?

ACTIVIST3 [reading from phone]  
Complete cessation of hostilities... uh... both sides agree to immediate peace settlement...

ACTIVIST4  
... the fuck?

ACTIVIST3  
The war is over!!!

[stunned pause, then]

ACTIVIST1  
YES!!! [celebration, which leads into spontaneous off-key singing of “we shall overcome”.]

ACTIVIST2 [to KEWPIE]  
Who is your dad?

KEWPIE [not at all engaged in this conversation]  
Arnold Schwarzenegger. [KEWPIE exits, in the direction OFROSH and COREY exited.]

ACTIVIST2  
No he isn't.

\*SCENE FOUR: THE EMERGENCY MEETING

[All the guys are there except KEWPIE, OFROSH, and COREY. MICHAEL and GREG, in each other's arms, are singing “All About That Bass” as a slow ballad.]

DRAKE  
Okay, I now call this emergency meeting to order. [looks at MICHAEL and GREG] Can you guys hold off on the love duets for just, like, six minutes?

MICHAEL [to GREG]  
Do you want to tell him or should I?

GREG [gazing into MICHAEL's eyes while speaking to DRAKE]

Drake, we've been singing love ballads for all the years you've known us, but, now that we're singing them to each other, you don't seem to approve, and that could be construed as offensive,

COREY [sweeps in with OFROSH]  
We made it, we made it, we distracted him with the hippies.

ELDER [looking at his watch]  
Corey we timed this meeting to fit with your schedule.

COREY [looking at watch]  
I know — I have twenty five minutes. Realistically twenty four minutes.

DRAKE  
Okay so everybody's here?

ELDER  
Everybody except for Kewpie, and I object to that.

DRAKE  
I've heard your objection, can we start?

ELDER  
[hat tip gesture]

DRAKE  
Okay. Greg and Michael: we have not come here to judge your extremely newfound love, that is not what this meeting is about.

REMY  
No, this meeting is about last night, and what Kewpie did.

DRAKE  
Okay, so, are we all convinced that he “did” anything?

REMY  
We all saw it.

DRAKE  
We were all pretty drunk.

REMY  
Yeah but that's normal! Look at the facts: until yesterday, Greg and Michael were both heterosexual men who found each other faintly annoying,

GREG  
That was my ignorance.

MICHAEL [a changed human]  
I didn't know who Greg really was!

REMY [to Basses]

And yet for the last — what — 15 hours, you have been — what?

GREG

Well first we went back to Michael's apartment,

DRAKE

Okay, I'm not sure we need to hear this part.

GREG

Oh but it was so amazing.

MICHAEL

Five times.

REMY

See, they shouldn't even know how to do that!

GREG

There are instructions online.

DRAKE

Thank you for explaining that. So, the question is, did Kewpie somehow make this happen?

ELDER

I object.

DRAKE

I know.

REMY

Guys, he said he was going to do it, and then he did it! He fired a sort of Nerf arrow and it hit Greg... and suddenly...

DRAKE

You hear what you're saying, Remy, don't you?

REMY

Am I alone here? People have believed in this stuff for centuries, you know, what if he actually is some kind of love god? Are we going to let him stay in the group?

DRAKE

You're right, the risk is simply too great.

REMY [pointing at the Basses]

I do not want to fall in love and become all super happy without my consent!

GREG

Please do not turn this into a consent issue.

LOVERBOY

Uh, Remy, have you ever actually fallen in love?

REMY

What is your point?

LOVERBOY

Love is, like, unpredictable, and also, like, good.

REMY [disengaging]

Okay if you're going to start getting all *deep*...

LOVERBOY

I'm just saying it's possible that Kewpie's skills could be used for our benefit! [winks at OFROSH, who is frozen with joy]

COREY [to LOVERBOY, pointing at Basses]

So are you willing to risk becoming *that*?

MICHAEL

Oh. My. God.

LOVERBOY [simultaneous]

Ohhhh lordy lordy.

GREG [to COREY]

Bro, for a choreographer, you're really homophobic.

DRAKE

Guys please....!

COREY

What do you mean "for a choreographer?"

GREG

Don't change the subject!

COREY

Everyone thinks I'm gay because I'm a choreographer!

LOVERBOY

Everyone thinks you're gay because you slap our asses.

COREY

You enjoy that!

LOVERBOY

Well yeah! [duh!]

ELDER

Everyone thinks all of us are gay. It's never bothered us until now.

VP

Yo bros I don't think we're thinking about this under the proper and correct framework, where, in fact, if Kewpie indeed has this power, then self-evidently he must be some form of god, or even a member of a pantheon, which could ultimately lead to us finding ourselves at the mercy of said pantheon, or incurring their wrath, or whatever, and, like, I don't know how much Greek mythology you've read, for example, but, I'm thinking we should all probably be really nice to this guy, or else, we could all get, like, turned into trees.

DRAKE

Another idea is: we could be nice to him whether he's a god or not.

REMY [with phone]

Do you guys want to hear what happens to humans who try to be “nice” to the Gods?

MICHAEL

You have that information on your phone?

REMY [brandishing phone like Excalibur]

Wikipedia can be a valuable study tool if not overused!

SONG: ANGRY GREEK GODS [DEMO: TRACK #03]

REMY [sings, occasionally consulting his phone]

LET'S FOR EXAMPLE CONSIDER ARACHNE  
THE DAUGHTER OF SHEPHERDS AND WEAVER OF THREAD  
GODDESS ATHENA CAME DOWN FROM OLYMPUS  
DISGUISED AS A BEGGAR, AND HERE'S WHAT SHE SAID:

SHE SAID “LET'S HAVE A CONTEST OF SPINNING AND WEAVING”  
ARACHNE WAS OBVIOUSLY NOT SUPPOSED TO WIN,  
BUT SHE DID, SO ATHENA GOT MAD, TURNED HER INTO A SPIDER,  
AND TOLD HER TO SIT AND SPIN

OH MY GOD!

ANGRY GREEK GODS ARE THE WORST!  
I MEAN EVEN FOR SINGING THESE WORDS,  
I'LL PROBABLY END UP GETTING CURSED!  
ANGRY GREEK GODS ARE THE WORST!

OR FOR EXAMPLE THE BOY HYACINTHUS  
APOLLO WAS MONDO ATTRACTED TO HIM  
THEY PLAYED COOL GAMES LIKE THROWING THE DISCUS  
THE PROBLEM WAS ZEPHYR, THE GOD OF THE WIND,



WHO WAS EQUALLY SWEET ON THE BOY,  
GOT JEALOUS AND BLEW THE DISCUS INTO HIS HEAD,  
SO HE DIED, AND APOLLO WAS SAD AND TURNED HIM INTO A FLOWER,  
WHICH IS COOL, BUT LIKE, HE'S STILL DEAD.

REMY and MANY OF THE GUYS  
OH MY GOD!  
ANGRY GREEK GODS ARE THE WORST!  
I MEAN EVEN FOR SINGING THESE WORDS,  
WE'LL PROBABLY END UP GETTING CURSED!  
AND OUR FORTUNES WILL ALL BE REVERSED!  
ANGRY GREEK GODS ARE THE WORST! THE WORST!

REMY  
WATCH OUT!  
YOU THINK THAT'S A SWAN, BUT YOU'RE WRONG!  
THAT IS ZEUS DISGUISED AS A SWAN!  
AND HE WANTS TO PUT PART OF THAT SWAN WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG!

WE COULD GET TURNED INTO ROOSTERS, OR TURTLES,  
OR SERPENTS, OR GORGONS, OR MOUNTAINS, OR PLANTS

BY THESE VAIN, INSECURE, ALCOHOLIC, POSSESSIVE,  
CAPRICIOUS, CONTROLLING, ALOOF, HYPERSENSITIVE,  
GAME PLAYING, BLAME-SHIFTING, ARROGANT, ACCIDENT PRONE,  
SOCIAL CLIMBING RELATIONSHIP POACHERS

COREY [overlapping]  
OVERDRAMATIC EMOTIONAL POWDERKEGS,  
ALWAYS UPSET ABOUT SOMETHING RIDICULOUS,  
CONSTANTLY JEALOUS, STUCK UP, HYPOCRITICAL,

ELDER [overlapping]  
UNDEMOCRATIC, CORRUPT, PATRIARCHAL, INCOMPETENT

REMY  
AND OH MY GOD!  
MY GOD!

CHORUS  
SEE THE GODDESS BATHING IN THE RIVER  
NOW HER HOUNDS ARE CHOWING ON YOUR LIVER

BLIGHT YOUR CROPS, FEED YOU TO A SERPENT  
STEAL YOUR STUFF AND FLOOD YOUR APARTMENT

REMY and CHORUS  
OH MY GOD!

ONE OF THE GUYS  
EVERYBODY!

REMY and CHORUS  
ANGRY GREEK GODS ARE THE WORST!  
I MEAN EVEN FOR SINGING THESE WORDS,  
WE'LL PROBABLY END UP GETTING CURSED!  
AND OUR FORTUNES WILL ALL BE REVERSED!  
ANGRY GREEK GODS ARE THE WORST!  
ANGRY GREEK GODS ARE THE WORST!

CHORUS  
TURNED TO STONE, USED FOR SACRIFICES  
FED TO YOUR DAD IN TINY LITTLE SLICES

GET IMPREGNATED BY A GRIZZLY  
GET DECAPITATED BY A FRISBEE

TIED TO A FIERY WHEEL FOR ALL ETERNITY  
THIS COULD HAPPEN AT OUR UNIVERSITY

DRAKE [ending the song]  
Well this meeting escalated quickly. OFrosh! how well do you know Kewpie?

OFROSH  
I... I mean... I met him yesterday. We've had some classes together. And I like him.

DRAKE  
Do you think he's a god?

OFROSH [looking from DRAKE to LOVERBOY]  
I... guess I... I kind of... do think he is, yeah.

ELDER  
Gentlemen! We have never, never expelled someone from this group without hearing their side first. It is absolutely wrong that we are having this meeting without Kewpie present.

REMY  
I don't want to bring—

COREY  
How are we supposed to have—

ELDER  
Last night, I, personally, asked Kewpie to make Greg fall in love. This was at a house party. Who among us has not made a poor decision at a house party? Apparently, Kewpie did make Greg fall in love — I don't understand it, I have questions, we all have questions. Only Kewpie can answer them. I would like to hear Kewpie's answers.

DRAKE  
Okay does anyone have a better idea on this? [silence. nope.] I'm gonna call him, maybe he's nearby.

REMY

Guys, I'm scared to be in the same room with him.

ELDER

No-one's forcing you to stay.

DRAKE

Okay it's ringing. [it rings] Whose ringtone is that?

KEWPIE

Fuck.

OFROSH

It's Kewpie's ringtone.

[KEWPIE becomes visible, futzing irritably with phone]

COREY

He's been here this whole time!

REMY

He was invisible!

KEWPIE

Not invisible. Just incognito.

COREY

Oh, so he's also good at incognito!

KEWPIE

I've had a lot of practice you guys.

REMY

He spied on us!

ELDER

He had a right to be here.

KEWPIE

I'm also like super hung over, so...

COREY [pointing at Basses]

We want you to fix this!

BASSES [clutching each other]

No! No we don't!

KEWPIE

Greg, Michael, I forget which of you is which... I was so drunk last night... I can't fix it. That's just not

one of my abilities.

REMY [pointing at Basses]  
But you did cause it.

KEWPIE  
Please don't hate me.

DRAKE  
Okay, I don't know what to do.

ELDER  
I know what to do. Kewpie, come here! [he sits KEWPIE down in a chair]  
We will each take a turn asking Kewpie a question. Veeper: Lay down a beat please.

[VP does so.]

SONG: QUESTIONS FOR KEWPIE [DEMO: TRACK #04]

COREY  
are you really from greece?

KEWPIE  
not exactly greece

REMY  
point of evidence ONE

MICHAEL  
what does that prove?

DRAKE  
Guys

COREY  
so you're not from greece?

KEWPIE  
uhhh just above greece

REMY  
point of evidence TWO

GREG  
Remy quit that

DRAKE  
GUYS

LOVERBOY  
and your archery chops?

REMY  
Guys, his archery chops!

KEWPIE  
can you phrase that as a question?

COREY  
You're a real good shot.

ELDER  
So your question's what?

KEWPIE  
I just practice a lot.

COREY  
So you're not some kind of archery shark?

KEWPIE  
No I'm not.

REMY  
Oh my god!

MICHAEL  
Remy stop!

LOVERBOY  
But that bet was for a lot

COREY  
Are you telling us you didn't get a cut of the pot?

KEWPIE  
I did not.

ELDER  
He did not.

MICHAEL  
What?

DRAKE  
Elder got the pot.

ELDER

Did you drug Greg and Michael?

GREG

What?

DRAKE

I've lost my train of thought.

ELDER

Did you slip a little something in their drink?

DRAKE

Elder wait

ELDER

A little hug drug to toggle how they think?

DRAKE

This is wrong

ELDER

I'm just trying to be clear if you put something in the beer  
whose many side effects ap/pear to

DRAKE

Elder this is not a patter song!

KEWPIE

I SWEAR, YOU GUYS, MY METHODS ARE HOLISTIC AND ORGANIC  
NO CHEMICALS, NO HORMONES, THERE'S NO REASON TO PANIC  
THERE ARE NO HIDDEN CHARGES, NO RELEASE FORMS TO SIGN  
NO APPS, NO ADS, NO PROFILE PICS TO SCAN,  
NO RISK OF BEING RECOGNIZED ONLINE

REMY

Okay FINE

Listen are you Cupid?

KEWPIE

uhhh

MICHAEL

Remy that's stupid

DRAKE

Michael

REMY

don't call me stupid!

GREG  
Remy stop being a dick.

DRAKE  
Hey —

REMY  
I can't believe you said that to me.

ELDER  
Please take turns!

LOVERBOY  
What does Veeper have to say?

VP  
b-b-b-b-bullshit

GREG  
It is not Remy's turn

REMY  
Corey got two turns!

MICHAEL  
Is there somebody in charge here?

COREY  
We know it's not Drake

DRAKE  
Thanks guys.

COREY  
Elder gets shit done!

ELDER  
I'm just facilitating

GREG  
Right.

MICHAEL and LOVERBOY  
Sure you are.

REMY  
OH FOR FUCK'S SAKE  
GUYS WE NEVER FIGHT LIKE THIS!

[pointing at KEWPIE] LOOK AT WHAT HE'S DOING!  
WE NEVER FIGHT LIKE THIS!  
HE ISN'T EVEN HUMAN!  
YOU GUYS ARE MY BEST FRIENDS  
AND OUR FRIENDSHIP'S BEING RUINED!  
WHAT IS HAPPENING???

DRAKE  
REMY'S PANICKING!

REMY  
WE NEVER, NEVER, NEVER FIGHT!

MICHAEL  
REMY'S LOSING IT!

GREG  
REMY'S LOST HIS SHIT!

KEWPIE  
NO ACTUALLY -- REMY'S RIGHT.  
REMY'S SMART  
REMY SAW RIGHT THROUGH ME FROM THE START  
REMY'S WISE  
A WISE KID  
REMY KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT I DID  
I'LL STAND ALONE. MY COVER'S BLOWN. WHATEVER. FUCK ME.  
JUST PROMISE YOU WON'T TAKE IT OUT ON REMY.

GUYS, DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN THE GODS ARE YOUR PARENTS  
AND ALL THEY DO IS SEND YOU ON THEIR STUPID FUCKING ERRANDS  
AND IT WASN'T YOUR DECISION TO BE PART OF THEIR RELIGION  
WHOSE WHOLE MORAL CODE IS COMPLETELY INCOHERENT  
AND YOU'D THINK SPREADING LOVE WOULD BRING HAPPINESS  
BUT INSTEAD IT ALWAYS COMES BACK TO THIS  
A WORLD OF DISCORD AND BITTERNESS  
SEALED WITH A KISS  
BY YOUR SCREWED-UP STUPID PARENTS

DRAKE  
Wait — so you are Cupid?

KEWPIE  
Yeah I'm Cupid.

COREY  
Are you like immortal?

KEWPIE



Well, so far

ELDER

How old are you?

KEWPIE

About three thousand.

LOVERBOY

How come you're wearing clothes?

KEWPIE

Pff, same reason you are.

DRAKE

But why are you here?

KEWPIE

Cause I ran away from home

REMY

You're in hiding?

KEWPIE

I'm just trying to blend in

MICHAEL

what, with us?

LOVERBOY

So, we're harboring a fugitive?

REMY

Ohhhh Zeus is gonna turn us into trees!

ELDER

That's a myth!

REMY

So is he!

DRAKE

This sucks.

REMY

If he's running and the gods are in pursuit,

KEWPIE

Which they're not...

REMY  
then the rest of us are seriously screwed!

KEWPIE  
Guys, come on.

REMY  
I mean Zeus is gonna bend us over —

KEWPIE  
Dude!  
DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN THE GODS ARE YOUR PARENTS  
AND ALL THEY DO IS SEND YOU ON THEIR STUPID FUCKING ERRANDS  
AND IT WASN'T YOUR DECISION TO BE PART OF THEIR RELIGION  
WHOSE WHOLE MORAL CODE IS COMPLETELY INCOHERENT  
AND THEY USE YOUR POWERS AT THEIR BECK AND CALL  
MAKING TEMPERS RISE AND EMPIRES FALL  
AND EVER SINCE YOUR BIRTH, EVERY TRAGEDY ON EARTH  
HAS BEEN THE DOING OF YOUR CHILDISH, SELFISH, SCREWED-UP STUPID PARENTS

LIKE THIS ONE TIME MOM'S LIKE "CUPID,  
PLEASE GO GET A WIFE FOR PARIS  
CAUSE I'LL WIN A GOLDEN APPLE  
IF HE JUDGES ME THE FAIREST"

AND THIS WOMAN'S NAME IS HELEN, RIGHT,  
YOU'VE HEARD OF HER, SHE'S FAMOUS  
AND MY MOM'S LIKE "HEY NO PROBLEM"  
THAT SHE'S MARRIED TO MENELAUS,

SO I'M LIKE SURE WHATEVER MOM  
JUST GET OUT OF MY ROOM

SO I FIRE OFF AN ARROW  
AND THE NEXT THING I'M AWARE OF  
THERE'S A GIANT FLEET OF WARSHIPS  
ON COLLISION COURSE FOR TROY

AND THEY SACRIFICE THEIR DAUGHTERS  
ON THEIR VOYAGE ACROSS THE WATERS  
AND THEY MAKE IT TO THE BEACH  
AND THEY DESTROY DESTROY DESTROY

AND MY SCREWED-UP AUNTS AND UNCLES  
ALL JOIN IN ON THE SLAUGHTER  
ACTING OUT THEIR PETTY RIVALRIES  
ON ONE SIDE OR ANOTHER

IT'S ELEVEN YEARS OF CARNAGE  
IT'S A WINDFALL FOR MY FATHER  
WHO'S THE GODDAMN GOD OF WAR!  
THIS IS WHAT THEY USE ME FOR!!  
THERE'S A PILE OF BLACKENED CORPSES ON THE SHORE  
THERE'S A CITY SACKED, ITS CHILDREN RAPED AND GORED

THERE'S A CIVILIZATION IN SHAMBLES  
A POPULATION TRAMPLED  
ALL TO GET MY MOM  
ONE STUPID GOLDEN APPLE

I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE  
I CAN'T DO THIS ANYMORE

DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE WHEN THE GODS ARE YOUR PARENTS  
AND ALL THEY DO IS SEND YOU ON THEIR STUPID FUCKING ERRANDS  
AND IT WASN'T YOUR DECISION TO BE PART OF THEIR RELIGION  
WHOSE WHOLE MORAL CODE IS COMPLETELY INCOHERENT  
AND THE WORLD COULD BE SO WONDERFUL  
IF YOUR FAMILY WASN'T SO DYSFUNCTIONAL  
AND IF YOU COULD DIE, YOU'D BE DYING OF EMBARRASSMENT  
IT'S SO HARD TO STAY ABOVE THE NOISE  
WHICH LOVE CREATES AND LOVE DESTROYS  
WHEN THESE CALLOUS AND CARELESS,  
CORRUPT AND INCOMPETENT  
CUTTHROAT AND CONSCIENCELESS GODS  
ARE YOUR PARENTS  
[end of song]

DRAKE

Okay, wow, that's a lot of information. Um, Veeper — give me a fill. [VP does a fill. DRAKE sings]  
WELL IT SURE IS A LOT HARDER THAN I THOUGHT  
BEING A STUDENT A CAPPELLA GROUP DIRECTOR —

ELDER [interrupting, businesslike]

Sorry Drake but there's a rule against having two songs back to back. What we need to do now is vote!  
Does Cupid stay in this group or does he not? Yes or no — one voice, one vote. Cupid, you wait  
outside. O Frosh, go with him, make sure he stays outside! This'll be a secret ballot, no spying, no  
superpowers! [to Cupid] Do you have like telekinesis, or what's that called —

KEWPIE

No.

COREY

If he had telekinesis he wouldn't tell us.

ELDER

We'll take our chances. Both of you wait in that hallway, just outside that door!

REMY  
creeeeeak.... Slam!

[OFROSH and KEWPIE alone in the hallway.  
Underscoring music begins: “Where All The Love Was”]

KEWPIE [simultaneous with OFROSH]  
Ohhhh this is bad, this is really bad. This is really, really bad. Ohhhhh... bad bad bad, like really bad.

OFROSH [simultaneous with KEWPIE]  
Oh... Kewpie I am so sorry — I was a terrible friend for not telling you about this meeting — I owe you such a huge apology — and also, also I owe you an even huger thank you — like the hugest thank you ever — for —

KEWPIE  
I don't have telekinesis! [Underscoring music stops]

OFROSH [stopped in his tracks, beat, then]  
uh yeah, I mean, it's so microaggressive to just assume that all Gods have —

KEWPIE  
And I'm not going to shoot you with my little magic quiver arrows so — relax! You guys can fall in love completely on your own! You don't need my help!

OFROSH  
well, not any more —

KEWPIE  
I am so stupid! / Stupid! Stupid!

OFROSH  
what — no — you shouldn't say you're —

KEWPIE  
No, I *am* stupid. There's actually a song about it!

OFROSH  
— that's a terrible song!

KEWPIE  
I just *told* everybody who I am and what I do —

OFROSH  
what you do is amazing —

KEWPIE  
What I do violates so many campus guidelines!

OFROSH

— well, but in your case —

KEWPIE

I mean who in that room is gonna vote for me now? Dammit *dammit* I fell for it so hard! — all that phony camaraderie and “eternal bro-hood” boarshit and “what happens at the meet and meat stays at the meet and meat” — I drank that terrible wine —

OFROSH

— beer —

KEWPIE

— now next thing is I'm expelled from the group, I'm exposed, kicked out of school, it's too late to / cancel my loans, I can't afford off-campus housing, —

OFROSH

no, no, none of that's — hey —

KEWPIE

— the townsfolk come after me with pitchforks and torches — [OFROSH laughs] That's not funny OFrosh! do you know how many times that's happened to me?

OFROSH

For real?

KEWPIE

Think about it...?

OFROSH

wow... people suck.

KEWPIE

[starts crying quietly] Gods are worse.

OFROSH

But — they can't hurt you, I mean — you're immortal, right...? sorry I don't know / how this works —

KEWPIE

I can't *die*, but I can feel *pain*... and who cares about *me* — the worst part is they can hurt you.

OFROSH

Me?

KEWPIE [this is the real worst part]

And that's why... you're going to stop being my friend... as soon as people realize that I —

OFROSH

No — Kewpie — I'm not —

KEWPIE

Oh come on OFrosh, when there's a mob with shovels / and rakes —

OFROSH

No, listen, Kewpie, I'm on your side, whatever / happens,

KEWPIE

You have no idea / how this is going to —

OFROSH

*whatever happens*, I will be there for you, I will help you, I will stand up for you.... I promise.

KEWPIE [suddenly alarmed]

Oh no. Wait. OFrosh, you shouldn't promise me things like that.

OFROSH

yes, I should, and I can start —

KEWPIE

You shouldn't promise me anything.

OFROSH [gets out his phone]

like, here: I'll start by promising —

KEWPIE

No. / Stop! — nggggg — please —

OFROSH

— no this is easy, I can do this — I promise to shift this vote in your favor. [starts writing text]

KEWPIE

You can't promise that!

OFROSH

I promise to try.

KEWPIE

OFrosh if you make a promise you can't keep —

OFROSH

— I have some influence over a certain group member, right? — [sends text. Underscore music begins again: "Where All The Love Was"]

KEWPIE

What are you talking about?

OFROSH

You know what I'm talking about!

KEWPIE [confounded]  
You just met them yesterday!

OFROSH  
Oh, I know! [he hugs Kewpie and tries to dance with him] [sings] twenty four hours ago, I was —

KEWPIE [alarmed, pulling away]  
What is going on? [beat] Why are you helping me OFrosh?

OFROSH  
Because you fixed my life.

KEWPIE  
I did?

OFROSH [sings] [SONG: WHERE ALL THE LOVE WAS, PART TWO]

Christopher was a sophomore  
and after we kissed he always prayed  
that he wouldn't kiss me anymore  
and both of us would be cured

and Jerry the junior joked that he  
had enough on his phone to blackmail me  
and all of the things he made me do  
I'm pretty sure he knew I mostly wanted to

flickers of gold before my eyes  
turned out to be nothing but dust  
sixteen years old, and terrified  
and wondering where all the love was

Carl on the chess team copied my texts  
and forwarded them to the nearest girl  
Seth on the swim team screen-shotted my letters  
and posted them for the world

Larry kept leaving and coming back  
and Timothy told me I cared too much  
and Howard said he was a hopeless romantic,  
but that didn't apply to us

suddenly everything changed last night,  
arrows were fired, the moon rose high,  
 Loverboy stood in the moonlight, and  
that was the start of my that was the start of my  
[again, he tries to dance with KEWPIE] twenty four hours ago, I / was only a —

KEWPIE [interrupting the song]  
Wait — Loverboy? Did something happen between you and Loverboy?

OFROSH

... uh, as god of love you should know what happened between me and —

KEWPIE

I'm not omniscient. Omniscience is some seriously fucked up shit —

OFROSH

You mean... you didn't —

KEWPIE

I didn't go near Loverboy. Whatever you guys did, I am not responsible.

OFROSH

But then how — you mean he just —

KEWPIE

There's lots of ways to fall in love. Getting shot with a magic arrow is not how most people do it.

REMY

click-click creeeeeek!

[the door opens. The guys return]

ELDER: A decision has been made!

\*SONG: CANONS ANTHEM REPRISE

[during this song, Loverboy winks and gives a thumbs up to OFrosh — meaning “yes, I got your text”]

ALL THE CANONS [EXCEPT OFROSH AND KEWPIE]:

ONCE A CANON, ALWAYS A CANON

YOUR SECRET'S SAFE, AND WILL REMAIN THUS

IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO SHOOT ANYONE

THERE'LL BE NOTHING MORE TO DISCUSS

WE WON'T THROW YOU UNDER THE BUS

WE WANT YOU TO STAY ONE OF US

ELDER [embarrassed]

We had to write that kind of quickly. But the sentiment is genuine.

KEWPIE [overwhelmed]

I promise you guys, I solemnly swear, I won't shoot anyone, anymore, ever — and, you guys — I can't even describe to you — this is beyond — what I've ever dreamed — I could —

DRAKE

Okay fantastic! I'm sure you've got enough to say for an entire monologue, and I know we have some loose plot threads still hanging at the moment, but this scene has already been unusually long, and our first gig of the year is in three weeks — we have to start rehearsing now!



[They start rehearsing now! VP lays down a groovy beat]]

\*SCENE 5: PROFESSOR OWL'S ACA-LESSON

DRAKE [as Professor Owl]

A cappella music, ladies and gentlemen, is made up of a few simple ingredients. What you're hearing now is the Vocal Percussion, which we in-the-know types refer to as the V.P. [a moment of VP] A VP artist typically studies five to ten years at a well-known VP conservatory such as Bootscat Prep or Wicky Wack Academy, perfecting such techniques as the flam [VP flourish], the paradiddle [VP flourish] and the reverse nodule plunge [extraordinary VP flourish]. Vanguard VP scholars may specialize in back scratching [example], double-pedal Peart licks [example] for you Canadians in the audience, or what we like to call “the masked otter” [example].

Next, over the VP, we layer the bass. Guys? [Basses begin]

Basses come in a variety of styles, such as bomp, doot, funkadelic, and cro magnon [examples]. Basses are only rarely encountered in the wild, and even more rarely above ground. A trained bass, properly tenderized, can reach as low as C minus. [very low note]

Above the bass we place the backs. [some backs start]

Backs can be divided into woofers and tweeters. [high and low backs] In our group, we have a bass with two backs —

VP

[buzzer sound]

DRAKE

In order for backs to be audible to the naked ear, they must use syllables. Here are some backs using the syllable “jing”. [They sing the backs on “jing”.] Here's the same backs using the syllable “dnn”. [They do “dnn”.] Here's the same backs using no syllables. [The backs are silent.] Or we can combine syllables. Some other popular syllables are “ba,” “dwee”, and “thnumpf.” That last one is extremely dangerous.

Above the backs, of course, we have the melody [example], the countermelody [example], the over-the-counter-melody, and the under-the-counter-melody [example].

And when you put these all together, you have: [a blast of amazing music.]

Of course, to make it a song, we must add lyrics. [Lyrics are sung — perhaps we realize that this is a familiar song we should have known all along?]

And — choreography!

\*SCENE 6: CHOREOGRAPHY REHEARSAL

COREY

twist! turn! 3! 4! cha cha cha! 7 & 8! [this will be adjusted for the actual choreography]

OK now let's break that down slower!

REMY

Wait Corey can I record that?

COREY

I thought you were recording already?

REMY

Oh right, of course I am.

MICHAEL

Do we have to wear these sunglasses?

COREY

It's part of the choreography, guys!

GREG

I can't see anything.

ELDER

Sunglasses and other costume accessories must be approved by majority / vote.

COREY

Guys I got three more classes today, I gotta bounce in half an hour.

ELDER

We have to take a break in 6 minutes.

COREY

ERGH NO Elder NO!

ELDER

Unless we have a three-quarter vote for —

COREY

I don't have time for you guys to vote! The concert's in a week!

DRAKE

Corey, I'm wondering if some of these more advanced dance moves are really within our capability —

COREY

Not if you don't try!

MICHAEL

We're not trained dancers, Corey.

GREG

When are we supposed to learn these steps?

COREY [dancing]

You practice 'em on the bus. You practice 'em in line at the cafeteria. You practice 'em when you're staring down a centuries-old bunsen burner in your biochem lab with a sadistic assignment three times as time-consuming as the syllabus implies which your labmates dumped on you 29 sleepless hours ago and it looks like best-case five hours' sleep tonight.

OFROSH

... Is that how you do it?

DRAKE

That is how he does it.

[COREY's increasingly desperate dancing is going a bit over the top.]

LOVERBOY

Corey, if we all do those moves, we are gonna look so —

MICHAEL

Don't say it!

LOVERBOY

Beautiful, Michael.

COREY

That's *right* you are!

MICHAEL

You were gonna say —

LOVERBOY

We are gonna look so beautiful.

COREY

You guys are gonna look so... fucking...

SONG: CHOREO NUMBER [Something up tempo and funky, a la “Smooth Criminal”]

[COREY is the soloist and will return as soloist throughout the number. Over the course of the song, the Canons pick up the choreography, change into concert attire, gargle salt water, and in various ways prep for the gig. At some point between verses, while the music continues, this exchange happens.]

SONG: I'M NOT LIKE OTHER GUYS [this song is a mashup with the Choreo Number]

OFROSH [sings]

I'M A SHITTY DANCER

LOVERBOY [sings]

I CAN SHOW YOU SOME TRICKS

OFROSH  
I'VE GOT A MIDDLE SCHOOL BODY

LOVERBOY  
YOU AND ME CAN GET THAT BODY FIXED

OFROSH  
WHY THE HELL WOULD YOU HELP ME?

LOVERBOY  
CAUSE I'VE GOT A SURPRISE:  
I'M NOT LIKE OTHER GUYS  
You gotta move your hips like you're rubbing up against someone.

OFROSH  
... What?!

LOVERBOY  
You know, like in the club.

OFROSH  
I've never been in any club.

LOVERBOY  
May I demonstrate? [LOVERBOY stands in front of OFROSH and twists while kneeling so that his  
ass waves in front of OFROSH provocatively]  
YOU'VE BEEN BRUISED AND BURNT

OFROSH  
BEEN BRUISED AND BURNT

LOVERBOY  
IN YOUR PAST LIFE

OFROSH  
IN MY PAST LIFE

LOVERBOY  
THAT LIFE IS OVER NOW

OFROSH [afraid to believe that]  
I'm not sure I —

LOVERBOY  
WELCOME OVER TO THE OTHER SIDE  
YOU'RE AFRAID TO GET HURT

OFROSH  
AFRAID TO GET HURT

LOVERBOY  
I SYMPATHIZE  
Now you try.

[OFROSH dances in front of Loverboy and he's blushing and giggling and it's awkward but adorable]

LOVERBOY  
Nice. We can practice more tonight.

OFROSH  
What?

LOVERBOY  
I'M NOT LIKE OTHER GUYS

KEWPIE  
Oafie where are you going?

OFROSH  
I'll see you at practice tomorrow, okay?

KEWPIE [wanting to tell OFROSH something]  
Ahh — !

LOVERBOY [he and OFROSH are off somewhere and their dancing is getting a little extracurricular]  
GOING THROUGH HIGH SCHOOL WAS GOING THROUGH A WAR  
THAT YOU NEVER NEVER NEVER HAVE TO GO THROUGH ANY MORE  
FOUR YEARS IN PRISON  
NOW HERE'S THE KEY — YOU'RE FREE  
WHEN THEY SAID "IT GETS BETTER"  
THEY WERE TALKING 'BOUT ME!  
I APPEARED IN THE MOONLIGHT  
THEN I MADE THE SUN RISE  
I'M NOT LIKE OTHER GUYS

[At yet another point between verses, while the music continues, this exchange happens.]

KEWPIE  
Shit! OFrosh! Professor Peppear says I have to use secondary sources for my Comp Religion paper —  
how'm I gonna *do* that? All my sources are primary!!!

OFROSH  
Kewpie, it's just a paper. You've written papers before.

KEWPIE [flipping out]  
NO I HAVEN'T!!!

OFROSH [holding onto Kewpie]

Kewpie. I'll help you write the paper. I promise.

KEWPIE

No don't promi—

OFROSH

I promise I'll help. It isn't due for a week.

KEWPIE

[whimpers]

[COREY sings another verse. GREG and MICHAEL are all over each other in the rehearsal.]

COREY

Greg! Michael! That is not the choreography!

OFROSH

Do you think Greg and Michael are gonna be able to control themselves when Suzanne's in the audience?

LOVERBOY

Hmm... "Guys controlling themselves"... — that's not a subject I know very much about.

OFROSH [happily]

Ha! I've noticed!

LOVERBOY

BUT OH HEY! YOUR DANCING'S IMPROVING!

OFROSH

OH HEY! IT'S ACTUALLY NOT  
BECAUSE WE NEVER ACTUALLY PRACTICE

LOVERBOY

I THINK WE SHOULD GIVE PRACTICING ONE MORE SHOT  
LATE TONIGHT IN MY DORM ROOM

OFROSH

OH YEAH THAT SOUNDS EXTREMELY WISE

LOVERBOY

HEY COME ON — I'M NOT LIKE —

KEWPIE

THE PAPER'S DUE IN THREE DAYS

OFROSH

COOL, I'M COMING RIGHT BACK

KEWPIE  
THE PAPER'S DUE IN TWO DAYS

OFROSH  
TWO DAYS IS MUCH MORE THAN WE NEED — RELAX!

KEWPIE  
THE PAPER'S DUE TOMORROW!  
OAFIE WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

OFROSH  
I'LL BE THERE!

KEWPIE  
WHEN?

OFROSH  
HEY I PROMISED I'D HELP YOU!

KEWPIE  
Yes, you did, and —

OFROSH  
NOW I'LL PROMISE AGAIN!!!

KEWPIE  
NO NO NO NO!

OAFIE  
KEWPIE WHY ARE YOU FREAKING?

KEWPIE  
OAFIE, LISTEN, I DON'T THINK YOU REALIZE —

OFROSH  
KEWPIE, I'M NOT LIKE OTHER GUYS!

[They're finishing the song, the choreography getting pretty damn good]

COREY  
Okay studmuffins let's bring it in for a landing! The concert's in three hours!

DRAKE  
Where is OFrosh?

KEWPIE [panicking]  
oh no oh no oh no oh no...!

ELDER

Kewpie! Do you know where OFrosh is?

KEWPIE

It's not my fault!

COREY

Well now the whole damn formation is off!

ELDER

Drake, you know what the bylaws say about missed rehearsals.

DRAKE

Elder, I actually do not know what they say.

ELDER

All I ask, Drake, is that you read the bylaws.

COREY

Focus please!

KEWPIE

Guys? / uh, guys! ...

DRAKE

Elder, you know there's like 70 pages of bylaws?

KEWPIE

... this might be really serious! ...

ELDER

Drake, it's a really quick fun read!

COREY

Big finish fellas! Here comes the momma bird!

[They spectacularly end the song. Button. Freeze in awesome formation. KEWPIE is gone. Pause.]

COREY [still frozen]

Okay this completely sucks. [they start to move] NOBODY MOVE! [refreeze. pause.]

Where the hell is Kewpie? [pause]

GREG [frozen]

Wasn't he just here?

[Amazingly swift transition to the next scene]

\*SCENE 7: OFROSH THE ELM

[OFROSH is a tree. He's all alone. Birds chirp. Wind rustles through his branches.]



SONG: I AM A TREE

OFROSH [sings, deeply at peace]  
IN MY BRANCHES  
SPARROWS SETTLE  
NESTLING INTO ME  
CHASING ACORNS  
SQUIRRELS SCRAMBLE  
THROUGH MY CANOPY  
I AM A —

[KEWPIE rushes in, sees OFROSH]

KEWPIE  
OFrosh! You've been turned into a tree!

OFROSH  
I AM AWARE OF THAT.

KEWPIE  
How long have you been like this?

OFROSH  
I NO LONGER PERCEIVE TIME.

KEWPIE  
shit shit shit Oafie I am so sorry [fumbling with phone, angrily] okay Athena I am coming for you I am going to mess you up, I am going to make you fall in love with a nest of scorpions —

OFROSH  
Kewpie?

KEWPIE  
Oafie — ?

OFROSH  
Did *you* turn me into a tree?

KEWPIE  
No, *I* did not turn — y'see, when you make a promise to a God and you don't keep it, this sort of shit happens... which is one of the many reasons I can never have any friends.

OFROSH  
I'm your —

KEWPIE [without stopping]  
But — I don't work in the punishment department — I'm gonna try to pull some strings — [into phone]  
Athena do you hear me I am gonna make you fall in love with a fucking six-foot tapeworm —

OFROSH  
NOW THE RUSTY  
HUES OF AUTUMN  
PERMEATE MY LEAVES —

KEWPIE  
OFrosh! Snap out of it! You're not a tree!

OFROSH  
I'M PRETTY MUCH A TREE.

KEWPIE  
No you're not!

OFROSH [sings]  
SHADY QUIET  
WHY DENY IT?  
ANYONE CAN SEE —

KEWPIE [overlapping with the above]  
Athena! goddess of justice my ass you call this justice this is *sadism*, this is some perverted primitive fertility cult garbage you are ALWAYS doing this to me I am gonna make you fall in love with a bunch of streptococci bacteria and then I'm gonna make you fall in love with a termite infestation —

OFROSH [sings]  
DON'T MENTION TERMITES —

KEWPIE  
— sorry! —

OFROSH [sings]  
I AM A —

KEWPIE [Athena suddenly picks up the phone, or so he thinks.]  
Oh hi Athena! Hey, it's Kewp, how it going? Haha Oh. Haha I thought this was you — your voicemail message sounds just like you! Ahaha so yeah it's me Cupid — just leaving a message, wondering how you are — hey can you check your records for any human arborescence jobs on Earth in the last 24 hours, we just had a little misunderstanding down here and it would be really great if you could — [hears beep] FULL? Your voicemail is FULL??? Fucking “Goddess of wisdom” maybe consider checking your voicemail once a CENTURY you walking BREASTPLATE ON A STICK

ONE OF THE GUYS  
— beep — message sent —

KEWPIE  
What? no no no no no. Oh shit.

OFROSH [sings very loud]

GYPSY MOTH LARVAE...

KEWPIE

Oafie Oafie hey! Stay with me!

OFROSH [sings]

FEAST ON MY EXTREMITIES...

KEWPIE

Oafie you're still human!

OFROSH [sings]

NO I'M NOT

KEWPIE

On some level!

OFROSH [sings]

THEY BLOAT THEIR BULGING BELLIES...

KEWPIE

No — stop! — this is getting self-indulgent —

OFROSH [sings]

ON MY ARBOREALITY

KEWPIE

“Arboreality” is not a word!

OFROSH

YES IT IS

KEWPIE

Oafie think human thoughts!

OFROSH

WHAT ARE HUMAN THOUGHTS?

KEWPIE

How would I know?

OFROSH

HA HA

KEWPIE

Think about, you know, celebrities, or zombies, on a cooking show —

OFROSH

I THINK YOU HAVE CELEBRITIES CONFUSED WITH ZOMBIES

KEWPIE  
Well can you blame me?

OFROSH  
ARE YOU TRYING TO MAKE A POINT?

KEWPIE  
No!

OFROSH  
OMFG...

KEWPIE [gets text, looks at phone]  
[excited] okay! Athena says — [not excited] okay. So, this might take a couple, ahem, years...

OAFIE  
What?

KEWPIE  
Like maybe eighty-ninety years. It might be faster. Athena I hate you.

OFROSH [sings]  
I AM A —

KEWPIE  
[looking offstage] Oh shit.

OFROSH  
What happened?

KEWPIE  
Nothing! Hey Oafie — Look over here!

OFROSH  
At what?

KEWPIE  
Just, here!

OFROSH  
I can't turn my head.

KEWPIE  
Close your eyes!

OFROSH  
That is not possible.

KEWPIE  
Oh [moans]...

[LOVERBOY enters with TANYA, played by a woman from the audience!!! He sings to the woman a very sexy country song, “Breathe” by Faith Hill or “I Melt” by Rascal Flatts, perhaps?]

OFROSH  
Loverboy??

KEWPIE  
[whimpers] Oafie, just, think — tree thoughts, or...

OFROSH  
WHAT?!?!]

[LOVERBOY keeps singing]

OFROSH [angrily]  
Loverboy, what the — !

KEWPIE  
He can't hear you, OFrosh.

OFROSH  
Make him hear me!

KEWPIE  
I can't.

LOVERBOY  
Oh hey, Kewps.

KEWPIE  
Llllllll-boy.

LOVERBOY [to TANYA]  
Tanya, this is Kewpie, by far the coolest new kid in the Canons — Kewpie and I see each other almost every day, isn't he lucky? So that means I'll see you again real soon Q-boy, real soon. TT. FN.

[music picks up, LOVERBOY sings an incredible roulade to TANYA.]

LOVERBOY  
WHOAAOAOAOOAOAOAOOAOOOOAAA!!

KEWPIE [looking at phone, concealing panic]  
Hey, why don't we all take a little walk down... there... like, somewhere else from here?

LOVERBOY  
Truly appreciate it, Kewp, love how you keep your eye on the bouncy bouncy ball, but on this occasion

I don't believe your services will be necessary. [winks]

[LOVERBOY continues his love song]

OFROSH

I can't believe it — this is *our song!* [KEWPIE groans] He sang this song to me on the night we — !

KEWPIE

Hey L-Boy, it may be much nicer down by the lake, or river, or bay, or boardwalk?

LOVERBOY

Negatory, Kewpatron. Ta-Ta-Tanya and I have a fiercely urgent tete-a-tete scheduled at the rigid instant of now, beneath the shade of this very tree, this very soft, delicate, strangely handsome tree. Tanya, for years this tree has spoken to me like no other tree, this tree whose roots have reached with fondling fingers into my soul, whose leaves have fluttered with my heart's perigrinations. All this tree and I together lacked... was you to share me with.

OFROSH

That was all lies!

KEWPIE

That was really yucky.

[LOVERBOY and TANYA lie beneath the tree, canoodling hot and heavy. LOVERBOY sings on.]

KEWPIE [during the verse, surreptitiously to his phone]

Siri: text to Athena. Atheon: hey, can you hold off on that elm reverse for like ten-twelve minutes

OFROSH

Do NOT hold off on the elm reverse! Siri! Cancel! Don't send!

[KEWPIE is frantic. Reading the lyrics from his phone, he takes over the verse from LOVERBOY and sings it double time, to get through the song faster. End of verse.]

LOVERBOY

Kewpster, you're starting to seriously wank my wedgie.

KEWPIE [reading off his phone]

“There are a variety of fun spots on campus. For example, the outdoor amphitheater, the Chem Annex parking oval, the—”

[LOVERBOY gets out a swiss army knife]

OFROSH

What is he doing with that swiss army knife?

LOVERBOY [to TANYA]

Now, Tanya, now, let us immortalize this moment by carving our youthful initials into this ancient tree bark.

KEWPIE  
No!!!

OFROSH  
HELP!!!

[KEWPIE tumbles over the lovers, ends up in an awkward pose, starts a final verse in a new key]

KEWPIE  
It's a duet, L-Boy, come on, sing with me!

[LOVERBOY rolls his eyes, turns back to the tree to carve.  
OFROSH screams! KEWPIE screams too! The screams strangely fit with the music!  
KEWPIE leaps upon LOVERBOY and attempts to wrestle the knife away!  
He fails! He is thrown yards away.]

LOVERBOY [to Kewpie, pissed]  
Dude — are you also the Lorax?

[LOVERBOY wedges his knife into the bark, but just as he does, the tree is struck by lightning!  
LOVERBOY's hair stands on end, and OFROSH returns to human form, uninjured!  
LOVERBOY gapes at OFROSH, who glares back.]

OFROSH [with cold seriousness]  
Hi Steve.

LOVERBOY [through a thin, cracked, ruptured veneer of nonchalance]  
OFrosh — whatcha doing here?

OFROSH  
Throwing shade.

LOVERBOY [completely freaked out, he exits, dragging TANYA off. To TANYA]  
Okay! Uh, Tanya, come on, we have to go — I can explain! Everything! Reasonably well!

OFROSH  
Explain to me! Not to her!

LOVERBOY [to KEWPIE, as he leads TANYA off]  
You're in trouble.

KEWPIE [still on the ground, recovering from the struggle]  
Not like you.

OAFIE [after the departing LOVERBOY]  
Hey! Steve! You and your — questionable singing choices! Come back here! [anger splintering into sorrow] I don't want to see you ever again! Come back!

KEWPIE [overlapping]

Oafie — Oafie Oafie! Look! You're not a tree!

OAFIE [sobbing]

I wish I was a tree!

KEWPIE [looking at his phone]

Uhhh...

OAFIE

Why didn't you do something???

KEWPIE

I — wait a minute —

OAFIE

I can't believe — !!!

KEWPIE

I *did* do something, I got you turned back into a person —

OAFIE

Did you shoot Loverboy? How could Loverboy have suddenly —

KEWPIE

No — Oafie — I swore I wouldn't shoot anybody!

OAFIE

Why didn't you? Why didn't you shoot him so he'd love me?

KEWPIE [thrown]

Okay, it's like, no matter what I do —

OAFIE

If that *woman* is at *our concert* — I *promise* you, I will *kill* —

KEWPIE

NONONONONO OFrosh whatever you do don't finish that sentence! [to the air] He didn't finish it! It doesn't count!

OAFIE

Oh my god! Is this my punishment? Is this my punishment for breaking a promise to you?

KEWPIE [rubbing his temples]

No, no I'm pretty sure the tree thing was the punishment for —

OFROSH [yells, sobbing]

You didn't tell me I'd turn into a tree!!!



KEWPIE

I know — just — from now on — please — the word “promise” — just that word — “Promise” — please, don't use that word.

OAFIE [through tears]

But how can we be friends if we can't —

KEWPIE

No okay no you already promised you'd be my friend so it's really important to keep that promise and

OAFIE [breaking down completely]

Loverboy hates me!

KEWPIE

Oafie — nobody hates you — you and I *are friends* — you've returned to human form — and we have thirty minutes to get to the Canons concert.

OAFIE [in a puddle of emotions]

I can't go to the Canons concert.

KEWPIE

You can't?

OAFIE

Not if Loverboy's there.

[sudden scene change]

DRAKE

Where is Loverboy?

LOVERBOY [entering]

Right here.

ELDER

You're late. The concert starts in —

DRAKE

Never mind. Where are OFrosh and Kewpie?

COREY

Loverboy did you happen to see OFrosh as you were —

LOVERBOY [way too loud, shaken]

No! Seen OFrosh I have not, at all, today! can we start?

COREY

Whoa.

DRAKE

Whose job is it to send the first years the schedule?

EVERYBODY

Remy!

REMY

I sent them ten texts, six snapchats, twelve tweets and a LinkedIn request.

MICHAEL

Send a drone.

COREY

Not funny.

MICHAEL

Not joking.

DRAKE

Elder — can you go out and warm up the crowd?

ELDER

You mean stall?

DRAKE

Elder, deep in my deepest heart of hearts, I genuinely do mean stall.

ELDER [going]

Strike one for OFrosh, strike two for Kewpie, you know that right?

DRAKE [a bit sadly]

I know that, Elder, yeah.

ELDER [at front of stage, to the audience]

Ladies, Gentlemen! We'd like to thank you so much for coming out — those of you who have! This is the very first Canon concert of the year! and as our beloved Canon fathers used to whisper to us every night at bedtime: a concert without an audience is like a big long thick glass of orange juice without a [ELDER keeps talking silently, while the following takes place audibly behind him]

[GREG and MICHAEL are making out — they slam into COREY]

COREY

Will you two tonsil-jockeys watch where you're going?

REMY [exiting, covering ears]

Please don't fight.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry Corey.

GREG  
It's the magic arrows.

MICHAEL  
We can't help it.

COREY  
Not even with Suzanne in the audience?

GREG  
That is not fair!

REMY [reentering, on phone]  
OFrosh is two thousand six hundred forty feet away.

DRAKE  
How do you know that?

REMY  
Grindr.

COREY  
OFrosh has a Grindr profile?

LOVERBOY  
*Remy* has a Grindr profile?

REMY  
I do now.

DRAKE  
Amazing. Greg and Michael, if you would like some assistance disentangling your tonsils for the duration of the concert, we, your Canon colleagues, will gladly step in.

COREY  
We're not changing the choreography!

DRAKE  
Heavens no. Someone tell me — what's a song where Greg and Michael aren't paired up together?

REMY  
I'm paired with Michael in Safety Dance.

DRAKE  
Remy you're the hero of my dreams.

LOVERBOY  
And Greg's paired with me.

ELDER  
[ducking in] Drake, we neeeeeed to start.

DRAKE  
I agreeeeeeeeee — Remy has OFrosh moved?

REMY  
He's now three thousand eighty feet away.

DRAKE  
Swipe left on that zero, he doesn't deserve you. We're starting! And we're starting with Safety Dance. Greg, Michael, you guys gonna be okay?

GREG  
Totally. We can totally do this. Totally.

MICHAEL [to Greg]  
Control, man. Control. I love you.

GREG  
I love you too.

DRAKE  
Canons ready?

EVERYBODY  
Ready!

COREY  
Formation! [They snap into some weird formation]

DRAKE  
Boom boom boom.

[With a brilliant anarchic flourish they take the stage and sing Safety Dance. ELDER is soloist. During the song, whose choreography is increasingly playfully suggestive, GREG finds it more and more difficult to tolerate the fact of REMY dancing with MICHAEL. Finally, as jealousy overwhelms him, GREG picks up REMY and throws him across the room so GREG can dance with MICHAEL. Everything's out of whack. OFROSH and KEWPIE rush onstage just as the song is ending in turmoil.]

DRAKE [as the song is ending]  
Remy don't video this! Stop the video! This is our worst performance ever!

ELDER  
Canons retreat! [they retreat backstage, with a door slam, ending the song]

COREY  
What the fuck just happened?

DRAKE

We all saw what happened — is Remy okay?

REMY [fumbling with phone]

Guys, there's something wrong with my phone...

ELDER [to KEWPIE and OFROSH]

Why were you two late?

KEWPIE

Uhhh okay so...

OFROSH

It's — kind of — difficult to —

LOVERBOY

Let me just explain one thing —

KEWPIE [a plea]

No don't!

COREY [to everybody]

Uh guys: what's going on?

DRAKE

Indoor voices fellas!

COREY [directed especially to Greg and Michael]

because I somehow don't remember choreographing that!

GREG

Remy I am so sorry —

REMY

You broke my phone dude!

MICHAEL

Greg. It's okay.

COREY

Greg. It's actually not okay.

REMY

It's not holding a charge!

GREG

I don't know what came over me.

MICHAEL

I know what came over you.

DRAKE [examining REMY]

Remy, you're alive, your foot's not broken, that's good.

COREY

Not how we normally measure the success of a concert, but good.

REMY

No seriously my phone's about to die.

LOVERBOY [to KEWPIE]

Let me explain one thing.

OFROSH [spluttering at Loverboy]

You — you've got a lot of — THING — to explain —

REMY

We have to plug it in!

KEWPIE [leading OFROSH away from LOVERBOY]

Come on, let's help Remy charge his phone —

DRAKE

Does anyone have a phone charger for Remy?

ELDER

Is this actually the most important —

COREY

I mean, if you want me to rechoreograph everything so that you're always paired together —

MICHAEL

That would be really nice

COREY

... I was going to say, I won't do that.

ELDER

We still don't know why three Canons were late to the performance.

REMY

Hey, do you all understand that if my phone dies, no-one will see what happens next?

GREG

Wait — is this a video?

DRAKE

You're videoing this?

REMY  
Guys, duh!

COREY  
I thought you were just gonna show them your solo!

REMY  
This is important context for my solo!

MICHAEL [offering his charger]  
Here's my charger.

REMY [tries it]  
No this is the old kind I need the new kind.

MICHAEL [what?]  
It's like three weeks old!

COREY  
Remy where's *your* charger?

REMY  
It's in the booth — I think?

ELDER  
Greg go ask the booth if they have Remy's charger!

REMY  
Or any charger!

GREG [running off to do that]  
What kind?

REMY [calling after Greg]  
Either the standard USB h-2 plug, or I can use the 10 watt wall charger A1357 2100 mAh.

DRAKE  
Wait I think I might have one.

ELDER  
I'm checking backstage!

COREY  
Is there anyone in the audience with the new, uh — ? [While scanning the audience, COREY's eye alights upon a beautiful person]

[The guys are all running around, trying to find a charge cord. They string a bunch of extension cords

all the way to an electrical outlet somewhere in the middle of the audience. Slowly the Canons build a chord that sounds like the THX logo theme. LOVERBOY takes the opportunity to corner KEWPIE while everyone else is preoccupied.]

LOVERBOY [slickly, faux-magnanimously]

Okay, Kewpie, let me explain one thing: you will not play any more tricks on me, you will not spy on me —

KEWPIE

Loverboy I never meant to —

REMY

Guys, it's gonna die literally any second!!!

DRAKE

Nobody panic —

GREG

Hang on!!! [GREG appears with a huge electrical cable from the booth]

LOVERBOY

No listen Kewpie, you will not do any more magic until I tell you to. And I *will* tell you to.

KEWPIE

What?

GREG [cannot find the end of the cord]

Where's the end of this —

REMY

Hurry!

LOVERBOY

And I, I will not tell the Canons that you broke your vow by doing magic this afternoon. Understand?

KEWPIE [to Loverboy]

Is that a threat?

LOVERBOY

No, it's not a threat! [sudden silence] It's a promise.

[KEWPIE cringes. Lighting flashes. The music crashes back in.]

KEWPIE

Arrrrrrrrrrggghhhhhhh—

OFROSH [who has been observing]

Nooooooooooooooooooooo—



REMY [overlapping, gaping at his dying phone]  
Oh god it's the little spinny thing!

GREG [and maybe others, trying to attach the phone to the cord]  
Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii—

[A last-ditch, slow motion, strobe-lit attempt to connect the plug to the phone fails. Lights out.]

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

[The lights in the theater flash. It's as if intermission is almost over. COREY sneaks onstage.]

COREY [to an attractive person in the audience]

Hey, can I, um... ask you something? I know it's, like, intermission... I think — officially it's like actually intermission is over in like three and a half minutes so maybe this isn't a good time. So um, never mind, I mean — maybe later, maybe, I mean my schedule's really tight with classes and studying and the group and this show but maybe I could — ugh. [It's not going well. He closes his eyes.] I'm not even supposed to be out here. Urgh haha this is like — teenage nightmare! I'm trying to talk softly but my voice is amplified. Argh! [quietly] argh! Maybe if there was like more reverb? [reverb up way too much] I was just thinking maybe if you and I were both free sometime I mean maybe I could maybe push my next thing back by like 30 minutes uggghh no stop — cut — cut reverb! [reverb out] You know what, I'm sorry, this was a bad — I'm just gonna... go back behind the curtain and uh — god that sounds wrong! Why don't we, uh... oh Jeez... sorry. Never mind. Never mind. [pause. he starts to exit, gets almost offstage, then stops. deep breath. he sings, very quietly, almost to himself.]

SONG: SHOW OF HANDS

COREY

JUST ONCE

ONE CHANCE

ONE MOMENT WHEN YOU LOOK BACK AT YOUR MAP

AND YOU SEE

SUDDENLY

THAT NOTHING THAT YOU WANT IS ON YOUR MAP

I'M FOLDING UP MY MAP

I'M CLOSING UP MY APP

LET'S GET A SHOW OF HANDS

AND IF YOU RAISE YOUR HAND

AND IF I RAISE MY HAND

I'LL MAKE A CHANGE IN PLANS

[The other Canons are surreptitiously backing up the song. It builds. There are some implausibly cool light effects — the first hint that the second act is subtly, increasingly more “produced” than the first.]

TIME STOPS

TIME STARTS

AND HOLY SHIT, MY SCHEDULE'S BLOWN APART

MY DATE'S MISSED

MY DAY'S SHOT

I THOUGHT I WAS BOOKED SOLID, BUT I'M NOT

I HAVE TO GO TO CLASS

I'VE NEVER MISSED A CLASS

LET'S GET A SHOW OF HANDS

AND IF YOU RAISE YOUR HAND

I THINK I'LL RAISE MY HAND

WE'LL MAKE A CHANGE IN PLANS

IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE  
WHERE THE WORLD ISN'T FULL OF ALARMS AND ALERTS  
LIKE I'M ON A DESERT ISLAND  
WITH MY CELLPHONE SET ON SILENT  
AND THE SILENCE ALMOST HURTS  
BEST SOUND I EVER HEARD — BEST SOUND I EVER —

HEARTS BEAT  
EYES MEET  
SELECT MY CALENDAR AND CLICK DELETE  
EYES FLASH  
DRIVES CRASH  
THE PERFECT TIME FOR EMPTYING THE TRASH

IT'S TIME TO SHOW MY HAND  
MY EMPTY, TREMBLING HAND  
LET'S GET A SHOW OF HANDS  
AND IF YOU RAISE YOUR HAND  
AND IF I RAISE MY HAND  
WE'LL MAKE A CHANGE IN PLANS

YES IT'S TIME I TOOK A CHANCE  
— AND IT'S TOTALLY YOUR CHOICE  
WHETHER YOUR HAND GETS RAISED —  
I RAISE MY EMPTY HAND  
UP HIGH ABOVE THE NOISE  
NOW'S MY CHANCE FOR MY PLANS TO CHANGE

[The song builds to a climax. Dance, music, love, lights! This number features the Canons performing as they would in COREY's dreams, with dark glasses, costumes, amazing dance moves — it should read as Corey's fantasy performance. Everybody disappears behind the curtain, except for COREY, who continues to tapdance, and VP, who accompanies him. It's the world's first tap / vp duet. It starts amazing and only gets better. Ends with an incredible button and freeze.]

REMY [reappearing]

Pause. [VP and COREY's freeze stays in place.] Well I have to pause them because they go on like that for 45 minutes. Here, lemme just fast forward through —

[VP and COREY do a blindingly fast tap / vp spasm, then REMY pauses them again.]

REMY

So — now that my phone's recharged — I *am* going to show you my solo — but first there are a few other things which —

DRAKE [entering with KEWPIE and the BASSES]

Okay I feel great, great, great about that number. I like the fancy lighting effects! Remy!

REMY

Yeah, it's a new filter on my phone.

DRAKE [reaching out hand for phone]

Can I see it? [REMY clutches phone closely to himself] Oh right, sorry. I like that we're doing originals, I know the top 40 covers get us more YouTube hits, but —

ELDER [entering]

The bylaws say: one original song for every seven cover songs. We have always adhered to that.

DRAKE [deep breath]

Okay, I think we might've / already — argh [goes to an audience member] can I see your program?

ELDER

And that is a wise formula, because as you know, Drake, audiences like to hear familiar songs, regardless of quality, or danceability —

DRAKE

[reading program] So, Elder, we did eight original songs in the first act, not counting reprises. You're saying now we have to do fifty six covers —

ELDER

Minus the covers we've already done.

DRAKE [checking program]

That's four so far. So, fifty two more covers, Elder, did I math that correctly? Our show's already a bit long, I don't know if you've noticed?

ELDER

Oh, I've noticed. [exits]

DRAKE [after a moment of internal seething]

Hey Kewpie could you shoot Elder please with an arrow thanks that would be great.

[KEWPIE laughs nervously]

REMY [to DRAKE]

That's not funny.

[KEWPIE nervously stops laughing nervously]

DRAKE

Oh I know, I was just thinking that if Elder had someone special in his life, someone he could obsess over and scrutinize in neurotic detail, and share his thoughts and feelings with, no matter how small or arbitrary or pointless or irritating or off-topic those thoughts and feelings were, that might be really nice for him.

KEWPIE

Drake, I can't, I promised —

DRAKE

Of course you can't Kewpie. I made a juvenile remark. Now, most juvenile remarks are good, but that one was not up to standard, and now we should all move on with our mature lives. [sees COREY and VP, who are still frozen] Remy, is this... another video, or — ?

REMY

Yeah, they're on pause.

DRAKE

Are you videoing us now?

REMY

Pause. [everybody but REMY freezes. REMY speaks to the audience.] I don't understand why everyone's always asking me that. Play.

DRAKE [unfreezing, leaving]

Well don't leave Corey on pause for too long. It's bad for his calves. I'm gonna go do something besides a cappella for like three minutes. [gone]

REMY

Play.

COREY [unfreezing]

Kewpie! Who was that?

KEWPIE

Who? I'm sorry — I'm confused —

COREY

That person, in the audience, who I did that whole song for — !

[IMPORTANT NOTE: There is no reason the audience member chosen by COREY has to be female. I'm kind of excited by the idea that COREY can choose people of different genders on different nights. In this version of the script we're using female pronouns, but hey, switch it up as needed.]

KEWPIE

I don't know. Why didn't you ask her?

COREY

I was singing! Wasn't that enough?

KEWPIE

See this is a common mistake guys make, they try to be entertaining, instead of showing interest by asking questions and actually listening / to the answe—

COREY

Ohhhhhh noooooo [pounds his own head with his hands]

KEWPIE

Hey stop — Corey — she's sitting right there — you could just —

COREY

Kewpie — I need — !!!

KEWPIE

What? [beat while COREY stares at KEWPIE]

[If COREY has selected a male audience member, one could insert these two lines:

KEWPIE: I thought you weren't gay? COREY: Oh, what do these labels mean?]

KEWPIE

You want me to talk to her for you?

COREY [loud whisper]

No!!!

KEWPIE

What do you want me to do? [COREY tries some meaningful head and eye motions. KEWPIE gets it and is horrified.] You want — ? Corey, no!

COREY

Please!!!

KEWPIE

I promised I wouldn't do that!

COREY

This is my one chance — !!!

KEWPIE

No, Corey, it's — !

COREY

Just once!

KEWPIE

I can't!

COREY

Pleeeeeeease!

KEWPIE

— an *audience member!*!?!?

COREY

Pleeeeeeease!

KEWPIE  
No!!!

REMY  
Pause! [wheels around to where the BASSES are still hanging out, frozen] Play! [MICHAEL and GREG and KEWPIE unfreeze.]

MICHAEL  
I mean things are still great —

GREG  
We can't thank you enough —

MICHAEL  
I mean, of course the first blush wears off —

GREG  
Right, the honeymoon period or whatever —

MICHAEL  
And then afterwards, it's still amazing, but in a different way —

GREG  
Not that we have to tell you this —

MICHAEL  
Right, as god of love you know this —

GREG  
But you know, next week is Michael's birthday —

MICHAEL  
Which is not a big deal, I don't care about my birthday really —

GREG  
And we just had this idea —

MICHAEL  
Basically, we were just thinking —

GREG  
Like, wouldn't it be fun if Kewpie shot us again?

KEWPIE  
Oh you're kidding.

MICHAEL  
Well I mean it wouldn't be like using your powers really —

GREG

Right, because you'd just be —

KEWPIE

No!

REMY

Pause! Fast Forward! [beat. he stares at his phone] Oh shit.

KEWPIE

What?

REMY

[deep sigh]

KEWPIE

Are you okay?

REMY

My parents are getting divorced.

KEWPIE

Oh... I'm sorry, I...

REMY

No — it's not really a shock — they've been talking about it for a while — I just... I just wish there was some way that I could —

KEWPIE

No! No! There isn't! No!

REMY

Are *you* okay?

[KEWPIE rushes out]

REMY [to audience]

I'm fine. This isn't — about my parents. It's *supposed* to be about my solo, which like I said before is a part of my life that I'm super mega happy about. So — let's fast forward one more month, aaand play.

[The entire group is standing in a line, waiting to “go onstage” at a competition.]

DRAKE

Okay guys, so this is the most important a cappella competition in our region, but just remember, it's not about winning, it's about giving the best performance we can give.

ELDER

And then losing.



DRAKE

Elder, you're spoiling Christmas for the children.

ELDER

It's February.

OFROSH

We're going to lose?

COREY

We always lose.

KEWPIE

Why?

ELDER

For the last ten years, Mr. Giles Ormbat, judge on the far right, has been obsessed with the Treble Devils' entire alto section.

OFROSH

That's a long-term obsession.

ELDER

Which only an Act of God can alter.

KEWPIE [pause, then quietly]

No.

ELDER [beat]

Well I'm not being serious, Kewpie.

GREG

Though it is the only way to win.

DRAKE

What are you guys talking about?

ELDER

We're not talking about anything.

MICHAEL

But wait, if Kewpie did shoot Judge Ormbat, who would Judge Ormbat fall in love with?

GREG

It'd have to be someone who is not a member of the Treble Devils' Alto Section.

DRAKE

What's going on here guys?

GREG  
We're just talking!

COREY  
I'd take the bullet.

MICHAEL  
Oh interesting!

COREY  
If it meant we'd win.

REMY  
You could live with Judge Ormbat in love with you?

COREY  
Why not? My heart smolders hopelessly for another, anyway.

GREG  
I thought you weren't gay.

COREY  
I thought *you* weren't gay.

DRAKE  
Guys!

KEWPIE  
So, they're all joking, and I'm not actually shooting anybody, right?

ELDER  
Nobody's forcing anybody to do anything.

[LOVERBOY leans over and whispers something in KEWPIE's ear. KEWPIE's eyes widen.]

KEWPIE [hushed, horrified, to LOVERBOY]  
What did you just —

LOVERBOY  
You heard me.

[LOVERBOY saunters to the end of the line, very pleased with himself, avoiding KEWPIE's stare.]

DRAKE  
Guys, this is a singing contest. Winning doesn't matter.

ELDER  
It does matter.

DRAKE  
Since when?

ELDER  
Since we haven't won a competition in five years.

REMY  
Back when Guillermo was music director.

DRAKE  
Oh right, perfect Guillermo the perfect music director.

LOVERBOY  
I don't know, guys, somehow I've got a feeling this might be our year. [starts whistling, ignoring KEWPIE's efforts to get his attention]

ELDER  
Oh sure, if a *thunderbolt* were to *fly* from the *heavens*...

DRAKE  
Can we please rein in the heavyhanded symbolism — ?

MICHAEL  
It's only a joke.

COREY  
It's a good joke.

DRAKE  
Kewpie's not shooting anyone, and

ELDER  
Drake, that's not your decision.

DRAKE  
It's not???

GREG  
We're just having a little group conversatinon.

KEWPIE  
Loveboy, can you and I maybe go somewhere private —

LOVERBOY [singing to himself]  
We are the champions, my friend...

SOME OTHER CANONS simultaneously sing:  
Soy un perdedor

OFROSH [simultaneous, to KEWPIE]  
What's happening, what did he say to you?

DRAKE  
Guys! Focus!

LOVERBOY  
And we'll keep on fighting till the end...

OTHER CANONS  
I'm a loser baby, so why don't you kill me?

[VP brings in the stadium drums]

DRAKE  
Eyes front, everybody — come on!

KEWPIE  
Loverboy please —

LOVERBOY  
We are the champions, / we are the champions

OTHER CANONS  
Soy un perdedor

OFROSH  
Kewpie what's —

DRAKE  
Guys we're about to go onstage!

LOVERBOY  
No time for losers, cause we are the champions

OTHER CANONS  
I'm a loser baby, so why don't you kill me?

[during the above, KEWPIE, trembling in horror, biting his lip, slowly lifts the Nerf bow.]

OFROSH  
Wait — no — Kewpie don't — !

[Sound of bow firing at the moment of BLACKOUT. A few intense, echoing seconds of darkness. Then, LIGHTS UP. Kewpie is sitting on the floor, trembling. The others are standing in irregular clumps. The competition's over and DRAKE is pacing.]

DRAKE  
Okay, so, we got lucky, incredibly lucky —

COREY  
In what sense?

DRAKE  
In the sense that nobody saw Kewpie's arrow hit Judge Ormbat. In the sense that Judge Ormbat did not look directly at any of us after the arrow hit him, but instead looked at a woman who, as luck would have it, is actually his wife (!) — a woman who is now enjoying more attention from her husband than she has in ten years — And in the sense that the Treble Devils, for the *first time* in ten years, did not win the competition, and neither did we. Because if we had, I would feel slightly sick. Kewpie, honest question: why did you do that?

KEWPIE [scared]  
I was told to...!

DRAKE  
That's true. Guys?

GREG  
It was a joke.

DRAKE  
I really want your next joke to explore a different style of humor.

MICHAEL  
We were just goofing around!

DRAKE  
I love goofing around! I fully endorse goofing around! But —

ELDER  
But Kewpie, I'm sorry, we all know that you are not entirely to blame for this. Unfortunately, that was strike three. And according to this secret ballot, there are only three votes from Canons who now believe you should remain in this group. Which is not enough for —

DRAKE  
Four. Four votes. I'm voting for Kewpie.

ELDER  
Four votes. I'm sorry Kewpie, that's not enough for a majority.

[KEWPIE looks up, sadly]

DRAKE  
Seriously, guys? First you tell him — ? and then you — ? ... wow ... !

REMY  
Elder there's only four votes against.

ELDER  
What?

REMY  
There's four votes for Kewpie staying and four votes for him leaving. There should be nine votes.

OFROSH  
I didn't vote yet. [pause. then, looking inside himself] And some time ago... I made a promise... that I would stand up for Kewpie... no matter what. So... that's what I'm doing. Kewpie has my vote.

DRAKE  
Kewpie stays in the group. And guys, if you had kicked Kewpie out for this...? I would've left too.

REMY

Pause. [everyone exits] Fast forward, I don't know, three weeks? We're like hurtling through my sophomore year. And you'll notice I still don't have a solo.

DRAKE [reentering]

Remy you know you're going to have a solo. [right?]

REMY [Not arguing — he is comfortably himself when alone with Drake.]

Yeah but at this moment I don't, notice how I'm not singing right now — and it's important to / me —

DRAKE

With all the things you do for the Canons — can I talk to the audience?

REMY

Uh...

DRAKE

Is that okay?

REMY

I can't stop you.

DRAKE [to the audience]

You see Remy ac—

REMY

Pause. [DRAKE freezes. beat.] I'm just being a smartass. [presses play, DRAKE unfreezes.]

DRAKE

[R]emy actually grew up in this town and he's been a Canons fan / since he was what — eight years old? He's like a Canons legend —

REMY

Oh no — oh Drake, no, this — this is embarrassing

DRAKE

No, it's cool!

REMY

“Cool” haha surrrrrre —

DRAKE [not stopping]

And he's basically been helping the Canons out with internet stuff since he was twelve, soooo —

REMY

Pause, and everyone thinks that's the reason I got into the group, and it is NOT. I studied voice throughout high school so that I could audition for the Canons because I was majorly obsessed with them which did NOT make me cool, by the way, and yes it's super competitive but I got in — *I got in*

— and two years later I still don't have a solo, sooooo — [presses play]

DRAKE

— [s]oooo if you want a solo, we could just give you one.

REMY

No. Drake. I'm not ready to — !

DRAKE

Yeah you are.

REMY

No (!) — I want to *earn* my solo, in the official way.

DRAKE

Remy nobody except Elder cares about the ancient rules and traditions, we don't / have to —

REMY

I care about them.

DRAKE [beat. this has honestly never occurred to him]

Oh. Okay, so... do you also think I should read the bylaws, / or — ?

REMY

Drake I would never tell you what to do.

DRAKE

Remy, seriously, if you *want* me to be like more of a “traditional / director” —

REMY

— it's not about what I want —

DRAKE

Well but it *is* —

REMY

Drake! [beat] I want to earn my solo, the same way as all the Canons before me. That's what I want.

DRAKE [beat, then puts hand on REMY's shoulder]

Remy, you're sort of... the most amazing person I've ever met.

REMY

Pause. You always say that. Fast forward. We're like hurtling through my sophomore year. Play.

[KEWPIE and OFROSH. KEWPIE is reading from the enormous textbook, and drinking.]

OFROSH

We're like hurtling through our freshman year. And I still don't know how he really feels.

KEWPIE [reading]  
Right.

OFROSH

Sometimes if no one else is around he'll kiss me, and I still get the butterflies, and I mean we haven't spent any more nights together but I think maybe if I asked him he'd say yes, but then I never ask because what if he says no, you know? [KEWPIE burps] I mean, am I like, overdramatizing this? I think really I should just tell him: if he wants to show me affection, or whatever, it's fine, I don't mind.

KEWPIE

That's too bad.

OFROSH

What?

KEWPIE [referring to textbook]

Did you know that the god Loki actually became mortal for several years?

OFROSH

CUPID!

KEWPIE

WHAT?!

OFROSH

Were you even listening? / UGH!

KEWPIE [not unfriendly]

Well yeah, Oafie, I've been listening to you talk about Loverboy for six straight months.

OFROSH

Okay. Okay I can see how most people would find that annoying, but you're different right? I mean this is like your job...

KEWPIE

Hey, Oafie, do you want my advice? Like, as your friend?

OFROSH

[duh] No! I want your advice as the god of love!

KEWPIE [if that's what you want...]

Well... okay... [snaps fingers, sings]

SONG: HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU [DEMO: TRACK #05]

KEWPIE [sings]

IN ALL MY YEARS AS A DIVINITY  
I'VE SEEN HOW MASCULINITY  
CORRUPTS THE SO-CALLED "MALE HETERO"



HE'S AFFECTIONATE AND TENDER  
WHEN ALONE WITH HIS OWN GENDER  
YET THE MOMENT FEMALES ENTER  
HE TRANSFORMS INTO A "BRO"

IT'S A FREQUENT REOCCURRENCE  
WHICH A REASONABLE PERSON  
MIGHT CONCEIVABLY INTERPRET AS A CLUE:  
MAYBE HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU!

CHORUS  
HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU

KEWPIE  
SOMETHING IS AMISS AS  
HE CANOODLES YOU WITH KISSES  
AND YOU WONDER IF A TRYST IS IN THE CARDS

I CAN TELL YOU WITH AUTHORITY  
YOU'LL NEVER GET PRIORITY  
UNLESS THERE'S NO SORORITY  
WITHIN A THOUSAND YARDS

SPEAKING AS A DEITY  
WHO'S WITNESSED THIS REPEATEDLY  
I THINK THERE'S VERY LITTLE WE CAN DO.  
LOVERBOY'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU!

CHORUS  
HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU

[During the song, LOVERBOY and others appear, enacting little dumbshow scenes to illustrate KEWPIE's points. For example:

- a) LOVERBOY is affectionate with OFROSH, until a woman enters. LOVERBOY suddenly becomes super-butch and bro-ish with OFROSH, and largely ignores him.
- b) OFROSH texts LOVERBOY over and over. LOVERBOY, with some women, turns off his phone.
- c) OFROSH goes in for a kiss and LOVERBOY turns away. Then OFROSH tries to hug LOVERBOY, but LOVERBOY pries OFROSH off and shushes him.
- d) LOVERBOY & OFROSH (in OFROSH's fantasy) do some ballroom dancing. Then, OFROSH gets transferred to someone else so that LOVERBOY can work the room. When LOVERBOY returns to OFROSH they kiss passionately. OFROSH melts and LOVERBOY starts off with someone new again.
- e) LOVERBOY is being oogled and touched by a large group of people.

As the song progresses, an increasing number of people are onstage singing and dancing and enacting these vignettes, and generally having a high old time about it. OFROSH finds this deeply frustrating.]

OFROSH  
Oh sure, Greg and Michael get a truckload of duets!  
Corey gets to serenade someone he hasn't even met.

I'm feeling shitty — and what do I get?  
Some tongue-in-cheek softshoe!!!

COREY

It's not tongue-in-cheek! We're fully committed to this softshoe number!

KEWPIE

Come on Oafie, didn't you learn anything when you were a tree?

OFROSH

... was that supposed to be an educational experience?

[The song's choreography continues to build in ridiculousness.]

KEWPIE

IT'S TIME TO MAKE SOME CHOICES  
WHEN NO MATTER WHAT YOUR BOY SAYS  
IT JUST SOUNDS AS IF HIS VOICE IS SAYING "NEXT"

AND YOU NOTICE WHILE YOU'RE NECKIN'  
HOW HIS TINDER PROFILE BECKONS  
AND HOW EVERY TWENTY SECONDS  
HE RECEIVES ANOTHER TEXT

HIS TELEPHONE'S VIBRATIONS  
ARE A FORM OF MASTURBATION  
DUDE, HE DOESN'T KEEP HIS IPHONE IN HIS SHOE  
HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU!

CHORUS

HE'S JUST NOT THAT INTO YOU!

OFROSH

You gotta quit this song, Kewp — it's not funny to me and it's not fair to Loverboy.

KEWPIE

Oafie, how can you not see —

OFROSH

You don't know him like I do!

KEWPIE

*You don't know him like I do!*

OFROSH

What? What do you know? Kewpie if you know something tell me.

KEWPIE

nnggg I'm *trying* to tell you!

OFROSH

I know he sleeps with women. That's fine.

KEWPIE

And the way he attracts those women? That's also fine?

OFROSH

He has great physical allure!

KEWPIE

OH MY GOD —

OFROSH

What?

KEWPIE [no pause]

— how is this not obvious???

OFROSH

He has a winning personality, a brilliant sense of humor, a scintillating intellect, a vast knowledge of Italian cooking,

KEWPIE

He doesn't have any of those things! He has me!

OFROSH

What?

KEWPIE [almost pleading for help]

Oafie please —

OFROSH

You? [oh no] You've been shooting people for him?

KEWPIE

He makes me do it!

OFROSH

I ahhhh [having trouble breathing]

KEWPIE

He finds women and he shows me their pictures, and then he threatens to break his promise!

OFROSH

I — oh god —

KEWPIE

he doesn't realize that then something terrible would happen to him —

OFROSH

Oh — and you care? You care about him that much?!?

KEWPIE

I don't care about him one bit! *You* love him, and I care about you!

OFROSH

So you do this behind my back?!

KEWPIE

Oafie I'm trapped!

OFROSH

You become his pimply little winged little wing man pimp?!?

KEWPIE [winded]

Wow okay you know I have feelings, right?

OFROSH

Feelings?!? You don't even have wings!

KEWPIE

I have feelings AND wings! Just because you can't see them — !

OFROSH [horrified and hurt]

I can't be here. I've got to go.

KEWPIE

Please don't go!

OFROSH

You sabotage my hopes, you break your promise to the group, you — oh my god this is so wrong, so wrong, I cannot support this, I don't want to be your friend anymore!

KEWPIE [oh god]

Wait — no, but Oafie you have to —

OFROSH

No! I don't! I can't!

KEWPIE

I — listen, if you break another promise —

OFROSH

It's broken!

KEWPIE

Oafie don't do this

OFROSH  
like everything else!

KEWPIE  
Oafie no —

OFROSH  
We are no longer friends!

KEWPIE  
please —

OFROSH  
Goodbye!

KEWPIE  
this is going to be so much worse than —

OFROSH  
I don't care! I don't care!!

[a roar of thunder rises from below the floor]

KEWPIE  
Oh holy shhh...

[The earth splits open! From out of the depths of Hades crawls The Hydra!!!]

THE HYDRA  
[begins to sing Some Terrifying Song! “Welcome to the Jungle” perhaps?]

KEWPIE [on phone]  
Siri! Siri, send text to cousin Herc — Herc, we've got a hydra! Code H for Hydra! This is Castle Island University — I repeat, we've got a hydra!

SONG: RAP BATTLE

HYDRA [in full Rap Battle mode]  
I AM A MONSTER! I AM A MYTHICAL SERPENT!  
IF YOU COUNTED TEN HEADS — WELL YOU'RE VERY OBSERVANT!  
SEE THE HUMAN RACE HATES ME — THAT DOESN'T FAZE ME  
YOU'RE A MORTAL MORSEL AND YOU SURE LOOK TASTY!

WHAT DO I WANT? I WANT SOMEONE TO FIGHT!  
I WANT SOMEONE TO BITE! YEAH YOU HEARD ME RIGHT!  
I MEAN I'M LOOKING AT YOU BROS AND I'M JUST LIKE “NO, YO”  
SO WHERE I GOTTA GO TO FIND A WORTHY FOE, YO?

[Out of the billows of smoke from the Hydra's nose, HERCULES appears.]

HERCULES

I'M THE ANTIDOTE TO PANIC! I'M THE OPPOSITE OF MODESTY!  
I'M ILLER THAN THE ILIAD AND ODDER THAN THE ODDYSEY!  
I AIN'T AFRAID OF MONSTERS AND I DON'T NEED ANY FAVORS  
AFTER KILLIN' THIS VILLAIN, I STILL GOT TEN LABORS

I'M FEATURED IN MILLENIA OF TRADITIONAL MEDIA  
MY DEVOTEES CAN READ ABOUT MY DEEDS ON WIKIPEDIA  
MY NAME IS LEGENDARY, IT'S IN YOUR DICTIONARY  
AND YOU AINT GONNA MAKE A VERY SCARY ADVERSARY

HYDRA

AWW ISN'T THAT PRECIOUS! AWW ISN'T THAT CUTE!  
IT'S A GRADE SCHOOL BULLY STUFFED INSIDE A MUSCLE SUIT!  
YOU'RE A DEMIGOD! SEMI-GOD! HALF-A-HIRED GUN  
JUST ANOTHER ONE OF ZEUS'S EXCUSES FOR A SON  
I'M GONNA DRINK YOUR BLOOD LIKE MY MORNING MARTINI  
FROM YOUR ITSY BITSY TEENY WEENIE POLKA DOT BIKINI

HERCULES

OH I'M SORRY WERE YOU TALKING? I WAS FALLING ASLEEP  
I'M GONNA CHOP OFF YOUR HEADS LIKE THEY WAS MARSHMALLOW PEEPS  
I SAY WE KEEP THIS SHORT — MY FANS ARE GETTING BORED  
AND IT'S TIME I INTRODUCE YOU TO MY FRIEND BROADSWORD

HYDRA

COME HERE, OH HERO, I WANNA HIGH FIVE YA  
WITH MY POISONOUS BREATH AND MY LETHAL SALIVA  
YOU WON'T BE THE FIRST, YOU WONT BE THE LAST GUY TO  
DIE WHEN HE TRY TO DEFEAT THE HYDRA

[They fight! HERCULES chops off a HYDRA head... but of course, with musical accompaniment...  
two grow back!]

HYDRA

ALL RIGHT!!! — HE-MAN FRONT MAN STUNT MAN — GO AHEAD!  
CUT NECK GUT CHECK — WATCH ME GROW A HEAD!  
SCHLEPPIN' YOUR WEAPON ALL UP IN MY FACE  
I REPLACE THE FACE THAT YOU JUST ERASED

HERCULES

YOUR FACE-REPLACE AIN'T EVEN SLOWING ME DOWN!  
YOU SEE ME GOING TO TOWN? I SEE YOU GROWING A FROWN!

HYDRA

I WANNA WARN YOU, WARRIOR — YOU OUGHTA BE WARIER  
CAUSE WHEN IT COMES TO HEADS, I SAY THE MORE THE MERRIER

HERCULES

WELL I AIN'T GONNA STOP TILL ALL YOUR CROWNS ARE CROPPED

HYDRA

SO COME ON MUFFIN TOP, LET'S WATCH YOU CHOP TILL YOU DROP!

[They Battle! The Hydra's heads increase in number. A very silly joke here would be if the guys sang “chopping broccoli” while Hercules was chopping the Hydra's heads.]

HERCULES

OKAY YOU KNOW WHAT I NEED? I NEED A TORCH!

[HERCULES brandishes a torch! Someone might say “Where'd he get that?” He proceeds to battle the Hydra further, cauterizing each neck as he cuts the heads off.]

HERCULES

I THINK I LIKE MY DISEMBODED HYDRA HEADS SCORCHED  
WHEN THEY'RE BLANCHED 'N' BLACKENED, THEY CAN'T GROW BACK 'N'  
THIS CROWN'LL LOOK CRACKIN' ON THE HOOD OF MY PORSCHE

HYDRA

I AM NOT RETREATING! HERCULES IS CHEATING!

HERCULES

THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY SAYS WHEN THEIR HEAD COUNT IS RECEDING  
MAN YOU'RE ALREADY A GONER — SO LET ME DO THE HONORS  
YOU'RE JUST ABOUT AS SCARY AS THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE  
ALL YOUR EXTRA HEADS ARE A STRATEGIC BLUNDER  
MAN, IT'S NO WONDER ALL YOUR MINDS WANDER  
YOU'RE A WALKING ATROCITY, A SWAMP MONSTROSITY  
YOUR WANNABE FEROCITY IS NOTHING BUT VERBOSITY  
FOR ALL YOUR ANIMOSITY, YOU'LL NEVER BE THE BOSS OF ME  
SO NO MORE GENEROSITY! OBSERVE MY VIRTUOSITY  
AS I PERFORM A HIGH-VELOCITY HYDRA-OSCOPY

[HERCULES's final, devastating stroke. The profound, intense, slow-motion death of the HYDRA.]

HERCULES [in an ominous, still chord]

WHEN CUPID WENT TO COLLEGE, HE FAILED TO ACKNOWLEDGE HE  
COULD NEVER QUITE ESCAPE FROM HIS OWN MYTHOLOGY  
HE NEEDED ME TO BRING THIS BEAST TO ITS KNEES  
THAT'S WHY EVERYBODY KNOWS THE NAME OF HERCULES!

[HERCULES salutes and flies off]

LOVERBOY

Okay that was extra.

DRAKE

What... what... what...

COREY

What was THAT???

VP

That was awesome.

ELDER

That was NOT awesome!

MICHAEL

Oh, I definitely experienced awe.

GREG

That was the most terror I have ever felt with my clothes on.

REMY [through chattering teeth]

I am *never* going to even *scroll through* that video.

DRAKE

Kewpie... can you explain... please?

KEWPIE

I mean... what's to explain? They told you exactly who they were.

ELDER

You brought a Hydra to Earth?!

KEWPIE

No, I brought Hercules to Earth to defeat the Hydra, which, like, saved everybody's life.

ELDER

Why was the Hydra here?

KEWPIE [beat. maybe steals a glance at OFrosh]

Yeah I don't know, really valid question.

OFROSH

Because of me, okay? Because I made a promise to Kewpie which turned out to be a stupid thing to do and I couldn't keep it and the Hydra was sent to punish me, okay? It's my fault.

KEWPIE

Well I wouldn't call it your *fault*, Oafie, you didn't —

OFROSH

Yeah, fine then it's not. So is that it? [beat] Now that the promise is broken, can I finally...



KEWPIE

Finally what? [beat] Yeah, it's broken, the spell is lifted, whatever, you're free. But we're still friends, right?

OFROSH [to himself]

[deep exhale] Free. [he exits]

KEWPIE [after a beat, tries to follow OFROSH, speaking over his shoulder to the guys]

I'm just — gonna —

ELDER

Kewpie. We need to talk to you.

DRAKE

No, we don't — Kewpie, whatever's going on between you and OFrosh is your business, but if you need, like, someone to listen, I'm sure any one of us would be here for / you —

ELDER

Stop! I am sorry! There are *rules* / against —

DRAKE [losing patience for perhaps the first time in years]

No there aren't! Elder, I do not believe that there are rules anywhere in the Canons bylaws against summoning Hercules to Earth! I simply can not believe that!

ELDER

Well you'll never know if you don't read them! Which is all I have ever asked. [pause] Kewpie is on two month probation for actions which threatened the safety of other singers. That means he's not invited to any parties, he's not allowed to audition for solos, and his share of the gig money goes toward merch instead.

DRAKE

Two months, Elder, that's the rest of the school year —

ELDER

I know it's harsh, Kewpie, I apologize. But, everyone on Earth has got to learn, at some point, that actions have consequences. And everyone on Earth, right now, includes you.

[Music underscoring begins: “Kewpie’s Lament”. Everybody turns their back on Kewpie]

DRAKE [the last to go]

Kewpie...? [no response] I will bet you a roast boar that Oafie's... gonna come around. [no response] And if I win this bet... you don't actually have to give me a roast boar. [no response] Don't be a stranger Kewpie, okay? [he goes]

REMY

Fast forward. Kewpie, alone, at desk, at night. Trying to work. Laptop: open. Personal narrative assignment: unfinished. Moonlight through window.

SONG: KEWPIE’S LAMENT [DEMO: TRACK #06]

KEWPIE

Siri: text to OFrosh

SIRI

OK — what do you want to say to OFROSH

KEWPIE

IT'S A TWENTY-PAGE PAPER, IT'S HALF OF OUR GRADE  
IT'S BARELY COHERENT, IT'S HALF A WEEK LATE  
AND I'M TIED TO MY DESK, AND I'M TRYING NOT TO DRINK  
I'VE GOT THREE HUNDRED PAGES, AND I CAN'T USE A THING  
THIS COMPARATIVE RELIGION CLASS  
KICKS MY ASS  
LAYS ME LOW  
BECAUSE I CAN'T WRITE WHAT I KNOW

I NEED HELP, I NEED HELP

I CAN'T WRITE THE TRUTH, BUT I CAN'T JUST PRETEND

I NEED HELP, I NEED HELP

SIRI — CANCEL — DON'T SEND.

SIRI

Okay — I won't send it.

REMY

Fast forward. A day passes. Kewpie sleeps with his head on his desk. The sun travels through the sky. Kewpie awakes, alone, at desk, at night. Laptop: open. Personal narrative assignment: unfinished. Moonlight through window.

KEWPIE

Siri: text to OFrosh

SIRI

OK — what do you want to say to OFROSH

KEWPIE

I DIDN'T NEED MONEY TILL I LIVED ON EARTH  
I DIDN'T KNOW REALLY WHAT ANYTHING'S WORTH  
SO I SAVED UP FOR CENTURIES A BIG POT OF GOLD  
I MEAN, LIKE, A LITERAL BIG POT OF GOLD  
AND LIKE NOW I FEEL DELIRIOUS  
FROM SERIOUS  
MALNUTRITION  
CAUSE THE GOLD ALL WENT TO TUITION

I NEED HELP, I NEED HELP

MY POT'S OVERDRAWN, I'VE GOT NOTHING TO SPEND

I NEED HELP, I NEED HELP

SIRI — CANCEL — DON'T SEND.

SIRI

Okay — I won't send it.

REMY [doesn't speak any of this, just gestures, the lights do the rest.]

[Fast forward. A day passes. KEWPIE sleeps with his head on his desk. The sun travels through the sky. He awakes. Kewpie, alone, at desk, at night. Laptop: open. Personal narrative assignment: unfinished. Moonlight through window.]

KEWPIE

Siri: text to Ofrosh:

SIRI

OK — what do you want to say to OFROSH

KEWPIE

THE MOON IN THE WINDOW CLIMBS OVER THE TREES  
I SURE HOPE THE MOON DOESN'T RECOGNIZE ME  
OR ELSE EVEN THE MOON'S GONNA ASK FOR MY HELP  
I NEED TO BE ALONE, BUT NOT BY MYSELF  
AND THIS EMAIL SAYS THAT I'M ABOUT  
TO BE KICKED OUT  
OF THE DORM  
BECAUSE I FORGOT TO FILL IN SOME FORM

I NEED HELP

LET ME HELP

OAFIE PLEASE LET ME HELP YOU, LET ME BE YOUR FRIEND

LET ME HELP

I NEED HELP

SIRI — CANCEL — DON'T SEND

SIRI

Okay — I won't send it.

[End of song. KEWPIE puts down his phone. The moonlight shifts. It shifts again. It makes a blinking patch of light on Kewpie's desk. KEWPIE notices it with alarm.]

KEWPIE

What the fuck. [KEWPIE looks out the window.] Oh Hades. [snatches up phone again.] Siri: text to Diana. Aunt Didi that is NOT an appropriate way to communicate with me.

[hits send. sound of text sending. the patch of light blinks some more.]

No, a series of high-speed lunar eclipses is not "normal". Text me like a person!

[hits send. sound of text sending. more blinking.]

Stop it! You'll give away my location to Mom and Dad, if they're paying attention!

[hits send. sound of text sending. more blinking.]

Well they might be!

[hits send. sound of text sending. more blinking.]

I'm sorry Aunt Didi! I can't talk to you any more! [KEWPIE puts his head under a pillow]

REMY

Fast forward to the next day. You can call it another lonely day, or rather, ahem, [sings]  
YOU CAN CALL IT ANOTHER LONELY DAY

[NEW SCENE. A rehearsal. All of the Canons applaud — REMY has just finished his solo audition.]

DRAKE

Okay! Amazing audition. Hard to beat. Remy you're on your way to earning that solo. Does anyone besides Remy want to audition for this solo? OFrosh... OFrosh? That's it? Loverboy ready?

LOVERBOY

Loverboy always ready.

DRAKE [to OFrosh]

So we need to hear you and Loverboy together, because it is a love duet, and it's totally up to you guys how far you wanna take that — Loverboy and Felix used to totally milk it.

OFROSH

Really?

DRAKE

Stuff of Cannon legend. Remy are you videoing this?

REMY

Come to Papa Ratz.

DRAKE

Pitch pipe city and away we go. Three, Four.

LOVERBOY [sings to OFROSH]

Loving you isn't the right thing to do

OFROSH [Begins singing to LOVERBOY, but breaks down crying as he goes.]

How can I ever change things that I feel

LOVERBOY

If I could, baby I'd give you my world

OFROSH

How can I when you won't take it from me

LOVERBOY and OFROSH

You can go your own way [OFROSH solo “you can go your own way” — barely holding it together]

You can call it another lonely day [OFROSH is sobbing]

LOVERBOY

Okay this is awkward.

OFROSH [crying]  
You can go your own way...

DRAKE  
Hey um, OFrosh. You sound good. You wanna take five?

OFROSH [trying to control himself]  
No I can — I can just — [No he can't. Awkward beat as he tries to contain sobs.]

LOVERBOY  
Well, it doesn't look like OFrosh is gonna work for this song.

COREY  
It was sounding good.

KEWPIE [drunk]  
It was really believable.

LOVERBOY  
Haha, is "believable" what we're going for? This isn't theater class.

OFROSH [whisper to LOVERBOY]  
You asshole.

LOVERBOY  
["you see?" gesture to everybody]

DRAKE  
Friends, what's going on?

OFROSH  
I'm sorry. I give up—

LOVERBOY  
Apology accepted.

OFROSH  
Give Remy the solo.

LOVERBOY  
Seems legit.

DRAKE  
Okay... Remy gets the solo.

REMY  
YES!!! [slow motion spotlight and everything]

DRAKE

OFrosh, do you need... um... / anything...?

OFROSH

I just... no... can we please —

KEWPIE

I liked the way it was sounding.

OFROSH [to KEWPIE]

Don't.

KEWPIE

Let's give OFrosh another try!

DRAKE [to ELDER]

Can we do that?

LOVERBOY

What's the point — if he can't get through the song?

GREG

Why can't he get through the song?

MICHAEL

Yeah — why is that?

LOVERBOY

I don't know why he can't get through the song.

KEWPIE

I know something that might help.

COREY

Nobody wants your help.

KEWPIE [slightly belligerent]

Oh really? [Kewpie pulls out a nerf pistol and waves it around sloppily]

REMY [very alarmed]

He's drunk!

ELDER [emergency mode]

Somebody grab his arms before he shoots someone.

DRAKE [holds KEWPIE from behind]

I got him, don't worry.

KEWPIE

Oafie wants my help!

OFROSH [hiss]  
Stop it!

KEWPIE  
Oafie, don't you want my help?

OFROSH  
No I want you to go back where you came from! [silence] I am so sorry, Kewpie, I did not mean to say that.

DRAKE  
Kewpie why don't you and I get some fresh air and chat a bit. We'll be outside, guys. [they go]

ELDER  
Remy I sincerely hope you're not videoing this.

REMY  
Uh...

ELDER [reaching hand out for phone]  
Can I see your —

REMY [pulling phone close to him]  
[barely audible] No.

MICHAEL  
Let's not distract from the question at hand.

GREG  
No let's not.

MICHAEL  
Loverboy: Why can't OFrosh get through that song?

LOVERBOY  
I said, I don't know why he can't get through the song!

GREG  
Really? You don't know?

LOVERBOY  
I said I don't know!

VP  
Well, that's strange. Because we all know why he can't get through the song. [silence]  
You know, I don't think I'd be able to sing a love duet with you either.

LOVERBOY

Well, the concert's in three weeks, let's find someone who can.

VP

I mean willing. I don't think I'd be willing to sing a love duet with you.

LOVERBOY

You having a problem?

VP

What are you, straight except when drunk? Straight except when horny? Straight except on business trips?

LOVERBOY

I have a girlfriend.

VP

Oh yeah? What is she, a trump card?

LOVERBOY

What?

VP

You use her to trump every other trick on your table?

LOVERBOY

Emma and I have an agreement —

VP [suddenly thunderous]

Well OAFIE AND I HAVE AN AGREEMENT!!!! We don't let people fuck with our friends and then say "I have a girlfriend"! You think having a girlfriend entitles you to treat Oafie like a PLUSH TOY?? You think having a significant other means that Oafie is INSIGNIFICANT??

OFROSH

Veeper, thank you, but —

VP [unstoppable]

Your name, Loverboy, it is a noble name, a name you must live up to! This amazing, beautiful, brilliant kid is in love with you — WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING???

LOVERBOY

I don't love him in that way!

VP

No excuse. At all.

LOVERBOY

It was a fling!



VP  
Not for him.

LOVERBOY  
What do you want me to do??

VP  
If you seriously can't think of anything, we're changing your name.

LOVERBOY  
To what?

VP [beat, then]  
"Barely-Half-Ass-Emotional-Time-Suck-Wouldn't-Know-Real-Love-If-It-Bit-His-Dick-Off-Boy."

OFROSH  
Veeper, please stop.

VP  
As you wish. [VP goes to OFROSH and hugs him.]

OFROSH [smiling through tears]  
Thanks, but I'm not really emotionally available right now.

VP [gently]  
It's okay, I have a girlfriend. [they laugh. OFROSH is still crying.]

OFROSH  
You do not.

LOVERBOY [quiet]  
Veeper, what do you want me to do?

VP [speaks to LOVERBOY gently, too.]  
I want you to stop acting like normal human emotions are so difficult. [pause] C'mon, Schmuverboy.

[LOVERBOY goes to OFROSH and hugs him. VP stays too. They might sing, a little, wordlessly?]

REMY  
Pause. Save. [beat] Save. [beat] Next scene. Fast forward two weeks, three days, six hours, eleven minutes. Play.

\*SCENE: THE INTERNET IS ON FIRE

[DRAKE and ELDER and REMY]

DRAKE [with laptop, hands phone to ELDER]  
I just got a very strange text message.

ELDER

Please call regarding video. [REMY takes phone from ELDER] What video?

DRAKE

Perhaps they mean this one? [shows laptop]

ELDER [to REMY]

Remy, you told me you were not videoing that solo audition!

REMY

Technically you said you hoped I wasn't, and I didn't answer.

ELDER

And posting it *online* is a serious violation —

DRAKE

You're a thousand percent right as always, Elder, but, um, notice?

ELDER

3 million eight hundred thousand views???

DRAKE

The video's been up for a week. Three million of those views are from the last twelve hours. And now I get this text message: Please call regarding video.

ELDER

Whose number is this?

REMY

I... just googled it. [shows DRAKE and ELDER his phone. beat.]

DRAKE

Holy flaming cronuts. [he reaches for the phone — REMY pulls it out of his reach]

ELDER

Our Spring concert is four days away.

DRAKE [panic]

Aaaaaah! I know!

ELDER

Invite them!!

DRAKE

Of course we're inviting them — Remy!

REMY

Guys, ahaha, I just looked at the advance ticket sales. [shows phone or iPad]

DRAKE  
Abaababababaaa —

ELDER  
We can't fit an audience that size in Freckle Hall!

DRAKE  
Okay. AAAAAGH!!! Okay. What's our alternative?

REMY  
All the other performance spaces are booked except... [shows phone or iPad again]

DRAKE  
Barnton?

ELDER  
Barnton Hall. [?]

DRAKE  
Barnton has eleven thousand seats!

REMY  
This morning alone, we have sold six thousand tickets.

ELDER  
What is happening?

[SUDDEN SCENE CHANGE. OFROSH and KEWPIE are moving across the Quad.]  
[Ominous musical underscoring builds throughout this scene. More and more people are swept into it. Maybe some of the lines are sung... but it's as if nobody knows they're singing.]

KEWPIE  
Oafie, I don't understand — why won't you talk to me?

OFROSH  
How is talking going to help?

[in the background is the Quad Preacher]

KEWPIE [eagerly]  
Help what? What do you need help with?

PREACHER  
Then shall the lion lie down with the lamb.

OFROSH  
urgh Kewpie... nothing!

HECKLER  
Sounds hot!

KEWPIE  
I want to help, Oafie, you look so miserable!

[the PREACHER continues in the background]

OFROSH  
Oh you noticed that?

PREACHER  
Oh Babylon, Oh Babylon — Oh Babylon!

KEWPIE

I will listen to anything you have to say!

[HECKLERS join in on “Oh Babylon” refrain]

OFROSH

Ugh — Kewpie, you're the god of love!  
What exactly do you need me to explain?

PREACHER

God's love is huge!

HECKLER

That's what she said!

KEWPIE

Hey OFrosh — we're outside? On the Quad? In public?

OFROSH

I'm in pain, Kewp! I have to see him at every rehearsal!

KEWPIE

If you want me to shoot him, all you / have to say is — !

OFROSH

Don't you dare shoot him!

KEWPIE

I'm really confused OFrosh.

[Two JOCKS are jocking across the Quad]

OFROSH

Well join the fucking club! That is like the most human thing you've ever said.

KEWPIE

Oafie, what do you want?

FBJOCK

OMFG it's the dude from the video!

OFROSH

I want things between me and Loverboy to  
be the way they were!

BBJOCK

Bro, you're shitting me.

KEWPIE

I can make that happen!

FBJOCK [checks phone]

No check this shit out, bro!

OFROSH

No you can't! Because the way they were  
had nothing to do with you!

BBJOCK

Mother F-ing G it's totally him!

KEWPIE

[splutters] —

OFROSH

And the more involved you got, the worse  
things got!

FBJOCK

Hey everybody! It's the gay dude from that video!

KEWPIE

Oafie that's really not fair.

[the JOCKS start heading towards OFROSH]

OFROSH

Oh sure none of this is fair — to you! This is all about you and *your* problems! Why can't we miserable humans just be grateful for all your wondrous gifts?

KEWPIE [to the JOCKS, who are now uncomfortably close]

Uh — what's going on?

FBJOCK [to OFrosh]

Hey, we just wanted to tell you we love that video.

BBJOCK

We've watched it like seventy times.

FBJOCK

I sent it to my Grandmother who's always been like really homophobic, and she's totally changed, she formed a gay-straight alliance at her nursing home.

PREACHER

Abomination! [HECKLERS crack up]

FBJOCK

And, I'm not gay myself,

BBJOCK

He's not.

FBJOCK

but I'm really into gay things. Like I bet you'll never guess who my favorite Disney princess is.

BBJOCK

It's a really good one.

PREACHER

Put aside your gay things, saith the lord!

OFROSH [slowly taking everything in]

Oh. My. God.

HECKLER

Thounds like the lord hath a lithp.

[slumps to the ground, head in hands]

ANOTHER HECKLER

Oh Thatan! / Get thee behind me! [maybe the other HECKLERS join on that line]

PREACHER

Put aside your Disney princesses!

FBJOCK

Not gonna happen, dude.

PREACHER

There is an evil in Babylon!

BBJOCK

We're not actually listening to you.

PREACHER

And this evil looks like Pocahontas,

HECKLER [delighted]

What?!?

PREACHER

this evil looks like Mulan, this evil looks like Esmerelda, / this evil looks like Ariel,

HECKLER

THIS IS FUCKING AWESOME!!!

[PREACHER continues list of Princesses]

KEWPIE

Oafie? If there is any way to make you happy, please, please, tell me. I will do anything.

OFROSH [waving at PREACHER]

Why don't you ask him?!? I bet he'll tell you.

KEWPIE

I — what?

OFROSH

Shoot me.

KEWPIE

What???

OFROSH

Make me fall in love with a woman.

KEWPIE

Wait — wha — no!!!!

OFROSH

You did it for Loverboy!

KEWPIE

I did not make Loverboy fall / in — !

OFROSH

And look how happy *he* is!

KEWPIE

You think Loverboy is happy??

OFROSH

Now that he's straight!

KEWPIE

No, no, no, this is so wrong —

OFROSH

Ohhh, suddenly you have ethical standards?

KEWPIE

You do not really mean what you're saying.

OFROSH

Gay conversion therapy's a huge industry Kewpster, you could be making some serious fucking money.

KEWPIE [horrified]

— oh my god — this is, this is

OFROSH [wickedly]

You could even use your real name.

ACTIVIST 1 [entering]

Look — it's him!

KEWPIE

What???

ACTIVIST 2

It's Arnold Schwarzenegger's son!

KEWPIE

Oh pork me.

[3 activists enter and swarm around KEWPIE.]

PREACHER [to OFROSH]

Until you know God's love, you cannot know love!

FBJOCK [to PREACHER, macho hostile]

Hey why don't you shut up?

ACTIVIST 1

We need your help stopping this war!

PREACHER

Fornicators! [HECKLERS crack up]

KEWPIE

I already stopped it!

BBJOCK [trying to stop the impending fight]

Okay, can we all, just, be bros...?

ACTIVIST 3

That was the war in Dizkhzyrgishtan.

This is the war in Faodnunkdfnkistan.

PREACHER

Repent!

KEWPIE

There's a new war?

BBJOCK

Chill!

PREACHER  
Repent!

BBJOCK  
Chill!

PREACHER [to OFROSH]  
Repent or else God will twist your sinful love  
in his fingers until it crumbles like ash in the  
ruinous lake of fire! [OFROSH groans]

FBJOCK [back in the PREACHER's face]  
You have no right to say that to him!

PREACHER [to OFROSH]  
Your love is a false love!

OFROSH  
You can say that again.

PREACHER  
A sin of the flesh!

OFROSH  
I wish.

PREACHER  
An ABOMINATION!!!

[HECKLERS sing "Abomination" to the tune of "Anticipation"]

FBJOCK [to PREACHER]  
You're the abomination! [BBJOCK has to restrain FBJOCK]

OFROSH [has completely collapsed on the ground]  
I don't want to feel this way anymore, Kewpie. I wish I'd never felt this way.

KEWPIE  
Oafie, you shouldn't deny who you are!

OFROSH  
Why not? It works for you.

KEWPIE [really trying]  
I get that you're really upset.

ACTIVIST 1  
There's always a new war.

ACTIVIST 2  
And we need you to call your father.

ACTIVIST 1  
Again!

KEWPIE  
Okay... uh...

ACTIVIST 3  
People are dying!

KEWPIE [trying to extract himself]  
Okay... just a... hang on a second...

ACTIVIST 2  
One phone call!

KEWPIE [losing patience]  
I said just a second! [he goes to OFROSH]



OFROSH

You don't get anything.

PREACHER

I speak for the one true God of Love!

KEWPIE [to PREACHER]

I am about to sue you for libel.

OFROSH [to KEWPIE]

It's like you don't even know what love is. You just know how to copy and paste it.

KEWPIE [very hurt]

No. Oafie, no, that is not true — [yes it is]

OFROSH

I mean look at all this. Look what love does to us. Look what it's done to me. I wish I'd never felt it. I wish we'd never met. [KEWPIE, staring, stunned, slowly points the nerf gun at OFROSH. OFROSH doesn't see this.]

PREACHER [why should he stop now?]

The light of the lord's love cannot shine in darkness, for there is one love and only one love that leads to salvation, and until you shed your false and sinful love you will never feel the light of the one true god of love, you will be like the root that is twisted and must be cut from the tree —

KEWPIE [suddenly]

Dude, SHUT UP. [He wheels around and quite deliberately shoots the PREACHER. Angelic "Aahh." The PREACHER looks up slowly into the eyes of FBJOCK.]

PREACHER [starts singing]

I've never been in love before....

KEWPIE

[to Preacher] Well let's explore that, asshat. [to FBJOCK] LOOK! SPORTS! [he points off in the direction of the Activists. When FBJOCK looks in that direction, KEWPIE shoots him. To PREACHER.] The One True God of Love has sent you a message on Suck This dot com!

OFROSH [standing]

Kewpie!

KEWPIE

Oh what's that I hear? somebody wants to be straight? [Fires at OFROSH. OFROSH hits the ground and the Nerf hits someone else.]

OFROSH

Holy shit!

KEWPIE

HA! I knew the bambino was bluffing! Copy, paste! [shoots BBJOCK] Who else? Who else here

wants to feel love?

HECKLERS and ACTIVISTS  
ME! ME!

KEWPIE

Oh that's right — EVERYBODY!

EVERYBODY wants love! [He strafes the hecklers, who all think it's a great joke until they get hit.]

EVERYBODY'S ALL "LOVE IS ALL YOU NEED!"

EVERYBODY'S ALL "BLA BLA LOVE BLA BLA LOVE BLA BLA ME LOVE ME LOVE ME"

[KEWPIE fires randomly offstage, and into the audience.] TRIGGER WARNING, SUCKAS!!!

CHORUS OF PEOPLE BEING STRAFED

Why does love always feel like a battlefield, a battlefield, a battlefield?

[simultaneously with]

I wanna know what love is! I want you to show me!

[simultaneously with]

I won't hesitate no more, no more, it cannot wait, I'm yours

There's no need to complicate, our time is short, this is our fate, I'm yours

[simultaneously with]

I've never been in love before, now all at once it's you, it's you for evermore

I've never been in love before, I thought my heart was safe, I thought I knew the score

But this is wine that's all too strange and strong, I'm full of foolish song, and out my song must pour,

So please forgive this helpless haze I'm in, I've really never been in love before.

[The entire stage is now singing to each other, and to audience members — but there are no actual couples, everyone's mismatched. More people keep entering and joining the song, dressed as policemen, dogs, street vendors, anything. Nerf projectiles are raining spectacularly all over the stage.]

[DRAKE and COREY rush on during the song.]

DRAKE

OFrosh! What is happening?!?

OFROSH

Kewpie's snapped. He's shooting everybody.

DRAKE

Oh fudgemother.

MICHAEL [runs on, holding an umbrella]

Dudes, Kewpie's spreading carnage out there! People are falling in love with their roommates, students are falling in love with their professors, administrators are falling in love with faculty,

DRAKE

That will never work!

MICHAEL

Campus cops are falling in love with parking enforcement,

COREY

That makes me so uncomfortable!

DRAKE

We have to stop him. Our concert's in three hours, and it's the most important event we've ever done!

[whoever was playing the PREACHER]

But now we've got all these unresolved plotlines!

DRAKE

Not my problem!

ELDER [entering in a panic-driven fury]

He is a menace! And we have to stop protecting him!

OFROSH

Why?

ELDER

He shot my mom!

DRAKE

Who did she fall in love with?

ELDER

Me!!!

COREY

Oh my god — this is like one of those Greek tragedies!

DRAKE

We have to find Kewpie right now. Let's split up and search for him.

[They all head off in different directions, but they're frozen by a thunderclap. They look at the sky.]

OFROSH

What is that?

DRAKE

It's a strange celestial event in the sky.

COREY

It's right over the cornfield.

[Sudden scene change. We are in a cornfield. KEWPIE is revealed sitting there, perhaps in a puddle of beer, shooting himself with the NERF gun, over and over again. Maybe he's singing to himself. There is a strange celestial event in the sky above his head. He doesn't notice. DRAKE, COREY, ELDER, and OFROSH appear. They see KEWPIE shooting himself. Oh, no! They hide. He knows they're

there. He doesn't look up.]

KEWPIE

[pause] It doesn't work on me. [shoots himself again]

OFROSH

Your magic doesn't affect you at all?

KEWPIE

No matter how many times I shoot myself — magic arrow — straight to my heart — I look at the most beautiful man or woman or gazelle or antelope in the world, and I feel nothing. [shoots himself. looks right at DRAKE. shrugs.] No offense.

COREY

Why don't you put the nerf gun down, Kewpie.

KEWPIE

Three thousand years of hearing all humanity yap about love, how amazing, how incredible it feels... praying for it: "oh Cupid make him love me, make me love her," every human of every religion, every race, atheists, poets, rich, poor, children, grownups, people on their deathbeds... please please give me love, bring me love, teach me love — killing each other, for love, HATING each other, for love. And I, god of love, symbol of love, bestower of love... I can't feel it. I have no idea what you're all talking about.

OFROSH [puts hand on KEWPIE's shoulder]

Hey bro, let's uh, take some deep breaths.

KEWPIE [dropping the gun]

How'd you find me?

COREY

There was a strange celestial event in the sky, right over the cornfield.

KEWPIE

Oh... shit...

COREY

Yeah... and we thought, "well, who do we know..."

DRAKE

Kewpie, we're really hoping you'll leave the nerf gun here and come with us to the concert.

KEWPIE

You guys still want me?

DRAKE [kneeling beside Kewpie, extending a hand]

Friends for life?

KEWPIE

But — I'm not really a very good matchmaker! I'm a terrible matchmaker!

DRAKE

Kewpie, I personally promise [Kewpie reacts] — yes I know. *I promise* — that next year I will help you find a better stupid human trick.

ELDER

I'm sorry, but this violates every imaginable Canons bylaw — this is miles beyond strike three. I cannot stand by and let this happen. Kewpie can not remain in this group.

DRAKE

Elder, I actually took some advice from some good friends recently, and I read the Canons bylaws.

ELDER

You did?

DRAKE

Yeah, some very, very special friends, actually. Better late than never, I hope...?

ELDER

Drake, I... I can't believe... you read the bylaws... that's all I've ever wanted... [he breaks down]

DRAKE [hugging Elder]

I know, Elder, I know. You were right — they are fun to read! The thing is, though: they must have been written in like, the twentieth century or something? So they just don't say anything at all about what to do if one Canon causes chaos and turmoil within another Canon's heart — and therefore I don't know what the punishment should be... for Loverboy! We could let the gods think of one, but that doesn't strike me as a very good idea. Maybe OFrosh should decide?

OFROSH

Me?

DRAKE

I can expel Loverboy, OFrosh. If you want.

OFROSH

No, I don't want that.

DRAKE [very kindly]

What *do* you want?

OFROSH

I want him to stay in the group forever and never age and watch the world grow old around him and see other people enjoy mature loving relationships while he's stuck with increasingly rare and unsatisfying one-night stands for all eternity — until he learns to be *considerate*.

DRAKE

Okay! If I can't make that exact thing happen, maybe we can keep brainstorming? Kewpie, are you coming?

KEWPIE

Do you think people will ever forgive me?

DRAKE

For what, buddy?

KEWPIE

For making everybody fall in love with somebody they shouldn't fall in love with.

DRAKE

Um, Kewpie, it's a college campus.

\*SCENE: THE FINAL SHOW [starting with a pre-show huddle]

DRAKE

Okay — Canons huddle! We gotta do this concert, guys. And we gotta do it two-hundred percent. So lemme just ask you all right upfront: Did anybody here get hit by a Nerf?

REMY [scared, near tears]

I kind of think I did... yeah...

GREG

But you're not sure?...

REMY

I think I fell for someone...

MICHAEL

Boy or girl?

REMY [an existential wail]

I can't tell!

DRAKE

Remy — do you think you can get through the show?

REMY

Yes I think so.

DRAKE

Okay guys this is a really important show tonight, I'm not gonna tell you why. Just get out there and crank it up to eleven, and most importantly: let's enjoy ourselves, and try to help people forget that a huge epidemic of inappropriate love affairs has just swept the entire campus. Okay?

COREY

Let's go! [a groove is laid down. The group takes the stage.]

ELDER [addressing an audience larger than he's ever seen before]

Ladies, and gentlemen, and regular guys, and irregular dolls, and folks who haven't decided, and kids, and important-looking people in suits, and mobs of screaming teenagers, and ladies, I just felt like mentioning ladies again, you are about to witness the one, single musical event with the power to pull civilization back from the brink of collapse, [he keeps talking silently]

REMY [to audience]

And so we took to the stage, before an audience of thousands. Thousands. We'd never seen an audience like this before — wow! ["wow!" spoken like "help!"] And if Drake had told us who was in the audience, we probably all would have frozen up completely.

ELDER

all the way from our tiny dorm rooms and wretched apartments three to five blocks from here — THE CANONS!

[The song bursts into full glory!!! UPTOWN FUNK, I believe.]

THREE CANONS in UNISON, including KEWPIE

This hit, that ice cold Michelle Pfeiffer, that white gold

This one, for them hood girls, them good girls, straight masterpieces

Stylin', wilin', livin' it up in the city

Got chucks on wi —

[Everybody suddenly freezes in mid-syllable. Except KEWPIE, who keeps going for a few beats...]

KEWPIE

— with Saint Laurent, Gotta kiss myself I'm so — uh — pretty — Shit. Wait wha—? Guys. What? [waves his hand in front of somebody's face. an ominous low tone starts.] Remy is this a video? Press Play. Shit. [but he knows what's really happening. Glances quickly out to the audience.] Oh no. No.

[An extraordinary volcanic miracle occurs in the audience. VENUS rises from somewhere around row G. On the half shell, of course. Angelic music befitting the Goddess of Love and Beauty.]

\*SCENE: KEWPIE'S MOM

KEWPIE

MOM?!?!?!?

VENUS [futzing with cell phone / iPad]

Just a second, Cupe.

KEWPIE

What are you doing here?

VENUS

I was trying to shoot a video, but I don't think this camera is working.

KEWPIE

Mom I am not going to show you how to work your iPad.

VENUS [dropping the iPad, which explodes]

That's not why I'm here, sweetie — I've come to see your concert and bring you back to Mount Olympus!

KEWPIE

Uh, one, I'm not going back to Mount Olympus, and two, really? See my concert? Because it's the first time you've come to see anything I've done in six hundred years.

VENUS

That's not true, I came to the Michelangelo exhibit.

KEWPIE

You left early to go screw the pope!

VENUS

He wasn't Pope yet.

KEWPIE

Michelangelo never spoke to me again!

VENUS

Well Cupie, you know those artists love to paint you, but they're so temperamental —

KEWPIE

Oh! Like you've never posed for an artist!

VENUS

You know if you had listened to me when Botticelli—

KEWPIE

OH MY GOD!

VENUS

Cupid you know I find that expression offensive.

KEWPIE

I find your whole religion offensive!

VENUS

It's your religion too.

KEWPIE

No, you can't make me believe in your religion just because I happen to know it's all... objectively real — shit — Mom, I don't want to have this argument again.

VENUS [distracted by a text on her phone]

Cupe, you can't leave a religion when you're one of its gods.

KEWPIE



I already have, Mom. I'm surprised you found me.

VENUS [futzling with phone]

Well, when thirteen hundred people in one small town simultaneously fall in love, that's a pretty good tip.

KEWPIE

I've actually been gone for over two centuries.

VENUS [texting, not really paying attention]

Two centuries, really?

KEWPIE

Guess you didn't notice.

VENUS

Well, you're still young. When—

KEWPIE

I'm three thousand years old!

VENUS

I know that seems old to you. But when you're six thousand —

KEWPIE

Mom — cut the music, please, this is serious [music stops] — some of these guys I'm on stage with aren't even twenty. And their lives are already so complex... I can't even comprehend it. I've been making people fall in love since I was a baby. I never understood what I was doing to them.

VENUS

There's nothing to understand.

KEWPIE

Yes there is, Mom. Our powers can hurt people. We have to grow up. All us gods have to grow up.

VENUS

Growing up is just a phase.

KEWPIE

Right, see — that. That attitude. That's why I don't believe in our religion anymore.

VENUS

Well who does.

KEWPIE [barely stopping]

That's why I can't use my powers any more. And I don't want them any more. Do you get that, Mom? Are you listening to me? [moment of decision] I want you to strip me of my powers.

VENUS

What are you talking about?

KEWPIE

I want to love somebody.

VENUS

Oh barf.

KEWPIE

Mom, I'm serious — !

VENUS

I can't "strip you of your powers," Cupid, none of us can, this isn't Dungeons and Dragons. You're immortal and you've got the powers and that's that. Whether you use your powers or not is up to you, stay on earth, whatever —

KEWPIE

Please!

VENUS [angry and hurt]

Why would you even ask me that?

KEWPIE

Look at all the damage I've done!

VENUS

What "damage"?

KEWPIE

First I made Greg and Michael fall in love, I fucked up Greg's whole relationship, forever! And now thirteen hundred more people —

VENUS

Forever?

KEWPIE

Yes! It's irreparable — I can't fix it!

VENUS

Cupid, your spells don't last more than two weeks.

KEWPIE [beat]

What?

VENUS

I thought you knew this.

KEWPIE

What are you—

VENUS

When you make someone fall in love, it wears off after about two weeks. [beat]

KEWPIE

You never told me that!

VENUS

You never noticed?

KEWPIE [caught]

I...

VENUS

Cupid, you know you've been a rather difficult kid.

KEWPIE

Whoa!!! says the mom who never bought me or herself any clothes!

VENUS

You never showed any interest in what happened to people after you shot them.

KEWPIE

But... I'm interested now! Greg and Michael — are my friends! I see them all the time! And I shot them over six months ago!

VENUS

Well, they must really love each other.

KEWPIE [stunned]

Oh my G—

VENUS

Don't say that. That is a monotheistic expression and I can't prevent you from using it with your friends but I don't want to hear you use it with your mother.

KEWPIE

Can I say "Holy Shit?"

VENUS

Yes, that pleases me.

KEWPIE

So... all the people I shot today...

VENUS

Two weeks. Give or take. Bliss for some, agony for others, ecstasy, misery, whatever it is — they'll drag it out longer than they should, the ones who like learning things will learn things, the rest will go back to what they were doing before. It's a story as old as Cronos, Cupie. Speaking of which, I was

wondering if you could do me a little favor —

KEWPIE

[groans]

VENUS

Just listen, Cupie, as you know, it is Hephaestus' birthday next week, and he's turning seven thousand so he's very grumpy. However, there is a particular trumpeter swan he's been hoping to hump, and I just thought wouldn't it be nice —

KEWPIE

No.

VENUS

Cupid —

KEWPIE

No. And never again. I thought you came here because you wanted to see my concert. [that's awkward] Tell Uncle Hephaestus I'm sorry.

VENUS

Well. I guess I can't change your mind. Do you like my handbag?

KEWPIE

What is it, a dragon-skin handbag?

VENUS

No, it's—

KEWPIE

Is it some sort of endangered-species-skin bag made by Egyptian slaves in a sweatshop somewhere or is it *human* skin did some poor human lose a bet with Hera and get turned into

VENUS [near tears]

No! Cupid, it's just a handbag, from a local artist! I just thought it was attractive!

KEWPIE

I'm sorry.

It's a beautiful bag.

You're beautiful, Mom.

VENUS

Well I try to put beauty everywhere. It's not easy.

KEWPIE

It is everywhere, Mom. You did a good job. [pause]

VENUS [collecting herself]

Are you ready to go?

KEWPIE  
Go where?

VENUS  
You're not staying on Earth.

KEWPIE  
I am staying on Earth.

VENUS  
No Cupid, you're in violation of the Mount Olympus bylaws, there's a very strict three thousand strikes and you're out policy, and thus you're being called before a Tribunal of the Gods.

KEWPIE  
A Tribunal of the Gods?!?

VENUS  
Did I forget to mention that?

KEWPIE  
How could you forget to mention that?!?!?

[A bright glow begins to form around the two, ominous music grows]

VENUS  
So if there's anything down here you need, you'd better —

KEWPIE  
Yes — wait! — Mom, yes, there is... If this is my last moment on Earth, I need to say goodbye, to [looks at OFrosh]... my best friend.

VENUS  
Fine. You want me to unfreeze him?

KEWPIE  
Yeah yeah just him, nobody else. [beat] He already knows I'm a god, it's cool.

VENUS  
Which one is he? [KEWPIE indicates OFROSH] Oh, the one from the YouTube video. I like him. You do your goodbye, I have to make a phone call.

[OFrosh unfreezes]

KEWPIE  
Hey.

OFROSH  
What's happening?

KEWPIE

Oafie I have to go.

OFROSH

Go where?

KEWPIE

Before a tribunal of the gods.

OFROSH [seeing Venus]

Okay that's a naked lady.

CUPID

That's my mom.

OFROSH [averts his eyes, holds out hand for a handshake, pulls hand back quickly]

Hello very nice to meet you

KEWPIE

And, uhh, long story short — nobody ever comes back from a tribunal of the gods. [deep breath]  
So, Oafie, when songs are sung of my time on earth, your name will be next to mine, in every verse.  
You're the best — only — *friend*... I've ever had.

OFROSH

I'm having some trouble processing all this, Kewpie.

KEWPIE

Goodbye Oafie. [Kewpie turns to go and sprouts wings in dramatic fashion.]  
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHGHGGGGHGHG!

[A light has surrounded KEWPIE and VENUS, brightening in intensity until blinding.]

OFROSH [looks on in horror, then takes a step toward the light, reaching for the light.]

Wait!!!

[The theater plunges into darkness. Ominous music. Lights up on Mount Olympus. Kewpie stands before the Gods. They are majestically backlit! They are played by the Canons, robed, bearded, etc.]

SONG: TRIBUNAL OF THE GODS

GODS

We are the "G"s in OMG  
Over land and over sea  
Lords of all we oversee  
from our crowded cloud

Here in our patriarchal palace  
in the shape of a giant phallus

doing rum shots from a chalice  
till we all get plowed

This is our home on Mount Olympus  
where we mess with people's business  
and we all act like Narcissus  
but more narcissistic

You stand before our grand tribunal  
where soon you'll see  
there's no reason to be  
particularly optimistic

We don't recommend you employ a lawyer  
who would soon need a new employer  
Those whose oppose our wills are rarely  
treated even barely fairly

What is the chance you'll be acquitted?  
well it has to be admitted you've got pretty shitty odds  
when the final verdict comes down  
it's almost always thumbs down  
and the audience applauds  
the Tribunal of the Gods! Tribunal of the Gods! Tribunal of the Gods!

ZEUS [the moment the song is done]  
Yo, so, I can't see a god-dang thang.

ATHENA  
Apollo dude, can we get some sunlight in here? [Sunrise, with musical flourish] Awesome thanks.

HERMES  
Yo Zeus-meister I'm just gonna zip down to the temple for some snacks.

ZEUS  
Hermes, ain't nobody got time for that!

HERMES [with snacks]  
I'm already back slow-mo-bro!

ZEUS  
Fucking cool, what'd you get?

HERMES  
Cheese doodle, cookie crisp, some sorta "sacrificial lamb" bullshit / I don't know

ATHENA  
Are we tribunalling now or what is / happening?

POSEIDON

Best snacks EVERRRRR

ZEUS

We the gods of Olympus call Cupid before our really really big god-like Tribunal-type thing aw suck my nuts cheese doodles are *good*.

HERA

Cease your swearing, Husband!

ZEUS

Hera, I am lord of gods and I say fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck poop I got distracted what are we doing.

ATHENA

Cupid! You are called before this Olympian tribunal on charges of recklessly making magic on Earth in an overt and way-too-goddamn-obvious way.

ZEUS

Yeah what Athena said, *Cupid*, all your magic shoobiedoobieshit and psshh psshh psshh thoinng aaahhh, see what it does is it has this thing where it like it like calls attention to us and like our whole dealio, we look bad, you look bad, those like human men people get suspicious —

KEWPIE

Okay *I* was trying to *blend in*.

ZEUS

Yeah, well I mean that / would be a good —

KEWPIE

*You* sent down a fucking *hydra* to campus!

ZEUS

Shit did we do that?

DIONYSUS

Yeah that was pretty much like “what”.

HERA

Be not once again swayed, Husband, by the persuasive wiles of Cupid!

ZEUS [millenia of pent up emotion are still not being released in this line]

Can you call me “Zeus” please?

HERA

As is well known, it was Cupid and Cupid alone whose magic caused my husband to stray from his promised faithfulness to me [POSEIDON cracks up] Poseidon shut up! If that nudie little fruitfly would just stop firing his prickly little arrows all into my thirsty ass husband and heating shit up for everybody, y'all KNOW what I'm / talkin' bout! — YASS I'm bringing truth!



DIONYSUS

Oh... my... / GAWWWWD...

[General noise among the gods — both ridiculing Hera and being angry with Kewpie]

KEWPIE

Wait — Hera — are you seriously blaming *me* for all your husband's cheating and philandering and love affairs — I'm only responsible for like at most sixty percent of that!

APOLLO

Dude, you made me fall in love with *wind!* / *Wind!*

KEWPIE

Apollo, I — no, wait, she was a wind *spirit*, right? I thought it'd be fun for both of you!

APOLLO

You can't go on a date with *wind!*

KEWPIE

I didn't know that! I don't understand love!

ATHENA

Was it “fun” making me fall in love with a *flowering vine?*

KEWPIE

I — Athena it sounded nice! I thought it would be nice!

HERMES

You think it's “nice” falling in love with a *goat?*

KEWPIE [genuinely confused that nobody appreciates him]

It is for all the goats, so...

HERMES

okay NOBODY turn me into a goat!!!

POSEIDON

How about falling in love with a *seal?*

DIONYSUS

[smirking] That was a good one actually.

POSEIDON

Dionysus get out of my ass!

DIONYSUS

So Poseidon takes his car in to the shop and the mechanic says “looks like you blew a seal”.

KEWPIE

I wanted to feel love! You all felt it — I couldn't! I shot myself, I went on dates, I read novels, listened to the Beatles — I couldn't feel anything! I tried sex, I felt *that* — kept me distracted for a couple centuries, but it wasn't love. I tried friendship — ohh, *that* was complicated — apparently I'm no good at that either. Now I'm just trying to settle for a sort of goofy camaraderie or easy companionship with some fun guys who kinda like having me around — but you all won't even let me have that!

HERA

No, we will not. For we, the gods, have decreed your magic evil, hateful, perverse. It destroys the family, / tortures the spirit, enflames the —

DIONYSUS

Uh... Okay, uh hang on, I did not sign my name to anything / saying Cupid's *evil* —

HERA

Excuuuuuse me, Dionysus, the *goddess of marriage* is speaking?!?!

DIONYSUS

You married your brother.

HERA

He's your father!

DIONYSUS

Well you're not my mom!

HERA

I will cut you!

ZEUS

Cupid, listen, hey, we gotta punish you, kay?

DIONYSUS

Wait wait wait — Dad, you're just gonna let Hera scapegoat Cupid for all the times / you —

ZEUS

Yeah I am, it's just easier.

DIONYSUS

That is some serious boarshit — !

KEWPIE

You all wanna punish me? Fine! Make me feel love! If it's as awful as you all say it is — I accept the punishment! I will endure my own magic and suffer accordingly for all eternity!

HERA

Yeah. [beat] Nice try.

APOLLO

Nowhere near harsh enough bro.

HERMES

I propose that he be struck blind.

POSEIDON

pff WEAK.

APOLLO

Hella weak

POSEIDON

Especially since Athena taught him how to shoot with a blindfold.

APOLLO [about Athena]

Baha — “Goddess of wisdom” over here

POSEIDON

We should make huge blisters on his hands! So he can’t shoot.

DIONYSUS

What are you guys smoking?

APOLLO

Or just cut off his hands completely.

POSEIDON

Feed them to Cerberus!

HERMES

Oo oo make him play fetch with his own limbs! Cerb would love that!

HERA

Oh yes that's cute.

DIONYSUS

This is not procedure!

ATHENA

We don't have a procedure.

APOLLO

What happens when he runs out of limbs?

ZEUS

I can make them grow back...

POSEIDON

Yeah for eternity!

ATHENA

Who's writing this down?

KEWPIE

Okay so, y'all, I'm not so into this, like I don't see how this punishment has anything to do / with what

ZEUS

So what have we got? He'll be struck blind and forced to play fetch with his own severed, blistering limbs as they grow back eternally? That's what we're going with?

GODS

"Yeah, cool / sounds good / etc..."

DIONYSUS

hold it hold it hold it —

ZEUS [summoning a spell — musically represented of course!]

Okay, so like, by all the powers of Olympus, I now compel Cupid / to —

DIONYSUS

Stop! Objection! [music stops] I object!

ZEUS

No — you can't — hey! — you can't *object* to me, I'm Zeus, ya stomped-grape-face! [music kicks in again] Tremble, Cupid, before the almighty judgment of the heavenly tribunal of —

DIONYSUS [stopping music again, with a hand gesture he will repeat every time he stops the music]

No no no stop, this is not happening, I'm calling a witness.

ZEUS

The time for witnesses HAS PASSED! [music starts again] Now is the time for vengeance, when all the highest gods of —

DIONYSUS [music out]

Overruled!

ZEUS [music in]

You can't overrule me!

DIONYSUS [music out]

Just did.

ZEUS [music in]

Impossible!

DIONYSUS [music out]

Possible.

ZEUS [music in]

Is not! For I, Zeus, king of all gods, am the supreme deity of earth and sky!

DIONYSUS

Yeah sure okay Dad. [music out] But *this* is a *musical*, [tiny hand gesture, causing a tiny blip of music] and I, Dionysus, am the God of Theater! [Dionysus performs a miracle, puff of smoke, and OFROSH appears! The gods are astonished!]

KEWPIE

OFrosh!?

OFROSH [dazed and bewildered]

Kewpie?

KEWPIE

Dionysus brought you here?

OFROSH

No, he just made me visible — your mom — your mom — brought me here.

KEWPIE

Mom???

DIONYSUS

Assembled gods, I call my witness to the stand. Flown to Olympus by the goddess of love, made visible by the god of theater, the human OFrosh!

THE GODS

It's a human! It talks! Be careful! Step on it! It's mortal! It has Ebola!

KEWPIE [jumping between OFROSH and the gods]

If anybody hurts him, I swear I will make you fall in love with the deepest fire pits of Hades —

DIONYSUS

Silence! Gods of Olympus, you shall hear my witness, or I shall cut all of your remaining lines!

[awed silence]

ZEUS

Nay!

DIONYSUS [like, that is so lame]

“Nay”?

ZEUS

I, Zeus, decree: this human shall not speak.

DIONYSUS

Oh come on Dad — he came all the way here —

ZEUS

He shall *not speak*, on pain of death!

DIONYSUS [seething]

Aaaargh fine! [beat] Challenge accepted. [Dionysus pulls out a pitch pipe, plays a note for OFROSH]

SONG: CHOOSE LOVE

OFROSH [sings quietly in harmony with Dionysus's note, which slowly builds to full accompaniment]

This is my testimony for  
a friend I made — I don't know how  
I made him a promise... I gotta be honest...

I never chose to fall in love  
I never chose to lose my mind  
all the things that I found out  
were things I never chose to find  
I never chose to dream all day  
I never chose to cry all night  
I never chose to fall in love  
but I think next time, I might

all of the words I never said  
all of the texts I never sent  
all the emotions I suppressed  
I never wondered where they went  
I never chose to spend a year  
slowly developing that skill  
I never chose to fall in love  
but I think next time, I will

because I'm tired of letting fate make choices for me  
I'm tired of letting fate dictate my entire story  
fate's not only stupid, but it's corny  
I thought I had to find love  
but now I see  
it was actually love  
helping me find me

first it was cold, then it was hot  
I thought I would freeze, I thought I would melt  
the more intelligent I got  
the more like an idiot I felt  
then it was cool, then it was damp  
I felt like a fool, I felt like a kid  
I didn't choose the way I am  
but I think it's time I did

because I'm tired of getting pushed around by gods

you may think I'm your plaything — well I'm not!  
your whole way of approaching love is flawed  
you want to punish love and scold love  
correct love and control love  
restrain love, restrict love,  
contain love, convict love,  
because... that's what everybody does  
when love won't obey their laws

So bring on the fires, bring on the storms,  
Bring on the plagues, the floods, the wars,  
bring all the demons of land and sky and sea —  
whatever you do to love, you do to me!  
And this is not my fate — this is my choice!  
Everything else is just noise!

If I had known how it would go  
If I had known how it would end  
All of the things I've come to know [that I now know]  
I would have never chosen then  
This is my testimony for  
a friend I made — I don't know how  
I've never chosen love before  
I'm gonna choose it now  
I'm gonna keep my promise...  
I'm gonna choose love now

[In this moment, as the song ends, there's powerful contact between OFROSH and KEWPIE, including physical touch and magical light, and music recalling the music we've heard in previous instances when KEWPIE's magic goes into effect. It can't be a kiss — we're saving that — but it's unmistakably big.]

DIONYSUS [perhaps sung, to a lingering, somewhat Wagnerian, treble chord]  
Does anybody wish to cross examine the witness? [He suavely puts away his pitchpipe. He's won.]

[beat]

APOLLO [perhaps sung]  
Well he makes a strong argument for love. But I think his testimony proves that Music is at least an equally significant —

ATHENA [perhaps sung]  
What do you want, Cupid?

KEWPIE [quietly] [perhaps sung] [and/or perhaps while crying a little]  
I want to go back to college. I want to hang out with Oafie and my friends and sing songs and just... see what happens.

ATHENA  
I vote that Cupid gets to go back to college without any further interference from us.

REMY [appearing from hiding]

And that's how Oafie helped Kewpie win over the tribunal of the gods, and we all got to—

ZEUS

Who's that?

OFROSH

Remy!?!

HERMES

What is he doing with that phone?

KEWPIE

Oh no. Mom, Dad, it's cool, he's just —

APOLLO

Are we all on video?

POSEIDON

Is he videoing us?

HERA

I look like shit.

ZEUS

NONE MUST VIDEO THE GODS!!!

REMY

Oh — I — no — uh —

ZEUS

THERE MUST BE NO CELL PHONE VIDEOS OF THE GODS!!!

KEWPIE

REMY DROP THE PHONE!!!

[Remy throws his phone up in the air just as Zeus lets fly a thunderbolt. The thunderbolt destroys the phone.]

REMY

Oh no oh no oh no oh no [falls to his knees]

KEWPIE [to the gods]

Okay now let him go! Let all three of us go! We're done here, you've destroyed the video, so let us —

REMY [whimpering]

No, it's... I already—



KEWPIE

Remy shut up!

[but REMY's too scared to shut up]

REMY

I — I — it uploaded automatically... I —

ZEUS

What is he saying? Cupid?!?

REMY

The video... it's in the cloud.

[the Gods all look up slowly.

ZEUS begin hurling thunderbolts into clouds! The sky is ablaze! The heavens are at war! HERMES is swinging back and forth on a giant wrecking ball, APOLLO is making the sun careen all over.]

KEWPIE

Stop it! Stop it! Moooooommm!! Mom tell Zeus he can't destroy the Cloud! It's part of the internet! You can't destroy the internet with thunderbolts!!!

ZEUS

I can do anything with thunderbolts!!!

KEWPIE

No, I mean, the internet isn't actually a physical —

ZEUS

I shall now destroy the internet with thunderbolts!!!

[Thunderbolts rain down everywhere. Fire consumes the earth. A loud electrical zap. Blackout.]

REMY [lights a match, then with it, a candle]

So Zeus destroyed the internet. With thunderbolts. Basically he took out the whole electrical grid. And uh, it was pretty horrible, the human race was plunged into darkness, you know, kind of a sort of a stone age, for um... well, the rest of our lives and and uh, you know, probably centuries into the future, and as we uh... as we all huddled around our campfires in our um, stone caves, we didn't have any uh... I mean there was no TV or movies obviously, and everybody's iPad had uh like run out of charge after you know a couple days, so there was no like YouTube or MP3s, so uh after a short time, we realized, that the only form of entertainment left to humanity was: a cappella music!!!

[A beautiful sung chord rings out for a long time by candlelight]

[BUZZ!!! all lights come back on]

REMY

No, I'm just kidding! That didn't really happen. What really happened was that Hera was like

HERA

Oh husband don't destroy the internet, then we'll miss all the cute moving pictures of small Sphinx-like creatures.

REMY

And Zeus was like

ZEUS

I don't think I'll miss them at all.

REMY

And Hera was like

HERA

I enjoy them. [end of discussion. beat.]

ZEUS

Fine! [stomps off. an explosion from offstage. KEWPIE subtly shoots an arrow after ZEUS.] Ow!

REMY

And then me and Oafie and Kewpie shook hands with the gods and signed some autographs and then they transported us back to our Earthly reality, right where we had left it, which as you remember, sounded a little something like this:

[The Canons bust into the horn break from UPTOWN FUNK.]

REMY

Say Whaaaat??? So here we are, at our little end-of-year campus concert, except with an audience of *thousands, including* — this was what Drake hadn't told us — TV and music producers, record execs, talent scouts, all because of that one viral video! It's the biggest night of our lives! I wish I could show you the whole thing — [Canons switch to “Go Your Own Way”] — but now, of course, it's come time for us to sing the song from the video, the crowd, this *amazing* crowd, is *freaking out* —

DRAKE

Remy stop narrating — it's time for your solo!

REMY

Oh god — it's time for my — for my — Okay. The highlight of my — [deep breath] Here it comes. Audience full of producers: watch this.

LOVERBOY

LOVING YOU ISN'T THE RIGHT THING TO DO

REMY

HOW CAN I EVER SAY THINGS THAT I FEEL?

LOVERBOY

IF I COULD, BABY I'D GIVE YOU MY WORLD

REMY

HOW CAN I — Pause. [everyone but Remy freezes. music stops] No it was wrong. It was all wrong. Because when I went back and watched the video of my solo, I saw this.

[A light focuses on OFrosh's face in the chorus. He's frozen, his face twisted, holding back tears.]

REMY

I know it's hard to see on the small screen. But there, in the middle of the happiest moment of my life, was the way OFrosh felt. His eyes squeezed shut, a tear paused on his cheek.

Ladies and Gentlemen, these are my best friends. And nothing I can do with my phone will ever fix this. [beat] Fortunately, this is not my phone. Zeus destroyed my phone. This is Dionysus's phone, and Dionysus, you remember, is the god of theater. [pushes button] Kewpie: Unfreeze!

KEWPIE [unfreezing]

Why? What? what'd I do now?

REMY

Nothing, you're good. I just need a witness. [pushes button] OFrosh: Unfreeze! OFrosh, hi. Hi. I would like you to please take the solo in this song.

OFROSH [lost]

I — what? no, that's your solo, Remy, you earned it.

REMY

I don't need it. It doesn't need me. You and this song need each other.

OFROSH

He doesn't love me, Remy.

REMY

I know, but, OFrosh, you're in the Canons, so, I do. [Remy and OFrosh see each other for a moment. In the background, Kewpie's mind is quietly blown.] I'm gonna restart the video, it's your show, you can do whatever you want —

OFROSH

Wait. I'm not ready to — !

REMY

Yeah you are.

OFROSH

No! I just — [he thinks] Let me start singing first, and then I'll tell you when to push play, okay?

REMY [moment of decision]

[hands phone to OFROSH] I trust you.

OFROSH [beat. he begins singing, alone, quiet, slow, approaching LOVERBOY, who is still frozen.]  
Clock strikes upon the hour, and the sun begins to fade  
Still enough time to figure out how to chase my blues away

I've done alright up to now, it's the light of day that shows me how  
And when the night falls, loneliness calls

[OFROSH presses a button on the phone and the Canons unfreeze, starting to slowly build behind him.  
LOVERBOY is confused, not fully unfrozen. OFROSH dances with him, in complete control.]

I've been in love and lost my senses, spinning through the town  
Sooner or later, the fever ends, and I wind up feeling down  
I need a man who'll take a chance on a love that burns hot enough to last  
So when the night falls, my lonely heart calls

[OFROSH presses another button, and lets LOVERBOY have it with full-on rock and roll:]

YOU CAN GO YOUR OWN WAY — YOU CAN GO YOUR OWN WAY —  
YOU CAN CALL IT ANOTHER LONELY DAY  
Tell me why  
Everything turned around  
Packing up  
Shacking up is all you want to do

LOVERBOY  
If I could  
Baby, I'd give you my world

OFROSH  
Open up  
Everything's waiting for you

[OFROSH points the phone at LOVERBOY. LOVERBOY freezes. suddenly we're back to a ballad.  
LOVERBOY begins slowly transforming into a tree.]

I wanna dance with somebody  
I wanna feel the heat with somebody  
I wanna dance with somebody  
with somebody who loves me

[when OFROSH sings this line to LOVERBOY, it must clearly mean “ie not with you anymore”]  
[The tree song is now the only backup music]

You can go your own way  
You can call it another lonely day

[maybe now, in a silence, OFROSH kisses LOVERBOY on the cheek, quietly waves goodbye]  
[and then OFROSH presses a button, LOVERBOY is freed, we rock out with both songs at once]

I wanna dance with somebody  
I wanna feel the heat with somebody  
I wanna dance with somebody  
with somebody who loves me

YOU CAN GO YOUR OWN WAY  
YOU CAN CALL IT ANOTHER LONELY DAY

[IMPORTANT: The storytelling of the above dance between OFROSH and LOVERBOY is vital. When OFROSH approaches LOVERBOY, it should be as if this is his chance to finally say what he's been needing to say. Wistfully, fondly, with confidence, and perhaps a hint of mischief...? He could coax LOVERBOY into an embrace. Maybe he goes 100% Fred and Ginger with LOVERBOY — casting himself as Fred. Maybe he makes out with LOVERBOY. LOVERBOY is surprised, but not at all displeased, and of course he's unable to resist the incredibly positive audience response. The Canons, equally surprised, continue to sing. OFROSH controls the situation. The brief almost-transformation of LOVERBOY into a tree is not diabolical, it's not cruel or a threat. It's OFROSH showing LOVERBOY that they're now equals. We need to see that OFROSH can now move on, and can also coexist with LOVERBOY in this a cappella group, because OFROSH has control over their interactions now — but LOVERBOY needs to also want, appreciate, and consent to that. This is NOT a battle between the two of them. It is the establishment of a new arrangement, led by OFROSH, with LOVERBOY's surprised and happy approval.]

REMY [as OFROSH hands him his phone back, and the song morphs into another song...]  
So there it was — I told you I was gonna show you my solo, and I did!  
And this is where it all goes into fast forward for real: the music producers *freak out*, the recording contract with Sony, the tours, Summer, Fall, Winter — spots on Oprah, Ellen, Good Morning America, we manage to pass all our classes through some *divine miracle*, [waves skyward, mouths “thank you”] *Ahhh!!!* [REMY is giddily happy] Are we *ever* going to live through years like this *again??* — Did I mention that I love OFrosh? I love him. *Love him*. And it's not *just* because he got me on Ellen. *Mostly*, it's because he got me on Ellen. And, speaking of friends of mine who I love — Kewpie?

KEWPIE [sings, finally really happy]  
The power of love is a curious thing  
Make a one man weep, make another man sing  
Change a heart to a little white dove  
More than a feeling, that's the power of love

#### THE OTHER CANONS TRADE OFF THESE LINES

[DRAKE] Tougher than diamonds, rich like cream  
[ELDER] Stronger and harder than a bad boy's dream  
[COREY] Make a bad one good, mmm make a wrong one right [tapdances through the next line]  
[VEEPER] Power of love will keep you home at night [maybe solo, with fancy EDM stutter effects]

KEWPIE [Duetting with the other Canons]  
Don't need money, don't take fame  
Don't need no credit card to ride this train  
It's strong and it's sudden and it's cruel sometimes  
But it might just save your life  
That's the power of / love

#### OTHER CANONS TRADE OFF THESE LINES

[GREG] First time you feel it might make you sad                            don'tcha wanna dance [x3]  
[MICHAEL] Next time you feel it might make you mad                        don'tcha wanna dance [x3]  
[LOVERBOY] But you'll be glad baby when you've found                     YOU CAN GO YOUR OWN WAY  
[REMY triumphant] That's the power that makes the world go round

KEWPIE AND FRIENDS

Don't need money, don't take fame  
Don't need no credit card to ride this train  
It's strong and it's sudden and it's cruel sometimes  
But it might just save your life

That's the power of love

[Significant button, and Blackout. We should now expect a curtain call.  
Instead:]

REMY [in darkness]

Ladies and Gentlemen: WHERE ARE THEY NOW???

[Pomp-and-Circumstance-like music. Lights up on REMY, alone onstage, possibly in a plush leather armchair and smoking jacket, reading from notecards. It should somehow recall the very beginning of the play — maybe the same spotlight? The other Canons are heard speaking from offstage.]

Veeper is a local News Anchor in Sioux Falls, South Dakota. Off the air he enjoys photographing elaborate dioramas of taxidermied squirrels in Edwardian costumes for his twitter account, the prudent rodent.

[VP: What?]

Elder is a vocal entertainment coordinator for Alaskan cruise ships, and has been trained to cook and serve Sealion in 27 different ways!

[Elder: Ucchhhh, no]

Greg and Michael are living together in Cedar Rapids Iowa, where Michael is a personal trainer and frequent calendar model. Greg writes his popular series of young adult vampire novels, “The FangNabbits,” under the nom de plume of “Geoffrey Von Trubloodore.”

[Greg groans]

[Michael: I kinda like that name for you!]

REMY

Loverboy spent thirty-five years in the Canons without aging, just as OFrosh proposed, until he took a vow of celibacy, moved to El Dorado Arkansas, and began to donate his time as a human rights lawyer and social justice activist.

[Loverboy: I get it! I get it! You're all jealous I have sex!]

[Elder: Just save some for the rest of us.]

Drake runs a network of orphanages in Sub Saharan Africa. All of the orphans participate in mandatory choirs.

[Elder: Ha!]

[Drake: They're not mandatory!]

OFROSH AND FRIENDS

I wanna dance with somebody  
I wanna feel the heat with somebody [etc]  
YOU CAN CALL IT ANO-  
THER LONELY DAY  
with somebody who loves me

[VP: These are too nice!]

[COREY: Remy has senioritis! Come on Remy!]

Corey is a personal assistant to Justin Bieber's pet monkey Ashtonio

[Greg: Ouch!]

[Corey: Cruel!]

[Loverboy: That's more like it!]

And I, Remy, am president of the Castle Island Alumni Association. It is, as you can imagine, an all-consuming job which does require me to have my own private jet filled with diamonds and gold and platinum cup holders and...

[Corey: Aw come on!]

I also tame lions. I mean, I haven't tamed any yet. But, you know, they're out there. No lack of em. I'll get to them someday.

OFrosh, well, we all know OFrosh. Campus legend. A-List celeb. Sex symbol. He's doing well. Understatement.

[Loverboy: uh huh]

[Elder: Yup]

[Drake: Truth]

And Kewpie — well... it's hard to keep track of Kewpie. I mean, he doesn't have a social security number or anything. And he's been kind of nomadic since graduating. There hasn't been a sighting of him in a while. Oafie said he'd find him somehow...

I think this was the last time I ever saw them. It was the last show they did before they graduated. I was a year ahead of them, so I wasn't in the group anymore... This isn't a video. It's just... [sigh] ... Let me show you.

[REMY puts his phone away. He removes his jacket and is dressed exactly as we first saw him. The rest of the Canons appear, in varied casual clothes, no concert attire.]

SONG: LULLABY [by Josh Groban]

[The song is sung by all the guys onstage in a semicircle, as "unproduced" as possible — no fancy lights or sound. (Could it be unamplified??? or amplified so subtly we can't tell?) KEWPIE and OFROSH stand next to each other, near the middle of the semicircle. The way they're dressed shows they've grown up, but only a little. They speak very softly. The other Canons can't hear them.]

CANONS

HUSH NOW BABY DON'T YOU CRY

OFROSH

Four years. Damn.

REST YOUR WINGS MY BUTTERFLY

KEWPIE

Best four years of my life

PEACE WILL COME TO YOU IN TIME

OFROSH

In your case, that's saying something.

KEWPIE

Ha

AND I WILL SING THIS LULLABY

KEWPIE

You got plans? I mean after graduation?

KNOW THOUGH I MUST LEAVE, MY CHILD

OFROSH

Talking to an agent. Nothing yet. You?

THAT I WOULD STAY HERE BY YOUR SIDE

KEWPIE

Zilch. Gotta start paying these loans off.

OFROSH

Oooh, fun.

AND IF YOU WAKE BEFORE I'M GONE

OFROSH

Good thing you're immortal.

KEWPIE

Right?

REMEMBER THIS SWEET LULLABY

KEWPIE

Five or six centuries — debt-free.

AND ALL LOVE THROUGH DARKNESS

DON'T YOU EVER STOP BELIEVING

WITH LOVE ALONE

WITH LOVE YOU'LL FIND YOUR WAY, YOUR WAY, MY LOVE

KEWPIE

Are you seeing anybody?



OFROSH  
God no.

THE WORLD HAS TURNED THE DAY TO DARK

OFROSH  
How bout you, have you felt... anything... yet?

I LEAVE THIS NIGHT WITH HEAVY HEART

KEWPIE  
Not a single stirring.

OFROSH  
Can I... try something?

WHEN I RETURN TO DRY YOUR EYES

[OFROSH kisses KEWPIE]

I WILL SING THIS LULLABY

OFROSH  
Did that, uh, make any difference?

YES I WILL SING THIS LULLABY

KEWPIE  
I think... huh.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

[REMY raises his arms to the sky, closes his eyes, lifts into the air, and flies away.]

END OF PLAY

## SONG LIST

[Original songs are numbered. Songs in brackets are covers and could be swapped out for other songs.]

### Act One

1. Above the Noise  
[mashup with “You Belong With Me” / “Love Potion Number Nine”]
2. Canons’ Anthem  
[“This Magic Moment”]
3. Where All the Love Was, Part One  
[“We Shall Overcome”]
4. Angry Greek Gods
5. Questions for Kewpie
6. Where All the Love Was, Part Two
7. Canons’ Anthem Reprise
8. I’m Not Like Other Guys  
[mashup with “Smooth Criminal”]
9. I Am A Tree  
[“Breathe”]  
[“Safety Dance”]

### Act Two

10. Show of Hands  
[mashup: “We Are The Champions” / “Loser”]
11. He’s Just Not That Into You
12. Rap Battle
13. Kewpie’s Lament  
[“Go Your Own Way” excerpt]  
[mashup: “I’ve Never Been in Love Before” / “Battlefield” / “I Wanna Know What Love Is”  
/ “I’m Yours”]  
[“Uptown Funk” excerpt]
14. Tribunal of the Gods
15. Choose Love  
[mashup: “I Wanna Dance With Somebody” / “Go Your Own Way” / “The Power of Love”]  
[“Lullaby”]