

Shady Business Working Script
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ACT I

Scene 1: Stage is dark. Curtain closed. Flashes of light. Some semblance of an attack. Scream. OVERTURE?

Scene 2: Opening song. Lights shine out of the darkness on the first voice.

Scene 2: OPENING SONG: THIS MORNING.

Person One:

This morning...
The sun was shining brightly
The yellow birds were singing,
And I was overjoyed to wake up,
TO MY ALARM CLOCK RINGING!

Person Two:

This morning...
I lay sweetly off in dream land
Thinking of Ice Cream Sundaes,
But then was jolted out of bed,
AND REALIZED IT WAS MONDAY.

Person Three:

This morning...
I got up quick, I took a run,
Had some coffee, Irish Cream,
Then walked to class five minutes early,
BUT THEN WOKE UP THAT WAS A DREAM

1: But Still
2: Anyway
3: It's going to be
All: A beautiful day!!

Person 1: (*Spoken*) Do you smell that? It's the smell of a beautiful day!

P2: (*sung*) OH, I just woke up, the sun's in the sky and I have a craving for some apple pie. The day is young, and so am I, and it looks like it's gonna be a golden one.

P3: (*sung*) Oh, can you feel those UV rays landing on your skin and giving you wrinkles? I've gotta say, bring it on sun, it's gonna be a good day!

CHORUS:

Time for work on this glorious morning
Nothing can stop my happiest mood
I've got my Dunkachino and I'm ready for anything
I'll tackle my work or play some snood

CHORUS:

If you're wondering why we're so joyful

It's because we're easy to please
Take my hand and hold it tight
This fine day is outtasight

It's gonna be a good day
A mighty mighty fine day
A sunshining day

Newsboy enters.

Newsboy: Extra, extra, read all about it! *Mouths the rest.*

As they hear the news, lyrics turn negative: horrible, awful, etc substituted in. They dwindle until the head detective is the only one left, still singing one of the jolly lines. She realizes she is all alone, running late, and runs off. Checks watch and runs off.

Suddenly the world has changed
Fear and violence plague our days
Take my hand and hold it tight
Hope I make it till tonight

It's gonna be a bad day
A mighty mighty mighty bad day
A god-awful day
Oooh [shit!-yelled, not sung]

Scene 3: Detective Agency
Phone rings.

Quagmire: Veronica's Detective Agency, how may I help you? Uh huh. Yes ma'am. Yes ma'am! I understand ma'am. Yes well she's not really quite here yet. Yes I know our hours are 9 to 5. Yes, I'm aware it's 10:15 right now. Yes of course, sorry for the inconvenience. We'll get back to you as soon as possible then. *Pause.* Well screw you too!

The entire office responds: Mrs. Johnston.
Sighs.

Yolanda: Is Pookie the African Grey parrot still missing?

Quag: Well, we found it last week, but I guess it fled again.

Oom: If I were Pookie, I'd run away, too. (*Gets up to file papers*)
Oom returns with stackful of cases.

Alex (gay): I love it when you say 'Pookie.' (*Then notices the papers.*) Where'd those come from?

Oom: Under Veronica's desk, if you can believe it. (*Motions to a really sloppy desk*)

Quagmire: Veronica's desk? Yes, I can believe that. Where is she anyway?

Yolanda: Who knows? Isn't it your job to keep track of her?

Veronica stumbles in.

Wanda: Late again!

Yolanda: No surprise there...

Quag: Gosh Veronica, can't you do ANYTHING right?

Veronica: That's Head Detective Veronica to you, my dear. Go fetch me a coffee, and fix your tie. I'm runnin' this joint, and don't you forget it. Cue the music!

SONG: VERONICA'S DETECTIVE AGENCY

Veronica:
I may be late every single day
I may spill coffee and miss the can (*when she throws stuff in the garbage*)
But I still get higher pay
And I still get to be the wo-man

Wanda and Yolanda:--chorus OR menial men as chorus

She's the head detective and she's so spacey
Wanda (sung): Face it boys, you know it's true.
The women here are the ones who rule.
You can try but you can't be beat
It's us girls here who own the street

Menial Men: How did we get stuck being her secretaries?

Veronica: (*spoken*) Just get used to it Yalies, what'd you expect? (*goes into separate office*)

Oom:
When I was a little boy,
My momma told me

Alex:
Son you'll go far.
She took me to school,
And frankly I

Quagmire: Was the best.
All throughout my years,
Studying at a desk,

Oom: Or playing on the field,

Alex: Or making a plethora of friends, I was

All: Most Likely to Succeed, I was the best.
When I was in high school,
I tried without fail,
I worked my large ass off,
And got into Yale.

Oom: Yale.

Alex: Yale.

Quagmire: Yale.

Oom: I was going to be a lawyer.

Alex: I was going to be a vet.

Quagmire: I was going to be a cognitive-science, zero-reliance, briefcase toting, Marlboro smoking, Brain surgeon.

ALL MM: These were jobs we could surely get.
But. Then. Those.
Bastards from Harvard,

Oom: Took our professions

Quagmire: We were forced to make concessions....

Alex: We needed dinero

Oom: I would not cut hair-OOOOh.

Alex: (*spoken*) I would!

Oom: And

Alex: Now

Quagmire: It's
Liz—this could also be a chorus:

All MM: Another day in the office,
We're secretarial men.
Running trivial errands
Stuck in the lioness's den

Oom: We type the memos,

Quagmire: Clean the floors

Alex: Take dictations and open doors

Veronica: (*interrupting/shouting*) Hey! What's all this raucous? (*No one answers and they just wait for her reaction*). Focus!

Verse: *Chorus line, can can tune, slow and building up.*

I can crack a case like I crack an egg,
And never drop the shell,
I'm good at what I do, babies,
And I'm good at giving Hell.

Quagmire: (*spoken*) That's for sure.

Veronica: (*spoken*) What did you say to me?

Quagmire: (*spoken*) You've found the cure!

Veronica: .(*spoken-sultry*)That's right baby
(sung:) I'm not into lying, you're not even really
trying
Come on and let's do this riiiiiiight
(*They join a can can line to her open arms*)
This is how we do it at Veronica's Agency
Day and Niiiiiiight (end of song)

Door bursts open and frosh enters.

Quag: Can I help you, young man?
Peter is frazzled.

Peter: Well, you see, it's just. *He looks straight
up and sees Veronica.*
Voice over: And then I saw her. She was the most
gorgeous woman northeast of the Charles. Her
blonde hair. Those full lips. That piercing stare.

Veronica: My piercing voice. It's my office, I give
the voiceovers.

Peter: What?

Veronica: He stumbled into my office, looking
like he needed more than a cup of coffee with two
sugars. He was mildly charming in his lost and
young way, though on a bit of a power trip. He
was yay big (*motions with her hand*), with plump
rosy cheeks like a cherub in the sky, or one of
those chipmunks that run through the yard.

Peter: Hey, hey, hey now! (*He's still next to
quag*)

Quag: Well, what's the story?

Peter: Uh...terrible, horrible, lost, Lamont, gone, I
just, blah!sdfhasdfk!

Oom: Well spit it out boy. You tell Veronica
everything you know and she'll take care of the
rest. (*He leaves but the frosh is still staring
admirably at Veronica*).

Veronica: Well??? Can I help you or what?

Peter: (*stuttering, nervously*) Sorry it's
just...well, where do I start?

Alex: at the beginning

Peter: right

SONG:PLEASE FIND GEORGE

Peter: Last night my roommate went to the
library
He had an expos paper due in two hours or three
The midnight deadline kept him working until
then
I thought he'd be back at Grays a little after when

I met a friend outside Lamont at twelve:fifteen
He'd seen my roommate being attacked and
taken in
It seemed a mob had mugged and kidnapped
George
But my friend couldn't stop them or follow
anymore

I ran back home and woke up my proctor
He thought I was drunk and recommended a
doctor
I called the cops and they said wait 24 hours
Don't drive a car, take a cold shower

And time passed by
Time ticked on
I fell asleep at two and
George was still missing

His cell phone was dead (*Spoken: I hope he's not
dead!*) when I called him this morning
I don't know what to do so I've come to you

Please find George!
He's got my Bob Dylan tickets
You've gotta find George
And bring him back to campus, please

MM: that's terrible, awful, horrible, etc, adlib.

Veronica: I'll take it!

Yolanda: But Veronica, look how many cases
we've got already! We're swamped! (*Motions to
pile on desk*).

Veronica: Oh, hush you. Half of those cases are
of that damned parrot anyway. Plus, come on,
how hard could it be? I'm sure the kid just got
burnt out from Harvard and needed a little break.

Peter: It's really not that simple! He's gone!
Without a trace!

Quagmire: Like the TV show.

Peter: What?

Alex: Oh please Quagmire, CBS is SOO last year.

Peter: This isn't a TV show! *Hyper excited.*

Veronica: Simmer, simmer down now. Come take
a seat and we'll get you settled.
He goes to her desk and sits down. So, this chap,
eh? What was he wearing when you last saw
him?

Peter: Uhh jeans and a Zepellin tee-shirt; same
thing he wears everyday.

Yolanda: Hey Alex, you gettin' all this?

Alex: Yup, *(he's writing everything down, looking horrified)*, Someone needs to get that boy a new wardrobe. And some quality cologne if he's gonna go a la French and skip showers.

Oom: I guess we can pull out the..what are they called? Ehh, the bloodhounds on that one.

Peter: Dude, anyone can track down this guy's scent.

Veronica: Does George have any enemies we should know about?

Peter: I dunno, I mean, he did play a pretty sweet prank on his Expos preceptor a while back, nothing too malicious though...

Wanda: Somehow I doubt a red pen-toting preceptor would kidnap a student.

Peter: And he was writing his expos paper, no less!

Veronica: When did you last see him?

Peter: I had to let him into the room because he had forgotten his swipe card before heading out to Lamont.

Veronica: Where do you live, exactly?

Peter: In the yard. Grays.

Oom: Aren't you guys like wired to the batcave or something? Isn't there a secret service room...maybe?

Peter: If there is, it's not in my room.

Veronica: Let's check out that room for some clues then.

Peter voiceover: She invited herself up to my room..

Veronica: Aww knock it off, kiddo.
He sighs, they start towards the door (all of them), she turns back and says to the menial men: Where do you boys think you're goin'?? Someone's gotta take care of Pookie the Parrot. Get back on that Johnston case ASAP.

Veronica, Wanda, Yolanda, and Peter walk in front of curtain as scene changes to dorm/Harvard.

SCENE 4: Grays dorm

They enter dorm room.

Yolanda: God, this place stinks!

Wanda: You might try some air freshener, Peter.

Peter: Hey, you can take that up with George if you ever find him.

Sandra: George, as in your roommate George?? What happened to him?

Peter: He's MIA

Veronica: And you are...?

Sandra: Honorary roommate.

Guys: Ahhhh! Glorious, heavenly, etc.

Sandra: I live across the hall.

Veronica: *(Nods, then moves to business.)* Okay, let's see what we've got here.

Yolanda: Exhibit A...dirty laundry.

Wanda: And in this corner...random books; status unread.

Veronica: Somehow I don't think this is going to be very helpful.

Peter: That's because you're going about this in the wrong way...See, you've gotta follow George's schedule if you're ever gonna figure him out. When George walks in...

SONG: METHOD TO HIS MADNESS

He first throws his coat in the corner over there
Then he looks in the mirror and he tousles up his hair

He plops on his bed and tosses off his shoes
Adds more books to the pile of overduees

There's a method to his madness, or so he says
He insists he knows where everything is
But when he's missing something, he blames it on us
And spends hours whining, always making a fuss

Sandra: When he sits at his desk
Which is always a mess
He fiddles on AIM
It's always the same

He blasts death metal until he thinks they're in bed
Then he croons to Celine Dion; it always gets stuck in my head

There's a method to his madness, or so he says
He insists he knows where everything is
But when he's missing something, he blames it on us

And spends hours whining, always making a fuss

Bridge: Nerdy roomie: Now, we can clean up the room! Quick, Peter, pass me that broom! With George gone this room can get back to itself. *(Dramatic-operatic even)* Hand me that book, put the plate on the shelf!

They clean off the desk and find pile of swipe cards. Dance where they pass things to each other. Yolanda is counting the cards on one end.

Chorus:
There's a method to his madness, or so he says
He insists he knows where everything is
But when he's missing something, he blames it on us
And spends hours whining, always making a fuss

Yolanda: Hold up! Does this kid have multiple personalities? Why on earth does he have twelve swipe cards?

nerd: Oh, that's typical George for ya, he loses them all the time. I'm surprised he even has a pile of extras around.

Veronica: You did say that he forgot his swipe card that night, right Peter?

Peter: Yep, I had to let him in, per usual.

Veronica: I think we're about done here; those moldy bananas probably won't add to our pile of evidence. Yolanda, put those swipe cards in a ziplock and let's head on out.

Nerdy roommate: Wait! I think I found a clue! Here! *(throws old sneaker to them)*

Veronica: Why would his left shoe be of any help?

Sandra: Just take it, please! There's a dumpster nearby.
They leave.
Outside of the room.

Wanda: Someone needs to buy those boys a swiffer sweeper.

Peter: A what? A thwiffer thweeper?

Yolanda: Forget it, you're hopeless.

Peter continues mumbling, trying to pronounce "Swiffer Sweeper."

Veronica: Focus, guys. I don't think we're getting anywhere.

Peter: And you're running out of time if I'm gonna make it to that concert!

Veronica: Hush. But let's split up. You two take Lamont, and ugh, the frosh and I will take Annenberg. Rendezvous in an hour or two.

SCENE 5: Annenberg

Veronica: Ohh Annenberg, your scent is everlasting. It always did have that distinct odor to it. Hmph! And the length of these lines, geeze! They just want to supersize **everything** nowadays.

As they walk up to Dimna, they see her yelling at a poor frosh.

Dimna: Where's your card?

Frosh: Um, I don't know...I think I might have lost it...

Dimna: Where is it?

Frosh: I'm not sure.

Dimna: Why? Why do you forget?

Frosh: Look, I'm sorry can I just give you my code?

Dimna: Why? Why you do this to Dimna? No, you cannot come in.

Frosh: Please?

Dimna: *(greek curses)* Ah I don't understand this kids. *(beep in the code)*

Peter: Hello Dimna.

Dimna: Ah ello Peter. You have your swipe card. You good child...bless you.

Peter: I have a guest.

Veronica: Private Eye, Veronica.

Dimna: Don't you private eye me. You have board plus?

Peter: Yes. Have a good day Dimna.

Veronica: That crazy woman was here in my day.

Peter: In *your* day? What, five years ago?

Veronica: Rule number one: when trying to win over a woman, never ask for her age.

They pass by tables and hear random bits of conversation.

First Table: And then this IDIOT in my section started talking about the non linear existence of BLAH BLAH BLAH.

Table 2: Female: I just don't think I'll ever understand guys. Ever! Why can't they just say what they mean??

Male: Well girls don't exactly spit it out either!

Table 3: Well, the problem with creating a democracy in such an unstable environment deals more with the country's historical past than its present state, don't you agree?

Veronica: God, I forgot how convoluted this place was...Should we go get some food?
(someone holds up a rubber chicken, and such like that)

...on second thought, I don't think I'm going to find anything here. I'll go see what Yolanda and Wanda are up to.

Peter: Ooh, I'll go too!

Veronica: Noo...how bout you be the eyes and ears in Annenberg? Call me when you're finished scouting out the place. Here's my number: 8675309. *(Veronica exits)*

Peter: She gave me her number...ah...yes.
(goes on line)

SONG: PLOP, SWIPE, PLOP

Dance starts with mechanical stepping, then plopping of food, then a crowd of people walk in and start swiping at the same beat.

Plop, Plop, Plop, Plop
Ensemble 1 Random frosh: Meatloaf tonight...there's meatloaf tonight
Plop, plop, plop, plop
E2: Spaghetti and sauce is a staple that's nice
Plop, plop, plop, plop
E3: I stick to salad, that's where it's at
Plop, plop, plop, plop
E4: I swear this chicken is made from only fat

Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe
Dimna: Quickly now, how's your day?
Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe
You've a visitor you say?
Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe
Where's your card??
Swipe, swipe, swipe, swipe
Other lunchladies: Get those tourists out of here!

Plop, swipe, plop, swipe
Where are we sitting tonight?
Plop, swipe, plop, swipe
Let's find a table under the light
Plop, swipe, plop, swipe
I'm gonna go get some tea

Plop, swipe, plop, swipe
Yeah, it's fro-yo time for me

Another round of plop, swipe, but overlapping.
Just a bunch of noise. People shout out random things.

Ensemble member: Hold up, NO TOMATOES!!!!

Random frosh: *(Loudly)* Oy vey and keeps walking. Soon others follow and act as if nothing has happened. Peter meets up with some friends as they look for a spot to sit down.

Peter: Where should we perch?

Friend: I'm thinkin' towards the back.
They find a seat and start to eat.

Friend: So what have you been up to today?

Peter: I didn't tell you? George is missing!

Friend: What the flip?

Peter: Yeah, I know. He was like kidnapped or something last night.

Dimna has left the swipecy section and is pretending to try to clean up the tables near them.

Friend: That's hardcore. So, like, what's gonna happen?

Peter: Well I actually hired a private eye to check it out, cuz George still has my tickets. *Dimna's ears perk up over this.*

Friend: Oh yeah, I forgot that's tomorrow night.

Peter: Yeah, sux.

Friend: But I meant, what's gonna happen with his room? Did you guys divvy it up yet?

Dimna rolls her eyes. It was not the information she was looking for.

Peter: Naw, not quite. I hadn't actually thought about that, but that's key, isn't it?

Friend: Heck yes, it is.

Peter: I should probably tell his parents, huh?

Friend: Yeah, eventually. So do you have any idea who kidnapped him? Or why?

Dimna is apprehensive.

Peter: Naw, we just started thinkin' about it, but I dunno. I didn't think George had any enemies.

Dimna leaves.

Friend: Curious

Peter: Indeed. Anyway, I gotta get going. I'm actually meeting up with the hot detective in a bit.

Friend: Oh yeah? (*winks*) Good luck with that.

Peter: Smell ya later.

He goes to leave. Close curtain, he walks in front.

He is meeting Wanda and Yolanda in front of Grays.

Peter: Hey, any leads?

Wanda: Nope. I thought maybe somebody on duty at Lamont could give us a better time frame of what happened, but to no avail.

Peter: Yeah, I figured as much. People are always so out of it by the time they leave, the librarians are used to seeing weird behavior. Nothing would be out of the ordinary to them.

Wanda: So, how'd you and Veronica make out?

Peter: I wish!

Wanda: What?

Peter: Nothing.

Yolanda: Where *is* Veronica anyway?

Peter: She left Annenberg way before me. I would have thought she'd be here by now.
They look around for her.

Yolanda: Maybe she went back to the office already, if she left Annenberg early.

Wanda: Yeah, might as well head back to the agency, then.

Peter: Are you sure? Maybe I should call her just to be sure.

Yolanda: You just want an excuse to call her.
Peter shrugs.

Wanda: See ya later, kiddo.

Peter: Bye.

The ladies leave him in front of Grays. He starts rifling through his pockets, looking for his cell phone. Then he searches for her number. As he does so, his head is down. On the opposite side of the stage, we see Veronica approaching

Grays, but she is suddenly attacked and detained. Timing is crucial here.

Peter: humming 8765309, busy looking down and so misses the attack as he calls her. Veronica manages to get her cell phone out in time. She drops it but he hears the scuffle somehow. She is dragged away as he looks up.

Peter: Veronica!

He runs and picks up her cell phone. Close curtain.

ACT 2

SCENE 1: Reprise of song.

Spotlight on George, all blackness

George: This morning...
The sun was shining brightly
I woke up without fail,
But as the sun beat through the bars,
I remembered I was in jail.

Spotlight goes off George and onto Peter, everything else is black

Peter:
This morning...
I lay sweetly off in dream land
Till my face was rudely slapped,
By my two other roommates,
Reminding me that the other had been
kiiiiiddnapped.

Spotlight goes off Peter and onto Veronica
Veronica:

This morning...
I got up quick, I took a run,
I ran into my office late,
I went to solve a case-as usual
So why is this my fate?????
(The lights come up and two sketchy men wearing all black, facing the back of the stage, are carrying Veronica offstage. You never see the front of the men. Peter and George are no longer on stage.)

SCENE 2: *Lights come up on George, he is sitting in a barred off jail, to the side of the stage. Two Henchmen (Jasper and Pavel) are beside him. Julio is holding a bucket of water, and he is closer to the door of the jail. Pavel is holding a water dropper. The one with the water dropper keeps taking water out of the bucket and dropping it on George's head. George is not paying attention at all, and is frantically scribbling on his hand.*

Jasper: Honestly, you call this Chinese water torture?

Pavel: Yes.

Jasper: No, no, no you are doing this all wrong.

George: *(looks up)* Yeah, you are doing this all wrong.

Pavel: What? What is the problem?

Jasper: You have to take the dropper, and drop it on his forehead. Not his hair. You do not give the boy a damn shampoo.

Pavel: Look, I'm doing my best here.

Jasper: Well your best is not goooood eno...
[At this point, the two men who had been carrying Veronica throw her into the cell, where she knocks over Jasper and he dumps the bucket of water on Pavel.]

Pavel: *[shivering]* Now that is torture.

Veronica: Let me go, let me go, let me...George?

George: How do you know who I am?

Veronica: Well at least one mystery has been solved. *[Opens up notebook]*. One George...located. Well, sort of.

Pavel: You fiends stay put.

Jasper: They don't have a choice.

Pavel+Jasper: Bwah hahaha:

Veronica: Where the hell are we?

George: I have no idea. I was kidnapped last night...

Veronica: Yeah, yea I know that.

George: How do you know that?

Veronica: Details later, boy, I'm trying to figure out our whereabouts. *To herself*: Now where are we...?

George: I don't know. In a jail. These ridiculous fiends have not revealed the identity of whatever man is behind this.

Veronica: Hmmm...I bet I can figure this out.

George: WHO ARE YOU? How do you know me?

Veronica: Oh, right right. Your roommate is Peter, correct?

George: Yes.

Veronica: Well, let me tell you, you have one hell of a roommate. He hired me to find you. I'm Veronica, and I work at well, Veronica's Detective Agency.

George: Wow. I never knew Peter cared that much.

Veronica: Oh, he does kid. He does. Now let's figure out who's behind all of this...

George: Well, I haven't been able to figure it out.

Veronica: Yes, you go to Harvard, and if you can't figure it out, nobody can, right?

George: Well...uh...yea?

Veronica: Wrong. Now let's see...these bars in the jail are old, real old *[taps them]*, and I'd say they're circa 1840 *[taps them again]*, no 1853. *[Smells them]*. Ah the smell is so distinct, so sweet...

George: You are so severely weird

Veronica: *[in her own little solving world]* ...so clearly Grecian Ore.

George: Riiiiightt....

Veronica: I don't see any natural light, *[pulls out a series of ridiculous props from a never ending bag until she finds the humidity thingymajig]* and the humidity clearly points to the fact that we are underground.

George: What does this mean?

Veronica: Hold up a second. I'm the mystery chick here. Now lets see if there are any other clear pointers. *[Sees dirty dishes on the floor.]* Did those scoundrels feed you?

George: Of course. Surprisingly a good meal for jail.

Veronica: What did they feed you?

George: Turkey, Gravy, Salad, Enchilada and... Popcorn Chicken. Yes, yes. I tossed the leftovers outside the jail cell if you're hungry...

Veronica: And did they take your plates?

George: No, they told me to toss them outside of my jail cell...

Veronica: I'll pass, but tell me...did the food taste familiar?

George: It was slightly reminiscent of...

Veronica: It doesn't matter! I know where we are!
I know who's behind this! George, in order to
solidify my information, you need to answer one
question for me.

George: What is it? What is it?

Veronica: Do you have your swipe card on you?

George: *Checks pockets.* No. *Suddenly confused.*
Why?

Veronica: There is no doubt in my mind that all
signs point to
[Song begins]

Veronica: Diiiiimna. (low and sultry)
[Dimna swaggers in, tossing her apron in the
corner]

Dimna: You solved it baby, but it's too late now.
Your super-solving-sleuthing was certainly not in
the nick of time...

Henchmen: Diiiiimna

Dimna: *Spoken.* That's what my men call me

Henchwomen: Diiiiimna

Dimna: *Spoken.* Oh yes you hear the soothing
sound

Henchpeople: Diiiiimna

Dimna: *Spoken.* Ladies and gentlemen, sit tight

Henchpeople: DIMNA!! (louder and more
forceful, and then it fades out)

Dimna: And listen to the tale of yooours truly.
Here's how it plays out, cats.

SONG: MOBSTER FAMILY

Dimna: I started working at Annenberg just a
year and a half ago
I never imagined that a job could go so slow.
But 1650 freshman, and dozens without a card
It makes my day so dreary, and so very hard

Don't get me wrong, I like being Dimna
Everyone knows me
I'm a celebrity of notoriety
And I try to learn a name or two
And smile and chat with more than a few
But what's better than that
Is running this gang
I'm the leader of the pack
For this mobster familyyyy

Hooligans:
Dimna, Dimna, we hail to the Chief
Dimna, Dimna she's the baddest girl there is

In this underground lair
We don't have to play fair
We're a gang and we're cool
With Dimna as our jewel

Dimna:
They worship me, oh can't you see?
I call them whatever names I'd like them to be
I boss them around and they do my dirty work
And our headquarter's here, right under the Berg

Spoken: devious, isn't it?

Veronica: That's what I suspected.
You're who I suspected you swindling, swiping,
sneak.

Dimna: But one fool tested us, time after time
I could take in no more and I almost resigned
But I vowed to keep working, as sure as can be
As soon as we took that boy out of Harvard
history

Dimna:
And my plan was just fine you see
Get rid of the forgetful one and the lines will
move quickly
If he had only remembered his swipecard, it
wouldn't have come to this
But now I'll just enjoy this powerful state of bliss

Hooligans:
Dimna, Dimna, we hail to the Chief
Dimna, Dimna she's she baddest girl there is
In this underground lair
We don't have to play fair
We're a gang and we're cool
With Dimna as our jewel

Dimna:
So don't screw this up, girly
I haven't got time
I've got to get to sleep early
I've a hot date tomorrow at nine...*[spoken]* with
the chef!

All: Your prospects are looking dim, babe..

Veronica: What the hell?? Do you really expect
me to sit here and do nothing?

Dimna: Relax, take off your coat. Stay a while.

Veronica: Are you crazy? What kind of stunt are
you trying to pull here?

Pavel: I don't think you're really in any position
to be asking questions, little lady.

Veronica: Don't you little lady me, buster! *She is
ready to attack. Pavel grabs her.*

Dimna interrupts their bickering: Silence! Not to worry, little Veronica. To Pavel: Unhand her, my pet.

Pavel: She's a fighter, this one. Are you sure?

Dimna: Do not question me! DO it!!

To Veronica: You and that annoying freshman

George: Excuse me?

Dimna: Quiet, you forgetful little fool. As I was saying, make yourselves comfortable. We'll keep you quite busy, never fear, my dear, never fear. Lights out.

SCENE 3: *Peter solves the mystery as Dimna is missing from Annenberg.*

Scene Three:

In Office—two separate conversations occurring independently of each other.

Oom: Where have you guys been? These phones have been ringing off the hook!

Yolanda: We lost Veronica!

Alex: Oh my GOD!! I got dibs on her wardrobe!

Yolanda: Alex!

Wanda: Where could that woman be?

Yolanda: Do you think something bad could have happened to her?

Wanda: I have faith in the girl.

Alex: That makes one of us...

Yolanda: (ignoring him) But we haven't heard from her in hours...

Quagmire: A few hours of peace.

Oom: But the phones! The phones! (*scrambling about*) *Phones ring as part of the tune/rhythm.*

Wanda: She'll be all right. Remember the Wolosky case last year?

Menial Men: Do WE remember the Wolosky case....

SONG: WILL SHE BE ALL RIGHT?

Yolanda: (begins to sing, quickly)
She tracked down a killer,
She fought with a bear,
She ran seven miles
And searched out a fair
Where the clowns had abducted,

The elephant's trunk,
Well she solved that one quickly,
And fell into her bunk....
(spoken)-yea, she will be alright.

Alex: (spoken) Ugh those elephants STANK!!

Oom: spoken- Or how about the Tortoise Affair?

Wanda: Oh yes...welllll....
She took sleuthing snapshots
Of drug lords at work,
Then went undercover,
As a disgruntled Turk,
She bought all the coke,
Worked her way to the top,
Arrested the men,
Sold the drugs to the cops...

Quagmire: So *that's* how she sublets that apartment...

Chorus:

Wanda: (sung) yes she'll be alright,

Yolanda: yes she'll be alright.

Wanda: she knows how to think

Yolanda: And she knows how to fight

Wanda: Her skills are uncanny,

Yolanda: Her ends are in sight.

Menial Men: Let's go grab some dinner, we're done for the night...

*Crossover scene in front of curtain?
Coffee Shop. Immediately lights go to Peter on a stool, tapping his pen on the desk. He is tapping his foot as well. He is frantically scribbling notes down, cup of coffee in hand.*

Peter: Where could that woman be? (*mockingly*)
I know she's such a big detective. Veronica's detective agency! HA! That woman finds almost no clues, gets kidnapped, leaves my roommate missing with some insane thugs, and now I have to solve this damn case. Or do I? Maybe her credentials are based on something. I wonder if she'll be alright...(same tune as before)
She came late to work,
And her hair was a mess,
A run in her hose,
And a tear in her dress,
She spent hours searching,
And only found this (holds up another ID card)
It's late and I'm looking
And I'm really pissed...

Chorus:

She won't be alright,

She won't be alright,
She's been missing for hours
And it's half through the night
She's left me alone
In this terrible plight,
So now I must leave to go make things right...

Peter grabs coat and starts walking around with big magnifying glass, searching for clues...while singing (and repeating):

She won't be alright,
She won't be alright,
She's been missing for hours
And it's half through the night
She's left me alone
In this terrible plight,
So now I must leave to go make things right...

He's getting ready to leave the coffeeshop as Wanda and Yolanda (no menial men) approach, singing:

She tracked down a killer,
She fought with a bear,
She ran seven miles
And searched out a fair
Where the clowns had abducted,
The elephants trunk,
Well she solved that one quickly,
And fell into her bunk...
She took sleuthing snapshots
Of drug lords at work,
Then went undercover,
As a disgruntled Turk,
She bought all the coke,
Worked her way to the top,
Arrested the men,
Sold the drugs to the cops...

Together (all three): And plus she's a woman, you know what that means...
She...

P: Won't

W and Y: Will

P: Won't

W and Y: Will

P: Won't

W and Y: Will
Be Alright!

SCENE 4:

Meanwhile, in the jail Veronica and George are chilling out. The two henchmen from before are silently guarding the prison. Both Veronica and George have been given HUDS uniforms to wear as their prison uniforms.

George: Man, we are NEVER going to get out of here!! (smacks bars of jail and pulls back hand in pain.) Ow!

Veronica: I have faith in my girls. Wanda and Yolanda will find us. I've trained them well.

George: I sure hope so. Because I know Peter has definitely given up by now. He's that type of guy who loves to start a project and never finish it. Like when we decided to loft our beds, took them all apart to build the lofts, and never built it. Now our mattresses are on the floor and our room looks like it's covered in shrapnel.

Veronica: I know it!

George: Wanna play some hold-em?

Veronica: Some what?

George: Poker? Texas hold-em?

Veronica: No thanks.

George: How about some Rock Paper Scissors?

Veronica: No thanks.

George: Thumb-wrestle?

Veronica: I'm trying to think!

George: There's nothing you can actually do. We know who's behind it. But we're also behind bars right now...

Veronica: We could try to foil those guards, steal their uniforms, sneak out, and incriminate Dimna... Thumb-wrestle?

George: Right on.

Dimna: (enters) What are you kiddies up to?

George: Ohh, nothing.

Dimna: Good, good kiddies. Because I have to get to work. The sun is rising, and everyone is waking up for breakfast.

George: They serve breakfast here? Hmm.

Dimna: Silence. I had a feeling that you were going to try to foil those guards, steal their uniforms, sneak out, and incriminate me. So I just came to check things out.

Veronica: Oh, don't worry, we were doing nothing of the sort. (sadly.) Really.

Dimna: Off to breakfast! See you both later...bwa hahaha. (she leaves.)

Veronica: Oh that slimy little...

George: I believe we were having a thumb wrestle?

Veronica: right! *(They get really into it, physically moving all around and end up lying on top of each other. Veronica jumps up awkwardly...)* moving on. What else is there to do?

George: I dunno. What really can we do...but....fall in love?

Veronica: What?????

SONG: A SMALL CONFINED SPACE

George: Well, my reasoning is this: (song begins)
You're a girl.
Am I correct?

Veronica: Yes

George: You are a girl, with some eyes, and a nose, and a neck.
You're a girl.
I'm a boy.
And we're stuck in a small confined space.

Veronica: I do not understand your line of reasoning...

George: You see,
This is how it happens,
(singing)
We shall start playing games,
Learning each others names,
For instance: Hi I'm George.
And you must be Veronica. (veronica-elvis Costello echo)

Veronica: well yes, we knew this.

George:
I know...I'll get to the good stuff soon.
Then we'll try to escape,
But to no avail,
And sadly resign
To a lifetime in jail

Veronica: I think you're being a bit extreme.

George: No no, I'm really not. It's all in the book.

Veronica: What book?

George: The book that says:

Chorus:
When two people find themselves together,
In a small, confined space,

All frills are aside,
There's no leather or lace,

But by laws of physics,
And the bars of our cell,
We must continue our race,
Or we're going to hell.

We shall sit and discuss,
Deep secrets with trust,
And our heads getting closer,
Is surely a must
(he inches towards her, she moves away).

It's okay to be shy
Soon you'll realize
That fate brought us together
So happy together.....

(He gets up, offers a hand)
When two people find themselves together,
In a small, confined space,
All frills are aside,
There's no leather or lace,
But by laws of physics,
And the bars of our cell,
We'll dance a tango of love
Or we're going to hell (he dips her)

(she is flustered and he whips her into a frenzy. Tangooooo)

They dance to a tango piece. Instrumental tango, choreography, etc. They finish and she is exhausted.

Veronica: Well!

George: It's fate, you know.

Veronica: Maybe so...*She is tired and giving into this ridiculous notion of romance. They are about to kiss. Peter storms in.*

Peter: Veronica! *Sees them, and disheartened,*
George...?

George responds normally, but Veronica is flustered, and somewhat relieved that someone has interrupted her near-romance with a college freshman.

George: Peter, you devil you, how on earth did you find us?

Peter: I didn't actually. I took a wrong turn trying to find a bathroom in Loker...!
And Veronica, I'm surprised at you. Didn't I hire YOU to find my roommate?

Veronica: Well, technically, I did find him.

Peter: Hmph! And then I find the two of you in a loving embrace! What is this nonsense?

Veronica: Now Peter, don't exaggerate.

George: Come on Pete, don't be jealous that I've been chatting with hot babes all day.

Peter: Thanks Kip, now give me my Bob Dylan tickets!!!

George: So that's why you wanted to find me so badly!!

Peter: Tickets, please!

George: All right, all right, don't get your undies in a bunch. Hands him the tickets.

Peter: Thanks. I'll leave you two alone now...so you can continue whatever it was you were doing. Ugh.

Veronica: Wait! Peter, aren't you going to let us out?

Peter: Does it LOOK like I'm gonna let you out?! Now that I have my tickets, what more do I need? George's room could always be a nice single...
(walks away)

George: Hey now!

Peter: turns around and stops. Just joshin'! I left a message on the office machine, so Wanda and Yolanda should be down in a jiffy. In the mean time, pull yourselves together, will ya? Take off those damned vests for chrissakes. *They look sheepish.* Ima go get the keys. Missy—who's got the keys to my jeep?? Sim simba, who's got the keys to my beema, the keys to ma beema?

The menial office men enter.

Quagmire: Eh, nice joint they got here.

Veronica: What are YOU doing here?

Alex: I might ask You the same question!

Veronica: Hey, I'm on a case here.

Quagmire: Uh-huh, with an underage student and a blossoming romance? That's what you're getting paid for?

Veronica: All right, quit your yappin' and let us out.

Quagmire: A 'thank you' might be in order here. We just took out Dimna's boys, Jasper and whatchamacallit over there..

Veronica: Much obliged. Now let us out!

Oom: OH, the keys...Where's Peter?

Alex: I think he's mackin' it with Wanda and Yolanda.

Points to the trio as they enter, Peter dangling the keys in his hand.

Peter: And that's when it dawned on me that OF COURSE it was Dimna, OF COURSE it was under the Berg, and OF COURSE George had been targeted for his forgetfulness.

Yolanda: Kid, you're cute, but you're not that clever.

Peter: Yeah, I know, I got lost.

Wanda: Valiant effort though.

Peter: Yeah, I thought so, too.

George: Hey! How come you get two dames?

Peter: Because, helloooo, I'm the main character!

Veronica: Okay, now I beg to differ on that one.

Quagmire: Yeah, me too, I am soooo integral to this show.

They look at him and start to laugh.

Quagmire: Fine! Laugh all you want! But this show would NOT be the same without a Quagmire and you know it!! How many other shows do you know with such ridiculously named characters?

(Dimna enters)

Dimna: hey kiddieees....having fun in your cell? WHAT? YOU GUYS?

George: Heyy Dimna. How's it *cookin*?

Dimna: I know you. You're Peter. Always with that George. The George that I have captured.

Veronica: The George that you **had** captured.
(two police officers stumble in)

Veronica: Well look what the cat dragged in. Right on time, fellas.

Police 1: <*thick Boston accent*> HUPD, Chuck reporting. We have a report here for, uh, a Ms. Dimna ASLidfha;sfhf;asdoifh;asdlih;ahiodsf.

Dimna: No that's a;sldfhasdlkfha;sdfhl;h to you Chucky.

Police 2: So I guess that little lady must be you. Look, you have a choice.

Dimna: Kick your ass (*points to police 1*) or his? (*points to Police 2*)

Police 1: No, we'll leave the asskicking to us. Now it's either off to the slammer for you or you can do a few hours of community service.

Dimna: My pretty little fingers aren't going to jail. Now what's that about community you say?

Police 2: I thought you might say that. Just sign here and here and here and you're good to go.

Dimna: (*goes to sign it, is interrupted*)

Pavel: Um, don't you think you should peruse the documents before you sign it? I can help you out on this one. I know a lot about the law...and breaking it. (*joke drum sound*)

Dimna: Silence fool. What do you take me for? Be gone. (*signs there and there and there.*)

Police 1: Excellllent. So then, it's settled. You are now officially sentenced to (*lights dim, strobe light*) ETERNAL SWIPING! (*echos*)

(*flashes forward to her imagination. She is swiping cards and a whole infinite line of students is barreling through, singing "Eternal Swiping." One person says: I forgot my card!*)

Dimna: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!!!!

Police 2: Why don't you go slip into something more comfortable? You'll be wearing this for awhile. (*holds up HUDS apron*) (bowm chicka bow wow)

Police 1: And as for the rest of you hooligans, we have saved you a little spot on the Republican Party.

Hooligans: YES! (*one of them does a Napoleon Dynamite Yesssssssssss*)

George: I'm FREE! (*looks at Veronica*) WE are FREE!

Veronica: What is this WE, you speak of?

George: You know, that I know, that you know....um...Oui Oui!
(*he kisses her passionately, she remains stoic.*)

Peter: (*high fives George.*) Way to go dude. Wait! Was that rape?
(*police run back in holding a Blue Light*)

Police 1: Did somebody say rape?

George: No, man. That was TOTALLY consensual. On my part.

Veronica: I'll let it slide this time. But next time, I'll get my boys on you.

Alex: Mmhmm, that's right sistah.

George: Maybe getting kidnapped wasn't such a bad thing after all. Look at the babes.
(*everyone interjects in a really thoughtful way*)

Peter: Yea, maybe tracking down my smelly roommate for purely selfish purposes wasn't such a bad thing at all. Look at the babes.

Alex: Yea, maybe working at an all female detective agency wasn't such a bad plan either. Just look at these babes. (George and Peter)

Random ensemble member: And maybe it wasn't such a bad thing when we traveled half way around the world, contracted rabies at a circus side show, and sadly sacrificed my baby goat to a giant mountain lion. Just look at the babes?

Quagmire: (*sotto voice*) Dude, this is the Ag. You're in the Loeb tonight. Wrong show, man.

REM: psych! (*exits*)

SCENE 5

Peter: Well, I guess it's back to our normal, everyday lives.

George: As if our lives were ever...normal?

FINALE SONG:

George:
I was kidnapped on campus,
Now that's strange enough,
Then that sneaky lunch lady,
Turned out to be tough
I was stuck in a jail,
And my friends I did miss,
Then a sexy detective,
Oh I got to kiss...

Veronica:
Lets be clear on that one,
Not by choice I might add,
You caught me off guard,
And I feel I've been had.
But no worries you're safe,
Now head back to your room,
And Peter look out,
Cause a bill's coming soon.

Peter:

Somehow I remember
You'd said this was free,
And now your impose
This ridiculous fee,
Will you take Crimson Cash,
Or remaining Board Plus,
Otherwise see you later,
When's the New Haven bus?

Menial Men:

What's that we hear,
New Haven you say?
We were all Yalies
Way back in our day,
But stay out of there
We really do push,
You could end up like us,
Or worse - JUST LIKE BUSH!

Peter: Wow! Why, I'll stay.

Everyone: Yes we'll be alright
Oh we'll be alright.
We've lived through this mess
And now summer's in sight
(What? Larry?) *spoken*
We're in this together,
We have to stay tight
This case is now closed
Oh yes we'll be alright
Everyone: Yes we'll be alright
Oh we'll be alright.
We've lived through this mess
And now summer's in sight
(What? Larry?)-*spoken*
We're in this together,
We have to stay tight
This case is now closed
Oh yes we'll be alright

Lights go out.

Bows.