



# THE HAPPY FEW

## Production Script

### A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

The Freshman Musical — 2002

## ACT I

### PROLOGUE

*(The curtain opens on a partial set; the flats for “Outside ‘The Cat’” are on stage but are each just a little bit off; the stage is bathed in flat light that leaves the scene looking more like a half-realized dream than a true set. There are a few parking meters along the sidewalk; they are nothing more than painted cardboard tubes. There are three garbage cans in the alley, however, two are just cardboard stand-ups turned partially aside; they are clearly fake. The center can is real, however, but not necessarily obviously so. Hal is asleep DSC. He looks homeless, but does not show signs of being a beggar. As the lights come up, he awakes; it is the gaze of the audience that startles him awake. As he rises, we see that he wears a great wool coat and a thick woolen cap; he straightens himself in the manner of a king and marches to the front of the stage. A thought strikes him and he searches the audience high and low with furrowed brow. His hand strays to his cap, which feels wrong to him; he removes it and holds it in front of him, as if searching for some long-lost memory. He whirls away from the audience and walks upstage to the nearest parking meter. Hal places his free hand on the meter, and then freezes, realizing that it is fake. He lifts it from the ground and stares at it for a moment with a deep, contemplative look; he finally replaces it and sets his hat upon its top. After examining his creation for a moment he sees what it is missing; he removes his coat and wraps it around the meter. A fleeting smile crosses his face, but a new purpose replaces it. He steps to the garbage can and, removing its lid, he snakes his arm into the garbage can in the manner of a scavenger seeking food. As his arm digs deeper, his body follows, until his entire upper body is within the can. From within, he yells his initial “O!”, and when he emerges, he has in his hand a discarded paper crown reminiscent of Burger King in the early nineties. Holding his muse in his hand, he begins.)*

HAL: O! for a Muse of song, that would ascend  
The brightest college of invention!  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the drinking scene!  
Then should the warlike Henry, like myself,  
*(He pauses for an instant and bows slightly.)*  
Assume the port of streets; and at my heels,  
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire  
Crouch for employment.

*(Hal pauses here and looks to his forgotten parking meter with more than a twinge of regret, as if he had lost a great friend. His next lines are directed at both the meter and the audience.)*

But pardon, gentles all,  
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth  
So great an object. Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty streets of Cambridge? Or may we cram  
Within this wooden 'O' the very flasks  
That did affright the deans at Harvard schools?  
*(He belches loudly.)* O, pardon!

*(Hal stops again and looks sadly at the human form on the meter; he almost seems to long to take up its form again. His struggle plays across his face for but seconds before his mind is made; he turns from the meter and walks DC. He now addresses just the audience.)*

You've gathered here to hear of love,  
To see a King of streets you know and pass  
By way to hellish class.

*(He lifts up his crown with one hand and looks at it like some great jewel; it is at once his greatest treasure and his heaviest burden. But his mind is made up; it is as if his coronation was preordained and not even his great heart could step against fate. He sets the crown upon his head and even the stage holds its breath. He looks down to the audience and we can see it is from this pebble the avalanche begins.)*

And so you shall.

*(Until this instant, this has not been a play or even a true imagining of a play, but something great has happened here. We begin to hear wind soaring through the empty street and Hal steps forward like a man possessed. Two grips, black from head to toe, enter behind Hal, one each from R and L and cross without stopping. Before they are gone, two more enter, and these grab the fake trash cans and whisk them offstage. Throughout the next lines, grips tear through the stage as if caught in some morbid dance, ripping away the false set pieces and replacing them with the real set. Hal ignores their actions like the hurricane ignores the breeze, and we hear his booming voice over the wind.)*

You come from far to see a friend act out  
A love more true than Sonny and his Cher.  
Perhaps you sit, unknown to college life,

A pre-frosh stuck with drunken hosts.  
Alas, whate'er the troubled cause may be  
Here find your butts upon a seat to hear—  
As such a tale has ne'er before been played.

*(By now all the stage has been replaced except the parking meter. Hal steps to the meter with almost a divine power, and whips his hat and coat away. It falls to the ground, and Hal kicks it away. The last of the grips onstage grabs the parking meter and exits. The wind comes to a crescendo.)*

I, Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge,

*(The wind stops and Hal freezes, his gaze to the stars. There is absolute silence for a few seconds that last an eternity, and then Hal looks into the audience with both the strength of an enraged empire and the faint smile of a man who knows it is all a sham.)*

Our play.

*(The transition to "It's Friday Night" begins, and Hal exits R as if the whole world marches to his command, which, in a way, it does.)*

SCENE 1  
Friday evening, The street outside “The Cat”

*(The new stage becomes populated by young and old alike as the opening number begins. The mood is light and free.)*

**“It’s Friday Night”**  
**(All)**

*(Several key events happen in the opening song. Dean Caulder and Anne are introduced, with Dean Caulder disrupting Anne’s plans to go out and enjoy herself. A street juggler is convinced to give up his ‘boring, serious job’ and follow his dreams; he runs off to become a dancer and he throws his supplies in the trash cans, including a box of tennis balls. Russ and Cambridge are introduced in passing, they are freshman roommates with the proverbial bright eyes and bushy tails. The old lady above the Cat is also introduced, and some mention of her aversion to night-time noise is also brought up.)*

SCENE 2  
Friday night, The street outside “The Cat”

*(The street is now nearly empty; the only people left on stage are a saxophonist and Albert USSR, three Students SR waiting at the crosswalk and Hal, who staggers in from R and sits C near the alley. The mood of anticipation and enjoyment continues throughout most of this scene; the only person not bright-eyed is Hal, who seems to be semi-conscious. He still has his paper crown. After a beat, Russ and Cambridge enter from SR as the three Students exit.)*

RUSS: And here it is, exactly where I said.

CAMB: *(Looks at Hal.)* Charming.

RUSS: It’s not like it’s supposed to advertise; that would defeat the whole purpose.

CAMB: *(Continues staring at Hal.)* Well, they could at least clean up a little.

RUSS: Just because something’s a little rough on the outside doesn’t mean that deep down inside it can’t have— *(Hal belches.)*

CAMB: Indigestion?

RUSS: If you want to go back to Canaday and watch TV, you can. I’m going to enjoy my Friday night. *(The saxophonist begins playing a solo version of “It’s Friday Night”. However, he only knows a few bars and just repeats them over and over again.)* The city’s awake, the lights are bright, and we’ve got our whole lives waiting in front of us. When are we going to start living our lives? Four years from now? Ten years from now? This is about more than a finals club or a Friday night—this is about our freedom. This is about what it means to be alive, and I’m not going to sit around and waste everything we’ve worked for. Why else are you here?

CAMB: *(To Hal)* Do you know what he’s talking about? *(Hal shrugs.)*

RUSS: *(With increasing passion, as the music increases in volume and speed as well)* What I’m trying to say is, the most important thing in our lives will just pass us by and we’ll never get another chance to try again.

CAMB: You sound like an admissions essay.

RUSS: Look, it matters to me, all right?

CAMB: *(Beginning to concede the point.)* Maybe you’re right...

RUSS: I am! Let’s take a few risks! Let’s live a little!

CAMB: *(Raising his voice to be heard over the performer, who continues to play the same few bars of “It’s Friday Night”)* I always did think it would be nice to— *(Looks at performer. Beat.)* Hey, you! If I give you a fiver, will you play something else? *(Performer shrugs, and begins playing a slow version of “America the Beautiful”. Cambridge tosses a bill in his case. Pause, then to Russ.)* So why the Cat?

RUSS: It's only the hottest finals club this side of the Charles. Where better to be on a Friday night than the most popular spot on campus? (*On 'Friday night', the performer seamlessly transitions back into the bars of "It's Friday Night".*)

CAMB: Well, I have heard the parties are amazing.

RUSS: Beyond amazing.... Imagine what must go on in there. They're absolutely immune to the Harvard Police since they're privately owned, they're the epitome of mystery and intrigue, they're everything we could have— (*He whirls around to look at the performer, who bursts into the refrain of "America the Beautiful" without missing a beat. Russ pauses, then continues.*) Look, why don't we just give it a shot? (*As the two move away, the performer stops and begins tweaking his instrument.*)

HAL: (*Awaking from his stupor.*) Falstaff? Is it thee whom we see before us? (*Russ freezes, then turns to Hal.*)

RUSS: No, old man. The name's Russ.

CAMB: (*Befuddled.*) Falstaff?

HAL: (*Expectantly.*) Falstaff?

CAMB: Oh, no, goodness. Not me. (*Holds out hand.*) My name's—

RUSS: Don't encourage him. You'll only get him more excited.

CAMB: I was just trying to be civil.

RUSS: You don't know the big city lifestyle. You'll get eaten alive if you don't have street smarts.

CAMB: Oh, I forgot. You grew up in the harsh world of Western Connecticut. Got to be tough to survive.

RUSS: Exactly! It's that— (*Catches the sarcasm.*) Hey! (*Beat, then quietly.*) Tougher than Wisconsin.

CAMB: I heard that.

HAL: (*Looking up at them, puzzled.*) Wisconsin? (*They stare at him.*) Bloody mackerel. (*He looks away again.*)

CAMB: (*To Russ, insistently.*) What did he mean by that?

RUSS: He meant that yo' mamma fat, ghetto dawg.

CAMB: I think that's the first time I've ever heard mackerel used as an epithet.

RUSS: Drop it. (*Pause.*)

CAMB: So how are we going to get into the Cat, anyway?

RUSS: I'll think of something.

CAMB: (*Looking offstage R.*) Hey, who are the suits?

RUSS: (*Following his gaze, then suddenly*) Quick, hide! (*Cambridge looks at him.*)

CAMB: Russ—

RUSS: The alley, now! (*Russ dives behind the trash cans. There is a long pause, then Russ reaches out and pulls Cambridge after. Hal looks around worriedly, then crawls behind the trash cans as well.*) Go away!

CAMB: Ohhh, the stench!  
(*The Cats enter R, crossing the street. They all wear tuxedos. The Doorman is first; he is a tall and intimidating character, if somewhat slow. He is followed by three more Cats in ascending order of height. Finally comes their leader, the Hat, who wears a bowler.*)

CAT 4: So the leper says to the virgin, "What time is it?"

CAT 1: (*This Cat, Franklin Lee, has an unplaceable accent and questionable mastery of English.*) What happened to the rabbi?

CAT 4: He's still there. So the virgin says, "Don't you have a watch?" And the leper starts telling her about the watch he lost at the laundromat.

CAT 3: (*This Cat, William Ugowei, is a British colonial chap.*) The one his grandmother gave him.

CAT 4: Right. So he gets to the part about his hand getting caught in the dryer, and he's about to tell her about the detergent, when the rabbi says, "Excuse me, but which laundromat do you use?"

CAT 1: So the rabbi just jumps in?

CAT 4: Yeah, so the rabbi starts—

DOOR: Wait, I think I know this one. The rabbi gives him the finger! (*He starts laughing riotously.*)

CAT 4: Marco! Why do you always have to give away the punchline?

DOOR: Oh. Sorry.

CAT 1: I still don't get why the brand of detergent mattered. (*A loud crash comes from the alley.*)

CAMB: Oh, get away, you big oaf!

CAT 3: What was that? (*All the Cats except the Hat look.*)

HAT: (*Claps once.*) Boys! (*They turn.*) We don't have all day. Let's go, shall we? (*The Cats move DSL and prepare to enter the Cat during the next lines.*)

RUSS: (*Peering after them.*) I think they're going in.

CAMB: (*From behind the cans.*) Ohhh, I think I'm going to pass out.

RUSS: Don't.

CAMB: What are we doing skulking in an alley anyway?

RUSS: Well, if they see you, they'll never let us in!

HAL: What foul skullduggery is this?

RUSS: Quiet!

HAL: Is that any way to address a King?

R & C: Shut up!

CAMB: Are they gone yet?

RUSS: I'm going to try to get closer. Follow me.  
 CAMB: Russ, no! (*Russ doesn't stop. After a beat, Cambridge follows.*) If you get us arrested... (*They begin sneaking after the Cats, who are beginning to enter. Hal follows them, tiptoeing exaggeratedly. All enter except Hal, who continues tiptoeing past the Cat and offstage L. Pause.*)  
 DOOR: (*From offstage, calling.*) Boss... (*The Doorman emerges, holding Russ and Cambridge by their collars. The Cats file out, forming a semicircle behind them.*)  
 HAT: Well, well, well. Look what the cat dragged out.  
 CAMB: We were just a little bit lost— I'm sure if—  
 CAT 1: Stow it, tabby.  
 CAT 3: I thought I heard a couple of strays in the alley.  
 CAT 4: What's the matter? Cat got your tongue? (*Hal enters L, still tiptoeing.*)  
 HAT: Enough! What do you have to say for yourselves?  
 RUSS: (*With increasing desperation.*) We're, uh... visiting students...  
 CAMB: We're new...  
 RUSS: Got kind of lost. Long story.  
 CAMB: Heartwarming, really.  
 RUSS: We'll tell you if you like. (*Hal stops in front of Russ and Cambridge and looks around the circle.*)  
 HAL: (*Then, to the Hat.*) Shhh...  
 HAT: (*Aggravated.*) Get out of here, you beast! (*The Cats push Hal out of the way toward C; in the process, he drops his crown.*)  
 HAL: (*Plaintively.*) My crown!  
 CAT 1: Go away! (*Hal sits and begins blubbing quietly. Doorman picks up crown, contemplates it for a moment, then puts it on.*)  
 HAT: Boys, search them. (*Cat 4 frisks Cambridge and Cat 3 frisks Russ; they come up with their ID cards.*)  
 CAT 4: They're freshmen, all right. Russell Canaday...  
 CAT 3: And... (*Beat, then to Cambridge*) How do you pronounce this?  
 CAMB: Look here, see, the 'h' is silent.  
 CAT 1: Oh, like in 'Penix'.  
 CAT 3: (*Pause. He slowly turns to look at Cat 1*) That's 'Pheonix', moron.  
 CAT 4: No, I could have sworn the 'h' was silent.  
 HAT: I don't care what their names are; they need to learn a lesson in manners.  
 CAMB: (*Loudly.*) Oh my God, they're going to kill us! (*Everyone looks at Cambridge.*)  
 HAT: No. (*Beat.*) Worse. (*To the conductor.*) Robbie? (*Hat snaps his fingers. The orchestra begins the introduction to "Fit To Be A Cat".*)  
 RUSS: Bloody mackerel.

HAT: Oh, but speaking of manners, where are mine? Allow us to introduce ourselves. Marco?  
 DOOR: I'm Marco d' Spaut, the toughest third-year sophomore you'll ever meet. (*Viciously.*) I did community service in high school.  
 CAMB: That doesn't sound so bad. What'd you do, file library books?  
 DOOR: I wrestled alligators for the zoo.  
 CAMB: Oh.  
 HAT: He's dropped more guys than food poisoning at Quincy House.  
 CAT 1: And I am Franklin Lee. My family owns the largest chain of martial arts centers in all of America.  
 CAMB: Charmed, I'm sure.  
 HAT: And last...  
 DOOR: But not least...  
 HAT: I am the Cat— (*He rolls his bowler down his arm and catches it.*) in the Hat.

**“Fit To Be A Cat”  
 (Hat, Cat 1-4, Door)**

HAT:  
 SO YOU WANT TO BE IN OUR CLUB.  
 WELL, WE'LL HAVE TO SEE ABOUT THAT.  
 THERE ARE CERTAIN REQUIREMENTS IF YOU ARE FIT FOR THE CAT.

ALL CATS: (*chorus*)  
 IF YOU DRINK WITH THE BEST AND MAKE LOVE WITH THE REST,  
 IF YOU PARTY ALL NIGHT AND YOU STILL ACE THE TEST,  
 IF YOU NEVER SAY “PLEASE” AND “THANK YOU,”  
 THEN YOU'LL KNOW IF YOU ARE FIT TO BE A CAT.

CAT 4:  
 WE ARE GLOBALLY KNOWN AS A CLUB,  
 BUT THAT'S LIMITING. WE'RE REALLY MORE THAN THAT.  
 WE'RE A SOCIAL SOCIETY BASED ON PROPRIETY.  
 ALL THIS AND MORE AT THE CAT.

ALL CATS: (*chorus*)

CAT 3:  
 WE ARE CRIMSON, WE'RE RED WHITE AND BLUE.  
 WE'RE SUPPORTERS AND WE'RE FIGHTERS FOR THE CAUSE.

AND AS LONG AS WE KEEP OURSELVES SECRET AS ELVES,  
WE ENJOY THE MOST FLEXIBLE LAWS.

ALL CATS: *(chorus)*

DOOR:  
TAKE THE TIME TO REFLECT ON YOURSELVES.  
ARE YOU BAD ENOUGH OR GOOD ENOUGH TO BE  
IN THIS SPLENDIDLY CHARMING AND SOMETIMES ALARMINGLY  
GREAT GROUP OF FINE COMPANY?

ALL CATS:  
IF YOU DRINK WITH THE BEST AND MAKE LOVE WITH THE REST,  
IF YOU PARTY ALL NIGHT AND YOU STILL ACE THE TEST,  
IF YOU NEVER SAY “PLEASE” AND “THANK YOU,”  
THEN YOU’LL KNOW IF YOU ARE ABSOLUTELY, DEFINITELY,  
POSITIVELY QUALIFIED TO BE A MEMBER OF THE CAT.

*(The song ends with the Cats strutting in, leaving Russ and Cambridge disheveled and dispirited on the steps. Hal has stopped sobbing, but he’s still miserable.)*

HAL: Usurpers... oh me, oh my... what horrors face us in these dark, dark days....  
CAMB: You said it, buddy.  
HAL: Cambridge?  
CAMB: *(Puzzled.)* Cambridge?  
HAL: It’s you, isn’t it? You who conspired against me? Who brought my ruin? After all these years, you have returned?  
CAMB: What? No!  
HAL: Don’t worry, Cambridge. I forgive you. Now that we both are lost by the same evils, there’s no need for ill will.  
CAMB: I’m really not Cambridge, sir.  
HAL: You mean “Your Majesty”? I may be a little deposed at the moment, but I am still the mighty King Henry the Fifth! *(Beat.)* You can call me Hal.  
CAMB: Pleased to meet you, Your Majesty. My name is—  
RUSS: Hey! What did I tell you about interacting with the locals?  
CAMB: Oh, lay off, Russ. He seems nice, if a bit strong-smelling.  
HAL: *(Gleeful.)* Keeps the spirits away.  
RUSS: Seems like the smell’s *from* spirits to me.  
HAL: *(To Cambridge, in an obvious stage whisper.)* Disagreeable boy, him.  
RUSS: I can still hear you.

HAL: Good for you! You’ve got your senses, if not your wits.  
RUSS: Don’t you have a country to invade? *(Cambridge looks at Russ questioningly.)* Know your delusions if you want to speak to the delusional. Henry the Fifth invaded France because the Prince offended him with a gift of tennis balls.

CAMB: Tennis balls?  
HAL: *(Angrily, to Cambridge.)* Tennis balls?  
RUSS: Tennis balls.  
HAL: *(Almost violent now.)* TENNIS BALLS!  
RUSS: Okay, Hal, shut up! *(Silence.)* Why don’t you go down to the Square and annoy the chess players?  
HAL: Oh-ho! The call to battle! *(He waddles off R.)*  
CAMB: *(After a pause.)* Look, Russ, I don’t think this is going to work out.  
RUSS: You can’t give up! We can’t give up! You don’t understand how important this is to me. My older brother Jack came here, and he never made it into a finals club; he never even really tried. He never became anybody, and he spent the last few years drinking himself into oblivion at the Hong Kong. That’s not how I want to end up.  
CAMB: You’d rather drink yourself into oblivion at the Cat?  
RUSS: Yes! *(Beat.)* No! No, that’s not what I mean. It’s not about drinking, or any of that. It’s about becoming someone you can be proud to be.  
CAMB: But Russ, why the Cat? Why a finals club?  
RUSS: Don’t you see? Everyone is smart here. Everyone is special. And that means no one is.  
CAMB: *(Exiting R.)* I’m out of here.  
RUSS: *(After Cambridge.)* No one cares about me, because I’m not the best at anything. *(Pause.)* I’m useless here. The finals club guys have all the friends—the girls... Why the hell would a girl want a loser freshman like me?

**“If You Asked Me To”  
(Russ)**

*(The curtain falls at the last notes of Russ’ song.)*

SCENE 3  
Friday night, The alley behind “The Cat”

*(The curtain opens on a dark alley; there are trash dumpsters, trashcans and debris strewn about. However, the side of the Cat itself stands in contrast to the alley. We can see a row or two of windows across the back of the Cat as well as a nondescript back door USR. One of the empty trashcans sits immediately at the entrance to the alley SL, two empty trashcans sit just past the door SR. We can see a little bit of the street at the edge of SL, and Albert is there, tuning his instrument. Each of the windows has curtains pulled closed behind it; we can see nothing of the inside of the Cat. As the lights come up, the stage is empty and still dimly lit. Albert begins playing “If You Love Me”. CAT 4 enters from R, runs to door and knocks.)*

HUPD 1: *(Shouted, offstage)* Where did he go?

*(CAT 4 runs off. HUPD 1 & 2 enter L. CAT 4 enters L and tries to sneak past them, the HUPD bump into each other and spin DL, CAT 4 dodges them and runs off R. Dean Caulder enters SL; he is a tall man, cloaked in a trenchcoat, who moves with confidence and purpose. The HUPD seem to respect and even possibly fear him; however, the Dean is not interested in anything but his prey.)*

CLDR: He can’t have gone far! *(to Albert)* Did you see someone come through here? *(Albert ignores him and continues singing.)* I’ll make sure he didn’t double back—you search the alley. *(Caulder marches off SR.)*

*(HUPD 1 leaves on the heels of Caulder, HUPD 2 searches DSL; CAT 4 enters L, starts to sneeze, and in one fluid motion sneezes and slides the box past HUPD 2. HUPD 2 turns and CAT 4 points offstage L. She goes. CAT 4 grabs the box and starts knocking on the door. HUPD 1 & 2 enter, backing towards him, and just before they hit, CAT 4 turns around, the door opens, and he throws the box backward over the door into CAT 3’s arms. As the door slams and the HUPD turn, CAT 4 dives behind the trash cans. HUPD 1 walks over to the two cans L. He stands in front of the first can and looks at the second. While he does this, CAT 4 crawls around him and stands up. HUPD 1 then lifts the first can, handing it back without looking.)*

HUPD 1: Hold this.

CAT 4: *(Taking it, putting on a deep Boston accent.)* Right y’are, chief. *(He wobbles slightly as the other officer comes over.)*

HUPD 2: Doesn’t look like anybody’s here.

HUPD 1: Nope.

CAT 4: It’s all clear. *(Painfully long pause. The HUPD look at CAT 4. HUPD 1 slowly counts to two on his fingers, gets to three. Slight confusion.)*

HUPD 2: Wait. Who’s holding the trash cans?

CAT 4: Umm... I’m Officer... umm... Riley... son...Rileyson... *(losing the accent.)* I just came over from Harvard Yard.

HUPD 1: Where?

CAT 4: I mean... *(clears throat, resumes accent.)* Hahvard Yard.

HUPD 1: *(Recognizing.)* Ohh...

HUPD 2: Right. Let’s go wait for the Dean. *(The HUPD cross DSL, CAT 4 puts down the cans. He steps toward the door, but before he takes more than a few steps Caulder sweeps in from R and grabs him by the scruff of his neck and/or ear painfully. Albert sings one last dramatic line before stopping entirely. He exits L during the following.)*

CLDR: Not so fast, you delinquent!

CAT 4: Oww! Let go of me!

CLDR: You can’t fool me, boy! Where is it?

CAT 4: Where is *what*?

CLDR: The case of beer you were bringing here to provide illegally to underage persons.

CAT 4: I don’t know what you’re talking about!

CLDR: *(Dropping him.)* He must have hidden it. Boys, search the alley!

HUPD 1: *(Plaintively.)* Again?

HUPD 2: *(Slightly offended.)* Boys?

HUPD 1: *(Looking around without moving his feet.)* I don’t see anything, boss.

HUPD 2: Maybe we do have the wrong guy.

CLDR: *(Exasperated.)* Well, think about it. How many tuxedo-clad students are there running through this alley?

HUPD 1: Uhh...

HUPD 2: Is this a trick question?

HUPD 1: *(Shrugging.)* Yeah, I don’t see anybody running.

CLDR: It was a rhetorical question! *(to CAT 4)* If you aren’t up to no good, what are you doing running around in such a hurry?

CAT 4: I was... *(Pause.)* Jogging!

HUPD 1: That’s a smart idea. My brother jogs every day and he’s in the best— *(Caulder interrupts with a glare.)*

CLDR: In a tuxedo?

CAT 4: Oh, this? Oh, it’s just my jogging tux. *(Caulder glares again. Pause.)*

CLDR: What’s your name, you gutter cat?

CAT 4: Brian Gouda.

HUPD 2: That sounds familiar— *(Thinking.)* Gouda, gouda...

CAT 4: *(Sarcastically.)* I never get that.

CLDR: (*Viciously.*) Funny, I thought cats preferred milk.

HUPD 2: (*Still in thought.*) No, I've heard it somewhere else.

HUPD 1: (*It clicks.*) Yeah, I think I know what you're talking about. Do you know a David Gouda?

CAT 4: (*Surprised.*) Yeah, he's my brother.

HUPD 2: That's him! He directed the Tasty Pudding show two years ago, didn't he?

CAT 4: Yeah, he did.

HUPD 1: I loved that show! Viola was hot! (*He claps and does a few steps from the Pudding audition—pull-downs and jingle bells, or some other funky Josh Wright moves. Singing*) It's raining men, hallelujah, it's raining men, amen! It's raining men, hallelujah, it's raining men, amen! (*He congratulates himself.*)

CLDR: (*Looking at CAT 4 sarcastically.*) I don't know, I thought it was kind of cheesy.

CAT 4: (*Offended.*) Hey, I don't go around making fun of your name, Dean Caulder. I don't go around saying you're kind of... (*Hits a brick wall.*) Caulder... -y... (*Trails off painfully. Caulder just stares at him.*)

CLDR: (*Then, with seething anger.*) Listen to me, you little punk. Don't think I don't know what you're up to and don't think I'll let you get away with it. One day I'll catch one of you doing something that I can prove and then every one of you will be expelled, and trust funds, legacies, and powerful connections won't be able to save you. I'm going to make sure that every one of you Cats choke on your silver spoons. (*CAT 4 rolls his eyes. Caulder continues, louder.*) You listen to what I say, Pepperjack!

CAT 4: Gouda!

CLDR: Whatever. You listen to me, because mark my words: one way or another, the Cat is going to fall. If I were you, I wouldn't be under it when it does.

CAT 4: Watch your words, because you're always below us. (*Caulder stiffens.*) You talk big, Dean, but now you better listen to me good.

CLDR: Well.

CAT 4: Well what?

CLDR: You better listen to me well.

CAT 4: (*Missing the point.*) No, you listen to me. You had your chance. I don't care what stunts you pull, Caulder. You can't touch us. You never have, and you never will.

CLDR: Get out of my sight.

CAT 4: Gladly. (*CAT 4 exits L. Caulder exhales deeply; he is becoming a year older each day.*)

HUPD 2: Don't you think you were a bit harsh with him?

CLDR: (*Quietly.*) Don't start with me. (*Pause. Then, with building intensity.*) This is the last straw. They're disrespectful, delinquent, despicable, despicable—

HUPD 1: (*Chiming in helpfully.*) Disposable. (*Caulder just glares at him.*)

CLDR: They must be brought to justice; one way or another, they must be brought to justice. If we can't catch them in the act; well, (*Chuckles conspiratorially.*) there's more than one way to skin a—

HUPD 2: Sir... please.

CLDR: Sorry. (*Takes a deep breath.*) I'm going to tell the officers out front that we're done. Keep an eye on the alley for a minute—you never know what might happen. (*Caulder exits L. The HUPD exchange looks and slowly back to USL, out of sight of the windows of the Cat. After a moment, CAT 3 emerges from the door, carrying the empty cardboard box and two full, closed beer bottles. He chuckles quietly to himself and glances around, but he doesn't look in the direction of the HUPD. He chucks the box in front of the trash cans and then attempts to twist the cap off one of his bottles. When that doesn't work, he lifts the bottle to his mouth and is about to pry off the cap with his teeth. As he does this, he turns L, so that the bottle is visible to the HUPD.*)

HUPD 1: (*Starting in surprise.*) Hey! Kid! Stop right there! (*CAT 3 freezes in shock. The HUPD march up to him. Then, that horrible phrase.*) Can I help you?

CAT 3: Officers, now, really—I can explain.

HUPD 2: We don't want to hear it.

CAT 3: Now, seriously, I—

HUPD 1: (*Sternly.*) Give me your ID. (*CAT 3 does.*) Will Ugowei?

CAT 3: Gladly. (*He turns to re-enter the Cat.*)

HUPD 1: (*Firmly.*) Stop. (*CAT 3 does.*) Now listen, William, you are 20 years old by this. You've been around for 20 years—you should know better. (*Takes beer, holds it up to CAT 3's face. Pause.*) You could break a tooth.

CAT 3: What? (*He realizes.*) Oh! Yes, officer, I'm sorry, officer.

HUPD 1: Let me get that for you. (*Takes out a bottle opener, opens both bottles.*)

CAT 3: Thank you, sir! Here. (*He gives one to the officer, who returns the ID.*)

HUPD 1: (*As CAT 3 goes back in.*) Where would these kids be without us? (*Caulder enters L, freezes.*)

CLDR: (*With rising intensity.*) An empty cardboard box. (*Pause.*) A bottle opener. (*Pause.*) An open bottle of beer. (*Pause.*) And no-one in custody. (*Beat.*) What do we pay you for? Give me that! (*He snatches the beer bottle so viciously that it splashes on his coat. Pause.*)

**“The Law of the Land”  
(Caulder, HUPD)**

CLDR: *(Speaking, sarcastically.)* GOOD WORK, MEN! CARRY ON! H-U-P-D—  
HUPD: PRIDE!

CLDR:  
EVERY TIME I TRY TO CATCH THE CAT SOMETHING ALWAYS DETERS ME  
EVERY TIME I HAVE 'EM IN MY REACH SOMEONE LETS 'EM SLIP THROUGH.  
ALTHOUGH THEY'RE SLEEK AND THEY'RE CHIC AT BEST  
THEY'RE MEEK LADS AND LASSES.  
THEY'RE ONLY KIDS I CAN GET 'EM AND CLOSE 'EM DOWN WHEN I DO.

*(chorus)*

ONE DAY I'LL CATCH THE CAT  
ONE DAY I'LL SEE THEM SQUIRM  
ONE DAY I'LL HAVE THEM RIGHT WHERE I NEED THEM  
AND THE LESSON THEY'LL LEARN!

*(Speaking.)* H-U-P-D!

RESPECT THE LAW OF THE LAND AND I SWEAR EVERYTHING WILL BE PEACHY  
RESPECT THE LAW OF THE LAND AND EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE  
RESPECT THE LAW OF THE LAND AND YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO MEET CAULDER  
BUT BREAK THE LAW OF THE LAND AND I PROMISE I'LL SEE YOU DO TIME.

*(chorus)*

SO KEEP IN MIND THAT THE LAW OF THE LAND IS A SERIOUS DOCTRINE  
DO NOT MAKE LIGHT OF THE LAW  
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE WHAT TROUBLE THERE'LL BE  
EXAMPLE A: TAKE THE CAT I HAVE GIVEN THEM ADEQUATE WARNING  
BUT NOW THEIR TIME'S RUNNING OUT I'LL RUN 'EM OUT PRESENTLY.

*(chorus, then instrumental.)*

ONE DAY I'LL GET THE CAT  
ONE DAY I'LL SEE THEM SQUIRM  
ONE DAY I'LL HAVE THEM RIGHT WHERE I NEED THEM  
AND THE LESSON THEY'LL LEARN!  
AND THE LESSON, YES THE LESSON, OH THE LESSON THEY'LL LEARN!

**-M. Corriel**

*(Anne enters L angrily.)*

ANNE: Daddy! I have been waiting in the car for twenty minutes! What are you  
*doing?*

CLDR: *(to HUPD)* Why don't you head out? *(They leave. To Anne)* I told you not  
to leave the car, young lady. I have important police business to attend to.

ANNE: You're standing in an alley singing, Dad, how important is that? *(She  
sniffs.)* Is that beer?

CLDR: I gave you an order, young lady.

ANNE: What has gotten into you? I'm a college student now! You don't have to  
run my life anymore. Why can't I spend time with my friends?

CLDR: *(Viciously.)* I am still your father, and I'm not going to let you associate  
with trash. I'd kill you before I'd let you go into a place like this. Can't  
you see I'm doing this for your own good?

*(Anne storms off L in anger, the battle lost but her spirit not defeated; she slams into  
Russ who is entering with Cambridge close behind. Cambridge stumbles but doesn't  
fall; Russ and Anne go down. Russ scrambles to help Anne to her feet, and about  
halfway up, their eyes meet. There is a momentary pause. Russ and Anne speak the  
following lines in chorus.)*

RUSS: I'm sorry, I— ANNE: Oh, I'm so terribly—  
No, it was my fault— I should have been watching—  
*(There is a sheepish pause. Caulder clears his throat.)*

ANNE: I have to go.

RUSS: Yeah...

*(Anne exits L. Russ keeps a dorky smile on his face until Dean Caulder walks past  
shooting daggers. Russ' gaze drops as Caulder exits L.)*

CAMB: Oooh, Russell Canaday, you have just been shot through the heart. *(The  
two cross to the door USR.)* See? I told you. I bet it's locked, too.

RUSS: Well, there's only one way to find out.

CAMB: *(Pause.)* So— about this all-star brunette—

RUSS: *(Reaching for the door handle.)* Cross your fingers. *(No dice.)* Damn.

CAT 1: *(From window USL.)* It's clear now. *(Russ motions to Cambridge to keep  
quiet. The curtains open and we see Cats 1, 3 and 4 inside the Cat.)*

CAT 3: What a cad.

CAT 4: *(Gloating.)* Man, did you *see* that? He had nothing! Nothing! He's going  
to go back home and say, “Mommy, mommy, the bad students were mean  
to me again!”

CAT 3: *(Introspectively.)* But his daughter's not half bad.

CAT 1: What's her name—Karen?

CAT 4: Anne. Anne Caulder. She's a number, all right; I bet she'd be good in bed,  
if you know what I mean.

CAT 3: Of course I know what you mean— you just said it.

CAT 4: Well, it's a figure of speech. I was being subtle.  
 CAT 1: You talk about sleeping with a girl you've never met and you call that subtle?  
 CAT 4: *(Looking at the two of them.)* What? *(Pause.)*  
 CAT 1: She is pretty hot.  
 CAT 3: She's coming here tonight, isn't she?  
 CAT 4: I don't know—the Dean sounded pretty upset.  
 CAT 3: She'll be here. Sooner or later, they all show up here. *(The Cats chuckle and disappear from sight.)*  
 CAMB: They're pretty confident, aren't they. *(Russ doesn't respond. Cambridge looks at him.)* Russ— don't you get that look. You are not falling for some strange girl you met in an alley. Russ...  
 RUSS: *(Deadpan.)* We're getting in tonight. End of story.  
 CAMB: You're crazy.

**“The Crazyiness of Love”  
 (Russ)**

YOU CALL ME CRAZY. WELL, I GUESS I AGREE.  
 I'VE BEEN AROUND THE BLOCK, MY SHADOW AND ME.  
 BUT SOMETHING'S HAPPENED SINCE I LOOKED IN THOSE EYES.  
 I KNOW IT SOUNDS CLICHÉ  
 BUT MY HEART'S REALLY UP IN THE SKIES.

I'VE READ THE BOOKS I'VE SEEN THE MOVIES  
 AND WONDERED WHERE DO I FIT IN  
 I'VE READ ROMEO AND JULIET, AND NEVER WILL I E'ER FORGET  
 THE WAY THEY LOVED FROM WHENCE THEY MET.  
 AND NOW, LORD, I BEGIN—  
 TO UNDERSTAND THE CRAZINESS OF LOVE.

SO CALL ME CRAZY. I WANT THE WHOLE WORLD TO KNOW.  
 I'M CHASING AFTER MY HEART,  
 AND I'M NOT GONNA GIVE UP AND GO.

*(The curtain falls again at the end of Russ' song.)*

**SCENE 4  
 Friday night, The street outside “The Cat”**

*(We are now well into the night; the street is well-lit by the fading sunlight and streetlights. The wind has returned, not as a hurricane but a breeze. The only one visible is the Doorman USL by the door to the Cat. He still wears the paper crown. He looks a little nervous; however, he's normally tough enough to be alone at night and so he's still pretty much in control. He shivers slightly and looks around nervously. Inside, the Cat seems to be warm and alive, and we can faintly perceive figures inside, but no sound escapes the building.)*

DOOR: Marco, you're starting at shadows again. That's a very bad habit to get into. *(The doorman sighs deeply. He looks around, decides everything is at least moderately normal, and lets his hands drop to his sides. The instant that they do, a loud crash of garbage cans comes from the alley, as if some great beast is moving in the darkness. The doorman jumps, slipping off the stairs to L and letting out a bit of a shriek.)* Who's there? *(Pause.)* Step forward, or I'll... I'll... *(Staggers toward alley.)* I'll make you sorry! *(Silence. The doorman looks down and sighs again.)* You're going crazy, Marco. *(He looks up and sees the stub of a broken parking meter that he hadn't noticed before. It is the same one that was destroyed in the Prologue.)* What the— why would a parking meter be completely ripped out? *(He looks closer.)* It looks like something just ripped it off its base. *(He feels something tug at him from another time and place, but after a moment he decides to ignore it.)* Stupid vandals. *(The doorman returns to his post. There is a long pause.)*

HAL: *(From the alley, faintly.)* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king! *(The doorman does not notice. Louder.)* You have conspired against our royal person! *(The doorman looks around.)*

DOOR: *(To himself.)* There's no one there.

HAL: The signs of war advance!

DOOR: There's no one there.

HAL: *(Now shouting.)* God for Harry, England, and St. George!

DOOR: *(Terrified.)* I hear you! *(Silence. A bit weaker.)* I hear you... *(The wind picks up and something rustles offstage L. The doorman whirls to face that way.)* I see you there! *(During the following, Hal emerges from the alley and wanders DSC.)* I see you behind that tree, foul shadow! You can't scare me! *(Hal sees Marco, and totters quietly toward him from behind.)* Stand forward this instant! *(Hal reaches up as if to steal the crown, but at the critical moment the doorman steps forward.)* Don't tempt me, kid, you don't want to tempt me. You should see the last person that made me mad.

*(Hal pauses as if struck by conscience, then lets his hands fall to his sides. He steps away, giving up on the doorman for a moment.) I do see you. I have finely honed senses. (Hal turns and approaches the trash cans at the head of the alley. Marco is becoming less sure of himself.) I never miss anything. Come out... please... (Hal dives into the trash can and comes up with the package of tennis balls discarded in the first Scene.)*

HAL: *(Befuddled.)* Tennis balls?

DOOR: *(Marco shrieks again and turns, almost collapsing in terror.) Oh-my-God-who-art-in-heaven-please-don't— oh, it's you. (Exhales deeply.)* Bugger off. *(Pause.)* Tennis balls?

HAL: *(Hal turns to look at the doorman with a look in his eye that gives poor Marco pause. The wind, the missing meter, the darkness; we are in Hal's world now, and Marco, too late, realizes it. Hal chuckles an angry chuckle and shakes his head ever so slightly. With seething anger.)* Tennis balls?

DOOR: *(Flashing a scared smile.)* Tennis... balls?

HAL: TENNIS BALLS? *(He rips one from the package and whips it offstage R. It hits something with a thud and flies back, hitting Marco in the chest.)*

DOOR: *(Confused and hurt.)* Oww!

HAL: TENNIS BALLS? *(He pulls another one and pelts Marco with it directly.)*

DOOR: Aieeee! I don't need this! *(Hal glowers at him and Marco snaps like a twig.)* I'm going back to Florida! *(He runs off L into the night, dropping his crown in the process. Hal does not notice him go.)*

HAL: TENNIS BALLS? We are the pride of all of England and you give us tennis balls? *(He throws one more downward, but with more sadness and spite than anger; for this reason, it only bounces a few feet above his head. However, it does manage to hit him on the way down. At this, Hal starts, holding the tennis ball container in front of him like a sword or a cross. He spins in a circle looking for his unknown assailant. Hal finally stops in his second turn when he spots the discarded crown. His face lights up like a bad simile, the tennis ball package falling from his hands.)* By the saints above... *(He slowly walks toward it, sinking to his knees. He reaches his hands out to it and is almost in tears. He touches it reverentially and a tear-stained smile stretches around his cheeks. He lifts the crown and slowly rises to his feet, walking toward the audience. He slowly places it on his head in a manner reminiscent of the prologue; this too is a great moment, but it is to the Prologue as a reality is to a dream.)*

**(Hal)**

IT'S BEEN A LONELY FIVE HUNDRED YEARS,  
ALL WITHOUT A KINDRED SPIRIT.  
AND, I'VE HEARD THE COMMENTS; I'VE SEEN THE LEERS,  
AND DONE AS IF I COULDN'T HEAR IT.  
YES, I'VE SEEN THE DINGY SCENERY WONDERING WHERE TO STAY.  
A NEW AND A MUCH LEANER ME AT LAST WILL HAVE HIS DAY.

*(chorus)*

I'M BACK ON THE THRONE, WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT IT?  
BACK ON MY OWN. AND NOW I'LL FINALLY STAY ON MY THRONE.  
AT LAST I'VE GOT IT. BACK ON THE THRONE,  
COMPLETE IN REGAL ARRAY.  
IT'S HARD TO RECOLLECT THE VERY FEELING,  
WHEN YOU'RE SITTING ON THE THRONE.  
NO NEED FOR COMPROMISE OR SHADY DEALING.  
ALL YOU COULD WANT IS NOW YOUR OWN.

I'VE BEEN THROUGH MANY STAGES OF DOUBT,  
LOST MY FAITH AND LOST MY HONOUR.  
BUT I'VE NOT FORGOTTEN WHAT LIFE'S ABOUT.  
ALTHOUGH THEY THOUGHT I WAS A GONER,  
NOW I STAND, RESURGENT, THANK THE LORD,  
WITH VALOUR IN MY VEINS,  
THE WHOLE BAND, USURPERS OF MY HOARD,  
WILL LOSE THEIR ILL-GOT GAINS.

*(chorus)*

*(Henry's solo ends with him triumphant on the steps of the Cat; this is his castle now and he is King again. The door of the Cat opens and CAT 3 stumbles out, a little bit tipsy. He keels over, laughing.)*

CAT 3: So, Marco, how's it g— *(CAT 3 is overcome by a fit of laughter followed by a few coughs. When he finishes, he looks up and makes eye contact with Hal. His expression becomes confused, and he looks around slightly before looking back at Hal. Hal flashes him a toothy smile. CAT 3 returns it, a little bit confused. There is a long pause.)* And the... your... there

**“Back On My Throne”**

was a... *(Pause. CAT 3 giggles.)* Oh, screw it. Have a good evening. *(Hal tips his crown patronizingly, and CAT 3 re-enters the Cat.)*

HAL: Oh, fair Britain, your King is home.

CAMB: *(From offstage R.)* Russ, slow down! *(Russ comes on from R, crossing the street while looking back and talking to Cambridge.)*

RUSS: Come on! It's getting late!

CAMB: Russ, we've tried this. Let's just go home!

RUSS: No faith. No faith. *(Without looking at Hal)* Marco! Marco, I'll make a deal with you. You seem like a sensible man. *(Cambridge sees the discarded tennis ball container and picks it up, looking at it confusedly.)* Now, Marco, what says we can't be friends, buddy? Marco, I— *(He does a doubletake.)* Hal? *(Pause.)* Where's Marco? *(Pause.)* Hal! Where's—

CAMB: Russ, what's going on?

HAL: Young lads! Welcome!

CAMB: Thank you, sir, but I'm not quite sure—

RUSS: *(to Cambridge)* Run with it. *(to Hal)* Henry... Hal... your Majesty?

HAL: Hmm?

RUSS: Well, sir, we wish to... gain entry to this... umm... fortress... of love. *(Hal raises an eyebrow.)* A fine maiden awaits our rescue beyond these sturdy walls!

CAMB: His spear doth rise in anticipation, good sir. *(Russ glares at him.)*

HAL: Are ye saboteurs?

RUSS: *(Wryly.)* No. Just desperate. *(Hal's brow furrows. There is an painfully long pause. Then, finally, Hal laughs.)*

HAL: Of course, lads.

RUSS: *(Laughing as much from relief as humor.)* Thank you, your Majesty. *(He holds out his hand to Hal.)*

HAL: *(Staring disapprovingly at it.)* Nice customs curtsy to great kings! *(He bats Russ' hand away and envelops Russ in a bear hug. Russ is caught off guard and just makes a noise midway between a grunt and a squeak as he is lifted off the ground. After a moment, Hal releases him and Russ drops, reeling slightly. Hal looks at Cambridge, who takes a step back.)*

CAMB: I'm good. Thanks anyway.  
*(The music rises and the lights go out as Russ and Cambridge enter the Cat.)*

## SCENE 5 Friday night, Inside "The Cat"

*(The curtain opens on the darkened inside of the Cat; we can see nothing. The intro for "The Cat" begins with a sort of smooth power, possibly a drum solo. The music builds in volume until we can't take it anymore and the scene starts with a bang. The brass brings in the full force of the song as the lights come up on the Cat proper. The song is modular; it is performed in a series of fourteen sets between passages of dialogue. The sets range from full dance and song numbers to quick musical transitions, but each serves to quickly separate the mini-dialogues. Throughout this scene, we see Cats 1-4 and the Hat as well as three Wellesley Girls and two Harvard students; however, these characters move on and off stage through the interior doors. The Cat is well-furnished, if a bit run down with age. Most of the furnishings are inconsequential, but it is to be noted that the front door is near the edge of SR, there is an interior door next to a bookshelf USC, there is a bar counter SL and an operable window over the alley behind the counter. There is also a drunken man, Joey Siesholtz, next to the doorway USC; he is not really in the play and indeed, is not really supposed to be in the script, but he is there nonetheless.)*

### "The Cat" (The Hat's Verse, then Refrain)

*(The music continues under the following, as it does through the fourteen sets.)*

ANNE: *(entering from USC with Marcy.)* Was this so bad?

MRCY: I don't see what the fuss is about. It's just a bunch of drunken jerks who think anyone will sleep with them because they're rich.

ANNE: They're not *all* drunk. *(The drunken man loudly mumbles unintelligible gibberish.)* What? *(He babbles again, then grabs at Marcy. Marcy makes a noise of disgust and steps away; the drunk falls across the doorway and snores loudly.)*

MRCY: You were saying?

*(Anne's answer is cut off by the music; they cross to DSL.)*

### "The Cat" (Continued) (Refrain)

*(The music continues under the following. Russ and Cambridge enter; Russ looks like he's just met God and Cambridge doesn't seem too impressed.)*

HAL: *(from offstage)* Fare thee well, good sirs.  
 CAMB: *(to Hal)* Thank you, your Majesty.  
 RUSS: *(Faintly, with awe.)* Ohhh...  
 CAMB: Russ?  
 RUSS: *(Faintly, with awe.)* Ohhh...  
 CAMB: Snap out of it, buddy. We're not in the clear yet. Those guys are dangerous. *(The drunken man mumbles some loud, unintelligible gibberish in his sleep. Russ and Cambridge look at him. There is a long pause. Cambridge raises his eyebrows, then smiles.)* Never mind.  
 RUSS: I'm going to look for Anne. She's got to be here. *(Turns to leave, looks back.)* Don't look so... uptight.  
 CAMB: *(To himself.)* Uptight? *(Self-conscious.)* I'm not... uptight...

**“The Cat” (Continued)**  
**(Cat 3's verse, then Refrain)**

*(We now focus on Cat 1 hitting on Student 2 DSL.)*

CAT 1: *(Sleazy.)* So what do you think of our little Eden?  
 ST 2: It's... nice.  
 CAT 1: *(Really sleazy, his accent getting thicker.)* It is such a beautiful building. Such a large, vulnerable building. With such beautiful, plump... *(tries to gesticulate, merely succeeds in being vaguely offensive. Kind of at a loss for words.)* awnings... and an ample, bountiful back porch. *(Gives her a dirty smile.)* Is good building.  
 CAT 3: *(Stumbling drunkenly through the crowd.)* Frank, do you—  
 CAT 1: Can you not see I am occupied with— *(With meaning.)* Architecture?  
 CAT 3: But, Frank; I was just outside and I saw the weirdest thing...  
 CAT 1: *(Trying to dispose of him quietly.)* Bad-time-William-bad-time...  
 ST 2: It's okay, William. I wasn't really that interested in the Leaning Tower anyway. *(Excuses herself.)*  
 CAT 1: *(Yelling after her.)* It's not Leaning Tower! *(Grandiose gesture.)* Is Empire State Building. *(Moderate gesture.)* Okay, maybe Sears Tower. *(Tiny gesture.)* Okay, more like tiny cute Washington Monument. *(Loud.)* But is very, very rich! *(Pause.)* Screw it. Damn VES concentrators.  
 CAT 3: Frank, I have to tell you. Something very strange is going on. Marco is—  
 CAT 1: William, I don't want to hear your babble. You cost me hottie tonight. *(Cat 1 disappears into the crowd.)*

**“The Cat” (Continued)**  
**(Student 1's verse, then Refrain)**

*(We now see Student 1 and Cat 4 come discreetly DSC.)*

ST 1: *(Conspiratorially.)* Friend... a word.  
 CAT 4: *(Stepping closer and farther D, out of earshot.)* Yes?  
 ST 1: I have a message for the Hat.  
 CAT 4: *(Looks around.)* Speak.  
 ST 1: Word on the street has it that Caulder's on the move, getting the HUPD together to try something big.  
 CAT 4: You're too late, friend. Caulder already tried and failed this afternoon. Besides, we have nothing to fear from him.  
 ST 1: What's the use of keeping me on hand to spy on Dean Caulder if you don't listen to what I say? I spend every day sneaking around campus for you ingrates, dressed in tie-dye from head to toe—  
 CAT 4: I've been meaning to ask you about that. Don't you think that disguise is a little... conspicuous?  
 ST 1: Absolutely not. I've spent the past month building up the image and now whenever anyone sees me, they think 'freshman' and I'm out of their minds. No one even begins to think that I might be associated with an organization such as this. *(Pause.)* Now Cape Boy... that's conspicuous.  
 CAT 4: Damn! You recognized him? *(Beat.)* How? *(Student 2 raises his eyebrow.)* Never mind. In any case, we're not afraid of Caulder and I'm not even going to bother passing on your whining to the Hat. There's only one way Dean Caulder could possibly get in here, and that will never happen.  
 ST 1: Why do I suddenly get a strange sense of foreshadowing?  
 CAT 4: It's probably just something you ate.

**“The Cat” (Continued)**  
**(Cat 4's verse, then refrain)**

*(We see Anne DSL just in front of the bar counter.)*

ANNE: I can't believe this. Is there any guy here who's not just interested in sex? *(The drunken man releases a loud burst of gibberish. Pause.)* Or alcohol? This place is the stupidest, most overrated, disgusting, slimeball-filled trash-heap in the—  
 RUSS: *(Emerging from the crowd.)* Anne!  
 ANNE: *(Like a switch.)* Hey! How are you?  
 RUSS: Russ. *(Puts his hand out.)*  
 ANNE: I'm good too, thanks for asking.  
 RUSS: *(Dropping his hand.)* What?

ANNE: Never mind. Can you believe this place?  
 RUSS: Yeah, I know!  
 ANNE: Everyone says the Cat is the place to be—  
 RUSS: —the best!—  
 ANNE: —but it’s just horrible.  
 RUSS: Yeah, it’s so great that— (*Catches her meaning, coughs, recovers.*) —I mean, such a waste of time.  
 ANNE: Are any of the other finals clubs any better?  
 RUSS: Well, I hear the most exclusive one is pretty good, if a bit eccentric.  
 ANNE: Which one is that?  
 RUSS: (*Worldly.*) Oh, it’s called the Porcelain Club. It’s over by the Square.  
 ANNE: How’d it get a name like that?  
 RUSS: (*Shrugs.*) I dunno. Maybe they make toilet bowls.

**“The Cat” (Continued)  
 (Refrain)**

*(The Wellesley Girls cross DSC, talking amongst themselves. Marcy has wandered in their path.)*

WG 2: What a great call, Cindi! This is so much more exciting than that stupid party at the Kong.  
 WG 3: I know! It’s so nice to be back here in Cambridge.  
 WG 1: Come on, girls, let’s— (*She bumps into Marcy. Bitchily.*) Excuse me!  
 MRCY: I’m sorry—I didn’t see you there.  
 WG 1: Well, maybe you should— (*She really sees Marcy.*) What happened to you?  
 MRCY: What are you talking about?  
 WG 1: Your hair... your (*shudders*) glasses...  
 WG 2: Wait... I don’t think it’s a disguise... I think she really looks like that. (*WG 3 recoils in horror.*)  
 WG 3: I’d heard about Harvard girls, but this is so much more horrible than I ever imagined.  
 MRCY: What are you *talking* about?  
 WG 2: Yeah, who let the dog out? (*Deadpan.*) Woof, woof, woof, woof.  
 WG 1: Wait, I bet I know. (*Conspiratorially, to Marcy.*) You don’t play for our team, do you?  
 MRCY: (*Offended.*) I do too! I like guys!  
 WG 2: You’re never going to get one looking like that.  
 MRCY: Who *are* you?  
 WG 1: (*Cheerfully.*) I’m Cindi!

WG 2: I’m Mindi!  
 WG 3: I’m Bambi!  
 WG 1: We’re from Wellesley!  
 MRCY: Oh. That explains some things.  
 WG 3: Girls... I think I’m feeling compassion!  
 WG 1: Yeah, me too!  
 WG 2: Why don’t we help her to not be so ugly?  
 MRCY: (*Pause, then sarcastically.*) Thanks, but I think I’m fine.  
 WG 1: (*Looking at her.*) Well, I wouldn’t exactly say fine.  
 MRCY: Who are you to tell me what to look like, anyway?  
 WG 1: (*There is a long, puzzled pause. Then, cheerfully.*) I’m Cindi!  
 WG 2: I’m Mindi!  
 WG 3: I’m Bambi!  
 WG 1: We’re from Wellesley!  
 MRCY: That’s not what I meant. Why do think you think you’re so much better than me?  
 WG 1: Sweetheart, have you looked in a mirror lately? Let us help you. We know everything there is to know about picking up guys. Trust us.  
 MRCY: (*Still slightly offended.*) Really?  
 WG 1: (*As if it explained everything, which it does.*) Girl, we’re from Wellesley. (*Pause.*) Come on, what Harvard guy wouldn’t want to dip from the Well? That’s why we’re here, (*A little stiff, but proud of herself.*) incidentally.  
 WG 2: (*to WG 1*) Good word!  
 WG 1: Thanks! (*They exchange a quick high five.*)  
 MRCY: For Harvard guys?  
 WG 1: I know, it’s sad, but where else are you going to go? MIT? (*The Wellesley Girls dissolve into laughter.*)  
 MRCY: (*Still a little doubtful.*) Fine. I’m listening.

**“I’m A Wellesley Sister”  
 (All WG)**

I’M A WELLESLEY SISTER LOOKING FOR A HARVARD MISTER.  
 I WANT A MAN WHO CAN LEARN TO SATISFY ME.  
 HEY, I’M NOT AIMING NOR TRYING TO SHOCK,  
 THE THING I CARE ABOUT IS THE MORE THAN AVERAGE SIZE OF HIS STOCK.  
  
 I’M SHOPPING, BABY,  
 FOR A RICHER DELIGHT.  
 AN IVY, MAYBE,  
 I’LL PLAY BEWITCHER TONIGHT.

IF YOU'VE GOT BRAINS, A LAW DEGREE, OR HALF-WAY DECENT FACES,  
DROP YOUR DRINKS AND DANCE WITH ME, TOGETHER WE'LL GO PLACES.  
SO, DON'T BE BASHFUL 'CAUSE FELLA WHO KNOWS?  
I'VE ALWAYS DREAMED OF BEING THE GIRL  
WHO GOES DOWN ON HER KNEES TO PROPOSE.

JUST GIVE ME A RING,  
WITH SOME DIAMONDS LIKE ORBS.  
THEN, MAYBE YOU'LL BRING  
AN INCOME TO RIVAL THE LIKES OF STEVE FORBES.

I'M GONNA BE RICH.  
I'M GONNA BE RICH.  
THIS WELLESLEY SISTER'S GONNA BE RICH.

I'M A WELLESLEY SISTER LOOKING FOR A HARVARD MISTER.  
IT'S ON MY MIND TO FIND A MAN WITH A BACHLOR'S DEGREE.  
SO, HURRY, BABY, 'FORE YOU RUN OUT OF LUCK.  
JUST TAKE ME HOME, THEN WE'LL SEE,  
IF I CAN'T GIVE YOU A BANG FOR YOUR BUCK!

WELLESLEY SISTER!  
YOU'RE MY HARVARD MISTER!  
A WELLESLEY SISTER,  
LIVING MY LIFE WITH YOU I'M LIVING IT RICH!

I'M GONNA BE RICH!

**-R. Pennoyer**

*(After the Wellesley number dies down, we see Student 1 and Cat 3 emerging from the back and crossing to DSR.)*

ST 1: I love what you guys have done with the place, Will. I just love it.  
CAT 3: Even a few years back, the Cat was failing. Heck, we made writing for the Salient look popular.  
ST 1: *(Shocked.)* Don't say that! *(Pause.)* You were never that bad.  
CAT 3: You're right. Still, we barely had enough new punches each year to stay afloat.  
ST 1: So you moved the Cat here.  
CAT 3: Central location, beautiful architecture— *(Student 1 snickers knowingly.)* No, I really mean architecture.  
ST 1: Oh.  
CAT 3: It's perfect. Add that to our cheap alcohol and mysteriously meaningless name and bam! What more could you want in a finals club?

ST 1: *(Nodding.)* Nice. *(Pointing to something in the ceiling.)* What's that stuff?  
CAT 3: Soundproofing. The Hat thought of everything. You see, this new building does have an apartment on the top floor.  
ST 1: Who lives there?  
CAT 3: *(Slightly pompous.)* Oh, one of the high-level managerial board members at Harvard. She's very important. Her name is Domna.  
ST 1: So you put up soundproofing to be polite?  
CAT 3: It's more than politeness, it's politics. You see, every major political action in Cambridge is started by one or two disgruntled citizens. And do you know what disgruntled citizens hate most?  
ST 1: Theft?  
CAT 3: No.  
ST 1: Taxes?  
CAT 3: Same thing.  
ST 1: Right. Murder?  
CAT 3: No.  
ST 1: What?  
CAT 3: Noise. That's why Tommy's Pizza was forced to reduce its hours. That's why the T has to slow down to a crawl when it passes under Cambridge. That's why the Lampoon never actually prints a magazine anymore. One by one, all the institutions around here are falling, and we won't let that kind of sentiment destroy us. So the Hat went and soundproofed the walls, the windows, the ceilings, every inch of this place so that we can maintain good relations with Wellesley College while Domna enjoys her sleep.  
ST 1: Absolutely ingenious.

**“The Cat” (Continued)  
(Refrain)**

*(Russ is again talking to Anne as Cat 1 approaches.)*

RUSS: *(Laughing.)* That's great! I feel exactly the same way.  
ANNE: *(Also laughing.)* That's so sweet of you to say.  
CAT 1: Little man! Little man, little frosh, what are you doing here?  
RUSS: Enjoying myself, Frank. Go away.  
CAT 1: Don't test me, little man. I can be the one that makes you disappear.  
RUSS: *(Bluffing.)* Frank, if I'm in here, then Marco let me in. If Marco let me in, then the Hat let me in. And if the Hat wants me in, then you damn well better not mess with me.  
CAT 1: You're friends with the Hat? The same Hat who kicked you out not four hours ago?

RUSS: *(Sternly, with a poker face.)* Yes. *(There is a long pause.)*  
 CAT 1: *(Backing down.)* I'm watching you, frosh.  
 RUSS: Frank Lee, my dear, *(Pokes him in the chest.)* I don't give a damn.  
 ANNE: *(As Cat 1 leaves.)* The Hat threw you out?  
 RUSS: Long story.  
 ANNE: *(Putting her hand on his arm and smiling.)* We have time.

**“The Cat” (Continued)**  
**(Cat 1’s verse, then Refrain)**

*(We see Cambridge and Marcy, both at the wall by the bookshelf. They have been there for some time, neither really feeling comfortable here but neither really having anything better to do.)*

CAMB: *(Looking forward.)* Nice dancing.  
 MRCY: *(Embarrassed, sarcastically.)* Thanks.  
 CAMB: *(Looks at her.)* Sorry... I was just trying to make conversation.  
 MRCY: No, I'm sorry. I was rude. *(Smiles.)* I'm Marcy.  
 CAMB: Oh, I'm—  
 MRCY: You're Russ' friend, aren't you? I saw you come in with him.  
 CAMB: Yeah, I am. How do you know Russ?  
 MRCY: Oh, he's in my Women's Studies section.  
 CAMB: I bet he's into Women's Studies.  
 MRCY: What?  
 CAMB: Nothing.  
 MRCY: I don't mean to pry, but why are you holding a tennis ball tube?  
 CAMB: What? *(Looks down at it.)* Oh. Well, there was this— I was— *(Gives up.)* I have no idea. *(Sets it on the bookshelf.)*  
 MRCY: *(She gives him a look. Pause.)* So, what do you think of this place?  
 CAMB: What, the Cat? It's nice. I guess.  
 MRCY: I'm not much of the partying type myself.  
 CAMB: *(Smiles.)* Yeah. *(Pause.)* Everything here is so different than what I'm used to. I mean, look at this. *(He motions to the books on the bookshelf.)* The exploitation of sea urchins? *(Sighs.)* There's even a book here by the Chicken Coalition Opposing Oppression of Poultry.  
 MRCY: The Chicken COOP?  
 CAMB: *(Rolling his eyes.)* Only at Harvard.

**“The Cat” (Continued)**  
**(Refrain)**

*(Russ and Anne are still talking at the counter DSL. Cat 1 and Student 1 are DSC.)*

CAT 1: Anyway, Sebastian, do you have something for me?  
 ST 1: That I do, Frank. *(He takes out a small ziplock bag from his coat.)* Take a look at this.  
 CAT 1: *(Taking it.)* This is the new batch, hunh? How strong is this? *(He holds it up to his nose.)*  
 ST 1: Be careful! Just a touch of that will knock you out cold.  
 CAT 1: How long does it last?  
 ST 1: Well, that's the problem. The new batch takes effect a lot faster, but it will only knock you out for about ten minutes. It's been kind of unpredictable.  
 CAT 1: Why would you need more time than that? *(Student 1 shrugs.)* You have a good time tonight, okay?  
 ST 1: *(Claps him on the shoulder.)* You too. *(Student 1 moves off. Cat 1 walks to the bar and pours a few shots. To one of them he semi-discreetly adds something from the bag. However, it's still clear to us which glass is loaded, because it immediately begins fizzing over. He hides the packet and looks around, his eyes settling on Anne. He pushes the tainted shot toward her.)* Want a drink, sweetheart?  
 RUSS: I could sure use one. Here— *(Russ takes the tainted shot as well as a clean one; he hands the clean one to Anne.)*  
 CAT 1: *(Quickly.)* Wait, you probably shouldn't— *(Russ downs it.)* Ummm... I have to go. *(Cat 1 slips away quickly.)*  
 ANNE: Actually, I'm not that thirsty. *(She sets down the glass. Russ starts getting a little wobbly.)* Russ? Are you all right? *(Russ stands and staggers against the bar.)*  
 RUSS: I feel a little... woozy... I just need to lay down for a minute... *(Russ staggers dramatically around before collapsing SL of the bar. He is in view of the audience but not the rest of the stage.)*  
 ANNE: *(She has not really reacted throughout all this, just watching Russ in surprise.)* Russ? *(Russ snores. Long pause. Anne looks around slowly and then pushes her drink even farther away.)*

**“The Cat” (Continued)**  
**(Refrain)**

*(Cat 4 is talking to Student 1 DSR.)*

ST 1: So tell me, Brian, what are you concentrating in?  
 CAT 4: Government.

ST 1: *(An expression of shock and repulsion flashes across his face before he catches himself. Dramatically.)* Oh. I'm sorry. *(He turns away, overcome with emotion.)* I didn't know.

CAT 4: It's all right... really.

ST 1: *(Turning back.)* Is there anything I can do?

CAT 4: I'll be all right. *(Pause.)* I'd really rather not talk about it. *(Pause.)* I just wish— All I wanted— *(He breaks down, wailing to a higher power.)* Why? All I wanted was a B minus, Professor Mansfield! I didn't deserve a C! *(Almost in tears.)* Why?

ST 1: *(Sadly.)* Nobody deserves that. Nobody deserves that.

CAT 4: *(Wiping his eyes, slowly regaining his composure.)* I'm sorry. It still hurts a little. *(Sniffs.)* What are you studying?

ST 1: English.

CAT 4: *(Interested.)* Really? Then you've heard of Professor Danner?

ST 1: No. Who's that?

CAT 4: Only the greatest tragedy in Harvard history. He was one of the best professors in the English department— some say the best in all of New England.

ST 1: Was?

CAT 4: He's dead now, and the English department is still reeling from the loss.

ST 1: What happened to him?

CAT 4: *(As if telling a ghost story.)* A few years back, he just went missing. At first some people just thought he was taking an impromptu vacation. When he didn't come back, they searched his apartment. They found a vague suicide note but no body.

ST 1: So he killed himself?

CAT 4: That's what they said. But some of think it was foul play—

ST 1: Really!

CAT 4: You see, Professor Danner had a lot of enemies... people who wouldn't rest until the entire English department here was destroyed.

ST 1: What?

CAT 4: They say his killer won't rest until he's killed every single English concentrator at Harvard. *(There is a long, dramatic pause where Student 1 just stares at Cat 4 with terrified eyes. Then, Cat 4 bursts out laughing.)*

ST 1: You jerk! You really scared me.

CAT 4: Oh, I was just messing around. I couldn't pass up the chance. *(Thoughtfully.)* There really was a Professor Danner, though. *(Dropping it.)* He's long gone now, though. Come on, I'll grab you a beer.

**“The Cat” (Continued)**  
**(Refrain)**

*(The Hat and Cat 3 are talking USR by the door.)*

CAT 3: I don't know if we shouldn't just go back to buying simpler stuff; these are—

CAT 1: *(Interrupts, approaching.)* Hat? Can I ask you a question?

HAT: *(Seeing something in his eyes.)* What is it?

CAT 1: Did you tell Marco to let that freshman jerk in after all?

HAT: No. Why?

CAT 1: Dammit! I knew it! But how did he get past Marco?

CAT 3: Franklin— that's what I've been trying to tell you. Marco's gone.

HAT: What do you mean, gone?

CAT 3: Gone! Disappeared! Fled! Absent! Gone! There's just that big homeless guy sitting on the steps now!

HAT: What, you think he ate Marco? *(Cat 3 looks down.)* Don't worry about that drunken oaf. Find that freshman! *(The Cats separate and slip into the crowd.)*

**“The Cat” (Continued)**  
**(Refrain)**

*(Cambridge and Marcy are still together by the bookcase, a little closer but not untoward.)*

MRCY: I can't believe Anne just ditched me for him.

CAMB: *(Wryly.)* I can't believe Russ just ditched me for her.

MRCY: I didn't even want to come here.

CAMB: *(Smiles.)* Neither did I. *(There is a long pause.)*

MRCY: *(Looks at him.)* Do you ever get homesick?

CAMB: *(Pause.)* Sometimes. But it's nice here. I'm glad I came.

MRCY: I do. I miss my friends... my family...

CAMB: *(Pause.)* Tell you what— let's get out of here. I'll walk you to your dorm.

MRCY: Thank you— that's really nice of you.

CAMB: *(Smiling.)* I've got nothing better to do. *(They walk out together.)*

**“The Cat” (Continued)**  
**(Refrain)**

*(A couple of the Cats are walking around deliberately—they don't look too happy. Anne is getting a little nervous; Russ is still out.)*

ANNE: *(Loud hissing whisper.)* Russ! *(Pause.)* Russ! This would be a great time to wake up... *(Pause.)* Russ! *(We overhear one of the Cats asking if*

anyone has seen Russ. After a pause, he moves on. Anne grits her teeth angrily and then ducks behind the bar.) Russ, if you don't wake up...

*(The music stops on a dramatic note and holds it suspensefully. We hear a voice from the audience which we cannot immediately place—perhaps from the pit, perhaps from the balcony—but it is loud. The action on stage freezes.)*

CLDR: All right, men, are you in position?

HUPD 2: *(Also off with him.)* Yes, sir!

CLDR: *(Chuckles slowly and evilly. Pause.)* Do it.

*(During the following, a spot comes up on them and Caulder, revealing both officers and the Dean. They sing lustily and drunkenly, trying to disturb the peace as much as possible. A few lines in, we hear Hal yelling "Treachery!" from offstage R. Near the end, the song is interrupted by a call on Caulder's cell phone.)*

CLDR: Quiet, now, boys, we're on! *(He answers it.)* Dean Caulder. Oh, Domna, how nice to hear from you. *(Pause.)* They've been what? *(Pause. Hal comes from offstage and lumbers toward the HUPD, mumbling epithets.)* Oh, that's horrible. You know, I'll go over there personally. We can't let delinquents terrorize the residents of Cambridge. *(Pause. Hal reaches the HUPD.)*

HAL: Traitors! Demons! *(The ultimate vulgarity.)* Frenchmen!

CLDR: *(to HUPD)* Get him out of here! *(to Domna.)* No, sorry, go on. *(Pause.)* They sounded drunk? This is serious. *(Pause.)* I'll be right over. *(Pause.)* Oh, no, thank you, Domna. So I have your authorization to enter the building? *(Pause.)* Great. Goodbye. *(He hangs up and motions to the HUPD.)* Move in. *(The HUPD and Caulder rush the stage and in a moment, we hear a pounding on the door.)* You have five seconds to open the door before we break it down! *(The stage comes to life in a panic as Cats and Students try frantically to hide everything incriminating.)*

HAT: You can't come in here! We have our rights!

CLDR: You wish, scum! You have three seconds! *(One of the Cats opens the door and is almost bulldozed over by Caulder and the HUPD entering.)* Everybody just stand right where you are. *(Everyone freezes resignedly for the most part.)*

HAT: You can't do this!

CLDR: Take him first. I want all their names and I want this building searched. You've all bought it this time. *(The Hat steps ever-so-slightly toward the door USC.)* Don't try it. We've got the building surrounded and you don't want to make things worse for yourself. Give up. *(The Hat stops and the*

*HUPD begin searching people, taking their names, and letting them leave. The crowd slowly thins.)*

RUSS: *(Moaning.)* What... happened? *(He sits up and smacks his head on the bar.)* Oww! *(He's awake now.)* Where am I? *(He sees Anne. Awestruck.)* Am I in heaven?

ANNE: No, but we're about to be dead. My dad's here and he's breaking up the party and we're all going to be expelled!

RUSS: *(Moaning.)* Why couldn't I have slept through this part? *(He peeks around the bar and sees HUPD 1 walking toward him. He ducks back.)* We need to get out of here. The window! *(He looks around again. When HUPD 1 turns, he pulls Anne to the window.)* Go! I'll lower you down.

ANNE: What about you?

RUSS: I'll be right behind you! Just go! *(Russ helps her through the window. She is hanging on to his arms and the windowsill.)*

ANNE: I'm still a couple feet up, Russ!

RUSS: Don't worry!

ANNE: *(Smiling at him.)* Russ?

RUSS: *(Pausing..)* What? *(Their heads come closer together. They are about to kiss when HUPD 1 turns again.)*

HUPD 1: *(Loudly.)* What are you doing? *(Russ panics and turns, trying to look nonchalant. There is a loud crash of Anne falling into the trash cans.)* What was that? *(Russ just shrugs, looking innocent. HUPD 1 fixes him with a suspicious stare before turning away again.)*

RUSS: *(Turning to the window.)* Are you OK? *(A tennis ball flies in the window and hits him.)* Oww! *(He looks at it.)* What was that for?

CLDR: *(From DSR.)* That's almost all of them. *(He walks L to the bar, but does not seem to see Russ, who has ducked behind the counter.)* What a wonderful day's work. *(He leans against the counter, facing R. Russ decides to try it and stands. Before he can take a step, Dean Caulder grabs him by the ear without even looking; Russ never had a chance.)*

RUSS: Oww!

CLDR: *(Looking him in the eye coldly.)* No one escapes. *(to HUPD)* Take him away. *(HUPD 1 grabs him, gets his information, and leads him out.)* It was all too easy... *(The room is empty now except for the Dean; HUPD 2 has moved into other rooms to search. HUPD 1 returns.)*

ANNE: *(from the alley, in a loud whisper)* Russ! Russ! *(We hear a slight clatter of metal from outside and Anne's face reappears at the window.)* Russ? *(Pause.)* No...

CLDR: *(to HUPD 1)* Everything worked perfectly. I told them, I warned them, I gave them every chance. *(Pause.)* They're not getting away with it this time.

HUPD 1: Away with what?

CLDR: With their immorality! They've committed so many wrongs, you know that. It doesn't matter if they're actually innocent of the thing that gets them expelled; they deserve the punishment for everything else I could never prove.

HUPD 1: I guess so.

CLDR: You have to admit it was pretty ingenious. With the call from Domna recorded, our legal right to enter the building is unshakable.

HUPD 1: Doesn't this all kind of go against the law?

CLDR: *(Stiffens. Pause.)* We are the law. Don't you ever forget that. *(Pause.)* Justice isn't about what's true. It's about what's right. And regardless of what it took, a great thing happened there tonight. *(Just then, Anne slips and disappears from the window with a stifled shriek. There is a clatter of metal once more.)* What was that? *(Caulder dashes to the window. There is a long pause.)* Nothing there. *(He shakes his head.)*

HUPD 1: Do you want to send someone to search the alley?

CLDR: No. It's over. There's nothing more any of them can do about it. All these years of work are finally going to pay off. *(He smiles.)* It's over. *(Beat.)* We won.

*(And on those notes, the curtain falls on the first Act.)*

## ACT 2

### SCENE 1

#### The next Friday afternoon, Outside the Holyoke Arcade

*(We open on the Holyoke Arcade, in front of Au Bon Pain. We can feel the bustle of the square; we see the signature chess tables and the glass doors to the Holyoke Center. Onstage, the Chessmaster is playing Square 1, an MIT student. The game appears to have been going on for some time. Square 2, a Spare Change newspaper busker, is SL and haranguing everyone that walks by. Square 3 & 4 are Pit Kids; they're quite festooned in the traditional Pit manner. The occasional passerby moves on and across stage.)*

#### **“Extra (The Gossip Song)” (SQ 1-4, Misc.)**

ALL: *(chorus)*

OH HAVE YOU HEARD? ONE WEEK AGO DEAN CAULDER SHUT DOWN THE CAT.  
TOOK THEM AWAY, BROUGHT IN THE AD BOARD AND OUR PRESIDENT FAT.  
WHAT WILL I DO? HOW CAN I GO ON THINKING THAT I BELONG?  
IF THERE'S NO CLUB, NOW WHO'LL LET ME FOLLOW ALONG?

SOLO:

I KNOW I KNOW  
I'LL GO AUDITION FOR THE DINS!  
BUILD UP MY HOPES  
REALLY BELIEVE I HAVE A CHANCE, THOUGH I WON'T GET IN.

ALL: *(chorus)*

SOLO:

I KNOW I KNOW  
I'LL TELL THE PREFROSH HARVARD'S FUN!  
MAKE THEM DECIDE  
NOT TO CONSIDER OTHER SCHOOLS LIKE YALE OR PRINCETON

ALL: *(chorus)*

SOLO:

I KNOW I KNOW  
I'LL TAKE A COURSE IN CHINESE LIT  
WAIT I FORGOT  
I DON'T LIVE IN CHINA SO THAT WON'T BE GOOD FOR ANYTHING

ALL: (chorus)

(At the end of the song, Anne and Marcy enter; they are DSR. The MIT student and the Chessmaster remain on, still playing.)

MRCY: Are you all right?

ANNE: Yeah. (Pause.) I just can't stop thinking about last weekend.

MRCY: I'm sorry. At least you made it out before the bust. Your dad would have killed you if he'd found you there.

ANNE: Yeah.

MRCY: (Pause.) Something's still bothering you, Anne. I wish you'd be honest with me.

ANNE: (Long pause.) Russ—

MRCY: (Seeing it in her eyes.) You didn't leave together?

ANNE: We didn't leave, Marcy, we didn't leave! We were still there when Dad arrived and I only got out because of Russ. He helped me escape and because of that, he's going to get expelled! This guy is about to lose his future because of me! That's why I'm upset, okay?

MRCY: (Pause.) Anne, I'm sorry, I didn't—

ANNE: (Bitterly.) Don't worry about it, Marcy, you aren't the one with Captain Ahab for a father.

CHSS: (In a thick Russian accent.) Checkmate. (Marcy and Anne look. The student looks absolutely dumbfounded.)

SQ 1: You cheated!

CHSS: (Shrugs.) You lost.

SQ 1: (Disgusted.) You dirty rat. (Beat.) Another game. (The Chessmaster nods and they begin again.)

ANNE: (Looking back to Marcy.) Where did you go last night, anyway?

MRCY: You know I wasn't that happy there; I just felt so out of place. (Pause.) I don't mean to hold you back. I guess I just feel stupid in a place like that.

ANNE: (Worried.) You didn't walk back alone?

MRCY: No, no; I came back with Russ' friend.

ANNE: (Raises her eyebrows.) Marcy! What are you complaining about? Sounds like you had a more successful evening than I did. He's kind of cute, too...

MRCY: It wasn't like that— he was a perfect gentleman. Besides, I don't even know his name.

ANNE: (Furrows her brow.) Neither do I, now that I think about it. That's strange. (Pause.)

CHSS: Checkmate. (Marcy and Anne look.)

SQ 1: Another game! (Marcy and Anne look back.)

ANNE: (After a pause.) Look, it's just that—

CHSS: Checkmate.

SQ 1: No! (He leaps to his feet.) I hate you! I hate you!

CHSS: Another game?

SQ 1: (Considers it for a moment, is about to say yes, and then remembers that he's angry.) No! I can't take it anymore! (He storms off R. The Chessmaster yells some epithet after him in a Slavic dialect. After a pause, Anne and Marcy again resume their conversation.)

MRCY: What is it you're not telling me? (Anne just looks at her. Gently.) Anne...

ANNE: My dad did it.

MRCY: He's a dean, what do you expect?

ANNE: No, I mean he did it. He set them up, Marcy!

MRCY: What are you talking about?

ANNE: I overheard my dad talking to the HUPD. They're all going to get expelled for something they didn't do!

MRCY: Oh, Anne... (Pause.) It's not like they didn't have it coming to them. (Anne glares at her.)

ANNE: It's not right.

MRCY: How is it not right? They're racist, they're sexist, they're elitist; they've committed enough wrongs to be expelled a dozen times over.

ANNE: But should they be expelled because my dad lied and tricked them?

(Pause.) Isn't there supposed to be a good guy?

MRCY: (Pause.) Are you going to tell someone?

ANNE: I can't! If I own up to what I heard, then I'd be betraying my father and admitting I was there.

MRCY: And if you don't, you'll be betraying Russ.

ANNE: I'm not betraying him! I didn't ask him to get me out of there! Am I supposed to let Daddy know that I went to club behind his back? Am I supposed to get killed for this guy? I just met him, Marcy. I can't destroy my life for him!

MRCY: You'd rather destroy his?

ANNE: Who asked you? I didn't see you sticking around to be a hero. You left right before the— (Pause.)

MRCY: Anne, no.

ANNE: Wasn't that convenient? I was wondering where you suddenly got this hate for finals clubs.

MRCY: Anne, Russ's friend left with me. Are you going to accuse him of setting you up too?

ANNE: Maybe I should.

MRCY: You're being stupid. He's *your* dad! You're the one who goes everywhere with him! Don't you think it looks suspicious to me when you tell me that you're the only one that got out after the bust?

ANNE: Russ helped me, I told you!

MRCY: Nice to see how you repay friendship.

ANNE: I didn't get here by sacrificing my image for every guy that held a door open for me.

MRCY: Sacrificing your *image*? He's going to get expelled for falling in love with you and you're worried about sacrificing your *image*?

ANNE: He's not in love with me! And I'm not in love with him! And if he gets expelled, that's not my fault. *(Marcy just looks at her with a look of sad disapproval.)*

MRCY: I thought I knew you. *(She turns to stalk off L, but is stopped by Square 2.)*

SQ 2: *(Slurred.)* Spare change newspaper?

MRCY: *(Angrily.)* No, thank you. *(She tries to step around him.)*

SQ 2: *(Blocking her.)* Spare change newspaper?

MRCY: No! No newspaper! *(Long pause.)*

SQ 2: *(Puzzled.)* Spare change newspaper?

MRCY: Rrrgh! *(She turns and stomps off R. Anne lowers her head.)*

ANNE: *(Sighs.)* I thought I knew me too.

**“They Said Bells Would Start To Ring”**  
**(Anne)**

THEY SAID BELLS WOULD START TO RING;  
SAID MY HEART WOULD UP AND SING.  
NOW, I'M SCARED TO LET MY EARS LISTEN.

LIKE A CLOWN WHO WEARS A FROWN,  
LIKE SOME UNUSED WEDDING GOWN,  
IT'S UNNATURAL FOR MY EYES NOT TO GLISTEN.

WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?  
WHERE CAN I HIDE?  
WHY IS IT, IN THIS LIFE I'M LIVING,  
RIGHT AND WRONG JUST WANNA COLLIDE.

POSTPONE MY LOVE SONGS,  
'CAUSE I CAN'T DECIDE  
IF THIS DREAMER SHOULD FOLLOW HER DREAMS  
AT RISK OF LOSING HER PRIDE.

I'LL STAY SILENT AS A BIRD,

WHOSE RHYMES OF LOVE REMAIN UNHEARD,  
JUST A MELODY WITHOUT A WORD...

**-R. Pennoyer**

*(When Anne's song ends, everything is silent. There is a long pause, and then she starts sobbing and turns R while the lights fade to black.)*

SCENE 2  
Friday Night, The street outside “The Cat”

*(This scene begins back outside the Cat, but it is a different mood here now. A window or two is open, the lights are off; even the street is dead. Hal is at the door, guarding it, not caring that his charges are gone. Cambridge sits upon the steps of the Cat, his head in his hands.)*

CAMB: *(After a long pause.)* What am I doing here, Hal? *(Hal is silent.)* No, not here at the Cat. I mean, here at Harvard. I'm not smart—I'm not rich—I'm not powerful. *(He laughs bitterly.)* I can't even save the one friend I have here. *(Pause.)* I thought college would be different—more freedom, more fun; we'd have work but we wouldn't care: we'd be here, we'd be free. *(Pause.)* They told us that this is the best time in our lives. They lied. *(He laughs again.)* Nobody even knows my name. The teachers call me 'you'. The students call me Russ's friend—if anything. *(to Hal)* Even you don't know my name.

HAL: *(Matter-of-factly)* Cambridge.

CAMB: No! That's not my name!

HAL: Earl of Cambridge?

CAMB: No!

HAL: Richard, Earl of Cambridge?

CAMB: *(Shaking his head.)* You don't get it, do you? I might as well be the Earl of Cambridge for all they care.

HAL: But you are, young sir.

CAMB: Do you want to know my real name? *(Silence.)* Tough. Someone will interrupt us. Or you'll mishear me. Or the entire Harvard Marching Band will come down the street. It doesn't matter. For the past month I've been trying to get someone to acknowledge me... to recognize me.

HAL: *(Pause.)* You're afraid of something, lad?

CAMB: Yeah, I guess so. I'm afraid that I'm wasting my time. I don't belong here. I never should have come to the East Coast. *(Sarcastically.)* Heck, I've come far in life. I'm sitting on a street talking to a crazy man.

HAL: You're paying \$110,000 to piss yourself and we are crazy?

CAMB: I wish. Maybe five years ago it was 110, but now I'm paying over an eighth of a million dollars to piss myself. *(Hal laughs, claps Camb on the back.)*

HAL: You're a good lad, young sir. But now, we must return to our royal guard duties.

CAMB: Guarding what? It's empty. It's over.

HAL: Hush. Don't distract us.

CAMB: *(Standing and walking slowly away R.)* Great. Now even King Henry won't talk to me. *(He pauses, looks up at the sky.)* They say it's going to rain tonight. Maybe we'll even get some thunder. *(Thoughtfully.)* I wonder if it will sound the same as it did back home. *(He smiles at the thought of home, but it's a bitter smile that dies quickly.)* I wish things were as simple as they used to be. I wish—*(He laughs, then smiles sadly.)* I wish I were eight years old again. I loved third grade. I wish I were home, and I don't care anymore that it's the same Wisconsin I would have given anything to leave. *(Pause.)* There's so much I wish I could have done differently. *(Pause.)* But it's too late. There are no such things as wishes that come true. *(Looks up.)* Unless someone up above wants to send a sign that a miracle's coming and everything's going to be all right. *(He puts on an expectant smile. There is a long pause. Cambridge looks down, glances at his watch subtly, looks back up. There is another long pause. Finally, Hal unleashes a ferocious belch, loud enough that Cambridge jumps.)* Hal! *(Pause, recovers.)* No, I don't think gas counts for divine intervention.

HAL: Sorry.

CAMB: *(Sighs.)* Why did I think that it would be safe here? We get so caught up in our own lives that we don't realize the world is there, just out of sight but not out of reach. *(Pause.)* The first few weeks here, I used to go down to the river every day before classes. Some days I'd just walk along the banks of the Charles, and I'd think how wide it was; it's no Missouri, but it had some strange effect on me. It wasn't like the bridge was so long or the walk so far; it was that on this side was Harvard, and safety, and predictability; and on that side you could see Boston: a sea stretching for mile after terrible mile. I never crossed that bridge; not even when my friends all went across to the football stadium for the U-Penn game. I know, it sounds stupid, but I just couldn't bring myself to leave this side. *(Pause.)* I'd never been in a big city before. *(Long pause.)* Some days I'd just stand by the water for God knows how long, watching the cars on JFK on one side and the Charles on the other. *(Pause.)* I thought we were safe here, and the Charles was that wall—I wasn't afraid of the real world when I was on this side. I thought that nothing could get in that wasn't supposed to be here, and no harm could come to us. It was the first time in my life that I felt privileged. I felt special. *(He kicks at a crushed beer can and turns angrily.)* What a bunch of crap.

**“The River So Wide”  
(Cambridge)**

I TURN ON THE NEWS AND I START TO CRY  
‘CAUSE I CAN SEE THE TERRIBLE WORLD BEFORE MY EYES  
ALL OF THE CHALLENGES TALL AS THE SKY  
AND NO ONE CARES IF YOU LIVE OR IF YOU DIE

THE RIVER SO WIDE IS A DIVIDE  
THAT KEEPS OUT THE REALITY OF THE OTHER SIDE  
AND WHO KNOWS WHAT DESTINIES WILL COME OF OUR HOPES AND FEARS  
AFTER THE END OF THESE FEW UNDERGRADUATE YEARS.

THOUGH OFTEN IT'S GOOD IT MIGHT BE BAD  
DO WE EVER FACE THE HARSH KIND OF LIFE WE NEVER HAD?  
ALL OF THIS PAMPERING LEAVES US INCLINED  
TO THINGS WE'LL SEEK IN THE WORLD BUT NEVER FIND

AND WHEN WE CANNOT STAY HERE NO MORE  
WE DISCOVER WITH EACH OTHER WHAT THE CHARLES HAS IN STORE  
WHEN ALL THE CLASSES HAVE ENDED  
WILL YOU THEN FIND YOUR WAY ASHORE?

SO TREASURE IT NOW THIS WORLD OF FUN  
ACROSS THE RIVER TIMES AS THESE WILL ALL BE DONE  
TAKE A DEEP BREATH OF AIR BEFORE YOU GO  
IF LIFE AT HARVARD IS FAST, THE WORLD IS SLOW.

-M. Corriel

CAMB: How am I supposed to know why I'm here or what I'm supposed to do with my life? I'm just a freshman. I don't even know what I want to study. Do you hear that, Hal? I'm spending an eighth of a million dollars and I don't even know what I'm paying for. *(Pause.)* How did you know what the Harvard tuition was, anyway? *(Marcy enters R, her face red. She doesn't see Cambridge; she continues L.)* Marcy! *(She sees him and stops, turning away slightly to hide her eyes.)*

MRCY: Hey... *(Slightly embarrassed that she doesn't know his name.)*

CAMB: What happened?

MRCY: I got in an argument with Anne. *(Sighs.)*

CAMB: About what?

MRCY: About Russ. About last week. About you. *(Pause.)* About the hearing.

CAMB: I can't believe Russ is going to be expelled. Aren't they supposed to give a warning or something?

MRCY: Dean Caulder's trying to set an example. And what Dean Caulder says, the Ad Board does. *(Pause.)* They're all afraid of him.

CAMB: Is Anne upset?

MRCY: Yeah, she is. *(Pause.)* I have to tell you something.

CAMB: What is it?

MRCY: They were set up. *(Silence.)* Dean Caulder had no right to go in there.

CAMB: I don't understand.

MRCY: Well, I don't know exactly what happened, but Anne was there. She overheard the Dean and the HUPD, and she can prove it. She can get the charges dropped if she admits she was there.

CAMB: Then Russ is off?

MRCY: No... I don't think Anne's going to say anything.

CAMB: What? Why wouldn't she?

MRCY: She's afraid.

CAMB: *(Angrily.)* So is Russ. *(Pause.)*

MRCY: *(Putting her hand on his shoulder.)* Look, I know—I'm sorry—I just... *(She drops her hand sadly.)* I don't even know your name. Do you realize that? I don't even know your name.

HAL: Cambridge.

MRCY: That's a strange name.

CAMB: That's not my name. I'm—

HAL: *(Drowning out his words.)* Cambridge.

CAMB: *(Pauses, then quickly.)* I'm—

HAL: *(Again.)* Cambridge. *(Cambridge fakes, opening his mouth as if about to speak. Hal does not take the bait. He fakes again. There is a long pause. Then, suddenly.)*

CAMB: I'm—

HAL: *(Again.)* Cambridge.

CAMB: Hal!

HAL: Don't disturb us. We are guarding the gates. *(Cambridge opens his mouth but is completely speechless.)*

MRCY: *(to Cambridge, stage whisper.)* By the way... who is that?

CAMB: The King of England. *(Marcy slowly gets a confused look on her face.)* Don't worry about it... it's not important. *(Pause. He steps closer to her.)* Marcy— *(She looks at him attentively.)* I was wondering... I was thinking that maybe... Marcy, would it be too forward to... *(Pause. He steps back away.)* Never mind.

MRCY: What is it?

CAMB: Marcy, why did you come here today?

MRCY: *(Pause.)* I don't know... I was upset and I just wanted to get away from everything. I just started walking and when I looked up, you were calling

my name and I was here. I was so glad when I saw you... *(A grateful smile appears on Cambridge's face before he can hide it. Marcy does not notice.)* I don't know what to think anymore.

CAMB: *(Looking at her.)* Marcy... *(Pause.)* Do you think Russ is going to be expelled? *(Her face says yes before she can phrase a reply. Cambridge turns and walks USL to the steps where he began the scene.)*

MRCY: I didn't even say anything.

CAMB: *(Angrily)* Yes, you— *(Sighs)* You didn't have to. I know the odds as well as you do. The hearing's just for show: in— *(He looks at his watch.)* In less than three hours, Russ is going to be expelled. There won't be an appeal. There won't be a warning. He's just going to go home. *(Pause.)* He packed last night.

MRCY: I'm sorry.

CAMB: Dean Caulder's representing the school himself. And do you know who's reading the defense for the students?

MRCY: Who?

CAMB: *(A twinge of sarcasm.)* The mighty and legendary Professor Finkelstein. A name to be feared indeed.

MRCY: *(Unable to hold back a slight giggle.)* Who?

CAMB: He's a history of science professor. He's also the senior tutor for most of the Cats. Word has it that he hasn't actually successfully defended a student before the Ad Board in 16 years.

MRCY: Are you serious?

CAMB: That's what I've heard. He's as much in Dean Caulder's pocket as the rest of them. Even the chair of the Ad Board wouldn't go against him.

MRCY: What's his name?

CAMB: Her name is Dean Nelson. Dean Katharine Nelson.

HAL: *(Actually interested for once.)* The Lady Katharine?

CAMB: No, your drunken Majesty, I sincerely doubt this is your Lady Katharine. For one, I don't think she's quite old enough to have been born in the 1400s, and for two, I hear she eats babies.

HAL: *(Continuing to himself.)* A name from years ago...

CAMB: *(Walking slowly away from Hal; Marcy continues with him.)* It doesn't matter, though. I am going to miss him.

HAL: *(Almost in a trance.)* Fair Katharine, and most fair—

MRCY: I wish that there was something I could do.

HAL: Would you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms—

CAMB: So do I.

HAL: Such as will enter a lady's ear—

MRCY: I'm serious.

HAL: and plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

CAMB: I guess that— *(He stubs his toe on the broken parking meter.)* Ow! What the— what is that?

MRCY: It looks like it was a parking meter...

HAL: *(Loudly.)* An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel. *(Cambridge and Marcy look back.)*

CAMB: Hal? *(His name brings him back. Hal looks down at them from the top step.)*

HAL: Young lad... Young lady... do not despair. Many years ago, we spoke to our brother, the Duke of Gloucester before troubles far greater than these.

CAMB: Hal, I don't think—

HAL: *(Hal looks Cambridge in the eye with an almost pleading seriousness. For a moment it is not Henry the Fifth speaking, but Hal.)* Cambridge, listen to us. *(There is a long pause, and Hal takes a deep breath, as if remembering times gone by.)* There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly seek it out; for our bad neighbor makes us early stirrers, which is both healthful, and good husbandry. Besides, they are our outward consciences, and preachers to us all; admonishing that we should dress us fairly for our end. Thus may we gather honey from the weed, and make a moral of the devil himself.

MRCY: *(to Cambridge.)* What is he saying? *(In this moment, Cambridge notices the thing that Marco missed a week before... he can somehow tell that things are not as they seem and reacts accordingly.)*

CAMB: Shh....

HAL: We must go!

MRCY: Where?

HAL: To France!

CAMB: Okay, that's not quite what I expected.

### “Into The Breach” (Hal)

*(At the end of Hal's song, he marches off R, and Cambridge and Marcy follow like driftwood in a tide or leaves in a hurricane.)*

### SCENE 3

## Friday Night, Inside the Holyoke Penthouse

*(The transition to the third scene fades to a dramatic snare-bass drum combo. The curtain opens, but there is a dramatic pause before the lights come up. When we do get light, it is not our usual full spread, but a series of dramatic pools that highlight the Ad Board USL. These lights might even be a subtle red... the mood is over-the-top dramatic. The room has glass walls, and we can see outside to the disappearing day and the Harvard skyline; it looks like terrible weather. We are on the 10<sup>th</sup> floor of the Holyoke Center, and here we find the beautiful yet horribly emotionless heart of the Ad Board. There is a large boardroom table USL that Dean Nelson and the other 4 Ad Board Deans are seated at. There is a seat at one end for Dean Caulder and one at the other for Professor Finkelstein, but they are both standing, a few feet from the table. The Ad Board wears black robes, and all of them are terrifyingly emotionless. Each of the seven faculty has a gavel at their seat and a few, including Dean Finkelstein, have umbrellas folded on the table. There is a tape player at Caulder's seat. When we open the scene, it seems more like an execution than a hearing. There is a large vent several feet off the ground in the wall farthest L; next to it is an empty wooden coat stand. On the USR side, there are chairs in which the Cats and Russ are seated; Russ and the Hat are in the front. The large wooden double doors to the room are at the very R of the stage.)*

- AD 2: *(In a powerful and melodramatic voice devoid of emotion.)* We now resume this hearing of the Harvard Administrative Board. *(Her gavel comes down with a crash. As it falls, there is a crash of thunder and a flash of lightning outside the window. There is a dramatic pause.)*
- AD 3: *(The same.)* We continue the consideration of the expulsion of Percy Shapiro, et. al.: the members of the finals club and alleged criminal group, “The Cat”. *(After a pause, she too brings down his gavel and there is another burst of lightning.)*
- AD 1: *(The same.)* We request the continuation of testimony by... *(She trails off. Then, in a loud, whiny voice.)* Can we get some lights in here?
- HUPD 1: *(From outside the door.)* Just another moment. *(After a pause, the lights come up full and he enters with his radio in his hand.)* Sorry about that—the power’s been out all over Harvard Yard. We should be fine now. This storm will pass soon. Oh, and I’m sorry about the heat in here... there’s some kind of clog in the ventilation system. Now that we’ve got the lights back up, we can start getting our other systems online.
- KATH: We’re the top school in the country— we should be able to keep our systems working.

- AD 2: *(Continuing to keep the slightly whiny, higher voice that the Ad Board has for the rest of the scene.)* Anyway... *(Pause.)* We request the continuation of testimony by Percy Shapiro, a.k.a. the Cat in the Hat. To continue this testimony, we again acknowledge Allston Burr Senior Tutor, Professor Harvey Finkelstein, presenting the case for the aforementioned students, and Dean Robert Caulder, presenting the case for the HUPD and the University.
- AD 1: *(Pause.)* Our explication begins thus.
- TUTOR: Thank you.
- CLDR: Thank you.
- TUTOR: Percy, please continue. Please explain to the Ad Board the primary mission of “The Cat”.
- HAT: We’re really a philanthropic organization—it has been repeatedly noted by medical experts how detrimental stress can be to physical and mental well-being, as I am sure this board will not dispute... *(He looks at Caulder. Caulder shakes his head slightly, smiling. Caulder’s confidence remains at the highest setting throughout the scene. He allows Percy his tales, but Caulder knows the Ad Board votes with him. Percy misinterprets Caulder’s lack of refutation as weakness; he smiles and continues.)* We are a classy and refined institution that allows students to relax and cut back on the stress that leads to so much disease.
- CLDR: A classy and refined institution?
- HAT: Of course! We have been upstanding members of the Harvard community for over a century and a half. We’ve always conducted ourselves with the utmost dignity. We’ve never embezzled money from a student organization.
- CLDR: That’s just because you’re too rich to care.
- HAT: We’ve never staged a protest of University policies.
- CLDR: That’s because your grandparents made them!
- HAT: We’ve never acted disrespectfully to our professors.
- CLDR: That’s because you never go to class!
- HAT: *(Pause.)* True. *(Pause.)* Regardless, the faculty have no problems with us. We’ve always been models of self-control and restraint.
- CLDR: How so?
- HAT: Well, for one, we’ve never sunk to the level of making the obvious and tempting pun about pussy.
- TUTOR: That does take restraint.
- HAT: However, I could talk about the wonderful things we’ve done for this community for hours, but it’s not our kind and compassionate character that proves our innocence. It’s the charge that Dean Caulder uses to justify his entrance to our private property. The phone call Dean Caulder played

for us earlier cites excessive noise coming from the Cat—however, I have a work order detailing the installation of a complete military-grade soundproofing system a full four months before this incident. *(He presents a sheet of paper proudly. HUPD 1 takes it and walks toward Dean Katharine.)* Without a legal right to enter our building, Dean Caulder has no case. It becomes clear that—*(Dean Caulder intercepts the work order and interrupts Percy.)*

CLDR: We don't need these details. An official Harvard University inspection conducted after the raid found the Cat's soundproofing to be insufficient.

HAT: *(Shocked.)* What? Inspection by who?

CLDR: *(Looking at Percy coldly.)* I conducted the inspection myself.

HAT: *(Barely concealing his seething anger.)* Well, then, maybe you were mistaken.

CLDR: *(Stepping closer.)* Are you questioning an officer of the University?

CAT 1: *(Interrupting their staring contest.)* He's lying! Can't you see that? *(There is an uproar among the Cats. All of the Ad Board (including Katharine and Tutor Finkelstein) together raise their gavels and bring them down. Finkelstein is a beat late.)*

All AD: Order!

TUTOR: —order! *(Self-consciously.)* Order.

HAT: Dean Caulder, you're never going to get away with this! All of these charges are lies and you know it!

CLDR: *(Angrily.)* You little—*(Regaining his composure.)* You're already facing the maximum allowable punishment. Don't make it worse. *(Percy just grits his teeth angrily.)*

TUTOR: Really, I don't think there's any need for everyone to get all excited. Can't we just calm down and get back to the testimony? *(No one listens to Finkelstein.)*

CAT 4: *(Standing.)* If we didn't make that noise, someone must have! Where were you that night, Dean Caulder?

CLDR: I just happened to be in the HUPD offices surrounded by witnesses. *(to HUPD 1)* Yes or no, Officer. I was with you last Friday night, wasn't I?

HUPD 1: Yes, and we—

CLDR: I think that's all we need to hear, thank you.

TUTOR: But were you at the HUPD offices when the call came in?

CLDR: *(Cutting off HUPD 1)* There's no need to waste our time answering that. *(to Finkelstein.)* That's a stupid question.

TUTOR: *(Backing down.)* I'm sorry.

CAT 3: Professor! Don't give in to him! *(There is again an uproar from the Cats. Finkelstein grabs his gavel with the others, but this time all of the Ad Board pauses for dramatic effect and Finkelstein strikes too early.)*

TUTOR: Order—

All AD: Order!

TUTOR: *(to Ad Board)* I thought we'd rehearsed this. We hold for a count and a half and then we bang the gavels. How are we supposed to be intimidating if you don't tell me when we change the routine?

AD 1: *(Pause.)* There was a memo.

AD 3: Yeah, you have only yourself to blame.

AD 2: The new "Dramatic Intimidation" policies were distributed over a week ago.

TUTOR: Oh. Can we try it again?

AD 1: Sure. *(to the Cats.)* Do you mind?

HAT: No, that's fine. Take all the time you need. *(The Ad Board raises up their gavels and this time Finkelstein is only a little bit off.)*

All AD: Order!

TUTOR: Oooh, I feel so frightening.

CLDR: Enough! In case you've forgotten, we've got some criminals to expel.

HAT: I object!

CLDR: This isn't a courtroom, and you can't object. I think I've heard enough of your testimony, and I think Professor Finkelstein is ready for closing statements.

HAT: We haven't even had a chance—

CLDR: *(Stepping closer to Dean Finkelstein.)* We're ready for closing statements, aren't we?

TUTOR: Oh, well, I had a few more... *(Pause.)* Sure, if you say so.

CAT 4: *(Leaping to his feet.)* This isn't a defense! This isn't a trial! This is a mockery of justice!

TUTOR: *(Rapping his gavel.)* Order! *(The wind goes out of Cat 4 and he sits back down.)*

CLDR: *(Really beginning to lose himself.)* You gave up your right to justice the day you broke my laws. You only stay on my campus if I say you do, and I won't tolerate scum like you.

CAT 1: But what about our freedom? Our liberty? The fundamental rights that every human being has? *(The Cats murmur assent.)*

CLDR: I don't care about freedom. I don't care about liberty. All I care about is ridding Harvard of freaks like you.

KATH: Dean Caulder, I hardly think that represents the—

CLDR: Shut up! Do not interrupt me! *(Katharine's eyes flare with rage but she can't stand up to Dean Caulder for long. She slowly lowers her gaze. He realizes how close he came to turning the Ad Board against him and he switches tacks.)* We have come here today to judge the case against the leadership of the Cat. If you let him, *(he motions to Percy)* he'll fill your

ears full of suave nonsense but that won't change what they've done. I know I've been hard to deal with lately, and I'm sorry. This just means so much to me. The Cat has always been a thorn in the side of the Harvard Administration. They provide alcohol to minors. They lie. They cheat. If they weren't so rich, they'd probably steal too. They are racist. They are elitist, intimidating and degrading people that they don't like. They are sexist, and they are not only suspected of harassment and inappropriate behavior but sexual assault as well. Maybe I'm no saint, but I stand for what's right. These students embody everything that's wrong at Harvard. They're only here because of their endowments and connections. They're only here because of their trust funds and inheritances. They're only here because they think they're better than everyone else, and they're not afraid to act like it. They hurt people. Every day that we allow them to exist, they remain a bleeding wound in the heart of this university. For the first time in over a hundred years, we have a chance to set things right. Please, please don't waste it. *(There is a long silence, and not a breath of air stirs.)* I think that's about it for the University's case.

TUTOR: *(Pause.)* I don't have anything to add. The Dean has presented his proof, and the students have been unable to refute his claims.

CAT 4: *(Without much hope.)* Whose side are you on?

KATH: Very well. We must vote.

TUTOR: As you know, it takes a majority vote to expel, with the chair, Dean Nelson, reserving the right to veto. *(The Cats are as still as death. Dean Caulder takes his seat at the end of the table.)*

KATH: Dean Caulder, how do you—

RUSS: Excuse me. *(Everyone looks at Russ, and he slowly stands.)* I was wondering if I could say a few words.

CLDR: No.

RUSS: Look, if you're going to expel me, at least hear me out first. *(Pause.)*

AD 1: Well, the students do have the right to appoint a personal adviser in addition to the Senior Tutor if they so wish.

AD 3: Administrative Guide, page 6.

AD 2: Enumerated Right number five.

RUSS: Percy? *(The Cat in the Hat looks into Russ' eyes. Pause.)*

PERCY: Speak, kid. *(Russ takes a deep breath and walks out in front.)*

RUSS: Look, I know this all looks bad. I'll be the first to admit that the Cat is elitist, and exclusive, and discriminatory; that's why they'd rather beat the crap out of me than let me join them. I'm not here as a Cat; I'm here because I tried to escape. I'm here because I wouldn't cooperate with the HUPD and rat out my friends. *(Pause.)* I don't want you to expel these Cats. I'm not just saying this because my fate rests with them. I'm saying

this because I don't think they're bad people. I know that they're not exactly honest. I know that they're not exactly kind. I know that they're not exactly tolerant. But they're innocent. Maybe some finals clubs are racist. Maybe some are sexist; I know that they sometimes treat women as nothing but objects and have no respect for human dignity. Maybe they do hurt people.

HAT: Kid, you're killing us here.

RUSS: Let me finish. I know that finals clubs have done horrible things, but do you know what? I still want to join. I still want to be a Cat.

KATH: Why?

RUSS: Because this club is something bigger than any one of these Cats, and that's what makes it special. I don't want to be a Cat to lie, or cheat, or steal; I could do that alone if I wanted to. I don't want to be a Cat to abuse other people... it's not about bigotry. Some clubs haze, and hurt people, and that's stupid; but the Cat's never been violent. All you do is alternate between ignoring finals clubs and condemning them emptily, and now you think you can solve your problems by making the Cat a scapegoat for things they've never done? I want to be a Cat because this club represents something that each one of us—even you, Dean Caulder—*(motioning to a few of the Deans)* and you, and you—*(looking at Finkelstein)*—and especially you—need! *(Russ is thinking entirely on his feet now.)* It's about one last chance to be young and ignorant and free! *(He walks over to the Cats.)* Will—what are you going to be?

CAT 3: Excuse me?

RUSS: What are you going to do with your life?

CAT 3: My dad wants me to go to law school. I guess I'm going to be a lawyer.

RUSS: And you, Brian?

CAT 4: I'm pre-med.

RUSS: Frank.

CAT 1: B-school, kitten, I'm going to business school.

RUSS: And you, Percy. What about you?

HAT: I don't know... I guess I haven't really wanted to think about it.

RUSS: *(to the Deans)* Don't you see? This is the best time of our lives! In a few years Will's going to go to law school, and become a lawyer. How many wild parties is he going to have while cramming for the bar? Brian's going to be a doctor. Frank's going to be a businessman. Sure, those are great jobs. They'll have money, and success; but they've had those things all their lives and that doesn't get you happiness. *(Indicating each of the Cats.)* We're going to trade our unbridled freedom for surgical gloves, our youthful exuberance for pocket protectors, and our deepest hopes for...

CAT 4: International fame?

RUSS: Work with me here, Brian.  
CAT 4: Long nights of work?  
RUSS: Exactly! All I want... All we want is our one last chance to be young and ignorant and self-centered and unafraid. *(Pause.)* Because when we do have to think about the future, we are afraid. *(Pause.)* This is about a Friday night, and being able to throw all our troubles away until the morning. *(He sighs.)* Look, I don't expect you to change your opinions of finals clubs just from a few words from me. But we are innocent. If you give up your ideals, your justice to expel us and send some kind of message, you will. But it won't be the message you expect. You'll be saying that once and for all you've stopped caring about the students and the University that you have sworn to protect. All I ask is that you think for yourselves and not make this hearing into a mockery of justice. *(Long pause.)* That's all I have to say. *(There is a pause. Russ walks back and sits down. The Cats burst into wild applause. Dean Caulder bangs his gavel repeatedly.)*  
CLDR: Order! Order! *(The Cats finally quiet down.)*  
KATH: If there is nothing more, then we must vote. All in favor? *(General aye.)* All opposed?  
HAT: *(to the Cats)* It's not over yet. She can still veto.  
KATH: This case presents troubling considerations on both sides. However, the Ad Board must act to enforce the College's rules, lest we lose the respect of the students and the trust of the faculty. I have no choice. *(She raises her gavel, but before she can bring it down, we hear a different wooden thud as the doors to the boardroom come crashing open. Anne rushes in, ignoring the feeble attempts by HUPD 1 to keep her from entering)*  
ANNE: Stop! Stop the hearing!  
CLDR: *(Rising to his feet in anger.)* Anne! What are you doing here?  
ANNE: I can't let you expel them, Daddy! I know they're innocent!  
CLDR: What are you talking about?  
TUTOR: *(Banging away with his gavel.)* Order! Order!  
RUSS: Anne? *(She sees him and runs to him, almost knocking him over as she falls into his arms.)*  
ANNE: Russ, I couldn't let you get expelled for me, I couldn't! I know that Dad's going to kill me for this, but I couldn't let you get hurt! *(She starts sobbing. Russ just holds her, and gets that look where he wasn't expecting this and doesn't quite know what to do, so he just freezes until things start to make sense.)*  
CLDR: ANNE! You get away from him this instant!  
RUSS: Sir, I don't—Anne, I think that— Could someone... *(He trails off.)*  
HAT: What is going on here?

CLDR: *(to HUPD 1)* Officer, remove this girl!  
ANNE: *(Pulling away from Russ.)* Wait! *(She sniffs.)* I have to tell the truth about what happened that night.  
CLDR: That's enough. Get her out of here!  
HAT: What's the matter, Dean Caulder? Are you afraid of something?  
CLDR: No, I just—  
KATH: Let her speak.  
ANNE: My father—Dean Caulder—set them up. They didn't make that noise, he did. He was waiting outside the Cat for Domna to call. He lied to you and he tricked them! *(Shock.)*  
KATH: Is this true?  
CLDR: No! She's making this up.  
ANNE: No, I'm not, Daddy. I was there that night! *(Caulder goes as white as a ghost.)* I was at the Cat when you showed up, and I heard you talking about the way you lied to them!  
TUTOR: If I may? *(Anne looks at him and the Cats quiet.)* I'm wondering why you're doing this.  
KATH: Yes, why *are* you sticking your neck out for a bunch of criminal upperclassmen?  
ANNE: I'm not doing it for them. *(She looks at Russ.)* I'm doing it for you. You respected me, and treated me like someone special, and you saved me... and I almost let you down. I've been so stupid about everything; I've been so selfish. You gave up everything for me, and I can't repay you. You're my Romeo, and I am your Juliet, and I don't care anymore if I have to renounce my family for love.  
RUSS: Actually, could you pick a metaphor where we don't die in the end?  
ANNE: *(To the Deans.)* You've got to set them free! For love! *(She walks DSC as if to start another long-winded plea.)* You may condemn them, but you can't—  
CLDR: *(Dean Caulder sees the one remaining chance to defeat the Cat, and in an instant he decides noting is sacred if it would stop him.)* Actually, I think we've had enough speeches for one day. I just have one question for you, young lady. Would you be willing to lie to save Mr. Canaday there?  
ANNE: *(Flustered.)* What?  
CLDR: You heard me. You seem to be overcome with sentiment for him. You seem to care about him. Would you lie for him?  
ANNE: I'm telling the truth!  
TUTOR: Do you have any proof, hmm?  
ANNE: I heard him... he admitted everything...  
CLDR: She's always had a bit of a problem with telling the truth...  
ANNE: What?

CLDR: I thought I could take care of her by keeping her under my wing, but I'm afraid I've been too lenient with her.

ANNE: Daddy!

CLDR: I have only myself to blame. *(Pause.)* Well, we obviously can't let them get away with this kind of attempt at deceit. It pains me to do so, but I feel that I must move to add Anne Caulder to the list of defendants. *(Shock.)*

RUSS: *(Leaping to his feet.)* No! You can't—

CLDR: I can do whatever I want. Do I have a second? *(There is a pause.)*

TUTOR: *(Meekly.)* I second that motion.

HAT: You're going too far this time, Dean!

KATH: All in favor of adding Anne Caulder to the list of defendants? *(There is a general aye from the Ad Board.)* All opposed?

RUSS: *(Stepping forward angrily.)* Nay!

CLDR: You don't vote. You don't count. You're just a freshman. Nobody here cares what you think.

CAT 4: I knew it was a set-up!

CLDR: *(Over the noise.)* Dean Katharine, call the vote!

KATH: Since we have a new list of defendants, we must vote again. Dean Caulder.

CLDR: Expel! *(Gavel.)*

KATH: Professor?

TUTOR: *(To the Cats, with a pained expression.)* I'm sorry. Expel. *(Gavel.)*

RUSS: *(Standing and continuing over the following lines. The Ad Board pays him no heed.)* Stop! You can't do this! It isn't right! Why won't you listen to me? We're innocent! Please!

KATH: Dean Goldseca?

AD 1: Expel. *(Gavel.)*

KATH: Dean McKay?

AD 2: Expel. *(Gavel.)*

RUSS: *(Continuing.)* Dean Katharine, I beg you... Just don't vote yet, please... *(Almost in tears.)* Anne only got into this mess because she wanted to help me; she's not a criminal. I'll accept your verdict, just let her go...

CLDR: Oh, you'll accept our verdict all right. Every one of you.

RUSS: Please!

CLDR: One more outburst and I'll have you removed from the room. Now sit down! *(Russ slowly takes his seat again. Katharine raises her gavel and opens her mouth, but pauses. She looks at Caulder, who gives her a vicious glare. She looks at Russ, who mouths "Please...". There is a long pause.)*

KATH: Expel. *(Gavel. There is a stunned silence. Then, quietly at first, Dean Caulder begins laughing. All the other characters remain essentially frozen as Dean Caulder stands in disbelief.)*

CLDR: I did it. I did it! *(He steps out in front of the table.)* I did it! *(He steps up to Percy. For once Percy has absolutely nothing to say.)* I knew that one day we'd bring you to justice. I guess I just never really believed it would be this soon. *(Percy does not respond. Caulder walks up to Anne.)* I'm sorry it had to come to this.

ANNE: *(Defiant.)* I love him, father. No matter what you do, you can't change that.

CLDR: Love. *(He smirks.)* All love can ever do is hurt you.

**“Finale”  
(Caulder)**

LOOKING THROUGH A PRISM LIGHT IS SCATTERED JUST LIKE LIFE  
SO MAYBE I SHOULD THINK A WHILE AND OFFER MY ADVICE  
THINGS THAT GET DETACHED ARE ALL THE MOST DEEPLY CONNECTED  
AND STORIES NEVER END THE WAY I'M SURE YOU ALL EXPECTED

CAT 3: *(To Hat.)* Wasn't this the finale from last year?

HAT: He's tenured faculty—what does he care about plagiarism?

THE POWER LOVE HAS MAKES YOU JUST AS WEAK AS IT DOES STRONG  
IF YOU THOUGHT THAT LOVE COULD CONQUER ALL, WELL, YOU ARE WRONG  
LOVE--

*(Dean Caulder's song is cut off by the power going off again. Once more we have only the dramatic emergency lighting.)*

CLDR: Oh, for the love of Pete! I was in the middle of the finale!

HUPD 1: Sorry, boss. *(Speaking into his radio.)* This is unit 241 up Holyoke, can we get a power... *(The rest of his words are muffled.)*

HAL: *(Faintly, from a direction unknown.)* Frenchmen! How now! *(Even though most of the characters heard Hal, none of them really believe they heard anything.)*

CLDR: Come on, come on, we're waiting! I can't believe this—of all the stupid, poorly-timed...

HUPD 1: *(Returning. Into radio.)* Yeah, I'll tell them. *(to All)* We should have power any— *(The lights return.)* There we go.

HAL: *(Loud and clear now.)* Give the word through! War is his vengeance! *(The vent bursts open and Hal's head appears.)* To battle! *(He gets about*

halfway out before he gets obviously stuck. He tries to free himself once, twice; no luck.) Ummm... one moment. (Pause.) This was made by the French, wasn't it? (Beat.) Bastards. (Pause.) Young Cambridge, won't you give us a push? (There is a bit of a struggle and then Hal pops loose and falls to the floor.) Ooof! (He gets up and brushes himself off. There is a long pause, then he looks up and smiles.)

- CLDR: (To HUPD 1.) What are you waiting for? Get him! (HUPD 1 approaches Hal slowly. Hal looks around for a way out. At the last instant, he sees Dean Finkelstein's umbrella on the table. HUPD 1 sees it in his eyes and when Hal lunges for it, HUPD 1 grabs it first. Cambridge drops from the vent and Hal backs up into him, falling to the ground. They collapse into a heap. Russ, seeing what is going on but not completely understanding, acts on instinct.)
- RUSS: Hal! (He grabs Dean Caulder's umbrella and throws it to Hal. Hal stands, catches it, straightens his crown, and looks at HUPD 1.)
- HAL: You war against the might of all England now. (Pause.) En garde! (The two begin swordfighting, although it is clear that Hal has the advantage. Throughout the ensuing chaos, the Ad Board tries to restore order while Dean Caulder attempts to get through to Hal. However, through evasive moves by Hal and the occasional deliberate obstruction by a Cat, Caulder is not able to much of anything.)
- TUTOR: (Through the chaos.) Order! Order! (The general din of various characters shouting keeps us from hearing anything more specific of what the Ad Board says. Cambridge makes his way DSR where he meets Russ.)
- RUSS: Hey!
- CAMB: Russ!
- RUSS: What the hell is going on? What is Hal doing here?
- CAMB: I don't know!
- RUSS: Let me get this straight—you climbed ten stories through the ventilation system with a street bum and you don't even know why?
- CAMB: Well, if you take it out of context like that, sure it sounds strange.
- RUSS: What other context is there?
- CAMB: Well, umm... (His brow furrows. Before he can continue, HUPD 1 stumbles back through them and goes down.) I'll get back to you on that. (Caulder lunges forward and snatches the umbrella from HUPD 1. Caulder whirls and swings at Hal wildly. Hal retreats, but in a matter of a few swings Caulder is able to flip Hal's umbrella out of his hand. Hal pauses in surprise.)
- HAL: God-a-mercy...
- CLDR: And they said the fencing team wouldn't give me any practical experience.

- HAL: Defy us to your worst! (Hal backs up slowly.) We do not fear you, dark Prince, and would not even were all your French armies arrayed against us. We do not fear you... Caulder! (Dean Caulder pauses in surprise. Hal takes the opportunity to grab his wrist and wrench the umbrella away.)
- CLDR: How did you know my name? (Hal lunges at him, but Caulder ducks away and grabs the umbrella he knocked out of Hal's hand. They resume fighting, but Hal is playing a defensive game now; he repeatedly dodges and retreats behind objects. Meanwhile, Anne rushes to Russ.)
- ANNE: Russ!
- CAMB: Anne... are you all right?
- ANNE: What's going on?
- RUSS: That's what I was trying to ask him! He broke into here through the ventilation system, he followed this oaf up ten stories...
- ANNE: You got into the ventilation system? Isn't that difficult?
- CAMB: You'd think so, but Hal seemed to know exactly what he was doing.
- RUSS: Maybe the King of England used to rob banks for a living.
- ANNE: You climbed up the air ducts of the Holyoke Center with him?
- CAMB: It wasn't like I was alone. Marcy was with me.
- ANNE: Marcy?
- CAMB: Marcy. (Pause.) Marcy? (He looks left, then right. Pause.) Marcy! (He rushes to the vent and helps Marcy down, who looks very ruffled and out-of-sorts.) Marcy, I'm so sorry.
- MRCY: I am going to kill you!
- CAMB: All right, it was my fault, I forgot you in the vent; I understand your reaction. (Marcy hits him in the shoulder.) Oww!
- MRCY: You jerk!
- CAMB: All right, I understand your reaction.
- ANNE: Marcy?
- MRCY: (Forgetting Cambridge for the moment.) Anne! (The two of them are cut off by Dean Caulder laughing as he finally catches Hal in the open. Everyone else turns to look. Caulder springs the catch on his umbrella, popping it open and knocking Hal down. Hal drops his weapon, momentarily stunned.)
- CLDR: (To HUPD 1) Disarm him!
- HUPD 1: Of his umbrella?
- CLDR: Yes, of his umbrella! (HUPD 1 takes it. Caulder crouches down next to Hal.) Now tell me... what the hell are you doing here? (Hal sighs, and it is as if a great wind has gone out of him.)
- HAL: Peace. We seek peace, and for peace we give war. We seek love, and for love we give war. (Pause.) We seek an end to war. (Pause.) Peace to this

meeting, wherefore we are met. (*Caulder stares at him.*) We do salute you, Caulder.

CLDR: How do you know my name?

HAL: The peace lies in the answer.

CLDR: (*Frustrated.*) Who do you think you are?

TUTOR: I think that he thinks he's King Henry the Fifth.

CLDR: I gathered that!

HAL: Lady Katharine... Princess...

KATH: What?

HAL: *La plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et divine déesse...*

KATH: *Qui vous êtes?*

HAL: (*He takes off his crown and holds it to his chest as if at church.*) I am a plain king. I have no measure, nor power at words. I am a plain soldier, and can only reach you by my sword; I cannot win your heart with it. (*He steps forward, and now seems to be addressing the entirety of the universe more than Katharine alone. He seems unable to look directly at her.*) I have not the gift to woo. In time my legs will fall, and my back will stoop, and my beard will grow white; in time, any face and body will wither, but a good heart... my heart... is like the sun, Katharine; it is no inconstant moon but is a shining light that will never cease to return to you. (*He turns to her, kneeling and averting his eyes.*) What sayest thou then?

KATH: (*Flattered, yet even more confused.*) How do you know me?

HAL: I am no enemy of France, although blood of yours has joined blood of mine on darker days.

KATH: I don't understand what you're talking about.

HAL: Let me tell you in French, though my tongue be weak for such a battle.

KATH: That's not what I meant.

HAL: *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moy—*

KATH: You're not my possession!

HAL: *Donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.*

KATH: France?

HAL: If you cannot tell me of your love, dear Katharine, let me tell you. By mine honor, I love thee, Kate.

KATH: I think you must have mistaken me for someone else.

HAL: Mistaken? Perchance for an angel, but what else could I? I know that I was created with this stubborn outside, and I frighten those I mean to woo, but canst thou not see that under this false layer is a true heart? Say "Harry of England, I am thine!" For if thou do, I will tell thee that all of England is thine, and France, and I, the plain and simple Henry am thine. Wilt thou have me?

KATH: How can you say all of this when you don't even know me... when I don't even know you... (*Hal stands and looks at her for the first time, eye to eye.*)

HAL: (*In a weak voice.*) You do know me, Kate. (*There is a long pause, and not a soul stirs.*)

KATH: (*Her gavel slips from her fingers and falls with a clatter.*) Professor Danner? (*Pause.*) Hal Danner? (*It is so silent that you could hear a butterfly's heartbeat. Nothing moves. The pause holds long enough that it seems that even the universe is just finally understanding the plot. Then, all at once, hell breaks loose. The following lines are said all at once.*)

CLDR: Hal? You're dead! I went to your funeral, you're dead!

KATH: My God... oh my God....

HAT: Professor Danner? *You're* Professor Danner?

HAL: I'm sorry, dear Katharine... I could not stand to hurt you....

CAT 1: He's dead! That can't be the Professor!

CAT 3: Who the heck is Professor Danner? What's going on?

CAT 4: Hal Danner? He's Hal Danner?

HUPD 1: I'm gonna get fired! I can't swordfight the faculty!

TUTOR: Hal! You're alive! I can't believe you're alive!

All AD: (*After a moment.*) Order! Order! (*There is a pause as everyone quiets down.*)

CAT 3: (*Confused.*) Who are you?

HAL: (*Weakly.*) I am King Henry the Fifth. (*The crown slips from his fingers and flutters to the ground. He watches it with empty eyes.*) You can call me Hal. (*Finkelstein stands and moves in front of the table.*)

TUTOR: Hal? Is it really you, old friend?

HAL: (*Looking up at him and trying to grasp on to the last strands of his fantasy.*) Warwick?

TUTOR: No, old friend. It's Harvey.

HAL: Harvey? (*He slowly offers his hand to shake.*)

TUTOR: (*Ignoring it.*) What was that you always said? Nice customs curtsy to great kings? (*He smiles.*) You always were a great king. (*Finkelstein hugs him. Hal still seems uncomfortably lost, but it is as if he is home after a long journey, and even if everything is strange and different, it is still home. After a pause, they let go and step apart.*)

KATH: Professor Danner? (*Hal freezes.*)

HAL: (*Trying it on for size.*) Danner? (*There is a flash of building recognition on his face.*) Danner... yes, Danner, Danner, what?

KATH: (*Still in shock.*) Where have you been?

HAL: (*Confused.*) You're still here. (*Pause. He smiles gratefully.*) I thought that maybe you would be an illusion as well.

KATH: What did you mean by all those things you said?  
HAL: The same things I've always meant but never said. That's why I had to walk away. I couldn't stay in a place where I had to be near you and yet you would never notice me. *(Looking at his crown.)* I am no king. I never was.  
KATH: *(Flattered.)* You left because of me?  
CLDR: *(Cutting off Hal's response.)* Okay, all right, this is really heartwarming, really, but can we get back to the finale? COPS is on in fifteen minutes, and I don't want to miss it.  
HUPD 1: Sweet. *(He starts singing "Bad Boys" to himself under the following.)*  
HAL: You were there in my dream, Caulder.  
CLDR: What the hell do you mean?  
HAL: You were there... why?  
CLDR: Yeah, I went to the Cat. I'm the one who brought these punks to justice.  
HAT: *(Laughing sarcastically.)* Justice.  
CLDR: Yes, Shapiro. Justice. Dispute it all you want, but I have the tape to prove my rights. You already heard it once, you want to hear it again?  
HAT: No, Dean.  
CLDR: Humor me. *(He walks to his chair and starts the tape.)*  
CLDR: *Dean Caulder.*  
DOM: *Robert, this is Domna.*  
CLDR: *Oh, Domna, how nice to hear from you.*  
DOM: *Robert, those kids are acting up again. They're making such an awful racket.*  
CLDR: *They've been what?*  
DOM: *Those Cats are absolute delinquents!* CLDR: You see? Absolutely airtight. That's why you were expelled.  
CLDR: *Oh, that's horrible. You know, I'll go over there personally. We can't let delinquents terrorize the residents of Cambridge.*

*(We then hear some strange voice faintly on the tape for but a moment.)*

CLDR: *No, sorry, go on.* RUSS: *(Leaping up.)* Stop the tape!  
DOM: *I think that they're drunk.* CLDR: What?  
KATH: Do it.

*(Caulder turns off the tape.)*

RUSS: Play that last part again, and turn it up all the way.

CLDR: I really don't think—  
KATH: *(In the "Don't test me" voice.)* Robert Caulder... *(He does.)*  
CLDR: *(Very loud now, we hear heavy hiss.)—there personally. We can't let delinquents terrorize the residents of Cambridge.*  
HAL: *(Faintly, but clearly.)* Traitors! Demons! Frenchmen!  
AD 1: *(Leaning over and shutting off the tape.)* Isn't that Professor Danner's voice?  
KATH: You didn't go visit the HUPD offices last weekend, did you? *(Hal just looks at her.)* I didn't think so.  
CAMB: He was at the door of the Cat when we showed up that night.  
KATH: Dean?  
CLDR: He's lying. I think that much is clear. *(Turning to Dean Katharine intimidatingly.)* I also think that this matter is closed, Dean Katharine. *(There is a long pause as daggers fly.)*  
KATH: *(With newfound strength.)* No, Dean Caulder, I think it is not. I also think you should sit down. *(In shock, he does.)* You were there that night. Why?  
CLDR: I was...  
KATH: The truth, Dean. The Cats weren't the ones who bothered Domna, were they? *(Caulder is speechless.)* Did you frame the Cat? *(There is a pause. Finally, Caulder lowers his eyes.)*  
CAT 4: What does it matter? We're already expelled.  
TUTOR: It is clearly within our jurisdiction to reconsider a decision, if there is additional evidence brought to light.  
AD 1: That is a valid right.  
AD 2: Administrative Guide, page 6.  
AD 3: Enumerated Right number 6.  
RUSS: You know, that's starting to get really creepy.  
KATH: I move to reinstate the students in question and dismiss all charges.  
CLDR: You can't just—  
AD 1: Actually, she can.  
AD 2: Administrative Guide, page—  
CLDR: All right, all right!  
KATH: What, you thought that you were the only one that knew how to railroad? We vote. Finkelstein?  
TUTOR: Aye.  
KATH: Goldseca?  
AD 1: Aye.  
KATH: McKay?  
AD 2: Aye.  
KATH: Pearson?  
AD 3: Aye.

KATH: Caulder?  
 CLDR: Nay!  
 KATH: That makes it unanimous. The students are hearby reinstated. *(Gavel. The Cats cheer.)*  
 CLDR: You'll pay for this... all of you will pay for this...  
 KATH: And as for you, Dean Caulder, it's high time that you were brought down a notch.  
 CLDR: What's that supposed to mean?  
 KATH: I move for a vote of censure against Dean Caulder for his unethical actions in pursuit of goals antithetical to the morals of the University.  
 CLDR: What?  
 KATH: Finkelstein?  
 CLDR: Don't you dare, Harvey!  
 TUTOR: Oh, shove it. Aye.  
 KATH: Goldseca?  
 AD 1: Aye.  
 KATH: McKay?  
 AD 2: Aye.  
 KATH: Pearson?  
 CLDR: You spineless snobs? What are you doing?  
 AD 3: Aye.  
 KATH: Then, by the power vested in me by Harvard University, I now pronounce you censured.  
 CAMB: *(To Hat.)* Does that mean he's fired?  
 HAT: No.  
 CAMB: Oh. Is he demoted?  
 HAT: No.  
 CAMB: Does he get a pay cut?  
 HAT: No.  
 CAMB: Is he on probation?  
 HAT: Not really, no.  
 CAMB: Oh. *(Pause.)* Then what does censuring do?  
 HAT: Well, as with most politics, it's the spirit of the thing that counts. Think of it as the slap of justice upon the wrist of unrighteousness.  
 CAMB: *(Not really understanding.)* Oh. I see.  
 CLDR: *(Standing.)* I refuse to sit here and take this disrespect. Come on, Anne, we're going home!  
 ANNE: No, Daddy.  
 CLDR: What?  
 ANNE: You're going home. I'm staying here with my friends.  
 CLDR: What?

ANNE: In case you haven't noticed, it's Friday night. *(The introduction to the real finale begins.)* The city's awake, the lights are bright, and we've got our whole lives in front of us. When am I going to start living my life? Four years from now? Ten years from now?  
 CAMB: She's so right.  
 RUSS: Hey! I said the exact same thing and you shot me down!  
 CAMB: Yeah, but she's hot, and you're a moron. *(Russ doesn't really find anything to disagree with.)*  
 ANNE: *(Firmly.)* Goodbye, Daddy. *(Caulder opens his mouth, closes it, then finally grabs his umbrella and storms off.)* Wow. It worked. *(The music builds, but we're not quite ready yet.)*  
 HAL: *(To Katharine.)* You still never answered me.  
 KATH: If I love you? *(Sadly.)* Hal, you're asking too much. I thought you were dead. I don't know anything about you. *(Wryly.)* And there's the whole identity crisis thing as well.  
 HAL: I know—I'm sorry. I was being presumptuous. *(He turns.)*  
 KATH: Hal, wait. All I meant was, don't expect too much too soon. *(She reaches out and puts her hand on his arm.)* We have time. *(Pause.)*  
 CAMB: You know, Russ, I think this was a good experience for all of us.  
 RUSS: Now who sounds like an admissions essay?  
 CAMB: I'm serious.  
 RUSS: Well, I for one am glad that's over with. *(Anne comes up to him and hugs him again.)*  
 ANNE: Oh, Russ...  
 RUSS: *(As they part.)* Did you really mean those things you said?  
 ANNE: Yeah... I guess I did. *(They draw closer and are about to kiss when Cambridge and Marcy cross in front of them, disrupting the mood.)*  
 CAMB: Marcy! Are you okay?  
 MRCY: Yeah, I am. I should have trusted you. I never thought things would work out this well.  
 CAMB: *(Stepping closer.)* What, you've never heard of happy endings?  
 MRCY: *(Stepping even closer.)* Yeah, but I guess that I never thought that they happen in real life.  
 RUSS: *(Stepping forward. To Anne.)* Whoa... Cambridge and Marcy hooked up?  
 ANNE: Cambridge?  
 RUSS: Crap, now even I'm calling him that.  
 ANNE: You do know his real name, don't you?  
 RUSS: Of course, I'm his roommate. His name is—

**“Finale”**  
**(All)**

*(At the end of Cambridge and Marcy's verse, they step close and are about to kiss when Cambridge steps back suddenly. The music pauses.)*

CAMB: Marcy, this isn't right. How can you care about me when you don't know anything about me?

MRCY: I know you're sweet, and brave, and kind...

CAMB: You don't even know my name.

MRCY: I don't care about your *name*. I care about you.

CAMB: But, Marcy... could you ever love a man named— *(She cuts him off with a passionate kiss. He responds.)*

ALL:

IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT, THE MOON IS RISING OVERHEAD  
FOR JUST NIGHT, LORD LET ME SING OUT FREE FROM DREAD  
BECAUSE TONIGHT, I KNOW, I'VE GOT A WORLD TO SHOW  
THAT I'M ALL RIGHT-- IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT!

*(At the end of Russ and Anne's verse, they hold hands and smile at each other. Everyone pauses expectantly, but nothing happens. The music pauses again.)*

CAMB: Well?

RUSS: What?

CAMB: Aren't you going to kiss?

RUSS: What?

CAMB: This is the big romantic first kiss. It'd be a complete letdown if you didn't kiss.

RUSS: Oh, come on. It's not that important.

CAMB: Yes, it is. It's about romance, and joy, and closure. *(To Hal and the Hat, who are together in a tableau R.)* Tell him, guys.

HAL: There is witchcraft in a kiss, and more eloquence in a sugar touch of the lips than a thousand diplomats could ever muster. *(He looks to the Hat.)*

HAT: If you don't have love, then in the end, all you have is sex.

RUSS: Look, I'm sorry to let you guys down, but we already kissed once before.

CAMB: When?

RUSS: Back at the Cat, when all you were busy singing and dancing, we kissed. I hate to be anticlimactic, but we've already had our first kiss.

CAMB: Well, great. There goes the romantic mood.

ANNE: I don't know, I've heard the second kiss can be pretty spectacular too. *(She steps up to him and proves her point quite eloquently.)*

*(The finale continues, but Russ and Anne do not break their kiss until the final verse, where they rejoin the song with as much passion as their kiss.)*

ALL:

IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT, THE MOON IS RISING OVERHEAD  
FOR JUST NIGHT, LORD LET ME SING OUT FREE FROM DREAD  
BECAUSE TONIGHT, I KNOW, I'VE GOT A WORLD TO SHOW—  
IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT!

*(The audience applauds furiously; screaming fans carry off the conductor and ravish him. Free drinks are distributed, and the festivities go on late into the night. Shakespeare rolls over in his grave, as does Sir Francis Bacon, for good measure.)*