

"It's A Riot"

Or
Gramle Get Your Gun

(A tragedy in 3 acts)

After a thorough study of trends in modern education, we discover that the Theory of Evolution has exerted more influence on systems of higher education than any other single factor. We are presenting our findings tonight in dramatic form. Our play has as its setting the University of Seville, one of the oldest and most eminent Spanish universities, which is similar to the majority of European and American universities today.

Any likeness to specific persons living or dead is entirely coincidental.

Dramatis Personae

Carlos Vardello, owner of Casa Vardello, Student Union on University Square.

Jaime Lurche, soda-jerk at Casa Vardello.

Gracia Sivers, cashier.

Lucita Vestido, estudiante (?), party girl

Ivecita Hixsona, estudiante, President of Stee Gee, President of I. C. S. (I Characterize Seville), Who' Who (1, 2, 3, 4).

Jessica Paloma, estudiante, Editor of *Sevillite*, Editor of *Vistas and Invistas*.

Guillermo Toddez, Pablo Pedro estudiantes who board, room, attend classes in the cafe

Minecita Smith

Evay Covington, Maria Jones estudiantes, when not ulaying sanesta

Isabel Miranda Welchez, Primary Education Major

Don Roberto de Leach, our hero.

Don Juan of the campus.

Walter Barker

Warreno Brandt Marshals

Eduardo Sawyer

Estudiantes

Evalina Carlsona

Virginia Hoge

Lucia Carnes

Editha Kirklandia

Judita Samsona

Margarita Simsona

Mariana Reede

Nelita Estrellita

La Spangi

Susi Duram

Maestros

Maria Dinero, D. S., D. C.

Teodor Curle, SIN, COS

Anna Perryhombre, I. O. U., P. D.

Katerina Pyrona, M. U. D.

Dali Gramle, presidente, B. L. O.

Roy Camello, B. L. U. F.

Guillermo Frances, Q. E. D.

Gregorio Cantador, B. L. O.

Sara Lichez, D. I. E. T.

Lelia Marshino, B. A. G.

Katerina Niquelsona, D. F.

Francisca Sowers, B. A. T.

Dorothea Gueth, B. A. G.

Eloise Banes, R. A. T. Chairman of the Advisorio Boardio

Betta Riegner, D. U. D.

Stage Crew, Patsi Ley, Waldo, Juanita Pollardio, Alicia Valaer, Anita Chance, Jericita Voylez, Betita Craver.

Act I

Scene: Casa Vardello on University Square

Time: 6:30 any evening

Carlos Vardello and Jaime Lurche on stage straightening up things around the cafe. Gracia Sivers, cashier, sits at cash register.

Carlos Vardello (In the Evening by the Moonlight)

In the evening after classes You can hear the students singing.

In the evening after classes In the smokehouse pianos ringing.

Why their bridge games are improving Is no mystery to me.

For they play every evening after classes.

While Carlos sings, enter Minecita Smith and Maria Jones, who take on back tables and begin a game of Canasta. When Jaime Lurche

tries to get their orders, they shake heads saying no.

Jaime Lurche (Bye, Bye Blackbird): They never eat; they never drink. Of bankruptcy we're on the brink. Bye, bye business.

We'll make a rule that they can't smoke,

Or else we'll surely go flat broke. Bye, bye business.

They'll clutter up the place until all hours.

It's no wonder that our temper sours.

Pack their bags; send them off Then we'll really have it soft.

Students, bye, bye.

Enter Lucita Vestido. Sits at front table. Looks thru huge pocket-book for something.

Lurche: Your order, please.

Vestido: Coke—with aspirin.

Vestido (Frisolous Sal)

They call me Luscious Lucile, For I give them all a thrill.

A party girl always in a whirl Where there's fun.

When it's time to do my chores, I've excuses by the scores

But comes the weekend My time then I'll spend

On the run.

Enter Ivecita Hixsona.

Ivecita Hixsona (Notre Dame Victory March)

Hi, everybody, come gather round. There's plenty new for us all to do.

The Stee Gee needs us to decorate,

So come to the gym and don't be late.

The Y needs each one to make a plan

To entertain a Granada Man.

The work, for all will be a thrill, "I characterize Seville." (Waves banner and handbook)

Lurche: What will yours be?

Hixsona: Double chocolate malted.

Jessica Paloma enters carrying tremendous load of books. Smith and Jones go back to game after having stopped to hear Hixsona.

Vestido and Hixsona whisper to each other. Paloma puts books on table. They slip off; cards scatter, etc., ad. lib.

Jessica Paloma: (That Lucky Old Sun):

Up Monday Morning—my work's not done—

Four classes to look forward to, But that lazy old girl's (pointing to Vestido) got nothing to do,

But sit in the smokehouse all day. Three papers assigned—a theme to write—

A thousand pages of history parallel,

While that lazy old girl has nothing to do,

But get ready to go to the dance, O what have I done to have to work this way

From dawn to late at night? Bet I'm the only one who will make an A,

If I don't lose my sight.

Back to the mines I'll drag my weary frame

And slave over books all day, While that lazy old girl's got nothing to do,

But play around campus all day.

Lurche: And what will you have, young lady.

Paloma: Coffee—black.

Guillermo Toddez and Pablo Pedro enter.

Toddez (Man on the Flying Trapeze):

We've a man here at school Who has broke every rule—

A daring young man who makes all the girls drool.

The teachers don't like him; The men him despise

For the girls he has stolen away.

Pedro (continuing same song):

Now he's almost always on restrictions,

And his record none other can reach,

For no other can stir such a friction as

Our hero, Roberto de Leach, Toddez and Pedro (same):

You must meet this fool Who misbehaves by schedule

A daring young man who makes all the girls drool.

The teachers don't like him; The men him despise,

For the girls he has stolen away. Trumpet fanfare. Then Leach makes his appearance. All the girls move nearer his table, etc.

Leach (Coming Around the Mountain):

Now that I am here the fun can begin.

If we don't do something rash 'twill be a sin.

I suggest a good square dance to get us in a spin.

Throw those Chesterfields away and save your wind.

What we want to do is live dangerouslee.

Let's get all the kids and go on a big spree.

What this school really needs is for all to feel free.

I'll get something started soon, just follow me—

Nothing pleases me as much as a big row.

I've got id-eas that surely are a wow!

Let me tell you what they are and then I'll take my bow.

They ain't heard nothing from us up to now.

Leach: Hey, waiter! Bring me a 7-up—straight.

Enter Isabel Miranda Welchez, knitting argyle socks.

Roberto: Hiya, babe! (She flirts with him and then goes to the piano to accompany herself)

Welchez (Yes, Sir, That's My Baby):

Yes sir, you should try it, Yes sir, Psych's a riot;

Yes sir, I'm adjusted now No sir, you won't regret it;

If you don't forget it, Then you'll be adjusted too.

Yes sir, that's the class Where you all can pass,

And it's elevatin' too.

All chant: We want Maria, Minecita

E. Welch at piano, strikes chords while Maria Jones sings:

A—always present

C—can't be late

B—be there early

then says: this program is brought to you thru the courtesy of your Cuts Committee:

All: "We want Nelita"

Nelita Estrellita sings ((Can't Help Loving That Man of Mine"

Ali: We want Carlos—imitations, etc.

Leach, (who has been trying to get in a word during all the preceding) sings (Meet Me in St. Louis):

Meet me in the square tomorrow. Please be there on time.

I'll have news when you get there, When ten o'clock will chime.

We expect to burst a bombshell—What results will be can't tell.

So meet me in the square tomorrow,

And let's all be prompt.

Leaves with Welchez Other girls look daggers. As he walks past

Gracia Sivers, she makes him come back to pay his bill.

Vestido: (Frere Jacques)

Gotta go; gotta go. Have to pack; have to pack.

Better get there early; better get there early.

Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah!

Hixsona: Gotta go; gotta go. Letters to write; letters to write.

27 meetings, 27 meetings

I. C. S.; I. C. S.

Paloma: Gotta go; gotta go. Work to do; work to do.

See ya in the library; see ya in the library.

Woe is me; woe is me.

Vestido: Hasta la vista.

Hixsona: Hasta manana.

Paloma: Hasta work.

Go out. Followed by Toddez and Pedro.

Vardello: (You Are My Sunshine)

The other night when I lay sleeping,

I dreamed of a quiet padded cell, But then I woke up to find those students

In my cafe raising—cain.

Oh someday maybe I can retire And leave this riot far behind

Where there will be no more noisy students

But to my fate I'm resigned.

Lurche: You want the floor hoovered?

Act II

Scene: Square of University of Seville, Casa Vardello at back

Time: Next morning. School holiday—Founders Day.

Scene opens with students square dancing. Leach calling figures.

Lurche playing fiddle. Peterson, Todd, Duhan, Vardello standing in front of his place watches whole scene—Carnes, Simpson, Samson, Carlson, Hodges, Woran.

When finished, all sit down and begin calling for Spangi to do Hat Dance. Dances with Leach.

Then scene moves to side where Edith has been sitting thruout all the dancing.

Edith Kirklandi (Stormy Weather):

Don't know why I can never keep a man—

Lost another.

With me they all act like a brother.

Can't keep them any time.

Don't know why—others steal

Lost another—

them all away.

Wish that I could go home to mother—

I'm so gloomy all the time.

More of this and I'll be getting very bitter.

Guess I'll spend the evening as an argyle knitter—

There's no better way for me my time to fritter.

Wish I could get a date.

What to do—wish someone would give advice—

I'm so lonely—I need someone who only

Will tell me what to do; will tell me what to do.

Mariana Reedeze,—walking by, (Her Mother Never Told Her):

You think I couldn't tell you the things a young girl should know

About the ways of Seville men and how they come and go.

I've lost my youth and beauty and time has left its sad scar.

You may not know it, but take it from me—You're better off as you are.

Leach (Alexander's Ragtime Band):

Come on and hear, come on and hear

All about our big new plan.

Come on and hear, come on and hear.

Every girl and every man.

We're gonna strike for all we can get.

Chillen, you ain't heard nothing yet.

We'll have the biggest strike that is, I'm telling you.

Come on and tell, come on and tell

Everything that you desire,

Let the list keep mounting higher.

If we ask for more than we think they will let us get.

After a while maybe we'll have some privileges yet.

All: Cheers, etc.

Lucia Carnes (I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas):

I'm dreaming of a long weekend—

One that will be out of this world.

Classes through on Friday

Will be great, I say—

Two long days for trips away.

Five days is time enough for learning

Things that we don't expect to use.

All our lessons we'll get—and yet

We'll have no more reason to fret.

Margarita Simsona (Anchors Aweigh):

Unlimited cuts we need, unlimited cuts.

We're old enough to know when we should go to classes—

To our maturity, let's drink a toast.

And till we get our cuts

We'll never, never have the right to boast.

Evalina Carlsona (Always):

Don't complete my work—ever. Teachers think I shirk—ever.

I'm always behind in this steady grind.

Sure that I'll go blind sometime, sometime.

Evalina Carlsona cont'

Light cuts every night—we need. Would make things all right—indeed.

We would be quite bright:

Work with all our might, If we had more light—always.

All sing "Best wishes to you"; Susi Durham bows.

Virginia Hoge: (Study War No More):

We're gonna lay down our notes and books

When every class is through

Ain't gonna do homework no more.

Judita Samsona:

I'm gonna bury my records

Down in the May Day Dell

Ain't gonna 'preciate music no more.

Bach

Beethoven

Brahms

Tom Jones

Fugues
Operas
Music
Term paper
parallel
English

Toddez:

I'm gonna bury my novel notes

Ain't gonna study English no more.

Dorothea Moran: (In My Merry Oldsmobile):

Let me have my Chevrolet

So that I can get away.

Every one here needs a car

For to class it is so far.

Think of all the time we'll save!

If we have them we'll believe,

And we won't crowd buses going to town.

If we have our cars around.

Roberto de Leach (The Old Gray Mare):

The little red book won't be what it used to be

We're making changes now.

Students repeat and all march out singing, Throw handbooks on pyre.

Carlos Vardello, left on stage, (Don't Fence Me In):

O give them cuts, lots of cuts