

ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH

ROCKY  MOUNTAIN 
Math + Meatheads ÷ Marijuana = Mayhem *High*

A New Musical Comedy

Book by
Kia Beth Kofron & Cooper Kofron

Lyrics by
Kia Beth Kofron & Cooper Kofron

Music by
Mark Hollmann
and
Drew Gasparini

Kia Beth & Cooper Kofron
303.261.5003
RMH@RMHMusical.com

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

<u>Character</u>	<u>Race</u>	<u>Gen.</u>	<u>Age</u>	<u>Role description</u>
DR. JON TAYLOR	Any race	M	30s	Ace Math geek principal (tenor)
BORK HILL	Any race	M	30s	Narcissistic coach (baritone)
MJ CALHOUN	Any race	F	30s	Mom (alto)
IZZY LOPEZ	Any race	F	16-18	Overachieving student (soprano)
DAHLA/HOOPTY/RUSS/GOD	Any race	ANY	21+	Bureaucrat/Repo/Auctioneer/God
KEEFER CALHOUN	Any race	M	16-18	Angsty Student
ZACHARIAS/PHILBERT/ CLETUS	Caucasian	M	50+	Godbaiter evangelist (baritone)
WANDA JO/HIPPIE	Any race	F	30+	Z's wife / ensemble (alto)
JUDGY WOMAN/TEACHERS FOOTBALL PLAYER	Any race	ANY	any	Ensemble

Diversity strongly preferred and encouraged.

Place

Rocky Mountain High School, Gridiron, Colorado

Time

The present, October – June

MUSICAL NUMBERS

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SONG 7: TOUGH REPRISE **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 8: ANYTHING FOR MONEY **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 9: NONE OF THE ABOVE **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 10: THE POT SONG **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 11: BELIEVE ME **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 12: THE POT SONG REPRISE **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 13: I'M FINE REPRISE **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 14: HOOPTY **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 15: MARIJUANA DREAM BALLETT **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG: ALM... **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 16 TOUGH REPRISE **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 17: RUSS **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 18: GOD **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 19: KARMA **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 20: PERFECT SQUARE **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 21: ALMA MATER REPRISE **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**
SONG 22: FINALE **ERROR! BOOKMARK NOT DEFINED.**

***Where demos and libretto differ, libretto is most current**

SCENE 1: JON'S OFFICE

Curtain opens to interior hallway of the school. A plethora of larger than life, green footballs, jerseys and trophies adorn the surfaces. Academic materials are strictly prohibited. Enter JON, a buttoned-up math nerd with a button-down shirt and dad khakis. Despite being in his 30s, JON has yet to shed his adolescent awkwardness. As JON walks down the hall to his office, his flow is impeded by a phalanx of sporty types doing a haka-like dance with more football-y stuff as the Alma Mater plays.

SONG 1: ALMA MATER (PRE-RECORDED)

HAIL ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH
WE BLEED IN WHITE AND GREEN
WE MAY NOT BE THE BRIGHTEST BUNCH
THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN

OUR ATHLETES ARE OUR SAVIORS
THE FIELD IS OUR DOMAIN
FIGHT, ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH
UNBEATEN WE REMAIN

ENSEMBLE

FOOTBALL
WE LOVE NOTHING BUT FOOTBALL
FOOTBALL

IZZY, a high school aged young woman, enters JON's office. Wearing professional clothes, she carries herself with an air of certainty in her vast competence.

IZZY

Happy Monday, Doctor Taylor!

JON

That, Miss Lopez, is a contradiction in terms.

IZZY

I've prioritized your workload for you.

JON

Ms. Lopez, need I remind you that you don't actually work here?

IZZY

You need not.

JON

I'm exhausted at another Monday quarterback-fest with "He-Who-

Believes-His-Own-Press-Releases."

IZZY

But this is only your (beat) ninth week as principal?

JON

I spent one hundred forty seven Mondays here as a student.

IZZY

You counted? You can tell me, I'm a Certified Life Coach.
Was it that bad?

JON

Worse.

SONG 2A: TOUGH TO BE AN OPTIMIST / WHEN YOU'RE ME

JON

I WAS PICKED ON BY EVERY OTHER JOCK
THEY'D KNOCK ME DOWN LIKE A HOUSE OF CARDS
NOOGIES, WEDGIES, THE WHOLE NINE YARDS
ALWAYS MAKING ME THE LAUGHING STOCK
THOSE JERKS MADE HIGH SCHOOL A LIVING HELL
THEY STOLE MY HOMEWORK, MY LUNCH AS WELL

SAME OLD STORY EVERY YEAR BEFORE
ATHLETES KNOWING THEY CAN DO NO WRONG
BECAUSE THEY WIN EVERY GAME THE WHOLE YEAR LONG
SO THE SCHOOL BOARD GIVES THE ATHLETES CASH GALORE
AND WE'RE ALL TREATED LIKE A JOKE
WHILE ARTS, AND MATH, AND SCIENCE GO BROKE!
YET EVERY GAME, SET, MATCH AND INNING
THIS SCHOOL'S GOAL IS JUST ABOUT WINNING

OH IT'S TOUGH TO BE AN OPTIMIST
BUT EVERY DAY I TRY
I JUST WANT TO MAKE A DIFFERENCE
MAKE IT BETTER BY AND BY
BUT WHEN YOU'RE CONSTANTLY DISMISSED
IT'S TOUGH TO BE AN OPTIMIST

I CAME BACK TO SHOW YOU KIDS THAT LEARNING'S NEAT
THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH SPORTS, OKAY?
BUT OUR BRAINS NEED EQUAL TIME TO PLAY
A SCHOOL THAT'S ONLY SPORTS IS INCOMPLETE
I CAN'T TELL YOU HOW LONG I'VE WAITED
KNOWLEDGE NEEDS TO BE VENERATED

JON

WE NEED SCHOLASTIC RECOGNITION
THAT'S MY FAVORITE COMPETITION

IZZY & JON

BETTER FUTURE
BETTER LEARNING
BETTER CHANCE AT HIGHER EARNING!

JON

Unless, of course, you're a teacher.

IZZY

Ooof. Yeahhh. But, there had to be SOMETHING good?

JON

Well, there was one thing.

DOING MATH MADE SCHOOL A BIT LESS TERRIBLE
HAVING SOME ESCAPE MADE THIS PLACE BEARABLE
IT COULD MAKE ME FEEL LIKE AN OPTIMIST...
IT'S THE ONE THING IN MY LIFE THAT HAS PERSISTED...

Enter BORK, a hulking mass whose athletic days are behind him. Resplendent in a battered varsity letter jacket, RMH baseball cap sideways, oversized Beats headphones, sunglasses and saggy jeans. He finger-guns and dabs as he enters JON's office. BORK's massive rap downbeat cuts Jon off.

BORK

WHO LOOKS A LOT LIKE YOUR NEXT EX-BOYFRIEND?
ME, IF YOU'RE LUCKY
ME, IF YOU WANNA GET LUCKY

JON

Mr. Hill.

IZZY

Oh! Would you look at the time?!

Aside to JON

Remember, you've gotta stick up for yourself this time, Dr. Taylor. You can't just cave in to whatever he says. Be strong!

IZZY launches herself past BORK and exits. JON does a little "pump-up" dance to prep for his chat.

JON

YEAH. I got this!

As JON dances, BORK walks in and shoots a withering, deflating look at JON.

BORK

What the hell are you doing? Jon-Jon-Make-Me-Yawn?

JON

Just stretching. Sit down, we've got a lot to discuss.

BORK

As long as I'm not late for my massage and facial.

BORK chews pretzels open-mouthed.

So, last week's game was awesome. We won SO hard! Ninety nine and OH, Bitch! You shoulda been at my after-party.

JON

I wasn't invited.

BORK

Sorry man, forgot about my "no geeks" policy. There were so many fine looking ladies, it was like a buffet of//

JON

(Stuttering)

Oooooookay, that's not very professional, can we talk about the budget?

BORK

Doubtful. On Friday, you're gonna be looking at THE winningest coach of all time – the COAT!

JON

Don't they have to win first?

BORK

I'm a hundred and ten percent sure they'll win. It would take an act of God for them to lose. I gotta get another couple hundred grand by Friday – gonna take my champions to DISNEYLAND!

JON

Another two hundred thousand dollars, Bork?

BORK

That wasn't a question.

BORK puffs up.

My guys need MOTIVATION for my, uhh, THEIR biggest game of the year. This is THE BIG GAME, (angelic, reverent voices in the background) the NATIONAL championship, Baby.

JON

Your spending is out of control. I did the math, we won't even be able to afford erasers pretty soon!

BORK

I don't need you or your little approval. I'm just keeping you in the loop. Things just always work out when you're me.

SONG 2B: WHEN YOU'RE ME

I'M SO GOOD I CAN DO NO WRONG
WHETHER FIRST AND GOAL OR THIRD AND LONG.
NO MATTER WHAT
THE BORKSTER ALWAYS SCORES
(IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE, HIGH FIVE)

I'VE TOSSED THE PIGSKIN SINCE I TURNED THREE
THEN HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL PRODIGY
WHEN YOU EXPECT A LOT
I ALWAYS BRING YOU MORE

I LOVE ME JUST
AS FAR AS I CAN THROW ME
I'M JEALOUS OF ANYONE
WHO GETS THE CHANCE TO KNOW ME

WHEN YOU'RE ME
THE GLORY DAYS GO ON FOREVER
'CAUSE LIFE IS GLORIOUS ME!
THE DAYS ARE BETTER
THE WATER'S WETTER
MY FAVORITE LETTER'S CAPITAL B!
THE AIR IS CLEANER
THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER
WHEN YOU'RE ME

*BORK revels in his own white-boy-entitled rap
dream. The ensemble acts out his glam life vision.*

OHHHHH YEEEEEEEAH
MY TEAM'S THE BEST ON THE FIELD THAT YOU'VE EVER SEEN
NO, YOU'LL NEVER EVER FIND A BETTER-OILED MACHINE
THEY ARE THE BIGGEST, THE STRONGEST
THE FASTEST, THE SMARTEST, YOU COULD SAY
THEY'RE ALMOST AS GOOD AS ME WHEN I WAS SEVENTEEN
I DON'T PREDICT THE FUTURE, NO, I TELL IT WHAT TO DO!
WANNA COACH THE N F L, GETTIN' CASH OUT THE WAZOO
I'M GONNA DRINK GALLONS OF PINK CHAMPAGNE
THEN I'LL PISS IT AWAY AT THE TOP OF THE FRIGGIN' FOOD
CHAIN
HOW YOU LIKE ME NOW ON MY PRIVATE JET?
GONNA BUY A NEW BOAT WHEN MINE GETS WET
I'LL HAVE IT ALL, FIND EX-WIFE NUMBER THREE
IT DON'T GET NO BETTER THAN BEIN' ME

JON
 IT'S TOUGH
 TO BE AN OPTIMIST
 WATCHING WISDOM
 JUST SCRAPE BY
 MY GLASS LOOKS PRETTY
 DARNED EMPTY
 I JUST WANNA BE A
 HALF FULL GUY
 BUT WHEN YOU'RE
 CONSTANTLY
 DISMISSED
 IT'S TOUGH TO BE AN
 OPTIMIST

BORK
 YEAH ME!
 THE GLORY DAYS GO ON
 FOREVER
 'CAUSE LIFE IS
 GLORIOUS
 ME!
 THE DAYS ARE BETTER
 THE WATER'S WETTER
 MY FAVORITE LETTER'S
 CAPITAL ME!
 THE AIR IS CLEANER
 THE GRASS IS ALWAYS
 GREENER
 WHEN YOU'RE ME

BORK

Good talk. I gotta go. I wanna play with the roof on my brand new stadium!

JON

We're a PUBLIC school. Did you really need a retractable roof? Climate control? Plastic grass?

BORK

Excuse me? PLASTIC? It's the finest, most expensive, free-range NYLON, humanely spun in Astro, Kentucky and trucked here on special, organic, gluten-free flat-bed rigs.

JON

Sure. Because we don't need more teachers or a science lab equipped for this century or...?

BORK

Dude, like NOBODY cares about that stuff. Have you noticed the only NEW building on campus is **my** stadium? The State freakin' loves me! Nobody else could have gotten that killer deal.

JON

So, they just GAVE you the money? No strings attached?

BORK

Let's see. (remembering) Somethin' about Squid pro quo – you gotta win nationals or we'll break your kneecaps... I didn't see any strings.

BORK walks towards JON's door.

JON

Hey, wait, WAIT, what? That doesn't sound strictly by the book.

JON slumps over on his desk. As IZZY pokes her head in the door. IZZY lets KEEFER, an angsty teen; and

MJ, his mid 30s mom, enter. She's an ambivalent psychological stew of trepidation at her unplanned return and anxiety over uprooting Keefer.

IZZY

Dr. Taylor, This is -

JON

MJ????

Swelling, lovey music plays as MJ swoons a bit.

MJ

Hey, Jon, I didn't know you worked here?

JON

It's my first year.

They hug.

MJ

Wow, you sure grew up well!

BORK

If it isn't MJ Calhoun.

MJ

Oh my god, did you never graduate?

BORK

Of course I did! eventually...

JON

You kinda dropped off the face of the earth after graduation!
What have you been up to?

MJ

(indicating KEEFER)

This.

KEEFER

Does THIS not have a name?

MJ

THIS is my son, Keefer. He's a Junior. We need to get him enrolled.

JON

I'm happy to but we're mid-trimester.

MJ

How about you two? Fill me in!

BORK

Oh, you know, just creating the winningest team of ever, makin' bank, datin' more ladies than I can count.

MJ

So, five?

There's an awkward silence as BORK tries to think of a comeback.

JON

I've been good. What brings you back here?

MJ

Lost my husband, my job, and our home, you know, the midlife trifecta.

JON

I'm so sorry to hear about that. Did you bring –

IZZY holds his transcript aloft.

IZZY

His transcript.

JON

Thank you, Ms. Lopez.

JON looks it over.

JON

Calculus as a freshman? Impressive, but I'm afraid that RMH can't accommodate that.

KEEFER & MJ

What?

KEEFER

I told you, Mom. This place sucks.

JON

I'm learning that academics are... not highly relevant to our "brand." This isn't the same RMH as when we went here.

MJ

I've noticed test scores and graduation rates have tanked over the last decade.

BORK

Wow, I've been here for ten years. What a coincidence!

JON

Excuse me a moment. Ms. Lopez, would you –

IZZY

Show Mister Calhoun around? Of course.

JON

I'll prepare –

IZZY holds up another piece of paper.

IZZY

His class schedule.

JON

Ms. Lopez is junior class president. And head of the Math Club, when she's not running the school. Go forth and overachieve!

IZZY

I'll give you a quick tour.

Exit IZZY and an annoyed KEEFER.

MJ

I uprooted my son from of a terrific school in Oregon. How am I supposed to feel good about dragging my kid to the worst school in Colorado?

JON

You're preaching to the choir.

(wistfully)

I wish we could afford a choir. But when you're the eighth Principal here in 10 years, people tend not to care too much about what you have to say. Between teaching Math, and being the Principal, I make half what this guy does,

JON indicates BORK

And when I ask the State for more money for academics, they ignore me.

BORK

Soooo, MJ. You've missed out all these years. I've got a pen, you've got a phone number. Think of the possibilities!

MJ

I've got a four-inch heel and you've got a face. Think of the casualties.

BORK

(as BORK exits)

AAAAAAA-WOOOOOOOOO-GA!

JON

He hasn't changed much since high school.

MJ

I need for my son to be happy here. I can't afford to send him to private school.

JON

Ms. Calhoun, I will do everything in my power to make sure he's challenged here. But I agree, this school is not ideal for those with a passion for academics.

MJ

So much for our triumphant return.

We leave the office and JON behind.

SONG 3: A BETTER ME**MJ**

WE DROVE ACROSS THE COUNTRY
TO TRY TO DECOMPRESS
MY ANGRY SON AND MEMORIES
ARE ALL THAT I POSSESS

TOO MUCH CONFLICT, HURT AND SADNESS
THE BATTLE'S THORNY AND UPHILL
WHERE IS THE COMPETENT, CAPABLE, CONFIDENT ME
I KNOW I WON'T FIND HER UNTIL...

I GET MY SHIT TOGETHER
AND FIND SOME CLARITY
AND BE BETTER THAN I EVER
THOUGHT THAT I COULD BE
I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT HAPPEN
THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE FOR ME
HOW DO I GET MY SHIT TOGETHER
AND BECOME A BETTER ME?

END THE PAIN AND ISOLATION
THE PARALYSIS OF GRIEF
WE'VE MOURNED FOR FIFTEEN MONTHS NOW
IT'S TIME WE HAD RELIEF

FINDING MY CONFIDENCE NOW
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THE WHY ME
I WON'T LISTEN TO THE DOUBTS
I'M STEPPING UP SO COME ON, TRY ME

I'M GONNA GET MY SHIT TOGETHER
MAKE A FULL RECOVERY
I'LL BE BETTER THAN I EVER
THOUGHT THAT I COULD BE
I HAVE TO GRAB THIS MOMENT
RECREATE OUR DESTINY
WHEN I GET MY SHIT TOGETHER
AND BECOME A BETTER ME

CAN I LET GO OF YESTERDAY

KEEFER

SHE'S OBSESSED WITH YESTERDAY

MJ

I CAN'T KEEP LOOKING BACK IF I EVER WANT TO MOVE FORWARD

KEEFER

THERE'S NOTHING LEFT OF YESTERDAY

MJ

CAN WE MOVE ON
BE HAPPY AGAIN?

I NEED TO GET MY SHIT TOGETHER
AND EXPEDITIOUSLY
BE BETTER THAN I EVER
THOUGHT THAT I COULD BE

MJ

THE ONLY WAY IS THROUGH IT

KEEFER

WE SHOULD HAVE STAYED IN PORTLAND

MJ & KEEFER

I STRONGLY DISAGREE

MJ

JUST NEED TO GET MY SHIT TOGETHER
AND BECOME A BETTER ME
GOTTA BE A BETTER ME

SCENE 2: PEP RALLY IN THE GYM

IZZY stands at a podium, in the vastly overdecorated gym, trusty pompoms in hand. The band plays BORK's special intro music.

IZZY

Fellow Farmers! A big Farmer WELCOME to Coach Bork -

BORK (FROM OFFSTAGE)

Undefeated Coach -

IZZY

Undefeated Coach Bork Hill!

BORK's intro music swells as he enters the gym with a deafening roar from the crowd. BORK trots slowly to the podium, wearing green high-tops, his lucky RMH ball cap and his crusty letter jacket, his arms overhead in victory, showing off his championship rings. Eventually, the applause dies down.

Tell us a bit about this crew as the entire Varsity team wows us with their feats of athleticism!!!!

In the background, a few rows of cardboard people shuffle onstage, forming a pyramid. There is a space in the center of the pyramid where a singular, real person is shown straining under the weight of his teammates.

BORK

We have a strict NO LOSERS policy. My guys are the best. They are all very hardworking and very smart, they're UNREAL! Every one of them is a choir boy or an Eagle Scout. Recruiters are crawling all over them!

IZZY

What will winning the BIG GAME mean to you?

BORK

It means EVERYTHING. By this time tomorrow, me and my guys will have the best record since (beat) ever. A hundred and OH! I can't talk about it now, but there're some big things coming down the pike for me. And the team.

Spotlight on the pyramid. We hear a ringtone come from the living player in the middle. After a brief moment of conflict, he crawls out to take the call. The rest of the pyramid begins to shake without

this necessary structural component.

IZZY

And what do you have to say to those who feel that the multimillion-dollar stadium was a misuse of funds? Don't you think the money should have gone to relevant programs like vocational training or the arts or sciences?

BORK

I don't have the time or the crayons to explain this to you.

With a crash, the cardboard players all collapse to the ground, like a house of cards. A pause.

BORK

They'll bounce back. They're tough!

In the background, a cardboard arm falls off and a medic comes to help 'fix up' the players with athletic tape.

IZZY

Wow. How do you feel about your chances now?

BORK

CUT! Rally over. I need some peace and quiet to strategize.

IZZY

Good luck tomorrow, Coach Hill. I hope you'll be able to live down to your reputation.

BORK

Don't worry, I will!

SCENE 3 OUTSIDE THE FARMERDOME

JON mans the merch table. It's killing him – he's dressed in every tacky piece of shwag the school sells, from a hat with green-and-white "hair," to green-and-white overalls. JON dejectedly waves a stupid foam finger as MJ wanders up, does a double take and backs up as a thoroughly mortified JON valiantly attempts to teleport himself to a less embarrassing ring of hell.

JON

(ridiculously unenthusiastically)

Go... Farmers... go go Farmers.

MJ

Jon? Why are you//

JON

Budget cuts. My Friday night is spent enduring an over-glorified game of fetch.

MJ

It would be nice to catch up after all of these years. I'll save you a seat.

Exit MJ as IZZY races to the table, IZZY speaks at lightning speed for the entirety of the scene.

IZZY

Iamrunningreallylate butcanyouplease
signthesescholarshipapplicationsformeplease?
Imailedonehundredtwelve of them buttheseareduetomorrow.

JON looks at the enormous stack of paper from IZZY.

JON

This asks for the signature of a parent or guardian, you can ask your father after the game.

IZZY

Buthe'soutoftownforanotherweek.

JON

Working again?

IZZY

YeahIcan'ttalk now, pleasecanyoujustsign?

JON

Ms. Lopez, is everything okay?

IZZY

Thanks Dr.T. I'llgetthemafterthegame!

IZZY runs away from JON as JON calls after her.

JON

You know, you don't ALWAYS have to be an overachiever.

IZZY

I prefer the term highly motivated idealist.

Background changes to the broadcast booth in the stadium during Izzy's song.

SONG 4: I'M FINE

HIGH SCHOOL'S ALWAYS BUSY BUSTLING
 I ADORE THE CONSTANT HUSTLING
 WAY PAST OVEREXTENDED DAILY
 I'VE GOT TO STAND OUT, BE UNIQUE
 EDITOR, PEP CLUB, NATIONAL MERIT
 BIG PSAT, SCIENCE FAIR, I TRAINED A FERRET
 POETRY SLAMMER, HABITAT HAMMERER
 I NEED AN EXTRA DAY EACH WEEK
 (Giant deep breath)
 IN DRAMA I WAS ULLA INGA HANSEN
 BENSEN YONSEN TALLEN-HALLEN SVADEN-SVANSON
 I'M CAPTAIN OF THE MATH TEAM
 I'M ALSO THE WHOLE MATH TEAM
 DEBATE TEAM, CHESS TEAM, COOKING CLUB
 T A FOR MISTER JOHNSON
 I'M NOT BRAGGING I'M JUST BREATHING
 QUICK'S THE ONLY SPEED I RUN
 I STACK MY PLATES COMPLETELY
 YOU MAY THINK I'M OVERDONE
 JUST NINE A P'S, A PART TIME JOB
 MUSTN'T SIT STILL LIKE A BLOB (manic giggle)
 AND I'LL ASSURE YOU THAT
 I DON'T FEEL ANY PRESSURE, NOOOOO!

I'M FINE
 IT'S ALL JUST SORT OF MOSTLY IN MY HEAD
 REALLY, I'M FINE
 AND I CAN SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD

I'M GUNNING FOR PRINCETON, OXFORD, M I T,
 OR STANFORD IF I'M DESPERATE
 I'LL ALWAYS FIND THE BEST TO BEAT
 I REFUSE TO BE OUTBESTED
 I'M GONNA PASS THE BAR BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS
 I'LL GET A JOB, I'LL MAKE THE ROUNDS
 PROMOTION, RAISE, THEN PARTNER

So that, wherever you are Dad, I can make you proud.

I SWEAR I'M FINE
IT'S ALL JUST SORT OF MOSTLY IN MY HEAD
I'M JUST FINE
I CAN SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD

I WANT TO DO EVERYTHING
WIN AT EVERYTHING
BE THE BEST AT EVERYTHING
WANNA LIVE EVERYWHERE
TRY EVERYTHING
SUCCEED AT EVERYTHING
I CAN HAVE EVERYTHING
I CAN DO ANYTHING
I CAN BE ANYTHING
(Deep breath)
AT LEAST I'M PRETTY SURE I CAN

I SWEAR I'M FINE
IT'S ALL JUST SORT OF MOSTLY IN MY HEAD
NO, I'M FINE
I'M MUCH TOO STRESSED TO REST
SO I JUST DO TOO MUCH INSTEAD
NO PRESSURE! I'M FINE!
ONCE I SHUT OUT THE VOICES IN MY HEAD
I'LL BE FINE
BACK TO THE GRIND
AND I CAN SLEEP WHEN I'M DEAD

IZZY arrives at the booth and yogas herself into tree pose, taking cleansing breaths. IZZY has recovered completely, and waves a green & white pompom.

Welcome, ladies and gentlemen, to the BIG GAME. Let's meet our Farmers' defense.

A "stage hand" delicately transports a number of broken / disheveled / bent cardboard "players." Maybe a head or other vital limb falls off of one or more of them. The "stage hand" panics, trying to recombobulate them, etc.

IZZY

That's the most pathetic group of players I've ever seen. And here comes the quarterback. He's (beat)... Oh my. It can't be. It looks like... I think IT IS! Can he do that?

BORK minces in a balletic, slo-mo onto the field, absolutely imperial in his old uniform. Winks, smirks and finger guns close the deal. BORK has numerous, epic fails – he tries to pass to someone as a warmup and spikes the ball spastically into the ground. Unfazed, BORK attempts to show off his fancy footwork weaving through some cones on the sidelines. He plows them all over, and is seriously out of breath at the effort.

IZZY

This is going to be a very interesting matchup!

SCENE 4 JON'S OFFICE

JON sits at his desk preparing for the day.

SONG: ALMA MA...

(PRE-RECORDED)

OUR ATHLETES ARE OUR SAVIORS
THE FIELD IS OUR DOMAIN
FIGHT, ROCKY MOUNTAIN HIGH
UNBEATEN WE REMAIN//

JON

I'm thinking we need a new song.

BORK sprints in during the song as if being chased by all 4 horsemen of the apocalypse. He shuts the door behind him, and peers through the glass in terror.

BORK

You gotta help me, man!

JON

Oh, come on, I'd say you were average, but that would be mean.

JON chuckles. BORK is not amused.

A little math humor for you.

BORK

Cut it out, dude, this is serious! They're after me. I gotta hide!

JON

After you? Huh?

We hear the sound of \$900 Jimmy Choos clack-clacking down the hall. A giant silhouette is visible as it walks down the hall.

BORK

(Whimpering)

She's here.

The characters are silent as the shadow and the clacks increase in size and volume. The door flies open as Bork dives for cover behind Jon's desk. The enormous shadow precedes a bureaucrat in very tall shoes. She means business. The "mmmmmmmm" she hums crescendos with her entrance.

SONG 5: DAHLA**DAHLA**

MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM
 I'M SO AVARICIOUS,
 ONE MEAN ADMINISTRATOR!
 I PINCH THOSE PENNIES TIL THEY SCREAM
 I'LL STOMP TO DEATH YOUR EVERY DREAM
 YEAH! YEAH! YEAH! YEEEEAAAH!
 LIKE SANTA COMIN' DOWN THE CHIMNEY
 I'M JOLLY, 'CAUSE MY NEWS IS GRIM-NEY
 I'M DAAAAAAHHLA
(Sensing some major jazz hands here)
 SADISTIC BUREAUCRAT!

JON

Good morning, how can I//

DAHLA

You can stop talking. I've got a car waiting out front and your taxes are paying for the gas. My card.

JON

(Reading)

"Dahla Gaines. Colorado Department of Economic Extrication?"

DAHLA

My father always wanted me to work in finance. I see you hiding back there.

BORK sheepishly comes out of hiding.

BORK

Ohh, Dahla, heyyyyy, I didn't see you there. How've ya been?

DAHLA

TIME to cough up the cash or the property, after that train wreck of a game.

JON

Huh?

BORK

Let's talk about this. We were this close to winning!

DAHLA

They called the game at the half on account of the scoreboard couldn't go any higher.

JON

An unfortunate end to the season. Can we get back to/

DAHLA

Oh, you ended so much more than just the season!