

A Weekend of Workshops

A Series of Unrelated Plays by University Theater

A Dinner Date with the President

The weather outside had been warming up recently at the University of Chicago. The snow had already begun to melt; the snow penis gone, the snow pussycat gone, the cold weather beginning to be gone. John Bobka was ready for his date for his date with (name excluded for anonymity and the fact that no one knows who it is). He sat down at his favorite seat in Salonica, contemplating the week as he awaited his date's appearance.

(To Himself)

Bobka: What a beautiful day it is. It's a great day for a date indeed. I know that I told myself last week I wouldn't come, and that my vice president should just take over, but I'm glad I decided to come anyway. I need some time away from my studies, and I can't wait to tell my date all about my life from beginning to present. If there's time, I'll tell her all about my dreams in the future, where I'm going, the Navy obviously, and maybe give her the history of it in the process. Ah, I think that his her right there.

(The President's date walks in, and sits down)

Date: Hi, how are...

Bobka: Hey, how are you! It's great to see you here! Man I love this place! I come here all the time and just read whenever I can. How about we order huh?

Date: Yeah I had heard that the...

Bobka: Number 6 is great? Right? Yeah I'll get us some number sixes...

Date: But...

Bobka: ... since they really are the best choice. You really can't go wrong with the number six. In fact, you should probably never get anything other than the number six. I actually once got the number three, but is my first time here so you can excuse that. The three is pretty good, but it has nothing on the six. How about I get two of those? Yeah? Okay, TWO NUMBER SIXES!!! There we go, I just got them ordered up. So, how have things been going?

Date: Well, I mean the've been going pretty g...

Bobka: pretty good huh? Well that's good. Very good. Things have been going awesomely for me. It's my last year here so I finally get to stop dealing with all these fake problems, and finally deal with real american problems in the Navy. I mean, Hitchcock is pretty great. I just would hate the idea to have to exit my building from the front door every time. Whoever takes my place next is going to have to deal with that. I mean, it's entirely possible that nothing will happen, or that some sort of security system will be put on the front doors, but still. I'm almost out of here. Almost in the Navy. Man, I can't wait, I've been studying up on the Navy for so long. I can't wait to see the ocean. For the first time in fact! Have I ever told you that it will be my first time on the seas?

Date: Well, actually no. You haven't tol...

Bobka: How could I have never told you? I tell most people!

(A distinct buzz sounds off and Bobka looks at the source: his watch)

Bobka: Oh my, I'm late for a meeting! I know I just got here, but here is 15 dollars to pay for the food. I have to go, but I'll see you later! Bye!

The Bartlett Coffeehouse Mystery

Brian King, donned with his monocle and Burberry hat, showed up to the scene of the crime: Bartlett. A whole slew of civilians were gathered around the coffee dispenser gasping in horror. It was tilted over, and the coffee was running out. A team of scientists were gathering samples checking the DNA, but came to a frightening conclusion. The coffee was all decaf. The entire crowd gasped and a few fainted. Brian was on the case.

Brian: Attention everyone! I know you may be taken back by this recent knowledge, but don't fret. I am on the case! I will figure out who, or what, is behind this atrocity!!!

Civillian 1: How will you have the time! I thought you were supposed to be writing a report on Inter-House Synergy of IM Sports?

Civillian 2: Yeah, what about that? We have been waiting for this for like 3 weeks now and there hasn't even been a report on how it is doing! We are all incredibly interested!

Civillian 3: Nah guys, we can't trust him! He hasn't even posted the minutes in Section 1 for two weeks. That's his second strike! Once he reaches his third, he will be impeached! Not even out of his position in the house, but from the house IN GENERAL!

Brian: No, no, no. Do not fret! I am on the case and will fix everything. I promise. By the end of the night, you will have the answer to the Bartlett Coffeehouse Mystery!

(Brian King swooped out of the room, and ran back to his house to grab some tools. He picked up a pad, paper, and flashlight. Then, he ran straight to Aramark Headquarters to do some snooping)

(To Himself)

Brian: Hmmm, I think I need my magnifying glass for this. Ah, that's better. Now let's see where the file cabinets that hold the order forms for food are. Oh wait, I forgot it is the 21st century. I can just look through the computers.

(Brian switched on the computer, and the email account of Aramark Headquarters and Bartlett Dining Services was left open. He decided to read the emails)

Brian: Well this is strange, it seems to be that most of the emails to Bartlett have been completely ignored. Let's see, ah, emails from Chef Brent. Let's see what they say... EGAD!!! IT'S CHEF BRENT!!! He has been "accidently" switching the normal coffee with decaf coffee! This is just a tragedy!

Brian ran back to Bartlett to tell the people of his interesting find. But, when he got there, he realized the coffee was all cleaned up. Both containers were still most likely filled with Decaf. All the students were back to their normal routines, drinking the coffee, because after all nobody likes coffee but all students just drink to it to look pretentious with their drink that doesn't even work. But, since they are in college after all, they feel like they must subscribe to some sort outline of what a college student does. Coffee is a part of that

outline, so the students will drink it anyway despite it being Decaf and doing nothing to keep them awake for longer periods of time. Angry with the world, Briang King left for Hitchcock to go post the minutes

Where Have All the Councilmembers Gone?

Thunder rumbled over Hitchcock house as the ran poured down, nearly filling Emily's room with water. Meanwhile section four stayed completely dry, and though the rain didn't leak through to section three, their shower did clog and flood water where they didn't want it. The rain begin to fall harder and harder, until it became necessary to round up everyone in the house and account for them to make sure they were safe.

Tom: Okay everyone, the weather is getting pretty nasty outside. A flash flood is starting to accumulate and we need to make sure everyone in the building is safe. Where is the Condom Czar and PSAC and Micah? They aren't here? Snell, do you know?

Snell: No, I have nothing to say.

Tom: Well, how about you Harc? IHC?

Harc and IHC: Nope, no news of where they are.

Tom: We have to find them, otherwise this will be PSAC and Micah's second strike. I need to make sure everyone is safe. How about you IM Sports, do you know anything?

IM Sports: No. Nothing. But boy do I wish this rain would go away and the weather keeps getting warmer so we can finally go play outside on the quad.

Tom: Damnit. Well we are going to have to go on anyways and get to the safe room. This rain is just getting too much. The councilmembers are gone. Maybe for good. Secretary... go get our life savings (all 182.22 dollars of it) and follow me everyone.

Tom woke up from his dream. It wasn't raining. Everything was back to normal. He wiped the sweat off from his brow and sighed in relief. He then said under his breath to himself..

Tom: Good thing that didn't happen. I hate these dickheads in my house. If there was ever some sort of emergency, I'm not sure I'd want to even help them so in the future they can sow their American seeds.

MISCELLANEOUS STUFF

There is a study break tonight. I just so happen to have insider information that Maggie is a lazyass and will be "making" us ants on a log.

If you didn't go to service day, you automatically consent to attending a lecture on the exciting uses of Typeface and R by Tom Wood. Unless, of course, you are me and had a totally legit reason not to go.

There will be a talent show next week during reading period. Historians have already made a hashtag. Kevin will be emceeing. Those who don't participate must go. Those who don't go will attend re-education camp.

For some reason, we weren't invited to go to Book of Mormon? It's okay though. We will make everyone pay with a 1000 point scav victory.

Someone broke an entire freaking couch just by sitting on it. Once we find out who it was, the rest of hitchcock will be inclined to sitting on whoever it was when the rest of the couches are full.

Eleanor turns TWOOooOoOoooOO on TOOooooeoooOoeooo222oOoOsday. Only section TWooOOOOOOOOooOOOo is invited. Everyone else must pay TWOOWOowowooOOoOOoOo dollars. Crafts will happen. 6:30 pm. Everyone come.

Hide and Go Seek in the Reg on thursday of reading period. Basically, everyone will either be on top of a bookshelf, in a box, or in that spot where the sleeping bag is in the basement. Have fun! Don't almost kill Robert again by crushing him between the movable stacks!

Recharge at Ratner or whatever the hell that means during friday of reading period. Get some back rubs or something.

Get C-MAC tickets and listen to Kowarski sing. Also, go to Talent Show and listen to Kowarski talk about his class schedule for next quarter.