HACK, PUNT, TOOL

REVIVAL VERSION

MUSIC BY
JULIE HENION

LYRICS BY
DANIEL LEVINE

BOOK BY ZACH BARRYTE,
RACHEL BOWENS-RUBIN,
DANBEE KIM

ORCHESTRATIONS BY
HUBERT HWANG
JULIE HENION

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SCRIPT AND VOCAL SCORE
# HACK, PUNT, TOOL

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WWW.HACKPUNTTOOL.COM
WWW.HACKPUNTTOOL.BANDCAMP.COM
SCENE 1.0 -- The World of the Hacker

The stage is dark. A faint hum reminiscent of a machine room is heard from the stage. Shadowy figures begin to filter through the audience onto the stage. These are the SHADOW JACKS. They wander about the space, speaking to the audience in low voices, holding flashlights to their faces.

SHADOW JACK 0
… Once upon a time, there was a boy hacker, and a girl hacker …
(pause)

SHADOW JACK 1
… There was a black square, a red square, and a yellow square …

SHADOW JACK 2
… Thump! There was a cube fridge lodged in the president’s lawn …

SHADOW JACK 3
(overlapping)
… some read, "No toad sexing," while others read,"Toad sexing allowed" …

SHADOW JACK 4
(overlapping)
… Don’t touch that! It’s a light sensitive biology experiment! …

SHADOW JACK 5
(overlapping)
… "I’m just picking grass for my cow, Officer" …

SHADOW JACK 6
(overlapping)
… "MIT, 1 -- Harvard-Yale, 0" …

SHADOW JACK 7
(overlapping)
… “Beware the bane of Hartley Rogers/ Forcing voice and withered codgers” …
SHADOW JACK 8

(overlapping)
… “Spartans! Who is your professor?” They all shouted back, “Auroux! Auroux! Auroux!” …

SHADOW JACK 9

(overlapping)
… The officer smiled and said, ”Miss Liberty looked real good up there. Get your stuff and get out of here, kids” …

SHADOW JACK 10

(overlapping)
… instead of “Industry, the Arts, Agriculture and Commerce,” it said, “Industry, the Arts, Entertainment, and Hacking!” …

The SHADOW JACKS slip away into the darkness to reveal STORY JACK, an elegant, but deceitful-looking figure garbed in all black, grinning, as if they knows something no one else does. STORY JACK steps forward, attempting to affect a more trustworthy personality upon seeing the audience.

STORY JACK

Hi Everybody!

The World of the Hacker

SHADOW JACKS and AUDIENCE

Hi Jack!

STORY JACK

MY FRIENDS, MY FRIENDS,
COME CLOSER,
COME ALONG AND YOU WILL SEE
A WONDROUS PLACE,
A MARVELOUS REALM - THE LAND OF MIT!

BELOW THE WELL WAXED TILES,
B’YOND AISLES OF WELL READ BOOKS,
THERE LIES IN WAITING
SOMETHING GREAT:
INVIGORATING!
COME WITH ME, GO AHEAD, TAKE A LOOK FOR YOURSELF!

STORY JACK gestures grandly around the space as different elements of the machine room become more clear.

STORY JACK
THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE HACKER:
A WORLD INTENSE AND EXTREME!
HEAR THE GENTLE HUM OF MACHINE ROOMS,
THE CLATTER AND THE HISS OF STEAM!

SHADOW JACKS
MMM, MMM
CLATTER! HISS!

NOW DESCEND THROUGH THE SHAFTS,
FENDING DARK WITH A SPARK
OF YOUR HEADLAMP, TO MARK OUT YOUR PATH ‘TIL THE END!
CRAWL ‘ROUND PIPES AND ALL TYPES OF MACHINES, IN BETWEEN.
I WON’T LEAD YOU ASTRAY!
TRUST US, WE’RE YOUR FRIENDS!

Lights grow brighter to reveal the SHADOW JACKS surrounding STORY JACK.

THIS WORLD IS RULED BY THE HACKER,
A CREATURE BOTH CUNNING AND QUICK,
WHO FLITS THROUGH THE NIGHT LIKE A SHADOW,
WITH EVERY ILLUSION AND TRICK.
GHOSTLY, LIKE MOSTLY A SPIRIT,
SO SILENT, TO HEAR IT’S UNLIKELY, I’D SAY.
BUT WHO ARE THESE ETHEREAL, SURREAL,
YET IMPERIAL “HACKERS” ANYWAY?

AHHH!
CUNNING AND QUICK!
LIKE A SHADOW...
...so mischievous!
GHOSTLY SPIRIT,
YOU WON’T HEAR IT.
WHO ARE THESE HACKERS?

Hackers are anonymous technological pranksters, engineers inspired to intervene with the everyday monotony. In order to perform bold feats, hackers often traverse MIT’s more untraveled passageways, carefully avoiding the diligent eye of the law, and often unearthing
locations hidden from the average passer-by!

STORY JACK turns with a flourish as low lights come up on the wall of a small tomb with two sign-ins on it.
(Note: this room will be visited in the second act by KEPLER and BILLY)

THIS PARTICULAR ROOM, IT IS CALLED A TOMB - A BLOCKED OFF CREVICE, FORGOTTEN, OUTCAST.
SEE THE SHARPIE SCRAWLS ALONG THE WALLS, SIGN-INS OF HACKERS OF THE PAST!

OOO...

OOO...

AHHH...

AHHH...

STORY JACK

“Sign-ins” are hackers’ signatures, personal markings that can be identified only by their truest friends.

Lights fade up on a wall containing the “Hacking Ethics.”

Here you can see a very special bit of literature: the “Hacking Ethics!” These are the guidelines to which we noble hackers adhere! Pay attention!

SHADOW JACK 11

The safety of yourself, of others, and of property should have highest priority!

SHADOW JACK 12

(overlapping)
Be subtle; leave no evidence you were there.

SHADOW JACK 13

(overlapping)
Brute force is the last resort of the incompetent.

SHADOW JACK 14

(overlapping)
Cause no permanent damage during hacks and while hacking.
SHADOW JACK 15

(overlapping)
If you find something broken, call F-IXIT.

SHADOW JACK 16

(overlapping)
Do not steal anything.

SHADOW JACK 17

(overlapping)
Do not drop things without a ground crew.

SHADOW JACK 18

(overlapping)
Sign-ins are not graffiti and should not be seen by the general public.

SHADOW JACK 19

(overlapping)
Never drink and hack.

SHADOW JACK 20

(overlapping)
Never hack alone.

SHADOW JACK 21

(overlapping)
Know your limitations and do not exceed them.

SHADOW JACK 22

(overlapping)
Learn how not to get caught, but if you do get caught, accept gracefully and cooperate fully.

SHADOW JACK 23

(overlapping)
Share your knowledge and experience with other hackers.

STORY JACK and SHADOW JACKS

Hack, Punt, Tool - Revival Version
And above all, exercise common sense.

**STORY JACK**
REMEMBER THE CODE OF THE HACKER,
AS YOU DREAM OF UNCHARTED NOOKS.
THESE ETHICS KEEP US SEPARATE
FROM CRIMINALS, VANDALS, AND CROOKS.

REFLECT ON THE LESSONS THESE FINE
WORDS CONVEY.
MAYBE YOU THINK THAT YOU’LL BE LIKE US
ONE DAY!

**SHADOW JACKS**
REMEMBER THE CODE
AS YOU DREAM OF
UNCHARTED NOOKS.
MMM,
MMM,
FOLLOW THE ETHICS.
AHHH!

MAYBE YOU THINK THAT
YOU’LL BE LIKE US ONE DAY!

YES, THIS IS THE WORLD OF THE HACKER
OUR MAGICAL WORLD OF DEBRIS.
OUTSIDERS MAY JUST SEE THE SURFACE,

**STORY JACK and SHADOW JACKS**

BUT THIS IS THE REAL MIT!
THIS IS THE REAL MIT!

**SHADOW JACKS exit.**

**STORY JACK**
Hackers come and go, but they are never forgotten. We keep them alive by passing on their stories. Though you’re not the most pantsful bunch I’ve seen, you’ve trusted me thus far, so perhaps I should share a bit of lore with you. Would you like to hear a story?

*(waits for audience response and responds appropriately)*

All right, then!

Our Story Begins

LEND AN EAR AND YOU’LL HEAR A STORY
THAT I DOUBT YOU’VE HEARD BEFORE.
THIS TALE TAKES PLACE BACK IN THE DAY,
WHEN THINGS WERE MORE HARDKORE...
SCENE 1.1 -- The Institute

Lights come up on BILLY, an eager freshman, carrying his luggage. Though he is new to campus, BILLY exudes the experience of a high school graduate who has worked very hard for most of his life.

STORY JACK
Our story unfolds with a wee little frosh, ready and eager to begin his journey at this wonderful Institute. His mind was ready to be filled with knowledge, as many froshlings' minds are.

Lights fade down on STORY JACK. STORY JACK exits. CONNER BURTON, a nervous, overachieving freshman, enters, carrying a differential equations textbook, reading without looking up. CONNER bumps into BILLY and nearly drops her textbook.

CONNER
Oh! Sorry. Moving in?

BILLY
Yeah! My name's Billy Rogers!

Billy extends his hand for a handshake. CONNER turns the page without looking up.

CONNER
Billy? Conner Burton.

BILLY
You're tooling already?

CONNER
“Tooling”?

BILLY
Yeah! It’s MIT-speak for “studying,” it’s what everyone says!

CONNER
Whatever. I’m getting ready for the math placement diagnostic!
BILLY
Does that test count for anything? I thought no one even looks at that.

CONNER
Well, it's not for a grade or anything, but I want my advisor to be impressed! I have to really impress him if I want to take five-point-one-two this semester. I mean, I really can't wait, right? It really won't fit in the spring, right? I mean, with my current plan -- Do you have a plan?

BILLY
My academic plan?

I Want to Be Hardk0re

(music flourish)
I've got bigger plans,

(music flourish)
better plans.

THE WORLD IS COMPLICATED,
IT'S NOT WRITTEN IN A BOOK.
YOU HAVE TO GO DISCOVER IT.
LIKE, ACTUALLY GO OUT AND LOOK!
I WANT TO FIND THINGS NO ONE ELSE HAS SEEN,
IT'S THE SPIRIT TO EXPLORE -
DOWN IN THE DARK, IN THE TUNNELS AND THE STEAM -
I WANT TO BE HARDK0RE.
I'M NOTHING IF I'M NOT HARDK0RE!

The buildings here were built all at different times, and they don't fit perfectly together. It leaves lots of hidden spaces, just waiting to be found. Think of the possibilities!

THERE ARE SHAFTS THAT SHOOT UP MANY STORIES,
AND TOMBS ABOUND IN EVERY CRAG,
AND THE FINDER GETS ETERNAL GLORY,
FOREVER EARNING CHANCES TO BRAG!

Doesn't that excite you? Don't you just feel electric?
CONNER
Nope neutral, not charged at all. I can’t focus when you --

BILLY
I just get this incredible feeling! I need to tell you! I need to tell everyone!

CONNER
You’re going to sing again, aren’t you...

BILLY
I am!

*CONNER rolls her eyes and follows BILLY, still clutching her book.*

WE IDOLIZE THE ARTIST,
EMBRACE THE AVANT GARDE.
WE ALL STRIVE TO BE NOTICED
AND HELD IN HIGH REGARD.
I WANT TO FLEX MY CREATIVITY,
SHOW THE WORLD I’M SOMETHING MORE,
PUSH OUT AGAINST EVERY BOUNDARY,
I JUST WANT TO BE HARDKORE!
PLEASE GOD LET ME BE HARDKORE!

The FROSHSOMBLE enter. (STORY JACK, formerly our narrator, is now a member of the FROSHSEMBLE, though STORY JACK will occasionally pop out to narrate.) The FROSHSEMBLE buzz about excitedly. Many of them are carrying backpacks or pamphlets from lots of freshman-y activities. RYAN, an especially froshy freshman, steps out of the FROSHSEMBLE toward BILLY, infected by BILLY’s enthusiasm.

RYAN
And did you hear about the time there was a firetruck on the dome?

BILLY
Or when it looked like a giant pumpkin?!

RYAN
WHEN THEY HUNG A LOUNGE BENEATH THAT ARCHWAY,
UPSIDE-DOWN FOR ALL TO SEE!

BILLY
OR WHEN THE HARVARD / YALE BALLOON INFLATED,
IT SHOWED THEIR INGENUITY!

CONNER
I guess some of that stuff was pretty cool.

BILLY
I can’t wait to come up with an awesome hack of my own!

RYAN
I can’t wait to figure out how to get on the dome! How do they do it?

CONNER
I don’t know, it must be magic!

Laughing, excited by each other’s excitement, the FROSHSEMBLE dance around.

BILLY and FROSHSEMBLE
THEY FLY FROM ROOFTOP TO ROOFTOP
AT NEAR THE SPEED OF LIGHT!
NO WALL CAN BAR THEIR PASSAGE,
THEY CAN LEAP FROM ANY HEIGHT!
I WANT TO JOIN THEM, LEARN THEIR EVERY TRICK,
I KNOW SOMEDAY I WILL SOAR!
I GUARANTEE, IT’S A CERTAINTY,
I'M GONNA BE HARDKØRE!
I SWEAR I WILL BE HARDKØRE!

BILLY
THERE'S NOTHING MORE THAN BEING HARDKØRE.
ALL I WANT TO BE IS HARDKØRE!

STORY JACK steps forward and pops into narration mode as the rest of the FROSHSEMBLE (less RYAN, and CONNER) wave goodbye to BILLY and exit.
STORY JACK

Though it may be difficult to find hackers, occasionally they come above ground. Our freshman happened upon one of these rare occurrences.

STORY JACK exits. COROT and TESS enter. COROT strolls along as TESS rolls beside him on a pair of robotic rocket boots, which are covered with dials and multi-colored lights. TESS’s face is masked by a helmet and pair of goggles she is wearing, making her look almost insect-like. BILLY, CONNER, and RYAN see TESS and COROT and listen from a distance.

COROT

Tess, do you have time to go over the plans for the hack later today?

TESS

Sure! Oh! Corot, I’m thinking of using the old roof attachment design from freshmen year, but it’s -- [too heavy to deploy quickly.]

BILLY

Excuse me, I couldn’t help overhearing, but are you pulling...

(checks to make sure no one’s looking, then drops to a whisper)

...a hack?

COROT and TESS turn to face BILLY, CONNER, and RYAN.

TESS

(taking off her goggles and helmet and scrutinizing BILLY, CONNER, and RYAN)

I don’t think I’ve seen any of you before.

BILLY

I’m Billy. These are my friends, Ryan Putz and Conner Burton. We’d like to help you! I mean, if that’s okay. We’re really interested in this kind of stuff! Well?

COROT

(giving TESS a knowing look)

I don’t know.

TESS

(giving COROT a knowing look)
We should test them.

COROT
A little “examination” never hurt anyone. Get used to it kids, welcome to MIT.

BILLY

(hesitantly)
Sure. What do you want us to do?

COROT suddenly becomes extremely presentational, over-enunciating and making exaggerated expressions. He is now in performance mode.

COROT
Question one! Name a hack!

BILLY
That’s easy. There was that police car on the dome.

COROT
Correct! You are sharper than I thought, good sir, I commend you.

(pointing to RYAN)
Question two. What was the first car hack?

RYAN
I don’t really --

TESS
Whispered to RYAN:
A Ford Model T.

RYAN

To COROT:
A Ford Model T!

COROT
Very good.

(turning to CONNER)
And when was it put up?
CONNER

What!? How am I supposed to --

TESS

Whispered to CONNER:

1924.

CONNER

(with a sigh)

1924.

COROT

Correct! Impressive work. Now the final question! Why do you think you have what it takes?

BILLY

To be a hacker?

COROT

(most grandly of all!)

Yes, to be a hacker!

**Hardk0re, Part 2**

BILLY

I CAN LEARN ALL THAT YOU CAN TEACH ME!

RYAN

DO THINGS NO ONE ELSE HAS DONE!

CONNER

RISE ABOVE THE STANDARD EXPECTATIONS!

BILLY, RYAN, CONNER

WE REALLY WANT TO JOIN YOUR HACK!

TESS
Aw, quit making them beg, Corot.

To the freshmen with a friendly, conspiratorial whisper:
If he gets too bombastic on you, just punch him.

TESS playfully punches COROT squarely in the arm.

COROT

(dropping out of performance mode)
Hey, don’t tell them to punch their fearless leader! And by the way --
(turning to the freshmen and momentarily slipping into performance mode)
-- you all passed. Welcome aboard!

RYAN
Cool! What can I help with? When are we putting up the hack? Can I --

TESS
Chill, we haven’t even had our first official meeting yet. By the way I’m Tess.

And I’m Corot.

BILLY
When is the first meeting?

COROT
It’s Tuesday at midnight!

TESS
Don’t be early!

TESS and COROT exit. BILLY, CONNER, and RYAN high five.

BILLY
My first hack! Yes! I’m in!

Hardk0re, part 3

I’M REALLY GONNA BE HARDK0RE!
I’M GONNA BE HARDK0RE!

Blackout.

Hack, Punt, Tool Script and Vocal Score
SCENE 1.2 -- Police Station

Lights fade up on STORY JACK.

STORY JACK
And so our little freshman joined his first hack, and merrily returned to his dorm, his head filled with images of renegade banners, mysterious messages in skylights, and dreams of being the most hardk0re hacker of all time! Meanwhile, there was another group of people on campus. They wore all blue, had these funny octagonal hats, and held a radio in one hand and a doughnut in the other.

The lights fade down on STORY JACK and come up on a cluttered, brightly lit police station. Filing cabinets and desks are littered with important looking and unimportant looking paperwork. OFFICER BARRY CLAW, an older CP, sits at a desk, reading a copy of The Tech. An empty box of “Dunkin’ Donuts” sits nearby. OFFICER FREY PACHINO types furiously at her desk. SERGEANT BRUCE E. SPRINKLES sits in a swivel chair facing an upstage window. CLAW grunts and checks the doughnut box.

CLAW
Hmm... We’re out again...

(peers over his shoulder at PACHINO)
Hey, Officer Pachino, we’re out of doughnuts.

PACHINO

(doesn’t look up from her typing)
Well don’t expect me to do anything about it, Claw! I have to type up this stupid incident report because of those rascals last night! If you had taken better notes, maybe I --

CLAW
I’m sorry, Officer Pachino... I didn’t think they were doing much harm.

PACHINO
Of course they were! They were up to no good! There were five kids! They had backpacks!

CLAW

Hack, Punt, Tool - Revival Version
All I’m saying is you’re making a lot of work for yourself… You could be getting more doughnuts.

OFFICER DEEDEE KALF, a sober-looking deadpan cop, enters. She is wearing a pair of dark glasses, which she will wear for the duration of the show.

PACHINO

Oh get your own doughnuts, Claw!

(grumbling to herself)

Well, at least there wasn’t a hack.

PACHINO looks up to smirk at CLAW, then primly returns to typing.

KALF

I think you might be mistaken.

PACHINO

None of your sass, Kalf!

KALF

It’s in Killian Court. It’s plastered all over the Tech.

PACHINO

What!?

PACHINO scrambles over to CLAW and snatches The Tech from his hand.

CLAW

Hey! I was reading that!

PACHINO furiously skims the paper, flipping until she sees a photo of a hacked Killian court. PACHINO lets out an angry squeal and throws the paper back at CLAW. CLAW looks at the page that infuriated PACHINO.

Huh... I don’t remember that being there...

KALF

I believe it went up this morning.
CLAW

But who could have done that?

SPRINKLES

(still facing upstage)
Those goddamn hackers...

Sprinkles Theme

(swiveling around to face forward)
That’s who!

PACHINO

Claw, I told you they were up to no good!

SPRINKLES

Those hackers, they think they’re so clever - snubbing their noses at the law, parading about rooftops in the dead of night! I’ve had it up to here --

(holding his hand up to the height of his head)

-- with those hackers and I’ve had it up to here --

(holding up his hand even higher)

-- with their hacks!

KALF

Sir, they're just pranks.

SPRINKLES

“Just pranks,” Kalf? “Just pranks”? They are a direct insult to the very badges we wear - to the vows we took when we donned these uniforms those many years ago!

SPRINKLES, PACHINO, KALF, and CLAW take off their hats and put them over their hearts.

Those hackers are endangering the well-being of this school by disobeying the law to put up their hacks,

(putting his hat back on his head)

but their crusade against justice will soon end, because they’ve picked a fight with Sergeant Bruce E. Sprinkles, and no one messes with Sergeant Bruce E. Sprinkles! No one! In the name of William Barton Rogers, something must be done!
Let's Get Those Fuckers

SPRINKLES
THEY'RE A MENACE AND A PLAGUE AND THIS SCHOOL IS OVERRUN, 'TIL NOW WE'VE BEEN OUTDONE.
WE'LL HUNT THOSE HACKERS DOWN AND GET THEM ALL EXPELLED.
THE LAW MUST BE UPHELD.
LET'S GET THOSE HACKERS,
THEY THOUGHT WE NEVER COULD.
LET'S GET THOSE FUCKERS,
AND STAMP THEM OUT FOR GOOD.

KALF
I HAVE A FINE IDEA TO ACCOMPLISH ALL OUR GOALS,
THE ONLY THING TO DO IS TO INCREASE ALL OUR PATROLS.

CLAW, PACHINO, and SPRINKLES
PATROLS?

KALF
PATROLS.
WE'LL TRIPLE OUR PATROLS.
THE MORE THAT WE CAN SEE, THE LESS THEY'LL WANDER FREE.
WITH ALL OF US WE'LL KEEP THEM IN CONTROL.

CLAW
BUT AS YOU KNOW THEY'RE CLEVER, THEY WILL BEAT THAT IN A SNAP
THE ONLY WAY TO DO THIS IS TO LAY SOME SORT OF TRAPS...

KALF, PACHINO, and SPRINKLES
TRAPS?

CLAW
TRAPS.

PACHINO
QUICK! GET A CAMPUS MAP!

CLAW
THEY'LL GET TO EVERY DOOR, BUT THEY'LL FIND ALARMS IN STORE, WHILE ROOFTOP SENSORS FILL IN EVERY GAP.

CLAW, PACHINO, KALF, and SPRINKLES
THEY'RE A MENACE AND A PLAGUE AND THIS SCHOOL IS OVERRUN, 'TIL NOW WE'VE BEEN OUTDONE!
WE'LL HUNT THOSE HACKERS DOWN AND GET THEM ALL EXPELLED!
THE LAW MUST BE UPHELD!
LET'S GET THOSE HACKERS!
THEY THOUGHT WE NEVER COULD.
LET'S GET THOSE HACKERS,
AND STAMP THEM OUT FOR GOOD!

SPRINKLES
NO MORE CARS ON THE DOME, OR COWS OR WORKING PHONES.
WITH SPRINKLES IN CHARGE, THEY WILL MEET THEIR ULTIMATE END!

CLAW, KALF, and PACHINO
NO-O, DOME!
NO WORKING, WORKING PHONES!
THEIR ULTIMATE END!

PACHINO
THERE'S ONE LAST STEP TO GUARANTEE WE END THAT HORDE OF IMPS, WE'LL BUILD A FLEET OF SELF-SUFFICIENT FIRE-THROWING BLIMPS!

CLAW, KALF, and SPRINKLES
BLIMPS?

PACHINO
BLIMPS!

CLAW, KALF, and SPRINKLES
WAIT, BLIMPS?!?

PACHINO
YES, BLIMPS!
LAUNCH FIREBALLS FROM BLIMPS!
WHEN FLAMES COME FROM THE SKY, THE HACKERS' PLANS WILL FRY!
I THINK THOSE KIDS WILL FINALLY TAKE THE HINT.
CLAW, KALF, PACHINO and SPRINKLES
THEY'RE A MENACE AND A PLAGUE AND THIS SCHOOL IS OVERRUN,
'TIL NOW WE'VE BEEN OUTDONE!
WE'LL HUNT THOSE HACKERS DOWN AND GET THEM ALL EXPELLED!
THE LAW MUST BE UPHELD!
LET'S GET THOSE HACKERS,
WE'LL PUT THEM WHERE WE SHOULD!

SPRINKLES
LET'S GET THOSE FUCKERS,
AND STAMP THEM OUT FOR GOOD.

_Menacing Laughter. Blackout_
SCENE 1.3 -- Secret Hacker Lair

Lights fade up on STORY JACK.

STORY JACK

Often at MIT, it is difficult to tell the difference between modern art installations, hacks, and construction work. Though on the surface, some of these may appear similar, hacks are unique for the ingenuity, thought, and effort that go into making them what they are.

STORY JACK reintegrates with the FROSHSEMBLE. Lights come up on a meeting space. Many other members of the HACKSEMBLE are already present, and others enter as the scene progresses. COROT is sitting leisurely with a large, rolled up map in his lap. FARADAY and TESS are standing together scrutinizing a document. TENSOR is playing cat’s cradle with a bit of string and PISTON is tossing a rugby ball nearby.

FARADAY

(carefully observing the document)
Uh huh, uh huh, yeah, yeah, this looks like it shouldn’t take me too long to solder.

TESS

Thanks, Faraday. Just don’t get too hosed.

FARADAY

Whatever.

TENSOR

If I move my finger here... wow I’ve never seen this knot before! Hey Piston, check it out!

PISTON

Tensor, I can’t wrap my head around anything I can’t tackle.

TENSOR

My 18.906 professor is going to love this when I show it to him. I need to draw a picture of this!

TENSOR reaches for a pencil to draw, but finds that his hands are tied up.
Oh no...

_BILLY enters, looks around, and waves to COROT._

**BILLY**

Hey, Corot! Remember me? I’m here for the hack meeting!

**COROT**

Yeah, good to see you!

_HUNTER, a judgemental-yet-motherly upperclassman, walks past BILLY, drinking milk from a half gallon container._

**BILLY**

_To HUNTER:_

Hi, my name’s Billy!

**HUNTER**

_(looking directly through BILLY)_

What _are_ you??

**BILLY**

Billy? I want to learn how to be a hacker!

**HUNTER**

You’re froshy as hell!

_HUNTER throws the milk into a nearby trashcan._

**BILLY**

I’m not froshy! Wait, what does “froshy” mean?

**COROT**

_To everyone:_

Let’s get started.

**RYAN**

Hey Billy, over here!
Excited chatter buzzes through the room. BILLY sits with RYAN and CONNER. COROT snaps into performance mode.

**Target: the Dome**

Awesome prayer-meeting chords play under COROT’s speech.

COROT

Good evening, fellow hackers!

(musical flourish)

I said: “Good evening, fellow hackers!”

(musical flourish)

From here on, HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS ad lib enthused responses as COROT pauses for their replies. Ad libs: “You go, Corot!” “Glory Hackeylluyah!” “I hope that we get to use dexion!” “So hardk0re!”

This is a thrilling time,

(musical flourish)

a time for everyone to hone new skills,

(musical flourish)

pushing our limits, setting new standards,

(pause)

doing something challenging!

(pause)

We won’t just drop this hack down on the grass of Killian Court --

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS

No way!

COROT

Our target --

COROT unfurls the map and pins it to the wall. The map is a map of MIT campus. The map is covered with colorful arrows and lines, making it look almost like a football play-board. COROT grandly points to the dome on the map.

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS

Hack, Punt, Tool - Revival Version
The dome!

COROT
YES, THE DOME!
NOW LET’S BEGIN. LET’S THINK THIS THROUGH.
A HACK IS SO MUCH MORE THAN SOMETHING CLEVER ON A ROOF.
HACKS MUST BE SAFE, PREMEDITATED, DELIBERATED, CALCULATED.
TO MAKE THEM WORK, WE THINK BEFORE WE HACK.

TESS hands out packets.

TESS
I’VE GOT THE PLANS!

HACKSEMBLE and BILLY
BRAND NEW PLANS!

TESS
HERE, TAKE A LOOK!

TESS
WE’VE STARTED THE DESIGN,
AND IT’S AMBITIOUS BUT THOUGHT OUT.

HACKSEMBLE and BILLY
AHHH...

HACKSEMBLE and BILLY
THOUGHT OUT!

COROT
WE WANT THIS UP FOR HALLOWEEN -
NOW GRAB YOUR TOOLS AND YOUR CAFFEINE,
AND EVERYBODY MEET OUR BUILDING LEADS.

HACKSEMBLE and BILLY
MEET OUR BUILDING LEADS!

TESS
I’M HEADING UP THE DRAGON WING.

Hack, Punt, Tool - Revival Version
HACKSEMBLE and BILLY

OOO, DRAGON WING!

FARADAY
AND I'M IN CHARGE OF THE SCIENCE BOX.

HACKSEMBLE (less FARADAY), BILLY, and TESS
OOO, SCIENCE BOX!

COROT
WE STILL NEED A LEAD FOR THE SQUID NET,
SOMEBODY WHO'S AN EXPERT WITH ROPE...

ELECTRA and MAGS raise their hands.

... and bondage doesn't count.

ELECTRA and MAGS lower their hands.

TENSOR
You've roped me in. I can lead. You know I'll knot let you down!

The HACKSEMBLE groan. PISTON smacks TENSOR upside the head.

COROT
(shaking his head at the pun but smiling)
Thank you, Tensor.

TENSOR
(with a wink)
You bet.

COROT
THIS IS YOUR CHANCE --

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS
HERE'S OUR CHANCE!

COROT

Hack, Punt, Tool - Revival Version
-- FOR HANDS-ON LEARNING.

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS

HANDS ON SKILLS!

COROT

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS

NOW DON’T BE SHY,
LOOK TO YOUR LEADS!
THEY’RE HERE TO HELP YOU OUT!

TESS

JUST ASK US ANY QUESTIONS, AND WE’LL HELP YOU FIND THE ANSWERS,

TESS, FARADAY, AND TENSOR

‘CAUSE HACKING IS AN AWESOME WAY TO LEARN!

HACKSEMBLE (less FARADAY and TENSOR) and BILLY

WE WANT TO LEARN!

COROT

OKAY WE’LL LEARN --

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS

TIME TO LEARN!

COROT

-- HOW TO DEPLOY!

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS

WE’LL DEPLOY!

COROT

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS

IT’S AN ART OF TACTICS, ART OF SKILL,
AN ART OF METHODS, ART OF WILL!
IT IS AN ART OF --

KEPLER, an extremely jaded upperclassman, enters. He is always a bit on edge and speaks with villainous enunciation. COROT stops in the middle of his
sentence, falters out of performance mode, and the music stops.

KEPLER

(sarcastically)
Oh, I’m sorry. I must be interrupting something important.

KEPLER stares at COROT, who meets KEPLER’s gaze. KEPLER breaks eye contact to look around the room, smirking slightly.

Please. Carry on. Don’t mind me.

KEPLER slinks out of the room.

RYAN

Who was that?!

TENSOR

So, that’s Kepler. He’s sort of an angst source and a happiness sink. Basically, he’s a dick.

TESS

Hey, let’s not get off track! Who wants to help me build?

HUNTER, PISTON, and several other members of the UPSEMBLE, who will later work on the Dragon Wing, raise their hands. BILLY hesitates and almost puts up his hand.

BILLY

I want to help, but I don’t know... I mean, I’ve never done this before...

TESS

NO NEED TO FRET, EVERYONE STARTS SOMEWHERE. ALL OF US HAVE SKILLS TO LEARN, SO NO NEED TO DESPAIR.

COROT

ALL YOU NEED TO DO IS TRY WHEN WE WORK TOGETHER, OUR HACK WILL FLY
TO OUR TARGET: THE DOME

COROT

OUR TARGET!

YEAH OUR
TARGET!

WE'RE READY,
LET'S GO PULL THIS HACK!

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS

NOW LET'S GO
PULL THIS
HACK!

Let's go pull this hack!

COROT removes the map from the wall, and curls it up. He walks over to TESS as the HACKSEMBLE begin to filter out. Side conversations ensue as the HACKSEMBLE exit:

MAGS

To ELECTRA:
I have two psets due tomorrow. I'm gonna have to bang these out before we start the hack.

ELECTRA

(genuinely concerned)
Bang your psets? Now I'm jealous...

MAGS

(contemplatively)
We could have a threesome if you want, but somehow I don't think that's practical.

ELECTRA

I guess you're right... we might get paper cuts.

CONNER

To anyone who will listen:
Can we miss builds if we have psets?

PISTON

No! Stupid! Wrong! You're on pass/no record!
Most important equation you learn freshman year: \( A = B = C = P \).

Punt them until later.

You are a freshman.

You're kind of hosed anyway. My friend, you'll be helping me solder and if my body tries to go to sleep, light me on fire.

All of the HACKSEMBLE have exited by now.

So, Billy, what did you think of your first hack meeting?

It was really cool! So epic!

Hey!

Don't worry about it. See you at the build!

See ya!
BILLY exits. COROT sits down, looking exhausted. TESS sits down next to COROT.

TESS
Hey, what’s up? You’re usually pretty excited after these meetings.

COROT
It’s Kepler. I had a feeling he might show up, but I was hoping we wouldn’t have to deal with him.

TESS
I thought that might be it.

COROT
I really hope he stays clear of us.

Blackout
SCENE 1.4 -- Construction Zone

Building

Lights come up on a busy-looking build space. COROT is bustling around. TESS is waiting for her team to arrive. The rest of the HACKSEMBLE begin to enter. FARADAY and RYAN work on the Science Box. TENSOR, ELECTRA, and MAGS work on the Squid Net. HACKSEMBLE help the three groups. During the song, the HACKSEMBLE produce rhythms with tools; these rhythms are unique to each build group but interweave to create greater textures. STORY JACK stands foremost, ready to narrate.

STORY JACK

By day, hackers may seem like ordinary MIT students, but at night, they transform into the creatures they truly are. They abandon their problem sets, sleep, and sanity to pour their souls into their real work.

HUNTER, PISTON, CONNER, STORY JACK, and other HACKSEMBLE assemble before TESS, ready to work on the Dragon Wing.

TESS

All right, team Dragon Wing! Here are the specs for what we’re building.

(holding up a spec sheet)

Everybody grab a partner and some 2x4’s! If you don’t have experience, find someone who does.

Everyone divides up into freshman-upperclassman pairs. CONNER works with PISTON, and HUNTER works with STORY JACK. BILLY is left without a partner.

Hmmm... looks like we’ve got odd numbers - that’s fine, you’ll just work with me. Billy... right?

BILLY

Yup! And you’re Tess! Right? Where do we start?

TESS

Grab that drill, and I’ll show you how this all works.
BILL Y picks up a drill, and brings it back to TESS. COROT approaches TESS. Lighting follows COROT.

COROT

HEY HOW’S IT GOIN’?

TESS

STARTING ON THE STRUCTURE NOW. IT’S GONNA TAKE A WHILE.

COROT moves to TENSOR who is laying out and tying ropes with ELECTRA and MAGS.

COROT

HEY HOW’S IT GOIN’?

TENSOR

TYING UP THE MID-SUPPORTS AND MAPPING OUT THE FRAME.

COROT moves to FARADAY and RYAN. Both are soldering. RYAN picks up and clumsily begins to use a pair of wire cutters.

COROT

HEY HOW’S IT GOIN’?

FARADAY

HEAT THE IRON, MELT THE SOLDER, CAREFUL WITH THOSE WIRE CUTTERS!

COROT stops to help FARADAY and RYAN. BILLY attempts to drill in a screw, but it just won’t go in. He tries several times, each time making disappointed noises at the drill. Lighting shifts to BILLY and TESS.

BILLY

Hey Tess, this screw just won’t go in. What am I doing wrong?

TESS

You’re probably just not pressing hard enough. I bet you’re stripping the screw. Here, let me show you how to do it.

TESS puts a new screw in place, and navigates the drill, still in BILLY’s hand, to
the screw. She presses on the drill to demonstrate the proper amount of pressure.

You feel how hard you need to push? Now you try.

*BILLY pushes in the screw.*

**BILLY**

Thanks, Tess!

**TESS**

You’re welcome.

MY FRIENDS ARE HERE AND ENERGIZED!

**BILLY**

I GET TO BUILD A HACK!

**TESS**

MORE PROGRESS IS MADE EACH TIME I COME BACK!

**TESS and BILLY**

THIS HACK WILL BE EXCELLENT! IT’S PURE AWESOMENESS!

**TESS**

I HAVE TRULY FOUND PARADISE.

**BILLY**

I’LL BE HARDK0RE, YES!

*Lighting follows COROT.*

**COROT**

All right, one week down. Let’s see if we’re on schedule.

HEY HOW’S IT GOIN’?

**TESS**

MAIN SUPPORTS ARE ALMOST BUILT.
I THINK IT’S BROKEN...

COROT

HMM...

TESS

WHEN WE GET MORE PIPES, IT SHOULD BE EASY TO GET IT -

(ADD HACKSEMBLE GROUP 1)

DONE!

HACKSEMBLE GROUP 2

FINISHED!

HACKSEMBLE

YEAH!

BILLY, RYAN, and CONNER exit.

COROT

HEY, HOW YOU DOIN’?

TENSOR

WAITING ON THE ROPE WE ORDERED.

FARADAY

SLEEP IS FOR THE LUCKY!

ELECTRA

To MAGS:
WE’LL HAVE TO STAY UP LATE TO FINISH.

MAGS

To Electra:
YEAH, MAYBE ALL NIGHT.

Lighting shifts to TESS. BILLY, CONNER, and RYAN enter carrying a box full of pipes from a re-use pile.
RYAN
Hey everybody, check out these parts Billy found on re-use!

BILLY
To TESS:
You said we needed more pipes, right?

TESS
This is awesome, this is exactly what we need!

CONNER
Good, because Billy punted 8.01 in order to find them. He even punted recitation for --

BILLY
Can you help me carry them over to that corner?

BILLY, CONNER, and RYAN carry the pipes to the corner of the room.

TESS
THESE EXTRA MATERIALS ARE JUST WHAT WE NEED.
BILLY’S PICKING THINGS UP FAST AND TAKING A LEAD.
I CAN’T HELP BUT CATCH HIS EYE, EVERY NOW AND THEN...

BILLY and TESS make eye contact and are briefly illuminated by a pink spotlight.

...I REALLY HOPE I GET TO WORK WITH HIM AGAIN.

Lighting follows COROT.

COROT
HEY, HOW’S IT GOIN’?

TENSOR
THE ROPE WE ORDERED FINALLY CAME!

ELECTRA
IT’S REALLY THICK!

MAGS
I LIKE THE COLOR!

HUNTER

STRUCTURE'S DONE NOW!

RYAN

HEAT THE IRON!

TENSOR

START THE NETTING!

RYAN

MELT THE SOLDER!

PISTON

NO! IT'S CROOKED...

MAGS

I HAVE ROPE BURN.

CONNER

YES! IT'S EVEN!

FARADAY

SLEEPY TIME NOW!

*FARADAY's head makes a soft “thuck” as he passes out on his table.*

COROT

HEY, HOW YOU DOIN’?

RYAN

FARADAY JUST CONKED OUT, SO I'M LOOKING FOR A LIGHTER.

COROT

What?! Don’t do that!

RYAN
But he said --

**COROT**
No fire! But we do need to wake him up. He has to finish those circuit boards today. Let’s go get him some more caffeine.

*COROT exits with RYAN, and FARADAY is left asleep onstage. Lighting shifts to CONNER and PISTON, who are working on a frame. CONNER is holding a chemistry textbook, attempting to read. Some time during this scene, RYAN reenters with caffeine, which he uses on FARADAY like a smelling salt.*

**PISTON**
*To CONNER:*
If you put down the five-twelve book, we can get this done faster.

*KEPLER enters the build space. He looks around as if he smells something terrible.*

**CONNER**
But we might have a test this week and --

**KEPLER**
Disgraceful. This looks like it was built by a third grader.

**PISTON**

**KEPLER**
You’re not even using the proper tools. Pathetic.

**PISTON**
Leave.

**CONNER**
Hey! You’re that guy from before, the one who...
(trailing off in fear)

**KEPLER**
(leering at CONNER)
The one who what?

CONNER

(stammering)
I ... nevermind.

KEPLER
That’s what I thought. You’re wasting your time here being a talking clamp. Good luck graduating.

KEPLER glares at everyone and everything and slinks off. ELECTRA and MAGS, who are in the process of tying each other up, turn to face CONNER.

ELECTRA
Sorry about him.

MAGS

(cheerfully)
He’s got lots of problems.

COROT enters. Lighting follows COROT.

COROT

(checking his watch for the date)
There are no problems here.

THREE MORE WEEKS TO GO,
AND WE’RE AHEAD OF SCHEDULE.
HEY, HOW’S IT GOIN’?

CONNER
I’VE NEVER WORKED THIS HARD BUT IT’S REWARDING!

PISTON
TOLD YOU.

CONNER
YEAH, I KNOW...
COROT

HEY, HOW’S IT GOIN’?

FARADAY

HOLD THIS! DOES IT BURN YOUR HAND!? 

RYAN

IT FEELS OKAY.

FARADAY

I WIN!

RYAN

IT’S OOZING SOMETHING...

FARADAY

OH...

TENSOR

NO...

HUNTER

SHOULD I REDO IT?

CONNER

WATCH OUT!

RYAN

OOPS... I LOST THE PART.

FARADAY

AGAIN?

PISTON

NO. DAMMIT. STUPID. BAD!

COROT

ONLY TWO MORE WEEKS TO GO?
WE NEED TO PICK UP THE PACE!

*Lighting shifts to BILLY and TESS.*

**BILLY**

Woah! It's already 3am?!

**TESS**

Yeah, time flies. Don't let me hold you here if you have to go tool.

**BILLY**

Nah, I only have half a pset left for the week, and besides, I'd rather be here with you. I mean, to build the hack.

**TESS**

Right.

*(pause)*

**BILLY**

Right.

*(pause)*

**TESS**

Let's take a look at the roof attachments. I'll go grab the plans.

*BILLY and TESS turn away from each other.*

**BILLY**

WAIT.

**TESS**

OH.

**BILLY**

WHAT'S THIS?

**TESS**

SUDDENLY, MY NEURONS WON'T CONNECT.
BILLY

BUT I KNOW --

TESS

COULD IT BE?

BILLY and TESS

WE ARE BOUND TO INTERSECT!

(walking towards each other, as if in a dream, in pink light)

YES! THIS IS OPTIMAL! I CHERISH THE THOUGHT!

Pink light switches to normal lighting. BILLY and TESS stand in the normal light for a few seconds, still in their romantic poses from the pink light section.

BILLY

Hey Tess, were we going to look at the plans?

TESS

Right!

ALMOST FORGOT.

Lighting shifts to COROT. SPRINKLES and KALF enter. SPRINKLES scours the room with his gaze.

SPRINKLES

What’s all this hammering and to-do all about?

COROT

(performance mode)

Oh hello, Officers! We’re just working on a project! Isn’t it great when an art class gets you to use such practical skills, like construction and electrical engineering?

KALF

Let’s move on, sir, they’re just working on some art project.

SPRINKLES

There’s something fishy about this “art project” of yours.
COROT
(as he jauntily walks SPRINKLES and KALF out of the build space)
Oh, Sergeant, art has always been controversial. Let’s go outside and I’ll tell you all about modern art. You may have seen some around campus! It often requires a lot of scrap metal...

Music slows and the HACKSEMBLE slowly, as if pulled by magic, exit, leaving BILLY and TESS alone, unsupervised. Lighting shifts to TESS and BILLY. BILLY begins to drill in a screw and then stops short. He glances up at TESS, then back at the screw, then back up at TESS. TESS notices BILLY out of the corner of her eye.

BILLY
TESS,
THIS SCREW IS NOT … GOING IN.

TESS
HERE, LET ME SEE.

TESS bends over to examine the screw, putting her hand on BILLY’s shoulder to let herself down and not letting go as she examines the screw.

I THINK THAT IT’S … STRIPPED.

BILLY
I THINK I AGREE.

TESS
LET'S APPLY MORE … PRESSURE HERE TO DRILL IN THIS SCREW!

TESS switches the “stripped” screw for a new one.

Maybe we should screw together.

TESS places her hands on BILLY’s, which are still on the drill. BILLY and TESS screw. Suddenly BILLY and TESS look up at each other and realize their faces are now at kissing distance.
It’s in.

**BILLY**

And it feels perfect.

*BILLY and TESS lean in towards each other as music begins to swell. At the last moment --*

**HUNTER (offstage)**

Cookies! Chocolate-chip-monster-gingersnap-cookies!

*HUNTER enters with a tray of cookies. The HACKSEMBLE enter and swarm the cookie tray. Ad libs: “Aw, yes!”, “Mmmmm! Were these from scratch?”, “These taste vegan. I think they’re vegan. Whatever…”, “I’m feeling a little jittery.”*

To TESS and BILLY:

Stop crushing on each other!

To HACKSEMBLE:

Hey, want some cookies?

To TESS and BILLY:

But seriously, cut that out and have some cookies!

**TESS**

Hunter, we’re just building the --

**HUNTER**

Listen.

*(putting down the tray of cookies)*

You’re totally crushing on each other and I’m not going to pretend that I don’t see it.

*(grabbing some cookies and handing them to TESS and BILLY)*

Seriously, stop while you’re ahead. Don’t even think about breaking the **November Rule**.

Upon hearing the words, “November Rule,” HACKSEMBLE gasp and ad lib in frantic whispers: “The November Rule??”, “Are they mad!?”, “Insanity!”, “They won’t possibly survive!”, “Cthulhu have mercy!”

**BILLY**

Hack, Punt, Tool - Revival Version
The “November Rule?”

Again, upon hearing the words, “November Rule,” HACKSEMBLE ad lib in frantic whispers: “No... No!!”, “It can’t be so!”, “Not the November Rule!”, “It hurts to hear the words!!”

What’s the -

(pause)

What is... you know...

HUNTER

You mean... the November Rule!?


Well, let me tell you...

**The Novembat**

THOUGH “MENS ET MANUS” MAY BE OUR DECREE
WHEN HEARD OUTSIDE THE SCHOOL,
HERE IT’S

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>HUNTER</th>
<th>HACKSEMBLE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>“PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI”:</td>
<td>PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>OBEY THE NOVEMBER RULE.</td>
<td>PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BEFORE NOVEMBER,</td>
<td>PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>KEEP OFF THE FROSH.</td>
<td>PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ALL SKETCHY FEELINGS</td>
<td>PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MUST BE SQUASHED.</td>
<td>PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THE FOOL THAT BREAKS THIS SACRED LAW SOON</td>
<td>PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FEELS CRUEL TOOTH AND NAIL AND CLAW.</td>
<td>PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

HUNTER

You see Billy, a freshman and an upperclassman shouldn’t even think of dating until November 1st! There are consequences for such actions.
BILLY
Oh, come on. It's not like some nightmare-horror-maw creature will come and devour our bodies and feast on our entrails if we --

_HACKSEMBLE_ stare at _BILLY._

-- is it?

HACKSEMBLE
PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI! PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!
PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI! PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!

HUNTER
THERE'S A CURSE THAT HAND-HOLDING BRINGS.
THE NOVEMBAT,

HACKSEMBLE
THE NOVEMBAT!

HUNTER
WITH GIANT LEATHERY WINGS,
COMES TO INCREASE YOUR P-SET BLUES
BY FILLING UP
THE PRINTER QUEUES.

HACKSEMBLE
GIANT LEATHERY WINGS!
AH!
THE PRINTER QUEUES!

THAT'S SURE TO END
MOST AUTUMN FLINGS!

WILL END THEM!
YOU'RE GONNA BE LATE!

HACKSEMBLE
PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VE-M-BRI! PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VE-M-BRI!

BILLY AND TESS
OH NO,
WE'RE NOT,

HACKSEMBLE
OH NO,
THEY SAY,
WE’RE JUST GOOD FRIENDS.
THAT’S NOT AT ALL
WHAT WE INTEND.

THEY’RE JUST GOOD FRIENDS!
INTEND, INTEND!

**HACKSEMBLE**
PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!! PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!!
PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!! PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!!

**HUNTER**
IF YOU HUG AND LINGER TOO LONG,

**HACKSEMBLE**
TOO LONG, TOO LONG, TOO LONG, TOO LONG!

**HUNTER**
THE NOVEMBAT,

**HACKSEMBLE**
THE NOVEMBAT!

**HUNTER**
WITH PUTRID STINKING MAW,
IT’S BREATH WILL CAUSE COMPLETE
SEDATION, YOU’LL LOSE THE SKILL
OF INTEGRATION.
THAT COULD BE THE FINAL STRAW!

**HACKSEMBLE**
IT HAS A MAW!

**HACKSEMBLE (male)**
INTEGRATION!
YOU SUCK AT MATH!

**HACKSEMBLE (female)**
PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VEM-BRI!!
PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VEM-BRI!!

**HACKSEMBLE**
IT’S GONNA KILL YOU!
WON’T LET IT, WILL YOU?!

**HACKSEMBLE (male)**
IT’S GONNA KILL YOU!
WON’T LET IT, WILL YOU?!

**HACKSEMBLE (female)**
PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VEM-BRI!!
PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VEM-BRI!!

**HUNTER**
YOU’VE GOT,

**HACKSEMBLE**
OH NO!

**BILLY AND TESS**
IT WRONG,

**HACKSEMBLE**
AH, AH!
WE’LL BE FINE, YOU CANNOT HIDE!
WE HAVE NEVER IT’S GONNA EAT YOUR INSIDES!
CROSSED THAT LINE.

HACKSEMBLE
PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI! PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI! PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!
PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI! PARETE LEGI NOVEMBRI!

HUNTER
IF YOU FUCK ‘CAUSE YOU COULDN’T RESIST,

HACKSEMBLE
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!

HUNTER
THE NOVEMBAT,

HACKSEMBLE
THE NOVEMBAT

HUNTER
WITH KNIFE-LIKE MURDEROUS GRIP, HACKSEMBLE
WILL WHISK YOU TO THE GREEN KNIFE-LIKE GRIP WILL KILL YOU!
BUILDING ROOF, IT’S REALLY REALLY TALL!
AND DROP YOU WITH ONE KICK OF IT HAS AT LEAST ONE HOOF!
HIS HOOF.

YOU’LL BE DESTROYED BY THIS LUSTFUL, LUSTFUL SLIP!

(add HACKSEMBLE (female))
LUSTFUL SLIP!

HACKSEMBLE
PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VE-M-BRI! PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VE-M-BRI!
PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VE-M-BRI! PA-RE-TE LE-GI NO-VE-M-BRI!

HUNTER
So don’t even fucking think about it!
HUNTER grabs some cookies, shoves them into TESS’s and BILLY’s respective mouths, picks up the tray and runs offstage with the HACKSEMBLE.

BILLY

(taking a bite of the cookie)
That was a lot to digest.

COROT enters.

COROT

Sorry for leaving you guys. How’s it goin’?

TESS

(with a nervous chuckle, relieved that COROT didn’t hear HUNTER’s warning)
It’s... going...

(regaining her composure)
Oh! Billy had an idea about the design of the roof attachments.

COROT

What’s up?

BILLY

So you know the part here?

(pointing to a section of the diagram)
It’s sturdy, but that’s a lot of material. What if we tried something like...

(scribbling)
this!

COROT

No, then we’d have to worry about --

BILLY

I know, but check this out --

(scribbling more on the paper)
if you just take this length here --

BILLY scribbles a thing.
COROT
Huh, you know, that could work. Good job!

BILLY
Thanks!

KEPLER enters carrying his laptop, sits down in the shadows, and opens it, illuminating his face from below.

COROT
Hey! You should try designing a hack from scratch!

BILLY
I’d love to!

COROT
Once we’re done with this hack, I can show you everything you need to know. Maybe we could even lead a hack together!

BILLY
That would be awesome!

TESS
We should take more measurements tonight if we want to implement the changes in time for Halloween.

COROT
Sounds great - and we can double check our other measurements while we’re there.
(while exiting)
I’ll grab everyone. I’ll be back in a few.

COROT exits.

TESS
I’m gonna grab a sweatshirt.
(pausing to think)
Do you need anything?

BILLY and TESS say “I want to kiss you” with their eyes.
Oh. Could I borrow a flashlight?

Sure!

Thanks, Tess!

TESS exits. **BILLY turns to look at the design plans again.**

Pitiful. What kind of a hacker doesn’t even have their own light?

Excuse me?

*(not looking up from his laptop)*

You think Corot’s so great. You’ll learn.

Look, I know who you are. I’m not going to listen to anything you say.

Glad to know. I hope you have a good time tonight. Stupid freshman.

I guess everyone’s right, I should stay away from you.

**TESS enters, wearing a sweatshirt and carrying a flashlight.**

Good thing I had an extra. Here.

**Tempting the Novembat**

**TESS hands BILLY the flashlight. Their hands touch and they make eye contact. Before the moment can become romantic, the sound of a demonic bat is heard**
overhead and the lights dim, signifying the presence of the NOVEMBAT. BILLY and TESS pause, look up in fear, and then immediately recoil. The presence of the NOVEMBAT dissipates. BILLY and TESS take a moment to look around and make sure that their lives are no longer in danger. The moment is broken by the entrance of the HACKSEMBLE and COROT. The HACKSEMBLE ad lib: “I can’t believe we’re going to the dome,” “best view on campus,” “It’s gonna be cold, I didn’t wear undergarments today…”

CONNER
I hope this won’t take too long, I still have three problems left!

COROT
Don’t worry, it’s just a quick trip to take some measurements.

TESS
To COROT, under her breath:
Pretty big party for a few measurements.

COROT
To TESS:
Nah, it’ll be a good learning experience.
To HACKSEMBLE, momentarily slipping into performance mode:
Electra, Mags, head out. Tensor, ready? Everyone, remember to stay together. Don’t forget, exercise common sense.

KEPLER
(not looking up from his laptop)
Wouldn’t it be nice if he took his own advice.

HACKSEMBLE turn to look at KEPLER. Most look confused; COROT raises an eyebrow but looks unsurprised.

COROT
Tess, can you take the lead? I’ll catch up.

TESS nods. All but COROT and KEPLER exit.
COROT
Kepler, we need to talk. You need to stop --

KEPLER
I don’t think there’s anything to discuss.

COROT
EVER SINCE SOPHOMORE YEAR, I’VE PUT UP WITH YOUR SNEERING, YOUR LURKING, YOUR SMIRKING - EVERY SINGLE DAY! YOU SNARK AT THE TEAM, AND INSULT OUR ENGINEERING. MY PATIENCE IS GONE, THIS BEHAVIOR’S NOT OKAY.

KEPLER
AW, WHAT’S NOT OKAY? TELLING YOU THE FACTS? I CAN’T BELIEVE YOU WON’T ADMIT

COROT
KEPLER!
STOP RIGHT NOW!

KEPLER
THE FROSH THINK YOU’RE A HERO, IT’S SUCH A BIG MISTAKE! QUIT YOUR PHONY ACT, YOU’RE JUST A WORTHLESS FAKE!

COROT and KEPLER
YOU THINK I’LL BELIEVE YOU?!

COROT
I WON’T BELIEVE THE THINGS YOU SAY AT ALL!
I’M SURE YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU’RE SO DAMN COOL.

KEPLER
WHAT A PHONY, WHAT A FAKE, YOU'RE NOTHING!
YOU WANT THEM TO THINK THAT YOU'RE SO HARDK0RE!

KEPLER
YOU WANT THEM ALL TO LOOK YOUR WAY! BUT
COROT and KEPLER
IT’S NOT ALL ABOUT YOU!

COROT
BECAUSE KEPLER, YOU’RE WRONG!

KEPLER
YEAH RIGHT! YOU’RE DRAGGING FROSH ALONG,

COROT
I’M GIVING THEM A CHANCE TO LEARN!
KEPLER
BECAUSE YOU WANT AN ARMY, ALL MARCHING TO YOUR SONG!

KEPLER
THAT’S WHY YOU LEAD THIS HORDE, BECAUSE YOU WANT TO BE ADORED. MASTER OVER ALL, YOU’RE THE “MIGHTY OVERLORD.”

COROT
THAT’S NOT IT, KEPLER, THAT’S WHY YOU WOULD WANT TO LEAD, ONLY YOU WANT THE PRAISE, ONLY YOU HAVE THAT NEED. THIS HACK IS NOT FOR ME! IT’S FOR THEM ALL TO SEE THAT HACKING’S A TRADITION UNIQUE TO MIT.

COROT and KEPLER
YOU THINK I’LL BELIEVE YOU?!

KEPLER
NOBODY CARES ABOUT YOUR GODDAMN HACK!

COROT and KEPLER
A REALITY CHECK IS OVERDUE!
COROT
I’M NOT GONNA SACRIFICE THIS HACK!
KEPLER
WAY OVERDUE!
HA! THEN YOU’LL SEE!
COROT and KEPLER

‘CAUSE IT’S NOT ALL ABOUT YOU!

KEPLER

I’m telling you! No one cares!

COROT

Kepler, please. I just want everyone to have a good time and --

KEPLER

You only want what’s best for you. These freshmen will learn who you are.

COROT

That’s it. I give up, you’re not even listening. I’ve told you for the last time that this is unacceptable.

COROT

YOU NEED TO LEAVE. NO MORE INTIMIDATION.
STOP SCARING THE TEAM, AND PUSHING US OFF TRACK.
I’M DONE WITH YOU, YOU’RE JUST AN AGGRAVATION.
PLEASE GO AWAY, AND STOP BRINGING DOWN THE HACK.

SHADOW JACKS

AHHH...

COROT exits.

KEPLER

Bring down the hack? Bring down the hack! Oh, I’ll bring down the hack!

SHADOW JACKS (offstage)

(repeated under KEPLER)
BRING DOWN THE HACK.

KEPLER

THAT’S ALL YOU CARE ABOUT THESE DAYS, HOW HUMBLE!
THIS STUPID HACK AND ALL THE GLORY IN STORE,
BUT IF YOU GOT CAUGHT YOUR PLANS WOULD START TO CRUMBLE.
AND NO ONE WOULD FOLLOW YOU ANYMORE.
(taking out his cell phone, dialing a number, and affecting a frightened persona as he speaks into the receiver)
Hello, Officer? Hi, I was just looking out the window and I saw some people on the roof of Building 10. I think you should send someone over right away.
(pause)
No, thank you, Officer.
(hanging up and dropping his act)
Your services are greatly appreciated.

Blackout.
1.5 -- Killian Court

*Lights come up on STORY JACK.*

**STORY JACK**

Real hackers never get caught. No matter what watchful eyes are about, they always find ways of becoming undetectable, and what better way to become undetectable --

*Lights fade up on Killian Court where ELECTRA and MAGS are strolling casually along the grass.*

---

**Distraction Tango**

-- than to distract the detectors?

*Lights fade down on STORY JACK. STORY JACK runs up to the roof to join the others. BILLY, TESS, COROT, and the HACKSEMBLE (less ELECTRA and MAGS) are stationed on the roof. They are obscured by shadows but may be seen as choreography requires. The sound of a police radio is heard from offstage. ELECTRA gives MAGS a knowing look. MAGS flashes seven fingers at ELECTRA.*

**ELECTRA**

Definitely.

**PACHINO (Offstage)**

You of all people to pick up the phone! You can’t even remember what building number? Is this even close?

**CLAW (Offstage)**

I think so,

**CLAW and PACHINO enter.**

though Boston gets pretty cold in October. I don’t think anyone would be doing anything tonight.

**ELECTRA holds up her arm to her mouth, suddenly taking a spy-like stance. She takes this pose whenever she speaks into her communication device.**
ELECTRA

(into communication device)
FLUX TO MUSE, ALERT, WE HAVE SEEN SOME CP’S OUTSIDE OF BUILDING THREE.
THEY’RE HEADING YOUR WAY, BUT THERE’S NO NEED TO RUSH.

ELECTRA and MAGS
WE WILL HOLD UP THE LAW.

ELECTRA and MAGS continue to watch the CLAW and PACHINO from a distance.

PACHINO
KEEP A LOOK OUT CLAW. I THOUGHT I HEARD A NOISE.
MUST BE SOME OF THOSE HACKERS!

CLAW
YEAH! ONE OF THOSE “DEPLOYS.”

PACHINO
AS THEY SNEAK THROUGH THE NIGHT,
THEY SHOULD KNOW WE DELIGHT,

PACHINO and CLAW
IN UPHOLDING THE LAW!

ELECTRA and MAGS snap into distraction mode. They make exaggerated gestures and often speak loudly enough that people an unreasonable distance away can hear them. ELECTRA and MAGS move closer to the PACHINO and CLAW.

MAGS
MY DARLING, MY ANGEL!
YOUR EYES HOW THEY SHINE!
YOU MUST PRESS YOUR BODY TO MINE!

ELECTRA
SUCH AN INTIMATE FEELING,
TONIGHT I KNOW WE --

**ELECTRA and MAGS**

*(surreptitiously to the audience)*

WILL HOLD UP THE LAW!

**PACHINO and CLAW approach the ELECTRA and MAGS.**

**PACHINO**

OH, WHAT HAVE WE HERE?
THEY’RE ACTING ODD, NO DOUBT.
WHY ARE THEY IN KILLIAN?

**ELECTRA and MAGS make out.**

**CLAW**

... THEY’RE MAKING OUT.

**PACHINO**

THOUGH THEY’LL TRY TO DISTRACT,
WE’LL SEE THROUGH THEIR ACT!

**CLAW and PACHINO**

WE’RE UPHOLDING THE LAW!

**CLAW**

Um... Excuse me?

**ELECTRA**

*(opening eyes sensually)*

What? Officers, I’m sorry, did you want something?

**CLAW**

Well, I didn't mean to intrude, but...

**MAGS**

*(still on top of ELECTRA)*

You’re not intruding, we were just sharing an intimate moment.
CLAW

*Whispered to PACHINO:*
I don’t know, they just seem to be sharing an intimate --

PACHINO

*Whispered to CLAW:*
Don’t be so dense! It’s a trick! I’m telling you, something’s going on, something very strange.

MAGS

*To ELECTRA:*
Your breasts are amazing!

_ELECTRA continues to make out with MAGS. A loud noise comes from the roof._

PACHINO

You hear that?

_ELECTRA reacts immediately and smacks her hand against the wall in an attempt to repeat the sound._

CLAW

Are you sure it’s not the intimate moment that --

PACHINO

Don’t be ridiculous! I’m calling for back-up! … And stop saying “intimate!”

_ELECTRA and MAGS snap out of distraction mode. MAGS holds up three fingers. ELECTRA nods._

ELECTRA

*(into communication device)*
FLUX TO MUSE, THERE’S A PROBLEM, THEY’RE ONTO US NOW. WE’LL KEEP THEM BUSY SOMEHOW. YOU SHOULD PROBABLY HEAD DOWN NOW,

PACHINO

*(speaking into her radio)*
Officer Frey Pachino to Sergeant Sprinkles. Officer Frey Pachino to Sergeant Sprinkles. Sprinkles, come in! Sprinkles, come in!

Hack, Punt, Tool - Revival Version
AND TRY TO STAY LOW.

ELECTRA and MAGS
WE WILL HOLD UP THE LAW.

PACHINO
(speaking into her radio)
SPRINKLES, IT'S PACHINO!
IT’S URGENT I SWEAR.

CLAW
THEY’RE SURE TO BE HACKERS,
‘CAUSE THEY HAVE FUNNY HAIR!

PACHINO
To CLAW:
THOUGH THEY'LL TRY TO SUCCEED,
IN THE END THEY'LL CONCEDE.

CLAW and PACHINO
WE’RE UPHOLDING THE --

ELECTRA and MAGS snap into distraction mode.

MAGS
LONG BAND RADIO WAVES!
THE WAVES ARE THE DATA
WE NEED FOR OUR CLASS,
AND NOW, WE’LL NEVER PASS!

ELECTRA
PLEASE STOP YOUR TRANSMISSIONS,
STAY FIFTY SMOOTS AWAY.

ELECTRA and MAGS
GO UPHOLD THE LAW
SOMEBWHERE ELSE!
CLAW

HOLD ON, PACHINO,
THEY’RE DOING SCIENCE HERE.
WE SHOULD BE RESPECTFUL --

PACHINO

AND LET THEM DISAPPEAR?
NO, THOSE HACKERS ARE SLICK,
IT MUST BE A TRICK,
SO I’M TELLING YOU --

CLAW

YES, YOU’RE RIGHT,

CLAW AND PACHINO

WE’LL KEEP
UPHOLDING THE LAW!

SPRINKLES enters in a huff. KALF follows.

SPRINKLES

Where are they? Goddammit! I was drafting the plans for the blimp!

PACHINO

We got a tip and we headed here immediately, and when we got here we heard these noises coming -- [from the dome!]

MAGS

(cutting off PACHINO with inarticulate screaming that eventually forms coherent words)

Whaaaaaaaaaat an exciting night! There sure are a lot of you! This is perfect, I was looking for a ride home.

CLAW

Oh, you should have said so earlier.

PACHINO

All right, fine, Claw, take her home.

(musical flourish)
MAGS
And I need four people to drive me.
(musical flourish)
I have a phobia.

Loud banging and fumbling is heard from the roof and CLAW, KALF, PACHINO, and SPRINKLES look up. The hackers are out of sight.

SPRINKLES
That’s it! I’m going up there!

MAGS flashes a five at ELECTRA and runs over to CLAW, KALF, PACHINO, and SPRINKLES.

ELECTRA
(into communication device, temporarily out of distraction mode)

FLUX TO MUSE. PUNT!
MUSE, ARE YOU THERE? CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YOU’VE GOT TO GET DOWN!
ARGH! WHY AREN’T YOU ANSWERING?
GET OFF THE ROOF!
WE’LL TRY TO HOLD UP THE --

SPRINKLES attempts to step forward, but is caught by MAGS, who tangos with him to turn him around.

SPRINKLES
(leading)
DON’T PLAY GAMES WITH ME!

MAGS
(leading)
GAMES? PLEASE SERGEANT WE --

SPRINKLES
(leading)
YOU CAN’T MAKE ME DELAY!
YOU KNOW!
MAGS

(leading)
I KNOW?

PACHINO steps forward, but is caught by ELECTRA, who tangos with her to turn her around.

ELECTRA

(leading)
PLEASE! THERE’S NOTHING TO --

PACHINO

(leading)
HA! JUST LET ME THROUGH!

ELECTRA

(leading)
WHAT? AM I IN YOUR WAY?

ELECTRA and MAGS tango with SPRINKLES and PACHINO, respectively.

SPRINKLES

(leading)
YOU’RE A TRICKY ONE!

MAGS

(leading)
NAH, JUST HAVIN’ FUN

SPRINKLES

(leading)
YOU’RE HIDING SOMETHING.

KALF

SIR, YOU’RE ACTING PARANOID AGAIN.

PACHINO

(as ELECTRA turns PACHINO around)
HEY STOP THAT!

ELECTRA

WHAT, I --

SPRINKLES
(as MAGS leads SPRINKLES closer to CLAW. MAGS grabs CLAW and forces him into a tango with SPRINKLES.)
I KNOW THERE’S SOMETHING --

CLAW

HEY THERE, SERGEANT!

SPRINKLES
(throwing CLAW off. ELECTRA quickly takes CLAW's place.)
STOP THAT, CLAW!

PACHINO
(now tangoing with CLAW)
YEAH! THIS IS URGENT!

KALF

THIS IS SILLY, SIR.

MAGS
(leaning on KALF’s shoulder)
YEAH, THERE’S NOTHING TO SEE!

PACHINO
(throwing CLAW off)
Claw!

MAGS
(running to tango with PACHINO)
Hey! How’s it going, Officer?

PACHINO
(struggling with MAGS)
You’re not going to trick me! Even if you don’t have backpacks!
CLAW
(taking KALF’s hand and beginning to tango with her)
Hey, Officer Kalf, would you like to join me?

CLAW begins singing his rendition of the orchestration.

KALF
(as CLAW dips her)
Officer Claw. I don’t think this is proper.

SPRINKLES
You’re not going to win!

ELECTRA
Oh, Sergeant, it’s not about winning, it’s about dancing!

PACHINO
Claw! Shut up!

SPRINKLES
Goddammit, I won’t give up, so easily! Just... need... to... find... those... goddamn... hackers... where’s... my... flash... light?

SPRINKLES breaks out of the tango and grabs his flashlight from his belt. SPRINKLES spotlights the hackers on the roof, who are now completely visible, and the rest of the stage goes dark. The hackers look fucked. STORY JACK runs frantically down from the roof and is illuminated just enough to be seen.

STORY JACK
Hey everyone! Just a moment, we’re experiencing some minor difficulties, not to worry --

OFFSTAGE CP
Hey! Who’s that over there?

STORY JACK
I have to go! Oh, and if anyone happens to find you, remember, you are --
STORY JACK and AUDIENCE
-- on your way to Baker house!

STORY JACK runs offstage.

ELECTRA and MAGS

WE WILL
HOLD UP THE
LAW, WE WILL HOLD
UP, WE ARE

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY,
COROT, and TESS

HOLD
UP
THE

CLAW, KALF, PACHINO, and
SPRINKLES

WE’RE UPHOLDING THE
LAW,
WE’RE UP

ALL

HOLDING UP,
HOLDING UP,
THE LAW!

Blackout.
SCENE 2.0 -- Police Station, Part Two

Sprinkles’ Admonition

Lights fade up on the police station. Papers have been shifted and on the wall are clearly depicted blueprints for fire-throwing blimps. The HACKSEMBLE, less ELECTRA and MAGS, trudge into the police station, led by SPRINKLES and followed by PACHINO. STORY JACK sneaks out of the lineup to narrate. Lights shift to focus on STORY JACK.

STORY JACK

Hi, everybody!

(pauses for audience response, repeat “Hi, everybody!” and ad libs as necessary)

Sorry for our brief interruption. When we left off, our hackers had just been snatched by the clutches of the law and taken to the campus police station. The hackers had no choice but to cooperate and see what punishment was in store for them!

Lights fade down on STORY JACK and come up on the police station. STORY JACK reintegrates with the FROSHSEMBLE.

SPRINKLES

Up against the wall!

PACHINO

(leering at the hackers)

You’d better cooperate!

SPRINKLES

Now, I know why you’re here, you know why you’re here, and I know you know I know why you’re here so let’s not waste anyone’s time, shall we?

CLA W and KALF enter.

CLAW

(salutes SPRINKLES)

Mission accomplished, sir! The intimate couple is safely back at Baker House!

SPRINKLES
Claw, I asked you to bring those two back here!

KALF
Sir, we have our hands full here as it is.

SPRINKLES
Goddammit! But we... we... nevermind!
(removing his composure)
Now then...

YOU ASSUMED YOU WERE CLEVER, YOU’D NEVER BE CAUGHT.
YOU WERE COCKY, HOWEVER, I’M WINNING! YOU’RE NOT!
YES, YOU SURE HAD YOUR FUN, BUT I’M DONE ACTING NICE!
WHEN YOU TANGO WITH JUSTICE, YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE!

CLAW, KALF, and PACHINO
WHEN YOU TANGO WITH JUSTICE, YOU MUST PAY THE PRICE!

SPRINKLES
YOU’VE SCOFFED AT THE LAW AND YOU’VE SNEERED IN ITS FACE,
YOU’VE TRESPASSED, YOU OUGHT TO BE PUT IN YOUR PLACE!
DID YOU THINK YOU’D SNEAK BY? DID YOU THINK YOU’D SLIP THROUGH?
DID YOU ALL REALLY HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO?

CLAW, KALF, and PACHINO
DID YOU ALL REALLY HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO?

SPRINKLES
YET, WHATEVER HAS CAUSED YOUR UNLAWFUL DEBUT,
WHEN YOU BREAK THE LAW,

CLAW, KALF, PACHINO, and SPRINKLES
THE LAW WILL BREAK YOU!

CLAW, KALF, PACHINO
(under SPRINKLES)
AHHH...

SPRINKLES
How shall we punish you?
WE CAN MAKE YOU RAKE LEAVES OR PICK UP CIGARETTES,
BUT EVEN THOSE TASKS AREN'T AS BAD AS IT GETS!
WE CAN SEND YOU TO BATHROOMS AND MAKE YOU SCRUB FLOORS,
CATCH RATS WITH YOUR HANDS AS JUST ONE OF YOUR CHORES!
WE CAN STRIKE YOU FROM CLASSES AND HIKE YOUR TUITION,
CANCEL YOUR RESEARCH WITHOUT YOUR PERMISSION,
AND IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH TO SHOW YOU WHAT THE PRICE IS,
WE'LL IMPLANT YOU WITH PERMANENT TRACKING DEVICES,
BESMIRCH ALL YOUR RECORDS, AND IF WE'RE COMPELLED,
WE CAN TAKE IT MUCH FURTHER, TAKE IT MUCH FURTHER.
Yes... that's it! The worst punishment of all...
YOU’LL ALL BE EXP -- [ELLED!]

_The office phone rings. SPRINKLES pauses and looks at the phone. He hesitates, unsure what to do._

KALF

This is a phone, sir.

_The phone continues to ring. KALF waits for SPRINKLES to pick up the phone._
_After a moment, KALF picks up the phone and speaks into the receiver._

Hello?

(pause)

All right, we'll be over immediately.

_To SPRINKLES, hanging up the phone:_
Sergeant, a gas bypass in one of the chemistry labs failed and there was an explosion.

SPRINKLES

We have to take care of this... This is all hands on deck.

_To the HACKSEMBLE:_
I don't have time to deal with you right now but next time, you won't be so lucky! Now get the hell out of here, goddammit!

_To the OFFICERS:_
Come on, move! We have a school to save!

_CLAW, KALF, PACHINO, and SPRINKLES exit. The HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, COROT, and TESS stand still for a moment, in shock from their luck. Blackout._
Escape! / Well Shit, That was Close
SCENE 2.1 -- Destruction Zone

*Lights come up on STORY JACK.*

**STORY JACK**
Getting caught might make normal people get angry. Normal people might fuss and fight. Not hackers! Hackers use the elegant power of discussion and understanding.

*Lights shift to the build space. ELECTRA and MAGS are waiting for their friends to return. The rest of the HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, COROT, and TESS return, amidst a flurry of angry muttering.*

**PISTON**
Fucking bullshit! Why the hell were we caught? Shit!

**STORY JACK**
Hackers have a very loose definition of “discussion and understanding.”

**STORY JACK reintegrates with the FROSHSEMBLE.**

**PISTON**
I mean, what the hell?

**COROT**
Calm down Piston! This stuff happens all the time!

**PISTON**
No! It. Doesn’t.

**KEPLER enters, peering around the corner of a wall and lurking in the shadows. He smiles.**

*Wank, Wank, Wank*

**KEPLER**
Ah, here they come. This will be fun.

FIRST THEY BEGIN WITH:
HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS
WHY WERE WE CAUGHT?
WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN CAUGHT!
WHAT WENT WRONG, WHO’S TO BLAME?
SOMEONE IS AT FAULT!

KEPLER
THEN COROT SAYS:

COROT
CALM DOWN, GUYS, CALM DOWN!
these things happen nothing we can do,
we will try again.

KEPLER
THEN THEY ANSWER:

HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS
STOP THAT!
IT’S SOMEBODY’S FAULT,
THERE’S NO WAY THIS IS NOT!

PISTON
I KNOW WHO IT WAS.
I KNOW IT MUST BE YOU!
(pointing at ELECTRA and MAGS)

KEPLER
AND THEN IT’S TIME FOR THEM TO DEFEND:

MAGS
(pointing at TENSOR)
HEY, WE TOLD TENSOR THREE TIMES!

ELECTRA
To TENSOR:
SO HOW DID YOU NOT HEAR?

MAGS
WE WERE WARNING YOU

ELECTRA and MAGS
COPS WERE ON THEIR WAY!

MAGS
SO WHY WEREN’T YOU PUNTING?

HACKSEMBLE (less ELECTRA, MAGS, and TENSOR), BILLY, and TESS
THEY TOLD YOU COPS WERE COMING. CLEARLY IT’S YOUR FAULT!

(add ELECTRA and MAGS)
WHY WEREN’T YOU LISTENING?

KEPLER
THEN THEY’LL THROW MORE BLAME AROUND:

TENSOR
HEY! I WAS DOING
MY JOB I NEVER HEARD YOUR WARNINGS!

PISTON
IT’S ALL YOUR FAULT,
CP’S CAUGHT US HACKING!

TENSOR
IF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR SOMEONE TO BLAME,
TRY PISTON, SHE’S REALLY LOUD,
SHE GOT US CAUGHT!

COROT
CALM DOWN, GUYS! CALM DOWN!
NO USE YELLING OVER STUPID THINGS!
LET’S JUST TALK THIS THROUGH!

KEPLER
EVERYONE WILL JUST KEEP WANKING:
The HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, and TESS burst into angry ad libs: “Hey don’t look here --”, “Shut up!” “I never want to work with you again!” “I never want to work on another hack again!” “You should do your damn job!”, “It’s not her fault, she was trying!” “Quit getting so defensive!”

NOW HE’LL PICK A TARGET
AS THE CROWD DESCENDS
BUT NOW IT’S NOT THE DOME
THE TARGET IS HIS FRIENDS

COROT
Stop! This hack is tearing us apart. It’s not worth fighting over. Let’s just forget the hack.

KEPLER
HOW CAN THIS BE SO?
OR DID YOU JUST EXPRESS
A GENUINE CONCERN
ABOUT YOUR FRIENDS’ DISTRESS

COROT
I don’t want you guys to be mad at each other.

ELECTRA and MAGS exit. COROT also watches them silently. The rest of HACKSEMBLE begin to filter out.

KEPLER
WHAT HAVE I JUST DONE
I HOPED THAT I’D EXPOSE
YOUR SENSELESS DISREGARD
FOR EVERYBODY’S WOES
YOU DID NOT ACCUSE ANYONE AT ALL
OR STAB THEM IN THE BACK
YOU LISTENED TO YOUR FRIENDS
AND SACRIFICED THE HACK
COROT

I DIDN’T MEAN TO LET YOU DOWN.

KEPLER + COROT

I ONLY MEANT TO…

COROT

The hack is over. Please just go home. Get some sleep.

*The rest of the HACKSEMBLE exit.*

KEPLER

Did that really just happen?

*KEPLER steps into the light. COROT sees KEPLER and COROT’s face darkens.*

COROT

(tired, exasperated)

What do you want now?

KEPLER

Corot. I called you in.

COROT

What?

KEPLER

It was me. I called you in.

COROT

Kepler. Why?

KEPLER

I thought...you would...nevermind.

*KEPLER exits.*

BILLY
So he was the reason we were caught! Maybe if we tell everyone, they’ll --

**COROT**

(exhausted)
No, Billy.

**BILLY**

But you can’t let him win!

**TESS**

Billy, I think you should leave.

**BILLY**

But the hack --

**COROT**

(exploding)
The hack is over! Go away!

*BILLY looks to COROT, then to TESS, but is met with stern faces.*

Just go away, frosh!

**TESS**

(coldly)
Billy, just leave.

*BILLY hesitates and then exits. Fade to black.*
SCENE 2.2 -- Back in the Day

Lights come up on KEPLER sitting on the ground, near tears, nervously rubbing his forehead. BILLY enters the same space as KEPLER but stops short when he sees KEPLER. KEPLER realizes he’s not alone and wheels around to stare at BILLY.

BILLY
You.

BILLY and KEPLER stare each other down.

(suddenly fiery)
You called us in! It’s your fault all this happened! It’s your fault that --

KEPLER
Yeah, I called the CP’s I told them where you were, I told them the fastest route to find you, I led them straight to you. Doesn’t it feel good now that you have someone to blame?

(pause)
And you need something to feel good about right now. You do. You’ve lost your hack. You’ve lost your leader. Corot’s abandoned the hack, and he’s abandoned you. Typical.

BILLY
You don’t know anything about Corot!

Kepler says “Don’t I?” with his face.

Back in the Day

Lights fade up on COROT and TESS, still in the build space.

COROT
Why did this happen?

Lights fade down on TESS and COROT.
(losing confidence)
How could you know anything about Corot?

Lights fade up on COROT and TESS.

TESS
When people get mad, they do stupid things.

COROT
It wasn’t just them. Right before we went up to the roof... I talked to Kepler.

(insistent)
How do you know Corot? Well?

KEPLER
He’s my friend!
   (pause)
Or at least he used to be.

COROT and KEPLER
We were best friends once --

KEPLER
-- back when he wasn’t so self important.

COROT
-- back when stuff was simple...

KEPLER
We used to go hacking together all the time.

The lighting shifts to flashback mode. COROT and KEPLER crawl out of an interstitial space and brush the dust off themselves.

COROT
That tomb was awesome.
KEPLER
And we were the first ones there!

COROT
Hey, Kepler. What do you think it'll be like to be a hardk0re hacker?

KEPLER
We'll know how to do everything!

Lights illuminate the dome.

Like put a hack up there on the dome!
(pointing at the dome)

COROT
(laughing)
Dude, want to lead our first dome hack together?

COROT and KEPLER bro-clasp.

COROT and KEPLER
Hell yes!

Lights shift out of flashback mode.

COROT
We pulled some great hacks freshman year.

KEPLER
We never put anything up on the dome, but Corot and I did stuff everywhere else! Eventually we met Tess and she joined our adventures. With Tess on our side, we were an unstoppable trio!

COROT
Man, those were good times.

Lights shift to flashback mode.

KEPLER
Corot! Tess! I figured out an awesome way to deploy the hack we talked about last night!

COROT
I knew I shouldn’t have told him it was impossible.

TESS
I guess nothing’s impossible.

To KEPLER:
Is this what you were doodling in recitation?

KEPLER
(whipping a piece of paper out of his pocket)
Yeah, check it out! It requires cunning, stealth, and, of course, exactly three people.

KEPLER holds out the paper and COROT and TESS gather around in a semi-huddle.

TESS
Oh, nice! If we’re coming from above, then I can modify the base to make it stronger!

KEPLER
We might even be able to get this hack up before Corot thinks of an idea for the next one.

COROT
Actually, I was out walking when I noticed --

KEPLER
Save it for next week, Corot.

TESS
Yeah, I’m stoked to get this one up!

COROT
(in performance mode)
And when the hack appears, the crowds will see the masterpiece and wonder to themselves, “Ah, how did such a grand -- [work come to be?”]
TESS playfully punches COROT in the shoulder and she and KEPLER laugh good-naturedly.

Ow!

KEPLER
And the best part is, no one will ever know it was us.

Lights fade back to KEPLER and BILLY and TESS and COROT in separate spaces.

COROT
We made a good team.

KEPLER
Then the summer after our freshmen year I took an internship in California --

COROT
And then he went off to that internship...

KEPLER
-- a really lame one too. I wound up just being another code monkey when all I really wanted was to be back on campus with Tess and Corot, going exploring and building hacks together as a trio again! When I finally got back to campus, there was a beautiful hack on the great dome. It was as if the Institute itself were welcoming me home.

Lights change to flashback mode.

COROT and TESS
Kepler!

TESS
TESS gives KEPLER a hug.
You're finally back!

COROT
COROT and KEPLER bro clasp.
Tell us about your adventures!
KEPLER
Later, I have something to show you first. There’s something awesome on the dome!

COROT
(smiling)
You’re talking about the hack? Do you like it? I led it.

Lights and music emphasize KEPLER’s shattered state. Lights move out of flashback mode.

But when he got back, he started acting weird.

KEPLER
(sadly)
He led a dome hack without me, but worse, he hadn’t even told me he was doing it. Not one email.

COROT
He stopped wanting to do stuff, spent less time with us...

KEPLER
Hacking was more important to Corot than I was, so if he even remembered to invite me to come along I’d just say --

COROT and KEPLER
-- “I’m busy tooling!”

COROT
That’s what Kepler kept saying. He’s spent a whole year being too busy for his friends!

TESS
Corot, I think he felt left out.

COROT
Well if he did, why can’t he just say something?

KEPLER
To BILLY:
Why can’t Corot learn to listen?
COROT

To TESS:
He’s a pretentious jerk begging the world for attention.

KEPLER

He’s just a pompous show-off who only cares about his own reputation.

COROT

Sometimes I just wish he would --

KEPLER

Why doesn't he just --

COROT and KEPLER

think!

Lights fade down on TESS and COROT.

KEPLER

After a while he stopped inviting me to do anything with him. It’s been this way for a whole year. And earlier tonight, he told me to stay away from the hack all together. You’re just a freshman. You’re probably still happy and think that life is good or something stupid like that.

BILL Y

Sorry that I’m not more depressed.

KEPLER

Don’t be.

KEPLER glances around the build space and notices the plans for the design modification that BILLY had been drawing.

Are those the plans for the hack?

(observing the papers)
I’d know this roof attachment mechanism anywhere. Corot, Tess, and I designed this for the last hack we did together. It was a good design for freshmen to whip up, but I still remember it was heavy as hell. I guess they’ve finally figured out how to fix that...
(reluctant admiration creeps into KEPLER’s voice)
and rather elegantly too...

BILLY

Actually, I made the modifications.

KEPLER

You did? That’s pretty impressive.
(getting up)
Hey. I want to show you something.

BILLY hesitates.

It’d be unethical of me to go alone.

BILLY

You want to go hacking with me?
(getting up)
Where are we going?

KEPLER

You’ll see.

BILLY follows KEPLER. Blackout.
2.3 -- A Tomb

A faint hum, reminiscent of a machine room is heard. BILLY and KEPLER enter a beautiful and eerie section of interstitial space, only illuminated by their own flashlights or headlamps. Along a tall wall are two sign-ins and a grate leading to the night sky is behind them. Lights fade up as the scene continues.

BILLY

What is this place?

KEPLER

Looks like no one else has found it. This tomb is my favorite place at MIT.

BILLY

I've seen those sign-ins everywhere. Who are they?

KEPLER

(indicating the sign-ins)

This is me. The other's Corot. We found this place the first night we went hacking without an upperclassman. We were just two freshmen who didn't know their 8.01 and wanted to take a study break.

(laughing softly)

This is the first time I've been in here in a while.

KEPLER looks around the room. BILLY watches KEPLER.

BILLY

Wow, back in the day you guys were so hardk0re!

There's More To Life Than Tooling

You've done so much epic stuff!

KEPLER

THAT'S NOT WHAT HARDK0RE MEANS, IT MEANS, "I WAS DUMB, BUT I SURVIVED."
I'M SICK OF YOUR MANTRA,
STUPID, FROSHY KIDS,
YOU ALL WANT TO BE HARDK0RE.
YOU JUST WANT TO BE HARDK0RE.

(sighs)
Don’t you see?

THERE IS MORE TO MIT
 THAN EARNING YOUR DEGREE.
YOU COULD HIDE AWAY ALL DAY WITH DIFF E.Q.,
BUT YOU’LL FIND THAT IN THE END,
WORKING WITH A FRIEND
IS THE FORMULA FOR LOVING WHAT YOU DO,

‘CAUSE THERE’S MORE TO LIFE THAN TOOLING, DON’T YOU KNOW.

BILLY

I think I see where you’re going.

IF YOU START TO FEEL BURNT OUT,
YOU SHOULD PUNT, WITHOUT A DOUBT,
BUT ANGSTING ALL ALONE WON’T HELP AT ALL.
‘CAUSE WHEN YOU’RE IN DISTRESS,
YOU CAN DECOMPRESS
BY SPENDING TIME WITH PEOPLE ON YOUR HALL.

THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN PUNTING,
AND THERE’S MORE TO LIFE THAN TOOLING, DON’T YOU KNOW.

KEPLER

THERE IS MORE TO PULLING HACKS --

BILLY

-- THAN STORIES FROM THE JACKS!

KEPLER

Yeah!

KEPLER and BILLY

A HACK IS UP FOR JUST A FLEETING SPAN.
THERE IS NO REAL MEANING
SPENDING HOURS ON MACHINING
IF YOUR TEAM'S NO CLOSER THAN IT FIRST BEGAN.

KEPLER
WHILE THE CROWDS MAY GAPE IN WONDER,
THERE ARE STORIES THEY'LL NEVER KNOW.

BILLY
'CAUSE THE REAL MAGIC HAPPENS ELSEWHERE
WITH THE ADVENTURES BEHIND THE SHOW.

BILLY and KEPLER
IN OUR TIME HERE AT THIS SCHOOL,
WE’LL HACK AND PUNT AND TOOL.
EVEN WHEN YOU’VE TURNED YOUR RAT AND JOURNEYED ON,
THEN LOOKING BACK YOU’LL SEE,
YOU’LL FIND YOUR HEART WILL BE
WITH THE PEOPLE WHO STAYED UP WITH YOU TIL DAWN.

The sun begins to rise through the grate.

BILLY
THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN HACKING,

KEPLER
YEAH, THERE’S MORE TO LIFE THAN PUNTING,

BILLY and KEPLER
AND THERE’S MORE TO LIFE THAN TOOLING, DON’T YOU KNOW.

KEPLER
Hey, you should sign in.

BILLY
Whoa, really? With you and Corot?

KEPLER
Yeah, a sign-in doesn’t mean we own the place. Tombs are for everyone to explore.
KEPLER reaches into his pocket and pulls out a sharpie. He holds it out to BILLY.

BILLY
I haven’t picked a sign-in yet.

KEPLER
(after a moment, gently)
How about a dragon wing?

BILLY takes up the pen, and scrawls a dragon wing on the wall.

BILLY
A part of a hack I’ll never finish. Too bad it’s almost Halloween.

KEPLER
Don’t tell me you’ve never punted until the last minute.

BILLY
You’re right! We could totally finish this - you could come help too! Then you and Corot--

KEPLER
(suddenly returning to his sullen self)
I have to go lab.

BILLY
But, Kepler. Are you really gonna let some stupid misunderstanding get in the way?

KEPLER
Go build your hack. I’ll be fine.

BILLY
(as he’s exiting into the wall)
Okay, guess you know best. You sure you’ll be okay?

KEPLER
Get out of here, frosh.

KEPLER pauses and runs his hand along his and COROT’s sign-ins. He then follows BILLY into the wall.
THERE IS MORE TO LIFE...

KEPLER quietly hums the rest of the phrase as the lights fade on the tomb.

Kepler’s Theme
2.4 -- Reconstruction Zone

*Billy enters to find Ryan and Conner glumly tooling with each other. The other members of the Hackersemble are sitting, isolated, in sad, angsty corners. Billy taps Ryan and Conner on their shoulders.*

**Ryan**

Billy, where've you been? We can’t figure out the last problem of the pset.

**Billy**

I can help you with it later, but first I need to go check on the Dragon Wing. I want to build --

**Conner**

Billy, the hack's over - we need to concentrate on our psets now! We know you’re very personally invested in this hack.

**Ryan**

Yeah, you can't drag us back into this just 'cause you want to impress Corot and Tess.

**Billy**

No! I don’t even know if they want to finish working on the hack, but I do. And I want you to be there with me! Come on!

*Billy starts to exit.*

**Ryan**

Okay, okay! Hey, wait for us! Come on, Conner, let’s give the pset a break.

**Conner**

Oh, all right.

*Conner and Ryan follow Billy and exit. Lights go down on Hackersemble. Lights come up on the build space. Billy, Ryan, and Conner enter and stare at the tools, materials, and half-built components of the hack. The three freshmen look at each other, suddenly nervous.*

Okay … so what should we do first?
BILL Y looks around the build space, at a loss for a moment. Then, with resolution, he walks over to the table with the design plans.

BILLY

Come on, we’ve got the plans, we can do this!

Rebuilding

BILLY, RYAN, and CONNER set to work.

HEY, HOW’S IT GOIN’?

RYAN

I THINK THIS FITS, BUT THEN AGAIN - OH NEVER MIND...

RYAN puts down what he’s doing and picks up another set of tools and continues working.

BILLY

HEY, HOW’S IT GOIN’?

CONNER

GUESS IT’S WORKING, BUT I ALSO DON’T KNOW WHAT I’M DOING...

BILLY

Keep working then...

HUNTER enters carrying a tray of cookies.

HUNTER

What are you froshbags doing around here. Didn’t the hack end?

BILLY

For Corot, maybe, but we want to keep doing this.

HUNTER

What, so you think you frosh can just come in here and do all this even though you’ve never done it before?

BILLY
Yes we do! We’re going to keep working on it because we three are a team!

**HUNTER**

Fuck that! We four are a team. Here, move over, Conner, let me hold that for you. Also, eat a goddamn cookie, you need your strength!

*HUNTER, CONNER, and RYAN keep working, with slightly more confidence than before. ELECTRA and MAGS enter.*

**ELECTRA**

HEY!

**MAGS**

WHAT YA DOIN’?

**BILLY**

FINISHING THIS HACK UP, DO YOU WANT TO HELP?

**ELECTRA**

WHY NOT?

**MAGS**

ALL RIGHT.

**RYAN**

Here, help me!

*FARADAY enters.*

**BILLY**

HEY, WHERE YA OFF TO?

**FARADAY**

SLEEP OR SOMETHING, DIDN’T THIS THING END, YOU NEED SOME HELP?

*FARADAY, HUNTER, ELECTRA, MAGS, CONNER, and RYAN continue to work, with more confidence than before. As they work, some of the HACKSEMBLE slowly filter in and start helping, and others are dragged in by friends. MAGS and ELECTRA drag TESS back in. TESS and BILLY make eye contact briefly.*
pink light illuminates them which soon fades to a depressing blue. They turn away to keep working.

BILL Y

HEY, HOW’S IT GOIN’?

HUNTER

DOIN’ WELL.

FARADAY

HEY, WANNA HELP?

PISTON

OKAY.

RYAN

I THINK I’VE GOT THIS!

BILLY

HEY, LOOKIN’ GOOD!

CONNER

THANKS!

BILLY

HEY, HOW’S IT GOIN’?
HEY, HOW YA DOIN’?
HEY, KEEP IT UP, NOW.
HEY, AWESOME WORK THERE!
HEY --

COROT enters. Everyone pauses their work as COROT surveys the area.

COROT

I’d like to help you... I mean, if that would be okay...

The HACKSEMBLE look to BILLY.

BILLY
I don’t see why not.

COROT and BILLY shake hands.

COROT

Billy, I’m sorry I snapped at you. I got frustrated but you didn’t. Thank you.

BILL Y

No problem. And, hey, by the way --
(dropping to a whisper)
-- would you mind leading again? This is really tiring, and I have no idea what I’m doing.

COROT

(saluting BILLY with a genuine smile)
As you wish, captain.

BILL Y

Hey everybody, our fearless leader is back!

The HACKSEMBLE cheer as underscore finishes. Blackout.
2.5 -- Police Station, Part Three

Lights come up on STORY JACK.

STORY JACK
Well, now, isn’t that sweet. They’re all building together, back to being friends again. How cute. Everyone was perfectly happy. Well, almost everyone...

Lights fade down on STORY JACK and come up on the police station. SPRINKLES is pacing up and down the room. CLAW is reading The Tech. PACHINO is sitting at a filing cabinet, filing papers. KALF watches SPRINKLES pacing.

KALF
Sir, you’ve been pacing for one hour and 19 minutes. You should really sit down.

SPRINKLES
Sit? How can I sit, Kalf? How can I sit?? It’s been days since we caught those hackers, and not a sign of them.

KALF
Perhaps they’ve decided not to do it, sir.

SPRINKLES
Dammit, Kalf, I know they’re plotting... I can smell it in the air...

(begins sniffing)

KALF
Sir?

SPRINKLES
If we hadn’t needed to take care of that goddamn explosion, we would have had them all expelled!

CLAW
(turning from his newspaper)
Aw, Sergeant, don’t get too depressed. Think of all those lives we saved. Or at least of all of those pieces of glassware. There sure was an awful lot of glassware.
SPRINKLES
That’s not the point! We let those hackers get away!

CLAW
And all those titration tubes, is that what they’re called?

PACHINO
Sergeant, if I had had my way, we wouldn’t have let them go, we would have locked them up in this office!

SPRINKLES
And left them here with all of our important files? That’s such a stupid idea!

PACHINO
Sorry, sir, I just thought that maybe...

CLAW
Come to think of it, Sergeant, I think it’s our job to go take care of safety and stuff like that. I mean, it sure was nice to catch those hackers but stopping that explosion made me feel all tingly inside and --

SPRINKLES
Don’t you two have somewhere to be right now?

CLAW and PACHINO both look at the clock on the wall, at each other, then back at SPRINKLES.

CLAW
Yes.

SPRINKLES
Then what are you waiting for! Go! Out! Now!

CLAW and PACHINO put down their respective papers and rush out the door. Blackout.

Claw Theme
SCENE 2.6 -- Deconstruction Zone

Lights come up on the build space. BILLY and TESS are building separate pieces, working nearby each other. BILLY and TESS sneak glances at each other until eventually, they catch each others’ eyes.

BILLY
Hey Tess.

TESS
Hey Billy.
(pause)
Way to bring everyone back together. It’s good to see Corot happy again.

BILLY
He’s a good leader. He has a good energy for people to follow.
(pause)

TESS
I’m sorry if we hurt you.

BILLY
It’s all right.
(pause)
Hey, Tess. I’ve been thinking a lot lately about hacking, and friends, and maybe now we should just be... just friends. Is that okay?
(holding out his hand and hesitantly moving closer to TESS)
Friends?

TESS
Friends.

BILLY and TESS shake hands once, and recoil almost immediately.

BILLY
See, we don’t need to worry about “that rule” anymore.

TESS
Rule? Rule?? Please! We’re past all that!
Right!
THERE’S NO NEED TO BE FRIGHTENED,
WE’RE PLATONIC AS CAN BE.

That’s best!
AND AS YOU GUESSED, IT’S THE SAME FOR ME, LIKewise!
YOU NO LONGER ARE THAT SOMEONE THAT I WISH I HAD CARESSeD...

OR CUDDLED...

OR EMBRACeD...

OR SQUEEZeD...

OR KISSeD...

...AND EVEN IF WE KISSeD THAT WOULD BE OKAY...

WE’D Be TWO PLATOnIC FRIENDS
WHO KISS
IN A TOTALLY PLATONIC WAY!

The bloodcurdling screech of the NOVEMBAT echoes through the air. The lights flicker angrily, and a giant swooping shadow passes across BILLY and TESS. Upon hearing the noise, BILLY and TESS turn away from each other and stand back to back. The NOVEMBAT, a savage looking nightmare-horror-maw creature, scuttles on stage, crawling, dragging its massive bat wings behind it as it sneaks about, sniffing the air for the scent of romance. Eventually, appeased, it leaves.

BILLY

(excitedly)
I didn’t hear or see anything! Did you?

TESS

(excitedly)
Nope!
YOU’RE THE KIND OF PAL I CAN COUNT ON TO SAVE ME A MOVIE SEAT.

BILLY

Any day!
SO LONG AS THE SEAT YOU ACCOUNT FOR IS A COUPLE ROWS AWAY!

TESS

Because we’re friends.

BILLY

And that’s okay!

TESS

WE’RE MORE LIKE BROTHERS THAN LOVERS.

BILLY

Right!
JUST LIKEABEL AND CAIN!
TESS
EXCEPT NEITHER OF US COMMITS FRATRICIDE!

BILLY
I could never kill you,
BECAUSE I SEE IN YOU SOMEONE I’LL NEVER FORGET,
SOMEONE TO PICK ME UP WHEN I’M DOWN ON MY LUCK!

TESS
YES, I SEE IN YOU SOMEONE SPECIAL TO ME,
SOMEONE I JUST LONG TO F --
(taking a step too close to BILLY)

The NOVEMBAT shrieks and pounces on stage, carrying an oblivious offstage hacker with it, who falls onstage, screams and runs off. The NOVEMBAT snarls, gnashes its teeth, and begins to sniff at TESS, who immediately jumps away from BILLY. The NOVEMBAT gives TESS a look: “Watch yourself or the next one won’t be a warning,” and then slithers away with its hideous deranged laugh.

-- someone I just long to stand very far away from while talking about sports or the weather!

BILLY
I love the weather! I heard it was cloudy once!

TESS
Sometimes partly cloudy.

BILLY
And sometimes the clouds are so soft.

TESS
Sometimes two clouds are held apart by various unexplained weather patterns even though both clouds would rather hold hands...

BILLY
The clouds?

TESS
It’s some really upper level course 12 stuff...

BILLY

Right.
NO MATTER WHAT WE HAVE WEATHERED,
WE’VE MANAGED TO REMAIN FREE!

TESS

I’M JOYFUL THAT WE’RE NOT TETHERED,
LIKE LOVERS CAN OFTEN BE.

BILLY

I’ve heard that some couples can’t stand to be apart. When they are, they close their eyes and imagine each other!

TESS

We have a healthier relationship!
WHEN I CLOSE MY EYES, I SEE NOTHING,
JUST NOTHING, NOTHING AT ALL.
NOT YOU AND I HOLDING HANDS...

BILLY

OR SNUGGLING BENEATH A BLANKET...

TESS

WITH NO CLOTHES ON.

BILLY

Let’s close our eyes and not imagine it together!

TESS

Yes, let’s!

TESS and BILLY close their eyes, and smile. After a long pause, they both open their eyes and smile at each other.

BILLY

IT’S GOOD TO KNOW IT,
TESS
WE’VE GOT SO MUCH TO SHOW IT,

BILLY and TESS
WE’RE PLATONIC FRIENDS AGAIN!

HUNTER (offstage)
I hope you stupid fuckers aren’t making out! Come on, it’s almost time to deploy!

BILLY
Right! Come on, Tess! Let’s deploy. Like friends.

BILLY, and TESS exit. Blackout.
SCENE 2.7 -- Nightworks

Nightworks

Lights come up on STORY JACK.

STORY JACK
No living being has ever witnessed a hacker deploy. Those who think they have are mistaken and those who actually might have are probably dead. Only hackers truly know how they get their works of art to the final location...

The lighting shifts to the HACKSEMBLE, BILLY, TESS, and COROT who are all dressed in sketchy, black, spy-like garb: goggles, trench coats, apertures, utility belts, the works. STORY JACK reintegrates with the FROSHSEMBLE. CONNER, TENSOR, ELECTRA, FARADAY, and HUNTER begin checking their communication devices.

ELECTRA
(into communication device)
This is Flux, check?

TENSOR
(into communication device)
Gotcha, this is Muse, check.

FARADAY
(into communication device)
This is Cage, check?

HUNTER
(into communication device)
Hear you loud and clear, this is Momma, check?
To CONNER:
Now you go Pre-Med!

CONNER
(into communication device)
This is Pre-med, check?
TENSOR

(into communication device)
I think we are ready to go!

COROT

To the HACKSEMBLE, in performance mode:
Tonight is the night. We’ve gone through a lot to get this hack to the final stretch, and I know that tonight, we’ll show the Institute once more what we hackers can do! Now let’s move out! Team surveillance, take the lead! Electra, Mags, careful with the Squid Net.

ELECTRA and MAGS

Got it!

ELECTRA and MAGS exit carrying Squid Net. CONNER, and HUNTER exit ahead of FARADAY, who yawns and lags behind.

COROT

Hey Cage, are you good to go?

FARADAY

I was up all night finishing my 6.005 lab, but I’ll be fine.

(shouting and holding up a jolt can as he exits the stage)
Caffeine works wonders!

COROT

All right. Everyone, let’s move.

The remaining HACKSEMBLE follow COROT. TENSOR is slightly ahead of the group, checking corners and intersections.

TENSOR

(into communication device)
Momma this is Muse, coming to the first zone. How does your area look? Over.

HUNTER appears, lit in a remote edge of the stage.

HUNTER

(into communication device)
This is Momma, phys-plant is cleaning a flooded bathroom on floor 1 and more plant is
waxing on floor 2 on those Zamboni things.

**TENSOR**

(into communication device)
What about floor 3?

**HUNTER**

(into communication device)
Clear. Momma says, come here! Over.

**TENSOR**

(jester ing up with his finger)
Moving in the z-hat direction.

The HACKSEMBLE follow COROT up a level and HUNTER exits to move to her new location. CONNER appears, lit clinging to the side of the wall and peering through a set of thermal binoculars.

**CONNER**

( into communication device)
Muse this is Pre-med, there is a grad student approaching your location. Over.

**TENSOR** gives a signal for COROT to stop. The HACKSEMBLE and COROT press their bodies against the wall to avoid being seen. TENSOR watches the grad student (offstage) pass around a corner and nods to COROT.

**TENSOR**

( into communication device)
Informational. Wary eye of the grad student averted. Over.

**CONNER**

( into communication device)
Muse, this is Premed, I just checked the entrance to the secret shortcut, and it looks like some security cameras have been installed. Do not enter. Repeat do not enter until the area is cleared.

**FARADAY** appears, lit in a remote section of the lower level, near a wall.

**FARADAY**
(into communication device)
This is Cage. I believe I can handle those for you. Okay, Jolt, go time!

FARADAY takes a sip of Jolt and then plugs a cord protruding from his arm into the wall. He punches buttons on his computer wrist arm band. Cameras make a power-down noise.

Muse, this is Cage. You are safe to continue.

(ﬂipping down an eye visor)
I’ll keep on eye on the perimeter.

TENSOR nods to COROT.

COROT and the hackers push on a wall that’s not budging.

COROT
It’s not budging. Hey Piston, we need you!

PISTON
Stand back everybody! I’m gonna blow this door wide open!

She puts down the giant hack piece she’s carrying, winds up, and charges over with a mighty war cry. Then she just leans over and blows on it gently. It opens.

Brute force is the last resort of the incompetent.

HACKSEMBLE follow COROT through a trap door. When they emerge on the other side, COROT holds up his hand for everyone to halt. He reaches in his pocket and throws powder across the room revealing lines of lasers.

COROT
Just as I thought.

RYAN
Lasers must be permeating into the secret chamber from the physics lab!

The HACKSEMBLE navigate their way through the laser field.
TENSOR

(into communication device)
Informational. We have emerged from the secret chamber with only minor photon damage. We're resuming our path to building 10.

CONNER

(into communication device)
This is Pre-med. My indicator light is blinking! My power is low! Over!

ELECTRA and MAGS enter, flying in a two-person flying device and wearing aviation gear and carrying the Squid Net.

ELECTRA

Not to worry! All tech men carry batteries!

MAGS

(opening up a trench coat to reveal an array of batteries)
And many tech women.

ELECTRA and MAGS fly away to deliver the batteries (offstage).

ELECTRA (offstage)

(into communication device)
Ready, ground crew?

CONNER

(into communication device)
Ground crew ready!

ELECTRA (offstage)

(into communication device)
Dropping to ground crew now!

A pair of batteries descends, slowly on a miniature parachute, down to CONNER, who receives the batteries and loads them into power suit, stowing the parachute in a pocket and issuing a thumbs up to the heavens. CONNER watches (above, offstage) as ELECTRA and MAGS land on the roof above. The HACKSEMBLE emerge onto the roof through a trap door on the top of the dome. ELECTRA and MAGS join the HACKSEMBLE on the roof, stowing away their flying device.
ELECTRA
Informational, this is Flux, we’ve landed on the roof with the Squid Net.

COROT
Everyone, stay low. The air smells different. Tess, do you smell that?

TESS
(sniffing the air)
It’s … it’s the MIT weather machine! It’s malfunctioning!

TENSOR
(into communication device)
We need someone to recalibrate the MIT weather machine. I think we’re going to experience a fit of bad weather!

HUNTER
(into communication device, entering from another remote section of the stage)
Momma’s got your back! I’ll do it!

HUNTER sprints to the weather machine control panel as a strong, screeching wind begins to blow across the roof, nearly knocking the HACKSEMBLE down. HUNTER reaches the weather machine control panel, expertly presses buttons and pulls levers, and after a moment, the wind stops.

(into communication device)
This is Momma, the weather machine is all set.

TENSOR
Should be clear sailing from here.

RYAN
(looking up)
Hey look! There’s a giant killer meteor headed straight for us! If we use our laser arm cannons, we could destroy it before it touches down!

RYAN aims his laser arm cannon towards the sky, ready to fire.

MAGS
Wait, Ryan. This problem is far too big for us. We should call F-IXIT. They’ll know what to do.

(gets out a cell phone and dials F-IXIT)

Hello, F-IXIT? I happened to notice a large killer meteor headed for Earth.

(pause)

Yes.

(pause)

Yes.

(to RYAN and others)

They’ll be on it right away.

(hangs up phone)

A giant burst of light fills the sky and a loud boom echoes through the air.

It’s a good thing we were up on this roof.

Lights come up on the lower level where FARADAY is stationed, yawning.

FARADAY

...been up 44 hours... just need more caffeine...

(twitching)

...my good friend, Jolt, you’ll keep me stay awake...

(reaching into his pocket, pulls out an empty can)

Oh... Empty.

(yawning)

Oh well... I’ll be fine...

(face-desking into his control spy surveillance monitors)

TENSOR

(into communication device)

Cage, this is Muse. How is the perimeter?

FARADAY

(drowsily, into communication device)

Yup, all clear.

To himself:

… I should set an alarm …

FARADAY falls asleep. CLAW and PACHINO enter.
CLAW
I guess the dorm rooms are getting less and less comfortable.

TENSOR
To COROT, giving a nod:
We have an all clear!

COROT
(spoken with the lights still on the CP’s)
Okay, let’s begin the set up.

CLAW
In fact, sometimes I think the administration is trying to stamp out --

FARADAY’s communication device makes a beeping noise.

PACHINO
Hey! What was that?
(kneeling down to a now drooling FARADAY and listening)

CLAW
Is … is it radioactive??

TENSOR
(into communication device)
Informational. Starting setup on the dome.

CONNER begins climbing up the wall onto the roof to join the HACKSEMBLE on the roof.

PACHINO
There are people on the dome! It must be those hackers! I’m radio-ing Sprinkles.
(whips out her radio and begins her transmission)
Officer Frey Pachino to Sergeant Sprinkles. Officer Frey Pachino to Sergeant Sprinkles!

SPRINKLES appears lit in a remote location.

SPRINKLES
Sergeant Sprinkles here. What is it Pachino?

PACHINO

(over radio)
We found a hacker and his friends are on the roof!

CLAW

Don’t forget to tell him to alert the hazardous materials division! Look at all those blink-ily lights.

PACHINO

(ignoring Claw, over radio)
We’ll meet you immediately!

SPRINKLES

(over radio)
They’ve given us no choice! It’s time to activate the plan!

Lights go down on SPRINKLES. SPRINKLES exits.

PACHINO

Let’s take him as evidence!

PACHINO attempts to pick up FARADAY, failing several times, and eventually hoisting him over her shoulder or dragging him along. Lights shift to KEPLER, who is tooling on his laptop.

KEPLER

This will take forever to compile... I have time to get dinner.

KEPLER gets up and bumps into PACHINO who is carrying or dragging FARADAY.

Sorry, Officer.

PACHINO

What are you doing up so late?

KEPLER
(in shock upon noticing FARADAY)
I'm an MIT student.
(pause)
I was just getting --

*FARADAY's communication device makes a beeping noise interrupting KEPLER.*
*KEPLER, CLA W, and PACHINO all fixate on FARADAY's communication device.*

**HUNTER**

*(into communication device as she joins the HACKSEMBLE on the roof)*

This is Momma, just made it from the green building to the dome. Sorry I took so long, the zip-line was jammed.

**PACHINO**

Just getting a what?

**CLA W**

Do you need a ride home?

**KEPLER**

*(desperately looking for an escape)*

Uh... no... just getting... to a vending machine! I want a Pop-tart!
*(exiting quickly)*

**CLA W**

Maybe they should make dining mandatory.

**PACHINO**

Never mind him, we're on the brink of catching those hackers red-handed! Come on!

*CLAW and PACHINO exit with FARADAY. KEPLER reappears.*

**KEPLER**

No! I need to warn them!

*KEPLER begins his journey to the roof, exhibiting his mad, l33t skillz.* *ST OR Y JACK steps forefront, ready to narrate.*
With CP's in quick pursuit, the hacker undertook his perilous journey to the dome, fending his way through jungles of pipes, mazes of vents, ninja-ing his way across ledges and edges with the grace of a frickin' tiger! Nearly invisible, he travelled through long-forgotten passageways, knowing that he, alone, could bear the message that would save those up on the roof!

*Lights fade down on STORY JACK. STORY JACK reintegrates with the FROSHSEMBLE.*
SCENE 2.8 -- The Great Dome by Night

KEPLER bursts onto the roof, where the HACKSEMBLE are now working to set up the hack.

KEPLER

Corot!

(weaving through the HACKSEMBLE, looking for COROT)

Hackers on the Roof

COROT, COROT, YOU'VE GOT TO GET DOWN!
THE CP’S ARE ON THEIR WAY!
COROT, COROT, GET OFF THIS ROOF NOW!
THERE’S NO TIME TO DELAY!

The CP’s -- they took Faraday hostage! They know you’re up here!

COROT

No! You’re the reason we were caught last time!
HE CALLED US IN. THAT JERK SOLD US OUT!
NOW HE WANTS US TO BELIEVE HE’S OUR SCOUT!
HE CALLED THE CP’S TO TELL THEM WHERE WE WERE,
AND NOW HE’S GOT THE NERVE TO CAUSE ANOTHER STIR!

HACKSEMBLE

KEPLER CALLED THE CP’S? WHAT?! ARE YOU JOKING?!
CAN’T BELIEVE YOU THINK THAT YOU CAN SHOW YOUR FACE HERE.
STOP GETTING IN OUR WAY, STOP YOUR PROVOKING!
LET US BE NOW, GO AWAY, YOU NEED TO DISAPPEAR!

HACKSEMBLE

KEPLER’S A BETRAYER,
SHOULD BE DETESTED,
DOING EVERYTHING HE CAN TO GET THIS HACK TO FAIL.
NOW HE THINKS WE’LL TAKE WHAT HE HAS

COROT

STOP THIS RIGHT NOW, WE’RE PISSED AT YOU ENOUGH
WE DON’T BELIEVE A WORD,
IT’S DONE, WE CALL YOUR BLUFF.
SUGGESTED
AS TRUTH THAT WILL PROTECT US AND
WILL HELP US TO PREVAIL!

BILLY
I DON’T THINK KEPLER WANTS TO BRING THIS HACK DOWN LIKE YOU THINK.
HE COULD REALLY WANT TO HELP US GET AWAY.
IF HE IS RIGHT AND THE COPS ARE ON THEIR WAY,
ISN’T IT BETTER TO CHOOSE NOT TO STAY?

COROT
IGNORE HIM FROSH, HE’S JUST
TRYING TO SCREW WITH US.
HE’S A TRAITOR, THERE IS
NOTHING TO DISCUSS.

BILLY
PLEASE, COROT, LISTEN TO ME.
BE COOL AND THINK THIS THROUGH.
IF WE GOT CAUGHT WE’LL BE...
LISTEN TO ME OR

(add TESS)
YOU COULD CHECK TOO/TO

TESS
SEE IF CAGE IS STILL READY AT HIS POST,
IT WON’T TAKE TOO LONG, 30 SECONDS AT THE MOST.
IF HE IS THERE, WE HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.
THIS HACK COULD BE ON THE LINE, IT’S AN EASY THING,

COROT
IT’S A WASTE OF
TIME AND I DON’T
NEED TO PROVE
THAT
HE CALLED US IN.
THAT JERK SOLD
US OUT!
THERE’S NO WAY
THAT I’LL BELIEVE
HE’S OUR SCOUT!
HE CALLED THE

BILLY and TESS
SO YOU SHOULD BE
COOL AND THINK
THIS THROUGH.
YOU KNOW WHAT
YOU SHOULD DO.
JUST CALL UP CAGE.
SEE IF HE’S THERE.

KEPLER
COROT, COROT,
PLEASE LISTEN
TO ME!
I KNOW, I KNOW,
I SCREWED
THINGS UP
BEFORE,
BUT THOSE
TIMES ARE

HACKSEMBLE
KEPLER
CALLED THE
CP’S. I CAN’T
BELIEVE IT.
WE CAN’T
TRUST HIM.
STAY OUT OF
OUR WAY
NOW.
LEAVE US,
JUST LEAVE IT.
CP’S AND STABBED ME IN THE BACK!
RESOLVE THIS NOW YOU KNOW HOW.
THROUGH!
COROT, COROT,
PLEASE LISTEN TO ME!
WE DON’T FOLLOW YOUR WHIM.

TESS
IF HE IS RIGHT AND THE COPS ARE ON THEIR WAY PLEASE COROT, LISTEN, CALL FARADAY

COROT
Fine, if that’s what it takes to get on with this.

COROT speaks into his communication device.

Lead to Cage, what’s your status?

CLAW, FARADAY, PACHINO, and SPRINKLES speak their upcoming lines offstage, as if coming from the communication device. CLAW’s lines occasionally overlap the other CPs’.

PACHINO
Uh, oh, hey Lead, word up … ! Everything’s good down here, no police officers or anything...

COROT
You okay, Cage?

SPRINKLES
Goddammit, Pachino! That’s not what they sound like!

CLAW
(overlapping with PACHINO and SPRINKLES)
Hello, hazardous materials division?

SPRINKLES
Give me that!
CLAW
I’d like to report a potentially radioactive item --

PACHINO
Quiet they’ll hear if --

SPRINKLES
You be quiet --

CLAW
Well, if I stuck my finger in it, I --

SPRINKLES
Goddammit, Claw, it’s not radioactive!

FARADAY (offstage)
Ugh... wha - where am -- What the -- !??? Ahhhhhh!

PACHINO
(over FARADAY’s screaming)
Hey, he’s getting away!

COROT turns off his communication device.

COROT
Punt! I’ll stay and clean up!

KEPLER
I’ll stay and help!

COROT
Everyone else, off the roof!

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>COROT</th>
<th>BILLY and TESS</th>
<th>KEPLER</th>
<th>HACKSEMBLE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>WE NEED TO GET OUT OF HERE.</td>
<td>LET’S GO, LET’S GO</td>
<td>THEY’RE ALMOST QUICK LIKE A SHADOW,</td>
<td>WE HAVE GOT TO GO NOW,</td>
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<tr>
<td>GOOD THING</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>KEPLER HAD</td>
<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>
PUNT, GRAB WHAT YOU CAN AND GET OFF THE ROOF! WE’LL MEET ON THE GROUND, BUT RIGHT NOW JUST GET DOWN! I GUESS YOU TOLD THE TRUTH BUT -- OUR BACKS. BUT WE’RE ALRIGHT, WE BLEND INTO THE NIGHT. THE TIMING MIGHT BE TIGHT, BUT WE’LL GET OUT OF SIGHT. CLEAR OFF THE ROOF, GET DOWN RIGHT NOW! HERE NOW! LET’S GO, LET’S GO THEY’RE ALMOST HERE NOW! I’M GLAD, YOU COULD HEAR ME OUT. I THOUGHT, I THOUGHT YOU WEREN’T GOING TO. CLEAR OFF THE ROOF, GET DOWN RIGHT NOW -- THROUGH THE NIGHT WE FLY. GHOSTLY LIKE A SPIRIT, YOU CANNOT HEAR IT, AS WE SLIP AWAY WE GUESS HE TOLD THE TRUTH BUT --

COROT, KEPLER, BILLY, TESS, and HACKSEMBLE

RIGHT NOW WE’VE GOT TO GET OFF THE ROOF!

HACKSEMBLE disappear into the shadows and exit the roof, climbing down walls, disappearing into trap doors. ELECTRA and MAGS exit with their flying device. COROT and KEPLER remain and quickly and quietly begin to pack up supplies. They pack furiously for a few seconds in silence.

COROT
Kepler, what’s going on?

KEPLER

(matter of factly)
CP’s are on their way, I thought I made that pretty clear.

COROT
I mean, what’s going on with you. You got us caught, but tonight you came to save us and now you’re risking yourself --

KEPLER
(frantically picking up a piece of the hack)
You’re welcome. Hey, where should I put --

COROT
Kepler, stop shutting me down! I want to know why you called us in! I tried including you, I tried leaving you alone, I did nothing wrong! What have I ever done to you?!

KEPLER
You led a dome hack without me!

COROT
What?

KEPLER
I know it might not make any sense, but it really hurt me. That summer I left and you led a dome hack without me -- it’s like you forgot about me. You didn’t even have the decency to tell me you were doing it. Dammit, I just sound dumb. Look, I don’t know if you remember all of our adventures freshmen year, but I miss them.

COROT
Dude, I had no idea I hurt you so much. If I had known earlier… I’m just really sorry. Like really really sorry.

KEPLER
I’m sorry I called you in. I guess it’s too late now.

COROT
No. It’s never too late!

Counterbalance

Do you trust me?

KEPLER
(skeptically)
Trust you? Why?

COROT
Let’s counterbalance rappel off this roof.
KEPLER

Counterbalance rappel? You mean you want me to jump off this building with you as my counterweight?

COROT

And I want to do the same for you. It’ll be an adventure, like we used to have.

KEPLER

(contemplatively)
Well, we have to get down somehow --

COROT

And what better way to do it than this?

KEPLER

This is insane.

COROT bro clasps KEPLER’s hand, echoing the handclasp in the flashback.

COROT and KEPLER

Hell yes!

COROT and KEPLER prepare to rappel. COROT and KEPLER take off their pants... to reveal a harness on top of another identical pair of pants. Actors should actually safety check each other out loud. They may also need to add extra dialogue here to fill time as they set up, for example: “This is a route the CPs probably won’t be taking.” “Also we won’t have to pack the rest of this rope!” “I’ve always wanted to do this!” “Good thing I always wear my harness on top of my surprise pair of pants!” “Me too!” Please don’t break the show...

KEPLER

Check my harness?

COROT

Doubled back? Looks good. Check mine?

KEPLER

Sweet, looks good. Let’s lower the rope.
COROT and KEPLER lower the rope, making sure it’s not tangled. Actors clip into pre-rigged rappel devices.

COROT

Clipped in and locked.

KEPLER

Clipped in and locked!

KEPLER

You ready?

COROT

Mens et manus, motherfucker!

COROT and KEPLER

AS WE FLY
THROUGH THE NIGHT TIME,

KEPLER

CONCEALED BY THE DARK,

COROT

WE BRAVELY EMBARK

COROT and KEPLER

ON OUR PATH REUNITED.
AS THE AIR
RUSHES BY ME,

COROT

ONCE AGAIN, I SEE
THERE’S MORE TO MIT,

KEPLER

JUST LIKE FRESHMAN YEAR,
FROM WAY UP HERE.

COROT
BACK IN THE DAY WE NEVER STOPPED TO FRET.

KEPLER
BUT NOW I CAN'T FORGET

COROT and KEPLER
HOW WE BOTH RUINED IT...

COROT
BUT LET'S NOT DWELL.

KEPLER
THE COPS ARE IN PURSUIT!

COROT
WE'LL HACK AS ONE

COROT and KEPLER
AND TAKE OVER THE INSTITUTE!
AS THE DOME
SOARS ABOVE US,

KEPLER
WE'RE A TEAM AGAIN,

COROT
AND WE'LL SCHEME AGAIN,

COROT and KEPLER
BUT BETTER THAN BEFORE!
HELL YEAH! WE'RE UNSTOPPABLE!

KEPLER
THOUGH WE MAY HAVE LOST HOPE,

COROT
AT THE END OF OUR ROPE,

    COROT and KEPLER
WE WERE DUMB...
BUT WE SURVIVED!

    COROT and KEPLER bro-clasp, pull down the rope, and exit.

    SPRINKLES (offstage)
Fire!

    A crescendo-ing whistling noise is heard, shortly followed by a thundering boom
and bright glow of light from offstage. SPRINKLES, PACHINO, CLAW, and
KALF enter on a fire-throwing blimp. KALF is wearing a pair of soot-covered
rubber gloves and carrying a shovel.

One hacker may have escaped, but the others won’t be so lucky! They’ve got to be up
here somewhere! Search every nook and cranny! Kalf! Ready the flame thrower …

    PACHINO and CLAW begin to scour the roof, though it’s very clear there are no
hackers anywhere.

    KALF
Sir, the roof is empty and we’re out of bituminous coal. Also, our warning-fire-ball
appears to have set fire to a piece of modern art.

    CLAW
    (squinting to see the offstage burning statue)
Huh, I always thought that was just black scrap metal...

    KALF
I’m calling the fire department, sir.

    KALF quietly dials the fire department under the following dialogue. SPRINKLES
looks around and then collapses to his knees and lets out a wail.

    SPRINKLES
But... but... but where are the hackers?!
PACHINO
Kalf’s right! They’re not here! They must have gotten away!

CLAW
(still looking at the statue)
You know, it looks kind of pretty with all the fire and stuff.

SPRINKLES
No! Once again they have slipped through my fingers! But one day … one day, they shall be mine!
(shaking a fist at the sky)

KALF stows the shovel back in the blimp and removes her gloves.

KALF
Sir. Let’s return to the station. We’re not needed here.

KALF hoists SPRINKLES up to his feet.

SPRINKLES
Goddammit, Kalf! How could they have escaped me?

KALF
I’m not sure, sir.

SPRINKLES
We’ve tried to be reasonable! We’ve talked to them, we’ve told them the consequences, we built a goddamn blimp!

KALF
I know, sir.

SPRINKLES
And now the modern art is on fire! Look what they’ve made me do! They’ve made me look like a monster!

Let’s Get Those Fuckers, reprise
(slowly)
I BECAME A COP SO LONG AGO AND SPORED THAT I’D PURSUE
THE TASK OF BRINGING JUSTICE TO THE WORLD THROUGH AND THROUGH...
(gasps. He finally gets it.)
BUT MAYBE I LOST SIGHT.
That’s... that’s it... we have lost sight... Kalf!
YES, NOW I SEE THE LIGHT!
CATCHING HACKERS IS NOT ALL WE SWORE TO DO!

We’ve allowed ourselves to become obsessed with catching those hackers, and in our obsession, we caused even more trouble than the hackers caused in the first place. Our priority should be to protect the school, and we’re goddamn good at that, goddammit.

KALF
I’ve been telling you this all along, sir.

SPRINKLES
(ignoring KALF entirely)
It’s a lucky thing I made this realization!

KALF
Never mind.

PACHINO
But, Sergeant! Hackers are criminals!

SPRINKLES
And if we catch them, we’ll deal with them appropriately, but from now on, I’m going to remember with a more compassionate heart why I made that vow those many years ago.

PACHINO
I guess you’re right, sir...

SPRINKLES
Of course I’m right, goddammit, I’m Sergeant Bruce E. Sprinkles! Come on, let’s go! The night may fucking need us, goddammit.

SPRINKLES, KALF, CLAW, and PACHINO board the fire-throwing blimp and fly away into the night.
CLAW, KALF, PACHINO, and SPRINKLES

AWAY!

Blackout.
SCENE 2.9 -- The Great Dome by Day

Lights come up on STORY JACK.

STORY JACK
Halloween came and passed, and though there was no grand object on the dome to celebrate the festivities, most of the hackers had a good Halloween, nonetheless. There was partying, and far too much candy, and at least one of them slept through the entire day. Yet, for some, it was the morning after Halloween that was more special...

Lights fade down on STORY JACK. STORY JACK exits. The dome is illuminated, as if by moonlight. The sound of birds chirping is faintly heard. BILLY and TESS appear from behind the dome.

BILLY
(whispering)
Do you think anyone’s down there?

TESS
Don’t be so nervous. We’re fine.

BILLY
(looking out at the skyline)
It looks so different than it did last night. It’s so peaceful. It’s like all of the hack, everything, just disappeared and left this instead … like none of it ever happened.

TESS
Well, they do call it magic.

BILLY
(checking the time)
Man, I used to wake up at this time. You can almost see the sun coming up.

BILLY and TESS look out over Killian Court, watching the sky grow lighter.

Hey, Tess…?

TESS
Yes?
BILLY
I just realized what today is! It's November 1st!

TESS
That must mean --

TESS hesitantly reaches out her hand to grab BILLY’s. They pause, then grab hands and close their eyes, waiting for the sound of the NOVEMBAT, which never comes. They open their eyes. Suddenly a burst of light illuminates the sky and the NOVEMBAT appears on a distant rooftop, partly shrouded by shadows, gnashing its teeth in indignant fury. The NOVEMBAT smiles its hideous smile and takes a step toward BILLY and TESS, but it recoils immediately, letting out a cry of pain as its flesh burns from the November sun. It shrieks and hisses as it slithers away, not to return for another year. STORY JACK enters.

Dawn

STORY JACK
AND THOUGH THE HACKERS’ NIGHT WORKS NEVER SAW THE LIGHT OF DAY, THEIR EFFORTS WEREN’T WITHOUT PERKS. AND MORE HACKS WERE UNDERWAY.

COROT enters.

COROT
HACKS HAVE A BEAUTY, NO ONE CAN DENY - THERE’S A LESSON IN THERE TOO.

KEPLER enters.

KEPLER
LOOK PAST THE SURFACE, THERE’S MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE, THE BEST STUFF IS OUT OF VIEW.

HUNTER enters. The rest of the HACKSEMBLE begin to filter in.

HUNTER
THERE IS MORE TO MIT THAN EARNING YOUR DEGREE!

    FARADAY enters.

    FARADAY
ALL THE JOLT YOU DRINK CAN’T REPLACE A GOOD NIGHT’S REST...

    FROSHSEMBLE enter.

    RYAN
THIS HACK WAS REALLY GREAT!

    CONNER
AND THOUGH THE PSET WAS KIND OF LATE...

    RYAN and CONNER
NO GRADES COMPARE WITH STORIES FROM OUR QUEST!

    FROSHSEMBLE
‘CAUSE THERE’S MORE TO LIFE THAN TOOLING, DON’T YOU KNOW!

    CLAW, KALF, and PACHINO enter.

    PACHINO
IF YOUR DAY’S NOT GOING RIGHT,

    KALF
THEN MAYBE YOU’VE LOST SIGHT,

    CLAW
OF WHY YOU WORK ALL NIGHT.

    PISTON enters.

    PISTON
DO NOT BLAME THE FRIENDS BESIDE YOU.

   TENSOR enters with ELECTRA and MAGS, who are holding a bit of rope.

   TENSOR
   THEY COULD TIE YOU UP REAL TIGHT...

   SPRINKLES enters.

   SPRINKLES
   WE DIDN'T GET THOSE FUCKERS!

   ELECTRA and MAGS
   (patting SPRINKLES on the back)
   BUT YOU HAD A GREATER GOAL!

   KALF
   WE NEED MORE BITUMINOUS COAL!

   The HACKSEMBLE have all entered.

   HACKSEMBLE
   THOUGH OUR HACK WAS ALMOST CAUGHT,
   OUR WORK WAS NOT FOR NAUGHT.
   THE HOURS WE SPENT ARE PRECIOUS TO THE LAST!
   ONCE YOU’VE TIED UP ALL THE KNOTS,
   AND FINISHED ALL YOUR PLOTS,

   COROT and KEPLER
   THE NIGHT MAY BE ENDING,
   A NEW DAY’S BEGUN,
   I KNOW
   WE WILL HACK AS ONE,
   UNDER A BRAND NEW SUN.
   YOU DON’T HAVE TO
   GO IT ALONE.

   JUST

   ALL
   SEE THE PEOPLE WHO STAYED UP WITH YOU ‘TIL DAWN!

   BILLY
   Tess! I’ve been waiting all this time to tell you that I don’t want to be just platonic
friends!

TESS
I don't either! I want to be so much more!

BILL Y
Tess?

TESS
What is it Billy?

TESS and BILL Y kiss.

COROT
THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN HACKING,

KEPLER
THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN PUNTING,

ALL (less BILL Y and TESS if their mouths are occupied)
THERE IS MORE TO LIFE THAN TOOLING.

BILL Y
I have a great idea for a hack!

TESS and BILL Y kiss again, hardk0re.

ALL (less BILL Y and TESS: their mouths are occupied)
DON'T YOU KNOW!

Blackout.

Bows

Exit
SCENE 0.0 -- Preshow

FEARLESS PRE-SHOW ANNOUNCER

Welcome to the MIT Musical Theatre Guild’s production of “Hack, Punt, Tool.” Before we begin, we have a few ground rules for you to follow. I want you all to take out your cell phones. Take ‘em out so I can see. Come on, I know you have ‘em. Your mommies and daddies practically shove ‘em in your diapers now-a-days. Good. Now, I want you to hold down that little red button until the phone turns off. Not silent, not pleasure-vibrate mode. Off. The last thing we want is to be in the middle of a scene and for your phat new ring-tone to go off like a flashing fucking beacon! We also ask that you refrain from photography. If we catch you using a camera, we will take it from you, delete the offending pictures, and give it back to you at the end of the performance. Enjoy the show.
A NOTE FROM THE WRITERS

The HPT writing team is excited to see what every new cast and crew will add to Hack, Punt, Tool! We want to encourage each new creative team to make the show their own. The directors and cast should feel no obligation to repeat what has been done in the past. Yes, we wrote it, but you’re performing it, and you understand the show in more ways than we could have ever imagined!

As a creative team, you’ve got the same creative license you have with any show---to obey or deviate from the stage directions as much or little as you’d like so that the show meets your creative vision---so don’t feel bound to decisions made in the past. Do you think the Novembat is totally stupid and shouldn’t appear on stage? Do you think it’s extremely important that the counterbalance rappel be a real rappel? (Plead with CAC real real hard.) Should the fire throwing blimp be bedazzled?!

Additionally, we encourage you to consider changing the character’s gender from what is listed in the script to fit your directorial vision and casting pool. We especially encourage the use of gender neutral pronouns, which are in more common use at MIT now than when we wrote the show. If you decide to use the set of gender neutral pronouns “them/their/they,” we suggest checking the lyrics to decide if you want to use “they is” or “they are” conventions.
Cue: Hi Everybody!

Mysterious, steady \( \frac{\dot{\text{q.}}}{\text{q.}} = 90 \)

My friends, my friends, come closer. Come a-

long and you will see. A wond-er-ous place, a mar-ve-lous realm, the

land of M-I-T. Below the well-waxed ti-

les. B'yond

aisles of well-read books. There lies in wai-
ting some-thing great, in-

vi-gor-a-
ting. Come with me, go a-head, take a look for your self.

This is the world of the hack-

er. A world in-
tense and ex-
treme. Hear the

gen-le hum of ma-chine rooms. The clat-
ter and hiss of steam. Now de-

S/A

Mmm mmm Clat-ter! Hiss! Tss

T/B

Mmm mmm Clat-ter! Hiss! Tss
scend through the shafts, fending dark with the spark of a head-lamp to mark out your path 'til the end. Crawl round

SHADOW JACKS, GROUP 1

SHADOW JACKS, GROUP 2

pipes and all types of machines in between. I won't lead you astray!

Trust us, we're your friends. This world is ruled by the hacker.

creature both cunning and quick, who flits through the night like a shadow, with

Cunning and quick. Like a shadow.

Cunning and quick. Like a shadow.
VOCAL SCORE

STORY JACK: Hackers are anonymous technological pranksters, engineers inspired to intervene with the everyday monotony. In order to perform bold feats, hackers often traverse MIT’s more untraveled passageways, carefully avoiding the diligent eye of the law, and often unearthing locations hidden from the average passer-by!

SHADOW JACKS, GROUP 1

This particular room, it is called a tomb, a

SHADOW JACKS, GROUP 2

Hack, Punt, Tool
STORY JACK: "Sign-in's" are hackers' signatures, personal markings that can only be identified by their truest friends. Here you can see a very special bit of literature: the "Hacking Ethics!" These are the guidelines to which we noble hackers adhere! Pay attention!

VAMP

SHADOW JACK 11: The safety of yourself and others and of property should have highest priority.
SJ12: Be subtle, leave no evidence you were there.
SJ13: Brute force is the last resort of the incompetent.

SJ13: Cause no permanent damage during hacks and while hacking.
SJ15: If you find something broken, call F-XIT

SJ16: Do not steal anything.
SJ17: Do not drop things without a ground crew.

SJ18: Sign-ins are not graffiti and should not be seen by the general public.
SJ19: Never Drink and Hack

SJ20: Never Hack alone
SJ21: Know your limitations and do not exceed them.
SJ22: Learn how not to get caught, but if you do get caught, accept gracefully and cooperate fully.

SJ23: Share your knowledge and experience with other hackers.
ALL SHADOW JACKS: And above all, exercise common sense!
Re-member the code of the hacker. As you

Remember the code as you

Remember the code as you

dream of uncharted nooks. These ethics keep us separate from

dream of uncharted nooks. Mmm

dream of uncharted nooks. Mmm

criminals, vandals and crooks. Reflect on the lessons these fine words convey. Maybe

Mmm Follow the ethics. Aaah May-be

Mmm Follow the ethics. Aaah May-be

you think that you'll be like us one day! Yes, this is the world of the hacker. Our

you think that you'll be like us one day! the world of the hacker

you think that you'll be like us one day! the world of the hacker
magical world of debris.  

outsiders just see the surface, but

magical world of debris

but

this is the real M I T.

this is the real M I T.

this is the real M I T.
Cue: All right, then!

Lend an ear

and you'll hear a story, that I doubt you've heard before. This tale takes place back in the day when things were more hard-köre!

I WANT TO BE HARDKÖRE

Billy, Ryan, Froshsemble

The world is complicated. It's not written in a book. You have to go discover it. Like, actually go out and look! I want to find things no one else has seen, it's the spirit to explore. Down in the dark, in the tunnels and the steam I want to be hard-köre! I'm no-thing if I'm not hard-
BILLY: The buildings here were built all at different times, and they don't fit perfectly together. It leaves lots of hidden spaces, just waiting to be found. Think of the possibilities!

There are shafts that shoot up many stories, and tombs abound in every crag. And the finder gets eternal glory. Forever earning chances to brag!

BILLY: Doesn't that excite you? Don't you just feel electric?

CONNER: Nope, neutral, not charged at all. I can't focus when you-

BILLY: I just get this incredible feeling! I need to tell you! I need to tell everyone!

CONNER: You're going to sing again, aren't you...

BILLY: I am!

We idolize the artist Embrace the avant garde. We all strive to be noticed and held in high regard. I want to flex my creativity Show the world I'm something more. Push out against every boundary, I just want to be hard-köre! Please God let me be hard-köre!

RYAN: And did you hear about the time there was a firetruck on the dome?

BILLY: Or when it looked like a giant pumpkin?!
Up side down for all to see! Or when the Har vard Yale bal loon in fla ted it

showed their in - ge nu i ty!

They fly from roof-top to roof-top, At near the speed of light. No

call can bar their pas sage. They can leap from any height.

I want to join them, learn their eve ry trick. I know some-day I will soar.

I guar an tee It's a cer tain ty, I'm gon na be hard - köre! I

swear I will be hard köre! There's no thing more than be ing hard köre!

All I want to be is hard köre!
Cue: To be a hacker? Yes! To be a hacker!

I can learn all that you can teach me,

Do things no one else has done. Rise above the standard expectations, we really want to join your hack!

Cue: My first hack! Yes! I'm in!

I'm really gonna be hard-k0re!

Cue: "In the name of William Barton Rogers, something must be done!

They're a menace and a plague and this school is over-run. Til now we've been out-done. We'll hunt those hackers down and get them all expelled. The
law must be upheld!

Let's get those hackers, They

thought we never could

Let's get those fuckers, And

stamp them out for good!

I have a fine idea to accomplish all our goals, The only thing to do is to increase all our patrols. Patrols? Patrols! We'll

triple our patrols. The more that we can see, the less they'll wander free, With

all of us we'll keep them in control But as you know they're clever, they will

beat that in a snap. The only way to do this is to lay some sort of traps. Traps? Traps! - Quick!

Get a campus map. They'll get to every door, but they'll find alarms in store. While
Vocal Score

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9. Let's Get Those Fuckers

They're a menace and a plague and this school is over-run. 'Til roof-top sensors fill in every gap. They're a menace and a plague and this school is over-run. 'Til

now we've been outdone. We'll hunt-those hackers down and get them all expelled. The

law must be upheld! Let's get those hackers, They

thought we never could. Let's get those hackers, And

Hack, Punt, Tool
stamp them out for good!

No more cars on the dome, Or

cows or working phones. With Sprinkles in charge they will meet their ultimate

There's one last step to guarantee we end that horde of imps. We'll build a fleet of self-sufficient

fi re throw ing blimps! Blimps! Blimps! Wait, blimps? Yes! Blimps! Launch

fi re balls from blimps. When flames come from the sky, the hackers' plans will fry!
They're a menace and a plague and this think those kids will finally take the hint. They're a menace and a plague and this

school is overrun. 'Til now we've been outdone. We'll hunt those hackers down and

school is overrun. 'Til now we've been outdone. We'll hunt those hackers down and

get them all expelled. The law must be upheld! Let's get those
get them all expelled. The law must be upheld! Let's get those

hackers, We'll put them where we should. SPRINKLES

hackers, We'll put them where we should. Let's get those

PACHINO, KALF, CLAW

Ooh

fuck-ers, And stamp them out for good!

Hack, Punt, Tool
COROT: Good Evening, fellow hackers! (pause) I said, "Good Evening, fellow hackers!"
HACKSEMBLE: Ad lib response
COROT: This is a thrilling time!
HACKSEMBLE: Ad lib response
COROT: A time for everyone to hone new skills.
HACKSEMBLE: Ad lib response
COROT: Pushing our limits, setting new standards.
HACKSEMBLE: Ad lib response
COROT: Doing something challenging!
HACKSEMBLE: Ad lib response
COROT: We won't just drop this hack down in the grass of Killian Court-
HACKSEMBLE: No way!
COROT: Our target?
HACKSEMBLE: The dome!

Gospel Preacher Feel, Actors lead

Upbeat Gospel $j = 120$

Yes the dome! Now let's begin. Let's think this through

A hack is so much more than something clever on a roof. Hacks must be safe, premeditated, deliberate calculated, to make them work, we think before we hack. I've got the plans Here, take a look. We've started the de-

Brand new plans. Brand new plans.
sign and it's am-bi-tious but thought out.  We want this up for Hall-ow-en, now

Thought out.

grab your tools and your cafe-feine, and every body meet our build-ing leads.

Meet our build-ing

I'm head-ing up the Dra-gon Wing.

(continue claps through singing)

And

I'm in charge of the Sci-ence Box.

We
still need a lead for the squid net. Somebody who's an expert with rope.

COROT: And bondage doesn't count...

This is your chance, for hands on learning. Now

Here's our chance. Hands on skills!

don't be shy, look to your leads! They're here to help you out. Just ask us any

Ah

Ah
questions and we'll help you find the answers 'Cause hacking is an awesome way to learn.

O-kay we'll learn! How to deploy.

It's an art of tactics art of skill, an art of methods, art of will. It is an art of...

Ah

KEPLER: Oh, I'm sorry. I must be interrupting something important. Please, carry on. Don't mind me.

(Kepler exits)

RYAN: Who was that?!

TENSOR: So, that's Kepler. He's sort of an angst source and a happiness sink. Basically, he's a dick.

TESS: Hey, let's not get off track! Who wants to help me build?

BILLY: I want to help, but I don't know... I mean, I've never done this before...
No need to fret, every one starts somewhere.

All of us have skills to learn, so no need to despair.

All you need to do is try. When we work together our hack will fly.

To Our target the dome!

Our target! Yeah, our

Now let's go

target! We're ready, let's go pull this hack!

pull this Hack! Let's go pull this hack!

pull this Hack! Let's go pull this hack!

Hack, Punt, Tool
The following rhythm patterns are suggested rhythms to be included in the choreography of the actors in the scene. Each rhythm could be assigned to a different group working on the hack.

RHYTHM A

RHYTHM B

RHYTHM C

Cue: (Lights Up)

STORY JACK: By day, hackers may seem like ordinary MIT students, but at night, they transform into the creatures they truly are. They abandon their problem sets, sleep and sanity to pour their souls into their real work.

TESS: All right, team Dragon Wing! Here are the specs for what we're building. Everybody grab a partner and some 2x4's! if you don't have experience, find someone who does. Hmmm... looks like we've got odd numbers - that's fine, you'll just work with me. Billy... right?

BILLY: Yup! And you're Tess! Right? Where do we start?

TESS: Grab that drill, and I'll show you how this all works.

COROT

Hey, How's it go - in? Starting on the struc-ture now, it's gon-na take a-while.

TESS

COROT

Hey, How's it go - in?

COROT

Hey, How's it go - in?

FARADAY

Hey, How's it go - in? Heat the ir - on, melt the sol - der, Care - ful with those wi - re cut - ters!
BILLY: Hey Tess, this screw just won't go in. What am I doing wrong?
TESS: You're probably just not pressing hard enough. I bet you're stripping the screw.
Here, let me show you how to do it.
You feel how hard you need to push? Now you try.
BILLY: Thanks Tess!
TESS: You're welcome.

My friends are here and energized!
I

More progress is made each time I come get to build a hack.

This hack will be ex-cel lent! It's pure awesome ness! I have

This hack will be ex-cel lent! It's pure awesome ness!

truly found paradise,

I'll be hard k0re,

Hey, How's it go in? Main supports are almost built.

11. Building
RYAN: Hey everybody, check out these parts Billy found on re-use!
BILLY: You said we needed more pipes, right?
TESS: This is awesome, this is exactly what we need!
CONNER: Good, because Billy punted 8.01 in order to find them. He even punted recitation for-
BILLY: Can you help me carry them over to that corner?

These extra materials are just what we need. Billy's picking things up fast, and taking a lead. I can't help but catch his eye. Every now and then. I really
hope I get to work with him again.

Hey, how's it goin'? The rope we ordered finally came! It's really thick! I like the color. Structure's done now. Heat the iron.

Start the net-ting! Melt the solder. No! It's crook-ed... I have rope burn. Yes! It's ev-en! Sleepy time now!

Hey how you doin'? Fa-ra-day just conked out so I'm looking for a lighter.

COROT: What? Don't do that!
RYAN: But he said-
COROT: No fire! But we do need to wake him up. He has to finish those circuit boards today. Let's go get him some caffeine.
PISTON: If you put down the five twelve book, we can get this done faster.
CONNER: But we might have a test this week and-
KEPLER: Disgraceful. This looks like it was built by a third grader.

KEPLER: You're not even using the proper tools. Pathetic.
PISTON: Leave
CONNER: Hey! You're that guy from before, the one who...
KEPLER: The one who what?
CONNER: I... nevermind.
KEPLER: That's what I thought. You're wasting your time here being a talking clamp. Good luck graduating.
ELECTRA: Sorry about him.

Three more weeks to go, and we're a-head of sche-dule. Hey, how's it goin'? I've never worked this hard but it's re-ward-ing! Told you. Yeah I know... Hey, how's it goin'?
Hold this! Does it burn your hand!? It feels okay. I win! It's oozing something. Oh no...

Should I redo it? Watch out! Oops... I lost the part. Again? No. Dammit, stupid bad!

On ly two more weeks to go? We need to pick up the pace.

BILLY: Whoa! It's already 3AM?
TESS: Yeah, time flies. Don't let me hold you here if you have to go tool.
BILLY: Nah, I only have half a pset left for the week, and besides, I'd rather be here with you. I mean, to build the hack.

Oh.

Wait. What's this?

neurons won't connect. Could it

But I know...
SPRINKLES: What's all this hammering and to-do about?
COROT: Oh, hello officers! We're just working on a project! Isn't it great when an art class gets you to use such practical skills like construction and electrical engineering?
KALF: Let's move on sir, they're just working on some art project.
SPRINKLES: There's something fishy about this "art project" of yours.
COROT: Oh, Sergeant, art has always been controversial. Let's go outside and I'll tell you all about modern art. You may have seen some around campus!

COROT: It often requires a lot of scrap metal...
THE NOVEMBAT

Ominous, slow and steady

Hunter, Billy, Tess, Hacksemble

Though "Mens et Man-us" may be our decree, when heard outside the school.

Pa-re-te le-gi No-ve-m-bri.

Obey the November Rule! Before November -

Pa-re-te le-gi No-ve-m-bri.

Keep off the frosh. All sketchy feelings must be squashed. The fool that breaks this

Pa-re-te le-gi No-ve-m-bri!
HUNTER: You see Billy, a freshman and an upperclassman shouldn't even think of dating until November 1st! There are consequences for such actions.

BILLY: Oh come on, it's not like a nightmare horror maw creature will come and devour our bodies and feast on our entrails if we... is it?
Comes to increase your P set blues by filling up the printer queues. That's sure to end most wings. Ah

The printer queues. Will end them.

Autumn flings.

Par ete legi Novembri!

You're gonna be late.

BILLY (8vb) and TESS

Oh no, we're not, we're

Par ete legi Novembri! Oh no. They say,

just good friends, That's not at all what we intend.

they're just good friends.

Par ete legi Novembri! Oh no. They say,

they're just good friends.

In-tend, in-tend. No-ve-m-bri!
If you hug and linger too long.

The Novembat with a putrid stinking maw. It's breath will cause complete sedation, you'll lose the skill of integration.

That could be the final straw!

You suck at math! It's gonna
Vocal Score

- 164 -

12. The Novembat

You've got it wrong.

Par ete le gi Novembri!

You've vem bri!

We'll be fine.

We have ne-ver crossed that line.

You can-not hide.

It's gon-na eat your insides.

If you

The Novem-bat with

Fuck 'cause you couldn't resist.

The Novem-bat

Hack, Punt, Tool
knife-like murderous grip will whisk you to the green building roof and drop you with one kick of his hoof.

knife-like grip will kill you. It's really really tall. It

You'll be destroyed by this lustful slip.

has at least one hoof. Lustful slip. Parete legi Novembri!

has at least one hoof. Lustful, lustful slip. Legi Novembri!

Par et e legi Novembri! Parete legi Novembri! Parete legi Novembri!

HUNTER: So don't even fucking think about it!
Cue: Tess, can you take the lead? I'll catch up.

COROT: Kepler, we need to talk. You need to stop--
KEPLER: I don't think there's anything to discuss.

since sophomore year, I've put up with your sneer-ing. Your lurk-ing your smirk-ing, eve-ry sing-le day! You snark at the team and in sult our en-gin-eer-ing. My pa-tience is gone, this be-ha-vior's not o-kay.

what's not o-kay? Tell-ing you the facts? I can't be lieve you won't ad-mit you lead hacks for your ben-e-fit, the frosh think you're a her-o it's such a big mi-stake.

Quit your phon-y act, you're just a worth-less fake!
lieve you? I won't believe the things you say at all! I'm
lieve you? What a phony, what a fake. You're no-thing! You
sure you believe that you're so damn cool.
want them to think that you're so hard-köre. You want them all to look your way, but it's
not all about you. Because
not all about you.
Kep-ler you're wrong. I'm giving them a
Yeah right! You're dragging frosh along because you want an army all
chance to learn.
mar-ching to your song. That's why you lead this horde, because you want to be a dored

Vocal Score

14. Bring Down the Hack

Hack, Punt, Tool
Master overall You're the mighty overlord.

You would want to lead. Only you want the praise, only you have that need. This hack is not for me! It's for them all to see that hacking's a tradition unique to MIT.

You think I'll believe you?!

A reality check is overdue, I'm not gonna sacrifice goddamn hack! A reality check is way overdue. Ha!

Then you'll see! 'cause it's not all about you.
KEPLER: I'm telling you, no one cares!
COROT: Kepler, please. I just want everyone to have a good time and --
KEPLER: You only want what's best for you. These freshmen will learn who you are.
COROT: That's it. I give up, you're not even listening. I've told you for the last time that this is unacceptable.

You need to leave, no more intimidation. Stop scaring the team and pushing us off track. I'm done with you, you're just an aggravation.
Please go away, and stop bringing down the hack.

KEPLER: Bring down the hack? Bring down the hack! Oh, I'll bring down the hack!

That's all you care about these days, how humble! This

Bring down the hack! Bring down the hack!

Bring down the hack! Bring down the hack!

stupid hack and all the glory in store. But

Bring down the hack! Bring down the hack!

Bring down the hack! Bring down the hack!
if you got caught, your plans would start to crumble.

Bring down the hack!

no one would follow you any more.

Bring down the hack!

KEPLER: Hello, Officer? Hi, I was just looking out the window and I saw some people on the roof of building 10. I think you should send someone over right away. (pause) No, thank you, officer. (hang up)

KEPLER: Your services are greatly appreciated.
**DISTRACTION TANGO**

Electra, Mags, Pachino, Claw, Sprinkles, Kalf, Hacksemble

**Cue:** What better way to become undetectable -

**STORY JACK:** --Than to distract the detectors.
**ELECTRA:** Definitely
**PACHINO:** You of all people to pick up the phone! You can't even remember what building number? Is this even close?
**CLAW:** I think so, though Boston gets pretty cold in October.

**CLAW:** I don't think anyone would be doing anything tonight.

Keep a look out Claw, I thought I heard a noise

Must be some of those hackers! Yeah! One of those de-plots. As they sneak through the night They should know we delight in up-holding the law!

**Slower, Jazzy**
Vocal Score

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15. Distraction Tango

Darling, my angel, your eyes how they shine! You must press your body to mine. Such an intimate feeling to-night I know we... will hold up the law.

Oh what have we here, They're acting odd, no doubt. Why are they in Killian?

They're making out, Though they'll try to distract, we'll see through their act.

We're upholding the law!

CLAW: Um... excuse me?
ELECTRA: What? Officers, I'm sorry, did you want something?
CLAW: Well, I didn't mean to intrude, but...
MAGS: You're not intruding, we were just sharing an intimate moment.
CLAW: I don't know, they just seem to be sharing an intimate-
PACHINO: Don't be so dense! It's a trick! I'm telling you, something's going on, something very strange.
MAGS: Your breasts are amazing!
(loud noise)
PACHINO: You hear that?
CLAW: Are you sure it's not the intimate moment that-
PACHINO: Don't be ridiculous! I'm calling for backup! And stop saying "intimate!"

PACHINO: (over Electra's verse): Officer Frey Pachino to Sergeant Sprinkles, Officer Frey Pachino to Sergeant Sprinkles. Sprinkles come in! Sprinkles come in!
Flux to Muse, there's a problem, they're on-to us now. We'll keep them busy somehow. You should
probably head down now, and try to stay low. We will hold up the law.

Sprinkles it's Pachino. It's urgent I swear. They're sure to be hackers 'cause they have funny hair. Though they'll try to succeed in the end they'll concede.

Grand March

Long band radio waves! The waves are the data we need for our class, and now we'll never pass. Please stop your transmissions, stay fifty smooths away.

Go up-hold the law some-where else.

They're do-ing science here. We should be re-spect-ful. And let them dis-sap-pear? No! these hack-ers are slick. It must be a trick. so I'm tel-ling you... Yes, you're right we'll keep up-hold-ing the law.
SPRINKLES: Where are they? Goddammit! I was drafting the plans for the blimp!
PACHINO: We got a tip and we headed here immediately, and when we got here, we heard these noises coming - [from the dome!]
MAGS: Whaaaaaaaaat an exciting night! There sure are a lot of you! This is perfect, I was looking for a ride home.
CLAW: Oh, you should have said so earlier.
PACHINO: All right, fine, Claw take her home.
MAGS: And I need four people to drive me... (musical flourish) I have a phobia... (loud noises on roof)
SPRINKLES: That's it, I'm going up there!

Flux to Muse, PUNT!!! Muse are you there, can you hear me you've got to get down. Aargh!

Why aren't you answer-ing? Get off the roof! We'll try to hold up the

Don't play games with me!

Games? Please Sergeant we..

You can't make me delay! You know!

Please, there's nothing to...

What? Am I in your way?

Ha! Just let me through!
You're a trick-y one!

SPRINKLES: Nah, just having fun. Sir, you're acting para-noi-d again. What I...

PACHINO: You're hiding something.

Hey, stop that! I know there's something!

Yeah, this is urgent. Yeah, there's nothing to see!

PACHINO: Claw!
MAGS: Hey! How's it going, Officer?
PACHINO: You're not going to trick me! Even if you don't have backpacks!
CLAW: Hey, Officer Kalf, would you like to join me?
KALF: Officer Claw, I don't think this is proper.
SPRINKLES: You're not going to win!
ELECTRA: Oh Sergeant, it's not about winning, it's about dancing!
PACHINO: Claw! Shut up!
SPRINKLES: Goddammit, I won't give up so easily! Just... need... to... find... those... goddamn... hackers... where's... my... flash... light?

STORY JACK: Hey everyone! Just a moment, we're experiencing some minor difficulties, not to worry...

(SPRINKLES spotlights hackers on the dome)

STORY JACk and AUDIENCE: -on your way to Baker House!
We will hold up the law. We will hold up we are COPS.

We're up holding the law. We're up COPS.

We're up holding the law. We're up COPS.

Hold up the law. We will hold ing up the law.

Hold up the law. We will hold up the law.

Hold up the law. We will hold up the law.

~Intermission ~
STORY JACK: Hi, everybody! Sorry for our brief interruption. When we left off, our hackers had just been snatched by the clutches of the law and taken to the campus police station. The hackers had no choice but to cooperate and see what punishment was in store for them!

SPRINKLES: Up against the wall!

PACHINO: You'd better cooperate!

SPRINKLES: Now, I know why you're here, you know why you're here, and I know you know I know why you're here, so let's not waste anyone's time, shall we?

CLAW: Mission accomplished, sir! The intimate couple is safely back at Baker House!

SPRINKLES: Claw, I asked you to bring those two back here!

KALF: Sir, we have our hands full here as it is.

SPRINKLES: Goddammit! But we... we... nevermind!

SPRINKLES: Now then...

CLAW, KALF and PACHINO

When you tango with justice you must pay the price!

SPRINKLES

You've scoffed at the law and you sneered in it's face, you've trespassed, you ought to be put in your place! Did you think you'd sneak by did you
37. think you'd slip through, Did you all really have nothing better to do? 

CLAW, KALF and PACHINO

38. Did you all really have nothing

39. better to do?

40. Yet, whatever has caused your unlawful debut, when

41. you break the law, the law will break you! 

SPRINKLES: How can we make you rake leaves or pick

42. shall we punish you? 

CLAW, KALF, and PACHINO

43. The law will break you!

44. 

45. up cigarettes! But even those tasks aren't as bad as it gets! We can send you to bath-rooms and

46. 

47. Ah

48. 

49. Ah

50. 

51. make you scrub floors, catch rats with your hands as just one of your chores, We can

52. 

53. Ah

54. 

55. 

56. 

57. Ah

Vocal Score

16. Sprinkles' Admonition

Hack, Punt, Tool
strike you from classes and hike your tuition, cancel your research without your permission, and if that's not enough to show you what the price is we'll implant you with permanent tracking devices, beat smirch all your records, and if we're compelled, we can take it much further, take it much further, SPRINKLES: Yes, that's it... the worst punishment of all...

SPRINKLES is cutoff by a ringing phone.
Cue: No! It Doesn't.

KEPLER: Ah, here they come. This will be fun.

First they begin with: Why were we caught, we should never have been caught! What went wrong, who's to blame? Someone is at fault. Then Corot says:

Calm down, guys, Calm down! These things happen, nothing we can do!

Then they answer: We will try again. Stop that! It's some-bod-y's fault there's no way this is not! I know who it was, I know it must be you!

And then it's time for them to defend.

Hey we told Tensor three times! So how did you not hear? We were warning you...
Cops were on their way so why weren't you punt-ing? They told you cops were com-ing.

Then they'll throw more blame a-round.

Clearly it's your fault. Why weren't you listen-ing?

Hey! I was do-ing my job. I nev-er heard your warn-ings! It's all your fault

Yes it is!

C P's caught us hack-ing If you were look-ing for some-one to blame, try

Pis-ton, She's real-ly loud She got us caught! Calm down, guys, Calm down!

Eve-ry-one will just keep wank-ing.

No use yel-ling ov-er stu-pid things. Let's just talk this through.
Adlib Yelling: "Hey don't look here!", "Shut up!", "I never want to work with you again!", "I never want to work on another hack again!", "You should do your damn job!", "It's not her fault, she was trying!", "Quit getting so defensive!"

Now he'll pick a target as the crowd descends, but now it's not the dome, the
corot: Stop! This hack is tearing us apart. It's not worth fighting over. Let's just forget the hack.

Did you just express a genuine concern about your team's distress?

What have I just done? I hoped that I'd expose your senseless disregard for everybody's woes. You did not accuse anyone at all, or stab them in the back you listened to your friends and

sacrificed the hack.

I didn't mean to let you down.

I only meant to

corot: The hack is over. Please just go home. Get some sleep.

KEPLER: Did that really just happen?
Vocal Score

THERE'S MORE TO LIFE THAN TOOLING

Cue: Wow, back in the day you guys were so hardk0re!

Kepler, Billy

BILLY: You've done so much epic stuff!

Slow, Pensive Rubato

That's not what hard-k0re means. It means "I was dumb, but I survived." I'm sick of your mantra! Stupid frosh-y kids. You all want to be hard-k0re! You just want to be hard-kore.

KEPLER: (sigh) Don't you see?

There is more to MIT than earning your degree. You could hide away all day with Diff EQ.

But you'll find that in the end, working with a friend. Is a formula for loving what you do.

'cause there's more to life than tooling don't you know.

BILLY: I think I see where you're going

Hack, Punt, Tool
If you start to feel burnt out, you should punt without a doubt. But angsting all alone won’t help at all. ’Cause when you’re in distress, you can decompress. By spending time with people on your hall, there is more to life than punting, and there’s more to life than tooling don’t you know.

There is more to pulling hacks than stories from the Jacks. A hack is up for just a fleeting span. There is no real meaning spending hours on machining. If your team’s no closer than it first began.

While the
Vocal Score

21. There's More to Life than Tooling

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crowds may gape in wonder, there are

stories they'll never know. 'Cause the real magic happens else where, with the adventures behind the show.

In our time here at this school, we'll hack and punt and tool. Even when you've turned your rat and journeyed on, then looking back you'll see, you'll find your heart will be with the people who stayed up with you 'til dawn.

There is more to life than hacking. Yeah there's more to life than punting, and there's more to life than tooling don't you know.

Hack, Punt, Tool
REBUILDING
Billy, Ryan, Conner, Hunter, Electra, Mags, Faraday, Piston, Corot

Cue: Come on, we've got the plans, we can do this.

Billy: Keep working then...
Hunter enters

Hunter: What are you froshbags doing around here. Didn't the hack end?

Billy: For Corot, maybe, but we want to keep doing this.

Hunter: What, so you think you frosh can just come in here and do all this even though you've never done it before?

Billy: Yes we do! We're going to keep working on it because we three are a team!

Hunter: Fuck that! We four are a team. Here, move over, Conner, let me hold that for you.

Hunter: Also, eat a goddamn cookie, you need your strength.

Billy: Hey! Where ya off to? Sleep or something, didn't this thing end? You need some help?

Faraday enters

Faraday: Hey, how's it goin'? Doin' well. Hey wanna help? Okay. I think I've got this! Hey, lookin' good! Thanks!

Billy: Hey, keep it up now. Hey awesome work there! Hey...
Cue: Rule?  Rule?? Please, we're past all that!

BILLY: Right!

There's no need to be fright-en-ed, we're pla-ton-ic as can be. Yessir-ee!

People should be en-light-en-ed. With the dat-a points re-gard-ing you and me... When I see you my heart does-n't flut-tter. No but-ter-flies in my chest. That's best! And as you guessed it's the same for me like-wise. You no long-er are that some-one that I wish I had ca-ress-ed.

Or cud-dled or em-braced, or squeezed or kissed... And ev-en if we kissed, that would be o-kay! We'd be two pla-ton-nic friends who kiss in a to-tal-ly pla-ton-nic way!

You're the kind of pal I can count on to save me a mov-ie seat. Any day! So long as the seat you ac-count for is a
40 coup-le rows a-way! Be-cause we're friends. And that's o-kay We're more like bro-thers than lo-vers. Right!


48 see in you__ some-one I'll ne-ver for-get__ some-one to pick me up__ when I'm down on my luck. Yes, I

52 see in you__ some-one spe-cial to me,____ some-one I just long to F...

TESS: -someone I just long to stand very far away from while talking about sports or the weather!

BILLY: I love the weather! I heard it was cloudy once...

TESS: Sometimes partly cloudy.

BILLY: And sometimes the clouds are so soft.

TESS: Sometimes two clouds are held apart by various unexplained weather patterns, even though both clouds would rather hold hands...

BILLY: The clouds?

TESS: It's some really upper level course 12 stuff...

BILLY: Right.

TESS: When I close my eyes I see no-thing. Just no-thing, no-thing at all.
Not you and I holding hands. Or snuggling beneath a blanket. With no clothes on.

BILLY: Let's close our eyes and not imagine it together!

TESS: Yes let's! (Pause)

It's good to know it. We've got so much to show it. We're platonic friends again!

HACKERS ON THE ROOF

Kepler, Corot, Billy, Tess, Hacksemble

KEPLER: The CPs— they took Faraday hostage! They know you're up here!

COROT: No! You're the reason we were caught last time!

He called us in, that jerk sold us out. Now he wants us to believe he's our scout. He called the CP's to tell them where we were. and now he's got the nerve to cause another stir!
Kep-ler called the C-P’s? What? Are you jok-ing? Can’t be-lieve you think that you can show your face here. Stop get-ting in our way, stop your pro-vok-ing. Let us be now, go a-way, you need to dis-sap-pear! Kep-ler’s a be-tray-er, should be de-test-ed, Do ing eve-ry thing he can to stop this right now, we’re pissed at you e-
get this hack to fail. Now he thinks we’ll take what he has sug-gest-ed, As nough We don't be-lieve a word, it's done, we truth that will pro-tect us and will help us to pre-vail.
I don't think Kep-ler wants to bring this call your bluff.

hack down like you think, he could real-ly want to help us get a-way, If he is right and the
cops are on their way, isn't it better to choose not to stay. Please, Co-rot listen to me!

Ignore him frosh, he's just

Be cool and think this through. If we get caught we'll be... Listen to me

trying to screw with us. He's a traitor, there's nothing to dis-

You could check to see if Cage is still ready at his post, it won't take too long, thirty

or you could check too.

cuss. It's a waste of

seconds at the most. if he is there we have nothing to fear, this hack could be on the line, it's an

time__________

And I don't
easy thing, so you should Be cool and think this through! You know what you should

BILLY

so you should Be cool and think this through! You know what you should

need to prove that he called us in. That jerk sold us

KEPLER

Co - rot, Co-rot,
Please

Kep-ler called the C-P's, I can't be-lieve it. We can't
do. Just call up Cage.
See if he's

HACKSEMBLE

out. There's no way that I'll be-lieve he's our

list-en to me.___

I know, I know, I
trust him. Stay out of our way now, leave us, just leave it.

there. Resolve this now.

there. Resolve this now.

scout. He called the C - P's and screwed things up before, but those times are through Co -

We don't follow your whim.

You know how

If he is right and the cops are on their way, you know how

stabbed me in the back, Co - rot. Please listen to me! Co - rot.
COROT: Fine! If that's what it takes to get on with this. Lead to Cage, what's your status?
PACHINO: (offstage, via communication device) Uh, oh, hey lead, word up...? Everything's good down here. No police officers or anything.
COROT: You okay, Cage?
SPRINKLES: Goddammit, Pachino! That's not what they sound like!
CLAW: Hello, hazardous materials division?
SPRINKLES: Give me that!

Please Co-rot listen. Call Fa-ra-day.

CLAW: I'd like to report a potentially radioactive item -
PACHINO: Quiet, they'll hear if-
SPRINKLES: You be quiet-
CLAW: Well, if I stuck my finger in it, I-
SPRINKLES: Goddammit, Claw, it's not radioactive!
FARADAY: (offstage) Ugh... wha- where am - What the !??? Ahhh!
PACHINO: Hey, he's getting away!
COROT: Punt! I'll stay and clean up!
KEPLER: I'll stay and help!
COROT: Everyone else, off the roof!

We need to get out of here. Good thing Kepler had our backs. But we're almost here now.

We have got to go now, quick

HACKSEMBLE

We need to get out of

COROT

Punt, grab
go, Let's go. They're al-most here now.
Vocal Score

28. Hackers on the Roof

like a shadow Through the night we fly. Ghost-ly like a spirit, you
right we blend into the night The timing might be
can not hear it. As we slip away, we guess he told the
tight But we'll get out of sight. Clear off the roof, Get
lighttight But we'll get out of sight. Clear off the roof, Get
ground, but right now just get down. I guess you told the
hear me out I thought I thought you weren't going to, Clear off the roof, Get
COUNTERBALANCE

Cue: No, it's never too late!

COROT: Do you trust me?
KEPLER: Trust you? Why?
COROT: Let's counterbalance rappel off this roof.
KEPLER: Counterbalance rappel? You mean you want me to jump off this building with you as my counterweight?
COROT: And I want to do the same for you. It'll be an adventure, like we used to have.
KEPLER: Well we have to get down somehow...
COROT: And what better way to do it than this?
KEPLER: This is insane.
COROT and KEPLER: Hell yes!

KEPLER: You ready?
COROT: Mens et Manus, motherfucker!

As we fly through the night-time!

Hack, Punt, Tool
Concealed by the dark, On our path re-uni-ted.

As the air rushes by me, Once a-

gain, I see there's more to MIT from

Just like freshman year from

way up here. Back in the day we never stopped to fret.

But now I

How we both ruined it. But let's not dwell...

We'll hack as

can't forget... How we both ruined it.

The cops are in pur-suit!

Hack, Punt, Tool
Vocal Score

- 199 -

29. Counterbalance

one And take over the In sti tute! As the dome
KEPLER
And take over the In sti tute! As the dome

---

soars above us!

---

We're a team again,

---

scheme again, but better than before.

---

We're unstop pa ble!

---

At the end of our rope, we were dumb, but

---

We were dumb, but

---

we sur vived.

---

we sur vived.

Hack, Punt, Tool
LET'S GET THOSE FUCKERS, REPRISE

Cue: They've made me look like a monster!

Sprinkles, Claw, Kalf, Pachino

I became a cop so long ago and swore that I'd pursue the

world through and through. But maybe I lost sight,

That's... that's... we have lost sight... Kalf!

Yes, now I see the light!

Catching hackers is not all we swore to do!

SPRINKLES: We've allowed ourselves to become obsessed with catching those hackers, and in our obsession, we caused even more trouble than the hackers caused in the first place. Our priority should be to protect the school, and we're goddamn good at that, goddammit.

KALF: I've been telling you this all along, sir.

SPRINKLES: It's a lucky thing I made this realization!

KALF: Never mind.

PACHINO: But, Sergeant! Hackers are criminals!

SPRINKLES: And if we catch them, we'll deal with them appropriately, but from now on I'm going to remember with a more compassionate heart why I made that vow those many years ago.

PACHINO: I guess you're right, sir...

SPRINKLES: Of course I'm right, goddammit, I'm Sergeant Bruce E. Sprinkles! Come on, let's go! The night may fucking need us, goddammit.

SAFETY

ALL COPS

Away!
And though the hackers' night works never saw the light of day, Their efforts weren't without perks. And more hacks were underway.

Hacks have a beauty, no one can deny, there's a lesson in there too.

Look past the surface, there's more than meets the eye. The best stuff is out of view.

There is more to MIT than earning your degree. All the jolt you drink can't replace a good night's rest. This hack was really great! And though the P-set was kind of late... No grades compare with stories from our quest! 'Cause there's
more to life than tooling don't you know. If your day's not going right, Then maybe you've lost sight. Of why you work all night. Do not blame the friends beside you. They could tie you up real tight...

We didn't get those fuck-ers! But you had a greater goal. We need more bituminous coal! Though our hack was almost caught, our work was not for naught. The hours we spent are ending. A new day's begun. I precious to the last. Once you've tied up all the know, we will hack as one, under a brand new sun. you don't have to
knots and finished all your plots. See the people who stayed
go alone just See the people who stayed
up with you 'til dawn.

BILLY: Tess! I've been waiting all this time to tell you that
I don't want to be just platonic friends.
TESS: I don't either! I want to be so much more!
BILLY: Tess?
TESS: What is it Billy?
(Tess and Billy kiss)

COROT

KEPLER

ALL

There is more to life than hacking There is more to life than punt-ing, There is

BILLY: I have a great idea for a hack! (Tess and Billy kiss)

(Tess and Billy kiss)