

## **St. Pat's 2004 Script**

by Ed Griggs with help from Nic Seidler and Chuck Tritt

DR. VIETS: [Ad-lib introduction, as always. At some point notices the machine.] What in the world is that?

SP#1: It says "DNA Re-combiner", whatever that means.

SP#2: You know the Fir Darrig's posters keep talking about "re-evolution", whatever that means.

SP#3: Yeah, they're probably related.

DR. VIETS: Speaking of the Fir Darrig, shouldn't they be barging in right about now?

[FIR DARRIG enter in the usual manner.]

FD#1: For 4 long years now the FD have been leaderless, due to the treachery of St. Patrick's Court. But those days are about to end. You all are now going to learn the truth about re-evolution.

FD#2: Red Snapper here has been working diligently designing and building the DNA recombiner. With this device we shall take the DNA of the WOO [holds up beard], the body of an ally [points to Nick in REVO shirt] and the blood of an enemy...

FD#3: ...represented by this lab report [holds it up]...

FD#2: ...and we shall create the ultimate life form – no, not Shadow the Hedgehog – the clone of WOO...

ALL FD: FATHER DIRRIG!!!

FD#1: Father Dirrig will be just like the WOO...

FD#2: ...only MEANER...

FD#3: ...MORE SADISTIC...

FD#4: ...and about 1600 years younger!

FD#5: This means more youthful energy with which to disrupt St. Pat.

FD#6: Say your prayers, losers. [Evil laugh.]

[Nick goes in machine. Toss in beard and lab report. Strange noises come from machine, ending with a DING.]

FD#1: Here he comes now!

[Santa comes out of the machine.]

SANTA: Ho! Ho! Ho! Merry Christmas everybody.

FD#2: Who the heck are you?

SANTA: I'm Father Christmas, of course!

ALL FD: FATHER CHRISTMAS !!?

[ENTER the BMI students.]

FD#3: You were supposed to be Father Dirrig!

FD#4: What happened?

BMI#1: I'll tell you what happened. *We* happened.

FD#5: Who are you?

BMI#2: We are the student workers of the BMI.

BMI#3: We infiltrated your so-called "secret" laboratory...

BMI#4: ...and contaminated your DNA sample with the DNA of Santa here.

FD#1: But, how did you get in?

BMI#1: Let's just say we had inside help.

FD#2: A mole? In the FD? This can't be happening!

[FD all look at each other suspiciously.]

FD#3: Wait a minute, where is Bob the Red anyway?

SP#1: Mean and sadistic, indeed!

SP#2: He's jolly old Saint Nick!

[Court gets a good laugh out of this.]

[Fir Darrig stand around looking stunned. Santa slips away quietly.]

DR. VIETS: Now, where were we before we were so rudely interrupted? [Finishes the signing of the proclamation with usual commentary.]

[After proclamation is signed, SP#1 and SP#2 look at the FD in disgust.]

SP#1: Do you think they'll ever learn?

SP#2: Probably not.

FD#1: Just wait until next year!

FD#2: You'll pay for this!