

**STACKED: A DEVIANT DOCTORAL
DISSERTATION**

A play in one act by Lisa Haas

The Character

Sylvia: A female Ph.D. student. Any Age. Any ethnicity. Any body type.

SETTING: A large university research library.

TIME: The present.

ACT I

Onstage is the dissertation. The spine should measure a minimum of 1 foot (preferably thicker) and should be filled with that much paper. The actor should be able to pick it up, move it, open it, and, sit on it. The other items on stage are a brief case and various piles of books. There are two large signs. One reads, "No Food or Drink in the Library" and the other, "Quiet Please". Sylvia addresses that audience.

I went to McDonalds this afternoon because it's the perfect research site to meet women. As you may know, McDonalds has top of the line deep-frying equipment and naturally, that's where all the sexually active babes hang out.

And I saw this woman who had—EXCELLENT breasts. They were absolutely excellent, very big, C cup sized breasts. I could tell she was really hot for me because she was ignoring

me. So I asked her to join me for lunch.

We went to the counter to order, “Vicky” and I. And the cashier asked if we wanted to super size our fries. Vicky said “Yes.”

(does a jerk off gesture of excitement/triumph)

So we sat down to eat, and I told her a little bit about myself, that I’m a doctoral student at the university. You know, it really impresses chicks when I tell them I’m a Ph.D. candidate. They’re all over me. ALL OVER me. They think I am sooo woman. They think I am such an incredible woman. They think I’m all that a woman can be, and even more. And then, they want to have sex with me -IMMEDIATELY. And Vicky was no exception, she was completely impressed and obviously turned on -sending me signals left and right! Sucking on her straw, biting into her burger, leaving the napkin on her lap so she had to glide her tongue across her lips, lapping up the secret sauce. She cleverly drew out our little pre-coital social interaction, asking me about my dissertation, my years of research, and about my student loan debt. And then, she asked if she could have a few of my french fries.

And I thought, how many does she mean by a few? Because I noticed she had eaten all of hers. And then I thought, it’s ok I’m not gonna get upset by this. So I said, “Sure, have a few.”

And she did. And that was ok, except for the fact that during the entire lunch she kept reaching over taking my french fries. So I started to eat my french fries faster, because I didn't want her to get more than me.

But then I began to feel guilty about not wanting to share my french fries with her, because I'm a woman, and she's a woman, and women should help women and that whole feminist cooperative theory thing. And if a sister needs a french fry, shouldn't I give her one? And if a sister needs all of my french fries shouldn't I give them all to her? Isn't that what Bela Abzug would do? And then I thought, wait a minute, this isn't Womens' Studies 101, this is my lunch, and I'm not sharing my french fries with anyone!

And then do you know what I realized? I realized this is not about me, it's about McDonalds, because if anyone is being selfish here, it's McDonalds who is playing a little sicko deprivation game by withholding french fries. They never give you enough! They make you feel like you're in control with their little advertising mind game super sized option, but you're not! You pay thirty-nine cents and you get like three more fries!

And Vicky. Vicky -this excellently big breasted babe who seemed very polite, nearly ate all my french fries! So you

know what I decided? I decided NOT to have sex with her.

Sylvia sees a woman in the audience and flirts with her. She does a calculation on her calculator and asks the woman if she likes french fries. Whatever the response, it confirms her notation and Sylvia records this in the dissertation. Sylvia pulls from her briefcase some french fries and offers them to the woman. If the woman wants some, Sylvia pulls the bag away and removes just one to give her. SOUND CUE: Footsteps of the Security Guard approach. Sylvia hides the french fries. The footsteps stop.

Yeah. I see the sign. Ok. OK!

SOUND CUE: The footsteps walk away.

What an idiot.

It completely outrages me that the library has to hang controlling signs that say “no food or drink in the library.” What does that mean? WHAT DOES THAT REALLY MEAN? Does that mean there’s no sex or masturbating in the library either? It’s obviously a subliminal ploy to subconsciously control my reproductive system.

The Security Guard is just jealous of my dissertation. This is ground breaking material! Dozens of publishers have been breathing down my neck waiting for me to finish because they

know as soon as this hits the press, it's going to change the face of the human race! I can't believe the Chair of my department called me into his office the other day to hassle me about it. He has the balls to tell me that my research is completely off the mark and inappropriate. Who does he think he's kidding? The world is finally ready for my revolutionary manifesto: QUANTITATIVE COMPARISONS OF INDUSTRIAL DEEP FRYING EQUIPMENT IN EASTERN EUROPE FROM 1950-1969 AND THE CORRELATION BETWEEN BREAST SIZE AND RATIONAL CHOICE IN EXPLORATORY SEX FOR WOMAN. I guess I'm the "bad girl" of the Religious Studies Department.

(referring to dissertation)

This baby's a real chick magnet. All the females in the library are constantly looking over my shoulder, trying to catch a glimpse of my work. Particularly Marion. The research librarian. What a babe. What a big breasted babe. She's a boob goddess. She's a huge boobed goddess. She's a double D cup boob babe goddess, AND she wears modest, yet alluring glasses. I think she's hot for me. I think she's hot for me because she always ignores me - to hide the fact of how badly she wants me! She wants me, right here on the library floor. And it wouldn't matter to her how many people stop to stare, because her lust is so intense, she just doesn't care. Me on the other hand? I care. Only because I'm modest and feel a bit of

embarrassment over the fact that I will be stripped nude and ravaged openly on the industrial gray carpet. And it's not really my embarrassment as much as it is my concern for all of you ladies, who might be in the library and catch a glimpse of this passionate tantrum - and my concern is for the overwhelming flood of self-disparaging feelings you'll experience when you think you can't have me, just because Marion is having me.

(referring to the female members of the audience)

Ladies, ladies, please. That's such black and white thinking. Just because someone has, doesn't mean you have not. I am holding office hours by appointment.

(rushes to dissertation, brings it forward to show the ladies a little closer)

It's so brilliant. Look at my perfect margins! One and a half inches on the left side and one inch on the right. My table of contents needs a little work, but it's only seven pages long, so I can just retype it. But what I am most excited about is that I'm ALMOST finished! I have a few more tidbits of data to gather, and one pivotal quote to find that will bind together the seemingly incongruent, yet brilliantly related elements of my thesis. I haven't been able to find the book that will back-up my theory, but I know it must be here in the stacks somewhere. It's probably some ancient text written in Latin or Hebrew or Greek or some bullshit thing like that.