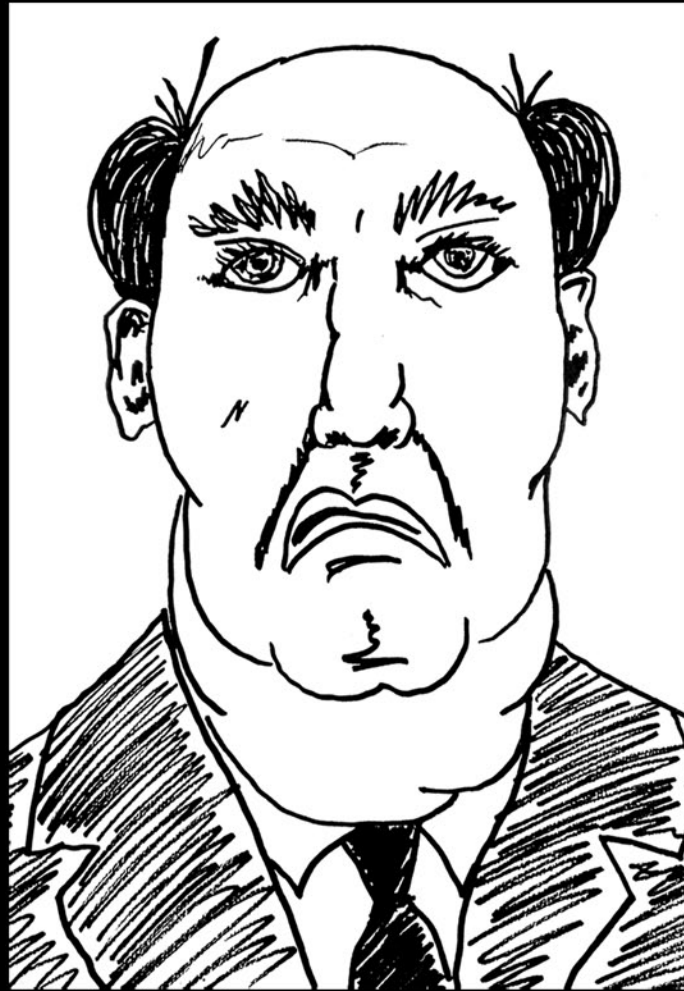


A Fun **Satire**

A **Drama**

Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney -
Absolute Caesar of the Mighty Lucrative
Conference of Academic and Sports Excellence



By Dr. John H. Braccio and Dr. John A. Braccio
East Lansing, Michigan - January 24, 2014

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Introduction

We are Michigan State University fans first and Big Ten fans second. One of us has been a Michigan State fan since the days of Biggie Munn and the other as a young boy for thirty years. The focus of our fun satire relates to football. We are not friends or family of Michigan State football coach Mark Dantonio. In fact, we have never talked to him. We have only informally talked to Athletic Director Mark Hollis and only for a few minutes at a few sporting events. We have never discussed anything about what we are writing. Their opinions could be completely divergent from ours.

We wrote A Fun Satire in September and October of 2013 but waited until after the Big Ten Championship Game in Indianapolis on 12/7/13 and then the Rose Bowl on 1/1/14 to put a few final touches on it.

A very positive event for the Big Ten Conference was the colossal Big Ten Championship game of 2013 between Michigan State University and The Ohio State University. The fact OSU was playing for a National Championship spot that the Southeastern Conference wanted to fill with Auburn made for great national interest and created a fire cracker-like atmosphere in Lucas Oil Stadium. Fans were fortunate to have their bodies to barely contain seemingly uncontrollable fire hot passionate feelings that even in muted fashion reverberated in the stadium and drenched everyone in it with visions and memories that will be carried for a lifetime. For long suffering MSU fans, the long-time dream of returning to the Rose Bowl could finally happen.

The Big Ten Championship Game became the most watched college football game of the season up to that time. That MSU came in on the coat tails of OSU's quest for the National Championship Game does not diminish that this was a signature win for Michigan State University as it barged onto the national consciousness. It was a surprise to many who simply accepted MSU would show up, put up a good fight, and lose to OSU. MSU's coaches and players would have none of that and won a True Classic Big Ten Game. This is without focusing on the fact the Big Ten Championship could have been even bigger. Three of the five pass interference calls by a Big Ten Officiating Crew in the 9/21/13 MSU/Notre Dame game were highly questionable at the kindest and completely wrong at the most critical. Two of them resulted in the Notre Dame touchdowns which were far more than the difference in a four point game. That MSU could have won anyway is not the primary storyline. Without the calls, the Big Ten could have had an even more colossal game with the winner of the game going to the National Championship Game.

One could argue a wise Big Ten Commissioner Delany would use this signature win by MSU to foster ongoing strength of the MSU Football program. He could promote the history of this game as he does with raging Bacchus-like orgasmic passion for the 11/22/69 OSU/U of M game. Many of those with a memory before that game refer to the years before it as "The Dark Era" in U of M football. But in Delany's view, nothing happened before that game or since that would allow the apparently sacrilegious view that other games are important or that all Big Ten Teams and not just OSU and U of M should be promoted to help them potentially achieve to their potential. Is there anything in the DNA of the seemingly all powerful Delany as demonstrated

by actions over the years that would show he is even capable of this? There are those who would enthusiastically shout “NO”.

The Wondrous spectacle of MSU in the Rose Bowl against Stanford University did not seem to be on the horizon when we began work on A Fun Satire. That MSU won in dramatic fashion on a national stage with the largest television audience since the BCS Championship Game of the year before was very positive for MSU and the Big Ten. That the Spartan Nation had a huge crowd and was the de facto home team could not even be denied by Delaney when functioning with his ongoing superb imitation of “The Emperor’s New Clothes” mentality that the only glory in the Big Ten can go to his two perfect golden calves. One could argue he was not on the stage at the Rose Bowl so he would not be booed by fans who love MSU as he was at the Big Ten Championship Game. It could further be argued his desire was not to give the Spartan Nation the satisfaction of booing him rather than he cares what is thought of him by insignificant fans from anywhere but his beloved 24-karat golden duo.

To experience the Rose Bowl with thousands of other members of the Spartan Nation was an unforgettable experience and hopefully something Delany would see as another rationale to give solid support personally and on his Big Ten Network for another team rather than his flawlessly perfect golden calves. That MSU won after the Big Ten had lost nine of the previous ten Rose Bowls was wonderful not only for MSU but also for the Big Ten Conference. That U of M was battered and humiliated by Kansas State University and OSU was beaten by Clemson University would be a reason to promote MSU to help the Big Ten’s reputation as a whole. To not do this would be irrational from the perspective of promoting the Big Ten Conference but would be totally consistent with this long time ruling monarch’s whole modus operandi.

To the credit of Delany, the Big Ten Channel has played the Championship Game many times as well as the production of a splendid edition of “The Journey” about the game. At the time A Fun Satire was put on our website as a free eBook download there had not been a Journey on the Rose Bowl, the Big Ten’s Biggest Win of the year. Also excluded at the time was Nebraska’s Big Win over the SEC’s Georgia.

We have no issue with The Ohio State University or the University of Michigan. They effectively promote their football programs and are rewarded for their successful efforts. What football program in the United States would turn down the idolatrous privilege Delany gives them? We can even praise Commissioner Delany if one accepts his basic premise that he must promote the supremacy of the football programs of The Ohio State University and the University of Michigan. One can strongly disagree with him and also acknowledge his great success in implementing his vision. His benefit package of 1.6 million dollars shows the high esteem he has in Big Ten Power circles. The level to which he was booed by Michigan State University fans when he was introduced in Indianapolis after MSU won the Big Ten Championship game shows the apparent dislike or even disdain many MSU fans feel for him.

Not surprisingly, we do not believe there is a high percentage of persons in Big Ten Country who agree with us. This would include sports writers and powerful individuals within the overall Big Ten Universities Family. It would appear most people outside of some hard core Michigan State University fans accept how Delany runs the conference and their role in it. That makes our A Fun Satire at least interesting and fun for us. These are our opinions and belong to no one else.

Our basic beliefs are as follows:

1. The Big Ten Conference is highly motivated to make as much money as possible to finance its sports programs. The Big Ten commissioner has religious-like fanatical idolatry for the football supremacy of Ohio State and Michigan in an outdated and pathetic gesture to the 70s and 80s. It is a financial, recruiting, demeaning, and wrong-headed approach to running the Big Ten Conference in the modern era. He confuses making money based on a vast and enthusiastic alumni base rather than with an environment where he tries to help everyone succeed. Of all human beings born prior to the fall of “invincible” Rome, no one would have been more shocked when it fell than Delany if he had been alive at the time. He would have called it “An Indestructible Empire” the day prior to the fall. With the same logic, this is how he sees the OSU and U of M game. No game, including the Big Ten Championship game, under any circumstances can compete with it. It is, for Delany, heaven without having to die. That so many Michigan fans gave up their tickets in droves in the 2013 version of THE GAME to Ohio State fans could be seen as the effect of Ohio State’s near total dominance over the past 10 to 13 years. Take your pick of Ohio State wins in 9 of the last 10 games or 11 of the last 13.
2. The SEC, which makes no bones about winning and making money, supports any team that wins. The SEC had 7 of the top 10 teams in Forbes rankings of value in 2012 while the Big Ten only had 1. The SEC is a “What Have You Done For Me Lately” conference. The Big Ten is only what happened on 11/22/69 (OSU/U of M game) and nothing beyond that point is relevant. To Delany, that is year one in a far more significant historical context than dates such as BC, AD, CE or the Chinese New Year.
3. With no disrespect to the academic excellence of the University of Nebraska, it seems reasonable to believe Nebraska is in the Big 10 because of its magnificence as a great football power with a vast rabid fan base that would go to bowl games in Point Barrow, Alaska, in the dead of winter in shorts and t-shirts to follow their beloved Huskers.
4. The Big Ten Channel is successful financially but also has pagan-like idolatry to the Big Two. It majestically promotes the Big Two brand. Who would believe Michigan State University won the 2013 Big Ten Football Championship, the Rose Bowl on January 1, 2014, that Wisconsin won the three previous Big Ten Championships, that Ohio State has beaten Michigan 11 of the last 13 years or that Michigan State has beaten Michigan 5 of the last 6 years? We believe the day Nebraska entered the Big Ten, the focus was on how it would not interfere with the Ohio State-Michigan game, which the Big Ten Channel conveniently began continuously referring to as, THE GAME, shortly after announcing there would now be a conference championship at the conclusion of the regular season. It is interesting that the Big Ten Channel does not promote the Big Ten Championship Game as THE GAME and rather focuses on THE GAME between OSU and U of M. To argue the point, even if OSU and Michigan were the Big Two, as in days gone by, the genius of Delany

should now be to change that and move to the SEC model. The aging all powerful Delany does not seem capable of accepting this. His financial success seems to blind him to the far greater financial reward of a solid, balanced conference with a colossal championship game. An irony is that this continuous trumpeting of the glory of the Big Two versus the puny insignificance of the other Big Ten teams with fanatical religious-like vigor on the Big Ten Channel only adds to the poor image it has in the United States. One can only speculate what negative impact this has had and continues to have on recruiting for the “Little Ten” which shortly will be the “Little Twelve.” The success of Wisconsin over the years and more recently MSU is a great credit to their administrations, coaches, players and fans.

5. We do not believe in the absurd rumor Delany has been like a mad chemist from the middle ages trying to make gold from dung in a hidden room in the Big Ten Headquarters. This is said even though his whole modus operandi looks like a money-making, greedy obsession. Another absurd rumor is that the spirits of Fritz Crisler and Professor Ralph Aigler magically control the thoughts and behaviors of Delany and he is actually a present day manifestation of them. How silly is that? Equally ridiculous is the absurd rumor that Delany, when he has trouble sleeping gets on the floor and chants “11/22/69” over and over again. Gradually emotion overtakes him, tears come to his eyes, and he gradually goes to sleep weeping in ecstatic pleasure in the fetal position as images of Woody and Bo in Roman Togas smile in approval. Now, how crazy is that? These could be seen as peevish invective from the disgruntled few who start unfounded rumors about Delany.

We thank Richard Tanner for his caricature and Carrie Brady for helpful editing.

This is a living document subject to change at any time. Comments are always appreciated.

Characters

Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney

Maximus is the long time Comandante of the Mighty Lucrative Conference of Academic and Sports Excellence. He is a never-cutting his eyebrows, ruthless tyrant who rules over everyone by giving them green opium (*money*). He extorts it from television and other media outlets. As Napoleon, he believes everyone has their price. In this pursuit, he has proven Napoleon right except for a few at State University. He has a vast number of rabid followers from the huge state universities who follow their teams. His whole purpose in life is to promote the unparalleled God-like greatness of his heroes from 1969-1977, Toody and Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. His calendar begins on the date of November 22, 1969. He is the only living being who has been allowed into the greater than universe class Golden Temple to the Limitless Glory of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich as created by the achievement of Toody and Mo. St. Peters Basilica in Rome is in comparison a small house cat to a Siberian Tiger or as a worm to a giant python. He is physically distinguished by holding the Guinness Book of World Records longest eye brows. He is proud of this. He believes it makes him look manly, handsome and powerful!

President Docile Greedy Worm

President Docile Greedy Worm represents the other University Presidents of the conference and regularly comes to Comandante Delooney's Golden Office to collect a huge wheel barrow loaded with green opium (money) to distribute to himself and the other presidents.

Media Sports Chief

Media Sports Chief is the media spokesperson for Comandante Delooney. He religiously promotes the doctrinal, perfect truth of Comandante Delooney.

Tuffy Norkus

Previous football coach at State University. He gallantly and ferociously defends the position of State University and hates the hypocrisy of Comandante Delooney. He is still powerful in spirit and fight. From his early days in Big Town, he has never backed down when he feels he is right. He has had it with Delooney and his unfair treatment of State University. His anger at the unequal treatment erupts when he confronts Delooney and shows what a spineless person he is when confronted directly by a force not at all intimidated by him or the addiction of so many to his green opium.

Skippy Goon

Previous Sports Editor of the University Town Journal. He is a pathetic person who has always been a fierce "to the death" supporter of Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney.

Clowny Goon

Clowny is the executive assistant to Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney. He idolizes Maximus and everything he says and does. Rumor has it he has a statue of Maximus with an eternal candle next to the golden praying statues and words of Toody and Mo. He sees

Maximus as having a papal-like infallibility. He "knows" Comandante Maximum Midas Titanic Delooney was chosen by Toody and Mo to be their representative on earth. He is the son of

Skippy Goon, the equally dominated and subservient to Maximus media clown who participated in the great civil war at State University between Tuffy Norkus and Colosso Michelangelo Assessino in the 1993 drama, The Football Coach and the University President or Power Play at State University of America. You can download this eBook drama for no cost at the following website: drjohnb.com.

Toody

Legendary former coach of Ruckeye University and cofounder of the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Mo

Legendary former coach of Blue University and cofounder of the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Athletic Director Powerful

The Ruckeye University Athletic Director is a crony of Comandante Delooney and the most powerful sports person aside from Comandante Delooney.

Institutions

Mighty Lucrative Conference of Academic and Sports Excellence

The oldest athletic conference in America. Currently led by the egotistical, narcissistic, mean spirited, vindictive, sociopathic, and megalomaniacal tyrant Comandante Maximus Midas Delooney who has led the conference to earn millions upon millions of dollars in sports revenue. In the process, he himself has become a wealthy man.

Eternal Fourth Reich

The mighty Eternal Fourth Reich began on November 22, 1969, which is now referred to as year 1 in calendars at conference offices as well as member institution academic and athletic offices. State University pays a special academic disciplinary tax of \$300,000 per year for not visually showing the calendars. It also receives unfair scheduling in football. It refuses to use the two eternal lights on the calendars in each classroom and office made in the images of Toody and Mo. State University officials also refuse to bow their heads and close their eyes in total subservience when using the words Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. November 22, 1969 is the date Toody and Mo first played against each other and were the creating force of the Universe. Delooney with absolute certainty knows this Eternal Fourth Reich will last for eternity unlike the first 3 (1st Reich-Holy Roman Empire 962-1806; 2nd Reich-German Empire 1871-1913; Greater German Reich-1933-45).

Toody & Mo's TV Channel

A new cable channel created by Comandante Delooney that brings in millions of dollars to the conference which is equally distributed to each school. Each school has become totally dependent on the money. It is like a heroin addiction. The only goal is the next hit to feed the monstrous addiction. Delooney feeds the habit and mocks them in his office with Clowny and

Skippy. The money addiction is used to silence the academic and athletic offices at each school. Every year on the week of the conference championship game, the channel continuously plays old Ruckeye U and Blue U games. Rumor has it the idea of the TV channel came to Comandante Delooney from a vision he had when he burned his foot on a burning bush in a raging rain storm in the desert. Toody and Mo appeared to him and gave him the demand to begin the TV channel. Lightning then burned out the glories and commandments of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich on pure gold tablets that descended from above to Comandante Delooney's arms as he held them. One gold tablet is in the image of Toody and the other of Mo.

Tusker University

Newest member of the Mighty Lucrative Conference of Academic and Sports Excellence.

Ruckeye University

The most powerful football team of the conference and the biggest provider of riches to it. With or without the indefatigable support of Comandante Delooney, its innate advantages make it the dominant power in the conference.

Blue University

The season ending rival of Ruckeye University is constantly propped up by Comandante Delooney and his television network. Blue University is powerful but is not equal in the relationship because of the vast advantage Ruckeye U has over all member schools due to being the only football team in a heavily populated state flooded with football talent and rabid fans.

State University

A conference school that does not use the new calendars created by Comandante Delooney under the inspiration of Toody and Mo where the year 1969 is now Year 1. This draws the ire of Comandante Delooney. While dependent on the green opium (money), it refuses to be completely addicted to the green heroin (money) that Delooney gives it when obedient to his capricious demands. In spite of many self-inflicted wounds over the years, it alone challenges the mighty and limitlessly powerful Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney. Comandante Delooney hates State University and sees it as an annoying stepchild that will not accept its Cinderella-like position. He will make sure no prince comes in to help State University. "Hell No!" is what he rants with his shrill high-pitched falsetto voice.

Scene 1

**Tusker University Joins the Mighty Lucrative Conference
of Academic and Sports Excellence**

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and Sports Excellence**

Clowny: By golly, Tusker U coming into the league will destroy the glory of Toody and Mo. I'm very upset and worried.

Delooney: Ha, ha, my little worm. That'll never happen.

Clowny: Golly, what will we do?

Delooney: I, and not WE, is who will do what needs to be done.

Clowny: Oh Magnificent One, Your Excellency..... Ah... Ah... How?

Delooney: Ha, ha, you tiny dimwitted imbecile, Toody and Mo's TV channel today will destroy any thoughts of change. The entrance of Tusker U will be presented as irrelevant as it is. The plan will be to highlight the eternal glory of Toody and Mo's game. I'll call it, THE GAME. The Eternal Fourth Reich will be eternal! Hail to Toody and Mo! We must promote Ruckeye and Blue Universities to make sure we keep them in the hunt for the National Championship.

Clowny: But, but... isn't the championship game THE GAME now?

Delooney: You fool! That will never be! Toody and Mo's TV channel will speak only of Toody and Mo's game as being THE GAME. No one anywhere will care about our little championship game. *(As he raises his arm in salute)* Hail to the Fourth Reich!

Clowny: *(Raises his hand in salute)* But, but why can things never be permitted to change?

Delooney: You smelly little fart! Do I have to explain EVERYTHING to you? You smallest of tiny worms! In year 1 (1969), The Game was the greatest game! For that reason, it always must be. Use the little brain power you have. *(He thumps his oddly shaped head with the back of his hand)* THINK Clowny, think! Championship game be damned. Even your idiotic, foul-breathed father would know that this little championship game would be nothing compared to THE GAME. In fact, I could've even called it the Skippy Game. Ha, ha, ha. *(Chuckling to himself)*. What a nincompoop that ugly, oddly shaped clown was and is. Ha, ha, ha.

Clowny: Sir, Your Supreme Eminence, my dad is going to be visiting and would like the honor of seeing you.

Delooney: *(Speaking to himself)* Speaking of spineless little bastards, he's clearly that. But his loyalty to Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich is unshakeable. *(Speaking to Clowny)* Well, sure I would consent to see that little mongrel.

Clowny: Ughh, ughh, he is down in the reception area hidden in the darkened corner reserved for insignificant persons like him hoping he can see you. He's kneeling in front of Toody and Mo's golden statues in total subservient adoration.

Delooney: Oh, send him up. Ha, ha! That'll be new for someone who never knew or experienced what the word "up" meant. *(Snapping his fingers)* Bring the little dimwit here.

Clowny: Does he kneel when he comes in and crawl on his knees from the door to your desk?

Delooney: Why do you ask such a stupid question, Clowny?

Clowny: His knees are worn out from the thousands of times he's done that.

Delooney: *(With great rage)* He'll be on his knees all the way and kneel on the kneelers *(pointing with his finger)* with no padding while he's here! Now get off your padded kneeler and get little Skippy. Ha, ha, ha!

Clowny: Oh, thank you Supreme Excellency. *(Exit)*

(Enter Clowny, Skippy)

Skippy: *(Enters in humility on his knees with a garb of rough material that functions as sand paper on the body so every step he takes on his always aching knees is even more painful. Skippy does the 500 yard entrance to Comandante Delooney's golden desk and comes to it in obvious writhing pain. Delooney ignores him and the cloth tearing into his skin creating raw skin with traces of blood. With tears in his eyes from joy, Skippy yells out as he gets to Delooney's desk)* Oh, Holy Exalted One of Flawless Perfection, I'm yours!

Delooney: *(Without yet acknowledging him)* This little fellow is an absolute idiot. A human that makes the dullest Neanderthal appear a combination of Einstein and Da Vinci.

Skippy: Comandante Limitlessly Great Delooney, I'm at your command.

Delooney: *(With an indignant tone)* You little vile worm, what do you want?

Skippy: To again pledge absolute allegiance to you, Toody, Mo and the Enteral Fourth Reich. Hail to the Eternal Fourth Reich!

Delooney: That's good Skippy. What have you done to show your loyalty to the Fourth Reich since you left here many years ago?

Skippy: I watch Toody and Mo's TV Channel daily and have spent limitless hours watching previous installments of THE GAME. I pray to my statues of Toody and Mo for undying inspiration to them and the Eternal Fourth Reich for hours each day. They never let me down.

Delooney: *(In an obvious rage)* THEY ARE NOT RERUNS BUT PART OF A SACRED

CONTINUUM THAT MAKE UP THE ETERNITY OF THE 4TH REICH! Eternity began on November 22, 1969. You ignorant little shit, have you not heard of the Big Bang Theory?

Skippy: Ahh...No, Sir Perfection, My Comandante.

Delooney: That's when the universe began. (*Rubbing his bizarre looking head hard with his knuckles as Skippy howls*) Think, stupid Skippy! November 22, 1969, that is when time began.

Skippy: (*Crying*) Oh, Colossal Great One, I beg for your forgiveness.

Delooney: Why should I forgive you, you insipid little toad?

Skippy: (*In tears*) Please, let me show you what I've done to my body to show my absolute loyalty to you, Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. I beg your forgiveness!

Delooney: (*Rather enjoying this*) Ok, show me, you little goon.

Skippy: (*Taking off his clothes, he shows hand carved images of Toody and Mo covering his entire pathetic, shriveled body*) Please have pity on me. (*He falls to the ground convulsively crying*)

Delooney: (*He is rather amazed how this tiny misshapen malcreant masquerading as a sports writer and human being could be so grotesque. He is actually impressed at the loyalty Skippy has shown in doing this to his body as a total subservient in honor to him, Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich*) Skippy, I must admit you've shown loyalty. You actually have been the most loyal of the totally obsequious and subservient media chieftains that cover the Eternal Fourth Reich. (*Aside*) And what obedient mindless clowns they are. Without thinking, they always accept whatever I spin. I sometimes wonder if they actually believe everything I say.

Skippy: (*With tears of rapturous joy*) Yes, yes thank you, My Supreme Excellency.

Comandante Delooney: You little varmint! Your limited intelligence lets you know how total obedience to me is critical to your success! You'll notice how when someone like Truthey comes along and challenges the authority of the Fourth Reich, I lead the pack attacking the heretic. (*With a mean spirited laugh*) As you know, we've always destroyed those confused persons who see themselves pushing for fairness. Those scoundrels! Who the hell do they think they are? And green opium gets obedient presidents and athletic directors to grovel on their knees with glazed eyes to me for more. Oh, how I hate those hollow voiced misfits masquerading as "academic first" hypocrites. Green opium is what they crave and beg for, ha, ha! And I give it out by the bushel full. Those greedy addicted fools! Ha, ha, ha, ha! At least stepchild State University knows what it stands for. Oh, how I hate them!

Skippy: Can I ask you a question, Your Total Excellency?

Comandante Delooney: Yes, but quickly, you mindless, stupid idiot.

Skippy: Have you been happy with my son in your office?

Comandante Delooney: *(Clowny and Skippy look on wanting to hear what Comandante Delooney says)* He's the equal of you. *(He talks to himself)* A tiny witted buffoon and insignificant worm-like creature who only has success due to total allegiance to me, Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Clowny & Skippy: *(Both Clowny and Skippy fall to the ground and cry out in a combination of hysterical happiness and emotional release)* Oh, thank you, Our Majesty!

Scene 2

President Docile Greedy Worm is anxiously waiting with his calculator in the Lightless Insignificant People Waiting Area to see Comandante Delooney

President Docile Greedy Worm is anxiously waiting with his calculator in the Lightless Insignificant People Waiting Area to see Comandante Delooney

Clowny: Your Supreme Excellency, President Docile Greedy Worm is here to see you.

Comandante Delooney: Oh God, spare me the pain of that hollow-voiced professorial, avaricious, money-grabbing scoundrel. They're all alike (*mimicking in a mocking tone*) "Please Great Comandante, give me more green opium." Those moronic, narcissistic, egomaniacal idiots are always masquerading in the robes of academia as they take money as if it's scholarly. They make the excesses of the Roman Empire seem like an episode of Mickey Mouse, Mr. Rogers, Sesame Street or Jake and the Never Land Pirates.

Clowny: President Docile Greedy Worm has been waiting for hours.

Comandante Delooney: Good, ha, ha, ha, ha. General McClellan made Lincoln wait for him. Is not my achievement with the conference been greater than Lincoln's simply keeping the country together? I've created "The Game," "The Rivalry," the "Greatest Sporting Event in the History of the Universe." Of course, (*said with great emotion*) this has been with the divine intervention of Toody and Mo.

Clowny: Golly, you're great!

Comandante Delooney: Of course I am, you little maggot. Did you question that, you tiniest of insignificant pestilence?

Clowny: (*Nearby in tears*) No...no...My Most Supremeness of All Excellences Imaginable!

Commandant Delooney: (*Seeming satisfied*) That's better you classless idiot.

Skippy: (*Blurts out*) President Docile Greedy Worm and the other presidents are greedy hypocritical narcissists. All they want is the money you graciously give them by the millions.

Comandante Delooney: (*In an approving tone*) Skippy, my little runt, good to see you still are very perceptive on your subservient, little, bony, malformed body.

Skippy: (*Crossing his heart with his arm*) Your Most Exalted Sacred Excellency, your every wish will be defended by me with my life!

Comandante Delooney: (*Mockingly*) Oh Skippy, you tiniest of rodent dung, you deserve to be back here...but...on your knees!

Skippy: (*In obvious pain on his knees*) I passed President Docile Greedy Worm in a darkened corner greedily pacing in the waiting room with a calculator. He was praying to Toody and Mo

that you would grant him an audience soon. He begged me to tell you. Of course, I sternly pointed to the statues and told him to get on his knees and pray more fervently. Ha! He immediately went and kneeled on the kneeler. There's something odd in his eyes. It's eerie and sick.

Comandante Delooney: It's a malignancy that hypocritical, self-righteous, greedy fools inflict upon themselves. You see it in their eyes. It's a mirror to their despicable souls. What did that greedy, haughty, arrogant, hateful, vile, disgusting, intellectual-lightweight say when you told him to pray more fervently?

Skippy: He said, "Yes, Yes ...you're right. I'll pray more fervently."

Comandante Delooney: Ha ha, I love it. They're the worst of parasites and don't know their greed for money has them absolutely subservient to my will. They're really addicted to green opium, pathetic hypocritical fools in their academic garb on their educational thrones. Ha, ha, the emperor with no clothes was magnificently well dressed in comparison. They gave me power and are now addicted to the green opium they wanted! They gave up freedom and liberty for green opium. What fools! They deserve neither and have lost them forever! Ha, ha, ha!

Comandante Delooney: (*Snapping his fingers*) Clowny, go fetch President Docile Greedy Worm and lead him here.

Clowny: (*Snaps to attention, salutes and says with his high pitched annoying monotone voice*) Yes, my Comandante! As you ordered. (*He then slithers out like the spineless worm he is*)

Scene 3

President Docile Greedy Worm meets with Comandante Delooney

President Docile Greedy Worm meets with Comandante Delooney

(Clowny goes to meet President Docile Greedy Worm. Known as the slippery one, President Docile Greedy Worm speaks for all the other slippery presidents. Without looking at him, Clowny signals him with his hand that he may enter. He behaves as only one could who has the righteous authority given to him by Comandante Delooney)

Clowny: Comandante, Most Excellent Delooney!

Comandante Delooney: *(Majestically sitting at his magnificent desk in the special super eternal sunlight of Toody and Mo with blue and red flames. He sits chanting the words Toody and Mo over and over again)* Toody, Mo, Toody, Mo, etc. What do you want you little rascal?! Can't you see I'm in meditational prayer about Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. I speak to them and they speak back. Oh, the purity and clarity of their thoughts. They make me as brilliant, prophetic, insightful and future thinking as I am.

(Enter Skippy with an urgent message)

Skippy: President Docile Greedy Worm is here with conference servants to collect the gold for the presidents.

Comandante Delooney: Tell him I order him up here immediately! *(Skippy scampers off)*

(President Docile Greedy Worm rushes up to the office with both excitement and nervousness on his face. He is clutching his well-worn calculator. When he enters the golden throne room of Comandante Delooney, he has a crazed look in his eyes of pure ecstasy. Delooney pays him no notice and continues looking at glorious golden photos and reading sacred scripture of Toody and Mo.)

President Docile Greedy Worm: *(He speaks after being ignored for five minutes)* Sir, can I speak?

Comandante Delooney: No! Not yet! I'm going to speak. *(Pointing at the wheel barrel with a sly smirk on his face. Slowly Clowny and Skippy bring the golden wheel barrow heavy with green opium in front of President Docile Greedy Worm)* It's by far the heaviest wheel barrow load you guys have had yet. Give an equal portion to each president. *(Said with an imperial tone)* There'll be more next time if things stay the same.

President Docile Greedy Worm: *(With ecstatic happiness in his voice and bodily mannerisms)* There'll be no changes. Hail, Comandante Delooney...And, one more thing, your Supreme Perfect Eminence.

Comandante Delooney: Okay, out with it!

President Docile Greedy Worm: On behalf of all of the presidents, we worship you as our Great Generous Comandante Delooney!

Comandante Delooney: *(With a voice of utter indifference)* Good. *(Then without looking at him silently signals for him to leave with the waving of three fingers on his right hand. President Docile Greedy Worm then ecstatically leaves with the wheel barrow)*

Scene 4

Phone Call With Media Sports Chief

Phone Call With Media Sports Chief

Comandante Delooney: *(He answers the phone with his well-known question)* Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney's Golden office, how can you help me?

(Comandante Delooney motions to put on the 40 foot by 40 foot golden screen. The picture appears of the Media Sports Chief)

Media Sports Chief: Hail Great Comandante and your great work. *(Placing his right arm over his heart)* Your mere desire is our absolute duty to implement to the death!

Comandante Delooney: *(Approving)* Yes, Media Sports Chief.

Media Sports Chief: Will there be any differences in media emphasis with the new school?

Comandante Delooney: Absolutely not! Ruckeye and Blue Universities are the great splendor of our conference! We say it blatantly and it's obvious to all but those stupid whining revolutionaries at State University. They thought by getting rid of the noble President Colosso Michelangelo Assassino that they could move into better positioning in the Eternal Fourth Reich. What idiots, one and all. They were, are, and always will be the ugly step-monsters of my league. They are at their best when showing their true selves in massive and ignorant self-destructive acts.

Media Sports Chief: *(Laughing)* Ha, ha. How stupid! How disrespectful to Toody and Mo. How hateful. Why don't they just accept their place as the ugly, disobedient stepchildren of the conference?

Comandante Delooney: Very true, don't worry. They'll be kept in their place by poor scheduling for their hateful football program and maybe even their basketball program. I have the pen and write whatever I want. Ha, ha, ha! Those uppity bastards! And worse, they never learn their place!

Media Chief: Why can't they just be happy to be playing games with Toody and Mo's teams like the others. Why can't they just lose peacefully and with dignity!

Comandante Delooney: Because they'll not accept their place. That bigger than life Tuffy Norkus has always tried to bully me by demanding fairness for State University and equal opportunity for all institutions. Ha! I know he represents other bully types at that school. I make no attempt for equality, fairness, or equal opportunity. I demand total obedience to Ruckeye University, Blue University and the Eternal Fourth Reich. Fortunately, top leaders are totally dependent on the green opium I give them. Ha, ha, ha!

Media Chief: Tuffy and those ruffians will not accept their low, low position. Fortunately, with your help, we've been able to keep supposed media advocates at bay. Many of them even

happily accept the holy doctrine of the Eternal Fourth Reich as it's presented. I do worry about State University disrupting the balance of the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Comandante Delooney: *(Laughing)* Don't worry. I'll often schedule them early with Blue University. It helps Blue University and hurts State University by playing the game early. Ha, ha, ha! Hail to Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich! I love it! How I detest State University!

Media Chief: What a stroke of genius! That only enhances the final game in Toody and Mo's homage! The Greatest Sports Game In The Universe which first occurred when the universe began on November 22, 1969! *(With great emotion)* That IS when the universe began and we'll never forget it! We'll never let that happen!

Comandante Delooney: Exactly! The Eternal Fourth Reich will last forever!

Media Chief, Skippy, & Clowny: *(All rise to salute with their right arm in the air and swear allegiance in total ecstasy)* Hail Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich!

Comandante Delooney: Well, are we set for eternity?

Media Chief: Yes, sir! Green opium for all and all glory to Toody, Mo, Rukeye University, Blue University, and the Eternal Fourth Reich!

Comandante Delooney: Exactly! Now off with you to do your duty to me, Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Media Chief: Yes, sir! My Majestic and Peerless Majesty! Signing off! *(Media chief goes off the screen)*

Skippy & Clowny: Wow! You were magnificent!

Comandante Delooney: *(With a chuckle)* Typical of me, you insignificant rodents! Ha, ha, ha!

Skippy & Clowny: How do you do it? You amaze us with all you do.

Comandante Delooney: This is a teachable moment for you worthless locusts. The schools love the Green Opium. Love, love it! The fans love the games. The sports writers, to their egotistical credit, accept the eternal glory and the sacred doctrine of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. They know everything on earth changes but the Eternal Fourth Reich lives forever! They accept this unchanging law of the universe. State University will never be more than a middle sized star except for rare moments that I will bury. That's their place! If they get better, we'll ignore it. I recently mocked them and didn't even put them in the third tier of the conference. Ha, Ha! *(Suddenly his face contorts and in a fit of rage, he slams his slimy fists on the desk)* I'll bury that damn program! Those ugly stepchildren in our glorious conference! Oh, how I hate them!

Skippy and Clowny: Wow! You're brilliant. No one but you under the inspiration of Toody and Mo could have done this!

Comandante Delooney: Ha, ha, ha. Oh, my little worms, you do deserve a place in the Eternal Fourth Reich Temple.

Skippy & Clowny: *(With a voice of total excitement in unison)* Golly, oh gee! Where will the place be?

Comandante Delooney: It won't be in the "golden zone," but you'll be buried in the Insignificant People Zone with those who were totally obedient to Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. There will be a dim light over your tiny, little, insignificant tombstones. But my ignorant, little, scum buckets, that will be better than the eternally unlighted zone for those in the media. While they have been obedient to the Eternal Fourth Reich, their absolute lack of curiosity and original thought makes them unworthy of any particular place of distinction. They are minor foot soldiers and not a limitlessly great leader like me. I give them their fame on earth!

Skippy: But their total loyalty?

Clowny: How did they deviate from the Eternal Fourth Reich?

Comandante Delooney: You totally dimwitted scoundrels, they were dumb and did not offer new enlightenment to the Eternal Fourth Reich. They openly regurgitated what I ordered them to say. They were non-thinking puppets who sometimes mysteriously found ways to advocate my positions when it was hard for the little people to understand why I did what I had to do. Now, be back here exactly at 7:01 p.m. You insignificant rascals will enter when I give the okay for you idiots to be given the astonishing privilege to enter into the Golden Temple To The Limitless Glory of Toody, Mo and the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Scene 5

**Tuffy Norkus knocks down Comandante Delooney's office
Door and out of long term pent up frustration beats up both him
and Clowny**

Tuffy Norkus knocks down Comandante Delooney's office
Door and out of long term pent up frustration beats up both him
And Clowny

Skippy: *(Calling emergency line in Delooney's office)*

Clowny: Office of the Infallible Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney

Skippy: *(Speaking in his excited voice)* Tuffy Norkus just pushed me aside when I told him the Comandante would not meet with him. He said, "To hell with you and that twit, I'm gonna see him and kick his sorry ass. He's coming up to Comandante Delooney's golden office.

Clowny: *(With an excited voice)* Flawless Comandante...

Comandante Delooney: *(In an abrupt angry tone)* Shut up Clowny! I'm reading golden sayings of Toody & Mo.

Clowny: But Your Supreme Excellency, Tuffy Norkus from State University pushed Skippy over out of the way and he's on his way up here. Tuffy threw poor Skippy in the trash can head first! He slam dunked him and was laughing. That meanie! Skippy hurt his head. He's crying.

Comandante Delooney: *(In a shrill voice showing great fear and anxiety)* Clowny, lock the golden doors! That'll keep those infidels out. *(Clowny closes the mighty doors and locks them. Almost immediately there is a banging on the closed doors and Tuffy is yelling in his still powerful voice to open the door)*

Tuffy: *(In a roaring voice that would put terror in anyone)* You stupid, silly asshole! Open the damn door or I'll knock it down and shove it up your ass!

Comandante Delooney & Clowny: *(In the corner on their knees with voices showing great fear praying to Toody and Mo to save them)* Oh, mighty Toody and Mo, save us from Tuffy and the sports ruffians who don't accept your glory and that of the Eternal Fourth Reich. *(As they are visibly shaken and praying, suddenly the door comes down as Tuffy beats it down with his still powerful arms and shoulders. He rushes over to both of them as they both cringe in fear. He's still a terrifying figure in his old State University coaching outfit. He even blows his whistle loudly over and over again and it causes even greater terror in them. He seems more like a terrifying Stuka dive bomber than "the old coach."*

Tuffy: You sorry bastard Delooney, stand up and face me like a man!

Clowny: *(In his stupid, whiney voice)* That's a sexist statement! You're a testosterone-driven sexist meanie!

Tuffy: You little worm *(as he kicks his odd shaped butt)* shut up or I'll kick your ass from here

to Hell! *(Clowny howls in pain, Tuffy turns to Delooney)* Sports people here won't tell you, but I know what an emotional runt you are and I want you to know I know what you're up to and don't like it. *(He then kicks Clowny in the ass while pulling Delooney up by his eyebrows and slapping him over and over again. He slams Delooney to the ground. Both are then on the ground crying and begging Tuffy not to hit them again)*

Tuffy: You sorry ass. *(As he kicks them)* I'm having great fun! *(With a big smile on his face, Tuffy kicks them both around the room)* You've been doing this to State University for years and I've had it with you! Assholes, this is fairness! Ha, ha.

Clowny & Comandante Delooney: Please don't hit us again! You're a meanie.

Tuffy: *(Standing over them enjoying their pitiful crying and whining on the floor. He begins laughing at their sorry sight)* Ha, ha, ha. You won't change Delooney, but I know what a spineless bastard you are. *(He continues laughing out loud with a boisterous laughter)* Look at you little worms. You're not worth crap. Ha, ha! Look at you! Each of you has peed your pants! Ha, Ha, what a joke! *(He laughs as he leaves them on the floor as he walks out loudly blowing his whistle)* Ha, ha ha! I won't waste any more of my time on you stupid bastards. *(Tuffy can be heard down the Golden Hall blasting on his whistle and roaring with a combination of laughter, frustration, anger and satisfaction)*

Skippy: *(Watching all this from the hallway)* They're gone. Those monsters! Oh Fearless Comandante, should we call the police?

Comandante Delooney: *(Gaining his composure and regaining his total arrogance and tone)* No, I'll not give them the satisfaction. Oh, how I'll punish them. I know how they whisper behind my back. Tuffy is worse because he does what the others want to do. They're nobodies. Green opium talks and disobedience to Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich walks. I will make sure State University will play Blue University early in the football season much of the time. They want to play Blue University last and that'll never happen. I rule! I'll guarantee when I choose to expand the conference, they'll forever be wedded in the same division with Ruckeye and Blue University. I'll never let them go where they want and where their alumni base is huge! I rule! I'll also make sure they never develop into what they could be. They'll forever be tied to Toody's and Mo's teams. They'll never be in a division where they could develop to their highest level. I fear no one; but if I feared anyone, it would be State University. Oh, how I hate those whining scoundrels. I wish they would just accept their second class status and be happy with their green opium like the others. They're nothing more than stepchildren in the Eternal Fourth Reich. They always were and always will be! I'll personally see to that! I can never say this enough!

Skippy: Tuffy and his cronies are so mean!

Comandante Delooney: I hate Tuffy! He's such a bully! And those powerful sports people who support him. How... how I hate them all! They'll feel my lash! I always get even. Their bosses just want more and more green opium and I'll give it to them as I punish those sports

miscreants.

Clowny: I'm so fearful. They're bullies and horrible!

Comandante Delooney: Now, you worms stand at attention. *(He takes his pants off)* Now Clowny, dispose of my underwear and pants, clean me up with a towel, a bowl of water, and bring me a new pair of pants and underwear! *(Clowny leaves, returns with a towel and cleans up Comandante Delooney and gives him new underwear and pants. After he is cleaned and dressed, he speaks in a serious tone. He has regained his imperial composure)* My little toadies, I'm going to give you the opportunity of a lifetime! And only because of your total obedience to Toody, Mo, and the Fourth Reich. Let's forget these idiots. I'll punish them. I'm in total control. *(With a devilish laugh)* Ha, ha, ha!

Skippy & Clowny: *(In a puzzled tone)* Ah.... What do you mean?

Comandante Delooney: *(With an imperious tone)* You little peevish clowns will go with me into the Golden Temple to the Limitless Glory of Toody, Mo, and The Fourth Reich. Toody and Mo just told me I need to visit them and you two pathetic shitheads can go with us.

Skippy & Clowny: *(In a deliriously happy tone)* Really? Oh golly! We can go too! *(They both fall to the ground crying in ecstatic pleasure)*

Comandante Delooney: *(In a serious and deliberate tone)* But, my miniscule tiny wits, you must make two promises.

Skippy & Clowny: *(With orgasmic like ecstasy)* Anything, whatever you say!

Comandante Delooney: *(In an imperial tone)* Answer "yes" to both of these questions.
1. Will you do exactly as I demand?

Skippy and Clowny: Yes... Yes... Your Supreme Excellency!

Comandante Delooney: 2. You will never speak to anyone about the glories you see.

Skippy and Clowny: Yes... Yes... Your Absolute Exalted Eminence!

Comandante Delooney: The penalty if you break these promises is that you'll not spend an eternity of peace and total pleasure in the Eternal Fourth Reich after you leave your pestilence riddled, puny, little, pathetic bodies.

Skippy and Clowny: *(In unison)* We would rather die than break our word to you, Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. Hail Comandante Delooney, Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich!

Comandante Delooney: *(With a satisfied tone)* Good enough my little worms! Then you shall experience pure ecstasy.

Scene 6

**Skippy and Clowny are allowed to enter the Golden Temple to the
Limitless Glory of Toody, Mo and the Eternal Fourth Reich with
Comandante Delooney**

Skippy and Clowny are allowed to enter the Golden Temple to the Limitless Glory of Toody, Mo and the Eternal Fourth Reich with Comandante Delooney

After making them wait for hours on their knees in the frigid weather, Delooney finally allows his two mishappen dunces, Clowny and Skippy, to enter the hollowed Golden Temple to the Limitless glory of Toody, Mo and the Eternal Fourth Reich. The temple began construction at approximately 1 pm, November 22, 1969 (timed to break ground exactly at kickoff for the Ruckeye University/Blue University football game) This was when the universe began. Construction was completed as Mo and his players victoriously celebrated their great victory over Ruckeye University. The temple was constructed completely by divine intervention, no tools were used. The entrance is 5969 feet high from floor to ceiling. The Cupola is covered on the outside with tons of 24 caret gold taken from the interiors of all the top basilicas, mosques and cathedrals of Europe and the world. At the entrance of the overwhelmingly most impressive temple in the university are 30 feet tall bronze statues of Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, and Napoleon. These statues, enormous in isolation appear the size of fleas on Clydesdales next to the 100,000 ton pure gold statues of Toody and Mo. Rumor from one anonymous reliable source says Delooney once toyed with the idea of putting a tiny tin statue of Coach Biffy Tunn of State University next to those of Alexander the Great, Caesar, and Napoleon to show the greatness of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich compared to him. Toody and Mo are reported to have appeared in person to order Delooney to prevent this. They were in their football uniforms and raging in anger. Rumor further says Mo had his famous thick yardstick and punctuated his words by whacking on Delooney's calves. They said there was no way to diminish Biffy's greatness and it would detract from their glory and that of the Eternal Fourth Reich to even have him in their temple. The rumor further states that Delooney fell on the ground begging for forgiveness for his utter disrespectful stupidity. He howled as Mo beat on his calves with his yardstick. They forgave him but reportedly were still enraged when they left. The interior of the dome is adorned from bottom to top with thousands of 1000 pound pure gold images of the greatest Toody and Mo moments. All across the temple are countless thousands of golden statues of Toody and Mo. The ground is blue gold on one side and red gold on the other. The thousands of souls of all previous band and other musical group members from each school perpetually sing the fight songs of each school. It is reported Delooney bows his head with a crimson hood and blue cape when he hears the music. It is reported he gets teary eyed during Ruckeye and Blue football games when he hears the fight songs, causing him to mentally withdraw and visualize memories of Ruckeye and Blue University football games past. It is as though he is back in 1969 again, a centurion for the great Toody and Mo, advancing the cause of righteousness and great virtue of the Eternal Fourth Reich. He envisions Toody and Mo carrying their huge golden standards in their own images at the head of their teams in huge golden chariots to the deafening sounds of the crowds. He has tears of joy with his powerful memories.

As Delooney walks through the temple, his feelings erupt like a volcano. He feels the ground shake below him and adrenaline runs through his bloodstream like a cheetah chasing its prey. In the center of the cathedral stands a huge pavilion-like structure 19,969 foot tall. It is overwhelmingly the largest piece of 24-karat gold in the world. It stands beneath the dome and above the altar. The gold is shaped in the head of Toody on one side and Mo on the other. The smell of holy incense, hot dogs, coffee and beer constantly permeates the impressive structure.

The dimensions of the great temple are 19,969 feet in length and 19,969 feet in width. The living tombs of Toody and Mo lie exactly 1969 feet below this altar. As the thousands of souls of the deceased band members and all other singing groups rapturously sing the fight songs of each school, Delooney hums each fight song, one after the other as he walks through in blue cape and crimson hood. As he comes to the center of the temple, he kneels down, puts his arms to the ground, as well as his face. As always, he is overwhelmed with passion and emotion as he cries out to prepare to leave and to cleanse himself of any impure thoughts about the limitless perfect glory of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Clowny and Skippy are in servant green and white clothes and not allowed by Comandante Delooney to go more than sixty-nine feet into the temple. They are in orgasmic ecstasy as they observe it in total awe. When Comandante Delooney returns, they follow him out as the mighty golden doors close with the majestic music of the Ruckeye and Blue fight songs magnificently filling the heaven-like atmosphere. They then return to Comandante's Golden Office.

Comandante Delooney: How do you feel?

Skippy & Clowny: *(In unison)* In awe! It was like orgasmic ecstasy times a trillion!! *(Tears come to their eyes as they fall to the ground on their knees trembling and crying uncontrollably as they repeatedly bow in adoration to Comandante Delooney)* We will never lose faith in you, the deities Toody and Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich!

Scene 7

**Ruckeye University Athletic Director Boss Powerful meets with
Comandante Deloony**

Ruckeye University Athletic Director Boss Powerful meets with Comandante Delooney

Clowny: Comandante, Your Excellency.

Comandante Delooney: You insolent tiniest of worm bait. What do you want?

Clowny: Ruckeye University Athletic Director Boss Powerful is coming up to see you.

Comandante Delooney: Good, let him in. He's a great guy!

Athletic Director Powerful: *(The door opens and Athletic Director Powerful enters. He walks briskly up to Comandante Delooney, gives his hand and shakes it with great vigor)* Delooney, my dear friend, how are you?

Comandante Delooney: I'm fine. Doing everything I can to promote the perfect symmetry of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. *(Comandante Delooney and Athletic Director Powerful salute Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich!)*

Athletic Director Powerful: We thought we might not go to a Big Money Bowl this year. We're okay with that. Then these silly violations won't keep us out of a national championship in a few years

Comandante Delooney: No, No! The big picture is now. The Big Money Bowl is now for you. Let State University go to the lesser bowl. I hate those bastards! No Fragrant Rose Bowl or Big Money Bowl status for them. They don't accept the glory of Toody and Mo.... and worse, they don't accept the Eternal Fourth Reich that began on November 22, 1969... I'll make sure your student athletes who broke the rules will play in the game. We'll come up with some plan for next year.

Athletic Director Powerful: There's some logic here. They're the only threat to us and Blue University, even if small. This way no Fragrant Rose Bowl or Big Money Bowl game for them. They'll hate it. It's also helpful to us and their hated foes at Blue University. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Comandante Delooney: You're damn right! I've kept them at bay for years. Whenever they're not so stupid and don't self-destruct, I intervene. Ha, ha, ha! Those persons in that media market who supposedly advocate for State University stupidly don't fully support them. They even seem to believe they must give heavy coverage to Blue University. It helps create Blue Fans! What fools! Ha, ha, ha. In spite of how they might debate this, they all need to agree and accept my conclusions. All news and ongoing media idiots know their paychecks and fame ultimately are tied into my approval one way or another. Ha, ha, ha. The servility is appreciated. Of course, my TV network producing green opium leads to total addiction and obedience. Ha, ha, ha.

Athletic Director Powerful: Ha, ha. You're right. We'll go along with your plan. But will the

National Collegiate Hypocrites Money Grabbing Association go along with this plan?

Comandante Delooney: Of course! Never worry with that bunch of self-serving, narcissistic, greedy, obnoxious, disgusting, holier than thou bureaucrats. I can work perfectly with them. *(He winks with a knowing smirk on his face)* We understand each other.

Athletic Director Powerful: Count us in! *(They strongly hug each other and Athletic Director Powerful leaves)*

Clowny: *(Comes over to Comandante Delooney)* Sir... Your Excellency, may I ask you a question?

Comandante Delooney: What do you want.....you little, smelly turd?

Clowny: Wouldn't it be more fair if Ruckeye University did not go to a bowl game this year? It also seems strange their players play a big money bowl game now and have penalties next year for violations they did and have acknowledged this year.

Comandante Delooney: Of course that's more logical and fair you stupid, little nincompoop! Only your father in his day was more stupid and non-perceptive than you! The prime directive is to promote the glory of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Clowny: Ah...

Comandante Delooney: *(Rubbing very hard on the head of Clowny with his clenched fist)* You're so stupid! *(All the time Clowny is howling in pain and hopelessly trying to get away from a laughing Comandante Delooney)* This minimizes State University and enhances the glories of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Four Reich that began on November 22, 1969.

Clowny: *(Crying and rubbing his sore oddly shaped oblong head)* I get it! You're a genius!

Comandante Delooney: Of course I am!

Scene 8

New Divisions Set Up

New Divisions Set Up

Skippy: What did State University say when you told them?

Comandante Delooney: In the end, they were wimps and publicly went along with my dictatorial order. My green opium always wins! Ha, ha, ha! Those common hicks! They pleaded to be in the West Division. Oh, how they begged me for it! They squealed like pigs and I denied them satisfaction. I'm in total control. I loved it! Oh, how I hate them!

Clowny: Did they fight you?

Comandante Delooney: *(His common rant)* Those pathetic, ugly, stepchildren's school, they fought and begged like the pathetic bastards they are. *(Slamming the palm of his hand on his desk)* I crushed them like a worm. Those lowly pathetic mongrels. When I compare them to Ruckeye University and Blue University I almost barf up bile. How I hate those bastards! Why can't they be like the other schools who gladly accept their subservient roles? Their will must be broken and they must accept the dominance of Toody, Mo and the Eternal Fourth Reich. They refuse to accept their puny role in my universe. They'll always lose to me, Toody, Mo and the Eternal Fourth Reich! We rule! I'll always make sure of that! I've always crushed them in spite of their constant rebellion!

Skippy: What did they say?

Clowny: What did they say?

Comandante Delooney: Oh, how I hate those whiners! I'll tell you, my little, smelly skunks, exactly what they said. They began by asking me to strongly consider their arguments. Ha, ha, ha. Of course, I said I would. Ha, ha, ha. Then I told them in my most sincere tone I must take the needs of all the teams into account and not just theirs. Ha, ha, ha. I told them I had to listen to the people and not just them whining and wanting special treatment. Ha, ha, ha. They were squirming in their chairs like I was branding them with hot irons. I love it! I hate them!

Clowny: Wow! You're the greatest, my Ultimate Monarchial Comandante!

Comandante Delooney: Shut up, you stupid, annoying, and smelly turd! Let me finish.

Clowny: I apologize, My Supreme Excellency!

Comandante Delooney: They asked if they could make their points. With a bored look, I told them to go ahead. Ha, ha, ha! They said they wanted to go to the West Division to get away from the glory of the Toody and Mo game to develop on their own. They feel a close affinity to being near Super Big Town with their huge alumni base. They even said they would bring a competitive balance to the West Division. Those idiots! I'll never let them develop away from the Greatest Sporting Event in the History of the Universe. Those disobedient miscreants. Low they are and low they will stay! I rule! Toody and Mo want State University to never compete with their game. As if that could ever happen! State University is no sleeping giant!

Clowny: But Supreme Comandante, what about their argument about competitiveness? State University has been pretty good. Wouldn't it balance out the two divisions with them in the West?

Comandante Delooney: Of course, you stupid runt. But I'll never allow them to be more than a minor player in the East Division. Hail to Toody and Mo! They must never be allowed to make meaningless league championship games and compete even at a tiny degree. They will not play in The Greatest Sporting Event in the History of the Universe. They will not play Ruckeye or Blue University in that league title game! I promise you that!

Clowny: Then what did you do?

Comandante Delooney: You insipid, stupid rascal! You never get it! I'll not include them in tier one, two, or even in tier three when they're discussed. Ha, ha, ha! They're stepchildren. They're nobodies and that's what they'll always be!

Clowny: But that's not fair.

Comandante Delooney: What! You disgusting clown, what's fair is what I desire and state. *(With a look of absolute superiority)* I give the administrators all the green opium they need and beg for. That shuts up Tuffy and those brutal bully sports beasts around him. They refuse to accept their place, but I'll jam it down their throats and asses simultaneously! Ha, ha! *(Thinking of the powerful Tuffy Norkus)* Try to match that statement you tough old bastard!

Clowny: Oh, Magnificent Comandante, what a glory you are.

Comandante Delooney: Of course I am.

Clowny: What about the media? What about them?

Comandante Delooney: Media Chief and the other wimpy never thinkers will all agree with me or say nothing. *(Twisting his fingers)* Whatever spin I put on it, that's the truth! They always find a way to accommodate what I say!

Clowny: What about the writers who cover State University?

Comandante Delooney: They're servile idiots who want to advance in my world and stupidly aren't bright enough to figure out my real desires. A few will make some comments but most will just say to suck it up and do what "The Admirable and Magnificent Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney has Ordained." Ha, ha! I love it! Amazingly, they stupidly promote Blue University due to their location! Could you imagine Blue University treating State University fairly if it were in the Capital City? What fools! They deserve everything bad that happens to them! Ha, ha! They deserve the Blue fans they nourish and create as they starve and

murder potential State University fans. What stupidity! That tops it all in terms of self-deprecating, self-destruction when they could have more success. Ha, ha, ha!

Clowny: Golly! You're so right.

Comandante Delooney: Of course I am, you pesky idiot! You and your dad Skippy are so slow!

Clowny: I'm so sorry, I try so hard. Please don't give up on me.

Skippy: *(He enters and comes out of the dark corner on his knees crawling up to the golden desk of Comandante Delooney)* Me too, Your Supreme Excellency, we try to so hard.

Comandante Delooney: *(In a rare moment of kindness of tone)* Oh, you rotten maggots, you both are loyal and as dumb as you are, you are smarter than the supposed academic and sports whizzes I must placate all the time with loads of green opium.

Skippy and Clowny: *(Said together with great emotion)* Oh Supreme Majesty, thank you! How kind you are.

Comandante Delooney: *(With a cynical chuckle)* I must say, I'm rarely, if ever, called kind.

Scene 9

**The Proposal for the Future of the Mighty Lucrative Conference of
Academic and Sports Excellence**

The Proposal for the Future of the Mighty Lucrative Conference of Academic and Sports Excellence

Proposal Chairperson: Our Supreme Perfect Excellency, with academic and sports dignitaries from all the universities except for State University (*with a sarcastic tone*) you know how controversial and non-cooperative they are, here is our new proposal to allow you to better fulfill your legitimate, indefatigable zeal to never have anything significant in Big Ten Football except for the joyful glory of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. With so many servile servants in the universities and media who rejoice and genuflect in perfect unison to your glorious vision, our proposal is one that would not only promote your ongoing obsession and love affair with the truth, but would allow the “little people” fun as they choose to be a Toody or Mo Football Fan. It would be your version of Bread and Circuses for the “little people.” We predict they will even like it better because they can choose whether to be a Toody or Mo fan. In a world with fewer and fewer good choices, this will be good self-image growth for the “little people” on what used to be football Saturdays. They will have a simple yes or no decision. In their little worlds, such an important but simple code makes their insignificant lives easier and more meaningful.

Comandante Delooney: (*With great interest*) Sounds fascinating and eminently reasonable. Read me the proposal.

Committee Chairperson: Yes, your Wondrous Excellency!

THE PROPOSAL TO COMANDANTE DELOONEY IS AS FOLLOWS:

1. Except for Ruckeye and Blue Universities, football would be eliminated from the other schools. This will allow all focus to be on the Greatest of all Sporting Events in the History of the Universe. This will allow the Toody/Mo game to do better with national TV viewers than only 5th and 8th over the past two years. Shockingly, the Championship game between State University and Cheesehead University was ninth in 2011.
2. Tailgating will continue at each school that no longer has football. In place of football, there will be an arm wrestling challenge each week in the stadium. It will be a great event!
3. After the arm wrestling contest between the schools is done, as the fans wail in frenzied expectation, a random Toody/Mo game will be played on giant television screens to the full stadium as they deliriously cheer on the mighty legions from Toody and Mo’s teams when they coached. Games since they left coaching are also included to add to the ongoing excitement of the Greatest of all Sporting Events in the History of the Universe.
4. Then when the mighty Greatest of all Sporting Events in the History of the Universe occurs in November, “The Game” will be played at Toody or Mo Stadium but the stadiums will be expanded to 500,000.
5. Citizens of the states who make up The Mighty Lucrative Conference of Academic and Sports Excellence who can prove they watched the game will get two weeks off work with pay. Those that do not work but watch it will be given vacations while minors and non-working parents will receive \$2,000.00 in gold Toody and Mo coins.
6. It will be heaven on earth! You, Comandante Delooney, will come into the stadium dressed appropriately as a Roman Emperor on your astoundingly huge pure golden chariot pulled by 500 Budweiser Clydesdale Warrior Horses with huge Conference of Academic and Sports

Excellence Golden Standards that, except for being many times bigger and made of pure gold, are identical to those taken into battle in the Great Roman Civil War by mighty Julius Caesar himself with his famed Tenth Legion! 2000 trained eagles will fill the sky dropping one million one ounce gold coins to the spectators as a show of the appreciation that you show to the “little people.” Anyone who does not get one is given one when leaving the stadium. Players and the two coaches will enter the stadium wearing pure golden breast plates with the images of Toody and Mo perfectly engraved on them.

7. After “THE GAME” the winning coach will don a golden helmet of pure gold and ride around the stadium with you in your astoundingly huge golden chariot. You with your pure gold vestments gleaming in always perfect sunny weather will have the crowd in delirious happiness. Winning and losing players will follow the chariot holding up gold statues of Toody by Ruckeye players and Mo by Blue players. All forms of drinks and cakes will be available for the “little people” to make them happy as they ecstatically prepare for your coronation of the winning team on the four story ten thousand ton golden victory throne as the latest chapter comes to an end in the Greatest of all Sporting Events in the History of the Universe! To add to the excellence, the eagles will continue dropping the golden coins throughout the coronation and hours afterwards as heaven-like ecstasy rules the universe!

Proposal Chairperson: Comandante Delooney, we thought you would like this proposal.

Comandante Delooney: *(With a serious and very sincere tone in his voice)* I do like it. It has great potential. It fairly presents me as I am for the “little people” to really get to know me as I drive by them on my appropriately sized golden chariot with my pure gold vestments gleaming in the always perfect sunny weather. It’s a logical outcome of the glory of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. It also clearly reflects my utter idolatry to Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Medial Chairperson: Oh, goody! Media Chief and all the other committee members will be ecstatic that we’ve come up with a proposal you believe would enhance the glory of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Comandante Delooney: Good thinking! Tell Media Chief he and I will discuss this very promising proposal when I next give him an audience. *(Waving his hand in the air)* Now, be gone. *(Aside)* A great proposal! So much potential!

Proposal Chairperson: Oh, Thank you...Oh, Magnificent Comandante Delooney. We all love and rejoice to have you as our Supreme Majesty! *(He scampers off)*

Clowny & Skippy: *(In unison)* Wow! You were spectacular.

Comandante Delooney: Very perceptive my insignificant fleas.

Clowny: We love the plan! So reasonable.

Comandante Delooney: You two prove every now and then even two rodents can expertly play the harp.

Clowny and Skippy: (*In unison*) Oh, thank you our Perfect Comandante!

Scene 10

Ralphie is Allowed Confession

Ralphie is Allowed Confession

Comandante Delooney: *(To Media Chief)* What you have told me sounds very serious. I'll determine if he needs to be eliminated from any TV spots on my Big Ten Network and my Big Ten Media Persons list. Even worse, I must decide if he will be excommunicated and will never be allowed into The Eternal Fourth Reich for a wonderful eternity basking in the glory of Toody and Mo.

Media Chief: Oh greatest of Comandantes, please consider punishing him severely but not that! Ralphie has been obedient for decades and he feels horrible about this gruesome nightmare he had that goes counter to your inspired doctrine from Toody and Mo. He even was happy when Mo's game with State University was only considered the exhibition game it is and at the beginning of the football season.

Comandante Delooney: Ralphie has been an obedient lap dog who pretends to defend the "little people," but he has always been one of my docile media helpers. You like him?

Media Chief: I do.

Comandante Delooney: Is he a candidate for true confession or must I get rid of him and leave him outside where there is the gnashing of teeth and bitter tears?

Media Chief: I believe he can be saved.

Comandante Delooney: True confession is critical. I make all decisions, but it appears you do not want me to punish him and destroy his earthly existence and eternal happiness in the Eternal Fourth Reich. Is that correct?

Media Chief: Yes, if Your Eminence is willing, I believe Ralphie is worthy of true confession, appropriate punishment, and eventual forgiveness. He's in total despair.

Comandante Delooney: For you, Media Chief, I'll put on the High Priest Golden Vestments and hear his sins and I, and I alone, will determine if he can be forgiven or not.

Media Chief: Oh, thank you, Greatest of Great Eminences, he will be ecstatic with your kindness.

Comandante Delooney: Media Chief, let him know by the power invested in me by Toody, Mo and the Eternal Fourth Reich, his punishment will be severe if I determine him worthy of punishment and forgiveness.

Media Chief: He would die for you! The mere thought of him losing his high position in your estimation in your media empire with your generous green opium would lead to his mortal and spiritual death anyway.

Comandante Delooney: Have him here tonight at 8:00 p.m. He must wear a pertinent jersey of the Eternal Fourth Reich to outwardly manifest his sins.

Media Chief: *(He snaps to attention, salutes and says)* Hail Comandante Delooney, Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich! *(Scampers off like the little rodent he is)*

Clowny: *(He has been silent but watching intently everything that was happening)* Wow! You were magnificent as always. You always amaze me!

Commandance Delooney: Of course, my little clown! *(With a chuckle)* I'm amazing so why should I be surprised when you say I amaze you? Ha, ha !

Scene 11

Confession of Ralphie With Forgiveness and Penance

Confession of Ralphie With Forgiveness and Penance

(Ralphie has come to the huge Confessional. It is in the Golden Temple to the Limitless Glory of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich. He was blindfolded and taken to the Confession Center and is in shock when he opens his eyes. The Center is huge and appears made of pure gold. Two giant 69 feet tall statues of Toody and Mo in their football uniforms of pure gold are peering down with fierce looks of displeasure. Ralphie is in great fear. He is sitting on a cardboard box in the middle of the golden statues. Comandante Delooney is sitting on a huge 20 foot magnificently carved, massive chair of pure gold. His vestments are magnificent and appear to be made of gold with large amounts of precious, priceless gems. Ralphie thinks he looks so splendid and awesome that he is overwhelmed. He falls to his knees off the cardboard box and is convulsingly crying and begging for forgiveness.)

Ralphie: Please, Your Most Exalted Glorious Majesty...please forgive me!

Comandante Delooney: *(With great majestic power in his voice)* Tell me your sins!

Ralphie: I have sinned horribly against Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Comandante Delooney: One last time, tell me your sins!

Ralphie: Yes, oh yes.....

Comandante Delooney: And tell me in detail!

Ralphie: Yes, Your Supreme Eminence. Before I was going to bed eighteen days ago, after I kneeled at my statues of Toody and Mo and asked for the inspiration to further the Eternal Fourth Reich, as I always do....then I went to sleep.

Comandante Delooney: Then?

Ralphie: I had the dream...*(He begins to cry)*

Comandante Deleooney: Then? Out with it! In the glorious name of Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich, out with it!

Ralphie: Oh, yes...Your Exalted Supreme Majesty. Then, in the dream, I was in a room with you as you determined how to set up the new divisions with the addition of Tusker University. *(He again breaks down into tears)*

Comandante Delooney: Then?

Ralphie: You put Ruckeye and Blue Universities in different divisions.

Comandante Delooney: That's what I did. You idiot!

Ralphie: But you made them play first....and had Blue University play State University the last game!

Comandante Delooney: What! You slimy rat! What a disgrace you are! That'll never happen. Ha, ha, ha...State University will never do that and Ruckeye and Blue Universities will always play the last game! That's the biggest game in the history of the Universe! It began the Universe! *(In a scream)* Do you deny that?

Ralphie: No...no...no... *(On his knees in praying stance)* Please forgive me!

Comandante Delooney: *(Gaining his composure)* Is that it?

Ralphie: No....

Comandante Delooney: Then?

Ralphie: You determined to promote the championship game as "The Game" and enhance the image of all "conference teams." You ordered all teams, schools, and coaches to promote the new division alignment and the championship game. Even one of your experts, Nardodi Italiano, said it was critical for the middle teams to get better in order to compete consistently for a National Championship. *(Crying uncontrollably)* He even said he knew from personal experience what a great emotional game it was when State University and Blue University played each other in football.

Comandante Delooney: What a horrid person to have such a dream! Ralphie, you are an insidious, obnoxious slime. I would never promote all teams and make that silly championship game "The Game." "The Game" is the Toody and Mo extravaganza! The Eternal Fourth Reich demands it and I'll always enforce it! Were there any other blasphemous things in this evil dream?...You total scumbag!

Ralphie: Yes.....

Comandante Delooney: *(Said with great indignation)* What?

Ralphie: Everything worked out perfectly. The opening game between Toody and Mo's teams was a great success. The final game between State University and Blue University was a great game. The championship game became the most watched game in the land. All teams and the Big TV Channel were upgraded with your unwavering support. Ruckeye University was not hurt at all, Blue University lost some recruits, but all of the other teams were upgraded and the conference overwhelmingly became the greatest and most successful academic and sports conference in the universe. *(Crying)* I can't go on.

Comandante Delooney: I demand it, you most pathetic representation of a human being Now, go on or get out and die miserably!

Ralphie: Then I dreamed State University beat Ruckeye University in the Conference Championship Game, went on to play West Coast State and won the Fragrant Rose Bowl Championship Game dramatically with millions of people watching it and tens of thousands of State University fans overwhelming the stadium.

Comandante Delooney: *(In a degrading tone)* And you want forgiveness, you disgusting slime ball! These thoughts are despicable and totally unacceptable. They're inconsistent with the divinely inspired infallible scripture of "Toody and Mo!"

Ralphie: *(Crying uncontrollably)* Please forgive me.

Comandante Delooney: *(With a controlled tone)* Is that it?

Ralphie: No...

Comandante Delooney: Out with it. I demand it!

Ralphie: The nation loved it and people said it was great for the conference.

Comandante Delooney: How stupid! The sports writers and "little people" would never desert me and believe such stupidity. And...I'll always put State University in the same conference with Ruckeye University and Blue University. Not even in a sacrilegious dream will I allow such a conference championship game to take place that could detract from The Greatest Sporting Event in the History of the Universe! *(With a tone of rage)* What a stupid thought! Then?

Ralphie: That's it.

Comandante Delooney. What you've dreamed is disgusting and despicable.....Totally wrong headed and contrary to the perfect doctrine of the Eternal Fourth Reich.

Ralphie: Please forgive me. I've not had the dream again.

Comandante Delooney: Have you talked to anyone else about this?

Ralphie: No one, and I never will. Please forgive me.

Comandante Delooney: *(Glaring at him)* You'll be forgiven if you do the following.

Ralphie: Whatever you say, My Most Exalted Majesty of the Most Supreme Majesties!

Comandante Delooney:

1. Never talk to anyone of your blasphemy.
2. Pray three hours nightly without exception to Toody and Mo for inspiration to promote "The Game."
3. Dedicate the rest of your slimy existence to the glory of the Eternal Fourth Reich.
4. Spend the third weekend of every month without exception for the rest of your scummy existence in the lowest ninth circle of the Golden Temple to the Limitless Glory of Toody, Mo and the Eternal Fourth Reich for penitent prayer to Toody and Mo for inspiration on how to further the greatness of the Eternal Fourth Reich. You will be in a 6 by 6 foot pure gold cell at a constant 40 degrees temperature with only bread and water. There'll be no contact with the outside world. You'll only see games when Toody and Mo coached against each other. If you agree to these conditions and do them without exception until your miserable life ends, then you'll be forgiven. You little vile worm, what do you say?

Ralphie: Yes, my Flawlessly Perfect Eminence. I'm ready to begin. I'll also meet any other conditions. The punishment is tiny compared to the incomparable grievousness of my sins.

Comandante Delooney: Very true. Good, now you low life slime bag, off with you!

Ralphie: Thank you, Your Absolute Perfect Majesty Excellency!

Scene 12

A Fun Satire.....To Be Continued

A Fun Satire.....To Be Continued

A Fun Satire will continue as long as Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney rules the conference with an iron hand backed up with millions of green opium. This leads to never-ending control and obedience to him as long as the multitudes and power persons fully support him. It appears various chapters are yet to be written. There are only a few who challenge Comandante Delooney. They hear the following chants around them on all sides: “Hail to Comandante Delooney, Toody, Mo, and the Eternal Fourth Reich.” Comandante Maximus Midas Titanic Delooney walks triumphantly as the deafening chants echo throughout the Mighty Lucrative Conference of Academic and Sports Excellence.

TO BE CONTINUED....

