SKIT 1 OF 3

"Bad Boys, Bad Boys" music plays.

PLAYERS run on in order they are introduced.

Erich Gamma
Richard Helm
Ralph Johnson
John Vlissides
Christopher Alexander
Grady Booch
Jimmy the Freshman

ERICH and RALPH position themselves to one side. The rest are seated around them, waiting for them to perform.

Music trails off.

JOHN: OK, guys, show us how this "Half Bad Boy Plus Protocol" pattern works.

ERICH: (talking to RALPH, striking manly pose, playing the part of the man, and using an artificially deep voice.) "Yeah, I ran with a gang for a while, but then when MIT and Berkeley started competing for me, I realized I'd outgrown the tough-guy thing....say, do you have any idea how beautiful your eyes are? "

RALPH: (in wig and lipstick, playing part of the woman, using high voice) "You are intelligent and gentle, yet manly. Would you please come over to my house for dinner tonight?"

(Bows from RALPH and ERICH, RALPH keeps wig on, applause from other players)

JOHN: "So that's how it works, huh? I would just mention that I used to be in, say, a motorcycle gang, but I don't let on that it was me and my brother on collector's edition Vespas?"

RALPH: "Yep, and you have to show genuine regret for your time on the wrong side of the law. It helps if you follow it up with a backrub."

GRADY: "Should I show her my tattoo?"

RALPH:"Not yours, man. You can't be bad with a tattoo of the Pillsbury doughboy."

CHRISTOPHER: (pompously, stands up) "Thank you for that fine thespian presentation, gentleman. Thus, in summary, I believe we have collected twenty recurring solutions to recurring dating problems. Thanks to Richard for providing the final pattern, Half Bad Boy Plus Protocol." (applause from others.) "I think, however, that we should jettison John's two new patterns—what were they?

JOHN: (muttering) "Umm, Chain of Cheerleaders and Window Observer."

RICHARD: "Yeah, those are clearly more implementations than patterns. You've got to keep these things abstract, man."

ERICH: "It also helps if the patterns don't actually get us arrested."

RICHARD: "Or bit-slapped."

(JIMMY the Freshman walks in.)

JIMMY: "Hey, guys, what's up? I was hoping I could get some help with this math assignment."

RICHARD: "Jimmy, just need to read everything Knuth ever wrote, and you'll be fine."

JIMMY: "Oh, I have—I keep volume 2 in the john. But I'm still stuck on Stirling numbers versus Eularian numbers. .....Say, what's that up on the diagram?" (pointing to the use case diagram) "And who's the hottie? (goes over to RALPH in drag and winks.)

GRADY: "Nothing! Um...it's my new comic strip. And the hottie is my sister, Gertrude." (looks at RALPH, shrugs.)

RALPH: (Takes off his wig and wipes off lipstick on the back of his hand) "Let's just tell him, Grady. I say Jimmy would be a good candidate to test these patterns on."

CHRISTOPHER: (pompously) "That's an excellent proposal! You see, Jimmy, we have applied the rules from my best-selling architectural design books" *(others cough, roll their eyes)* "to the most complex and recurring problem for engineering and mathematical professionals such as ourselves, and to the social configuration and context, within which they occur and the variables we can control to ensure these forces resolve themselves.

All: (Roll their eyes)

JIMMY: (Looks confused) "HUH?"

JOHN: (Stands up) "He means, we've written dating design patterns for geeks, and they rock."

JIMMY: "Design patterns? Those patterns for architecture that this guy's always going on about?"

CHRISTOPHER: (Looks down and makes aggressively modest smirk)

JIMMY: (with vigorous skepticism) "That's absolutely ridiculous. How could you apply design patterns to anything but architecture? There's no way that that would ever take off." …. "Besides, geeks don't date."

RALPH: "Hey, we can date and we DO date. Why do you think all those women are always calling?

Solveig's and Linda's voices offstage, saying 'Ralph, honey, we're here'."

Ralph: (Gets up to go) "Hey, gotta take off—I'm going salsa dancing with Tiffany and Samantha."

Others: (start talking on cell phones, murmuring "hey baby!" and other date-like talk)

RALPH: "Here you go. Take a copy of our design patterns. Try'em out. Report back in a month and if you're not the most popular guy on campus—well, except for us of course (laughs heartily), then I'll eat my Commodore 64."

All others walk out, talking. "Bad Boys" plays.

JIMMY (walking out murmuring and reading the handout) Half Bad Boy Plus Protocol...Interested Listener....Pandimensional Renaissance Differentiator..." (squeals excitedly) "Ooh, refactorings!"

END of the skit.

SKIT 2 OF 3

All players come on stage as Solveig says "let's welcome back our players..."

"Sharp Dressed Man" plays.

Guys should be looking exhausted. Possibly one or two lying on the floor at first.

GRADY: "All right. Glad we could all find the time to get together, FINALLY." (Glares at Jimmy.) We're supposed to be using the patterns, not abusing them.

JIMMY: (tired, nursing a hangover) "Sorry, man. I was implementing the Axis of Influence strategy and Stephanie's entire sorority house insisted on taking me out to the Bahamas for the weekend."

RICHARD: "I need to leave soon, too. Gotta meet Jennifer, then I'm heading to the dean's office to drop Differential Equations. Too much homework. I think I'll pick up Art History instead. "

(guilty sideways glances)

RALPH: "I'll be going with you. I'm way behind in my engineering classes and the only way I'm going to graduate and still keep dating Marie and Misty is to get a communications minor."

JOHN: "I spent so much time on dates this quarter that I never actually did go to any lectures. Not sure that I understand computers all that much anymore."

(JOHN stands up)

JOHN (Delivers line slowly and dramatically) "Guys, I think you should be the first to know. I've decided to change majors....to Marketing."

["week! week! week!" from Psycho.]

[people onstage gasp]

GRADY (leaps to his feet) "Men! Don't you see what has happened to us? Sure, we're the most popular guys in the tri-state area, but at the expense of our studies! We were going to do great things—find out what this crrrrazy idea of Tim's was about the World Wide Web! Ralph, you were going work on

_____!

Richard, you wanted to

_____!

And Jimmy, you've already started working o a vast underground lair of robots to do your bidding !

CHRISTOPHER: These aren't the droids you're looking for?

All (put hands to chins, look thoughtful, murmur hmmm....)

GRADY (melodramatically): "We've become so concerned with dating that we've forgotten our greater ambitions! Jimmy here was a perfectly promising young mathematics genius, but after our corrupting influence he just lies around leafing through the latest Leather Monthly catalog! And he's just the first! Just think if our dating design patterns were to be released on the rest of the world! No more great scientific breakthroughs....no more working 72 hours straight to solve a problem....just a bunch of former or potential engineers, lying around wearing leather pants while Heather and Angie feed them grapes and give them foot rubs.!"

Others: (pause, others look at each other, puzzled)

GRADY: "That's BAD, people!"

Others: (mumbling) Oh, right, bad, bad, that would be terrible.

CHRISTOPHER: "By letting others know about dating design patterns, we could be creating a scientific ice age. We would soon be scheduling our dates with Microsoft Project!

JOHN: (gets to his feet, dramatically.) Gentlemen. We've created a monster.

(all, together, solemnly) "Ourselves."

RICHARD. "We have to cover this up. I think we've generally kept it quiet except for telling Jimmy here. Jimmy, who have you told?"

JIMMY: "Well, I might have mentioned to a few people something about design patterns. When I burned my sweater vests, there were a LOT of questions."

RALPH: "A *few* people?"

JIMMY: "Well, a few dormfuls of people...'

CHRISTOPHER: "Clearly, there are some who know of our having developed a new *pattern language*. We simply need to establish a feasible alternate theory of patterns to falsely lead these people to nondangerous conclusions."

(all roll eyes)

GRADY: "You mean a red herring."

CHRISTOPHER: "Duh, that's what I said."

RALPH: "Well, we could throw together some sort of other patterns theory that we could say we'd been working on.

JIMMY: "How about leather design patterns?"

Others: (Hurl disparagements)

ERICH: "Anyone remember enough programming to do *software* design patterns?"

Others: (hem and haw, look thoughtful, somewhat skeptical--"software?" "that's the stuff with the procedures and variables, right?")

GRADY: "Well, it's worth a try. It's not like it has to be good—we just need to back up our story and hide the real patterns."

JOHN: "Well, the Trojan Facade dating pattern could be applied to software quite easily, I imagine. Like when you send your female friend over to pick up a woman for you because she'd freak if you did it yourself? (all nod, say "that's a good one" etc.) I'm thinking that could be a great solution for when users would get scared off by a command line or a whole bunch of choices, but you give'em a big red button with a pretty picture and they're all like "Hey, I know how to use a computer."

(All—muttering saying hmmm, *facade*, interesting...)

RALPH: "Well, OK. That's good enough, I guess. Like you say, this is just to make sure people don't find out about the dating patterns. (skeptically) It's not like anyone will ever *read* these *Software* Design Patterns.

(Everyone walks off, music "She Blinded Me With Science" plays.)

SKIT 3 OF 3

As Solveig says "Let's go back to our players once more..." RALPH and JIMMY come up on stage and sit down, looking tired and discouraged.

Sonja is talking to the audience, giving a presentation.

"Paperback Writer" plays in the background.

SONJA the Acquisitions Editor: "And so to conclude my 'Who wants to be an author for Addison-Wesley' seminar, I would like to say that Web services are hot hot hot! right now, and we want people with at least <u>ten years of experiences in Web services</u>, writing our books. Are there any questions?

SONJA goes off stage, but starts listening to the conversation at the other end.

RALPH (discouraged): Boy, the tech boom sure didn't turn out how I expected it. I've gotten laid off three times in the last week.

JIMMY: Not for me either. I mean, OK, I did help create an underground lair of robotic minions. But they won't do a darn thing for me. They just sit around all day using their positronic brains to win at Texas Hold'em.

RALPH: And it's not like I even have anything to do in my spare time. The women in the *bus stop* even ignore me. I lost my leather jacket and I'm not sure I even remember any of the dating design patterns anymore.

JIMMY: (pulling out sheef of papers with a flourish, delivers line dramatically) "You mean...THESE patterns???!!!!"

RALPH: Jimmy! You know how *dangerous* those are! We agreed that the effects on science and the economy would be disastrous if those were ever made known! (pause, looks suspicious, *stands up, points accusingly*) Wait...YOU didn't cause the tech crash, did you?

JIMMY: Nope, I haven't shown them to anyone. But you know what? The economy sucks so bad right now, and tech has made some pretty decent advancements in the last ten years....I don't think it would make any difference if we tried to get this manuscript published."

Sonja's ears perk up, she starts creeping over.

RALPH. "Hmm....maybe you're right. John would probably have a cow about it, but then I think he was always afraid of the competition. He thinks he's the Fonzie of the GOFers. When everyone knows it's me. (Sighs)

JIMMY: (Coughs) Um, yeah. Definitely. If only we could find someone so desperate for manuscripts that they would agree to publish something this crazy.

SONJA (grabs manuscript out of JIMMY's hand, speaks like a used car salesperson) "Hey there! Sonja's the name, publishing's my game, and I need just one more signed contract by the end of the month to make my quota!

JIMMY and RALPH look uncertainly at each other..."Um...OK, what do you think?"

SONJA: "Hmm, dating design patterns for men. Well, *clearly* you two have absolutely *no* qualifications to be giving dating advice. We'll give you women's pseudonyms, that'll create some credibility. Let me check with my boss. (Pulls out cell phone.) "John, I got some geeks here with a dating guide for all those guys on the cover of Wrox books. What do you say I give'em a deal, sign'em up?" (pause) Excellent. (evil laugh) (Turns to guys) I'll give you a real sweet deal, guys. Whopping $100 advance, 2% royalties, and you get to do your own index and cover design! How about it?! (pulls out paper, forces pens into their hands, makes them sign, shakes hands) Excellent! See you at JavaOne!

(SONJA dances off stage doing victory jig)

JIMMY and RALPH: (look at each other, shrug)

RALPH: "You wanna break the news to John that he's not the only Bad Boy out there anymore?

JIMMY (puts hand on chin in thoughtful pose) "I have a feeling he already knows."

JIMMY: "Wanna hit the bars and see if we can still remember how to do the Mediator pattern?"

RALPH: "Sure, man. (stops, looks squarely at JIMMY, uses thumb to point to himself when gesturing.) But this time *I* get to be the guy."

(Amble offstage, "Bad Boys" plays.)

End of the presentation.