

Ten hut! Feet together. Chin up. Eyes on the prize. Forward. h-a-a-rch!

(JOJO begins to march in place)

SONG: THE MILITARY

SCHMITZ

THE MILITARY ACADEMY
IS THE PLACE WHERE HE SHOULD BE SENT.
WE'LL DULL THE SILLINESS FROM HIS HEAD—

I'm sure we'll make a d—l!

WE'LL TEACH HIM FIGHTING
AND LEFT AND FIGHTING
UNTIL HE'S MUSCLED AND TAN!
A-HUT-TWO-THREE!
HE'S PATHETIC!

A-HUT-TWO-THREE!

Unathletic!

A-HUT-TWO-THREE!
BUT I'M BETTING WE CAN!
THE MILITARY!
THAT'S WHAT MAKES A BOY...
A MAN!

(CADETS enter)

CADETS

SCHMITZ, SCHMITZ, SCHMITZ, SCHMITZ, SCHMITZ,
SCHMITZ, SCHMITZ, SCHMITZ, SCHMITZ,
SCHMITZ!

SCHMITZ

Look at these boys. Why, you'd never know that just a few short months ago this one hummed in the shower! This one couldn't color within the lines. And this one actually had an Opinion!

SCHMITZ

OUR BOYS BELIEVE
IN THE RIGHT OF EVERY WHO
TO EAT THEIR BREAD
BUTTER SIDE UP!

CADETS

Butter side up!