

BRESSICA

So, I hear you, I see you, your take is valid, but to interpret it this way might also imply that Stacy's Mom is the instigator here and that's problematic in its own way.

PROFESSOR

Care to elaborate, Bressica?

BRESSICA

For sure. See this car? It's red. See the sweater wrapped around her? Also red. But look at what's underneath the sweater: a white dress. A promiscuous, slutty lil' thang covering a bright white: the naked, innocent truth. In other words, the Narrator is projecting this MILF energy onto Stacy's Mom when, in reality, she isn't entertaining any of his advances.

PROFESSOR

And that harkens back to our *fantasy versus reality* hypothesis!

RUGUS

Actually, Bressica's idea has some holes. This car scene isn't part of the fantasy; that part comes later when Stacy's Mom is pole dancing in the kitchen. Besides, we've already established that Stacy's Mom did, for a fact, pick Stacy up from school.

BRESSICA

It's called foreshadowing, bitch.

PROFESSOR

Foreshadowing! Yes! I sure love me some foreshadowing.

[Lights shift to focus on PROFESSOR and the clock for a few intense moments.]

PROFESSOR

Sammer-- ugh, I can't believe I'm asking this right now, but I have to involve you somehow-- do you have any *new* discoveries, now that the others have weighed in?

[SAMMER takes a long moment to ponder.]

SAMMER

Hang on, now that you mention it, I think that this really is a retelling of Dante's Inferno--

PROFESSOR [interrupting]

We don't have time for this, Sammer. We're this close. This close. And you want to commit to a goddamn Dante poem. Everything can be compared to Dante's Inferno; it's a fucking hero's journey!

SAMMER

Hey. Dude. I just thought--