



GAIETIES 1994  
NATURAL BORN GAIETIES

An Original Musical Comedy

by  
RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

Premiered November 16, 1994

Originally commissioned and produced by Ram's Head Theatrical Society at  
Stanford University in honor of Big Game 1994

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STANFORD  
UNIVERSITY

# Gaieties 1994: Natural Born Gaieties

## Act I

### 1.1: "Tour de Force"

**Forrest:** Hi! My name is Forrest Gump. People call me Forrest Gump. I would like to welcome you all to Big Game Gaieties 1994. Heard it's supposed to be a real good show. It's got lots of people in it. Lots of people, well that means there are lots of shoes. You got to have real comfortable shoes to be in a big show such as this one. You need dancing shoes, and acting shoes, and singing shoes, too. Well My Mama always used to say: Shut the hell up, Forrest. So I'm gonna do that now. Oh here comes the tour guide. He's a nice guy.

*TOUR GUIDE and Group come down the aisle of Mem Aud. The Tour Guide is pointing out some of Stanford's most illustrious sights.*

**Tour Guide:** And on your left we have the Claw, named after Henry James Claw, Class of `42. We're walking, we're walking. On the right you have Old Union, named after Henry James Union, class of `42. We're walking. We're walking. On the left is the [*Goofy finger quotes on each one*] ""CoHo", "Flo-Mo", "the Row", "Soto", and look there's "Gobo" from Fraggles Rock! Please don't step on the doozers. [*The group ascends the stairs in front of red*] On the left we have Meyer. On the right, the Dish. On the left, Canada. On the right Mexico. Now that we're halfway through our tour, we have time for a few questions. Yes. Why look, it's Janice from Head of the Class!

**Janice:** On my show, I was head of the class. I'm worried about whether I still will be at Stanford. What do you think?

**Tour Guide:** Well, 93 percent of the grades given out here are A's and B's. 98 percent of your body is water. You do the math. Yes, Danny Pintauro, aka Jonathan from Who's the Boss?

**Danny:** On my show, Tony Danza was the boss. Who's the boss at Stanford?

**Tour Guide:** Well, we let Casper think he's in charge, but I'd put my money on the cheery lady in the bookstore photo department. She's the real sheriff in town. Yes, why look, it's Fred Savage from the Wonder Years!

**Fred VO:** [*Fred walks downstage and gazes thoughtfully into nowhere while his theme song begins--What would you do if I sang out of tune...*] There I was, remembering those wonderful years of growing up, of loving Winnie... too bad she was slammed by Stanford and ended up at Cal. I couldn't help but ask, will my years at Stanford be as wonderful?

**Tour Guide:** [*s/he's been looking around for the voice.*] I love when he does that! Good question, Fred. Stanford is wonderful. It's a cultural mosaic, a patchwork quilt, a rainbow of fruit

flavors. And when we think of our alma mater, make sure you think of the person that made it all possible... [*Shameless cue. The TOUR GUIDE and GROUP exit as the curtain rises to reveal White Plaza, many people whizzing back and forth on bikes, rollerblades, à pied, etc.*]

### **Song 1: Leland, We're Glad You Croaked**

**ALL:** Stanford life is perfect, from Roble to Manzanita  
The tall palm trees, at Mirrielees, and old Lake Lagunita  
But Stanford's more than beauty, more than academic joy  
Stanford life rests on the death of a cute, adorable, little boy.

So when you think of Stanford, think deeper, think harder  
Think of Leland Stanford Junior, our Dear Old Martyr.

Where would we be if we hadn't lost our little pal?  
We'd all be wearing blue and gold and serving time at Cal.  
Without your bloody painful death, our lives would be a joke  
Leland Stanford Junior - we're really glad you croaked.  
Croaked, croaked, croaked.

Without the University, good ol' Casper'd have no job  
There wouldn't be a Chu named Mem, or a Dorm named Bob  
No IM teams, primal screams, Flicks with Dolby sound  
Cheesy traditions, they'd be no more, thank god you're underground .  
Ground, ground, ground.

[*During a vamp, the TOUR GUIDE and GROUP reenter* ]

**Tour Guide:** The story goes that in 1884 little Leland Stanford Junior, a strapping young youth with a hankering to learn, came down with a nasty case of typhoid fever. So nasty, that little Leland kicked the proverbial bucket. So, Jane and Leland decided to build a University in memory of their beloved son. It's been said that they made the roofs red so that little Leland could look down from his "little study break in the sky" and see his little university. And although it's too bad the little tyke had to [*goofy finger quotes*] "croak", if he hadn't, we wouldn't have Stanford University.

[*back to song* ]

**ALL:** If Leland hadn't bought the Farm,  
His parents would have sold the Farm,  
And all the students on the Farm  
Would be devoid of knowledge

But Leland - that unlucky boy,  
Went and caught himself typhoid

Jane and Leland were annoyed  
And built themselves a college

We're really glad, dear Leland, typhoid racked your little bod,  
If it hadn't, there'd be no Gaieties, no Full Moon on the Quad.  
In fact we'd be as down and out as those Cal Berkeley folks  
Leland Stanford Junior--we're awfully glad you croaked!  
Croaked, croaked, croaked!

*End of song.*

**Tour Guide:** This time of year, people here at Stanford as well as people across the bay at Stanford's arch rival the University of California at Berkeley, are busily preparing for the Big Game.

*A band of 4 Cal thugs come bursting on stage, holding the tour group hostage.*

**Thug #1:** All right, the party's over.

**Thug #2:** Yeah, like, nobody move. Now, give us the Axe!

*a pregnant pause*

**Tourist:** Wait a minute, don't you guys have the axe this year?

**Thug #1:** Uh... we do?

**Thug #2:** What do you mean, dude?

**Thug #3:** Huh-huh. We'd have to be pretty stupid to come all the way down here to steal an axe we already have.

*[Lights up on Forrest in the juliet]*

**Gump:** My Momma used to always say: Stupid is as Berkeley does.

*[Lights down on Forrest, eating choc-lates]*

**Tour Guide:** You guys. Cal has the axe. They narrowly edged out Stanford at the last Big Game.

**Thug #2:** Dude. Cal has it?!!

**Thug #3:** Cal has it!!!

**Thug #1:** Let's go steal it. And bring it back to Berkeley.

*[Thugs run off stage]*

**Tour Guide:** Alright tour group. Although an unexpected interruption, those are what we at Stanford call "Weenies." Moving on in our tour, up ahead you will see-

*Then we hear the General Lee horn-- "na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na-na" from offstage, after which we see a SURE escort cart enter from stage left, parting the crowd. The cart says "SURE", of course, but it is decorated with fuzzy dice and racing stripes. Behind the wheel is SAM, wearing a leather jacket, aviator glasses, and a scarf draped daintily around his neck. He is the epitome of the Big Man on Campus. When the cart screeches to a halt, the crowd gathers around, fawning over the cart and its preening driver.*

**Tour Guide:** Oh look! It's Sam "the Schmooze" Cleveland, our favorite SURE escort driver. Hey Sam, come over here and say hi to my tourgroup!

**Sam:** Hi, tourgroup. How do you all like my new set of wheels. Just got it souped up down at the Campus Bike Shop by my pal Cooter. *[chorus of oohs and aahs. He points to Fred ]* If any of you lovely ladies ever want a ride, just call 5-SURE. Here's my card.

**Fred:** SURE escort drivers give rides to guys too, right?

**Sam:** Drop dead Fred. Heeeyyyyy, aren't you that Doogie Howser kid?

**Fred:** Yeah, right. *[in that oh-so-Wonder-Years-way ]*

**Joe Schmoie:** Sam "the Schmooze!" We've heard all about you. I'd give anything to be a fly on the wall of your dorm room. You're a legend!

**Sam:** Nope, I'm a real person.

**Liz Schmiz:** Is it true that you initiated 117 frosh women at Full Moon on the Quad?

**Sam:** If you only count this year.

**Tourist:** And you date more than anyone else on campus! Is it true that you took different women to the 7 AND 10:00 Flicks?

**Sam:** Yeah, but it's not as great as it sounds. I'm tired of dating around. You can only have so many conversations with Pi Phis majoring in Comm. They don't know that many words. Yep. I'm fixin' to become a one-woman man.

**Paul:** Kinda like Rupaul?

**Sam:** Oh kayyyyy.

**Tour Guide:** Well, good luck, Sam. If you want a hot tip, rumor has it there's many intelligent woman to be found in the Coffee House....[*to group* ] the "Co Ho". See ya Sam. [*Starts talking to the tour group again. Sam walks upstage to cart,*] We're walking, we're walking.... On your left, "Mem Aud," on your right, "Mem Chu." On the left, the Daily, on the right, the Review. In the rear is SCBN, Stanford's own television station. [*someone raises her hand* ] Yes?

**Soleil Moon Frye:** Um, I've been trying to watch SCBN, but there's never anything on.

**Tourguide:** That's why it's called the Imagination Station. Just sit back and imagine....[*Enter Holly, a mysterious genius with a penchant for robes.* ] Hey, Holly Lazlofeld! What's happening?

**Holly:** Hello, Mr. Tourguide. I'm kind of in a hurry. I need more foamcore for my time machine, and the House of Foam closes in fifteen minutes!

**Tourguide:** Still working on that "time machine", huh?

**Holly:** Exactly.

**Tourguide:** Gonna graduate this year?

**Holly:** Maybe next year. Seven's my lucky number. See you later. Or perhaps earlier...

**Tourguide:** [*walking off stage* ] Next, we'll be heading for Tresidder. There's the "CoPo," "FroYo," some "profros," and even "KoKo" the magical talking chimp.

**Sam:** Hmmmm. Intelligent women at the Co-Ho, eh? [*The sun sets behind him and a big ol' fan blows his scarf. He gets out and stands alone, arms akimbo.*] Y'know, maybe that's a good idea. I keep looking for the right woman, but the ones I always find are shallow, egotistical, and self-centered. I'm much too good for them. Why can't I find my perfect woman, my true solemate. I know she's somewhere out there, beneath the pale moonlight. Stay alive no matter what occurs. I will find you! [*Sam is majestically backlit as Last of the Mohicans theme plays in the background.*]

*End of scene*

## **1.2: "Coffee House Rock"**

*Lights up- Reveal a motley set. The Co-Ho. Lighting is good in some areas, awful in others. The set is made up of many coffeehouse "levels." Above the counter is some of that random coffeehouse decor, that we've all come to know and love, like a giant tootsie roll. There is a skeleton in the corner The line runs off stage, and all the employees except for one frantic anemic male are all standing behind the counter doing nothing. Sign of the different foods that are served including: The CoHo Dwarf Talisman sandwich, Dirt, Fried Arrillaga. It is currently Open Mike night, and on stage are two dancing women in Mariachi dresses and one at the mike.*

**Marita:** So in conclusion, please come and join us next Thursday night for Ballet Folklorico's annual mariachi and skeet shooting exhibition. [ *The dancing women pull goggles down over their braids and begin shooting to the beat of the music* ]

**Dancer 1:** Pull! [*She launches the skeet as dancer 2 fires the rifle* ]

**EmCee:** [*She's a mime, albeit not a very good one. She walks a dog, pulls a rope, either with actual props or explaining what she is doing. Basically, she just likes to wear the funny whiteface.*] For those of you who just strolled in, welcome to the CoHo's Open Mike Night. Remember, every Wednesday is Nietzsche Night, so come out to celebrate nihilism. We will continue in just a few minutes. [*Art goes up there and just sits* ]

**Employee:** CoHo Dwarf Talisman Sandwich! Who ordered the--

**Hank:** Right here. Thanks.

*The Coffee Talk woman and friend approaches the counter.*

**Linda Richmond:** I'll have a double mocha mint.

**Lonnie:** Hey, Linda!

**Linda:** Loawnnie! How are you! Give me a coawl! 555-4444, we'll have coawffee, we'll toawk about doawgs and doawters! [*She goes to sit down with her big hair.*]

*Holly Lazlofeld approaches the counter.*

**Employee:** What can I get you?

**Holly:** I'll have another of those crusty scones.

**Employee:** I can't believe how many of those things you eat!

**Holly:** Oh I don't eat them. I'm using them to build...something.

*Holly moves on. Enter Lydia. She is clever, an intellectual of sorts, but a touch wackée.*

**Lydia:** Hi, can I have the Humanities Humdinger?

**Sneering Billy Idol Counter Girl:** Hey, Lydia. Sure... whatever. [*Annoyingly slow.*] With Kennel Slaw or the Condaleeza Rice Pilaf?

**Lydia:** Surprise me.

**SBIC Girl:** Boo!

**Lydia:** Aaaaah!

**SBIC Girl:** Now go. Go pay. Go on, get out of here! Shoo!

*Lydia slaps down a ten dollar bill and sits down next to Sidekick Myra.*

**Myra** Hey, Lydia. How was your Kazoo lesson?

**Lydia:** Fine, but my teacher's a Mendicant and keeps trying to get me to learn Brown-Eyed Girl. If I hear it one more time, I'm cracking skulls!

*Phil approaches.*

**Phil:** Hey, Lydia.

**Lydia:** Buzz off creep!

**Myra:** Jeez Lydia. Relax. Don't yell at Phil, he only has two lines in the show.

**Phil:** Yeah, so be nice to me. [*Phil, having used up his quota, walks dejectedly offstage.*]

**Lydia:** Some guys.

**Myra:** Lydia, it's no wonder you can't keep a steady boyfriend. Look at how you treated Phil.

**Lydia:** It's not me that's the problem. It's the guys. There's only one thing on their minds.

**Myra:** Sex, Lydia?

**Lydia:** Uh, not right now, Myra, I've got problems.

**Myra:** Come on. You're still angry because that grad student you were seeing turned out to be a jerk and dumped you.

**Lydia:** What? I'm over that. I'm not the least bit angry at that low-down-pumped-up-good-for-nothing-weasel-spawn-I-hope-he dies. [*said as politely as possible* ]

*There is mild applause for Art, who has completed his two minutes of silence.*

**Emcee:** All right everyone, next up, the best groomed man on public television, Bob, "The Flash" Ross! [*Bob morphs on stage. The crowd is awed.* ]

**Bob:** Of course we start with happy trees. Good. Now add another happy tree. Great. (*The crowd grows restless*) Now add that stalker from Melrose Place, the eyes peeping through the shower wall. Who's that naked in there? Looks like Heather Locklear to me. Yes, that's perfect. (*Turns toward the audience*) Here's the finished product. (*Holds up a disturbing abstract painting.*)



**Myra** Lydia, you should go up there. You could do better than that guy.

**Lydia:** He's got his own show, Myra.

**Myra** So does Barney, and he's a fucking moron.

**EmCee:** While we wait for our next act, I will ooh and ahh you with extraordinary mimicry! [*She does some awful miming.* ]

**Myra:** Look, Lydia, the problem is your att-i-tude, girlfriend! You've got to free your mind... You've got to say to yourself: "The next guy that walks in the door -- he just might be the one for me!"

*Sam enters and poses as he is majestically backlit. All women, except for Lydia and Myra, immediately react-- faint, jump up and fawn, etc.*

**Woman 1:** He's so dreamy!!

**Woman 2:** Yeah, just like Eric Estrada! (*The other women all sigh in agreement*)

**Lydia:** Look at that jerk. Who does he think he is anyway?

**Myra** That's Sam Cleveland. There isn't a woman on campus who wouldn't kill to go out with him. Lydia, don't look now, but he's staring at you.

**Lydia:** What are you talking about?

*Lydia turns around and sees Sam. He has noticed her 'cause she's the only woman in the place who didn't notice him, and so he finds her attractive. How's that for motivation?*

**Myra:** Hey, Sam. Come here.

**Sam:** Hey. Michelle, right? I mean, Myrna. Mel. Maureen.

**Myra:** Myra.

**Sam:** Riiiiiiight. So who's this?

**Lydia:** Buzz off, creep.

**Sam:** Oooh, feisty.

**Lydia:** Look Sal. Stu. Steve.

**Sam:** Sam.

**Lydia:** Riiiiight. Look, I don't need you and I don't want you. Why don't you go somewhere where you're wanted. I hear the Women's Self-Defense class needs a practice dummy.

**Sam:** Look, don't flatter yourself, um-

**Lydia.** -Lydia-

**Sam:** -Lydia. I'm just here to get something to drink. What do they have?

**Lydia:** Coffee.

**Sam:** I knew that.

**Myra:** My, you two seem to be hitting it off quite well. Why don't I get you that coffee, Sam? *[Leaving]* What do you want in it?

**Sam:** A straw?

**Lydia:** Uugh. I'm getting out of here.

**Sam:** Oh come on, Lydia, relax. You're looking for someone. I'm looking for someone. Maybe we're looking for the same people, you know what I mean.

**Lydia:** Look let's get something straight... *[Music starts]* We both might be lonely and we both might need someone *[Music]* But that doesn't mean I need *you*...

## **Song #2: I Don't Need You**

**Lydia:** Hoo has its Tow... Mem has its Chu  
Still doesn't mean that I need you.

**Sam:** Flo has its Mo... Xana its Du  
Still doesn't mean that I need you

**Lydia:** If you were cuter, or cooler, or the least bit attractive  
Maybe I'd ask you where you lived

**Sam:** If you were kinder, or gentler or a touch more submissive  
Maybe I would have noticed you in CIV

**Lydia:** Lit and the Arts

**Sam:** Me, too.

**Lydia:** Phi has its Sig

**Sam:** Lambda its Nu

**Both:** Still doesn't mean I need you!

*[The Co-Ho-ers pair up and a few step to the front of the stage]*

**Graham:** If I were taller, I'd be six-feet-two

**ALL:** Still doesn't mean that I need you

**Jezebel:** I'd like to buy myself a goat from Timbuktu

**ALL:** Still doesn't mean that I need you

**Lydia:** If you were taller or smarter or the least bit attractive  
Maybe I'd fall for you

**Sam:** If you were richer, or loaded or had lots of money  
Or maybe if you played the kazoo *[pulls out his kazoo]*

**Lydia:** I do *[pulls out hers]*

*[Everyone pulls out their kazoo and plays along during the dance break. Sam and Lydia dance together. As the dance break concludes, the guys collect around Sam and the girls around Lydia]*

**GUYS:** You can't be falling for her, say it's not true  
Sammy, What the hell's the matter with you

**GIRLS:** You know that he's a guy who'd break your heart in two  
Trust us, girl, he's not the one for you

**Sam:** If she were dumber...

**GUYS:** YEAH!!!

**Sam:** Or looser...

**GUYS:** YEAH!!!

**Sam:** Or a LOT more submissive...  
Maybe we would have a different fate.

**Lydia:** If you were less repulsive, less obnoxious, & a shitload more attractive  
Maybe we could have a second date...

**Sam:** This is a date?

**Lydia:** Maybe...

**Sam:** Hoo has its Tow...

**Lydia:** Mem has its Chu...

**ALL:** Still doesn't mean that I need you...

*End of song*

**Myra:** Coffee!.... Soooo, did you two work things out?

**Sam:** Yeah. You could say that Lydia finally came to her senses.

**Lydia:** What is that supposed to mean? You think I'd fall for your insensitive, macho, studlier-than-thou crap.

**Sam:** Works on most girls.

**Lydia:** Oh, I can't take this. Myra, get me out of here.

**Sam:** Lydia, you rock my world. You're the yin to my yang, the chung to my wang. Can't you feel the love tonight?

**Lydia:** Let's go.

**Sam:** Oh I'm sorry, Lydia. You're not like most girls. You're-

*Reaching out towards Lydia, Sam accidentally knocks the coffee all over Lydia.*

**Sam:** Oh, I'm so sorry. Here I have a handkerchief. I-

*Sam reaches into his pocket and pulls out a roll of twelve condoms that unroll like my grandmother's pictures in her wallet.*

**Sam:** Heh-heh. Oops. *[Find hanky]* Here.

*[Sam begins to "wipe away the coffee on Lydia's blouse..." unintentionally finding his way to second base. Lydia slaps him. STTTTTTRIKE THREEE!!!!]*

**Lydia:** Sam, for a minute there I thought things could work out.

**Myra:** *[To Sam]* Denied. *[Myra and Lydia exit.]*

**Emcee:** And remember, every Thursday Night is Lonely Loser Night. Cafe Mocha's one dollar off for the chronically depressed. Sammy, get here early.

**Sam:** She will be mine. Oh, yes, she will be mine.

*End of scene*

### **1.3: "Big L, little a, big I, big R"**

*Sign saying "TrEssIDeR LaIR" hovers magically above the TrEssIDeR LaIR. Nutty email users are busily typing on computers. Printers have signs on 'em saying "ferret", "marmot", "blue-green algae", "Golgi apparatus", etc. Cubicles galore. People are waiting in line to ask the computer consultant stupid questions. Sam enters and gets in line.*

**People 1:** Um, on my computer, there's no picture. I mean, I keep pushing all the buttons and nothing happens.

**Consultant:** Have you pushed the little button on the back of the computer?

**People 1:** No. Thank you. [*leaves* ]

**Consultant:** You're so very welcome. Next?

**People 3:** How would I go about breaking into Axess and changing my grades?

**Consultant:** Log in, then double-click on Global Thermonuclear War. Next?

**People 2:** I'm trying to log in on e-mail. What's my password?

**Voice-over:** The password is...Filet Mignon.

**Consultant:** Sam Cleveland! It's Friday night! What are *you* doing *here* ?

**Sam:** [*pulls up a stool*] Aw, set me up, barkeep.

**Consultant:** [*pouring a drink-- it's now a bar*] You seem a little down. Hard disk crashin', buddy?

**Sam:** Yeah. I really like this girl, and she won't give me the time of day.

**Consultant:** Ten-thirty.

**Sam:** Thanks. [*takes a swig*] I really blew it. I keep calling and calling, but I just get her voice mail. [*Sam and Consultant freeze*]

**Lydia Voice Over:** Hi, you've reached Lydia Berkowitz and Myra Skedaddle. If you're calling for Lydia, press one. If you're calling for Myra, press two. If you think Mr. Ferley was funnier than Mr. Roper, press three. If you want to sing out, sing out. If you want to be free, be free. Oh, and if you're that freak, Sam, from the Coffeehouse-- piss off, PIG!!!

**Sam:** So I came here to drown my sorrows.

**Consultant:** Sam, have you tried e-mail? [*Choir of angels: "Hallelujah!"*]

**Sam:** E-mail? [*"Hallelujah!"*] You want me to talk to a computer?

**Consultant:** Sammy, Sammy, Sammy. Not TO a computer. THROUGH a computer.

**Sam:** What do you know about women? You spend your entire life sucking on microchips.

**Consultant:** Sammy, Sammy, Sammy. I think it's time that I share with you my personal expertise on the new sex of the 1990's. It's the most valuable lesson you'll ever learn.

### **Song 3: Safe Sex of the Nineties**

**Consultant:** Women never found me attractive, I was a lonely guy,  
The only menage I could ever find was Me, Myself, and I.  
Whenever I serenade a girl, she screams until I stop,  
And the closest I can to copping a feel, was feeling up a cop.

So when I got out of jail, after posting my bail,  
I needed a brand-new plan.  
So I souped up the look of my Powerbook  
And became a brand-new man!

Now my weekend nights are quite a sight  
With my nice `n easy Mac  
I never fail, cause E-Mail  
Is the ultimate aphrodisiac....

The girls all love touching my keyboard  
Playing with my option key  
It's the silicon that really turns them on  
To my expandable memory.

Sure they say my disk is floppy  
But that's okay by me,  
Cause there's no complaining when the evening is waning  
And my hard drive's as hard as they want it to be.

**All:** It's the safe sex of the nineties  
Behind your computer screen,  
No candy or flowers, just a quarter of an hour  
With your trusty old machine.

Just log-in and you're ready  
For a night with your Juliet,  
Loving that femal, loving over E-mail  
Intercourse...on the InterNet.

**All:** Slip that disk right into that drive  
Then pull it right back out,  
Work it, work it. Ooh short circuit,  
That's what Cybersex is all about.

Don't need to be no frat boy,  
Or an a cappella singer,  
When you need some info, on a sweetie or nympho,  
You just gotta kow how to finger

It's the safe sex of the nineties  
Behind your computer screen,  
No fancy cologne, cause you're on your own  
With your trusty `ol machine.

Just log-in and you're ready  
Feel those fingers sweat,  
Loving that female, loving over E-mail  
Intercourse...on the Internet.

**Consultant:**Don't you call me Micro soft  
Watch out for my mega-byte,  
Drop me a line and I'm sure to reply that  
I'm logging on you tonight.

It's the safe sex of the nineties  
Behind your computer screen,  
No fancy cologne, cause you're on your own  
With your trusty `ol machine.

Just log-in and you're ready  
Feel those fingers sweat,  
Loving that female, loving over E-mail  
Intercourse...on the Internet.

*Song ends.*

**Sam:** *[sitting at a computer, beginning to type, with Consultant's guidance.]* OK, let's see. Dear Lydia, Lydia, um... without you I'm worthless. Inconsequential. Nothing. I'm CIV Section. I'm SlavDom. I'm a Berkeley Education. Lydia, without you in my life, I'd slowly wither and die!...

Oh, this isn't working- there has to be a better way. I just wish I could go back in time and change everything!

*Lights go wacky. Sam looks about in fearful confusion. Holly Lazlofeld enters.*

**Sam:** Who are you?

**Holly:** I'm here to help you, Sam.

**Sam:** How do you know my name?

**Holly:** I'm all-knowing and all-powerful.

**Sam:** Really?

**Holly:** No. But I AM an engineering major.

**Sam:** How funny is that? You drive a train, and I drive a SURE escort cart! *[they high-five]*

**Holly:** Sam, what was it you said about wanting to go back in time?

**Sam:** I said, "I wish I could just go back and change everything."

**Holly:** Exactly. What would you say if I told you that may be possible?

**Sam:** I'd say you were spending way too much time at Lambda Nu.

**Holly:** Exactly. And what would you say if I told you that I've been building a time machine out of foam core and pocket lint?

**Sam:** A time machine?

**Holly:** Exactly. And what would you say if I told you the only problem is, in order for it to function properly, it must be attached to a SURE escort cart?

**Sam:** I'd say, "Hey, I've got one of those!"

**Holly:** Exactly. You have something I need, and I have something you need. Quid pro quo, Sammy.

**Sam:** I don't understand.

**Holly:** You will, Sam. You will. *[puts her arm around him and leads him off stage.]*

**Sam:** Where are we going?



**Holly:** To a place where nobody remotely affiliated with Stanford will see or hear us....The Rec Center Game Room. [*They exit.*]

*End of scene*

#### **1.4: "The Club"**

*In front of the curtain, which we affectionately refer to as "Red." Lydia is on the phone with Myra, who is in the juliet. We don't know why she doesn't just look up and shout.*

**Myra:** Hello?

**Lydia:** Hi Myra-- it's me.

**Myra:** Oh thank goodness it's you, Lydia. That guy Sam has been calling for you all day.

**Lydia:** Sam? The creep we saw at the coffeehouse?

**Myra:** Yeah, that's the one. Listen, do you want to talk about it?

**Lydia:** Yeah. Meet you at [*whispered*] "the Club."

**Myra:** Okay. [*whispered back*] "the Club" [*normally*] in fifteen minutes. See you there. [*they hang up*]

*Lights down on them. Lights up on man wearing a sign that "sandwiches" him. The sign says, "FREE OJ."*

**Man:** Free OJ! Free OJ! [*Curtain begins to open to reveal huge "Juice Club" sign and set.*] Free OJ.....with every ten powerbars you buy!

*There are hundreds of people both behind and in front of the counter. Those behind the counter are all wearing Juice Club sweatshirts and shaking surreally large blenders up and down and back and forth vigorously while smiling ridiculously wide smiles. Maybe they're all wearing large orange heads and tights. Maybe. There are huge stalks of wheat everywhere. On one side of the stage, a Juice Club employee is scooping juice boost from a barrel labeled "RADIOACTIVE." The customers are all jogging in place and eating PowerBars, while stopping to check their pulses every thirty seconds. 'Jen', the Juice Club Poster Girl, is at the register.*

**Richard Simmons:** [*leading an exercise group*] C'mon gang. Keep those buns moving! You can do it! One and Two and One and Two and Deal a Meal and Deal a Meal...

**Jen:** HICANIHELPHYOU?

*Customer 1 arrives at the counter.*

**Customer #1:** Hi, I'd like a Fruity-Hawaiian-Pineapplicious-Bananaberry-In-Your-Face-Extravaganza-Explosion, please.

**JJen:** Any Juice Club additions with that?

**Customer #1:** Oh, well, what's good?

**Jen:** You know, our Pond Scum addition was used by the ancient Sumerians as both an aphrodesiac and a powerful laxative.

**Customer #1:** Sounds great! I'll take it.

**Jen:** THANKSANDHAVEANAWESOMEDAY!!! NEXT!!

**Customer #2:** Are those garlic smoothies any good?

**Jen:** Of course they're good, and good for you. Everything's good for you. Everything's good for you at Juice Club!

#### **Song 4: The Healthiest Place on Earth**

**Customers:** Juice Club! It's a happy healthy place.  
Juice Club! You can really stuff your face.  
Juice Club! And it won't go to your waist.  
*[spoken, real jazzy-like]* If you're feelin' weak and shoddy  
Put some juice boost in your body!

Juice Club! If it's energy you crave,  
Juice Club! And you're feelin' kind of brave,  
Juice Club! You can do yourself a fave!  
*[spoken]* If your stomach is unsightly  
You should visit Juice Club nightly!

*Snippet #1: Spot on two Juice Club employees.*

**Employee #1 ["Vic"]:** *[Laughing]* Oh, Katie, you won't believe this one! I just convinced this schmo to let me put a half-gallon of motor oil in his Raspberry Potpourri! I told him it was good for the circulation! Haw, haw, haw...

**Employée #2 ["Katie"]:** Oh yeah, Vic? Well I ran over a squirrel on my way to work today, and I sold it as Protein Boost! Them blenders shore is powerful...

**Emplôyee #1:** Hey-- let's try ear wax! *[Sticks finger in ear.]*

**Emplöyee #2:** Yeah! And I've got some bellybutton lint! Hee hee...

**Employæ #1:** *[to crowd]* Now folks, the wheatgrass enemas are going fast, so step right up...*[the patrons stop running in place and crowd around the registers yelling "me, me!" while #2 and #1 collapse with laughter behind the counter.]*

*[back to song]*

**Chorus:** Juice Club! When your 'lectrolytes are low,  
Juice Club! But you've got a lot of dough  
Juice Club! Spunky people in the know  
Follow Juice Club's special diet--  
Hey, don't knock it `til you try it!

*Snippet #2: Infomercial. Spot on Susan Powter*

**Susan Powter:** *[speaking to audience]* You know, I used to weigh 600 pounds! I hated myself! I could barely stand to look at myself in a mirror! Heck-- I could barely stand! But I lost it all, without dieting, without exercise, and without a mentally stable hairdresser - and you can too. All you've got to do is eat, breathe, move, and STOP THE INSANITY! JUST STOP THE INSANITY! INSANITY, STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP IT! STOP THE INSANITY! *[she begins to pull out what hair she has left, getting strangely intense. The music stops. Everyone on stage stares in horror. Two men in white coats come out as she continues her raving]*

**Man in white coat:** All right, Susan. Don't you worry. *We'll stop the insanity. [They drag her off]*

*Back to song*

**Chorus:** Juice Club! When you want to run a mile,  
Juice Club! Do the backstroke down the Nile,  
Juice Club! Wrassle with a crocodile,  
Well, our wheat grass is a hit  
Even if it tastes like shit!

*Snippet #3: Juice Club for Men. Spot on Cy Sperling*

**Cy Sperling:** I'm Cy Sperling. Not only am I the president of Juice Club for Men, but I also wear a toupee!

*Back to song... Lydia and Myra enter separate from the commotion, buy drinks, sit down on stools and start talking.*

**Chorus:** Juice Club! It'll help with that all-nighter,  
Juice Club! Turn a wimp into a fighter,  
Juice Club! Let you cinch your belt up tighter!

**Richard Simmons:** Pa rrra ta ta ta ta ta,

Ba dweebee ya doo!

*Snippet #4: Juice Club. Spot on two Hasidic Juice*

**Mordecai:** Oy, Yentl, why do you always try to schlep me over to Town and Country?

**Yentl:** Come on, Mordecai. Put on your yarmulke. We're going to see this new Jews Club.

*Back to song.*

**Chorus:** Juice Club! It'll make ya kinda loony,  
Juice Club! Join our commune in the boonies.  
Juice Club! Yes, it's sorta like the Moonies!  
*[a la Mickey Mouse Club ]*J-U-I...

**Èmployæ #2:** *[spoken ]* I betcha you'll love it!

**Chorus:** I-C-E...

**Ernie [from Sesame Street]:** "E" - the fifth letter of the alphabet!

**Chorus:** C-L-U-B...*[they look around for a last syllable ]*

Yeah!!!!

*End of Song*

**Richard:** Hey, everybody! Let's run to the Dish!

**All:** Yes! *[Exeunt. Only Myra, Lydia, and the employees are left behind. Employees are snickering and counting their money. ]*

**Myra:** Geez, Lydia. That sounds like the total night from hell.

**Lydia:** I know, I know. But the funny thing is, even though he's a complete jerk, I find myself strangely attracted to him.

**Myra:** Kinda like that Aman Verjee.

**Lydia:** *[introspectively nodding]* Yeah...

**Myra:** So what are you going to do about Sam?

**Lydia:** Oh, I'm just going to give up. I mean, it would never work. *[sighs ]* I don't think there's a man on this earth who can give me what I need. I may as well resign myself to a relationship of convenience with a nerdy intellectual who has little to no social skills.

**Myra:** You're not going to start seeing a SLE student, are you?

*The health nuts run back on, glowing and energized by their 1-minute run to the Dish.*

**Richard:** Whoohoo, that was great. Another round of slime mold for everyone!!

**All:** Yes!!

**Lydia:** This place is really getting out of hand. Besides, we gotta get ready for the Viennese Ball tonight.

**Myra:** I still can't believe you're going with that geek from Cal.

**Lydia:** Myra - I have to go. My parents would kill me if I didn't take Gordy. He's kind of like family. Sort of like a distant, distant, distant, distant cousin... twice removed.

**Myra:** I hear you. C'mon, let's get out of here before these guys realize that we're meateaters.

*End of Scene*

### **1.5: "Greased Escort"**

*Scene opens inside the Campus bike shop, which is just in front of seal or something The set includes bike parts, a BigWheel, innertubes, random wrenches, a skateboard, and a severed arm*

**Cooter:** Raht.. Raht... That's raht, you steal the bikes from in front of all the dorms, you get `em to me and I'll sell `em from out the Campus Bike Shop. That's right, we'll split it fifty-fifty. All raht... All right.. Goodbye, Captain Neyermeyer. [*We hear the General Lee horn "na-na-Na-na-na-na-na-Na-na-na-Na-na-na-Na-na" and the SURE escort drives onto stage.*] Well, boys, look who's comin'! If it ain't good ol' Sammie!

**Sam:** It's nice to see you, Cooter.

**Cooter:** Where ya been, Sammie? Last time, you were in here, we revamped that double g-horsepower engine, added rack and pinion steering, driver-side-airbag, leather seats. She's looking might purty. And look, you even got her some of them fuzzy dice. Soooo-wheee. So, who's your friend?

**Sam:** Cooter, this is Holly. She's helping me....uhm.. she's my ME 101 partner.

**Cooter:** Howdy, partner.

**Holly:** Uhh... Howdy?

**Cooter:** Well, Holly, what's that shiny oblong de-vice you're carrying there?

**Holly:** [*superdupermysteriously* ] Nothing. Why do you ask? And I tell you, they ain't got nothin on me. Nothin. NOTHIN I TELL YA!!!!

**Cooter:** Well shoot, relax, girl. With all your carryin' on, you'd think it was a time machine or something. [*He gives us that wacky Coo-coo-cooter laugh. Holly and Sam nervously join in.*]

**Sam:** Real funny, Cooter. Seriously, we need you and the boys to hook up this shiny thing to the back of the SURE escort cart.

**Cooter:** That shiny thing? Well, is it Automatic?

*Holly and Sam nod. Dunh*

**Cooter:** Is it systematic?

*Holly and Sam nod. Dunh*

**Cooter:** Is it HY-DRO matic?

*Pause*

**Sam:** What the hell does that mean?

**Cooter:** Never mind, Sammie, we'll get raht to work.

*The Bike Shop Boys attach time machine to cart in a comic manner.*

**Sam:** Thanks, boys!

**Holly:** Alright, now we need to do some testing before we --

*Suddenly, loud static comes from the cart. SURE commander dude in fun yellow uniform enters on the opposite side of the stage. He uses a big yellow walkie-talkie.*

**Dude:** Come in, Maverick. Come in.

**Sam:** Oooohh, that's me! It's a code name. [*on CB* ] Roger, This is Maverick. Go ahead, Red Leader.

**Red Leader:** Maverick, thank God. We've got a 218 in sector 9.2 requiring immediate S&M. We've lost complete EC down at fundamental operational facilities, so all units are RIP.

**Sam:** [*panicked and confused*] S&M? RIP?

**RL:** Dammit, Maverick! Didn't you learn the Sure Code? Maverick, we need your super-special cart because it's the only one with hydraulic four-wheel drive! There's a woman stranded at the

Viennese Ball. We can't get to her because Roble Gym has been turned into a GIANT MUUUUUD PIT!!! Only you have the MONSTER TRUCK TRUCK TRUCK that can bring her back ALIVE ALIVE ALIVE! [*Sam, basked in white light, is momentarily mesmerized by his own potential for heroism, as adventurous-type music begins in the background and underscores the rest of this scene, which is played super-dramatically Exit Red Leader.*]

**Sam:** I'm sorry, Holly, but I have to take the cart now.

**Holly:** Sammy, you mustn't! It hasn't been tested!

**Sam:** I know Holly, but this woman needs me. I've pledged my duty to SURE Escort, to my university, and to the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands. Dammit, Holly, I must help her!!! Besides, she might be cute. [*Sam rushes to the cart, pushes Cooter away and throws himself behind the wheel.*]

**Holly:** Alright, my friend, go if you must. But be careful -- watch out for bollards, and remember -- the cart hasn't been tested! So whatever you do, don't take it past 8.8 miles per hour!! [*Sound of squealing tires as the Sure cart bolts offstage at two or so miles per hour..*]

**Cooter:** Say, little lady, can I help you find some spark plugs while you're here?

**Holly:** As a matter of fact, I've been looking for a decent plug...

*Their eyes meet blissfully.*

*End of scene*

## 1.6: "WWWOOOOOOWWWW"

*Welcome to the Viennese Ball. Everyone is there in their spotless white gowns and tuxes, spinning faster and faster and faster. Just at the apex of the dancing, Lydia spins out downstage with her date. She is wearing a funereal black ball gown he is wearing blue tweed and gold corduroys. He's from Cal, get it? He [Gordon Kowalski-Schegmeir] has incredibly thick glasses, and thin and greasy black hair, parted down the middle.*

**Gordy:** WWWOOOOOOWWWW, Lydia, you really dance good. You look so pretty. WWWOOOOOOWWWW, you're neat.

**Lydia:** Look, Gordy, I'm only here because your Mom asked me to take you.

**Gordy:** You're the best neighbor EVVVVER. But, be honest, when we were doing the foxtrot, you wanted me BAAAAAD. [*He pulls a mangled melted glob of brown shitlike goop from his pocket.*] Power bar?

**Lydia:** Look, I appreciate that your Mom slept out all night for the tickets and all, but that doesn't mean we're anything more than frien..... neighbors. Couldn't you have dressed up a little more? You kind of stand out.

**Gordy:** I have to represent Cal in the dance contest. Cal men are the SEXXXIEST when they go groovin' and woin' the ladies. [*Music changes.*] Lydia, it's the CHAAAARLESTON. C'mon! One, two, charleston, cha, cha, cha. [*He starts doing an Ed Grimley Charleston... In fact, he is Ed Grimley, in a thin disguise. He rocks out until he gets so carried away that she sneaks off to Myra and he doesn't notice she's gone.*]

**Lydia:** Help me!

**Myra:** At least you have a date. I've been standing here keeping track of all the flesh wounds on the polka floor. So far it's twelve heels through a date's foot and one minor concussion. Aw, cheer up. It's not all that bad.

**Lydia:** You're such a good friend. Always here to comfort me in my time of need.

**Myra:** WAIT! Stop the presses! You see that guy over there? [*Spotlight on man in black undershirt and tight black jeans.*] I'm going to get him and make him mine. [*She sidles over to a man called Patrick.*]

**Lydia:** [*to herself*] Thanks Myra.

*Several couples are waiting nervously, big competition numbers pasted on their backs. One guy's says "Kick Me." Or maybe he's the coffee house "Masturbate, God Sucks" dude. Nancy Kerigan's says "#1 Corndog." Scott Hastings and Fran are dancing Australian-style. "Time after time..."*

**Scott:** Fran, we've got to win! Quick, show me the new stips.

**Fran:** Pasodoble!! [*She assumes the position and does that crazy Aussie clap thing. They lead a wild upside-down, anti-gravitation, water-spins-the-other-way, down-under dance break.*]

**Federation Chairman Barry Fife VO:** Will Scott Hastings and pahtner please clear the dance floor. Scott Hastings and pahtner...

*They rip off their numbers and file a suit citing foul play and anti-Australianism. Myra dances with her new-found love, Patrick Swayze, who is thirty-seven, by the way, but gets paid a lot of money to pretend he is in his twenties.*

**Myra:** Patrick...

**Patrick:** Spaghetti arms...

**Myra:** I've never danced with anyone like you before. Oh great one, teach me the forbidden dance...the Lambada!



**Patrick:** The night we met, Baby, I knew I needed you so...

**Myra** So you really are interested in little ol' me?

**Patrick:** You're like the wind through my trees...

**Myra** Is that good?

**Patrick:** I've had the time of my life...

**Lydia:** Myra, get out of the fifties and help me get rid of Gordy!

[*Lydia looks at her watch.*] I called that SURE escort cart an hour ago. Where could it be?

[*From offstage we hear the SURE escort cart approaching, including the General Lee fanfare. Nanananananananananana. The dancers part like the Red Sea, and Sam drives the cart centerstage, squarely hitting the punch table, knocking punch all over Nancy and Tanya and into the pit, drowning the floutist.*]

**Sam:** All right, who called for SURE? [*Lydia raises her hand and goes to say bye to Myra.*] Unsure? [*Sam laughs at his own joke. Too bad nobody else does.*]

**Lydia:** Thank God you're here. I was about to-- Oh my god, it's you.

**Sam:** [*He was prepared to be happy to see her, but thinks she started being mean to him, so he turns on the sarcasm... get it?* ] Nice dress, who died?

**Lydia:** I spent a lot of money on this dress.

**Sam:** At least you get to keep the free ginsu knives, though, huh?

**Lydia:** I'm not going anywhere with you. I'd rather take CIV again. I'd rather draw into Hammarskjöld with my guaranteed year, I'd rather sing in Testimony. I'd rather-- [*drink the water in the Claw, write for the Review...*]

**Gordy:** LYDIAAAAAAAA. Let's do the cachanga! HEEEEYYYYY baby ROCK my CASBAH.

**Sam:** Well, it's him or me.

**Lydia:** Oooh, tough one.

**Gordy:** Lydia, maybe later we can EXPLORE our budding SEXUALITY! I bet I can go longer than Sting!

**Lydia:** OK, Sam. Let's go. But no funny business!

**Sam:** Don't worry.

**Gordy:** Lydia, who's this Stanford punk? Where are you going? You can't leave me!

**Lydia:** Um.....Well, Gordy. You see, it's like this--

*Now for the dangerous part of the scene, when Viennese terrorists show up wearing black suits and toting large weapons. This show is chock-full of terrorists, ain't it?*

**Friedrich Terrorist:** Ahhhhh! Stanford's infamous Viennese Ball. You people dare to mock our culture with this little dance? You think all we know how to do is waltz and polka! Let me tell you, in Vienna, we do a pretty mean electric slide! [*He shoots a round of machine gun blast at the cowering crowd.*] Dance, Crowd! Now you dance for us! [*The skittish crowd begins a frantic slide.*]

**Helga Terrorist:** We demand all of your schnitzel and whatever blood sausage you have on hand!

**Lydia:** [*leaping into the cart.*] Step on it Sam.

**Gordy:** Hey wait for MEEEEEE. How'm I gonna escape?

**Sam:** [*They speed away, as Gordo chases* ] Sorry buddy, didn't pay your special fee!

**Freidrich:** Stop them! They must be stopped! [*The terrorists begin to chase.*]

*Blackout. The following is basically a radio show, with lots of gratuitous sound effects.*

**VO Lydia:** They're gaining on us! [*Horse galloping.*]

**VO Sam:** That's impossible, I must be doing 5 or 6 miles an hour! [*Indy car motor revving.*]

**VO Terrorists:**We'll be back! [*Terminator theme.*]

**VO Sam:** I'm gonna push it to 7. [*IndianaJones theme. Jet engines.*]

**VO Scotty:** I can't give her any more! [*Star Trek engine noises.*]

**VO Gordy:** Good thing I still have a POWER BAR in my POCKET. mmmmmmmngngngmmmm. [*chomping noises* ]

**VO Sam:** Eight point six.....eight point seven.....eight point eeeeiight! [*Back to the Future theme music.*]

*Strobe lights, disco ball, flash pots, laser beams, atomic explosions, cheetos, as we hear the SURE cart exploding into the PAST. Several seconds of complete and utter silence.*

*End of scene.*

### **1.7: "Fevah All Through the Night..."**

*Curtain opens. Whoa, what a crazy setting we've stumbled upon. It's almost as if we've been hurled back to 1884. Oh, we have. It's a horse farm with the requisite barn, hay bales, scarecrow, hen coop. On one side of the stage, or as part of the backdrop, is a construction billboard that says: "Future site of PALO ALTO-- Boring Yuppie Suburb of Tomorrow! Construction begins 1885." There is smoke everywhere. Sam and Lydia are sprawled on the stage where they have been thrown by the landing; Gordy and the SURE cart are nowhere to be found. The Clock Tower is figuring prominently in the background. TOUR GUIDE enters, with GROUP. They are anachronisms.*

**Tour guide:** Continuing our tour of Stanford, we find ourselves thrown back in the past. This is the year 1884. Behind me is the Stanford Family Farm, full of cows, chickens, and lovable country bumpkins; a place where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day. In the distance behind me, we see the Stanfords' lovely ranch-style home. To the left we see the Famed Red Barn, to the right, the audience. Everybody wave! [*they all wave, a few even take photos.*] Does anyone have any questions?

**Parent #1:** Will we get to meet the Stanfords?

**Tour guide:** Unfortunately, little Leland has come down with a nasty case of Typhoid fever, and is very near his final hour. His mother Jane is busy caring for him day and night, because they just can't get a convenient appointment at Cowell.

**Parent #2:** Where is Mr. Stanford?

**Tour guide:** [*putting appropriate words and phrases in physical quotes*] He's down at the Hoot 'n Holler Saloon "tanking up" with the fellas. Later, he's "fixin'" on heading down to Emma Lou's Pleasure Parlor to get him a slice of that "sweet potato pie". If the missus finds out, she's gonna "wup him plenty." Any other questions? [*they are walking offstage*]

**Parent #3:** [*these are the last lines heard from the tour group as they exit*] What exactly are we doing in 1884?

**Parent #4:** Yeah, how did we manage to transcend the space-time continuum?

**Parent #5:** And what the hell does a Hoover Fellow *do* anyway?

*Sam and Lydia are regaining consciousness.*

**Lydia:** Ooooooh. What the hell happened? What is this place? Where in God's name have you brought us? What have you done?

**Sam:** Let's not panic. [*He pulls a comb and mirror from his back pocket and spiffs himself up.*] We've been thrown from the SURE cart. We probably just blacked out. Farm. Dirt. Animals. Maybe this is Synergy.

**Lydia:** Look!

*We get our first real taste of the olden days now as many people begin bustling across the stage. Picture "Oklahoma" on the way to the fair. Women in hoop skirts with baskets, men in britches. Sam and Lydia stand off to side, befuddled. Leland Stanford Senior stumbles on stage with a bottle of moonshine. Jane enters from opposite side.*

**Jane Stanford:** Leland Stanford Senior! Where have you been? I been looking all over fer ye.

**Stanford:** [*drinking, but trying to hide it from her. The jug has two big X's on it, like in cartoons.*] Uh...I's been working, honey. I been workin' on the railroad.

**Jane:** All the live long day? You can't fool me! While I been taking care o' Leland junior all day, you been down at the Hoot `n Holler again.

**Stanford:** Well... I... Well... I...

**Jane:** Gimme the hooch. [*he gives it to her*] Well, now I cain't find little Leland junior either. He's not supposed to leave his bed, but he keeps a-runnin' off on me. Now you better come help me look, or I'll tan that hide of yers.

**Stanford:** [*whipped*] Yes'm....But I was supposed to go shootin' today, with Billy Branner.

**Jane:** Billy Branner? Why, he couldn't shoot molasses going up a hill in January.

**Stanford:** Aw, yur right. Branner sucks! [*They exit. The auditorium is so quiet, you could hear a pin drop.*]

**Lydia:** Did you see that? Where are we? When are we?

**Sam:** [*realizing what has happened*] Uh-oh. Well, you see... my SURE cart has just been equipped with a state of the art time machine. We must have been going too fast....

**Lydia:** You transported us back to the 1880's? Who do you think you are....Time Cop?

*Unnoticed, Leland comes out from behind his favorite hay bale. Sam and Lydia notice. He is dragging a giant teddy and has a stick with a red handkerchief tied on it. Run-run-run-a-runaway. He is as cute as the dickens:Charles Dickens. He sits on the edge of the stage and plays with his bear.*

**Leland:** Oh Teddy, I'm ever so tired. My red blood cells and my lymphocytes aren't capable of withstanding the merciless onslaught of mean ol' Mr. Typhoid, least that's what Dr. Quinn Medicine Woman says. [*He coughs enough to toss up a lung.*] But I'm not going back to bed no matter what Ma says.

*Sam begins to approach Leland. Lydia holds him back.*

**Lydia:** [*whispering*] Don't!

**Sam:** Why not?

**Lydia:** Didn't you see Back to the Future? Any interactions we have with people in the past could have serious repercussions in the present, which is now the future because we're in the past which is now the present.

**Sam:** What?

**Lydia:** We could really screw things up. Worse than Eurodisney. Trust me.

**Sam:** How bad could it be? Back to the Future was just a movie. [*sarcastic*] What, is Huey Lewis going to start singing now-- oh god, that is scary.

**Lydia:** See what I mean? This is just great. I'm stuck over 100 years in the past with a man I can't stand!

**Sam:** Well, You're no Miss Congeniality yourself.

**Lydia:** At least I'm not scamming on the locals. I saw you checking out little miss Laura Ingalls. [*Laura smiles and waves girlishly* .]

**Charles:** [*standing aside with Caroline*] Oh look. My little half pint's gettin' to be a full gallon! [*They all leave. Ma and pa are teary-eyed.*]

**Sam:** Look, I'm not like that anymore. But why should I care if you believe it. Let's go find the cart and get out of here. [*they start to leave*] I think if I hit 8.8 miles per hour again...Look on the bright side of things, at least that Cal nerd Gordy hasn't even been born yet.

*They exit. From a haybale, Gordy appears. He is looking ragged.*

**Gordy:** Oooohhhh, my head... That's a pain that's gonna linger, I must say. [*sneezes three times in rapid succession*] And my hayfever is acting up again, too... [*straightens his glasses, then spots Leland and approaches*] Hey kid, you lost too?

**Leland:** [*proudly*] No, I ran away on accounta I have Typhoid Fever. [*Coughs in Gordy's face.*]

**Gordy:** Oh, I have something that might help. [*pulls various medications out of his pockets*] Hmm... let's see... Inhaler... Seldane... Claritin... Prednisone... here kid, try some Sudafed<sup>(TM)</sup>. [*He wrassles with the child-proof top. Finally gives it to Leland, who pops off lid and chugs the whole bottle.*] Wwwwwoooowwww! Damn, kid. Careful!

[*Leland goes to sit down and let the drug take effect*]

**Gordy:** Listen, kid, I've gotta see if my ride is still here. See you later, alligator. [*Sneezes as he exits.*] There they go! Lydiaaaa... wait for meeeee... [*shortly after he exits, there is a bright flash of light and time travel noises.*]

**Leland:** [*getting up*] Gee! I feel ever so much better! [*thumps on chest*] No more coughing, sniffing, sneezing, aching, stuffy head, or fever! [*The olden days people hear the ruckus, start bustling back onstage.*] I want to dance! I want to sing! I'm cured! No more... TYPHOID FEVER!

*A disco ball comes down from the ceiling. The olden days people rip off their hoop skirts and britches to reveal polyester suits, gold chains, etc. Leland shimmies at center stage.*

### **Song 5: Typhoid Fevah!**

**Leland:** When you're red and feeling hot,  
It's Typhoid Fever that you've got!

**Disco-ers:** Typhoid...Fevah!

**Leland:** When your phlegm is gross and bloody,  
You've got Typhoid Fever, buddy!

**Disco-ers:** Typhoid...Fevah!

Typhoid...Fevah! We don't want it eithah, baby  
Typhoid...Fevah! You better runl and hide.  
Typhoid Fevah! You better be a believuh, baby  
Typhoif Fevah! It ain't no fun to die.

When you're walkin' through the Ponderosa,  
Avoid that salmonella typhosa

Typhoid Fevah!

Your symptoms, Leland, just don't thrill us,  
We don't want typhoid bacillus.

Typhoid...Fevah!

Typhoid...Fevah!  
You better be a believah,  
Typhoid...Fevah!  
You better run and hide.

*Extended dance break; Leland does that zany Travolta thing.*

Typhoid...Fevah! We don't want it eithuh, baby  
Typhoid Fevah! You better sure behave.  
Typhoid Fevah! Will surely bring the reaper, baby  
Typhoid Fevah! Will pu you in your grave.

**Leland:** When you're low and darn near dead,  
Just grab yourself some Sudafed<sup>(TM)</sup>!

**Discoers:** Kick that, Fevah!

**Leland:** You'll feel clean and fresh and pure  
It's the over-the-counter, fool-proof cure!

**Disco-ers:** Typhoid...Fevah! We don't want it eithuh, baby  
Typhoid Fevah! Keep your body strong.  
Typhoid Fevah! This kid looks like the Beavuh, baby  
Typhoid...Fevah! Dancing all day long!

*End of song*

**Jane Stanford:** [*has come onstage, dragging Leland senior*] Oh, little Leland Junior! I haven't seen you dance like that since Pa put one of those cute little salamanders down your britches! You're a disco inferno - hotter than a bonfire made of crates and discarded chairs! You must be cured! It's a miracle!

*End of Scene*

### **1.8: "Look Where We've Le-Landed"**

*Time travel noises and commotion. Hubbub, disorder, tumult, anarchy. As lights come up, we see a backlit silhouette of Stanford. Sam and Lydia, enter from the side and are talking as they make their way up to the stage.*

**Sam:** Phew! We finally made it!

**Lydia:** Somehow, I'm not so sure. Something's wrong. Deeply wrong. I have this strange feeling-- kinda like after eating the food at Roble.

**Sam:** What could be wrong-- we didn't touch anything, right?

**Lydia:** I guess so. Still--

**Gordy:** [*entering*] Lydia, I finally caught up to you.

**Lydia:** Gordy, how did you get here?

**Gordy:** I followed you through all the lights and that country place. You Stanford geeks think you can outrun us Cal studs...but you're wrong! Just look at Big Game 1993!

**Lydia:** Oh great, one highly unusual Big Game win, and this guy thinks he's Steve Stenstrom.

*They reach the stage and look at the set. The light comes up and characters and audience simultaneously realize that all is not well. Dramatic theme music--- dum-dum-DUM! Our heroes do that Macauley Culkin thing. and freeze Soap opera voice over.*

**S.O.V.O.:** Where have our heros landed in their time travels? Will Sam ever convince Lydia that he isn't a total creep? Why does Gordy sound like he's constipated? And why would Lisa Marie Presley even consider marrying Michael Jackson? Tune in to the Second Act and find out!

*Curtain. End of act 1*

## **Act II**

### **2.1: "Funday in the Park with James"**

*Curtain opens. Sam, Lydia, and Gordy are standing in front of the Le-Land set, dumbstruck just like at the end of Act I. Carnival music is playing.*

**Lydia:** Sam, I really don't think we're back at Stanford.

**Gordy:** WWWWWOOOOOWWWW!! This is neat!

**Sam:** Hey, this must be Great America! They've got that new Tom Cruise ride! Rain Man, I think. C'mon, let's go get a funnel cake...

**Lydia:** Something must have gone wrong with the SURE cart, Sam. We've got to find out where we are.

**Sam:** Cotton candy? Corn dog? Orange whip? [*Dreamily*] Mmm...whip.

**Gordy:** Sorry, none for me. I'm allergic to all preservatives and artificial flavors. My mother says I should avoid snacks between meals,too.

**Lydia:** Will you two quit it?

**Sam:** Let's at least go see Star Trek on Ice.



**Lydia:** *[suddenly interested ]* Star Trek on Ice? You're kidding! *[stops herself ]* Wait a minute, Sam. This feels really wierd to me...

**Sam:** I know. Who'da thought Klingons could skate?

**Lydia:** Not that. I mean this place. It looks just like Stanford, but it seems to be some sort of juvenile carnival.

**Sam:** Kinda like Flicks.

**Gordy:** *[He has picked up a map off the ground .]* Look at this! I'm gonna go check out the Rodin wax museum! *[He wanders off. Sam and Lydia barely notice. Sam is still mesmerized by the bright lights. Several students--the thugs from the first scene--wearing blue and gold walk by.]*

**Thug #1:** *[to group]* I better get back. I have to write my honors thesis tonight.

**Thug #2:** Are you still writing your thesis on the break-up of Tom and Roseanne?

**Thug #1:** Yeah, but I need to get to work. It's supposed to be two whole pages! If I'd known things were going to be this tough, I wouldn't have gone to Cal. After all, it *is* the best school in the nation.

**Sam:** What are those guys talking about. The day Cal ranks in the top ten is the day Kimball goes unpreferred.

**Lydia:** Sam. Don't you get it? This place seems just like Stanford, but it is a cheap, twisted and shoddy imitation. The Models Inc. to our Melrose Place.

**Sam:** You're right. This is definitely not reality as we know it. *[Suddenly sign over booth marked "Park Admissions" lights up ]* Hey, maybe this guy can help us. *[He pulls her over to booth, labelled park admissions, where the ticket-taker has his back to them.]* Um, excuse me. *[Ticket taker turns around, and hey! It's James Dean Montoya, with a cheesy grin on his face, for once. The audience cheers madly for five minutes while the cast has coffee backstage.]*

**Montoya:** Can I help you?

**Sam & Lydia:** James Montoya!

**Montoya:** *[A la David Spade ]* And you are....

**Sam:** Uh, I'm Sam and this is Lydia.

**Montoya:** And this is regarding....

**Lydia:** Dean Montoya! What's going on?

**Montoya:** How do you know me? Have I met you before? I'm sorry, I'm not very good with names...

**Lydia:** What are you doing here?

**Montoya:** I work here. I've always worked here. I'm in charge of admissions.

**Sam:** Admissions to what? What is this place?

**Montoya:** Why, it's the Merriest place on earth, my friends. This... is... LE-LAND!

### **Song 6: The Merriest Place on Earth**

*[evil calliope music]*

**Montoya:** Imagine if you will, a haven in the hills,  
With games and rides and thrills that last all day.

A paradise that seems, beyond your wildest dreams.  
The air is filled with screams of folks at play.

You've heard of Disneyland, and Malibu's white sands,  
Hollywood's own brand of fun and mirth.

But here within the gates, your pleasure dome awaits,  
*[spoken]* Welcome to LE-LAND! The Merriest place on earth!

*[Front flat rolls away, to reveal the midway. Random carnival people enter and do their schtick, like eating fire and stuff. The place reeks of Cal ]*

**All:** Le-Land, Le-Land, a Carnival of Fun and Mirth  
Le-Land, Le-Land, The Merriest Place on Earth...  
If you need a small vacation, why make the trek to Reno?  
Come to our location at Palm and El Camino!  
It's Le-Land, Le-Land, The Merriest Place on Earth

**freak 1:** When you want a prize, of super jumbo size  
Grab the hammer and show us your power.  
Go ahead and test your strength, can you make it up the length,  
Of the mighty Hoover Tower?

**freak 2:** When the sun beats down on the popcorn riddled ground,  
And a heat wave suddenly appears.  
We could cool off in the tide of the Lake Log Ride,  
But it's been broken for the last two years!

**freak 3:** Hey Mom and Dad, don't you feel so bad,  
When the little 'uns are getting out of hand.  
If junior's is a hassle, there's a giant sand castle,  
Down in Branner Kiddieland.

**All:** Le-Land, Le-Land, you're Sure to Get Your Money's Worth  
Le-Land, Le-Land, The Merriest Place on Earth...  
If your feeling undue pressure, from the world of mass hysteria,  
Enjoy the greatest treasure, in the Whole Bay Area!  
It's Le-Land, Le-Land, The Merriest Place on Earth

**freak 1:** When you and your mate want a nice romantic date,  
In a setting where it's easy to relax,  
The place you're thinking of is the Tunnel of Love,  
Over yonder in the Green South Stacks.

**freak 2:** When the hustle and the bustle of the crowded midway  
Rings in your ears like a wacky Greek chorus,  
Take a nice long trip at the wacky fun house,  
In our very own Enchanted Broccoli forest.

**freak 3:** If you want to take a spin, come on in,  
To a ride where lot's of people can be found.  
The Carousel's nice, ride with Casper and Rice,  
On the Administrative Merry-Go-Round!

**All:** Le-Land, Le-Land, a Carnival of Fun and Mirth  
Le-Land, Le-Land, The Merriest Place on Earth...  
When you've driven yourself crazy, had enough of pop and disco,  
Travel to the place,,just south of San Francisco  
It's Le-Land, Le-Land, Le-Land, Le-Land, Le-Land, Le-Land  
The Merriest Place on Earth!!!!!!!!!!

*End of song*

**Montoya:** So, whaddaya think?

**Lydia:** What do I think?!! I think you've been eating a few too many slices of hemploaf over at Synergy!!! What have you done with Stanford? What happened to the stately palms, the serene libraries, the flawlessly designed trailer park? Where's the traditional red-tile roof architecture?!!

**Montoya:** Well, there's a Taco Bell right down on El Camino...

**Sam:** [*exasperated* ] But, Dean Montoya, you don't work at an amusement park! You're the Dean of Admissions at Stanford University!

**Montoya:** University? The only University around these parts is the University of California at Berkeley, the home of the mighty Golden Bears. I could never work at such a learned and esteemed institution as that. I just sell tickets at this amusement park. But I love serving the many Berkeley students that visit Le-land. [*Gestures to the teaming blue-and-gold-clad crowd who has stopped to watch the commotion.*]

**Lydia:** Holy cow! It's Myra. [*Runs over and grabs Myra out of the group. Not only is Myra a Weenie, but she's a sorority girl too.*]

**Myra:** Dude. Who the hell are you?

**Lydia:** Myra--it's me, Lydia. Your best friend?! Your roommate?! The one who sits next to you the Co-ho?!?!?!?

**Myra:** Duuude. Like, you've got the wrong babe. I've never seen you before. You look so, um, different from the rest of us. [*Crowd assents.*] You obviously don't go to Cal.

**Lydia:** Of course not! I go to Stanford, and so do you.

**Myra:** [*to crowd*] Ohmigod! She is so full-on psycho!

**Lydia:** Oh Myra. What have they done to you? Not only have you defected to Berkeley, but judging from your numerous scrunchies, you've joined a sorority too.

**Montoya:** [*nervously stepping forward*] A-hem. Excuse me.... Things seem to be getting a little heated here. Why don't you kids just give me 57.60 for two all-day passes. Otherwise, I'm going to have to call security.

**Lydia:** Dammit, Jim-- you're a dean, not a carnival employee! Snap out of it! Just SNAP-OUT-OF-IT!!! [*she grabs him by the shoulders and starts shaking him madly.*]

**Montoya:** [*panicked, crying for help*] Security! Help! Boris! Herculo! Bearded Lady! Simon the Dog-faced Boy!

*Cal goons pry Lydia off. They also grab Sam.*

**Montoya:** Take 'em away! Take them to see... The Boss. [*Evil laugh; freaks join in.*]

*Goons drag our heroes away as Gordy reenters.*

**Gordy:** Hey guys, this place is so great....Guys? Where are you going? C'mon guys, you're always leaving without me! Hey, wait up!

*End of scene*

**2.2: "Let's Get Craaaaaaazy!"**

*Sam and Lydia are dragged into a dungeon-like room, prodded by the goons and clearly frightened by their surroundings. They reach the middle of the room, stopping directly in front of a shadowy figure sitting on a throne with his back to them . It is the Boss.*

**Lydia:** Whoahhhh....this is straight out of a Babak play!

**Goon #1:** Uhhh, hey Boss, we caught dese two harassin' da "Big J" up at Admissions.

*The throne swivels around [yes, it is a swivel throne] to reveal a hideously wizened old man wearing Osh Kosh B'Gosh overalls under a red velvet smoking jacket. He is stroking a frozen turkey in his lap and "smoking" a pipe, out of which come soap bubbles. Sam and Lydia gasp.*

**Leland:** Do you know who I am?

**Lydia:** Grandpa Munster?

**Leland:** I'm Old Man Stanford! Yessir, that's me, Leland Stanford Junior! And this is my world! Mine mine mine!

**Lydia:** Leland Stanford Junior? The Leland Stanford Junior? How old are you?

**Leland:** I'm 800 years old!

**Goon #2:** [*aside, to Sam and Lydia* ] He's really only 126. His birthday was yesterday.

**Leland:** Best birthday I've had all year. Boris gave me this cute little kitten [*holds up turkey* ] and Herculo gave me a new high-powered air rifle. Later we went and used it to put out a small boy's eyes. Ahh, I remember it as if it were yesterday...

**Lydia:** [*not really listening, counting on her fingers* ] 126? Sam, do you know what this means?

**Sam:** He got on TV with Willard Scott?

**Lydia:** No! Little Leland is alive! He didn't die when he was a child!

**Sam:** [*slowly dawning on him* ] And if he didn't die, his parents never founded the University in his memory! That means...

**Both:** This is Stanford. [*they share a moment of collective dread.* ]

**Leland:** Hey, quit yer yappin, you little pantywaist! This is MY park and I'M the main attraction! There you go, little Mittens. [*he puts down the turkey*] Look at me! Look at me! [*He throws "mittens" on the desk and pulls out a mallet to pound on it.*] I'm Craaaaaazy Leland! And my prices are the lowest in town! Wooohooo! Yippee!...

**Sam:** [*aside to Lydia, while Leland turns cartwheels in the background*] Lydia, we've got to do something - this guy has been taking sanity Pass/No Credit. He's destroyed Stanford as we know it!

**Leland:** [*calming down a bit*] Aha! The troublemakers have returned! Can't get enough, can you? Well, let the punishment begin. The way I see it, you have twooooo choices. One, you can either pay me the fine, or B, the girl stays with me and the boy goes to the salt mines!

**Lydia:** What's the fine?

**Leland:** A million billion dollars!

**Sam:** Ummm... I've got this switchblade comb...

**Leland:** Oooh! Gimme gimme gimme! [*looks it over reverently*] Verry nice... But not nice enough! Boris! Take him to the salt mines! [*The goon starts to drag Sam off left. Leland eyes Lydia lasciviously*] As for you, sweet thang, you will stay here and dance for me! Jig! Jig, I say! [*He pulls out a kazoo and begins to play a lively Irish tune*]

**Lydia:** Jig this, asshole! [*she grabs the frozen turkey and bashes Leland over the : head with it. In the ensuing battle, Sam rescues Lydia from imminent danger.*] Thank you. Let's get out of here!

**Leland:** [*struggling to stand*] Noooo! You'll pay for this! Mark my words!! YOU WILL PAY!! [*He sees the switchblade comb where it lies.*] Aha! They left, but they forgot one thing! [*Now a lounge singer, he starts singing a love song to the comb.*] Strangers in the night, exchanging glances... Strangers in my pants...

*Gordy comes on in search of his lost "friends."*

**Gordy:** Sam, Lydia, quit kiddin'! Ollyollyoxen free! You guys, c'mon, this isn't funny.

**Leland:** Halt, who goes there?

**Gordy:** It's me, Gordy. I lost my friends - Stanford students, about yay high? [*He moves his hands up and down, trying to remember how far they come up on him.*]

**Leland:** [*Picks up turkey*] I seen 'em. Oh Lawdy, I seen 'em! Tore through here like Thelma and Louise. Look what they did to poor, pauvre Mitteuns. Hold up, boy. You look familiar to me. Come into the light...

*Goons enter, carrying a giant, veiled portrait.*

**Goon #1:** Boss, we finished the portrait--the best representation ever of him, the great one, the savior, the giver of life and Sudafed, the anti-fever Typhoid reliever: [*The Goons unveil the portrait. It's of a stick figure.*] The Medicine Man!!!

**Gordy:** Hey, cool, that's me!

**Leland:** It's thee!

**Goons:** It's he! [*They cross themselves by sneezing and wiping their noses like Gordy before.*]

**Leland:** It's the second coming!!!

**Gordy:** Huh?

**Leland:** Many years ago ;you saved my life-- with this very bottle of Sudafed(TM). [*He reaches under his collar and pulls out the bottle, which he now wears on a chain around his neck.*]

*Gordy sneezes. Goons and Leland cross themselves again. Gordy looks puzzled.*

**Gordy:** It's just my hayfever actin' up. Sudafed? [*puts it together*] Look, guys, I'm not a hero. It was only sinus medication-- five-eighty five over the counter.

**Goon #2:** But you are the Medicine Man, O Great One.

**Gordy:** I'm Gordy Schmegmeir. University of California at Berkeley? Class of '95? [*offers his hand to Leland, by way of introduction*]

**Leland:** Cal Class of 1895? Me too! [*shakes*] Now that's a coinkie-dinkie.

**Gordy:** Listen, I'd love to stay and chat, but I've got to go...

**Leland:** [*despairing*] But you mustn't, Gordy! I finally found you, I can't let you go! Nooooo... Oh Gordy, you must remain here. Together we shall triumph, we shall work wonders, we shall frolic in the autumn mist in a land called Honalee....

**Gordy:** Uh... that sounds great, mister, but I really have to find Lydia and Sam. They keep leaving me places.

**Leland:** I won't leave you, Gordy. You're the miracle worker that saved my life. I'll always be indebted to you.

### **Song 7: Oh Lordy, It's Gordy**

*Slow, soulful, pipe organ*

**Leland:** I was a boy, fingered by death,  
Hacking my last awful cough down on the farm  
When a savior appeared in modern dress  
He reached out and touched me with his healin' arm

I dreamed that I would see him someday to say,  
"Thank you for the Sudafed, Thank God you cared!"  
Now you're here before me, in all of your glory,  
It's Gordy, Lord, the answer to my prayers

*Tempo picks up*

**Leland and Goons:** Oh, Lord-Lord-Lord-Lord-Lordy  
It's Gord-Gord-Gord-Gord-Gordy  
Oh yes, you came back for us  
Please don't leave us again

Oh, Lord-Lord-Lord-Lord-Lordy  
It's Gord-Gord-Gord-Gord-Gordy,  
Join us in our chorus  
Oh Mighty Medicine Man!!!

**Gordy:** When the Light shinin' down, seems to falter just a bit,  
And the world takes on a dirty shade of grey,  
You just gotta believe that the clouds'll fly away  
Cause Gordy's gonna be there someday

**All:** Oh Lordy! [Lord-Lord-Lord-Lord-Lordy]  
It's Gordy! [Gord-Gord-Gord-Gord-Gordy]  
We follow you through hot and cold,  
Through wind and rain and fi-ah

Oh Lordy! [Lord-Lord-Lord-Lord-Lordy]  
It's Gordy! [Gord-Gord-Gord-Gord-Gordy]  
Our knight in shining blue and gold,  
Our savior, Our Messiah

*End of song*

**Leland:** Miracle, thy name is Gordy! [*singing*] Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Gord... [*He turns cartwheels and keeps singing as background to Gordy's speech.*]

**Gordy:** Gee, it feels nice to be a hero. No one's ever appreciated me before. I can do anything I want! Cal is number one and there is no Stanford. No more envying a dancing tree, no more listening to the sound of rattling keys reminding me of where my life is not heading, and best of all, no more humiliating losses at sporting events. Hmmm...Who's the Weenie now?! ... [*to Leland*] Hey you, old man - believe it or not, those two who just left have a time machine, and they're about to go back and kill you to make sure Le-Land never exists!

**Leland:** What?! Kill me? Destroy this earthly paradise? They must be stopped!! Bring out the hounds, Smithers. We're going on a manhunt.



**Gordy:** [*a slight change of heart* ] But wait... I can't kill Lydia... I just bought two tickets for us to go to the Savoyard's production of *Oh, Calcutta* !

**Leland:** But she left you, my little Tweedle Dum. Who needs friends like those when you have us? We're buddies now, Gordy, aren't we?

**Gordy:** Yeah....we are. If you're the tree, then I'm the sap!

**Leland:** You're the turkey in my lap!

**Gordy:** If you're the cap, then I'm the feather!

**Leland:** I'm beef jerky! You're fruit leather!

**Gordy:** From here on out, I'm yours truly,

**Leland:** I'm Tonya Harding to your Gillyooly! So, Gordy, what do you say? We won't let them destroy Le-Land! Together, we shall rule supreme! And when I'm ready to push up daisies, this will all be yours!

**Gordy:** [*uncharacteristically evil* ] Okay, Leland-- count me in.

**Leland:** So we're together, Gordy. You... me... Mittens... that chair in the corner... my dickey collection... this piece of gum [*from behind his ear*]... my Cookie Monster pajamas... this laundry lint [*from pocket*]... my lifetime subscription to 3-2-1 Contact...

*Curtain closes as he continues to list the various objects that are on his side.*

*End of scene*

### **2.3: "Vandal scandal"**

*Scene in front of Red. Sam and Lydia arrive at a bench and sit.*

**Sam:** Whew [*wiping his brow* ] that was close. I think that Leland character has volunteered for too many experiments up at SLAC.

**Lydia:** Sam, this is so strange. Something must have happened to change the past.

**Sam:** We've got to find out. Without Stanford, there will be no axe, no Big Game, no chance to kick Cal's ass.

*They sit silently, inching towards eachother, feeling the heat...*

**Lydia:** By the way, what you did back there was great. Saving me and stuff.

**Sam:** It was nothing.

**Lydia:** Several hours ago, I never would have dreamed that I would be sitting here....this close to you. Sam, I think I'm beginning to see you in a new light....I know this isn't the time for this, but.....

*They are frozen in a heated gaze. Staring each other down. They look like statues. So much like statues, in fact, that a group of men in various athletic uniforms and greek letters run on with paint cans and other vandalist equipment. They deface Sam and Lydia. Well, not literally. The athletes grunt, but no human language is used.*

**Sam:** What the hell! [*grabbing Lydia by the hand* ] C'mon. We better get back to the time machine.

*Right after they exit, Gordy enters followed by Leland and assorted Cal goons.*

**Gordy:** Now where could they be?

*He stops to sniff the air. They stop. He continues. They continue. He stops to check the tracks on the ground. They stop. All is silent. They continue. He stops to check the direction of the wind. They stop.*

**Leland:** Well?

**Gordy:** According to my keen senses and my precise, animal-like instincts, [*doing the calculations in his head* ] Sam and Lydia have gone to the moon--wait, no, that can't be right.

**Goon #3.5:** Uh, wouldn't they have gone back to the time machine?

**Gordy:** Like I was saying, they've gone to the time machine! [*a chorus of oohs and ahhs* ]

*End of scene*

**2.4: "A-HA"**

*We are near the midway. Lots of stuff is going on, Cal students everywhere.*

**Flitty:** Gee, guys, we've ridden all the rides, well except for the Haitian refugee boat ride. What are we going to do next?

**Henry:** I don't know, I'm getting sort of tired of rides.

**Fritz:** [*consulting a map/guide* ] Oh look here. We can go see Anna Deveare Smith's one-woman circus!

**Flitty:** Let's go! [*they exit* ]

*Sam and Lydia arrive at the cart. They are wearing Le-Land sweatshirts, and other paraphernalia.*

**Lydia:** Okay, Sam. Let's find Gordy and go back to the past and try to fix this. With these sweatshirts, we should fit right in and avoid being spotted.

**Sam:** I still can't believe we payed 79.95 for these!

**Lydia:** It's comforting to know that some things haven't changed.

**Sam:** Where is that little pipsqueak, anyway?

**Gordy:** [*enters alone*] You better watch who you're calling pipsqueak.

**Lydia:** Gordy! Now, did you touch anything in the past?

**Gordy:** No, Lydia. Honest. Cross my heart and hope to die, marry me to Princess Di.

**Sam:** You must have done something.

**Gordy:** Okay. You got me. I did do something. Too bad you'll never find out what it is. Okay boys!

*Multitudes of assorted Cal goons running on stage, followed by Old Man Stanford. Goons grab Sam and Lydia. Gordy grabs the time machine off the cart and holds it over his head triumphantly. Leland approaches him and pats him on the back.*

**Leland:** Excellent. That went exactly as planned.

**Lydia:** Gordy, how could you? Now we're never going to be able to get back to Stanford!!!!

**Gordy:** Of course not. Why would I want to go back to that place, where I am a mere peasant, if I can stay here, and live like a king? Besides, chicks dig me here. We Cal students can put two and two together... I'm still working on two and three, but--

**Goon #1:** What should we do wit `em, Boss?

**Leland:** Take them to the Cowell Torture Chamber! [*Goons begin to drag off Sam and Lydia. To Gordy*] You've done well, comrade! Remember, thanks to you, all of this will be yours someday!

**Lydia:** Sam, I have an idea. [*to Gordy*] Gordy, psssst! You know, if it weren't for that old geezer, you and I could be together. We could reign over this place...Ultimate cosmic power. How about it?

**Sam:** Lydia. What are you doing? This guy is the number one suspect on America's Most Unwanted.

**Lydia:** Shhhhh.....just follow me.

**Gordy:** Wwwwooooowww, Lydia, I never knew that you felt that way. [*looks at Leland* ] If only I could get him out of the way.....

**Lydia:** He's 126 years old. How hard could it be?

**Gordy:** Oooohhhh, good point. [*to Leland* ] Hey, Mister. The deal's off. Move over, old-freak, the Gord giveth, and the Gord taketh away.

**Leland:** Don't be ridiculous, pet. I told you, you git when I'm gone.

**Gordy:** Forget it, Tweedle Dee. Time for a new generation.

**Randon Goon:** [*holding up a can of Pepsi, turning into a commercial* ] This line sponsored by Pepsi, the choice of a new gener--

**Leland:** Why, you little fluffernutter. I'll rip off all of those pretty little gossamer wings of yours. I'll stomp on your furry little prehensile tail.

**Gordy:** Oh yeah? You'll be sorry, you crotchety old bastard.[*to Sam*] Here, hold this. [*hands Sam the time machine. begins rolling up his sleeves* ]

**Leland:** How dare you bark at me! I am the president of this amusement park!

**Gordy:** You're a loser baby, so I'm going to kill you!

*Fight involving Gordy, Leland, goons. Sam and Lydia run to the Sure Cart. No one notices until they are already taking off.*

**Sam:** Hey, Gordy. [*pulling away in the time machine* ] Thanks!

**Gordy:** Oooohhhh, nooooo. Well, it doesn't matter. You'll never figure out what I changed in the past!!!! Never!!!!!! [*He is pulled back into the fight* ]

**Sam:** [*to Lydia, in cart, making grand dramatic speech* ] Now Lydia, we venture forth to return history to it's proper course, to save our university....all will be well, once we go BACK TO THE FUTURE..... future... future.....future....[*Both look around, surprised. He starts to pull away, and then--* ]

**Lydia:** Sam, we're going back to the past, remember?

**Sam:** Right. [*He pulls a U-ey. They drive off into the "sunset" or whatever as some movie theme plays....Back to the Future, perhaps?*]

## **2.5: "Déja Vu"**

### **2.5: "Déja Vu"**

*The scene is the same as "Fevah...." Act I Sam and Lydia enter.*

**Lydia:** Oh my god. Where are we? When are we?

**Sam:** Uh-oh. Well, you see... my Sure cart has just been equipped with a state-of-the-art time machine. We must have been going too fast... I think if I hit 8.8 miles per hour again... [*They exit.*]

**Jane:** Leland Stanford Senior! Where have you been? I been looking all over fer ye.

**Stanford:** Well... I... Well... I...

**Jane:** Gimme the hooch. Well, now I cain't find little Leland Junior either. He's not supposed to leave his bed, but he keeps a-runnin' off on me. Now you better come help me look, or I'll tan that hide of yers.

**Stanford:** Yes'm. [*They exit, still looking. Leland enters on the opposite side of stage.*]

**Leland:** Oh Teddy, I'm ever so tired. My red blood cells and my lymphocytes aren't capable of withstanding the merciless onslaught of mean ol' Mr. Typhoid, least that's what Dr. Quinn Medecine Woman says.

**Gordy:** Oooohhhhh, my head... Hey kid, you lost too?

**Leland:** No, I ran away on accounta I have Typhoid Fever. [*Coughs in Gordy's face.*]

**Gordy:** Oh, I have something that might help...

*While Gordy is searching through his pockets, Act II Sam and Lydia enter from the opposite side of the stage from their recent exit, wearing their Le-Land sweatshirts and hats with Hoover tower sticking out the top, etc.*

**Lydia:** So all we have to do is find out what Gordy did, and change it back.

**Sam:** If I ever see that little Cal weasel again, I'm gonna Free his Willy, all right!

**Lydia:** Look, there he is!

**Sam:** Wait a sec, I thought we left him back in Le-Land.

**Lydia:** We did! That's Gordy from a few hours ago, when we were first here! You and I must have just gone back to the cart.

**Sam:** Whoa, wouldn't it be cool if we saw ourselves.

**Lydia:** That's impossible. We can't afford those kind of special effects in this show. Look, all we have to do is keep our eye on him and catch him before he does whatever he does. [*she drops her pseudo-gothic bag.*]

**Sam:** Oh, I'll get it.

*They both reach for it, hands touch, eyes meet, the Sam-Lydia love theme plays as the two get closer. As this goes on, Gordy gives Leland the Sudafed.*

**Gordy:** Here kid, try some Sudafed. [*walks away.*]

**Sam and Lydia:** [*hearing Gordy, snapping out of it, in slow motion.*] Oohhhhhhhh noooooooooo! [*They run in slow mo over to him, but it's too late.*]

**Sam:** [*picks up empty bottle* ] Sudafed. That must've been it!

**Lydia:** Now what do we do?

**Sam:** Let's just go back a few minutes and stop 'im.

**Lydia:** I'm not sure about that, Sam. The time machine is making cute little warbling noises.

**Sam:** What does that mean?

**Holly:** [*in the juliet, or VO* ] When the time machine begins to make cute little warbling noises, it means you have only ONE MORE TRIP.

**Lydia:** If we go back to the future now, we'll just end up back in Le-Land. But if we go back to take the pills away, we'll never be able to get back to our own time. We blew it, Sam.

**Leland:** [*rubbing his cute widdow tummy* ] Wow! I feel ever so much better!

*Tourguide and group enter.*

**Tourguide:**On your left, you'll see where the Marguarite stops. And look, there's Forrest Gump.

**Forrest:** [*sitting on a bence, babbling to himself*] You know, life is like a box of chocolates, If you don't know what you're going to get, you just pick on up, stick your finger in the bottom of it, kinda squish it around, and lick your finger. If you don't like, you just but it back in the wrapper and no one will ever know. [*blah, blah, blah...*]

**Sam:** There's gotta be a solution somehow. Look, there goes a tour guide. They always seem to have all the answers. Excuse me...

**Tour guide:** Can I help you?

**Lydia:** We'd like to go back to our own time-space reality, where little Leland dies of Typhoid fever and Stanford University is founded in his memory. What are we going to do, kill him?

**Tour guide:** Don't you worry about it. I think I can help. [*Walks over to Forrest Gump*] RUN FORREST RUN. [*Forrest begins to speed across the stage, knocking down little Leland in the process. The tour guide holds up his right hand, begins walking across stage*] We're walking, we're walking. On your left, the famed Red Barn. On your right, a haybale. [*Leads the group over Leland's confused self. Group tramples him*] Underfoot, you may have noticed Leland Stanford Junior, being mercilessly trampled by our collective weight...We're crushing, we're crushing....

*Group looks down, takes pictures. They start to walk off. One tourist picks up Leland's teddy.*

**Tour guide:** I'm sorry, but we request that you take only pictures, leave only footprints.

*As the rest of the tour group walks on, the tourist drops the teddy, stomps around on Leland, then leaves. Sam and Lydia give the tour guide the thumbs up. He returns it, then exits.*

**Leland:** [*trying to crawl away, singing Gavroche's theme, from Les Miz.*] Cuz little people know, when little people bite, they may look easy pickin's but they got some....[*He throws the teddy bear as he gives a final croak. It is a powerful moment.*]

**Sam:** Sorry, little guy. It was for the best. C'mon, let's go!

**Lydia:** You know, I'm going to miss this place. The simple values, friendly locals....[*To the scarecrow near the barn*] I think I'll miss you most of all, Scarecrow.

**Sam:** [*as they are leaving*] I hope this worked. Suppose he's not dead. I'd hate to end up next in Leland Stanford Junior's Home for the Trampled.

*As Sam and Lydia leave for the time machine, Jane enters with Leland Sr. in tow, and sees the bloody awful mess.*

**Jane:** Leland Senior, the worst has occurred! Typhoid has taken its terrible toll!

*Typhoid Fevah vamp and blackout. Time travel effects. End of scene.*

## **2.6: "Back on the Farm"**

*The lights come up slowly on the same mid-way silhouette used for Le-Land. We hear carnival music...doot doot doodle doodle doot doot doo. Is it too awful to be true? Sam and Lydia enter before the stage lights are completely up.*

**Sam:** Are we there?

**Lydia:** I'm not sure. What if it's Le-land...or worse? [ *Lights come up full. Midway rises to reveal the same set as Leland's office, especially that beautiful \$200 revolving throne we're going to buy.* ] Sam, this doesn't look good. Is it Stanford?

**Sam:** Let's find somebody in charge. [*to figure in throne* ] Excuse me? Who is the president around here? [*throne turns around to reveal Academy Award -winning Casper.* ]

**Casper:** I'm the president, silly. You must be Sam Cleveland and Lydia Berkowitz. Holly Lazlofeld and Cooter [*they step out from behind the throne* ] asked me to help find you. As you can see, that was as easy as getting into Cal.

**Lydia:** Sam! We did it! Oh, Mr. President, we travelled back in time, and then a Cal nerd changed the future into a horrific Berkeley carnival land. We didn't think we'd ever get the Sure Cart back home.

**Casper:** Well, welcome back, Cart-ers. [ *Badabing* ] Just in time for Big Game. An impromptu Night-before Rally is starting right now, so I better be off.

*The Rally: three students shine flashlights on a miniature Hoover Tower. Some Axe-Com person burns one fake fire log, sings Kumbaya, and holds a sign that says, "Welcome to the Doubt Fire. Hey Voters. Suck my Ass!"*

**Sam:** Holly! Cooter! I thought I'd never see you again. What have you been up to?

**Holly:** Well, just practicing our engineering skills, if you know what I mean.

**Cooter:** Coool! Coool! Coool!

**Sam:** [*to Holly* ] I'm sorry I disobeyed you and used the time machine. It works great, by the way, and I never want to see it again in my life.

**Holly:** You mean it actually worked? Now I can finally go back and remember to turn in my bookstore receipts!

*Myra and Patrick enter. She's back to normal.*

**Lydia:** Myra, is it really you? And is that really....[*disgusted* ] Patrick Swayzee?

**Myra:** Quite a dreamboat, huh? Patrick's letting me be his dance partner in his next movie, Roadhouse 2: Electric Boogaloo.



**Patrick:** Nobody puts Baby in the corner.

**Lydia:** Well, at least you're not a Weenie. It's good to see you again.

**Myra:** Yes. [*lovingly sarcastic* ] I've missed you so much since I last saw you, yesterday. I see you've changed your mind about the Old Red Baron here.

**Lydia:** I guess I have. Hey Sam. There's one thing I never quite understood. What were you doing with a time machine?

**Sam:** Well, I wanted to go back and meet you again in the Coffee House, without being such a moron.

**Lydia:** All for me? Oh Sam. I knew from the moment we first talked that you were more than just a conceited jerk.

**Sam:** And I knew that you were more than just an intellectual snob! [*They embrace and kiss*]

**Casper:** Oh. I'm getting all Verklempt. Talk amongst yourselves. Topic: Gaieties is neither gay nor a tease. Discuss.

### **Song 8: Finale**

**Lydia:** Hoo has its Tow, Mem has its Chu,  
Oh that's the way that I need you.

**Sam:** Y has its M, G has its Q  
Oh that's the way that I need you.

**Both:** Well, we've been through time and back again and now I'm certain,  
You're the one that with my one makes two.

**Cooter:** Holly, could you find the time to jump-start my engine

**Holly:** Cooter, I'd find any time for you....

**All Four:** Stanford needs to beat those weenies 69 to 2  
Oh that's the way that I need you

**All:** Stanford's back and feeling strong  
The best there's ever been  
Berkeley might try, but they'll never get by  
Cause Weenines--We got in!

Slam poor Oski to the ground  
Then serve them up as snacks

Kick their ass all over the grass  
Then come home with the axe.

We're gonna beat Cal now in Big Game  
The axe will be returned  
Make Berkeley bow down to the Tree  
When will those Weenies learn?

We're gonna beat Cal now in Big Game  
Fear the Cardinal name  
Saturday fever, be a firm believer  
Let's go out and WIN.....BIG....GAME!

*End of song, Obviously.*

**Lydia:** Sorry about all the sarcasm.

**Sam:** Sorry about all that macho crap.

**Holly:** Sorry about the invention I left in the bed.

**Cooter:** Sorry about the bicycle lubricant. [*ew gross !*]

**Gordy:** [*in juliet* ] Sorry you time traveling morons ruined my Weenie plans!

**Lydia:** Yeah, well, we're not about to give up center stage for Simon the dog-faced boy and a bunch of Carnival freaks!

HERE COMES THE BAND--THE END