



GAIETIES 2011
LELAND JUNIOR MUST DIE
An Original Musical Comedy

by
RAM'S HEAD THEATRICAL SOCIETY

Music and lyrics by Jacob Boehm

Premiered November 16, 2011
Directed by Brendon Martin

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STANFORD
UNIVERSITY

Gaieties 2011: Leland Junior Must Die

SCENE I:

Lights up on the year 1891, the first Stanford Convocation. Leland Sr. stands facing a crowd of people, all super duper excited that Stanford is opening. A man in modern-day clothing stands amongst the crowd. He is clearly out-of-place and is holding an iPhone.

LELAND STANFORD SR: Welcome Parents, Students, Faculty, and Fellow Rich People. Welcome to the family. It is with great pride that today, my beautiful wife Jane and I seem to birth yet more progeny from my loins. You see, when a man and woman love each other very much, and that man has a lot of money... and I mean a lot of money,

JANE: Make haste Leland.

LELAND SR: Right. People, as of today we can provide a first class university education amongst all of these lovely hills and barnyard animals. The namesake for this new University, is...

JANE: WAS!!! was our son, Leland Junior, who as you all know from reading our family newsletter, The Stanford Daily, tragically died of typhoid fever a mere seven years ago.

JORGE: I heard he disappeared! I don't believe anything I read in the Daily!

LELAND SR: We named him after myself, of course, Leland Senior, I, named after my father, Leland Senior Senior (*pronounced Senior*), named after his father L'hee Chai Stansberg, who changed his suspiciously Jewish-sounding name, as was the fashion of the day. It is with great pride that we present to you, future graduates of 1895, Leland Stanford Junior University! May all ye who enter the gates of Stanford remember our motto: FRAUCH BLUCHERR HAUS MITT BUCHENSTEIN: "may you pass wind freely".

JANE: May the wind of Freedom blow.

LELAND SR: Blow, Jane?

JANE: (*Jane hurriedly takes the podium to interrupt him*) - Thank you and welcome to Stanford!

Claps from everyone. iPhone rings.

PROFESSOR FERMENT: Pardon me, excuse me, so sorry ma'am let me just scoot by there, step over that. I have to take this. Hello? Hello? Damn AT&T.

OLD-TIMEY GENTLEMAN #1: Witchcraft!!

PROF FERMENT: I apologize for interrupting. I can't stay long here in the past. I'm just going to leave these with you (*passes around pamphlets*). It's some advice for the future: The Titanic, Hitler, China as an Emerging Market and all that jazz.

OLD-TIMEY GENTLEMAN #2: *(Increasingly confused and terrified)* What's Jazz?

PROF FERMENT: Believe it or not, your seemingly-noble-but-in-fact-extremely-racist-mascot will one day piss off a whoooole lot of people. Right. I need to split, I have a "Menage A Trois" waiting for me at Ike's

OLD-TIMEY GENTLEMAN #3: What's a menage a trois?

PROF FERMENT: A delicious sandwich!

LELAND SENIOR: That it is. Oh, Jane! And Jorge! *(Exaggerate "jorge")*

JANE: Only problem is waiting 45 minutes for it to come.

PROF FERMENT: You're one lucky woman. And now, to the future!

SCENE II:

Lights up. Upbeat music playing in the background. The scene oscillates between short vignettes in the various dorms during move in day. Midway through the scene they break into song all together.

SONG - BRAND NEW YEAR

RANDY'S BACK IN TIME FOR ONE MORE YEAR
BACK IT UP, THIS CAMPUS IS MY CAREER
I MAY BE VEGAN, BUT I CAN'T TURN DOWN FRESH MEAT
FRESHMEN GIRLS, INVITE THEM TO OAK CREEK
IT'S A BRAND NEW YEAR!

SCREW ALL THE TINY BOYS BACK EAST
HERE THEY TEACH GIRLS TO BE BEASTS
I AM NOT SOME DUMB ATHLETE, I GO TO MEYER
TRY AND STOP ME BUT I'LL WIN
IT'S A BRAND NEW YEAR!

CO-ED FLOORS MIGHT BE A BIT ODD
BUT I HEARD ABOUT FULL MOON ON THE QUAD
I'M STILL WAITING FOR MY FIRST KISS
I HOPE I DON'T SOMEHOW MANAGE TO MISS
IT'S A BRAND NEW YEAR!

FOUNTAIN HOPPIN', YEAH WE AIN'T STOPPIN'
DORMCEST, LATENIGHT, THE PARTY'S POPPIN'
LIVING THE STANFORD DREAM
GETTING PUMPED 'CAUSE

IT'S A BRAND NEW YEAR!

THEY SAID STANFORD WAS SUPPOSED TO BE NICE
BUT THIS CARPET LOOKS LIKE IT HAS LICE
EAT AT STERN, I'D RATHER DIE
IS THERE ANYTHING THAT THEY DON'T FRY?
WE'VE GOT A LOT OF WORK CUT OUT FOR OURSELVES
LUCKY FOR US WE STUDY PRODUCT DESIGN
IT'S A BRAND NEW YEAR!

FOUNTAIN HOPPIN', YEAH WE AIN'T STOPPIN'
DORMCEST, LATENIGHT, THE PARTY'S POPPIN'
LIVING THE STANFORD DREAM
GETTING PUMPED 'CAUSE
IT'S A BRAND NEW YEAR!

Megan and Tegan are unpacking identical clothing and other identical items that are all identical.

MEGAN: This room is hideous.

TEGAN: Good thing we're experts in...

BOTH: PRODUCT DESIGN!

TEGAN: Let's redesign the shit out of this room!

MEGAN: (*Serious*) And in so doing, redesign the shit out of ourselves.

Enter Tiny Tim

TINY TIM: Hi ladies, I was just chillin' with my RoHo at the Coho, fo sho-o, it's NSO but I'm getting low at the O show, y'know, Otero that's how we ro, when in Ro . . . muh.

TEGAN: Did not understand that.

MEGAN: Me neither.

TEGAN: Me either.

TINY TIM: Sorry about that, just practicing my syncopation and enunciation. I've already been to the Fleet Street callback-barbecue. Really nice guys... they even tossed my salad- I hate when the dressing's all on top. Then I tried out for Talisman, it took forever because they had us go "One by One" But I can't decide which one to join, I like them both equally.

TEGAN: I think you should join whichever one like more.

MEGAN: Tegan's really good at listening.

TINY TIM: Thanks for your help guys. Freshman dorm bonding is real.

TEGAN: (*To Megan*) Yeah, I feel like we've known each other forever

MEGAN: This is my twin, Tegan if you haven't noticed,

TEGAN: And this is my twin, Tegan.

MEGAN: Tegan, you mean, Megan.

TEGAN: Thanks Megan.

MEGAN: We're majoring in...

BOTH: PRODUCT DESIGN.

MEGAN: Your life is a product, that we just designed. You may think we're identical.

TEGAN: But we're not.

MEGAN: Tegan has a mole on her left thigh.

TEGAN: And Megan's a Lesbian.

Uber sexy RA enters.

SPARRY HITZER: Hey residents! Anyone need lofting tools?

TEGAN: (*Intrigued and attracted/in heat*) Yes. I definitely need those. But I don't know how to loft.

SPARRY HITZER: (*To himself, fist pump*) Work project! I love sinking my hands into --

Black out. Lights up Oak Creek

RANDY: FRESH MEAT. Official Facebook group for the Stanford Class of 2015. So hot. So naive. Friend request for you. Friend request for you. Ooh...yeah, no friend request for you. #justkidding #fatpeopleneedlovetoo! Dayum, the ladies in Soto are looking Sototally bangin. (*Cheers*) Ooh, Jenna McQueefly can put my Google Plus in her Acquaintances circle any day of the week! #schedj-wideopen! Geraldina Bing... it's about time for you to disRoble #ringadingbing. Click... Wait – who the deuce is William Verona in Otero? He's already outpacing me for Facebook friends in the freshman class, has 94 followers on Instagram and... (*gasps*) more people have William Verona in circles than William Verona HAS in circles on

Google Plus?! Impossible! Nobody outsocial networks Randy. It says here on his LinkedIn that his interests are 14th Century British feudal society and Glee. Sounds like a total...

Black out. Lights up in Otero

WILLIAM: KANT. Immanuel Kant. Perhaps my favorite enlightenment era philosopher. It is Categorically Imperative (*wink*) that you go right here. (*Places book on the shelf*) Marx, you saucy minx, I'm sure you wouldn't mind sharing this shelf... And Machiavelli I'll put you on the end... it justifies the means in this case, I think. (*Chuckling to himself, William spills his tea all over his shirt*) Out, damn'd spot! Out, I say! Fie ye o tea stain! Ye shall be'eth no match for ye olde clorox bleach. Have at you, stain! Hahaaaa.

ELLIS: (*Entering*) Hey I'm Ellis, and I have a tide to go stick if you want...

WILLIAM: Ellis... William Verona (*gesturing to self*), like the bard, yes. I was just recanting my role from my 3rd grade production of Macbeth, which I also produced, directed and starred in as Lady Macbeth. It was an all-male production, in keeping with the Globe theater's policy back in Shakespeare's (*pronounced Shak-a-spears*) day. (*Awkward pause*) Do you have a favorite opus from history's most voluminous oeuvre?

ELLIS: Well, I enjoy Shakespeare, but I'm partial to Ben Jonson's "Volpone," (*sheepishly*) which is, you know, kind of underrated for the same time period... (*William stares daggers at Ellis who awkwardly changes the subject*) uhhh. I see you have a lot of books. My Kindle doesn't take much space, can I lend you some shelf?

WILLIAM: An olive branch from the noble savage. I'm down, but not without reservations. I know your kind, Iago. I will place only tomes G through X of my Encyclopedia (*pronounced Encyclo-pay-dia*) behind enemy lines.

ELLIS: So... uh... any siblings?

WILLIAM: Just one. (*Said with the utmost disgust*) Angelina.

ELLIS: Wait, Angelina Verona last year's ASSU president?

WILLIAM: Aye. The very same.

ELLIS: That's so awesome! I've always wished I could go to school with my siblings.

WILLIAM: Believe me young Ellis, it's not all it's cracked up to be.

ELLIS: Yeah... family dynamics can be challenging. My Nana is bit of an alcoholic, sometimes she --

WILLIAM: -- right well my father can be a real --

Blackout. Lights up Oak Creek hot tub.

RANDY: MOTHERFUCKER that's some hot water. Almost as hot as our choreography for the '08 Urban Styles spring show: Black Swan Lake. Facebook update from the Randy's Droid coming atcha. #soakin'andpokin'.

Blackout. Lights up William and Ellis.

CHADBROCHILL: - and smokin' hot girls down the hall. Y'know what I'm sayin'?! Dude, do you guys party? I'm tryna make a crew. Boomslam.

WILLIAM: Yes let's boom the slam, definitely. We're going to be the best crew since the women's openweight team.

CHADBROCHILL: Dude brah, yeah totally brah. Shots all around!

ELLIS: It's 3 in the afternoon -- I think I'm good for now.

CHADBROCHILL: Friend, ever since getting into Stanford I've adopted the outlook that you've gotta live for the moment. You never know when you're going to contract typhoid fever and die like my boy lil' Leland. This is for you Lil' lejay (*pours one out for Leland Jr, takes a knee and a handle pull*). Computer take a shot! (*computer explodes*)

MIKEY SEMENSQUIRE: My Macbook!!! Sadface Emoticon

WILLIAM: Ah the Stanfords. What I wouldn't give to meet our illustrious founders.

SUSAN SUPERFLY: HEADS! (*Frisbee flies on stage nearly decapitating now laptopless Mikey Semensquire*).

MIKEY SEMENSQUIRE: Fuckin' frisbee players. Bunch of punk ass disc -

Blackout. Lights up in Oak Creek Steamroom. Mr. Abromovitz is present.

RANDY: Jockeys. Really Mr. Abromovitz? That is so 1997. It's all about the banana hammock now, see, check it. Checked into Foursquare - just ousted your tuchus as Mayor of Oak Creek Steam Room. I haven't been this relaxed since I co-founded the wellness room. Mr. Abramovitz, between you and me, just thinking about NSParty makes me semi-

Blackout. Lights up in SLE.

The SLE freshman sit around a crackling fire by lake lag, over which a recently-felled pig is roasting on a spit. Some have just returned from their SPLOT trip - they are ragged and heaving - beards matted in blood, their silhouettes obscured in the smoke rising from the animal's blackened skin. Spartika sits among them with field hockey stick, out of place and unclear as to what the fuck is happening.

PROFESSOR TESTICLESE : Erectus Cockspectata Ballsactus Vagina! (*pronounced WA- gina*). Welcome Home, weary wanderer – said Athena to Odysseus after his years of woe upon the Aegean. So too, we welcome you all, newest members of SLE, to your proverbial island of rebirth – East Florence Moore. Her halls are the wombspace in which we will nurture your structured - but at the same time - liberal - minds. Tonight we recite Homer’s epic from memory, and partake in this succulent pork-flesh. But first, a moment of silence for your classmates who did not survive the 2011 SPLOT trip.

SPARTIKA: (*Whispering to the girl next to her*) Um... hi I’m Spartika. Did you know we had homework over the summer?

SLE GIRL #1: SHhh. The SLEader (*pronounced SLE-der*) is about to begin Book I. I can only hope that the fates spare me from my usual bout of intellectually-induced diarrhea.

Blackout. Lights up in Otero.

WILLIAM: Laxatives... go here... and writing quills here... (*all over Ellis’ shelves*). Ellis, I have a feeling this is the start of the greatest friendship since Harry Potter and his sidekick... you know, that honorable friend of his... I can’t think of the name...

ELLIS: Ron Weasley?

WILLIAM: No. That house elf.

ELLIS: Dobby?

WILLIAM: Yes! Thank you. Dobby! You’re Dobby.

Two Douche Environmentalists enters wearing hand woven llama pants and alpaca sweatshirt, turns off lights, unplugs TV, about to leave.

ELLIS: Excuse me? What are you doing?

ENVIRONMENTALIST #1: Oh sorry, I didn’t mean to disturb you. Was just trying to save the planet, you know, for our future.

ELLIS: By unplugging our TV?

ENVIRONMENTALIST #2: Every color you see takes 2 billion photons for your eye to perceive it. That’s 2 billion photons wasted. Scientists estimate we only have 3 to 5 billion years of light left in the world. Thus, I’m starting a charity called Blindness is Kindness. Out of the goodness of our hearts, we’ve been wandering around with our eyes closed to conserve light. Black is the new Green. Open your eyes, people. Close your eyes. Thank you.

ELLIS: I’m not sure your physics are sound, but I appreciate your dedication to the cause.

ENVIRONMENTALIST #1: Don't think I'm alone in this. One of the main reasons I chose Stanford was for its environmental student groups - such as the Black Student Union, which I can only assume is here to fight light-wasters such as the Students of Color Coalition.

WILLIAM: Well I'm afraid you're fighting a losing battle in here. Don't you know the sun never sets on the British Empire? *(Laughs heartily)*

ENVIRONMENTALIST #2: That's two billion more. *(Attempting to shut their eyes with her hands)* That's two billion more. Great. I am offended by everything that has transpired here. Hope to not see you around the dorm!

ELLIS: Love that passion.

WILLIAM: Oops, that Wilbur Dining's not cooperating. Just gonna make sure everything down there is nice and -

Blackout. Lights up in Megan and Tegan's room.

BOTH: Unpacked. (Megan and Tegan High Five)

TEGAN: AND lofted. Thank you Resident Attache.

SPARRY HITZER: All in a day's work. Can I help you gals out with anything else?

MEGAN: Hmm, give us a second to confer. *(The twins begin communicating telepathically).*

TEGAN: No, Megan doesn't need anything else lofted.

MEGAN: Neither does Tegan.

SPARRY HITZER: Wow - I'm signing you guys up for the Otertalent show.

MEGAN: Wait until you see us

TEGAN: Complete each other's

TEGAN/MEGAN: Sandwiches/sentences

TEGAN: It's

TEGAN/MEGAN Delicious/Freaky.

SPARRY HITZER: Great stuff. I already feel like I'm getting more out of this experience than you. I hear the call of your fellow Oteroans in need, helping all of you freshman sure makes me want to

Blackout. Lights up in Oak Creek.

RANDY: Come on Randall Jeffry Morgan, you've already gotten multiple year-long extensions but 2011 dash 2012 is your year. 27 pages of your thesis due Monday - let's get her done. After abandoning 40 pages of a nearly completed dissertation on the Semiotics of the Disney Movie as reflected in the Talmud you're bound to finish something - to graduate. Alright, let's get those thoughts flowing (pause looks at watch). Well, couldn't hurt to first call Mr. Abromovitz and get...

Blackout. Lights up in SLE.

Spartika enters her room to find her new roommate unpacking.

SPARTIKA: Hi...

CALLIOPE: Hi! You're finally here!

SPARTIKA: *(Laughing nervously)* Ha yup... I'm here. *(Hesitantly)*

CALLIOPE: I'm Calliope. It's so great to meet you.

SPARTIKA: Spartika. *(Shaking hands)*

CALLIOPE: So... before I say anything else... let's just get something out of the way... you're not... by any chance... are you... in... SLE? *(High pitched, slow supposition)*

SLE KID: SLEEEEE!!!!!!

SPARTIKA: No!!! Not in SLE. I'm an athlete, and SLE definitely wasn't on The List.

CALLIOPE: *(Slowly)* Thank... GOD. I've been stressing out all day thinking my roommate would be some total freak.

SPARTIKA: You have no fucking clue. So relieved right now.

CALLIOPE: *(Giggling)* I know right. By the way, you're not allergic to formaldehyde are you?

SPARTIKA: No... I don't think so...

CALLIOPE: Awesome. Just wanted to make sure before I set up my jars of kitten fetuses.

Blackout

SCENE III

Lights up at Cal. The five Callies are seated, as they await instruction from a standing Professor V, a stoned and dumbfoundedly happy looking Cal professor. He appears confused by the bright lights for a few seconds.

PROFESSOR V: Welcome to the first day of class, Berkeley students. You have all been accepted to my Interdictory Seminal, “The optimization of technologies borrowed, wrangled, and konnived from Stanford” or as I like to call it “Tootbwaks.” (*writing on chalk board - because Berkeley cant swing for white boards*). My name is Professor V...V (*hand-sign*). In this class we’ll be using the amazing technologies developed at Stanford to make Berkeley a better place. After reading through your applications I have decided to accept everyone who applied, in the ambivalent spirit of our school, also - not that many people applied. Stanford ideas are unlike anything that’s ever been in your head before--even the “intersemi” is a Stanford idea. And, please note at this moment... (*V leans over and mimes picking up papers and passing them out*) I am passing out something Stanford likes to call a “syllabus.” Wow! An idea already. Go ahead, Tammy.

TAMMY: Oh... no, umm, Snooki has something to say.

PROFESSOR V: Ah, of course, your emotional support puppet. Class, Tammy wrote a beautiful essay in her application about a traumatic experience asking locals for directions in New Jersey and the mechanism she developed to cope with it. Go ahead, “Snooki”.

SNOOKI: (*In Guida accent*) I gotta project that we gonna do. We find out the source of the Stanford bubble and we turn it off! That’ll get back at those juice head grenade grundle chodes for thinking they so much better than us.

TAMMY: (*Meekly*) Yeah.

SNOOKI: Shut up, Tammy! You’re a loosey goose whore, you know that?

PROFESSOR V: Haha, oh Tammy, I mean, Snooki (*indulgently*). Don’t we all have our “emotional support puppets,” class? I know I count on mine--SkyMalls’ limited edition caboose masseuse and my breathable jeggings for gentlemen (*sighs*)...

Just and Eunice raise hands

PROFESSOR V: Look’s like we have a comment from (*checking roll*) Justin Bieber?

JUST: Bibi-ei! Gawd... so I hate Stanford as much as the next guy who’s been called a handsome version of Ellen Degeneres, but let’s face it, trying to take down the Card is cliché as Coldplay. Don’t touch the hair!

SNOOKI: That is literally, literally, literally. (*Said with a different inflection each time*)

JUST: That’s not a sentence.

SNOOKI: Get your hands off my poof, Tammy! (*Fighting to get at him*)

KALE: I'm hearing you guys, and I think our band should play exclusively at wildlife preserves so I can run my toes through moist perennial grasses. This floor is hard!

PROFESSOR V: Oh Kale, that sounds wonderful!

EUNICE: If you are finished with your idiotic banter, I will speak now.

PROFESSOR V: Please - speak from your soul.

EUNICE: Good. (*Powerful spotlight shoots down on Eunice*)

SNOOKI: Jesus Christ!

KALE: How... did she do that?

EUNICE: (*Stands, begins to pace*) These circumstances aren't ideal - I petitioned student government for a crack team of Slavic mercenaries - but due to a crippling state-wide deficit and campus wide funding cuts I have been forced to co-opt this class instead. Yes, you will have to do - you flee-bitten products of the Brain Drain dregs. (*Tammy begins to sob*). Except for you two. You may leave.

SNOOKI: Whatever she decides to improv...

Tammy and Snookums exit - hanging their heads - they pause to look back at the class and Eunice just points at the door - unrelenting. The rest of the class turns in unison to watch them go, and then back to Eunice, now terrified of being dismissed.

EUNICE: My name is Eunice Pinkworthy. Here is an information packet containing a copy of my resume, curriculum vitae, and letters of recommendation. Familiarize yourselves. I've just returned from a summer abroad learning the value of militaristic order, choice reduction, and glassblowing in North Korea.

JUST: Who died and made you boss?

EUNICE: Most of your ancestors, by a process we like to call natural selection. Your project ideas were... cute, but I've got a real one. One that will finally put us on the map, and end Stanford's undeserved hegemony forevermore! (*the "more on" forevermore echoes in the distance*) A plan so devious, so ingenious--

JUST: Wait wait wait. . . did anyone else just realize that Kale isn't wearing a shirt?

ALL (*but Eunice*): KaaAaaAale!

KALE: Did anybody just realize that you're all clothed? Didn't think so. Open your minds. Take off your bras. (*Attempts to hide last comment with a sly*) Whaaaaaaaaaaa? -- (*Cut off by Eunice*).

EUNICE: Please refer to the article in your information packets entitled "Stanford Professor, Dr. Ferment, invents the ArillagaIsSoLoadedHeWillActuallyFundAnything Wellness and Performance Time Travel Machine." (*Callies flip through articles. Kale whips out very intellectual-looking glasses*) As you can see, Stanford has ONCE AGAIN innovated beyond our capacities of imagination and production to create a time traveling device. (*Eunice waits for shock and awe. It doesn't come*) Brace yourselves – because we are going to take control of that machine and use it to destroy Stanford (*pause*) by saving Leland Stanford Jr.

KALE: WHAAA?!

PROFESSOR V: Alright (*said chill and positively*). That's some great open-minded thinking little lady.

EUNICE: You have no idea, you crusty mofo.

SONG - LISTEN TO ME

ONCE AGAIN, STANFORD STEPPED INTO THE LEAD
ONCE AGAIN, YOU'RE GONNA JUST SIT THERE AND LET ME BLEED?
LET ME BLEED
ARE WE EVER GONNA TAKE CONTROL?
LET'S SHOW THE WORLD JUST WHO WE ARE
THEN THEY WILL SEE

THINK WHAT YOU MAY THINK ABOUT IT
I DON'T CARE 'CAUSE HERE'S THE SHORT OF IT
LISTEN TO ME AND YOU'LL AGREE
THAT STANFORD SUCKS COMPARES TO CAL

MAY NOT BE THE FIRST CHOICE YOU'VE BEEN DREAMING OF
BUT LOOK ACROSS THE BAY AND YOU'LL SEE MUCH WORSE
DON'T BE DECEIVED BY IT'S REPUTATION
JUST IVY STATUS AND DECORATION
IT'S ALL FOR SHOW!

THINK WHAT YOU MAY THINK ABOUT IT
I DON'T CARE 'CAUSE HERE'S THE SHORT OF IT
LISTEN TO ME AND YOU'LL AGREE
THAT STANFORD SUCKS COMPARES TO CAL

DOESN'T PAMPER YOU LIKE THOSE ASSHOLES
DO WE REALLY NEED TO CALL THEM THAT?
THEY DESERVE IT!

PRETENTIOUSNESS, A REQUIREMENT
SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS, DON'T APPLY WITHOUT IT
WHO'D WANT TO GO?

SO I TELL YOU AGAIN
THINK WHAT YOU MAY THINK ABOUT IT
I DON'T CARE 'CAUSE HERE'S THE SHORT OF IT
LISTEN TO ME AND YOU'LL AGREE
THAT STANFORD SUCKS COMPARES TO CAL

LACKS A LINEAR ACCELERATOR
BUT MEH! WHO NEEDS ONE WHEN YOU HAVE FUN?
THEY SPEND DAY AND NIGHT LOCKED UP READING
HOW MUCH TIME DOES THAT LEAVE FOR BREEDING?
THAT SURE WOULD BLOW!
THOSE FURDITES THINK THEY HAVE IT
BUT MY REJECTION, THEY'LL SOON REGRET IT

LISTEN TO ME AND IT'S EASY TO SEE
WHY THE WHOLE WORLD WILL AGREE
THAT STANFORD SUCKS COMPARED TO CAL

EUNICE: This is our moment. Soon, Stanford will cease to exist!

KALE (*to Just*): I think she's serious.

EUNICE: (*Very matter of factly*) To the parking lot!

Black out

SCENE IV:

Our five heroes sit around awkwardly on chairs, glancing occasionally offstage.

MEGAN: Our professor's like... 30 minutes late

TEGAN: We should design him some sort of handheld time keeping-device-product so that this never happens again.

ELLIS: I'm sure he has a good reason.

SPARTIKA: Last time I was 30 minutes late to practice my coach made a facebook group called Spartika Missing in Indonesia. 5,000 people joined before I had made it through my make-up sprints.

TEGAN: What's your name again?

MEGAN: Tegan! (*Shocked and apologetic on her behalf*). This is Alice. From Otero.

ELLIS: Actually, it's Ellis. I was named after my grandpa. He passed away recently of-

TEGAN: Your name is Elise?

MEGAN: That's so funny that you're named a girl's name.

TEGAN: So postmodern. And you, White Oprah?

SPARTIKA: (*Overhearing*) Jeez- Sorry for lifting. Check the jersey (*reads Spartika on back*).

TEGAN: Spartika... so... diversity.

WILLIAM: Nostalgia for the days when they capped female admission at 500! Am I right, Ellis?

ELLIS: Sorry William I can't argue gender roles with you right now. I mean, we're at SLAC! This introsem will allow us the opportunity to peer over the horizon of scientific discovery into the depths of high-energy physics. Being here is like having front-row seats to the Big Bang.

TEGAN: Woah. He's so... genuine.

MEGAN: And intellectually curious.

TEGAN: I feel tingly in my stomach a little.

Enter Randy, a 20, 30, or 40 something n-tuple major from...who knows. He is texting.

RANDY: Peers! What's up?

ELLIS: Wow. A Stanford Professor in the flesh!

RANDY: Hey guys, I'm Randy.

TEGAN: Why do all the boys at Stanford have girls' names?

SPARTIKA: It's very nice to meet you Professor Randy.

RANDY: Woah woah, #big misunderstanding. I'm a student. Just like you guys. I like dubstep remixes! Skrillex!

SPARTIKA: What does that even mean? Are you a freshman?

RANDY: Freshmania is a state of mind, baby boo boo. As my favorite professor Philip Zimbardo once said in our Law and Order IHUM - "Age is only the number of years after you

were born.” Although, as part of several ASSU slate campaigns I have promised to dispense with IHUM and tackle other issues that student government actually has no power to change. Woman or Mandy, Vote for Randy!

Professor Ferment emerges from the strange machine off stage.

PROFESSOR FERMENT: Students, I’m glad you’re here on time. Punctuality is key to time travel.

TEGAN: You’re like 30 minutes not on time though.

PROF FERMENT: Right! Quite right! Exactly the kind of reasoning you’re here for. Welcome to History 45N: A Lyrical Foxtrot Through Time. What you are looking at is the very PINNACLE of everything modern science has been pointing towards in the last ten years. Superconductors! Collapsing wave functions! The Higgs Bozon!

MEGAN: Wait...we thought this satisfied a requirement for...

TEGAN/MEGAN: (*In unison*) PRODUCT DESIGN!

TEGAN: We’re double majors.

MEGAN: In product design.

WILLIAM: I thought this was a history class. Is this a hard science? I can’t take a hard science.

PROF FERMENT: Were this an engineering class you’d only receive 3 units and a disproportionate amount of work and headaches. A history class, it is. But you’ve never studied History quite like this before. As I say this, know that you are bound by the hallowed covenant of introsems past and present – in a confidentiality agreement between myself and your malleable young minds. You see, together we are... (*BIG BUILD UP*) going to travel through time.

WILLIAM: If I had a cardinal dollar for every time I heard that metaphor from a history professor.

PROF FERMENT: No! Listen! We are really going to travel back in time. Let me show you. Watch, I will call a version of myself one-hundred and twenty years in the past at Stanford’s inauguration... Hello? Professor? (*The phone doesn’t ring*) Damn it. Stupid AT&T! (*womp womp*) Well, you’ll see for yourself on Wednesday. And you will all be here on Wednesday.

MEGAN: How does he know?

TEGAN: I don’t know... let’s DEFINITELY be here on Wednesday to find out.

SCENE V:

Lights up at Stanford at nightfall. Kale is now only wearing underwear.

EUNICE: Okay team. The time machine is being kept there, at SLAC- the Stanford Linear Accelerator. There are 2 guards stationed at the door.

KALE: I will distract them!

EUNICE: Kale. You can't naked your way through life.

JUSTIN: Never say never.

KALE: Do not worry. I have this.

EUNICE: Fine. We will sneak by them, and I will set up the time machine. Once ready, I will give you the signal--THIS IS THE SIGNAL (*literally just says it louder*)--and you will need to hurry to get into the wormhole before it closes. Professor V, did you bring the typhoid vaccination?

PROFESSOR V: You're lucky, Eunice. I nearly donated it to a third world country.

EUNICE: Thank you. Now be stealth.

They move towards the time machine, and hang out upstage while Kale faces the guards

KALE: I have called in a favor with my cousin who lives in Synergy.

EUNICE: What is? --- (*gets cut off by herd of naked people*)

NAKEES: NAKED BIKE RIDE!

Huge mass of people in rally gear bike naked across the stage with milky white. Push guards forward with them and off stage.

SYNERGY #1: My body paint is expressing my inner most feelings!!!

SYNGERY #2: How awesome is this!? How comfortable does everyone feel, Fist to five??

ASSORTED SYNGERY HOMIES: FIIIVVVEEEE (*hands out showing fives*)

EUNICE: Disgusting. Nudity should be reserved solely for the purpose of seducing and disenfranchising the entrenched male hierarchy. (*Fiddles with machine*) Alright the time machine is ready. Kale, make sure to plant the bomb which will detonate upon our return ensuring that no Stanford obsessed heroes, convinced this school is the first place they've ever felt fully comfortable being themselves and enabled to pursue their respective passions can undo our plan and re-kill Leland Junior.

TIME MACHINE: 15 seconds to departure.

PROFESSOR V: Where's Kale?

JUST: he was right here.

KALE: (*Now completely naked*) I can't find my underwear.

TIME MACHINE: 10 seconds.

PROFESSOR V: It's next to you on the ground

JUST: Just grab it! It's literally right there!

TIME MACHINE: 5 seconds

KALE: Well, now there's definitely no time to grab it.

TIME MACHINE: 3,2.

ALL: KaAaAaLe!!

Black out.

SCENE VI:

ADAM KLEIN: (*Walking on his hands*) And here we end our tour, beside Old Union, the largest building constructed outside of Russia and home to 650,000 student groups. Behind me is White Plaza, named after Betty White, class of '42, who also built the steam tunnels by hand, where Anne Frank's famous drum solos entertained then student body President, Galileo Galilei. Finally here is the Asian Community Center, founded by Michelle Wie in 2566. And that's the post office! (*Pointing to the claw*) Questions?

Everyone raises their hand.

ADAM KLEIN: Alright then, thank you! And remember, the more you tip, the less likely I am to sell my body in Palo Alto tonight.

SPARTIKA: Was it just me or was everything that Tour Guide just said not true?

SMOKA CAR PROJECT: Do you want to build a car that runs entirely off the fumes of Theta Delt?

TROLL DITTY: Join Tri Delt!! You two look hot enough to be one of us.

TEGAN: I thought Tri Delts were supposed to be quirky...

PI PHI: Boom boom bitches! LET'S PI BETA PHUCK SHIT UP!

COLUMBAE: Organic, locally sourced, grass fed hotdog eating contest! 2 PM, Columbae Lawn!

RANDY: Something's not right here.

ADMINISTRATOR: What'd you expect? This isn't some classy institution like Berkeley, these are the rough streets of UCPA.

TEGAN: Youcoupah?

ADMINISTRATOR: University of California Palo Alto! You're tellin me we're only three spots behind Devry and University of Phoenix in the US News rankings, and we can't even learn our own FUCKING name?? How are we ever going to climb the ranks if we don't rally some school pride?? (*Seeming desperate, grabs the KZSU mic*) GO BURGUNDY! GO SHRUBS! (*Shrub mascot runs in*)

SHRUB MASCOT: (*Unenthusiastically*) Please join me in singing the UCPA alma mater.

I JUST WANT SOME SHRUBS
A SHRUB IS A GUY THAT CAN GET SOME LOVE FROM ME
HANGING OUT MY PICKUP'S SIDE
UCPA-PRIDE
TRYNA HOLLA AT WE.

SPARTIKA: Shit's gotten weird since we've got here.

WILLIAM: I agree. Something's rotten in the state of Stanford.

ELLIS: Guys, remember when Professor Ferment warned us about time travel messing with the future? He said that if people go back to the past and alter it, even the slightest changes can upset the whole balance of history.

SPARTIKA: Everything's changed! Even Kappa Sig has disappeared!

WILLIAM: No, that was supposed to happen. (*Womp, Womp*)

ELLIS: Guys, we're late for our intro-sem.

WILLIAM: But are we late if we are in the future because the past has been manipulated heretofore?

Random screams from chorus as they run onstage and seek cover in Old Union's Nooks and Crannies. Fascist whistles ring out from offstage, a la All Right Now but Hitler-y.

UCPA STUDENT #1: Run for your lives!

UCPA #2: Hold onto your lanyards!

UCPA #3: Roll tide!

ELLIS: What's happening?

WOCKA FLOCKA FLAME: (*Breathless*) It's, it's, THE BAND!

The Band enters, but they are wearing matching grey uniforms, and marching in goose-step. UCPA equivalent of Dollies lead the way with batons, pummeling anyone who gets in their way.

THE BAND: It Is Alright Now, Comrade, it is all right now. Ja! All Right Now, Comrade it is all right now! 5,6,7,8 Ja!

RANDY: #ahhhhhhhhhhh

SONG "STANFORD IS CHANGING" (RANDY & ELLIS)

DOES SOMETHING SEEM A LITTLE OFF
I FEEL IT MORE AND MORE
LIKE WHEN I WENT TO AXESS
I FOUND WHAT I WAS LOOKING FOR
AND JUST THIS MORNING I SWEAR I SAW HOOVER TOWER SWAY
IT COULD'VE BEEN MS. CONDI RICE, BUT SOMETHING SEEMS STRANGE TODAY

STANFORD IS CHANGING AND IT'S STARTING TO FREAK ME OUT
CAN ANYONE EXPLAIN WHY AND LEAVE ME WITHOUT A DOUBT
I DESPERATELY WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT

YOU'RE PROBABLY SEEING THINGS AGAIN
YOU DON'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY PROOF
WHAT'S THAT PRE-MED DOING NOW
IS SHE TRYING TO FIX A TOOTH?
GOD ABOVE, SHE'S A FRESHMAN
MAYBE YOU HAVE A POINT

I'VE BEEN AROUND THIS CAMPUS FOR LONG ENOUGH TO KNOW
THAT'S SOMETHING'S OFF WHEN SLE IS HIP
AND KA'S PARTIES BLOW!
MY MIND IS DOING LOOPS AND WHIRLS
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO FEEL
I WANT TO GO TO THE WELLNESS ROOM
BUT IS THAT EVEN REAL?

STANFORD IS CHANGING AND NO ONE KNOWS THE CAUSE
CAN ANYONE EXPLAIN WHY THOSE CO-OP GIRLS HAVE BRAS?
HOW CAN THIS BE HAPPENING
IT CAN'T BE JUST BECAUSE

STANFORD IS CHANGING AND WE'RE LOSING ALL WE KNOW
IT WOULD BE A TRAGEDY
PLEASE SAY IT ISN'T SO
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO US ALL
IF STANFORD WERE TO GO?

WHITE PLAZA'S MELTING AWAY
HOOVER TOWER TOO
WHO'S GOT A SOLUTION?
WHAT CAN WE DO?

STANFORD IS CHANGING
AND WE'RE LOSING ALL WE KNOW
IT WOULD BE A TRAGEDY
PLEASE SAY IT ISN'T SO
WHAT WOULD HAPPEN TO US ALL
IF STANFORD WERE TO GO?

ELLIS: We don't have time for this, we have to get to the introsem as soon as possible!

RANDY: To SLAC, peepsicles!

They find Ferment tied to a chair, bound and gagged.

TEGAN: Zoh-eM-God Professor Ferment! You're into bondage too?

Ellis, the kind-natured soul that he is, goes to assist his future thesis advisor.

ELLIS: What happened Professor? Who did this to you?

MEGAN: Was it Condoleezza?

PROF FERMENT: No! - who is always to blame at this time of year?

TEGAN: Sirius Black??

PROF FERMENT: Damn it Tegan you stupid betch! He was proven innocent at the end of book three. No - it was the Callies, of course. They surprised me in my lab, tied me up, and used the time machine. They've traveled back in time to administer the typhoid vaccine to Leland Stanford Jr. so that he never dies and Stanford is never founded by his grieving parents!

WILLIAM: How can you be so sure?

PROF FERMENT: Their leader made it very clear. She explained her entire plan to me, articulating and projecting, almost as if performing a soliloquy, in a play. She was terrible. And bore an uncanny resemblance to the two of you (*gestures towards Ellis and Randy*). Come to think of it...it was more like the two of you. (*Gestures towards Megan and Tegan - who are now shifting uncomfortably*)

MEGAN: Weird.

TEGAN: (*Suspiciously, as if she is trying to cover something up*) There's no one in the world who looks exactly like us... other than us...

MEGAN: Except for our parents.

TEGAN: Who have no other children besides us...

Tegan links arms with Megan who abruptly breaks away.

MEGAN: Ok fine! We have another twin.

TEGAN: GASP. WHAAAAA? (*Looks around thinking the rest of the heroes will also be surprised*)

ELLIS: What are you guys talking about?

MEGAN: Our sister Eunice goes to Berkeley. She applied to Stanford but she wasn't admitted because the committee thought she seemed evil.

TEGAN: She used a lot of dead baby jokes in her essays...

MEGAN: She's seeking vengeance on Stanford after she was rejected for not having the quintessential heart and soul that lie deep within every single Stanford student.

RANDY: I've felt that every time I've been deep within a Stanford student.

ELLIS: We can't let this happen to our home... I mean... our school. (*Awww*)

MEGAN: If only there were like some way that we could productively re-design this situation. maybe like... find a way to make Leland Jr. not alive again. OMG I can't believe I just suggested that.

SPARTIKA: We need to find a way to fix this time machine, go back in time, and KILL Leland Jr.!

RANDY: With Leland dead, campus will be restored to the amazing place it once was.

TEGAN: Ellis, why don't you try to fix the time machine...you're great with technology, right?

ELLIS: Yeah... I mean, I haven't taken CS106X yet, but I can take a look.

TEGAN: Yay Alice, you are so brave and smart and cool!

PROF FERMENT: I took a look and it seems fine, but it will not start. It's an inconcievable dilemma!

MEGAN/TEGAN: Product decline!

Ellis frantically searches around the time machine.

ELLIS: Um, you guys, they actually just unplugged it.

OFFSTAGE: KAAAAAAAAAAAAALE

ELLIS: We're good to go!

PROF FERMENT: Be safe! The past is like Math 51. You'll have no idea what's going on. However, if you fail to kill Leland then you will all get a B- in this introsem! Which has literally never happened before in an introsem! Go forth, my Stanford heroes, and KILL LELAND JR!

Heroes set coordinates and pile in the time machine.

Black out.

SCENE VII:

Scene opens on LS Junior in his bedroom playing with Gerald, his marble bust. LS Senior and Jane enter. Senior overjoyed at Leland's recovery, Jane cautiously optimistic.

L. SENIOR: Leland, I can't believe how healthy you look, it appears that you may have beat the typhoid! (*Hugs him very tight and annoyingly/coddles/baby noises*)

LELAND JR: (*Feeling strangled emotionally*) Daaad, get off. God. (*Flails arms to get out of hug*)

JANE: Eaaasy honey, HONEY.

L. SENIOR: (*Finally releases Jr.*) Junior, look around. (*Walks him to "window" downstage center*) Look at all this land. Look at the train-- that is a fucking train Junior!--It's ours. This is our legacy to you. One day, all of this will be yours. There is so much you have yet to experience during your life as a Stanford. Exposing yourself to people of all colors, creeds, religions, as long as they hail predominantly from Texas and California. Traveling abroad and studying

relations in an international context. . The occasional single night sexual encounter with a member of the fairer sex after a night of celebratory festivities. Of course until you marry your soul mate - come here Jane - light of my life - song of my soul - wet dream of my night times.

JANE: (*Sternly*) Leland, enough reminiscing about your college glory days.

L. SENIOR: Sorry, honey, I can't help it. College was the sauce! You know Junior, if you'd died I might've erected a college to you... But you're here, and alive. So no college. Got that? Now, what to do, Jane... what to do Jane, what to do: Jane.

JANE: Do Jane?! Yes?

L. SENIOR: Ah yes! Do Jane!

JANE: And you will eat me...atloaf first... you look famished. For dinner. (*As an afterthought*) Leland, there is leftover succulent pig roast in the ice chest.

Exeunt

LELAND JR: Alone again... and once again, I have to eat leftovers instead of the meatloaf.

Stanford Heroes stumble out of Junior's closet

RANDY: Peers! We made it! (*Picks up phone to tweet*) "Kickin it in the past with my boy lil' Leland. #cominoutthecloset #nohomo?!"

WILLIAM: Just look at these rococo wall moldings! Aurgghaazmmmminggg! (*Hilarious noise*)

TEGAN: Look how retro the decor is! I can't believe retro was in style even back then.

SPARTIKA: Oh my god, you're THE Leland Stanford Junior....

RANDY: (*Super excited*) UNIVERSITY MARCHING BAND!

LELAND JUNIOR: (*Not looking at them*) What band? Yes, I am the Leland Stanford Junior. (*Turns*) What strange attire! (*Suddenly misunderstanding*) Judging by the ratio of women to men in your troop I would assume you are a lobbyist group supporting women's suffrage. Still two years before I can vote, but you've got my support whole heartedly, you strong liberated woman.

SPARTIKA: Thank you?

RANDY: No little man, despite her freakishly large pectorals, we are not in fact a political canvassing party. We're here to-

ELLIS: (*Scrambling*) Inspect the --

WILLIAM (*Looking around room*): Marble...

SPARTIKA: Train set...

TEGAN: Clouds...

LELAND: It's about time. My marble train set clouds are in a state of horrendous disrepair.

MEGAN: We apologize, Little Good Sir, for any disturbance--

WILLIAM: Master Leland, we come from a distant and supremely awesome land. Regrettably, the nature of our mission today is not pleasurable, but its consequences are far reaching and essential to the survival of Google.

TEGAN: And Victoria's Secret.

WILLIAM: Have you any last words? (*Brandishes sword*)

LELAND JR: A fencing lesson, on a Tuesday? (*Whips out sword, disarms William*)

SPARTIKA: Let's get this over with. (*Takes out field hockey stick*) Leland, I'm so, so, so, sorry.

LELAND JR: GOSH DARN IT! Put that away! Croquet IS ON SUNDAYS! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! This is NOT WHAT I WANTED! I wish somebody would take me away from all this nonsense!

SPARTIKA: You do?

MEGAN: But your life is so fabulous.

LELAND JR: Ah yes, it must seem fabulous from the outside looking in. But from the inside looking out, there is a world of adventure that I can never get inside, for I am outside it. I am on the inside outlooking upon the side which I cannot be in, inasmuch as I am outside of it. (*Sighs*)

TEGAN: I know exactly what you mean.

LELAND JR: Sometimes I wish I could get away. I'm so tired of hearing my beloved father's head slam against my antewall as my mother screams at him. I just wish they would stop fighting like that!

SPARTIKA: Fighting like what?

LELAND SENIOR: (*Offstage*) HOW BIG IS BIG LELAND!?!?!?! (*Smash*)

JANE: (*Offstage, sternly*) JUST BIG ENOUGH! (*Crack smash bang*)

LELAND SENIOR: (*Offstage*) Feel my endowment!

JANE: It could always be bigger.

LELAND JR: I know it sounds ungrateful, but sometimes I just feel like I need a break from the garden parties, the equestrian accoutrement, the mid-afternoon enemas.

ELLIS: (*Lightbulb moment*) What if I told you we could take you away?

LELAND JR: Impossible. You can never escape the Stanford's bubble.

ELLIS: Can you give us a moment? (*Aside with group*) I've had an epiphany. Guys, we don't have to kill Leland!

TEGAN: Whaaaaaaaaa?

ELLIS: Listen to him. He wants to leave. Let's just take him with us.

SPARTIKA: That's genius! Look at the kid, he's so helpless, we can't just kill him! If we take him back the future with us, his parents will think someone kidnapped him...

MEGAN: His parents will still mourn his loss, and Stanford will still be built!

ELLIS: I think we can do it - and if I know Stanford, or at least, how I've felt about Stanford, he just might be able to make the transition, and finally find himself at home.

SPARTIKA: Alright, but if he ever finds out why we really came here, he'll never trust us again.

WILLIAM: It'll be worse than if IHUM gets cut. You'd be missed, Kierkegaard (*longingly*).

ELLIS: You're right. We'll take him with us and hope he loves Stanford and never wants to leave.

LELAND JR: Excuse me, I exist. I'm standing here, existing. Explain yourselves.

ELLIS: Leland, from what it sounds like, your life is the equivalent of a Yale undergraduate degree right now - spoon fed accomplishments, rampant classism, and a lack of racial diversity.

SPARTIKA: How would you like to experience something beyond these gilt gates, a place of adventure, freedom and Exotic Erotic?

LELAND JR: The Philippines?

ELLIS: No, the future!

LELAND JR: The future? You're pulling my leg! Stop metaphorically pulling my leg!

WILLIAM: My boy, we are metaphorically deadly serious.

LELAND JR: I don't know. How can I leave my family, my friend (*gestures to a marble bust*)?

SPARTIKA: Leland... do you trust me??

LELAND JR: (*Long pause...*) No, not really.

ELLIS: Every minute of every day of your life has been planned out for you. It's time to take a leap.

TEGAN: Come with us. Leave the past behind, own your today, just do it, got milk?

LELAND: You know what - take me away. (*To the bust*) Goodbye, Gerald.

Cheers all around.

RANDY: To the closet!

LELAND: Wait! When are we returning home? (*Awk-town*)

SPARTIKA: Any time you want to. I promise.

LELAND JR: In that case. May I? (*Gesturing to her shoulders and hops on*) To the future!

Black out

SCENE VIII:

Lights up on White Plaza circa 1911. Crowd is bustling with activity and anticipation for the first ever performance of Gaieties: Football Follies. Old timey student groups are peddling their wares with moxy and gumption, covered wagons with signs on the side labelled "Marguerite" transport students to and fro around campus.

ELLIS: It worked! We're back! Wait... Something's not right here...

LELAND: Guys why were you even here in the past if you're from the future?

WILLIAM: School project.

TEGAN: And definitely not to kill you!

DAILY PEDDLER #1: (*Everyone shuns him*) Hear ye, Hear ye! Get your Stanford Daily here!

LELAND JR: Stanford?

DAILY PEDDLER #1: Stanford Dueling team vanquishes Harvard in 3-1 victory. Funerals will be held in Memorial Church tomorrow.

DAILY PEDDLER #2: Current edition featuring a list of upcoming Stanford campus events: Blood and Body night at Casa Vaticana, the Catholic Ethnic Themed House, SUID to take communion, 21+ to turn water into wine. All you need to know about Stanford, only 5 pence!

LELAND JR: Why do they keep mentioning my name?

DAILY PEDDLER #1: What's your name?

LELAND JR: What's my name?

RANDY: (*Singing*) Oh na na, what's your name?

LELAND JR: No seriously, say my name.

RANDY: (*Singing*) When no one is around you, say baby...

SPARTIKA: Randy, STOP SINGING.

RANDY: (*Singing*) Please don't stop the music. I learned to sing to hit on girls #mack-appella.

WILLIAM: I'll take a copy. (*Pulls out coin purse*) One pence, two pence, three pence, four aaaand five pence good sir. And here's a little something for your services. One pence, two pence, three pe---ehhh, two pence.

PACKARD: Thank you kind sir! I'll put these pence toward my \$40 a quarter Stanford tuition. And maybe a silent film!

ELLIS: Wait, William. Let me see that paper. Son of a bozon! We're in 1911! I think I entered the wrong coordinates into the time machine! We're still in the past! This is bad. You guys, we have to stop time-jumping and get out of here before we alter the future forever!

Trumpets signal the entrance of somebody of importance entering the stage to make an announcement.

OLD TIMEY ANNOUNCER: Hear ye Hear ye -- I come bearing an important proclamation. The first ever production of Gaieties: Football Follies is about to begin at this very location, The performance is free with the purchase of a "Berkeley thou art Lacking" novelty blouse. (*Holds up tank*) We've removed the sleeves for extra mobility.

RANDY: Sick. Let's stay and watch. I want to add that novelty blouse to my collection. Megan, Tegan, I dare you two to run onstage and flash the crowd.

MEGAN: Ew, no way!

ELLIS: That would be pretty hilarious.

(Tegan overhears and eagerly volunteers)

TEGAN: I'll do it!

MEGAN: Me too!

(Twins run on stage and flash old timey Gaieties crowd who scream, except for a lone usher/gaieties writer)

LELAND JR: Those are much more pert than mother's.

GAIETIES USHER/WRITER: By god, those four breasts are beautiful. And look how they contribute to the artistic integrity of the show. From here on out, gratuitous nudity should be an integral part of Gaieties.

Mob begins to form in the wake of M & T's Flashing, demanding for them to be stoned to death. That's what they did to women who showed their breasts in public back then, right?

OLD TIMEY WOMAN: Stone the harlots!

ELLIS: Alright guys, that's our cue to get back to the time machine! 2011, here we come!

Black out.

SCENE IX:

Our heroes blip into the present. Lights up in Otero's Lounge.

ELLIS: Well Leland this is it. The present.

RANDY: Leland, you're going to love this place. You need to check out the new Engineering Quad. Y2E2 is so tech'd out, I'm pretty sure it actually breathes.

SPARTIKA: Hold it... Let's make sure it's really 2011..

RANDY: Hey you, helmet head, what year is it? *(Peter and others are sitting on couch in lounge)*

PETER MCPASSERBY: O-LEVEN!

Audience goes into annoying Dean Julie round chants of class years.

ELLIS: 2011? Thanks. Everything IS back to normal. *(Beat. Everyone's heads slowly turn to look at Leland)*

LELAND JR: Is it normal for people to be wearing hooded peasant clothing with my surname on them?

SALLY SLUTSTEIN: Peasant clothing? Psh - the bookstore charged me \$65 for this zip up. But it was worth it. Now everybody in the airport knows that ONE DAY I'LL HAVE A BACHELORS IN SOCIOLOGY (*pointing to sweatshirt*) FROM STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

LELAND JR: Uhh... Stanford University? Stanford?

WILLIAM: Actually, it's StanFORD University, like the car. Absolutely no relation. Common name really. Founded by a guy named Stan who was... uhh... mining for uhh... Silicon when a woman hit him with a... uh... Ford Focus and uh... Stan used the the money from the ensuing lawsuit to endow this university. Yes!

SPARTIKA: Wow William. For once you got something right.

LELAND JR: Did being in the past help you get good marks on your project? You never fully explained that to me--

TAINTLY: Oh hey guys, What's happening? Yeah, It's me again. TAINTLY. I just got back from Tressider where I was going to the student store which I totally confused with the bookstore, WOOPS, cuz I needed to replace my lanyard, because my other lanyards all broke yesterday because I was just so STRESSED. Then I saw this tall man wearing a tie, and at first I thought it was Tobias Volff, you know, the IHUM 64 Professor, and I was like OMG I heart you Tobias, but then I realized it was a Wednesday, and I didn't have any time to say "hi" because of my PWR RBA (pronounced Reba). I'm in the Rhetoric of Sign Language. You'd be surprised at how many books there are written about talking about sign language (*Taintly is up in Leland's face*).

LELAND JR: (*Extremely overwhelmed*) I feel faint.

RANDY: (*To Spartika*) On a scale from one to Charlie Sheen, how loony is their dorm?

SPARTIKA: (*To Randy*) I give them Michelle Bauchman... at least. (*To Leland*) I know it's all overwhelming now, but soon things will calm dow--

Moment of silence is broken by RA, peeing her pants, rushing into Lounge.

MORA NARTIN: OTERO! Come on everyone, it's time for CROSSING THE LINE! Friends, best friends, and especially you losers without friends – it's time to really KNOW one other. To feel each other's pain, to breathe together as one great Oterorganism... It is time... (*deep voice*) to cross the line. Mandatory bonding. No exceptions. All of you, let's go.

NELSON SUSPENDERON: (*Takes a puff of inhaler*) But Vaden just called - they said I was pregnant!!!!

GUYS: Oh Fuck!

MORA NARTIN: I SAID NO EXCEPTIONS.

Everyone begins to gather into a line across the Lounge. Heroes quickly reconvene. Mora shepherding heroes and other Otero freshmen aggressively, they meet with many other insecure, nervous looking kids.

MORA NARTIN: Alright, are you guys ready to CROSS. THAT. LINE? Not all at once, of course. Individually - so you can share your darkest, most shameful secrets with our respectful silence. (*Quietly*) We're here for you. (*Pushes ChadBroChill across line*) Chad, why don't you start? Share something humiliating.

CHADBROCHILL: K – so – I have three moms.

MORA NARTIN: Good. (*High off the information*) Good!

CHADBROCHILL: And two of them are sisters.

MORA NARTIN: GREAT! Thanks Chad. Josephine? Your turn.

JOSEPHINE: Once... in fourth grade...I accidentally drowned my hamster (*starts sobbing*) I thought it was an aqua hamster (*more sobbing*).

MORA NARTIN: That sounds like it was really hard to say. Harder to hear, but still... hard to say. Thank you, Jojo.

JOSEPHINE: I've never told anyone that and I miss him every-

MORA NARTIN: Step back. This isn't about you. How about you, conspicuous looking little boy I've never seen before?

LELAND JR: To be honest... I feel really out of place here in this day and age.

MORA NARTIN: (*Completely overwhelmed, entire dorm starts weeping*) That... is... so beautiful. (*to the heroes*) God. Alright, you guys over there... come on up.

RANDY: I've got this guys...

Crosses the line - spot light on him -

SONG - "WELCOME TO THE FARM" (RANDY)

LELAND JUNIOR, WELCOME TO THE FUTURE
LET US GUIDE YOU, ARM IN ARM

THROUGH THE HILLS AND 'ROUND THE CAMPUS
WELCOME TO THE FARM

I THINK YOU'RE GONNA LIKE IT HERE
I THINK YOU'LL FEEL RIGHT AT HOME
IF YOU NEED ANYTHING AT ALL
JUST LET ME KNOW

HERE WE GOT SPORTS APLENTY
PARTIES TO GO TO, GAMES TO WATCH
WAIT 'TILL I SHOW YOU BEER PONG
I'LL TEACH YOU HOW TO SINK THAT SHOT

MUSIC COMES FROM EVERY CORNER
TAIKO DRUMS, OUR DRUNKEN BAND
AS THE KINGS OF MUSIC
FLEET STREET RULES THIS MUSIC LAND
WE KNOW EVERYTHING'S PROBABLY DIFFERENT
BUT HANG OUT WITH US AND WE'LL SHOW YOU AROUND

SINGING LELAND JUNIOR, WELCOME TO THE FUTURE
LET US GUIDE YOU, ARM IN ARM
THROUGH THE HILLS AND 'ROUND OUR CAMPUS
WELCOME TO THE FARM

THE INTERNET HAS ALL THE KNOWLEDGE
SEE IT ONCE, YOU'LL FEEL REBORN
STALK YOUR FRIENDS ON FACEBOOK
STAY UP LATE AND WATCH SOME - MOVIES

LIBRARIES, FILLED WITH BOOKS
FOUNTAINS TO HOP IN, BIG AND BRIGHT
WHEN AT THE AXE AND PALM
YOU CAN BUY GRILLED CHEESE ALL NIGHT

LELAND JUNIOR, WELCOME TO THE FUTURE
LET US GUIDE YOU, ARM IN ARM
THROUGH THE HILLS AND 'ROUND OUR CAMPUS
WELCOME TO THE FARM

WAIT, I HAVE A COUPLE QUESTIONS!

WHY'S IT CALLED THE FARM?
DON'T ASK QUESTIONS
I DON'T SEE ANY FARMLAND
ALL I SEE ARE SPANISH BUILDINGS

ISN'T THAT A BIT IRONIC?
CALLING SOMETHING SOMETHING IT'S NOT

DON'T WORRY WHAT IT'S CALLED
JUST KNOW THAT IT'S PARADISE
REGARDLESS OF WHERE IT CAME FROM
NO MATTER WHAT IT USED TO BE
IT'S BEEN TRANSFORMED TO WHAT YOU SEE

IN THE FUTURE, ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE
DREAM IT UP AND IT'S REALITY
WITH THE WONDERS OF MODERN TECHNOLOGY
AND WHAT WE LEARNED FROM YOU IN THE PAST

LELAND JUNIOR, WELCOME TO THE FUTURE
LET US GUIDE YOU, ARM IN ARM
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WELCOME TO THE FARM
THE FARM!

SCENE X:

ELLIS: Today was awesome.

SPARTIKA: Yeah, like earlier, Leland-- remember?!

LELAND: Oh yeah when we saw that kid..?!

SPARTIKA: Omg that kid?! Yeah and then all of those tourists were like--

LELAND JR: Yeah, and you were like --

BOTH: Keep your pants on FroSoCo! *(Both laugh)*

SPARTIKA: *(Quieter, out of breath, almost a whisper)* That was really funny.

LELAND JR: Yeah - Stanford is... it's just... Before all of you came into my life, I never would have had the courage, or the freedom to do any of things we did today. Speak up in class, streak with the band, pull an all-of-the-nighter, shower myself, and now break into abandoned buildings! I can't tell you how much being here has meant to me. How much you guys... *(Kind of choked up)*

RANDY: Holy I-phone 5! Guys my twitter is a flitter that Mark Zuckerberg is running on campus drive right now!

ALL: Mark Zuckerberg! (*Leland is left alone on stage*)

EUNICE: Hello Leland.

LELAND JR: Hi... wait... how do you know my name? You're not a professor... Have I seen you before? Did we meet during New Student Orientation?

EUNICE: Hmm, that wouldn't have been possible would it? Because you were in 1884 during NSO.

LELAND JR: How do you know that? (*Way freaked out*)

EUNICE: Allow me to explain.

LELAND JR: I really should find my friends...

EUNICE: Are they really your friends, Leland?

LELAND JR: Of course they're my friends! (*Really wounded*) That's a mean thing to say.

EUNICE: Your friends have been lying to you. About everything. Haven't you noticed how remarkably similar this campus is to your home? It's even called Leland Stanford Junior University, Leland Stanford Junior.

LELAND JR: Unlikely but hilarious coincidence?

EUNICE: You think this is a joke Leland? Knock knock.

LELAND JR: Who's there?

EUNICE: YOUR GRAVE! (*Spotlight up on the Mausoleum*)

LELAND HR: (*Reading*) Here lies Leland Stanford Sr, Jane Stanford, and Leland Stanford Junior... (*Pause to take it all in*)

EUNICE: You died in 1884 of Typhoid fever. Seven years later your parents founded this University in your memory.

LELAND JR: I did have Typhoid. But I recovered! I'm alive.

EUNICE: That's because we came back in time to save you. WE gave you that vaccination.

LELAND JR: So this is my burial site. (*Turns to Callies*)

EUNICE: Your “friends” went back in time to undo what we did. They came to your room to kill you so their school would still be founded.

LELAND JR: No...

PROFESSOR V: That is not okay.

EUNICE: If you hadn’t died, Stanford wouldn’t have been built. They’re just keeping you in the future because that is all they care about, themselves. It was their assignment to kill you and they would have if you hadn’t volunteered to leave. A Stanford Student will do anything for an A.

JUST: Grades are just so consumerist.

EUNICE: It’s time for you to go home Leland, to your parents, to where you belong. To people who actually love you.

PROFESSOR V: This is just too much. (*Holding head in hands*)

LELAND JR: They betrayed me. They don’t care about me at all...they told me I could go back whenever I wanted to....I’m just

JUST: A tool.

LELAND JR: A large tool! I thought I finally had people who cared about me for more than my wealth. I thought I had the freedom to live my own life. Was any of it true? Does Wilbur dining even exist?

EUNICE: It doesn’t have to. You leave with us, and this campus will remain your farm, these kids will never meet, and you will be free to live the natural course of your life.

LELAND JR: This school doesn’t deserve to be built with the kind of people it produces. Please take me home. (*Callies and Leland exit stage right. Heroes run on stage left*)

SCENE XI:

SPARTIKA: (*Shouting*) Leland?? Where are you?

WILLIAM: I knew he wasn’t ready for Old Chem

RANDY: Um, guys, why is that naked dude peeing on a cactus? #itsadesertplant

KALE: (*Sees they’re talking about him*) Greetings, friends, exsqueeze my parts, but I’m not from these parts, and I lost my group, how do I get to SLAC?

ELLIS: Yeah, just take the NOSEX Marguerite.

KALE: Thanks! (*Kale skips off-stage*)

TEGAN: Where do you think he's going?

ELLIS: No... the question is... why is that naked guy going to SLAC right now? Hold on a nanosecond, didn't professor Ferment say that a completely naked man hijacked the time machine to give Leland the vaccination? You know what this means...

MEGAN/TEGAN: They must have come to take Leland back to the past/ His pants are in the past, holy shit.

ELLIS: Right, Megan.

SPARTIKA: (*Slaps Ellis*) Lets get to SLAC.

ELLIS: We've got to save our Lil' Leejay.

Lights up at SLAC, Callies have arrived with Leland Jr and are preparing the time machine to take Leland back into the past. Kale is coaxing the machine into life by stroking it ever so gently. Eunice whips out her handy dandy clipboard.

EUNICE: (*To herself*) Successfully acquire Leland, check. Transport him to SLAC, check, with expert efficiency, I might add (*weird pause*)... check. Take Leland Jr back into the past, in progress, estimated time of completion, 3 minutes.

PROFESSOR V: Guys, what a wonderfully executed malicious master plan. Snaps to us.

EUNICE: Thank you, Professor V. Leland, how about you step into that time machine. Let's get you back to your family. (*Pushing him along*) Goodbye. (*Under her breath*) Forever. (*Leland goes to hug her*)

LELAND JR: Thank you Eunice, for telling me the truth. If you see my friends... I mean, former friends... could you tell them--

SPARTIKA: Tell us what, Leland? (*THIS IS A MOMENT! HEROES ARRIVE*).

LELAND JR: You came?!

EUNICE: My dear dear sisters, surprised you even showed up. I stopped caring about the two of you as soon as the umbilical cord was cut and they lopped off my sixth toe without even asking.

ELLIS: We're not letting you take him back.

EUNICE: It's too late - he wants to go home, we're just giving him a little help. Professor V, activate the flux capacitor. Kale! Help him to the portal.

LELAND JR: Get your hands off me! I can time travel by myself.

SPARTIKA: Leland, why are you leaving? I just want to understand -- I thought you liked it here... I thought you liked me?

LELAND JR: I don't like anyone or anything here except Late-Night tenders of chickens! You all lied and abused me, just to save your school.

SONG – FIRST HALF OF “STAY WITH ME”

WHO CAN I TRUST ANYMORE?
WHO CAN I BELIEVE IN?
WHO WATCHES OVER TO ENSURE THAT I'LL BE SAFE?
WHEN EVERYTHING IS SAID AND DONE
I JUST WANT TO KNOW
THAT THERE IS SOMEONE OUT THERE WHO CARES TO KEEP ME SAFE

ELLIS: Leland, listen. You can't always do what's easy and pleasurable, you have to make sacrifices for what's best. I have wanted so badly to go down on Tegan ever since I learned that's what gentlemen do, but we can't be distracted from saving Stanford.

TEGAN: Whaaa, Alice, do you mean that?

ELLIS: Of course I do. You're talented, beautiful, and always help make others at Stanford feel less insecure about their intelligence by dumbing yourself down for their benefit.

TEGAN: Right, I do it for the kids!

MEGAN: Stanford is place worth saving Leland, it's an LGBTQ friendly community that allows me to advocate for equal rights.

EUNICE: See how self-absorbed they are, Leland? All they've ever wanted was to use you.

LELAND JR: I do not need friends that I can't trust.

RANDY: Fine, you might not miss us. But buddy, we're gonna miss you. Ever since you came to Stanford I've had a new lease on life, little guy. (*Preachin'*) Life is precious, our time here is precious, all the more so because it prepares us to leave and change the world for the better. (*To Leland*) You taught me that.

WILLIAM: Parting is such sweet sorrow, Leland... I've always tried to distance myself from modernity and its high tech bobble dinkies and absurdly high standards set by successful older sisters. My passion lies for the past, and that's you, Leland. You are the Horatio to my Hamlet.

SPARTIKA: Leland. We care about you, I care about you. Let me explain. Our motivations may have been selfish, even murderous, at first, but...

SONG - "STAY WITH ME" (SPARTIKA & LELAND)

CAN YOU SEE THE TEAR DROPS IN MY EYES?
HOW CAN YOU JUST STAND AND WAVE GOODBYE?
IF IT ALL WERE UP TO ME HOW DIFFERENT EVERYTHING WOULD BE
... MAKE THE CHOICE FOR YOU
I SUPPORT WHAT YOU DECIDE TO DO
IF IT ALL WERE UP TO ME HOW DIFFERENT EVERYTHING WOULD BE
WITH YOU FOREVER AND A YEAR
WHAT'S WAITING FOR YOU, SO MANY YEARS AGO?

YOU TRIED TO KILL ME
JUST TO SAVE YOU STUPID LITTLE SCHOOL
HOW SHOULD THAT MAKE ME FEEL?
I JUST FEEL LIKE A FOOL

FOOL ME ONCE AND I FORGIVE YOU
FOOL ME TWICE, DON'T EVEN TRY
OH, WHO AM I KIDDING!
I COULD NEVER SAY GOODBYE

I WILL ALWAYS BE THERE
THERE IS JUST ONE THING FROM YOU I NEED
NEED I ASK YOU, I DON'T THINK SO

I THINK I'LL (YOU'LL) HAVE TO STAY TO BE WITH YOU (ME)

At the end of the song Spartika and Leland Jr make out with firey passion.

LELAND: Fine I'm staying! (*Said very quickly post-make-out*)

RANDY: Or rather coming! Ey o! #comingmeansejaculation (*Everyone looks at Randy*).

ELLIS: Yes!

EUNICE: NOT ON MY WATCH! (*Drags Leland to the time machine*) Callies, detain them.

Kale and Just and Professor V link arms and group hug Ellis, William and Randy . Heroes attempt to get to LSJ, Callies stop them. The time machine is powering up...

TIME MACHINE: 15 seconds to full charge.

Megan and Tegan have an idea.

MEGAN: Spartika, quick! Grab your field hockey stick.

TEGAN: Alice, I need your kindle

ELLIS: This really isn't the time-

MEGAN: Shut it. Randy, hand me your smart phone.

TEGAN: William, your encyclopedia Britannica B edition.

WILLIAM: But my comprehensive history of Birmingham --

TEGAN: Not now!

SPARTIKA: What are you guys doing?

TIME MACHINE: 10 seconds.

MEGAN AND TEGAN: We're product designing!

Megan and Tegan huddle around their pile of things. Music is tense. They turn around with a bomb.

EUNICE: What is that!?

MEGAN: A bomb. Betch.

TIME MACHINE: 5 seconds.

JUST: But why does she need a field hockey stick?

MEGAN: Now Spartika!

SPARTIKA: *(Pulls her field hockey stick from behind her back)* THIS IS SPARTIKAAAAAAA!

Bursts through with her field hockey stick. Bomb gets into Leland's hands.

EUNICE: Don't blow up the time machine. Your family!

TIME MACHINE: 3, 2,

SPARTIKA: Leland...

TIME MACHINE: 1...

LIGHTS AS IF THE TIME MACHINE SENT SOMEONE INTO THE PAST!! EXPLOSION!! SOUNDS!!!

Black out. Sirens.

SUPD VOICE OVER: Alert SU here, major explosion at SLAC, trespassers apprehended. Callies remain in custody. Stanford Police would like to remind the community to stay safe from intruders by keeping doors locked and bringing your bike to a complete stop at the signs. Wear a fucking helmet. Now win big game!

SCENE XII:

Lights up White Plaza. The stage is empty save for fluttering big game banners. Spartika, piggy-backing Leland, jogs onstage.

LELAND JR: Go! Go! Go!

SPARTIKA: White Plaza. This is your stop.

LELAND JR: I never want this ride to end (*sighing*).

Spartika lets him down and our heroes run on stage huffing, with Ellis and Tegan trailing behind, arm in arm.

MEGAN: Hurry up Randy, you're moving about as slow as the line at Ike's.

RANDY: (*Panting*) Sorry guys, can't run and tweet at the same time. Holy shit, I tweeted: Just saved the world #you'rewelcome #go card" and Justin Bieber retweeted with "whatever, saving the world is so 2000 and late." He's just jealous.

ELLIS: It's lucky we weren't TOO late--this world is especially worth saving, (*turns to Tegan*) now that I have you, Tegan. (*They makeout*)

MEGAN: Teegs, I think this is the beginning of our separation. You have someone else in your life now.

TEGAN: Alice, tell me you have an identical girl twin for Megan!

ELLIS: Nope, don't have one of those.

MEGAN: We knew this day would come, eventually, Teegs. And it's gonna be ok, because I have something to confess.....I'm real smart.

TEGAN: Obviously you're smart -- that's why we're both majoring in (*she waits for Megan to join in*) PROD... PRO... Meegs? (*Megan didn't join in. Beat. Megan puts on glasses.*) What!?!?

MEGAN: No Teegz. I mean, really, really, real smart. I hid it from you for so long... and it hurt, Teegs. Like a burger in my heart...

TEGAN: Soooooooooooooob... continous soobinggggg... can't stop sobbingggg.

MEGAN: Don't continuously sob, Teegz - you're still my other half. I'll just be Phi Beta Kappa and you'll be Kappa Alpha Theta, but you + me will always = us.

KATEY: Hey! I'm Phi Beta Kappa and Kappa Alpha Theta! *(to Megan)* Do you like interdisciplinary majors, candlelit dinners at Illusions, and long walks on the Dish too?!

TEGAN: Hold the cordless phone... are you a lesbian?

KATEY: *(Incredulously)* Yeah...

MEGAN: Together

TEGAN/MEGAN: 4-ever/As n approaches infinity *(Meegsteegz handshake)*

Ellis holds Tegan, blissful and at peace, totally not thinking dirty stuff because Ellis is too sensitive. Sly smile on Tegan. Ferment enters.

PROF FERMENT: *(Patting Ellis on back as he's mackin with Teegz)* Ah, how attached I become to my students. It makes me so pumped to give you all an A in my class. But not you Randy. Not you.

RANDY: Ferment SayWhat?

PROF FERMENT: You've had so many innovative ideas that I'm giving you an A+, which fulfils your gender studies and ethical reasoning and gen-ed requirements.

RANDY: But... that means...

PROF FERMENT: Yes Randy, you are ready to graduate from college.

Moment for Randy to be emotional.

RANDY: *(Tearing up)* I can't believe it... I can't even remember a time before Stanford. A time before fountain hopping, hooking up with Ben Savage #boymetworld, hooking up with Hillary Clton and Condi during parents weekend in the top of Hoover Tower #twoandahalfmen.

WILLIAM: That's foul.

RANDY: But I guess there's nothing left for me here...

WILLIAM: Well, fan-damn-tastic! The world's been saved and everyone's come to a beautiful resolution except for me. What about William!? Why was I even included in this adventure? Now is the winter of my discontent.

PROF FERMENT: Now William, Remember when you visited 1911 and bought a newspaper with those pence?

WILLIAM: Yes, yes.

PROF FERMENT: That paper boy was young Packard, and your 2 pence gave him enough money to open his business with young Hewlett.

WILLIAM: Shakespeare's beard, I knew it all along! I'm the greatest hero of all! Take that Angelina and your wellness room! Let's drink and celebrate our personal growth! *(All walk off stage, except Leland and Spartika)*

SPARTIKA: We'll be there in a second. *(Leland breaths in his new life)*

LELAND JR: This is it, then. This is what I've chosen. Education for thousands of students... a new life... a new love...

SPARTIKA: *(Like, holds Leland's hand or something)* Do you miss them? Your parents, I mean...

LELAND JR: I do . . . I hope they're not worried about me.

Professor Ferment walks onstage

PROF FERMENT: Leland, this is for you. I found it with some bottles of whisky in a time capsule. *(Hands him a letter)*

LELAND: God above! It's from my parents!

He opens it and Stanford and Jane walk onstage and are spotlighted.

JANE: Dearest, darlingest son. I don't know where you are right now, although, we assume the typhoid ate you up until you disappeared. It's been difficult without you, but the ramblings of our new maid distract us from the sorrow.

EUNICE: *(Appears in a maid outfit)* Damn you Leland Stanford. DAMN YOU! *(Walks off)*

LELAND SR: Your mother and I write this letter and will pray so hard that it reaches heaven and finds you there. Wherever you are, know that we love you, that we are always thinking of you, and that I kind of feel like I'm going to die soon anyway and I bet Jane won't last ten years without me, so don't worry about us.

JANE: Shut up, I'd last eleven.

LELAND SR: You do have a lot of stamina. Oh, kiss me Jane.

LELAND JR: This truly is the beginning of a new future.

Spartika picks up Leland so he's at eye-level and they kiss. He pops a leg back, and the curtains start to close. BUT THEN THEY GET STOPPED by the Big Game rally along with all our heroes charging in.

ELLIS: We met up with the rally and we just had to come back to get you guys!

The crowd encircles Spartika and Leland, and from it, (spotlight?) emerges Andrew Luck.

ANDREW LUCK: Hey, who's this little guy? A freshman??

LELAND JR: (*Leland starts to shake his head, but Spartika nudges him*) Yes. I am a freshman. And my name is L . . . Liebner . . . Stankind.

TEGAN: Yeah, he's from Germany but he speaks perfect English and no German.

ANDREW LUCK: Well little guy, hop on, and let's go to big game. (*Luck piggy-backs Leland*) Maybe I'll let you throw the first pass.

RANDY: Is that safe, Andrew Luck?

ANDREW LUCK: Safe? We're playing Berkeley. I could field a team of hamsters and we'd still win.

Everyone onstage laughs. It calms down.

LELAND JR: God bless us, every one.

SPARTIKA: Now let's go win big game!

SONG – TAKE BACK THE AXE

TAKE A LOOK AT THESE SMILING STUDENTS
WE OWE THIS ALL TO YOU
WHEN YOU DROPPED DEAD
YOU GAVE THE GO AHEAD TO THIS WONDERFUL PLACE
ONCE JUST FOR VACATION
NOW YOUR DEATH'S CREATION:
STANFORD UNIVERSITY

I WANNA THANK YOU FOR YOUR SACRIFICE

WE OWE THIS ALL TO YOU
YOUR DEADLY SICKNESS
WAS LIKE A CHRISTMAS PRESENT TO US ALL
NOW THAT YOU'VE DECIDED TO STAY
DON'T YOU SEE YOU'VE PROVIDED A WAY
FOR STANFORD UNIVERSITY
TO BEAT CAL IN BIG GAME

LET'S KEEP THE AXE
LET'S KEEP THE AXE
LET'S KEEP THE AXE
LET'S KEEP THE AXE
LET'S KEEP THE AXE
LET'S KEEP THE AXE

WANT TO LIVE FOREVER?
WANT TO HAVE IMMORTAL FAME?
THEN THERE'S ONE THING YOU MUST DO

AND THAT'S WIN BIG GAME
DON'T GIVE UP THE AXE
LET'S PUT CAL TO SHAME
STOP THEM DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS

A SECOND CHOICE COLLEGE
FOR SECOND CHOICE STUDENTS
LET'S REMIND THEM THAT THEY ARE SECOND IN THE BAY!

BY WINNING BIG GAME!
DON'T GIVE UP THE AXE
LET'S PUT CAL TO SHAME
STOP THEM DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS

FOUNTAIN HOPPIN', YEAH WE AIN'T STOPPIN'
DORMCEST, LATENIGHT, THE PARTY'S POPPIN'
LIVING THE STANFORD DREAM
GETTING PUMPED 'CAUSE

IT'S TIME FOR BIG GAME
DON'T GIVE UP THE AXE
LET'S PUT CAL TO SHAME
STOP THEM DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS

EVERYBODY, WELCOME TO THE FUTURE
LET US GUIDE YOU, ARM IN ARM
THROUGH THE HILLS AND 'ROUND OUR CAMPUS

WELCOME TO THE FARM

WHERE WE'LL WIN BIG GAME
DON'T GIVE UP THE AXE
LET'S PUT CAL TO SHAME
STOP THEM DEAD IN THEIR TRACKS

TAKE BACK THE AXE
MAKE THEIR FANS CRY
WATCH OSKI DIE

LET'S KEEP THE AXE
LET'S SHOW THEM WHO WE ARE
BY WINNING BIG GAME!

Curtains close.