

Organized skit with transitions

Grad student recruiting (visit day):

A Whole New World Aladdin (**Qing**)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UYCilZ8yMmU>

Advisor: I can show you the world

Shining, shimmering, splendid

Tell me Perspective, now when did

You last let your heart decide?

I can open your eyes

Take you wonder by wonder

Over, sideways and under

On a magic **Research** ride

A whole new world

A new fantastic point of view

No one to tell us no or where to go

Or say we're only dreaming

Student A whole new world

A dazzling place

I never knew

But when I'm way up here,

it's crystal clear

That now I want to go to grad school here.

"Student" Wow grad school sounds so exciting. I can't wait to start!!

Start of the quarter(Maybe bells ringing)

1. New Grad:

Be Prepared (Sarah)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K70yxlaExRo>

Advisor: I know that your powers of retention

Are as wet as a warthog's backside

But thick as you are, pay attention

My words are a matter of pride

It's clear from your vacant expressions

The lights are not all on upstairs

But we're talking papers and dissertations

Even you can't be caught unawares

So prepare for a chance of a lifetime

Be prepared for sensational news

A shining new quarter

Is tiptoeing nearer

[Shenzi:]

And where do we feature?

[Scar:]

Just listen to teacher

I know it sounds sordid
But you'll be rewarded
When at last you make a breakthrough
And I am no longer despaired
Be prepared!
[Spoken]
[Banzai:] Yeah, Be prepared.
Yeah-heh... we'll be prepared, heh.
...For what?
[Scar:] For the end of your life
[Banzai:] Why? Am I sick?
[Scar:] No, fool—you're starting grad school. And her too (points to someone else).
[Shenzi:] Great idea! Who needs a life?
[Shenzi (and then Banzai):]
No life! No life! la--la-la--la-laa-laa!
[Scar:] Idiots! You will have a life!
[Banzai:] Hey, but you said, uh...
[Scar:] I will be your life! ...Stick with me, and
you'll never go unpublished again!
[Scar:] Of course, quid pro quo, you're expected
To take certain duties on board
The future is littered with papers
And though I'm the main addressee
The point that I must emphasize is
You won't get a paper without me!

{
{[Shenzi and Banzai:] Yaay! All right! Long live my advisor!
[All Hyenas:] Long live my advisor! Long live my advisor!
[Full song again]
[Hyenas: {In tight, crisp phrasing and diction}]
It's great that we'll soon be connected.
With an advisor who's always been adored.}So prepare for the lab of the century
(Oooh!)
Be prepared for your research exam
(Oooh... La! La! La!)
Meticulous planning
(We'll have food!)
Tenacity spanning
(Lots of food)
Decades of denial
(We repeat)
Is simply why I'll
(Endless meat)

Be right undisputed
(Aaaaaaah...)
Respected, saluted
(...aaaaaaah...)
And seen for the wonder I am
(...aaaaaaah!)
Yes, my recognition and ambitions are bared
(Oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo-oo)
Be prepared!
[All:]
Yes, our time and devotions are sweared
Be prepared! }

“Hm... I'd better work hard, So many things I need to get done”

When will my life begin (Liz) (Tangled)<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=je4nDvNJXsg&feature=related>

11 A.M., the usual morning line-up
unlock the door, and make sure my desk's all clean
Facebook and text, get coffee and tea and boot up
Facebook again
And by then
It's, like, eleven fifteen
And so I'll write a page
Or maybe 2 or 3, I'll add a few new photos
To my gallery
I'll write some code, compile, and test
And basically
Just wonder, when will my life begin?

Then, after lunch, it's email, and code, and
meetings...
restock chez bob, a bit of billiards, and chess....
Homework and class, and writing my dissertation
Then I'll stretch
Maybe sketch
write more code
too much stress!

And I'll read a book
If I have time to spare
I'll fix my code some more
I know that bug's somewhere
And then I'll try to sense pollutants in the air.
Stuck in the same place I've always been

And I'll keep wondrin'
And wonderin'
And wonderin'
And wonderin'
When will my life begin?

Tomorrow night...
Lights will appear...
Just like they do in my office each year...paper deadline...
oh when will I learn...
working last minute...
only ever get's me burned.....

{alt verse
Tomorrow night...
Reviews will appear...
Just like they do for my paper each year...what is it like...
to present in my field..
if I get accepted...
I might finally get to know.....}

"Paper Deadline: Working nights. I'm so tired when will it end?"

Phantom of the Opera (Qing)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=FmGtClOwB4>

student: In sleep he sang to me in dreams he came
student: That voice which calls to me and speaks my name
student: And do I dream again? For now I find
student: Advisor of the CSE is there inside my mind
Advisor: Write once again with me our strange duet
Advisor: My power over you grows stronger yet
Advisor: And though you turn from me to glance behind (Student turns glances at google, facebook, and ms)
both Advisor of the CSE is there inside your mind
Student: Those who have seen your work draw back in fear
Student I am the mask you wear
Advisor: it's me they hear
Both: Your idea and my work in one combined
Advisor of the CSE is there inside my mind

"Paper Rejection: You submitted your papers right? Did you get your reviews back?"

I Dreamed a Dream (Qing)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BHjCvDgILWs&feature=related>

skit
There was a time when reviewers were kind

When their voices were soft
And their words inviting
There was a time when conferences were blind
And research was a song
And the song was exciting
There was a time
And it all went wrong

I dreamed a dream in time gone by
When hope was high
And grad school worth going/papers worth submitting
I dreamed funding never ran dry
I dreamed that experiments were forgiving
Then I was young and unafraid
And ideas were made and used and published
There was no tuition to be paid
No song unsung, no idea unwritten

But the e-mails come at night
With the words as soft as thunder
As they tear your hope apart
As they turn your research/dream to shame

I researched a summer by his side
It filled my days with endless wonder
He took my excitement in his stride
But he was gone when classes/sabbatical came

And still I dream for novelty
That we'll publish papers together /I will publish my paper
But there are dreams that cannot be
There are reviewers we cannot weather

{ I had a dream grad school would be
So different from this hell that I'm living
So different now from what it seemed
Now grad school has killed the dream I dreamed }

"Wait, your advisor is leaving on sabbatical/Industry Is he coming back??"

Tell me on a Sunday Please(maybe remove) (Qing) Student to Advisor leaving

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=mHESjZUoWoQ>

Don't write an email when you want to leave
Don't call me at 3 p.m. from your corporate office
I'd like to choose how I hear the news
At a conference room that's covered with trees

Tell me on a Monday please

Don't want to know how much you make
It won't help knowing
Don't want to TA day and night
it's bad enough you're going
Don't leave in silence with no word at all
Don't get mad and slam the door
that's no way to end
this I know how I want you to say good bye

Let me grad-u-ate
with research ideas
tell me on a Monday please

"You had your paper published? at a top tier conference? Wow congrats Zach!"

Prince Ali (Maybe we can replace ali with Zachary or any names that ends with ie) (Qing)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aEryAoLfnAA>

Hey! Clear the way in the old Bazaar
Hey you!
Let us through!
It's a bright new star!
Oh Come!
Be the first on your block to meet his eye!

Make way!
Here he comes!
Ring bells! Bang the drums!
Are you gonna love this guy!

Zachary! Brilliant is he!
Zachary Tatlock
Genuflect, show some respect
Down on one knee!
Now, try your best to stay calm
Brush up your sunday salaam
Then come and meet his spectacular research-ee
Zachary! Brilliant is he!
Zachary Tatlock
Smart as ten regular men, definitely!
He faced the reviewer hordes
A hundred nerds with awards
Who had the highest score?
Why, Zachary

He's got seventy-five golden graphs	
perfect results	
He's got fifty-three	
When it comes to exotic-type maths	
Has he got more than a few?	
I'm telling you, it's a world-class menagerie	
Zachary! Handsome is he,	(chorus) There's no question this he's alluring
Zachary Tatlock	Never ordinary, never boring
That physique! How can I speak	Everything about the man just plain impresses
Weak at the knee	He's a winner, he's a whiz, a wonder!
Well, get on out in that square	He's about to pull my heart asunder!
Adjust your tie and prepare	And I absolutely love the way he dresses!
To gawk and grovel and stare at Zachary!	

"Now that you're published, are you going to write your dissertation?"

I Can Go The Distance/I Can Write My Thesis (Sarah)

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=k59GT0eMI-E>

I have often dreamed
 Of a far off place
 Where a great, warm welcome
 Will be waiting for me
 Where my committee will cheer
 When they read a page
 And a voice keeps saying
 This is where I'm meant to be

I'll be there someday
 I can go the distance/I can write my thesis
 I will find my way
 If I can be smart
 I know every compile
 Will be worth my while
 I will do almost anything
 To feel like I am done

Writing tons of pages
 To explain my research
 Though my idea may wonder
 It will lead me to the end
 And seven years
 Would not seem too bad
 It seems more like a lifetime

My thesis is my best friend

And I won't look back
I can go the distance/I can write my thesis
And I'll stay on track
No I won't accept defeat
It's an uphill slope
But I won't lose hope
Till I go the distance/Til I write my thesis
And my thesis is complete (cut)/and my degree is complete
But to look beyond the PhD is the hardest part
For a grad student's worth is measured by his charts

**Like a shooting star
I will go the distance/I can write my thesis
I will search the world
I will face its harms
I don't care how far
I can go the distance/I can write my thesis
Till I find my hero's welcome
Waiting in your arms...**

**I am on my way!
I can go the distance/I can write my thesis
I don't care how long
Somehow Ill be strong
I know every compile
Will be worth my while
I would do almost anything
To feel like I am done**

"Department as Professor"
Ending of Circle of life
as is

Alternative ideas:
Gotye "somebody that I used to know" duet with student and advisor
Poor Unfortunate souls from Little mermaid