

THE LILTING BANSHEES PRESENT:

BEST OF

Celebrating 30 years of Banshees!

February 3rd, 2024



Guadalupe: Oi vey! Seems like I cleveland steamed my own shmutz all over the walls. Guess I shouldn't have shmozed down that moes bowl minutes before entering that frozen tundra!

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Orgeeds

Lights up on 3 Geeds, they are walking to the quad with a frisbee in hand.

Garson: Oh boy I can't wait to huck fris with my greatest friends in the world!

Gericho: And after that, we can go to my dorm and watch The Northman 8 times. I've got mnm's and skittles.

Goyle: MIXED!

Garson: Geeds rule on 2!

Gericho: I thought we weren't doing that in public anymore!

Goyle: I'm a GEED, and I'm proud!

In walks Beta Boop

Beta Boop: Fucking gross losers.

Beta Boop walks off stage.

Goyle: Now I'm a Geed, and I'm sad.

Gericho: Ah flip! We'll never be cool at this school.

Garson: Not true! Cool is in your heart, not in the eyes of others.

In walks SAE Seth

SAE Seth: Fucking ugly kids.

SAE Seth walks off stage.

Gericho: Ahhhh!!!! Double flip! We gotta be cool, I'm sick of being treated like an abandoned toy at the bottom of a cereal box! I just want people to like me!

Garson: Guys, what can we do that's cool? Everyone else already drinks!

Gericho: Drinking and driving?

Goyle: NOOOO!!!! Something original. What's cooler than drinking?

Gericho: Dancing?

Gericho does a little hip hop style dance on stage.

Garson: No. Something more....carnal.

Goyle: I've got it.....SEX! Raaaaawwhhr!

Goyle does a weird growl

Garson: Like a brothel?

Gericho: I'm thinking of something a little more legal...lean in everyone...

Garson, Goyle, and Gericho all lean in and start whispering

Lights down. Lights up.

Goyle, Garson, Gericho all walk in and sit in the office of Student Union. The Student Union president sits at her desk.

Garson: And that's why we want you to help us organize a Student Union orgy.

Union: An orgy?

Gericho: Yeah it's like where everyone shows up and we all take our clothes off and hug and have sex and-

Union: - No, I know! But like...you can't be serious...

Garson: We need more student engagement. This could be the biggest thing in non greek student history since Pitsgiving!

Gericho: We could make it a charity event like Hit the Bricks! Every cherry popped is a-

Union: There is no way. In hell. We will EVER put on a student union orgy.....EVER....

Goyle: What if we make it a silent disco Orgy?

Union: Deal.

Lights down. Lights up on SAE's and Beta's in the pit together.

SAE Seth: So then I made a pledge eat a poo, it was actually gas.

Beta Boop: That is soooooooo hype. That might have been the best mixer ever.
In walks Gericho, Goyle, and Garson. They are all wearing bathrobes and holding looong cigarettes in their mouths.

Beta Boop: Oh look it's those fucking Geed freaks! What are they wearing?

Gericho: What's up losers? How was your mixer this weekend?

SAE Seth: Uh...it was pretty good....

Goyle: That's cool. We had our ORGY yesterday.

Beta Boop: What?

Garson: Sex. We had moist sex. Hot moist sex. I was dripping like a stalactite.

Beta Boop: Don't you mean stalagmite?

Garson: No because it was pointing down. The juices were dripping down. IDIOT.

Gericho: Yeah! Imagine drinking stale beer in a basement instead of laying with your homies!

Garson and Goyle dap up

SAE Seth: Oh...well...can we come to your orgy?

Gericho: Maybe you'll get an invite to our anal beads rush event but probably not. No Greek dorks allowed!

Garson: Skittles and The Northman tonight?

Goyle: H yes.

Garson, Goyle, and Gericho all waddle off stage in their bathrooms.

SAE Seth: FUCK THAT WAS SO COOL!

SAE Seth slams the table.

Beta Boop: I wanna go to an orgy...this sucks...

Beta Boop and SAE Seth stamp their feet and pout

SAE Seth: Well.....maybe we could throw an orgy!

Beta Boop: It's not the same! They were so nonchalant. Their bathrobes and their long cigarettes! We could never. Hmmmm.

Beta Boop and SAE Seth think for a moment. Lights down.

Lights up stage right on Goyle in a gimp suit?

Goyle: This way to the orgy!

One person walks up to Goyle.

Goyle: Ticket's please!

Geed: here ya go!

Goyle: What time does the rock wall close?

Geed: Midnight?

Goyle: Geed status approved. Have fun in there, here's a condom!

Geed: Thanks!

Garson and Gericho enter.

Garson: WHOA! There are so many people at our orgy!

Gericho: We've practically covered all of Manchester Plaza!

Sae Seth and Beta Boop walk toward Goyle. They're wearing screamin' demon shirts.

SAE Seth: What's up fellow geed! I'm here for the orgy!

Beta Boop: Yeah me too!

Goyle: Hold it. If you're really a geed, when is President's Ball this year?

Beta Boop: Umm October?

Goyle: HA! It's a biennial event, and this is an off year! Any geed would know that!

SAE Seth: We just became geeds yesterday!

Goyle: Wait, what?

Beta Boop: Everyone disaffiliated! Greek Life's dead! We just wanna have an orgy!

Garson: Weren't you the guy who called me a fucking ugly kid?

SAE Seth: Look, I'm sorry about that. And I'm sorry for slashing your tires.

Beta Boop: and I'm sorry for pushing you down the stairs.

SAE Seth: and I'm sorry for microwaving your dog!

SAE Seth and Beta Boop: Please just let us into the Orgy!

Goyle: You know what!

Goyle, Gericho and Garson: WE FORGIVE YOU!

Goyle: Let's go have sex!

Everyone is pumped! Lights down!

Gimp and Ghillie - 1

Parts: Dad, Mom, Kid, Gimp, Ghillie, Judge, Jeffery, VO, Wife, Jailworker

Lights up on a family picnic. A dad, their child, and a mom have a little picnic set up. There's an odd looking bush stage right.

Dad: I'm so happy we did this.

Mom: Me too, it's so important to get outside on days like this.

Kid: Hey Dad! Can I have my Ham and Cheese now?!?!

Dad: For sure buddy!

He starts rummaging through the picnic basket.

Dad: OH! Did you pack Alex's ham and cheese?

Mom: No, I thought you did.

Kid: Are you a failure of a father

Dad: No, I'm very good... I must have left it at home.

Mom: Alright well stay here, mommy's gonna go home and grab your sandwich

Mom exits stage right

Dad: Well, sport I guess we'll just wait here.

Kid: But I want it now!

*The strange looking bush stands up, revealing it was Ghillie laying over Gimp the entire time!
They run to the family and start dancing around with the theme song!*

*Gimp and Ghillie theme song plays:
Gimp and Ghillie, friends forever,
One is camo, and one is leather,
GIMP AND GHILLIE..... YEAHHHHH!*

Dad: What the fuck.

Kid: Gimp and Ghillie are here! YAAAAAAY

Gimp walks over

Gimp: Hey you two! Looks like you need some help!

Dad: *Shield kid behind him LOUD YELLING* Get away from my child, you pervert!

Ghillie: Don't be so down! We're here to help!

Gimp: I've got the ham!

Ghillie: And I've got the cheese.

Gimp & Ghillie: And TOGETHER!

Gimp and Ghillie to a high five putting the sandwich together achievement sound effect

Gimp and Ghillie: A HAM SANDWICH.

Ghillie: Here ya go buddy!

Dad: DON'T TOUCH THAT CHILD!

The kid takes the sandwich

Kid: Oh boy! Thank you!

Kid eats sandwich

Gimp: Hey Ghillie you made sure to wash your hands after our asbestos factory slumber party, right?

Ghillie: *terrified* OHHHHH MMYYYYYY GOOOOOD NOOOOO NOOOO *snaps back to silly voice* I'm such a clutz.

Dad: *Like Daniel Day-Lewis in There will be Blood* My child!

Kid: Dad? I feel...

Kid dies

Dad: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOO! My little angel!

Ghillie: And that's why you always wash your hands!

They look around for a minute

Gimp: Well good bye!

Ghillie and Gimp lock arms and skip off stage

Gimp and Ghillie song plays. As they exit. The father is left weeping over his dead child.

Mom comes back on stage

Mom: *shrill scream* WHAT DID YOU DO???

Lights down.

National Geographic: Frat Walk

Light up on two commentators. They have posh accents and speak monotonously.

Grant: Good evening, and welcome to another episode of National Geographic.

Olivia: This season, we've decided to shift focus from animals, to human animals. Tonight we will be observing a group of the most fascinating social creatures in the animal kingdom: sorority girls.

Grant: That's right Olivia, our search has taken us right into the heart of Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Ladies and gentlemen, let's have a look and observe the bipedal mammals of Long Drive.

Lights up on a group of girls walking across stage. They are stumbling and all have their arms folded in that classic frat walk way.

Olivia: This gaggle is particularly fascinating. Second-semester freshmen. They've defied all odds and have remained friends after rushing.

Grant: Yes, I believe we have two Kappas, one ChiO, a Beta, and.. Oh... now this is truly perplexing... an ADPi.

Olivia: Wow, yes Grant, typically these girls tend to stick to their own tribe once they are sorted into their respective groups based on looks, hair color, and inheritable assets. Now, I will say that before the cameras were set up, our team recorded audio of the Kappas, ChiO and Beta saying, quote, "We should totally drop that hoe."

Grant: Ahh yes, as you can see tensions are high right now. Let's take a look.

Kappa 1: Guys, that was so totally lame. I told you guys we should only be going to Pike and SAE.

ChiO: And DKE!

Kappa 2: Uh. No.

ADPi: What about SigPi? Those guys are so sweet, they gave me a jolly rancher just for showing up!

Awkward pause.

Beta: Uhhh lovebug... I'd prefer to not catch airborne chlamydia from the sigpigs...

ChiO: We can totally take you there though!

Beta: Yeah and we can totally leave you there.

Kappa 1: Wait I'll call a pledge. Oh but.. Hmm yeah, only problem is that all of the pledge numbers I have won't drive a girl that's not... top tier.

Olivia: Perhaps she's a reptile, given that cold-blooded remark.

ADPi: Well do you think I could turn my shirt inside out or something?

Kappa 2: Like.. no offense

Grant: She's going to mean all of the offense

Kappa 2: I don't think the shirt is the problem...

They all gasp.

Olivia: Harsh, but that's nature. Oh look, a group of fraternal men are on the prowl nearby. Let's take a look at how our girls begin their mating ritual.

Enter a group of men walking a little sister to her pledge car. They're each holding one of her arms and dragging her. Girl is slumped.

Ryan: Yooo man we gotta get her home.

Little Sister: I'm like not even drunk.

Olivia: The little sister was, in fact, drunk.

Jack: Hope she doesn't yack in the beamer.

Ryan: Man we're such good guys for walking her out to the car when she totally could've done it herself.

Kappa 1: Hey Jack

Kappa 2: Hey Ryan

Jack & Ryan: Oh shit.

They drop the little's sister on the ground. The girls step over her body without even looking down.

ChiO: (to Beta) OMG, isn't that Ryan Randolph. Aren't you like totally into him?

Beta: Whatt noooo hehehe.

Grant: She's very clearly into him. But now the girls will begin their games...

ChiO: Oh that's good because I was totally gonna go for that if you don't.

Beta: Wait why? He's so stupid and duuuuuuumb...

Beta and ChiO approach Ryan.

Olivia: Watch how they begin to subliminally battle, playing their favorite game: "Pick me."

Beta: Hey Ryan! (takes her hair out of ponytail and fans it over her shoulders) Didn't know you'd be here tonight.

Ryan: *stiff as fuck* Oh hey Stacey.

Beta: So yeah I was totally gonna like stay in and drink beers and listen to the Joe Rogan experience, because like, he makes some really good points sometimes, but like these girls love to go out and they forced me to come. So I had to get ready in like 5 seconds and I didn't even have time to do my hair or put on any makeup. I probably look so gross right now but I don't even care because I usually never wear makeup anyways sometimes maybe.

Ryan: Cool.

ChiO: You didn't wash your hair after last night? Ewww OMG. Ryan listen to this. We literally found her playing in the mud last night going "oink oink, I'm a little piggy girl with super dirty hair" and we had to drag her home. Which was super hard because like, I'm really small and short, my doctor once described me as having "a petite frame." And literally she was so smelly cause she doesn't shower after she goes out. Didn't you just say that?

Grant: Oh, now she's done it. She's declared war!

Beta: Well actually, I'm just smaller and cuter than you and also younger by three months. I'm literally hairless and petite and childlike, and brrr... I'm so cold, can I have your jacket?
Brrrrr

ChiO: Ohh brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr my frail petite body needs warmth. Can I have your jacket?

They glare at each other.

Olivia: While the two ladies figure out who is the silliest, quirkiest, and smallest of them all, let's shift our attention back to the Kappa ADPi fiasco.

ADPi: What the fuck you just said I had a head like a gourd? Guys I thought we were friends?

Kappa 2: I never said gourd, I said it had an oblong shape to it.

Kappa 1: Yeah girlie you can definitely get that fixed. There's surgeries for that.

ADPi: I am so sick of you guys making me feel bad about myself just because I didn't go top tier. This is all so stupid and shallow!!! Screw you!

Kappas: (unenthusiastically) awwwww. Nooooo don't goooo awwwww. Girlie awwwww. Waitttt don't leave. Stop walking away from us

Grant: Look at this fancy little trick here. The Kappas are actually walking away from her and not in a slick way either.

Kappas: Nooooooooo girllllll wait come back turn around wait nooooo don't leaveee we love you.

ADPi: You guys I'm standing still.

Kappas: Noooooo waittt.

The Kappas look at each other, nod, and sprint away. The ChiO and Beta are still fighting.

ChiO: GUYS ALWAYS TELL ME THAT EVEN THOUGH IM A BRUNETTE I HAVE THE FUN PLAYFUL ENERGY OF A BLONDE

Beta: WELL I'M ACTUALLY BLONDE, WITH DAZZLING BLUE EYES TOO. I'M LITERALLY AN ALL AMERICAN BEAUTY.

Olivia: Well, that concludes tonight's special feature.

Olivia and Grant: Tune in next time on National Geofratric.

Grant: Name's a bit forced...

Lights down

The Ksig Story

Parts: Shaft, Testy, Scrot, Slatrick, Tiny Tim, Mother, Ghost of Ksig Past, Ksig Present, Ghost of Ksig Future

Lights up stage left on four friends sitting together checking their phones

Shaft: Ah shit! I've been waiting for bid day all year! We can finally stop playing spikeball on the quad every afternoon and fuck bitches and drink beer!

Testy: What fraternity did you get a bid too again?

Shaft: I think I just got an email from Sigma Pi!

All: semi enthusiastic but also pity and patronizing tone ayyyyyyyyyyyyy

Scrot: yeeeeahhhh about that... you might not want to throw away that spikeball net just yet

They all nod in agreement. Shaft looks sad.

Scrot: Ooh lets goooo! I just got my email, imma be a Machi!!!! *Throws glitter into the air*

All collective cheers and pats on the back celebration

Testy: Guys! I think I just got that pike bid! *Rips his shirt off and screams*

They all go even more crazy

Slatrick: Oh FOOK yeah!! Guys guys... I just got a bid to Theta Chi Fraterntity! Give me five!

They all just stand and stare at him

Scrot: What about you Tiny Tim?

Tiny Tim: I don't know, I haven't gotten an email yet. I am distraught! I just need to feed my starving family! Wait... let me check my alternative accounts! Aha, good heavens what have we here... an underground fraternity?

All collective gasp

Shaft: Dude you got into dke?

Tiny Tim: Aha... not quite

Testy: Well then what the freak man! Tell us the truth!

Tiny Tim: I received a bid from... Kappa Sigma! Cheers all around. Chim Chim Chiree. *Does a weird little salt shaking dance* Wait till my dear mama and papa hear about this exciting and possibly socially debilitating opportunity!

Lights down stage left

Lights up stage right at a Kappa Sigma rush event. Tiny Tim is speaking with a generic brother.

Tiny Tim: Aha yes, correct, I am not totally committed to taking the bid. After all, being a geed has its perks!

Ksig Brother: Oh young one I understand your concern *puts his arm around Tim* We've all been a geed at one point, and many say that we still are!

Tiny Tim: Then tell me, oh dear my fellow Kappa Sigma, why should I pay for the perks of being a geed when I already am one??

Ksig brother: Well if you join us, you can have as many of these as you like. *Holds out a comically large brownie*

Tim: Oh! A completely inconspicuous brownie that is not laced with any substance whatsoever! If I take this bid, maybe I can give some of these brownies to my incredibly poor and malnourished family!

Ksig: Go ahead young fella! Eat as many of these brownies as you desire

Tiny Tim starts eating an absurd amount of brownies. Suddenly the lights go down into a singular spotlight on Tiny tim. He is suddenly confused and doesnt know his surroundings. Lightning strikes, and things get weird!

Tiny Tim: Oh me oh my! This feels eerily similar to my two week stay in Osama Bin Laden's hidie hole!

Lights up stage left. Man enters wearing Ksig shirt, super intense looking guy. Kinda beef cake sigma male.

Tiny Tim: Fiddlesticks, who are you!?

Ksig Past: Yo what's good you little tipnucker! You're actually so fucked!! It's me, the Ghost of Ksig past! Before you decide to pledge, it's mad important you know the history of this lit frat. We used to be the coolest fucking kids on this campus. Check out this fucking banger dude.

Lights up stage right. Absolute fucking banger of a party, the girls are looking fire and the guys are having the time of their lives. Shots is playing. This some crazy stuff going on

Lights down stage right.

Ksig Past: You love this shit? Are you high right now?

Tiny Tim: Hell yeah hell yeah hell yeah

Ksig: fucking right! fucking right! These were the fucking glory days dude. So raftus!

Tiny Tim: Good Heavens this is quite the ripper! It's almost enough to make me forget about my starving family! Tell me Ghost of Ksig Past *looks to the audience longling* Is it still this lit? Do you still get money and fornicate with bitches like the old days?

Ksig Past: Uhhhhhhh....

Lights go crazy again, Ksig past leaves stage left

Lights up stage right. Ksig present comes out (Squid looking dude).

Tiny Tim: Who are you?

Ksig Present: Hey man, I'm the ghost of Ksig present! Are you excited to rush the most historical, yet also newest, haze free fraternity on campus?

Tiny Tim: Oh you don't have to lie to me about the hazing, I've already been forced to watch every fast and furious movie with my incarcerated uncle. Are you going to show me what this brotherhood looks like now?

Ksig Present: I thought you'd never ask. Take a look at this.

Lights come up on stage left. middle school dance vibes, brothers dancing awkwardly on one side with girls swaying on the other. Colplay is playing over the speakers. Lights down stage left

Ksig Present: This is quite the treat, this was one of our sickest parties last fall. We almost hit a 1:1 ratio! Sick!

Tiny Tim: Were there a lot of freshman maidens present? Rich ones perhaps, that could save my family from imminent starvation?

Ksig Present: Well that would imply that you actually talk to one of them. You could be the first of the fraternity!

Tiny Tim: So if you are the KSIG present, then I wonder what the future entails

Light up stage right. Present Ksig leaves and a total genie looking mf comes He is a total fever dream, super weird vibes.

Tiny Tim: Oh myyyyyy, it's beautiful.

Ksig Future: Huzzah, It is I, the ghost of KSig yet to come. I am total fairy dust, completely up in the air, depending on what you make of me!!

Tiny Tim: Ah so kind of a lego set!!

Ksig Future: You really are a fucking geed *pause* I am what your future can be. All you must do is give me your hand, and hundreds of dollars in dues, and a month of hazing so light you wished you got it worse. After that, you can make this fraternity dream a reality.

Tiny Tim: You know what Mr. Yet to Come. You've twisted my arm, you've smoothed my wrinkles and you've tickled my fancy quite nicely. Good Heavens I'll take it!

Tiny Tim reaches out for his hand. Right before he reaches it, lights go crazy. Lights down.

Lights up center on Tiny tim surrounded by Ksig's and other ksig little sisters

Ksig: Yo uhh small sid dude are you good? You've been passed out in our washing machine. Didn't realize how strong those brownies were. I think you accidentally ate the batch with ketamine in them that I was supposed to give to my mom.

Tiny Tim: My name is actually Tiny Tim, and I am a very special boy!

Ksig: Yeah okay.

Scrot, testy, and Slatrick all walk out onto stage.

Slatrick: You timmy boy! You good? We haven't seen you in weeks! Ever since you took your bid, you've become almost completely irrelevant and off the social radar of everyone on campus. What happened?

Tiny Tim: *looks at audience* I've discovered my destiny! To build the future of Kappa Sigma Fraternity!

ALL: KSIG KSIG KSIG KSIG

Lights down.

GIMP AND GHILLIE - 2

Open on courtroom scene. The dad from the previous vignette is sitting in a chair, waiting to be defended.

Judge: We've assembled here today to discuss the case of Jeffrey Roberts, facing 3rd degree murder for the execution of his own child, Alex Roberts.

Jeffrey: *very serious* Your honor. I'd never hurt my precious child. Where is my attorney!?

VO: Last time on Gimp and Ghillie,

Jeffrey: No... Not them

VO: Mr. Roberts fed his only child an asbestos ham sandwich.

Jeffrey: I didn't do shit!

VO: His wife blamed his subsequent death on her spouse. Looks like Mr. Robert's is in one heck of a pickle!

Jeffrey: It wasn't me! It was those bastards!!! --

Law and Order Song starts playing <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xz4-aEGvqQM>

Gimp and Ghillie walk out onto stage.

Jeffrey: They're the murderers! They killed my child! I swear it to you judge! These men killed my child!

Gimp: How could we have done it?

Ghillie: If we're defending you!

Gimp and Ghillie take out ties and briefcases and shake each others hands.

Judge: Ah, Gimp and Ghillie, I'm glad you arrived! These guys are the best! You're one lucky child murderer Jeffrey Roberts!

Jeffery: *in serious prayer* Dear god, be my light through this darkness.

Gimp: Alright Ghillie, let's bring out our first witness.

Enter Wife.

Ghillie: Jeffrey's' wife Susanne Roberts!

Wife: *deadpan* He did it. That's the man that killed my child!

Ghillie: Are you sure!?

Wife: *deadpan* yes.

Gimp: Ahhhhh man!! *snaps*

Ghillie: Thanks for being honest and telling the truth!

Judge: Gimp and Ghillie. You've taught us a very valuable lesson today. *Bangs gavel.* Death penalty by electric chair.

Jeffrey: WHAT?!?!?! WHAT WAS THE LESSON!

Gimp and Ghillie simply stare at Jeffrey

Jeffrey: You've DAMNED ME GIMP AND GHILLIE! YOU'VE DAMNED ME!

Gimp and Ghillie just turn to exit

Gimp & Ghillie: *normal*bye.....

Court applauds.

Lights down "Gimp and Ghillie" original jingle

Dora the Druglorda

Lights up on stage left on a table with a tiny girl smoking a cigar, this music is playing.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zzOjCCKPoQQ> she has a tuxedo on and is very serious. Her side kick Uncle Boots comes on stage and whispers in her ear. She motions to bring the people in who wish to talk to her.

Paully: We are very sorry Big D, the order did not get shipped in time

Vinny: We are just asking for a tiny extension, a very small favor

Dora takes a long drag from her cigar and sits back in her chair

Dora: You're asking Dora, Dora the Drug Lorda, For an extension on a cocaine order on the day of my quinceanera?

Paully: Correcto.

Vinny: Please have mercy senorita

Boots whispers in her ear again giving her advice

Dora: Muy bien boots! We should ask the audience if we should give the henchmen an extension!

Boots: *to audience* Do you think we should give them an extension

They both turn their heads and look out into the audience

Dora: Uh oh! They didn't answer. (If no: They said no! Mr Backpack, take them away. If yes: They said yes! But unlike the audience, I'm not a little bitch. Mr Backpack, take them away) Mr Backpack, take them away

Mr backpack comes on stage and takes away the two criminals.

Dora: Now that that's handled, let's call the map in!

The map comes on. He's super coked out, scratching himself and acting real crazy like

Map: I'm the map, I'm the map, I'm the map, I'm the MAP!!!!!!

Dora: Map, did you get into our stash again?

Map: Stash? What stash? Ha ha I'm the map.

Dora: Map, we need to get a shipment of cocaine to Chief Justice John Roberts by 5:00. Can you help us?

Map: *Starts to do his song* If there's a place you gotta go, to pick up a lot of blow I'm the map--

Dora: Just tell me where the fuck to go!

Map: Alright so first you're gonna need to pick up the shipment from Diego's Traphouse! Next you need to sneak past the DEA officers. Finally, you'll deliver the shipment to Justice Roberts behind the Supreme Court. Can you do that? *Waits a beat* Muy bien!

Dora: Come on vamonos! Everybody let's go.

Boots: Come on let's get to it.

Dora: I know that we can do it. Where are we going?

Boots: Pick up drugs.

Dora: Where are we going?

Boots: Pick up drugs!

Backpack comes back in and whispers in Dora's ear

Dora: *to audience* Did you hear that! Someone has been snorting all of my cocaine! Do you know who's snorted all my cocaine?

Boots: Come on, do you?!

They look at the audience and tilt their heads like puppies. The swiper theme song plays

Boots: Oh no Dora! It's Snorter! He must be the one who snorted all your cocaine!

Snorter comes on stage

Snorter: Well well well, little Dora the Druglorda. You foolish little girl.

Dora: I'm not a little girl anymore, I just had my quinceanera

Snorter: A grown lady wouldn't have let me have access to all the cocaine in the world! *Pulls out a bag of coke.*

Boots: OH No! We must stop snorter from snorting anymore of Dora's cocaine. Can you help us?

Dora: *to audience* Vamonos! You all know what to say

Snorter begins to try to start to snort the cocaine but it becomes increasingly difficult as people begin to chant

Boots and Dora: Snorter no Snorting, Snorter no Snorting, Snorter no Snorting, Snorter no Snorting!

Snorter stops

Snorter: Darn it! You all stopped my crippling addiction! I'll be back Dora the Druglorda!

Dora: That was a close one! Now back to what we were doing! Time to visit Diego's Traphouse.

Lights down that side of stage. Lights up other side of stage. Diego is lounging on a couch, wearing a really douchey outfit.

Dora: Do you see Diego? *A beat* Is Diego high? *A beat* Si! Diego, where the fuck are my drugs?

Diego: Chill out bruh they're behind the bed.

Dora: Muy bien! Should I let Diego live? *She waits for a response*

Diego: Woah woah what? Mi primo, mi primo! Calm down!

Dora: What's that? Cap Diego? Muy bien!

Dora shoots Diego in the faceeee (Alternately she doesn't shoot Diego in the face if people don't like this)

Lights down on this side of the stage. Lights up on the other side of the stage.

Dora: Now we have to solve a riddle to get past these DEA officers!

DEA Officer: Ma'am do you have any drugs on you?

Dora: No!

Dora and Boots saunter past

Dora: Muy bien! We tricked the dumb officer into believing that we weren't packing two tons of coke in our backpack

Backpack waltzes on stage

Backpack: Backpack! Backpack!

DEA Officer: Wait what??

Dora: Run Boots!

Lights down this side of stage. Lights up other side of stage.

Dora: We finally made it! Do you see the Supreme Court? *A beat* There it is! Excelente!

A person dressed as RBG in black Supreme Court robes comes out

RBG: Yay! You saved the day!

Boots: You're the best Dora!

Dora: Let's do more cocaine!

They dance as the dora the explorer theme song comes on. There's bound to be a great remix out there.

Lights down

Whiskey Dawgs Bouncer

Sun rises. There is a lone person on center stage. Stage right there is a sign that says "Whiskey Dawgs". To the left there is a line of people dressed like they are going out, some wearing sorority/fraternity jerseys, others wearing the geed tie dye shirts, some townies (cowboy, beards the whole shebang). They are clearly fucked up and trying to get into the bar.

Derek: In times of war or uncertainty there is a special breed of warrior ready to answer our Nation's call. Common citizens with uncommon desire to succeed. Brave bouncers have fought and died building the proud tradition and feared reputation that I am bound to uphold. In the worst of conditions, the legacy of my coworkers steadies my resolve and silently guides my every deed. I will not fail.

JohnPaul: Dude, you're the bouncer at Whiskey. Isn't this just your side job? Why are you being a hardy now? Let us in.

The bouncer grabs JP (maybe owen?) by the neck and hurls him down the stairs.

Derek: Threat neutralized.

Two or three girls walk to the top of the stairs. For the purpose of the sketch, they are wearing DZ jerseys.

Jess: Heyyyyyy Derek!

Derek: Hey darlin, haven't seen you in a week or two? Been avoiding me, haahahahahahaha *slightly enraged* I'm starting to think you're using me to get in and you didn't actually mean it when you said that my bald head was sexy ahahahahahahahahahah

Jess: Uhhhhh whatttt no not at all

Amanda: No Derek we really do like you. You don't just happen to be a bouncer at a popular wake forest bar, who our connection to gives us an advantage over our peers.

Sarah: I love the snapchats you send me at 3 PM on a Tuesday. Sorry I just always forget to respond till 8PM on Thursday. I'm so terrible on snapchat. You're like my best friend.

Jess and Amanda: Yea our best friend

Derek: Awww I can't stay mad at you guys! Breakfast tomorrow morning?

Jess, Amanda, Sarah: *nonchalant and excited to leave this conversation and go inside* Yea!!! Of course! Blah blah blah

The girls walk past him and the second they pass him they start laughing and geeking. They are making fun of him being like "Breakfast" haha no.

Derek: Hook line and sinker! God Derek you get so many college chicks. You're unstoppable.

Two SAE freshman and a Kappa walk up.

SAE 1: Ahh yes! Another night of 2\$ PBRs

SAE 2: and of being rude to other people in the bar when they get in the way of my very serious and important game of pool.

Kappa: and peeing in the sink

SAE 1 and SAE 2: what?

Kappa: what? I mean trulys on draft!

Derek: Not you fuckers again.

SAE 1: Oh no, is this the bouncer that made Jake cry last weekend after telling him that he was a worthless piece of shit with no prospects and disappointed parents?

SAE 2: I don't know. I guess he deserved it tho, he put his cold PBR on the pool table.

Derek: Not you two. I meant her. We had to forcibly remove this young lady last weekend after she tried to pee in the sink behind the bar. Fucking wake forest brats, thinking they can get away with disrespecting my temple because their parents make upwards of a quartermillion dollars a year.

Kappa: Oh my god shut up, I'm not poor. Actually my dad makes 10 million dollars a year soooooo

Derek: Either way, I'm not letting bitches in. You lack the respect and honor that all whiskey dawgs patrons possess.

As he's saying this someone comes out, pukes, nods in agreement, and goes back inside.

SAE 2: Fuck you man, we're going to Burke Street.

SAE 1: Yea, even hanging out with chi psis is better than this.

Kappa looks unsure about this statement. Maybe makes a sound like “ehhhh”.

SAEs turn around and start walking off stage.

SAE 1: Alyssa are you coming?

Kappa: *looking at Derek* breakfast tomorrow?

Derek: I can't stay mad at you. Get in there sweetheart.

The Kappa skips by him, turns around to wave at the SAEs, and then runs inside.

Townie: Hey Papa

Derek: Hey child

Townie: Remember when this used to be the townie bar and I used to come here for bring your child to work day?

Derek: Hahaha... no. *Waves to kappa and winks*

Lights down

Gimp and Ghillie 3

Lights up on Jeffrey muttering a latin prayer to himself in an orange jumpsuit. He's sitting in an electric chair. Jail Worker comes out on stage eating a bag of chips. Jeffrey is still praying to himself in the chair.

Jail Worker : Well. Here you are. Death row. Total Bummer.

(beat)

Jail Worker: This place sucks bro.....I have to do this everyday.....

(beat)

Jail Worker: Super toxic work environment too.

(beat)

Jail Worker: Yo why you so quiet bro?

Jeffrey responds without opening his eyes

Jeffrey: Only god may judge me now. I request someone to read me my last rites... Please. That is my one request. Send me a priest.

Jail Worker: pffffff didn't know it was whiner Wednesday

Jail Worker heelies off stage

The final theme begins to play.

DORI ME GIMP AND GHILLIE

FRIENDS FOREVER

DORI ME

AMENO

AMENO

LATIRE

LATIREMO

DORI ME

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=X6V1B41rrZI&t=19s>

Jeffery freaks out mid song as soon as the words Gimp and Ghillie are uttered.

Jeffery: DON'T COME NEAR ME! YOU RUINED ME!

Ghillie walks out on stage in priest collar holding a cross and a big book.

Ghillie: Hello Jeffery! I didn't expect you here!

Jeffery: YOU'VE FOLLOWED ME AROUND FOR THE PAST 3 MONTHS AND EVERY SECOND OF IT HAS BEEN HELL!

Ghillie: Hey!

Cut song

Ghillie: Don't talk about down there *Ghillie points down*, I'm trying to get you up there!
Ghillie points up! Have Faith, Buddy!

Jail Worker heelines back in with new bag of chips.

Jail Worker: Yo! Ghillie's here! Let's go! You seein this shit?

Jeffery: You've taken everything from me... Just get this over with...

Ghillie slowly opens the book, puts on glasses over the Ghillie suit, and then begins to read in a very pondering and normal voice.

Ghillie: Did you put your name in the Goblet of Fire, Harry? Dumbledore asked calmly. No, said Harry. *Closes book* Now I ask this of you Jeffrey. Did you put your name in the Goblet of Fire?

Jeffrey: No.

Ghillie: Oh....that's weird.

(awkward silence)

Ghillie: Well....do you have a last word?

Jeffery: Yes...I-

*ZAAAAP JEFFERY GETS TOTALLY ELECTROCUTED. LIGHTS FLASH AS JEFFERY FREAKS OUT.
Gimp walks holding an extension cord plugged into the chair.*

Gimp: Uh oh.

Ghillie: Why did you do that? He was saying his last words

Gimp: Ghillie, you said last **word** not last **words**. Singular.

Ghillie: Shucks.

Gimp: I guess we goofed it.

Ghillie: Yeah, I guess.....

The end of Boheman Rhapsody starts playing at 5:30

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9Lxm0iSnKNc>

Ghillie: ...it doesn't really matter

Gimp: Doesn't really matter

Gimp and Ghillie grab hands

Gimp and Ghillie: Nothing really matters to meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee

(pause until guitar riff)

Jail Worker: You guys are actual fucking murderers.

Gimp and Ghillie skip off-stage

Jail Worker heelies off stage, leaving the corpse of Jeffery.

Theme Song: Gimp and Ghillie friends foreeeeeeeveeeeeerrrrrrrrr

Lights down.

Delta Variant Middle Tier Greek

Lights up on two docs sprinting on stage to a patient wearing a Kappa shirt in a hospital bed freaking out. Heart rate monitor crashing noise.

Doc 1: We're losing her!!!

Doc 2: 5,000 cc's of morphine stat!!!! We need to induce her into a morphine nightmare!!!!

Doc 1: No you idiot! We need to defibrillate her asap.

Sarah: Tell my Kappa sisters we shouldn't have bid Ashley in the fall, also tell Amy I did in fact fuck her Chi Psi boy toy. *Dies (in a way)* Idufbnvidfbnvidfsjnv

Another doctor comes running full sprint onto the stage (naruto type beat) with two massive irons or anvils in both hands. Doctor sprints in and hits the kappa with an electroshock. All the doctors crowd around freaking out.

Sarah: *Sits up now with a KD blessed shirt* Stoplight is actually the most lit date function!

Doc 2: Dammit to hell! We lost another one to the... *dramatic pause* Delta Variant!!!!

Doc 1: That comically thick triangle is the kiss of death!

Sarah: *now a KD* I don't see why it even matters, the greek tier system doesn't even exist! It's so shallow.

Doc 1: Oh Great dear George of the scots! She's brain dead, PUT HER DOWN!

Doc 3: *To the KD* Hey look, it's a friendly whippet salesman!!

KD: *crawls out of bed smeagol voice* My whippies, gimme gimme, brain cells want to shimmy shimmy!

Doc 3: *Brandishes a dagger and stabs her in the back while she's looking for Whippet Salesman* This stoplight just turned red. DAMN YOU DELTA VARIANT!!!!

Dramatic Music Plays! Music from SVU! Lights down...

Lights up, a room of doctors gathered around with wake press people. People are clamoring, OGB people are in old-timey news fits with feathers in newspaper caps and such.

OGBitch 1: Doctor Featherbottom, what can you tell us about this new variant that is spreading through the school? According to our statistics from last week, we are at a record-high infection rate! What are you planning on doing about it?

Doc 1: Uhhhhh...

OGBitch 2: The school isn't being forward-- what are they hiding!

Doc 3: First of all, the school would never hide anything from its beloved student body. Anyway, the Delta variant is the most dangerous strain of COVID we've seen yet. It comes in four stages, each worse than the last. It makes the infected... middle tier.

Doc 1: It starts with an urge to wear camo. Strange food cravings... sand, for example. Even an intense desire to attend mass every. Single. Day. We have nicknamed this stage the Alpha Delta Pi Variant.

Doc 2 brings out ADPi in a straightjacket with ADPi letters on it. She is FOAMING at the mouth.

Doc 2: This poor, unfortunate soul was just infected this morning. Look how fast she is deteriorating.

ADPi: *Head twitching, think short circuiting* Boom, boom! Boom, Boom! Boom, Boom!
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, diamonds are, diamonds are, diamonds--

OGBitch 1: By George... it's worse than I could ever imagine.

Doc 3: And this is only Stage 1.

OGBitch 2: Egad!

Doc 1: Get her out of here!

ADPi is whisked away by Doc 2.

Doc 3: Only 48 hours after the Delta Variant sets in, patients advance to stage two. In this stage, the infected begin to smell like they bathed in *looks at notes* “straight ganj””.

Doc 2 wheels out DZ on drolley. She is in a straightjacket with DZ on the front.

Doc 1: Additionally, many also experience the desire to join the dance team. Also... they are very. Very. Horny.

DZ: *Flirtatiously* How about you take me out of this straightjacket and put me in handcuffs?

OGBitch 2: Oh god, she’s rabid.

OGBitch 1 dry heaves on stage.

Doc 2 wheels DZ off stage as she screams for her juul.

OGBitch 1: How does it get worse than that!? Make it make sense!

Doc 1: The next stage of the virus destroys the patient’s impulse control. The infected develop a need to join every intramural in existence, only visit Lambda and ASig, and smell like a mixture of stale subway bread and vomit.

Doc 2 wheels out KD on drolley.

OGBitch 2: ... there’s no one there? Do you see someone?

OGBitch 1: No...

Doc 3: Oh yes, the worst side effect of all. They become absolutely invisible.

KD: What? I’m right here! Also? Did you know we have the highest GPA on campus?! Also? We have a new lounge! Also? I’m a recovering kleptomaniac!

Doc 2: *In a sad voice. Take a deep breath.* Irrelevant.

Doc 2 wheels KD off.

Doc 3: I need you to prepare yourselves for what you're about to see. This final stage is the worst of all. It chills me to my core.

Doc 1: The problem with these symptoms is that they think they're self-aware... but they're delusional. They have no idea they are slipping into unadulterated chaos.

Doc 2 wheels out Tri Delt on dolly.

Tri Delt: I, like, don't know why I'm here!? I'm not middle anything! I'm like, on the rise?!? *sort of questions herself* If anything, we are lower upper tier!

Doc 1: Like I said. Delusional.

Doc 2 does the fake slap thing, one slap between each word.

Doc 2: PULL! YOURSELF! TOGETHER!

OGBitches are covering their faces. They be scared.

Doc 2 wheels Tri Delt off as she yells "I am on the rise!"

OGBitch 1: How do we prevent this?

Doc 3: At the moment, you can't. All we know is jst steer clear of the Chi Psi basement, try to get a room in Martin, and say your prayers. On second thought, if you're saying your prayers you might be infected. Get tested.

OGBitch 2: So there is truly no hope?

Doc 1: Hope?? The Wake Forest Administration is composed of literally the most capable people who have ever lived. We are the picture of efficiency and reason!! We have never made an error about anything!!

OGBBitch 1: What about the Title IX controversies of 2021?

Doc 1: Oh, shut it!

OGB Bitch 2: Or the fertilizilizer fire of 2022?

Doc 1: *beginning to shake profusely* DON'T TALK ABOUT IT!

OGBBitch 1: Or the catastrophic U.S. News rankings drop of 2023?

All Docs: ahhhHhHhH *continues to quiver*

Doc 2: *drops to knees* We're SOOOOO FUUUUUUUCKED! *Lights down.*

Brokeback Machi

Characters: Machi Mitch, Kappa Cassandra, Cowboy Jake, Cowboy Heath, KD

Lights up on stage right. Machi Mountain Weekend. Mitch and Cassandra dressed normally.

Machi Mitch: Fuuuuuuck there's nothin like Machi Mountain Weekend.

Kappa Cassandra: I knooooowww, I love eating boiled hot dogs and chips!

Machi Mitch: Don't forget about sleeping on my uncle's air mattress. It's so sticky!

Kappa Cassandra: Like a fly trap! And I'm like a little tiny petite fly.

Kappa Cassandra reaches out to touch Machi Mitch's big cannon arms. Machi Mitch shivers and SCREAMS.

Machi Mitch: Your hands are so cold! We need fire! PLEDGEEEEES!

Enter two little cowboy pledges. They walk in with boots, jeans, flannels, and hats.

Cowboy Jake: Yessir?

Machi Mitch: Go fetch us some firewood, this pick me shawty's hands are as cold as a tundra!

Cowboy Heath: Yessir, we'll get the woman the wood.

Machi Mitch: *seductive* I'll be giving the woman the wood. *shouts* NOW GET THEM LOGS, NO FUCKIN AROUND! OR EACH OTHER!

Cowboy Heath and Jake run off into the woods

Kappa Cassandra: Aw the pledge class is so close this year. And cowboy-ish.

Machi Mitch: Just how we like 'em. Zesty, like a lemon! And cowboyish like a... a.. ranch hand.

Kappa Cassandra: Just kiss me already!

Extremely exaggerated make out

Lights down stage right. Lights up stage center. Heath and Jake are lost in the woods. There's a dead pill on the ground. Inexplicably.

Cowboy Jake: Goddamnit Heath! That's the fourth time we've passed that dead ADPI! Smells terrible!

Cowboy Heath: That's how they always smell, Jake! Like pepperonis and dead rat. I got one in my FYS.

Cowboy Jake: Face it, we're lost! It's gettin dark....and it's so damn cold!

Cowboy Heath: I guess we're gonna have to huddle up then...

Cowboy Jake: No way, man! I'm straight as a....straight guy.

Cowboy Heath: Don't mean nothin. It's just warmth. We'll die.

Cowboy Jake: I mean it's like chilly, but it's definitely like 54 degrees out. Barely sweater weather. Could be wearin shorts.

Cowboy Heath: DO YOU WANT TO DIE?

Suddenly, a KD appears in her hiking boots (blundstones!) with a backpack on.

KD: Were you guys just about to kiss?

Cowboy Jake: FUUCK! A GEED

KD: I'm literally a KD.

Cowboy Jake: OH MY GOD! EVEN WORSE!

Cowboy Jake pulls out a revolver and shoots KD in the face. She collapses.

Beat. Cowboy Jake shoots her again.

Cowboy Heath: Oh mah gawd, Jake! You had a gun on you the whole time?

Cowboy Jake: I'm the concealed carry pledge. You know how many times I whip this out at LR?

Cowboy Heath: Damn. That's so. Powerful.

Heath rubs the gun.

Cowboy Heath: *shivering* It's getting dark. And I'm cold. And we have nothing to eat.

Cowboy Jake: I wouldn't say nothin, pal.

They look to the dead KD. Lights down. Lights up on them licking a giant novelty bone.

Cowboy Heath: We probably didn't have to eat her, it's only been like three hours since we had that Tokyo House One.

Cowboy Jake: KD's give out like 85 bids. They won't notice.

Cowboy Heath: Her forearms WERE huge. Probably all that rock climbing.

Cowboy Heath and Jake nibble on the bone like Lady and the Tramp before they almost meet each other in the middle.

They stare at each other for a little bit. Jake takes a step back.

Cowboy Jake: Welp, about time to get a move on. Pledgemaster Flash says it's my turn to sleep in bed with him tonight.

He starts walking ahead.

Cowboy Heath: Wait, let's stay out here a little while. I'm kind of havin a good time. It's like I've got three upper decky's in me constantly. I've never felt like this.

Cowboy Jake: C'mon Heath, you've got like a 6 and a half Chi O waitin for you back there.

Cowboy Heath: All she does is talk about Wake N Shake. I can't hear no more about Wake n Shake! I DONT EVEN KNOW WHAT IT'S FOR!

Cowboy Jake: We've got the whole Machi brotherhood waitin for us back there, Heath! The brothers need us!

Cowboy Heath paces back and forth and stressfully rips his vape.

Cowboy Jake: What are you doing stop! That ain't right for your asthma!

Cowboy Heath looks at his vape.

Cowboy Heath: I wish I knew how to quit you! *Holding the vape out in his hand*

Cowboy Jake grabs Cowboy Heath's hand

Cowboy Jake: *to Cowboy Heath* I wish I knew how to quit **you**.

They both lean in for a little charged moment on stage. (potential kiss, actor discretion)

Lights down. Lights up stage right on Machi mountain house.

Kappa Cassandra: Those pledges have been gone for like two days.

Machi Mitch: Sucks that I'm gonna have to notify the families of two dead pledges. For the second year in a row.

Kappa Cassandra: So tragic. This is the problem with hazing, it-

Machi: Watch this.

Machi Mitch starts excellent gangsta hump dance moves.

Enter Heath and Jake swapped in each other's clothes, holding hands.

Machi Mike: Lil boys! Did you get the firewood?

Cowboy Jake: Oh we found some wood, alright.

Cowboy Jake raises his hand to show a tiny twig stick. Machi Mike takes it.

Cowboy Heath: We also found something else...

Machi Mike: Like what? A gumball machine? Full of.. benzodiazepines?

Cowboy Heath: Yeah! You can say that. *Winks seductively*

Heath and Jake hug

Jake: We'll always have BrokeBack Mountain...or should I say... Broke Back Machi....

Kappa Cassandra: This is fucking Boone. What?

Machi Mike: Yeah, you boys are cut.

Jake and Heath look to each other with sussy and devious grins, shrug. They skip off.

Machi Mike: Now, where were we? Oh, right. It turns out that all PiKapps were on the wrestling team in high school. Weird right?

Kappa Cassandra: Ummm, yeah that is pretty weird. *A beat* Wanna pork hella?

Machi Mike: Obligated.

Lights down.