

THE LILTING BANSHEES PRESENT:

BEST OF

January 28th, 2026



Petey: I say we celebrate Lionel getting out of the hospital. Genie, I wish for a keg.

A keg is summoned onto stage.

Petey: FIIIIIRE! A KEG FOR LIONEL IS FIIIIIIIREEE!!

The First Coom	3
The Great Tri-Delt Shortage	5
DKE Gorilla	10
Villainous Parking and Transportation	16
Jim City	20
Pit Internal Monologue	27
Car at Stoplight	30
Hugh	33
Kappa PC Date Function	38
Pikes Can't Take Their Hats Off	41

The First Coom

Lights up stage right. 2001: A Space Odyssey Music Comes On.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QwxYiVXYyVs&ab_channel=grafoul94

A CaveMan bumbles on stage grunting.

Cave Man: Hurrghh heehhehehe

Cave Man beats his chest.

Cave Man: Heaahh.

Cave Man stomps on the ground.

Cave Man: Errghh!!

Cave Man rubs his chest underneath his loin cloth. His hand kinda falls down his body.

Cave Man: Errghh. Hu hu heehh..

The Cave Man starts rubbin his shit.

Cave Man: Ho...hoo....ho...

The Cave Man starts pumpin' that shit.

Cave Man: Hoo...hooo...holy HOOOOOLY SHIIIIIT THIS IS AWESOOOOOMMEEEE

The Cave Man starts vibrating his body.

Cave Man: WHYIS NO ONE TALKING ABOUT THIS THIS FUCKING RUUUUUULES AHHHH

The Cave Man starts jumpin and shit.

Cave Man: Ahhh ahhhhhh!!

The Cave Man cooms himself.

Cave Man: AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

The Cave Man shakes his whole body with a really innocent grin. Like he had an awesome dream. He slouches and rubs his chest.

Cave Man: Alright...imma...imma go lay down.

The Cave Man slumps off stage left. A HISTORIAN enters with a pipe.

Historian: And that was the first time a guy jerked off. Pretty interesting, right?

A beat.

Historian: Alright. Enjoy the show..

Lights down.

The Great Tri Delt Shortage

Lights up on tri delt chapter. They are all looking panicked and talking before the prez uses the gavel to quiet everyone

Prez: ALRIGHT ALRIGHT EVERYONE settle down please. I know we all have a lot on our minds-

Tri Delt 1: WERE GOING EXTINCT!!! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO!!!

Tri Delt 2: 5 OF US ARE SHARING ONE LITTLE!!!

Tri Delt 3: AND 6 OF US ARE ALL SHARING ONE CHI PSI!!! He only has so much stamina...

Prez: ALRIGHT ALRIGHT. Let's face facts. We only got 15 new girls in last year's pledge class. LOVE THEM BUT unfortunately we're gonna have to turn it around this year.

Tri Delt 3: Last year we wanted the baddest, sexiest, smartest, most beautiful, most popular, sluttiest, friendliest bitches... buuuuuuuut they all ended up going Kappa and Beta. This year I want to change our approach. Tell me ladies. Look around you. What do you see?

Tri Delt 1: I see.... Many smiling faces... but very forgettable

Tri Delt 2: I see a lot of really really really nice girls.

Tri Delt 3: EXACTLY! Do you see the baddest, sexiest, smartest, most beautiful, most popular, sluttiest, friendliest bitches? NO!

Prez: That's right girlies. Here's the deal. I'm gonna give it to ya straight. We are just not like that. It's time to accept that we might just be.... Mid

Everyone gasps. Gossipy whispers

Tri Delt 1: What about Brittney she banged a Pike last semester

Tri Delt 2: *Callout voice* He was a fall bid.

Tri Delt 1: Well... Jamie has a 4.0!

Tri Delt 2: *Callout voice* Studio art major

Tri Delt 1:... Welllllll Eliza won that contest at the county fair last semester

Tri Delt 2: *Callout voice* It was an eating contest!! 43 corndogs are you kidding me?

Prez: ALRRRRIGHHT everyone. Let's focus up. We're completely overhauling our strategy for rush starting right now.

Lights down. Lights up on the first day of rush. Prez is sitting at the table, while Tri Delt 3 is behind her holding a pitcher of water and comedically refilling the glass every 3 seconds. The first girl walks in and sits down across from them

Prez: Helloooooo and welcome to the first day of rush eeeeeeeeeeeeeee

Tri Delt 3: We at Tri Delta sorority are so happy to see you

They both start into this chant:

Delta delta delta, they're my girls for life

Delta delta delta, we never mix with Pike

Tri Delt 3: Sooooooooooooo how has Wake been

Lilah: Ughhhh so bad. I hate my new roommate. HUUUUUUUUUUUH

Prez: Ohh what's wrong with your roommate

Lilah: I'm constantly so jealous of her success. She's always bringing guys over and kicking me out and I never do. It just sucks to not feel wanted by anyone

Prez: *whispers* write that down write that down write that down. *Normal* Most of the girls here really relate to that... I think you would fit in well!!

Lilah: You want me???

Tri Delt 3: Wellllll are you rushing anywhere else?

Lilah: No, they all dropped me already. Besides Theta. They were really sweet but... the whole homemade soap thing kinda threw me off.

Prez: Give me and my compatriot a moment please.

The two huddle up clearly within earshot of the table

Tri Delt 3: Hates Wake, is jealous of her roommate, and has no social prospects?? Am I crazy or are we staring at a home run right now

Prez: Agreed. Push her through

The two go back to the table

Tri Delt 3: Alright it was so nice chatting with you but it's unfortunately time for you to move on to the next table.... Hugs and kisses

Prez: K byeeeeeeee

Lilah: Oh, well. There are no other tables for me. Can I talk to another girl in Tri Delt or something?

Prez: Oh honey, besides me they're all water girls.

Lilah: Oh. Checks out

Newb dips. New girl walks in bleach blonde, golden geese, etc

Tri Delt 3: Welcome to the Tri Delta sorority!

Both chant:

Delta delta delta, they're my girls for life

Delta delta delta, we are just alright

Prez: Soooooo so cute first of all I love those golden geese. What are your extracurricular interests

Natasha: Spitting on poor people. People say I'm rude but they don't understand me. You have no idea how vicious the girls at an international boarding school can be

Tri Delt 3: Um.... have you liked any of the different sororities on campus

Natasha: Welllllll I'm a Chi O legacy going back since Colonel Sanders impregnated my great great great grandmother in a cabin on the frontier. Buuuuut I'm thinking Kappa will be the place for me.

Prez: A moment please?

Prez and Tri Delt huddle

Tri Delt 3: You thinking what I'm thinking?

Prez: We have no chance. She's far too memorable.

Tri Delt 3: Yeah. Also she spit on Kelsey walking back from the compound.... On the way to hook up with Kelsey's boyfriend

Prez and Tri Delt return

Tri Delt 3: Well this has been great, but we'll probably never see you again, so the door's that way

Natasha: I love when plebians are self aware.

Natasha exits

Prez: LOST ANOTHER, THIS IS GOING AWFULLY!!! Who will be in our new PC??? All of these girls are way too bitchin

Tri Delt 3: Patience sister. There's one more girl we haven't met

In walks a christian missionary. Birksenstocks and french braid

Tri Delt 3: Oh my..... goodness

Prez: Welcome to Tri Delt!!!

Both chant

Delta delta delta, they're my girls for life

Delta delta delta, we are all alike

Prez: Sooooo what are your interests

Meradith: Uhm, the office, journaling, and 6AM instagram stories

Tri Delt 3: UGHHHHHHHHH retweet

Prez: Wow. What a start. Do you have many friends?

Meradith: I have 3 cats... And they're all named after Taylor Swift songs: All Too Well, Taylor's Version, and Jake Gyllenhal Can Suck Rocks.

Prez: Holy Ground! As in the Taylor Swift song! I forgot you already! This is perfect! Welcome to Tri-Delt!

Tri Delt 3: Cmon, let's run home and meet the other members of your PC!

Lights down. Lights up on all of the Tri Delt sisters from before, with 3 new members across from them. Meredith, Lilah, and a man. This is never addressed.

Prez: Wowwww congratulations new PC! 3 whole girls! That's twice as many as last year, and I can't tell them apart at all! WELCOME TO TRI DELT

Man: Oh I thought this was lambda. You know, cuz of all the estrogen

Man leaves

Prez: Okay,,, 2 new girls! And we can't even tell you apart! Now let's learn our new sisterhood song!

Deltas: *sung*
Delta Delta Delta
They're my girls for life
Delta Delta Delta...

Suddenly, they are interrupted as Arsene walks onstage

Arsene: Damn, all these bitches are white.

Lights down

DKE Gorilla

Lights up on two DKE's and a pledge on stage. They are inspecting a baggie.

Duke: Hmmmmm. Are you sure there's no fentanyl in this?

Dyson: Bro, I swear there's no fent in it. Pledge, test this bag.

Pledge: But-

Duke: No butts, not cuts, no coconuts!

Duke nut taps Pledge.

Pledge: Ouch! Hey, don't touch me there! Them's the rules!

Pledge runs off.

Dyson: AGH! I hate that rule. At least we have this bag. Dealer pinky swore. And a pinky swear is for life.

Duke: So true. Pinky swears are for life. And I swear to sneef this cheese with my bro bro.

Duke raises his pinky finger and then puts it in to the bag. Two Chi O's walk in from stage right with a dog. The dog bends down to take a poopie.

Charleene hands him a piece of toilet paper. Dog wipes their own ass.

Dyson: What is that?

Cyrus: It's a dog?

Dyson: I thought that was a Chi Psi in a mink coat.

Charleene: No, it's our pet.

Duke: Dog? Pet? What does any of this shit mean?

Dyson strokes Duke's head.

Charlene: A pet is a being that's lesser than like a human that enhances your life with companionship and servitude.

Dyson: Woah....like a pledge....with....har...all overrrr...

Duke starts rubbing the dog.

Duke: So sawwwwft.

Duke starts rolling around with the dog. They both love it.

Cyrus: Alright well, we better be going. 10:30 PM? Little sisterhood where you break our bones and send us to the ER?

Dyson: Yessir!

Charlene: Alright come along now Louis. Vitton.

The dog lets out a YIP and runs off stage with the Chi O's.

Duke: Dogs are so chill. I rubbed his genitals and he didn't even care...

Dyson: Woah...that....is FIRE.

Duke: Okay so like....humans are right here *does a hand motion* because you have to ask permission to touch them....

Dyson: And lava is the worst because you can't touch it because it's hot.

Duke: True. Physics 101 Ass. Anyways, that means pets are the best because you can touch them and it's chill.

Dyson: But it's not the same. What's in between a pet and a human....

Duke: Something we can touch that's like a human but it's better because they derive pleasure from touch? Unlike our pledges?

Dyson: A man...animal.... A manimal.....

They both ponder for a second. Lights down. Lights up!

Duke and Dyson are now standing with a gorilla in between them. The gorilla has a huge dick.

Dyson: We bought a gorilla. Thank you nationals.

Duke: Now that we have three people....we can finally do this!!!

The DKE's and the Gorilla all form different letters of D,K,E. Prize sound effect plays.

Dyson: Gorilla's name will be....Gorilla.

Duke: I want to name him DKE.

Dyson: holup holup holup.....Dorilla!

Duke and Dyson: DORILLLLAAAA!!

The DKE's and the Gorilla all form different letters of D,K,E. Prize sound effect plays.

Duke: Alright what should we do with Dorilla first?

Chi O's walk back on stage with Louis.

Charleene: Looouuuuuuuiis. Do you have to poop again?

Duke: Why did you walk your dog into our living room?

Cyrus: Oh my god is that a gorilla?

Dyson: Dorilla! Way cooler than your dog. With more human characteristics.

Dyson and Duke grab Dorilla's hands.

Dorilla: oooh oohh ah ah.

Charlene: Oh. Well, we were here for little sisterhood where you guys were gonna break our bones and make us drink hard liquor.

Cyrus: Kill us. You guys were gonna literally kill us. That's why we're here,

Dyson: Hmmm...The DKE little sister survival rate is 0. Yeah I guess we can do that.

Duke: Dorilla, Louis, go have a playdate.

Louis starts barking in protest BAR BAR BAR BAR. Dorilla shyly walks off with Louis.

Dyson: Alright so finish this handle of crat

Dyson hands her a handle and takes out a baseball bat.

Dyson: And then I'm gonna smash your face in with this.

Charlene and Cyrus: Yaaaaaaayy!!!

Suddenly an insane RIPPING noise is heard off stage with a final YELP. Everyone freezes.

Dorilla walks back onstage with a bloodied body of Louis and raises it up.

Dyson and Duke: *shaming* Dorillaaaaaa.

Charlene and Cyrus: LOUUUUUIS! NOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Duke: I guess he played a little too hard.

Gorilla puts his face in his hands and runs off stage. He's very upset about what he's done.

Dyson: You hurt Dorilla's feelings with your dumb dog!

Charlene: Your gorilla de-boned Luis!

Duke: There are more important things than your dog's bones...like Dorilla's FEELINGS!

Duke and Dyson run off to go search for Dorilla.

Cyrus: What about sisterhood?

Dyson: Do it yourselves!

Duke and Dyson run off to look for Dorilla. Charlene shrugs and beats herself in the face with the bat. Cyrus starts chugging the handle. Lights down.

Lights up. Dyson and Duke are searching on stage,

Dyson: Dorillaaaaaaa!!!! Here boy!

Duke: WHERE AAAAAARE YOOOOOUUU??? DORILLAAAA!

Light coffee shop jazz begins playing.

Dyson: Wait...do you hear that?

Dyson and Duke walk to house left. A woman is miming a lecture. Dorilla is sitting smoking a pipe and taking notes at a chair. A sign reads "CONSENT CON".

Dyson: Oh my god...

Duke: NOOOOO!!

Dyson and Duke fall to their knees.

Con: I'm just teaching him about consent-

Dyson: He was a good gorilla, and you RUINED HIM.

Con: Safe and consensual sex is incredibly importa-

Duke: SHUT UP SHUT UP!

Con: Don't tell me to-

Suddenly Dorilla stands up and silences everyone. Everyone stops yelling. He hands DKE's a letter. Duke reads the letter.

Dyson: Dear Fathers,

It has come to my knowledge that there have been reports of non consensual touching associated with members of the DKE fraternity. As a gorilla who values respect, consent, and the well-being of all members of the community, I find these allegations deeply troubling.

Due to these concerns,I have made the decision to transfer to Brigham Young University, a more welcoming and secure atmosphere.

I will always remember you. Love, Dorilla

Duke: No...

Dorilla puts on a fedora and grabs two suitcases. Suddenly a train conductor comes out. Midnight train to georgia plays.

Train: All aboard!!! Traveling to Salt Lake City, Utah!!!

Duke: Dorilla..please...

Dorilla looks back one more time before boarding the train.

Dyson: Dorilla....we'll always remember you.

Duke: Well at least we're the only fraternity that has ever had an ape pet.

Suddenly a flamboyant little monkey runs out on stage.

Monkey: ooo ooo ahhhhhhh!!!

Dyson: What the hell? Gay little monkey?

Machis run out on stage.

Machi: I am proud to present the new machi pet: the totally straight not homosexual machi-nkey.

Monkey: ooooooooooh!!!

DKEs takes out the bag of coke again.

Duke: He pinky promised.

The Dke's shneef. Lights down.

Villainous Parking and Transportation

Lights Up stage right on two students.

Kel: Hey do you think I'm good to park here?

Sam: You paid 700 dollars to park on campus. It's fine.

Kel: Yeah, you're probably right.

Sam: If I know two things, it's that I'm always right and that I've never been wrong! Now let's go!

Kel and Sam rush off stage. Lights down.

Cue sneaky music. Lights up stage center and right. Two evil looking villains walk on stage. They're twiddling their mustaches. Dastardly cartoon music plays in the background. They're holding little ipads. They have big jackets with props inside!

Slippy: Nya nya nya

Barb: Aye Slippy... you see that lime green Kia Soul with the flame decal.

Slippy: I do Barb...

Barb smells the air.

Slippy: I HATE THESE KIDS! WITH THEIR STUPID CARS AND DADDY'S BANK ACCOUNT! FOOLS THE LOT OF THEM!

Barb: Slippy, this one's never had any tickets!!!

Slippy: MMMMMmmmmMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM A ticket virgin! Should we rig a car bomb!?

Barb: No no not yet Slippy, it's only a sophomore! We gotta tease them a little bit.

Slippy: *just louder* MMMMMMM Playin' with our food are we!

Barb: I say we barnacle the gal.

Slippy: Oh Barb!

Barb: And then we slash 'er tires!

Slippy: OHH BARB!

Barb: And then we key 'er car!

Slippy: I HATE THESE UNDERGRADS! How dare they park in our lots after 8:01!

Barb: THE FOOLS!

Slippy: IMBECILES!

Barb: We're gonna take all of their money!!!

Barb and Slippy start furiously mashing their Ipads and just going

Barb & Slippy: YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH

The two students walk back in from stage right.

Kel: Were you about to ticket my car?

They both try to act super normal and official.

Slippy: Oh, uh hello ma'am.

Barb: A wonderful undergrad! Good morning!

Slippy: I just wanted to let you know that your car is receiving a \$75 ticket for being parked in a totally acceptable location.

Slippy hands over a ticket to Kel

Sam: Wait. So we're getting fined for doing nothing wrong?

Barb: *mimicking* We're getting fined for doing nothing wrong?

Barb hands Sam a ticket! LOL

Kel: THIS IS SO UNFAIR!

Change back to old time villain demeanor

Slippy: That's another \$5

Sam: WHAT!

Barb: 'nother \$5.

Kel: You guys are total dickbags!

Slippy & Barb: OOOOOO!! That'll be \$40.

Kel: WHAT THE FU—

Slippy and Barb get their pens ready.

A beat.

Barb clicks her pen.

Barb: \$40 for the look of your face.

Slippy: MMMMMM GOOD CALL!

Sam: I'm gonna argue these tickets!

Kel: Yeah you can't get away with this!

Slippy & Barb start acting fake scared

Slippy: Ooooh you wanna talk to our manager!

Barb: OOOOO THEY WANNA ARGUE THEIR TICKETS!!!

Slippy: Ah please no! Have mercy!

Sam: Yeah!

Kel: We're gonna take this up with your boss!

Barb: They're gonna argue the ticket! NOOOO!! WE'VE BEEN FOILED!!!

Sam: YEAH, WE'RE APPEALING THIS TICKET! SEE YOU IN COURT!

Slippy: Fine, fine! See you in court.

Slippy and Barb turn away to walk offstage, put on powdered wigs, pull out gavels, and then they just turn 180.

New voice.

Barb: Objection.... OVERRULED!

Slippy: *Slaps Kel* We can do whatever the fuck we want.

Barb: When you wanna argue a ticket, you're literally just arguing against us!

Slippy: We own YOU!!! Bitches.

Barb: Aye Slippy, we haven't been to Q lot in 5 minutes, what do you say we go double back and piss in their gas tanks?

Slippy: Read my mind barb!

Barb and Slippy skip off

Kel: So... what do we do now?

Sam: Um... pay our tickets and... murder a theta chi?

Kel: You know just how to cheer me up.

High five or celebration

Lights down

Jim City

Lights up stage right on Jim Settle in his office with a student. They are in a conduct meeting.

Leandra: Yes Dean Settle, I know I shouldn't have had one, but I wasn't fully aware that owning a fake ID was an Honor Code violation. How else am I going to buy my favorite products from Romeo and Juliets.

Settle: Look, I know you're young and you want to go out and party, and a lot of students have these, but this is a safety issue. Being the Dean of student conduct, I really don't enjoy punishing students. That being said, I'm gonna take it easy on you. Firstly, I'm gonna hit you with two semesters of suspension.

Leandra: WHAT?

Settle: I'm gonna sprinkle in a 5,000 dollar fine-

Leandra: But I'm on scholarship!

Settle: Look, I don't find any enjoyment in doing this. This is just as hard for me as it is for you. And for talking back I will be following Hamarabi's code of ancient Babylon. Hold out your right hand.

Student holds hand out. Settle takes out a giant cleaver and cuts her hand off.

Leandra: Oh my fucking god!

Settle: Okay, *holds up the ID* I'm gonna hold onto this fake ID. You might wanna go to student health for that. And um, happy Wake Wednesday.

Student runs off stage. Settle looks at the ID

Settle: Oh boy, Leandra Byers from Athens, Georgia. Another addition to my collection, and another fine upstanding citizen of Jim City.

Pulls out a large cardboard diorama. Theres a bunch of fake IDs on it and a little city like thing.

Settle: Who will you be in my land? What stories will you create?

Enter faculty member.

Faculty: Hey Jim! Oh god Jim, are you playing with your toy city again? How many fake IDs do you even have?

Settle: IT'S NOT A TOY CITY! It's a fully functioning ecosystem with a stable economy of a growing population. We're nearly reaching gentrification! I can't wait till we start redlining.

Faculty: Jim you realize how unethical it is to keep fake IDs as toys and create an imaginary civilization around them?

Settle: Do you realize how unethical your face is? Get out of my office you ugly motherfucker.

Faculty member exits.

Settle: Humph, now, where were we? Oh yes, Leandra Byers is a small town girl entering the metropolis that is Jim City. She's arriving from the train station now...

Jim starts pantomiming with the IDs, Lights up center stage on the same student from earlier. She's got two big things of luggage and a fedora.

Leandra: Boy oh boy, I finally made it to Jim City, this is beautiful.

Enter two citizens.

Jonathan: Hello. You must be new here, I'm Jonathan Moors from Houston Texas, I'm 5'11 and an organ donor.

Leandra: I'm also an organ donor!

Jonathan: Excellent. Welcome to Jim City, the most magical city in all of America. Created by the greatest Dean of Conduct in all of academic history: Jim Settle! You can be whatever you want here! What do YOU wanna be?

Settle: Hmmm, what do I make you Leandra... Oh, I got it!

Leadra: Well, I've had one dream ever since I was a little girl. I've always wanted to be...

Jonathan: What is it?

Leandra: I want to be a Dean of Conduct, the coolest job ever! I'm gonna be well liked and respected.

Settle: Hmmm good choice Leandra! But how about we add some romance into this story. Lets see...

Jim fiddles through a box of IDs.

Settle: Sparks are about to fly with... Bill Smith from Darian Conneticut.

Enter Bill, they lock eyes in a dramatic pause.

Bill: We're married now!

Settle: And now for a child.

Enter Jill McGaster

Jill: I'm Jill McGaster from Bethesda Maryland. I'm your daughter!

Leandra: I love my family. *They all get together.*

Family: And we love living in Jim City!

Lights down on the family, Jim Settle is still on the other side with the Diorama.

Settle: What a happy family I've created for this bustling hub of culture. But not every thing is as it seems in Jim City. For what lurks beneath the warm exteriors of these families?

Lights up on Leandra and Bill in their house, Bill is wearing a wifebeater and drinking at a table.

Leandra: Bill, have you been drinking all day?

Bill: You bet I have been, cause I'm unemployed and therefore have freetime.

Leandra: You've been neglecting me. Sexually.

Bill: I want to, but I know it will only last two seconds. Which is okay.

Leandra: You're right. It is okay. It's unrealistic to expect men to last for longer than five seconds.

Settle: You said it, Leandra. That's a perfect amount of time.

Leandra: Anyways, where is our child? We have neglected her due to our marital crisis.

Jill walks in with tattoos and a durag.

Jill: It's me. Your child. Jill McGaster from Bethesda, Maryland. I'm addicted to drugs now.

Leandra: No! Who could've done this?

Jill: You did. Because of your neglect, I'm addicted to drugs. Hard drugs. Also I'm pregnant.

Bill: Oh no! Our terrible parenting!

BRIIIIIING. BRIIIIIING. BRIIIIIING. The phone rings. Jim picks it up.

Jim: WHAT? WHAT? I'm doing important work right now. A family's life is at stake.

Faculty: Um sir..the Chi Psi's are here for their biweekly cock sucking session?

Jim: Oh boy! I've been edging for this all week.

Jim sits up.

Jim: But will my city be okay without its guardian? Hmmmm. I'm sure it will be fine. It's a fully functioning society.

Faculty: Sir, their mouths are watering.

Jim: COMIIIIIIINGG!!!

Jim skips off stage. Every citizen looks around as if they're gaining consciousness. Lights down.

Lights up stage right on the desk with the diorama still there. Jim settle enters all sweaty and doing his pants.

Settle: Oh boy what a rush. Those Chi Psi's sure know how to gluck. *Settle sits in the chair.* Ah, let's see how the city is doing without its fearless leader. They're probably fine.

Lights up on stage center. All the banshees are on stage going nuts. People are wrestling and generally things are NOT representative of a bustling society. One banshee is just waving a prop flame in the background (the city is on fire),

Leandra: AHHHHHHHHHH THE CITY IS IN RUINS!!!

Jonathan: EVERYTHING IS ON FIRE!!

Jill runs on stage with a bloodied shirt and no head.

Jill: THEY CUT MY FUCKING HEAD OFF!!

Bill: WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED??

Settle: Oh my God! The City is in total meltdown! Production has stopped, the water supply has been tainted, and...barbarians are invading!!!

Enter DKE KSIG and Tachi with swords.

Tachi: We're not off campus anymore, motherfuckers. Boys, slaughter and pillage?

DKE and KSIG: Slaughter and pillage.

Frats start chasing the citizens around with swords. Panic. Chaos.

Settle: There's only one person who can stop this.

Jim takes out his own wallet and puts an ID on the table.

KSIG: Who are we gonna kill first, boys?

DKE grabs Leandra and holds a sword up to her throat.

God Settle: STOOOOOOOOP!!!!

Lights flash. Crack of thunder sound effect. Everyone freezes and looks to the heavens. This plays: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WIt6kSbOhI&ab_channel=KacskaTB

An incredibly buff shirtless dude with sunglasses and blonde flowing hair walks onto stage.

Leandra: Holy shit it's! It's-

God Settle: Yes, Leandra. It's me. Jim Settle. The greatest Dean of Conduct ever.

Music fades out.

KSIG: Well what if we just fucking kill everyone?

God Settle: STOP.

God Settle raises his hand. The greeks are all shot back in a shockwave. They exit.

God Settle: Fire. Quench yourself.

God Settle raises his hand. Banshee stops waving the flame.

Leandra: The fire is gone!

Jill runs up to God Settle.

Jill: BUT MY FUCKING HEAD!! THEY CUT IT OFF!!

God Settle: Head. Grow.

God Settle raises his hand. Jill's head comes out of the shirt.

Jill: Oh my god. My head's back. Thank you Jim Settle! The city is saved!

Bill: You did it. You're our hero.

Leandra: Everyone. Jim Settle is the greatest Dean and man ever. Any lady would be lucky to have him.

All the citizens love him and hug him. They all chant.

Citizens: JIM! JIM! JIM!

God Settle: Let's go have a 2 second orgy.

Citizens: YEEEEAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Lights down center stage. Jim is miming with the cards.

Jim: *feminine voice* I love you, Jim Settle! *Masculine voice* Me too, Jim Settle.

Jim pantomimes them kissing. Faculty enters.

Faculty: Jim, um, did you have a meeting with a Leandra?

Jim: You mean Leandra Byers from Athens Georgia? Yes, I did.

Faculty: Well uh that's not where she's from and um you cut off her hand, and now she's literally bleeding to death.

Jim: That's okay... she's in a better place now... a better city... Jim City.

Faculty: You are a psychopath.

He sussy smiles and plays with his toys. Lights down

Pit Internal Monologue

Lights up stage center. Fella is sitting at the Pit and eating alone. He looks hella serious.

Fella VO: October 13th. This marks my 42nd day eating alone in the pit. Social circle: none. Roommate: Transferred. Showers? Twice a week.

Two girls come sit at a table and put their trays down.

Fella VO: No one likes me. No one talks to me. But they all talk about me.

Sheila: And so I saw her at the Future Birds concert, and she was actually being a menace.

Fella VO: Do you see what I mean?

Sheila: Did you just hear something?

Jorf: Wait, so what happened?

Sheila: She was trying to get on Yoshua's shoulders, she was like "pick me up and put me on your shoulders, I only weigh 50 pounds", and then he said "okay" and so she got on his shoulders

Jorf: AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED?

Sheila: Holy shit, Jorf. I'm gonna get there, Jesus. I'm setting it up otherwise the story is not gonna be FUNNY!

Jorf: I'm sorry.

Sheila: So she was on his shoulders and then the concert ended and she got off and his entire neck was covered in period blood! It was sooooo embarrassing.

Jorf: Yeah, it probably looked like when you see a mouse and stomp on it and so it leaves a big pile of blood.

Sheila: Why do you say these things, Jorf? Anyways, it was really embarrassing for her, and everyone's talking about it. I can't imagine what she's going through.

Fella VO: Can't imagine it? I'm sitting right here. Right in front of them while they spread rumors about me. I was at the Future Birds concert, but I was NOT on my period. I was sitting in the back. Thinking about my sins. And yet they ridicule me. Relentlessly.

Sheila: Oh my god, I just heard someone talking. A man talking about his periods?

Jorf: I saw on TikTok that men can have periods too!

Sheila: Shut up, Jorf! Who said that?

Fella VO: Um who said that? Me in my fucked up head. That's right. I'm sick and twisted. And I like it that way.

Sheila: Are you talking?

Fella: *super weird fucking outloud voice* No....I'm eating corned beef.

Sheila: Oh I thought I heard you...

Fella VO: No one hears me. I feel like a violent animal... I wish I could wipe that stupid fucking smile off her face. Through means... of murder. Just kidding. I'm very scared of prison. Luckily my father owns a law firm. In Raleigh.

Sheila: I'm from Raleigh! Where did you go to high school?

Fella VO: We went to the same high school, but you never noticed me. That's it. This girl has messed with the wrong guy.

Fella starts vibrating and convulsing

Sheila: Oh my god! You're Nathan! We totally did go to school together. What are you doing?

Fella VO: I'm harnessing all of my negative energy to fuck this girl up. The diarrhea hex will be in motion shortly.

Suddenly, Jorf's internal monologue kicks in.

Jorf VO: MMM Mmm mmmm. Chicken noodle soup, chocolate milk, and grapes. Jorf, you've outdone yourself. I wonder if dolphin dads stick around after the baby is born.

Fella VO: What the fuck? Who said that?

Jorf VO: It's me! Jorf!

Sheila: Jorf! Quiet! I'm trying to listen to his monologue!

Jorf: Sorry.

Jorf VO: I belong!

Fella VO: These people will never understand me. I was born to suffer.

Jorf VO: Heyy don't say that! Have you ever been to a petting zoo?

Fella VO: No, I haven't. I just go to slaughterhouses. It's more entertaining.

Jorf VO: Wow, I've never done that before! Tell me about that.

Fella VO: Essentially, they take livestock animals and they kill them. And now we eat them as food.

Jorf VO: Wow! What animals did they kill for my grapes?

Fella VO: Oh Jorf. That's actually quite interesting.

Sheila: You guys actually have a great dynamic. I could listen to this all day.

Fella VO: Jorf...this gives me an idea.

Lights down. Lights up on Jorf and Fella at a table with microphones and headphones.

Fella VO: Welcome back to another episode of the Internal Monologue podcast. Today we will be discussing national tragedies.

Jorf VO: Are they good? Are they bad? Let's find out!

Car at Stoplight

Lights up on two Kds and their dates. One couple is wearing red, KD girl is wearing green and her date is wearing yellow (it's complicated). Bar on the other side

Red KD: Holy shit, another epic stoplight, I knew going KD was worth it. All for this, this night of magic.

Green KD: Word on the street is the raves in Barcelona wish they could be here tonight. But guess what losers, no bid, no date, no stoplight.

Yellow Guy: Yeah bro I'm so looking forward to the "what are we" questions from everybody. Told my mom about us.

Green KD: Jason, I literally told you to wear green, we've talked about this several times. I'm only bringing you because Winthrop wasn't available.

Red Guy: Oh tough bro, I'm mad excited about this red I'm wearing. HAha, I totally don't have my green socks on right now. I'm gonna cheat on my girlfriend later.

Red KD: Hey Brad, could you go get me a drink, I don't want to wait in line and my favorite Noah KaHAN song is playing. Stick season is so undiscovered. I'm from the NorthEast so it resonates with me personally.

Red Guy: Uhhh yeah sure, try not to have too much fun without me. *Looks to audience* I'll be having too much fun without her.

Red Guy walks to the other side of the stage to the bar. As he walks a guy in a cardboard car costume runs on stage.

Car: WATCH OUT WATCH OUT WATCH OUT

Car stops in front of him

Car: Holy shit that was close.

Red Guy: What the hell bro! You almost hit me.

Green KD: Why is there a car at the date function.

Yellow Guy: Yeah, how'd this automobile get on the list. He's not even in the right outfit. I am though, right Sharon???

Green KD: No Jason you are not!

Car: Ohhhh mannnnn I gotta get out of here. I don't even know what to do right now. I was getting mixed drinks with the van at the Jimmy Johns drive through and now I'm here.

Red KD: Are you like here to pick someone up? The vans don't leave for another *looks at watch*. *She's not wearing a watch* Two hours!

Car: No, I'm just scared right now. So many signals.

Another Green KD walks onto stage

Car: GREEN MEANS GREEN MEANS GO *Car runs over KD. She dead*. Oh fuck not another one.

Red Guy: What the fuck man, you just downed a single lady and potential partner for my adulterous ass.

Green KD: Just get out of here already.

Car: I DON'T KNOW HOW! There's just too much going on. My internal navigation is fucked up because I'm fucking wasted. I think that Van might have slipped some premium into my diesel ass. The black nozzle is just way too big for my tiny lil gas spout to handle.

Yellow guy: Wait, you're fucked up and driving right now? That's mad irresponsible, no?

Car: I CAN MAKE THIS LIGHT I CAN MAKE THIS ONE *Runs over yellow guy*

Green KD: Oh nooooooooo. Who am I gonna take to my date functions now? He was the perfect date to hide my bisexuality.

Car: Oh shit I really thought I could make that.

Red KD: Oh my god this is getting crazy. Classic stoplight. But you gotta go!

Red guy: Yeah man, go back to hitting drunk DZs on the polo crossing.

Car: Shit, they hate me... they fucking hate me.

Green KD: We don't hate you. We're just startled. Cause you're a car at our date function.

Car: I didn't ask to be a car at your date function. I didn't ask for any of this! I have dreams too!

Red guy: Hey bro, I hear you! I didn't ask to be in this relationship.

Green KD: And I didn't ask to be a KD. It was very low on my list.

Red KD: And I didn't ask for chlamydia. Guys, I think we've been really mean to our friend car.

Green KD: Yeah, and you know our motto: When there's an automobile at the KD date function known as stoplight, you invite it to dance.

Car: You guys! Do you really mean that?

Red Guy: Yeah bro. Cmon gentlemen, START YOUR ENGINES!

Everyone: YAAAAAA.

Lights down, car crash noises and people screaming compilation. Lights up on Car dancing surrounded by the whole troupe dead.

Car: GODDAMN! Who gave my drunk ass the keys?!?!

Lights down

Hugh

Open in on the pit. People are walking around with their plates. People are talking and such.

Jomungus: And then that Sig Pi asked me to put my finger in his butt.

Duchungus: Wow.

Jomungus: And then my nail broke. And I think it's still inside of him.

Duchungus: Wow. Jello Ween a movie fr fr. Anyways where do we sit?

Jomungus: Hmm maybe over the-

Door creaks. Hugh enters. Everyone stops talking. Everyone knows.

Duchungus: He's here.

Jomungus: Who?

Duchungus: No not who...HUGH. DKE president: Hugh Bigdick. The man with the smallest balls on campus. It's ironic because his last name is Bigdick, but not everything is as it seems....

Jomungus: Oh my god. Look, it's AEPI! The Coolest guys on campus.

Suddenly, the jocks enter.

Slick: Well well well, if it isn't Hugh Tiny balls. The man with the smallest balls on campus.

Hugh: Hi guuuuuuuuys.

Slick: Hugh were you looking at those girls over there? Buddy, I hate to break it to you, but they don't WANT you.

Lightning: Do you know why?

Hugh: Because of my balls?

Slick: BECAUSEYOURBALLSARESOSMALL.

Hugh: C'mon guys..they're not that small.

Slick: Really? *Snaps his finger*

Lightning takes out super long pirate telescope and hands it to Slick.

Slick: CAUSE I CAN'T SEE AAAAAANYTHING DOWN THERE!

Hugh: It's kind of cold out!

Slick: You're not fooling anyone, it's 75 out HUUUGH. Alright boys, let's grab a rootbeer float with Hugh's girlfriend.

Hugh: I don't have a girlfriend!

Slick: Well dibs when you get one.

Hugh: Aw man....

The jocks walk out backwards.

Hugh: *to the room* My balls aren't that small!

Everyone looks.

Hugh: The average ball size is 3 centimeters diameter, and mine are two standard deviations from that.

Jomungus: Shut up DKE loser.

Hugh: dangittt!!!!!!

Hugh runs off but it's clear he doesn't know how to run. Lights down.

Lights up on Hugh crying in his room.

Hugh: ehhehhh heee waaaaaaahh huururrrrrrrrr

Suddenly two pledges walk in.

Bally: Pledgemaster Hugh!!! What's wrong?

Hugh: *crying* Oh...hey you little pledge slut boys...it's just....they did it again!

Wally: Who?

Hugh: Those big AEPi guys!! I walked into the pit, I wasn't even doing anything wrong, and they come over and say my balls are small and *crying* ehehhhhhhhhhhhhhhh

Bally: I know what will make you feel better.

Hugh: *pouts* what.

Wally: Do you want us to do the thing?

Hugh: *getting over his tantrum* Okay. I guess.

Wally and Bally crouch down into little balls and pull their shirts over their heads.

Bally: OOOOOOOHHHH I'M HUGH'S RIGHT TESTICLE! LOOK HOW BIG I AM!

Wally: I'M HUGH'S LEFT TESTICLE! LOOK HOW BIG WE ARE! Do you feel better?

Hugh: *sniffing* yeah a little. I just wish everybody could see the real me....wait a minute..

Hugh starts whispering to the boys. Lights down. Lights back up on the Pit.

Jomongus: I found the nail. I put it back on, see?

Jomongus's finger is covered in shit.

Duchungus: Wooooowwww.

Suddenly the jocks walk in.

Slick: Where's that little tiny balled freak?

Lightning: I don't know, Slick. Probably at the gynoclogist....for his tight ass vag.

The same creaking door noise happens. Hugh walks in dragging massive balls behind him in a sheet.

Duchungus: Oh my god, it's Hugh!

Hugh: No. It's Huge. As in my balls are huge.

Jomongus: They are huge! What happened?

Hugh: Let's just say...I get help from two little friends.

Wally and Bally: *in the sheet* HEE HEEE HEE!!

Hugh: *whispering* Shut up!!!!

Lighting: Wait a minute...balls don't talk! Hmmm.

Slick: There's something sussy about Hugh's new pair...

Slick walks up to Hugh's big ol sheet and starts grabbing at it.

Hugh: Back away from my nuts!

Slick: I don't believe you.

Hugh: I just hit second puberty! I swear! I can't control my changing body!

Jomungus: Show us that scrotum, Hugh.

Hugh: Eeek! No!

Duchungus: Take out your nuts, Hugh.

Everyone but Hugh: TAKE OUT YOUR NUTS! TAKE OUT YOUR NUTS!

Wally: *under the sheet* Take us out Hugh!

Hugh: Fine. You wanna see the demon inside? Fine.

Hugh whips the sheet off to reveal his little pledgelings dressed as nut sacks in front of him.

Bally: Look how big Hugh's nuts are everyone!

Hugh: Give it up boys...the jig is up.

The boys get out of their little nut sack costumes. They're just in their underwear.

Slick: So...you're a poser. Lying about your balls. That's not very Pro Humanitate of you. BUT. Your bravery has spoken volumes.

Lightining: The truth is...we only bully you because we're insecure about our own ball size.

Duchungus: And we bullied you cause we were insecure about the size of our ovaries.

Everyone just looks at her.

Slick: So Hugh...can I try your balls on for a spin?

Hugh: Really?

Slick: NO! Our balls are actually huge!

Slick and Lightning go back to back and do an air guitar riff. An AWESOME sound effect plays.

Lightning: Ha. That was AE fye. Alright. Fuck everyone here.

They leave. Hugh is sad.

Duchungus: Yeah! And I was joking about the ovary thing too! *doing the guitar riff* BOW BOW BOW BOW BOW BOW!

Jomongus just stares at her. They leave. Hugh is left with his ball boys.

Bally: Can we stop being your balls now?

Hugh: Get back in the fucking sheet.

Wally: Awww.

Bally and Wally get back in the sheet. Hugh walks off stage. Lights down.

Kappa PC Date Function

Lights up stage center. Three girls walk up to three tables. Ominous cult music is playing.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=CDWtH8eHeEU>

Katherine: Sisters, as the shadow government of Kappa Kappa Gamma, we are here to discuss the past, present, and future of our female fraternity. Sisters of tha Sistahood. But first let's eat.

The Kappas all do a line of coke. The ominous music stops playing.

Kyle: Girl dinner haha.

Katherine: Kappa Kate. Speak your truth, queen.

Kate: Oh my GOOOD! So I went to go PEE at Pike last weekend, but there was pee like ALL over the seat. I looked at it and I thought it could've been sweat or beer or one of our fake tans! So I tasted it, and it WAS fake tan! But then I forgot, and sat down anyways! And then I was just covered in orange Jergens instant sun all night. So y'know, pretty standard stuff!

Kyle: Excellent. That's like the Pike party where I thought I was peeing, but I actually sharted. And there was no TP so I used my hands, but then it was all over my Kappa Kappa Konverse. And then..

Katherine: I told you, no more pooping and peeing at parties. Kappas Keep it Klassy. Say it.

Kyle and Kate: Kappas Keep It Klassy.

Katherine: Good, if you ever need to remember it, just remember KKK.

Kyle: See, that's the topic of today's discussion. We can't keep using the Kay Kay Kay alliteration.

Katherine: But KKG, KKK..it's just so slay!

Kyle: No, but I was actually sober in class...

Katherine and Kate GASP.

Kyle: I was actually listening, and apparently the KKK isn't Kappa Kappa Kute.

Kate: It just looks bad, it's not cute for us. At all.

Katherine: But what about Kappa Kandy Kanes?

Kate: Or Kappa Kappa Kasino?

Kyle: I know.

Katheirne: Or Kappa Krispy Kreme?

Kate: Or Kappa Kappa Kristmas?

Kyle: I know!

Katherine: Or Kappa Kappa Kaddies?

Kate: Or Kappa Kappa Kill the Poor!

Kate, Katherine, or Kyle: The greatest date function of the year!

Kyle: Wait guys, let's all calm down. I know who to call.

Dials phone. Lights up stage left to girl at desk with large Kappa Kappa Krisis sign.

Kiki: Kappa Kappa Krisis Hotline this is Kiki, why are you Kappa Kappa Kalling??

Kyle: Ummmm apparently the letters KKK are a BAD THING? We don't know what to do.

Kiki: ohhhhh girlie pop we've been getting calls about this all day. I just got off with Bama's chapter, and they've just decided to embrace it. You guys can too if you want, you're fairly south of the Mason Dixon line. Like, you guys have Bojangles and shit right?

Kyle: Nooo girl pookie bae, its a small liberal arts school, we can't get Kappa Kappa Kancelled!!

Kiki: Ok I have two ideas, you could change your themes to more inclusive titles...

Kyle: okay....

Kiki: OOOOR get a more diverse PC for 2024.

Kyle: *disgusted* Ooooo... Like.... Less blondes?!?!?!?!?

Kiki: Ye-

Kyle slams phone down out of disgust.

Katherine: What did she say?

Kyle: She was being a fucking crazy bitch, I couldn't with her.

All Kappas: Awwwww girlie don't cry

Kyle takes a 100 dollar bill out of her pocket and wipes her tears with it.

Kate: What are we gonna do?

Kyle: We need to change our themes but remain serving cunt. But still like... "diverse" and "inclusive". What does that even mean?

Katherine: Let's all think our most inclusive and diverse thoughts...3.2.1. go.

*Katherine, Kyle, and Kate all start pondering really hard. The gears are turning.
Voice over whispered.*

Kate VO: ...MLK...Pronouns...Health Care...

Katherine VO: ...Kamala Harris...Allies...Black Panther...

Kyle VO: ...LGBTQ...LGBTQ...LGBTQ...

Kyle GASPS. Kate and Katherine look to her. Lights down.

Lights up on Kappa sisterhood center stage

Katherine: Sisters, the rise of hate is ugly. Like brunettes. And despite our reputation, Kappa Kappa Gamma will lead the fight against hatred in 2023. Inclusivity...is the next exclusivity...

Kyle: Our newest annual fundraiser is now called...

The banner is revealed above the group of kappas saying "LGBTQ". A pike (in a pike shirt) walks in and sees the banner.

Pike: LGBTQ?

Kate: *She motions to each letter as she explains the abbreviation* Yeah! Let's Get Blasted Tonight... QUEENS!

All the Kappas hit the table with their heads and do a line. It's the longest line ever. Lights down.

Pikes Can't Take Their Hats Off

Music Starts: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pilqN-Q_2Vw

Lights up stage right on a Pike sitting in a chair. A bunch of tubes are attached to him. He's sleeping and struggles to breathe. A bunch of cloaked pledges are in a line next to him.

The Pike begins ripping the tubes and breathing apparatus off of him. The pledges pass a red pillow (the kind that would hold with a crown) with a badass light blue bulls hat resting on top.

The Pike stands up. The pledges all gather around him and bestow upon him his crown: A dope backwards hat. It's barely on his head.

Grandon: *to himself* Finally, I'm ready for my day...

Grandon waves off his pledges.

Grandon: Bring me to Carswell! I have a Com class to be late to!

The pledges lift him up.

Looke: Yo Grandon, your hat never ceases to amaze.

Grandon: Thanks, I bought it at Spencer's. It's iconic.

Killer: Looks better everyday you wear it.

Grandon: It's aged like fine wine. Like my 59 year old parking and transportation side piece.

Looke: You have exponential rizzability Grandon.

Killer: Do you think I'll get a hat like you one day, pledge master Grandon?

Grandon: If you can survive our Pike try not to cum lineup, then maybe you will get your own dome wear.

Looke & Grandon: Yes my liege...

Pledges drop Pike off into a classroom stage middle. Music stops. Lights down right

Grandon: What is up Public Speaking!

Teacher: Grandon, please be quiet.

Grandon: That's not what Giselle from parking and transportation was saying last night!
Hooooo! *Smacks his junk then holsters said smack.*

Teacher: *casually* Grandon, you're geeking...

Grandon: Sorry, teach. *To boys. Sup' boys.*

Smash: Ya

Stret: Ya

Couple forwarded hatted Machi fucks are sitting in the class.

Grandon: Yo bro, can you move your backpack? That's my backpack spot.

Machissimo makes no movements.

Machissimo: *to Clyder* Dude, during fire and ice a tri delt took a shit on the floor.

Heckmeista: Yo....

Machissimo: Yeah, so I made a pledge eat it. Worst part was he got a little half-chub.

Heckmeista: Yoooo

Machissimo: So you know I helped finish him off!

Heckmeista: YOOOOOOO!!!!!!

MACHIS: Machi! Machi! Machi!

Grandon: Yo! Forward hat wearing fuck face. Move your fucking backpack.

Teacher: Just because this is a public speaking class doesn't mean we should all be speaking at once.

Grandon and Machissimo: SHUT UP NERD!

Grandon: We love you though teach! *Machissimo and Grandon do kawaii hearts.*

Machissimo: I'd really wanna get coffee with you someday.

Grandon: *whispering* Move your fucking backpack!

Machissimo: The fuck? You hear something?

Grandon: THAT'S IT!

All Pikes rise. Robotically like robo-cop. They all put their hats in place.

Grandon: THE FUCK YOU SAY TO ME?

Heckmeista: Sounds like a non-machi *sniffs* male? trying to talk to a brother of sigma chi.

Grandon: SIGMA CHI! More like SIGMA CRY over how you get no bitches!

Machissimo: HAHAAHAHAHA SO FUCKING FUNNY! Coming from a backward hat facing dick sucker!

Grandon: What's wrong with sucking dick?

Heckmeista: NOTHING! It's just that our forward hats block us from nob slobbering.

Grandon: OH REALLY?

Machissimo: Yeah! Cause of the brim!

Grandon: I get it!

Heckmeista: It blocks their dicks!

Grandon: VERY CLEVER!

Heckmeista: You can suck all you want cause of your backwards hat!

Grandon: THAT'S IT! Sound the trumpets!

See

The Pikes sound HUGE HORNS!

Grandon: *Scoff* Tomorrow. Basketball game. Rim-off

Machissimo: I'mma rim you like it's my job!

Machis exit.

Grandon: Teach, I'd like to publicly speak.

Teacher: Okay?

Grandon: Everyone come to the basketball game tomorrow to watch me wash my dick with that fucker's hat... Thank you.

Grandon tries to exit the room.

Teacher: Grandon there's still 50 minutes left in class.

Grandon: I have to go to the Pike Pit table to chill. No one else can come!

Lights down.

Lights up on Wake Crowd center stage.

Crowd: WOOOOO Let's go Wake Forest! Yeah! YEah! YAAASSS!

Basketball players run across. They're traveling

RUF: That's a travel! They're literally not even dribbling.

Denise: What's going on? Did we score a touchdown? Home run! Hahaha! I don't know anything about sports!

The RUF kids shank her. she drops.

Crowd: WOoooo! GO Wake Forest! Gooooooooooooo...

Menacing Drone plays: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PCfiqY05BpA>

Machissimo VO: Stop the game!

All basketball players freeze.

Crowd: What's going on?

Machissimo enters with a huge hat

Machissimo: WHERE IS HE!

Crowd: What?

Machissimo: Every minute you don't come out I'm gonna kill a fucking geed! Starting with you!

A geed is taken from the crowd.

Geed: Please no!

Grandon VO: HOLD IT! I roomed with him freshmen year!

Geed: Grandon! You came back!

Grandon walks out with a pussy boy hat.

Machissimo: Is that your hat? AHAHAHAHAHAHAH!

Grandon: No... **This** is ... *to the heavens* LITTLE SISTERS!

Little sisters come out carrying the tallest, backward hat over their shoulder. It just keeps coming. Doug Dimmadome style.

Don Geedle: It just keeps coming.

Basketball Players: Look how many people showed up to our game today!

Geedletooth: No, we're actually here for the hat contest.

Basketball players: Oh...

The little sisters place it on his head. SHOCKWAVE SOUND EFFECT:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1HW_UhztX68 *The crowd recoils in impact.*

Grandon: I have become Domepiece - Destroyer of squids!

Machissimo: We don't have to do this... We can just mix on Saturday.

Grandon: The time for mixing is over...

Grandon starts to struggle. The hat's taking over.

Grandon: AHHHHHH!!!!

Don Geedle: Can you stop!

Grandon: AHHHH!HHH!!!!

Geedletooth: I'm trying to watch the game!

Grandon: It's taking over my mind! AH! AH!

Don Geedle: LEMME WATCH!

Crowd member knocks his hat over. He is bald.

Geedletooth: OH MY GOD! He's bald!

Grandon: WAIT! I'm balding! Not bald!

Don Geedle: HE'S BALD! EVERYONE LAUGH! HAHAHA

Crowd Laughs

Machissimo: *takes off his hat like robocop* KCCCCCCCCHHHHHH (*he's bald*)

Geedletooth: He's also bald!

Machissimo: We don't need these fucking geeds. All we need is each other.

Grandon: Mixer saturday?

Machissimo: Obv.

They walk off together.

Don Geedle: I fucking hate how greek life has taken over this campus.

Geedletooth: They make everything about themselves and ruin it for us geeds.

Cool Geed runs in wearing a fedora.

Cool Geed: Don't worry fellow geeds I'll represent us in the hat contest!

The crowd rips them to pieces.

Lights down.