

THE LILTING BANSHEES PRESENT:

CLASSICS II

JANUARY 29th, 2025



Gunface: The next two weeks I couldn't sleep, tossing and turning like a banana in a crate box being transported. It's because I was changing, morphing, like a grape into a raisin.

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Adam & Eve

Lights up on Adam and Eve lying on the ground. A tree (banshee in brown cloak) is also there holding an apple. Mystical music plays. Everything that VO narrates is being acted out by Adam and Eve.

VO: Ahhhhh. Morning time in Eden. Genesis. *Adam and Eve wake up.* Adam and Eve wake from a long night's slumber. They greet each other in normal fashion. Good morning, Eve.

Adam greets Eve putting his hand on her chest.

VO: Good morning, Adam.

Eve greets Adam putting her hand on his chest. They are gazing into each other's eyes. Happy and carefree.

VO: Sweet innocence. Now this is where our story begins. Adam eyes the apple tree. He points to the tree But Eve recalls the one simple instruction from God and says: "Don't eat the apple from the tree of good and evil." Eve, pfft. Such a buzzkill. Oh, what's that!

The snake enters (banshee in black cloak holding a snake).

VO: The devil has slithered into the scene! What trouble will the devil cause for Eve? *Evil snake voice*: "You guys should really eat the apple" says the snake. Adam agrees. *Adam's voice*: "Eve, the snake is right. I thought we should really eat the apple." Eve responds, "But God said no." *snake's voice*: "Well God can suck a dick."

Snake exits.

VO: Woooahhh. Wooah okay did not remember that part.

Eve: Now wait. What's suck a dick?

Simultaneously:

Adam: Sounds delightful.

Eve: Sounds disgusting.

VO: Oh no, okay. Let's reign this back in everybody. Okay... where were we... Ah, yes. Someone was about to eat the apple. Could it be Adam? Or was it definitely Eve?

Adam approaches the tree cautiously. He takes the apple from the tree.

Adam: Fuck it.

He takes a hearty bite of the apple.

VO: Oh no, original sin! **Eve** has eaten the apple.

Eve: What the fuck, that was Adam.

VO: The evidence is overwhelming. Look who's holding the apple.

Adam tosses her the apple.

Eve: You literally just saw me standing here telling him repeatedly not to eat the fucking apple.

VO: God found out that Eve bit the apple... And was furious.

Adam: How dare you eat the goddamn apple?

God reveals himself to be standing at the top of Brendle. He begins walking down toward the stage.

God: EVE! How dare you use my name in vain. You and your classic womanly inability to resist temptation. All women in future generations must suffer.

Eve: Have mercy, father. Please.

God walks onto the stage.

God: First – women will be paid 79 cents to the dollar. And once a month, your uterine lining shall shed. And you will bleed out of your butt.

Eve: Wait wait wait I don't think that that's how it –

God: *interjects* Shut up. *Continues:* Bleed out of your butt! And the only way to stop it, will be to shove cotton up there. Hope for the best.

Eve: Why, God, why?

God: And that's not all. The cotton will be taxed as a luxury item. You, Eve, ate the apple from the tree of good and evil.

Adam: How could you?

Eve: I didn't!

God: Oh don't think you're getting off easy, Adam.

Adam: God, please. Have mercy.

God: In future generations, men will no longer be able to grab women by the breast as they please.

Adam is devastated.

Adam: Why God?

God: Don't worry this won't take effect until like 2018 so until then you're good.

Adam is overjoyed. He gets up and rejoices with God. Lights down.

Insane Girls in Pledge Car

Lights up on a car setup. Two chairs in the front, three in the back. There's a driver in the front, two girls in the passenger seat (one is on her lap). Three girls are in the back. The driver is driving a wheel. The girls' conversation is VERY QUICK AND FAST, almost talking over each other.

Hoda: So where are you from?

Joe: Uh, Jacksonville.

Girls: OOOOOooooooooOOOOOOoo!

Meredith: Florida!

Zoe: I've been to Disneyland!

Ruby: It's Disney WORLD you slut!

Zoe: Ah! You right you right it was Disneyworld!

Kat: What's your name?

Joe: Uh, Joe.

Girls: *in awe*. OOOOOOOooooooooOOOOOOOO.

Hoda: Is that short for Joseph?

Joe: Yeah.

Kat: My name's Kat with a K

Joe: Uh, cool. Is that short for something?

Kat: Yeah. Katrick.

Meredith: Are you gonna remember her name? Are you gonna remember my name?

Joe: Um, you never told me your name, so probably not.

Girls: *General chatter* Joeeeeeeeee! Come on, Joe!

Ruby: Okay Joe, so is God dead?

A beat as they stare at him.

Joe: Um, what?

Hoda: *looking outside the car.* Oh my god, Joe, stop the car! It's Gracie!

Kat: It's Gracie, Joe! Stop the car!

They all mime the car stopping and slam forward. Gracie comes screaming on stage and runs toward the car while the girls are squealing. She's wearing a tutu, camo, and an American shirt.

Meredith: Gracie get in you bitch!

Gracie gets into the car and just lays across the three girls in the back.

Zoe: Gracie what the fuck are you wearing?

Gracie: I didn't know what the theme was so I just put everything on.

Hoda: Gracie you're such a bitch! Isn't she a bitch? Oh Joe, this is Gracie, Gracie this is Joe.

Joe: Uh, hi.

Zoe: So Joe, how do you think Trump's corporate tax policy is going to affect inflation?

A beat.

Joe: I'm sorry, what?

Ruby: Is this your car?

Joe: Uh, no. It's a brother's.

Gracie: Okay good because I might have just peed a little bit.

Kat: Gracie ewww you're on my lap you bitch!

Meredith: So what are we gonna do about ISIS?

A beat as they stare at him.

Joe: Whaaaaa—

Zoe: I really like your playlist, Joe.

Girls: Ooooo yeah me too me too we love it.

Joe: Uh, thanks.

Hoda: So Joe, let's say we're all on a cruise ship, and there's this one guy who's real fucked up and he's got a bomb. And he goes up to you and tells you that if you don't have sex with your mom—your mom is there, by the way—if you don't have sex with your mom, then he's gonna kill everyone on the boat except you.

A beat as they stare at him.

Hoda: Oh yeah and everyone else on the boat is children. What do you do, Joe?

Joe: Uh.

Meredith: You gonna kill the kids Joe?

Joe: Uh...uh...

Ruby: Oh look! We're here!

Girls: Yaaayyyyyy thank you Joeeee etc.

They begin climbing out of the car.

Kat: Five stars Joe.

Gracie: Let's get Pit sometime, Joe!

Girls: Byeeeeeee pick us up laterrr etc.

They run offstage. Joe has a moment alone free from chaos. He takes a deep breath.

Joe: Looks upward. Thank God.

Suddenly, three squealing girls come running on stage and get in the car.

Lola: So where are you from?

Lights down.

Storm Falcon 1

VO: We'll be right back after these messages.

Lights up stage center on Storm Falcon and four banshees behind him in workout clothes (headbands, tanktops). Some are holding weights, barbells. The banshees are all stretching, jumping around, and they continue doing exercise-like activities throughout the sketch.

Storm Falcon: You've heard of those weak ass workout programs like P90x and Insanity - Who has time for those? 30 minutes a day for results??! I mean, cmon! We're not made of time. Hi - I'm Storm Falcon and I'm the creator of a revolutionary new workout program: YOU ARE SO FUCKED.

Banshees: SO FUCKED!

Storm Falcon: SO FUCKED! How fucked??

Banshees: SO FUCKED!

Storm Falcon: SO FUCKED! With just two minutes a day for two weeks, you can look this *motions to himself* but better! I haven't started yet. This is my before phase. Need a real person testimonial? Jack, take it away.

Cut music??????

A psycho amped up Jack sprints on stage, lets out a crazy scream, and then sprints right back off.

Music resumes??????

Storm Falcon: Thanks, Jack. Talk about results. People always ask me: "Do I need a complicated diet to get results?" And I say: "What's complicated about eating only carrots and ice?" *Beat* Nothing! So stop making excuses, and start eating your excuses for breakfast. Except don't, they're packed with hyper calories. Operators are standing by at 1800-YOURESOFOCKED.

Banshees: SO FUCKED!

Storm Falcon: It's a real number, I swear. It's my cell. Just call today to get started on your 14 day journey to looking and acting like these guys!

Storm points to banshees. The banshees all scream because they're so amped.

VO: *like a drug commercial side-effects voice* Warning, results guaranteed. *Lights down.*

Wanna See My Secret Box?

Lights up on two guys, sitting in dorm room, each at own desk

Walter: Hey Jeff, did you, uh, go through some of my stuff while I was in class?

Jeff: *(watching TV, not listening too carefully)* No man.

Walter: Because it kind of looks like the lid to my secret box is different than the way I left it.

Jeff: I don't know what you're talking about.

Pause

Walter: *(suspicious)* I think you do know.

Jeff: About what?

Walter: My secret box. I think you went through it, and now I think you know all my super secrets.

Jeff: Dude, I've just been watching TV, relax.

Walter: Well there's a lot of sensitive stuff in there, stuff that people would want to know about. I thought I kept it in a safe place. But I guess that empty spot on your side of the closet wasn't private enough for you.

Jeff: *(turns and addresses Walter for the first time)* Look, I didn't touch any of your things. I've been sitting here since you left, watching a movie. Alright? *(turns back around)*

They are both quiet for a few seconds as Walter sorts through things in the box, Jeff watches TV.

Walter: The Khaki Stain of Shame.

Jeff: Huh?

Walter: My poem. You read it. The corners are bent.

Jeff: I didn't even know you wrote poems.

Walter: She dry-humped me mercilessly, and I was left with a stain for the whole world to see! This was a very private event in my life Jeff; I can't believe you just invaded my privacy like that.

Jeff: You're acting really weird Walter. I don't think I know you well enough for you to be saying things like this.

Walter: Oh, but you know me well enough to play with Jolene the Machine?

Jeff: What?

Walter: The doll that I made out of my old girlfriend's retainers. I would steal them when they were carelessly left on napkins in restaurants. Oh I had a lot of girlfriends Jeff, and they had very, very bad teeth. But I guess you know all about that.

Jeff: About bad teeth?

Walter: No Jeff, about the sordid details of my love life. (*pulls out milk bottle*) You know what this is Jeff?

Jeff: No.

Walter: Of course you do! It's a pint of my mother's breast milk. And don't go trying to use it next time I leave, Jeff. I know how you think. And I know how you love cereal. But it curdled a long time ago. It's at least 2 weeks old.

Jeff: Speaking of things that make me throw up in my mouth, could you sweep the hair on your side of the room buddy? It shouldn't look like we have carpeting if we don't. Also, you're making me uncomfortable.

Walter: I can see why you feel that way. You read something you were never supposed to see.

Jeff: (sighing, losing patience) And what's that Walter?

Walter: Don't play dumb. This note I wrote to myself on the day we moved in. A careless little thought. A trifle. You probably took it way out of context.

Jeff: I'm sure I did.

Walter: (holding up scrap of paper) "Just met Jeff. He's really really cute. Better put this in my secret box so he'll never read it."

They look at each other. Pause.

Jeff: What's that supposed to mean?

Walter: It means that was private and you shouldn't have read it.

Jeff: I don't want you to look at me anymore, okay?

Walter: Yeah?

Jeff: Yeah.

Walter: Fine.

Jeff: Good.

Pause.

jeff: Hey Walter?

Walter: Yeah?

Jeff: I actually put a note about **you** in my secret box, too.

Walter: I know.

Pledge It

Lights up on a girl with a line of guys one is hooking up with her, he leaves to reveal her wearing a ChiO) shirt, others in line are unbuttoning and checking their watches.

VO: Is your vagina busier than the New York City subway system at rush hour? Pledge ChiO. Pledge it!

Lights down

Lights up on Beta holding an empty handle and finishing a second, holds her hands up triumphantly, then falls into a guys hands, who gives the audience a thumbs up with his eyebrows.

VO: Do you enjoy a long night of drinking...after a long day of drinking? Pledge Beta, pledge it!

Lights down

Lights up on goat running across stage, DKE runs after it pants around ankles, pauses in the middle, then keeps running.

VO: If you wanna fuck a goat, you gotta catch it first, pledge DKEs, pledge it!

Lights down

Lights up on DZ dancing with giant crabs and loving it (if nothing else, lobster por holders)

VO: Got more crabs than the state of Maryland? Pledge DZ. Pledge it!

Lights down

Lights up on nothing. (tumbleweed?)

VO: Pledge Chi Psi, pledge it!

Lights down

Lights up on a girl finishing a blow job to reveal powdered sugar on her nose, turns to face the audience, looks surprised, then freezes.

VO: Enjoy a good blow after doing eight lines of blow? Pledge Kappa. Pledge it!

Lights up on a Sigma Chi on his knees, turns around, looks surprised and freezes.

VO: Enjoy a good blow from your favorite bro? Pledge Sigma Chi, pledge it!

Lights down

Feminist Jeopardy

Lights up on a [Jeopardy](#) set. A jeopardy board, a podium for the host, and three podiums for the contestants.

Hostess: Hello and welcome to Feminist Jeopardy! I'm your host, Alex Trebek. Oh, what? You thought that was a guy's name? *Angrily and intensely*: Too bad cause it's GENDER NEUTRAL!!! SOCIAL NORM, BROKEN. Okay, let's meet our contestants. First up we have spoken-word poet, mother of dissonance and my lesbian life partner, Karen.

Karen: leaning into the mic. My vagina is a mouthpiece for the generations who came before me, Alex.

Hostess: Couldn't have said it better myself. Next up, we have a WGS professor and what he refers to as "the total opposite of a rapist," Charles Scheimann.

Charles: *leaning into the mic* This is what a feminist looks like. Points to self.

Hostess: Mmm. Powerful. And finally, we have Wake Forest sophomore and "Pretty Little Liars" enthusiast, Kelly.

Kelly: Um, I didn't know I was supposed to say something at this part? ...Hi?

Hostess: Let's take a look at our categories for the day. We have Herstory. Herstory through the ages. 50 Ways to Burn Your Bra. Female Gods. aaand State Capitals. In order of who most embodies Gertrude Stein in this moment, Karen we'll start with you.

Karen: I'll take 50 Ways to Burn your Bra for 200.

Hostess: Okay, the answer is: The Sylvia Plath method.

Charles: [buzzes in](#). What is burning your bra in an oven?

Hostess: Correct! Charles, the board is yours.

Charles: I'll take Herstory for 300.

Hostess: The answer is: the amount of time it took for there be a female science teacher at George Washington High School in East Vermont.

Charles: [buzzes in](#) What is too long?

Hostess: Right again! Charles, the board is yours again.

Charles: Actually, I don't feel comfortable keeping the board because as a man it evokes generations of patriarchal oppression so instead I would like to pass the board to Karen.

Karen: OH, so now I need YOU to pass me the board. OF COURSE. Of FUCKING course. Well let me tell you something- *as she starts speaking here, the Hostess pulls out a bongo and beats along to it.* I never. Needed. A man. Needed. Is. As. Needed. Does. Skirts. Dresses. Breasts. Of the less-er gender? Not now. Not. Again. Georgia. O. Keefe.

Kelly: Um, I'll take the board?

Hostess: That's right! Take initiative! Like a WOMAN. What's your category?

Kelly: I don't really know what the rest of those are and I'm a geography major so I guess I'll take state capitals for \$300.

Hostess: Your answer is: Montgomery, Alabama.

Kelly: Okay, um, now I'm confused because that seems like the answer and the quest-

Charles: [*buzzing in*](#) What is the state capital known for having the least amount of copies of Feminine Mystique in its public libraries?

Hostess: Right you are. But because men are still paid more in this country and because country has the word "cunt" in it, you need to pay Kelly \$100.

Charles: Naturally. Do you accept a check?

Hostess: Absolutely.

Charles writes out a check, gives it to Kelly

Charles: In the memo line I put "he for she".

Hostess: Ok Kelly, the board is still yours.

Kelly: But how- I don't- okay. I guess I'll take female gods for \$100.

Daily double sound but it's the sound of a woman climaxing

Kelly: What the fuck was that? What did I do?

Hostess: That's actually our daily double sound. We found the other one to be oppressive to

women while this one is my lesbian life partner Karen reaching climax without the social constructed presence of a penis.

Karen: bows You're welcome.

Hostess: And the daily double answer is: This god is known for being hung on a cross.

Kelly: *buzzes in*, but is unsure Who is Jesus?

Hostess: Correct!

Kelly: But Jesus was a man?

Hostess/Karen/Charles: *START DYING LAUGHING FOR A LONG TIME, Charles laughs longer than Karen and the Hostess*

Hostess: Alright, Charles. We get it. Anyways, it's time for Final Jeopardy!

Orgasm noise plays again

Kelly: I really don't like that.

Hostess: Only because you've been taught to hate your body.

Charles: *leans over to her, whispers* I'm so sorry.

Hostess: For final jeopardy, the answer is: This is the single-most oppressive entity to the female experience today.

Final jeopardy song plays while the contestants write, the song is performed by female voices

Hostess: While our contestants are answering I'd like to draw attention to our specially crafted jeopardy music performed by a collaboration of Pussy Riot and women who choose to breast feed in public. BECAUSE IT'S THEIR BODY.

Music ends

Hostess: Okay, time's up. First, Karen. You answered "What are Urinal Cakes" and wagered "male voting rights."

Karen: Allow me to explain. Urinals are for men to pee. Men only. Also, men are allowed to pee when they stand? Patriarchy. Cakes? Don't get me started. And male voting rights? Ob-so-lete.

Hostess: Charles, you answered "What is my own penis" and wagered "my own penis."

Charles: *steps out from podium, points to dick* This is the real glass ceiling. *Steps back.*

Hostess: And finally, Kelly you answered "What is the Saudi Arabian government," and wagered, "the check the guy gave me earlier in this game."

Kelly: I'm honestly really confused.

Hostess: Unfortunately it seems all of you were incorrect. The question we were looking for was "What is the Womens & Gender Studies Department". In a perfect world it would be the Womens and Gender Studies University. Since you all failed to answer correctly, the winner is by default Susan B. Anthony and the loser is the y - chromosome, boy scouts, and Johnny Bravo- HE KNOWS WHY! Stay tuned for a 5 hour rendition of the Vagina monologues, coming on next. Good night!

Lights down.

Storm Falcon 2

VO: We'll be right back after these messages.

[Lights up](#) stage center on Storm Falcon and four male banshees standing behind him, backs to the audience.

Storm Falcon: Think of a ruler.

One banshee throws Storm a ruler that he reaches out to catch but completely misses.

Storm Falcon: Now think of a yardstick.

A yardstick is thrown, and Storm fails to catch it, but he don't care. Beat.

Storm Falcon: That could be your dick. Hi – I'm Storm Falcon. Creator of a revolutionary new product: Horse Dick. [Horse neighing](#) sound plays as the banshees turn around to reveal the horse dicks in their pants. They all pose and flex and show off the horse dicks in their pants as Storm Falcon continues.

Storm Falcon: Down, boy! You ever been horseback riding and looked below the saddle and thought to yourself: "Wow, I want one of those!" I know I have. But now we've got a solution. Storm takes out a massive pill the size of his head. Take just three of these bite-sized capsules, and in two weeks you'll be off to the races. The huge dick races. Need a real person testimonial? Karen, take it away.

Enter Karen. She is visibly shaken.

Karen: When my boyfriend said he was getting Horse Dick, I was like: "What's that?". And then I saw the website, and then I was like: "Oh my god." And then he showed me the pill, and I was like "how are you even going to take that?". And then in two weeks –

Storm Falcon: Two weeks!

Karen: – in two weeks, it was too big.

Storm Falcon: Really big!

Karen: It was so big, I didn't know what to do with it.

Storm Falcon: She didn't know what to do with it!

Karen: So now I just hang things on it. Like posters, and flags for the holidays. I think we're gonna break up.

Karen exits

Storm Falcon: Thanks, Karen! Talk about results. People always ask me "do I need a complicated diet to get results?" And I tell them "what's complicated about eating only a bale of hay and a bag of oats?" *Beat* Nothing! So stop apologizing for your human penis, and start apologizing for your horse penis. Turn her "ohh :(" into a "woaahhhh!". Operators are standing buy at 1800-HORSEDICK today. It's a real number. I swear. It's my cell. Call today and get started on your 14 day journey, and you'll be winning like seabiscuit. But with a bigger dick!

VO: Warning: results guaranteed.

Lights down.

KD Halls

Lights up stage center on two KDs facing each other. They say everything devoid of emotion, slightly robotic.

Kate: How are you?

Girl: I'm good. How are you?

Kate: I'm good. That's good. Ha ha.

They turn toward the audience.

Girl: Oh, sorry. We didn't see you there.

Kate: Classic us. Talking about crazy stuff when we shouldn't be.

Girl: We are such KDs. We need to calm down. I hate when my KD shows.

Kate: Well anyways, I bet you guys are wondering what the girls of KD are like. Some people say that we are *air quotes* "pretty vanilla". But I think after we show you around-

Girl and Kate put their backs against each other, fold their arms, and pose.

Girl and Kate: You'll beg to differ.

Kate: Why don't we introduce ourselves? My name is Kate. I go to Wake Forest. I'm in a sorority. Y'know. KD stuff. And this is my sister. Introduce yourself.

Girl: Okay. I am girl. I have a face, eyes, a mouth. Y'know. KD stuff.

Kate: Nice. Welcome to KD Halls. Let's show you around.

They walk to stage right. Lights up stage right. There is a plain bed with two bags of coke on it, a singular shoe, and a stand with a plain sheet over it.

Kate: This is our room. Pretty cool, huh.

Girl: *Motions to bed.* This is bed. *Motions to shoe.* That's shoe. And this? *Motions to the stand.* Show em Kate.

Kate pulls away the sheet to reveal a poster with the word POSTER written on it in giant letters.

Girl: That's poster. Pretty cool.

Both: Kayyyy - de! *They high-five, but then are worried.*

Kate: Oh no. We just showed you our secret KD handshake.

Girl: I am so embarrassed.

Beat.

Girl: How about some blow?

Kate: Okay.

They both take a bump of some blow.

Kate: Nice. Wanna see the bathroom?

They walk to stage left, where there is a banshee holding a full length mirror.

Girl: Check - check - check it out. This is bathroom.

Kate: They gave us a urinal. I don't know why.

Girl: Just KD stuff. This is where I pee and sometimes do my homework. Ha ha. Just kidding.

Kate: You are so funny you get me with that every time.

Girl: Thanks.

Kate: Should we show them the mirror?

Girl: I don't know. Do you think they're ready?

Kate: I think so.

They both motion to the mirror that was completely visible the entire time.

Kate: This is mirror.

Girl: Nice. Hey, do you have the whippets?

Kate grabs the nitrous tanks from behind the mirror. They both huff, and are now lowkey tweaking. A row of like ten KDs all wearing the same green KD shirt walk on stage right.

Kate: Speaking of partying, tonight's KD stoplight.

Girl: Speaking of stoplight, tonight's gonna be a rager.

Kate: I'm wearing green, so who knows where the night will take me?

Girl: Probably ASIG.

Kate: Let's check out what's happening in Emily's room.

They walk stage right to the row of KDs.

Girl: waves Heyyy girls.

All KDs: wave Heyyy Girl.

Kate: Let's show them what a KD party is like.

All face the audience and slowly clap chanting "kayyy-de. Kayyy-de. Kayyy-de. Rush KD. Sorority."

Girl: That was hype.

All simultaneously tape their arm and inject themselves with a syringe. They all hold hands, and kiss the KD to either side of them.

All KDs: shrug Well, KD's tough.

Kate: Wow, what a rush. You had a sneak peak at the girls of kappa delta. What do you think?

Girl: Not so *air quotes*: "Vanilla" are we?

Kate: We'll see you at stoplight.

Girl: We're just gonna twerk until then.

The KDs all do stiff robotic downward motions with their upper-bodies to signify twerking. Lights down.

Cloud\$\$\$

Lights up stage right on a pair of people. They're laying down, pointing at the sky and such.

Person 1: It looks like a bunny!

Person 2: That one looks like a bear!

Lights down on them. Lights up stage left on a pair of clouds.

Cloud 1: That one looks like a fat piece of shit!

Cloud 2: I totally see it.

Lights down.

Teletubbies

Dim lights up on a sun and a tree. The lights gradually grow brighter as [teletubbies music](#) begins to play. The sun and tree dance to the music as the teletubbies all run on stage and line up. To the rhythm of the song, the teletubbies all hold their successive signs: Kinky Winky, Topsy, Lala, and Hoe. "Say, Hel-OOO" and the teletubbies say hello and wave to the audience. The music fades.

VO: One day in teletubby land, all the teletubbies were very happy. Except today, Hoe has a pregnancy scare.

All the other teletubbies except Hoe: UUUUHHHHHH oooooooooohhhh!

Hoe: Dont fucking "UUUHHHHH ooooooooooh" This is fucking serious!

Lala: Shit, you're so right, we're sorry hoe.

Topsy: Yeah, we've all been there, dont worry hoe we're here for you.

Kinky Winky: What can we do to help?

Hoe: Well no, it just suck because he said he'd pull out!

All the teletubbies shrug and sulk in a woeful manner.

Lala: Hey Hey, I think I know what will make you feel better. What if we danced around that tree for a little bit.

[Teletubbies music starts.](#) The teletubby sun enters The teletubbies skip to stage center-left and gather around the tree and dance around it.

V.O.: And just like that the teletubbies were happy again. That is until Topsy remembered what happened while she was blackout last night.

Topsy exits that dancing circle.

Topsy: Man, Fuck!

Kinky Winky: Topsy!!! What is it????

Topsy: I think I got a DUI last night

All teletubbies except topsy: UUUHHHHHHh oooohhhhhh.

Hoe: Shit, on your scooter?!

Topsy: Hoe, the fourth time this month!

Lala: Man that sucks...like we know you. And we know you are such a good person! A DUI does not define you at all.

Kinky Winky: It is like sooo not like you!

Tipsy: UGGGGhh. I'm such a dumbass!

Hoe: Hey! You're not! Listen. I know what could make you feel better.

Tipsy: I seriously doubt that.

Hoe: No come on! Let's go dance around that tree.

They go and [dance](#) around the tree again.

V.O.: Once again, happiness was restored to teletubby land. And look! It's the custard machine.

Custard Machine Enters

V.O.: And what's that? Kinky winky and the custard machine share a knowing look.

The music cuts and the teletubbies stop dancing. The sun awkwardly exits

Lala: Are you fucking kidding me Kinky winky, we eat out of that!

Hoe: I had custard this morning!!!

Kinky Winky: Hey listen, I don't think this is that big of a deal, you all need to chill out

Lala: I will NOT chill.

Kinky Winky: nah nah nah nah hear me out let's dance around this tree

Kinky Winky starts trying to dance around the tree. The [music](#) starts but its [cut short](#).

Hoe: No no stop – Fuck that shit. I will not dance around that fucking tree

Lala: Fuck you, fuck that tree. And fuck you, you little slurpy bitch.

Tipsy: We're done here!

Lala, Tipsy, and Hoe exit in a little line.

V.O.: Alone at last, Kinky Winky and the custard machine share another knowing look...

The custard machine extends its hose out on the stage seductively. Kinky Winky runs across stage and slide-staddles it. Lights down.

Storm Falcon 3

VO: The Lilting Banshees will be right back after these brief messages.

Lights up on Storm Falcon.

Storm Falcon: Have you ever wanted to wrestle a grizzly bear, eat a steak, and masturbate all at the same time, but you couldn't because you were too tired? Hi, I'm storm falcon, creator of your favorites, You are So FUCKED (*Off stage screams of SO FUCKED*) and Horse Dick ([horse noise](#)). Well I've got something better for you. Average people will spend 14,000 hours sleeping in the next 5 years. How do I know that? Science. Well I'm here to say FUCK SCIENCE. Introducing: 5 year energy.

Huge barrel of 5 Year Energy is rolled out onto the stage. It looks like a man-sized 5 hour energy.

Storm Falcon: What you see behind me is not your ordinary energy drink. It's a mind-fuck in a bottle. A really big bottle. It will blow your fucking mind. For 5 years straight. But Storm, how do I get my hands on one of these amazing drinks? Great question, voice in my head. With just 16 easy payments of 3 million dollars and 30 pounds of jello, you can say goodbye to your sleep dreams and say hello to your life dreams. Need a real person testimonial? George, take it away.

George sprints on. He's fucking crazy.

George: H h h heeeeyyy guys! Whoa whoa whoa! Where my dogs at?! Check this out! Ready! Look! Watch this! I'm a maniaaacc maniaaacc.

Runs in place. Goes insane for a while, then runs off stage screaming.

Storm Falcon: Thanks, George. Talk about results. People always ask me, do I need a complicated diet to get results? And I say, what's complicated about drinking 45 gallons of chemicals followed by 5 years of starving yourself? Nothing! So stop apologizing for being tired, and start apologizing for annoying everyone around you. Operators are standing by at 1-800-Wake-the-fuck-up.com. Yeah it's a phone number AND a website. How? Science! Fuck Science! So call now to get started on the best and last 5 years of your life.

VO: Warning: results guaranteed.

Lights Down

Das ist Fashion

Lights up. Two people dance on stage to an [ut uts uts uts beat](#) (you know what i'm talking about) They meet in the middle and high five/do a joint dance and all. They are wearing tight leather vests? Something german club-circa 2004.

Fritz: Allo and welcome back to

BOTH: DAS IS FASHION!!!!!!

Ernst: I'm Ernst

Fritz: And I'm Fritz

Both: And we're here to tell you was ist fashion.

Ernst: We are recent drop-outs of the Einstein-Kleinen-Nordstrom-Rackin-Stag Institute of higher fashion.

Fritz: Their sense of what is fashion was decidedly...elementary. *Both look at each other*

Ernst: So we have decided to host this show where we will tell you, the people, what is fashion.

Fritz: So sit back, relax, grab some of the free schnitzel underneath your chair and get ready to find out

Both: VAS IST FASHION

They dance for a minute with the music.

Ernst: Ok so to start our show we will show you the difference between vat is fashion and what is shyte.

Someone dressed in perfectly normal clothes and a backpack walks on stage, headed to class. Wearing Leggings and a T-shirt. Maybe on the phone.

Both: *Flip the fuck out* WHAAAT is this?

Fritz: What the fuck is that?!?!?

Fritz: Are we going to yoga-steigen?

Ernst: Nein

Fritz: Are we homeless?

Ernst: Nein

Fritz: Ist das fashion?

BOTH#: NEIN

They return to dancing to the music.

Ernst: We're going to show you how to turn this outfit into the hottest thing since Fritz burnt his stroodle this morning!

Fritz: You said you wouldn't bring that up!!!

Ernst: It was needed. For the advancement of fashion. Now, we show you how to turn this....into fashion.

New person comes out wearing their shirt as pants and leggings on their head. Fritz and Ernst flip a shit. Das ist fashion.

Fritz: ahhhhh

Ernst: You see, I'm blinded, das is fashion. *Puts on silly sunglasses*

Fritz: They have found the creative eye *Does a thing where he holds his eye open. Ask alexi*

Ernst: Genau. Moving on.

Person walks on stage in normal clothes. They have a baby in a stroller. Fritz and Ernst once again, flip their shit.

Fritz: This outfit is almost as empty as German history from 1935-48.

Ernst: What happened there?

Fritz: Nothing! *They cross their arms and go back to back.*

Ernst: So let's take this boring baby, and make it ze fashion fetus of the century.

New person walks on stage. Their outfit is made up entirely of baby dolls. They are dragging the baby on a leash with a spiky collar.

Fritz and Ernst do the dance

Both: Wow. Das...ist fashion.

The sound of camera flashes plays

Ernst: Oh mein got! It's time for the blitz round!

It turns into a fashion show. The first person come out in boas wrapped completely around them and a leather jacket

Fritz: Wow, bold und sexy! *They both look at the crowd and do the thing with the finger ask Alexi*

Someone walks out in jeans with one whole leg cut off and one regular leg. Their shirt is a crop top. The opposite side of the pants has a sleeve and a fanny pack slung over their shoulder like hype-beasts do. They also have one strapped over their leg. Fishnet gloves.

Ernst: Holy schnitzel! Das is violent! Angry! Rawr Tiger claws, runs and hides between Fritz's legs

Someone walks out wrapped in bubble wrap and wearing a really elaborate big tin foil hat. Sunglasses that are either very big or very small. Or the ones Libby and Bri ordered for that date function. Also wearing tinfoil shoes and gloves, and swim floaties.

Fritz: Hmm. Protective.

Ernst: Safe.

There is choreography with these lines Alexi and Lacey will demonstrate.

Both: Fashun! Both strike pose

Someone walks out in whites and khakis.

Both: Scream bloody murder for like 5 seconds

Ernst: How?

Fritz: Why?

Ernst: When?

Fritz: How much?

Ernst: Das.....ist peak fashion!

Fritz: You have climbed the north face of the Mountain Everest! Nein! Mountain of Fashion.

Ernst: We have a winner.

Fritz: Dance break!

Lights down. German techno dance break