

THE LILTING BANSHEES PRESENT:

ISOC XXX

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Sam Hartman Clone

Lights up stage left on Dave Clawson sitting in a chair drinking whiskey watching a fake TV

Clawson: Aw shucks, ah jeez. Fourth loss in a row? I'm doing what I can but our qb threw 5 interceptions in the first quarter alone. I just can't think straight without my Golden Goose, Sam Hartman. But alas, he went to a better school with better football and better slightly legal girls that he can date.

Wente VO : Attention Wake Forest, would Coach Clawson please report to the principal's office.

Clawson: Ah shit....

Lights down, lights up Wente's office.

Wente: So Coach, how would you describe the season so far?

Clawson: Well, we've had our ups and down but I'd say we're working towards-

Wente: Well I'd say you need to get your head out of your fucking asshole. Nobody loves ruining this school's reputation more than I do, but this is unacceptable.

Clawson: Wente I don't know what you want me to say. We were top 20 last year, but my precious Sammy baby left. We need him back!

Wente: Well, unless you can somehow convince him to come back, then I don't know what to tell you. It's not like he has a twin brother or anything.

Clawson: *With an idea* But, what if he could?

Lights down, lights up stage middle with Clawson and football players in the bio lab all wearing jerseys with lab coats on. One or two are wearing helmets.

Clawson: Alright boys, she's gonna get here in any second now.

FP 1: This isn't the football field.

FP 2: *Holds up a book* Hey coach, what is this thing?

Clawson: That's a book, put it down, she's here.

Enter Wente

Wente: Hi coach, hey boyzzzz.

Football players: Hey President Wente.

Wente: Clawson, what are we doing in the bio lab?

Clawson: So, you said we'd never been able to get Sam back, but what if we don't exactly need to?

Wente: Are you saying we should kidnap him and hold his loved ones for ransom in exchange for a couple of minutes of playtime?

Clawson: uh, not exactly.

FB 2: *Points at a table* So what do you guys use this for in Biology labs?

Clawson: That's a table. Will you guys just shut the fuck up? No Wente, what I'm saying is, we don't need him to have him. Me and the boys *looks around* well, mostly me, worked all night on this! Darren take the tarp off.

FB1: Take my tarp off, hell yeah!

Darren starts pulling his shirt off

Clawson: No no no, that's not what I meant

Wente: Well NOW I see why you wanted to experiment in the bio lab. Mamma loves me a good gangbang.

Clawson: For god sakes no

Clawson pulls off the tarp to reveal a Sam Hartman clone. Not yet sentient but just a body.

Wente: *Starts petting him passionately* Oh my god, the dimensions, the finely clipped fingernails... the girth. You replicated Sam Hartman perfectly.

Clawson: We've been able to replicate every part of him, but there's just one thing we're missing. We need some of his DNA to make him come alive.

Wente: I have a better idea... true love's kiss!

Wente just turns around and puts on a tiara and red lipstick, holding a wand.

Clawson: Wait, what are you doing?

Wente: I'm Snow Wente! Here to give Sammy his true love's kiss!

Wente starts skipping over to Sammy.

Wente: Lalalala

Clawson: Well, I'm just not sure that's gonna work.

Wente bends over to kiss him

Clawson: Op- okay.

Sam Hartman starts flailing around to avoid the kiss.

Wente: Hold still Sammy! I'm comiiiiing.

Wente lands the kiss

Clawson: Wait Wente! It worked, he's alive! He's alive!!!!

Sam Hartman *in a Wente voice*: Football...The Fighting Irish....Freshman girls....
RAHHHHHH!!!! Mama needs a cigarette.

Clawson: Oh shit. He's become a middle aged white woman hybrid like creature.

Sam Hartman: FIRST FEMALE DOCTOR. SUSAN R WENTE. FOOTBALL. XANAX.

Wente: I love him! He's perfect.

Clawson: Wente, I think your DNA may have collided with his.

Wente: He's my husband now!

Wente goes to hug her new husband.

Lights down. Lights up stage right on a dinner table set up. Wente is wearing a 1960's housewife apron, carrying a pot roast to the table. Sam Hartman is sitting lifeless at the table.

Wente: A pot roast for my sweetie! With potatoes and carrots just how my man likes 'em.

She tucks a napkin into his shirt.

Sam Hartman: I love Wenté.

Wenté: Me too! I also love Wenté!

Enter Dr. Chris Hardy, Wenté's husband.

Dr. Hardy: Wenté! This is adultery. Please get this prepubescent football player out of our home.

Wenté: Oh hello, Dr. Chris Hardy, my dear husband! But I love him, can't we keep him?

Dr. Hardy: We'll put him in the closet with the others.

Wenté: Oh, I love the others!! But I'll miss this one.

They all walk off stage together, hand in hand.

All of a sudden, a large BANG BANG BANG comes from offstage.

Sam Hartman VO: HELLO?? THIS IS SAM HARTMAN. I'VE BEEN KIDNAPPED.

Wenté VO: sing-songy Ohhhhhh SAAMMMM!!!!

Sam Hartman VO: AHHHHHHHHH!!!!

Lights Down.

ASig Tornado Warning

Lights up on a group of friends just chilling in the Angelou common room.

Kappa Katy: No Teresa, I know rush just happened and you didn't end up where you wanted, but we were all best friends last semester. There's no way that's gonna change all of the sudden.

Chi O Caroline: Yeah your worth as a person is definitely not diminished at all.

Sig Pi Sebastian: Dude, just look at me and Sam. He went SAE, I went Sig Pi, and we're still boys.

Theta Teresa: Okay *sniffle* If you guys say so. I just hope that nothing will come between us.

ALERT VO: ALERT ALERT. Wake Alert Emergency: The National Weather Service has issued a severe tornado warning for the Wake Forest University area. Seek shelter. Seek shelter.

SAE Sam: Oh shit. Where should we go? I don't wanna get swept up like dorothy and end up with those freak munchkins. They are so scary.

ASig VO: Seek shelter. Seek shelter. In the ASig Basement.

Theta Teresa: Where is that? Even I've never been to an ASig party before.

KD Kelly: Yea it's also oddly sunny and beautiful outside.

Sig Pi Sebastian: I did feel a bit of a nippy breeze on my way back from class.

ASig VO: Correction to our previous alert. HOT BEAUTIFUL SEXY GORGEOUS WOMEN please seek shelter in the ASig basement. From the tornado. That's coming. Very soon.

KD Kelly: What did that announcement just say..?

Chi O Caroline: I thought I heard it say-

ASig VO: I REPEAT! HOT BEAUTIFUL SEXY GORGEOUS WOMEN please seek shelter in the ASig basement. Please call 1-800-ASIG-ISCOOL if you have any questions.

Siren goes off.

Theta Teresa: Alright this is getting spooky. Sorry boys, but I guess me and the girls are gonna have to head over to ASig.

SAE, Sig Pi, Kappa, ChiO: Ooooooooooooo ummmmmmmmm....

Theta Teresa: What? Guys we have to go! Ugh I wish we still had those horse and buggy pledges.

Sig Pi Sebastian: Did you not hear what the announcement said?

Theta Teresa: Yeah, it said all girls report to the ASig basement.

ASig VO: JUST TO BE CLEAR. ALL **CONVENTIONALLY** ATTRACTIVE, PREFERABLE TOP TIER WOMEN seek shelter in the ASig Basement. PLUS 10 POINTS IF YOU HAVE A GOLDEN WAIST TO HIP RATIO. Also, we've already reached our quota on brunettes so blondes get priority now. And short latinas with acrylics. Call us if you have any questions.

Kappa Katy: Yeah. So I think me and Caroline are gonna head over. Stay safe.

KD Kelly: Why am I not invited??? He said "preferably top tier", I think I'm an exception.

SAE Sam: I'd second that.

Chi O Caroline: It's honestly highly debatable.

KD Kelly: We don't have time to debate!

ASig VO: We've received numerous calls asking questions like "Do I have time to get a boob job first" "Do I have time to apply a soft natural glam beat" "Do I have time to go blonde and get a rib removed" The answer is YES! We will wait!

Muffled whispering.

ASig VO: I mean the tornado will wait. But the uglies will perish. Tornado's words, not mine.

KD Kelly: What if we just call the hotline and ask if I can come?

Kappa Katy: Oh. True.

Katy dials phone number.

ASig VO: ASig-I mean tornado crisis hotline! How can I help you?

Kappa Katy: Yeah so I'm a Kappa and my friend is a ChiO so like we know we're both invited, but we were wondering if our KD bestie can join.

Theta Teresa: AND THEIR THETA FRIEND!!!

Kappa Katy: Ignore her.

ASig VO: Hmmm. Describe the KD to me.

Kappa Katy: Ummm..you know she's like a Kappa Delta. She's got lungs...and skin....and hair...and toes...

ASig VO: That sounds like any human being.

Kappa Katy: Exactly! Just imagine the most average human being ever! Like a Kappa Delta!

ASig VO: Ehhhh... tell her she can come. But only if she wears a bikini top, denim shorts, and air force 1s.

KD Kelly: I'll go get changed!

KD Kelly runs offstage.

Theta Teresa: Guys! You said nothing would ever come between us!

SAE Sam: Teresa...it's lowkey survival of the fittest. Literally.

Theta Teresa: That's it, I'm calling Wentle!!!

Teresa dials Wentle's number.

Chi O Caroline: Why do you have Wentle's number?

Theta Teresa: She gave it to me. She saw me in my black and white letters and thought I was a maid service.

Aid VO: Sorry, Wentle's..... Not available right now.

Theta Teresa: Please! This is an emergency what do you mean she's busy?

Wentle VO: AID! Get off the phone and come help me with my waist trainer. I need to get to the ASig basement immediately. Argh! These Skims make me look NOTHING like Kim Kardashian. Where are my busty hips even at?

Aid: Wentle, look at the label.

Wente: BUSTY HIPS NOT INCLUDED? NOOOOOOOOOO!

Wente hangs up.

Kappa Katy: Wait! Teresa is right. Just because she's a Theta doesn't mean she deserves to die in a horrible tornado accident. And we're gonna have a deep conversation once you make it there. On foot. I called an uber, and he can only fit four of us.

Pledge driver pulls up in a new bugatti and everyone piles in except for Teresa.

Kappa Katy: DRIVE! DRIVE! DRIVE!

The car drives off. Teresa falls to her knees like she's going to die.

Teresa: Where's the tornado?

Lights down. Lights up stage left at the ASig basement. There's a sign that just says "SIG".

ASig Aaron: Well boys, we've really outdone ourselves this time.

ASig Arnold: Where are the baddies though? We did say it was an emergency.

ASig AJ: They're probably putting on mascara and lingerie for us. And various perfumes.

ASig Aaron: The girls should be here by now...wait...our sign! It just says "SIG". Who could've done this?a

Three KSIGs come out with bandito masks carrying the "A". They walk over stage left. Lights up stage left. The KSIG basement sits next to a sign that say "KSIG". One bandito KSIG swaps the K for an A sussy style.

The girls enter from stage right.

Chi O Caroline: This is ASIG? It smells like wet farts, and why are they playing smooth jazz?

KSIG: Finally....

KSIG's all sussy smile.

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

Food Lion Groceries

Lights up on a cashier and bagger at Food Lion. Cashier is scanning someone's items, and the bagger is bagging the items.

Cashier: Slow day at Food Lion.

Bagger: I know. It is a Saturday. Less work for us.

DIIING. The sound of two doors opening.

Cashier: Oh here comes some customers.

Two AEPI's walk in with handfuls of gallons of Milk.

AEPI: What's up my brothers? How are your bones feeling on this fine Sabbath?

Cashier: Um. Pretty good. How are your bones feeling?

AEPoo: They'll be feeling excellent after we crack open these bad boys in the parking lot.

Cashier: You boys sure like milk, don't you?

AEPI: Of course! We need these for our annual Milkmania darty! How else will we get the milknora flowing?

Cashier: Alright well have a great day.

The AEPI's pay and hand the cashier money. They immediately crack open the milk and just start downing it.

Bagger: Fuck, I didn't even know what milkmania was.

Bagger takes out a little notepad, puts on little librarian glasses, and starts scribbling on it.

Cashier: What are you doing?

Bagger: College kids are so cool. I keep this glossary, so I can keep up with all of their terminology. I knew about Islander, Jungle, and Dump but this is my first time hearing about Milkmania. Probably such a banger.

DING! More customers enter.

Cashier: Oh well here comes more kids anyways.

Two Kappas enter and place a can of soup on the counter.

Kappa: Here you go.

Cashier: What?

Bappa: Isn't this the soup kitchen?

Cashier: No, this is Food Lion. You buy food here.

Kappa: Ohhhhh we thought this was philOnthropy. We can buy food! We're sooo hungry!

The Kappas walk over to a shelf, open a box, and put one singular item down.

Cashier: This is a single grape.

Bappa: You don't need to fat shame us! We're sharing it!

Kappa: It's our cheat day.

The Bagger puts the grape into a singular bag and hands it to the Kappas.

Kappa: Thank you!

The Kappas spit in the face of the Bagger.

Kappa: Sorry. Bad habit.

The Kappas skip off together.

Bagger: Classic ladies of KKG. So top tier. I should've asked them for an autograph.

Bagger scribes down that interaction. Senor GEED walks through the door.

Cashier: Here comes another kid.

Bagger: No letters? Probably a GEEEEED! Right?

Cashier: I don't know what that means, but sure.

Senor GEED approaches the cashier.

Cashier: This is uhh random assortment of items you've got here. Pringles...two sponges...rubber bands...gloves....you're hungry but also trying to clean something?

Senor GEED: Yes, I guess you could say this is for my reproductive biology project.

Bagger: New class at Wake Forest? Gotta write this down.

Bagger starts writing it down.

Bagger: Is this an athlete class or a smart person class?

Senor Geed: I want you to package my materials in a very specific order. First, empty the pringles out of the can. You can have them. I don't like pizza flavor. Next, insert the sponges into the can making sure there is an opening about ye big.

Senor Geed makes a little telescope motion.

Senor Geed: Next, insert the gloves, otherwise I'll be chaffing. Very uncomfortable for me.

Ding dong! A Chi Psi enters the grocery store.

Bagger: A greek god has entered! Get out of here, Geed!

Senor Geed makes a noise like "hyaaaaahhh!!!" and slithers off.

Cashier: Who's that?

Bagger: Don't you know? That's Clyde. The tallest Chi Psi ever.

A 3 foot Chi Psi walks up the counter. The cashier and bagger look down to get a good look at him.

Cashier: How's the weather down there, Clyde?

Clyde: WOW! Never heard that one before! Just bag my shit!

Cashier starts scanning and bagging the items.

Cashier: Okay. We have...cuties...8 oz cans of Diet Coke...raisins....and bird seed? Why do you need such small items?

Bagger: *whispering* It's for his body dysmoprhia. All Chi Psi's struggle with it. They buy very small items to make themselves feel very big. It is a noble struggle.

Clyde: I can hear you down here!

Bagger: *whispering* His tiny ears are more receptive than I thought. Like a fruit bat or a well trained dog.

Clyde: Errrrghh. I hate Food Lion. Why can't it be a more realistically proportioned animal? Like a yorkie or a an American short haired domestic cat? Reeaaaahgh!!!

Clyde skitters off with a crab walk.

Cashier: Damn. Wake Students are super entitled.

A KA walks on stage with a really biiiiiiiiig collection of items.

Cashier: Okay, you've got....black face paint...

KA: Blackface paint.

Cashier: okay... black face paint...the American flag, a wooden cross, matches, lighter fuel, Barrack Obama's autobiography....and a spooky ghost costume. What are you planning to do with all of this?

KA shrugs like the goofy guy he is.

KA: Ya know.

Lights down.

The Famous Pike Genie Sketch

Lights up on three Pikes. Two are standing with red solo cups. The third is a Pike strapped to a ventilator in a hospital bed with a fuck ton of tubes going in his nose.

A long pause. Only the heartbeat monitor plays.

Petey: So glad you could make it, Lionel. Really shows your commitment to the frat for letting me get a video of you taking a sledgehammer to the face. Barstool Wake is gonna love that.

Pause. They sip their drinks.

Pierce: Auto. You took that sledgehammer like a champ.

Another pause. They keep sipping their drinks. The heartbeat monitor continues playing.

Petey: Yo Lionel. Beep if you fuck with us.

Sound effect. BEEEEEP.

Pierce and Petey: AYYYYYYYYYY.

Pierce daps up Lionel's limp spaghetti arm.

Pierce: So glad we got the ventilator in the basement. You'll never miss a party.

Petey: How are we gonna get the kegs down here though?

Pierce: Lionel can do it. He always pulls through.

Petey: Yeah, Lionel. Beep if I'm gonna get some play tonight at Pike FOAM.

Sound effect. BEEEEEP.

Pierce: ahhhhhh!!!!!!!

DING DONG sound effect plays.

Petey: Foam isn't just for bathtime. It's also for party time. Just like we're gonna have to bathe you Lionel. We love your decrypted ass!!

DING DONG sound effect plays.

Pierce: Who could be at the door? It's probably the doctor dropping off meds for the boy.

Petey: Oxy? Talkin oxy? Ayyyyy Lionel's the boy Lionel the boy.

Pierce: Lionel beep if we can get fucked up off your pain meds.

Lionel BEEEEEEPS.

Petey and Pierce starts jumping up and down hugging each other.

Petey and Pierce: AYYYYYYYYY!!!!

Pierce walks over to the side of the stage and picks a box up from the ground.

Pierce: It's a box! From Nationals!

Petey picks up a note in the box.

Petey: It's a note: To Pike, From Nationals. We heard about Lionel and wanted to send this gift.

Pierce: Lionel! You're a celebrity!

Petey: All the celebrities in the building go BEEEEEP.

Lionel BEEEEEEPS.

The pikes take out the genie bottle

Pierce: What's in the box, brother?

Petey: Hmmmm.

Petey takes out an oil lamp.

Petey: It appears to be some sort of Thanksgiving gravy boat. But we have no Turkey...
Lionel what do you think it is?

Lionel BEEEEEEEEEPs

Pierce: I knew he was gonna say that. Dang, I wish Lionel wasn't a cucumber so we could dance like we used to in the Pike basement.

Pierce starts dancing with Lionel's limp body.

Petey: Wait...it's not a boat...it's a LOMP.

Pierce: Oh. Perfect! I needed something like this.

Pierce rubs his booty with the lamp.

Pierce: Ever since, you broke my anal hymen, Petey, it's been a lil clogged down there.
Hahaha.

The stage lights flicker. Tick a ticka ticka ticka ticka ticka. Suddenly, the Pike genie walks out.

Pike Genie: Who rubbed my lamp?

Petey: Are you on the email list?

Pike Genie: NO! I'm the famous Pike genie! You rubbed my lamp, and now I'll answer your wishes three!

Pierce: Why does Pike nationals have a genie?

Pike Genie: Where do you think we get the foam from? I'm magic! I'm only sent to the most goodest brothers in the most goodest chapter. It seems like you guys could use some help.

Pike Genie looks to Lionel's crippled body.

Pierce: Three wishes? Hmmmm, we have to be veeery careful with these. Even if we are the goodest brothers...

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

A keg is summoned onto stage.

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

Pierce: You know what else would be fire? Your mom being here?

Petey: That would be fire! I wish my mom was here!

Petey's mom walks out of the darkness.

Petey: With beer!

Petey's mom holds out two cases of Bud Light Clamato.

Pierce: YESS!! Tomato flavored Bud Lights! And your mother is here! You hear that Lionel?

Lionel BEEEEEPS.

Petey: I really WANT Lionel to drink this beer with us. Instead of forcing it through his tube.

Pike Genie: I can do anything, boys! I can even bring people back to life!

Pierce: Bring people back to life?

Pierce and Petey look to Lionel's decrypted body. Lionel's body twitches.

Pierce: I wish Abraham Lincoln was alive! With a keg! And it's red for Pike!

Petey: And it's also a bluetooth speaker!

Gengis Khan walks out and pushes Lionel's bed out of the way.

Lincoln: Hey boys, it's me Abraham Lincoln! Can I get some help with this keg?

Pierce: Genghis!!!! This is gonna be an awesome pregame group. Abraham Lincoln, a genie, your mom, and our best friend Lionel! Pike foam is gonna be FIIIIIREEEEE!!

Petey: Right, Lionel?

Lionel FLATLINES. EEEEEEEEEEEEEEP.

Pierce: He always knows what to say.

Lights down.

TriDelt Bermuda Triangle

Lights up on a group of tri delts.

Trina: Girls, listen up. I have some really bad news.

Tana: Did you spill your oat milk latte on the New Testament again?

Trina: No! That was a one time thing. I was drunk off the church wine. And then I just rewrote the pages from memory. Listen! So as you all know we've been planning to do a spring break mission trip in North Korea.

Tana: Yass I'm so excited.

Trina: Well basically the government denied our visas.

TriDelts: Nooooo

Trapezoid: Visas? Can we at least use mastercard?

Trina: Aww, you simple simple girl.

Tana: Where are we gonna go now? The Kappas booked Punta Cana two years ago!

Trapezoid: Why don't we just go there?

Trina: Apparently it's not a real place. Ha! They're gonna be so embarrassed.

Tana: Where'd you hear that?

Trina: So I've been listening to a cool podcast on my daily drive into polo gate. It's called Info Wars and as the name would suggest it's highly informational. I learned about a place that's actually real. It's called... get this... the Bermuda Triangle.

TriDelts: Woahhhhhhhh. So they made it for us?

Trina: One can only assume. I mean come on. TRIangle. TRIdelta. Holy TRInity. TRI means three, just like the amount of girls in our sorority. Me, you, and... sorry what's your name... Trisha?

Trapezoid: Trapezoid.

Trina: So close. Anyways I vote we go there for break. And by vote I mean we're going. Yaass.

TriDelts: Yaaasssss!

Tana: But spring break is literally in 30 minutes. All the flights are booked. How are we gonna get there?

Trina: Never doubt in the power of Jesus. We'll walk on the water.

Trapezoid: Walk?? Girl we have 30 minutes we're gonna have to walk reeeeeeally fast.

Trina: Well then let's get going!

They all get up and start walking across stage but like super slow. Trapezoid is holding a briefcase.

Trapezoid: I can't believe we're walking across the Atlantic ocean! Water is really slippery. This is harder than it looks. Nice job Jesus.

Tana: Trapezoid, what are you holding?

Trapezoid: This is my satchel.

Trina: Trapezoid, that's a briefcase.

Trapezoid: Potato tomato

Trapezoid slips and drops the briefcase. It opens to reveal a bunch of baby supplies.

Tana: Why do you have a bunch of baby stuff?

Trapezoid: What if I get pregnant on the trip? Everyone says spring break is so four loko.

Trina: We're not gonna be there for nine months.

Trapezoid: Oh my lord I hope not. I have to get my rabies vaccination next Tuesday.

Trina: So then why did you bring all that stuff?

Trapezoid: What if the stork comes? Does anyone know if they're native to the Atlantic Ocean?

Tana: Guys we are walking so slow, we're never gonna get there!

Enter Leora Biscuit.

Leora: Arrrrghhhh!

Tana: What! This can't be! Is that...

TriDeltas: LEORA BISCUIT!

Leora: Ahoy there ladies! Did you miss me?

Trina: Leora! My tri delta sister! We haven't seen you since the entire chapter tried to baptize themselves in the outer banks. We thought you drowned.

Trapezoid: Drowning! I never thought of that before. Lord Jesus, please guide us to a snorkel. Oh no! I forgot a snorkel for my baby!

Leora: Ah Trapezoid, sharp as ever. But to answer your question, after the riptide pulled me under I found an air bubble in a pocket of sand and lived in it for two years until I developed gills. The seahorses taught me their dialect. Then I built this here vessel out of driftwood.

Tana: You have to help us! We're gonna be late to spring break!

Leora: Sure thing, where are you wanting to go?

Trapezoid: The Beluga Tricircle!!!!

Trina: She means the Bermuda Triangle. Heard about it on info wars.

Leora: You ladies have heard that it's... haunted.

Flashing lights and spooky screams. Then back to normal.

Trina: Oh that's fine. The only spirit we believe in is the holy spirit. Isn't that right girls?

Tana: Amen

Trapezoid: Arson.

Trina: Plus! We brought our youth pastor!

Trina yanks rope to reveal youth pastor has been offstage this whole time. He didn't get the walking on water memo. He is soaking wet.

Pastor: Hey bros and chicas! Wanna make some friendship bracelets... but in the name of the lord? I have beads in my fanny pack! On fleek! Swag.

Leora: Noooo you guys don't understand... mysterious things happen there.

Tana: Like the mystery of faith?

Leora: No... like. People go missing.

Trapezoid: Like Jesus did in the tomB? Those soldiers were like "oop. Where'd he go?" and he was like "Nowhere" but then he was like "Actually I'm back... oop". What an amazing book. So many plot twists. Had me at the edge of my stool.

Leora: Suit yourselves. Hop on.

They all get on the boat.

Trina: Not so fast Trapezoid. Unfortunately with Leora back, there's four Tri Delts. Which is one more than three. As they say.

Trapezoid: What? You're dropping me?

Tana: So sorry about that girlie. Bye!

Trina and Tana run onto the boat and leave Trapezoid and Youth Pastor behind.

Trapezoid: So what now?

YP: We can always kiss

Trapezoid: OH MY GOD! Sure.

YP and Trapezoid lean in for a kiss. They barely touch when they are approached by a stork.

YP: Dude, you're kinda ruining this for me. You crane freak.

Stork: FOR THE LAST TIME I am a stork, not a crane.

Trapezoid: Wait nooo I knew this was gonna happen.

Stork: Here's ya baby.

Stork hands Trapezoid a baby.

YP: Did we just immaculately concept? I haven't seen this since the Virgin Mary.

Trapezoid: Did you say the Virgin Mary? I'm... a virgin? SCORE!

Lights down. Lights up on the Trapezoid talking to a random student.

Trapezoid: Yeah, so unfortunately my three sisters are still lost at sea, probably repenting their sins after leaving me, but a miracle did take place this spring break. I am so incredibly honored to call myself Virginia Mary the second. *Holds up the child* This is my child, Rhombus the fifth, it's a family name.

Trapezoids phone dings.

Trapezoid: Huh. That's weird. I haven't gotten a snapchat since I accidentally posted a nude on my story with the dog filter on. 2016. Crazy times. Before I was a virgin.

Trapezoid checks her phone.

Trapezoid: WHAT

YP: What's wrong?

Trapezoid: The girls all freaking made it to the freaking parallelogram.

YP: You mean the triangle?

Trapezoid: What are you, the master of shapes? UGH! They look like they're having so much fun. And I'm here with this stupid magical baby. We don't need a second Jesus Christ I really like the first one.

YP: So true. Sequels are never as good.

Trapezoid drops the baby. She holds hands with pastor.

Trapezoid: Let's run away together.

YP: Where will we go? Somewhere romantic? Tropical?

Trapezoid: Yes! I've always wanted to go to Iowa. *Lights down.*

Tachi Tapeworm

Lights up stage left on three Sig Pi's boolin face at a darty.

Yuruld: Yo Blondonius, this darty is off the chain!

Blondonius: Yerd, so facts. Great call on the sidewalk slammies minus the fourloko.

Gordonk: Yeah, so right ehm.

Blondonius: What's wrong Gordonk?

Gordonk: I don't know, my tummy is just upsetting me?

Yuruld: Is it from all the childproof elmers glue we've been eating?

Gordonk: No it couldn't be. I feel like somethings like, nibbling on my insides, I'm in so much pain.

Blondonius: Just have another 50 percent sidewalk slammie bro.

Gordonk: Okay, I can do that... uh... uhhhh....

Gordonk passes out.

Yuruld: Oh my days, Gordonk!

Blondonius: Dude, he's spazzing out! Get him on the die table!

Blondonius and Yuruld carry a wincing Gordonk stage right on a die table with a flag covering the front. Two girls are there as well.

Gretchna: Oh my god, is he gonna be okay?

Yuruld: We don't know. Is there a doctor here? Someone please?

Impila: Well, I'm studying psychology.

Blondonius: Good enough. Get over here and help our boy, there's something devious crawling around on his insides.

Impila: Oh gosh okay. Gordonk, you're gonna need to push. I see something crowning from your butthole

Gordonk: Ahhhhhhhh

Impila: Breathe, deep breaths, cmon.

Yuruld: Uhhh, what is that?

Blondonius: I don't know, but it looks like some kinda worm.

Gretchna: Just keep going, get it out!!!

Gordonk gives a big push. The tachi tapeworm emerges, he's wearing this with Theta Chi on it.

TT: Yoooooooo, brother man. Gotta say, fire floko you just pounded in there. Your butthole made an excellent home!

Blondonius: Oh my god, who the fuck are you!

Yuruld: Are you some kinda blood sucking parasite?

TT: Hehehe. If you mean sucking hella beer, then yeah kinda. I'm the Tachi Tapeworm. Just thought I'd hitch a ride over and check out yalls epic darty. Been so long since I've gotten a whiff of the rage life. Speaking of which, stack cup?

Gretchna: Why were you in his asshole?

TT: Well, ever since our sweet ass chapter got disbanded for quote on quote "bludgeoning a freshman in the head till he had to go to the hospital" I haven't been able to drink lukewarm brewskies with hella broads. Whats up ladies, slup slup slup.

Ladies: *Lil scream*

Blondonius: Yo, you can't just enter someone's butthole without consent, who are we, DKE?

TT: NO no no brotherman, I'm hella ferda. But lowkey, this darty sucks anyways. I'm itching for a little upper tier asshole, time to find a borg I can sussy my way into.

He saunters off sussily. Lights down. Lights up on a bedroom, enter SAE and Kappa.

Kappa: Wow, Dipper so this is your room? I love the Tame Impala records you have on your wall. That's so underground.

SAE: Ahhh, thanks Char, yeah I discovered them. Pretty much put em on the map.

They both sit on the bed.

Kappa: I hope it's okay that I pulled you away from your darty.

SAE: Naaaaaaaah. Sure, it was gas listening to that Futurebirds cover band but, I guess I'll be okay.

Kappa: Well, I'll make it worth your while...

SAE and Kappa go under the covers. TT emerges from under the covers

TT: YOOOOOOOOO, shits cookin up in here. I'm bricked as fuck rn.

Kappa: WHAT THE FUCK!

The SAE and Kappa jump out of the bed

SAE: Dude who the fuck are you??? How'd you get in my room?

TT: Oh me? Oh you know, I just crawled up your asshole while you were pooping in the pitt omelet line.

Kappa: Oh my god, you've been here this whole time??

TT: Yeah, and I gotta say, I'm into this. What do you say we turn this lil romp into a full on fucking???

Kappa: Holy shit I am so out of here. You're fucking gross Dipper, don't talk to me again.

Char storms off stage

SAE: Char wait, I didn't finish! Thanks a lot Tachi, now my balls are going to be bluer than the shiny bald head of one of the guys in the Blue man group. You're a fucking freak dude just die already.

SAE storms off, Tachi sighs and walks center stage for an internal monologue. Sad music plays (Get music later)

Tachi: Oh God. Maybe I am a freak. A has been. A parasite. All I wanted was to crawl into other frats buttholes so I could feel the rush of the good old days. What happened to me? I used to be so cool. Me and my harem of DZs used to almost dominate this campus. Now all I

do is feed off others to survive. No lounge, no brotherhood and no place on this campus anymore... Where will I go now???

Enter AEPI

AEPI: Hey brotato chip! Heard you're looking for an asshole to crawl up into, good thing I'm not wearing any panties.

AEPI turns around to reveal that he's wearing assless chaps. He bends over to show the audience his asscrack.

AEPI: How about you hop on in, the water's fine...

Tachi looks out into the audience and smiles.

TT: Looks like this lil Tapeworm just found its new home.

He starts sussing over to the AEPI.

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. Their lips don't move.

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!

Lights down.

Pledgenant

Lights up on Greek bid night. Machi, SAE, Sig Pi

Machi: Another successful bidnight in the books.

SAE: I can't wait to commit mental AND physical violence on these children.

Sig Pi: Fuck yes. I can't wait to make these boys eat onions and toothpaste...and spank their heinies....yes....

Sig Pi makes a spanking motion.

Machi: Foul. Anyways, how many pledlings did you wrangle, SAE?

SAE: 22. The harvest was bountiful! What about you, Machi?

Machi: 493! Our entire fall class drowned during Islander! None of us can swim!

Sig Pi: We got niiiiiiiiine! Don't let me cook!

Sig Pi dances a little. Machi and SAE are disgusted.

Machi: Anyways, I have children to beat. Goodnight, gentleman!

SAE: Indeed.

Sig Pi: Ferd?

Sig Pi goes for a dap up. Machi and SAE walk off. Sig Pi walks off disappointed. KSIG walks out.

KSIG: Well well well....KSIG emerges to take back the top tier with our swag ass pledge class. Time to see my new recruits. PLEEEEDGESS!!!

KSIG takes out a conch shell and blows it. This plays.

A FEMALE (gross) walks across from stage right.

KSIG: Ah my first pledge!

Femoid: I'm literally a girl.

KSIG: That's okay!

Femoid: I'm going to the bathroom.

She walks off stage left.

KSIG: Don't flush! Please! Okay but seriously where are my pledges?

Sound effect plays.

KSIG: Oof! Another barren year for Kappa Sigma. What am I going to tell my brothers?

Kcyrus and Kseidon walk out on stage.

Kcyrus: Kevin! Where's our pledgeclass?

Ksiedon: I'm so excited to fuck these kids up.

KSIG: Um...we had a fresh crop...but they said all your girlfriends were ugly...so I cut them. Better luck next year.

Kcyrus: He's lying! We don't have girlfriends!

Ksiedon: You're the worst rush chair ever, bro. C'mon boys, let's go glaze. Interpret that how you will.

Kseidon and Kcyrus walk off. KSIG walks and looks out the imaginary window.

KSIG: Why can't I get a pledgeclass? Is it my lack of general rizz as well as my poor hygiene?

God: Yes!

KSIG: Nahhhh!! It's them not me. I just wish I could get one pledge. Just one. Maybe if I wish on a star like Pocahontas....oh wishing star, please grant me my greatest wish of all. Just one pledge. I just want one. PLEEEEAASE.

Suddenly a magical twinkle noise happens. And the blue fairy comes out.

Blue: Huzzah it's me the blue fairy! Come to grant your wish.

KSIG: Holy fiddlesticks, wishing on a star actually works! I wanted a pledge, but a shawty will surely do. And you're wearing blue...like a KAPPA!!

Blue: I'm not a kappa. I'm the blue fairy.

KSIG: That's okay, we can roleplay.

KSIG peels off his shirt. Takes out a candle from his pocket and turns it on (electrical candle). He closes his eyes.

KSIG: I'm ready....do your worst.

The Blue Fairy beats him over the head with her wand. He falls down.

KSIG: Ouchie! That fucking huuuuurt!...but I lowkey liked it...

Blue: I'm not here to roleplay. I'm here to grant your wish of raising a pledge.

KSIG: *turns off candle* yeah... fuck yeah pledge class fuck yeah.

Blue: Close your eyes.

KSIG closes his eyes.

Blue: Now count to three.

KSIG: Okay. One...two,...two and a half HEEHEHEHHEHEEE

Blue Fairy beats him over the head again. KSIG MOANS.

Blue Fairy: Quit fuckin around. I make minimum wage.

KSIG: Okay okay....two...THREE!

The Blue Fairy taps KSIG's tummy.

Blue: The pledge is on it's way. Baking in the oven one would say... the pledge is on its way...

KSIG: I don't see a pledge. You fucking liar. Girls always lie. Especially Kappas. Bahumbug! I'm having a slumber party with the boys!

KSIG runs off stage right very sad. Lights down.

Lights up center stage on Kseidon, Kcyrus, and KSIG all in bed together with sleepy caps plays.

Kseidon rises. Kcyrus rises after him.

Kseidon: YAAAAAWN. Great slumber party brothers. Our pillow fight really knocked me out.

Kcyrus: Me too. PLEDGES! Fetch us orange juice!

KCyrus claps his hands. Nothing happens.

Kcyrus: Oh yeah.

Kseidon: Thanks for fuckin up the pledgeclass. KEVIN.

KCyrus: Yeah bro, I'm actually pissed we have no pledges.

KSIG: Woopdie doo. So what do we wanna do today? Try to get in a pike darty for the 8th time?

KCyrus: Auto!

KSIG stands up. Holy shit he is so pregnant. His tummy is humongous. Pillow under shirt.

KSIG: Is anyone else feeling kicks in their tummies?

KSeidon and KCyrus gasp.

KSeisdon: Dude..you're...fat....as shit. What did you eat last night, lardo?

KCyrus: Your gut is huge! Imma play with your shit like play doh.

KCyrus goes up and starts playing with KSIG's gut. KCyrus is kicked back.

KCyrus: What the fuck? Wait?

KCyrus and Kseidon lean in to the gut. LOUD BABY CRYING COMMENCES.

Kseidon: Dude you're not fat....you're pregnant!

KSIG: Ohhh that's what that blue fairy meant!!

KCyrus: Who got your fatass pregnant. Fucking virgin.

KSIG: Probably my sidepiece Kappa. You know. We like that.....ay ay ay.

Kseidon: Wait you know what this means?

KSIG: Erm...I'm a fucking MILF?

KCyrus: No you fatass pregnant slut, Kevin. This means....PLEDGECLASS.

All the KSIGs start nae naeing!

KSIG: Is anyone else having cravings for pit mash potatoes and luke warm icecream?

Kseidon: Not really but we support pregnant brothers. To the pit!

The boys run off stage.

Lights up on the pit. People in line at Omelette station.

The Ksig boys bust into the scene. KSIG is now wearing "baby on board" shirt.

KSIG: PREGNANT PERSON! OUT OF THE WAY! PREGNANT PERSON OUT OF MY FUCKING WAY!

Person: But I was in line.

KSIG: Bitch is you pregnant? Cause I'm eating for two right now!

KCyrus shoves person out of the way.

KCyrus: Out of the way, that's the future of our fucking pledge class.

KSIG gets in line to order.

KSIG: Um...I'm gonna have....uhhhhh...oh shit i just got a kick.

KCyrus puts his hand underneath KSIG's crouch and tastes it.

KCyrus: Bro your water just broke! Your ass is about to go into labor! Broke boi. Heheehhehe.

KSIG: Fuuuuck!!! I've never done manual labor! Is there a doctor here?

Omelette puts on a surgical cap and gloves. Omelette runs around the station with a chair and sits KSIG down in it. He puts a blanket over his legs. He raises his legs.

KSIG: Ow it's coming!! Shit, wait I've never said that before.

Omelette: PUSH!!! PUSHH!!!

KSIG cries and grabs the hands of his brothers.

KCyrus: Bro we believe in you bro. This pledgeclass is about to be fiiiire.

KSeidon: Push harder bro! For the brotherhood! I see him!

Omelette pulls out a slimy little pledge in a diaper. It is making a bunch of baby noises.

KSIG: Oh, give me my little baby brother pledge.

Omelette gives the baby to KSIG.

KSIG: You look just like your papa. And you have your KAPPA mom's beautiful blue eyes. I will call you... Hesus.

Baby: ehh....ehhhh...ggee...

KSeidon: Bro, h e's saying his first words. Are you excited to be a pledge of Kappa Sigma fraternity, lil bro?

Baby: ehhh...I....I...I wa...I wanna be....a GEEEEED! GEED! PLEASE NOT A KSIG! PLEASE!

KSIG: Um..did you boys hear anything?

KSigs all do a sussy smile.

KCyrus: All I heard was...oh boy I can't wait to clean your basement as the newest pledge of KSIG.

All KSIGs: THE BEST FRATERNITY ON CAMPUS!

Baby: NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!

Lights down.