

THE LILTING BANSHEES PRESENT:

ISOC XXXII

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Cook: Yeah, good idea. My grandpa loves it there, he goes every week. He picks a dog, walks it out towards his car to make it really excited, then turns around and gives it back.

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Draft Queens

Lights up on stage left on three dudes in suits. They are dressed all business like bc they own draft kings.

Dsmoove: Boys, just another insane quarter for Draft Kings!

The Boys start barking and beating they chest.

Dsmoove: Ight calm down, these stoopid dgen, college aged men literally give us so much money. But you know what's even better den dat?

Tim: I don't know Dsmoove, tell a brotha.

Dsmoove: MORE MONEY!

The Boys starts barking and beating they chest.

John: What's the idea, chief executive sendofficer?

Dsmoove shoots John.

The Boys minus John: *Start cheering and barking.*

Dsmoove: We will be officially releasing Draft Queens! It's like draft kings but for chicks. More people on the app, equals more money, comprende muchachos?

The Boys minus John: Sí!

From the ground John says...

John: Wait but chicks don't watch sports

Dsmoove shoot him again

Dsmoove: That is correct, Thank you John! We will be making Girls bet on chick stuff, like over under 5.5 inches of Brads dick on love island.

Tim: Would slam the over, insane buldge.

Dsmoove: Or first one to get aids on Dancing with the Stars.

Tim: My betts on Alix Earle! This is a great idea, we need to drop this now.

Dsmoove: I already did without anyone's permissio. Look at our test subjects right here!

Lights up stage right on three pills sitting on a couch tanked off they minds,

Shashana: *rips galaxy gas, with a deep and slow voice* OMG did you see this plus 14,000 dollar 12 leg parlay I just made on Keeping up with the Kardashians. All I need is for Kanye to rip his 13th Jewish slur, and for Katelyn to switch back to being a dude.

Krusty: *Rips galaxy gas* I'm so down to sweat that with you tonight. We should get our dumbass girl pledges to top off our Barefoot Sauvignon Blanc collection.

Stick: God I love being a beta. Pass that Tank.

All the girls: Tank! Tank! Tank! *Beating their chests*

Lights up on Dsmoove and Tim

Dsmoove: Holy shit, we just hit 8 billion users on Draft Queens. Everyone is wasting their money, and are now critically addicted. YAY!

Dsmmove does a c jump.

John walks in wearing a halo and white suit he's an angel

Angel John: Are you not worried about all of the lives we're ruining, all the broken families-

Interrupts him

Dsmoove: How do you look even uglier reincarnated, go fuck yourself with a stick.

Dsmoove Shoots him in the face

Tim: Yay! Dsmoove you are the best, I'm so glad my wife touches herself thinking of you!

Dsmoove: Tim hold your horses, look at our draft queen subjects from before, they have turned to actual dudes.

Lights up stage right the girls have turned to actual dudes.

Shashana: *Ripping the Tank* Fuckkkkk the tank is empty! And I have no money left. And I am a dude?

Krusty: Yea we're all Dudes, because of Draft Queens.

VO: Draft Queens sound effect: DRAFT QUEENS WHERE GIRLS CAN JUST BE GIRLS

Krusty: Fuckkkkkkkkkkkkkk, pass the tank, oh shit the tank is empty. Let's get a new tank.

Alarm goes off. Red lights flash.

Stick: Oh shit that's my steroid alarm

Enter two beta pledges

Bill: Holy fucking shit! You guys are dudes now? I mean I guess Beta always has been a fraternity. Am I right? LOL *shrugs towards crowd and unironic wink.*

Stewart: Here is the Barefoot Sauvignon Blanc collection and the steroids that you asked for.

Stick: Thank you I BET THERE IS NOTHING UNDERNEATH ALL OF THOSE CLOTHES. Now get the fuck out and leave us to rott!

Krusty: I love rotting, *he stands up and begins to talk like he is in an Ad* AND I LOVE DRAFT QUEENS

AD VO: Draft Queen's Where Girls can Just be Girls! Sign Up Now For 3.99.99.99 and place your first fifty bets for free! We own you! For Life!

Lights down.

Little Red Riding East Winston Hood

Lights up on stage center (full lights). Enter Hood frolicking around with a wicker basket on her arm. She spots a lil ole bike. She starts riding it around while VO talks. [This](#) is playing.

Whimsy VO: *Very Magically* Once upon a time in East Winston, there was a precious little girl, with a beautiful red cloak, a cute little smile, and a glock. Her name is little red riding hood, and look there she is riding below on her innocent little tricycle.

Hood: *white ass valley girl ass voice* Goduuhhh I am blitzed off the sizzurp, I have to stop sipping lean in the AM, and riding the big bad wolf in the PM.

Whimsy VO: What a bundle of joy, what's in your jolly old box, uh I mean bag or basket, fuck.

Hood: Shut the fuck up, Voice Over, you sound like morgan freeman, and I think he's dead. But to answer your question I am smuggling drugs over the bridge to my sick grandmother's house, that slut.

Enter two women pig cops. Actual pig costumes with police hat, pig tail, and pig nose

Hood: Sniff Sniff it smells like bacon. The fucking opps are here. I gotta act like a little ass girl to these cops, so I can get my granny this here ketamine.

She shows her open ketamine filled wicker basket to crowd.

Woman Cop 1: Hey what do you have there in that wicker picnic basket?

Hood: Candy!

Woman Cop 2: You literally just said you have ketamine in your bag.

Hood: You must've misheard me. My grandmother is sick, and needs my help. I surely should get going now.

Woman Cop 1: Hold the phone, let's open up that bag, oink. Sorry that happens when I'm on a power trip.

Woman Cop 2: dont worry you're doing great my fellow woman cop!

Hood: alright, i'll be on my way now!

Woman cop 1: Hold it. *Grabs Hood's arm* Open the basket. I know that ain't no candy.

Hood: Hell no get off of me. I know my second amendment rights. Im calling my boyfriend.

Enter big bad wolf. He's got swagger. He's sagging hella(tbolt on a normal day). He howls

Wayne the barbarian the wolf: Awoooooooooooooooooo Fuck I love doing that drunk, Paws off piggies. This lady has been bequeathed to me, since she was 17 and 3 quarters.

Hood: Oh my god babe! Thank god you're here. These pigs have been on my ass all day, its totally killlled my buzz.

Woman Cop 2: It's been maybe 30 seconds. Also why is your boyfriend, 40.

Woman Cop 1: Blink twice if you need help.

WTBTW: Hey man, I might be 40 but in dog years that means I'm basically 5... its the new 18.

Hood: Yeah, haven't you heard of the little red riding hood law.

Woman Cop 1: That's still an arrestable offense.

Hood: You know what babe, I don't like their faceses can you blow them away.

Woman Cop 2: No No No wait wait wait. Wait. No. Wait.

Woman Cop 1: Please don't huff and puff, I just got my house insured.

WTBTW blows down the cops.

WTBTW: I guess its pork chops for dinner! Right babe?

Hood: Whatever. Let's go do horse tranquilizers with my granny.

They frolic off stage left. Lights up center on granny, she's sitting in a rocking chair knitting ketamine. But it's actually tbolt, an fbi undercover agent. There is a drug production going on behind her. One guy, Hansel, and a girl, Gretel, are in hazmat suits and the full gear (breaking bad cook outfits).

Grandma: Well if it isn't my granddaughter, come to visit granny for cookies.

Hood: mmmm no granny, I brought the tranq

Grandma: Ooohhhh silly granddaughter, how many times must I tell you, never get high on your own supply yes? Remember our old friend pinnochio?

Lights down. Lights up on stage right on a pinnochio costume in a hospital bed, he is in a coma (shown for like 5 seconds). Lights up stage center back on hood and grandmother stage center. [This plays.](#)

Hood: That guy never woulda held out under questioning anyway.

Grandma: Damn straight. That's right, *looks to the audience* im not like the other grandmas. I'm cool... *Looks over at WTBTW* Oh, and you brought the deadbeat wolf again?

WTBTW: Sup, G-Mama? How's the hip?

Grandma: Fine Wolf, just fine. Now, where's my k? Granny needs a speedball.

WTBTW: Slow down there speedracer, we got the goods, now let's see the dough.

Grandma: Are you really going to treat little red riding hoods dear old grandmother like this

Hood: No senior discounts in this industry you old hag, now cough up the green or prepare to meet god.

Grandma: Well that one hurt a little, but if it's a shootout you want.. Than a shootout you shall get.

Granny takes off her wig and glasses and reveals herself as an DEA undercover agent. Hazmats take off masks as well. Hood and WTBTW are surrounded. All are pointing guns, badges, etc.

Granny/DEA: WE ARE THE DEA, FREEZE YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR DRUG TRAFFICKING AND SOLICITATION, NOW PUT YOUR HANDS UP!

Hood: You backstabbing double agent bitch.

WTBTW: Oh shit! I'm not going back to prison Hood, I love you pumpkin.

WTBTW tries to run but gets tazed and falls to the ground, they cuff him.

Granny/FBI: Holy shit, looks like he's breakdancing!

Hood: NOOOOOOOO, honey bun! Where's the fucking Ket.

She runs to the drugs and tries to do a bunch of ket. Hazmats arrest hood.

Grandma/FBI: Welcome to East-Winston, we do this shit for Freeeee

Lights down.

Subway Tragedies Vignette 1

Lights up stage center, Abe Lincoln, Mary Todd and Jared. Jared is wearing khakis and a subway shirt. They are at Ford's Theater. A History Channel host stands beside the scene and introduces the scene.

Host: Hello Wake Forest students and welcome to Untold History. Our Journey begins at the infamous performance of the comedy *Our American Cousin* at Ford's Theatre on April 14, 1865. A day, our country will never forget.

Jared unwrapping a sandwich loudly, [crumbling the bag of chips](#).

Jared: Mmmmm, The Boss. Who's the boss, I'm the boss. Meatballs, mmmm mmm.

Abe Lincoln: Could you please stop that obnoxious chewing? My wife and I are mighty tired from the war, and find ourselves at this here comedy for enjoyment.

Jared: Shut the fuck up and play with your Lincoln Logs, Abe. The Meatball, the provolone, the salami. It's a party in my mouth, but I'm the only one invited.

Mary Todd: How did you even get such a delicacy, the Subway sandwich hasn't even been invented yet? Let alone the Subway?

Jared pulls out a comically large bag of Cool Ranch Doritos©. [Audible Dorito crunch sound](#).

Jared: What's that? I can't hear you over the sound of this Cool Ranch?

Abe: Well, why don't you just eat it somewhere else? I'm the golly president of the United States, formally known as the Union. And I give you an executive order to leave this theatre and eat elsewhere. No more tomfoolery.

Jared: Okay, fuckface, why don't I just take my sandwich to the south side of the theatre and maybe Robert E. Lee won't be such an asshole like you Mr. President. Goodday sir!

Jared turns to leave but bumps into John Wilkes Booth on his way in.

Jared: Oh sorry dude, that seat is empty, but trust me. Sit at your own risk, that's the president of the United States and not to mention a total bitch. Someone should shoot that guy, hey want a chip?

John: Mmm, Cool ranch. How delightful, perhaps I shall repay your generosity by fulfilling this here desire and taking all the blame.

Jared: *Chewing.* No wait, that was figurative.. I...

[John shoots Abe Lincoln](#) (rip). *Jared takes another bite and leans towards Mary.*

Jared: Ooooo, that's my bad.

Jared takes another bite of his sandwich. Lights down.

Pledge Takes Out His Anger

Lights up stage center on Chi Psi Pledge with his friends. They are just sitting around criss-cross.

Chrome: So yeah, the doctor told me that my growth would be stunted because of my dad's drinking habits when I was a sperm floating in his balls.

Dalia: I don't think that's how that works.

Chrome: It killed my NBA dreams.

Redgy: I could never imagine being 5'6, that would crush my ego. Like seriously that sounds horrible, dude.

Chrome: It's not so bad, my chi psi bid really boosted my confidence. I'm the tallest of my pledge class! *Phone rings.* Fuck that's a brother, I was supposed to be off tonight.

V.O. Carm: Yooooooo puny little pledge bitch boy. Chromey, Chron's disease, what are you up to? Actually, I don't give a fuck. Lineup in 15. If you're not there, you're gonna have to make us baked Ziti. *Call ends.*

Chrome: Damn. I don't know how to bake Ziti. Chi Psi pledging is the worssstttt. Sorry guys, I gotta take off. Duty calls.

Chrome sulks off stage. Lights down stage center. Lights up stage right. The boys of Chi Psi are lined up. Two brothers are leading it. The boys are covered in a mysterious sauce and are shirtless. Mambo no. 5 plays.

Carm: FUCK YOU, LITTLE PLEDGES. EMPHASIS ON LITTLE. HOLY FUCK YOU'RE SO SHORT I BET YOU COULD SUCK ME OFF STANDING UP.

Chrome runs on stage.

Chrome: I'm sorry for being late!

Celli: WHAT'D YOU SAY?

Chrome: I'm sorry for being late, sir!

Carm: *still yelling* Thank you for apologizing. That's really thoughtful. Now go ahead and take your pants off.

Lights down stage right. Lights up stage left in Chrome's room. There is a chair and a table with a cloth on it. Chrome walks in, very flustered.

Chrome: SIGH. No one told me pledging would be hard.

He curls up into the fetal position.

Knocking sound. Dalia and Redgy enter. He doesn't move when they walk in.

Dalia: Hey chrome, we just came to check on you. Long night, huh?

Chrome: Yeah dude it was like so hard. They made me grab the cookies from the top shelf cause no one else could reach it.

Redgy: Was that like, part of the hazing?

Chrome: Did you not hear what I just said? It was so fucked. My tippy toes are so sore AND I got a calf cramp. They even made me take my shirt off. It was NOT consensual and I have NOT been having a body positive week.

Dalia: They're unconsensually stripping you? We're sorry, Chrome. Here, we brought you something to make you feel better.

Dalia and Redgy hand him a human sized teddy bear.

Chrome: Wow. A teddy bear. Thanks guys, this means the world to me. It's good to know I have real friends. Not just friends that force me to pass out beers FOR ALL TWENTY people in our basement parties.

Redgy: We're here for you man. Alright we're gonna go check in with our other friend, he's a DKE pledge so he's pretty shaken up after getting both of his legs amputated.

Dalia and Redgy exit. Chrome is left with the teddy Bear.

Chrome: Guess it's just you and me, huh. *Bear nods.*

Chrome: God, I hate being a pledge. You could NEVER understand.

Bear is sadly shaking his head.

Chrome: And the insults, oh my god “your mom looks like a prostitute, Chrome”. “You get no bitches, Chrome”. *Slowly getting angrier* UGH. I bet YOU get no bitches, stupid fucking teddy bear.

Bear shrugs.

Chrome: No, no. What am I saying? You’re my friend.

Bear shakes his head and daps him up.

Chrome: Cheers to being bitchless.

Cracks open two beers. The bear takes the beer and downs it with him.

Chrome: Friends shouldn’t treat their friends like this. Let’s get plastered.

Bear shakes his head no.

Chrome: *angry now* Well it’s not a fucking choice, drink it bitch.

Bear is scared! Bear puts his hands on his head.

Lights down, lights up. The bear is on his hands and knees. Mambo no. 5 plays. He’s screaming at him. He has a bottle of aristocrat to the bears mouth.

Chrome: DRINK THE ALCOHOL. FUCK YOU, LITTLE PLEDGE. EMPHASIS ON LITTLE. I BET YOU COULD SUCK ME-

Lights down in the middle of his line, lights up stage right. Dalia and Redgy are walking on stage.

Dalia: Damn I can’t believe Marcello doesn’t have legs anymore.

Redgy: yeah. . . it makes it kinda hard to keep pretending like Chrome's chi psi pledging is bad you know? It's like dude, you got cookies and you make italian food like man up.

Dalia: Deadass, let's go check on him anyway. I really think he's starting to lose it.

Lights up stage left. Dalia and Redgy walk into Chrome waterboarding the bear. The bear is freaking out. Trying to rip the towel off.

Chrome: Fuck you fuck you fuck you. YOU'LL NEVER BE A CHI PSI, PUSSY.

Redgy: What the actual fuck.

Dalia: Oh my god, Chrome. Let it go! That was like twenty bucks from build-a-bear.

Chrome jumps back and snaps back into reality.

Chrome: Huh? What- what was I doing? Oh my god, this isn't me.

Dalia starts helping the teddy bear up. The teddy bear is just shaking his head in disappointment.

Redgy: Dude were you hazing a fucking teddy bear?

Chrome: What? No! These hands don't haze.

He pulls out his hands and he has knives and ropes in them.

Chrome: Oh jeez.

Dalia: You're sick, dude.

Redgy: C'mon teddy bear, let's go.

Dalia and Redgy take the Teddy Bear, he's limping between them, he turns around to Chrome before he walks off stage.

Teddy Bear: Fuck you, psychopath. A beat and Chi Psi sucks.

They exit stage. Chrome is left alone.

Chrome: Sigh, what's wrong with me?

Chrome gets a phone call. He picks up.

Chrome: Basement in 10? AND I HAVE TO Pick up your Chick Fil A order?!?!
Ughhhhhhhh fucking kill me.

Lights down

Hoop Dreams

Lights up stage center on Mom and Dad in the living room, Dad is in a chair with a pipe and a newspaper and the Mom is reading a magazine. Enter stage left, the Son in athletic garb covered in sweat.

Mom: And where have you been? Dinner was served an hour ago.

Son: The Lab mom, I been put in that work.

Dad: The lab? No son of mine is going to be a marine biologist!

Son: Not that lab, I've been hooping!

Mom: Oh, not this again Michael! We're sending you to Harvard and you're gonna be a lawyer like your father!

Son: But mom, you don't understand... nobody understands. I've got hoop dreams

Dad: No son of mine will have hoop dreams! You're gonna go to law school and join the family firm. Like your brother, god he's so much better than you. I loved him like a son, I love you more like a pet.

Son: Oh yea, Coach has seen me hoop. And he says that I'm a real talent. Something he's never seen in this game. My friends say I'm the greatest hooper there is! I'm gonna be somebody one day dad! I'm a canary in a cage!

Dad: You're nothin, and you'll neva be nothin. Not in my house!

Son: Guess what! I never even applied to Harvard! I've been accepted to Indiana University.. On a hooping scholarship. Law school is your dream dad! Not my dream! You can't just force your dreams onto me.

Mom: I hate to see you two like this! Stop this fighting! PLEASE!

Son begins to storm off.

Mom: Where do you think you're going, mister! Stop at this instant!

Son: I'm a star mom! You'll see... you'll all see.

Son pulls out a hoola hoop and beatbox and starts hula hooping.

Son: Mmm.. Mm... Fuck yea.. I'm Hoopin. I'm a hula hoop hero! This is my big hoop. Yea.. And nobody can take it away, I'M A STAR, I'M A SHOOTIN STAR!!!!!!

Dad: *getting into it* oh ok, go off.... maybe I was wrong.. Maybe.. Just.. maybe.. You've got the guts to be big. To Be... a star!

Mom: We're so sorry we ever doubted you, Michael Jordan! You're our boy. Not a pet.

The two huddle around the son and hug him.

VO: Michael Jordan went on to win 6 world Hula Hooping championships. He's now widely recognized as the greatest hula hooper the world has ever seen.

Lights down

How Pikapp Really Lost Their Charter

Lights up on Grandpa and two little kids. The Grandpa (reading glasses, a robe, gray wig, cane) We can imagine there's a cozy ass fire behind them.

Junie: Grandpa! Grandpa! Tell us a bedtime story!

Poonie: PLEASE! Can you tell us one of the Taus ones?

Junie: Yeah Yeah! Reminisce to us about your days as a Pikapp at Wake Forest!

Grandpa: Oh I shouldn't.

Junie and Poonie: PLEASSSSEEEEEEE!

Grandpa: Twist my johnson...

Grandpa takes off the robe to reveal a shirt that says (PiKapp veteran) and pulls out a HUGE Dusty ol Book and blows the dust off.

Grandpa: I guess I could tell just one story.

Junie: Tell the one about the Friday party...

Poonie: Where three KDs came.

Junie: yeah and instead of talking to the brothers they just started making out!

Grandpa: Ooooh that's a goodie. But I've got a better one. I think you're finally old enough to hear about... How Pikapp Lost Their Charter!

Kids: oooOOOOooo!

Grandpa: Is there a ghost? Just kidding, that's a classic PiKapp fake out. Stay on your toes. It all begins 60 years ago in the jungles North of the DKE house and right next to Campus Gas... the sophomore lot.

Lights down stage right. Lights up stage center on the Young Pikapp Grandpa (Pamphlet) and his Kappa Girlfriend. His pregnant kappa girlfriend wears letters and

waves a handkerchief. PiKapp has on a military pack and holds a water gun and a cig in his mouth.

Kappa Dame: Are you sure you have to go to war?

Pamphlet: It's my duty busty Kappa girlfriend who is totally real and not a figment of my imagination.

Kappa Dame: Can't we just sleep together one more time.

Pamphlet: For the 50th time today? My 12 inch shlong needs its rest if we're gonna get married and have 20 children all named after the Avengers.

Kappa Dame: Be safe my handsome PiKapp husband!

Pamphlet leans towards her stomach.

Pamphlet: You're the man of the house now Captain America. *Kisses the stomach.*

Kappa Dame runs off stage crying in grief.

Pamphlet: Where's my pledge class? PiiiiikAPPPPPPP!

Enter three PiKapps all wearing military garb. They look tough, but still wear PiKapp jerseys.

Pamphlet: AtttennnnnTION!

The PiKapps all crotch grab each other.

Pamphlet: At ease gentlemen. *They let go.* As your Pledge Class President it is my honor to lead this platoon to Victory. I'd go through hell with a squirt gun for you boys.

They tear up.

Poop: We love you sir!

Pard: I would die for PiKapp!

Pamphlet: The Objective is Simple... decorate our basement for our signature PiKapp party... PiKapp: The Juice is Loose... Our OJ Simpson themed mixer with DKE.

Pansy: Uggggh, do we have to mix with DKE again?

Pamphlet: I know. But they paid us 300,000 dollars just to come to ours. Although that's chump change for the PiKapps, our well respected PiKapp president needed the money for more hookers and blow.

Record scratch. Lights up on Grandpa and the Kids.

Junie: Wait... you guys mixed with DKE?

Grandpa: All the time. They were always begging to mix, it was really annoying.

Poonie: What happened next...

Grandpa: We had gathered all the supplies and decorated the basement to PERFECTION!.....

Lights down stage right. Lights up stage center on the PiKapps decorating the party. There's just a singular cardboard cutout of OJ Simpson.

Pard: Awesome setup guys! Our BUSTY Kappa girlfriends will be here shortly.

Poop: This setup is real groovy baby. I sure hope no jive turkeys come in here and fuck with our setup...

Poop gets shot in the chest. Alarms blare!

Pamphlet: It's an AMBUSH!

Pike Kamikaze Pilots run on, they're wearing actual jet costumes.

Northern Pike (Esox Lucius): We're the PIKE Kamikaze pilots and we're blowing your shit up because WE wanted to mix with you.

Pamphlet: No, Not again. Everybody wants a taste of this PiKapp swag. It's about time you learned your place at the bottom of the greek totem pole.

The Pikapps rifle-butt the fighter jets and kill them instantly.

Pamphlet: Phew, another close call. Gentlemen I think this victory calls for a celebration. Bring out the mini* kiss cover band, let's get this party started!

Lights back up stage right on Grandpa and the kids.

Junie: woaaaaahhh. You guys really got a Kiss cover band that were all little people.

Grandpa: Yes. We did that. That was us. And it was awesome.

Poonie: But I heard it was Sig Chi that threw that amazing party.

Grandpa: You shut your bitch mouth up! Those... *pauses and looks behind him*... gays wish they could throw like that! Anyway we had just killed the entire Pike chapter before the Chios wanted in on the action....

Lights back up stage left/center on the party. Three Chio's in homeless attire crawl up to the pikapps begging for change.

Chuzz: Please Mr. Pikapp president, would you please mix with us!

Chort: You guys throw the best parties and the way you murdered those Pikes was like really hot.

PiKapps: HAHAAHAHAHAHAHHA.

Pamphlet: Us... the Pikapps... mix with the ChiO's. Maybe when PiKapp isn't tous!

Two FBI agents run on stage...

FBI Guy: NOBODY MOVE!

FBI GIRL: You're all under arrest... for laying down pipe at an egregious level! We've been building this case for years.

Pansy: Noooo, the jig is up fellas.

Pard: They finally caught us.

FBI Guy: You just can't get all the play on campus, that's not how this game works.

Pamphlet: I didn't choose this lifestyle, FBI Guy, it chose me when I joined PiKapp.

FBI Girl: Cool it, you're going away for a long time! And you can kiss this chapter good bye.

The Pikapps drop to their knees.

Pikapps: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO.

Pard: I guess this is how Pikapp loses their charter!

Poop: They'll be talking about this for ages...

Pikapps: Yeah... yeah... they totally will... yeah yeah

Lights up on Grandpa.

Grandpa: yeah yeah that's how pikapp lost their charter baby, yeah yeah.

Joonie is asleep now.

Poonie: But Grandpa, I thought that you guys got kicked off campus for making your pledges go on optional 9 am runs through Reynolda village?

Grandpa: Now now Poonie, don't trouble yourself with such lies. Rest easy now, Grandpa's got work to do.

Poonie goes to sleep. Busty Kappa wife enters

Kappa Dame: Ohhh honnnneeyyyy, I need you! Sexually!

Grandpa: lady chillllllllll. God I love being a PiKapp *Winks at the audience.*

Lights down.

Subway Tragedies Vignette 2

Lights up stage center on the Titanic control room, two skippers and the captain (Jared). There is a big ship's wheel,. Jared wears a captain's hat and the skippers are wearing white sailors costumes. Jared is there again, this time with an Outlaw sub, chips and a drink.

Host: Nearly 50 years after single-handedly causing the death of Abraham Lincoln, Jared has left his hiding, his journey continues as he sets sail upon the great Atlantic Ocean... as the captain of the infamous Titanic.

Lights down on Host's spotlight.

Skipper Chick #1: Starboard!!!! Starboard!!!!!!

Skipper Chick #2: Captain we're at 100 knots, I don't think she can take anymore captain!

Jared: Mmm, Steak, Bacon, American cheese, toasted.... But hold, hold...

Skipper Chick #1: Hold what? Hold what?

Jared: Hold the onions, I don't like the onions. and add the creamy chipotle southwest sauce.

Skipper Chick 2: But sir, any further west and we'll hit that Iceberg!

Jarred sipping on blue Powerade.

Jared: *mockingly* But sir! But sir! I can't stand your voice when I'm hungover. I gotta stop drinking on this job, or else something really bad might happen. Fuckkk, I love Blue Powerade. Owwp, hand's slipping. Gosh! They always forget the napkins. Damn you! Creamy chipotle southwest sauce!

Titanic hits the iceberg. (rip); Crowd screams; the skippers begin to put on life vests and scream.

Skipper Chick #1: Sir what the hell are you doing, she's going down. Please put on your life vest.

Jared: No thanks, I don't wear orange. Only green and yellow! The colors of Subway. Subway, Eat Fresh. Besides, a captain always goes down with his ship!

Skipper Chick 2: Leave him! We have no time!

Jared shrugs and takes another bite of his sandwich. Lights down.

Lemonade Stand on Long Drive

Lights up on two slightly too old to be doing a lemonade stand kids (eighth grade) and their mom. There's like a classic glass pitcher of Lemonade.

Momma: This is what you two get for giving each other hickeys during family game night!

Brudda: Then why did you have us play spin the bottle?

Sitta: We just followed the rules!

Momma: No you took the rules too far, and now you have to raise 86 dollars for the GOP.

Brudda: But mommmmmm. Me and sister are moderately socialist!

Momma: That's enough, you're gonna donate to the Grand Ole Party and that's FINAL.

She storms off.

Brudda: Bruhhhhhhhhhh, why we gotta do it at Washed Forest. This place is so ass.

Sitta: And lemonade stands are so childish. For God's sake, we're gonna be in 8th Grade next year!

One DKE immediately enter stage right.

Darnell: 8th grade!? Damn that's craaaaaazy, so you're practically 18 right? You look really mature for your age! What are you two doing here?

Sitta: We're selling lemonade! Want a taste?

Darnell: of?

Brudda: Umm, the lemonade...?

Darnell: O. Nah I'm good.

DKE exits with the utmost haste.

Sitta: Ugh, what do we do now? No one has stopped by our lemonade stand except for that guy, and I think he wanted to eat us.

Brudda: We still have all night, and I think there's parties starting soon.

Girls off stage are super loud.

Brudda: God, what is that horrible screeching noise?

Betas (from offstage): Beta Beta Beta!!!!

Enter a squad of super annoying Goils it's Caprisun, Koolaid Jammer and Sunny Pee! They're YAMMERED and they think everything is the funniest thing they've ever heard.

Caprisun: UGH Beta sisterhood was SO FUN!

Koolaid Jammer: Right! Best day ever. Besides Frankfest. And Beta Bad. Ugh I LOVE BEING A BETA.

All Betas: WE'RE SO BAD!!!!

Sunny Pee: How does the Pike house keep moving? I swear we've been down this road a hundred times.

Brudda: Hey, mix in a lemonade, why don't you?

Caprisun: *Straight asf. What?*

Sitta: Um, he means... would you like to purchase a lemonade? We're selling it. The lemonade.

Koolaid Jammer: Oh, is it like spiked or?

Brudda: It's just Minute Maid and Water.

Sunny Pee: You're a boy. Are you in a frat? SAE? *To Koolaid* Wait, don't drink that. He's in SAE.

Sitta: Are you girls gonna buy a lemonade or what?

A car enters stage right screaming. The pledge driving it is holding a handle of Aristocrat and wears sunglasses.

Machi Drunk Driving Pledge: Woah woah woah! Get out of the way!

The car swerves through the group of girls.

Sunny Pee: Oh my god!!! Are you fucking silly whipping rn?!?!?!?!?

MDDP: I'm the Machi Drunk Driving Pledge, I literally have to.

Koolaid Jammer: Omg! Perfect!!! WE'RE going to Machiiiiiii!!!!

Caprisun: *under her breath* Well...near Machi :)

Brudda: Excuse me sir, would you like some lemonade to go?

MDDP: Would you like to get your face run over by a fucking Chevy Tahoe?

MDDP chucks the aristocrat bottle at the kids.

MDDP: Alright byyyyyyyyye, I gotta go crash into newlight. PM's orders.

Caprisun: Oh my god! Newlight!!! THAT'S where the pikes live.

All Betas: *chanting going off stage* Beta BETA BETA BETA BETA!!

Sunny Pee: Let's make him take his pants off!

They run off following his car.

Brudda: GOD. We're making no money off this stupid lemonade stand!!! How can we possibly attract college kids??... except for that one guy...

Lights up on the DKE stage left.

Darnell: Hello.

Sitta holds up the bottle of aristocrat and the pitcher of lemonade and looks back and forth from one and the other.

Sitta: Hmmmmmm... I have an idea!

Lights down. Lights up there's now a sign that says "DRUGZ" There's a long line leading up to it.

Brudda: Okay Sitta, run me the inventory check. How are we doing?

Sitta: Okay so the Chi O's have bought 80grams of cocaine, the ADPis have sold out our black tar heroin, oh and the kappas... They have run us dry of fentanyl!!!

Brudda: Let's gooo. College is crazy.

Brudda starts counting the cash.

Brudda: Holy shit, we've made four bajillion dollars.

Pike up next in line. He whispers something.

Sitta: Sorry man! You're gonna have to speak up!!

Brudda: Gotta long line, dude, ain't got all day.

Pike: I said POPPERS, jeez, god.

Sitta: Hope you enjoy your relaxed anus. *Waves him goodbye*

Pike: Thanks. *Pike exits.*

Brudda: I wonder he needs those for?

They both shrug and look to the audience. Lights down.

Super Mario's Cart

Lights up on Mario, Luigi and Yoshi boolin of the yizzy. The car is next to them. Super Mario theme plays.

Mario: It's a me! Mario! Oh Mama mia, ts gass twin.

Luigi: Bro chill the fuck out, you're always on some weird ass accent every time we bool. Weirdo. Ona side note, this song never gets old.

Yoshi: Yoshiiiiiiii pass that pen bro. I'm tryna be driving the whip later like im in a video game. The little ass kids never know I'm faded.

Mario: You know the rules fellas *cough* igh fuck *starts talking normally* sorry about that. Anyways you know the drill, minimum 1 blinky right before you start driving.

Luigi: Fuck, here come's bowser. Hide the pen from his fiend ass.

Enter stage Left Bowser and Toadette; this tough ass entrance song plays: [bowsers theme](#).

Bowser: Sup pussy still rippin the cart, eh? Holy shit someone should call it Mario's cart the way he be hoggin that thang.

Toadette: Hey Luigi, take the next right onto Rainbow road with yo gay ahh.

Mario: Hey you can't say that to us bro, this franchise got my name on it not yours.

Bowser: Oh yeah, Yo where yo girl at thooooo? Oh I forgot, she back at my volcano, call that Bowser's bitch. They should make a game bout dat.

Mario: Shut up bish, bc you know I'm still bouta save her ass. Go call your little goombas on me, those little thugs. Yoshi handle my lightwork.

Yoshi: Yooooshhhhhhyut yo dumbahh big back ahh lil spilky ahh lookin backpack toy boy ass up bro.

Luigi: Yoshiiiiiit, you flamed him out, bro.

Bowser: Fuck yall lil lame ass dudes, I'm boutta go munch flower. Damn I really am a munch. Im outtie, let's bounce toadette. And Mario, when you're finally done w that cart let me know. For now, I'm boutta clap some Princess Peach.

Toadette: Yo Luigi, where daisy at thooo. I know she dont fuck with yo fruity ahh. if yall still tryna get some shrooms though hit my line. Peace out fam, one love.

Bowser and Toadette leave

Mario: Damn I hate those guys *Rips blinker* they always be pressing my shi. I gotta take a drive, cool off

Luigi: Yo do you, brochacho

Does the super jump then walks out w yoshi

Mario: Fuck where'd I park my shit. I got my cart, but no car, damn it. If I were a small, child-like go cart looking 4 wheeler, where I would be? *Mario looking around dumb asl*

He sees it and jumps, it was right in front of him, this plays [0:15 seconds](#)

Mario: Oh, there it is!

Mario gets into car and drives off, but he waits, and revs up (like in the game) for a few seconds while this plays [kart](#)

Mario: God I love this cart. Fuck, Bowser he doesn't appreciate the wax like I do. No smell, no problems. I'm so fucking high right now.

[this plays](#)

Mario: Oh fuck is that the cops?

Waluigi drives on stage in another stupid small car and pulls him over, he's just some random Italian guy

Waluigi: Eh Mario guy, what the fuck this the fourth time this week. Don't make me come ova there and look at your eyes, guy. You put me ina bad spot here man. These kids look up to you.

Mario: Waluigi just gimme a break, I'm under so much stress right now, my girl getting fucked by Bowser and I think luigi might be gay.

Waluigi: Hey pal, I don't need to hear ya whole life story, just stop with the smoking and the driving. *Looks out to the crowd* And that kids is why you shouldn't smoke and drive. Us cops always know. Bafongool, gabagool. That's Italian for drive safelyyy.

Mario: That fuckin guy. Ah fuck, Bowser's back.

Waluigi exits stage right. Bowser and Peach walk on stage, Bowser has his arm around her.

Peach: Oh Mario! I didn't expect to see you here. Oh help me Mario, *cant stop giggling* it's been so terrible *laughing* locked up in Bowser's floating ship.

Bowser: Lame ass bitch can't do shit about it. Uh oh, looks like your gay little star power aint here to protect you now.

Mario: No, don't do it you motherfucker. I swear!

Bowser throws a banana peel in front of Mario, and he hits it! This plays [sound](#). Bowser and Peach walk off laughing.

Mario: *Mario Voice* Mammaaaaa Miaaaaaa!!!

Lights Down

Subway Tragedies Vignette 3

Lights up on Jared, holding a subway sandwich, and 3 other soldiers all wearing Military garb and holding rifles. There are big spikey things on stage and War sounds playing in the background.

Host: Miraculously, Jared was one of the few survivors of the tragic wreck of the Titanic. As a punishment for his reckless endangerment and operating a steamship while under the influence, Jared was drafted into the United States Military. Here he is, on June 6, 1944, preparing with his comrades to storm the beaches of Normandy.

Jared: Move! Move! Go! Take your arms and move!

Grunt 1: Jesus, sir I wanna go home, I miss my mom!

Jared: And I miss the 5 dollar footlong! Now get a move on, your country needs you, son. Now go!

Jared hands the Subway cookies to the other soldiers.

Grunt 2: Sir, these are footlong cookies! *Looks out at crowd* Only available at select Subway locations, sir!

Jared: Do I look like I don't know that! I'm Jared.....not at all associated with Subway, but just a really.... Really big fan. Fuck it, follow me, men!! Charge!

Grunts charge to the other end of the stage and collapse. Jared does NOT charge. He shrugs and he continues to eat his cookie.

Jared: Oh shit, I should tell them about the landmines. *Takes a bite.. Mmm.. With mouthful* Waitt the landmine!

Grunt 3: What?

Jared: Landmmmmmmwdjd...

[Landmine sound effect](#), the grunts all die.

Host enters the scene.

Host: Jared took Omaha on his own that day...may we never forget the sacrifice of America's greatest hero and sometimes villain, Jared, who liked Subway.

Lights down.

Conjoined Twins Rush Different Sororities

Lights up on two girls, sorta, they're conjoined twins! An XXL tshirt is stitched so the two girls are joined by it. One is emo like dark jorf, the other is preppy and blonde like-well, name a pill. Their roommate is there.

Weller: So.

Barbie: Yeah huh!

Weller: You guys are uh-

Dorf: Yeah we're fucking attached to one another. Shit sucks.

Weller: Wow, I can't believe my random roommate is two people.

Barbie: Isn't it great! Two for the price of one! And we're built-in-best friends!

Dorf: Sure. Built-in like physically fused at birth. And best friends like I fucking hate her.

Weller: At least we got the handicapped room. Wait, do you guys sleep in the same bed? Do you guys go by they/them pronouns? Have you ever had a boyfriend? How do you masturbate? Is it even self-pleasure at that point?

Dorf: Well I'm a lesbian-

Barbie: -We gotta go!! We have a rush date to make it to.

As they walk off Barbie snaps at Dorf.

Barbie: *super seriously* DON'T tell people that. You're gonna ruin my reputation. Stay quiet during this rush date. I mean it.

Lights down. Lights up on the rush date. It's Barbie and a kappa (kapur) hitting it off. Dorf is sitting there hitting a ball-paddle thing, it's really annoying.

Kapur: So like where do you summer? I heard Martha's Vineyard is like super ratchet. Like where the Obama's live.

Barbie: Ooo I've heard that too. We usually go to the Great Wolf Lodge outside of Dallas.

Dorf: The magic quests are cool i guess, but everyone that works there sucks and I wish Dallas would burn.

Barbie: No Dorf *slaps Dorf* the magic quests are SUPER lame. But the boys are cute. Trust me.

Kapur: Oh boys! I love boys. Did you know that a lot of kappas love boys?

Barbie: I love boys too. I think I could really see myself in kappa!

Dorf: Do you wanna know how I feel about boys?

Barbie slaps her again.

Barbie: shutthefuckup wetalkedaboutthis.

Dorf: God fine fuck. But I have to make it to the opera in brendle at 3pm.

Barbie: Why the fuck would you want to go to that? Why is it at 3pm? Why are you so lame and embarrassing?

Kapur: Awww cute sister banter. I have 247 sisters. Kappa sisters! We are all about to go hide the food that people leave out for the stray cats. Like yuck, why are they poor?

Barbie: Wow, that's so kappa cool.

Kapur: Barbie it was so nice to meet you. *Whispers to her* You might wanna get rid of your friend, she won't stop touching you and she's freaking me out.

Kapur leaves the stage.

Dorf: C'mon. My favorite conductor is performing.

Barbie: Fine let's go see your stupid opera. UGH! Did you forget to put deodorant on our armpit?

Lights down. Lights up on the opera, it's a prerecorded opera and tbolt is just standing there conducting. [mozart aria](#).

Dorf and Barbie are sitting down watching it. Dorf is locked in, Barbie is on her phone.

Barbie: How long is this???

Dorf: Shhh, the beat's about to drop.

Barbie: Oh what are you even talking about.

Dorf: SHHHHHH *to her phone* Grok, can I kill my conjoined twin and still survive?

Another group of kinda emo girls walk in to watch.

Barbie: oh fuck you. Ew who are those girls? They look like they just came from their own funeral.

Dorf: Oh my god, shut the fuck up, be cool. That's the PACK.

Barbie: The what?!

Dorf: The pack, idiot. It's the pack, idiot. Everyone knows them. The theta pack.

The thetas start howling

Barbie: They seem weird-

Dorf: SHUT UP this is their mating call. They're rushing ME!!! ME! AWOOOOO.

The thetas come to claim dorf. They pick the two of them up and carry them off stage.

Dorf: YES YESSSS.

Barbie: NOOO EW! I'm supposed to be a KAPPA!

Kappa Kapur runs out and sees what's happening.

Kapur: Oh my god! My future sister! I did NOT dirty rush you for nothing!!!

Dorf: Theta Alpha Wolf Save Me!

*Kappa Kapur pulls on Barbie, the theta alpha wolf pulls on Dorf. [ripping sound effect](#)
Wow. They ripped the two girls apart. The kappa grabs Barbie. The theta alpha wolf
mommy grabs Dorf.*

Dorf and Barbie: OWWWWW!!

Barbie: Why do I feel so skinny? OH MY GOD I'M SO SKINNY.

Dorf: Holy shit I'm bleeding. Everywhere... Dope. This is so hella alt.

Barbie: HASHTAG UNCONJOINED TWINS!!!! *Does peace sign.*

Dorf: Thank GOD. See you never, sister. *Goes to flip her off.* Ugh fuck. You got the
fucking arm.

Barbie: Yeah, and I'm gonna be taus. Fuck you. *Flip her off*

Lights down. Lights up stage left on kappa chapter.

Kapur: I can't believe we wasted a spot in our pc for a girl who fucking bled out and
died. Before bid day ice skating.

Kappas: SLUT!

Lights up stage right on theta chapter.

Thetianna: Damn, our one person bid class. Another pup, gone. Why does this
always happen to us?

Thetas: *sad* Awoooooooo.

Lights down.

Wente's Funeral for Graduation

Lights up stage center on ex-president Wente, she is wearing goth makeup, blonde wig, with black veil over it, black dress. She is speaking to the audience with a podium that reads "Welcome to my Funeral!" There are also three students sitting to the right of her wearing graduation garb.

Wente: Hello Everybody, I know you are expecting graduation speaker Mohammed Gandhi, whomst we paid over 11 billion dollars for him to come, but surprise, you're stuck with little petite flexible me...for the next 18 hours.

Kellye: Didn't you get fired for tax evasion, and money laundering all of our tuition for the Medellin cartel

Wente: Yes, mamacita has to pay the bills somehow, and who else was going to supply all the cocaine for all you kiddos.

Darrin: I wouldn't be here without you.

Wente: The show must go on. The reason why I put my funeral party on the day of graduation is to, of course, make it all about me. I mean, look what I have done for the place. We slid three hundred spots in the US news rankings, we paved the quad for more parking spaces, and we took away that thing that gives the less fortunate free tuition.

Kellye: You fucking suck cock, Susan!

Wente: Yay for me. I'm gonna give the mic to my dear friend Dean of Student Conduct Jim Settle to speak fondly of me! Clap for him. *Scream* I SAID FUCKING CLAP

Jim settle walks on stage, and Wente slaps his ass when he enters podium

Wente: grrrrrrraugh

Jim grrs back with hand motion. Wente Grrs back, Jim Grrrrs again. They share a moment.

Jim: grrrrrrr, Man, I love President Wente, she let me actually kill students for having a fake ID on them.

Wente: *to the audience, smiling* It's because I hate the student body!

Jim: I can't believe our time hating the student body is almost up. As I reflect on the past five years, I can't help but get hard thinking about the memories that we shared. Like the time I stubbed my itsy bitsy pinky toe on that block of cocaine... and then you told me to stop crying like a little bitch. God, I always loved how we saw each other as equals.

Wente: Awww Jimmy, you're not equals! But you're tugging my heartstrings.

Jimmy: And you tugged on my big willy. Now, per Wente's request, the Jabowakees will perform! Come on to the stage, short people.

Jabowakees enter in all black w/ white masks and bucket hats and wente joins them

Wente: Oh my goodness, I call them the Jabo-Wentes. I touch myself while watching them dance.

Wake Wake *Africa by shakira plays, but wente is singing*

Wente: Tzamina mina eh eh Wente Wente eh eh Tsamina mina Zangalewa **This time for Wentica**

Jabowakkees run off and exit

Wente: I love that song, the only part of the song I don't like is when they say AFRICA

Kellye: When are we gonna get our diplomas?

Wente: When are you gonna close that big fat fucking mouth of yours? Anyways, thank you Jabowakkasses and Jimmy Boy. You're making my funeral feel like a quinceanera. I think it's time to pass down the presidency. Make a drumming noise everyone!

Everyone starts doing the drum noise

Wente: The 15th and next president of Wake Forest University is....

Wente puts on a longer blonde wig

Wente: Me with extensions. This whole stepping down from the president thing has been a ploy to show off my new hairstyle. Do you like?! The hair is actually ethically sourced from the shower drains of the alpha sigs. Nice and curly.

Jim: I can smell the Dandruff-Head-and-Shoulders from here. Wente with extensions, what is going to be your first decree as the 15th President of Wake Forest University?

Wente: Well, actually, my Jimmy Dear! I'm the 14th AND 15th president! Two Terms! Like Donald R. Trump. And I have fake hair too! And a spray tan!

Darrin: Um, Mrs President Wente ma'am? Are you gonna fix all of the shit that you fucked up in your first term??

Wente: *Wente stares dead pan out to the audience, bottled* I choose not to hear that! AAAAAanywhoooo, my first thingy as Queen will be to up and move the Wake campus to Turkmenistan! In Colombia! So I can pave this whole campus!

Everyone: Why?!?

Wente: For more parking for the Joel! Yayyy, why aren't you saying Yayyy.

Everyone laughs. Lights down.