

THE LILTING BANSHEES PRESENT:

PANTS DOWN XIX

April 8th, 2026



Griselda: You look like your mom doesn't like you.

Dirk: Oh, Well yo momma so fat that fat people look at her and say Dayum she fat.

No reaction, everyone stares and blinks.

Dirk: *dejected* Well santa isn't real so kill yourself girl scout

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Beta Dreamhouse

Lights up stage center on a blonde pill in a blonde wig wearing a beta jersey, heels and tiara. In the background there are two other pills: One is the beach beta another is the cheerleader beta. They are all playing with props according to their characters: beach ball, pom-poms. There's a horse on stage.

GEORGE COVERS THE SONG SINGING "STRINGS!"

It's her and her, and me and you, it's STRINGS, goes down on everything, beautiful from head to toe, read-y to blow, you know you know, it's strings, always down to drink. . .

Barbie: Hi! I'm Barbie. The Beta. Welcome to the Beta Dreamhouse! As you can see, us Beta's are the pinnacle of femininity!

She chugs a beer and belches nasty.

Barbie: 'Scuse me! Anyway, let's say hi to some of the sisters. Hi Beta!

Beach Beta: Hi Beta!

Barbie: Hi Beta!

Cheerleader Beta: Hiiii, Beta! *Cheerleader cadence.*

Weird ahh beta walks on stage. Aqua-Wolf Cut, tattoos. Real lesbian vibe.

Barbie: Nice. Oh look, it's Weird-Beta!

She cups her hand, directly to audience:

Barbie: Or as we call her behind her back, should've been a DZ-beta.

Weird Beta: heyyuguh.

Barbie: It's. Hi. Beta. You're supposed to say Hi Beta.

Weird Beta: Sorry.

Barbie: That's ok, Weird Beta. Go stand in the background!

Weird beta goes in the back and scooches around on her butt.

Barbie: Let's go see more of the Dreamhouse!

Party Beta runs on stage. She's in a party hat and birthday sash.

Barbie: Oh, hi Party Beta! Where have you been?

Party Beta: *hammered* I just pushed a tri delt off the fuggin third floor of the dream house and she fucking died.

Barbie: Nice! You're killing it!

They high-five.

Barbie: Let's see what's going on by our pool! Horse, get your fat ass over here!

Horse gallops to Barbie. He sounds like Forrest Gump

Horse: 'Elo Betuh.

Barbie: Hi Horse. Can you please carry me to the pool?

Horse: uh uh. I'm hungry betuh.

Barbie: Are we doing this again? Really? Fine. Who wants a sugar cube??

Horse: meh pleaseuh betuh.

Barbie: Here you go! It's actually Ketamine!

Horse rips a crazy Neighhhhhhuerhfauewhiufwjh. Barbie hops on Horse.

Horse: I love the way you ride me, Beta.

Barbie: Everyone does!

Horse gallops Beta to the other side of the stage. Lights up on swimming pool. There are three Kens by the pool. Horse falls flat and crawls off stage.

Barbie: Hi Kens!

Kens: Hi Beta!

Barbie: Thank god the Kens are here! I was getting so tired of my stupid Beta sisters. I just get along better with guys. *This is DKE Ken:*

DKE Ken: Aha suhhp.

Barbie: This is Pike ken

Pike Ken: Where are my penises?

Barbie: And whose my wittle chi psi Ken?

Noogies him.

Chi Psi: Me! Thanks for inviting me to your pool party!

Barbie: Yeah whatever. Try not to drown in the four inches of water!

Chi Psi: I'll be fine, I've worked with four inches before!

*Chi Psi puts on snorkle and hops in swimming pool. Chi Psi starts drowning.
Pick-Me-beta runs in holding a High-Life 40.*

Chi Psi: O M Cheezits Im drowning!

Pick-Me-Beta: I'll save you!

Pick-Me-Beta takes her shirt off to reveal this:

Chi Psi: Thank you thank you thank you.

He nuzzles into her.

Barbie: Oh :/ Hi pick-me-beta.

Pick-Me-Beta: Hi Bitch! Love the lack of effort you put into your appearance today. I honestly can't tell your gender.

Barbie: Well if I were a boy, you probably would have already slept with me, huh?

Pick-Me-Barbie and Barbie do a super cheesy laugh.

Barbie: Ahahaha I love my Beta sisters. Let's move on.

Barbie walks across stage. Lights up on three betas ripping gas-mask Bong and Hookah.

Barbie: This is the Beta Bad Bong Room. Hi Beta!

Stoner-Beta: *coughs for an egregious amount of time. Totally normal voice:* Hi Beta.

Barbie: Can I get a rip?

Barbie rips bong.

Barbie: *coughs for an egregious amount of time. Totally normal voice:* I hate Pick-Me-Beta. I swear to god I'm gonna rip her fucking head off.

Gill Beta jumps from the couch.

Gill Beta: THAT'S MY BIG. YOU CAN'T DO THAT.

Barbie: Shut the fuck up.

All barbie land characters come up to the front of the stage.

Barbie: We are all best friends. I love living in Beta Dreamhouse!

Weird Beta emerges from the crowd.

Weird Beta: But... we AREN'T all best friends. You guys don't even know anything about me. The real me.

Barbie: Um, I know that you're only here because your sister was in Beta.

Weird Beta: Umm. Okay. But that isn't what I meant. I've actually been posing this whole time. I'm actually... a boy!

Weird Beta tears the wig off. All Barbies GASP!

Cheerleader Barbie: Ohhhh. I thought the facial hair was just a birth defect.

Weird Beta: Nah I had long hair freshman year so I just ran with it. So yeah. I'm a boy.

Pick-me Beta: Did you say you're a boy? 😊

They all start closing in on him. "Boy? BOY? Did you say boy? I love boys"

All: Do you want to be my date to Overboard?

Weird Beta: Overboard? Is that the thing where we drink in a field and have to get up at 5 am?

Barbie: Does a beta shit in the woods?

Weird Beta: GODDD. *Smirks* I hope so. *Winks*.

He fist pumps. Lights down.

Beach Weekend Jellyfish guy

Lights up stage center on kappa and chi psi. They are having a freakin blast. They are in beach wear and sitting in lawn chairs, there is a sign that reads beach wknd: "CHI PSI".

Chungus: Man, Chi Psi beach weekend just gets better every year. Sometimes, when I wake up in the morning and I'm feeling gloomy, I look in the mirror and say "c'mon chungus, only 3 weeks till mar-a-lago beachweekend" And guess what, it's finally here!!!

Kappa: This sucks. All my friends are in Myrtle. I'm not closing my eyes right now, but just know I'm dreaming of me sandwiched between two hot pikes.

Chungus: But don't you like eating real sandwiches with me? On this beach? I made them myself.

Screaming comes from stage right

Peabody: Hellppp, Hellppppp, I'm drowning and it burns

Kappa: How is he burning underwater, that make no sense

Chungus: Don't worry friend!!!! I'll save you!!

Kappa and Chungus run to Peabody.

Peabody: No wait, **you** can't save me, **she** needs to save me.

Kappa: Mmmm I don't want to touch chlorine. It's gonna like turn my hair purppple.

Chungus: But babe, it's not chlorinated. It's the Atlantic Ocean.

Kappa: Ummm, then. Oh. Owwww i cant help i have kidney stone in my stomach. The pain is so much worse than child birth I would assume.

Peabody: Please help me kappa, it has to be you. I know you have to piss. I can sense it.

Chungus: What is this guy talking about?

Peabody: AHHHHHHH I'mmmm onnn fire, I'mmm on fireee and it's burns so hot it's cold. I need warmth.

Kappa: What burns?

Peabody: EHHH EVERYTHING MY HANDS MY LEGS MY MOUTH MY HEAD MY PINKY TOES MY MOUTH.

Chungus: I can help! I have my Chi Psi safety kit, I'm also a former eagle scout, and an outdoor pursuits leader. Quick, tell me what happened?

Peabody: AHHH JELLY FISH, HUNDREDS, NO THOUSANDS, HOLD THAT THOUGHT, ONE SECOND, BEAR WITH ME NOW, MILLIONS- STUNG ME!

Chungus: Ohhh jeez, only one solution for that.

Peabody: *Suspiciously/Endearingly* Don't say pee, please don't say pee on me.

Chungus: We're gonna have to pee on you.

Kappa: Gross what?

Peabody: NAHHHHHHH UHHHHHH. If you must...but if you're going to. She has to do it!

Points to Kappa, she points to herself.

Kappa: Oh hell no, I'm not going near you.

Peabody: You have to! I'm in so much pain. This is so much more painful than child birth if I had to guess.

Chungus: Help him!!

Peabody: Yes, help me! Just try not to get in my eyes because I have contacts.

Kappa: Ok... This is serious. . . I understand. Okay here we go.

Kappa braces herself. Enter a lifeguard.

Lifeguard: What is going on here?

Chungus: He got stung by jellyfish, so according to my training, someone has to pee on him.

Peabody: Yeah watch out. You're in the splash zone.

Lifeguard: Wait, that literally happens all the time here. We have a serum for that.

Kappa: Seriously?? Oh thank god.

Peabody: WAIT NO. Shut up stupid fucking lifeguard. Just pee on me. Pee on me it'll be quicker.

Lifeguard: That's an incredibly inaccurate yet disturbingly popular urban myth. A lesson to all! *Turns to the audience.* . Urine can actually trigger more venom release, increasing pain, and does not have the correct chemical composition to deactivate the stinger cells. Instead, rinse the area with vinegar or hot water. And most importantly, remember, never, ever go on Chi Psi Beach Weekend.

Lights Down.

Bouncer Asks Really Personal Questions

Lights up stage left on a fat bouncer and a sign that says "Dive". A line of 4 banshees waits for him to let them in. They are all fucking cold. There's faint party music playing.

Bouncer: I've already told you, no one gets in until someone comes out. That's how it works.

Rachel: But we've been waiting here for two hours! I was gonna get a Kaveman dog but a Chevy Silverado just plowed into his entire body.

*Two girls walk on stage and just walk in immediately to the front of the line, push Rachel and Dort for good measure, jump hug and spin with the bouncer. **They** pick **him** up.*

Terrae: Fat Bouncer! We missed youuuu.

Bouncer: WHERE YOU BEEEEEEEN? Missed you too, my favorite girls. Get in there! I'll see you later when we play beer pong together.

Terrae: And then you take us home?!

Bouncer: And then I take you home!!! You guys are the best. Drinks on me. Here's my credit card. Go crazy.

Vita: You're the besttttt.

They "run inside" back stage left.

Dort: Giving UNFAIR!

Rachel: What was that?!?!?! They're not even **bad**!

Bouncer: Fine, I'm sick of you standing here anyway. Just give me your IDs.

Dort: Finally! Here you go.

They both hand him their IDs. Bouncer inspects the id closely.

Bouncer: Hmm. . . Okay "Dort", if that's even your real name. . . How much do you weigh?

Dort: Wow. Chivalry is literally dead.

Bouncer: I'm just trying to confirm that this is really you, idiot.

Dort: That is literally none of your busine-

Bouncer: Oh my god who the hell cares. Body count?

Rachel: What? It says that on there?

Bouncer: Lady, how am I supposed to tell if this ID is fake if you don't tell me your body count?

Rachel: Um, 9. Can we go in now?

Bouncer: 9? Yeah right. Hmm hmm hmm. . . I've decided that these are fake.

Bouncer rips their IDs in half, eats them and spits them in their faces.

Rachel: Erm did you just eat our IDs?

Bouncer: MMM MM MM got a passport on you? I'm starving.

Dort: You didn't even swallow!!!

Bouncer: And I never would. I'm a classy broad. Now get the fuck out of line.

The two girls go UGH! And storm off.

Walking off- Dort: I mean it WAS Fake but did he have to eat it?!?!

Two guys step up. No words are exchanged. Bouncer punches him in the face.

Pirk: What the fuck? I haven't even given you my ID yet!

Bouncer: Sorry. I get angry when I'm horny. ID's?

Pirk and Dirk hand him their IDs. He studies the IDs. He pulls out a flashlight. Frisks them, spins them in a 180. Aggressively chewing gum. Sniffs the guys. Sniffs the IDs. Leans into a walkie talkie on his chest.

Bouncer: 42-89. We got a situation here.

Dirk: What?!

Bouncer: Nah I'm just kidding. It's just a prop. Did I get ya?

Pirk: I mean yeah. I guess.

Bouncer: YES!! Hook line and sinkeerrrrrr. Alright. Imma need some more information to make sure you really are who you say you are, JOSE! Hometown?

Pirk: Uh El Paso, Texas.

Bouncer: Hmmm. Ok. OK. I believe you. Now close your eyes.

Pirk: Okay?

Bouncer: What color are my eyes?

Pirk: Uh. . . purple?

Bouncer: THAT'S A SUCH A BAD GUESS. They're brown. STRIKE ONE.

Pirk: Fuck.

Bouncer: Now. What's HIS zodiac sign?

Pirk turns to Dirk. Dirk just shrugs.

Pirk: Um Poseidon?

Bouncer: FUCK. And I'm a taurus. We're so incompatible. STRIKE TWO.

Pirk: Are these serious questions? Are you supposed to ask us this?

Bouncer: What are you a fucking detective pal? Just answer my questions, guy. Now, what's your favorite color?

Pirk: Red.

Bouncer: WRONG. It's blue.

Pirk: FUCK I do like blue. I knew I should've said blue. I totally just lied. I dont know why I said that.

Bouncer: STRIKE THREE buddy you're out of here but i'll give you a bonus round.

Pirk: Thank you sir. You're so merciful. I don't know why everyone calls you a fat ugly terrorist behind your back.

Bouncer: I don't know either. Your final question is what's your first name?

Pirk: Um. Can I see that for a second?

Bouncer hands him back his ID.

Bouncer: Yeah of course.

Pirk: Uh Jose.

Bouncer: Wait a minute I can't remember. Lemme check that.

Hands him back his ID.

Bouncer: Yeah all good. Have a good one.

Pirk walks inside. Bouncer turns to Dirk.

Bouncer: YOU!

Dirk does stupid self point.

Dirk: Me?

Bouncer: A new project you're overseeing has great revenue potential but could put the company in legal hot water. How would you handle this? Go. You're on the clock buddy.

Dirk: I'd probably like. I don't know maybe I'd-

Bouncer: Good answer. Same. Already bud have a night. I'm keeping this though, I lost my own ID.

Dirk: Uh alright.

Dirk heads inside.

Dirk: DIVE BAR WHAT THE FUCK IS UPPP. *hands up jogs off stage.*

Bouncer: I look just like that guy! This is perfect. I gotta memorize this ID before I try to get in later. *Closes his eyes and starts training*

Bouncer: Not an organ donor? Selfish prick. 5'9 standing on my money, now I'm 5' 8. God, I owe a lot of money to the government. Ok. I got this, I got this.

Other Bouncer walks out and stands at the stool.

Bouncer #2: Ah we are not doing this again are we? Your shift just ended dude go home.

Bouncer: But my college chicks are in there throwing ass. I have to get in this bar!

Hands him the ID

Bouncer #2: Alright let's get this over with. What's your name? First and Last.

Bouncer: Dirk. Uhh Salad.

Bouncer #2: Salad? Dirk Salad? What's your middle name? Caesar?

Bouncer: I don't know that kid's middle name.

Bouncer #2: Do you come with croutons?

Bouncer: I don't get this reference. HEY LOOK OVER THERE!

Bouncer #2 looks. Bouncer tries to sprint past him. Bouncer #2 Close Lines him.

Bouncer: OW FUCK.

Bouncer #2: Yeah buddy not today. This is clearly a fake. And your big ass is not 120lbs.

Bouncer: FUCK. You're the worst.

Bouncer #2: Alright Dave, see you tomorrow? You're working the night shift again, right?

Bouncer: No Lisa's actually covering my shift.

Bouncer #2: Oh did you tell Clark-

Bouncer: Yeah yeah Clark knows. Alright I'm gonna head inside and clock out.

Bouncer #2: Yeah yeah, have a good one.

Bouncer walks inside. Lights down.

Guy Gets Shit on at the Gym

Lights up on two squids on stage sitting in lawn chairs like they're at the fire pits. Let it be known that Dwerk has really long ratty seemingly box-dyed ginger hair AND thick black glasses.

Merlock: I love sitting at the firepits with my brudda! Hey Dwerck, hand me that Caprisun!

Dwerck goes to pickup the Caprisun but can't lift it off the ground.

Dwerck: Just a second, Merlock. I think it's stuck.

Two jacked bros enter, they're super greasy and oily. It's Duncan and Sam. Their cut-offs are so deep they reveal both of their nipples. Dam picks up the Caprisun and starts slurping.

Suncan: Brother, you look massive. Did you pump today?

Dam: For you brother, everyday. What'd you bench?

Suncan: Two betas just stacked on top of each other. It was fire.

Dam: That is fire. I swam for a half hour.

Kind of homoerotic now.

Suncan: Wow. That is incredibly good for your cardiovascular health.

Dam: And it builds muscle in the shoulders and upper back at the same time.

Suncan: Why aren't more people tapping into this?

They just start touching each other's muscles heteroerotically.

Dwerk: Fuck. That's awesome. Damn, those guys are cool.

Two girls in workout clothes enter, they're holding yoga mats.

Kurly: My guru said that my vinyasa is getting so slay because my prana is lowkey aligning with my ujjayi.

Pral: You wish. My Chaturanga eats down in a way that's really similar to a low plank when I've just hit Bandha. I've been really into Savasana maxxng.

Kurly: Gym papiiisss. I LOVE men who workout. Hey you two, can you help carry my yoga mat?

Pral: These yoga mats are sooooo heavy, only big strong boys can carry them.

Suncan: Watch this.

He lifts up yoga mat.

Pral and Kurly: WOWWWWWWWWWW!

Dam: C'mon ladies. Muscle Milks on me...

The four leave.

Merlock: Bro, we need to get all up in that gym. It's like a +20 aura boost! I hear the membership comes with a girlfriend* and lemon-scented hot towelettes.

Dwerk: I do love hot towelettes... I'm not sure I'm ready. . . I've never worked out before. Sportsball isn't really my jam...

Merlock: Well then make it your jelly! I can't go alone!

Dwerk: I'm just too scared. I can't do it. I'm sorry.

Merlock: Sorry is a board game. You Dwerk, are a bitch.

Merlock leaves.

Dwerk: Merlock! Humph. I'm strong. I don't need the gym. Right, Universe?

Wind blowing sound effect. Dwerk falls out of his chair like a little leaf.

Dwerk on his side: Aw man, maybe it's time.

Lights down. Lights up stage center on Dwerk in really stupid workout clothes. There is a Sutton worker on stage left with a table.

Dwerk: Okay, I can do this. I made it up that mountain of stairs outside. I put on my finest Vouri workout set. Time to get snatched.

He goes to scan his ID. EH- Loud buzzer sound effect.

Dwerk: Oh what the-

Worker: just scan again

Scans again EHH. Worker looks up annoyed

Worker: You're gonna break the fucking machine what is wrong with you. Scan it correctly.

He goes to scan it again. An alarm goes off "WARNING: UGLY FUCKING CHUD TRYING TO ENTER GYM. I REPEAT, UGLY FUCKING CHUD TRYING TO ENTER GYM."

Dwerk: Please, just let me in. This is my first time here! And I really want to make a good impression!

Worker: Whatever. Just sprint inside. Try not to get winded, dweeb.

He sprints inside front stage right door. Lights down. Lights up on the gym. It's so joyous. Everyone is lifting free-weights. They are in groups, hot and talking. Having a great time to good music. Dwerk enters and the music immediately cuts. Everyone stops and robotically stares at him, they're scowling, they hate him.

Dwerk walks stage center and bends down to pick up a 2lb weight and farts.

Gym 1: DID THAT GUY THAT I HAVE NEVER SEEN AT THE GYM BEFORE JUST FUCKING FART?

He drops the two pound weight.

Dwerk: Oweeee! Ughhh.

Gym 2: Pussy!

Walks up and drops a twenty pound weight on his foot. Dwerk falls to the ground.

Dwerk: Hey! Don't hate on a brotha, I'm just trying to improve my health and wellness.

Gym 4: That's not why you go to the gym, idiot! It's to get big bicep n pretty lady.

Cue pretty lady.

Pretty Lady: Wow! Great biceps!

Gym 4: See?

People are taking videos and photos while he gets roasted.

Dwerk: Alriiiight, I get the picture. Speaking of pictures, would you guys pleaseeee stop recording me? Isn't there some policy against this?

Gym 5: How would you know the policy you've literally never been here.

Dwerk: They're on to me like suckerfish on a Short Fin Mako shark!

Gym 1: Sucker this!

All GYM guys hit a crazy flex pose. Merlock steps out from the crowd. He's wearing derpy gym clothes as well.

Merlock: DWERK!

Dwerk: Merlock? You came back?

Merlock: Everyone, this is my friend. This may be his first time here, but everyone has to start somewhere, right? He is just trying to make a man out of himself and be able to carry 2-3lb items.

Merlock and Dwerk have a wholesome moment.

Gym 2: Who The Fuck Are You?

Gym 3: I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU IN THE GYM IN MY LIFE.

The crowd starts clowning on the two. While they crowd around him, the two crawl on their hands and knees out of the circle to stage front and center.

Dwerk: Thanks, friend. It took a lot of guts standing up for me like that. But it's your first time too, why weren't they picking on you before?

Merlock: Oh Dwerk, that's because I found Eden. Let me show you.

Lights down. Lights up on three girls with yoga mats on completely opposite sides of the stage. There is gentle spa music playing and a soft pink light glow.

Dwerk: Woah. It's so peaceful. What is this place?

Merlock: The fourth floor ab/stretch room, of course. Girls only.

Dwerk: As a rule?

Merlock: Nope. Just lucky.

Dwerk and Merlock are oggling at the girls and turn their heads at same time together, lost in a daze.

Dwerk: Hmmmm. I'll never be able to pick up a woman with my muscles.

Merlock: True.

Dwerk: Should I stop looking at them before it gets weird?

Merlock: No.

Dwerk: I think I like it here.

Lights down.

Machi Slideshow Redux: 2: This Time it's Personal: Directed by Michael Bay

Lights up center, the projector is coming from the ceiling, what is happening, is something wrong with the show. The projector displays an official WF logo.

From stage left and stage right two gentlemen are walking backwards towards each other whilst humming to the shark tank theme song.

Once they meet in the center the two boys give a little pep talk to themselves, moonwalk towards the front of the stage, and do a cool turnaround move to face the crowd.

These two boys are Gomas and Teorge, they are sigma chi's who think that taking a fifth year is the smartest thing someone can do. Because doctors take 8 years to complete skool

Gomas: Whattup wake forest student body, and mom and Dad, my name is Gomas

Teorge: And mine is Teorge, if you put both of our names together it would be like Gomas Teorge.

Gomas: BOOM! You would have a first and last name scenario where you would have two names.

Teorge: Although interesting that is not what we are talking about today. Gomas, you may speak

Gomas: Will do. So welcome to TEdX, wait scratch that. Ted EX! Over the last two years we have had two different ted talk presentations

Teorge: The first where we found out that having gay sex is the straightest thing a brother of sigma chi can do. As you can still see here on this graph here, after a little gay sex he gets a little gay right here. But after more gay sex he got REALLY straight!

Gomas: And the second presentation was over the interesting world of consent, we asked questions like. "What is it?"

Teorge: Or questions like "Oh ok that makes so much sense now, thanks."

Gomas: isn't that a statement?

Teorge: yes it was because we only asked one question in that presentation.

Gomas: Well, for our third, and final presentation, we are going to find out what taking a fifth year actually is.

Teorge: The reason why we wanna figure that out is because we are currently seniors, and we currently don't have enough hours to graduate.

Gomas: And more school is more money, so, as I have said before, both of our parents are both here.

Teorge: Yo parents can you stand up

Both parents from the crowd stand up

Gomas: Yo clap for our parents

Teorge: Without them intercoursing, we wouldnt be here today, talking with you guys.

Gomas: We love you guys so much, and we know that you love us unconditionally as well.

Teorge: So, without further ado, welcome to our presentation.

Gomas: The reasoning behind why taking a fifth year is the smartest thing you can do

Teorge: and can you still pay for another year mom and dad? 90 thousand isnt even a drop in the bucket right mom and dad?

Gomas: please dont get a divorce because of me. By the brothers of sigma chi. Our title is so long that it needed three slides.

Teorge: I feel like that deserves a round of applause, c'mon let us hear it!

Gomas: Yo slide person, can you do the button thing and change the slide thingy.

Teorge: Let me ask a question... who are the smartest people in the world besides Mark Zuckerberg and lebron james?

Gomas: Doctors! And how long do they go to school?

Teorge: They go to school for like way more than five years.

Gomas: So if we graduate in five years, by sir isaac's first law of thermodynamics, what goes in motion stays in motion. Dem white boys got hella motion.

Teorge: Oh shit, that's us! Who took that photo? And his second law of motion, smaller numbers means smarter sometimes. Look at the board, we even asked Chat GPT, is the number five bigger than 7 to 15 robot person?

Gomas: So mom, so dad, if you want us to be smarter than doctors and graduate in five years rather than the 8 years that stupid doctors need, just pay the extra 90 racks, and we are set for life.

Teorge: Instead of the good doctor, after a fifth year of fulfilling our communications requirements we will become... gooder doctors. Alrighty next slide, slide person do yo thang! So mom

Gomas: So dad

Teorge: Can we have a fifth year/90k? Pretty please

Dad: FUCK NO

Gomas: Okay, we were gonna end the presentation here but we came prepared. Slide person next slide.

Teorge: If our parents say fuck no slide. oh god im freaking out

Gomas: Chill king, look at step one

Teorge: step one: Calm down you got this beast. Woah I feel better

Gomas: Step two: join the military

Teorge: BUT we are lovers not fighter so go to step 3.

Gomas: OKay, step three

Teorge: Play for the miami heat and make millions playing for the goat Erik Spoelstra!

Gomas: That's the best idea ever, lets do that thing, fuck you mom and dad

Teorge: yeah! Eat our dust!

Gomas: okay thank you so much everyone for our presentation, peace out fam

Guy Who Can't Throw with his Left Hand

Lights up stage left at the quad, a father is there with his son in his right hand (one of the smaller incels), he has a bib, and a diaper, he looks stupid. Across the stage dumbass geeds are playing spike ball.

Boris: See son, welcome to the quad at the Wake Forest, there is where I pissed, over there is where I pissed, pissed right over there, and that's the subway where I met your mother passed out on the dumpster on a Tuesday at 11 am. She was a Beta.

Baby: Wahhhhhh I love you. Whaaaa

Boris: Yea whatever, I love you too, I guess. God, look at those geeds playing spike ball. Damn, I'm so glad I'm above them. Ksig was taus 4 years ago. Still is.

Baby: When I grow up, I wanna be a Kappa Sigma just like you.

Boris: In your dreams, baby. In your dreams.

Gerald: Look at this serve, I call this the Happy Gilmore.

Goose: Give it to me man, give it to me, oh I want it so bad, give it to me.

Gerald: I love how sexual you get when we spike ball.

Goose: I'm gonna boink you in skin when we get back to Huffman.

Gerald: I'd like to see you try

Gerald spansks Goose ass, they start to tickle each other

Boris: Uhhhhhhh, close your eyes. What the fuck?

They both finish tickling each other

Gerald: Back to our one on one game of spikeball.

Goose: Yea serve that fuckin shit.

Gerald: Okay I'll serve.

Gerald takes a step back, does a cartwheel, does a C jump, and spikes the ball, but misses, and the ball bounces across the stage, and rolls to Boris's feet

Gerald: Yo, can you slide me that spike ball por favor?

Goose: I love it when you talk in espanol.

Boris: Yea sure. Wait shit, my newborn is in my right hand, and I'm right-handed. Well, at least it's just two freak geeds. I don't really care if they see me throw with my left hand.

Enter every single girl banshee we have, and Avery, and Avery, and Fantasia, and Dan and Hayes' gf, would add wills gf, but she's a lambda little sister lol gross

Boris: Oh shit, I can't throw with my left in front of the fine ass future ADPis.

Baby: Aren't you married to mommy?

Boris: We're gonna get a divorce once you leave for boarding preschool.

Gerald: YOOOOOO need the ball homesicle.

Goose: Gerald, your vernacular gets me rock solid.

Gerald: Chilllll goose get off my johnson, pass the ball please mister sir.

Baby: Dad, just throw the ball with your left hand. It can't look that bad.

Goose: Yo, girls, can you chant at this father and his newborn to throw the ball back?

Girls: THROW THE BALL, THROW THE BALL, THROW THE BALL

Boris: NGL I'd rather kill myself*, but I wanna live. Yo grim reaper come hither

Grimm reaper enters

Grim: Wazzuuuuuuhh

Everyone: WAZZZAHHHHHHHH

Grim: wazahhhh, yo who would you like me to slime?

Boris: My child

Grim: Your what? Why?

Boris: I don't want the chicks to see me throw with my left hand, and my son is in my right hand, so you know... only one answer here, right?

Grim: Say less, I totally get that. Hand him over.

They do jill baby transfer and the baby is in the grim reaper's hands

Grim: uh goochi goochie goochie gooo,

He tickles the baby's stomach, Chuck laughs

Grim: Ight imma take him off stage and kill him a *beat* peace.

Grim takes him off stage

First one goes off

Boris: Well, I guess he's dead now, sad to see him go. Thank god my wife can make another

Second goes off

Boris: I feel like two is a lot, but okay, but I guess it is his job

Third one goes off

Boris: This is a little overkill, no pun intended.

Fourth one goes off

Boris: Well, now I'm starting to feel bad, should have just thrown with my left hand

Fifth one goes off

Boris: Wow I am a terrible father

Gerald: Well now that your son is dead, let's see what that throw looks like!

Girl: Yea, what that arm do?

Girls: THROW THE BALL, THROW THE BALL, THROW THE BALL

Boris: Alright! You guys are asking for it, here comes this right handed heater that I killed my son for.

Boris throws the ball like a bitch and makes a little moan sound

Lights down.

ADPi Sleeper Cell

Lights up stage center on two Adpis. Ark is sitting in a chair, Ardy is sitting behind a desk. Ardy is wearing a full suit and an ear piece and sunglasses.

Ardy: Do you know why you've been called here today, Ark?

Ark: Ummmm, is it because I got fized downing 5 hotdogs no mustard no ketchup no bun straight dog and napkin at islander?

Ardy: No, but that was really amazing. You throated that shit, napkin and all. Way to represent adpi at that day party.

Ark: That means a lot coming from you, missus president.

She leans in for a kiss. Ardy puts her hand to her mouth.

Ardy: But that's actually not why I called you here today. You've been selected by the A team adpis for a mission.

Ark: We have an A Team?

Ardy: Yes. Straight from the theatre department. They've chosen you for a top-secret mission. This is about the be the most important moment of your entire life, besides that time that fall chi psi ALMOST kissed you.

Ark: I was so close...

Ardy: We need you to infiltrate the tausest sorority and help us learn what they're doing. Kappa Kappa Gamma. We need to know how they're doing it. What are we doing wrong? WHAT ARE WE DOING WRONG??

Ardy is ripping out her hair crazy style.

Ark: But... but I'm not anything like a kappa. I'm brunette, and I'm not socially adept, and I'm not racist. The only thing I snort is sand.

Ardy: But you can snort so much more than that. And you will. Cus they're gonna make you.

Ark: But? But how? When? Why? Where? Through what medium?

Ardy: Here's the plan. You're gonna go to this address tomorrow morning and forget everything about yourself. Actually, forget everything, period . You'll fit right in.

Ar: But how will I know what to say?

Ardy: Take this earpiece. I'll be with you the whole time. See you in Valhalla, sister.

Ardy leaves. Spotlight on Ark. She puts in the earpiece. Lights down.

Lights up on Kappa Sisterhood. They're very unhappy, very low energy, very mean, very annoyed, girls. Wearing blue and kappa stuff.

Krina: Aha. Ur hat is so funny.

Kristle: Thanks. Ur lins' outfits so quirky. You look kinda busted, but it's funny. Haha

Krinch: Where's the poppers? My Pike boyfriend said he wants to do butt stuff later. Because it's butt stuff Saturday.

Kristle: Uh, I think that keyman has some? Come here. Krinch wants poppers. And I want your butt.

Bjork: Oh yah. It's butt stuff Saturday.

Enter Ark. She looks nervous and is wearing Kappa shizz. She slowly walks on stage.

Krina: Wait, I loveee Butt stuff Saturd—

Everyone stops and turns towards Ark. Ark is mid-stride and just freezes. They glare at her for a sec and then return to chatting.

To earpiece

Ark: Oh my god. They totally know I'm a SPY. They all just glared at me.

Ardy VO: No Ark. They do that to everyone who enters any room ever. Especially, each other. You're so in.

Ark: Oh gosh. Ok. I can do this. Think Kappa Think Kappa. Thiiiiink Kappaaaaa.

She approaches the girls.

Krinch: So yeah, obviously ended up buying both of them. I feel like one Ford Bronco just wasn't enough.

Ark: ermmmmm how go it? fellow Collegiates.

Everyone stares at Ark.

Kristle: Wha?

Ark: *coughs* sorry. 'Twas the tism m'lord!

Ardy VO: twas the tism m'lord? What the fuck are you saying?

Ark: I overheard you guys talking about butt stuff. I have a butt too. That makes us similar.

Krina: oh butt stuff yah! We're gonna do butt stuff over there in the butt stuff room.

Ardy VO: You're in! Quick, say you wanna do butt stuff.

Ark: May I partake in the stuffage of the buttocks?

Krinch: periodt!!!! Follow me!

Lights up stage right on a table with a banana, a zucchini, a squash, and then a traffic cone. They don't say what they're for, but the meaning is implied. There's something large underneath a sheet next to the table.

Ark: *talking to her earpiece* Various vegetables lie on the counter, and I'm allergic to ALL of them.

Ardy VO: Listen Ark, I don't know if you wanna hear this butttttt, you're gonna have to put it up your butt and bring it back to us.

Ark: awwwwwww okay? Do I really have to?

Krinch: Hey new girl with headset on, what do you think of the place?

Ark: It's... homey!

Krina: And that's not even the best part. Do you wanna know the real reason Kappa is the best sorority on campus slash world slash universe?

Ardy VO: This is it Ark, forget about the corn.

Ark: Tell me!

Krina: Here!

Krina yanks the sheet and reveals an ASIG being flayed on a medieval X. He's half-dead and mutilated.

Ark: Ohhh like reek from game of thrones Season 4.

Krinch: YES EXACTLY! Oh my God, finally somebody gets it! It's so annoying because my friends don't watch the show, but finally someone gets my references.

Ark: But what is he here for? Pleasure?

Krina: No, silly, we suck the soul out of him.

The guy wakes up for a moment and grins.

Kristle: We do it through witchcraft, and then we harness his energy to feed our Kappa gods so they keep us taus!

Ark: ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. That makes soooooo much cents.

Kristle: It's feeding time.

The kappas lay on the ground and start rolling, one is praying to mecca garbling nonsense. One tickles the ASIG on the X.

Asig: ooooOOOOooooooo. I like that.

Ark: alrighty i'm gonna make like banana and split. Peace out this jawn!

Ark sprints off stage lights down. lights up stage left on ADPI chapter. They're all wearing white robes and godly music plays. Ark stands on the altar.

Medieval Peasant in Crowd(adpi): Ark. What news do you bring from the kappas?

Ark: After my stealth mission into the Kappa Sorority, I have found the essence to their tausness! Adpi is taus now! YAYYYY.

Random Adpi: Oh em gee! I just got a call from a PIke and he says we can mix now!

Another random adpi: Girls, the machis want us to be the new ICE in fire and ICE!

They all clap and giggle.

Medieval Peasant in Crowd: Oh joy! I love this new life that we lead. We still smell like poo and people like us. But I wonder, why are we so taus now?

Lights up stage center on four dudes all on x's now.

One guy: HELP ME!!!!!!

Random ADPI: Oh well I guess we'll never know. YAyyyyy!

The guys all scream in pain! Lights down.

Turtleman

Lights up on a boy, he is small in this big world. So small. Still finding his way.

Johnferd: Wow. What a pretty good life I've built for myself. Ig.

Johnferd's girlfriend walks on stage, holding an adorable puppy.

Ferdgurf: Hi, handsome! I love this adorable puppy we've adopted together. I've named him Charles Barkley, get it? Bark? Like a dog would! Waitttt stop, that's where I live, dogwood! Because I'm Kappa! You're the greatest boyfriend ever. *Cheek kiss.*

His two parents walk on stage. They're beaming.

Mom: My sweet child, Johnferd! You are the greatest son in the world.

Dad: I'm proud of you, son.

Johnferd: Quit glazin' me, everyone. Wow, so much love in my life. Yet I still feel something's missing. God everything fucking sucks. Please leave me be, I need to contemplate my horrible life.

The family, girlfriend, and puppy leave. The two coolest people walk on stage. Holy shit they're cool. Every single pill (DZ shirts) is linking arms with them. They're super swag, cool glasses, nice walk, Turtlemen shirts on.

Turtleman #1: Man, my dick is so heavy right now. It's so big that it shrinks when I get hard.

Turtleman #2: I just saw my reflection in the mirror, and now there's so much blood in my dick that I'm lightheaded.

Johnferd: Woah. Who are you guys?

Turtleman #1: Read the shirt, bro.

DZ #1: Um, is you blind? These are our Turtlemen, they get unlimited play.

All DZs: eyeah.

Turtleman #2: This could be you one day, if you have enough passion. Haven't you ever wanted a harem of DZs?

Johnferd: Wait yeah. I hate my loving bitch girlfriend. I would slime out my day ones for this. This is it, this is my destiny. This is what I've been missing all my life.

Lights down. Lights up left on Johnferd in a Turtleman shirt.

Johnferd: Wow. I can't believe I'm a Turtleman. That was so easily attainable. I don't know a single girl in that sorority and they just voted me because I'm an SAE. Now that I'm a sorority coach everyone will respect me and I can do anything.

Johnferd walks to stage right. Lights up. There is a crowd of people, they're on top of the empire state building, it's just a sign that says "The Top of the Empire State Building".

Johnferd: Geez. The Big Apple. What a beautiful view. *Looking at his shirt while he says it.*

Person in the crowd screams, grabs their chest, dramatic ass fall.

Crowd Member #1: OH MY GOD! My uncle is having a heart attack on the top of the Empire State Building!

Uncle: OW!

Crowd Member #1: Does it hurt?

Uncle: YES IT FUCKING HURTS IM HAVING A HEART ATTACK ON THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

Crowd Member #1: Please help!

Crowd Member #2: Is anyone here a doctor?!?!?

A doctor comes stage front out of the crowd.

Doctor: Yes! I am a heart doctor! I work on hearts.

Johnferd: SHUT UP NERD. *Gut punches doctor.*

Doctor: Yeouch! *Falls to death*

Johnferd: Everyone stay calm, I have three to four more where that came from.

He marches on stage.

Crowd Member #1: Who are you? Are you a doctor too?

Johnferd: A doctor? Hell nah. I'm a Turtleman. *Rips open button up. Hits a superman pose.*

Crowd *simultaneously*: Wow! A turtleman? From Delta Zeta? We're saved!

Johnferd: What seems to be the problem?

Uncle: IM HAVING A HEART ATTACK ON THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

Johnferd: Wow, and that other guy was a heart doctor? Probably shouldn't have nerfed him in the fucking gut. Just kidding. I'm a turtleman, I can do anything.

Crowd Member #2: Can you save him?

Johnferd: Nope. I just wanted to say that I was a *loudly* Turtleman.

Uncle wakes up from heart attack.

Uncle: Did you say Turtleman?

Johnferd: Sure did.

Uncle: Like the coach of the middle-tier sorority Delta Zeta?

Johnferd: The one and only.

Little Kid: I hope I can be a turtleman like you when I grow up!!

Uncle: That's so cool. I've always wanted to meet one of you. You just saved my life.

Johnferd: Good for me. God this rocks. I finally have purpose. Thank you, Delta Zeta.
You saved MY life.

Johnferd walks out, the crowd slow-claps him out. Lights down.

The Founding Brothers

Lights up on stage right on four red coats and one american soldier with an AK. he annihilates them. They wave the white flag. He stands up.

George: woahhhh. We sure fucked them up. What are we gonna do now with our baby nation?

Enter 2 soldiers

Soldier 1: Great job, sir! You showed them who's boss.

Soldier 2: What are we going to do now sir?

George: lowk i dont even know. I'm thinking we muck face at the tavern, eat OD stew.

Soldier 2: Oh yes! The tavern in the village. Great spot.

Lights up stage left on 5 guys in powdered wigs, 3 are wearing backwards hats. George and the two soldiers walk in. Lights down stage right.

All (reading from a long scroll): we the brothers... in order to form a more perfect fraternity-

George: YOOOOOOO what the fuck is up losers.

He Daps up the three in hats. To the hat wearers:

George: Who the fuck are these tories. Wait. you already did the preamble....?

The dudes look at each other guiltily.

George: YOU GUYS PRE-D WITHOUT ME!!!

J Mad: DUDE we're still ambling. Don't worry.

A Ham: Yea. we haven't even gotten to the first amendment. We're thinking like....

TJ: The freedom to fizz!

All: YOOOOOO

George *to the dudes without hats*: Yo seriously who tf are you chuds. Get the fuck out or we're legit gonna tar you

The hatless chuds scitter scatter off stage

J Mad: How about the freedom to assemble in large driveways laid with concrete...

A Ham: but there have to be stipulations on that one. Stipulation 1. Must wear miscellaneous sports jerseys... Backwards.

TJ: Stipulation 2. Find the most hazardous roof adjacent to the premises. Sit on it and gaze thither unto the sunset performatively.

A Ham: ELLYYYYY

A Ham Does a little jig

George: YOO but it only counts if you shout out your bros in the crowd. And there GOTTA be someone fucking up on the fiddle

J Mad: And all the sharties will be shaking mad rump. Alright back on track.

George: How are we gonna govern this here nation? We gotta have some rules in this bih.

A Ham: Oh- how bout: The executive branch shall be made of a coalition of responsible young men.

TJ: I'm thinkinggg. . . El Prezzy, Vice President, treasurer, social chair, and Pledge Master.

The same two soldiers enter with sleeping masks, pillows, blankets,

George: What are you fuckers doing back?

Soldier 1: Private Adams brought a busty tavern wench back to the barracks. We are sexiled.

Soldier 2: And by order of King George, you have to quarter us. As we are soldiers.

George: fuck.... SIKE! New Amendy just dropped. Amendment 3: No Soldier shall, in time of peace be quartered in any house, without the consent of the Owner, nor in time of war, but in a manner to be prescribed by law.

All dap each other up and are so hype

TJ: Now, get the fuck out. It's the law.

Soldier 1: Wait, what the fuck? But we didn't have any say in this.

Soldier 2: Yeah. Where was our representation?

A Ham: Only initiated brothers get the right to vote.

George: Good shout. Now what is there now to do for this brotherhood?

TJ: Sneaky, we have established a fraternity, but we have no means for brewski.

Lights up stage right on a few geeds in geed shirts with pints. The boys spot them and get an aha! Moment.

A Ham: Look to the West! Those geeds have hella beer. And we need that beer.

J Mad: That beer was promised to me three thousand years ago by the Lord. Let's expand in that general direction.

George: Yeah! Let's kick them off their land and spread our frat flu to millions of innocents!

TJ: Woah bro- that was not cool. We could just barter our AKs.

George: Yeah that's better. TJ you'd be such a good diversity chair bro.

The boys pull out AKs and make their way to the geeds.

J Mad: Yoooo, any chance you guys are interested in exchanging some brews for these here assault rifles?

Geeder: Like no.

A Ham: Fuck. At least we tried.

He walks away.

George: A Ham get back here. I have a brilliant idea. As the humble leader of our small nation, I propose a mixer. Theme? Gratuity. We shall call it a *beat* Independence Day.

TJ: That was earlier this morning.

George: You're right. We shall call it Thanksgiving!

Geedil: Alright we're in. I've been slow-roasting a turkey in the oven for 36 hours, so we could just eat that.

A Ham: A tradition is born! Cheers! In 250 years I can't wait to try and make Canada our 51st state.

They all cheers with their pints.

All: CHEERS!

Lights down.