

THE LILTING BANSHEES PRESENT:

PANTS DOWN XVII

April 3rd, 2024



Larry: Wha wha wha dknfowlnekdknlfw wha- Guys! What are you doing herreeeee?

Banshee: Yeah Larry! We do this every Thursday! *They hoist him up* LARRY LARRY LARRY!

Larry: Wait guys dont drop me, I'm scared of heights. AWWW NEVERMIND I LOVE YOU GUYS! LARRY
LARRY LARRY!

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Wente Graduation Roast

Lights up on Wente at a podium with herpes on graduation day.

Wente: Welcome everyone to the graduation ceremony of the Wake Forest class of 2024. I would like to address something very important before we begin. I have heard the rumors so I will make this clear. Yes, I have herpes. No, it's not weird! In fact, it would be weirder if I didn't. Did you know that 99 percent of Americans have herpes. I'm a female doctor.

Michelle Gillespie: *Clears throat* Dr. Wente, please stick to the script.

Wente: I ate the script! Speaking of ate, this graduating class didn't. This year, I have taken upon myself to have fun. Instead of a traditional ceremony, I will be hosting the first annual Wake Forest roast!

Pulls out a backwards hat and a cool mic.

Michelle Gillespie: Roast? Wente, we did not discuss a roast. I don't think that's such a good idea, this is a very important day for these graduating demon deacons.

Wente: I never listen when you speak! Provost Michelle Gillespie, your shoes raggedy. You've always been so sigma to my alpha vibe. *Corny laugh* Speaking of sigma, if sigma chi leaves me out of one more cocksuckin-

Michelle Gillespie: -Ookay Wente, let's just read the names.

Wente: What'd you say? Eh, I'm just gonna start reading the names. Joshua Applebottom. Computer Science major, huh? Virginity minor? Come here and shake my hand, boy, so you can touch a woman for the first time. HAHA.

Josh walks across stage in a minecraft creeper hoodie zipped all the way and a robe.

Joshua Applebottom: Gah. I literally have a girlfriend in KD.

Wente: That's a boyfriend, Joshua! HA. Get out of here. Next, Lilly Boor. Scholarship kid? More like Lilly POOR. I make six million dollars a year. Can you even fathom that?

Lilly walks across the stage.

Lilly: I mean, no. I can't. What do you even do?

Wente: I do a lot of things! Well, my aids do a lot of things.

Lilly: You have aids too?

Wente: No, just the herpes. And it's TOTALLY normal. And actually really cool. You smell bad, move along!

Michelle: Maybe a little kinder, Wente. Snappier too.

Wente: Hmm who's my next victim. Alex Carter. I know this guy, I've signed off on all seventeen of your Title IX cases. How are the boys of DKE? I actually have nothing bad to say about you. Thanks for the herpes, I like them!

Alex walks on stage with herpes all over his face.

Alex: Yooo Susan B Wente. More like Susan B shaking that ass.

Wente: Oh, Alex! *Wente slaps his ass as he walks off stage.* You dawg.

Michelle: Wente for the last time please don't assault the students in public. Keep it in the office.

Wente: I'm okay. Hmm next... Stephanie Denise Rosemary. I hate your name. It sucks.

Stephanie walks on stage, shakes hands, leaves.

Michelle: I think that's enough, Susan. You're not even being witty. *Michelle starts approaching Wente, pulls out backwards hat and mic.* It's my turn: Wente, ya ass looks like cottage cheese in ya pantsuit. And you got a kermit the frog ass voice. *Wente voice* hey guys, go deacs! *Stops wente voice* What? You got a dick ticklin ya throat? Snaggleteeth lookin ass. Braces at 70 lookin ass.

Wente *giggling to herself*: Womowmomwom. That's what you sound like HEHE. Like a grown-up in Charlie Brown. I don't respect you. Anyway! That is the end of the graduating class of 2024. I hope you enjoyed the complimentary jolly ranchers. *Throws jolly ranchers into the crowd* I licked them all myself. Herpes for everyone, you're welcome! GO DEACS! *Turns to Michelle Gillespie* Do you wanna go to Subway? I'm drunk.

Lights down

Car at Stoplight

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Car: WATCH OUT WATCH OUT WATCH OUT

Car stops in front of him

Car: Holy shit that was close.

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

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

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

Green KD: No Jason you are not!

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

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

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

Another Green KD walks onto stage

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

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

Green KD: Just get out of here already.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Car: You guys! Do you really mean that?

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

Everyone: YAAAAAA.

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

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

Lights down

Hardest Lambda Lineup Ever

Lights up on three Lambda pledges in a basement. They are waiting for PM.

Lucky G: Holy smokes boys, I'm so nervous. Our first lineup...as pledges of Lambda Chi Alpha fraternity.

Silly pete: Don't worry boys. As Pledge Class President, I vow to protect each and every one of you.

Silly Pete kisses them on the foreheads.

Jumbo Bob: I'm so nervous!!! Holy moly!

Lucky G: Gee whiz Jumbo Bob, you're shaking! Let me help.

Lucky G hugs Jumbo Bob.

Miller: *offstage* STOMP STOMP STOMP!

Silly pete: Holy shmoley, I think that's our pledgemaster! Line up boys!

The boys get into line. Suddenly, a HUGE THREATENING beast of a man walks in.

Miller: *walking in* STOMP STOMP STOMP.

Timo Te: *not seen on stage* Well, well, well. Look at our new crop of boys.

Lucky G: Holy crap, our pledgemaster is terrifying.

Silly pete: No, that's the mental health chair: Miller the Killer. Our real pledgemaster is behind him.

Miller the Killer takes a step to the left. Behind him is the real pledgemaster: tinyboyjake. (Timo Te).

Lucky G: Holy moly, it's Timo Te. He's more intimidating than I previously thunk.

Timo Te: I bet you guys are real excited to be Lambdas. But now's the time you boys learn: Lambdas aren't just nice guys. LINE UP!

The boys get in line. Timo Te walks up and down.

Timo Te: Alright let's see how well you know this fraternity. Lucky G. Step forward.

Lucky G steps forward. Timo Te starts breathing in his face like a dog.

Timo Te: I'm gonna ask you some really tough questions. First off: What's your skin care routine? You're absolutely glowing.

Lucky G: La rosh posay!

Timo Te: Boy, you are flawless. Back to the line. Jumbo Bob, get your nice ass up here

Jumbo Bob: *Stepping forward* Yes sir?

Timo Te: What is Lambda's golden rule?

Jumbo Bob: Uhhh, uhhh... Nice guys don't finish last, we finish in 30 seconds and apologize profusely.

Timo Te: And if she don't like it...

Everyone: *sadly* she a hoe.

Timo Te: Lucky G, step to the front you limp dick...penis. Here's another question: How are you doing?

Lucky G: Um, i'm okay.

Timo Te: No. How are you really?

Lucky G: Um...to be honest sir...I don't feel that close with my pledge brothers.

Timo Te: WHAAAAAAT? AM I HEARING THIS SHIT RIGHT? YOU GUYS NEED TO SUPPORT YOUR BROTHER. THIS IS FUCKING BULLSHIT. HOW DO YOU FEEL, LUCKY G?

Lucky G: Alone!

Timo Te: You are HEARD!!!

Timo Te and the boys start snapping.

Timo Te: Not very nice guy lambda of you boys, knee push ups now.

Jumbo Bob and Silly Pete start doing knee push ups.

Timo Te: I'm gonna count them out. ONE!

Jumbo Bob and Silly Pete: ONE!

Timo Te: Alright, good job. On your feet.

They stand up. Miller comes out and passes gatorade and saltine crackers.

Timo Te: Miller the Killer, these boys look thirsty as hell. Please bring them some gatorade and saltine crackers. You know the drill...

Pledges: YAAAAAAAY

Jumbo Bob: Wait wait wait can I go first?

Timo Te: Boy, you are heard.

All the lambdas start snapping. Miller the Killer takes the gatorade spray bottle and sprays it into Jumbo Bobs mouth. Then he takes a bunch of saltine crackers, chews them around in his mouth and feeds them baby bird style to Lucky G.

Timo Te: Keep doin knee pushups, and you boys are gonna be huge by the end of this.

Jumbo Bob: I can't wait to be huge, sir!

Timo Te: ALRIGHT. SILLY PETE...NEXT QUESTION.

Silly Pete: Wait sir...how are **you** doing?

Timo Te: Wow....if this ain't the Lambda-est pack of Lambdas I've ever Lambda'd. Y'all got me feelin like Bo Peep right now, and y'all my little pack of Lamb----das.. But to answer your question Silly Pete, I'm not doin that okay. But I will be.

All the boys: *they all start snapping* Heard sir.

Lucky G: You're so valid, sir.

Timo Te: Alright...I know I've been real tough on you boys tonight. But I think we all learned something. I'm only gonna ask you guys to do one more thing. But don't worry, after this grueling lineup, this'll be a piece of pre chewed saltine.

All pledges: Anything for you, sir.

Timo Te: Okay. One of you needs to eat this entire sheet of acid and get in this coffin.

Miller comes back out dragging the coffin with a rope. He's wearing a ski mask and a shirt that says "Mental Health Chair" . The boys are terrified.

Timo Te: When I come back, one of you should be in the coffin dissociating and joining the hive mind. You have two minutes to decide.

Timo Te walks out. The boys look to Miller. He's just rubbing his hands together.

Lights down. Lights up on three DKE pledges walking out in casts and on crutches.

DKE: Wow! Pledgemaster only broke four of our bones each this time! That lineup was cake!

The DKE's highfive and then all wince in pain. The three Lambda-lings walk out really sweaty. Lucky G is in a straight jacket. He's shaking hell.

Jumbo Bob: If you guys thought YOUR lineup was hard, just wait until you hear about a LAMBDA lineup.

Silly Pete: Yeah, turns out we're not such nice guys hee hee. Right Lucky G?

Lucky G: MY EYES ARE CRAWLING OUT OF MY EYES!

Jumbo Bob and Pete: You are heard! *snapping*

Lights down

Ze Little German Boy in Ze Duke Game

Lights up on a Duke and Wake basketball player doing basketball stuff in the game. They are egregiously traveling. A sports announcer is to the left.

Sports Announcer: The clock's running low....5...4....3.

Suddenly, a little german boy waddles on stage.

Sports Announcer: Wait....there seems to be someone on the court...

Hanz: Oh mein gott! Ich liebe das basket hoopen!

A BUZZER goes off.

Wake player: YES!

Student section off stage starts CHEERING.

Sports Announcer: LITTLE GERMAN BOY GET OFF OF THE COURT. THE STUDENT SECTION IS-

A huge wave of students STORM THE COURT. They trample the boy. They pass to the other side of the stage.

The little German Boy is writhing in pain on stage. Suddenly Kyle comes on stage.

Kyle: Little German boy! Are you okay? It's me, Kyle Flipowski!

Hanz: Kyle, mein shplein ist broken!

Kyle: Let's get you some help and a handjob!

Suddenly a Wake student comes out and snaps Kyle's leg. He writhes in pain.

Hanz: Kyle! Noooooo! *Starts crawling around off stage* At least I can still rollen der quaden.

Lights down.

RUF Note Runner

Lights up on an RUF date function. It is indicated by a sign. The guys and girls are on opposite sides.

Jacob: What if you wanted to go to heaven but God said "Bitch I'm a thot, gimme lip"??? Then what???

Ethan: I thought it was "get me lit"?

Jacob: Either way dude, "lit" like the fires of hell??? I don't know man, this is a lot.

Ethan: Good thing we have this RUF date function, let's sip our unfermented grape juice and relax.

The boys all slurp

Mary: You can totally be a virgin and do anal, my mom said so.

Theresa: And you can put in in the ear!

Theresa turns around to reveal her ear is covered in bandages

Theresa: You know what they say, once you go black you go deaf!

Judith: Guys... don't look at Ethan right now but-

The girls all whip their heads around

Judith: I can see Ethan's BAAALLL hanging out of his pants.

Ethan has part of his ballsack hanging out.

Theresa: Must be like a boa constrictor.

Mary: Theresa! This is no place for dirty talk.

Theresa: I don't know Mary, ever since Ethan and I sat in that pitch black room and held hands I've felt different. I feel alive.

Judith: You should go talk to him.

Theresa: And go over to the boys side??? I can't part those waters, I'm no Moses.

Mary: Well that's why we have Joan! Our note runner! Sponsored by Cricket Wireless. JOAN!

Joan wheels in on a tricycle. She's wearing Egyptian sandals, a wreath around her head, and a mail carrier bag.

Joan: AT YOUR SERVICE.

Mary: Joan, we need to send a note... from the girl's side... to the boy's side...

Joan. GASP. Oh boy. Oh man. Okay.

Joan hands them paper and a quill.

Theresa: To Ethan. Hi Ethan. Wyd. That means "what are you doing" in URBAN slang. Don't ask me how I learned that. I've been up to no good. Smiley face. Love, Theresa. Ummm, girls is that too forward? I don't wanna come off as a TEMPTRESS.

Judith: We live in a new age Theresa, my pastor told me our ovaries are an energy source. We hold all the power now.

Theresa: Okay, okay... Joan, take this to him.

Joan rides her tricycle to the boys side.

Joan: Letter for Ethan? Who's Ethan?

Ethan raises his hand.

Joan: Oh okay, well, here you go. Also, your BAALLL is hanging out.

Jacob scoops up Ethan's ball and puts it back. Joan hands the letter over. Ethan opens it.

Ethan: Oh geez, wowwww.

Jacob: What does it say man?? Pray, do tell.

Ethan: Theresa says... WYD. With a smiley face??

Jacob: What does that mean?

Ethan: I think, it means.... Would you deflower? Oh noooo, I don't know about this.

Jacob: Dude this is great! We're seniors, it's time to start thinking about marriage anyways. Look at Jonah! He's been betrothed since eighth grade.

Ethan: His chastity belt is cool. It's got cupholders on the sides and a fidget spinner on the front. His life is great, he always looks so happy.

Ethan points to Jonah. Jonah is standing alone wearing a shirt that says "I LOVE MY GIRLFRIEND" and has a strained smile like he's being held at gunpoint. He waves to a girl on the other side. She's wearing a shirt that says "I LOVE MY BOYFRIEND".

Ethan: Okay, I'll write her back. Joan, hand me that papyrus. Theresa, my lustful angel. After talking this over with my boys and with the Lord, I've decided I'm ready to be wed. Veggie Tales and Franzia tonight queen? I've got some leftover eucharist we can nibble on. And I have a single. In Huffman. Yes. Yes. This is good.

Jacob: Surely this would be considered a layup. Ha. That's URBAN slang for when black people do cool things. Send it, now.

Ethan hands it to Joan, she wheels it over. The boys are biting their nails and shaking.

Theresa: FOR MEEEE?

She opens the letter.

Theresa: Veggie Tales and Franzia? Oh my stars, I'm flushed. Something is stirring inside me. Ladies, I'm gonna do it. I'm gonna go over there.

Mary: You can't! You don't want him to think you're some sort of harlot!

Judith: If you go over there everyone will know your cookie has been compromised!

Theresa: I don't care. This is love. If a guy like that invited you to his Huffman single, would you turn it down?

Theresa pushes Joan off of the tricycle and wheels to Ethan. All the other guys back up.

Ethan: Theresa? You're not supposed to be over here.

Theresa: Did you really mean what you said in that letter?

Ethan: Maybe it was just the grape juice talking. But maybe, it was the word of God.

Theresa: Oh me, oh my. Color me aroused.

Ethan: Theresa! Don't say things like that in public.

Theresa: I want you.

Ethan: THERESA! I haven't even proposed yet.

Theresa: I've already seen your BAAAALLL, the fruit, Ethan. Now I wanna see the whole serpent.

Ethan: You're not who I thought you were. I thought you were holy. Turns out you're just a hole.

Theresa: *emotionally pained* AAAGHHH! OOOHH!

Theresa drives her tricycle back over crying.

Mary: What happened?

Theresa: He broke my heartttt!! He called me a WHORE!

Mary: Guys like Ethan are for the community. Communal dick.

Joan gives a letter to Judith.

Joan: From Ethan.

Judith: Passion of the Christ and Franzia tonight queen? What a hoe.

Lights down.

Super Straight Machi Slideshow

Lights up full stage. Why is the banshee show stopping? Gomas and Teorge walk in blazers with EX on em.

Teorge: Hello Sociology 099. I'm Teorge.

Gomas: And I'm Gomas.

Teorge: And we're really excited to present our project to you guys. We know the prompt was about racial stereotypes and stopping the stigma.

Gomas: Unfortunately we're both white.

Teorge: STUPID! *Slaps face*

Gomas: So we decided to broaden our project to all stereotypes. We were actually inspired by our fraternal bond in Sigma Chi fraternity. We know greek life has a lot of stereotypes, so we're here to fight those prejudices.

Teorge: We know the TedEx format is pretty fire, but we wanted to make it a lil more ferd.

Slide 2

Teorge: So just to get right into it, this is "Having Gay Sex Isn't That Gay: It Actually Makes You Straighter: The Presentation".

Slide 3.

Gomas: Also known as H-G-S-I-T-G-I-A-M-Y-S.

Teorge: Higisitigiamees.

Slide 4

Gomas: So I know what everyone's thinking. *Slide 5* Having gay buttsex with dudes would obviously make you a homosexual.

Teorge: But we're here to tell you. It doesn't. It actually makes you straighter and get more pussy. *Click to show a girl image* That means more girls.

Gomas: Which means better parties. Henceforth, *Click to show Boys gettin nasty picture* I get to hang out with my boys more.

Slide 6

Teorge: We took a look at the data, and pulled this visual representation of how having gay sex makes you straighter.

Gomas: So as you can see in this graph, the more often the test subject would have gay sex, the straighter he became.

Teorge: You can actually see right here, he gets a little gay right here but then after more gay sex, he got really straight.

Gomas: *Slide 7* Little known fact: A lot of people think this stands for Sigma Chi. It actually stands for: *Slide 8* Extra Straight.

Teorge: Moving forwardly now, *Slide 9* we're going to get into a short list of activities that are gay and are not gay.

Gomas: Walking in nature alone: gay.

Teorge: Enjoying popsicles in the summer with sweaty boys during the summer and it's lowkey sticky from the popsicle: Straight.

Gomas: Writing poetry: ehnhhhh. Gay.

Teorge: Practicing CPR with your boys in case of an emergency: extremely straight.

Gomas: And finally, the gayest thing ever: eating a salad that isn't a caesar salad.

Teorge: What is that, a radish? Such a gay salad.

Gomas: And finally the straightest thing ever: Mug Rootbeer. So straight it's lowkey homophobic.

Teorge: Okay moving on. *Quick flip through slide 8*

Gomas: *Slide 9* We'd like to thank you for cumming to our presentation. We can all do our part to fight racial stereotypes. *Slide 10*

Teorge: Rush sigma chi!
They dap eachother up.

Lights down.

Abe Lincoln Bulletproof Hat

Lights up on Abraham Lincoln in his office. He is writing something. Assistant walks in.

Assistant: Mr President Abraham Lincoln, the South has surrendered. Congrats on winning the war!

Linc: Yes! The war is over! Y'know...FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN YEAR-

Assistant: Sir, I'm familiar with the speech....I ghost wrote it.

Linc: Eeek, a ghost? where? Kidding haha. Good one Abe. I can't believe you took all my jokes out of the Gettysburg address. Would've been way more of a crowd pleaser.

Assistant: Alright sir, well you have a 7:30 play showing of Our American Cousin at the Ford's Theatre. Don't be late or your botched wife Mary Todd will be furious!

Linc: She is botched! *Beat* Alright thank you for your service.

Lincoln does a really weird salute. Assistant walks out.

Linc: Now that my babysitter is gone, I can get back to serious business.

Lincoln takes out a chest and puts it on the table.

Linc: The theatre will be the perfect place....

Lincoln takes out a bunch of hats from underneath the table.

Linc: To soft launch my new clothing line! Of really cool hats!

Lincoln shows off his new collection of hats.

Lincoln: The Ford Theatre is gonna love this. Top Hat with a pinwheel on it yessssss.

Lincoln spins the Hat.

Lincoln: Hat with a Confederate Flag On It....so last year.

Lincoln puts the confederate hat flag underneath the table.

Lincoln: My magnum opus....Top Hat that makes me look like I'm 7 foot four. You're a colossus, Abe.

Lincoln tries on the humongous hat.

Lincoln: And finally.....my last hat: Bullet proof hat that protects the backside of my head from bullets.....hmmmmm....such a hard decision....

Mary Todd walks in. She is so botched.

Mary Todd: Aaaaaaaabe! Quickly! The play's starting now. I wanna see Vin Diesel!

Lincoln: Ah! Ol Botched Ass! The Ol Botch and Chain! My word play is on fire today!

Mary Todd: Just choose your hat so we can go. And please make it normal this time.

Lincoln: Yes yes dear.....hmmm...I feel like I should use bullet proof hat.....so practical...

Lincoln lifts up the bullet proof hat. He then lifts up the pinwheel one.

Lincoln: But this one is so funny...I gotta start my stand up career somehow.

Lincoln weighs the hats one more time.

Marry Todd: Just fucking choose!

Lincoln: *puts on spinny hat* This is it. This is the new me. I feel really good about this decision. Alright, let's go ol busted ass.

Lincoln and Mary walk off stage arm in arm.

Mary Todd: *offstage* This isn't Vin Diesel...

John Wilkes Booth: *offstage* The pinwheel is in my way, can you fucking move it!

Lincoln: *offstage* Look how fast it spins! Wait why do you have a pistol?

BANG! GUNSHOT SOUND EFFECT. Lights down. Lights back up on oval office. Jackie walks in.

Jackie: John, I just really think you should wear the bullet proof hat today. It's a convertible, babe. Just please put it on.

JFK: But I love the wind in my hair. And so do the ladies! Gas me up gas me up. But on second thought....

JFK holds up the hat.

JFK: Maybe I should wear the bulletproof hat. The Kennedy curse and all.....

CIA walks in with big CIA shirt and sunglasses.

CIA: No reason to wear that busted ass hat, sir! She's just trying to kill your white boy swag!

JFK: True. She is! God, she's so busted. Wind in my hair it is!

JFK and Jackie walk off stage. CIA rubs his hands together maniacally.

Lights down.

KD Pike Smut

Open on a classroom full of students. They're all on their laptops. Professor is being teacher.

Professor: So students, let's talk about another moral quandary of philosophy of ethics: would building realistic horse dolls with pocket pussies inside of them reduce bestiality?

Beat.

Professor: Also you can put it in the microwave for reheating with lube. C'mon guys speak up, we're all adults here.

Pike's laptop dies. He starts beating the desk in an insane rage.

Professor: Marc-Anthony. You seem angry. What are the ethics of pocket pussy horse dolls?

Pike: Laptop dead. Black screen. No more Poppa's Pizzeria. Need power.

Professor: Do you need a charger?

Pike: Charger. Charger. Charger for Marc-Anthony! Need games!

Beth takes a charger

Beth: Here's a charger, Marc-Anthony.

Beth hands Marc-Anthony the charger. Their hands touch. They look into each other's eyes. The lights dim. Music plays.

Sparks are flying. Music cuts. Lights come back up.

Marc-Anthony: *burps in her face* thanks. Macbook healthy now. Need to protect Poppa's Pizzeria. Customers angry.

Beth: Of course. I bet they are.

Professor: So no one wants to talk about the horse fucking? Alright well paper's due on tuesday. Don't go and do too many kegstands and show up hungover. Yeah I was in college once too.

Rando: You are the most uncharismatic professor I've ever had.

Lights down. Lights up on stage left. Beth is writing her essay at her table.

Beth: Title. The ethics of the commodification of horse human relations. Chapter 1: Horse Cock. The horse cock has once been seen as a symbol of great virility and power, but

Beth's roommate walks in.

Seth: Hey Beth, we're about to order some pizza from Dominoes. You want anything?

Beth: No thanks, I'm really just trying to write this paper right now.

Beth's roommate shrugs and walks off.

Beth: Hmmm...pizza...pizzeria..I wonder how Marc Anthony's digital pizzeria is going. I hope his customers aren't angry at him.

Beth starts typing. She is visibly getting bored. She looks around and then switches tabs. She starts furiously typing.

Beth: Maybe a creative writing exercise will help.....Beth was in class wearing her most beautiful sundress.

Lights up center stage. The class room scene is being recreated.

Professor: Wow, Beth. Your sundress is stunning. And the most beautiful.

Fiction Beth: Thanks professor.

Beth: When suddenly, **he** walked in.

Marc Anthony drives in on a motorcycle with a leather jacket and sunglasses. He stands up and takes off the jacket. He lowers his sunglasses.

Fictional Marc Anthony: Is this seat....taken?

Real Beth SHIVERS.

Fiction Beth: No. It's empty. No one's sitting there.

Fictional Marc Anthony kicks the chair.

Fictional Marc Anthony: Marc Anthony doesn't sit for anyone.

Professor: You are so cool, Marc Anthony. Any girl who's chosen by you is probably very special. And very different from other girls. Alright class, your next assignment is makeout and touch each other below the waist. Find partners.

The lights dim. Fiction Marc Anthony looks at Fiction Beth seductively. He lowers his sunglasses.

Beth: OH MY GOD. I need to go to the bathroom.

Beth runs to the bathroom. Lights down full stage. Lights up on stage right. Marc-Anthony is gaming. Marc Anthony's roommates and their leader, Trumbo, enters with a beer.

Trumbo: Marc-Anthony, we're gonna go to Reynolda pond and make the ducks eat cigarettes. Slide through?

Marc-Anthony: Can't. Business is booming.

Trumbo: Virgin moment. To the pond, boys!

All the roommates run off.

Marc-Anthony: Marc-Anthony isn't a virgin. Humpf. At least I have my...

Sound effect of computer powering down.

Marc-Anthony: humpf. Charger. Need charger. Wish charger girl was here.....

Marc Anthony takes out construction paper and a big novelty crayon. This music plays.

Marc Anthony: Chapter 1: Classroom.

Lights up stage center on the same classroom. Beth has humongous tits now.

Professor: And that's why Pike is the top house.

Fiction-Marc Anthony: Taus.

Professor: Wow, Marc Anthony. You're the smartest boy in my class. Gold star.

Fictional Beth: *turns to Marc Anthony* You are so smart, Marc Anthony. And not dumb. Can I watch you play games on your laptop during class?

Fiction Marc-Anthony: My laptop's dead.

The music dies out. Porn ass music starts lowkey playing.

Beth: That's okay, I have a charger.

Beth takes out the charger and holds it between like her legs like a dick. Marc-Anthony rotates his laptop and kinda bends over a little.

Fiction Marc-Anthony: Okay..just be gentle. This is my first time.

Fiction Beth: Don't worry, Marc Anthony. We'll get your laptop revvin in no time.

Fiction Marc-Anthony: WAIT!

The music stops.

Fiction Marc-Anthony: You need to blow on it first.

Fiction Beth: Alright, Marc-Anthony. Fair enough.

She blows on the outlet of the laptop seductively. She then starts charging his laptop.

Fiction Marc-Anthony: *moaning* OH MY GOD!!! THANK YOU FOR CHARGING MY LAPTOP!

Lights down on Marc's fantasy. Marc Anthony grabs his bum and stands up.

Marc Anthony: OH MY GOD. Need to go to the bathroom.

Lights down on MA's room. Lights back up on the real classroom. Everything is back to normal.

Professor: Alright class. Exchange papers. We're doin a peer edit.

Marc-Anthony and Beth partner up. MA gives the big stack of paper to her, she gives her laptop.

Marc-Anthony: *reading from laptop* Beth was in class wearing her most beautiful sundress.....

Beth: *reading from notes* Chapter 1: Classroom...Marc Anthony this isn't a paper. This is a metaphor for you getting pegged.

Marc-Anthony: No.....but this not paper either.

The porn music kicks back up again.

Beth: Marc Anthony....do you need a charger?

MA moans. He puts on a pair of sunglasses.

Marc-Anthony: Seat....taken?

Beth moans. Their faces are inches apart.

Professor: WAIT!!!

Everyone freezes.

Professor: If we're all fulfilling our fantasies here....*does a huge whistle*

Suddenly, a horse with a big ol cock gallops on stage. It rears and shows off its mighty rod.

Professor: Yippiie kayaaay!

The horse walks up to Marc Anthony and Beth.

Horse: So back to my place?

They all look to the audience with a sussy smile. They then ride off into the sunset.

Lights down.

Hugh

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

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

Duchungus: Wow.

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

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

Jomungus: Hmm maybe over the-

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

Duchungus: He's here.

Jomungus: Who?

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

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

Suddenly, the jocks enter.

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

Hugh: Hi guuuuuuuuys.

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

Lightning: Do you know why?

Hugh: Because of my balls?

Slick: BECAUSEYOURBALLSARESOSMALL.

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

Slick: Really? *Snaps his finger*

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

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

Hugh: It's kind of cold out!

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

Hugh: I don't have a girlfriend!

Slick: Well dibs when you get one.

Hugh: Aw man....

The jocks walk out backwards.

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

Everyone looks.

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

Jomungus: Shut up DKE loser.

Hugh: dangittt!!!!!!

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

Lights up on Hugh crying in his room.

Hugh: ehhehhh heee waaaaaaahh huururrrrrrrrr

Suddenly two pledges walk in.

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

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

Wally: Who?

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

Bally: I know what will make you feel better.

Hugh: *pouts* what.

Wally: Do you want us to do the thing?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jomongus's finger is covered in shit.

Duchungus: Wooooowwww.

Suddenly the jocks walk in.

Slick: Where's that little tiny balled freak?

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

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

Duchungus: Oh my god, it's Hugh!

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

Jomongus: They are huge! What happened?

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

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

Hugh: *whispering* Shut up!!!!

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

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

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

Hugh: Back away from my nuts!

Slick: I don't believe you.

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

Jomungus: Show us that scrotum, Hugh.

Hugh: Eeek! No!

Duchungus: Take out your nuts, Hugh.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Everyone just looks at her.

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

Hugh: Really?

Slick: NO! Our balls are actually huge!

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

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

They leave. Hugh is sad.

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

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

Bally: Can we stop being your balls now?

Hugh: Get back in the fucking sheet.

Wally: Awww.

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

Wake Mom Groupchat

Lights up on a gaggle of suburban moms having their weekly book club meeting. They are reading. Tammy is wearing a “Mom’s Club President” sash.

Tammy: ... And then RICARDO ripped her dress off her body

Paula: That’s okay, he can buy her a new one.

Tammy: His pulsating member pressed against her snow white left thigh. The contrast between his tan, weathered skin and her porcelain skin made her damp in her special place...

Enter Gordon, Tammy’s husband. He’s carrying a tray of finger foods.

Gordon: Veggie platter anyone? Ants on a log?

Karen: Ants on a log? That’s Sammy’s favorite snack!

Karen sobs.

Paula: Oh Karen, I know it’s been hard since Sammy moved into college. My little Pete is almost graduating. How time flies...

Karen: It’s just... I never know what’s going on with her. She never texts me back. I tried to get the doctor to slip an Air Tag in her when she got her IUD, but he said it was malpractice!

Paula: It’s what any good mother would do!

Gordon: There there, Karen. There there.

Tammy: GORDON! This is the WOMEN’S book club. Go fetch me my Franzia, boy.

Gordon leaves. Karen is still crying.

Tammy: Karen, don’t you know about the Wake Mom Alliance WhatsApp Group?

Karen shakes her head no.

Tammy: It’s a groupchat for Wake Forest moms to take care of their baby ducklings that have flown the coupe. Those sweet angels need our motherly protection. They’re probably so scared and alone!

Lights up stage right. Their kids are going hard at a party. Someone is doing a keg stand, one is naked seizing, one is warming up a crack spoon. Fart is trying to wake up Gonzo.

Fart: Wake up! Wake up!

Gonzo does nothing. Fart turns to other partygoer.

Fart: Gonza died of alcohol poisoning. I love college!

Lights down.

Tammy: It hurts my heart to think about it! With our combined intel and news radar you can rest assured we know EVERYTHING going on with the kids these days.

Paula: Here, I'll add you. Go check it out.

Karen goes on her phone.

Karen: Oh my word! This Forbes article says if your kid doesn't rush the same sorority their mom was in they're twice as likely to get CANCER?

Paula: I know. I know. That's why you gotta keep the Kappa donations flowing.

Karen: I've gotta let Sammy know.

Karen calls Sammy. Lights up stage left.

Sammy: Hi mom.

Karen: SAMMY! OH MY GOD SAMMY! DO YOU HAVE CANCER?

Sammy: No, I'm studying for my three exams tomorrow.

Karen: OH SAMMY! THIS IS AWFUL! WHEN ARE YOU RUSHING?

Sammy: Uh, I don't think I want to. Kinda focused on getting into med school.

Karen: WHAT GOOD IS MED SCHOOL IF YOU ALREADY HAVE CANCER? YOU'RE GONNA BE A KAPPA AND THAT'S FINAL!

Sammy: Ok mom. Love you. Bye.

Sammy hangs up. Lights down stage left.

Karen: I think I got through to her. This group chat saves lives. What else does it say?

Tammy: Did you know that seven out of ten undergraduates are transgender? And the rest of them are GAY?

Paula & Karen: NOOOOOOOOO!

Karen: Why? Why are they gay?

Paula: Must be that DAMN LIBERAL arts education! I knew I should've sent Pete to Liberty.

Tammy: Vaccines. It's the vaccines. Have you seen the Facebook posts? The water is turning our frogs gay, and then the gayness goes into the air and gets activated by the vaccine!

All: Thanks Dr. Fauci!

Karen: Sammy keeps getting sick, do you think it's the gays?

Paula: No, that would be because of the diversity initiatives. How are our kids supposed to have an appetite when the school makes them feel guilty for being white? My son said they made him watch Encanto!

Moms gasp.

Paula: And then he told me they had chicken tikka masala at the pit! The name scared him so much he couldn't eat for two weeks. Why would anyone eat something they can't pronounce?

Lights up stage left on Pete surrounded by processed food, he's reading the labels.

Pete: Thanks for the shipment mom. I love Red 40 and f...forma...formaldehyde?

Lights down on Pete.

Paula: He only eats food I send him now.

Tammy: And listen to this, if you play the school anthem backwards it's a message! From the devil!

Tammy plays it backwards.

Recording VO: Birth control. Queer. Southern values, nope! Get a skateboard. Small filipino lady boys. You like them.

The moms are SO SCARED.

Karen: We need to do something about this!

Tammy: GORDON! Get over to that school and save our kids!

Gordon: Aight.

Lights down. Lights up on Gordon with the kids.

Sammy: So, my mom sent you to rescue us from what?

Gordon: Well, it was in a WhatsApp group chat. See the positioning of the leaf that “fell” on your car? Yeah. You’re getting sex trafficked.

Sammy: Really? When?

Gordon: Any day now. That’s what they do. The sexers.

Sammy: Ugh stop it! No one is gonna sex me.

Pete: Yeah, I’ve tried. Total prude.

Gordon: So, there’s no alt-left conspiracy turning the kids into harlots and fem boys?

Pete: Nah.

Gordon: Oh man. I really wanted to be mad. What am I gonna tell your moms?

Sammy: To leave us alone! College is a place for growth and experimentation!

Pete: She kissed a girl the other day.

Gordon: AHHHH! I KNEW IT! WAIT UNTIL YOUR MOMS HEAR ABOUT THIS.

Gordon runs off stage. He clicks his heels. Lights down. Lights up on the moms. They’re wine drunk as shit on the verge of passing out.

Karen: ...And then I was like. She was like. He was saying that. Mhmmmm.

Paula: I was wondering why they kicked you out of the swingers club.

Tammy: Do we have any more vinoooooooo? GORDON!

Gordon runs on.

Gordon: I cracked the case! You ladies were right!

Tammy: Why are you sweating so much?

Gordon: I ran all the way back as soon as I found out... check this out... the kids are GAY!

Paula: You ran back to Tampa Bay?

Gordon: Yes! Because you were right! There's a queerness afloat.

Karen: I knew it.

Gordon: On the run back, I made a stop through the Key West pride festival, and it was really fun, and I realized it doesn't matter if someone is gay, or liberal, or even Catholic... all that matters is-

Paula BURPS in her sleep. Gordon turns around to see all the moms passed out. They are snoring a little.

Gordon: They're asleep. Humph. No one ever listens to Gordon. Hmmm. I spy an opportunity for Gordon.

Gordon removes Tammy's "Mom's Club President" sash and puts it on himself. Tiara?

Gordon: Gordon, I now name you president of the Wake Forest Mom's Club. First order of business... finishing this spicy chapter.

Gordon picks up the book the moms were reading.

Gordon: Chapter 7: Shaking My Maraca (South of the Border). That night, I snuck out into the darkness to seek out my sensual lover. I couldn't see, but I could feel.

Gordon lets out a gasp of delight. Lights down.

DKE Gorilla

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

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

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

Pledge: But-

Duke: No butts, not cuts, no coconuts!

Duke nut taps Pledge.

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

Pledge runs off.

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

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

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

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

Dyson: What is that?

Cyrus: It's a dog?

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

Charleene: No, it's our pet.

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

Dyson strokes Duke's head.

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

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

Duke starts rubbing the dog.

Duke: So sawwwwft.

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

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

Dyson: Yessir!

Charlene: Alright come along now Louis. Vitton.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dyson: We bought a gorilla. Thank you nationals.

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

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

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

Duke: I want to name him DKE.

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

Duke and Dyson: DORILLLLAAAA!!

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

Duke: Alright what should we do with Dorilla first?

Chi O's walk back on stage with Louis.

Charleene: Looouuuuuuuiis. Do you have to poop again?

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

Cyrus: Oh my god is that a gorilla?

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

Dyson and Duke grab Dorilla's hands.

Dorilla: oooh oohh ah ah.

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

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

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

Duke: Dorilla, Louis, go have a playdate.

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

Dyson: Alright so finish this handle of crat

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

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

Charlene and Cyrus: Yaaaaaaayy!!!

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

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

Dyson and Duke: *shaming* Dorillaaaaaa.

Charlene and Cyrus: LOUUUUUIS! NOOOOOOOOO!!!!

Duke: I guess he played a little too hard.

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

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

Charlene: Your gorilla de-boned Luis!

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

Duke and Dyson run off to go search for Dorilla.

Cyrus: What about sisterhood?

Dyson: Do it yourselves!

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

Lights up. Dyson and Duke are searching on stage,

Dyson: Dorillaaaaaaa!!!! Here boy!

Duke: WHERE AAAAAARE YOOOOOUUU??? DORILLAAAA!

Light coffee shop jazz begins playing.

Dyson: Wait...do you hear that?

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

Dyson: Oh my god...

Duke: NOOOOO!!

Dyson and Duke fall to their knees.

Con: I'm just teaching him about consent-

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

Con: Safe and consensual sex is incredibly importa-

Duke: SHUT UP SHUT UP!

Con: Don't tell me to-

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

Dyson: Dear Fathers,

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

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

I will always remember you. Love, Dorilla

Duke: No...

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

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

Duke: Dorilla..please...

Dorilla looks back one more time before boarding the train.

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

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

Suddenly a flamboyant little monkey runs out on stage.

Monkey: ooo ooo ahhhhhhh!!!

Dyson: What the hell? Gay little monkey?

Machis run out on stage.

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

Monkey: ooooooooooh!!!

DKEs takes out the bag of coke again.

Duke: He pinky promised.

The Dke's shneef. Lights down.