

THE LILTING BANSHEES PRESENT:

PANTS DOWN XVIII

APRIL 2nd, 2025



Jim: Why aren't these naughty boys at practice?

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Lambda Boy Scouts

Lights up on a group of Lambdas standing at the bus station wearing Boy Scout uniforms. Camping gear? (Bus station sign) They are all standing so straight. One of them has a pan flute. A girl role walks onstage.

Girl role: Oh! Hey guys! What's going on?

Lemur: Hey there! Ever since we got shut down by Jim Settle, we decided to take our brotherly bonding elsewhere.

Louse: We got a new charter! From the Boy Scouts of America!

Girl role: I didn't know the boy scouts were chill with fraternity stuff. So are you guys throwing again? I really miss the weirdly wet walls of your basement.

Leech: Oh no no no! No such thing. We're going to pilot mountain!

Girl role: Oh sick. Like a bueller's darty type thing??

Louse: If by Buellers, you mean having a really fun, light-hearted adventure with your friends, then yeah I suppose you're right!

[Bus costume pulls up.](#)

Lemur: Leech, grab the American flag pole. We have an allegiance to pledge!

All: On my honor I will do my best to do my duty to God and my brothers and to obey the Scout Law!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Louse: WAITTTT!! I left my knot tying kit in my fiance's dorm.

Leech: pleaseeeee tell me the knot tying and the fiancée are mutually exclusive, Louse!

Louse: awh shucks, I wish I could.

Lemur: We're gonna strip you of your chastity belt!

Lemur rips the chastity belt, it's a giant golden lock, off Louse

Leech: HA HA you'll never be an Eagle Scout now, slur. Notice how I didn't actually say it?

They get on the bus.

Benny: Welcome young scouts. Can I play you some tunes?

All lambdas: Sunday Morning by Maroon 5!

[Plays Sunday Morning by Maroon 5](#), [Bus drives off](#). Lights down. Lights up on the lambdas with a pitched tent (Double entendre).

Leech: Hey Lemur! You're pitching a tent!!! GET IT?!!!
HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA LIKE YOUR PENITS

Louse: Did you learn NOTHING from our biweekly SA meetings? Leech. Your respectful discourse badge is on the ropes, on the ropes, I say!!!

Leech: But– but I just got my feminist ally badge yesterday!

Lemur: SCORE! How did you even accomplish that one!? I've been edging for that one for years.

Leech: LEM-DAWG. Have you even read page 49 of the manual??? The instructions are right there!!!

Lemur: *closes eyes* **The feminist agenda is a movement to achieve gender equality for all people, including women, men, transgender, and nonbinary people.**

Leech: YOU MEMORIZED PAGE 49 OF THE MANUAL?? That's so.... Taus. Aura badge!!!
UNLOCKED!!!

Lemur: Scouts honor!

Louse: Guys! Does anyone have a tent-pitching badge? Or anything relevant to camping at all?

Lemur and Leech: ummmm

Louse: Ah geez, we're **bear food!**

Leech: Wait! You don't think that our badges are potentially useless in the real world, right??? Like, our practicing-kindness-in-cross-cultural-settings-badge won't help me, right? My not-being-able-to-see-color ribbon?? Do these have real world applications?

Louse: LEECH why would you even question that?

Leech: idk man I'm just not sure that we're learning the right stuff.

Louse: Leech I'm kicking you from the server rn. Leave.

Leech: *Points at Louse* YOU CANT KICK ME OUT because I'm leaving. Leech-out!

Leech stomps off stage sulking like a child. Throws his hands down super dramatically.

Louse: Wrong way.

Leech (from backstage): I KNOW WHERE I'M GOING.

Lemur: Um, well last time I checked, you never got your navigation badge. And I'm in possession of a compass. So. Suck it!

Leech stomps back on stage. He continues stomping off to the other side. Throws his hands down super dramatically.

Leech: I'm gonna go sit in a handicapped bathroom stall and never leave. Even when I see a wheelchair.

Lemur: LEECH NOOOOOOOOOOOO!! YOUR HONOR!

Leech exits again. Throws his hands down super dramatically

Lemur: I hate my stupid chungus life.

Louse: This is so stupid. I just wanna go back to the spot basement and serenade women. Fuck Jim Settle.

Lemur: You can't say that!

Louse: I dont CARE! FUCK this. I'm leaving.

Louse exits. Lemur soliloquy moment.

Lemur: My feelings. they have been stomped on. I'm alone. In this godforsaken wilderness of the Pilot Mountain parking lot. *A beat* God I hope no female bears are in the area. I don't have my chick bear taming badge. . . Can someone play Charli XCX? I need to feel empowered. Right now.

*A cunty bear walks on stage playing **von dutch**. She's grooving.*

Lemur: Holy crap.

Female Bear: mmm yassss!!!!

Lemur: I love this song. Kind of weird that she got 9 grammy nominations for BRAT though...
Billie Eilish was robbed!

The music cuts. The bear drops her cunty posture. Now she's just evil.

Female Bear: GWRAAARRRR!

Lemur: I... I'm sorry!! I didn't mean it!! Charli XCX is the queen of electronic pop!

Female Bear: Yeah I'm gonna eat you.

Lemur: LOUSE!!! LEECH!!! I NEED YOU GUYS.

Louse and Leech come running back onstage. HURRAH!

Leech: Oh frick Lemur!! It's a **FEMALE** bear. We have no choice but to let her maul us.

Female Bear: *Cardi B* voice Eeuuuoww, I know that's right!

Louse: The patriarchy ends now.

He stretches his arms out and accepts defeat. They fall to their knees. The bear begins to charge.

Lemur: Lambdas, it's been fun lambda-ing with you. Time to lamb-die with you.

Louse: Scouts honor. *Beat.*

Louse's phone starts to ring, the [ringtone](#) is Sunday Morning by Maroon 5 again. They all turn to him and start to micro-dance, swaying, at peace with death. The bear stops charging.

Leech: Woah, check it out. She's calming down. The rhythms of the Maroon **cinco** bring peace to her.

The bear totally starts chilling out. She nuzzles Louse. They all nuzzle Louse.

Lemur: I don't have a beach weekend date. Do you wanna go to Myrtle beach with me?

Female Bear: I like the forest.

Lemur: Freak. Wrong biome...

The bus pulls up

Benny: Hey scouts! You boys ready to go home?

Louse: Home? Yeah... I think I am.

They get on the bus with the bear singing Sunday Morning.

Boys: *singing* Sunday morning, rain is falling

Female Bear: *singing* Oh ya ya ya yaaaa

Lights down.

Fartin' in the Clurb

Lights up on three girls absolutely mucking tapas in their apartment in Barthelona, sippin mochatinis.

Maria: I think we actually cracked the fucking code of pregaming in europe.

Gina: Extra fuego tapas x double espresso double vodka double miralax martinis and also this three percent nic vape I bought from this guy who told me he loved me.

Tyla: with the fairlife milk pod?

Gina: Yeah it tastes so good but feels so morally grey.

Loud ahh [stomach grumbles](#). Like so fucking gross.

Maria: Erm, that'll be me. Can you turn up Sandstorm by Darude while I go to the bathroom? I don't want you guys hearing my body talk.

Runs off stage to the bathroom clenching her shit. The other two girls are just jamming to Sandstorm; they are doing their fake lashes and stuff, taking shots, pregame!

Gina: Maria hurry up, the barthalona metro will be here in 4!

Maria *offstage*: I'll call a taxthi, see you girls at the clurb!

Lights down. Lights up in the clurb, lights are purple/strobed. [music playing](#). The three girls are dancing with three guys.

Mario: MMya

Gino: I luv American girls!

Tyler: They're so easy!

Mario leans into Gina

Mario: Hey girl, you smell kinda bad. Unlike me, I dry-showered last week with dior Sauvage and you can still smell it on me, no? *Raises his hand*

Gina: *Farts and gags* Oop. Hey Maria, is there a word that combines farts and gag. Because I just did that hella. Faaaaa-----, a beat ermm this is starting to sound like a word I really don't like.

Tyla: I don't like the word moist. It makes me uncomfortable.

The Days- NOTION remix- starts playing.

Maria: Um guys I don't feel so good.

Gina: Me neither, I really need to let one loose, but I think im just gonna wait for the beat to drop.

They misjudge the beat drop hell.

Maria: Oh god, that one had autotune. Thanks a LOT T-Pain.

Gina: I think my shit was reverb daycore sloweddown version.

Tyler: Pee-yew. Who is cooking tapas in the clurb?

Maria: I think they're onto us. And I still got more in the chamber.

Gina: Me too. Try coughing.

Tyla: Good idea, good idea.

The girls all look at each other suspiciously and all cough at the same time. 2 seconds after the cough all 3 of them fart. Oh no! They're so embarrassed.

Mario: Who smell like crahp?

Gino: Is that *sniffs* Extra fuego tapas x double espresso double vodka double miralax martinis and also this three percent nic vape you bought from this guy who told you he loved you?

Gina: Gino?

Gino: Gina. I love you.

They make out. Groaning noise.

Tyla: Ay caramba!

The girls run off stage clenching their butts. Yeah. Lights Down.

Italian Test x Ancestors

Lights up stage right on a student taking an Italian test.

Prof. Mozzarella: *super cheesy but they genuine* Alrighty. Here is your makeup test. I'm just going to leave you in this empty room by yourself with all of your belongings. I trust that you will not cheat. Text me if you have any questions.

Teacher exits.

Catarina: *big sigh* Hmmm.... A room all to myself and my italian test

Catarina whips out her phone

Catarina: I could look up all the answers on chatgpt... hmmm... But I can't go against the Wake Forest Honor Code... And cheating on an Italian test ... my italian ancestors would never let me hear the end of it.

Catarina ponders and whips out a ouija board

Catarina: Good thing I carry around my ouija board everywhere I go, so I can speak to them instead! Alright... come on nonna ... speak to me now...

Lights up stage left on italian nonna with a table with a big pot on it.

Nonna: Whatdya want catarina, I'm in the middle of making fucking meatballs. Ya know not to botha me while i'm making my fucking meatballs

Catarina: Nonna! Has anyone told you how young and alive you look recently?

Nonna: Get to the fucking point Catarina, ba fongule whatdya want

Catarina: Um... I need some help on my italian test

Uncle Gnocchi busts through the side doors enraged with a beer and a mustache and the italian hands

Uncle Gnocchi: What they don't believe ya fuckin italian now? Fuckin A, fucking school nowadays.

Nonno enters also enraged with italian hands

Nonno: That's why I didn't go to school, didn't teach me a single thing. I told you Catarina, you gotta join the mafia early. Can't learn how to upper hand a bookie in a fookin textbook.

Nonno reaches into the pot to taste it and Nonna slaps his hand

Nonna: Get outta here! What the hell do ya think ya doin stickin grimy paws in my pot a sauce!

Catarina: Hey Nonno, hey Uncle Gnocchi, love a family reunion beyond the grave and all, but I am trying to take a test right now and could really use your he-

Uncle Gnocchi: What are you a fucking stoonad? Catarina, you still mackin face with that Irish boy next door?

Nonna: Fuckin Irish?

Nonno: Da fuq you doin sharing spit with the fucking irish? Not a good look for the mafia, Catarina.

Nonna: *mutters while stirring her sauce* questa nipote sporcacciona finirà per strada

Catarina: Wait wait Nonna!! That sounded like actual italian! Say that again... reallyyyyyy slowly....

Nonna: Do you really want to write on your italian test that your grandmother thinks that you, my granddaughter, is a dirty, dirty whore?

Catarina: Um... I mean no... but this question is asking "how do you say hello, how are you" in italian

Uncle Gnocchi: I usually hit em with a : AYYY youssss how you doin??

Aunt Juul walks in (busty) and all three of them on stage start saying heyyy how you doin etc etc

Aunt Juul: Gnocchi, what are ya doin? Standing here like a fucking gavone yanking ya chain while I'm raising your bastard children at home?

Catarina: Um... can someone spell ayyy yous how you doin for me?

Aunt Juul: Zip it Catarina, I'm in the middle of something. Ya uncle is about to pack his bags and sleep on your nonna's couch.

Nonna: Maronna Mia I don't want this fucking wise guy sleepin on my couch.

All of them begin bickering with each other (in an italian manner) ad lib af

Catarina: GUYS PLEASE I HAVE NOT ANSWERED A SINGLE FUCKING QUESTION BESIDES MY NAME *looks down at test* WHICH I SPELLED WRONG. CAN YOU PLEASE JUST HELP ME FOR THE LOVE OF MARY AND JOSEPH HAVING SEX IN A MANGER

All ancestors start bickering over each other, they're all shouting in Italian and other italian/ny phrases. "Gabagool!" and stuff like that.

Nonna: SHUT THE FUCK UP ALL A YOUS!

They all shut up. Lights down on the italians. Catarina bangs her head down onto the desk in frustration. Lights down.

Live KA Scribe

Lights up on a group of KAs sitting in a circle, one KA is standing above them leading. The whole time there's a subtle [typing](#) sound from out there in the dark.

KA President: Alright everybody pull out your phones, I wanna see all your calls from our first night of pledging. One of you fuckers called your mom about our weak ass hazing, and now we're getting fucked. In the face. By Jim Settle.

All the pledges take out their phones, Kam is hiding his a bit.

KA President: Kam, give me that.

KA Kam: I'd rather you didn-

KA Pres takes phone from Kam

KA President: Roberta E. Lee? Was your last call?

KA Kam: Uh yeah that's gam gam.

KA President: **Didyoutellyourgamgamaboutsmokingthatpackofblackandmilds outofthatstrippersassholeonthefirstnightofpledging ????????**

KA Kam: No, I think she just asked how my day was. And how the confederacy was holding up. She has alzheimers.

KA President: Alright, I believe you. And tell sweet gam gam it's doing fine.

KA President rapid fire goes through different pledges phones. Not finding anything.

KA President: Damn, nothing. Literally none of you called your moms once this semester?

KA Karl: That's not true, I called my mom once. Her contact is "My dirty little slut". It's a family name.

KA President: Nice. Well there is no recorded evidence that Jim Settle can use against us. He obviously faked that phone call to fuck over our chapter. Now he'll have to drop our hazing case!

KA Kam: Um, what about our Stenographer? *Points to clerk, lights up on clerk on the total opposite side of the stage.*

KA Klerk: *Typing super fruity and big on the typewriter* You mean me?

KA President: Ohhhhhmygod I forgot about our Stenographer.

KA Klerk: Yeah been here. I've literally written down everything that's been done. Ever.

KA President: *super nervous*: Ever?

KA Klerk: *starts flipping through files* Yep. Been keeping records of KA's entire history here at Wake Forest. Check this out. January 6th, 2021, Capitol Hill-

KA President: Yep yep, got it, we know that one. Move on.

KA Klerk: Alrighty. February 2nd, 2024. Brother shit in between the couch cushions of Chi Psi lodge. Blamed it on a DZ.

KA Karl: Aha whoops.

KA Klerk: I literally have all six times you've shit in the Chi Psi lodge recorded. Right here. In my stack of papers. Lot of papers. Should we go back in time?

KA Kam: uhuh 1982? My dad was pledging then.

KA Klerk: Classic. The proud boys of Kappa Alpha standing tall on the stairs by Magnolia. Yeah I've got couple quotes from that day. Instead of saying "cheese" when they took the photo they said, "...It was only about state's rights". You'll learn these KA ideals later.

KA President: Damn right they will. But wait. FUCK. Not if we get kicked off campus they won't. FUCK. Tell me you weren't typing the blackandmildoutofthatstrippersasshole night.

KA Klerk: ummmm.

KA President: goddammit Klerk! you're holding all the evidence!

KA Kam: Sir, are we gonna have to burn these books?

KA President: For our survival.

KA Klerk: But, if you burn all these books, you burn the history of KA. Don't you care about the history of the order?

KA President: I could give a rat's ass about our history, Klerk. All I want is a pledge class of thirteen patriots.

Lights down. Lights up on a [small dumpster fire](#). The boys are gathered around with the stacks of papers in their hands. There is [ominous music](#) playing.

Kam runs on stage with a pile of white. . . eep.. robes.

KA Kam: My gam gam sent me these white colored bathrobes, i have matching hats if you guys get chilly.

KA President: Yeah. . . I think we might.

Lights Down

5'9" Couple

Lights up on two people at a valentine's dinner. They are sitting down dining.

Marcus: The past fourteen months of taking each other home after parties and leaving before sunrise with you have been magical. I think. . . oh god sorry this is so hard.

Gina: No it's okay, go on. I think I know where this is going.

Marcus: uh okay. Um would you like to be uh exc-exclusive?

Gina: I thought you'd never ask. No seriously I was starting to think you were never going to ask. Like after you hooked up with my roommate while I was sleeping and you told me you kind of regretted it I thought you might ask, but that was last August so I wasn't really sure. Wait yeah let's do it.

Marcus: Anyway I can't imagine my life without you and I love you. Would you maybe wanna do butt stuff in the Cibo bathroom after we finish this plate of calamari?

Gina: Um sure. But can I ask you something?

Marcus: Anything.

Gina: You're okay with our height difference, right? It's just, some guys in the past have been super weird about it.

Marcus: What do you mean? I'm 5'10 and you're maybeeeeeee 5'8 ½. That doesn't bother me at all.

Gina: Ugh thank god. Ok, you ready?

They both stand up. She's much taller than him.

Gina: But which one of us is taking it in the butt?

They look at each other and shrug. Lights down.

Capitol Hill Bill

Lights up on stage right stairs on The Bill sitting on the stairs naturally with Bob. Bill is wearing a giant bill costume and Bob is wearing a red and white shirt with a ginger wig on. The [instrumental](#) of I'm just a bill is playing

Bill: *singing* I'm just a Bill from Capitol Hill, ain't that right Bobby boy

Bob: Sure is Bill! Gee willikers Bill what a beautiful day out in our nation's lovely clean, prestigious, well-guarded capitol building.

Bill: And you know what makes today extra special bob?

Bob: What's that Bill?

Bill: I'll tell you Bobby, today marks the day that congress will certify the election results for the 46th president of the United States. It should be a quick and seamless process so that old bill here can finally be written into law. Today's the day Bobby I can feel it in my margins.

Bob: Say Bill, sounds like a stampede of horses out in the distance? They sound like their getting closer and they don't sound too happy either.

Bill: Nonsense bob, those are just everyday American patriots eager to find out who their next president is going to be.

Bob: But Bill, didn't we already know that Joe Biden won?

Bill: *Kind of a serious mildly aggressive tone.* So they say Bobby boy so they say.....

Bob: Um I'm scared, where are my parents? They sure are getting closer! Should.. ..should we move?

Bob stands up, alarmed, he moves upstage away from the stairs. Bill stands up and slaps Bob on the back.

Bill: Don't be a silly little pussy bob, there's probably like a bazillion guards and guns to protect this building. It's practically impregnable

Bob: I dont think thats how that word is used

Bill: Man O My, that's why I'll never be like my great uncle, the 3/5ths compromise Bill...

VO: And the results are now in for this years election, Joe Biden will be the 46th president of the United States.

A beat. A Banshee incel yells from off stage

Rioter 1: Aww Fuck me to tears, hell he is ill tell you wwhhhattttt!

Rioter 2: Wait we should do something about this

Rioter 1: You're right buck, It's our god given right as American patriots to run as fast as we can..... that way. Come on now boys!

A horde of banshees runs on stage, trampling Bill and bob. Insert [stampede sound effect](#) (thanks jake) and strobe lights?

A beat, Bob is lying on the ground dead and Bill slowly gets up crumbled with a limp. Bill kicks bob on the ground

Bill: Bob, bobby boy, Billy Bob Thortan are you alright?

Bill holds bob in his arms, Forrest gump style

Bob: *coughs a lot*

Bill: Thank the founding fathers! Bob, are you alright?

Bob: No Bill, that 70 year old in a QAnon shirt just stabbed me like 37 times with a pitchfork.... Come closer Bill I have something to tell you..

Bill: What is it bob?

Bob: I.... I..... I'm a DEI bill, and also I'm Bill curious.. Kiss me kiss me bill hold me!!!!

Bill: Wait, you're a Bill too? Where's your bill costume?

Bob: I was a bill once, but I was so ugly, my parents sent me to a plastic surgeon and now I'm a human.

Bill: That was a lot to take in Bob, but I'm not kissing you. you're like 12.

Bob: It's not like you're a law yet..... I.... I Bluwewdsadedf *dies*

Lights down lights up on stage center with Bill in the senate with a podium, he's wearing a white beard and a military jacket with medals on it, he's holding a cane.

Bill: Hello Ladies and gentlemen of the senate, I stand before you today as an old, crinkly bill. Tethered with the cuts and rips of the January 6th riots, 4 years ago today. I speak to you now not as a bill, but as a human right. That all men, regardless of their race, religion and creed, can now dominate brittney griner in the paint.

Senators Boo

Bill: No No, think about it. Lebron hitting a windmill on Sue Bird, would be fucking sweet.

Executive order enters stage left in a bill costume with a gun behind his back. Probably in jeans, boots, sunglasses, and a wife-beater that says "EXECUTIVE ORDER" on it.

Executive order: Hey bill .

Bill Turns

Bill: Executive Order??

Executive order: Trump just signed me, and who the fuck is sue bird.

Executive order pretends he's about to punch Bill, Bill scampers off terrified. Executive order laughs comically and walks up to the podium

Executive Order: Yeah get outta heaaaaaa. Hehehehe. Alright, I gotta go pardon Barron Trump - the FBI found his search history.

Lights Down.

Machi Meat Cube

Lights up stage left on 4 machis at a house ripping bong or smt

Terry: Dude dude dude I was shagging my girlfriend and she said to go deeper, and I said “bitch, whatchu want – tha sack??!”

Beat.

Bob: We should like start a band or something.

Groop: Wait, that’s actually not a bad idea. Bob you can shred on the recorder right?

Bob: Shower recorder sessions hiiiiit. Just to piggyback off myself, let’s name our band “meat cube”.

Groop: Yeah and for our band’s debut I know how to do the cup song on 2x speed, it’ll take the world by storm.

Bob: That’s heat, man, but actually I wrote a song in case me and my buddies ever agreed to be in a band together, so it applies directly to this scenario.

Terry: Bob, what exactly is your song about?

Bob: Uhhhhh. It’s like Eminem’s Lose Yourself meets Logic’s 18002738255.

Groop: Aw fuck yeah I love Lose Yourself by Eminem. I sing it while Bob plays whitecrossbuns on his recorder when we shower together.

Terry: ahhhduwannabeaaaaliivvee. Fuck Bob you’re making me so sad.

Bob: Cheer up old sport. We’re in a band now.

Terry: No, actually we’re not in a band, because we don’t have any hot girl here.

Girl enters.

Stacy: What are you guys doing?

Groop: Nothing much. Just talking about our band that we’re in.

Terry: Our band’s named MEAT CUBE.

Bob: Yeah and we do sick band shit like fucking around and doing drugs and shit.

Groop: Yeah we're like Motley Crue but we're fucking Meat Cube.

Stacy: I actually have been singing since I was a little girl. I wanna be in a band.

Terry: What's the opposite of yes? You could be a groupie

Groop: Can you also ask all your hot friends to be groupies too

Bob: Yeah we're a sick band.

Stacy: What instruments do you guys play?

Terry: Uhhhh, I sing

Groop: I harmonize

Bob: And I know how to play the fucking recorder.

Stacy: I've never heard a band with a recorder before

Bob: You've never heard of a recorder before?

Bob, Terry, and Groop: (High pitched) Bitch is you patrick, cus you under a rock

Stacy: Wow that sounded good do you boys go deeper.

Terry: Bitchh what you want?

Groop and Bob: *harmonized deeply* The saccc.

Groop: Can you go get those groupies now. Make it very clear that they will be called "Meat Riders". Peace. we gotta practice.

Stacy walks off. They all pull out instruments and start practicing. Lights down. Lights up on Stacy presenting at Chi O chapter to a sea of girls in red.

Stacy: Hey girls. Thanks for staying a little bit after chapter. I just wanna to run something by you guys. . . the Machis are star-

All Chi O's: We're in.

Stacy: oh- well I was gonna say that they're starting a band called Meat Cube and the machis wante-

All Chi O's: YES! GOD YES!

Stacy: I want to be so very clear about this. You will be groupies named "Meat Riders". For a band named "Meat Cube". And one guy plays a recorder while the other two sing and harmonize.

Chi O Chapp: Wait but they're still machis?

Stacy: Yes, they're machis

Chi O Chapp: Stacy is asking us, the Chi Omegas, to meat ride the machis. What do we think girls?

Chi Os go fucking bonkers. Lights down on chapter. Lights up on the machis in KISS like attire.

Terry (*singing while Bob plays and Groop harmonizes*): white cross buns, white cross buns, one a penny two a penny white cross buns.

Bob: Terry god fucking dammit you were OFF KEY.

Bob slaps Terry in the face and his hands are bleeding, there was already red on his hand which transfers to Terry.

Chi Os run in cheering.

Groop: fuck the fucking meat riders are fucking here im so nervous.

Terry: just imagine them naked, it'll calm you down. It works every time I'm talking to my dad.

Stacy: Well! I got you your meat riders. Can we hear you play?

Terry: uh yeah. Okay yeah. We fuqqiinnnnnnnnnn MACHI MEAT CUBE.

Bob pulls out a second recorder and does the drum stick ONE, TWO, a ONE TWO THREE Terry turns on the XL party speaker and clearly puts Revival by Zach Bryan on his phone. The Chi Os lose it. They put a beer can down in the middle of the stage and start air soccer moves over it. Its a fuqqinnn dump party now.

The three guys just starting fanning themselves: MEAT CUBE MEAT CUBE.

Lights Down.

Dr. Dick Long

Lights up stage center on two measly superheroes. Captain DRC (he's white) and Kitty Kat, a superhero dressed with Cat ears and whiskers.

Kitty Kat: Captain Democratic Republic of Congo! My Kitty is purring, Dr. Richard Long must be near!

Captain DRC: Don't fret Kitty Kat! We're gonna mince Dr. Richard Long up and put him into a Fufu.

Kitty Kat: What is that?

Captain DRC: I don't know I've never been north of the equator.

Lights up stage left, a figure is sitting with his back turned to the audience. He's wearing a cloak, a warm red glow absorbs him. There's a weird bulge under his cloak. [Lacrimosa](#) plays.

Dr. Richard Long slowly turns around in his swivel chair.

Dr. Richard Long: I've been expecting you, Captain DRC, and your little pussy... Kitty Kat.

Kitty Kat: Your days are numbered Dr. Richard Long.

Captain DRC: Pack up your bags Dr. Richard Long, you're going to Guantanamo Bay, which is in Kooba.

Dr. Long: Very smart Captain DRC. But I won't need to grab my Samsonite Luggage Set... You see... I'm always packing.

Dr. Long whips off his cloak to reveal a 7 foot python of a shlong that's draped over his shoulders. He strokes it like a cat.

Kitty Kat: *blood curdling scream*

Captain DRC: *Captain DRC looks down his own pants.* So that's why they call you Dr. Richard Long!

Dr. Long: That's **Dick** Long to you! Mwahahahahahahaha.

Kitty Kat: It's like a boa constrictor.

Dr. Long: *evil* YES!

Kitty Kat: You won't get away with this Dick Long! *Kitty Kat does an awkward kung fu pose with her claws.*

Captain DRC: Kitty Kat, where is your gun? I told you to bring a gun!

Dr. Long: *to his penis* What's that? I should kill this pussy? Oh you're bad.

Kitty Kat lunges at Dr. Long. He swats her with his giant inflatable penis. [A lightsaber sound effect plays.](#) (0:11).

Captain DRC: Ayyy! Kitty Kat!

Dr. Long: Looks like curiosity killed the Kat once again! *To his penis* I'm on fire today.

Captain DRC: That pun was terrible. And you've slaughtered my female counterpart Kitty Kat who was here for DEI purposes.

Dr. Long: DEI is no longer a thing Captain DRC. Also why the fuck are you Captain DRC? You're whiter than Casper the ghooooooooost.

Captain DRC: Rats. I've spent my whole life wiping garbage like you off the face of the Earth. [Piano plays.](#) *It's Clocks instrumental by coldplay.* My parents were really nice to me, but I was born an orphan in Minnesota. And that sucks. So we went on a mission to the Democratic Republic of Congo, and that country taught me everything I know. It was then that I...

Dr. Long swats Captain DRC with his penis. [A lightsaber sound effect plays.](#)

Dr. Long: Wow. That was so easy. *Long pause A spotlight shines on Dr. Long and the piano plays again.* I wish I could please a woman :(

Lights Down.

The ASIG Narty That Saved the World

Lights up on 2 ASIGs scrolling on their phones. Andy scrolls to a KKG Bid Day post.

Andy: Yoo, Kappa Bid day post just dropped!

He shows Arnold.

Arnold: Fuggg. Negative a trillion beers. I'd tap that stone cold sober.

Arnold goes back to his phone and scrolls to Michelle Obama's back.

Arnold: Fuggg. Check out Former-First-Lady Michelle-Obama's back.

Andy: Three beers. Because I'm insecure about my traps. But I'd still wanna remember the experience.

Arnold scrolls on is phone more.

Arnold: FUGGGG! Look! reads "METEOR Headed Towards Earth! Estimated impact, 26 hours. Like and share with friends for good luck!" Oh my Asack! A meteor is headed towards Earth?

Andy: Bruh it's just clickbait.

Arnold: No dude, RapTV posted it. Andy bro, I'm sending this to you r n. For good luck.

Andy: RAP TV! Holy shit this IS for real.

[Sirens blare](#), red flashing lights. A Wake Alert VO:

Wake Alert VO: May I have your attention please. Meteor is heading towards Winston-Salem. Death is imminent and the university suggests you make peace with your god and call your families. However, we will not be cancelling class tomorrow. Sack up hoes.

Arnold: Dude the world is literally going to end. What are we supposed to do?

Andy: I should tell my KD gym crush, that I want to have babies with her. Our kids are gonna have massive forearms.

Arnold: I have lots of soaking to do in the next 26 hours. Do I have to use condoms if the worlds gonna end??

Andy: I dunno, let's look it up. *they scroll on phones some more, he sees something CRAZY.*
Well slap my ass and call me an Asig!! Forget that, Arnold, have you seen the news?!?!
They're looting the pod!!! And the DKES are touching everybody's bodies!!!!

Arnold: Wait, that's like normal.

Alberth runs(hops) in from upstage right. He's missing a leg.

Arnold: Alberth! What news do you bring?

Alberth: *huffing and puffing* I was walking back from Carswell and a wild mutinous gang of DZs jumped me and humped my leg off. They ate my fucking leg.

[Sirens blare.](#)

Wake Alert VO: Factions have now been formed and Martial Law is now in effect.

They hear a mob of DZs offstage, sounds like dudes.

Alberth: Dear god golly. It's the DZs. They're coming!!!

They all pause, hehe, Alberth said "cumming". Arnold and Andy dap him up.

Alberth: Noice. *He locks back in.* RUN FOR YOUR ASIG LIVES!!!!

Alberth hops off upstage left in fear.

Three ravenous DZs run in from upstage right. They wear tattered DZ jerseys, and bone masks like Mad Max Fury Road. Their each holding up a head of a dead Kappa.

DZ Leader: We are the top sorority on cam-puss, because everyone else is dead. We killed them. Here are the heads of KeeKee, Kiki, and Coco of Kappa Kappa Gamma.

DZs: Teeeheeheeheehehe. Hooohohohohoo

Arnold: Fuggggg, that's so hot. Do you fugg with me?

DZ Leader: I want you *beat.* decapitated. ... And served with a nice merlot.

Arnold: Aye speak up I'm like one-third chubbed atm.

Andy: SILLLEENCCEEEE! If we are to survive this meteor, we need to Unite! Separate we are weak, but together we might just have a chance.

V.O. Wake Alert: There's literally no chance you will survive.

Andy: No! The Wake Alert's wrong guys! Whaddya say, what if we combined? Dare I say... mixed. *Sussy smile*

Arnold: Andry is right. We need to work together. Mix? Asig X DZ?

Andy: Mix.

Arnold: Mix.

Andy and Arnold nod their heads powerfully. The DZ Leader looks at her sisters. The DZs all lift their masks.

DZ Leader: Fuck it.

All DZs: Mix.

They put their hands in a circle.

Arnold: It'll be the Asig Narty that saves the friggin world!

Andy: Let's stop this meteor, with the power of Chicken Scratch, a sunset, Delta Zeta, and warm-ish Buscchhhhhhhhhhh.

All: Shhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh.

Lights down stage center. Lights back up on the narty, Chicken scratch is silently playing stage left and a small crowd doin the white-girl sway. The Asigs and the DZ leader stand in front of the crowd, facing the audience. Everyone is crying and shivering, it's cold af.

Girl 1: Brrrrr, where'd the sun go. I know nartys are night day-parties, but that means that we have to party at night, and the sun is only warm during the day!!

Girl 2: *whining* I'm collldddd. I'm so collldddd. This would've been so much better during the day. I'm collldddddd.

Girl 1: Is the meteor blocking the sun or something? Ughhhh, I hate it when the world ends!!! It's so cold!

Arnold: *to Andy* Okay, so maybbeeee our mixing plan to save the world didn't quite work out.

Andy: Fugggg, I REALLY thought this Asig narty was going to save the world. *Notification sound plays and Andy looks at his phone* RapTV just posted again, it says the meteor is going to be here in 30 seconds!

DZ Leader: Shut up! Chicken Scratch is playing Chicken Fried! On a Friday night! I wanna sway!

DZ leader starts swaying.

Arnold: Wow she's just so comfortable with herself.

Alberth: I wish I could sway like that.

Andy: It's no use guys, we're all gonna die. Before we go, let's all get our deepest secrets off our skinny little bird chests.

Arnold: Andy, Who has two thumbs and pooped in your cum socks? This guy.

Andy: Normally I'd be pretty ticked, but I kinda liked the smell. I forgive you.

They hug. Sirens come back on.

Wake Alert: 5... 4... 3...

Alberth: I jerked off to Katy Perry when she was naked in the clouds in the California Girls music video.

Wake Alert: 2... 1....

They brace for impact. Enter Meteor, the midget wrestler (SAM).

Meteor: Woahhh, it's meee. The MeteOr. And I'm gonna put a crater in all your skulls.

Andy: What the shizz?

Alberth: The meteor is a wrestler?!

Meteor: Yeahhhh.

Girl 2: Waaaaait. So is this the Meteor that was gonna kill us all???

Girl 1: Welllll, if you're HERE, then who the flip is blocking the sun?!?!

Arnold: No one, it's just night time.

DZ Leader looks to the sky and sees something and points to it.

DZ Leader: Wait, what's that?

Everyone looks to the sky.

Andy: ... and why is it getting closer??

Incoming falling bomb/meteor falling [sound](#) plays as they all stare at the sky. [BOOM](#) crash sound with crazy red lights explosion. They all collapse to the ground. Lights down.

DJ UnoToucho y la Bartmitzvah de Connor Weissman

Lights up stage center on a Rabbi in front of a small crowd (6 people). Everyone is dressed in Bar Mitzvah attire (suit and tie... yamakas).

Rabbi: Meshugenah. And now, Connor Weissman will become a man by reading from the Torah. Sha bat, shalom.

Connor approaches the podium. He's 400 lbs, and eating a big piece of chocolate cake. He has a fat alpha chin. He slurs his R's as W's.

Connor: I just want to thank... you all for... coming to my Bar Mitzvah. You all mean... a little... to me. Thank you Wabbi. *Starts reading in hebrew.*

All of a sudden a [techno beat](#) overlays the torah reading. Unts... unts... unts... unts... Lights up stage right on DJ UnoToucho, he's wearing PitVipers, neon-mesh croptop, a hat, and parachute hip-hop pants that all say UnoToucho on it. Uno Toucho speaks like vaguely european guy like the guy in [this music video](#).

DJ UnoToucho: Everybody's put your hand up in the air if women are your favorite genders.

Rabbi: Excuse me, we're in the middle of a ceremony here. The dancing will commence as soon as Mr. Weissman finishes the reading...

DJ UnoToucho: Shut up curly head guy. I'm DJ UnoToucho, and I will never let the rhythms die.

Two of UnoToucho's girls, all dressed in one color tracksuit, flank him on stage right.

The Girls (together): UnoToucho! *They jump up and do a little pose (ask Seb and Dan)*

Rabbi: Well okay! Could you just keep it down, you're giving me agita. Connor continue the reading.

Connor Weissman: Okay Rabbi. *Continues reading the Torah... chutzpah...*

DJ UnoToucho: Chutzpah! Ha that is funny words.

Connor pauses for a second.

Connor Weissman: *continues reading Torah*

DJ UnoToucho and the girls walk over to the table.

DJ UnoToucho: Yo hand me this stupid frigging books.

UnoToucho tosses the Torah to one of the girls.

DJ UnoToucho: What? It is just papers. The real scriptures comes from the beats within your inner organ instruments.

The Girls: Beats from within, YA YA YA. *they strike the same pose*

Rabbi: That's enough! We didn't pay you 10 grand to interrupt the ceremony!

Rabbi pulls off DJ UnoToucho's sunglasses.

DJ UnoToucho: Erroneous! Money is for power hungry pig-peoples, real happiness comes from insides youse. Now time for my most favorites segments, Work of the CROWD!

The Girls: Work of the Crowd, JA JA JA. *strike the pose .*

One of his girls hands him a fat microphone.

DJ UnoToucho: Much thanks mine girl #2. Alright, what the birthday boy?

Connor Weissman: This isn't a birthday ceremony. It's a celebration of my becoming a man.

DJ UnoToucho: You? A man? You make DJ UnoToucho laugh! You resembles my babushka grandmother who is 99 year young, she has a hunch on back that carries water. Like alpaca!

The girls laugh at his jokes.

DJ UnoToucho: *to Mitzvah crowd* No laugh? You guys are rough crowd.

Bubbe (jewish word for grandmother) stands up.

Bubbe: You need to leave! My bubbela is to become a man.

UnoToucho: Slow your jelly rolls Seabiscuits, your bubb-a-la is to become hip to my rhythm party in not long time. Ha Ha. Open your earholes, and breathe in the beat... through your earholes.

UnoToucho plays his [techno beat](#) again. Him and the girls start dancing. Bubbe passes out.

Mitzvah Crowd: Oyvey!

UnoToucho: Death by the rhythm, que tragique!

Rabbi: Is there a doctor here?

UnoToucho pulls out scrubs and a stethoscope.

UnoToucho: I have a PhD! In the bass. Girl #1 queue my resuscitation playlist. Y'know the one with the beat.

Girl #1 hits a big button and [Stayin' Alive](#) by the BeeGees plays.

UnoToucho: Let the power of the beat, brings you life!

The girls and UnoToucho dance around Bubbe's cold dead body. Slowly, she raises herself up, frat flicking to the beat.

Bubbe: I saw god! And he was dancing!

UnoToucho: Yes! The light! You had seen it.

Rabbi: It's a miracle, you've brought back our Bubbe from the Valley of Hinnom! How could we ever thank you!

UnoToucho: I don't accept Charity, however I do have Cashapp and Zelle.

Girl #2 pulls out a IPAD with a tip option on it.

Rabbi: For you, DJ UnoToucho, I'll give you anything. How much do you request?

UnoToucho: 1 bazillion dollar, and 69 cent. Nice.

The Girls: NICE!

Rabbi and UnoToucho shake hands. The Crowd laughs.

UnoToucho: Aha. That joke always land!

Rabbi: C'mon everyone let's do the Hora!

They all try to lift Connor up on the chair but he only gets like a foot off the ground since he's fat and the [Horah Medley plays](#).

Connor: Hooray I'm a man! Lift me higher!

All: Nooooooooooooo.

Lights down.