

THE LILTING BANSHEES PRESENT:

WELCOME TO WAKE

September 3rd, 2025



Pantry: Pause. Wide-set eyes, sub-par facial symmetry, and your voice is mad unattractive to me.

Freaky Wake Alert	3
Machi Vice	7
Proctologist Magician	10
Continental DKE Breakfast	13
The Wente Williams Show	17
Machi Slideshow Redux	20
Zyn: The Big Pouch (Short)	23
Roommate Dog is a Fucking Scumbag	25
#1 Fizzer	30
Sorority Girls Can't Stand These Classless Thugs	33
Pope Initiation Night	38

Freaky Wake Alert

Characters: Priscela, Tammy, Jeana, Claw, Geedington, Geeder, 2 Geeds, Duerlene, Jim, Dean.

Lights up stage left. It's rib day at the pit. Sign: "Rib Day". There are three girls sitting together.

Priscela: These ribs lowkey taste like feet. *Points to girl she's with.* **You** would know!

Tammy: Sorry my sig pi boyfriend is kinky and your DKE boyfriend doesn't believe in foreplay.

Third girl just houses three plates of ribs in this time period. Wake alert sound.

Tammy: Oh my god did you see this wake alert? Here, I'll play it on my phone

Wake Alert plays

Bart Simpson AI V.O.: Sources can confirm that there has been a bomb threat. (beat)

Jeana Chestnut: *mouth full* Holy fug!

They all tweak

Bart Simpson AI V.O.: In the Beta lounge.

They all sigh relief

Priscela: Thank fuck.

Claw walks on stage with a machete.

Claw: The rest of the hogs are ready to be slaughtered if you still wanna watch.

Jeana and Tammy just sprint off stage to follow. Jeane comes back on stage to get the rest of the ribs, dropping rib bones.

Priscela: Ugh, shoulda never went ADPi. *Wake Alert Sound* Damn, another Wake alert??

Wake Alert in a V.O.: Drop yo panties and turn around.

Priscela: What the fuck?

Wake Alert in a V.O.: You heard me. Don't act like you ain't got ears. Now house those ribs. I like the way you eat them ribs.

Priscela: Um what? Can you see me?

Wake Alert in a V.O.: Nah this pre-recorded. What are you wearing rn?

Priscela: Umm I'm wearing-

Wake Alert in a V.O.: Take it off.

Priscela: Ew what!! Go away! *Priscela throws her phone frantically and runs off stage.*
En

Lights down stage left.

Wake Alert in a fuckboy V.O.: Damnnn y'all looking good as hell out there.

Lights up stage right on Priscilla's roommate scrolling reels in a chair in their dorm. There's a lone fire alarm set up and a door (stageable). She hates Priscilla. Priscilla runs in.

Priscilla: Duerlene, the weirdest thing just happened to me!!

Duerlene: *Scrolling reels, Bossman Dlow song titled "Get In Wit Me" (ASK GEORGE) playing every four seconds, she chuckles.* Mhm

Priscilla: I think my Wake Alert is hacked. *(beat)* By a rapist!

Duerlene: *Scrolling reels* I dont gaf

Priscilla: I think someone's watching me! Are you not getting these?

Duerlene: Yeah no, I blocked my Wake Alerts. I'm gonna go take a shit and scroll reels. You're really annoying to me.

Lights down stage right, lights up stage center on Jim Settles office, Dean Shore is there. Jim is sitting at a desk with a mic. There is a sign on the desk: "Head of Student Conduct Jim Settle"

Jim with the fuckboy voice: Errybody, please.

He covers the mic and they're giggling so hard.

Jim: What do I say? What do I say!?!

Dean: Tell em to take their pants off! Do it, do it. Fuck yeah.

Jim uncovers the mic

Jim with the fuckboy voice: Now take your pants off-

The kids run on stage.

Priscilla: Jim Settle???

Geeder: Dean Shore?? The campus barber who also takes photos at sporting events sometimes?? You two are making these Wake alerts?

They both mockingly stick out their hands like they're getting handcuffed.

Jim: Sue me, sue me!

Dean Shore: If sexual harassment is a crime, they should've locked me up years ago!

Jim: But they haven't gotten us yet, did they, Dean?

Dean Shore: No sireeee. Let's go get us some ribs!

Priscilla: Whatever. This school sucks. Let's also go get some ribs.

They all exit. One geed walks back on stage.

Geedington: geedy voice, staring at the crowd Hello? (a beat) fuckboy voice Hello. 😊

Lights down

Machi Vice

Characters: Mike, Tanner, Cocania, Babe, Robber

Lights up stage center on two machis, they are posing/dancing like macho 80s men. They are wearing teal and pink suits with huge body cameras. This is playing https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9D-QD_HlfjA&list=RD9D-QD_HlfjA&start_radio=1

Mike: Fuck, I love teal dude...

Tanner: It really brings out the emerald in your eyes, Mike. I, too, love wearing eccentric colors.

Mike: There's nothing like Machis in Miami in the springtime.

Tanner: Beaches and Tortas are cool and all, Mike, but we can't get sidetracked. The law must be upheld. Because, We are machi vice.

Mike: I love being a cop! Nothing gets me harder than turning my bodycam off, and always doing the right thing.

Tanner: You're aces champ, now let's solve some crime.

Mike: alright first order of bus- Holy shit, is that a walking bag of cocaine?

Cocania, the sentient bag of feminine cocaine, walks across the stage in heels and a Birkin bag.

Cocania: Hola machis, I love your suits. They're so teal, and pinkkkk. They must smell like roses. You know what I smell like? Wanna take a sniff of me?

Rip body cams off

Mike: Crime can wait, Tanner. If it aint snowin, I aint goin.

Cocania: Are you guys cops or something? There is so much crime in Miami. We could really use your help. My daughter she-

Tanner: We're off duty, we wanna sniff your cocaine

Cocaina: Okay! Follow me boys!

Cocania spins and walks away, leading them on with a finger wave. Tanner and Mike follow Cocania off stage. Lights down

Lights up stage left on Mike and Tanner, their faces are covered in white powder.

Tanner: Damn, I'm really glad we got to sneef that bag woman before arresting her for the low life scum she really is.

Mike: What can I say, Tanner. We're just really good guys. With really big watches.

The boys flash icy ass watches and do a lil pose.

Tanner: Well now that we've got our energy back, we should probably fight crime now.

Mike: But where could we find hot miami babes that need our help?

Woman runs across the stage, with a robber chasing behind her.

Babe: Help! My purseeeee!

Robber hits a maniacal laugh and grabs her purse,

Robber: This is a robbery. I am going to steal your purse now!

Robber wrestles the purse out of her hands and tip toe cartoon walks off stage. The Babe is distressed and laying on the floor with her hands out for help.

Mike: Holy shit, that woman just got slimed for her foams

Tanner: That's just the blow talking, Mike.

Mike: No dude, her bag literally just got taken by that guy.

Babe: Help me! Please go chase that bad man down and get my purse back! Ohhh, won't you please help me, you handsome officers of the law?

Tanner: Wait what did he take again?

Babe: My bag!

Tanner: Bag? Mike! *A beat* Let's go to Space. It's only 7 am!

Mike: This is why we are the best cops in Miami

Mike and Tanner jump up and heel click. The woman is on the floor with her hands up, The guys walk across the stage to the club. Lights down on the babe in distress.

Lights up stage center on Mike and Tanner at a club. The lights are like purpleish. We borrow the machis \$1,600 lightshow. A couple of cells and pills are dancing in the club. This is playing <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3NNxFiU0qL0>

Tanner: There's nothing more rewarding than helping those in need. Right Mike?

Mike: You said it pal, we kicked crime in the fucking balls!

Tanner: Space is the shit, I fucking love Chris Stussy.

Very obvious gunshot sounds. There are screams offstage.

Mike: Dude, did you just hear gunshots?

Tanner: Dude, those are just fireworks. Just take these Qualudes, it'll drown out the screams.

Mike and Tanner take the pills. They're now tripping balls. Everyone else clears the room frantically.

Mike: I'M MIKE

Tanner: AND I'M TANNER

Mike and Tanner: and we are Machi Vice

Mike and Tanner Jump pose back to back, then dance to the music 80s. Lights down.

Proctologist Magician

Characters: Doctor, Patient, Houdina

Lights up stage center Doctor Asswipe and patient. The patient is lying across a table with a sheet.

Doctor ass wipe: So what brings you into my office today? Your ass I presume?

Patient: It's actually my bladder doc, I've got this itch. It's like a fish in a barrel

Doctor ass wipe: Alright drop your draws for me and let's take a gander.

Patient: Do your worst doctor.

Patient pops his pussy sussy style

Doctor ass wipe: Wow your ass hole is staring at me, it's like staring into the eye of Ra!

Patient: It used to make me insecure, but I've learned to embrace my gift.

Doctor ass wipe: Let's open that gift up shall we?

Put's on a comically large hulk hand, the patient starts to kick his feet. Asswipe reaches in and starts feeling around. Cartoon cat and steam engine sounds start to play. [longest link ever](#)

Doctor: What are your plans this weekend? Anything special?

Patient: Might go in for a second opinion on this bladder issue, maybe a third. Nothing against you, doc you've got the magic touch.

Doctor: Did someone say magic? I happen to be a master of the mystic arts! I have some tickets if you'd like to attend my upcoming show.

Doctor removes his scrubs and reveals a tux and top hat and cape.

Patient: No thanks Dr. Ass wipe, just keep looking.

Doctor: Not a fan of magic? Perhaps this will change your mind.

Doctor shoves his whole arm up there, visually stressing.

Patient: OOOOOOORR AWWWWWW

Doctor pulls out comically large rope of flags.

Doctor: It won't stop, it's like opening up pandoras box

Eventually pulls out the rope.

Patient: I wanna go home now doctor. Thank you really, but I'm extremely uncomfortable.

Doctor: No no no, not so fast. The performance has just begun.

Doctor keeps diggin, brings out a car jack.

Doctor: Now hold still, this might hurt a little.

Patient: PLEASE SIR MY INSURANCE DOES NOT COVER THIS!

Out pops houdina, his trusty assistant. She's a rusty old showgirl

Houdina: TADDDAAAAA

Doctor: I'd like to introduce you to my trusty assistant houdina!

Houdina: Man, I've been living in ya butt crack two weeks now for this ol trick. Whoops forgot somethin!

Houdina reaches back up his ass pulls out a cigarette

Houdina: I was supposed to quit years ago, but I love blowin smoke up your ass

Patient: I've had it, I've had enough! You sadistic freak!

Doctor: Now, now I'm wrapping up. For my final trick I will make the rest of your life disappear! Congratulations. You have ass cancer!

Patient: What?

Doctor: Ass Cancer!

Patient: How long I got doc?

Doctor: 1 dog year!!

Patient: What!!!!!! You're shitting me doctor!

Houdina: No, you're not shittin at all, cause you got ASS cancer.

The patient cries out and runs out of the room, his hospital gown lowkey still open (thanks Will). The doctor pulls out a dove.

Doctor: What was I ever gonna do with these?

Lights down.

Continental DKE Breakfast

Characters: Mike, Cynthia, Priscila, Deborah, Roller, Lawyer, Lawyer Assistant (nonspeaking), Mick

Lights up stage left on a guy combing his hair and a girl sleeping in bed. The girl wakes up.

Mike: Wooh nice boink, you aren't bad. Here's a voucher.

Cynthia: Oh, a voucher?

Mike: Only our platinum plus visitors get this package, and I deemed our boink... voucher worthy. You're welcome.

Cynthia: But what is the voucher for?

Mike: Oh, have you not banged a DKE before?? Weird. But kinda hot.

Cynthia: No. I'm in DZ so I usually stick to Sig Pi.

Mike: Oooooohhhhhhhh, I totally forgot last night was our Dark Horse mixer. Kind of a shame we only see you guys once every solar eclipse.

Starts smacking his face with his palm.

Mike: Stupid Stupid Stupid.

Cynthia: Wait, so what? Does the voucher mean that I can come back again?

Mike: Ehhhh, not quite. But you can get the continental breakfast downstairs.

Cynthia: Okayyyyyyyyyeeee??

Lights down stage left, lights up stage right/center on three girls sitting at a table. There is a pledge on roller blades, serving the food.

Enter Cynthia, she is baffled and amazed at the ingenuity. Roller pledge comes behind her with a plate covered in a silver cover. The pledge is wearing one of those fancy waiter suits.

Roller Pledge: Corner! Hot food, hot food! Coming through. Move.

Deborah: Cynthia! Over here! Come join us.

Cynthia: What on earth is going on?

Priscila: I know! Nice right? The DKE's sure do clean up nicely! Ouu!! Here comes our food!

Roller pledge comes by with 4 platters. He serves the food

Cynthia: I'm so excited. The Pike's never would even let us sleep there.

Priscila: I know. I got kicked out after trying to rub his feet, apparently only his "boy" can do that.

Roller pledge reveals the food, it's a live shrimp thanks Hayes. (dead if needed but unpeeled definitely)

Deborah: UMMM, excuse me? *holds up the prawn* This is not what we ordered.

Roller Pledge: Oooooo, did you not read the voucher?

Priscila: Yeah. It says "Thank you for participating in fun time with a brother of Delta Kappa Epsilon. For your troubles, we offer an All-You-Can-Eat Continental Breakfast, free of charge, with this voucher."

Roller Pledge: OOp-bu-bu-bu-bup, what does that say right there at the bottom?? I think it says "continental breakfast for Chi-O's only, all others subject to shrimp".

Cynthia: So, you decided to give us one shrimp?

Roller Pledge: You simply did not read the fine print. Did you forget the contract you signed last night?

Deborah: We signed a contract last night?!?

Roller Pledge: Yeah. Our lawyers are air tight. Everything is legally binding.

Priscilla: Ummm, can we see the contract?

Roller Pledge: *sigh* Uh fine. But he hates when he has to come out to do this. Lawyer!

Enter Lawyer wearing an oversized suit with a giant stack of papers. He drops the papers down on the table.

Lawyer: What do you want to know?

Deborah: Is that the contract we signed?

Lawyer: No. It's a giant stack of papers that I carry around all the time.

Priscilla: Oh, phew! For a second I thought maybe you guys —

Enter Lawyer assistant, holding an even bigger, bigger (thanks hayes) stack of papers.

Lawyer: These are the contracts you signed. In short, *puts on tiny glasses* you aren't allowed to tell anyone about this, and you can sign up to come back on weekdays at 2 a.m. or Sundays during Rot time. BUT before 5 p.m. because the boys have strip poker, hahaha, we have yet to see someone win.

Winks to the audience

Priscilla: Is there anything else we drunkenly consented to?

Lawyer: Oh, just that your first born will be named after whichever DKE boinked you.

Priscilla: I don't wanna have to name my kid Mitch!

Lawyer: That's not my problem. You literally have to.

Lawyer exits .

Cynthia: So, are we splitting this shrimp 3 ways?

Deborah reaches for the shrimp.

Deborah: No, I'll have it. I thought you were allergic to crustaceans anyways.

The girls start fighting over the shrimp. Enter 2 DKE.

Mike: Fuck I love unleash the beast, the girls are savages

Mick: Another Dark Horse rager for the books.

They crotch dap. Lights down

Wente Williams

Characters: Can, Wente, P.A. (2, no lines, girl roles), Gurtrout

Lights up stage center on a big cushy chair. An incel is wearing machi shirts.

Can: *Southern sassy lady voice* Hi, I'm sigma chi senior Jaundice Cummings, from the queen city, Charlotte, North Carolina, and today we will be covering all the latest news, drama, for the *gestures to themself* gays and *gestures to the audience* straights. And later we'll get a special performance from our musical guest, P. Diddy! This is. . . the **Wente Williams Show!**

This is playing. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dOEUYS0-Yc>

Wente clearly shoves a P.A. out from the back wing. They are holding a sign.

Wente is wearing her classic blazer that is stuffed full of the biggest tits known to man. She is shaped like the letter P, and is wearing a jean skirt. Wente walks out, takes down a shooter of vodka- throws it into the crowd. She dances out, dramatic and sassy. (Ask Charli)

Wente: *to the crowd* C'mon!

Starts her own clap. "OoO! OoO!"

Wente: I say, clap!!

P.A. holds up the sign, scared, it says "Please Clap." turns it around: "SOS. Help me." Another P.A. tackles him to the ground and drags him off stage.

Wente: Let's hear it for me!!!

Wente: How you doin'? *Double gay wrist hand flops*

Wente stands, stares into the audience and blinks, for far too long.

Wente: SO...

Gossip-y, leans forward and puts her chin on her fisted hand.

Wente: Asig is throwing tonight.

P.A. enters with new sign.

Wente: Clap if you care....

P.A. flips sign up, it says "Don't clap". Disappointed "Ooooo" sound effect plays

(If audience claps, she does a conductor silencing it Wente stops crying.)

If no clap: Wente: Right.

Wente: So, thoughts on Dean of Student Conduct, Jim Settle, taking it in the ass? No wonder his wife filed for divorce! I've been hitting that on the low for the past 20 years.

Cheer sound effect. She then starts humping the air, slapping invisible ass from behind.

Wente: AID!

An aid sprints in frantically carrying a silver platter with a single bottle of pills on it. Wente takes it, unscrews the lid, and dumps the entire bottle into her mouth. The aid sprints off. Wente sits down.

Wente: And now, our first guest, a Kappa Delta from my thriving sweatshop of a business, Wake Forest College. I heard this KD doesn't shave.... Anything. Bless her bush. Okay! Let's bring IT out. Yelling Gurtrout the KD!!!! Come here!!!! Out to audience Awful name.

Gurtrout enters from stage right door. It's just regular Jill in a KD shirt. She's so neutral.

Gasp sound effect

Gurtrout walks to Wente's chair, and looks around for a seat.

Wente: SIT!

Wente points to ground. Gurtrout sits criss-cross apple sauce on the floor next to Wente's big ass chair.

Wente: Good girl!

Gurtrout: Hi I'm Ji-

Wente: ERRHHHHH!

Grutrout: Oh, sorry I jus-

Wente: ERRHHHHHHH! What's the name of this show? That's right, it's the WENTE Williams Show. NOT the Blank Template of a Girl trying to Speak Show!

Grutrout: *Sheepishly* Sorry.

Wente: Denial is a river in Egypt, your sorority... is GAY!

P.A. flips sign up, it says "Clap" Cheer sound effect.

Wente: We love the gays... but you need to leave!

Wente points to the door. Grutrout gets up and leaves.

Wente: Now lets get serious. I am "sorry" I said women don't have rights on last week's live broadcast. It just felt right given the week's guest... a KA. *Starts crying.* But, due to this "accidental" slip up, the Wente William's show is no more. *Stops crying* Luckily, the show will continue on Truth Social where Mama can say whatever she wants!

Music fades in and aids/PAs come in with large qr codes with OF logo

Wente: Well, that's our show. Here are the QR codes to my OnlyFans and venmo account. Please feel free to donate your parents hard earned money to my salary fund. AIDS! Carry me out!

Wente stands up and lays flat on the floor with her hands above her head. Aids grab her wrists and ankles and pick her up.

Wente: *While being carried* Now welcome our musical guest PDiddy! Aids, take me to my sex dungeon, I need a nap!

They carry her off stage. Lights down. The next dance break is a PDiddy song.

Machi Slideshow Redux

Characters: Teorge, Gomas

https://docs.google.com/presentation/d/1-N9aqug8VUmB2Wj4xD2oMueKycMYnvCsDnYreT23fnQ/edit?slide=id.g2bd01bad33d_0_59#slide=id.g2bd01bad33d_0_59

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

Teorge: Whad is up CONsent CON. My name is Teorge.

Gomas: And I'm Gomas. And we are here to tell you what CONsent is all about.

Teorge: To snowball off our last presentation, HAVING GAY SEX ISN'T GAY IT ACTUALLY MAKE'S YOU STRAIGHTER THE PRESENTATION, where we found out that Gay Sex is the straightest thing you can do. We were commissioned by the Not-Straight student alliance to present today at CONsent CON.

Gomas: There's a lot of mystery surrounding the word CONsent. But if you break it down letter by letter it comes out to seven letters. Hopefully after this presentation you guys will know about the word, Consent.

Teorge: Follow Along. Next FUCKING slide. Bitch.

Slide 3.

Teorge: This is, The Con in Consent: Consent is Gay?: Let's Talk about it: The presentation.

Gomas: This title may seem long, but if you read every word carefully you will know what is going on in this presentation. Slide person can you give us the next slide pretty please.

SLIDE 4.

Gomas: First things first. Wait. Who's that chick on the left?

Teorge: Oh shit my bad.

Picture of George transitions on top of the woman's face.

Gomas: Excellent. I look way better than that person. Audience, do you know what else is way better looking than that chick, and maybe even me? Consent.. Now lets get in to what consent looks like, next slide numb nutz

SLIDE 5

Teorge: This is a photo of a loving couple touching eachother up, consensualy of course.

Slide 6

Gomas: And this is a photo of the same loving couple but we are on top of them with the power of photoshop.

Teorge: AI wishes they could do what we can do

Gomas: Fact.

Teorge: Consent feels as good as flying in the air with my dads yamaha dirt bike, yes thats me in the photo.

Gomas: Additionally, consent also feels like being a young little boy blowing dandelions in the wind.

Teorge: Triply Henceforth, porking a girl with consent literally tasteS like a MUG rootbeer float.

Gomas: Much to my dismay, we must now talk about what consent doesn't look like..
VIEWER DISCRETION IS ADVISED...

Slide 6

Teorge: Wow how dismaying. In that photo there are four hands on my crotch and I totally don't like it.

Gomas: *Spits* Yuk. Not doing consent feels like cheating. We don't do that over here at Sigma Chi.

Teorge: Who is that guy? Now we have also found a video demonstration detailing exactly what consent doesn't not feel like, not.

Transition to Danny Corona face fucking vid.

Gomas: Wow. Look at those guys go!

Gomas: Wrapping this show up, we have compiled a list of quotes about CONsent.

Teorge: "One small step for man, one giant leap for Consetn" Lance Armstrong the cyclist.

Gomas: So wise. Next quotation please... "Consent is Chill" plato circa 428 Bc.

Teorge: Wow. That actually touched me... consensually.

Transition.

Teorge: "In 1969 we're gonna go to the moon and I fw consent heavy." - My close friend JFK - Long live john fucking kenedy

Slide 8.

Gomas: Please consider investment in our t-shirts.

Teorge: So tuff.

Academy awards wrap up music starts playing

Gomas: Oh guess we've got to wrap up the presentation.

Slide 9.

Gomas: And thus concludes our CONsent Con presentation. We want to thank Consenters everywhere, the Sigma Chi fraternity, and of course John F. Kennedy.

Teorge: Goodnight!

Lights down.

Zyn: The Big Pouch Advertisement

Characters: V.O., Kid 1, Kid 2, Kid 3, Concerned Parent

Little kids with lolly pops and pin wheel hats standing in center stage with many scattered Zyn cans in hand

VO: Do you kids like Zyn!

Kid 1: Yea! We kindergarteners have it hard, and love the taste of wintergreen! The piercing pain in our gums makes us stronger!

VO: But what if the Zyn was bigger?

Kid 2: What?!

VO: Like so much fucking bigger! Like way too big!

Kid 3: That sounds so awesome.

VO: Introducing ZYN: The big pouch *sound effect* “the big pouch” *tasteful boom sound effect*  *Explosion sound effect - bomb sound - boom sound*

Two Zyn employees in suits bring a mattress with a giant ZYN label on it to center stage, they run off stage.

Kid 3: Oh my god how can we fit all of that in our mouths

The kids are inspecting the mattress with glee!

VO: You don't!

Kids: Really?

The kids jump for joy

VO: You just bite it like a dog would!

Kids: YAYYYYYYY!

Kids start biting it like a dog would. As they rip it up, there is white powder flying around, on their faces.

VO: wow look at them go!

Kid 1: How much does the big pouch cost

VO: It can be yours for only \$30,000 free shipping and handling, but you can finance it for 15,000 years.

Kid 1: Thanks twice removed step mom and dad

Kids give a thumbs up and big smile

VO: Come on kids bounce on it, I swear it gives you more of a buzz, bounce on it.

Parents: As a concerned parent, what did the voice over guy just say?

VO: Shut up you pig FUCK! Just keep bouncing on it, it's so much fun!

Kid 2: Are there any cool side effects?

VO: Yes! All questions are good questions, unless you are a concerned parent. The side effects are being dope as hell, and death within 5 hours 🦴🦴🦴🦴🦴

Kids: Yayyyyyyyyyyy!

The kids jump again they are very happy and excited

VO: Get yours today! ZYN, the big pouch! *sound effect "the big pouch" tasteful boom sound effect*  *Explosion sound effect - bomb sound - boom sound*

Lights Down

Roommate Dog is a Fucking Scumbag

Characters: Mark, Mom, Dad, Doug, Animal Control 1, Animal Control 2

Lights up on a freshman with their parents moving into their dorm. Dad has croakies and Peter millar from Old Town, mom is wearing athleisure set.

Mom: We're so proud of you sweetie for getting into Wake! And it's not at all that we donated 2 million dollars to the Athletic department.

Dad: I'm gonna miss you! *Pats him on the head, takes off his polo to reveal a bowling shirt.* I know I was gonna help move you in because you're my son, but I have to go bowl for the rest of my life. I love being an empty nester!

Dad dips, he's super hyped.

Quotation Mark: Thanks Mom and Dad! I love you guys so much! The random roommate thing has me on edge, I sure do hope he's cool! He doesn't have an instagram and it says he's from The Pound?

Mom: Ooooh. He has a compound! Thank god they have money. *She drowns a bottle of pills.* I'm gonna miss you... Okay byyyyyeeee. Good luck moving three cars worth of stuff into your dorm!

Picks up phone call.

Mom: Julio meet me at the Chilis down the road and order me a frozen marg. My husband's bowling all day.

She leaves.

Quotation Mark: Finally. Time to christen the room.

He starts pulling down his pants, it's like he's bout to wank it but he pulls out a rubix cube.

Quotation Mark: I'm a beast on this cube.

There's a knock on the door. Mark hoists his pants up.

Quotation Mark: Dangit. Come in! *Side* Don't fuck this up. A freshman year roommate can turn into a friend for life!

Enter Doug the dog. He has a cone on his head and he's carrying suitcases.

Doug: Bark bark bitch.

Quotation Mark: Hi! My name's Mark but my friends like to joke around and call me Quotation Mark. But you don't have to call me that if you don't want I'm...

Doug: Nice cankles fuck face. I'm gonna call you cankles.

Quotation Mark: wait... you're a dog? And you can speak!

Doug: And I can also blow fat O's. Check this out.

Doug takes out a box mod and rips a cloud. There's no O.

Doug: Fuck that doesn't usually happen. Alright fuck you, I'm gonna go meet up with my dawgs, get it. Fuck you. *Lifts his leg up to pee and flips off Mark*

Mark: Hey my mom just bought me that rug.

Doug: And I'm gonna scoot my ass all over it. Woof.

Doug leaves. Lights down. Lights up on Doug and his boys. They are having some pitchers at Shorty's.

Quotation Mark: Are you guys drinking underage? On campus? That's like a double whammy.

Doug: I'm literally 87 in dog years. I can do whatever I want.

Quotation Mark: Umm can I join you guys?

Doug stands up and fake punches him in the face.

Doug: I could beat your ass if I fucking wanted to. But I'm not.. because I'm with my dawgs. *A beat.* Bitch

Quotation Mark starts to cry.

Doug: Aww are you gonna cry about it? You're a little cry baby? What are you gonna get your mom?

Mark: Screw you, I'm leaving.

Quotation Mark runs off stage right crying.

Doug: Sorry about my roommate guys, he blows.

Lights down. Lights up stage right on Mark walking back to his room. He's crying and he's on his phone.

Mark: Sheesh I wish my mom was here. She always knows how to turn lemons into lemonade.

Mark walks through the Banshee door, Lights up stage center on Mark's room. His mom is sitting with a glass of wine.

Mark: Mom you came back! Oh my goodness I need your help. My new roommate is the worst and he's being really mean to me and...

Skibidi Toilet flush sound effect

Mark: Who's that?

Enter Doug from stage right. He's drying off his groin area with a rag.

Doug: Phew! I'm ready for round two. Oh hey Mark, don't mind my bitch. Haha, I can say that I'm a dog. Woof.

Mom: It's not what it looks like Mark.

Doug: It is what it looks like, Mark. I just banged your mom.

Mark: What...

Doug: What position? Doggy obviously. *Doug does layup motion* Layup!

Mark: I'm gonna be sick.

Doug: Sick. Yeah, fuccing your mom was sick.

Mom tries to console Mark.

Mom: Don't be mad sweetie, do you need your inhaler?

Mark: Get off me! That's it I'm calling the pound.

Mark picks up his phone.

Mark: Yeah THE POUND? I've got a stray SCUMBAG dog in my dorm room.

Enter two Animal Controls. They've got a catch pole.

Doug: No I can't go back there! I'll be nice I swear. I'll buy you beer...

Animal Control 1: Is this the dog?

Doug: Noooooo.

Animal Control 2: He can talk though, can he freestyle?

Doug: Yeah, yeah, I can. Ummmm...

Starts doing the snap Mhh Mhhh Mhh freestyle beat.

I got two glocks. On my paws.

Got me lookin like a crook.

Mark's mom gave me top in the library.

Call that Facebook.

Mark: That's just an insult.

Animal Control 1: OHH OHHH Oh Shit. Shit, that was sick, fucking homie.

Animal Control 2: Fuck, he fucks too hard to put him away.

Animal Control 1: FucK, we gotta take someone back.

Animal Control 2: Let's just take this guy Mark.

They snatch Mark and drag him off stage.

Mark: Wait, what the fuck?? I'm not a fucking dog!!! You can't do this!

Doug: That's the problem, you don't got that dawg in you.

They exit. Doug and Mom are still on stage. Doug snaps his fingers, this plays <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vYMxOzxKYYo>. A candlelight turns on magically.

Doug: Now, where were we?

Doug jumps back on mom. Lights down.

#1 Fizzer

Characters: Frank, Poparzi 1, Poparaiz 2, Hanzela, Gretel

Lights up stage left Frank the fizz master, he's forty with grey hair and two extremely hot chicks they are foreign and constantly rubbing his chest and frank is the absolute fucking man. Paparazzi come up to him and take pictures.

Frank: God being the number one fizzer at THE wake forest university is the fucking best

Poparzi snapping flash photos getting in his face

Poparzi: @**OozmaKappaCoach**, are you going to bag those two hot european chicks?

Frank: is the sky brown? Hell nah, these are my daughters.

Poparaiz: Why are you still at wake if you are forty years old?

Frank: shut the fuck up dumb fuck! Don't ask dumb questions.

Gretel: *clapping and cheering* wowza so funny and cool, classic number one on fizz guy

Hanzela: tell these propaganda people at the old gold and black why you are so good at fizz

Frank: Thank you Hanzela, thats my favorite pass time activity, besides fucking your mom, I did such a good job raising you two smokin hot german gals

Both girls: thank you fada

Poparzi 1: So, do you have any tips for the unemployed aspiring fizzers?

Frank: Fizzing is all about consistency, and pure comedic prowess. Do you think i'm funny?

Poparaiz 2: Every word you say is amazing! Everybody loves you!

Frank: No shit, Sherlock. As a forty year old who spends every waking hour locked in on teenage drama, it truly is my dream come true. Anyways guys thats all the time i have, i gotta get to work writing fizz posts. That's my full time job.

Lights down stage left lights up stage right on frank sitting on a chair, he has really bad posture and sits at his desk, with a scar face amount of cocaine. He's chain smoking cigarettes. Talking like Daniel Day-Lewis in There Will Be Blood. The lighting is moody and smooth jazz plays in the background.

Frank: Finally I'm alone! I have this here cocaina, I have my large iPad Pro, and my wonderful thumbs for typing on the fizz app. Oh god I love being number 1. All right first fizz of the day: Hmm *types stupidly with upside down thumbs* "if you dont like this fizz my grandmother will die of ass cancer, up vote to pray for me!" Alrighty and post.

Hanzela and gretel enter

Hanzela: Faza how is fizzing going? I has one idea, "upvote if you don't have GPA over 4.0" Dat is auto 2.3 thousand upvote".

Frank: Shut the fuck up hanzela, those are rookie numbers. My last fizz, for which I ranked fraternities as WNBA players, had 80 thousand upvotes! And one repost

Gretel: But the student population is only 6 thousand!

Frank: I dont give a rat's ass, i dont care if it's three thousand, I want more, MORE I SAID

Hanzela: Dad, we don't like when you get like this.

Frank: Do you see this cocaine? I have this spoon, and you have your spoon. *Pulls up two comically large spoons* And I take my spoon from wayyyyyyyyy over here and I scoooooop the cocaine, I chew the cocaine, I swallow the cocaine. Do you know how I pay for all of this cocaine?

Gretel: Fizz?

Frank: CORRECT! It's Fizz. Tell me do you like this house? Do you like your pink goyard bag? Do you like your trinkets and pink drink? Do you know what happens if I stop doing what I do?

Hanzela: No! please! Don't speak like dat, hanzela needs her goyard bag and da-

Frank: If I were to stop fizzing, "grandmother has ass cancer" alllllllllllllll of what we own would blow away like sand in the desert wind. Let me ask you a simple question. Do you think I am funny?

Gretel: Yes you are the most funniest.

Frank starts to frantically dance around the room.

Frank: CORRECT AGAIN!!!!!! IM SO FUCKING FUNNNNNY, IM A FUNNY SILLY MAN, I am funny, I'm funny, FUNNY, FUNNY, FUNNNY,

Frank: *crying* please help me lord above please everyone upvote if i am funny

He starts to recollect himself after shedding a single tear 🥲.

Frank: My beautiful daughters, you must excuse me whilst I powder my nose.

Frank slams head in giant pile of cocaine. He lifts his head up dramatically and then slumps over and dies.

Hanzela: Nooooooooo! Vater! What was his final fizz? Gretel, check his phone his passcode is 6969.

Gretel: *In tears* it says gay son or thot daughter?

Both: That is so classicccccccccc.

Lights down

Sorority Girls Can't Stand Those Classless Thugs

Characters: Shlurp, Sally, Samrah, Homeless Man

Lights up on three sorority girls slurping down rosé bags.

Shlurp: I really needed to blackout tonight. There was like minimal traffic from Ewing to campus today it was so stressful.

Sally: That sounds soooo hard. Like the most difficult thing ever. You're being really brave.

Samrah: Who knew mixing white wine with red wine gave you rosé? Well, I did. I learned that in my intro to sommelier class when I was abroad. Which only cost 20k!

Glass shattering [sound effect](#).

Sally: ummmm guys? I think I heard a rumble in the other room over there.

Shlurp: *in white voice* Bitch you tripping! You go, you're everyone's least favorite friend out of the group.

Sally: Can you go with me? I'm scarred!

Samrah stands up and just falls to the floor piss drunk.

Shlurp: Ugh fine. You grab her legs, I'll get her stupid ass girl head.

They grab her and drag her to a door on stage center-left. Lights up stage center on a messy room that's clearly been robbed. There's chairs on the floor and a flipped over table. But a Goyard bag, makeup stuff, a stanley cup, a pile of jewelry, and other rich girl stuff still sits on a table untouched.

Shlurp: Oh my god, a stupid thug robbed us... wait, but they DIDN'T even take my Summer Fridays lip gloss??!!! They just left it!!! Do these classless robbers even KNOW how expensive that is?

Sally: And my Goyard's still here!? They literally just took my amazon gift card OUT of it!

Shlurp: These fuck ass lower-middle class losers took all the boring stuff like food and blankets. What the fuck do you need that for?

Samrah wakes up and reads a note she found on the table.

Samrah: A note... it reads... can you read it? I think I developed blind.

Sally: It reads again... Dear Ewing Drive homeowners, we are so sorry to have robbed your house. It's been a brutally cold winter and my infant children need blankets and food to survive. PS. If you don't want to get robbed again I suggest you close your doors and windows instead of leaving them open all the time. Also there was a candle burning so I blew it out for you. Sincerely, the homeless.

Samrah: Stuffy republicans! I think they're called unhoused people yah.

Shlurp: Yah.

Sally: Yah. Wait but those botched gross unhoused cretins were touching our stuff! I think I'm gonna be sick.

Samrah: Didn't we have a dog?

Sally looks back at the note.

Sally: PS again, your dog was so skinny and malnourished that it looked like ET so we took it too. Sincerely, the homeless.

Shlurp: But he was so fat! The forced canine diet didn't work so we HAD to stop feeding it.

Samrah: Girlies, wait the rosé is working, I'm so locked in now. We can't let the unhoused take our hard earned inherited money!

Sally: But haaw? The one time I saw a homeless person I threw a honeybun in his face because I was scared?

Shlurp: What's a honeybun? Do they have those at Bobby Boys?

Samrah: What does a homeless person want more than anything?

Sally: A honeybun?

Samrah: No shut the fuck up you're so fucking dumb i fucking hate you. They want a house!

Sally and Shlurp: OHHHHH.

Samrah: Huddle up ladies I have a plan. I'm such a G on rosé, it's crazy.

They huddle and whisper to each other. Lights down. Lights up stage center on the living room, except there is a comically small house set up with a trail of honeybuns leading up to it. The girls are huddled behind a table with a butterfly net.

Samrah: Are the doors open?

Sally: Check.

Samrah: Did you leave the trail of honeybuns up to the fake house?

Shlurp: Check.

Samrah: The plan is in motion all we have to do is wait.

A homeless man waddles on stage following the trail of honeybuns, and munching on honeybuns.

Homeless Guy: A house? I've never had one of those before. I can't wait to walk around naked in that thing!

The Girls: ooooooooouuuu.

Shlurp: What'd he say?

Homeless Guy starts stripping his clothes off.

Homeless Guy: Ooh this gonna feel real good on my stricken joints.

Sally: Who's gonna get him?

Shlurp: You've got it.

Sally charges out with a butterfly net and catches homeless guy.

Sally: Eewwwwwwww. Ick Ick Ick . It's so grosssuhhh. Samrah what do I do now?

Samrah: I didn't think that far ahead!

Homeless Guy: Why have you entrapped me in this net little lady?

Shlurp: Because you're a criminal for not wanting to steal our priceless accessories.

Samrah: They're not priceless, exactly. They're actually very very very expensive. You couldn't even imagine the wealth I have.

Homeless Guy: Oh I guess that's right. If you just get me out of this net, I'll be on my merry way. I'm sorry for bothering you. Ooh look at those beautiful shoes!

Sally: What. My golden geese! These are 700 dollars retail.

Homeless Guy: But they have dirt all over them. They look like they were exactly made for a homeless man like me! Can I... Can I have them?

Sally: You want my golden geese?! OMG taste! Finally a homeless man with some class.

She takes the shoes off and hands them over.

Homeless Guy: Yippie kai yay! You are a kind people.

Girls: Awwwwwww.

Shlurp: Yeah we try!

Homeless Guy: Stay away from the underpass on University, there's a gang of Orcs waiting for you! Okay, stay safe. Glibba globba glizzledoop.

Homeless Guy starts hobbling off stage. His pants are still off.

Sally: Wait... are you busy tonight?

Homeless Guy: I have to go rummage and beg for an hour but I could move it. I'm homeless and my schedule is pretty flexible.

Samrah: Wanna be my date to our DFunc?

Homeless Guy: Can I use your shower?

Samrah: No.

Homeless Guy: Well yippie kay yay! Doople globble gleezleduwop.

They all do a C Jump! Lights down.

Pope Initiation Night

Characters: Roger Goodell, Pope Leo, Cardinal Clam, Cardinal Vespucci, Cardinal Laz , Pope Francis.

Lights up stage right on roger goodell, he's at a podium

Roger Goodell: Hello everybody, and welcome to the Pope draft!

Crowd Boos

Lights up stage left on Pope Leo. He's sitting on a casting couch with two nuns.

Roger Goodell: And for the first pick, of the 267th Pope Draft, the Vatican selects. Cardinal Leo, from Chi town.

The pope stands up from his coach and hugs the nuns, he screams. He runs across the stage and bear hugs tf out of Roger Goodell. Roger hands him the pope outfit. They do a jersey photo thing.

Roger: Congratulations, and by the way, you're so fuckkeeedddd.

Lights down, lights up stage center on Pope Leo; he's in full Pope garb. He's also in bows and toes. Iron Man starts to play  Iron Man , cardinals run out on stage.

Cardinal Clam: You are soo fucked, ur my bitches bitch, you're my grand bitch, bitch!

Cardinal Vespucci: That's right, you're the dirt on my fucking shoe, you are scum, you are nothing

Cardinal Laz: I'm gonna punch you in the fuckkkkkk!

Cardinal Clam: I bet your mom is so hot, I mean, like sooo hot, hoooooowweeeee! Now get up and give me Johnny Appleseed prayers right now go!

The pope gets up and recites the prayer, he's shitting his pants. The Cardinals clap along with him as he sings.

"Oh, the Lord is good to me,

And so I thank the Lord,

For giving me the things I need:

The sun and the rain and the apple seed.

Oh, the Lord's been good to me. Sir!

Cardinal Clam: I'm sorry, what did you just call me, son? Sir? Sir? My name is Father, to you gereatric fuck! You're not even Italian dude.

Cardinal Vespucci: Test time little bitch. What's Jesus H. Christ's middle name? Bitch.

Pope Leo: Oh I know this one, is it Holy?

Cardinal Vespucci: Wronggggg! It's Hillary, now get on your knees. It's time for holy water boarding!

The pope gets on his knees, the cardinals puts a towel on his face, they begin to flick little amounts of holy water on his face. This starts to play

<https://youtu.be/FClamGIpqwx5KQ?feature=shared&t=Clam>

Cardinal Laz: You're so fucked and blessed!

Cardinal Vespucci: The lord giveth, and the lord taketh away your manhood!

Cardinal Clam: Yeah, you think this is bad, take him to the purgatory room.

Two cardinals pick him up and drag him across the stage.

Cardinal Vespucci: Hey man on a real note, we all love you, bro. Like so much!

Cardinal Laz: We've all been through the exact same process, man, this totally isn't an excuse to abuse someone in the name of god.

Cardinal Clam: The pope parties are gonna be so fun next semester. You're gonna be the king of the Vatican.

Cardinal Vespucci: Anyways, we're really sorry for what we're about to do to you, like so sorry, yeah, now kill Pope Francis with a deacon one card.

Pope Leo: Wait, you guys picked the next pope while the current pope is still alive?

Cardinal Vespucci: Uh no shit, Sherlock, we're the fucking the conclave. This is how it works.

Pope Francis slowly gets out of a coffin.

Pope Francis: Kill me my son.

Pope Leo: *sheepishly* This feels so wrong. *Leans in with Deacon Card.*

Cardinal Laz: SIKE. You actually thought we were gonna make you murder the spiritual leader of 2.8 billion souls?

Cardinal Clam: You a crazy motherfucker, man.

Cardinal Vespucci: Congrats, lil bro. You're so in.

The cardinals surround him with hugs, and Congratulations is playing. They sway and dance <https://youtu.be/SCCasterxMk98Pdc?feature=shared&t=Clam0>.

Cardinal Clam: YOOOO YOU FUCKING MADE IT

Cardinal Vespucci: DUDE, YOU'RE OFFICIALLY MY BROTHER!!! Let's gooo

Cardinal Laz: CMON BOYS, LET'S TAKE HIM TO KISS THE KIDS

Lights down.