

**Nate's Intro To "Yikes! 2021"**

**Nate:** Hello everyone and welcome to Yikes! 2021 - presented by STAGE, with a special appearance by *Subject to Change!*

My name is Nate & I am STAGE's president. Our members have been working hard to get this show ready for you tonight, and I know that everyone is super excited to show you!

Before I let our *wonderful* team of jesters come out and kick us off tonight, I would just like to address a few things.

Firstly, there are some parts of tonight's show that will require audience participation. You will know that we are looking for audience participation for the segment by 2 ways. First, the awkward stares you will get from the cast if no one answers; And 2, this light in the back will turn on (*Turn on light*).

Secondly, STAGE is proud to welcome you to tonight's showing free of charge, however we are very appreciative of any donations towards our organization! We will have a donation option during the performance itself, and a fishbowl will be at the door on the way out at the end of the evening. We accept cash, paypal, and venmo All donations from tonight will be used to help fund our future projects/performances.

Lastly, we are live streaming this event tonight, so that those who are not able to attend (either due to Covid quarantine procedures or their physical distance from the university) university), can still watch the show. If you have any questions about this please see a

crew member.

Anywho, without further or due, I am pleased to welcome our court Jesters!

### Five Court Jesters Introduce the Shows of YIKES!

*They speak in poor quality old English accents, using words like “thy”, “thee” and “ye” often. The KING is a brutal leader who requires more of them than they are capable of handling.*

*Jackson*

*Jack*

*Cathy*

*Madeline*

*Abby*

*KING*

**Jackson:** Welcome, to YIKES! 2021

**Cathy:** Please take ye seats

**Madeline:** Turn off ye cell phones

**Jack:** And be respectful of ye cast and ye crews!

**Abby:** Please clap, and cheer, and shout with glee,

**Jackson:** But do not be distracting to all of thee

**Madeline:** And be welcome to donate thy shellings at the end of the performance!

**Cathy:** That means money!

**Jack:** And now to open the show, our neighbors and trade partners from the East, Changing Subjects!

*Abby Whispers to Jack*

**Jack:** Subject to Chaaange!

### Subject to change performance #1

*Subject to change does a performance, then will hand the show back to our jesters.*

### Jesters Intro – Blocked Out

**Cathy:** Thank you, thank you Changing Subjects!

**Everyone:** Subject to Change!

**Cathy:** Ah yes, yes! Thank you Subject to Change, we will see you again shortly! Now, our first show of the evening is Blocked Out, written by Isabel Kubiak.

**Abby:** Starring Madelyn Stembol and Lillie Rozycki

**Jackson:** Directed by Asia Williams!

### Blocked Out

#### *Characters:*

*Writer (any gender): A writer struggling with a bad case of writer's block. Generally frustrated and tired. Usually skeptical of anything Idey says.*

*Idey (any gender): The visible embodiment of Writer's creative ideas. Speaks very casually, as if everything they say is common knowledge to*

*Writer. A little bossy.*

*Writer is seated at a desk, visibly stressing out as they scribble away in their journal, occasionally ripping a piece of paper from the journal, balling it up and tossing it into a trash bin. They say the following lines out loud to themselves as they attempt to write:*

**Writer:** “An aspiring writer suffering from a... severe case of writer’s block is attempting-- is valiantly attempting, yet miserably failing to write an entertaining scene. It is made obvious by their frequent scribbling out of words and tossing of crumpled papers that they cannot seem to generate a single idea.”

*Writer pauses, staring blankly at what they’ve written. They let out a sigh*

**Writer (cont.):** No, that’s no good either.

*They begin trying to write again, continuing to think out loud and cross words out and toss their vague, boring ideas as they go.*

**Writer (cont.):** “We open on a...family seated at a table...”  
No. “A blank stage. The noise of a party can be heard. Our main character enters the stage...”  
No idea what to do with that. “Two people can be seen having a conversation as a third runs past them, yelling about a cat...”

*Writer lets out a frustrated groan as they crumple up that piece of paper and toss it away, this paper*

*overshooting the trash bin and landing of stage. Writer leans back in their chair and gestures in frustration at their journal.*

**Writer** Why is it so hard to write one damn scene?!  
**(cont.):** That's all I need is one idea for one scene!  
God, this would be so much easier if the scene could just write itself.

*Just then, the paper Writer threw just moments ago is thrown from of stage by someone or something and hits Writer in the head.*

**Writer** What the--? Who threw that?  
**(cont.):**

**Idey:** *(from off stage)* I did.

**Writer:** *(clearly confused)* Who said that? *(looking up towards the ceiling)* God? Is that you?

**Idey:** *(entering)* Nope, not God. Just me.

**Writer:** Who are you?! And how did you get into my room?!

**Idey:** Oh, right, I should probably introduce myself. Hi, I'm the visible embodiment of your creative ideas. You can call me Idey. Nice to meet you.

**Writer:** I'm sorry, you're my WHAT?

**Idey:** I'm all of your ideas, but personified into a visible form. Usually I'm much more abstract than this, and I'm also usually in your brain, but here I am.

**Writer:** Am I going insane? *(gesturing animatedly at Idey)* How are you, an abstract concept,

standing in front of me as a physical... thing?  
And how did you get out of my brain?

**Idey:** About that... Well, it got a little...  
overcrowded up in Mind Palace, a.k.a. your  
brain, so I kinda... willed myself into existence  
thanks to your overactive imagination and  
moved out

**Writer:** You – How did --?

*Writer pauses, taking a deep breath and trying  
to process what's happening*

**Writer  
(cont.):** So you, my ideas, are active enough to will  
yourself into a tangible form and just pop out  
of my brain?

**Idey:** Yeah, kida.

*Writer is hit with a brilliant realization*

**Writer:** So if you can do that, if you can become a  
physical thing, you, my ideas, can literally be a  
scene that writes itself, this is perfect!

**Idey:** Ohhh... Actually, no, I..can't do that. You still  
need to be the one who actually writes the  
scene.

**Writer:** What do you mean you can't do that, you're  
literally the physical embodiment of my ideas!

**Idey:** No, no, not physical embodiment, visible  
embodiment. You can see me as the  
embodiment of your ideas, but I'm not actually  
a physical, tangible being, so I can't write the  
scene. Quite honestly, I'm not super useful to  
you outside of your brain.

**Writer:** Wait, if you're not a physical thing, then how did you throw that paper at my head earlier?

**Idey:** Look, trying to explain all the intricacies of what exactly I am and how exactly I work is a complicated task that would take way too much exposition, and..well, you're a writer, you know you don't want to have so much exposition that a scene just drags on and on and you just bore your audience.

*Idey acknowledges the actual audience with a quick wink (or other gesture that would be appropriate) then returns their focus to the scene*

**Idey (cont.):** So can you just go along with what I tell you for a minute?

**Writer:** Um... sure, I guess?

**Idey:** Great. Now, where were we? Oh, right—not super useful outside your brain.

**Writer:** Well, if you're not useful outside my brain, why don't you get back inside my brain and help me write?

**Idey:** See, that's the issue. I kinda... can't

**Writer:** What do you mean you can't?! You got out somehow, why can't you go back in?!

**Idey:** I already told you, Mind Palace is too crowded. There's no room for me up there.

**Writer:** But you're my ideas, how is there no room for you?

- Idey:** There are a lot of other things occupying your brain and some of them are *totally* cramping my style. You've gotta kick some of them out.
- Writer:** Care to inform me on what's occupying my brain that apparently leaves no space for you up there?
- Idey:** Oh, gladly. But I'll spare you the exposition and get straight to the point—we call it Block.
- Writer:** Block?
- Idey:** Yes. And it's occupying way too much of your brain space. So... you've got to get it out of there.
- Writer:** And I'm suppose to get rid of this "block"... how exactly? Could you maybe... do what you do best and give me an idea?
- Idey:** Ohh, sorry... um, remember how I'm kinda useless if I'm not actually up in your brain?
- Writer:** Ah. I see. Could you at least... inform me a little on what this "Block" is?
- Idey:** Yeah of course, why didn't you just say so? Block is basically this...mass up in Mind Palace that keeps growing and invading my space. And it grows more and more every time you sit down to write, but just end up throwing out ideas. So actually, you kinda kicked me out of your brain. How rude
- Writer:** Oh, so this (*gesturing to the trash bin crumpled papers*) is what you came from? Yeah, that would explain why you're kinda useless
- Idey:** (*slightly offended*) I did not! I came from your



brain. Anyway, Block. Get. Rid. Of. It.

**Writer:** *(exasperated)* I don't know how I'm supposed to do that!

*Writer pauses. Their posture sags as they let out a defeated sigh*

**Writer:** Look, I get what you mean by there being a block in my brain that's not letting you have your space. I know I've been...pretty stuck when it comes to trying to write out any ideas recently.

**Idey:** Why? What's causing you to feel so stuck that you can't write?

**Writer:** I... I guess I just don't feel like any of my ideas are actually good enough to follow through with them. They all just feel too... bland or half-baked or...occasionally there's one that seems too ridiculous, but I never know what to do with any of them.

**Idey:** So what? You think a few not-so-great ideas completely stopped any of history's greatest writers from writing? So maybe you don't have the greatest ideas again, but have you tried just...taking a few and running with them for a bit? Just to see what happens?

**Writer:** Not really. I've pretty much just been giving up on all my ideas without giving them a chance. I've been... giving up on you, haven't I?

**Idey:** *(nodding slowly)* Exactly. So here's what you're going to do. All of these *(picking papers out of the bin and placing them on Writer's desk)* are ideas that we've already started and stopped. You are going to sit here and write

them out, no matter how bland or ridiculous they may seem, until enough of the block has cleared out of your brain so I can move back in and we can start generating better ideas. Got it?

**Writer:** Got it

*Writer begins working through the pile of papers, often speaking ideas out loud to herself (may expand on ideas from earlier or may ad-lib ideas), and occasionally looking to Idey for some guidance. As Writer works, Idey hovers around them, starting of very close to them and gradually moving farther away. Once Writer gets to the last few papers in the pile, there is a freeze on them as Idey steps forward to address the audience.*

*Idey looks over at Writer, then to the audience, then to Writer once more, and finally back to the audience.*

**Idey:** Well isn't that funny – for a pile of trahsed ideas, I'm not so useless after all.

*Unfreezes scene as Idey makes a silent exit and Writer looks up from the last paper they were working on.*

**Writer:** Okay. That's all of them. Do you have enough space to move back into my brain yet? (*looking around in somewhat worried confusion*) Idey?

*Writer gasps as they are suddenly hit with a flood of ideas. They start writing immediately. Then they briefly pause, glancing slightly upward.*

**Writer  
(cont.):** Thanks, buddy.

*blackout*

**Jesters character improv segment and intro for Gay-Awakening**

**King:** That was absolutely fantastic! Anothah round of applause!  
Idiots, ye must be as good as that show and improv troupe to entertain our guests. Get to it!

**Abby:** Aye!

**Jackson:** Alright!

**Jack:** Huzzah!

**Cathy:** I have something, what's most useful when it's...?

**Everyone:** NO-!

**Madeline:** Cathy's jokes are the worst!

*Cathy leads in requesting improv characters, setting, actions, etc. and assigns roles as she sees best fit*

*They do said improv*

**King:** That was horrible! After tonight's show ye shall be punished! Noble subjects of the crows, please be prepared to share your most horrendous punishments with these fools. Now, introduce the next show and lets get on with it!

**Jack:** Our second show of the evening is titled Gay-Awakening, written by Mitchell Opperman!

**Abby:** Starring Jackson Irwin, Maggie MacDONell,

and Alex Foster

**Madeline:** Directed by Shayanne Burpee Williams

## **Gay A-WAKE-NING**

### Scene 1

#### *Synopsis:*

*A teenage softball player is discovering that he might be gay and believes his fellow player/crush is as well. Little does he know that he is completely misreading the signals and his crush's grandma passed away.*

#### *Characters:*

*Sam: an energetic, curious young lad. He (or she) gets so caught up in his own fantasies that he misses key details and social cues.*

*Morgan: an athletic sports fellow with feelings. Clearly dealing with something that is causing him much sadness and confusion and needs consolation in his friend and teammate Sam.*

*Jamie: sarcastic, partially dead on the inside. Good friend of*

*Sam who's getting tired of this sh\*t.*

*Note: Any role and pronouns can be gender swapped as needed.*

*The softball field. Practice is running smoothly. Sam enters*

*running with a softball in hand.*

**Sam:** *(smiling) I love sports ball... (looks off into the distance) Oh my god, it's Morgan!*

*Morgan enters running but stops and sighs with a sad face*

**Sam (cont.):** He's so hot today! Wait, what? Oh my god, what the hell did I just say? Could I be GAY?!  
*(Surprised pikachu face)*

*Morgan looks over at Sam*

**Sam (cont.):** Oh my god, he's coming over here! I need to act natural! *(does the most unnatural thing imaginable)*

**Morgan:** *(clearly bummed)* Hey, Sam.

**Sam:** Morgan, hi! How's it going?

**Morgan:** Oh, it's going. Just a very weird and confusing time.

**Sam:** *(looking at audience)* Oh, really? Confusing, huh?

**Morgan:** Yeah. I just really need to talk about this, and I heard you get it.

**Sam:** *(overenthusiastic)* Oh, believe me, I get it!

**Morgan:** Great, thank you! Let's meet at the coffee shop tomorrow morning at eight, and then we can talk.

**Sam:** Sounds good.

*Morgan leaves. Sam screams and picks up his*

*phone*

**Sam (cont.):** Oh my god, oh my god! Jamie, you will not believe what happened!

*Jamie enters opposite Sam to pull off phone call illusion.*

**Jamie:** *(Sarcastically)* Oh my god. Sam, what happened.

**Sam:** You know Morgan?

**Jamie:** You mean the jock who embodies testosterone that everyone in the whole school loves? Yeah, of course.

**Sam:** Well, he was looking at me today, and he came over to me and said he needed to “talk.” I think he likes me!

**Jamie:** Really? You think Morgan, the star of the school’s straightest sport, is gay?

**Sam:** I was confused about it at first too, but I think he made it pretty clear

**Jamie:** And there was no other way to interpret that?

**Sam:** *(confidently)* Nope!

**Jamie:** Uh huh... Well, just don’t get your hopes up.

**Sam:** Oh, Jamie, no need to worry! He’s definitely gay, and definitely into me!

*Sam and Jamie exit, Morgan enters once more*

**Morgan:** *(on the phone)* Yeah, it’ll be nice to talk to sam. I really need people right now after

Grandma's passing...

**Scene 2**

*The coffee shop. Sam, dressed in nicer clothes, eagerly awaits Morgan's arrival.*

**Sam:** *(Smiling) Oh man, I can hardly wait!*

*Morgan Enters*

**Morgan:** *(sad)* Hey Sam.

**Sam:** *(smiling wider)* Heyyyyy!

*Morgan raises an eyebrow but doesn't question it*

**Morgan:** So listen, thank you so much for meeting me here. I really need someone in this difficult time.

**Sam:** *(slightly confused but doesn't break demeanor)*  
Um, yeah, right! Of course. I totally get it. This stuff can be weird. But at least we got each other to explore!

**Morgan:** *(Perplexed)* Um, yeah... I Guess...

*Spills his coffee on the floor*

**Morgan:** Oops!

**Sam:** Don't worry! I'll clean it up!

*(cleans up spill)*

**Morgan:** Uhhh, thanks...

**Sam:** *(doing smolder)* Hey, of course. Isn't that what...  
boyfriends are for?

**Morgan:** Wait, what?

*Sam leans in for a top notch smoochin with  
tropical smooch sounds. Morgan moves away.*

**Morgan:** What are you doing?!

**Sam:** I'm sorry... I thought this was a date...

**Morgan:** A date? Oh, no! I'm not gay, not that there's  
anything wrong with that.

**Sam:** Then why did you invite me here?

**Morgan:** I needed to talk to a friend because my  
grandma died!

**Sam:** Oh...

*Looks to the audience*

**Sam**  
**(cont.):** OH!

### Scene 3

*At Morgan's grandma's wake. Sam awaits  
patiently while  
fidgeting. Morgan enters.*

**Morgan:** Hey, Sam

**Sam:** Hey, Morgan! How was the wake?

**Morgan:** IT was very beautiful. Thank you for being  
there for me. You know, I think I'm starting to  
feel better.



**Sam:** Good! I'm glad.

**Morgan:** I'm sorry I snapped at you.

**Sam:** You're fine! I'm sorry about the misunderstanding, and I'm here to talk if you need it.

**Morgan:** Thanks, I really appreciate that. I'll see you at school.

*Morgan exits, sam picks up his phone – Jamie Enters*

**Jamie:** How did it go?

**Sam:** Well, he's starting to feel better and appreciates that I was there for him.

**Jamie:** And what did we take from this?

**Sam:** *(Pauses)* That... he appreciates my company! That means he likes me, right?!

**Jamie:** I'm done with this sh\*t.

*Blackout*

## **Jesters Intro for Subject to Change - #2**

**Madeline:** What a wonderful performance *claps!*  
Now that we are nearly half way through our show, its about time to welcome back to the stage, our LOVELY neighbors, Subject to Change!

## **Subject to Change – Performance #2**

*Subject to Change does another improv*

*segment*

**Jesters “Anything for \$5” and intro To hell with that**

**Jackson:** Thank you again Subject to Change!

**Madeline:** Now, we will take a brief pause for a PSA. As the King has put all of the budget towards the royal sports teams, we are looking to fund our Kingdom’s performing arts sector, STAGE!

**Cathy:** That is right indeed, for a mere \$5, we will do ANYTHING!

**Abby:** Within reason!!!

**Cathy:** But first a joke, what’s most useful when it’s long and...?

**Everyone:** NO!

**Jack:** Anyways, any requests?

**Jackson:** Pleaase place thy shillings in the fish bowl, or copy the QR code on the side of the box to our Venmo and Paypal!

*Anything for \$5 bit*

**Abby:** And with that, we will now be presentin gour last show of the evening, To Hell With That, before our punishment.

**Cathy:** Written by Maggie MacDonell

**Madeline:** Directed by SJ Apley

**Jackson:** And starring Megan Dilyard, Jack Groothius, Mitchell Opperman, Lily Case, and Zach Telly

**To Hell With That**  
**INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT**

*A gathering of young ADULTS stand around in a basement room with alcoholic beverages in their hands. There is a couch and a wall with shelves and various items on it. There is also a speaker playing upbeat music in the corner.*

*BRODY, early twenties, large and tough looking, stands in the center of the room bopping his head to the music with a drink in his hand.*

*NOLAN, early twenties, scrawny, short brown hair sits in the corner looking at his phone.*

*MICHELLE, early twenties, tall, chin length blond hair stands next to the couch dancing to the music with a glass of wine in her hand.*

*LAURA, a twenty-two-year-old with long light brown hair sits on the couch while typing on her phone.*

*TYLER, a twenty-two-year-old, spiked up dark brown hair enters the room.*

**Tyler:** Alright! The pizza's in the oven, the music is blasting, everyone is here, it's about to be a great night!

*Tyler sits down next to Laura and puts his arm around her.  
Laura continues to text.*

**Tyler** Does anyone want to play some games?  
**(Cont.):** I have cards.

*Brody walks over to the couch while raising his beer can.*

**Brody:** Me!

*NOLAN turns around and looks up from his phone at the three friends on the couch.*

**Nolan:** Sure.

*Nolan scoots in front of the couch. Tyler looks up at Michelle, who looks around at everyone.*

**Michelle:** I'll try, I guess.

*Tyler smiles as Michelle sits on the floor next to Nolan.*

**Tyler:** Great!

*Tyler pulls out a deck of cards from his pocket containing a large variety of drinking dares on them.*

**Tyler** First, we are all going to take a five second sip.  
**(Cont.):**

#### INT. OTHER SIDE - BASEMENT - DAY

*A small room identical to the basement room except it has no*

*doors, the speaker in the corner is broken, and all of the cards on the floor are burnt and unreadable."*

*Tyler, Brody, Nolan, and Michelle, lay on the floor unconscious and covered in ash. Tyler awakens first and looks around in confusion and shock.*

**Tyler:** What? No, no, no, no, no.

*Tyler stands up and pushes on the wall where the door used to be and POUNDS on it.*

**Tyler:** Open up!

*Brody, Nolan, and Michelle slowly open their eyes and brush the ash off themselves as they sit up.*

**Brody:** Where are we?

*Tyler turns away from the wall and faces Brody in a panic*

**Tyler:** I think we are dead, or just in a bad dream.

*Tyler pounds the wall again*

**Tyler:** Wake up, wake up, wake up!

**Michelle:** Tyler, how could we all be dead if we are in this room talking to each other?

*Nolan Gasps and looks at the ceiling.*

**Nolan:** Purgatory.

**Michelle:** What?

*Brody turns to Michelle in an irritated manner.*

**Brody:** Michelle, purgatory, for people that are too good for hell but not good enough for heaven.

**Michelle:** But how do you know?

*Bordy takes a deep breath.*

**Brody:** Does this look like heaven to you?

**Michelle:** Well, with the ash it could be-

**Brody:** It's not hell either, Michelle! Man, you're irritating to be around.

**Michelle:** I wasn't ever going to say anything, but I've always hated you.

*Tyler turns around again.*

**Tyler:** Enough! We are going to figure this out.

*Tyler looks around the room.*

**Tyler:** Where is Laura?

*Everyone looks at each other. Tyler clears dust off the shelf and looks inside it.*

**Tyler:** Laura? Laura!

*Nolan stands up and puts his arm around Tyler.*

**Nolan:** Buddy, I'm afraid she's not here.

*Tyler pushes Nolan out of the way and sits*

*down and puts his head in his hand.*

**Nolan (cont.):** She is probably in heaven. I always thought that she was the better between the two of you.

*Tyler looks up with tears in his eyes.*

**Tyler:** How could I have done this? I killed her! The love of my life! We were supposed to grow old and live a long life together, and now we're sperated!

*Brody glares at Tyler.*

**Brody:** Oh quit being a baby, do you see any of us complaining? I was ripped away from all of my friends and now I'm trapped in a room with you people

*Michelle slaps Brody's arm*

**Michelle:** Brody!

*Tyler wipes his face in his arm stands up.*

**Tyler:** No, he's right. We all have to toughen up so we can get to heaven.

*Tyler opens the trumpet case and takes out a trumpet that is broken.*

**Tyler (cont.):** What happened? This was my grandfather's that has been passed down from generation to generation.

**Nolan:** I used to have a trumpet just like that, except not broken and someone stole it from my car.

**Tyler:** Well, great. That is not happening.

*Tyler puts the trumpet away. Michelle stands up.*

**Michelle:** What if we sing instead?

*Michelle clears her throat and hits random notes. Brody looks at her in Awe.*

**Brody:** You can sing!

**Michelle:** I mean, I'm no professional.

**Brody:** Well, that was beautiful. I'm sorry I snapped at you earlier.

**Michelle:** It's okay, we are all a little tense.

*Michelle looks into Brody's eyes and admires him.*

**Michelle (cont.):** Has anyone ever told you that you have nice eyes?

**Brody:** Honestly, no.

*Tyler CLAPS and jumps up and down.*

**Tyler:** Yes! This is the kind of energy we need to have! Let's try to keep this up.

*Nolan gestures at the shelf with a box of cookies on it.*

**Nolan:** We should have a snack.

**Tyler:** That is a good idea.

*Tyler grabs the box and hands each of them a cookie.*



**Tyler  
(cont.):** These are fresh so they should be good.

*Michelle bites into one and flinches.*

**Michelle:** They are hard.

**Brody:** You know what else is hard?

*Michelle looks at Brody in disgust.*

**Tyler:** Please no sex jokes, at least not right now.

**Brody:** That wasn't a sex joke. By hard I meant this situation. A Situation none of us would be in if it weren't for who? You!

*Brody points at tyler. Michelle looks at him.*

**Michelle:** Hey, cut him some slack! We all made poor decisions last night.

**Nolan:** Plus, none of us are in heaven so clearly none of us are pure angels.

**Tyler:** No, this is all my fault. I hosted the party, I encouraged you all to drink, and I never took the pizza out of the oven, which caused the house to light on fire. I'm so sorry.

*Brody, Michelle, and Nolan put their arms around Tyler.*

**Tyler  
(cont.):** I'm thankful to have each of you with me, I would never want to do this on my own.

*A light shines down from the ceiling as all four of them look up.*

**INT. BLUE ROOM - DAY**

*Tyler, Brody, Michelle, and Nolan are surrounded by bright lights. GOD stands in front of them and is a large man in a white robe with a white beard.*

**God:** Welcome to heaven.

*Tyler jumps up and down Clapping.*

**Tyler:** We made it guys! Where is she?

*God looks at him questionably.*

**Tyler  
(cont.):** You know, Laura?

*God takes a deep breath.*

**God:** She's not here, I'm afraid.

*Tyler's smile drops.*

**Tyler:** What do you mean she's not here? Where else could she be?

*God puts one arm on Tyler's Shoulder.*

**God:** Oh Tyler. Unfortunately, I don't think she is the girl that you think she is. She did not make it to Heaven.

*Tyler steps closer to God.*

**Tyler:** *(Whispering)* You mean like hell?

**God:** I'm afraid so.

*Tyler paces in a circle with his head in his*

*hands. He  
pauses and looks back up at God.*

**Tyler:** Well, could we bring her here?

**God:** She doesn't deserve to be here.

**Tyler:** Yes she does!

**God:** Trust me, I know she doesn't and there are many things you do not know of.

**Tyler:** Well then can I go there?

*God laughs.*

**God:** You want to go to hell?

**Tyler:** If that means I can be with her, yes!

**God:** Tyler, I regret to inform you about all you do not know regarding Laura.

**Tyler:** Why aren't I with her? I think there are things you do not know about me. I am a terrible person.

**God:** You are not terrible, You have proven to be a leader.

**Tyler:** You know that trumpet in purgatory? It wasn't my grandfather's. I lied. I stole it from someone's car in a church parking lot of all places.

*Nolan turns to Tyler.*

**Nolan:** Whoa! Wait, what?

*Tyler ignores Nolan as Tyler's eyes fill with*

*tears and continues to look at God.*

**Tyler:** I just wanted to sell it so I could afford to buy Laura an engagement ring. I'm a thief, a liar, and a killer.

*Got puts both arms around Tyler*

**God:** Tyler, you are not a killer.

**Tyler:** Oh yes I am. I put a pizza in the oven and got too drunk to remember to take it out and burned the whole house down and killed everyone.

**God:** Actually, the pizza isn't what killed you.

*Tyler looks at God in confusion.*

**God (cont.):** What really happened was Laura and your quiet friend, Nolan here have been having an affair behind your back.

*Tyler glares in disgust at Nolan. (possible montage of Laura lighting the house on fire and escaping with Nolan with voice over of God's dialogue inserted here)*

**God (cont.):** Last night after you passed out, Nolan and Laura attempted to sneak away. Laura did not want you to find out that she was cheating on you with Nolan, and to do so she decided to kill you. She poured gasoline over your house and lit it in flames. She and Nolan attempted to escape, but the flames spread, and neither were successful.

**Tyler:** Well, then why isn't he in hell?

*Tyler points at Nolan and God Smiles.*

**God:** Nolan has accomplished many great things throughout his life. Plus, like they say God has his favorites and I like him here.

*Tyler Scowls.*

**Tyler:** Well, I still want to see her, and I will always love her no matter what.

**God:** But she betrayed you.

*Tyler gets down on his knees.*

**Tyler:** Please I beg you lord. I wish to see her. I can't be happy without her.

*Tyler starts breathing quickly*

**Tyler  
(cont.):** I can't breathe correctly without her.

**God:** I do not think you will like it there. Hell is a terrible place and if thou goes, thou shall not return.

**Tyler:** Yes, okay, whatever I'll be with her and that is what matters.

**God:** As you wish.

*God pushes Tyler into a hole out of the blue room*

**Tyler:** *(voice echoing in the distance)* Laura? Ah! Hey Satan, how are you buddy? Ah! God, I want to come back!

*God shakes his head in disappointment.*

**God:** We really need another place for the idiots.

*Fade to black.*

### Jesters punishment segment

**King:** Another round of applause for the evening's performances! And now onto our punishments!

**Madeline:** But my King, are you SURE we need to do this? Is there not another way?

**Abby:** Yes, might we just be say, required to do the dishes for the next two weeks?

**King:** NONSENSE! The punishments will now ensure. In the spirit of democracy the audience may request ideas. Options include, taking off one's shoe! Being blindfolded for the duration of the evening! Having to spin in circles and sing a funny song! If thy do not come up with ideas, I will be forced to only implement my own personal favorite punishments.

**Jackson:** Okay, does anyone have ideas?

**Jack:** Please, nothing will be as bad as the kings!!!

**Cathy:** Right? He's such a DRAG

**Everyone:** UGHHHHH , Cathy!

**Abby:** Well anyways, your ideas, if you please!

*Collect ideas, put on wheel*

*Spin the wheel*

*Inact punishment*

*Removal of arm with red confetti bit*

*Spins one more time, lands on death*

**Cathy:** Death! But alas nobody else's punishments were as bad as thee

**King:** Too bad, so sad. Any final words?

**Cathy:** Yes. What's most useful when it's long and hard?

**Everyone:** Ughhhh

**Cathy:** An education!

The kink chuckles, then bursts out laughing

*Everyone else starts laughing their asses off*

**King:** SILENCEEEEE!!!! You are pardoned, Cathy!  
I promote thee to royal Clown of the Kingdom

*King gives Cathy a red nose or something*

**Cathy:** Thank you! Thank you!

*Everyone walks away pleased*

*After, abby runs back out*

**Abby:** The End

Bows for all members of the show, in order of appearance:

-Blocked Out

-Gay-Awakening

-To Hell With That

-Subject to Change  
-Royal Jesters  
*Point to tech*  
*Point to audience, disappear backstage. Nate comes on stage.*

### **Nate's Outro for "Yikes! 2021"**

**Nate:** Hello again everyone! This will conclude tonight's performance of "Yikes! 2021". On behalf of all our cast and crew tonight, thank you for attending! The donation fishbowl that you saw during the event will be placed at the main exit. If you found tonight's show entertaining, we would greatly appreciate it if you were to donate so that we can create even better shows for you in the future!

Again, thank you all for coming and have a great rest of your night!

*blackout*



**Emergency Exit Protocols:**

- **Fire:**
  - Hold please - Hello everyone, the alarms that you are hearing are the fire alarms. As far as we are aware, there is no immediate danger at this time. However, for your safety, we ask that you please exit the Grand River Room the way that you entered. This performance may continue once it has been determined that no danger is prevalent.
- **Severe Weather:**
  - Hold please - Hello everyone, due to a severe incoming weather, we are unable to continue this performance at this time. We ask that you please exit the Grand River Room the way that you entered. We apologize for any inconvenience.
- **General Dismissal:**
  - Hold please – Hello everyone, at this time I am being asked that we must all evacuate this space. Due to this, we are unable to complete this performance at this time. We apologize for any inconvenience.