

Adventure Cabaret

Show #1: Prepare Yourself

Version 1.0

Table of Contents

Cast	5
Mistress of Ceremonies / Dramatic Roles (female)	5
Lola de Campa / Dramatic Roles (female)	5
Storyteller / Dramatic Roles (1, female, 1 male)	5
Additional Characters (1 female, 1 male)	5
Costumes	6
Props	6
Script	7
Cosmos	7
Solar system	7
Earth	7
Ocean	7
Insects	8
Metahuman	8
Overture	8
Slottman	8
Adventure Cabaret	8
Notices	8
Seat belt sign / takeoff	8
The Empire of the Mind	8
Sticks > Stones > Bones	8
Words	8
MC intro	9
Away with words!	10

Simon Says Something Sinister / Let's Play Guitar!	11
Nia's Story	11
Language Is not Reality	11
Categorical Denial	12
Is there an insight in sight?	12
Alien Statements / Challenges / Uh oh	12
Why a cabaret?	13
What a species / 15/8	14
Alien intro	14
Not so great > Alienation > the path forward > metanoia	14
Do the Linky Pinky #1	14
The Talking Dog #1	14
Hindu Pushups	14
Messages from the Insects	15
Ideas of Heaven	15
Bulgaria	16
Floss News Alert #1	17
LED fan dance	17
Do the Linky Pinky #2	17
Frozen Figures	17
The Talking Dog #2	21
The Modern Female Leonardo da Vinci	21
What else should be in this show?	23
Jewish Pushups	24
Floss News Alert #2	24
Interaction Infractions	24
The Talking Dog #3	25
Christian Pushups	25
Meet Another Human Being	25
Safety in the Chem Lab	25
Do the Linky Pinky #3	25
The Flaming Uterus	25

Semaeuphoria	28
The Entropy of Genius	28
Messages from the Amphibians	28
Floss News Alert #3	28
The Talking Dog #4	28
Deeply Committed Agnostic Pushups	29
Don't Look Down on Manikins	29
Do the Linky Pinky #4	29
The Potato Chip & the Battery	29
Interview with a Mindfulness Expert	29
War of the Words	30
Floss News Alert #4	31
Muslim Pushups	31
Science Experiment	32
Interview with Future You	32
Portable Melanometer	32
Do the Linky Pinky #5	32
The Virtues of Vice Signaling	32
Valaso	36
Interview with a Doting Grandparent	36
I accidentally peed on my own grave	36
Floss News Alert #5	37
What is the most important issue in the world?	37
No, that's not it.	37
Do The Linky Pinky #6	40
Messages from the Animals	40
Amber Alert	40
Preview of show #2	41
Pantheist Pushups	41
Not Committing Planetary Suicide	41
Let's Play with the Planet	41
We're All Dead, and So Is Everything Else	42

Planet B	43
Exorcism / Resurrection	43
Stainless Steel Lifetime Toothbrush	43
Sustainable Choices	43
Journey through all of Space, Time and Your Personality	43
Metahuman	43
Do the Linky Pinky	43
Finale	43

Cast

Mistress of Ceremonies / Dramatic Roles (female)

Lola de Campa / Dramatic Roles (female)

Storyteller / Dramatic Roles (1, female, 1 male)

Additional Characters (1 female, 1 male)

Costumes

Entire cast: black t-shirts with "Adventure Cabaret" on the front, black sweat pants

Mistress of Ceremonies: white shirt, black suspenders, black pants, white gloves, top hat and cane

Lola de Campa: long flowing skirt, silly hat

Greek child: sleeveless undershirt, baggy wrinkled pants, rope belt, worn leather sandals

ARMY: green t-shirts with "ARMY" on the chest, green baseball caps, dog tags, black sweat pants

Ghillies: full-body camouflage "ghillie" uniforms

Miranda Sorventi: plain off-white cotton dress

Props

programs (The programs are props in this production.)

1 small table sturdy enough to stand on

2 basic chairs

2 beach ball globes, 1 inflated, 1 deflated

2 white coats

pair of winter gloves

wooden spoon

laser pointer

classic curved pipe

radiometer & flashlight

small vice

index card

script for "Ideas of Heaven" for audience member to participate

2 manikins

postcard with questions

pencils for the entire audience

Script

Cosmos

[3:00]

Quote from Carl Sagan.

Images of the cosmos, accompanied by eery, random music. A pattern of sounds is heard through the music once, then again, louder. On screen a message appears, in an unfamiliar alphabet, in which each character is a different color.

The pattern of sounds is heard again, even louder. Another message appears on screen, in a different alphabet, but again with each character a different color.

This continues through ASL, and semaphores, and finally through a huge QR code that slides up dramatically from the bottom of the screen.

Finally, the word "consciousness" appears.

Solar system

[2:00]

Images of Jupiter, moons of Jupiter and Saturn, asteroids, Mars, Mercury.

"Metaconsciousness"

Earth

[1:30]

Earth only a tiny blue dot, then closer, then with the moon, closeups of the moon, then over the ocean, with movement.

"What an absolutely beautiful planet, teeming with life. It sure would be a shame to completely fuck it up."

"Metanoia"

Ocean

[2:00]

Insects

[1:30]

I love the flowers.

I am at one with the flowers.

I evolved together with the flowers during more than 100 million years.

“Metamorphosis”

Metahuman

Investigate yourself.

Do The Linky Pinky

Overture

[3:49]

Slottman

Adventure Cabaret

[x]

Notices

[x]

Seat belt sign / takeoff

[x]

The Empire of the Mind

[x]

Sticks > Stones > Bones

[x]

Words

[x]

MC intro

Drum roll. The Mistress of Ceremonies strides on stage, in a crisp tuxedo. She is wearing a top hat, and twirling a thin black cane.

Drum snap. Silence.

The MC is holding the cane on the floor in front of her and leaning forward on it, bracing herself with both hands, looking down, so you only see the top of her top hat. She suddenly looks up.

MC: Guten Abend, meine Damen und Herren. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. The year is 1924, and the beginning of Adolph Hitler's reign of terror is a mere nine years away. Or is it 2024, one hundred years later? Where exactly are we in the greater arc of human history, and supposed societal development? Have we progressed? But in any case...

A quote appears on the screen behind the MC.

Screen: "No snowflake in an avalanche ever feels responsible."
— Voltaire (1694-1778)

MC: So my question to you, dear members of the audience, meine Damen und Herren, is this: Do you feel responsible?

No one in the audience responds.

Screen: [fade in slowly: Earth in space]

MC: I ask you again, this time imploring you:

Do...you...feel...responsible?

Some audience members respond with "Yes!" but others with "No!"

The drums begin a steady beat, gradually growing in volume, complexity and intensity.

MC: Meine Damen und Herren, we need unity in this matter. And so I ask you one final time, and ask for unity:

Drums build to maximum intensity. The music is loud, insistent.

DO...YOU...FEEL...RESPONSIBLE?

At this point an actor walks slowly in front of the stage, reading a book.

Ok, we'll get back to that subject later in the show. But what have we here? Look, it's some fool reading a book! How pretentious. What an elitist creep. Probably goes home and reads the dictionary.

Away with words!

MC: Away with words! Away with them, I say! We need some truly mindless physical entertainment, and to give us that mindless entertainment is our own Lola de Campa. Lola, can we get you out here please?

The extravagant Lola de Campa enters, swishing her long colorful skirt back and forth joyfully. She is wearing a large hat, and singing to herself a nondescript, happy little tune.

The MC and Lola briefly dance The Linky Pinky together, then high five each other.

The MC bows deeply, and exits backwards while in this bow.

The four other actors enter, and stand behind Lola, ready to demonstrate the mindless fun, and and guide the audience.

Lola: Ahoy there, sailors and sailoresses! Let us now begin our mindless fun together! First, stand up please. Yes, everyone please stand up. Shake yourself out a bit, and loosen your lips with a nice long bbbllllrrrr! Again...bbbllllrrrr!

All right, now reach up as high as you can! Higher! Even higher!! Now bend slowly to your right. Good! Now bend slowly to your left. Great!

Now turn around, yes turn around, lean forward, and grasp the back of your seat. From this position, when I count down from three, please choose an animal that makes a fun noise, and make that noise. Maybe a dog, or a cow, or a howling wolf, or a quacking duck, or a meowling kitty cat. Ready? Three, two, one...go!

The audience makes animal noises.

Simon Says Something Sinister / Let's Play Guitar!

Lola: Wonderful! You can turn back around now. You really are the cat's meow, and more! Now let's try something even more fun. Stretch your left arm out to your side, and put your right arm firmly behind your back. Without moving your right arm, now play some wild guitar! Yes! Let those fingers fly up and down the guitar neck. Wunderbar!

Ok, now I have a question for you. Are you playing guitar "right handed?" But wait a minute, how can you be playing guitar right handed if you can't even move your right arm? Just imagine trying to play guitar when you can't even move your arm. To help us do more than imagine this, we have a special guest with us tonight. Please be seated again.

See you lovely people a bit later! Mmmwuh!

Lola throws a big kiss, and skips off happily, swirling her skirts again.

Nia's Story

[x]

Language Is not Reality

Screen: Professor Finlay Clinkscapes, PhD
World expert in Horrific Human Stupidity

[x] *Introduction of Professor Clinkscapes*

Screen: Language Is Not Reality

Professor Clinkscapes: Language is not reality. It may feel like reality, you may mistakenly take it to be reality, but language often represents the precise opposite of reality, and there are social reasons for this. All this time you thought everyone was playing the guitar right handed, but they were actually playing the guitar left handed. And in all these years, you never even noticed! Why?

Because not playing "right" would be...wrong. It would be "sinister."

He holds out his left arm.

Therefore left must be called right, even though it's wrong.

Yet the aggressive misrepresentation of reality in language goes much deeper than the labeling of guitar playing, or mandolin, banjo, ukulele, violin, viola, cello, all of which are also being played left handed while being called right handed.

Actors 1 & 2 enter, miming fish swimming along.

Two young fish are swimming along one day.

Actor 3 enters from the opposite side, also miming a fish swimming.

An older fish swims by them and asks...

Actor 3: How's the water today?

The two younger fish swim on past, then one turns to the other and says...

Actor 1: What's water?

Screen: sexism

So it is with human language, which is constructed to both refer to objects and concepts, but also to suppress awareness of specific aspects of reality, and often the most prevalent aspects of reality.

Nearly all human societies up until fairly recently have been thoroughly and completely sexist. You would think that something with 100 percent prevalence would have a word assigned to it, but look at this chart.

Categorical Denial

[x]

Is there an insight in sight?

[MC asks members of the audience what important insights they plan to have in the next day, week, month and year.]

Alien Statements / Challenges / Uh oh

[MC introduces this segment.]
All categories are only illusions.

Regular washing of your brain is absolutely necessary.
Normality is evil.
All major problems are now caused by human beings.
There is only one species that lies to itself.
Human "conscience" is controlled by social affiliation.
Human "intelligence" is a myth.

Why a cabaret?

I grew up in a tiny, isolated village in Greece. I only ever heard Greek spoken, and the next village was a few miles away. One year a cabaret came to the next village, and my whole big Greek family decided to go. We loaded the whole family on the family ox cart to go see it. The ox had to struggle the whole way, towing my entire large family. I was eight years old.

The cabaret started, and it was the most amazing thing I had ever seen!

There was loud, happy music, and people singing, and they weren't singing in Greek, either! Then they spoke. It was the first time I had heard anyone speak anything other than Greek. They were speaking German! It was so exciting!

I watched the whole thing with my mouth open, I was so amazed. There were accordions, and funny hats, and beautiful young girls with whiter skin than I had ever seen, wearing colorful skirts, smiling and dancing in a line. I was in love with all of them.

The entire year after the cabaret I counted the minutes until I could see the cabaret again. Today was the day, so we all loaded up on the ox cart again for the trip. But my grandmother was a mean old woman with warts on her face, and she suddenly said I couldn't go. Everybody else in the family was going to go except me, because of my goddam fucking grandmother, that witch.

As the whole family except me loaded onto the ox cart, I felt like I was dying. Really, like I was just going to die right there from the pain and the sorrow. I started sobbing uncontrollably, then screaming. I started jumping up and down, sobbing and screaming.

Then I wanted to kill my goddam step-grandmother. All my jumping up and down had stirred up some dust, so now I was jumping up and down screaming and sobbing in a cloud of dust next to the ox cart. I drew a circle in the dirt with my foot and screamed "I'm going to kill her! I'm going to kill

her and dig her grave right here and then I'm going to jump up and down on her grave and spit on her!"

The ox cart slowly pulled away, with my whole family loaded on it except me, and I had to stay in the village by myself the entire day...all because of my goddam witch of a step-grandmother. I feel like I'm going to die right now just thinking about it!

He stumbles off, shaking and sobbing, then suddenly turns around.

I still want to kill her!

Exits. After a few seconds, a blood curdling scream is heard from a female member of the cast.

What a species / 15/8

[x]

Alien intro

[x]

Not so great > Alienation > the path forward > metanoia

[x]

Do the Linky Pinky #1

[x]

The Talking Dog #1

[x]

Hindu Pushups

Screen: [Om symbol]

Audio: The Hindu push up is an excellent exercise that involves multiple muscle groups, and also has the advantage of increasing the flexibility of the spine. Best of all, you don't have to be a Hindu to do them.

Screen: Real live non-Hindu below. [down arrow]

Actor waves to audience and smiles.

Messages from the Insects

[x]

Ideas of Heaven

Actor 1 enters, stands stage left.

Actor 1: I believe in heaven, but I do have a question. What if there are aliens on other planets? Are they going to be in heaven, too? That would make heaven pretty scary, which would kind of defeat the point of heaven. Therefore there must not be aliens.

Screen: Conservative

Actor 2 enters, stands next to Actor 1.

Actor 2: I love the idea of there being aliens in heaven! That would be so cool, so interesting! We could learn so much from each other! Maybe the aliens have solved problems like racism and discrimination against trans and non-binary aliens and we could learn how they did it! That would be fantastic!

Screen: Liberal

Actor 2: *(to actor 1)* By the way, do you want a hug?

Actor 1: No thanks.

Actor 3 enters, stands next to actor 2.

Actor 3: My idea of heaven is simple. It's just me, my extended family, a few close friends and some key business associates. Everybody else can go fuck themselves.

Screen: Conservative? Oh yeah.

Actor 2: *(to actor 3)* Do you want a hug?

Actor 3: *(horrified)* Definitely not.

Actor 4 enters, stands next to actor 3.

Actor 4: There is no heaven other than the heaven we have right here on Earth through the only true miracle, the miracle of evolution and biodiversity.

Actor 1 rolls his eyes, while actor 3 mimes getting a horrendous migraine, rubbing his temples. Actor 2 begins to stare in awe and wonder.

Actor 4: We have a moral obligation to promote rationality, and to preserve and even revere the natural world. I just want to give biodiversity and all the world's ecosystems a big hug.

Screen: Liberal? Ooh la la.

Tender music begins to play.

Actor 2 rushes over to actor 4 and embraces him with great passion. They begin to slow dance tenderly, while the other two actors look away in disgust.

Actors 1 and 3 express their disgust by beginning to exit to opposite sides. Then they pause, turn around, slowly walk toward each other, do the Linky Pinky, and then also begin slow dancing tenderly.

Bulgaria

When I was growing up in Bulgaria, when I was six years old we got a dog, a German shepherd puppy. We named him Rex. He was beautiful, and I loved him. I loved everything about him. I used to play with him in our apartment, and he was just so fun! I would give him a kiss on his nose, and he would lick my face with his big pink tongue, and put out his paw to shake hands. We did that a lot!

But there was a problem. We lived on the second floor, and there was an old woman who lived below us who hated Rex, only because his claws made noise on the floor above her. She used to pound on the ceiling with a broom when she was mad, which happened more and more.

We all loved Rex so much that we decided to spend more money to move into a little house with a yard, so that Rex could be outside more, and we could get away from the angry old woman.

It was perfect! Rex was so happy in his new yard, and we were so happy that he was happy. But one day Rex got out of the yard, and went out in the street. We saw him out there, and went out to get him. A car was coming really fast down the hill, straight toward Rex. We were horrified.

Then the car barely stopped right in front of Rex. It was a police car. The policeman got out of the car, and stole Rex from us. We never saw him again.

It's Bulgaria.

Floss News Alert #1

Researchers at the University of Michigan have discovered that eating a healthy diet is strongly correlated with being healthy. This has been a Floss News Alert.

LED fan dance

[music with video of bioluminescent ocean creatures]

Do the Linky Pinky #2

[x]

Frozen Figures

Woman, center stage, curled up in a ball. Behind her are five actors in an arc around her, each in a static pose of utter negativity toward her.

Woman: It hurts. Oh, it hurts. It's like a dagger made of ice, stabbing into the center of my brain, freezing my brain to death from the inside out. But it's not just one dagger. It's five cold, hard daggers made of ice, trying to kill me, freeze me to death, make me cold and hard like them.

She stands up, and speaks of each frozen figure in turn.

Woman: There he is, my beloved uncle, who raped me. There she is, my mother, who believed my uncle's lies, called me a liar, and rejected me—

threw me out of the house when I was still only a teenager. And here *she* is, my “best friend,” who decided it was a good idea to become friends with my mother, and then believe her lies, and also call me a liar. And you, you evil bastard, my boss who fired me because I wouldn’t have sex with you. Asshole.

And finally, here he is, the man I still love, the man I still want, who was so good to me right up to the time he left me because he said I cried too much.

She is now standing behind the frozen figure on the far right, who has his back to her, and one arm held up in a dismissive gesture of departure.

Woman: Oh Jake. Jake, please don’t leave me.

She moves toward him, puts her hands on his arms, her face against his back.

Woman: You know I still love you.

She suddenly starts back, holding up her hands, which are now like claws.

Woman: Oh my God! My hands are frozen! It hurts! Fuck!

She rubs her hands in desperation in her armpits, trying to thaw her hands.

Woman: It’s always like this—again and again. God damn it! I try to be good to them, to thaw them with the warmth of my heart, the warmth of my love, and they just try to freeze me, kill me again.

Mood changes to happy, contented.

Sometimes I’ll be in a good mood, happy, warm, when things are going well. Then the frozen figures begin to melt bit by bit, just melt away...

The actors who are the frozen figures begin to slowly melt, getting smaller, losing their hard edges.

Woman: And then I’m very happy, because I think they will just melt away completely, and I’ll be safe from them forever.

But then something harsh happens, or someone else is mean to me, or I just don’t get a good night’s sleep, and they just grow back again, bigger and colder and more evil than ever.

The frozen figures grow back, attaining even more threatening proportions.

Woman: This has to stop. Somehow, it has to stop. I can't take it anymore. I can't take the pain, and the sorrow and the poisonous disappointment. I can't take not knowing whether each day, each today, is the day their coldness will finally kill me.

I have to rise above this somehow, or end it all.

Pause.

I'll go to the roof. Yes, I'll go to the roof and make a decision. Either I finally rise above this, or I end my life just to escape this torment. From the roof it's six stories down, with concrete below—just a few seconds of free fall, and then my brain is smashed apart on the concrete, and all my pain stops forever.

During the above, she takes a small table from the side of the stage, and climbs onto it. She stands toward the edge of the table, looking down.

Woman: Only a few seconds of delicious weightlessness, and then I don't even feel the impact. It's all over, and I am free. Just one more step, and all my pain ends forever.

Pause, while she takes a couple of hesitant, false steps.

Woman: BUT I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I DO NOT WANT TO DIE! FUCK! FUCK IT!

She collapses into a pile on top of the table, sobbing.

Woman: Can I pray for peace? Can I pray for my pain to cease? No, there is no God. There is no one listening. There is no one in this world who cares about me. I am completely broken...completely broken.

So I have to pray, to save myself, because I do want to live. I do.

She looks up.

Woman: Stars. I see some stars! I will pray to these stars to help me. I will pray to the Universe to fill me with love, and generosity, and wisdom. I

know no one is listening. But I want and need the wisdom of the Universe to heal me, and set me free.

She prays, kneeling, her hands folded, looking up to the stars.

Please, please give me wisdom to free myself from these frozen figures who torment me. Help me, heal me...please...please.

She stretches her arms out to the heavens, completely exposed. She closes her eyes.

Gradually, the frozen figures melt. They melt completely, and crawl away offstage.

Long pause.

The woman opens her eyes.

Woman: I feel different. I don't know how, but I feel different. Something has changed. I'm going back downstairs.

She quickly gets down off the table, and moves it aside. She returns center stage, and looks around, astonished.

Woman: They...are...gone! There's no trace of them! But the floor must be wet, and then they'll grow back.

She gets down on the floor, feeling all around.

Woman: It's dry! It's completely dry everywhere! They really are gone, and they're never coming back...never coming back.

Pause. She stands up.

Woman: But who am I now? I lived my whole life so far in relation to them. Who am I? I'm really not sure. But I am sure I want to find out. I need to find out who I am now.

She turns and begins to exit upstage right but stops, then turns around.

Woman: Oh my God. Am I a frozen figure to someone else? Have I done the same kind of thing to anyone else? Yes, I've been bad too. I have hurt

people too. I have apologizing to do. There is love I must give to anyone I have ever harmed. I need to melt the whole world with my love.

Exit.

The Talking Dog #2

[x]

The Modern Female Leonardo da Vinci

MC: They call her the modern female Leonardo da Vinci, but far more so. We all know the name: Miranda Sorventi—even more intelligent than the great Leonardo ever was, and even more gifted than Leonardo in both the arts and in science. Her IQ is beyond measure, probably more than the combined intelligence of everyone in this audience tonight, and that's really saying something. Her accomplishments in the arts are beyond compare, and this on top of her six PhDs in various fields before the age of twenty.

Much to our surprise and our honor, Miranda is here with us tonight. We should also tell you that Miranda is the sole creator of this very production. One serious request: Out of honor for Miranda, the awesome power of her mind, and her tremendous sensitivity, we ask for absolute silence while Miranda is with us.

Miranda, would you like to join us on stage now?

A young woman enters slowly, wearing only the simplest of plain off white cotton dresses. Her long hair is down, and she is barefoot. Her every movement is perfectly graceful as she enters. She stops at a bit of a distance from the MC. It is not clear where she is looking. She does not look at the MC, or at the audience, or anywhere a normal person would look. She is aware of everything, but also alone with her own vast mind.

MC: Miranda, thank you so much for joining us tonight.

Miranda's head moves slightly in the direction of the MC. After a pause, she delivers a slight nod.

MC: Miranda, I know many of us are curious as to how long it took you to write this show. Could you tell us?

Miranda's head slowly turns slightly in the direction of the audience, then back to the MC. She slowly raises one of her arms slightly, and shows a gap between her thumb and index finger.

MC: Not very long? You mean a few months?

Miranda reduces the distance between her thumb and index finger.

MC: Less than that? A few weeks?

Miranda reduces the distance between her thumb and index finger even further.

MC: Even less? Really? Only a few days?

Miranda closes the gap between her thumb and index finger.

MC: Wait...what do you mean?

Miranda slowly raises her arms to the side of her head, and then places her index fingers gently to her temples, and closes her eyes.

MC: You...you mean you just thought of it all at once?

Miranda gently opens her eyes, and nods slightly. She is now looking directly at the audience.

MC: Oh my God. How is that even possible?

Miranda is now gazing at the audience. She gestures gently with one hand toward the seating area.

MC: You want to meet the audience?

Miranda nods gently, smiling slightly.

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, please do not be alarmed. Miranda may be by far the most intelligent human being who has ever existed, but she means you no harm.

With the utmost grace, Miranda descends from the stage, and walks slowly toward the audience. She chooses a person, and stands directly in front of them, gazing intently at them. This continues for a few seconds, then she

turns her gaze to another person in the audience, walks toward them, gazes intently at them for a few seconds, then holds her right pinky out to them.

MC: Oh! What an honor for you! It looks like Miranda wants to do the Linky Pinky with you!

Miranda and the audience member briefly dance the Linky Pinky in the middle aisle, then Miranda bows slightly to her partner, and continues walking up the aisle away from the stage.

MC: Miranda? Where are you going? Miranda?

Miranda walks slowly away up the aisle, and disappears.

MC: Ladies and gentleman, the great Miranda Sorventi!

What else should be in this show?

The MC enters, and the other five cast members enter and stand behind her. Each additional cast member is holding a small white notepad, and a pencil.

MC: I've got another question for you folks, and this one's a fun one! Ready? What else should be in this show? Just call it out!

The MC improves to encourage the audience, and in reacting to the suggestions.

MC: Ok! Some great stuff there. Guess what, though? We're ready to pay you. For a story that's included in the show, we pay one hundred dollars. For a truly wonderful short act of less than three minutes, we pay one hundred dollars.

But if you have a truly excellent major concept that we decide should be in the show, we pay you one thousand dollars. What does "major concept" mean? It means a really big idea for a new element for the show, a new type of segment for the show, and it has to be really, really great.

Screen: \$100, \$100, \$1,000
contact@adventurecabaret.com

Write to us! Just send an email to contact@adventurecabaret.com, and we'll start a dialogue with you. We look forward to working with you to make this show even better every time!

MC: And now, on with the show!

Jewish Pushups

Screen: [star of David]

Audio: Jewish pushups are just like regular pushups, but you do them while kvetching vigorously.

Actor enters, wearing a yarmulke, and begins to do pushups while kvetching.

Audio: Kvetching helps build stamina for your lungs, and also helps in long and senseless disputes over nothing at all.

Actor finishes the pushups, but continues kvetching as he exits.

Floss News Alert #2

Audio: Researchers in sociology at the University of California at Berkeley say they have determined precisely when racism will end. Their conclusion is that racism will come to a sudden and final end just as soon as the supply of idiots runs out. This has been a Floss News Alert!

Interaction Infractions

Proposed Rate Schedule for Interaction Infractions (US)

1. Repetition of a fact, observation or story: \$20 per instance (\$50 surcharge for a long story)
2. Insisting on saying something again even when the other person has already told you you've said it before: \$100 per instance
3. Complaining about something in your life you could have fixed long ago: \$250 per instance
4. Increase to the above, per year: +\$50 (The second year in a row you do this, the rate per instance would be \$300 per instance, the third year would be \$350 per instance, etc.)
5. Complaining about something in your life that is actually your fault: \$400 per instance
6. Talking about your self or your own life for more than ten minutes without asking the other person about themselves or their life: \$500 per instance

7. Having a conversation of more than thirty minutes with a person and droning on about yourself and your life, but never asking anything at all about them or their life: \$1,000 per instance
8. Being clueless about all of the above for more than ten years: forfeit all assets forever

The Talking Dog #3

[x]

Christian Pushups

Announcer: Christian pushups are special, because they are all about suffering. You just haven't really suffered until you've done as many Christian pushups as you possibly can.

An actor enters, and begins to do pushups. He does as many pushups as he possibly can, struggling to complete one more pushup. Just as he finishes that one last painful pushup he yells "Jesus Christ!" and quits. Exits, shaking out his arms.

Meet Another Human Being

MC: Ahoy again! It's volunteer from the audience time again, and this time we're going to need two people. This won't hurt a bit! Come on, who's game?

Two chairs are placed on stage, facing each other, a short distance apart.

[x]

Safety in the Chem Lab

[x]

Do the Linky Pinky #3

[x]

The Flaming Uterus

A woman is lying on the stage, on her side, with a pillow propping up her head. To one side on stage is a small table and chair, the chair behind the

table, facing the audience. Another woman is sitting in the chair, wearing a headset, and filing her fingernails while chewing gum. A young man is down stage center, holding a phone to his head, and pacing. Sound of a phone ringing. The dispatcher takes the gum out of her mouth, and sticks it to the table.

Dispatcher: 911. What is your emergency?

Young Man: I need to report a flaming uterus.

Dispatcher: Where is the uterus located?

Young Man: I never took anatomy...Oh sorry, it's right here in my bedroom.

Dispatcher: What is the condition of the uterus?

Young Man: Well, it's very young, and...looking very sexy.

Dispatcher: That's not what I meant. Is it pregnant, or not pregnant?

Young Man: I think it's not pregnant, because it's smoking and gurgling and saying it wants to become pregnant.

Dispatcher: Has the uterus made any threatening gestures toward you?

Young Man: No, it's been really nice all evening. This is our first date.

The woman lying down looks longingly at the young man, and motions him toward the bed. The young man whirls around, looking away from the woman lying down. He hunches down and whispers into the phone.

Young Man: Change that! It just made a threatening gesture!

Dispatcher: Did it look at you longingly and motion you toward the bed?

Young Man: Yes! How did you know that!?

The dispatcher looks bored, and is concentrating mainly on filing her fingernails.

Dispatcher: We get these calls all the time, sir. We're near a college campus.

Young Man: What do I do now?

Dispatcher: Do you have a condom handy?

Young Man: Umm...no.

Dispatcher: Why not?

Young Man: Well, I meant to stop at the pharmacy and get some, but then I got a slice of pizza instead.

Dispatcher: Bad move, sir.

Young Man: Yeah. Sorry. But what do I do now?

Dispatcher: Well, these decisions are all yours, but I would advise you to walk the uterus home, kiss it goodnight in the doorway, and whatever you do, do not go inside.

Young Man: Ok. Ok, I can do that. *(pause)* But it's really looking so sexy...

Dispatcher: Sir, please keep in mind that in the morning when you are not turned on the uterus will not look at all as sexy.

Young Man: You're right. *(wiping his brow)* Ok. *(settling himself)* Ok, thanks for help.

Dispatcher: Any time.

The dispatcher rolls her eyes, disconnects from the call, takes the gum she had stuck to the table off the table, puts it in her mouth again, and goes back to filing her fingernails. The young man and young woman walk upstage center, holding hands, their backs to the audience. During the sequence on the screen below, they release their hands, slowly move away from each other, and exit opposite sides.

The dispatcher takes the piece of gum off the table, returns it to her mouth, and begins filing her nails again.

Screen + audio: There was no second date. But the uterus eventually got married, got what it wanted in the form of replicas of itself, became really boring, and talked a lot about real estate. The young man never got

married, never had children, but did join a fintech startup, and also became really boring.

THE END

The phone rings again. The dispatcher sets aside the emery board, takes the gum out of her mouth, and sticks it to the table again.

Dispatcher: 911. What is your emergency?

Pause.

What is the location of the uterus?

Semaeuphoria

Audio: And now it's time for some semaeuphoria!

An actor enters, carrying two semaphore flags. He spells out three letters:

J-O-Y

The Entropy of Genius

[x]

Messages from the Amphibians

[x]

Floss News Alert #3

Audio: Researchers in biology at the University of New Amsterdam have discovered that as bacteria become more educated they tend to have somewhat fewer baby bacteria, but still multiply until all their available resources are used up, despite their education. This has been a Floss News Alert!

The Talking Dog #4

[x]

Deeply Committed Agnostic Pushups

The entire cast enters uncertainly, and occasionally bends down to begin to assume the pushup position, but then stands back up again, unable to decide whether to actually do a pushup. They ponder, rub their chins, then almost do a pushup, then stand back up again to to consider anew the choice of whether to do a pushup.

Audio: Deeply committed agnostic pushups are among the most difficult types of pushup to perform, because you can never decide whether to actually do one or not. But all that bending down thinking about whether to actually do a pushup is still good mental exercise, and at least you're being honest.

Don't Look Down on Manikins

[x]

Do the Linky Pinky #4

[x]

The Potato Chip & the Battery

[x]

Interview with a Mindfulness Expert

[Painful repetition of "mindful" with no content whatsoever. The Mindfulness Expert loses control of herself and becomes abusive, threatens to call the Thought Police, calls 911 and claims she is being persecuted by being asked questions, but the 911 dispatcher asks her to define "mindful," at which point the Mindfulness Expert loses all control and the guys in the white coats show up. She is dragged off stage screaming about how they aren't mindful, and finally screams "You can't do this to me...I recycle!" She drops her cell phone as she is being dragged away. The interviewer picks up the phone, and the 911 dispatcher know each other by name.

"Another Mindfulness Expert, huh Andy?"

"Yeah, this one totally lost her mindful. Thanks again for your help, Cheryl."

"At your cervix."

"Ha! Good one!"

War of the Words

Two actors enter, from opposite sides, striding toward each other, but both are preoccupied. They collide mid-stage.

Actor 1: Idiolect!

Screen: Idiolect: an individual's unique use of language

Actor 2: Sphygmomanometer!

Screen: Sphygmomanometer: that thing the doctor puts on your arm to measure your blood pressure

The actors begin to circle each other aggressively, wide stance, arms outspread. They rush together and grapple, in the style of sumo wrestlers. They suddenly break their grapple, pushing each other away.

Actor 1: Gaberlunzie!

Screen: Gaberlunzie: an archaic Scottish term for a licensed beggar

Actor 2: Prepostasaurus!

Screen: Prepostasaurus: an invented word for a preposterous dinosaur

The actors rush toward each other again, grappling even more intensely. Again, they suddenly both push each other away, and hurl words at each with the greatest vehemence and animosity.

Actor 1: Acousma!

Screen: Acousma: an auditory hallucination

Actor 2: Zoanthropy!

Screen: Zoanthropy: the delusion that you are an animal

Suddenly, both actors appear confused. They turn away from each other, struggling to process their confusion. A great silence and stillness ensues. They look at each other with sudden, strange tenderness.

Actor 1: But we *are* animals, for better and for worse.

Actor 2: I know. I struggle with that too.

Regret fills the room.

Actor 1: Look, some times my crocodile brain gets the better of me.

Actor 2: Oh, man. Been there, done that shit so many times. I hate it.

Actor 1: Dude, I'm so sorry.

Actor 2: Me too. i should never have called you a sphymomanometer. That was way out of line.

Actor 1: Hey, poop happens, y'know.

Awkward pause.

Actor 2: Hug?

Actor 1 puts his hands up in a defensive gesture.

Actor 1: Nah. I'm good.

They both shrug, and continue on their way toward the sides of the stage. Just as they are about to exit, Actor 2 turns.

Actor 2: Bro, I love you.

Actor 1: I love you too! *(over his shoulder)*

Floss News Alert #4

Audio: Researchers in human sexuality at the University of Far Southeastern Rhode Island have discovered conclusive evidence that there are actually seven human sexes, but that only five of them matter. This has been a Floss News Alert!

Muslim Pushups

The entire cast enters, and begins doing pushups, but all facing in different directions.

Audio: The Muslim pushup is really just a regular pushup, but done facing Mecca. There is often some argument as to exactly which direction faces Mecca, but there is no argument that if all Muslims did ten pushups five times per day, they would be in better shape than people of other religions.

Science Experiment

[x]

Interview with Future You

[x] [Things are going great for Future You: happy, productive, fulfilled, making great plans. Future You needs current you to accept that Future You is going to kick your ass. Future You's motivation is that she wants to exist, and you need to help her exist.]

Portable Melanometer

[x]

Do the Linky Pinky #5

[x]

The Virtues of Vice Signaling

There has been much discussion in recent days of the new social phenomenon of "virtue signaling," that strange, offensive and unprecedented behavior in which a person makes the choice to actually express an opinion as to what they consider bad behavior, as well as good behavior. Clearly "virtue signaling" is a new development in human history because in all of previous human history, as we all know, no human beings ever had the slightest concern with matters of good and evil, or social norms, let alone with advocating openly for any set of values, and least of all with signaling their affiliation with or membership in any group because ultimately human beings depend on other human beings, groups of human beings in particular.

Let us now declare the obvious truth; this sudden and unprecedented upsurge in "virtue signaling" is a form of degeneracy, and anyone advocating for any set of values at all is a threat to society as we know it.

Screen: How to Deal with the Crisis of Virtue Signaling

Some believe that the proper response to the clear and present danger of virtue signaling is to roundly condemn virtue signaling in all its forms. Indeed, there is virtue in this approach. What better way to declare one's own virtue, after all, than to condemn anyone else's expression of opinion as to what is and isn't virtuous?

Competition in this area of virtue signaling through the condemnation of virtue signaling has become fierce, so fierce that virtue signaling by means of condemnation of virtue signaling may be nearing a point of diminishing returns, and even possible exhaustion of opportunities for approval from others through this means.

Therefore I propose a different approach, one that offers an entire field of new opportunities for social approval, social bonding, pride, sharing, and even mutual pleasure.

Screen: Vice Signaling: A New Frontier

The new approach is very simple:

1. Buy a small vice.
2. Write a specific vice of your choice on an index card, slip the card into the mouth of the vice, and tighten the vice firmly.
3. Carry the vice with you wherever you go, and display it openly yet not ostentatiously.
4. Remain alert to every new opportunity that opens before you.

Opportunities may take the form of unexpected interaction with strangers, studies in ornithology in the form of middle fingers directed your way, or perhaps a polite invitation to indulge in the particular vice together, as a way of sharing, getting to know each other, and exploring new possibilities together, and perhaps even further vices.

Screen: [large vice] Just imagine the social pressure this vice could produce.

Remember to choose your vice carefully, and to carry your vice in an unassuming manner, in order to not offend others. After all, you wouldn't want anyone to think badly of you, especially not strangers you will never see again, and certainly don't care about.

Our list of vices is not in any particular order, and is far from comprehensive, so do make an effort to think of your own vices that would

contribute positively to the good of society, or at least be fun for a while. If your goal is to harm your health, there are plenty of vices that are already quite popular and also have the benefit of being very expensive.

Ready? Here we go!

- Smoking
- Letting your fingernails grow too long
- Not making your bed
- Watching sports past the age of 14
- Watching sports at all
- Littering
- Speeding
- Not washing your hands after using the bathroom
- Picking your boogers in public
- Eating your boogers
- Eating other people's boogers
- Overeating
- Eating fried food
- Watching pornography or Fox News, one of which will damage your mind
- Complaining about virtue signaling
- Taking conservatives seriously
- Taking religion seriously
- Listening to the same mediocre music again and again
- Not challenging yourself mentally
- Not challenging yourself physically
- Not challenging yourself emotionally
- Not challenging yourself spiritually
- Mistaking your opinions for reality
- Gossiping
- Laziness
- Wasting your time
- Wasting other people's time
- Eating crappy food
- Giving yourself Type II diabetes by being a slob and an idiot
- Joining a fraternity
- Thinking that you're a member of a "race"
- Thinking that anyone else is a member of a "race"
- Judging other people, but thinking you shouldn't be judged
- Making the medical system even more expensive by not taking care of your body
- Unwittingly participating in the military industrial complex
- Watching shitcoms

- Shopping at Needless Markup
- Buying a dumbass expensive car
- Living in a McMansion
- Talking about real estate
- Knowing only one language
- Letting your butt crack show
- Being a "patriot" and a bad example of a human being at the same time
- Gambling
- Buying lottery tickets
- Wasting money on expensive crap to make yourself feel special, you douche
- Not picking up your dog's poop
- Catcalling, and thinking it's even remotely acceptable
- Bragging
- Name dropping
- Hoarding
- Dressing like a skank
- Being proud of your own ignorance
- Not voting
- Sitting too much
- Gun worship
- Bad posture
- Watching super hero movies
- Complaining about what anyone else does sexually, as though it's any of your business
- Drinking bottled water
- Whining about LBGTQ+
- Hogging the conversation
- Complaining about California
- Coveting your neighbor's cattle
- Not eating your vegetables
- Not chewing your food thoroughly
- Condemnation of masturbation
- Watching "reality" television
- Taking celebrities seriously
- Any sexual fetish that isn't actually interesting
- Excusing the bad behavior of anyone in your group, just because they're in your group
- Talking about your ailments
- Talking about your aliments
- Using "air quotes" inappropriately

Valaso

[live performance by heavy metal band]

Interview with a Doting Grandparent

[Lots of grandchildren, just loves them so much! So proud to be leaving behind such a wonderful legacy. Interviewer suggests those grandchildren will be living in a hell of humanity's own making, a poisoned planet. Struggle ensues. The doting grandparent calls the Thought Police Hotline, but the operator asks them why they are leaving behind a poisoned planet.

"Hey, I didn't call you for important, obvious questions I'm struggling to ignore. I called you to help me maintain my mindlessness!"

Finally the guys in the white coats show up again, drag the doting grandparent offstage. His final words are "You can't do this to me! I recycle!"

I accidentally peed on my own grave

Hi. My name is John...John Spenser.

One day I was driving along in rural Vermont, and I had to pee really badly. I drove a while further, but there was no sign of a gas station or a restaurant. I had to pee so badly by now that I was desperate.

I pulled over, and it happened to be right by an old New England cemetery. I walked a short way into the cemetery, and began to relieve myself. I tried to be really careful not to pee directly on top of any of the graves, and I had just started to pee when I realized that I was peeing right on top of a corpse. When I read the headstone, it was my own name: John Spenser!

Instantly my sphincter closed up like a steel trap, and I ran back to the car without even zipping up, and drove away as fast as I could. I was still driving when my sphincter finally relaxed, and I just peed in my pants while driving. Not proud of myself...I just really couldn't hold it any more.

When I got back to the motel I cleaned myself up, but suddenly I realized that I had peed on myself twice that day; the first time I peed on my own corpse, then I peed on myself again in the car.

I started laughing, and then fell down, I was laughing so hard. That might have made me pee on myself again, but I decided to pee on myself anyway, just for fun this time. You know—third one's a charm.

Floss News Alert #5

Audio: Researchers in sociology at the University of the Indian Ocean report that Israel is a horrible very small country, whereas Russia is a horrible very big country. The common factor in both countries appears to be human beings. This has been a Floss News Report!

What is the most important issue in the world?

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, it's time to get truly serious. I would like to ask you a question. It may be a question you have never asked yourself, but it is a crucially important question, perhaps the most important question of all. When I ask the question, I want you to just call out your answer. Call out your answer loud, so everyone can hear you. Ready? Here goes.

What is the most important issue in the world?

No matter what anyone in the audience calls out, the MC always responds quickly with "No, that's not it" and moves on. "Next?" "No, that's not it."

MC: Let's get back to this question a bit later, shall we?

The MC bows her formal bow, and once again exits backwards, still bowing.

No, that's not it.

Offstage is heard "Hut!...Hut!...Hut!...Hut!" The entire cast minus Actor 2 appear in Army uniforms, marching together.

Leader: You had a good job and you left!

Soldiers: You're right!

They all swivel to the right.

Leader: You had a good girl and you left!

Soldiers: You're right!

They all swivel to the right.

Leader: Sound off!

Soldiers: One, two! *Called out individually, while turning toward the audience.*

Leader: Sound off!

Soldiers: Three, four! *Called out individually, while turning toward the audience.*

They begin to sing.

All: You're in the Army now! *(saluting)*
You're not behind the plough *(miming)*
You'll never get rich *(miming)*
While digging a ditch *(miming)*
You're in the Army now! *(do si do, then salute on last word)*

All are in a line facing the audience, saluting.

Leader: At ease, men.

They drop to at ease, and disperse casually on stage, interacting easily with each other. A kidding shoulder push or two. One of them is off by himself, not mingling at all with the others, staring down.

Actor 2: When my father was drafted into the Army, there was a guy in his platoon, a smart guy, who was very unhappy. Every day, he was obviously miserable. Then he stopped talking to everyone, just kept to himself, and one day he just snapped—lost it completely.

Actor 1 begins walking around, and slowly bends down to pick up one of the pieces of paper. He looks at it closely. He examines both sides meticulously, looking for something.

Actor 2: He began walking around slowly, picking up every piece of paper he found. Each piece of paper he would examine closely on both sides, then sadly shake his head and say...

Actor 1: No, that's not it.

The other soldiers begin staring at the troubled soldier, then mocking him. One of them points a thumb at him over his shoulder and circles his index finger next to his temple. They laugh together. The leader observes the troubled soldier from a distance, his arms folded.

Actor 2: All day long he would just walk around, picking up pieces of paper, studying them closely and then just shaking his head sadly and saying...

Actor 1: No, that's not it.

The soldiers move a small table onto the stage, with two chairs behind it. Another chair is placed on the opposite side of the table, so that the person seated there will have their back to the audience. Two soldiers enter, one of them holding a document. They sit down at the two chairs on one side of the table, facing the audience, looking stern.

Actor 2: This went on for several painful weeks. It was a damn sorry sight. Finally a hearing was held, and it was decided that this troubled soldier should leave the Army.

The troubled soldier enters, sees a piece of paper on the ground and moves to pick it up.

Officer at table: (sternly) Leave that be, private. That's an order.

The troubled soldier struggles to resist picking up the piece of paper, his hand shaking. He finally has to use his other arm to force himself not to pick up the piece of paper. The officer gestures him into the opposing chair.

Actor 2: He was handed a document, studied it closely, and then he suddenly smiled for the first time in months, stood up and said...

Screen: [Army discharge document]

The troubled soldier is handed the document, and studies it for a moment. He stands, turns around toward the audience, a radiant smile on his face.

Actor 1: That's it!

All the actors other than the "troubled soldier" disperse off stage, and the table and chairs are removed. During this time a trumpet is heard playing "You're In The Army Now." The "troubled soldier" strides around the stage,

lovingly holding his discharge document in front of him. On the final note of the trumpet, he kisses the document extravagantly, and exits.

Do The Linky Pinky #6

[x]

Messages from the Animals

[x]

Amber Alert

Screen: Front of bus with “Amber Alert” in amber LEDs.

The small table and chair are quickly brought out, and the 911 operator takes a seat, wearing her headset and as usual chewing her gum and filing her nails.

An actor enters from the other side, hurriedly entering a number on his cell phone. Phone rings over the audio system. The 911 dispatcher spits out her gum, puts down her emery board, and answers.

Dispatcher: 911. What is your emergency?

Screen: [Insect trapped in amber.]

Actor: I found an insect trapped in some amber.

Dispatcher: How long has the insect been trapped there?

Actor: I’m not sure, but I think about [reverb] a hundred and fifty million years.

Dispatcher: Sir, I do not see how this an emergency.

Actor: But what if it’s still alive in there? Don’t you think we should try to help it?

Dispatcher: Look, I’ll be blunt. The insect is fucking dead and I’ve got a lot of flaming uterus calls to attend to, ok?

Actor: But what if we could grow some dinosaurs from the dinosaur blood...

She hangs up. The actor wanders off. The phone rings over the audio system. She picks up.

Dispatcher: 911. What is your emergency? What is the location of the uterus?

Preview of show #2

[x]

Pantheist Pushups

Screen: [the cosmos]

The entire cast enters, and begins doing Pantheist pushups, which are like a burpee in slow motion with a pushup in which you kiss the ground, then stand and give thanks to the Universe.

Audio: The Pantheist pushup is a modified pushup in which you kiss the Earth, then stand and give thanks for everything the Universe has given you. The Pantheist pushup is by far the best kind of pushup because it involves not only several major muscle groups but the entire Universe.

But in the course of doing Pantheist pushups, there is one thing you must never, ever do, and that is to begin singing "Kumbaya."

The cast begins singing.

Cast: Kumbaya, my Lord, kumbay...yuck! Fuck! That song sucks!

Actor: Because...it's not about anything. It's meaningless drivel.

Not Committing Planetary Suicide

[x]

Let's Play with the Planet

Mistress of Ceremonies: Ok, enough with all the depressing stuff! We need some fun! Are you guys ready to play with the planet? Great! Bring out the planet!

Screen: [slide of a young girl playing happily with the planet in a swimming pool]

Drum roll as the planet is brought out on a silver tray, and handed to the MC with great ceremony.

MC: Ok, everybody! Here's the planet! Let's all play with it!

She tosses the globe out into the audience, which begins to bat it about high in the air among themselves with great delight and enthusiasm.

Meanwhile, the MC introduces Professor Clinkscapes, who will be giving a presentation about all the truly horrible things human beings are doing to the planet. Professor Clinkscapes is smoking a pipe, and is dressed in a classic brown wool v-neck sweater with red striped tie underneath, rough slacks, and work boots. He is also armed with a laser pointer, which he uses with great vigor. His tone is firm, and powerfully authoritative. This is a man who truly knows whereof he speaks.

As Professor Clinkscapes proceeds with his presentation, he becomes more and more agitated, and his presentation begins to be peppered with outbursts of expletives, as peculiarly Scottish as possible. The agitation, dismay and outright anger of Professor Clinkscapes finally reaches a terrible pitch as he directs the laser pointer with great intensity at this terrible fact, and that horrifying statistic, as all the while he hurls highly creative verbal abuse at humanity for all its misdeeds.

We're All Dead, and So Is Everything Else

Screen: [skulls, bones, dead bodies]

Professor Clinkscapes: So now we're all dead, and so is everything else, ye stupid human jiggery poisonous malignant microbes!

Screen: [bloody hands]

Professor Clinkscapes: The blood is on our hands, *our hands*, for killing everything, polluting everything, destroying everything—and all because of our egotism. All because we wanted to believe that the worst species of all was the best species of all, and the only species that matters. All because we wanted houses far bigger than we need, and wanted to buy even more crap on Amazon, and wanted to show off to other stupid humans we don't even care about who don't even deserve anyone's respect anyway.

Yi don' e'en rise to the level of a goddam gaberlunzie!

Just a goddam fookin virus with shoes!

Planet B

[x]

Exorcism / Resurrection

[x]

Stainless Steel Lifetime Toothbrush

[x]

Sustainable Choices

[x]

Journey through all of Space, Time and Your Personality

[x]

Metahuman

[x]

Do the Linky Pinky

Cast members move out into the audience, and invite individual audience members to join them in dancing The Linky Pinky in front of the stage, and in the aisles. Gradually they encourage a total of six people up on stage to dance The Linky Pinky together. All this time they are delivering their lines while the symphonic music builds. The audience is invited to join pinkies, and vocalize to the music.

Finale

Screen: [Earth in space, with words below "We love you." This image appears during the final bars of the music.]