

Adventure Cabaret

Pre-Finale

We're All Dead, and So Is Everything Else

[2:10]

Screen: [skulls, bones, dead bodies]

One by one, the other cast members come out on stage, looking distraught and forlorn, staring at the depleted planet. Occasionally they look up at the screen, look at each other, look at the audience, sickened and horrified. One of them rushes offstage, clearly about to vomit. This makes the others look like they are all going to vomit as well, and they are barely holding it in.

Professor Clinkscapes: So now we're all dead, and so is everything else! Are you proud of yourselves? We all have the same blood on our hands.

Screen: [bloody hands]

Professor Clinkscapes: Yes, the blood is on our hands, *our hands*, for killing everything, polluting everything, destroying everything—and all because of our egotism and greed and stupidity. All because we wanted to believe that the worst species of all—*homo* [air quotes] "*sapiens*"—was the best species of all, and the only species that matters.

We've destroyed everything, even ourselves, even our children and grandchildren. We've destroyed humanity's entire future...

...because we are just...plain...fucking...stupid.

The professor grasps his head in agony, and screams.

Horrific Human Stupidity!

Pause, as the professor weaves and bobs in complete torment, holding his head and moaning horribly.

Lola is holding the depleted planet at arm's length, between thumb and index finger. She stares at it, utterly horrified.

Lola de Campa: Did I do this? Please tell me I didn't do this. I just wanted to have fun...I just wanted everybody to have fun.

She begins to cry, still holding the depleted planet at arm's length between thumb and index finger, occasionally glancing at it.

Lola de Campa: Oh my God. I am SO SORRY!

She begins to weep, gradually bringing the depleted planet toward her, tragically embracing it as though she has murdered her own child.

The Mistress of Ceremonies strides out, with great confidence.

MC: Cheer up everyone! None of this is a problem! No problem at all! How do I know this is all not a problem? Because everybody knows we've always got Planet B!

The MC makes an extravagant gesture with her arms, top hat and cane.

Drum roll.

MC: Bring out...Planet B!

Silence. Nothing happens. The MC's extravagant gesture wilts a bit. She delivers the big gesture again, with a touch of desperation.

MC: Bring out...Planet B!

Silence again. Again, nothing happens. The MC's gesture wilts even more, and her composure begins to crack. She tries the gesture one final time, grinning painfully.

MC: Please bring out...Planet B!

Horrible silence. From the wings, the actor who fled to vomit delivers the next line, as The Talking Dog.

The Talking Dog: You humans are so stupid. Even a talking dog knows there's no Planet B. Bark bark, you idiots.

An unbelievably awkward, terrible silence ensues. The MC's forced cheerful expression breaks. She begins to cry, then sob. She loses control, and drops her precious top hat, then drops her cane.

MC: Professor, you must know what to do. I mean, you're a professor and everything.

The professor is barely recovering from his torment.

Professor Clinkscales: *(pitifully)* I wish I could tell you, but all I do is study stupidity. I don't really have any answers.

The Mistress of Ceremonies is suddenly enraged.

MC: What? You have NO ANSWERS?! FUCK YOU! Just absolutely fucking FUCK YOU!

The Mistress of Ceremonies rushes toward the professor in a blind fury, and raises her arm to strike him as hard she can in the face. He cowers before the incoming blow, and she barely stops herself, slowly lowering her arm.

MC: Oh my God. Oh my God. Professor, I am so sorry.

The Mistress of Ceremonies slowly and tenderly touches the professor's cheek, kisses the professor on the cheek, then moves away, looking into his face, holding her hand on his cheek until it is out of reach.

Lola, still holding the planet, goes slowly to the professor, and embraces him as they both cry. She is holding the planet between them. She lets the planet go, and it falls to the floor between them as they continue their tender, sad embrace.

Please Take Offense

[1:34]

Screen: Please take offense.

The only thing humanity should ever be offended by is itself.

Call the Thought Police Hotline if you must.

The actor who had left the stage to vomit quietly rejoins the group.

MC: Adolph Hitler came to power ninety one years ago this year, and it's as though we've made no actual progress at all. We keep choosing horrible leaders, and doing horrible things to each other, and horrible things to all the other creatures on the planet. We are just making a horrible mess of absolutely everything, and we ourselves are not getting better in any way at all.

Screen: The Worst Species Ever

We just plain suck.

Actor 1: We really are a shitty species.

Actor 2: Man, we absolutely suck.

Actor 3: We are just the fucking worst.

Actor 1: I've never said this before, but I am ashamed to be a human being.

Actor 3: So am I.

Actor 2: Me too. Man, this hurts.

Actor 1: Why do we continue to be so horrible?

Actor 3: What can we do?

The three actors move toward Lola and the professor, and join in the sad embrace. The actors eventually are all holding hands in a way that will later unfurl to form a line across the stage.

The Mistress of Ceremonies is a bit off to the side of the group embrace, lost in thought.

On the screen, the abstract image of a brain that opened The Empire of the Mind segment slowly fades in.

Screen: [abstract image of a brain]

After a while, the Mistress of Ceremonies notices what is on the screen, and is puzzled by it. Something begins to happen in her mind. She gradually moves downstage center, occasionally looking back at the brain. One of the

cast members notices the MC looking at the screen, and he looks up at the screen.

Actor 1: Hey, what's that?

Actor 2: I don't know. It looks like a brain.

MC: It's not just a brain, it's The Empire of the Mind. It's *the answer*.

Actor 3: The answer to what?

MC: What is the most important issue in the world?

During the following, the group of five actors gradually unfurls, so that they are all holding hands in a line across the stage.