

Adventure Cabaret

My Arm Hurts So Bad

Actor enters, arm in a sling, visibly in pain.

Actor: Damn, my arm still hurts so bad. It's always getting injured like this. I can barely move it without wincing in agony.

The actor accidentally moves his arm, and winces.

The damn oil companies keep twisting my arm, those fuckers. They just keep twisting it and twisting it, making me do all kinds of things I would *never* choose to do on my own. I mean, just look at this chart of my activities over the years!

The actor tries to use a laser pointer with his right arm, but screams in pain.

OW! Fuck!

He transfers the laser pointer to his left hand.

During all this, the actor's individual and expanding carbon footprint is displayed on the screen.

The oil companies twisted my arm brutally, and made me drive a car that gets only 21 miles to the gallon. Those bastards! They have no conscience! Then they made it even worse by *forcing* me to drive more than 10,000 miles *every single year*!

As if that weren't bad enough, they also made me take transcontinental and international plane flights *my whole life*! They're horrible! The things they make me do!

And now those damn oil companies are forcing me to use *more and more* plastic! The level of convenience they provide is evil, *just plain evil*! Why can't they leave me alone? Just the other night I was having dinner in a restaurant and an oil company executive walked over to my table, forced my mouth open, and *made* me use a *plastic straw*! It was horrible.

Those creeps even made me buy a huge house that is very expensive to heat with oil, too! I didn't have any choice at all! Why don't they take *responsibility* for the horrible choices they *force* me to make *against my will*?

Why doesn't Congress *do something*? Why doesn't *the president*?

It's COMPLETELY UNACCEPTABLE! IT HAS TO STOP!

PLEASE, PLEASE MAKE THEM STOP FORCING ME TO DO ALL THESE THINGS I WOULD NEVER CHOOSE TO DO ON MY OWN! THEY ARE EVIL! THEY SHOULD ALL BE SHUT DOWN!

An image of the Earth appears on screen.

The actor tenderly touches his arm in the sling, and winces slightly. He begins to cry.

It still hurts, you know. I feel very, very sorry for myself.

The actor turns and looks at the Earth, shrugs, and walks off.