

Adventure Cabaret

MC Intro

[1:05]

Timpani roll. The Mistress of Ceremonies strides on stage. She is wearing a top hat, and twirling a black cane.

Timpani 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.

Pause.

MC: 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 actually progressed, or not?

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. The MC may have to improv what follows, depending on what the audience does.

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, 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?

Adulterated / Unadulterated

[1:45]

Screen: [Earth fades to a black screen.]

MC: Responsibility, true responsibility, is a challenging topic, so we'll get back to it later in the show.

Complete change of mood.

Screen: [images of children]

MC: Do you remember what it was like when you were a child? You were full of curiosity, excitement, fascination. You laughed freely (*the entire cast laughs with childish glee from offstage*), and every day was new, full of wonder, and you exercised your imagination without hesitation or inhibition.

Transition to downer mood.

Screen: [much less happy images of children]

MC: Then gradually life, but most all other human beings, wore you down. You became disappointed, jaded. Your sense of possibility narrowed. You found less and less to be excited about.

Two actors dressed in full body hazmat suits appear on stage, and during the following they pick the MC up by the arms while she is talking, and move her directly stage left by about four feet, as though she were just an object that must be moved. They set her down just before she says the word "adulterated."

MC: Your imagination became less and less active. You were once a wonderful child, full of hope and excitement and wonder and imagination...

...but then, in a word, you became...

Screen: adulterated

MC: ...adulterated.

The actors in hazmat suits move to where the MC had been standing, and mime repairing an invisible object, at ground level.

MC: Aren't you sick of it? Aren't you just completely fed up with being adulterated? Tell me honestly. Don't you want something much better than being constantly and forever...adulterated?

Two members of the cast call out enthusiastically, and line up beside the MC, clearly ready for a fun time.

MC: So tonight we are going to make the conscious choice to return to the best of childhood: the boundless curiosity, the excitement, the open mindedness, the enthusiasm.

The actors in hazmat suits finish their work, and remove their masks and head coverings.

MC: We are going to consider new ideas, new outlooks, deeply exercise our imaginations, and have lots and lots of fun together. For the next hour, we are going to be...

The actors in hazmat suits pick up the MC by the arms again, and move her back to her original position, so that she is back in her original position exactly when she says "Completely unadulterated."

Screen: unadulterated

MC and cast: Completely unadulterated!

The two actors dance The Linky Pinky briefly together, and so do the two actors in the hazmat suits.

MC: Who's with me? Great! We'll have stories—happy stories, sad stories, scary stories, silly gags, more stories, fun fun fun, and then we'll get serious again.

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

MC: But what have we here? Look, it's some silly guy reading a book! How pretentious. What an elitist! He probably goes home and reads the dictionary. Ha!

The actor reading a book walks off, lost in his book.

Away with words!

[1:30]

The actors in hazmat suits exit, having a mimed professional discussion.

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?