

## **MC intro**

[1:05]

*Drum roll. The Mistress of Ceremonies strides on stage. She is wearing a top hat, and twirling a 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 actually progressed, or not? 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:** 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.]

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]

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]

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. 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

...adulterated.

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?

*The cast calls out enthusiastically, and three members of cast line up behind the MC, clearly ready for a fun time.*

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. 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...

**Screen:** unadulterated

**MC and cast:** Completely unadulterated!

**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.*

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.

## **Away with words!**

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**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 straw hat with flowers sticking out, and singing to herself a nondescript, happy little tune.*

*The MC and Lola briefly dance The Linky Pinky together, exchange kisses on the cheek, then high five each other.*

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

*The three other actors stand behind Lola, ready to demonstrate the mindless fun, 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 bbblllllrrrr! Again...bbblllllrrrr!

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!

*During this time, a chair is quickly brought out, and two microphones set up: one for voice, the other for voice.*

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 and humming a vague, happy tune.*