

Adventure Cabaret

Show #1: Prepare Yourself

Version 1.0

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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

Professor Clinkscales: brown v-neck sweater, white shirt and red tie, rough trousers, work boots, pipe

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

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

Miranda Sorventi: plain off-white cotton dress

Policeman: police uniform, stainless steel loud whistle

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

cell phone - old Android phone

wooden spoon

laser pointer

classic curved tobacco 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

Giveaways

stainless steel toothbrush

tooth brushing tablets

shampoo bar

refillable deodorant

Script

Pre-Show

[0:10]

Notice: Recording

[0:30]

Screen: The use of recording devices of any kind during the performance, whether audio or video...

...is strictly a matter of indifference to us.

###

Go ahead, knock yourself out. Post some clips on social media.

We really don't care.

###

What we do care about is that you be fully engaged with us during our time together this evening.

Be together with us. Be together with each other.

###

Most of all, let us open our minds together.

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.

Ocean

[2:00]

Insects

[1:30]

"Metamorphosis"

Overture

[3:49]

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

Notices

[25]

Screen: You may find some of the content of this production not to your taste. After the production we encourage you to report all of your objections directly to the hotline we've set up specifically for that purpose.

THOUGHT POLICE HOTLINE

(415) 555-Ilovetoobject

We'd be happy to get back to you in about...a billion years.

Adventure Cabaret

[x]

Announcer: Good evening, and welcome to Adventure Cabaret! We're glad you've chosen to proceed on this journey with us.

Seat belt sign / takeoff

[x]

The Empire of the Mind

[2:00]

Voice: Wow...the Empire of the Mind. I'm really looking forward to that! It must be amazing!

Audio: Heartbeat, dripping water, whispers

Screen: collage of mostly random, strange images

Pause.

But wait...where am I? It's kind of dark in here. It looks like a huge warehouse, just full of all kinds of junk. What is all this stuff? Rusty filing cabinets, rotting piles of scribbled notes, boxes full of boxes full of even more random junk, tangles of wires connecting everything. What's in this big box?

Oh...my...God. It's all my memories, just a jumble of memories...and some of them aren't even true. And this box? It's labeled "Pre-verbal memories. Do not open." Scary!

I'm walking around...in my own mind. What a mess!

What's this senseless tangle of wires leading nowhere? Holy crap. It's my belief system, based on no evidence. It looks repulsive, and it obviously makes no sense.

Oh! Look at the piles and piles of software! That sounds promising. What? Nineteen eighty-nine? Nineteen seventy-two? Nineteen...sixty-five? This crap is totally out of date! But it's...me. All this crude and totally outdated software is...me.

I need a major software update!

That disgusting, senseless belief system has got to go!

This place needs to be totally renovated!

How do I get out of here? How do I go out of my mind?

Voice 2: (whispered) This way. Over here.

Voice: Oh...ok.

Sticks > Stones > Bones

[0:15]

Words

[1:30]

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.

Two actors dressed in full body hazmats 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 move her and set her down just before she says the word "adulterated."

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.

The actors in hazmat suits mime repairing an invisible object, at ground level.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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?

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

Screen: [sail rigging, sailor and sailoress, buoys and gulls]

Lola: Ahoy there, sailors and sailoresses, buoys and gulls! 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.

We Are Here Together

[0:55]

Lola: Wonderful! You can turn back around now, but please remain standing. You really are the cat's meow, and more! Now let's try something else that's very fun. We are going to sing together, just something very simple, just a chord. There will be three notes, and you can choose any of the three notes—whatever is comfortable for you. Here is the first note.

Audio: [G]

And the second note. If that note works for you, that's your note.

Audio: [D]

And the third note. If that one's better for you, great.

Audio: [B]

Lola: Now let's sing the chord. (She motions to sing.) Now we are going to sing this chord together, with the words "We are here together." Ready?

Once more...(motions again)

Wonderful!

Simon Says Something Sinister / Let's Play Guitar!

[0:50]

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

Now let's try something else interesting. 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?" Yes? 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.

Nia's Story

[3:30]

Screen: [Pictures of Nia from different phases of her life.]

Nia enters, a guitar in her left hand, her right arm in a sling.

[Nia tells her story, and performs one song.]

Professor Finlay Clinkscapes

[1:22]

MC: Wow! What a story! And now we have another special guest, but a very different kind of guest. *(She cups her hand by her mouth and whispers.)* This one's a *professor!* Uh oh! *(Ooh la la gesture.)* Direct from Glasgow, Scotland, Professor Finlay Clinkscapes, world expert! Come on out, Professor!

Professor Clinkscapes enters. He is wearing a brown v-neck sweater with shirt and tie underneath, a sturdy belt, rough trousers and work boots. He carries a pipe, in which he is tamping down some tobacco. He appears quite jolly. In his vest pocket is a laser pointer.

MC: Professor Clinkscapes, thank you so much for being with us tonight.

Professor Clinkscapes: My pleasure indeed.

MC: Professor, could you tell us a bit about your area of study?

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

Professor Clinkscapes: Why yes, certainly. I study stupidity.

MC: Stupidity? You have a PhD in stupidity?

Professor Clinkscales: Yes. I specialize in the study of Horrific Human Stupidity.

MC: But humans are intelligent! Your field must be very narrow.

Professor Clinkscales: Not at all. Horrific Human Stupidity encompasses most major fields: physics, biology, cosmetics, psychology, scientology, sociology, diet, nutrition and grocery shopping, linguistics, sports, the media, celebrities, breast and butt implants, politics of course, but most of all religion.

MC: I see. Professor, what will you be speaking to us about this evening?

Professor Clinkscales: Horrific Human Stupidity, of course. Didn't you hear me the first time?

The MC is taken aback by the professor's snappishness, and exits backwards, bowing.

MC: Sorry, professor.

Language Is not Reality

[2:02]

Professor Clinkscales: Language is not reality. It may feel like reality, you may mistake it for 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!

The professor appears a bit angry at this point.

Screen: [images of instruments listed below]

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

Screen: [the ocean, below the surface]

Actors 1 & 2 enter, miming fish swimming along.

Professor Clinkscales: 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?

Professor Clinkscales: 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 to suppress the most prevalent aspects of reality.

Professor Clinkscales begins to become a bit agitated.

Screen: [Google nGram Viewer of "sexism"]

Professor Clinkscales takes out the laser pointer, and points it at the chart.

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

He directs the laser pointer to the beginning of the timeline, and begins to move the pointer along the timeline.

Even though all human societies had been thoroughly sexist up until only recently, the word "sexism" doesn't even appear in English until around...1960!

He turns to the audience, and takes a few steps forward.

If you don't have a word for it, then it must not exist, because it's "normal." You are also forbidden by your society to even be aware of it, but you are not even aware that you are suppressing your own awareness in obedience to society.

We will study more examples later. Thank you.

Professor Clinkscapes exits, reloading his pipe.

Why a cabaret?

[3:00]

The Mistress of Ceremonies enters quickly, taken aback by the bad temper of Professor Clinkscapes.

MC: Well, that was certainly...interesting. Ask a professor, get an answer...yikes! But we'd like to explain to you why we're here tonight. Why are we here tonight?

Professor Clinkscapes: *(offstage, shouting)* Because we're not dead yet, that's why!

MC: Again, good point! *(She makes the "ooh la la" gesture again.)* But why a cabaret? To answer this question, let's listen to a true story from Greece, but not ancient Greece, no...Greece from the 1950's, even before the word "sexism" begins to be used in English.

Actor enters, dressed in a sleeveless undershirt, rope belt, wrinkled pants and sandals with no socks.

The MC again exits backwards, bowing.

Screen: [Image of village in Greece, with the name of the village in Greek.]

Actor: 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 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 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.

The Talking Dog #1

[0:43]

MC: So you see just how important a cabaret can be! A matter of life and death! But now for some more fun. Are you ready for The Talking Dog? The Talking Dog is about to...

A stagehand motions from the side.

MC: Excuse me one moment.

A brief conference ensues between the MC and the stagehand. The MC returns.

MC: I have just been informed that The Talking Dog is feeling a bit shy about his vocabulary, and wants a few more minutes to learn some more words. Sorry about that! We'll check back with the doggie later. But in the mean time, let's return to the world of words for a moment.

The MC bows deeply, and exits backwards.

War of the Words

[1:30]

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. The two actors look away from each other in shame.

Actor 1: Look, some times my crocodile brain just 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 sphygmomanometer. 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)*

Hindu Pushups

[0:20]

Screen: [Om symbol]

Actor enters, begins to do a couple of slow Hindu pushups, facing sideways.

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 the audience and smiles, then exits.

Floss News Alert #1

[0:20]

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

Do The Linky Pinky #1

[0:10]

Screen: [image: two children doing The Linky Pinky
text: The Linky Pinky: Innocent children's version]

Audio: simple rustic dance music

Bulgaria

[1:30]

Actor enters, stands center stage.

Screen: [German shepherd puppy]

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.

Screen: [house]

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.

Screen: [German shepherd, adult]

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.

Screen: [slow fade to black]

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.

MC Introduces the First Message

[]

Messages from the Insects

[0:46]

I love the flowers.

I am at one with the flowers.

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

Our populations have declined 45% in only 40 years.

You are destroying our homes, and poisoning us.

You are putting yourselves in danger by doing so.

Can't we work something out?

An actor appears from the side, looking rather distraught.

Actor: But I recycle!

Screen: Do you really think that's enough?

The Flaming Uterus

[2:12]

A young woman is lying on the stage on her side on a blanket, 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.

During the audio below, the young man and young woman walk upstage center and briefly and awkwardly kiss, their hips as far apart as possible, then hold both of each other's hand. They release their hands, slowly move away from each other, and exit opposite sides.

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?

The Talking Dog #2

[x]

I accidentally peed on my own grave

[1:22]

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.

A stagehand appears at the side of the stage, holding a towel. During the lines below the stagehand hands the actor the towel, which he wraps around his waist. He exits wearing the towel.

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.

Jewish Pushups

[0:25]

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

[0:25]

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!

Do the Linky Pinky #2

[Basic white bread version]

Amber Alert

[0:50]

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?

Pause.

What is the location of the uterus?

The Talking Dog #3

[x]

Christian Pushups

[0:28]

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.

Floss News Alert #3

[0:30]

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!

Frozen Figures

[6:20]

Screen: [ice]

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 frozen 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, try to kill me again.

Mood changes to happy, contented.

Screen: [dissolve to ice partially melted, some greenery showing through]

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.

Screen: [dissolve to ice, even harsher]

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.

Screen: [starry night sky]

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.

But 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.

Screen: [the ice dissolves to greenery, then to a pathway of purple flowers]

Gradually, the frozen figures 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.

Screen: [dissolve to hill, with clouds above]

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.

Do the Linky Pinky #3

[Artsy "interracial" version]

Messages from the Amphibians

[x]

Actor: But I recycle!

Screen: Do you really think that's going to solve this?

LED fan dance

[3:30]

[music with video of bioluminescent ocean creatures]

The Potato Chip & the Battery

[1:20]

Stagehands place two chairs next to each other, stage center.

The storyteller enters, stands downstage left.

Male Storyteller: One winter I was at MacArthur BART, waiting for a train.

Male actor enters, wearing a new pair of winter gloves. He rubs his hands together in the cold.

Male Storyteller: I had just bought a new pair of gloves, and was happy to be wearing them, it was so cold.

Female actors enters, begins walking toward the actor already seated.

Male Storyteller: A woman sat down next to me. She was very friendly. I mean *very* friendly. She chatted about this and that. She was so friendly

that every once in a while she would touch my leg. She asked if she could wear my gloves, because it was so cold. She had been so nice that I let her wear my new gloves. Then she put her hand on my leg again and said...

Female actor: Hey, you want to hear a joke?

Male actor: Sure...

Male Storyteller: I said.

Female actor: What did the potato chip say to the battery?

Male actor: What?

A second male actor appears upstage, observing this interaction.

Male Storyteller: Then she put her hand further up my leg and said...

Female actor: I'm Frito-lay if you're Eveready!

Male Storyteller: A few seconds later an undercover police officer walked up to her, addressed her by name and said...

Undercover police officer: Ok, Stacy. Let's go.

Male Storyteller: He took her by the arm and led her away. She was still wearing my new gloves. That didn't really bother me, but I felt bad because she had been so nice...and I had never asked what she did for a living.

What else should be in this show?

[1:30]

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 we look forward to working with you to make this show even better every time!

MC: And now, on with the show!

Don't Look Down on Manikins

[2:10]

Screen: [beautiful clouds]

Stage hands place a table center stage, with a chair behind it. They also place two manikins on the table, in joyful poses.

A male actor enters, and sits in the chair looking at the manikins. He leans forward and picks one of them up, looks at it closely for a moment, then puts it back. He picks up the second manikin, puts it in an awkward, ugly pose, then laughs.

Then he cocks one index finger, and knocks one of the manikins over. He laughs again, this time more strongly. He picks up the first manikin again.

Actor: You know what I could do to you? I could rip your little head off right now.

He grabs the manikin’s head.

Actor: You couldn’t do a goddam thing about it.

He tosses the manikin down roughly, and picks up the other manikin.

Actor: And you? I could so easily just rip off your arms and legs, and you couldn't do a thing to stop me.

He pushes both manikins off the table, and they tumble to the floor. On the screen behind him appear two very large manikins, floating in the clouds. The actor moves around to the front of the table, and stands over the manikins strewn helpless on the floor. On the screen, word balloons appear next to the heads of the large manikins. During the dialogue of the large manikins, the actor continues to threaten and abuse the small manikins, saying he could burn them alive, etc.

Large manikin 1: Ugh.

Large manikin 2: What a jerk.

Large manikin 1: I do wonder what is wrong with him.

Large manikin 2: Perhaps something in his early toilet training.

Large manikin 1: Cruelty is inherently pathetic.

Large manikin 2: Sickening.

Large manikin 1: I feel sorry for him.

A soft cough is heard. The large manikins begin to fade away, and then only the clouds are seen again. The actor suddenly stops, as though he senses something. He turns suddenly toward the screen, but sees only the clouds.

Pause.

He gently picks each manikin up, puts it in a nice pose, and places it back on the table. He turns to leave, looking back at the manikins.

Actor: I'm so sorry, you guys. *(He is fighting back tears.)* I really don't know what's wrong with me. I love you guys so much. I'll see you tomorrow, ok?

Exits.

The Talking Dog #4

[x]

The Modern Female Leonardo da Vinci

[2:18]

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 her arms slightly, and shows a distance between her hands.

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

Miranda reduces the distance between her hands.

MC: Less than that? A few weeks?

Miranda further reduces the distance between her hands.

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

Miranda closes the gap between her hands.

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. Her head jerks slightly.

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!

Ideas of Heaven

[1:50]

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. When they have reached the sides of the stage they pause, turn around, slowly walk toward each other, do the Linky Pinky, and then also begin slow dancing tenderly.

What is the most important issue in the world?

[0:55]

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.

[1:55]

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.

Muslim Pushups

[0:25]

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 while 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.

The cast faces the audience, and briefly beat their chests.

Floss News Alert #4

[0:22]

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 cases appears to be human beings. This has been a Floss News Report!

Do the Linky Pinky #4

[Possible lesbian version. We're not really sure.]

Deeply Committed Agnostic Pushups

[0:30]

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.

Messages from the Animals

[x]

Actor: But I recycle!

Screen: Good for you, but entirely insufficient.

Do the Linky Pinky #5

[Monochromatic intergenerational version]

Floss News Alert #5

[0:20]

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

Pantheist Pushups

[0:50]

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.

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.

Cast: We need songs that are genuinely meaningful! We'll have to write them ourselves!

Do The Linky Pinky #6

[Strongly declarative invitational version]

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]

Finale

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.

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