

# Adventure Cabaret

## Why A Cabaret?

[3:12]

*Actor enters, sits, and begins casually throwing invisible pebbles from a collection of pebbles in his hand.*

**Screen:** [The following story is true, and was told to me in my living room on Cape Cod by my next door neighbor, George Yantsides. The year is 1959.

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 it 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 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.*