

Operamania: The Light in the Lobby

By Denise Page Caraher c. 2002

CAST

Operamon – bass baritone

Carmon – mezzo

Cio Cio San – soprano

Everymon – tenor

Apathy – bass baritone

Igno (Iggie) – mezzo

Ramus (Ray) - tenor

Costumes – Operamon- flowing cape made of strips of bright colors; each color has legible name of a famous opera on it, e.g. Aida, La Boheme, Tosca, Magic Flute, etc.,

Carmon – typical Carmen outfit, (Spanish looking skirt and top, optional shawl)

Trench coat, shades and/or fedora for double agent scene, girl disguise

Cio Cio San – Japanese kimono, girl disguise

Everymon-pants and shirt with name on it, girl disguise

Apathy- black pants and shirt with name on back (that won't be seen under

Operamon cape), maybe an interesting hat or something to make him more evil)

Igno- any shorts or Capri pants that can be worn under Carmon skirt, jacket with either Iggie or Igno on back

Ramus-jacket with Ramus or Ray on back

Set – colorful backdrop, mailboxes/pictures reading “Figimon”, “Desdemon”, etc., road signs such as “Seville”, “Roma”; or abstract colorful pinwheel “roads”; maybe some faces from operas

Props-three healthy size pictures of opera house, lobby, and bowl shaped

chandelier, cardboard TV, three broad blade swords with different words on blade of each (1. Art and Music 2. Feelings 3. Loyal Audience), sign for Iggie and Ray to place over backdrop, paper to be torn up, “Plan” (scroll, folded long paper or booklet)

EXCERPT:

Everymon: Hi, there. You know what this is? (Holds up picture) This is an opera House. It was built a long time ago. Let's have a look inside. (Holds up picture) This is the fancy lobby where all the people enter that want to see the opera. You see that big fancy light? Let's look a little closer. You are about to discover an amazing secret. (Holds up picture) You see, contained in this light is an entire civilization of teeny, tiny people. They're about the size of your little fingernail. Maybe even smaller. They call their country Operamania. They call themselves the Operamaniacs. Now let me crank up the superduper invisible magnifying glass, (crank motion)... so you can meet...

Toreador music begins.

(Operamon bursts in, cape flying, Carmon and CioCio San come in 5 measures of intro later; E sits as if in audience)

Operamon: (toward end of intro) Not Digimon, not Pokemon..But...

(singing) OPERAMON, THE SUPER, SUPERHERO
THE GUARDIAN OF OP'RAMANIA,
IT IS MY PRIVILEGE, IT IS MY DUTY,
FOR WE SHARE A COMMON JOY,
FOR MUSIC—WE LIVE!
THIS IS CIO CIO SAN AND THIS IS CARMON,
SOME FELLOW O-P'RA-MANIACS,
(getting Everymon out of audience)
AND THIS IS EVERYMON, OUR SECRET WEAPON,
WE NEED EVERYMON WITH THE OP'RAMANIACS!
THERE ARE VILLAINS WHO WANT TO STOP- US,
STOP THE MU-SIC AND STOP THE THRILL,
STOMP OUT O-PERA AND STOMP OUT FEELINGS,
DROP THE CURTAIN ON IT ALL!
THEY WANT IT TO END, WE MUST DEFEND, AH..
O'RA HAS LASTED, STOOD THE TEST OF TIME,
PROUDLY WE SING, TO PEOPLE BRING,
MUSIC, EMOTION, YOU CAN FEEL OUR PAIN,
STORIES CENTURIES OLD! HEROES AND SHEROES, TOO,
HUMOR AND LOVE, WE GIVE OUR ALL FOR YOU!

Music fades into dialogue.

E: For me??

O: For you, Everymon. People like you and people like them.(gestures toward audience)

E: (awestruck) And I'm a secret weapon! He called me a secret weapon.

O: Who is the enemy, you ask?

C: Did we ask that?

E: Who is the enemy?

CCS: Who is the enemy?? (looking incredulously at Everymon)

O: It's Apathy.

E: What is Apathy?

O: For us, Apathy is a who. But to most people, it's a what.

C: Apathy is when you don't care...

CCS: When you don't feel like doing something...

C: As in...(whiny voice) I don't feel like it...

CCS: (Whiny) I don't want to...

E: I'm still confused.

O: (Clapping hands) Apathy. Take One. (elbow clap)

C: (acting like mother) It's time to do your homework, dear.

CCS: Ahhh, not now. I don't feel like it. I'm watching cartoons.

CCS: Would you like to buy some girl scout cookies?

E: We're from your local school (or say name of school where performing)

C, CCS & E (Singing):

THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL ARE WE,
PERT AS A SCHOOLGIRL WELL CAN BE,
FILLED TO THE BRIM WITH GIRLISH GLEE,
THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL,

CCS: EVERYTHING IS A SOURCE OF FUN

C: ARE WE NOT BRIGHT AS THE SHINING SUN

E: LIFE IS A JOKE THAT'S JUST BEGUN,
THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL

A: Aren't they cute?

CCS: FROM THREE LITTLE MAIDS TAKE ONE AWAY (runs toward A & plan)

C: TWO LITTLE MAIDS REMAIN AND THEY

E: WANT VERY MUCH TO COME OUT AND PLAY

ALL: THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL

(all trying to surround him and get plan)

THREE LITTLE MAIDS WHO ALL ARE FEMALE,
DOWN TO THE SMALLEST DAINTY DETAIL
SELLING OUR COOKIES UNDER RETAIL
THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL,
THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL!

(On high note, E's wig or bonnet come off revealing who he is. C & CCS react.

He keeps bouncing in character. Upon realization, chase through audience begins.)

A: Why you little...Come back here!

(piano repeats music until chase ends with A catching Cio-Cio San. Others exit)

A: Well, look what I have. A lovely butterfly for my collection. (ties her to wall)
This, my dear, is only the beginning. (*Scarpia* music.) Too bad, you won't be around to see my brilliant plan take effect. I start with opera. It will be eliminated. I won't tell you how. Let me just say that people-like these folks here- will lose interest. They'll have all kinds of excuses. I'll make sure of that. Soon, very soon, there will be no audience, no patrons, no people in the seats. And then, there will be silence. (Long pause.) After that, I go after another kind of music. Then another. Until there is none. No rock, pop, jazz, blues, country, rap or classical. No music. No theatre. Nothing. No happy people, no sad people. Just bored and boring people. People with no feelings. (Starts to exit, then pauses.) Oh, and your little tiny friends in Operamania? Their light will be out. Period.
(Exits.)

Pause.

Music starts.

CCS: VISSI D'ARTE, VISSI D'AMORE,
I LIVED FOR THE ART OF MAKING MUSIC,
SWEET CONSOLATION, I BROUGHT TO THOSE
WHO ARE POOR AND UNHAPPY

(E and C come out quietly)

ALWAYS WITH DEEP EMOTION,
(CCS loses her voice)
piano continues

E: She's losing her voice!

C: She's lost it. That's a fate worse than death for a singer.

E: What's wrong?

C: She's lost her will to sing.

E: What makes singers sing?

C: We sing because of the sheer joy of singing, but the joy we get from singing for others is beyond compare. We know our singing feeds the audience's emotions. Our music can bring them peace and comfort, joy and exhilaration, sadness, too, but sadness with great beauty. CioCio San's heart has gone out of her voice, and now, her voice is gone, too. If Apathy wins, opera will die. It will die because no one cares.

E: I care! I care!

C: One person is not enough.

E: I'm Everymon, aren't I? I'm a patron. I'm the audience. You said I was important.

C: You are. The audience is the most important part.

E: How do I show I care?

C: Right now, you could applaud. Let her know you're there.

(E starts clapping rhythmically and slowly ala Tinkerbell. Nothing happens.)

E: It's not working.

C: She needs more. Not enough people show they care.

E: (To someone in audience) Here's a person who cares. Will you clap with me? Will you? (get several individuals clapping) Everyone, clap if you care.

EXAMPLE