

THANK YOU IT'S FRIDAY (TYIF)

EPISODE TWO

GUEST DJ:
SO TRUE

PREVIOUSLY AIRED ON UNITV

PRODUCED BY:

BROOK SINKINSON WITHROW

INT. STUDIO – NIGHT

MEDIUM-LONG SHOT: CURTAIN is a bit disheveled, falling loosely so that on the left side the unfinished WALL is revealed. HOST is standing, center-framed, with her HANDS clasped. Her expression remains peaceful. She is wearing a TROPICAL BEACH THROW-OVER DRESS.

QUICK ZOOM IN to MEDIUM SHOT: LETTERS overlaying the HOST read "TYIF" with a scrolling marquee at the bottom of the screen, reading "2 call in, dial 1-800-ILY-TYIF ... or tweet @TYIF ... or send an e-mail to live@TYIF.us ... " As the scrolling text disappears to the left of the screen, the centered title letters fade away.

HOST:

Thank you it's Friday! Welcome! We are so excited to broadcast another episode with you, sharing sensations, signs, and symptoms of rhythm.

ANNOUNCER:

(off camera) Primetime, turn it up!

HOST:

Guiding our highs and lows, we've got So True on the turntables!

PAN RIGHT

MEDIUM-LONG SHOT: SO TRUE is stationed in the DJ BOOTH, an elevated platform to the left of the HOST. SO TRUE, looking at the MIXER, raises master volume and drops the first track.

A house pastiche: sixteen steps of kicks, claps, and a slightly jacking snare; sixteen more to introduce a three-note synth line; and then the simultaneous entry of piano stabs and voice. "Let's hold onto the love we have," and maybe we've pretty much had it with this track. Feet seem to be moving, however, and maybe we can picture our arms moving, until others can see it as well, and pretty soon there will have been more arm movements than are possible to remember. And while we may be preoccupied with our arms and legs and brains, buoyant pads have arisen to add a bit of weight to a flute that's clearly supposed to sound celestial. If nothing else, we'll probably remember the feeling of wanting to look toward the firmament.

Let's Hold On (To the Love) - R.E.

MEDIUM SHOT: Shaking a SHOULDER then sidling with both, TORSO swaying, the HOST is taken by the MUSIC, and closes

her eyes. Her FEET make small motions forward and backward, the gesture of a step that has not quite been made. Her HEAD begins to dip as if reading a tiny book.

CLOSE UP: HIPS sidle left, right, left, right, rotate in the middle, circle round the floor.

Choreographing from within, HIPS start to pay mind to the FINGERS, following the directions conducted with NOODLY ARM GESTURES, sending the HOST out of the shot.

AUTOFOCUS shifts its depth of field as CONFETTI rains down where the HOST has left the frame.

ANNOUNCER:

(off camera) We have a public caller, reaching out online!

PUBLIC CALLER (stevensnewest1119):

This song is absolutely amazing, puts me in a happy mood. Thank the lord for house music.

HOST:

Steven, thank you! Speaking of lords...

CUT TO:

STEINA VESULKA's WARP video. STEINA VESULKA moves across the room, she moves and her image moves – slithers, slinks – she wobbles, looking into the camera, and retreats across the carpet (revealing her full body again for the full effect). She warbles in time; marbled in time, she is rolled and spread out across the present, bleeding in both directions. One hand extends forward, her forearm feigns following, waving instead. Her flesh, a confused rendition of extension, reflects the resistance and magnification of movement (of time).

HOST:

Steina's video maneuvers around "real time" with a video effect, ultimately hyperbolizing the temporal present. While time is neither sped up, nor slowed down, it is certainly not represented, as we might like to conceive of time, exempt from the editing of cinema, television, radio, and so on. The video effect, instead,

illustrates something that rhythm
enables in each of us.

The next track eases in:

A voice doused in a high-pass filter coos two wavering notes. Even as the filter lets up, the sample seems as though it's reaching us through a wall, and attached to the vocals are foggy bits of wah-wah guitar and sighing strings. A single piano note beckons a steady kick and a clap that's buried down in the mix. The hi-hats appear far above the rest of the elements, and it only takes a couple of measures for the rest of the track to swirl up to their level. Sustained but spare piano stabs offer depth, to be sure, but "deep house" connotes a different side of the emotive spectrum than this that we are feeling. High house, then? But here we are thinking too much, and we may not have even noticed the rolling hand drums that have cemented themselves in the groove. The piano strays from the motif and reaches great heights as the reintroduction of the vocal offers a clue that this track will soon be releasing us.

Fantasy Check – Morning Factory

MEDIUM SHOT of PRIMETIME, looking below the camera in thought, feels out a body-length wiggle as she speaks.

HOST:

Bodies, suited with a kind of haptic ability to sense the vibration of sound, let us dance with or without music, and with or without decisive action. Heartbeats and breathing teach us that the beat is always present.

PAN to SO TRUE, HEAD swiveling with the beat, he slides his HAND down an imaginary slide in front of his TORSO.

HOST:

Have you ever played the game, what's a minute? I'll be the referee. Close your eyes. Raise your hand when you think a minute has passed.

CUT TO: EXT. BEACH – DAY

WIDE SHOT, LIVE VIDEO FEED of a BEACH, such as those that surfers check to determine wave-riding conditions.

HOST:

You might be surprised by the quantity and complicated combination of axes in your body that can be in states of flux at a time. Bending each knee simultaneously with each elbow is one place to start, but then think of an axis that connects your right hand with your left knee, and that all activity on either side of that folded line may act in reaction or response, without acting as a mirror.

MEDIUM-LONG SHOT: DANCERS appear in the STUDIO, looking abstractly toward their own bodies or beyond the camera; they seem to be looking at the music. HANDS quickly morph between shapes, grasping for new functions: holding imaginary boxes, imitating shelves, pointing toward the floor, flattening and acting like spatulas, flipping and pivoting; each HAND reacts to the SNARES as each dancer's ABDOMEN works in conjunction with the BASS. Some DANCERS are more fluid, constantly shifting around the FLOOR and changing their movements. Almost appearing as letters spelling out words as they are spoken, ARMS and KNEES fly into various positions. Meanwhile, other DANCERS are loyal to the repetition of the HOUSE SOUND, repeating similar gestures with slight variation only at the signal of an INSTRUMENTAL SAMPLE.

TEXT appears over the DANCERS:

(translated from Spanish)

@MichelShine: in tears (: incredible ...

A WIDE SHOT of the mysteriously growing CROWD shows the pulsating, festering energy of the DANCE FLOOR. It isn't that everyone moves at the same time in the same direction, but that EVERYONE is moving. People groove with passion, their HEADS and HANDS emerging above the mass like the peaks of waves in an ocean.

The last track sails

This one comes into focus with sheer abrasion. A bass drum knocks about on the low end while reverb-soaked hi-hat and a snare that resembles truncated radio fuzz come in and out of time. But as rising pads and a gurgling synth appear, we wonder how this record could have sounded anything but smooth. The pads diffuse into the track's upper limits, and we may be sure that we are not capable of hearing all of the frequencies. But we are as open as we can be, and the ascending boogie bass adds the sensation of touch to what we fear may be our inadequate hearing. A voice appears; its words have been vocoded into obscurity. We might try not to

question our disinterest in their meaning—an unconscious attempt, at least, to let signifier enter us as something only signified.

Solar Funk - Kyle Hall

ANNOUNCER:

(off screen) Letting the tweets come crashing!

TEXT appears on screen over CURTAIN, scrolling sequentially:

@GurtTarctor: Syncopation keeps it feelin loose

@DiscoforU: Nice funky

@phunkaizer: it's alive.

HOST:

(joining the dance floor) Alive like a rogue wave!

A DANCER thrusts her CHEST in and out, placing her HANDS firmly on her HIPS, and watching the music seep around her, embracing her, brings her body down into the dance floor's depths, bending her KNEES as her BOOTY rocks. Another DANCER kicks his FEET periodically; his dance moves emphasizing exaggerated walking and stepping gestures, though his travels are specific to a three-foot radius. He lays his HEAD back in the air and sometimes sends his EARS toward his SHOULDERS, listening to both the track and his own body. DANCERS look to each other for communicative gestures, leaning toward and away from one another, moving synchronously and separately.

CREDITS roll over the dance party:

HOST + WRITER:

BROOK SINKINSON WITHROW

GUEST DJ + MUSIC TEXT + TRANSLATION:

"SO TRUE" BRANDON WILNER

PUBLIC CALLERS (from youtube):

stevensnewest1119

KushPizzaSleep

LameBushido

MichelShine

GurtTarctor

DiscoforU

phunkaizer