

THANK YOU IT'S FRIDAY (TYIF)

PILOT

GUEST DJ:
MiGFcah

& an invisible key for an invisible door

PREVIOUSLY AIRED ON UNITIV

PRODUCED BY:

BROOK SINKINSON WITHROW

WIDE SHOT of black velvet CURTAIN backdrop, a TABLE draped with a rainbow embroidered BLANKET and white stitching. Silver glittery party decorating LETTERS strung above the TABLE along the CURTAIN spell "TYIF." HOST is seated at the table with hands clasped, brooding as if contemplating a crystal ball. A glass bowl holds a wide rainbow-speckled CANDLE.

ANNOUNCER:

(off screen) Welcome to this week's edition
of Thank You It's Friday

CLOSE UP: for the lighting of the chalice, HOST strikes a long match, touches and illuminates a wick, fire oozing from the wood to the wax before standing upright, perking toward the sky.

MEDIUM SHOT of the table shows the CANDLE slightly to the right of the HOST

HOST:

Thank you it's Friday! I'm your host,
Primetime, and I've missed you since last
week. We're joined today by DJ MiGFcah!
Please feel free to participate in our show
by sharing your connections with the sounds
of the program. You'll find instructions on
your screen for reaching us.

LETTERS appear on the screen over the table, scrolling as if on a marquee: "2 call in, dial 1-800-ILY-TYIF ... or tweet @TYIF ... or send an e-mail to live@TYIF.us ... or whisper into your lonely pillow"

CLOSE UP: HOST pins a BADGE onto her velvet purple CAPE, which reads "LONESOME NO MORE!" in a speech bubble, as fashioned by the main character in Kurt Vonnegut's novel by the same name.

MEDIUM SHOT from below of a DJ TABLE with SPEAKERS on either side of MICAH in a balcony situated above the studio like a tech booth. MICAH waves.

MICAH'S set begins

"Hear me, oh my people, hear me" a voice resolute repeats as a sharp middle synth pulses from left to right. The pulsing is building and slowly beneath it rises a slower orchestra of synths. With the entrance of the drum kit the voice exits. Drums are sharp and dry, like plastic covered in sand, doubled over each other as the synths quickly fade. We are left with the drum, and for the first time we notice that the bass line has been there the whole time, but it was too consistent and too smooth to notice. Somehow the same elements that were dry and jagged have become mellow and smooth.

Hear Me (Album version) – The Shamen

HOST:

During this program we will synchronize,
extending as we scatter, touch, and
vibrate. Friday we settle into expansion,
sink into suspension and celebrate fusion.

Fade to sand, falling without breeze down a dune. Ripples on the mound reveal dark and light sand.

HOST:

Before we get to dispersion, let's focus on
reception and transference. Breathe, girl.

MS: HOST stands up from table, keeping eye contact with the CAMERA.

HOST:

Stand at your body's center and breathe
deeply, inhaling through your nose to your
lungs' brim and pausing before softly
exhaling entirely.
Breathe in . . . and exhale *huhhhh*
puuuuh huuuuuh

WS from acute angle in the studio so that TABLE is not blocking the black CURTAIN, HOST dances, turning away from the CAMERA's gaze, waving her head from side to side and allowing the rest of her body to ripple along, like a snake slithering across a desert. Her CAPE billows. She turns back to the CAMERA.

HOST:

We breathe in the dance floor.

PHONE rings

PUBLIC CALLER (hewitstonyok):

Great tune, so many memories in this cd, if
only I could go back for one night!!

HOST:

Thanks for that feedback! I love that
nostalgic bite for listens of the past;
dance parties or late nights lying on the
floor at home – either way my body aches to
sweat to this song like that again. Here we
are with new bodies; we sweat.

MICAH fades into a new track

Bongos quietly rising, becoming louder and louder - the loop is short. A dry open hihat enters on the four. A distant piano also begins to rise, so slow and smooth. A soulful male voice, echoed and reverberated, calls out "Sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet... Sweet

mother..." A calm, collected clap comes in on the two. Highly repetitious, it all continues to mesh and sway. It's warm, thick and light at the same time, a virgin margarita, probably an afternoon. The voice becomes more distant. The bass falls out. The voice becomes even more distant, and the piano has disappeared.

Sweet Mother — Trus' Me

E-mail TEXT appears on screen over the CURTAIN:

Mom,
Happy Mothers Day
Your son
-Ackhertz

ANNOUNCER:

(off screen) Primetime, show-n-tell!

CU of HOST's hands, sculpting dripping MUD in her hands, squeezing the excess wet out like a sponge. The CAPE gets muddy.

HOST:

As kids, my friends and I used to mold mud balls and construct apartment complexes for them out of cinder blocks in a gravel parking lot. We called the creatures Muddies and played with them, even in the rain while they melted into sludge in our palms. Week after week we would fashion beds out of sticks and leaves, doctor the cracking and crumbling orbs and animate the communities sheltered under magnolia trees. One week, vandalism found us heartbroken as we discovered our Muddies and their homes decimated by the blundering of an anonymous foe. As spokesperson, I wrote a public announcement to address the aggression.

CU of computer print out, reading "MuDdIeS aRe PeOpLe ToO"

WS of HOST seated at TABLE. The lights dim and a DISCO BALL lowers into the frame to the left of the hanging LETTERS. A pink light is directed upon its already rotating mirrorscape.

HOST:

With no choice but to rebuild, we conceive of expansion. We turn to our stage. A mirror reflects straight time, duplicating the present, but as a disco ball revolves, it reveals the multiplicities of our present potential. On the dance floor we are audience to the possibilities of ourselves.

PUBLIC CALLER (SIERA):

Each video camera for sale at Best Buy has an internal memory. The camera is a window, memory tells you where you have gone and who was there with you. I have recorded clues into each camera--they are waiting to tell you where it might be and how you might find it. Go to Best Buy, look for it. I am looking for it too, in the cameras and in the people. If you do discover it, please leave a clue so that others may follow you.

The points of the disco ball's reflected light illuminates the organic surfaces of its surroundings; points of light curling over shoulders and crawling from the floor to glide along the wall, upwards and over to dive into a pool of changing color, fluctuating from cool cobalt blue to the fleshy red of a flashlight shone through the inside of a cheek.

MICAH transitions smoothly again

We start with the drums, it's all there: the kicks, the hihats, the cymbals, the snares. With this one there's no time for introductions. Just enough time for the rhythm to enter the body, and the vocals start. A joyful croon with an aftertaste of longing. The most simple organ repeats somewhere in the center. It lightens and changes its step, it sounds younger. A guitar, two notes, enters with a few congas. They mingle, compliment each other, they walk around a bit. The voice returns, it all keeps throbbing. The voice has given up its language for an excited scat. It is probably in love. Somewhere between mountaintop and jungle. The rhythm takes over again and it solidifies in the body. There is no difference between the beat and the body. The voice returns with a new language, felt hard.

Love & Happiness (Yemaya y Ochún)(feat. India)[House Nation Mix]
- River Ocean

HOST:

Dispersing outwards, the disco ball reflects its environment, becoming and duplicating the constituents of its field. We wave and wiggle in its luminous face, receiving the wandering glances of its many eyes and murmurs of its many mouths.

The bass drops; the crowd swells.

HOST:

We are sharing placenta.

PHONE rings

PUBLIC CALLER (Martin Matthews):
Einstein, Hawking, et al. Time travel is
possible...

HOST:
The lines are open

PUBLIC CALLER (KraneAudra):
This is my national anthem

Tweet TEXT appears on screen over CURTAIN, appearing
sequentially:

@alex0103: only forwards

@TYIF: #forwardsforever

@dontalkt2meboutheros: "You just got to believe there is love and
haaaaaappiness"

HOST:
As we keep breathing, we inhale the
exhalation of our cohort. The disco ball
illuminates us, it is our blanket.

MICAH, swaying with the music, switches it up for the final
stretch

*"...we sing a song of revolution and change..." a simply, tube-like
bass line hits the brain with a cowbell. Short, sweet, and then
the tribal drums. We hear the birds call - they could be lasers -
our bodies have no choice but to move. The shakers are
unconstrained, but somewhere in the middle. Repetitive shouts.
Hot chaos mortared to the four. "Zulu-u-u-u-u-u-u" There is a
synth breeze now with more birds. The laser-birds. The breeze
over the beat - it's probably sunset and "dance dance dance dance
dance dance dance dance" We're held together by only the breeze
and the beat, they melt together, with room to spare. No fade out
just quiet exits.*

Zulu (Change Mix) – Circle Children

WIDE SHOT of studio shows a crowd dancing under the disco ball,
MICAH is still DJing from above but his hips are swaying
intimately, flirting with the TABLE. The HOST uses her CAPE as a
dance prop, holding it open and flapping the wing-like VELVET.
PUBLIC CALLERS seem to fill the crowd amongst friends. Disco-
ball-scattered light gives a cheetah-print skin to KraneAudra,
alex0103, and other anonymous dance floor inhabitants.

CREDITS roll over the dance party:

HOST + WRITER:
BROOK SINKINSON WITHROW

GUEST DJ + MUSIC TEXT:
MICAH SCHIPPA

PUBLIC CALLER performance:
SIERA HYTE
(an invisible key for an invisible door)

PUBLIC CALLERS (from youtube):
hewitstonyok
Ackhertz
KraneAudra
Martin Matthews
alex0103
dontalkt2meboutheros