

Night In Gayle

NIGHT IN GAYLE

End of BDSM scene

(FINAL SCENE OF PREVIOUS SHOW ENDS WITH ROXIE AS SUB TO DOM, JESS. JESS PUTS PUPPET (GAYLE) ON ROXIE'S RIGHT HAND AND SPANKS PUPPET. JESS PLACES PAPER BAG ON ROXIE'S HEAD AND DEMANDS ROXIE ENTERTAIN HER)

INTRO

SOUND: "NIGHT IN GAYLE" JINGLE

(AS JINGLE PLAYS, AV TECH (ELLIE) FRANTICALLY SETS UP STAGE WITH A RUG, TWO CHAIRS, A MINIATURE LAMP, A SMALL TABLE WITH TINY CUPS OF COFFEE ON TOP, AND A MARIONETTE FASHIONED AS THE SUN (SOMA). GAYLE ENTERS USR. AV TECH PICKS UP CUE CARDS AND BEGINS TO SHUFFLE THROUGH THEM AS GAYLE SPEAKS)

GAYLE

(Friendly) Hello there, and welcome to "Night in Gayle." I'm your host... Gayle. (Turning to SR audience) Please everyone welcome to the stage...you know him, you love him, he warms your heart and hurts your eyes...brings life, burns skin and makes some people sneeze...Here he is, performing his first ever stand up routine. Fresh off a slightly shorter than normal day shift...Soma.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

MUSIC: "SO ALIVE" - LOVE AND ROCKETS

(WHILE SONG PLAYS, PUPPETEER (ROXIE) PICKS UP SOMA AND SLOWLY HAS HIM RISE TO HIS FEET, ENDING HIS "STAND-UP" IN TIME WITH ENDING OF SONG SEGMENT. AV TECH GRABS MICROPHONE FROM HER TOOL BELT AND BRINGS IT UP TO SOMA'S MOUTH)

SOMA

(pause) Ahem...thank you.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

(SOMA WALKS OFFSTAGE AND IS PUT AWAY FOR REMAINDER OF SHOW)

FIRST GUEST

GAYLE

Thank you, SOMA, for that out...standing performance (laughs at self). Our next guest is a philosopher, psychonaut, and writer of the bestselling novel, Clave New World. Please help me in welcoming...Huxley.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

(HUXLEY ENTERS USL, ON PUPPETEER'S LEFT ARM. AS APPLAUSE CONTINUES, HE WALKS TO DSC AND TAKES A BOW, FINALLY ENDING UP ON GUEST CHAIR)

HUXLEY

(*Deadpan*) Thank you, Gayle, for the warm welcome. Now, I hate to be nit-picky, but it's actually pronounced Clavae New World. People often forget that little letter "a" towards the end, but it's quite a distinct difference. You see, a "clave" is one of two hardwood sticks you hit together to make a hollow sound, whereas "clavae" is the singular generative form of a word used to describe an elevation on the back of the medulla oblongata.

GAYLE

(*Embarrassed chuckle*) Well, please accept my sincerest apologies. I guess you could say my..."clavae" wasn't working then.

SOUND: CRICKETS

HUXLEY

(*Unimpressed*) Right. Anyway, I'm glad you mentioned because, as I was setting up the dystopian backdrop for Clavae New World, I was also deeply rooted in researching how the mind works.

GAYLE

That's right. I've read that you took a lot of inspiration from neurologist Sigmund Freud in writing this novel.

HUXLEY

(*Agitated*) How dare you! I would never wish to be associated with that perverted nut. Are you aware that he once told a patient that her cough was caused by a desire to suck her father's-

SOUND: BLEEP

GAYLE

(*Clearing throat*) Alright, well I know we were going to save it for the end, but I think now is a great time to share a short audio clip from Clavae New World. Would you like to set us up for what we're about to hear, Huxley?

HUXLEY

(*Defeated*) Not particularly. Humanity is doomed anyway, so what does it matter whether or not the audience knows what they're getting themselves into? Let's be honest: if they knew of the very real, imminent

(MORE)

HUXLEY (cont'd)

destruction of society as a whole, they'd probably be out pretending to make a difference instead of sitting in this oddly decorated studio, watching this mediocre daytime talk show that for some reason airs after 2am. Now, if it were up to me, I'd-

GAYLE

(Quickly motioning to AV TECH, cutting off HUXLEY) Play clip!

SOUND: END OF FACTORY TOUR (1:15)

(CLIP ENDS)

GAYLE (cont'd)

(Motions to AV TECH) We'll stop there. Thank you, Huxley, for bringing along this clip, and for writing such a wonderful commentary on the inevitable destruction of modern society as a whole. Now, I'd love to talk more about this "controlled, utopian, society" that drives the core narra-

HUXLEY

(Suddenly noticing something in the distance)...Wh-what was that?!

(GAYLE SCANS ROOM AS HUXLEY WORRIEDLY LOOKS AROUND, FINALLY HIDING BEHIND HIS CHAIR)

GAYLE

(Calmly) Hmmm...strange. I don't see anything. Can you describe what you're seeing?

HUXLEY

Let me ask you something, Gayle. If we could sniff or swallow something that would, for five or six hours each day, abolish our solitude as individuals, atone us with our fellows in a glowing exaltation of affection, and make life in all its aspects seem not only worth living, but divinely beautiful and significant, and if this heavenly, world-transfiguring drug were of such a kind that we could wake up the next morning with a clear head and an undamaged constitution, then, it seems to me, all our problems (and not merely the one small problem of discovering a novel pleasure) would be wholly solved and earth would become paradise. Would you agree?

GAYLE

Well, I'm not sure I follow.

HUXLEY

(Annoyed) Of course you don't. I imagine someone like you hasn't even visited the outer gates of your

(MORE)

HUXLEY (cont'd)

subconscious. Forever trapped in your pathetic rat race, never once opening your mind to the possibility of something greater, yet simpler, than anything you've ever tasted. Tell me: when you close your eyes, do you see your soul staring back at you? Or do you obsessively count sheep until you awake the next morning, pretending that you never had a dream? Look around you, Gayle. The walls breathe the same air that keeps you and I alive. You just need to give in to the idea that your ego might exist outside of you, and not deeply rooted within. You see, Gayle-my ego is sitting right next to you.

SOUND: INTENSE DARK MUSIC TRANSITION

GAYLE

(Pause) Alright. Well, this has certainly been one of the, uh,...strangest interviews I've ever had the opportunity to-

SOUND: MORE EERIE MUSIC

(A UFO SUDDENLY ENTERS FROM DSL, CARRIED BY AV TECH. UFO HOVERS OVER GAYLE AND STOPS JUST TO RIGHT OF HER. A GREEN LIGHT UNDERNEATH THE UFO ILLUMINATES, AS HUXLEY'S EGO IS ABDUCTED)

HUXLEY

(Shouting) Stop! No-not my ego! I need that. Where are you taking it? Hey! You!

(Music fades as UFO exits DSR)

GAYLE

Is everything alright, Huxley?

HUXLEY

(Confused) Huh? Who are you?

GAYLE

(Gently) My name is Gayle. I'm the host of a little show called "Night in Gayle." We're currently on air (points to audience).

HUXLEY

On air? (Looking around) You mean, we've finally reached heaven's gates?

GAYLE

Well, no. I mean we're live.

HUXLEY

Strange...I certainly don't feel alive (*looks at hands*).

GAYLE

Alright. I think that's all the time we have together. Thank you, Huxley, for taking time away from your...I'm sure...quite busy life. (*Overly nice and a little sarcastic*) Best of luck to you with everything (*shakes Huxley's hand*).

SOUND: SHOW JINGLE

(*HUXLEY SLOWLY EXITS USL*)

AUDIENCE GAME

GAYLE

Thanks everyone for sticking around with us today. We've got a great rest of the show. In just a few, we'll invite an old friend of Madame Clavae up to the stage. We're also thrilled to have musical guest, Acid Barbie, a bit later, and guest chef, Dustin Halfmoon, on to share one of his award-winning recipes with us. Most of you came for our special celebrity guest, though, and I'm excited to finally share with you who that is. Making a rare appearance shortly, is none other than-

SOUND: GAME SHOW SIREN

GAYLE (cont'd)

(*Excitedly noticing sound*) Ooooooh! You all know what that sound means! It's time to bring up a couple lucky audience members for a chance to win something big. Now, if everyone would check under their seats, two of you should

FIND SOMETHING SPECIAL.

(*THINKING (CHU CHU) AND TOBIE (TRAVIS) REACH UNDER THEIR SEATS AND FIND X*)

THINKING

(*Waving X in the air*) I've got one!

TOBIE

(*Following suit*) I've got one too!

GAYLE

(*To AV TECH*) Please show our special guests to the stage!

(*AV TECH USHERS THINKING AND TOBIE TO STAGE AND SEATS THEM ON GUEST COUCH*)

GAYLE (cont'd)

Hello and welcome to the show! If you could, please turn to the audience and tell us who you are.

TOBIE

(Excitedly) I'm Tobie! Big fan of the show. *(To Gayle)* Thank you for having us!

THINKING

And I'm Thinking!

GAYLE

(Confused) What are you thinking?

THINKING

Hmmm...well, my mother is a sock. And I never met my father, but I was told he was a real handful.

GAYLE

...Charming. Alright, so, Tobie and Thinking. We have a special opportunity for you today, in which you have the chance to win...

SOUND: DRUMROLL

...a lifetime supply of the Biltmore's premium artisan coffee!

(THINKING AND TOBIE LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND LET OUT AN EXCITED GASP)

GAYLE (cont'd)

All you have to do is answer one question correctly.

SOUND: WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE - "LET'S PLAY"

Alright, let's play! *(turns to THINKING and TOBIE)*

First question: In what year does George Orwell's groundbreaking novel, 1984, take place.

SOUND: JEOPARDY TICKING CLOCK

TOBIE

Hmmm...that's a tough one. *(Turns to THINKING)* Do you know?

THINKING

Shhh! I'm Thinking.

GAYLE

You have ten seconds left to answer.

TOBIE

(Jumping in his seat) I know the answer! It's 1843.

SOUND: BUZZER

GAYLE

(Pitifully) Ooooooh. I'm sorry-that is incorrect. The answer is actually "1984". I know, I know-it's a hard one. Well, thank you so much, Tobie and Thinking, for playing along with us today. *(To audience)* I'd say let's give these two a hand, but it seems they're already full of them *(laughs at self)*.
(TOBIE AND THINKING EXIT DSR AND GO BACK TO THEIR SEATS)

GAYLE (cont'd)

Alright-let's see if we can stump another member of the audience. Can we have a volunteer?
(PLANTED MEMBER OF THE AUDIENCE (SVEN) RAISES HAND)

SVEN

(Excitedly) Oooh, pick me! Pick me!

GAYLE

Yes, you there. The one who appears to be far more excited than everyone else to be here.
(SVEN RUNS UP TO STAGE BEFORE AV TECH CAN SHOW THEM THE WAY)

GAYLE (cont'd)

Hello there! And who are you?

SVEN

(Flamboyantly) Hiiiiiiiiiii! I'm Sven. I just want to say, as if it hasn't been said enough already, that I love your show. I stay up way past by bedtime every Friday night to watch.

GAYLE

Wonderful. Thank you, Sven. That means a lot to us here. Alright. This next question will be multiple choice to make things a bit easier. Are you ready?

SVEN

(Eagerly) Ready!

SOUND: WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE - "LET'S PLAY"

GAYLE

Ok. Our next question. For a lifetime supply of Biltmore's finest coffee: Have you seen Sasquatch? The options are as follows:

- a) Yes
- b) No
- c) Who's asking?

or d) All of the above

SOUND: JEOPARDY - TICKING CLOCK

SVEN

(Surprised) Really? That's an easy one. The answer is "b) no." I haven't seen Sasquatch since he impregnated that dirty unicorn this past summer.

SOUND: BUZZER

GAYLE

I'm sorry, Sven. That is not the right answer. The correct answer is "d) All of the above."

SVEN

But...that doesn't even make any sense. a) and b) cancel each other out.

GAYLE

(Pause) Exactly. Well, thank you for playing, Sven. Let's everyone give Sven a hand. That was a strong effort.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

(SVEN WALKS OFF STAGE, DEFEATED)

GAYLE (cont'd)

Alright. We have time for one more question. Can we get a final volunteer from the audience?

(FINAL PLANT, PLANT, SLOWLY RAISES THEIR HAND)

GAYLE (cont'd)

(Points to PLANT) Yes, you there in the back! Come on up to the stage!

(AV TECH USHERS PLANT UP TO STAGE AND SEATS THEM ON COUCH)

GAYLE (cont'd)

Hi there, welcome to "Night in Gayle!" Who do we have the pleasure of joining us today?

PLANT

(Flatly) My name is Plant.

GAYLE

Of course it is! Do you like trivia, Plant?

PLANT

Not particularly.

GAYLE

Heh. So then you must really love coffee!

PLANT

I drink tea.

GAYLE

Hmmm...okay. Well, let's get into it then.

SOUND: WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE - "LET'S PLAY"

For a lifetime supply of Biltmore's finest coffee:...How horny is a unicorn?

PLANT

(Uncertainly shrugging shoulders) Uh...medium horny?

SOUND: DING DING DING

GAYLE

(Excitedly) Congratulations! That is correct! *(To AV TECH)* Ahem-please bring him his prize!
(AV TECH REACHES BEHIND HERSELF AND PULLS OUT AN OVERSIZED CHECK THAT SAYS "LIFETIME SUPPLY OF COFFEE" ON IT. SHE HANDS IT TO PLANT, WHO UNENTHUSIASTICALLY GRABS IT AND WALKS OFFSTAGE)

COOKING SEGMENT

GAYLE

Well, after all that excitement, I think it's time we welcome our next guest.
(AS GAYLE SPEAKS, AV TECH PLACES A BENCH AND A BANANA ON STAGE)

You've seen him in hit titles such as *Mid-afternoon Cowboy* and *Wag the Cat*. Recently, however, he's entered a new phase of his career. Here to share a very special recipe with us from his new hit book, Rain Manchego, please welcome...Dustin Halfmoon.
(DUSTIN HALFMOON ENTERS USL ON ROXIE'S LEFT AND APPROACHES BENCH)

DUSTIN

Thank you, Gayle. And thank you everyone at home who has helped take Rain Manchego to the top of the charts. I'm very honored to announce that it was just rated "five stars" by Pita Travers from *Rolling Scone*. But enough about me. Let's get started, shall we? Today, I'm excited to bring you my new recipe for a perfect, utopian society. *(Motions over bench as if cooking)* First things first: we need to wipe everything clean. You can't cook up a new society without getting rid of

(MORE)

DUSTIN (cont'd)

all the remnants left from the previous one. Next, we'll make sure we have the correctly sized container to place our utopia in; one that will ensure the structure remains intact. Now, I know you've heard before that you need to crack a few eggs to make a perfect society, but one or two should do it. We'll add in a few teaspoons of various white powders for substance, then sprinkle in a bit of seasoning to allow a good balance of flavors to permeate from the center. Remember: you can't have one flavor be too dominant-everything needs to properly mix together. Now, let's stir everything together until it's well incorporated and put it in the oven to bake until it rises. We must be careful and check in on it a bit to make sure it hasn't fallen. Once ready, we'll let it cool a moment, before consuming every last drop. And there you have it! A recipe for a perfect utopian society.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

(DUSTIN WALKS TO CENTER STAGE AND TAKES A BOW, BEFORE EXITING USR)

MUSICAL GUEST

GAYLE

Well, that was a treat, wasn't it? I think I'm starting to get a craving for Utopia now! We have just a few more guests tonight, before our super special celebrity guest, who, if you haven't heard by now, is-

SOUND: BUGLE (OR OTHER CLOSET INTERRUPTION)

But before we get them onto the stage, we have two more wonderful guests. Muppets, marionettes, puppets, and peeps, please put your mitts together for...Acid Barbie.

(ACID BARBIE (SAM) ENTERS FROM DSC)

MUSIC: "JUST THE TWO OF US"?

(ACID BARBIE AND SAM PERFORM A DUET, BOW, THEN WALK OFFSTAGE)

SOUND: APPLAUSE

CLAVAE'S SOCK

GAYLE

Thank you everyone in the audience and at home for joining us for such an exciting episode of "Night in Gayle." It truly has been something special. I'd also like to take this moment to thank the Executive Producer of the show, and the reason we're all gathered

(MORE)

GAYLE (cont'd)

here tonight, Madame Clavae. If it were not for her generosity and, let's face it, her giant wads of suspiciously earned cash, we would not be able to put on our modest little program for all of you tonight. Please join me in giving a big round of applause to Madame Clavae.

SOUND: APPLAUSE

(AV TECH CHANGES HUXLEY INTO SOCK DURING FOLLOWING LINE)

For those of you at home who haven't heard the exciting news yet, Madame Clavae recently announced that she will be bringing a child into the world. Now, I know what you're thinking: How can someone who was alive during the depression physically give birth to a child? I've been wondering this myself, so I figured it would be good to bring someone onto the show who might have a better glimpse into Clavae's personal life. Joining us all the way from the sock drawer, Madame Clavae's lucky sock.

(SOCK ENTERS USL ON ROXIE'S LEFT HAND)

(INSERT INTERVIEW WITH SOCK! IMPROV RECORD WITH SOMEONE?)

SOUND: PHONE RINGS

AV TECH

(Answering phone) Hello? (Puts up to Gayle's head) It's for you.

GAYLE

Hello?...*(Sudden disappointment)*...What?...What do you mean?...What kind of focus group?...Oh, dear.
(Whispering) Alright, well, what should we do?...Who the hell is Flapjack?...Ok, well, I guess we have to...
(AV TECH TAKES PHONE BACK TO SOUND BOOTH)

Flapjack

GAYLE

Well, everyone. I have some unfortunate news to share. The special guest you all have been waiting for got caught up in a focus group run by Social Integration of Newtopia and sadly won't be joining us today. They were identified as having less than ideal traits of a Newtopian citizen and are now unable to talk to the media. Believe me when I say I'm as sad as you are to hear this. Fear not, though! We have a wonderful new guest who will be taking their place. I would like to introduce to you our next guest...Flapjack.

(FLAPJACK (DAN) ENTERS DSL AND SITS ON CHAIR)

FLAPJACK

Hey, thanks for having me Gayle! It's really really really good to be here.

GAYLE

We're really grateful to have you come onto the show so last-minute. Can you tell us a little bit about yourself?

FLAPJACK

Yeah...um...no problem coming on last-minute. You know, I haven't been that busy lately, so I was just here waiting in case, you know...your guest didn't show up. But I am gonna plug a new project. It's a play...thing. It's an immersive theatre experience for children- for babies, for babies who don't know what's going on yet.

GAYLE

Well, that sounds unique and very...what do you call that..um...cutting-edge.

FLAPJACK

Avante garde.

GAYLE

Yes, Yes. Um...are you usually a part of those sorts of projects, Flapjack?

FLAPJACK

I'm not usually a part of a lot of projects nowadays. But, you know, it's a great director and you know, after the rehab and the falling out with pretty much everyone in Hollywood and burning all the bridges...I gotta start climbing.

GAYLE

Where did you start out? What was your first role that really got you inspired to try to be an actor?

FLAPJACK

You know Robin Williams from...uh...Taxi? I'm his...uh...nephew...on the show.

GAYLE

On the show Taxi, you are Robin Williams' nephew?

FLAPJACK

Not the actor...the character.

GAYLE

Oh. Uh-huh. So you play the same character every time you do a show?

FLAPJACK

Ah...it's my second show and I was playing Flapjack in the first one so...yep-I guess so..Ah, you want like...uh...a song...or a poem...or just a face?

GAYLE

Oh that would be so fantastic, Flapjack. Could you sing us a song?

FLAPJACK

(Singing) Everything you thought about is true. All of it is living inside you. We are here together, you and me and them. All of us could be best friendddddssssssuh.

GAYLE

Wow, Flapjack! That's fantastic. What an excellent song! Did you just make that up on the spot?

FLAPJACK

I learned that song from a rat behind a dumpster.

GAYLE

Oh, you can talk to rats?

FLAPJACK

Uh, yeah. I hear voices. That's for sure *(chuckles)*. I hear them

GAYLE

Oh, uh, what kind of voices do you hear, Flapjack?

FLAPJACK

Uh...mostly loud ones and...uh...that's pretty much the only kind.

GAYLE

Well...it's been really interesting to talk to you about your career. Can you tell us anymore about the project you're working on?

FLAPJACK

Anything more about the theatre? Yeah, uh...it's down the hall...sorta to the right or left or something...You'll see it-everything kinda looks like me.

GAYLE

Flapjack...can you tell us about what a perfect world is to you?

FLAPJACK

Oh, wow! Nobody's ever asked me something that important before. I guess a place where people are really nice to each other....

(NOTE: THE REMAINDER OF PLAY WAS IMPROVISED.
UNFORTUNATELY NO RECORD OF THE TEXT, VIDEO, OR
AUDIO WAS CAPTURED. YAY FOR EPHEMERALITY!]