



Hit Play Transcription

Episode 12: Overlaps

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Show Intro

Strummy electronic instrumental music plays underneath.

Julia: 12. Overlaps. I'm Julia Melfi—a New York Neo-Futurist. While our on-going, ever-changing, late-night show, *The Infinite Wrench*, is on hold for the foreseeable future, we wanted a place to keep making art for you. And thus, *Hit Play* was born!

If you're already a fan of The New York Neo-Futurists, or any of our sibling companies, hello! We can't wait to be sitting in a theater with you. If this is totally new to you—welcome to it!

We play by four rules: We are who we are, we're doing what we're doing, we are where we are, and the time is now. Simply put: we tell stories, and those stories are our own. Everything that you hear is actually happening. So if we tell you we're recording while holding a ruby red grapefruit for the fun of it, we're really recording while holding a ruby red grapefruit for the fun of it. Like I am right now.

Julia: And now, Laura will Run the Numbers!

Laura: Let's run the numbers! I'm Laura Killeen, from the London-based sister company of the Neo-Futurists: Degenerate Fox. In this episode we're bringing you 3 plays. The first is by myself featuring Riva Cahn, Jack Wakely, Desiree Burch, Francesca Perry, Hilary Asare, Jessica Munna, Christie Perfetti Williams, Elena Larios, Kate Jones, Julia Melfi, and Vanessa Vizcarra Soberon. The second is by Rob Neill, with myself and Julia Melfi. And the final play is by Annie Levin featuring Kyra Sims.

That brings us to 50 audio experiments on Hit Play. Enjoy!

Music winds down.

Play 1: Autobobographies (1:48)

Laura: Autobobographies. **GO!**

Chill electronic music underscore.

A: I love my boobs. I don't say it out loud enough, it's usually all internal dialogue, but that's the word I realize I've always used. They're the one part of my body I've always thought were perfect.

B: When I realised as a kid that I was going to get them, I cried. And cried. And cried. I spent much of my 20s trying to embrace them, trying to love them, trying to use them and just felt...Nothing.

C: Fucking delightful. Delicious. A joy. My oldest friends. Also a potential cause for panic?

D: My breasts, on my body, feel superfluous, pointless, abstract. Here are these glands, these fleshy mounds, whose biological purpose is to nurse a newborn or attract a mate. So what do they mean when not performing either of these functions?

E: In a word- huge. My boobs grew fast and kind of early, Age 10, 11. I was really uncomfortable with them for a while because a lot of unwanted attention from men came alongside them.

F: I sometimes joke and call my breasts mosquito bites. But the truth is I actually really love them. They're just my buddies, hanging out.

G: They're not tidy. They don't ask for permission. Won't squeeze into submission. They've fed, they've bled. Kneaded and knotted. Pumped and pried. Sometimes cursed. But mostly praised.

H: I have been taking this new pill recently that has made my breasts grow. They hurt so much and I am uncomfortable.

I: I have called my breasts more names than I have called Donald Trump. Though, I have called him a boob. And I realize now how undeserving he is. Boobs are amazing. If I can choose how I die, I would like to be suffocated by breasts.

J: These days, I feel best about my chest when I wear a binder. My boobs often feel like alien orbs to me—not necessarily bad, just not necessarily organic to me.

K: Mis tetas. My tetas. I love them. I used to hate them because I didn't like how they looked. But then I made my peace with that and I realized that what really matters to me is how they feel.

Music fades out

Play 2: the re-Coil-in-Code allegory (4:22)

Rob: the re-Coil-in-Code allegory. **GO!**

Upbeat pop rock rhythm underscore.

Julia: You are gonna rock tick. Tick stop.

All: Pop stick.

Julia: Move like boom and zwoosh. You led,

All: Lied

Julia: Stones and now the trouble-trouble

All: Hizzups

Julia: To the neck. Splash attack. Close-stance. Smash clear!

All: (*echoing each other*) Woof!

Laura: You phase one to phase five. You—

All: Fry daddy.

Laura: And like things pepper hot. Travel spanked and poodle tricks. You style stick and pile a forest, if you say a

All: Word.

Laura: Kick Mantis! Flame cannon! Up up UP!

All: Hah!

Julia: Badassery and trouble trouble rains

Laura: your eyes are drowning

Julia: your stomach slipshanks

Laura: you blast and rail

Rob: waterrivers and waterscreeeees

Julia: and you triple mind things

Julia & Laura: til you can't not move

Rob: You have been here before, perhaps. And you feel flip fried—on edge. You have loved...things, people, stuff lots of stuff.

Julia & Laura: So much stuff

Rob: You like the people.

All: (*echoing each other*) People, are you out there?

Rob: You know folks.

Julia & Laura: Hey, folks.

Rob: Things n stuff.

Julia & Laura: Stfffft

Rob: But you're not sure what's a pep talk anymore.

Julia & Laura: Come on, coach

Rob: Or even what the agenda,

All: The protocol, the world,

Rob: is now.

All: Be gracious.

Rob: You can be gracious. Don't count on a warning. But you feel, you know this time things will be different. Things will end.

Music fades out.

All: Differently.

Rob: But not yet.

All three inhale and then exhale with something that sounds like "hope"

Rob: Hope.

Play 3: Something I want to believe is true (6:24)

Annie: Something I want to believe is true. **GO!**

*Twinkly music underscore. **Kyra** also says the word that is different (and bolded) in each sentence with Annie. The music gets sparser with each version of the sentence.*

Annie: After tea, smelly chipmunks will eat the dessert.

After tea, smelly chipmunks will eat **a** dessert.

After **time**, smelly chipmunks will eat a dessert.

Over time, smelly chipmunks will eat a dessert.

Over time, smelly chipmunks **can** eat a dessert.

Over time, smelly chipmunks can **make** a dessert.

Over time, **small** chipmunks can make a dessert.

Over time, small chipmunks can make a **difference**.

Over time, small **changes** can make a difference.

Show Outro (7:25)

Strummy electronic instrumental music plays underneath.

Julia: Thanks for Hitting Play and then listening to *Hit Play*. If you liked what you heard, subscribe to the show and tell a friend! If you want to support the New York Neo-Futurists in other ways, consider making a donation at nynf.org, or joining our Patreon—Patreon.com/NYNF. Patreon membership gives you access to bonus content like video plays and livestreams. And if this episode gets over 1,000 downloads, we'll order one of our Patreon supporters a pizza on us. We'd really appreciate any support in these difficult times. Contributing to our Patreon helps us continue to pay our artists.

Take care of yourself, learn to Tango, and share it with us on Instagram, Twitter, or Facebook.

If you're looking for something else to listen to, check out Neo Alum Dylan Marron's new podcast, *Small Triumph, Big Speech*. In each episode, Dylan celebrates someone's everyday accomplishment with a big over-the-top-speech. And all the money raised from the podcast goes to the National Domestic Workers Alliance's Coronavirus Care Fund, which supports

domestic workers who don't have access to health care, job security, or paid leave. Give it a listen. Way to go, Dylan!

This episode featured work by: Laura Killeen featuring Riva Cahn, Jack Wakely, Desiree Burch, Francesca Perry, Hilary Asare, Jessica Munna, Christie Perfetti Williams, Elena Larios, Kate Jones, me, and Vanessa Vizcarra Soberon; Rob Neill, featuring Laura Killeen and myself; and Annie Levin featuring Kyra Sims. Our logo was designed by Shelton Lindsay. And our sound is designed by Anthony Sertel Dean. Léah Miller is our associate producer. *Hit Play* is produced by Anthony Sertel Dean and me, Julia Melfi. Take Care!

Music fades out!