



Hit Play Transcription

Episode 16: Breaking (it) Down

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Show Intro

Bouncy electronic instrumental music plays underneath.

Julia: 16. Breaking (it) Down. 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, hi! We can't wait to pinch your cheeks. 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 we're reading our script through one eye, we're really recording while reading our script through one eye. Like I am right now. And it's surprisingly hard.

Julia: And now, Mirsky will Run the Numbers!

Mirsky: Hi, I'm Mirsky, a New York Neo-Futurist Alum.

In this episode we're bringing you 4 plays by Yael Haskal, Rob Neill, Anooj Bhandari, and myself—Daniel Mirsky. That brings us to 68 audio experiments on *Hit Play*. Enjoy!

Music winds down.

Play 1: This is it (1:24)

Yael: This is it. **GO!**

Sound of metronome with chordal underscore music.

This is the play where I put the words together and they sound sweet.
This is the play in which the nonpareil melts on my stomach.
This is the play where it is dark and I am not quite nearly fallen apart and pantsless.

Here is the play where I'm going.
Here is the play where I'm gone.
Here is the play where I pause for too long and you wonder hey, what's that about.

Here lies the play I'm too tired to write.
The play that could've been good but instead it's this.
The one where I wasn't high but I might as well have been.
Sorry about that.

This isn't the play you take home to meet your parents.
This is the play you fuck in your dorm room and at 3am ask politely to go.
This is the play that sits quiet in the flower box.
This play doesn't want anything complicated either.

This is the play that doesn't do Pilates.
This is the play that defines antidisestablishmentarianism for you: 19th century British pro-Church political movement. You're welcome.

This is the play with the sunburn.
This is the one with the compromise.
This is the part where I tell you what I'm wearing. Grey. I own a lot of grey.
This is the part with the roadblock.
This is the part where I say a word that means nothing to you but everything to me, bathtub.

This is the play that doesn't feel good about itself.
This is the play you could put in a podcast and it still wouldn't tell its mother.
This is the play where I tell you that I don't know why the caged bird sings but I'm learning the hard way.

This is the part where I lose you.
This is the part where I'm lost.
This is the play that was nice while it lasted.
This is the part when time is up.

The part when you realize we weren't building up to anything big
The part that just kicks the ball forward a couple more inches
This is the part when it's over.

This is the play you forget about.
This isn't memorable, this moment that was just like the last one, and even while nothing is
changing, everything is.
And this is the part where I ask you to forgive me.
This is the part where I forgive you.
Piano plays out.

Play 2: explorations into current angers #7 (3:52)

Rob: (*Sound of a dog panting fast. Background noise.*) Exploration into current angers #7. **GO!**

*Continued background noise and sound of dog panting. Sound pans left/right on
different lines.*

Rob: Don't look
I want
Don't you look at me
I want to
Damn
I want to pet your dog
I want to pet your dog
I want to pet your dog
I want to pet your dog
I want to pet your dog!!
(*yelling*) I WANT TO PET YOUR DOG!
Distorted sound like a car driving by
Your dog doesn't understand social distancing
I don't know about you
But your dog doesn't
Background noise fades out and dog panting gets louder before fading out.

Play 3: Podcast-Flash-Dance-Interlude (4:48)

Anooj: Podcast-Flash-Dance-Interlude! **GO!**

Electronic dance beat underscore.

Alright folks, whoever you are, wherever you are, whatever you're doing, and whatever time it is,
get somewhere you can feel the groove and let your mind or body move, because it's time for

our Hit. Play. Flash. Dance!! There's no right moves but the moves you make, so the only one to keep up with is that voice inside your head, especially if that voice is mine. Come on, music!

Music warps and the beat comes in.

Alright so we gonna start with the basics, let's do some heel touches...Heel touch right, heel touch left, heel touch right, heel touch left, now while you're continuing those heel touches you're going to take your hands right in front of your belly button and reach out two three four pull in two three four and out two three four and in two three four and stop.

Put your hands in the air and jump jump jump jump and clap! Bring it around and cabbage patch, and bring it around and cabbage patch. Run in place, run, run, run, run, now look behind at what you're running from, and stop. Face front, And swing those hips, forward, back, forward, back, forward, back, and stop. And swing those hips right, left, right, left, right, left, and stop! Now bust a move, freestyle!

Musical interlude for dancing!

Keep it moving folks, now imagine there's a mythical creature from your favorite fantasy movie inside you, feel it stirring down in your stomach and on the count of three you're gonna let it out, okay? One, two, three! Let it out! Now chase it, now chase it, now be it, now be it. Now act like a fox, fox, fox, and leap across your room with your hands in the air then wiggle around like a big stuffed bear (*Bear growl noise*) and touch your toes and jump! Touch your toes, and jump, jump, do the baby crawl, scratch your pits, any pits, scratch your pits, any pits, do the baby crawl, and itch. Yeahhhh, scratch, scratch that itch. And stop. Now freestyle!

Musical interlude for dancing!

Keep your body moving to the beat, reach for the clouds and wiggle down low, reach up for the clouds, and light a scented candle. Now gooooooooooooo, grab a blanket. Grab a blanket, and take some rest, lie down, you've earned it, now roll yourself in the blanket like a really big burrito, when I say what, you say burrito! What? What? I can't hear you... what? what?

Good job now go to bed, enjoy your REM cycle, stand up, remember your most human of dreams and look in the mirror and say you got this, yeah girl, you got this. Evade your taxes, be a hoe without touching others, flash your belly button at the wall while nobody's watching and call it work, you got this... you got this! And stop. Now bust a move. Freestyle!

Musical interlude for dancing!

Alright everybody, wipe your brows, don't forget to stretch, and if you want to try again, feel free to film yourself dancing around and share it with us on our Instagram @NyNeoFuturists.

Music ends on a beat.

Play 4: Regressing to a childlike state... (8:13)

Mirsky: Regressing to a childlike state, featuring the voice of my nephew Ben, who's at home in Texas, as the child ego. **GO!**

Text fades in and out of Mirsky and Ben both speaking the following text. Background noises emphasize the actions mentioned like the sound of opening and pouring chocolate syrup or the toaster oven popping. Some chordal underscore.

Mirsky/Ben: After years of being an adult it feels so good to finally be a kid again.
But let me tell ya it's not easy being a kid right now.
Without anything to get ready for, I don't wake up until 9 or even 10 o'clock in the morning.
When I do finally get out of bed, I change out of my pajamas and put on my underwear. That's step 1. Important to start the day out right.

Frozen waffles hot and fresh from the toaster.
I like mine with peanut butter and sugar on top. Yeah I'll add some chocolate syrup too.

After breakfast comes the hard part, What do I do now?
I can either watch tv, or play video games. I know... I'll do both!
So nice to feel productive.

It's the afternoons that seem to linger on forever.
I'm left with nothing to do but sit and wonder. This is boring.
I want to see my friends. I want to go out and play.
When will I see mama and papa again?
The feeling of immense loss washes over me and I grow older by the minute.

Weeks pass like endless summer months
I'm left at home today
The parents are away and I have nothing to do but sit and play,

And think
And stare
And fear

I'll go outside. That's what I'll do.

I'll wander the streets and explore the sidewalks.
I'll flip over rocks and search for the bugs crawling beneath.
I'll explore every minute as they pass. I'm not alone. Time is by my side.

Oh People!

Glorious sweet dream people
Have we all lost our way?
necks swollen
Too tall and mighty
Peering down to see
A wet stone lying
Afraid of drying out the very clay in which we all are cast.

Have you forgot to be sick with joy!
For the laughter to hurt, it helps to scream
Try screaming
They scream.
Oh c'mon, do it with me.
We can scream together.
They scream.

Remember. That knot in your tummy
Turns into a cramp makes it hard to breathe
Laughing while gasping for air
We are all waiting in the wings.
And now, right now, You are here, for now.

Then, it's time for dinner!
I think I'll have pizza tonight.
And watch tv, or play video games.
I'll listen to music with the lights dimmed.
I'll sing along and think out every word.
Before I know it I'm ready for bed.

I don't know what tomorrow will bring,
but I know it belongs to me. It's mine.
Tomorrow is mine!

No alarm clock set. I'll wake up when I want to.
The part is small. But every role has it's moment.
Until then we wait in the wings, characters peering into darkness
Pondering the meaning of our next line
Before stepping on stage

After years of being an adult, it feels good to finally be a kid again.
Music crescendos and fades out.

Show Outro (12:06)

Bouncy 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 by 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, find a new use for glue, and share it with us on Instagram, Twitter, or Facebook.

This episode featured work by: Yael Haskal, Rob Neill, Anooj Bhandari, and Daniel Mirsky. Our logo was designed by Shelton Lindsay. And our sound is designed by Anthony Sertel Dean. *Hit Play* is produced by Anthony Sertel Dean, Léah Miller, and me, Julia Melfi. Take Care!

Music fades out!