

SILENT DJ

A nightclub. A basic beat.

PROMOTOR

New York City, make some noise! He made his bones in the LA club scene, he's the darling of hardcore Dirty Japanese Trance, he's here tonight bringing it Voodoo style, he's DJ SPIN!

DJ SPIN

Let's get this party started!

Music kicks in (not too loud). People start to dance.

DJ SPIN (CONT'D)

What? Wait, What?

PROMOTOR

Everything ok?

DJ SPIN

Uh. No. What are they doing?

PROMOTOR

They're just dancing -

Music scratches to a stop.

DJ SPIN

To MUSIC? Oh Hell No.

You. (Scott and Keisha) Why did you come here? Huh? Did you come here to listen to Acoustic Art? A complex metric of tone and rhythm? Or did you come here to grind up against the ladies?

SCOTT

Um, to grind up against Ladies.

KEISHA

Seriously? Is that what you were doing?!

DJ SPIN

(You disgust me.) Get Out of my Club!!

KEISHA

What?

DJ SPIN

Get Out! Both of you. I mean it.
Get out.

They get out of his club.

My MUSIC is my ART, ok. My DECKS
are my INSTRUMENT. Show some
Respect.

PROMOTOR

Um, I'm not sure I'm really down
with -

DJ SPIN

Alright?

PROMOTOR

Um - Dude, it's just that -

DJ SPIN

Alright. Let's do this.

Music.

DJ SPIN (CONT'D)

Here we go, New York! Let's go.
That's right! Put your hands in the
air! Put your hands in the air!

People do. (Especially Julie and Annmarie.)

Music scratches to a stop.

DJ SPIN (CONT'D)

Don't you dare! Don't you dare put
your hands in the air.

JULIE

I'm sorry. But you said -

DJ SPIN

It's a metaphor! DO YOU UNDERSTAND
WHAT A METAPHOR IS? A metaphor! Get
out of my club!

ANNMARIE

But -

DJ SPIN
I said get out.

They get out of his club.

OK, people. We UNDERSTANDING this?
We making the CONNECTIONS? We
REALLY ready for some music this
time? Ok then. Let's go.

Music. And immediately scratches to a stop.

No. Oh no, you are not doing that.
Are you eating Nachos?

Andy tries to hide the nachos behind his back.

ANDY
Um. No.

DJ SPIN
Seriously?! Where did you even get
those?

ANDY
Nowhere?

DJ SPIN
Get out! Get out of my club! I mean
it.

PROMOTOR
Yeah, actually, he's kinda got a
point there. Seriously, dude,
nachos?

DJ SPIN
You know what? Give it to me. Give
it to me now. SPIT IT OUT.

Andy spits out the nachos into his palm, (and maybe gets
slapped with the bits.)

DJ SPIN (CONT'D)
Is this Background Music to you
people?

Would you go to Carneigie Hall, and
have the Philharmonic Orchestra
just playing in the background
while you EAT NACHOS? No! So. Get.
Out.

Andy leaves. Only the promotor is left.

And You (Promotor). What do you think you're doing, bringing all these unsophisticated, unappreciative Philistines into my club? You can get the hell out too! Get out of my club!

PROMOTOR

What? Dude, this is actually My club, well, actually it's my Dad's club, but -

DJ SPIN

GET OUT! Get out!

Promotor runs away. The house audience is left.

I went to the Juilliard! (one time).

OK. Here's how it's going to go down.

I'm going to spin you some tunes.

You are going to listen with an appropriate amount of respect.

We all clear on that? We all get that? Phew. Ok. Alright -

Music

Let's do this. Let's drop the beat!

Are we ready for a good time?

Alright! Here we go. We're having a

good time! Oh yeah! Let's get this

party on! Now how about a shout

out? When I say New, you say York.

New -

UNTIL SOMEONE SAYS "YORK"

NO!!!

Music cuts.

DJ Spin takes out a knife

DJ SPIN (CONT'D)

That's it. You gonna die.

Blackout.

(OR

Version 2)

UNTIL SOMEONE SAYS "YORK"

NO!!

Music cuts. DJ Spin gets up in the audience.

What did I do up to this point that
might make you think that would
possibly be ok? Did Beethoven have
this problem? I don't think so.

Right up in the audience member's face / faces

Get out. I mean it. Get out of my
club.

Until the audience member stands up.

Blackout.