

Radio Play Sample Script
Prairie Home Companion - Guy Noir Segment

By

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Characters from A Prairie Home Companion

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RADIO PLAY SAMPLE SCRIPT
PRAIRIE HOME COMPANION - GUY NOIR SEGMENT

Scene: 1

GARRISON KEILLOR

A little episode in a familiar old series.

(CUE GUY'S MUSIC)

NARRATOR

A dark night in a city that knows how to keep its secrets. But on the twelfth floor of the Acme Building, one man is still trying to find the answers to life's persistent questions: Guy Noir, private eye.

GUY NOIR

(aside) It was July, nearly August, and it was hot. Hotter than a Las Vegas showgirl in a sauna in Sri Lanka, doing yoga while downing shots of tequila. It was hotter than it had any right to be and people were sweltering, positively fearful of walking out into the sun. Folks were hiding from the heat indoors, avoiding the temperatures, and each other. I hadn't seen a client in weeks, when a band of damp solicitors barricaded themselves in my office, shutting the blinds and locking the doors behind them.

SOUND: DOOR CLICK, BLINDS RATTLE

GUY NOIR

And disconnecting my phone, my computer, and my fax machine, mid-fax!

SOUND: PHONE SLAMMED, COMPUTER POWERING DOWN, FAX TONE DIE

GUY NOIR

Hey now, what's the meaning of all this? What're you doing to my office? (aside) THE DAME piped up first - I imagine she'd be pretty if she weren't drenched in sweat - there was something awry about the whole situation, and she looked dazed, paranoid, confused. I began to wonder if she were a showgirl, if she had just returned from Sri Lanka.

THE DAME

It's too late, it's gone too far. We've gone too far. It's not here anymore. No place is safe. There's nowhere safe.

GUY NOIR

Safe? Is your safety at risk? Are you being threatened? Who are we talking about here, a jilted lover? The mob? Apple CEO Steve Jobs?

(CONTINUED)

THE DAME

No, no, it's worse than that. Much worse than that.

GUY NOIR

...Worse...? Worse than that? Maybe you need to seek help elsewhere. I'm more of a philosophical sort of private eye, more Spade and a little less Gittes, if you get my meaning. I know of the name of a good casket-maker, if that helps.

GUY NOTNOIR 1

Please, Mr. Noir, if you'd just listen a moment.

GUY NOTNOIR 2

We're actually surprised you've not heard of this yet.

GUY NOIR

Heard of what yet?

THE DAME

Privacy, Mr. Noir, it's gone. Facebook has killed it.

GUY NOIR

The what now?

GUY NOTNOIR 2

Facebook.

GUY NOIR

What's that?

GUY NOTNOIR 1

Facebook? It's a social networking site that used to be only for college students but then opened up to the public. They recently subscribed half-a-billion users?

THE DAME

You're not on Facebook?

GUY NOIR

Call me old-fashioned but when I want to message my friends, I fax them. But what does this have to do with you shutting up my blinds like you just got back from a Twilight screening?

GUY NOTNOIR 1

The privacy, Mr. Noir. It's gone. Facebook took it all. There was a time when your every move wasn't being watched, when you were free to do what you would on the Web, but those days are long gone.

(CONTINUED)

GUY NOTNOIR 2

Every click is traceable, every pathway leads back to you. You can't even poke someone nowadays without half the country reading about it in their Feed.

GUY NOIR

And that's a bad thing then?

GUY NOTNOIR 2

The worst!

THE DAME

Oh, Mr. Noir, can you help us?

GUY NOIR

What is it that you want me to do, exactly?

GUY NOTNOIR 1

Bring it back. Make Facebook give our privacy back.

GUY NOIR

That's sort of a tall order.

THE DAME

Well, then what can you do for us?

GUY NOIR

Maybe go out, get you some answers as to where it went. (aside) They looked at each other then, talked amongst themselves. They reminded me of a pack of anxious meerkat, fearful that a hawk was going to bust through the window at any moment. I didn't know it at the time, but there was one - a hawk named Mark Zuckerberg.

SOUND: HAWK SCREECH

THE DAME, GUYS NOT NOIR 1&2

We accept.

GUY NOIR

(aside)And there I went, out into the hot world, the trio staying cooped inside my air-conditioned, darkened office,locking the door behind them.

SOUND: DOOR SLAM SHUT, DOOR CLICK LOCKED

GUY NOIR

And stay away from my fax machine! (aside) The day was long and the humidity was rising. A hotspots was developing under either of my armpits. I suddenly felt very silly in the hat and trenchcoat of my trade. My next stop would be to the Palo Alto offices of Facebook, Inc - but, first, an ice cream cone.

(CONTINUED)

SOUND: PLANE TAKING OFF

GUY NOIR

(aside) The flight would be a long one, but the Rocky Road had hit the spot, cooling and sweet, as if an iceberg were made of chocolate and the polar bears upon it were marshmallow globs of gooey and delicious cuteness. The captain had just turned off the seatbelt sign and the flight attendant started making rounds.

SOUND: DING!

GUY NOIR

Excuse me, Miss? Do you know anything about Facebook?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yeah, I can tell you that it's a waste of time.

GUY NOIR

You don't say.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yeah, my boyfriend, he spends all his time on Farmville - barely speaks to me anymore. Only thing he does is send me messages about his chickens or corn or whatever.

GUY NOIR

You can raise chickens on Facebook?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Yeah.

GUY NOIR

Digital chickens?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

I guess.

GUY NOIR

What a weird place. Does the privacy concern bother you?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

What do you mean?

GUY NOIR

I mean, there are some folks out there that think that Facebook has exterminated, eliminated privacy, that it is no more.

(CONTINUED)

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Well that's just silly - you don't have to post everything to the Wall, you can just message somebody privately.

GUY NOIR

There's a difference there is there?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Oh sure, only a sap would put everything up on the Wall on Facebook.

GUY NOIR

(aside) The rest of the flight was mostly uneventful by way of flights: there were babies, people snoring, but one very anxiety-ridden teenager. His leg was shaking as if he were sitting on a Tesla earthquake machine, and he had a look I had seen somewhere else before. I tried to ask him about Facebook but he kept speaking gibberish about Notes, Zynga, and something about apps. I found I was delving into a world of madness, and the only one who had answers for me was Mark Zuckerberg.

SOUND: PLANE LANDING

SOUND: KEYBOARD TYPING

GUY NOIR

Yes, hello, I'd like to speak with Mr. Zuckerberg, the CEO, please.

MALE RECEPTIONIST

And may I ask what this is about Mr....

GUY NOIR

Noir, Guy Noir, private eye. I'd like to ask some questions about privacy.

MALE RECEPTIONIST

That so? Well, Mr. Zuckerberg is also very particular about privacy, so you'll have to just live with disappointment.

GUY NOIR

But you don't understand. People are fearful for their lives. They're camping out in my office as we speak, scared to do anything for fear that it will be captured, studied, sold, and stored, like so much Big Brother-ism.

MALE RECEPTIONIST

Well, they should have read the Terms of Use.

(CONTINUED)

GUY NOIR

Listen here, pal - their lack of privacy is encroaching on my privacy - I want my office back. I want to be able to plug in my fax machine again! What kind of crazy world do we live in where the only way people can talk to each other is through a machine? Often with bad spelling!

MALE RECEPTIONIST

Look mister. Facebook offers a service that's not just about connecting with friends and acquaintances, it's an all-inclusive stamp that verifies you as you across more than 50,000 websites. Is that database susceptible to risk? Everything digital is. Can't be helped. Bottom line is that aside from an email and password, it falls on the user to determine how much information they want to give about themselves. And there are privacy settings that can be set so that only certain...

GUY NOIR

Wait a minute.

MALE RECEPTIONIST

What?

GUY NOIR

Did you just say that Facebook is connected to 50,000 other sites?

MALE RECEPTIONIST

Well, 50,000 other sites use the "like" button option, that puts a link on your Wall, but yeah, there's lots of sites that you can sign into with Facebook. Kiva, Pandora, The New York Times...the list is pretty extensive.

GUY NOIR

I do want my friends to know what I'm listening to on Pandora...

MALE RECEPTIONIST

I could...set up an account for you right now, if you'd like - Mr. Noir, was it?

SOUND: KEYBOARD TYPING, PLANE TAKING OFF, PLANE LANDING

GUY NOIR

And so I made my way back to my office, kicked the trifecta of now-icicled individuals out of my office, and started making friends. It's funny, since I signed up on Facebook? I have all the privacy I could ever want. And my chickens are coming in nicely.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

A dark night in a city that knows how to keep its secrets. But on the twelfth floor of the Acme Building, one man has lost the will to find the answers to life's persistent questions: Guy Noir, private eye -Facebook junkie.