

Huron City Radio

The Midnight Hour with Tom Bobbajobski

Episode 1-Seagull

- F/X: Seagull squawking
- TOM: Greetings land lubbers! Welcome back to the Midnight Hour on Huron City Radio, broadcasting from the middle of the largest body of fresh water on the planet. Today on the horizon we have, that's right, you guessed it, endless blue, glass stretching out in every direction. I'm Tom Bobbajobski, your host throughout. Stay tuned, because in twenty minutes, I'm going out on deck to see how long I can scream at the top of my lungs before passing out or disturbing the neighbors. Just kidding-THERE ARE NO FUCKING NEIGHBORS! And now, a word from tonight's sponsor.
- SPONSOR: Burrow's Homegrown Meats-where nothing is wasted! Try our new range of flayed skin shards-BBQ, Tobacco, or Root Beer flavor-perfect for most occasions-probably!
- TOM: And boy, they are probably right-started one of their delicious shards last Tuesday, still have some...(fiddling with mouth)...somewhere in the back there...Boy, what a show I have for you lined up Tonight's phone in is all about-books-yes, big books, tiny books, long books, short books, angry books-we're all reading a lot more books, especially those of us without anything else to do. So-Literary Classics-are they works of genius that expand your mind, or just the ramblings of mad ramblings of sadistic strangers that waste your time and warp your world view.

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TOM: Sometimes, books can be so engrossing—they have you believing in outlandish things like self-confidence—Democracy—or the fact that kittens are chewing through the fabric of space and time which will inevitably cause universal meltdown. We look forward to your calls, same number as always— 101,42,22, 666-13.

TOM: Later there's Tom's Top Tips and of course our competition winner from last week. We also see the return of our popular Bingo Week — and we have the first episode of radio drama Raccoon Man. Boy—you won't feel the same way about chasing those critters out of your trash after this one— But first, music, from some musicians south of Huron City— and it looks like...a trio? What? Terry, Tory, and Al? with some chants? (Aside) Eric? What...you actually listen...you did...—so they're.. Not monks?... O-ok— (back) With their song, and it could NOT be more apt, as this seagull seems to have found it's way back in—jeez— for f- f- (squawking) — With their song, (flapping and fighting) "A Dangerous Place!"

SONG TITLE: A Dangerous Place—Territorial Chant

TOM: Well, that was...music! Certainly not chanting monks... Another track from them later— and, you lucky listeners, you can hear an interview with the people who actually took their precious time, to record, *that*.

TOM: Now it's time for the phone in! Literature, books, hell, cave paintings and hieroglyphics— since the dawn of time, man has  
(MORE)

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TOM: been scratching meaningful symbols into any available surface. From the Bible to the KarmaSutra, from Shakespeare to Dr Seuss, books have been part of our day to day existence for thousands of years- but are they really worth it, and should we be doing something more useful like... juggling, or grouting the bathroom?

TOM: Lines are open, Eric my producer on the mainline will greet you, and Eric, I asked you to send me something on the supply raft to take care of these seagulls-I was expecting poison, or something easy like that! I've never even used a cross bow before! Eric- may you win the lottery, and lose the ticket! And next time, you gotta put on as much toilet paper as possible- -the last half of Little Women chafed somewhat-now, we have a caller, line 1-well, it's the only line- who have we here-

EDNA: Edna-it's Edna, from the mainland-

TOM: Yes Edna, I know your'e from the mainland-now books, fact or fiction? Knowledge or garbage?

EDNA: Well, I only read one book in my life, and i was so traumatized, I never looked at a book since.

TOM: Really? And which book was this to have such power, such impact on a young mind.

EDNA: Goodnight Moon-

TOM: Goodnight Moon?! The goodnight moon? The book that more children in America have access to than they have to lead-free drinking water?

EDNA: Why yes!

(MORE)

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EDNA: It was terrifying! That room,  
those colors-so unearthly,  
demonic-

TOM: Well, it does have a 'different'  
color scheme I guess

EDNA: And the old woman eating mush-  
she was a rabbit for god's sake!  
I couldn't sleep for days-I  
figured if all books were like  
that I'd never open one again-

TOM: But surely at school, they would  
have shown you books-

EDNA: I pretended I was blind-

TOM: What.? But they could have read  
them-

EDNA: I just pretended I was deaf-

TOM: And they didn't notice?

EDNA: Well, they did get suspicious  
when they saw me talking and  
playing in the school yard-

TOM: What on--?

EDNA: -I pretended I was a cannibal,  
and I opened my mouth wide to  
bite them and-

TOM: Next caller please! Now, on  
line..1...what is your name sir?

ANTHONY: Hello Tom-this is Anthony-so  
wonderful to get through-

TOM: Nice to meet you Anthony-so  
books, literature, something to  
treasure, or something to trash?

ANTHONY: Oh, to treasure, without a  
shadow of doubt.

TOM: And why is that?

ANTHONY: Well, great books can take you  
to places and worlds you never  
get a chance to in real life

TOM: Uh huh uh huh

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ANTHONY: And the best ones, well it's like having the experience of the characters yourself

TOM: You have some examples of this?

ANTHONY: Certainly-take John Steinbeck's Grapes of Wrath for instance-one can feel the suffering of Tom Joad, live through the agonizing choices he has to make to try and help his family-

TOM: Uh huh-I see

ANTHONY: And Charles Dickens, Oliver Twist, one gets the sense of living like a street urchin and experiencing the dirty streets of Victorian London-

TOM: I get your point-

ANTHONY: And then there's Titania Ample's book, Call Girls of Paris; one can joyfully imagine walking down the Boulevard de Clichy, with a rich, well-dressed gentleman by your side, then slipping down a grubby alley way, dropping one's knickerbockers, and taking his enormous-

TOM: (coughing)  
-Thank you Anthony and next caller please!-(Whisper) Eric, for god's sake you gotta check them like we said- (sotto voice) Hello, and who do we have on the line to talk about the wonder, or chunder, of books?

LUCINDA: Mr. Bobbajobski-

TOM: Call me Tom!-

LUCINDA: -this is Lucinda Marimba from Huron City Library. You have 27 books that are 6 months overdue-

TOM: What...?- I mean, how can I get them- I can't get off this-what-?

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LUCINDA: -You can pay by check, cash or bankers draft, the sum of 104 dollars and 99cents-

TOM: You don't take credit cards-?

LUCINDA: -You currently have "French Pastry Making for Beginners", "The Story of O"-

TOM: Ok-that's enough now-

LUCINDA: "101 Creative Hairstyles for the Balding Gigolo", "Make Money from Toe Jam",

TOM: Eric-Eric?

LUCINDA: "Seagulls-Recipes and Dating tips for the lonely mariner"-

TOM: Next caller pleeeese-yes-thank you-our final caller tonight, you're through to Tom Bobbajobski on Huron City Radio's Midnight Hour-

RAYMOND: Hey, thank you for calling Backgammon Pizzas, you're through to Raymond, how can I help you?

TOM: What...? No...you're calling me...what-Eric, what's going on?

RAYMOND: Would you like to place your order Sir?

TOM: No-wait-I'm on the radio... you're on the radio, were doing a phone in, you're supposed to be calling me-

RAYMOND: I'm sorry? What now?

TOM: You know what?- doesn't even matter-you don't happen to be into literature, do you?

RAYMOND: Look man I just work here-

TOM: So you have no comment on whether great literature is a source of inspiration or pretentious nonsense?

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RAYMOND: Hmmm...now you put it like that, I'd have to say most literature is propaganda for a bourgeoisie world view...I mean...one could easily argue that literature is written from the vantage point of the privileged few - how many normal hard working Joes have the time to devote to writing something as time consuming as a novel when they are trying to put food on the family dinner table? How many global citizens can spend 8 hours a day writing down their thoughts-

TOM: Raymond, gonna have to stop you there,

RAYMOND: -Believing people are interested in those thoughts-

TOM: -talking about all this food on the table, I need to see if you can get one of those Backgammon babies out here, large, extra anchovies- hang on folks- (aside) Eric-can ya-can you talk with Eric here please...thanks... good- yeah, extra- Wonderful, wonderful! Thank you to all our callers, another phone in next week.

TOM: You're listening to Tom Bobbajobski with the Midnight Hour here on Huron City radio, and the time is, well-who cares? All I know is that it's time for-

JINGLE: Tom's Top Tits-

TOM: Eric? What? You...you gotta get that rerecorded! We can't have that...apologies listeners- now...on to the letter-

TOM: And tonight's tip is for Alice Loafenbrau who asks- "Dear Tom, I have some unsightly deep red stains all over the carpet.  
(MORE)

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TOM: My husband used to take care of such household problems, but he's no longer around to ask. Any of your top tips for this one? Yours bludgeoningly, Alice" Well Alice, you are in luck, because carpet stains are easy! Just take club soda, mix in one quart of ground virgin toenails, and three drops of the tears from a baby born under a full moon. If the stain is tomato related, be sure to add a strong degreaser- all sorted. I'm sure your guests won't 'spot' a thing! (Laughing too much at his own joke) Ha ha-won't spot a thing-dear me! Another top-tip next week, and remember, if you have a problem, and need help, drop me a line, Tom Bobbajobski, The Grey Ship, Lower Lake huron-don't forget the waterproof postage stamp. (Squawking) Damn it-hang on-let me try...(walking away) Shoo it out the window

Tom opens window and is hesitantly trying to encourage the seagull out.

TOM: (In distant) Come on....just go out...there's water out there...no-not that way...ahhhh-(under breath) Little shit bag-

TOM: (Returning to desk) And now, back by popular request, we have Tom's Bingo Bonanza! So get your cards ready, and remember, tonight's prize is a Midnight Hour Mug, used by yours truly.

BINGO MUSIC: Ball machine whirring-

TOM: Our first number- 72, the year Uncle Jimmy went down...all the fours, 44...number of legs on my first dog, 3...next is, 15...three and eight, 38...ahha-Tom's next birthday-21!-(Lame cheers effect)...

(MORE)

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TOM: Months I was married-13...all on its own-number 1... 76...! 76 Trombones in the hit parade...f-f-four--five-clarinets...blah-banjos(Tom tries to sing song but knows no more words)...six and five-11...Life begins at-40! (Mumbling-what bullshit).....53...the weeks I've been out here, all alone... 69 (giggles)- Oh, hang on, Eric tells me we have a caller-hello? You're through to Tom Bobbajobski-

CALLER: BINGO!

TOM: Congratulations! Stay on the line and Eric will take your details, and we can get (Sound of Tom drinking) This mug to you as soon as possible!

TOM: (Back in seat) And now, sit back, make yourself comfortable, or at least in less agony, it's time for our drama of the week-Episode one of, Raccoon Man.

DRAMA: Raccoon Man, Episode 1

TOM: Wasn't that great? No-was it? Or not-? I can't tell anymore to be honest. Anyhoo-tune in next week, for episode 2. Now, before we head to the weather, just time to keep you informed on some of the events going on in and around Huron City and the Grey Water Area.

TOM: A reminder that all next week sees the annual exhibition of work from the inmates of Huron City's Quilting Correctional Institution. This ground breaking facility uses quilting as part of the rehabilitation process, as felons are forced to face their actions by sewing their deeds into 'not to scale' depictions with thread and fabric.

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TOM: This year, the 165 foot long quilt crafted by Ted 'Mad Coyote' Cooter, will be up for auction. This record breaking quilt features highlights from many of his 'sprees' across the Great Lakes region, and is hoped to beat the \$42 raised from last year's prize winning exhibit 'Here they be' from Eddie 'The Grave Digger' Edwards.

TOM: And this weekend sees the 55th Huron City Multicultural Festival taking place at the Grey Water Center for the Arts. This year, someone who visited Canada a while ago, will show slides of some moose licking the sap from recently tapped maple trees.

TOM: So-dates for your diaries, I guess. Can't say I keep one-I mean-not as if I can go...anywhere...but, so, time for the weather from the bottom of the lake, with our underwater weather girl, Wendy Abalone-Wendy-

WENDY: Well Tom, it's pretty wet down here tonight. There is a cloud of E.Coli coming in from the east, but that should be cleared away by mid-morning. We have reports that a rather large shoal of protective prophylactics has been spotted drifting in from the lower lake-it will be a couple of hours before it has completely passed through-so please take care. The oil spill level for the next 24 hours is low to medium, and just now, a cute silver fishy came so close it nearly touched the end of my nose! Back to you Tom!

TOM: Ah, thank you Wendy. What a girl, half sturgeon, half volleyball coach. And now, another word from tonight's sponsor-

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SPONSOR: "Burrow's Homegrown Meats-where nothing goes to waste-try our brand new mystery snacks from our newly discovered cuts of meat- there's tendon twizzlers, loin of underpart, and the amazing fat free 'chop of wonder' (patent pending)- Burrow's-we have something for nearly all occasions-probably."

TOM: Yummaliscious-there's so much in this sample box they sent with the adverts, you gotta try their mystery spheres-chewy, meaty, a little hairy... just a shame there's only two in a bag.

TOM: Coming up later on Tom Bobbajobski's Midnight hour, another song from tonight's musical guest, plus an interview with the music 'makers' themselves. But next, time to reflect on the more serious issues affecting the world about us, with insight from Professor A.V. Moore of Aviemore University, who tonight will be talking about a subject close to my heart, pollution in the Great Lakes.

PROFESSOR: So I recently learned that a squirrel can survive a fall from its terminal velocity, meaning that it could potentially survive a fall from any height. I say we start in New York- the empire state building and start chucking squirrels off of the balcony-jus' to see what happens,?! From there, we hire Eton Rusk to blast us and our furry payload into low earth orbit where we casually toss the little bastards out the window of a space plane, hopefully over a continent that doesn't have squirrels, jus' to really confuse the local fuckas...and I guess the point is, no matter how far you fall in life, you may or may not survive,  
(MORE)

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PROFESSOR: depending on how much squirrel  
ancestry you have I s'pose...

TOM: Thank you professor-I'm sure we  
can all take away something from  
that-and now-hey, hang on...it's  
settled in the corner...

Tom creeps over and tries to grab seagull. We hear a  
commotion and Tom screams out.

TOM: (In distance) Aw-you pecked me  
you prick! jesus...ahhhh  
(coming back) And now (through  
the pain)... A second  
song...from tonight's musical  
guest... Terry, Tory, and Al,  
Chant something else...(quiet)  
it drew blood it drew blood

SONG TITLE: Confession of a Two-Faced  
Patriarch

TOM: (Fading in) There, that's  
stopped the bleeding. As  
promised, we have an interview  
with tonight's band, so I'd like  
to welcome you to The Midnight  
Hour, and who do we have  
tonight? Terry? Tory? Al-maybe?

Interview with Territorial Chant

TOM: Thanks to Territorial Chant for  
that-more music next week, Now-  
last weeks competition winner  
was a Mr Ernest Hemingway of 7th  
and Tombstone, and his answer of  
"Never in a month of Sundays you  
scab faced mongrel" was pulled  
from the hat, and by hat I mean  
the trash can from the kitchen,  
and...and finally, before I  
leave you to those thoughts  
hammering away in your head,  
it's time for Tom's Poetry  
Pocket, that time in the show,  
where I turn out a pocket, find  
some scrap of paper tucked away  
in there, and invariably  
discover a few lines of poetry  
I've scribbled down in one of  
my, more, contemplative moods.

JINGLE: Poetry Pocket Music

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TOM: What do we have here? Back of  
this letter... 32nd District..  
County Court...dear Mr Bobba...(  
mumbling).. you have been  
summoned...appear  
before....no,that's not it,  
what's on the other side...? Ah,  
here it is- (Clears throat)-

TOM: In The Beginning-

I caught a ray of sunshine  
Put it in my pocket  
And waited.  
Without me knowing,  
It had turned into a dream.

Such sophistication was not necessary.

I left my mother,  
Stranded,  
Crying in a field of fretted dreams,  
All of which were stained with  
Colors from a rainbow.  
(Pause)

TOM: More from Tom's Poetry Pocket  
next week-(Seagull starting up  
again)- But before we go  
(Seagull getting rowdier) Ok,  
ok-enough-where's that crossbow-  
(rummaging around)- Is this how  
you do it- (Sound of crossbow  
firing-breaking objects) Damn  
it-ok you son of a bitch-  
(crossbow again-seagull hit-  
screeching and squawking-  
pandemonium in studio) Oh jesus  
I got half of it- keep still-  
Awww-not that beak again...why  
you little-(sounds of Tom in a  
fury then using something heavy  
to bash seagull to death-sounds  
of heavy bashing continue after  
seagull has ceased to squawk)

:

TOM: (Heavy panting-then crying)  
You've...been listening to The  
Midnight Hour, on Huron City  
radio (big deep breath through  
the sobs)

(MORE)

1 CONTINUED: (14)

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TOM: With me, Tom  
Bobbajobski...(aside-still  
crying) Oh dear god, that poor  
bird-(back)  
Thanks to all our callers  
tonight, and Raymond, if you're  
listening, that Pizza hasn't  
arrived yet-(pulling himself  
together) thanks to Wendy  
Abalone, Professor A.V.Moore,  
and tonight's band, Territorial  
Chant-I can't believe  
I...did...(sigh) a special  
thank you for tonight's  
sponsors, Burrow's Homegrown  
Meats, where, NOTHING is wasted,  
apart from you by the sounds of  
it Eric-Eric? The show's not  
finished yet! (Turned away) For  
Fucks sake- ah- well...where did  
I put that book...(fading out)  
Seagulls-recipes and, er , for  
the...ah...here we are, fried...