

Explode Your Life! with Riley Gold  
The Live Event  
by Noons

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**CHARACTERS:**

RILEY GOLD - Our Hero. 30-something. Son of Sunny Gold, world renowned life coach. Riley wants to prove his own chops in the self-help world.

KEN - Riley's best friend. 30-something. Also his stage manager, writer, costumer, prop master, and merchandiser.

JULIANA - Riley's "wife". 30-something. Latina. Through her hard knocks life experience she has wonderful practical advice.

SUNNY GOLD - Riley's dad. 60-something. A huge charismatic presence. He's been a famous figure in the Life Change field for thirty years.

ENID - Sunny's assistant. 40-something. Her accent sounds American affluent.

**SETTING:**

A small theater. A simple audio/visual setup: a screen for projections/video and a speaker system for sound/music.

**PRE-SHOW: The Lobby**

A small merchandise stand is set up selling a slender book: "Explode Your Life! with Riley Gold" along with t-shirts, ball caps, and perhaps a Riley branded stick of dynamite.

**INSIDE THE THEATER:**

**Audio:** a playlist of upbeat Pop music (Fleetwood Mac to Sia to Backstreet Boys to Duran Duran to Drake to Wham etc)

**Onscreen:** rotates between dramatic pictures of Riley Gold and quotes from famous people.

**Riley Pictures:**

1. Staring off into a sunset.
2. Suited up walking down a city street.
3. Driving a Lamborghini.
4. Giving a presentation in front of a whiteboard (office setting).
5. Getting off a helicopter.
6. Pushing a workout at the gym.

7. High-fiving some children.
8. Out having drinks with friends.
9. Walking off a yacht.
10. Looking straight into the camera and smiling.

Quotes from Celebrities:

1. "He's a game changer." - Tom Brady
2. "I taught Riley how to cook, he taught me how to live." - Gordon Ramsey
3. "A mind unlike any other." - Dr. Phil
4. "A wealth of knowledge." - Warren Buffett
5. "A visionary for the future." - Steve Jobs (pre-death)
6. "A pillar of love." - Pope Francis.
7. "Riley makes life fun!" - Dick Cheney
8. "Riley showed me how to be a better person." - Malala
9. "Riley is a force of Nature!" - Oprah
10. "He has the voice of an angel." - Beyonce

House Lights fade to black.

Onscreen: fade to black.

Silence.

Onscreen: fade in, in white (first the quote, then the author):

"I saw the angel in the marble and carved until I set him free."

- Michelangelo

(same, first fade in the quote, then the author):

"I offer you the truth, you need the comfort of my lovin' to bring out the best in you."

- D'Angelo

Both quotes: fade to black.

Video erupts onscreen.

Thumping instrumental music. Propulsive.

Four things in the videos, interspersed:

## 1. Shots of Riley doing "successful" stuff

- Presenting, Meditating, Exercising, Speaking, Hugging

## 2. Testimonials from Celebrities

- but overdubs of "Riley"

- Hugh Jackman, Usher, Oprah, Tom Cruise, Elon Musk, Ellen, etc.

### 3. Expansive shots of Nature

- Grand Canyon, Waterfalls, Serengeti, Ocean, Volcano, etc.

#### 4. Human Machines being propelled forward

- A race car, a speedboat, a fighter jet, a rocket, the Space Shuttle, etc.

Ends with Riley directly to the camera:

RILEY GOLD

Hi. I'm Riley Gold. Yes, son of Sunny Gold. Thank you for being here and joining me on this Journey. I'm excited to see what we can accomplish, together. Welcome, to Explode Your Life.

Blackout.

Lights flash. Music gets loud.

KEN (VOICEOVER)

Lights up.

Riley runs onstage, clapping along.

He gets everybody clapping along together.

He keeps it going for a while, a bit too long, as if he is unsure when to end it.

Finally he ends it with a big flourish and he stops clapping. The music and lights are slightly off and stop a couple beats after Riley has finished.

He looks to the audience.

RILEY GOLD

All right! Yeah! You guys are Awesome! You know what, I want more!

Music and lights start up again.

RILEY GOLD

Yeah! High Five the Person next to you!

Aaaaaaaaaaaaand...

Riley hits his hands together. Then the music goes out and lights stop flashing.

RILEY GOLD

Fantastic. You may sit.

I am Riley Gold.

Author. Thinker. Life Liver.

And yes, let's just get this out of the way, Sunny Gold is my father. But this is in no way a Sunny Gold Production. He does his thing and I do mine. And sure, I may have a seat reserved for him (Riley motions to a seat marked "reserved" in the front row) but that doesn't mean I need him here. It's not like I have "daddy" issues. It's not like I need to gain his approval, or his pride, or his love. No, of course not. This is about helping You! So let's do that right now: everybody up. We're gonna get the blood flowing. I do this exercise every morning.

Stand relaxed. Hands at your sides.

I'll show you first. Then we'll do it together.

Watch.

Breath in through your nose as you bring your hands up.

Hold at your chest, like you're cradling a duckling.

Hold the breath.

Clench those buttcheeks.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

Then, when you can't hold it anymore, look Skyward,  
exhale Slowly and Deeply as you bring your hands Up  
like a flower blooming.

(the exhale breath sound) "Wshoooooooooo..."

Relax your buttcheeks.

Go on your tippee-toes.

And let the flower petals fall.

Arms back to your sides.

Okay. Let's do this together.

Breath in.

Hold it.

Cradle the duckling.

Look to the sky.

Hands upwards:

"Wshoooooooooo..."

Tippee-toes.

Let the petals fall back down.

Do that three times. Slowly.

Riley gets a drink of water. He encourages the audience.  
Excellent.

You are a beautiful blossoming flower. And don't you  
forget it.

Give the person next to you a Smile.

How are you feeling?

Good?

Magnificent?

Excellent.

You may sit back down.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
So why are you here?

You're here because you have challenges, right?

Could be with your body.

Your finances.

Relationships.

Emotions.

Your career.

So how do I know that I can help you?

Let me show you something:

This is me.

Onscreen: a photograph of an Obese Riley.  
Four hundred pounds.

I had no job.

I was homeless.

Addicted to every drug.

Diseased.

Lost.

I knew I had hit rock bottom when I couldn't remember my own name.

My point is this:

I know what it's like to be down and out.

To not know where your next meal, or your next fix, or your next hope is coming from.

I feel your pain.

I've been there.

And because I've experienced all of these ills I can help you.

I don't just know it.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
I've lived it.

For five years I travelled the world using myself as a human Guinea Pig to develop the techniques I'm about to share with you.

I've travelled by plane, train, bus, car, motorcycle, bicycle, unicycle, even pogo stick.

I have laid face down in the mud for a month because that's what the guru Lao-Tzu-Tze told me to do.

I have read every self-help book known to man, processed all of the information, and am now going to share with you the best of the best.

The result is this book right here (Riley holds it up): Explode Your--

Ken walks onstage. He wears a headset, holds an iPhone, and interrupts Riley.

RILEY GOLD (TO KEN)  
What?

KEN  
(whispers) It's your dad.

RILEY GOLD  
What? I'm not here.

KEN  
He knows you're here.

RILEY GOLD  
I'm not--

Riley snatches the iPhone and covers it a moment.

RILEY GOLD  
(smiles the audience) Excuse me for one second.

Riley turns his back to the audience for privacy.  
(to phone, hushed) Hello?

Riley holds the phone away from his ear as if someone is yelling at him. Ken sheepishly smiles to the audience, caught in a tough spot with all eyes on him.

Yes----No, I----Dad, I----If you----Could you----I know you're doing a show at the Garden but this has no----Un hun...Un hun...Un hun...Understood...(he hangs up on Riley)

Ken still stands onstage waiting.

Riley turns around. Ken's face says, "Well?"

Riley puts his mouth to Ken's upstage ear.

RILEY GOLD

(quietly) Uh, yeah, he's not happy.

KEN

What'd he say?

RILEY GOLD

Cancel the show.

KEN

What?!

RILEY GOLD

I know.

KEN

Riley?!

RILEY GOLD

Ken, I know!

(to audience, putting his arm around Ken) This is Ken, everybody. Why don't we give him a hand. Come on.

Claps for Ken.

RILEY GOLD

Ken is my oldest friend.

We met in sixth grade.

Can you believe that?

Ken here, he does all the stuff you see: the slides, the videos, the costumes, the--

KEN

Merchandise--

RILEY GOLD

That's right. The merchandise out front. What have we got out there, Ken?

KEN

Oh, there's Explode Your Life t-shirts. Explode Your Life ball caps. Explode Your Life socks.

RILEY GOLD  
Don't forget--

Riley holds up the book.

KEN  
Only nine ninety-five.

RILEY GOLD  
Is that all it is now? Wow. What a steal.

KEN  
It really is.

RILEY GOLD  
Inside of here you will find the Four Parts we're gonna talk about right now.

Ken exits.

RILEY GOLD  
But first we've got (he looks up to the screen)

Onscreen: The Golden Rule

RILEY GOLD  
I know what you're thinking:

Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

And that's a good one. I would never knock it.

But this is my golden rule:

I Am Me & So Are You

Say it with me.

I Am Me & So Are You

Make eye contact with the person next to you and say it to them.

I Am Me & So Are You

What does that mean?

Anyone. What do you think it means?

Don't be shy, just shout it out.

Audience Members share their thoughts.  
Yes.

Good.

Excellent.

It means that I am me...

And so are you.

I am Me...

And so are You.

You are so...

Me am I...

Don't feel like you have to fully understand this right now.

It takes people years to grasp it.

I studied with my mentor Lao-Tzu-Tze for three years and I still didn't completely comprehend it.

It wasn't until I was standing in line at a Burger King in Columbus, Ohio that it finally hit me...

I said to Gary behind the counter, "I am me..."

He looked at me a long moment and then Gary said words I will never forget. He said: "I am me..."

We stood there. Just looked each other, in the eyes. No malice. No anger. Just total bliss...

"And so are you," I said. We both burst into tears and hugged for a long time. Ken, do you mind?

Ken walks onstage. Riley immediately hugs him and Ken reluctantly and stiffly plays along, patting Riley on the back woodenly.

RILEY GOLD

Oh, thank you. I needed that. (wiping his eyes)

Ken exits. Riley points to the screen.

RILEY GOLD

We will come back to this but just say it with me a few times.

I am me, and so are you...

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
I am Me, And so are you...

I am me, and So Are You!

Blackout.

Music: PM Dawn "Set Adrift On Memory Bliss"

Onscreen: In White (quotes fade in and then the author, same as earlier)

"The Mind is everything. What you think you become."

- The Buddha

"Free your mind, and the rest will follow."

- The En Vogue

Quotes fade out.

Fade In: Mindspace

Lights fade up.

Enter Riley, he is now wearing glasses.

RILEY GOLD

The mind is a powerful thing, right?

It can be persuasive.

It can change your whole outlook.

It can even bend spoons.

Or cause you to forget your wife's birthday.

Right, Ken?

We see Ken's arms wave Riley off from just offstage.  
There's your Mind. And then there's your Brain.

And they're different.

Your mind is what you think About.

But How it operates is your Brain.

Let's start with the How and then get to the What.

How much of your Brain do you think you use? Anybody?

Ten percent?

Twenty?

Fifty?

Audience Members share their thoughts.

It's a trick question.

We actually use a hundred percent.

We use our whole brain.

There aren't dead parts of the brain.

But! Not to its full potential.

When it comes to Brain Power, then we only use ten percent.

Onscreen: Brain Power - 10% etc

So how do we increase our brain power to get a...

Super Brain.

Onscreen: SuperBrain

Who wants a superbrain?

Superbrain?

Come on, show of hands.

Everybody wants a superbrain.

There are three things you can do to help your brain and make it more Super.

First, eat "brain" food.

Blueberries, Broccoli, Salmon, Walnuts are all good for the brain. My personal favorite is Manuka Honey. I eat pounds of it. Like Winnie The Pooh.

Second: sleep.

Get ten, twelve, fourteen hours a night.

In fact, let's take a little power nap right now.

Ken brings out a pillow. Riley lays down on his side onstage, facing the audience.

Everybody, close your eyes.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
Ken, wake us in two minutes.

After 60 seconds a loud old school alarm clock ring goes off over the speakers.

RILEY GOLD  
(startled, puts pillow over his ears) Jesus! Ken!

Ken appears on the side with a sly smile of satisfaction across his face. Then Ken disappears into the wings and the Alarm stops.

RILEY GOLD  
A babbling brook or wind chimes, Please!!

Ugh. Now I have a headache.

How is everybody?

Everybody okay?

Sorry about that.

The third part of getting a SuperBrain is you have to "Train Your Brain".

So let's get those neurons firing.

I want you to look around the room and remember everything you see that's red. Make a list of all the red things in the room.

Anything red, add it to your list.

All the red stuff.

Keep looking. Red red red.

Keep looking. Red.

Okay, stop.

Who here wants to tell me all the red things you saw?

Ken takes a handheld microphone and goes out into the audience.

Okay. Thank you for volunteering.

Are you ready?

Sure?

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

Got your list of red things ready?

Okay. Here we go.

How many Yellow things did you see?

Oh! I know! So unfair, right?

But right now all of your neurons are firing. Your brain's working hard to try to remember any yellow and it's tough, right?

Because you were focused on Red. You totally missed the Yellow.

Or Blue.

Or Green.

But that is how you Train your Brain. Put it to work.

Now let's talk about the Mind. What you think About.

Sir, what are you thinking about, right now?

Audience Member response.

Good.

Ma'am, what are you thinking about?

Audience Member response.

Okay. Sounds good.

Ken, what are you thinking about?

KEN

Pancakes.

RILEY GOLD

That's it?

KEN

Yep. Blueberry Pancakes.

RILEY GOLD

Which is perfect, that leads right into my point:

Onscreen: You Are What You Think About  
You Are What You Think About.

You are (Audience Member #1's response)

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
You are (Audience Member #2's response)

And Ken, you're blueberry pancakes.

KEN  
I'm fine with that.

RILEY GOLD  
It is very important we take control of what we think about through the power of (with reverb echo) Visualizations.

Onscreen: Visualizations  
Wow, that was pretty cool. Let's do it again. Through the power of (reverb echo) Visualizations.

Go ahead, Ken. I can tell you wanna give it a try.

KEN  
(quietly) Through the power of (loud & with reverb echo) Visualizations! (the volume surprises Ken)

RILEY GOLD  
Yeah! That's what I'm talking about. (reverb echo) Visualizations are very--you don't need to keep the echo on.

KEN  
(with reverb echo) Visualizations. Visualizations.  
Visual--

RILEY GOLD  
Enough! Thank you!

Riley looks to the booth.  
As I was saying, the power of Visualizations is profound.  
You need to think about the thing, Visualize it in your mind's eye, and then you can make it happen.

It's how I got my DJ's license. I knew I wanted to DJ, I saw myself onstage in this bumpin' club as DJ Goldilocks. And then two weeks later I was blowin' up the Boom Boom Room with my sick beats.

Let me walk you through a Visualization.

Close your eyes. Go on. Close them.

What is the one thing you want?

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
What do you really want?

And it could be anything: It could be a Lamborghini. A promotion. The love of a beautiful woman.

KEN  
A good night's sleep.

RILEY GOLD  
Yes, Ken, thank you.

Think about that thing.

Whatever it is.

Really see it.

What does it sound like?

How does it smell?

What does capturing it make you feel?

Look at it.

Examine it in every detail.

How does having it effect those around you?

How do people look at you?

How do you look at you?

Have an out of body experience.

See you observing you with this new thing that you want.

How do you look at you?

How do you feel?

No, not that you, the other you.

Have you give you a high five.

And now I want you to say to you: "You're Awesome."

Say it with me. "You're Awesome."

Now the other you: "Yes I am. I'm awesome."

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

All: "Yes I am. I'm awesome."

Now both you's together!

"I couldn't have done it without You!"

All: "I couldn't have done it without You!"

Excellent. Open your eyes. Give yourselves a hand.

You can have anything you want if you can just see you having it.

But what usually gets in the way?

That's right: Fear.

Fear of Failure.

Fear of Dreaming Too Big.

Fear of Not Being Good Enough.

Fear is a Killer.

And the only way to deal with a Killer is to Kill It.

Onscreen: Fear

Let me tell you a story about a time when I had fear. Was riddled with fear. And it wasn't that long ago.

I had to go and tell my Dad that I had just lost a whole bunch of money.

It wasn't some bad stock. Or that I'd been swindled by a pyramid scheme.

I didn't lose it gambling. And it wasn't a wild spending spree. I didn't buy a cruise ship or an island. No. I lost it.

It was a bag of cash. How much? Try fifty thousand dollars.

I was supposed to take this money from a client, I won't say who but it's a big name. Let's just say it rhymes with Shoe Lackman.

It was payment for services rendered and my Dad, as usual, wanted it in cash.

So I get the bag from Shoe, who's a really nice guy, by the way. A total sweetheart. He offered me a cappuccino

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
 made from his own Ethiopian coffee beans. Man, it was delicious...

Anyway, I get the bag, "Good on ya, mate" and I'm walking down the street. It's a beautiful day: sunshine, cool breeze, friendly faces, I got my bag full of cash. And I'm walking through the park when suddenly I come upon this A Cappella group singing "Na Na Hey Hey, Kiss Him Goodbye".

I mean what are the chances!? That's one of my favorite songs! And they just so happen to be missing the key element to their vocal stew: the high (sings) Tenooooooooooooooooooooor!

Did I mention I've founded three A Cappella groups and an A Cappella contest, "Sans Musicale"?

So I don't even hesitate, I jump right in there. And these guys are like, "Hey, what's this dude doing?" But I throw down a little "Na na na na, na na na na, hey hey, (high note) Goodbye!"

And now it's on! We slide right into "Don't Worry, Be Happy". Then I take over on "Let It Be". Delroy nails "The Lion Sleeps Tonite". Then I suggest we take this park through the stratosphere with "The Boys of Summer".

And now we've got a Crowd! Feeling the Vocal Home Cooking that we are laying down!

I couldn't tell you if we sang for one hour or ten. But what I do know is the sun was down, I was exhausted, both emotionally and vocally--I pushed it a bit on "Hallelujah".

I'm huggin' everybody, exchangin' digits, and I realize: no bag.

The bag is gone.

I check everywhere.

I ask everyone: "Hey, you seen a Les Miserables duffel bag? No? Thanks."

I must've talked to every person in that park but no luck.

Gone.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

No bag.

No money.

And I feel the blood drain out of my face.

My heart is Pounding.

My legs turn to Jell-O.

And my stomach--not to get graphic but I wasn't sure if I was gonna throw up or crap my pants. Both options were on the table.

Total Complete Fear.

What do I do?

What can I do?

What have I done? (perhaps he busts into a little Les Mis "Who Am I?")

Why do I love A Cappella so?! (buries his face in his hands)

Fear.

I had to tell my dad.

How?

What would I tell him?

"Dad, my passion for A Cappella was too great and I misplaced your Fee from Shoe Lackman."

Fear.

Should I make up a story? Should I flee the country? Should I go gangster and join the local MS-13 street gang by cutting out a rival's tongue and delivering it to their headquarters on a silver platter with the hopes that they would know who has my Les Miserables bag?

No, that's just the Fear talking.

I spent all night like this, in a State of Fear.

I ran 'til I could run no more.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

I ate a corndog and a juice.

I hugged a police horse.

But the Fear remained.

I got to the river. And I even considered the worst possible idea: ending it all.

But then I realized I didn't need to kill myself.

I needed to Kill the Fear. And that's what we're gonna do right now.

Ken brings out a small wooden box the size of a cigar box. He places it on Riley's chair and then has some words with Riley but we can't hear them. It's obvious Ken disagrees with something. But Riley assures him that he knows what he's doing.

Ken exits. Riley opens the box and takes out...

RILEY GOLD

This is the Smith & Wesson 500 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world.

And this is a bullet.

Riley chambers the bullet and spins the barrel but when he does he loses hold on this massive handgun and drops it.

The gun fires.

The sound of a bullet ricocheting around the stage and audience. Riley tries to follow the sounds.

Ken meanders barely onstage to see what is happening.

After the 8th "hit", Ken falls back into the wings swearing.

KEN

(offstage) Goddamnit!

RILEY GOLD

Ken! Buddy?....Did you stub your toe?

Ken slowly enters with an unhappy face, holding a handkerchief to his left tricep.

RILEY GOLD

(goes to Ken) I am so sorry. Did I get you--lemme see--

Ken goes into a fit and hits and slaps at Riley, including with his handkerchief. It's obvious the bullet barely grazed Ken's left upper arm.

KEN

(under his breath) What did I tell you?! What did I tell you?!

RILEY GOLD

I know. I know. You're right. You're right.

Pause. They look at each other.

RILEY GOLD

Hug?

At first Ken's body says, no way. Riley puts out his arms. Ken reluctantly gives in and Riley hugs him.

RILEY GOLD

Ken's okay, everybody! Come on, give Ken a hand!

Audience applauds.

RILEY GOLD

Where was I?

KEN

Fear.

RILEY GOLD

That's right. Fear.

Before our unfortunate mishap I was showing you how to deal with your Fear.

It looks like the gun thing is out.

Riley looks to Ken: Yes? No? Maybe?

Ken is flabbergasted. He shakes his head as he quickly picks up the handgun and the box and exits.

RILEY GOLD

Yeah, that's a No Go.

But I can probably do it just as well without a firearm, it's just not as much fun.

All right, do this: take your finger, make a Gun.

Take a bullet.

Chamber the bullet.

Give it a spin.

Good. We're locked and loaded.

Whoa, ma'am, don't just willy-nilly wave around your weapon. That thing is loaded. Point it at the ceiling, please.

Okay, good.

Now what we're gonna do--

Female Voice from over the speakers. She sounds wealthy but not British.

ENID

Hello, is Riley Gold there?

RILEY GOLD

Jesus, what the hell is that?! God, is that you?

Ken walks out onstage, hands on his hips, equally confused. Riley looks to Ken but Ken just holds up his hands as if to say, "Beats me."

ENID

Is this Riley?

RILEY GOLD

Yeeeeeeeeeeeeaaaaaaaaassss?

ENID

It's Enid, Riley, your father's personal assistant.

RILEY GOLD

Okay?

ENID

Your Father asked that I call just to make sure you are not doing, to quote, his words, not mine: "That stupid blow up yourself show..."

RILEY GOLD

No?

ENID

That did not sound convincing.

RILEY GOLD

I'm sorry, first of all, how are you doing this?!

Ken nods his head in agreement.

ENID

Quite easily, actually. So am I to understand the show is still happening.

RILEY GOLD

Yes?

KEN

(jumping in) It's happening right now. You're interrupting us.

RILEY GOLD

Ken! (gesturing for him to pipe down)

ENID

I see.

As you know, your Father is conducting his own Live Event tomorrow eve at the Madison Square Garden for a sold out audience of twenty-two thousand.

RILEY GOLD

Yes, I know.

ENID

I will relay this information.

RILEY GOLD

Okay, Enid.

ENID

And Riley?

RILEY GOLD

Yes.

ENID

He won't be pleased. (she hangs up)

RILEY GOLD

Yeah, yeah. What else is new.

This news has upset Riley. He's a little bit dazed by it and trying to think through what to do next. He walks around aimlessly muttering to himself. Ken jumps in and guides him offstage. The lights dim.

Music: (instrumental, perhaps synthy)

Onscreen: Golden Nuggets

Fade in:

Gold Nugget - Train Your Brain

Gold Nugget - Visualize What You Want

Gold Nugget - Kill Your Fear

Nuggets fade out.

Music: perhaps a song by the band Heart

Fade In: onscreen: in white:

"Wherever you go, go with all your heart."

- Confucius

"You're here, there's nothing I fear  
And I know that my heart will go on."

- Celine Dion

Fade out.

Fade in: Heartspace

Lights up.

Enter Riley. He is now wearing an Ergobaby baby carrier across his chest.

RILEY GOLD

Don't worry. There's no baby.

It would be totally pandering of me to bring a baby onstage. Talk about appealing to people's emoti--

Ken walks onstage also wearing an Ergobaby but inside of his he has an adorable happy French Bulldog.

KEN

What?

RILEY GOLD

Really?

Ken stands there a moment. He looks at Riley. He looks down at the dog. He looks at Riley. Riley waits...

KEN

All right, fine.

Come on, SweetPea. We know when we're not wanted.

Ken exits. Audience most likely "Awwwwws".

RILEY GOLD

Awws? Really? For Ken? Come on!

KEN

(offstage) You shot me!

RILEY GOLD

That is true.

Sorry, Ken!

SweetPea can have some of my beef jerky! It's in my dressing room! Grass-fed, all organic, good stuff.

He turns to the audience.

So why am I wearing this baby carrier?

Because we need to remind ourselves that there's a lot going on up here (points to his head).

We can get wrapped up in this.

In our Lists.

In our Thoughts.

In our Ideas.

But more importantly, there's what goes on here...

Riley unsnaps the baby carrier and slowly removes something encased in a block of glass. A big glass cube.

RILEY GOLD

This is an actual human heart. Don't worry, it's not mine. That was a joke. Anybody? Hello? Check one two? Is this thing on?

This heart was given to me by Chief Bailom of the great Korowai Tribe in Papua New Guinea.

I lived with the tribe for six months and upon my departure I was given this.

Some people give a pendant. A nice bottle of wine. A strong handshake.

They give hearts.

At first, obviously, I was taken aback.

How can I accept a heart?

How can I take a heart?

And whose heart is this anyway?

Chief Bailom could tell I was distraught so he sat me down and over a cup of toad tea he explained to me the meaning of the gift.

It was the heart of his son, a great Warrior named Kili-Kili who had recently passed away, not in battle but while engaged in sexual relations with seven other tribe members: five women and two men. His heart gave out as he apparently was the key piece of this...pleasure platter?

Regardless, he died happy.

Chief Bailom, when he bestowed this heart-gift upon me, said: "Gunga a Lunga sha shunga tunga a poopie kapoe chintay tartzo" (gibberish language). Any Papua New Guineas in the house? No? There's usually one. I will translate for you. It means:

"I give you this Heart so you will always remember that you are in my heart. And also in case you are stranded and have nothing to eat."

Remember, they are a cannibalistic society. This was basically like your mom packing you a peanut butter and jelly sandwich for school. Except instead of a PBJ, I had a bloody heart.

But the Sentiment: So that you will always remember you are in my heart, that's Beautiful.

That's what we all want.

So I think it's important to remind ourselves that without this thing (he holds up the heart), this thing (points to his head) doesn't work.

Without this thing (the heart), there's no running marathons, no cooking dinner, no hanky-panky.

So remember your heart.

And now, let me introduce mine:

Please welcome, (like a WWF introduction)  
The Yin to my Yang,  
The Snoop to my Dogg,  
The Jack to my Johnson,  
The Hootie to my Blowfish,  
The most beautiful creature in the universe (and a former Miss Universe), my amazing wife, Misses Juliana (he pronounces it "Hooliana") Gooooooooooooold!

Enter Juliana Gold, a beautiful Latina. She walks out onstage in a stunning dress with a lovely smile, long legs, incredible hair: she is a knockout.

Her and Riley embrace and then Riley kisses her - it's a nice kiss but not intensely passionate.

JULIANA

I am so excited to be here.

RILEY GOLD

And we're excited to have you. Honey, why don't you tell them a little bit about yourself.

JULIANA

I would be happy to. I am what they call in the industry a Triple-threat. I am a Actor, a Singer, and a Dancer.

RILEY GOLD

Yes you are.

JULIANA

Oh stop.

RILEY GOLD

She is an incredible dancer.

JULIANA

Yes. It's true.

RILEY GOLD

And tell them how we met.

JULIANA

Yes?

RILEY GOLD  
Yeah, it's a great story.

JULIANA  
We met in Las Vegas.

RILEY GOLD  
It's true.

JULIANA  
At a hotel.

RILEY GOLD  
Also true.

Pause.

JULIANA  
That's it.

RILEY GOLD  
Well there's more to it than that.

JULIANA  
Yes. But some things you keep inside. To preserve the magic.

RILEY GOLD  
My wife is being humble. She was--

JULIANA  
Ah dit dit dit--

RILEY GOLD  
She's an incredible--

JULIANA  
Ah dit dit dit--

RILEY GOLD  
Obviously my wife would prefer I not reveal our life stories. Even though it helps humanize us. But why don't you tell them about the kids.

JULIANA  
No, you should. I don't like to.

RILEY GOLD  
We have two beautiful children: Claudia and Jamie. A wonderful home. And great great friends. Don't we, honey?

JULIANA

Yes. I enjoy friends.

RILEY GOLD

Why don't you take this here heart--you know if it were my own heart I would give it to you--let's pass it around the audience.

Riley hands the heart to Juliana, even though it is encased in glass she is not excited to be handling a human heart. She takes it, along with a microphone, out into the audience and lets people pass it around to look at.

RILEY GOLD

Yeah, everybody just take a moment to feel the power of the heart. It's a beautiful thing.

Now what's inside of that heart? I don't mean literally.

There's really two things inside of that heart.

Your Feelings.

And your Emotions.

And they're different.

Your Feelings are those things that you Take In. What you Feel deeply.

What are some Feelings?

Audience responds.

Sadness

Joy

Anger

Fear

Disgust, or Shame

Envy

Surprise

We take this stuff In.

Every day all day, you're getting hit with these things.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

Right now, Sir, what are you feeling?

Juliana holds a microphone up to the mouth of an Audience Member for his response.

You, Ma'am, what are you feeling?

Juliana again. Woman's response.

Honey, what are you feeling?

Juliana entirely misses Riley's question directed at her. Hooliana,

JULIANA

Yes?

RILEY GOLD

What are you feeling?

JULIANA

Oh, I feel happy.

A little scared.

I think most days I go back and forth between happy and afraid.

There are so many things in life that make me feel afraid, you know?

Riley almost interrupts her but decides to let this unplanned speech proceed.

I am afraid that I won't get another job.

I am afraid that I won't have any money and be able to provide for my son.

I am afraid that I could be taken away, at any time, and sent back to Guatemala (pronounced: Hwhatemala).

I am afraid of spiders, and rich men, and people only seeing me as a Trophy and not a person.

And I am afraid of Love...

But also I feel happy!

Happy to be here.

Happy to be working.

Happy to have food and clothes and a good school for my son, Julio.

Riley jumps in.

RILEY GOLD

Uh, yes. That is--we sometimes call Jamie Julio. It's a family inside joke. Let's get back to feelings.

So we take in all of these feelings, right?

We feel our feelings.

And it's important that you let yourself feel the feeling.

Right now I feel a bit of Anger building inside me. But at the same time I'm feeling enormous Empathy. So it's important that I allow myself to feel that. If you'll just give me a moment.

Riley closes his eyes. He guides the audience through this. There's this surface anger that I am feeling but then if I go deeper, and allow myself to get deep inside my heart I feel real Anger, almost hate, which is a dangerous feeling to have because hate--

Enter Ken, he stands off to the side.

can lead to bad emotions which we'll get to. But first let me leave that feeling and explore that strong feeling of empathy that hit me.

Yes, it was an Empathy that I feel for Hooliana which I think we all feel. And oh yes, the empathy is nice. This is a really nice state to be in. It's a very calm place.

Now let's see if we can't combine the two: take the Anger and hate and push in some Empathy.

Oh, they're really fighting it out:

Anger just slapped Empathy right across the face.

And now Anger is picking up Empathy and it looks like tossing Empathy right out of the ring. Crashing onto a hard table. And Anger is stomping around the ring. But what's this?

Empathy is getting up and going back into the ring. Is that really such a wise move, Empathy? I mean we all just saw what Anger did to you.

But Empathy still has that same tranquil look.

And here comes Anger charging right at Empathy - Oh, Empathy slides out of the way, grabs Anger by the Ears  
(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

- that looks painful - but wait, what is Empathy doing? Empathy is whispering in Anger's ear. What is Empathy saying? I can't hear. But Anger's face, Anger's face has completely changed. Dare I say it but Anger doesn't look angry anymore. Anger looks...not happy. Not sad. Not afraid. No. Anger looks...Understood. Like for the first time in Anger's brutally angry life someone understands Anger. Not that Anger won't be angry again, but right now, at this moment, for this one moment in time Anger feels like finally someone gets it, gets what it's like to be Anger...

Riley slowly comes out of it and opens his eyes. Unplanned, Juliana and Ken clap. Audience claps.

Riley gives a sheepish bow.

RILEY GOLD

Thank you.

Your feelings are powerful.

And they can Eat You Alive.

I mean, look at Anger. Anger will destroy you from the inside out.

But something like Empathy can counterbalance Anger.

The two cross each other out.

So think about that. Use that.

Your feelings get inside of you. You take them in.

Let's put up the wheel.

Onscreen: Plutchik's Wheel of Emotions

Now, we feel the stuff, it comes In, and then after feeling it, it turns into Emotion and goes Out.

And that's where things can get dangerous.

Hooliana, darling, what do you do? How do you often express your emotions?

Please...(Riley motions for her to come back onstage)

JULIANA

Oh, I don't know.

RILEY GOLD

No, come on, it's all right. We're here to share. Ken, you get out here too.

Ken meanders onstage.

RILEY GOLD

(to Juliana) You take it in, whatever you're feeling - pick a feeling - and then how does it come out?

JULIANA

Okay. Joy.

RILEY GOLD

Excellent. Joy. When you're feeling joy how does that manifest itself?

JULIANA

I get all tingly.

RILEY GOLD

Good, you get all tingly.

JULIANA

Laughing. Laughter.

RILEY GOLD

Yes, laughter is often a byproduct of joy. What about you, Ken? When you feel joy, or (looks at wheel) ecstasy, what does that make you do physically?

KEN

Uh, this is a family event.

RILEY GOLD

Ken, it's fine. We are all sophisticated adults. You can say it.

Pause.

KEN

(quietly) I get excited.

RILEY GOLD

What's that, Ken?

KEN

(still quiet) I get a, uh erection.

RILEY GOLD

Just let it out, man!

KEN

(shouted) I get a boner!

Riley looks to Juliana with a "Not bad" face. Ken's head is bowed.

RILEY GOLD

And that is a beautiful thing.

Everybody, give Ken a round of applause.

Audience applauds.

There is no judgment here.

This is a judgment free zone.

Now Hooliana, instead of Joy, let's take it the opposite.

Pair up with Ken here.

I want the two of you to look at each other. Really take the other person in.

Good.

Let's do an exercise.

Ken, I want you to say something to Hooliana that might make her feel disgusted with herself, make her feel bad about herself.

KEN

I don't really want to hurt her feelings--

RILEY GOLD

It's fine, Ken. This is all part of the exercise. Hooliana is fully aware.

Please: make her feel like total complete crap.

KEN

Hi, Juliana.

JULIANA

Hi, Ken.

KEN

Please forgive me.

JULIANA

It's okay--

KEN  
I don't mean--

RILEY GOLD  
Ken, you're stalling.

KEN  
This is not who I am.

JULIANA  
I know.

RILEY GOLD  
Ken: insults.

KEN  
You're the worst.

RILEY GOLD  
Ken, she sucks.

KEN  
You suck.

RILEY GOLD  
Ken, she's a horrible excuse--

KEN  
Your tan looks stupid!

Your accent is dumb!

And you're a horrible Mother!

Juliana's eyes grow enraged, that last comment triggers a knee-jerk reaction in her.

JULIANA  
Ahhhhhhhh!!

And she summarily knees Ken in the crotch. Down goes Ken.

RILEY GOLD  
Whoa now.

Ken is on the floor, in the fetal position, rocking in pain.

Quickly, Juliana realizes what she has done.

JULIANA  
Oh my goodness.

RILEY GOLD  
Wow, that really worked.

Ken, you nailed that one.

KEN  
(thru deep breaths) Riley, I'm gonna--

RILEY GOLD  
Yes, I love you too, Ken.

Riley helps get Ken on his feet.

RILEY GOLD  
Let's explore this.

Obviously you had a real visceral reaction to Ken's comments.

JULIANA  
I'm so sorry.

KEN  
(thru breaths) It's okay.

RILEY GOLD  
You felt something. What did you feel? What made you feel?

JULIANA  
He called me a terrible mother.

RILEY GOLD  
Yes he did. Ken you really went straight to DefCon One on that one, brother. Maybe next time start a little lower.

So that made you feel...

JULIANA  
It hurt!  
I feel really really sad.

RILEY GOLD  
And then obviously really really angry.

So how could you take that feeling, and instead of channelling it into kneeing Ken in the family jewels, turning it into something else?

JULIANA

I don't know.

I didn't even realize I was doing it.

RILEY GOLD

Exactly!

You were in a heightened state.

A Rage State.

JULIANA

Rage?

RILEY GOLD

Yes, Rage. Fury.

You were Furious and acted accordingly.

(aside) Ken, if you want to go get some ice, that would be fine.

Ken waddles offstage.

So how do we get control of this rage?

Let me share with you a story from my own person Rageistory.

This happened a number of years ago in the city of sin, Las Vegas.

Juliana claps.

JULIANA

Yay.

RILEY GOLD

Yes, Hooliana used to live in Vegas.

JULIANA

I still do.

Juliana and Riley share a look.

RILEY GOLD

Yes...

So I was in Vegas to perform. For the very first time.

My dad was there doing a show, an all-weekend immersive event and he had promised me that this time I could join him onstage and deliver this presentation which I had been working on for weeks.

It was called "The Sun Also Rises" and I was gonna come out onstage to (sings) "Don't let the sun go down on me!" It was gonna be awesome.

So we get to the point in the show where I'm supposed to come out. And I'm waiting in the wings.

My dad's onstage.

And I see him walk over to us, and I'm all smiles, ready to go. I've been bouncing on his little mini-trampoline to get my energy up.

And he looks at Bob, who's his Ken, and he goes:

Riley shakes his head "No" and then makes the "cut" sign across his neck.

The cut sign.

That's it.

No sorry.

No explanation.

And then he carries on and marches back across the stage.

I stop bouncing on the tramp.

Bob says to me, "Sorry, Riley, but I need you to clear out."

So I turn and wander off into the darkness backstage.

No sorry.

My dad couldn't even give me a look.

Some sort of eye contact.

A signal.

An acknowledgment.

A "Hey, my bad, I'm running long. We'll do it tomorrow."

Nothing.

I didn't even garner a look.

I was sad.

I was devastated.

I was Crushed.

But quickly that depression turned into White Hot Rage.

First, I ran.

I ran until I could run no more.

Until I was gassed.

Then I found myself in our hotel: The Bellagio.

And then I knew what I had to do.

I ran up to the Chairman's Suite where my dad was staying.

But I couldn't get in.

I didn't have a key.

So I pounded on the door.

This sweet little housekeeping lady opened it.

I asked her to leave, gave her some money, put the Do No Disturb sign on the doorknob, and got to work.

I knocked over everything. Threw his clothes in the toilet. Overturned the furniture. Smashed the mirrors. Emptied the mini-bar. Tore down the curtains. Pulled out all the drawers. Peed on his bed.

Then I looked at the trashed hotel room and decided I needed to leave a calling card.

So I took the hotel stationary and wrote:

"You don't cut me. I cut You!"

Signed, Your Loving Son.

And then I took a letter opener and stabbed it into the headboard.

I stormed out of there on a high greater than any drugs, any orgasm.

I felt Great.

I felt Vindicated. Heard. Satisfied.

I went back to my room, the adrenaline dropped, and I passed out...

The next morning I woke up, ready for it.

Ready to deal with the aftermath. The anger. The disappointment. The resentment. The bill.

But there was nothing.

No messages on my voicemail.

No texts. No emails.

I called downstairs to the front desk and asked if my dad had complained about anything? Nothing.

I went to the Hotel bar, ordered a Bloody Mary and tried to compute what had just happened.

How could he not complain?

How could he ignore it?

Ignore me?

The bartender came up: "Another?"

"Yeah, sure. Why not."

"Hey, did you hear about Charlie Sheen?"

"No, what?" I presumed he was dead or arrested.

"Completely trashed his room. The Presidential Suite. What a badass. He doesn't remember any of it!"...

Pause.

I got the wrong room.

I wanted the Chairman's Suite but instead got the Presidential.

So, Charlie, wherever you are.

I'm sorry.

I know you've trashed many a hotel room in your day, but that one was totally on me and I do apologize.

My dad never knew.

The only person who knew was...

Riley motions to Ken, who stands on the side with an Icepack over his crotch.

So after that I had to take a good hard look at myself and say, "Hey, Self, Asshole, you can't go around Ragin' like a fool!" You can't be a Fury Face all over the place.

I had to learn: Don't Rage...Be Sage.

Don't go Sheen, get Clean.

Don't be Mean, be Vaseline. Smooth.

If I had taken the time to calm myself down I never would have destroyed that Presidential Suite.

So I've developed a technique for when you feel yourself getting the "Fury Face" - you know what I'm talking about. Show me your Fury Face, Ken.

It's easy for Ken to put on his "Fury Face" - he doesn't have to change anything, he's already been accidentally shot and knocked in the balls.

Yes, that's very good.

Now, Hooliana, would you help me demonstrate?

JULIANA

As long as no one gets hurt.

Juliana thumbs up to Ken, who gives her a thumbs up back.

RILEY GOLD

I promise no one will get hurt.

Upon hearing that, Ken exits.

JULIANA

Okay.

RILEY GOLD

Excellent.

So when you feel the Fury Face, or Ragin' Invasion coming on, here's what you should do.

First, count to ten in a language that is not your native tongue. So your first language is obviously,

JULIANA

Si.

RILEY GOLD

So you could use English or French or Japanese or--

JULIANA

Alpha, beta, gamma, delta, epsilon, vau, zeta, eta, theta, iota.

Pause.

RILEY GOLD

What was that?

JULIANA

One to ten. In ancient Greek.

RILEY GOLD

You speak Greek?

JULIANA

I know many languages: Greek, Latin, French, German, Dutch, Portuguese, Russian, and a little bit of Finnish.

RILEY GOLD

What can you say in Finnish?

JULIANA

Tama silli on herkullista.

RILEY GOLD

What does it mean?

JULIANA

This herring is delicious.

RILEY GOLD

That's incredible. How many languages do you speak?

JULIANA

Around ten. You?

RILEY GOLD

Uh, English.

JULIANA

You know some Spanish.

RILEY GOLD

Te ves muy guapo.

JULIANA

That's nice.

RILEY GOLD

So you counted one to ten in ancient Greek. That's step one.

JULIANA

Si.

RILEY GOLD

That helps buy you some time. Now we're going to focus on your breathing, so I want you to sit down. And take a Deep breath in as far as you can. Hold it. And then slowly let it out. We also do this ten times.

Juliana keeps going with the breathing.

That's good. You can close your eyes if you want. You don't have to. Up to you.

Excellent. Keep going.

Nice and slow.

In through your nose.

Hold it.

Out the mouth.

Okay, great.

When you get ten you can stop.

(to the audience) The ten count allows time for the brain to regain some control when you're Ragin'. And then the breathing helps calm the body.

Juliana finishes the ten breaths.

That's good. How do you feel?

JULIANA

Good. A little woozy.

RILEY GOLD

Yes. If you're not used to breathing like that you can get light headed. Now let's stand back up for the final part.

We've counted to Ten.

Breathed.

Now we're gonna Laugh.

JULIANA

    Laugh?

RILEY GOLD

    Yes, laugh.

JULIANA

    Are you going to tell me a joke?

RILEY GOLD

    No. We're just gonna laugh.

JULIANA

    At what?

RILEY GOLD

    Doesn't matter. So laugh.

JULIANA

    I can't just laugh.

RILEY GOLD

    Of course you can. Watch me.

    Ha ha ha. Ho ho ho.

    Hee hee hee. Ha ha ha.

Pause. Juliana finds this ludicrous. Riley waits.

JULIANA

    Ha ha ha.

RILEY GOLD

    Good. Now keep going.

JULIANA

    Ha ha ha. Ho ho ho.

    Hee hee hee. Ha ha ha.

RILEY GOLD

    Now make it your own.

JULIANA

    (laughs)

RILEY GOLD

    Everybody up. Come on.

    Let's all have a laugh.

The Audience stands.

RILEY GOLD

Just let it out.

Laugh however you wanna laugh.

Imagine a type of laugh:

A little giggle.

A big belly laugh.

A laugh that gets louder as it goes.

Machine gun laughs.

[Add More]

Excellent.

The point is it's impossible to be Laughing and Angry at the same time.

You can't Rage and Laugh. Unless, of course, you're a total psychopath.

But we're not Psychopaths!

So Laugh!

Look at the person next to you, and laugh.

Ask a laughter question.

Answer with a laugh.

To quote my dear friends, the Phish:

Laugh and Laughing, Fall Apart.

Ken cues up Phish's "Sparkle" and plays the refrain over and over.

The Audience laughs. Riley and Juliana laugh.

Through all the noise: a Voice.

ENID

What is going on there?

It is very loud, sir.

Ken walks out onstage and thinks he hears something. He listens. Riley, Juliana, and the Audience are all Laughing.

ENID  
Riley Gold? Riley Gold?! Riley--

Ken speaks into his headset, the music fades out. He walks onstage and waves for Riley, Juliana, and the Audience to stop so he can hear.

ENID  
Gold!?

RILEY GOLD  
Yes? What?

ENID  
From the sound of things--

RILEY GOLD  
Is that you, Enid?

ENID  
Yes, Riley, I am here in rehearsal with your father who is--

SUNNY GOLD  
(off phone) Is that him?

ENID  
Yes, sir, I was just dealing with--

SUNNY GOLD  
(snatches the phone, into it) Son, E here tells me that you are doing your little Blow Yourself Up show--

RILEY GOLD  
(seething) It's not--

SUNNY GOLD  
Now you know, I can't have that. Not with our big (with reverb) "Live Alive!"(to sound engineer)--Oh, that sounds good--starting tomorrow.

RILEY GOLD  
My show has nothing to do with your--

SUNNY GOLD  
Au contraire, bambino.

It is My name. The Gold name. The Gold Standard. And I can't have you doing your little thing when I'm about to do my big thing.

RILEY GOLD

If you would just Listen for once--

SUNNY GOLD

No time, bubula.

Listen, I'm right in the middle of rehearsing. Just pack it up and get your butt up here. We'll find something for you to do. Here's Enid.

RILEY GOLD

No, dad, I'm not gonna--

ENID

I believe that was clear, Riley. Shall I send a car for you?

RILEY GOLD

Oh sure, Enid. You can send a whole fleet of cars. And I'll be sure to come up there and see both of you. After I finish My Show! Explode Your Life!

KEN

With Riley Gold.

RILEY GOLD

Thank you, Ken. How do I--how do we hang up?

KEN

I don't know.

RILEY GOLD

We hang. We hang up on you! Hang up. Click. Goodbye!

ENID

Very well, Riley. Very well.

Enid hangs up.

Riley is furious. He storms around the stage speaking swearing gibberish.

RILEY GOLD

Goddamn Cocksuck Muthawhore Dickwaste Crapsandwich (etc).

Juliana looks to Ken: what do we do? Ken tries to calm Riley but it doesn't help. He chases him around but Riley is fuming: he's throwing wild punches and kicks. As Ken attempts to grab him around the shoulders Riley inadvertently catches Ken with an uppercut to the chin.

Like a cartoon character, Ken spins, stands rod straight,

blinks his eyes a few times and then falls over onto the stage, knocked out cold.

Juliana is thinking. She can't get near Riley, then it dawns on her.

JULIANA

Riley! Riley! Riley Aloysius Gold!

Riley turns, this gets his attention in a reprimanded seventh grade way.

JULIANA

Count to Ten in another Language!

Uno!

RILEY GOLD

Uno!

Dos!

Tres!

He's stumped.

JULIANA

How do you not know one to ten in Spanish! Dios Mio!

Cuatro!

RILEY GOLD

Cuatro!

JULIANA

Cinco.

RILEY GOLD

Cinco.

JULIANA

Seis.

RILEY GOLD

Seis.

JULIANA

Siete.

RILEY GOLD

Siete.

JULIANA  
Ocho.

RILEY GOLD  
Ocho.

JULIANA  
Nuevo.

RILEY GOLD  
Nuevo.

JULIANA  
Diez.

RILEY GOLD  
Diez.

She pulls out the chair onstage and slams it down.

JULIANA  
Now Sit!

Riley obediently sits.

JULIANA  
Breath.

In through your nose.

Hold it.

Out through your mouth.

Good.

Close your eyes.

Breath.

Keep breathing.

Do it ten times.

Riley breathes.

Juliana goes to check on Ken. She slaps him on the face a few times but can't manage to wake him.

Keep breathing.

She tries more elaborate means but Ken is out cold.  
Breath.

(MORE)

JULIANA (cont'd)

In.

Out.

Riley does ten and then opens his eyes.

Stand up.

Riley stands.

Laugh.

Riley laughs and stops.

Keep laughing.

Riley laughs and laughs. Then he cries.

Keep Laughing!

Riley laughs and cries. Then laughs. Then he starts to walk around laughing/crying. He sees Ken.

RILEY GOLD

What happened to Ken?

JULIANA

Laugh!

Riley laughs and laughs and cries and laughs and cries and cry laughs.

Juliana has her and Riley pick up Ken and walk him offstage. Riley cry laughs as they exit.

Lights fade.

Music: (instrumental)

Onscreen: in white: Golden Nuggets

Gold Nugget - Remember Your Heart

Gold Nugget - Feel The Wheel

Gold Nugget - Don't Rage, Be Sage

Fade out.

Music: "A Spoonful of Sugar" Julie Andrews

Fade in: onscreen: in white:

"It is health that is real wealth, and not pieces of gold and silver."

- Gandhi

"Your body is a wonderland. Your body is a wonder (I'll use my hands). Your body is a wonderland."

- Mayer

Fade out.

Fade In: Gutspace

Lights slowly rise onstage.

Riley returns wearing a white Lab coat. He wipes his eyes, done crying/laughing.

RILEY GOLD

Your gut tells you a lot about yourself.

Look inside there and what do you see?

All that you have recently consumed.

The Gut does not lie.

There's no faking it.

If you had a piece of cake,

Or a Cobb salad,

Or a Big Mac,

It'll show up there.

But what most of us don't do is we don't look at our gut.

But that's about to change.

Hooliana, dear, where are you?

JULIANA

Right here.

She walks out in a hospital gown.

Ken wheels on some sort of machine contraption that looks like a sonogram machine. Ken adjusts his chin, still recovering from his recent knock.

RILEY GOLD

Let's look at some guts.

This is a special machine that can look inside your gut with Amazing Clarity.

So, just relax.

She sits, Ken does some elaborate routine to get the machine ready to go.

Ken, you ready?

KEN

All set.

RILEY GOLD

If you please, let us now peer into Hooliana's gut.

Ken places the device on her stomach.

Onscreen: a picture slowly emerges from the fuzziness.

Ken messes with some nobs and now a clear picture:

It is the inside of a stomach but obviously the picture is doctored because...

Riley, using a laser pointer:

RILEY GOLD

As we can see:

The upper region here:

Salads: kale, spinach, arugula, cilantro.

It looks like this is Yogurt Central.

JULIANA

I eat a lot of yogurt.

RILEY GOLD

So it appears.

Carrying on...

This is fruits: mangoes, bananas, pineapple. And then vegetables: tomatoes, corn, carrots, you like asparagus?

JULIANA

Si.

RILEY GOLD

Now the heavier stuff: black beans, brown beans, pinto beans, I see some cheeses: cheddar and mozzarella. Feta. Is that gorgonzola?

JULIANA  
Could be.

RILEY GOLD  
Then finally it looks like we have a pescatarian:  
salmon, cod, swordfish, a whole bunch of tuna. But I  
don't see any meats or sweets.

JULIANA  
No, I try not to.

RILEY GOLD  
Very impressive.

What does everyone think of Hooliana's gut?

Perhaps Audience applause.  
Would you say it's a good gut?

A healthy gut?

Yes, I would agree.

Thank you, Hooliana.

Juliana exits.  
Okay, Ken, let's check your gut.

KEN  
All I have to do is sit here, right?

RILEY GOLD  
Yes, Ken, I don't see how you could develop any sort of  
bodily harm just calmly sitting here.

Ken sits and allows Riley to place the machine on his  
stomach. Same fuzziness to in focus as before. But...

RILEY GOLD  
Wow.  
I don't know where to begin.

Ken is trying to see behind himself to the screen but Riley  
has the chair placed dead straight so he can't see.

RILEY GOLD  
Most of the eastern region right here is Mac N Cheese.

KEN  
That's possible.

RILEY GOLD  
Then all of this...

Is Chicken Fingers.

KEN  
Mm hmm.

RILEY GOLD  
I think these are Oreos?

KEN  
Un hun.

RILEY GOLD  
This is potato land here: you've got French Fries and  
Chips, Tater Tots, Hashbrowns.

This is all Pizza.

I'm scanning for fruits and vegetables but...

KEN  
You're not gonna find any.

RILEY GOLD  
This, right, is a Ice Cream island.

And...I don't know what this is...

Ken turns around and looks at where Riley's laser pointer is focused.

KEN  
Munchkins.

RILEY GOLD  
Donuts?

KEN  
Yeah, little guys.

RILEY GOLD  
And then the rest of the base appears to be meats: I'd say hamburgers, hotdogs,

KEN  
Probably those Jimmy Dean sausages. Mmmm, those are good--

RILEY GOLD  
Steak, meatloaf, ribs,

KEN  
Wings.

Pause.

RILEY GOLD  
Ken, how are you alive?

KEN  
My body is a temple.

RILEY GOLD  
Your body is a burned down slaughterhouse that kids graffiti and pee all over.

KEN  
Sounds about right.

RILEY GOLD  
Ken, I can't have you in this bad of shape.

KEN  
Riley, I've got three kids under the age of five. What do you want?

RILEY GOLD  
We have gotta get you back on track. Ken! I can't have you dropping dead of a heart attack, buddy. I'm gonna help you. We're gonna do this together.

Juliana slowly walks onstage. She gives a head motion to Riley as if to say, "Is this the right time?" Riley nods: Yes, yes, please continue. She walks on wearing a sandwich board that is a big diagram of the Human Body.

RILEY GOLD  
Thank you, Hooliana. Excellent timing. This is exactly what I'm talking about.

Hooliana here has the entire human body.

Look at all the organs.

There's the heart and lungs.

The stomach, the intestines.

Ken, what else do you see?

KEN  
The liver.

RILEY GOLD  
Good.

KEN  
Kidneys.

RILEY GOLD  
Yes. The bladder, esophagus, the spleen.

Now, how do all of these things run?

JULIANA  
Off of your gut.

RILEY GOLD  
Exactly.

Without the Gut, the heart does not beat.

Without the Gut, no thoughts in the mind.

No Gut, no long walks by the ocean, no disco dance parties, no afternoon delight.

What you put in here, (pointing to the gut on Juliana's board)

Effects everything here, here and here.

Now, if you can't assess every single organ in your body and check and see how it's doing, you can certainly check one organ which will domino into all the others.

You must self-assess.

Your body tells a story.

Your gut tells the main story.

What you put in effects everything else.

So Ken, how are we gonna get you back on track?

And remember: this was me.

Onscreen: Riley puts the obese picture of himself back up.  
So I know!

What is Step One?

Pause. Waiting for Ken's reply.

KEN  
(quietly) Self-assessment.

RILEY GOLD  
I'm sorry, what was that?

KEN  
(louder) Self-assess.

RILEY GOLD  
Loud and proud, Kenneth.

KEN  
A real true Self-Assessment.

RILEY GOLD  
Yes.

This is your body.

This is your gut.

Say it with me. Everybody.

"This is my body.

This is my gut.

With this (points to stomach) I have discipline.

With this I have fun."

One more time.

"This is my body.

This is my gut.

With this (stomach) I have discipline.

With this I have fun."

There are 3 Parts to your body. And 3 Parts to your Gut. What are they?

The Past, the Present, and the Future.

The Past is done.

The Past is the self-assessment.

Now we're in the Present.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

So what do we start doing now?

Ken?

KEN

Maybe have some self-control?

Not live entirely on Mac N Cheese and Pop Tarts.

RILEY GOLD

Yes. And how will you know that?

KEN

Keep a journal. A food journal.

RILEY GOLD

Excellent.

Keep a written record of what you are putting in your belly. Or, if even that's too difficult, before you eat anything: take a picture of it. Create a slideshow. It will either impress or terrify you, depending if you're Hooliana or Ken.

That's the past and the present.

Your Body's Story, where you are Now.

There's your Body. And then there's your Health. And they're different.

Your body Is What It Is.

But your Health is the How.

How you got here and how you're gonna change.

So let's talk about your future.

Just on a side note, a simple thing - you know what can help your health? Touching.

Waitresses who touch their customers see twenty-five percent higher tips because that simple act of touching makes someone feel good.

So real quick here, let's do some touching.

Stand up.

Reach out and touch the person next to you.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

(sings) "Reach out and touch somebody's hand, make this world a better place, if you can." It can be a handshake. A touch on the shoulder. A high five. A hug. "Reach out and touch somebody's hand, make this world a better place, if you can."

That's great, everyone.

Your future Health.

How to be Healthy.

But let's talk about Me for a second.

I can scold Ken because I know what it's like to be unhealthy.

Onscreen: he puts his obese photograph up again. And now it's a slideshow of more obese pictures.

And the way I got here is even worse than how any of you did.

I did it deliberately.

I thought I needed to experience what it's like

To be Fat

To be on Drugs

To be Homeless

To be Totally Alone

Outcast from Society

And you know what I realized?

It Sucks.

It's No Fun.

I thought in order to impress someone I had to Suffer.

For my Art.

Well I am here to tell you: you do not have to suffer.

You have to choose to be Healthy.

In the same way you choose to be Happy.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
It is a choice.

So let's start making some good choices together.

I want to break this down very simply for you.

Number One!

Exercise.

I just heard the collective Groan from the room.

Call it whatever you want: Exercise, Training, Workout, Gym Time, the old school Calisthenics, I don't care. They all mean the same thing. And that is to get your body movin'!

(sings) "Body movin', body movin'

Body movin', body movin'

Body movin', body movin'

We be body movin'."

There are so many choices you have out there:

Do I run? Bike? Lift? Swim? Box? Yoga? Spin classes? Pilates? Racquetball? Ballet? Chop wood?

Do I do this in the morning? Crack of dawn? Late morning? On my lunch hour? Early afternoon? Late afternoon? During dinnertime? After dinner? Before bed? Late at night? At 2AM?

But what's my Goal?

Should I be training for a marathon? Bikini season? To get pumped? To get Lean? To increase blood flow? To decrease fat? To have a six pack?

So many choices.

Endless possibilities.

What's a body to do?

He holds up his pointer finger. He walks around so all can see.

One.

One.

One.

Juliana enters with her pointer finger held up.

JULIANA

Uno.

RILEY GOLD

That's right. One.

Ken enters holding up his pointer finger.

KEN

Eins.

RILEY GOLD

Yes. One.

JULIANA

Alpha.

RILEY GOLD

Right.

KEN

Un.

RILEY GOLD

Yes. En Francais, very nice.

JULIANA

Odin. (Russian)

KEN

Jeden. (Polish)

RILEY GOLD

What is--

JULIANA

Um. (Portuguese)

KEN

Ett. (Swedish)

JULIANA

Yksi. (Finnish)

KEN

Maja. (Swahili)

JULIANA  
Atautsik!

RILEY GOLD  
All right! We get it! Thank you!

KEN  
(to Juliana) What was that?

JULIANA  
Eskimo.

KEN  
Nice.

RILEY GOLD  
Are we finished?

JULIANA  
Si.

KEN  
Absolutely.

Ken and Juliana smile to each other.

RILEY GOLD  
They all mean the same thing: One.

I just want you to choose one thing a day. I don't care what it is: a long walk, Olympic powerlifting, a jog, a swim, a bunch of push ups, tai chi, rock climbing, ten flights of stairs--Whatever.

One thing a day that is Exercise. That's it.

Hooliana, what one thing are you gonna do tomorrow?

JULIANA  
Dance!

RILEY GOLD  
Okay, that's great.

Ken, how about you? What one thing?

KEN  
Does flying your four year old around the house like an airplane whilst simultaneously having a two year old stuck to your leg count?

RILEY GOLD

Uh, I don't know. Let's ask the judges.

Juliana nods Yes, she is on Ken's side.

Judges?

The Audience responds. They probably say "Yes."

RILEY GOLD

Not acceptable, Ken. What else you got?

Ken looks at him like, "Really?"

KEN

Uh, I don't know. I will do...Push ups? Every day?

RILEY GOLD

How many?

KEN

Ten?

Riley looks at him.

KEN

Eleven?

Riley gives a "Come on" look.

KEN

Fifteen?

Riley: look.

KEN

Twenty?! How many push ups do you think I can--

RILEY GOLD

Okay, fine, Ken. That will be acceptable.

KEN

What is your one thing a day?

RILEY GOLD

Ken, you very well know I like to Mix it up. One day: Pilates. Next day: I'll swim. Then run. Attend a goat Yoga class. I embrace diversity in my exercise: Exervercity.

Let's talk about Food.

Exit Ken and Juliana.

We all need it.

We all like it.

We all want it.

The choices are mind boggling. A typical grocery store has forty thousand items. That's crazy.

The USDA's Food Pyramid doesn't help much either.

Onscreen: the Food Pyramid.

More like a Pyramid Scheme. Am I right? Anyone? No? Well, I went for it. They're not all solid gold.

And then there are all the different Diets you can go on. And we've all tried most of these, right? I know I have.

Onscreen: List of Diets

There's the South Beach Diet: cut carbs, lean protein, high fiber. Atkins: no carbs, high protein. Weight Watchers: count calories. Paleo: be a caveman or cavewoman. The Ketogenic Diet: less carbs, lots of fats. Volumetrics: only eat high water foods. The Raw Food Diet: cook nothing.

Go Veggie

Go Vegan

Slim Fast

Jenny Craig

NutriSystem

The Mediterranean Diet - like you're going on a leisurely boat tour

Low-Fat

High-Fat

No Carbs

No Dairy

The Zone

The Master Cleanse

Whole 30

Dash

The Grapefruit Diet

Baby Food Diet

The Subway Diet

Juicing

And finally, Fasting. Just never eat again ever. Fast Forever.

There: problem solved.

Just don't ever eat again.

Unfortunately, as we know, what you put in your Gut effects everything else in your body.

So what's a person to do? We're all totally confused because too many choices leads to too many problems.

How can we Simplify all of this? (the large mess onscreen)

Riley slowly holds up his fist.

You know where I'm going with this...

Wait for it...

You want it slow or you want it fast?

Ken, can I get some music.

Ken pops his head out, speaks into his headset and highly dramatic music plays: something along the lines of "Thus Spake Zarathustra". Riley builds the tension with his fist, slowly raising his pointer, then dropping it back down. On the third attempt, as the music hits, he raises the pointer and then slowly raises it up high. He then swings the finger around and points offstage right:

Juliana walks on dramatically with her fist held out. She dances to the music and then, like Riley, raises her finger up high. She dances out onstage and meets Riley. They "combine" their "1's" and together swing them in circles until they both point across to offstage left.

Out leaps Ken, also with a fist. He really dances around and milks it for all it's worth until he finally also nails the pointer finger "1". And now all 3 join together centerstage to create the Ultimate "1".

Music: out.

They stay frozen in their "Trinity 1" - the 3 fingers combined. They are breathing heavily.

KEN

So it's one.

RILEY GOLD

Yeah, pretty much.

JULIANA

Anything that gets people dancing is a good thing.

Ken is winded: hands on his knees.

JULIANA

Ken, you got your exercise for the day!

KEN

(panting) True. And now I can move on to my heart attack for the day.

RILEY GOLD

One thing, folks. It's simple. That's all you've gotta remember. Forget all the Fad diets, the "don't eat this" "only eat that" and just focus on (he holds up his pointer).

I want you Every Day to eat One Healthy Thing.

That's it.

There's no restrictions.

No rules.

No calorie count.

Just one healthy thing a day.

Hooliana, you are incredibly healthy to begin with, but what one healthy thing are you gonna eat today?

JULIANA

I actually just had a banana backstage.

RILEY GOLD

You are incredible. Such a role model.

Ken?

KEN

Yeah yeah yeah. Goldstars for Julianा.

RILEY GOLD  
Ken,

KEN

I will readily admit that backstage I just consumed a King-Size Snickers and three cups of coffee.

RILEY GOLD

I don't think that qualifies as healthy.

Juliana nods No.

KEN

Just for you, Riley, if we get through this show, and I'm still alive, I will Not eat that pint of Ben and Jerry's Cherry Garcia that's in my mini-fridge. Instead! I shall consume a delicious Apple, preferably a Granny Smith, that the hotel no doubt charges five dollars for.

RILEY GOLD

Excellent, Ken, (he hugs him) I'm very proud of you.

And all of you out there, I want you to think about what's One healthy thing you're gonna eat today.

[Maybe Audience Interaction?]

We've dealt with getting the body moving.

We've dealt with what you're putting into your body.

Now we have to deal with the 3rd major Health Scourge of the 21st Century:

Riley pulls out his iPhone.

These babies.

Hooliana, Ken, please go and take everyone's phones.

Ken and Juliana walk out to the audience on opposite sides. Right before they are about to ask the first person for their phone, Riley jumps in.

RILEY GOLD

Really scared you, didn't I?

Did you feel that?

"Wait, take our phones? He can't take our phones. That's not allowed. That's illegal. Who does he think he is? What's he gonna do with our phones? I'm an important person. I've gotta be able to look at my phone. No one can take my phone. Over my dead body. Out of my cold dead hands!..."

When it comes to Smartphones, it's amazing how much we have in common with our NRA friends.

For them: it's guns.

For us: it's our phones.

To say we are addicted is putting it mildly.

And it's really only happened over the last ten years.

The first iPhone, ie smartphone, ie not a flip phone or crackberry--remember Blackberrys? They have gone the way of the Dodo.

The iPhone came out in 2007.

The iPad: 2010.

That's not that long ago.

In that time Apple has sold over 400 million iPads.

Anybody wanna guess how many iPhones?

One and a half Billion iPhones.

This isn't a phone, it's a Drug.

How do I know we're addicted? Well there's all sorts of numbers to back it up, but I can do it in one word:

Bathroom.

(He acts it out) I have witnessed guys at urinals checking their email or texting or whatever while peeing all over their shoes.

At home: when you were dropping a deuce, what did you used to do?

Read a magazine, a newspaper, my Dad used to read an entire New York Times, the Sunday Edition! while taking care of his morning constitutional.

Now, what is it?

iPad.

Pooping equals: grab the iPad.

And I'm sure once they start making these things completely waterproof, they'll be in the showers with us too.

You ever notice how the shower is really the only place you're not connected to a screen.

And what happens?

Oh My God, you have Thoughts!

Ideas! Creativity!

It's the only place our mind can breath.

How many times a day do you think you check your phone?

Ten? Twenty? Fifty?

Try a hundred.

Double it if you're under twenty-five.

Roughly every 5 waking minutes.

Why do we check it so much?

Dopamine.

Dopamine is your brain's favorite drug. It's the "reward chemical" that makes you feel good when you post something or someone likes or comments on something you've posted.

You get a Hit of Dopamine.

And It's Awesome.

It's also the same feeling a Gambler gets when they're on a roll.

Unfortunately the roll ends.

Then comes the Crash.

Cortisol.

The opposite of Dopamine.

The stress hormone.

Go on and check your email and you'll feel it. I'll wait.

Riley gives the Audience a moment to take out their phones and check email.

Feel a tightness in your shoulders?

Your stomach scrunch up?

Shortness of breath?

Yeah, that's Cortisol.

And it will destroy you.

So think of it like this: You're a Gambler, right?

You're this Guy:

Onscreen: Kenny Rogers in "The Gambler" video.

And you're on a Roll.

You keep winning.

Dopamine hits.

Winning some more.

More Dopamine.

Doubling down and winning again.

Mucho Dopamino.

But at the same time you've got a Guy you owe money to coming up to the table and whispering in your ear:

"You still owe me 5 million."

"You still owe me 4 and a half million."

And you can never get it.

You can never totally pay him off.

No matter how much you win.

So you sit there and keep getting your Dopamine hits.

But then at the same time you're getting knocked back by Cortisol.

And this keeps going on for hours.

You're Addicted.

You're on a Roll!

Until finally eight hours later you realize all your Table Friends from that Roll you were on, they're Gone.

That run is over and in fact you're now down from your original bet.

Oh, and that nice Gangster you owe money to, you now owe him the full amount, plus your buy in, plus your losses, plus interest.

And he's gonna collect.

And all those Highs and Lows you just went through over the last eight hours - they don't mean Shit.

And you're exhausted and all you want to do is have a good stiff drink and collapse. Bury yourself under your bed pillows and sleep until the end of time, or at least until tomorrow morning when you'll have to get up and do it all over again.

And right before you're finally relaxed and are about to drift off to snoozeland...

Sound cue: iPhone Alert Ping.

I'm not sayin' you gotta throw your iPhone in the River.

Or take a hammer to your iPad.

Just be aware that you're Gambling.

With your Mental, Emotional and Physical Health.

And check out this website:

Onscreen: [www.nossing.com](http://www.nossing.com)  
Nossing dot com.

For tips on how to take back the power and return the I to You.

Not iPhone. Or iPad.

I as in You.

You are I.

I am I.

Be the I. Not the phone.

I Am Me...

Blackout.

Music: (instrumental)

Onscreen: "Golden Nuggets"

Gold Nugget - Follow Your Gut

Gold Nugget - The Power of One

Gold Nugget - Don't Be A Gambler

Fade out.

Music: "Money Changes Everything" Cyndi Lauper

Fade in: onscreen: in white:

"Fortune sides with him who dares."

- Virgil

"It's all about the Benjamins, baby."

- Puff Daddy

Quotes fade out.

Fade in: Wealthspace

Enter Riley, now dressed in all black.

Ken walks out holding an umbrella and holds it over Riley's head.

RILEY GOLD

What are you doing?

KEN

It's the wealth section.

RILEY GOLD

Yes, I know. Are you expecting a pop-up shower?  
Onstage?

KEN

Rich people always have a dude holding an umbrella for them. I'm setting the mood.

Pause.

RILEY GOLD

All right. This is just weird. Get out of here.

KEN

Okay. (he closes the umbrella) Here, take this. (he holds out a cigar)

RILEY GOLD

I don't need a cigar!

KEN

It's Symbolism! (he walks offstage) Why do I even bother?

RILEY GOLD

Please don't.

KEN

(offstage) Oh I won't, pal!

RILEY GOLD

(breaths, clears his head) I know a lot of people come to these events looking for financial advice. So I want to be clear:

If you want a full financial Blueprint to follow I've created a sister seminar: Explode Your Finances! which--

KEN

(offstage) With Riley Gold!

RILEY GOLD

Yes, thank you, Ken.

Which addresses all of your Savings, Investment, and Tax related questions.

And, of course, the big question everyone wants answered: How do I get Rich?

But allow me to give you one bit of advice when it comes to your Money: Treat it like a relationship. As if you are in a relationship with your Money.

Juliana half-enters but is unsure if now is the time. Riley waves her on.

RILEY GOLD

Hooliana is going to help us demonstrate.

She shall be playing the Role of My Money.

And I will show you how to Treat your Money given 3 very different financial situations.

Situation One: my money is steady but not amazing. I've got a small savings and a decent retirement account. I can take a nice vacation each year.

Riley takes a moment to get into character.

Hello, my Money.

JULIANA

Hello.

RILEY GOLD

What have you been doing all day?

JULIANA

Not much. Just slowly gaining interest. Your last paycheck was deposited and there's a little bit left.

RILEY GOLD

Yeah? What do you want to do tonight?

JULIANA

The usual. A sensible home cooked meal. Maybe Saturday Night we can splurge and go to Applebee's.

RILEY GOLD

Or Outback?

JULIANA

Whoa, buster, don't talk crazy. What do you think this body's made of money?

RILEY GOLD

Where we going on vacation this year?

JULIANA

I have booked us a week at DisneyWorld!

RILEY GOLD

(sarcastic) Great.

(to Audience) So pretty steady, right? A solid relationship. But not a lot of thrills. No fireworks. Maybe not as much fun as you would like. But all in all a good relationship. We'd give that a solid B.

Onscreen: Grade B

Situation Dos:

Hey, Honey Money, what you been doing all day?

JULIANA

I bought all of these amazing products from the Internets and maxed out another credit card! That makes the third one this month. Oh, but there's good news--

RILEY GOLD

You're pregnant?

JULIANA

No, silly. I used up the last of that cash you gave me and bought all these lottery tickets!

RILEY GOLD

Jackpot! That is good news!

All of our financial problems will be rectified by these lottery numbers!

JULIANA

For Sure!

RILEY GOLD

What do you want to do tonight?

JULIANA

Taco Bell!

RILEY GOLD

That's Always the right answer! Where we goin' on Vacation?

JULIANA

Where do you think?!

RILEY GOLD

I don't know. That's why I'm asking!

JULIANA

Atlaaaaaaaaaaaan--(Riley nods Yes)tic City!

RILEY GOLD

I love it! I'll call up Kenny and get him to loan me a cool four hundred buckaroos!

KEN

(offstage) Keep me out of this!

RILEY GOLD

Never, Kenny! Ken-nay!!

(to Audience) What a mess that relationship is. Toxic. Debt, gambling, lottery tickets,

JULIANA

Taco Bell.

RILEY GOLD

I said, Toxic.

I think we gotta give that one a big old D minus.

Onscreen: Grade D-

And it would be an F, but they're not dead. There's still a relationship between the Man, me, and his Money, you.

Plus, they are going to Atlantic City and they could strike it big. You never know.

The Third and Final Situation:

Hon, how was your day?

JULIANA

I took a yoga class. And pilates. Oh, and I visited the spa.

RILEY GOLD

Sounds exhausting.

JULIANA

Then I had Harold escort me to Fifth Avenue where I placed many important purchases on the American Express Black card--

RILEY GOLD

Which we also get points.

JULIANA

Yes! And frequent flier miles.

RILEY GOLD

They're basically paying us to spend money!

JULIANA

So true!

RILEY GOLD

What's the plan for this Eve?

JULIANA

Rezzies at Per Se. La Traviata at The Met. Lady Gaga's party downtown.

RILEY GOLD

Sounds scrumptious. Vacay?

JULIANA

August on the Vineyard. Christmas in Aspen. Spring maybe Bora Bora? Fiji?

RILEY GOLD

Why not?

Riley swoops in like a gallant Douglas Fairbanks and dips

her and kisses her but there's something off about the kiss and Juliana doesn't enjoy it as much as she should.

Mid-Kiss Onscreen appears Enid and Sunny Gold. They are in the back of a Cadillac Escalade and with their faces looking down into an iPhone as they FaceTime.

SUNNY GOLD

What are you doing, boy?!

Riley drops Juliana. She falls to the stage.

RILEY GOLD

Dad!

(to Juliana) Oh sorry.

ENID

Riley, I am here with your father--

SUNNY GOLD

He can see that!

ENID

We are en route to you.

RILEY GOLD

To me? Well, wait, hold on.

Ken walks onstage.

KEN

(arms out) How are you doing that?!

SUNNY GOLD

Son, because you insist on continuing this aberration, I am taking valuable time out of my valuable time to come down there and Shut You Down.

RILEY GOLD

No, you can't--

Sunny's face takes up the entire screen. He leans in.

SUNNY GOLD

Watch me.

Video goes out. Enid ends the call.

Riley stands facing upstage looking at the dark screen a moment. Then he turns and looks at Ken. Then Juliana.

KEN  
Finish the show.

JULIANA  
Yes, finish it.

KEN  
Don't listen to him. I believe in you.

JULIANA  
Me too. You can do it!

KEN  
You can.

Riley gets dramatic, looks around at everyone: at Ken, at Julianana, at the audience. His confidence building...

RILEY GOLD  
Yes I can. Let's get sexi.

Blackout.

Music: Barry White or similar

Onscreen: in white:

"I'm too sexy for my shirt, too sexy for my shirt, so sexy it hurts."

- Right Said Fred

"Too sexy? There's no such thing."

- Socrates

Quotes fade out.

Fade in: Sexispace

Lights slowly up.

Enter Riley, he now has a red silk scarf strung about his neck.

RILEY GOLD  
We've talked about the head (his right hand touches it), the heart (his left hand touches it), now it's time for the Hallelujah! (both hands over his crotch)

Riley grooves along to the Barry White music. He gets into it.

We need to talk about the Sexi.

And yes, I spell it with an I. Do you know why?

He waits.

Because I...am...Sexi.

Say it with me:

Audience joins in.

"I Am Sexi."

Yes you are. And don't you forget it.

Riley picks out an Audience Member.

I mean, look at you in that sexi sweater.

Riley picks another Audience Member.

And you, amigo, those slacks. Are those pleats?!

Riley picks out one more.

I am diggin' the high sexi factor with those penny loafers. Or should I say sexi loafers.

So what is the Sexi?

It is the spirit all around us.

It leads to good things.

It's that little voice in the back of your head that says, "Oh, yeah..."

It makes you wanna get up in the morning. Get down in the evening.

It takes you from this: (slouched over, frowny face)

To this: (triumphant shoulders back pose, fists on waist)

Now I know what you're thinking: Riley is crazy. What is he talking about? The Sexi? Please.

And to that I would say: Yes, I am crazy.

Crazy like a fox.

The kind of crazy that will get you laid And in a committed loving relationship.

Learn to embrace your inner sexi and the world opens up to you like a sunflower blooming on a bright summer day.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)

Look at Ken here. Ken, come here.

Ken walks onstage.

Tell us about how you learned to embrace the sexi, and then how it manifested itself in your daily life.

KEN

I too was skeptical at first about the sexi.

RILEY GOLD

Hwhy?

KEN

Hbecause it sounded a bit foo foo touchy-feely for me.

RILEY GOLD

Yes, Ken, you are a rock. But continue.

KEN

It took me a while to figure it out but then I finally understood that I had to get in touch with my inner sexi and feel good about my inner sexi. Not always an easy thing to do.

We don't all look like you, Riley, like we've just come from a bodybuilding team photo by way of a diving competition for boy bands.

RILEY GOLD

I'll take that as a compliment.

KEN

Most of us have some issues. And don't always feel the sexiest.

JULIANA

It is true!

Juliana walks on.

JULIANA

I do Not always feel sexi.

KEN

See. Even Juliana has some problems with always feeling sexi.

JULIANA

It comes and goes. Like the wind.

KEN

Yes, exactly.

So what helped me get back in touch with my own inner sexi was very simple really.

RILEY GOLD

And what was that, Ken?

KEN

I stopped giving a fuck.

Stopped feeling uncomfortable in my own skin and just embraced what I got.

The sexi is really...confidence.

JULIANA

(jumping in) It is so easy to lose your confidence.

I have been a dancer for many years, both classical, the modern, and more recently the stage, shows, the clubs.

And if you don't have confidence, believe me, you get nowhere!

You know how hard it is to be up on stage and you're wearing this huge Egyptian headdress thing that feels like it's going to snap your neck and you've got on this chain mail type bikini thing in four inch high heels as you dance around the stage with a big plastered smile on your face. (she does this)

Or you know how hard it is to feel Sexi when you're having your period and shaking your breasts in front of some nerds in flips flops and hoodies in town for some software convention.

She loses her role and just goes off.

Or you're feeling bloated but you've gotta suck it up and go into that VIP lounge to give some VIP from Albuquerque a lap dance just so you can pay for your kid's daycare?

Riley's face shows that he doesn't really know what to say about this but he's not angry like a husband would be. He's trying to figure out how to play it.

JULIANA

(to Riley) Sorry.

But my point is, Ken. That we all know what it's like to not feel sexi. Even we people who are supposed to be  
(MORE)

JULIANA (cont'd)

considered sexi. Sometimes you just gotta fake it. Sometimes you gotta say, "Hey! (she bangs her chest with her fist) I am one hot-tamale-chingale Mama!! And don't you forget it."

Go on, Ken. Try it.

Ken's face slowly turns and looks at her like she's crazy. But her confidence is inspiring.

JULIANA

You got this.

Ken assumes a stance. He thinks. He looks around. Then,

KEN

Hey! (bangs his chest with his fist: it hurts, perhaps he coughs) I am one hot-tamale-chingale Mama! (Papa) And don't you forget it. (with accompanying hand motions)

It actually feels pretty good.

JULIANA

(claps) See!

I used to do that before every time I went on to perform.

KEN

I'm not sure my wife would be into that but I can give it a try!

JULIANA

No, silly, I meant before--

KEN

I know, I know.

RILEY GOLD

Yes, the Sexi is all about confidence.

Your confidence, and my confidence, and her confidence.

For if we don't have Confidence--

A loud metal door is thrown open and in charges Sunny Gold bellowing as he arrives. Enid trails behind him.

SUNNY GOLD

(into his cellphone) I don't care what his Holiness is getting! Sunny Gold won't accept one penny less than

(MORE)

SUNNY GOLD (cont'd)  
the Dalai Lama if you want me on your panel for World  
Peace!!

Sunny marches right up onstage.

SUNNY GOLD  
(to Riley) You always gotta push it, don't you. Always  
gotta take everything too damn far.

RILEY GOLD  
Dad, please, I have an audience.

SUNNY GOLD  
You call this an audience? What are you, a hundred  
people? Two hundred?

I do shows for Twenty Thousand!

Enid.

Enid pulls out papers and hands them to Riley.

RILEY GOLD  
What is this?

ENID  
Cease and desist.

SUNNY GOLD  
Did you really think I'd just let you do a show so  
close to mine?!

To soil the good Gold name and deceive people into  
thinking this is me?!

(to audience) How many of you came here because you  
thought it was me?

AUDIENCE MEMBER (MAYBE A ROTATING CELEBRITY)  
(raising a hand) I did. But actually Riley's been--

SUNNY GOLD  
Thank you, sir. I rest my case.

Silence.

SUNNY GOLD  
What are you gonna do, boy?

What are you gonna show me?

Who are you gonna Be?!

They stare at each other: Riley & Sunny.

RILEY GOLD

(points to front row center "reserved" seat)

Your seat's right there, dad.

Riley walks across the stage and exits.

SUNNY GOLD

Where are you going?

Yeah, just walk away.

Go on.

When the going gets tough!

(to audience) You wanna see a real show: The Garden, three nights! Be there!

(to Ken) What are you looking at, Kenneth?

(to Julianana) And who are you?

JULIANA

Juliana Ximena Jovel. (all pronounced with H's) (or Courtney)

SUNNY GOLD

And how much did my son promise you to be here? He's very good at spending my money.

JULIANA

I would do it for nothing. He is my friend.

SUNNY GOLD

I bet he is.

Sunny looks her up and down.

SUNNY GOLD

Let me guess: Stripper.

She walks right up to him and gets in his face, either nose to nose or nose to boobs, depending on heights. She leaves after Riley.

SUNNY GOLD

Guess I was right on that one.

Ken, what are you doing here? Why don't you come work for me? I know you're the brains behind this operation. What do you say?

KEN

Mister Gold, I've known you now for what, thirty years?

SUNNY GOLD

Something like that. You boys became friends in what, grade school?

KEN

That's right.

So when I say this, know that it's coming from a long historical line and wasn't just a spur of the moment thought.

SUNNY GOLD

And what's that?

KEN

Blow it out yer ass.

Sunny chuckles and smirks, he likes this.

KEN

Your son is expensive.

And he's super vain.

And he goes way overboard on things.

SUNNY GOLD

The Titanic Fiasco? I had to rent Leo for a week!

KEN

I know. I'm not disagreeing with you.

But here's the thing that he has, which you don't.

His heart is gold.

Solid gold.

He's trying to help people.

He cares.

He may not always know what he's doing.

And he may not have your crack team of top researchers who have all the latest info on how We Live and how we Should Live.

But he's genuine.

(MORE)

KEN (cont'd)  
He's not full of a bunch of bullshit.

Ken crosses to exit after Riley and Juliana.

SUNNY GOLD  
Oh, I'm full of bullshit?

KEN  
(as he goes) Yes you are.

SUNNY GOLD  
I'm full of bullshit?

KEN  
Exactly.

SUNNY GOLD  
I'm full--

KEN  
(offstage) Of bullshit, yes. Clear out your ears!

Sunny is left alone onstage. Enid remains off to the side.

SUNNY GOLD  
I never wanted this (motions the stage) for Riley. I didn't.

It's too tough.

Your face is everywhere. People always know who you are.

And yes, I am hard on him.

But how else do you create a Diamond without Pressure?

All I ever wanted, and you can believe me or not, was for Riley to be Riley.

Sometimes it's the hardest thing in the world to just be yourself. Especially when you're the son of someone wildly famous and successful.

It's not easy to be you.

So you try to be perfect:

The perfect body,

The perfect wife,

(MORE)

SUNNY GOLD (cont'd)  
The perfect family,  
The perfect life.  
But it doesn't work.  
Just be yourself.  
I am me. And people love me.  
They worship me.  
But don't be me, be you.

Riley walks back onstage.

RILEY GOLD  
What are you, taking over my audience?

SUNNY GOLD  
Just keeping them warm.

Look, son,

RILEY GOLD  
I heard. You just want me to be me.  
Hooliana!

She comes out.

RILEY GOLD  
Hooliana is not my wife.

She is an amazing dancer from Vegas who is a dear friend of mine and she only agreed to do this to help me. She has an incredible son, Julio. And her life advice doesn't come from any books or seminars but from hard earned lessons on the streets: all the way from Hwatemala to the wonderful U S of A.

Ken.

Ken comes out.  
Ken is my stage manager.

And writer.

And confidant.

And oldest friend.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
He's my best friend.

KEN  
Right back at you, buddy.

RILEY GOLD  
And he's always got my back.

And I'm Riley Gold.

Son of Sunny Gold.

I'm gay.

They all know it.

But I didn't want You to know it because I thought  
that's what You wanted. Because I thought it would  
effect my ability to Appeal to a Wider audience.

I thought you wouldn't listen to my advice.

You wouldn't take me seriously. You wouldn't like me.

But I was wrong.

To quote Sunny Gold: "Don't be a Fool (pronounced  
"foo"), be You!"

SUNNY GOLD  
From "Don't Pity Me, I Pity You!"

RILEY GOLD  
Yes. But it should also say Don't try to Please  
Everyone, just Please Yourself.

(to Sunny) I don't need your approval anymore.

That's what this (motions around) is all about.

SUNNY GOLD  
(said generally) Yes. (almost helping Riley along, he  
wants Riley to do this)

RILEY GOLD  
And I don't care what you think.

SUNNY GOLD  
What does it matter what I think.

RILEY GOLD  
And I don't care how you do things.

SUNNY GOLD  
That's just how I do things.

RILEY GOLD  
'Cause I can do things My Way.

SUNNY GOLD  
Like Frank sang.

RILEY GOLD  
Dad, I love you,

SUNNY GOLD  
Yes, say it--

RILEY GOLD  
But Fuck Off.

SUNNY GOLD  
Yeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeees!!

Sunny is jubilant: he hugs Riley, kisses him. He is relieved.

SUNNY GOLD  
Oh, I'm so happy!

Do you know how long I have wanted for you to say that?

RILEY GOLD  
Fuck off.

SUNNY GOLD  
Yes! Say it again.

RILEY GOLD  
Fuck off.

SUNNY GOLD  
Scream it from the rooftops!

RILEY GOLD  
Fuck Off!

SUNNY GOLD  
Whisper like a Mouse.

RILEY GOLD  
(whispered) Fuck off.

[Maybe add one in Spanish. Have Juliana say it]

SUNNY GOLD

Oh, I feel wonderful. I have to sit. (goes to sit)

RILEY GOLD

Please, Dad, we've got a seat for you, right down front.

SUNNY GOLD

Excellent.

What section is next?

RILEY GOLD

It's the love section.

SUNNY GOLD

Perfect. My favorite.

Sunny goes and takes his seat up front.

SUNNY GOLD

Oh, and Son?

RILEY GOLD

Yes, Dad?

SUNNY GOLD

I'm proud.

RILEY GOLD

I know you are.

SUNNY GOLD

So proud.

Lights have fully dimmed.

Music: Haddaway "What Is Love"

Onscreen: in white:

"At the touch of love, everyone becomes a poet."

- Plato

"Love is all you need."

- John & Paul

Quotes fade out.

Fade in: Lovespace

Lights fade up.

Enter Riley. (what's his prop/clothing item for the love section?)

RILEY GOLD

We all need space to love.

We all need to give space to love.

We all need to create the space to love.

Whew!

Or, to quote Haddaway,

(sings) "What is Love? Baby don't hurt me, don't hurt me...no more."

Love and Hurt.

They seem to go hand in hand, don't they.

You can go from feeling a lot of love to feeling a lot of hurt. And vice versa.

But what is Love?

Hard to define but let's first get technical.

Chemically, this is Love.

Onscreen:

C8H11NO2

C10H12N2O

C43H66N12O12S2

C158H251N39O46S

RILEY GOLD

Dopamine, Oxytocin, Serotonin and Endorphin.

And then if we put them all together...

Onscreen: all the symbols morph and merge into a new diagram.

You get...

This.

Wow. That is...extremely confusing.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
Let's break it down.

Think of these 4: dopamine, oxytocin, serotonin, endorphin as the barbershop quartet of love.

Let's start with dopamine.

Dopamine! Where you at?

Ken runs on.

KEN  
(in character) Dope is here, sir!

RILEY GOLD  
Dope? Really?

KEN  
(himself) What? I'm just trying to appeal to the younger Gen. Gen Mill.

RILEY GOLD  
The Millennial Generation?

KEN  
It's Gen Mill, bro.

Riley carries on.

RILEY GOLD  
Okay, dopamine, could you kindly tell us what you do.

KEN  
(in character, like a rapper) Yeah, yeah, yeah.

I'm a neurotransmitter in the brain, see.

I make you feel euphoria like Ecstasy

(as himself) Not that I've ever done that.

(in character) When you reach a Goal

I get released

Whether it's finishing a marathon or or sex with Me!

RILEY GOLD  
Thank you, Dopamine,  
I think we get it.

KEN  
Yeah, yeah.

Ken exits. Enter Juliana.

RILEY GOLD  
Oxytocin.

JULIANA  
(a bit wooden) Hello. I am Oxytocin.

Do you trust me?

RILEY GOLD  
I don't know. Do we?

JULIANA  
Of course you do, silly.

Because I am that trust you feel.

After holding hands, giving birth, or making love on a ferris wheel.

RILEY GOLD  
Why's it have to be a ferris wheel?

Juliana shrugs, she doesn't know.

Ken pops his head onstage.

KEN  
It doesn't have to be a ferris wheel! I just needed a rhyme! And it's dangerous! (he pops off)

RILEY GOLD  
Thank you, Oxytocin. I trust we'll see you soon.

What? I just went for it.

Juliana exits.

RILEY GOLD  
All right, Serotonin, get your butt out here.

Enter Ken "smoking" a pipe.

KEN  
(English accent) Good evening.

I am Serotonin.

I am the Status aspect of Love.

Associating with people well above our certain stature releases me and feels amazing.

RILEY GOLD  
You sound like Misses Doubtfire.

KEN  
(waves him off and exits) Oh, shut up.

RILEY GOLD  
And finally this brings us to:

Enter Juliana.

JULIANA  
Endolphins.

RILEY GOLD  
EndoRphins.

JULIANA  
That's what I said. Endolphins.

RILEY GOLD  
R. Rrrrrrr. Endorphins.

JULIANA  
Yes. Endolphins.

RILEY GOLD  
It's fine. Continue.

JULIANA  
I am Endolphins.

When you feel pain or stress I come on and then give you a surge.

Like right now, when you are anticipating a joke, expecting laughter to come: I'm there!

Dark chocolate also releases me, so if you have any, Share!

RILEY GOLD  
Excellent.

Ken returns.

Let's give a hand for our Endorphins. And Serotonin. Oxytocin. And Dopamine.

Ken strikes a "rapper" pose.

KEN

Dope, dope.

RILEY GOLD

So what does that all mean?

It means inside of us we've got a lot going on.

Euphoria.

And Trust.

Status.

The release from Pain and Stress.

Love is a lot of things.

But we all know, this is all great but still...there's a lot of mystery to love.

It's like pornography, you know it when you see it.

And it comes in all different forms, right?

Family love

Friendly love

Affection

Charity

Divine love

Eros

Romantic love

And (sings) "the greatest love of all":

Puppy Love

You know what I'm talking about.

KEN

Sweet-Pea!

RILEY GOLD

Exactly.

But even before we get to any of those loves we have to talk about another love first:

Self-Love.

(to an Audience Member) And no, sir, get your mind out of the gutter, I'm not talking about that. You can do that on your own time later when you are no longer in a theater full of people.

No, Self-Love.

Love Thy Self.

Love Yourself.

Amour de Soi.

Love You.

The only people who seem to do this well are super self-involved Hollywood Actors who have teams of personal trainers and chefs and masseuses and magicians and therapists and psychoanalysts (he pronounces is "anal") all employed to make them feel good.

Them and Little Kids.

Little Kids totally love themselves.

"I run, I pass out, I poop, I eat, I scream, I make faces, I poop again, I--Oh what is this? I'm gonna play with this Fed-Ex box for an hour, I eat, I poop, I pass out. I am."

Kids don't self-judge.

Self-hate.

We are really hard on ourselves. And we're given images and ideals, both physically and mentally, that no one can live up to.

We need to stop the self-hate and practice self-love.

So come on, everybody up.

Shake it out first. Shake it out. Good.

Now, here's what I want you to do:

Arms out in front of you like this, okay?

And now take the arms...

And wrap 'em around yourself.

There you go.

Just hold that.

Give yourself a hug.

Originally I was gonna have all of you Kiss yourselves but Ken and I couldn't figure out how to do that.

Ken's head pops out and nods "No".

RILEY GOLD

So keep hugging.

Give yourself a real good hug.

(to Audience Member) Ma'am, don't you be going through the motions and giving a little pat. I wanna see a real hug. Squeeze those shoulders.

Feels pretty good, doesn't it?

I would venture to say none of you have ever practiced this kind of self-love.

But it's important.

If you don't give yourself a hug how can you give others?

I'll sometimes do this for an hour.

And then I'm ready to go out and Give my love.

Okay, everybody relax.

You can sit back down.

Love is like cocaine.

It triggers the same response in the brain.

But unlike cocaine you don't wish you were dead twenty minutes after it's all gone. Usually.

Now that you love yourself, it's time to love others.

And all I want you to do is think about this very simple concept:

Fall in love with everyone...

Fall In Love with everyone...

With Everyone In Love fall...

Now, let me clarify.

Do I mean you should get googley-eyed at every person you see and want to jump their bones?

No.

I mean fall madly in love with The Person.

Their essence.

Their being.

Start your day, walk up to your local barista,

Ken comes on and starts miming like he's fiddling with knobs, steam, etc like he's making a latte. Perhaps he wears an apron.

Yo, Wilbur, good morning.

KEN

Wilbur? Really?

RILEY GOLD

(out of character) You love it.

(in character) You make the most deliciousest lattes in the universe. And I love that suspenders handlebar mustache combo you got going on. You are rockin'!

KEN

Uh, thanks?

Riley blows right past Ken and crosses the stage to Juliana as she enters.

RILEY GOLD

Good morning! It's my favorite co-worker, Joanne.

Juliana mimes like she's pulling out a paper cup and then using a water cooler.

RILEY GOLD

Jo, you're always so thoughtful at giving me first the perfect cup of cool refreshing water.

Juliana has already drunk from her cup, she hurriedly offers that cup, Riley nods No, so she "pulls" out another cup, quickly fills it, and hands it to him.

RILEY GOLD

You do such a great job of keeping me hydrated throughout the day, and your brown pants suits are always spot on!

Juliana uses her hands to accentuate her clothing like she's a model in an Ad - she obviously is not wearing a pants suit, nor brown.

RILEY GOLD

Plus, you're a great conversationalist.

Pause. Juliana looks around.

JULIANA

Thanks.

Riley breaks out of the scene.

RILEY GOLD

You're not just falling in love with them for them. To make them feel great. No! You're doing it for yourself too.

Studies have shown that Being In Love can cause real healing.

Lower blood pressure.

Lessen arthritic pain.

Make migraines disappear.

So fall a little bit in love with everybody throughout your day.

With your bus driver.

With the receptionist.

With that grumpy co-worker.

With a cop giving you a ticket.

Even with your boss.

It will help them and help You.

Because without love, what is life but a daily trudge that makes it feel like our time goes on forever.

Or worse yet, our time is wasted.

Blackout.

Music: Cher "If I Could Turn Back Time"

Onscreen: in white:

"How did it get so late so soon?"

- Dr. Seuss

"Like sands through the hourglass, so are the days of our lives."

- The Days of Our Lives

Quotes fade out.

Fade In: Timespace

Lights slowly rise.

Enter Riley, he has something in his hand, a stick of something.

RILEY GOLD

Time goes by so quickly.

What I just said. It's gone. Over. Like that (snaps his fingers). Lost Forever.

All of these areas we've talked about tonight:

Your Mind

Your Heart

Your Gut

Your Sexi

Your Love

I mean, Love, come on.

They're all very important, especially love.

But none is more important than Time.

Without Time, none of these exist.

And it is very important we get a grasp on Time.

I'm not talking about Einstein Stephen Hawking Time, where time doesn't exist and we'll all be passing through wormholes to a different dimension and runnin' around like MJ Fox in those Back To The Future movies.

That's fun Imagination Time.

I'm talking more practically about how you spend the time you do have.

So let's quickly break it down:

The average American lives to be 78 years old.

We'll be generous and say you're gonna live to 80.

80 years.

How many days is that?

Onscreen: all of the numbers that follow should also appear up on the screen.

29,200 days.

Hours?

700,800.

Minutes?

Well we do know there's (sings) "Five hundred twenty-five thousand, six hundred minutes (talks) in a year.

So that would be: 42,048,000 minutes.

That seems like a lot, right?

Well let's break it down.

First of all, let's eliminate the first 20 years of your life - for most of us here that's already gone.

And you spend your first twenty years simply learning how to be a proper human anyway.

That's 10,512,000 minutes. Gone.

So we're at: 31,536,000.

Sleeping. Eight hours a night.

That's a third of your lifetime, another ten million minutes: Gone.

So now we're at 21,024,000.

You gotta eat, right?

We'll say an hour a day eating and drinking. It's probably more. But we'll err on less.

1,314,000

19,710,000 minutes.

What other things do we do? How about working?

40 hours a week for 40 years.

4,992,000.

14,718,000 minutes.

What else?

How about commuting those 40 years?

90 minutes a day driving or training or biking or walking or whatever: to travel from Point A to Point B.

1,314,000.

13,404,000 minutes.

How about Surfing the Internet, watching TV, glued to a screen? 3 hours a day? I think I'm being generous but let's go with 3 hours a day.

3,942,000.

9,462,000 minutes left.

Remember where we started?

42,048,000.

Oh, wait, what about exercise? You should be getting at least 30 minutes a day of exercise: walking, running, swimming, kickboxing, sword swallowing.

657,000.

8,805,000 minutes.

So let's see where we're at.

That's 146,750 hours.

6,114 days.

16 years.

You've basically got a grand total of 16 years to live.

And that doesn't include any of your time spent socializing with friends.

Or cleaning.

Or having sex.

Or thinking about having sex.

Or plotting ways to be having sex.

Or, having given up on sex, watching porn.

It's not a lot of minutes, hours, or days, is it?

16 years. Out of 80. One fifth of your life!

So how do we maximize our time? Our most precious commodity.

It's a 3 Step Process.

Number one. Armageddon.

Number two. The Power of One.

Sensing a theme?

And three...Explode Your Life.

Part One: Armageddon.

And you're probably wondering if I mean that Bruce Willis movie with the asteroid. And the answer is Yes.

You need to live your life like you're Bruce Willis in Armageddon.

No, you don't have to wear a bad toupee.

And no, you don't have to be nice to Ben Affleck.

But you do have to get after it 'cause time is ticking.

You've got to assemble your crack team to help you. You've got to not take shit from anybody, and that includes Billy Bob Thornton. Let me rephrase: especially Billy Bob Thornton.

And you've got to Go Save The World. Your World.

(MORE)

RILEY GOLD (cont'd)  
Not My World.

Not Bruce's World.

Not This Guy's World (he points to an Audience Member).

Your World.

What do I mean by your world?

I mean Your Life.

The clock is ticking.

You've got (sings) 8,805,000 minutes.

There's an Asteroid hurtling towards Your Ass.

It's got Your Name on it.

Asteroid...Ken.

Ken walks on.  
Asteroid...Hooliana.

Juliana walks on.  
Asteroid...Sunny.

Riley points to his Dad. Perhaps Sunny stands up.  
Asteroid...(maybe Riley picks out random Audience  
Members and gives them names)

It's Comin'.

There's no Stoppin' It.

And we can't freeze your head like Walt Disney. That's  
not an option.

So that's Part One. Asteroid Awareness.

Part Deux (Dos):

As earlier, he slowly holds up his fist, but now this time,  
instead of the pointer, he slowly raises his middle finger.  
(deadly serious) You're all fucked.

(drops it) I'm just kidding.

Couldn't help myself.

It's the Power of One!

Remember? From before?

We're gonna take that Power of One and use it here.

As Cher sang, we're gonna (sings) "turn back time.

We're gonna find a way."

One thing a day that slows down time.

One thing.

Ask yourself:

What's the most important thing I've gotta do today?

Could be hugging and kissing your kids, letting them know you love them.

Could be getting super creative and coming up with lots of great new ideas.

Could be experiencing giving a gift to someone. Or helping out someone who needs some help. Any kind of help.

Could be--

Ken jumps in.

KEN

Telling your wife she looks amazing even though her dress is too tight.

RILEY GOLD

Sure. Could be--

Juliana jumps in.

JULIANA

Taking your son to ride the rollercoasters and screaming your heads off (she does this: Ahhhhh) together.

RILEY GOLD

Yeah. Why not. Could be--

Sunny stands.

SUNNY GOLD

Going to your Son's show and really enjoying yourself. Which I am! I'm shocked! This is great.

RILEY GOLD

Uh, thanks, Dad?

Sunny sits back down.

RILEY GOLD

Maximize your time.

Riley lights the stick of dynamite he's been holding. The long fuse sizzles.

Family and friends.

Work you enjoy that gives you fulfillment.

Exercise and Experiences.

And if someone says,

"Hey, let's get ice cream!"

Say Yes, and just get a small cone.

It's the simple pleasures that slow down time.

Savor them.

Because this...(the dynamite, almost about to blow)

This is you.

Explode Your Life before you...

Riley stands there a moment. The fuse is gonna catch and the stick of dynamite explode at any moment.

Riley looks at the fuse. Riley looks out to the audience.

Riley smiles: feeling good about himself and the outcome of the show.

Riley holds the fuse directly in front of himself, in front of his face.

His face shows contentment, almost nirvana.

The fuse reaches its end...

Blackout.

In the darkness: Explosion.

Curtain Call.

THE END

Song Ditty for encore?