

EMILY MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND



THE SHOW:

EMILY MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND is about a DJ named Emily who travels the solar system doing all manner of shitty gigs to pay her bills. Look it's hard out there on a them/they in 2090 but Emily just wants to pay her fucking rent.

Nightclubs , music festivals, Soho House Mars and talk shows: yeah that's not what Emily is getting - she spinning records at moon base prisons funerals , space shuttle stops and smoky asteroid mining bars. She got a lien on her cool ass ship NEEDLE that has set every repo person and sheriff in the solar system on her ass to tow it back to Earth Dock. She does book an occasional good gig here and there that shows she got talent, but the Solar System has a lot of Good DJ's she is gonna have to beat to get those better gigs.

See , Emily old man was a DJ , back in Brooklyn , NYC before the solar flare cooked that place good. She stopped speaking to him before he got fried , but he left her a huge stash of vinyl somewhere hidden in the solar system and a map with clues on how to find it and she's on the hunt for it. Her ship does already feature a nice rack of vinyl that she pilfered from him years ago as kids do --- in fact, it's getting around to all the space pirates and rival DJ's and they would kill for it -- as in murder her.

See Vinyl is super rare in the solar system. They aren't allowed to make plastic anymore on Earth for a long ass time - but everyone pays high for that vinyl sound and those kick ass covers in the future.

Enter WELP! It's a shadowy mega corp run by a sleazy figure in the mold of Elon Musk/Zuckerberg/Bezos who has been slowly buying all the song catalogs so that they can control what everyone can listen to. It even gives them the right to find, capture and destroy all vinyl in the solar system.

In each episode of EMILY MAKES THE WORLD GOES ROUND (EMTWGR) between her harebrained schemes and terrible gigs to keep the money flowing , she battles the best DJ's in the solar system: Robot DJ's, Pug Dog Hybrid DJ's 3 armed Genetically Altered Djs , AI dj's , 8 Cloned Family member DJ's and including the elusive Homeless DJ who gave up everything - headlining in the orbit of Jupitster on IObiza on New Years to just be homeless and practice his craft somewhere on the filthy streets of Mars Colony. If she can find him and beat him - she will be #1. Go Emily!

TONE:

EMILY MAKES THE WORLD GO ROUND is like a video game come to life. It has imaginative visuals straight out your favorite AI Midjourney render, rich complex psychotic characters, compelling adventures, white knuckle action, kick ass music , and relatable problems of paying your fucking bills when you trying to make a dollar out of 15 cents.

EMTWGR takes the grounded sci-fi genre and injects it with a heroin, DMT cocktail and humor. It's sociopathic, unpredictable, relevant , and more fun than chasing your friends around with shit on a stick.

EMTWGR takes the struggle of being a DJ in a universe teaming with DJs (kinda like real life)-- every DJ is fighting to be number one apex DJ in the solar system. It also makes fun of the prevalence that everyone in the current year from Los Angeles to Easter Island thinks they are a fucking DJ - including you reading this. DJ is a shorthand to fame and getting into parties for free and being a cultural ambassador from just liking music.

In EMTWGR the characters are driven by greed and the American way - selling drugs , sex, and alibaba trinkets to the highest bidder for cold hard cash, laws be damned. Outer space is too big for the law to police it all. So a new generation of pirate-entreneureurs are free to do whatever the fuck they want.

It's like Silicon Valley except with lasers, rockets and people get laid without 3 startup exits. Outer space is full of space stations and satellites launched by every country, company and dot.com cunt in the world with enough money to reach low earth orbit but let's face it - you can't get a decent California Roll off GrubHub in outer space.

Enter Space Pirates So you don't forget about decent whiskey, high IPA beers, weed or uppers, comfort-able maxi pads , fleshlights or Real Dolls. Entrep**irate**-neurial go-getters who profit from the decadence in our society we pretend doesn't exist. They traffic in everything - but there is one resource whose price is going up and is rarer than a used virgin panties machine in neo-tokyo space station - Vinyl! Black Gold that Emily has on her ship.

INFLUENCES:

Gem and The Holograms

Heavy Metal

The Mighty Boosh

Battlestar Galactica

Daria

Space Dandy

Star Wars: The Clone Wars

Scott Pilgrim -vs- The World

CHARACTERS:

Emily: Emily is a chain smoking no-nonsense DJ. She doesn't take your fucking request, but she does have a warm spot for others with encyclopedic levels of music knowledge like her. She actually would enjoy her life a lot if she wasn't broke. Being on the run from space pirates, battling DJ's in her ship is definitely better than being a barista Sundollar Coffee shop whose apron scratches her nipple piercings. It's a living. She is striving to be the number DJ in the solar system, and one day she's gonna get there, right after skipping this mortgage payment on the ship.

Mr Feels: Mr Feels is Emily's companion. He's brain boosted Cat and can even talk with a special device when he feels like it. He reads a lot of technical journals and anarchist skateboard mags. He's an ultra feminist and a little more activist than Emily would like. Although often distracted by string or cans of tuna, he protects the ship and her when he can.

Robot DJ Tekniques 1750 : Tekniques 1750 is a robot built just to DJ, It's nasty on the wheels of steel. Rocking a gold chain and gold teeth, he's scary looking and takes no prisoners. He cheats in a second too- Emily is his nemesis, he vows to destroy her career and take her vinyl at all costs - but believe it or not, all this tin man really needs is a heart. Even though outer space sure ain't Kansas, Maybe Emily can help him find one



Homeless DJ: Has been DJing for decades He's played every venue from Mercury to the Oort Cloud - he got burned out playing for crowds and suddenly on the top of his game disappeared - He can't even remember his name. He only lives to perfect the craft of DJ'ing in the purest form. Filthy and disheveled , he hides in the skid rows of space colonies living on the street with his turntables practicing for the perfect set so that when he does elect to return. Emily runs into time to time on her gigs not recognizing him and he gives her advice, but she has no idea she will have to face him to be crowned #1 Dj in the solar system.



Jeff Muckzusk: Jeff MuckZuck runs WELP! The biggest conglomerate in the solar system. They do everything from AI to Space Ships. Asteroid mining, Energy, Food, Media - they even own all the bitcoin. Even though he has conquered everything and almost exists as a shadow emperor of the solar system - he can't get over that his band was dropped from the label in 2040 for poor sales. He wants his revenge: he bought all the music labels and currently is slowly making music from the past disappear from his ownership and replacing it with covers from him - there is one person who seems able to thwart this plan: Emily and her stash of vinyl if she can stay out of his clutches!

Space Pirate Bear Jenkins: Bear has a fearsome reputation. Ripping off cargo ships across the known planets. He's dashinglly brave and can get you anything you want from Madonna's DNA to anti gravity cocaine. He makes men, women , robots and animals swoon, and his real name is Egbert, former LIDS manager from the space mall at lunar prime colony - but hopefully nobody recognizes him in his new role as the terror of the solar system cuz his former identity would make a water slide dry. He wants Emily's vinyl , but if he can get it by taking by stealing her heart first and THEN stealing the vinyl, that would make his solar cycle.

A.S.S BROADCASTING

Everyone in outer space watches the **Atmospheric Space Station. ASS** for short. **ASS** is a surreal fucked up TV network and every ship is equipped with a TV monitor with an **ASS** receiver and all the astronauts, smugglers, pirates and cops watch it. **ASS** plays fucked-up surreal programming: shows, commercials that act like transitional elements in the show. Thanks to **ASS**, we can transition in and out of the main storyline to present additional comedic set pieces that drive the narrative or just shake up the viewer with even more insane shit we think up.



THANKS

