

Gazz Queen of Las Vegas

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

GAZZ QUEEN of LAS VEGAS (AZURA MOJAVE). This lead character is an age 50+ American female sexual behavior expert born in New York City, but who speaks with a dubious German accent (sarcastically but honorably mimicking Dr. Ruth Westheimer) while starring on her own international renowned podcast series from Las Vegas, Nevada.

SON. He is from New York City. He is the just-turned twenty-one only child of GAZZ QUEEN AZURA MOJAVE and he travels to Las Vegas for his first face-to-face visit as an adult with estranged his mother.

ANNOUNCER (Podcast producer). His first name is Samuel. He is a disabled African American male around age 60 who provides much-needed guidance for GAZZ QUEEN AZURA MOJAVE on the podcast as both the producer and announcer. He appears exclusively on a video screen since he works remotely from a home office due to his need for a wheelchair because of his limited mobility.

RAFE. He is the late twenty-something son of the ANNOUNCER (Podcast producer.) He is a light-skinned African American male with the muscular physical appearance of a wrestler who is struggling with his emerging sexual orientation as a gay man. This struggle results in an enduring and rough interpersonal conflict with his father.

THURSDAY CHILD. She is a trans woman in Las Vegas who seeks out GAZZ QUEEN AZURA MOJAVE for advice and counsel.

ALL-FEMALE HOUSE BAND. This band and lead singer are women musicians who are costumed in Las Vegas signature-style lounge show white outfits with multicolor sparkling sequins. In this play they exclusively perform contemporary, updated arrangements of eternally-relevant sentimental romance songs featuring music and lyrics by Cole Porter whose original versions were released about a hundred years ago at the beginning of the Twentieth Century.

VIDEO SELFIES GUYS. Three young men (Trey, Jamal, and Timothy) are devoted followers of GAZZ QUEEN AZURA MOJAVE. Close-ups on their faces appear on the video screen because they submitted questions to be answered by her for including within her podcast.

Setting:

A room with no windows and only one door. This setting looks like a condominium living room that has been converted into a podcasting studio. It has a fashionable yet contemporary design and feel but is otherwise stark. There is a house band which performs live while situated on an elevated platform off to one side of this room. On the only visible wall in the room is a large wall-mounted video screen. A stylish office desk with three matching chairs are positioned prominently in the center of the room to give an unobstructed view of the house band and the video screen. A webcam sits on the desk on a small tripod. Above the desk is a large, professional studio microphone suspended on a boom. There is a flat keyboard/control panel on the desk for operating the webcam and microphone. There is only one other piece of furniture in this room—an odd, modern-looking sofa which has an *avant garde* style curved pole lamp extending out over the seating area.

Time:

Present day in Las Vegas, Nevada.

(Lights fade up slowly from a full blackout as the house band plays an instrumental version of the song.)

SONG: “LOVE FOR SALE” (Cole Porter, 1930)

ANNOUNCER

*(appearing in the frame of the video screen over the instrumental;
only his head, shoulders and chest are visible)*

Hey, Rafe, this is not really a good time for me. I’ve got to do a live podcast coming up in a few seconds and I gotta run right now.

RAFE

(his image appears on the big screen as the instrumental plays on)

Yeah. What you always tell me. Too busy for this. Too busy for that. Never enough time for a son to chat with his own father on screen?

ANNOUNCER

(his image continues on screen over the instrumental)

You know it’s not like that, Rafe. Come on now.

RAFE

(his image continues on screen as the instrumental builds to a crescendo)

Yeah. Got it. I’m suddenly reminded of your podcast’s theme song lyrics: “If you want the thrill of love. I’ve been through the mill of love...”

ANNOUNCER

(his image freezes on screen which cuts to black just as LEAD SINGER starts)

Not fair. Just not fair...

**When the only sound in the empty street
Is the heavy tread of the heavy feet
That belong to a lonesome cop
I open shop**

**When the moon so long has been gazing down
On the wayward ways of this wayward town
That her smile becomes a smirk
I go to work**

**Love for sale
Appetizing young love for sale
Love that's fresh and still unspoiled**

**Love that's only slightly soiled
Love for sale
Who will buy?
Who would like to sample my supply?
Who's prepared to pay the price
For a trip to paradise?
Love for sale**

**Let the poets pipe of love
In their childish way
I know every type of love
Better far than they**

**If you want the thrill of love
I've been through the mill of love
Old love, new love
Every love but true love**

**Love for sale
Appetizing young love for sale
If you want to buy my wares
Follow me and climb the stairs
Love for sale.**

ANNOUNCER

*(his image fades in appearing in the frame of the video screen as the song ends;
only his head, shoulders and chest are visible)*

Ah, the immortal “Love for Sale” is our theme song for this podcast series. Welcome to “Gazz Queen of Las Vegas.”

(screen shows sponsor logo and website address)

Promotional consideration provided by [sponsor.] [Customized sponsor text goes here.]

*(ANNOUNCER reappears on the video screen only showing
his head, shoulders and chest)*

So, my queen, are you there? Are you hiding? Are you selling your love somewhere? I cannot see you on my screen.

AZURA MOJAVE

(Speaking with a dubious German accent while walking into the room and taking her seat at the desk) So sorry, I was late for my own podcast. Oh, Samuel, you are just the best. Love you eternally, baby. Here I am, at last. Your Gazz Queen of Las Vegas, Azura Mojave. Coming right

now. What I mean to say is this -- coming to you directly from Sin City. Where it's always hot and sweaty. I mean that in a good way, of course.

ANNOUNCER

Oh, there you are, my dear. I am so happy that we are together once again. As always, I am pleased and honored to introduce our notorious podcast series named "Gazz Queen of Las Vegas." And who else could be the star of this sexy podcast but the gazz queen, herself, born in Berlin, Germany, in the flesh, it's the incomparable Azura Mojave. Take me now. I mean, take it away now, Miss Azura Mojave.

AZURA MOJAVE

(Continuing in her German accent.) Yes, Samuel. I love being the host of this podcast series. An unrelenting, uncensored, unbleached and unexpurgated. Not good with big words in English. Can barely pronounce them. Why do I try? Easier for me in German. Oh, never mind. So you all want to know: What does "gazz" mean? It is street slang from the city of Berlin. It is short for "orgasm." As in "give me and orgasm." Gazz me. Get it? You got it. I know you got it. Now it is time for the show. My special darlings let's get on with this podcast episode.

ANNOUNCER

A rare moment to start this podcast episode, Miss Azura Mojave. For sure. A rare moment. We have a recording that was submitted here in Las Vegas from someone who actually lives here in Las Vegas. Imagine that. I guess it validates the truth of that old saying, "What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas." Let's go to the videotape...

THURSDAY CHILD

(shy and nervous in appearance seen only on the video screen)

Uh, well, hello. I am not sure I can handle doing this recording by myself on my phone. But I will try my best. I am Thursday Child. I am a trans woman. This has been at the same time the most difficult thing I have ever done and also the most rewarding. I ask you this: What can I do to help become more accepted? I am often on the receiving end of confusion and usually disapproval. I was at a bar near my apartment. I expected men to behave badly. But I was shocked at how several women treated me with disrespect. In the women's bathroom a couple of the women yelled at me and said I was a total fake. Not a real woman. That's what they all said. One of them went in to use one of the toilet stalls. I was crying when went into the adjacent stall. I gathered some of my most fragrant poop on a wad of toilet tissue. I carefully threw my special toxic gift over the wall so it landed on top of the woman who had shamed me. She screamed like she was being electrocuted. I quickly ran out of the restroom and in a big hurry left that bar. No time to wash my hands. I never went back. Never gonna go in that goddamned bar ever again.

What do you think, Azura Mojave? Let me know your honest thoughts. Thank you in advance for taking my question.

AZURA MOJAVE

(glancing with a renewed level of interest over at the video screen)

(Slipping in and out of her German accent.) So, Thursday Child. *(Chuckling as she speaks.)* Thank you for sending in your video question. Amuses me to hear you tell the absolute truth here. Throwing poop over a bathroom stall? Reason number one for anyone to refrain from using public restrooms. So unsanitary! Just my opinion. Becoming a trans woman is not at all supposed to be for the review and approval of anyone in society. Certainly you deserve credit for making very difficult decisions and choices about who you are. The city or town where a trans woman happens to live can make a huge difference in the quality of their life. If you are living in an area with a low population then it's easier and more likely for most everyone to know your business. And that will present special challenges for any trans woman. *(Firmly holding onto her German accent.)* I want to wish you well as you face these issues you're facing as a trans woman. You deserve happiness, Thursday Child. I mean that. Let's gets some feedback from our audience, okay? On the screen you now see our website address, "Gazz Queen dot com."

(Website address GazzQueen.com fills the entire video screen.)

There we go. Wow, I say the magic words. Then I snap my fingers like Mary Poppins and the words magically appear on screen. I want all of you who are tuned in to this podcast episode to use your smart phone and go to that website address. I'm asking you to vote on Question "A" as in "Azura."

(Video screen shows text indicating each of the possible four selections as AZURA MOJAVE reads the choices aloud.)

Go to Question "A" and you will see it is multiple-choice. I want you to select the one answer you think is best. Question "A" is "Which of these statements best describes your opinion regarding how trans women are treated?" Remember to select only answer out of the possible four choices. Select choice "A" for "Trans women do not deserve any special consideration compared to all other people." Select "B" for "Trans women should not have to endure disapproval or being treated with prejudice." If your opinion is "Let God decide" select "C." If your opinion is "Let Satan decide" select "D." Let me repeat those choices for you: "A" is "Trans women do not deserve any special consideration compared to all other people."

(Video screen changes to show each individual text as AZURA MOJAVE repeats them.)

"B" is for "Trans women should not have to endure disapproval or being treated with prejudice." "C" for those who believe "Let God decide." And "D" for those who believe "Let Satan decide." Maybe that should more accurately be 'let Ron Desantis decide.' Isn't he the understudy for the big red demon downstairs?

ANNOUNCER

(his close-up fills the video screen)

Thank you, my queen. And the big red demon downstairs probably thanks you as well. And thank all of you tuned into this podcast episode for voting online during this podcast. Your responses will officially be tabulated by the accounting firm of Dice and Watersports located in Pahrump, Nevada. They paid for this promotional consideration. Dice and Watersports. Remember that name whenever you need to be officially tabulated.

AZURA MOJAVE

*(she tries unsuccessfully to stifle her laughing
at the accounting firm's name)*

(Struggling to retain her German accent while she laughs.) And certainly who among us will ever possibly forget their glorious company name? I was just visiting Pahrump, Nevada the other day. Why do I drive all the way to Pahrump you ask? Well, my darlings. There you will find the best-kept secret—a cheap buffet that memorializes the good old days of my legendary over-eating across all of Southern Nevada. Back when anybody and everybody could just reach in and touch your food in the buffet line. Oh look, it's fresh calamari. Let me touch those tiny tentacles to see if it squeals like a pig. Of course, directly next door, who will ever forget seeing that gigantic pair of hanging dice all the way up in the air on the second story of Dice and Watersports office building?

ANNOUNCER

(his close-up fills the video screen)

Thank you again, my queen. The results of the voting will be posted up here on this screen later on within this podcast and also the full archive of all responses will appear on our website which is “Gazz Queen dot com.” *(Website address appears superimposed on the screen.)* Next, we are to view some of the most-recently submitted videos which people sent in from their phones. They each have questions or comments especially for you, the Gazz Queen of Las Vegas, Miss Azura Mojave. Here we go. Take a look.

VIDEO SUBMISSION “B”

*(close-up of young male in a t-shirt
which calls attention to his broad shoulders and thick chest)*

Hello to you out there in podcast-land. This is my question for the Gazz Queen. I really could not think of a cool-sounding and clever fake name for myself. So, I will identify myself as “Timothy.” Not my real name, of course. I am in Dallas, Texas. I am twenty-four years of age. I work as a personal trainer helping people manage their exercise routines and balance their nutritional needs. Which is, I think, ironic to say the least. I recently have been diagnosed with

body dysmorphic disorder which gets abbreviated with the letters, “B” and “D” and “D.” I never heard of BDD before my diagnosis. But here I am. When I look at myself in those wall-to-wall mirrors at the gym where I work in Dallas—I feel ashamed. I see myself as someone who does not look the part to be a personal fitness trainer. I see someone who is unfit for that line of work. I’ve been told I have broad shoulders, muscular arms, and a thick chest. But when I look in those gym mirrors, I just feel ashamed to look at my body. Is it a surprise that I spend a lot of time at that gym working out? I try to boost how I look. I want to look more masculine. I expect to have more muscles—like bigger arms, a bigger neck, a thicker chest. I have trouble meeting anyone. Romantically, I mean. I have come to admit that I am gay. In fact, I prefer men who are muscular and masculine. That much I know rather clearly. But whenever I get together with a muscular and masculine man and we end up taking our clothes off, I get anxious. Every time. I get so worried. My shame skyrockets. I guess I’m not good when it comes to fucking. I know guys want to fuck me. I have had many dates where the guy obviously wants me for sex. He wants to be the dominant one. To take me. To help me enjoy getting fucked. But I get worried and afraid that I will be a disappointment. Kind of a buzz kill, isn’t it. Can you give me your thoughts, Miss Azura Mojave?

AZURA MOJAVE

(Speaking in her German accent.) Yes, Timothy. Thank you for your video. I also sincerely appreciate your honesty. Uh, let me start by telling you what you may already know. It is true that body dysmorphic disorder can be diagnosed easily by medical professionals. I hope you are seeing such a medical professional in Texas. Last I heard, the state laws in Texas still allowed medical professionals to work there, right? Anyway, body dysmorphic disorder is very common for both males and females. But, not surprisingly, few people are willing to talk about body dysmorphic disorder openly and confidently. I also want you to realize something very important: Body dysmorphic disorder usually does not get better on its own. I will repeat that because it is so important. Does not get better on its own. If body dysmorphic disorder goes untreated, it may get worse over time, leading to anxiety, extensive medical bills, severe depression, and in some cases may promote suicidal thoughts and self-harming behaviors. I do suggest that you meet in person with a medical professional. I cannot give you advice from afar. You need to meet face-to-face with a medical professional. And don’t wait to do so. I think you really should seek someone to help advice you from a medical standpoint without any delay, okay? Samuel let’s roll the next video, please.

VIDEO SUBMISSION “C”

(close-up of a masculine-looking Black male with an engaging smile on his face)

Hello to the Gazz Queen, Miss Azura Mojave. I am called Trey. I just turned twenty-one. Street legal. African American. Oh, fuck. That’s lame as shit. You can see I’m Black. My accent comes from having been born and raised in New Orleans, Louisiana. I still live here on the Gulf Coast now. I don’t know how to work up to this, so let me just jump right in, okay? My question is about cock size. Can I say the word “cock” or do you prefer the word “penis”? I don’t know. I honestly think the word “penis” sounds too formal and pretentious. So, cock size it is, okay? Is there a standard for this sort of thing? Black men are widely rumored to be well-endowed

compared to other races of men. I don't know if I found that to be completely accurate in real life. Only in gay porn. Know what I mean? What do you want to tell me, Gazz Queen? About cock size. I'm satisfied that my cock is big enough for what I want to do with it. I never had any complaints. If you know what I'm saying here. Thanks so much for accepting my video.

AZURA MOJAVE

(Speaking in her German accent.) Okay, Trey. Thank you for your video. This is one of the most frequently asked questions I get. "Cock size." I prefer the sound of that phrase. Let's say it together several times, okay? Cock size. Cock size. Cock size. Cock size. Cock size. Okay, now stop.

ANNOUNCER

(his close-up fills the video screen)

Cock size. Cock size. Cock size. Cock size. A great-sounding phrase, isn't it, Miss "A"?

AZURA MOJAVE

(Speaking in her German accent.) Okay, Samuel. I think we easily could fill half an hour just repeating that phrase.

ANNOUNCER

(his close-up fills the video screen)

Maybe your house band could provide appropriate musical accompaniment?

(House band improvises a hip-hop beat along with guitar and bass lines.)

(He raises his voice to be heard over the playing of the house band.) So you and I just keep repeating over and over: Cock size. Cock size. Cock size. Cock size. *(He snaps his fingers rhythmically.)* Could be a hip-hop classic. Hey, do ya think Cole Porter ever released any tunes about cock size? How 'bout it, Miss "A"? Maybe ask you could ask your house band.

AZURA MOJAVE

(Speaking in her German accent.) Okay, that's enough. *(She gestures in the air for her house band to stop playing. The music abruptly is halted.)* Samuel. No. The show. You know? As in—must go on.

ANNOUNCER

No Cole Porter songs about cock size. I get it. Makes me sad, but—. Now we will return to what you were saying, Miss "A" about the question submitted by Trey from New Orleans.

AZURA MOJAVE

(Speaking in her German accent.) Yes, my darling. One final thought. I think everyone knows this already: Cole Porter carefully concealed all his life that he was a gay man. He would never have written a song about cock size. But surely, I digress. So, Trey, to answer your question directly and no kidding around: There is no proven way for a man to increase the size of his cock from its current size to upgrade to a bigger model. No it just doesn't happen in real life. In porn—gay and straight—yes, yes, yes. In the real world we all live in—no, no, no.

ANNOUNCER

And, wait just a moment. I'm getting an inbound text message from the accounting firm of Dice and Watersports in Pahrump, Nevada. The results of our live polling have just been officially tabulated and validated so we are ready to share them now.

(text of the polling results appear on the screen)

The winner is...Meryl Streep for Best Performance by an Actress in a Leading Role. Oh, shit. That's not the correct script. Fuck. I'm so sorry. I think Warren Beatty gave me the wrong envelope or something. Here we go: The results of our live polling here on "Azura Mojave: The Gazz Queen of Las Vegas" podcast series. Drum roll, please. *(Drummer responds by playing a drum roll followed by a cymbal crash.)* Ninety-two point six, five percent chose response "D" which is "Let Satan decide." And perhaps we can get the big red man downstairs, himself, to send us a video giving his response to the live polling. Would that be fun? Oh, yeah. So, Mister Ess from the Way, Way Down Underworld, if you are watching us right now, we invite you to submit your personal, red-hot video on our website, "Gazz Queen dot com." *(Website address appears superimposed on the screen.)*

AZURA MOJAVE

(without any trace of a German accent)

Yeah, sure. Satan, himself. What a crock. He's a fake. Not an actual person. Or demon. Or whatever he is thought of nowadays.

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

I figured that would be your response, Miss "A." Oh, look, I'm getting a second text message. Thursday's Child has sent in a text message. She says she wants to set up a virtual, one-to-one video conference with you, Miss "A." Or perhaps even in real life. A face-to-face meeting.

AZURA MOJAVE

(without any trace of a German accent)

Not happening. But I will be honest here. Are we still recording right now? Or is it just you and me talking privately here, Samuel?

ANNOUNCER

I stopped the recording. Just the two of us right now. And, of course, Satan, too—. You think he may be eavesdropping by wire-tap? Does he even need wiretaps?

AZURA MOJAVE

I understand what Thursday Child is asking. Really do. But I work strictly within the context of podcast episodes. That's all. No direct contact in video conferences. I am not—. I do not feel qualified for that. I do not even have a master's degree or a doctoral degree. Just a bachelor's degree. And I was an English literature major for fucks sake. At City College! Think about that for a minute. City College. Go figure. And here I am today—so-o-o-o many years later—dispensing advice about sexual behavior. Do you think Thursday Child would want to consult with someone whose only academic preparation is in studying English literature? What do you think she wants? Shakespeare quotes? This stresses me out completely. I don't mind admitting that to you, Samuel.

ANNOUNCER

Of course, Miss “A,” and you're a hundred percent right for feeling as you do.

AZURA MOJAVE

Truth is—I have to admit something to you. I came in to do this live streaming today very irritated to start with. Can't you tell? Don't mind being honest with you, Samuel. Of all people, I know I can trust and rely upon you. What's going on is: My son is coming over to visit me tonight. Face-to-face. I'm really stressing out over that. Haven't seen him for five or six years. He's my only child.

ANNOUNCER

Wow, I didn't know you had a son. Or any children. I didn't even know you were married.

AZURA MOJAVE

Well, not married at this exact moment. I think. What day is today? Anyway--. Six times overall.

ANNOUNCER

Oh, six times. Wow. I mean, I don't mean to sound surprised or disrespectful.

AZURA MOJAVE

Yeah, it's okay. Quite a track record, right? Six husbands. Six different cities. And let's see—three—no, four different time zones. Alaska does have its own time zone, right? I think of this as the usual turn of events in the life of one highly-desirable woman who just happens to work handing out free sexuality advice to a highly horny world.

ANNOUNCER

Maybe I could work this into a nonfiction portion of an episode segment for you. The podcast listeners might enjoy this subject. We could devote time to the difficulties you're having being a mother of a young man in today's troubled world. I don't know if I talk much about him, but I have a son, Rafe. He's a little older than your son. But Rafe has difficulties we are dealing with.

AZURA MOJAVE

Difficulties? Are you fucking kidding me, Samuel? I'm not having any difficulties whatsoever. I barely know him. We have not interacted much over his entire life. He's lived his whole life in the Eastern Time Zone. Yes, he is my son. That much is true. From my sixth marriage. No children otherwise. He just turned twenty-one. Oh, what a mess. Haven't seen each other since I was visiting Manhattan when he was around fifteen. He used to live with his father there in those days.

ANNOUNCER

What do you mean he used to live with his father there in those days?

AZURA MOJAVE

Very long story. Maybe we should do a podcast episode about this subject. Marriage. Divorce. No, maybe not. My sixth husband—my son's father—was this very wealthy man. A native New Yorker like me. Prominent in the New York City music business. We had a lot of laughs together, him and me. I never figured I would get pregnant. But, oh well. Popped the little critter out. My sixth husband wanted custody of our son, so I gave in. Big-shot in the music industry, right? What else could I do? He was the father. He said he would financially support our son until his twenty-first birthday. Then the financial support would stop and the young man would suddenly have to move out on his own. Sink or swim. So, from time to time, I send him money, you know. Not to my ex-husband. To my son. But—. I live in Las Vegas. Now this young man is flying here. Now that he has just reached the glorious age of twenty-one.

ANNOUNCER

That's a big deal, Miss "A." He's probably like many young men his age—heading to Vegas to sow his wild oats now that he's of legal age. A very common story, very relatable—don't you think?

AZURA MOJAVE

Here I am, supposed to be this very famous advice-giving sex expert and all. A young man sowing his wild oats? My only son. You're suggesting maybe he might still be a virgin? Is that even possible in the present-day world we live in? Maybe he's straight or gay. I have no idea. What if he wants to relocate from Manhattan to Las Vegas? I'm terrified that when he and I meet in person, I will just make a fucking mess of it all. Wonder what Cole Porter song would best capture this sentiment? Is that a song cue? *(She snaps her fingers rhythmically and counts down for the house band.)* Uh-one and uh-two and uh-three and uh-four.

SONG: "DON'T FENCE ME IN" (Cole Porter, 1954)

**Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies above
Don't fence me in
Let me ride through the wide open country that I love
Don't fence me in**

**Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze
And listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever, but I ask you please
Don't fence me in**

**Just turn me loose
Let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the Western skies
Let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise**

**I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences
And gaze at the moon till I lose my senses
And I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences
Don't fence me in**

**Oh, give me land, lots of land under starry skies above
Don't fence me in
Let me ride through the wide country that I love
Don't fence me in**

**Let me be by myself in the evenin' breeze
And listen to the murmur of the cottonwood trees
Send me off forever but I ask you please
Don't fence me in!**

**Just turn me loose
Let me straddle my old saddle
Underneath the Western skies
Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, doo**

**On my Cayuse
Let me wander over yonder
Till I see the mountains rise
Ba, ba, ba, ba, ba**

**I want to ride to the ridge where the West commences
And gaze at the moon 'til I lose my senses
I can't look at hobbles and I can't stand fences
Don't fence me in**

(SOUND: DOORBELL CHIMES)

SON

(appearing from the street level on the video screen)

Well, hello, mother dearest. I see you're using one of those fancy cameras to guard your front door. High crime area? Or are you in witness protection out here in the Mojave Desert?

AZURA MOJAVE

*(walking quickly through the room while keeping her eye on the video screen
– speaking with no German accent)*

Oh, hello, Gregory. Let me buzz you in. Alexa, buzz in front door.

(SOUND: ALEXA CONFIRMATION CHIMES)

Thank you, Alexa. Okay, Gregory, just take the elevator to the twenty-third floor. My front door has the numbers twenty-three-six-one-seven.

SON

(his annoyance is visible on his face on the video screen)

Hey, wait. That's ancient history. Nobody calls me Gregory these days, mother. I will catch the elevator and be at your door before you know it.

AZURA MOJAVE

(talking to herself as the video screen goes dark)

Great. Fucking. Start. Is it too late for me to swallow a dozen edibles? Nobody calls him Gregory any longer. I had it so much easier when he was a child. I'm a total failure as a mother. I can feel that deep in my soul.

(SOUND: A MAN CONFIDENTLY KNOCKING AT THE DOOR)

(She swings open the door to let her son into the living room.) Oh, hello. I promise not to call you Gregory. So, what do people call you?

SON

(uncomfortably avoiding any physical contact with his mother as if he were expecting a hug; he manages to smile at her)

Twenty-three stories flying high in the skies over the Las Vegas Strip. And, you have a house band, too! Are you showing off? Uh, everyone calls me "Dom." So I want you also to call me "Dom" like all the others.

AZURA MOJAVE

(smiling awkwardly)

Everyone calls you Dom? As in, uh, you know—dominant?

SON

(getting a broad smile on his face)

Oh, well, fuck yeah. The legendary sexual behaviors expert has a young, gay son. As in *(repeating back in a German accent what she said to make fun of her)* uh, you know—dominant.

AZURA MOJAVE

(her smile is gone now)

Really embarrassed right now. Sorry. I didn't mean anything. You know that, don't you?

SON

Yeah, no problem, mother. Didn't expect we should start talking about sexual behavior within the first five minutes here. That's okay, though. Gay man from New York City. Check. Dominant. That's me. I always take the upper hand, so to speak. Although I don't really limit myself to the use of only my hands. But that's a different subject now, isn't it? So you're gonna call me "Dom" like everyone else does, right?

AZURA MOJAVE

(smiling again)

Well, I have a possible idea that just hit me. Cannabis is fully legal here in Nevada. We could, you know—. Just to cut the tension.

SON

Tension? *(Laughing at her suggestion.)* Is there tension? Are you feeling any stress at all? Kidding me?

AZURA MOJAVE

I always carry a small joint in one of my pockets. You are okay to smoke this, right? *(She holds up a fat, prerolled joint and a lighter to show her son.)* See?

SON

You call that a “small joint”? I guess everything’s bigger in Vegas.

AZURA MOJAVE

(talking to herself nervously as she lights the joint)

The famous podcaster advocates cannabis use for relaxation. This will be the end of Western Civilization.

SON

(he accepts the joint from her and inhales deeply)

You know what? This is good! *(Exhales.)* I have listened to your podcast. No kidding. Did my homework. It’s actually quite good. I like listening to you in your podcasts. I mean, you’re my mother and all. Kind of unsettling. I really did not expect to hear my own mother’s voice—even in your dubious German accent—using phrases like *(attempting a bad German accent)* “electrostimulation dildos.”

AZURA MOJAVE

(smiling wickedly and speaking in her German accent)

Today’s modern e-stim dildos work best to keep up the level of excitement even in remote relationships, darlings. Your partner can use a cell phone to control the vibrations and the thrusting. Even if you are separated by ten thousand miles. I like saying the word, thrusting. Quite amazing technology!

SON

(he hands the joint back to her)

Woah. Slow down, Miss Gazz Queen. I'm a simple guy. Not really all that comfortable sticking a synthetic cock up my ass here in the United States as someone taps their smart phone and massages my prostate while he is sitting at a beachfront hotel in Vietnam getting sucked off.

AZURA MOJAVE

(again with her German accent)

Oh, my, from Vietnam! How exotic and romantic that sounds. Getting sucked off from Vietnam. Makes my entire body shiver in anticipation.

SONG: "YOU'RE THE TOP" (Cole Porter, 1934)

**You're the top
You're the Colosseum
You're the top
You're the Louvre Museum
You're a melody from a symphony by Strauss
You're a Bendel bonnet, a Shakespeare sonnet
You're Mickey Mouse
You're the Nile
You're the Tow'r of Pisa
You're the smile
On the Mona Lisa
I'm a worthless check, a total wreck, a flop
But if, baby, I'm the bottom
You're the top**

**You're the top
You're Mahatma Ghandi
You're the top
You're Napoleon brandy
You're the purple light of a summer night in Spain
You're the National Gallery, You're Garbo's salary
You're cellophane**

**You're sublime
You're a turkey dinner
You're the time
Of the Derby winner
I'm a toy balloon that's fated soon to pop
But if, baby, I'm the bottom**

You're the top

You're the top

You're an Arrow collar

You're the top

You're a Coolidge dollar

You're the nimble tread of the feet of Fred Astaire

You're an O'Neill drama, you're Whistler's mama

You're Camembert

You're a rose, You're Inferno's Dante

You're the nose on the great Durante

I'm just in the way as the French would say

"De trop"

But if, baby, I'm the bottom

You're the top

(Full blackout)

(When the light fade up slowly, we see AZURA MOJAVE seated alone at her desk adjusting the microphone.)

ANNOUNCER

(appearing on the video screen)

Miss "A," we could have rescheduled this recording on account of your son visiting you.

AZURA MOJAVE

(no German accent)

No, no, no. I set him up in my guest bedroom. He's asleep in there now. I'm good to go here now, Samuel.

ANNOUNCER

Perhaps you should let him come and watch you work in your fabulous home recording studio overlooking the Las Vegas Strip. Just so your son can see where his famous mommie works.

AZURA MOJAVE

(no German accent)

Oh, lord! Be careful what you wish for, Samuel. Way ahead of you. I already invited him. The full-access tour which nobody ever gets.

(SOUND: A MAN CONFIDENTLY KNOCKING AT THE DOOR)

AZURA MOJAVE

(using her German accent and speaking melodramatically in German)

Willkommen. Kommen Sie herein. Öffnen Sie die Tür. Willkommen.

SON

(as he walks into the room)

So this is where my world-famous mommie works.

AZURA MOJAVE

(speaking with a German accent)

Deference, my child. Deference. Remember, I gave birth to you.

SON

You know what, seriously. I'm happy you invited me to watch as you work on your podcast recording. You have an announcer, too. He is your producer? But he's in another location?

AZURA MOJAVE

(without any German accent)

You are correct, dear boy. My producer, Samuel, needs a wheelchair to get around. Long story. Some other day perhaps. But for convenience, he uses own studio located elsewhere. His announcer voice is just the best, don't you think?

SON

Yeah, totally. Excellent choice for his voice alone. Do you pick the topics you discuss on your podcast? Or do you turn that over to Samuel?

AZURA MOJAVE

Well, the format is: People send in video recordings using their phones. Samuel and I work together to choose which we play them during the live recording of the podcast. Wait a second, do I anticipate that you have a question you want me to answer on my show?

SONG: "EASY TO LOVE" (Cole Porter, 1934)

**For you'd be so easy to love
So easy to idolize all others above
So sweet to waken with
So nice to sit down to eggs and bacon with
We'd be so grand at the game
So carefree together that it does seem a shame
That you can't see
Your future with me
'Cause you'd be, oh, so easy to love**

SON

So, how does this work? This house band of yours just jumps in at any time? Do the songs they perform need to move the storytelling forward or what?

AZURA MOJAVE

Well, why not ask the lead singer, herself. See what she says.

SON

Okay, if you insist. Hey, lead singer: Have you got a song about a son who's trying to tell his famous mother a deep secret he's holding close to the vest?

AZURA MOJAVE

I already know you are gay, my only child. That's fine with me. That's no secret, either.

LEAD SINGER

(in response, she vocalizing an aggressive "one-two-three-four" countdown before launching into a modified version of the song)

SONG: "ANYTHING GOES" (Cole Porter, 1934)

**In olden days, a glimpse of stocking
Was looked on as something shocking
But now, Heaven knows
Anything goes
Good authors, too, who once knew better words
Now only use four-letter words**

Writing prose
Anything goes

If driving fast cars you like
If low bars you like
If old hymns you like
If bare limbs you like
If nude guys you like
Or me undressed you like
Why, nobody will oppose
When ev'ry night the set that's smart is
Intruding at nudist parties
In studios
Anything goes

SON

(talking over an instrumental bridge in the song)

Nude guys? You changed the famous lyrics. Well, yes, I like nude guys very much. But, no, I'm talking about something else entirely.

AZURA MOJAVE

(responding to her son over the instrumental bridge in the song)

You're trying to say that you like females, too? That's not a problem if you're saying you are bisexual. Not at all.

SON

(continuing over the instrumental bridge of the song)

No. I definitely am only attracted sexually to males. Like me. What I'm trying to say is: I like dressing up as a female. It's only a performance. For entertainment of audiences. I'm a drag performer.

(UNCOMPLETED SONG is abruptly halted after a cymbal crash)

SON

That's why I came here to be in *(he quickly lowers the volume of his voice once he realizes the song is ended)* Las Vegas. To be near you, yes, mother dear. To live here in the same city as you

live. But also, and more important to me, I wanna try to make a success of my drag performances here. Things just didn't work out for me doing drag in New York City—.

LEAD SINGER

(interrupts SON by unexpectedly returning back to the unfinished song)

**The world has gone mad today
And good's bad today
And black's white today
And day's night today**

SON

(he stops the LEAD SINGER and the song suddenly)

No. Wait. Just stop. Doing drag is not “mad” at all today. It’s just drag. No matter what anyone says. It’s just drag. That’s all.

AZURA MOJAVE

I agree with you. Completely. Drag is just drag. No danger posed whatsoever to our society, or to small children, or even to electronic kitchen appliances.

SON

(looks over and smiles sarcastically at LEAD SINGER)

I wanna hear you come up with a song cue for that one!

LEAD SINGER

*(she vocalizes another aggressive countdown
as a prelude to the band launching into another adapted song)*

SONG: “IS IT THE GIRL OR IS IT THE GOWN?” (Cole Porter, 1944)

**Is it the girl or is it the gown?
Which one of the two do you love?
Is it her hair you long to caress
Or is it that exquisite dress?**

**Is she the dream of all you desire
Or is it her frock
That happens to knock you down?
Is it the girl you love so dearly
Or is it merely that beautiful gown?**

(AZURA MOJAVE and her SON get up onto their feet and begin ballroom dancing around the room as an instrumental bridge of the song plays on. The SONG concludes:)

**Is she the dream of all you desire
Or is it her frock
That happens to knock you down?
Is it the girl you love so dearly
Or is it merely that beautiful gown?**

(FULL BLACKOUT)

(When the lights come back up, the band is alone in the room. The live feed of Samuel's closeup on the video screen is the point of focus. The band quietly rehearses but in the background.)

ANNOUNCER
(on the screen)

Welcome to another live streaming episode of "Gazz Queen of Las Vegas." Unrehearsed. Uncensored. No do-overs. All coming to you live from Sin City.

(screen shows The Love Store logo and website address)

Promotional consideration provided by The Love Store. Open right now in-store at five locations in Las Vegas plus three locations in California. Also shop online at The Love Store dot com. An upscale romantic shopping experience. The Love Store.

(ANNOUNCER reappears on the video screen only showing his head, shoulders and chest)

So, my queen, are you there? Are you hiding again? Do you like making dramatic entrances? I cannot see you on my screen. Maybe our house band can play another theme song while we wait for you.

LEAD SINGER

*(in response to ANNOUNCER, she vocalizes another aggressive countdown
as a prelude to the band launching into another adapted song)*

SONG: "NIGHT AND DAY" (Cole Porter, 1932)

**Like the beat, beat, beat of the tom tom
When the jungle shadows fall
Like the tick, tick, tock of the stately clock
as it stands against the wall.
Like the drip, drip, drip of the raindrops
when a jungle shower is through.
So a voice within me keeps repeating you, you, you.**

**Night and day
You are the one
Only you beneath the moon
and under the sun
Whether near to me or far
It's no matter darling
where you are, I think of you.
Night and day.**

**Night and day
why is it so
that this hunger for you
follows wherever I go
In the roaring traffic's boom
In the silence of my lonely room
I think of you
Night and day**

**Night and day
under the hide of me
There's an oh, such a hungry
yearning burning inside of me
And it's torment won't ever be through
Till you let me spend my life
making love to you
Day and night
night and day.**

AZURA MOJAVE

*(walking into the room as the song ends;
she waves at Samuel on the video screen and he waves back at her)*

Samuel, I'm so sorry to be late for this live streaming of our podcast. I am frazzled.

ANNOUNCER

You do look upset, Miss "A." What's going on? You know you can talk to me. Nobody will hear except for me and all the tens of thousands of devoted fans tuned in right now to this podcast.

AZURA MOJAVE

(sitting at the desk)

(Exhaling with frustration.) I have nothing to hide. Problems with my son. None of this is going well at all. Like I hoped it would be. My son and I-- Well, let me just say I'm at a loss with him.

ANNOUNCER

I insist that you just be open and say what's going on. I also have a son, you may or may not know. I think I told about Rafe. He's about the same age as your son.

AZURA MOJAVE

(slipping in and out randomly of her German accent as if she is losing control emotionally)

Oh, my only son. I love him so much. He feels like he is a part of me. I am here in Las Vegas attempting to be this famous, internationally-respected authority on human sexuality and behavior. When it comes right down to it—with my own son—I feel like a total fraud. Not in the least bit genuine. It's as though I am not really from Berlin. I feel like I have been faking it for years.

ANNOUNCER

Well, you know what? You were born in New York City. You know this. And you are not even one tiny percent German. And Azura Mojave is your stage name, okay? You also came up with that accent so you could come across in your podcasts like a very famous woman from the past on the radio in Manhattan. She had a genuine German accent. Because she was born there. Back in the day, when she hosted that late-night radio show in New York City. But wait, everyone thought she was faking that accent. Few would have guessed she was the genuine article?

AZURA MOJAVE

Everyone watching and listening will know my secrets now. I am troubled, Samuel. But are you implying that I'm not the genuine article? Is that it? Is this what you're saying?

ANNOUNCER

No, please listen to me: You and I are in the entertainment business. In Las Vegas. You are good at this. You entertain people. You hired me to be your producer and celebrity announcer. We work very well together. I am good at being your producer and your announcer with a very deep voice. I think this is as real and as genuine as it gets. That's what I know. Of that I am absolutely certain.

AZURA MOJAVE

Thank you, Samuel. You're gonna make me cry right here in front of you. The problem is my relationship with my son. I figured he came here to Vegas to seek my counsel. But that's not why he's here in Vegas. Not at all.

ANNOUNCER

Well, this may make you feel better. Or not. My son is struggling right now. He considers himself to be a gay man. But I have not been very encouraging of that. I just cannot figure this out. And so what do you think? The two of us have problems we're not addressing. Maybe my son should meet your son. What do you think?

AZURA MOJAVE

Oh, shit, Samuel. What can I say? My son is staying here at my condo. I haven't had the chance to explain to you what he shared with me.

SON

*(walking quickly into the room adorned in full female drag,
dancing dramatically across the room)*

Come on, house band! Let me hear you deliver a fitting song for this, my grand entrance!

SONG: "I LOVE HIM, BUT HE DIDN'T LOVE ME" (Cole Porter, 1929)

**The gods who nursed this universe
Think little of mortal cares
They sit in crowds on exclusive clouds,
And laugh at our love affairs
I might have had a real romance,
If they'd given me the chance**

**I loved him, but he didn't love me
I wanted him, but he didn't want me
Then the gods had a spree
And indulged on another whim
Now he loves me, but I don't love him**

**You loved him, but he didn't love you
You wanted him, but he didn't want you
Then the gods saw you two
And indulged in another whim
Now he loves you, but you don't love him**

SON

(addressing the video screen as the song ends)

Hello, Mister Samuel. My mother has spoken so highly of you. Allow me to introduce myself to you: I am her one and only son, Gregory Dekker. I am beginning a new journey in life. Yes, it's a relocation from New York City to Las Vegas. Here in Sin City is where I will take my career as a drag performer to new heights. How do I look? Don't answer that. I have yet to choose a final drag performer name for myself now that I am here in the Wild West.

AZURA MOJAVE

Well, Samuel. What can I say? My son is staying here for now at my condo. I told you that, right? *(Giggling nervously)* But I haven't had the chance to explain his career move as a drag performer. Which I endorse, by the way. I'm gonna help him establish himself here in the Las Vegas drag community. Maybe I can help come up with a suitably provocative name.

(SOUND: DOORBELL CHIMES)

ANNOUNCER

Picking a drag name will have to wait for a while. I can see you've just got someone arriving at your front door. I'll get back to you later, Miss "A." It's Thursday Child. She sent in a video that we used on a previous podcast episode. She begged me and begged me. She wants to talk with you. She would not take "no" for an answer. Somehow, she has really come to trust you. I hope you're not gonna be mad at me for what I have done. I took the liberty of giving her your address. You have multiple cameras and high-security there where you live. You are way up on one of the highest floors. You can ignore her and not interact at all with her even if she shows up ringing your doorbell.

THURSDAY CHILD

(appearing from the street level on the video screen)

(Nervously) Well, hello, there. I and Thursday Child. I am here to see Azura Mojave, Gazz Queen of Las Vegas. Your producer said it was okay for me to come over. Told me you would welcome the chance to talk with me face-to-face. I begged him. I pressured him. It's all my fault, not his. But I hope you will let me in. Please.

AZURA MOJAVE

(while keeping her eye on the video screen – speaking with no German accent)

Oh, hello. Yes, I was expecting you, my child. Sorry, I mean, my Thursday Child. Oh fuck, just let me buzz you in. Alexa, buzz in front door.

(SOUND: ALEXA CONFIRMATION CHIMES)

Thank you, Alexa. Okay, Thursday Child, just take the elevator to the twenty-third floor. My front door has the numbers twenty-three-six-one-seven.

(AZURA MOJAVE talks to herself as the video of THURSDAY CHILD on screen is replaced with a close-up on ANNOUNCER)

Yet another. Great. Fucking. Start. Where did I put my last dozen edibles? Gregory, I am losing my sanity. Sorry I just called you Gregory. I had things so much easier when you were a child. And now, Thursday Child is on her way up in the elevator to talk with me. I'm doomed. Simply doomed I tell you.

*(SOUND: TENTATIVE KNOCKING AT DOOR.
AZURA MOJAVE walks from the desk to open the door)*

Oh, hello, my child. I mean, my Thursday. Oh, shit. Fuck it. You know what I mean. I guess I really should have swallowed all those edibles first.

SON

(addressing THURSDAY CHILD directly with a broad smile)

Hello there, Miss Thursday Child. My mother has spoken so highly of you. *(Repeating exactly what he previously said.)* Allow me to introduce myself to you: I am her one and only son, Gregory Dekker. I am beginning a new journey in life. Yes, it's a relocation from New York City to Las Vegas. Here in Sin City is where I will take my career as a drag performer to new heights. How do I look? Don't answer that. I have yet to choose a final drag performer name for myself now that I am here in the Wild West.

THURSDAY CHILD

(Nervously) So pleased to meet you. Uh, Gregory. No drag performer name yet? I just would never have guessed you are the son of Azura Mojave, Gazz Queen of Las Vegas.

SON

(addressing THURSDAY CHILD directly with friendly confidence)

Well, the family resemblance is very carefully and yes, deliberately buried under all this fabulous makeup I've got on right now. Do you like my wig? Matches my natural hair color. So, yeah, I'm

the gay son of Azura Mojave, Gazz Queen of Las Vegas. Everyone calls me “Dom.” Because—. Oh, you know what I’m saying to you. Yet, sadly, “Dom” is hardly the most appropriate or lyrical drag performer’s name, is it? And you’re probably asking yourself, who are those women over there lurking in the shadows? Well, I’ll tell you the answer. We’ve got my mother’s world-renowned house band. Doesn’t this part in our story seem like it’s just the most perfect time for another song? Can I count it down for you? A-one and a-two and a—.

SONG: “LET’S FALL IN LOVE” (Cole Porter, 1928)

**Birds do it, bees do it
Even educated fleas do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love**

**In Spain the best upper sets do it
Lithuanians and Letts do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love**

**The Dutch in old Amsterdam do it
Not to mention the Finns
Folks in Siam do it--
Think of Siamese twins**

**Some Argentines, without means, do it
People say in Boston even beans do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love**

**The chimpanzees in the zoo do it
Some courageous kangaroos do it
Let's do it, let's fall in love
Let's do it, let's fall in love**

SON

(addressing LEAD SINGER directly and up close to her with friendly confidence)

Fantastic song choice! Really the very best. Mother. This was a great idea having a house band in your live streaming podcasts.

AZURA MOJAVE

(talking to herself)

Edibles. All I ask is for edibles. Or perhaps vapes. Yeah, vaping is much quicker.

THURSDAY CHILD

(Showing more confidence now) So pleased to be here with you all this evening. I wonder if I may ask the Gazz Queen a few questions that I brought with me?

SON

(addressing THURSDAY CHILD up close to her with friendly confidence)

Yes, yes, yes. You go right ahead, Miss Thursday Child. I'm really thinking my mother will have some great advice for you this evening.

AZURA MOJAVE

(talking to herself)

A window. That's what I need. Yeah. No, no. No windows in this damn living room for me to jump out of.

THURSDAY CHILD

(Showing even more confidence now) My main question is this: People often confuse being trans with being a drag performer. The differences are plentiful, but many people have just not thought it all through. And they don't have open minds. That's probably the worst part. They fail to consider what we trans women know to be true.

AZURA MOJAVE

(talking to THURSDAY CHILD using her German accent)

Yes, this question is very important. Thank you for starting off with this question.

(AZURA MOJAVE drops her German accent and continues responding)

No, no. Let me be—. Real. Let me be totally genuine. The real me here. No accent. You're surprised I put on a German accent? Many people are not open-minded about trans women at all. That certainly is very well-known. I believe those who are closed-minded are simply afraid to consider that life today is not like life was half a century or more ago. Trans people? Yes, why not?

THURSDAY CHILD

(Confidently) And why fucking not!?

AZURA MOJAVE

(talking to THURSDAY CHILD with no German accent)

Yes, why fucking not!? The year 1955 was a long time ago. And does father knows best like it was taught to viewers on television in those days? Fucking unlikely. Maybe it's time to prove mother know best. Or is that too woke? I hate that stupid word.

(she gestures sarcastically with both hands waving in the air to encourage applause)

And worst of all—some people have made the crucial mistake and they say, “make America great again,” but that’s just a marketing phrase. Words printed on red baseball caps made in China for fuck’s sake. Real American greatness, right? The reality is we who live in this country have no reason to “make American great again” because American continues to be great. As it has for over two hundred years now. We all keep American great. It does not happen accidentally. We don’t need slogans printed upon red baseball caps from Beijing using slave labor to help us all find the correct path in this life. We need to use our brains instead of being ruled by out-of-control emotions. That’s what we need to do. People who do not understand or try to accept trans women or trans men are not using their brains very well. Their emotions run their entire lives. They gave in quite willingly to be under the control of their own highly toxic emotions. Anger. Hatred. Bigotry. It’s so sad, but it’s true.

SON

(addressing THURSDAY CHILD)

And I would add my two cents here. I was born male. I was born a gay male. So, then I came to appreciate the value of entertaining audiences by getting into full female drag. I’ve had many guys ask me to tell them if I really wanted to be a woman. Secretly, or that’s what they thought was going through my mind. Is that why you are in drag? That’s what I’ve been asked many, many times. And my answer is always the same: I am attracted to men who want to be sex partners with me. But I don’t have sex with any man while I am wearing women’s clothing. I’m a drag performer, yes. But being a drag performer, for me, means putting on wigs and costumes and lots and lots of makeup. That’s all part of my entertainment routine. It’s part of my job when I am entertaining audiences as a drag performer. For sex, I take everything off.

THURSDAY CHILD

(Showing a stronger level of confidence now) Of course, I respect that. But as a trans woman, I do not use wigs and costumes and lots and lots of makeup. Well, okay. Maybe some makeup. Strategically, of course. For me, being a trans woman is an outward reflection of what I feel from the inside of me.

SON

(addressing THURSDAY CHILD)

Yes, that’s the difference. A man who get into full female drag is always outwardly reflecting what he, in his mind, has created as entertainment for his audience. It is a performance. It is for the benefit of an audience who is observing his performance and hopefully enjoying the show.

THURSDAY CHILD

(Maintaining strong confidence) And being a trans woman is not a performance. At all. Being a trans woman is one’s choice in how to present herself outwardly to the world. The choices are all based on what she feels inwardly about herself and her identity. This is not a decision made inside anyone’s mind as if one can change their mind arbitrarily. Today I feel like wearing blue. Yesterday I felt like wearing pink. It’s not like that at all. This is responding to nature. To what is

real and genuine deep inside each of us. One cannot change who they are inside. Let the real you out into the daylight. I am beginning to accept that it actually doesn't matter if others who observe her express their approval of her at all. What matters is her being genuine about herself in a world where most people find that living is easy with eyes closed.

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Miss "A," I told my son, Rafe, about you. He has agreed to meet you to talk. I hope that's okay with you. I've given him directions to your place and your condo number.

AZURA MOJAVE

(talking to ANNOUNCER not using her German accent)

What is going on, Samuel? Good lord! You gonna keep sending people over to see in person during live streaming?

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Guilty as charged, my queen. This is too important to just let it go unresolved. My son and I need your advice.

SON

(addressing ANNOUNCER)

Well I have to admit that I would enjoy meeting your son, Samuel. Send him over.

(SOUND: DOORBELL CHIMES)

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

That's him right now. At the front door. I'm getting nervous here. Have to admit that.

RAFE

(his image appears on the big screen from the doorbell camera)

Hey, it's Rafe here. My father, Samuel, is the producer and announcer on your podcast. Is this a good time for me to be here? My father assured me it was okay for me to come over to meet you in person.

AZURA MOJAVE

(talking to ANNOUNCER not using her German accent)

Samuel, you owe me, big time, baby. Big time.

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

I agree, my queen. I certainly agree.

AZURA MOJAVE

(while keeping her eye on the video screen – speaking with no German accent)

Oh, hello. Yes, Rafe. I was expecting you, my child. Sorry, you are not my child. You are Samuel's child. The son of Sam. Oh fuck, what am I saying? Another fine mess I'm making. Just let me buzz you in. Alexa, buzz in front door.

(SOUND: ALEXA CONFIRMATION CHIMES)

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Son of Sam? That's original, my queen.

AZURA MOJAVE

(while keeping her eye on the video screen – speaking with no German accent)

Samuel, I want you to stay connected. I want you in on this conversation we are about to have here when your son arrives. No escape for you, baby. I want you to stay connected here during this live streaming.

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

I understand. I have no choice here, my queen. No choice at all.

(SOUND: MAN CONFIDENTLY KNOCKING ON THE DOOR.

AZURA MOJAVE walks over to open the door)

Oh, hello. You must be Rafe. Very good-looking man. Your father is Samuel?

RAFE

Yeah, Samuel. My father. He's the producer of your podcast. So I guess that makes him an employee of yours? Or, at least, he reports to you, right?

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Hello, Rafe. And, yes, She is my boss.

RAFE

Okay, so what did you say about me, father? I mean, how did you introduce me to her?

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Nothing much, Rafe. I told her at least part of the truth. I told her you and I have struggles we're dealing with that has affected our relationship.

RAFE

So, you think we have a relationship? That's news to me. Is that what you are telling me, father?

AZURA MOJAVE

(speaking to RAFE with no German accent)

Let's dial this one down a little, okay? I told your father it was fine for you to come here. You can see I have two guests. My son just arrived from New York City. And this is Thursday Child who is local here in Las Vegas. I am someone who provides sexual behavior advice. You already know this. You have heard my podcast maybe?

RAFE

I'm a regular listener, yeah. And I live here in Las Vegas. I just don't know if you can be of much help for me and my dear old man. I love him, but things are messed up between us for sure.

SON

(addressing RAFE)

Well, Rafe, do you have any questions regarding sexual behavior advice you wanna ask my mother?

AZURA MOJAVE

(speaking to her SON with no German accent)

Wait just one fucking second, please. I am the only one here who gets to ask questions. Let us all accept that right from the start. Go ahead, Rafe. You know what my subjects my live streaming podcast episodes cover. Your father is my producer and the podcast announcer. He asked you here. So, his asking you here suggests to me that there must be some questions you have regarding sexual behavior advice you want to bring up.

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Go ahead, Rafe. Be completely honest. Pretend I'm not here.

RAFE

(Sarcastically) I'm afraid I have no experience doing that. No experience at all pretending that my father does not exist. No problem at all.

AZURA MOJAVE

(speaking to RAFE with no German accent)

I gather, Rafe, from what I'm seeing here tonight that you and your father have difficulty communicating. Why would I think that? And what does this have to do with questions regarding sexual behavior?

RAFE

I do not live at home any longer. I have my own place. My mother passed away a few years ago. Today my father and I do not communicate well. I told my father I want to come out as a gay man. I have known my whole life that I am gay. My mother knew. Now that she is gone, I want to stop denying. Stop lying. Start being real. My father does not understand me.

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Completely true, my queen. I am have difficulty understanding Rafe. If you look at him, anyone who looks at him. They see a strong masculine man. He was always athletic. I do not understand how my son—objectively a strong masculine man and athletic, too—can be gay. I just don't understand this at all.

RAFE

Yeah, that sums it all up. Very clearly. My father thinks a man whose outward appearance is like mine cannot be gay. Such an enduring stereotype from the nineteen fifties! What were the words he used? A strong masculine man and athletic, too.

AZURA MOJAVE

(speaking to RAFE and ANNOUNCER with no German accent)

Both of you guys need to listen to me. It's my podcast, goddamn it. I think that gives me certain prominence. Or dominance. What's the best word?

SON

(addressing his mother)

No, mother. I'm the dominant one.

THURSDAY CHILD

(Maintaining strong confidence) I need to chime in here. I know a lot about how outward appearances signify one thing compared to what's going on inside a person. Believe me, I know this from rough personal experiences I've had.

RAFE

Well, I look at you, Thursday Child. I see who you are. I see a confident woman. That's what I see. Not lying to you here.

THURSDAY CHILD

(Maintaining strong confidence) I could just kiss you, Rafe.

AZURA MOJAVE

(speaking to everyone with no German accent)

Okay, okay. Let's save the kissing for images run under the closing credits. Can we all at least agree on that?

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Images of kissing. Run under the closing credits. Check.

AZURA MOJAVE

(speaking to everyone with no German accent)

I will offer my initial observations right now since you all are present here in my condo. Kissing can take place later during the closing credits. Right now, I want to observe that I think Rafe is very brave to walk in here and open up while being put on the spot.

RAFE

Thank you for saying that. Miss Gazz Queen. I appreciate your feedback. I just think my father will see things differently now that I am here telling all this in front of everyone watching in this room and out there in the audience. I knew I would be put on the spot. I knew I would be coming out in a major way. No privacy. No more secrets. I wanted that to happen. I wanted that to help my rather see me for who I really am. That's it.

AZURA MOJAVE

(speaking to everyone with no German accent)

And each person is gonna have to draw their own conclusions after seeing and hearing what happened here. There are no simple answers. I could say to Samuel that a man's outward appearance can and does have nothing to do with whether he is gay or straight or anything else. Outward appearance is just what the words mean. Outward. Appearance. But, Samuel, I ask that you give your son some space to be real. To be who he really is. To be who he wants to be. That's the best thing I can offer to you, Samuel, and to you, Rafe. The two of you will need to work on how you communicate with one another. Not here. Not during a live streaming podcast in front of an audience. But on your own. Back in the so-called "real world" when we are done with this podcast episode.

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Got it, my queen. But as the producer of this podcast, I need to remind you of something. We just got one more selfie video that we need to show here before we are finished with this episode.

AZURA MOJAVE

(speaking to ANNOUNCER with no German accent)

Oh, the pressures of show business! Let's roll that video, Samuel, if you please.

VIDEO SUBMISSION "D"

(close-up of a second masculine-looking Black male)

Hello Miss Azura Mojave. I saw the video you played earlier from Trey. I'm his boyfriend, Jamal. Also in New Orleans. And I also just turned twenty-one. So, I wanna bring us back to the subject of cock size. Don't you just love it how those two words go together well? "*Sont les mots qui vont tres bien ensemble*" as we all say all over the French Quarter. I want to speak out on behalf of men who represent the benefits of cock size.

RAFE

Now there's a subject that I absolutely know I am qualified to talk about here on this podcast.

ANNOUNCER

(on screen)

Unfortunately, Rafe, we are completely out of time. As they say in Berlin, *auf Wiedersehen*. Thank you so much, Rafe, for being here in person. And thanks to all who appeared here in this live streaming podcast. We do have just enough time on this podcast for one final live poll. Go now to our website "Gazz Queen dot com" and you can vote there. *(Website address appears superimposed on the screen and then is replaced with text as ANNOUNCER reads it.)*

So, here we go. Question “B” as in “Bottom.” This question is multiple-choice. Four possible answers. You can choose only one. The question is: “If we at this podcast were going to select someone to play the role of Satan for a fake video asking fake selfie questions about his fake sexual behaviors, who would be the best choice for us to select?” Select “A” if you recommend Donald Trump. Select “B” to recommend Rudy Giuliani. “C” for going with gender-neutral and recommending Kamala Harris. And “D” more gender neutrality if you want to recommend Nancy Pelosi. Wow, very, very tough choices. Back to you, my queen.

AZURA MOJAVE

(talking to the audience in her German accent)

Thank you so much, Samuel, for all that you do for me. And I especially want to thank all of you who are in our audience for this live streaming podcast. I don’t want your money. Don’t need no credit card to ride this train. I give you power. Yes, my darlings. Power. Feel the power of love. Tap into that power that springs from your sexual attraction to others. And always wash your hands after masturbation. Remember this. You will thank me later. Now be gone. Be real. Be whatever you feel. Just be somebody. I ask you to please tell others about this fabulous live streaming podcast from Sin City where sexual behaviors come to life. Now go out there wherever you are and let’s misbehave!

LEAD SINGER

*(she vocalizes another aggressive countdown
as a prelude to the band launching into song)*

SONG: “LET’S MISBEHAVE” (Cole Porter, 1928)

**We're all alone, no chaperone
Can get our number
The world's in slumber
Let's misbehave!!!**

**There's something wild about you child
That's so contagious
Let's be outrageous
Let's misbehave!!!**

(AZURA MOJAVE, her SON, RAFE, and THURSDAY CHILD dance individually but as a group in front of the house band. Each character demonstrates dance moves in burlesque-inspired styles aligned with the song’s lyrics. This choreographed performance is playfully sexual with an emphasis upon demonstrating one’s inner feelings of amorous desire set free.)

**When Adam won Eve's hand
He wouldn't stand for teasin'.
He didn't care about those apples out of season.**

**They say that Spring
means just one thing to little lovebirds
We're not above birds
Let's misbehave!!!**

**It's getting late and while I wait
My poor heart aches on
Why keep the brakes on?
Let's misbehave!!!**

**I feel quite sure un peu d'amour
Would be attractive
While we're still active,
Let's misbehave!**

**You know my heart is true
And you say you for me care...
Somebody's sure to tell,
But what the hell do we care?**

**They say that bears have love affairs
And even camels
We're merely mammals
Let's misbehave!!!**

PARODY SONG: "COCK SIZE" (2023)

(Without warning, the song changes key and time signature. LEAD SINGER and HOUSE BAND together with AZURA MOJAVE, her SON, RAFE and THURSDAY CHILD and the on-screen ANNOUNCER perform an up-tempo, irreverent and original song which parodies the musical style and sensibilities of old COLE PORTER songs)

**Kiss me, my lover
Let's do it, undercover
You want me
You need me
Oh, it's cock size, cock size, cock size**

**Wait, no ending this
Just plant your searing kiss
You want me**

**You need me
It's cock size, cock size, cock size**

**It's fun and free
Just you and me
I've got you
It's oh so true
It's cock size, cock size, cock size**

**Jump right in
We cannot swim
Just me and you
Through and through
It's cock size, cock size, cock size**

ANNOUNCER

*(voice over as sponsor logo appears on screen
during an instrumental bridge)*

Promotional consideration provided to the “Gazz Queen of Las Vegas” podcast series by [sponsor.] [Customized sponsor text goes here.]

(Music builds to a dramatic crescendo and then ends at a full blackout. House band improvises a hip-hop beat emphasizing drums, guitar and bass solos during the curtain call.

Lead singer embraces RAFE sensually as she riffs on the lyrics: “It's cock size, cock size, cock size.”)