

GOING LOCAL

by Ken Bradbury

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SYNOPSIS: The new TV station doesn't get the network feed so the staff has to provide the programming.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(5 either)*

TYLER (m/f) very hyper assistant. *(18 lines)*
 SHAWN (m/f)..... the technician. *(18 lines)*
 HOAGIE (m/f)..... the janitor. *(12 lines)*
 BOYD (m/f) boss of station WHOT. *(61 lines)*
 DALLAS (m/f)..... the secretary. *(32 lines)*

BOYD: (*Pacing in front of the others.*) Okay, this is it, everybody. The big day! Station W.H.O.T goes on the air.

TYLER: (*A hyper "yes person".*) We're ready, Boss! This is going to be the best television station in the Midwest! Nothing's going to beat us, Boss! Nothing!

BOYD: Then why am I so nervous?

HOAGIE: Is this gonna take long? I've still got four windows to do.

BOYD: Hoagie, even a window washer is a vital cog in this great engine! No part is too small! No mountain too steep!

DALLAS: (*A rather bored secretary.*) When's our morning coffee break? (*To SHAWN.*) Do you have any nail polish?

BOYD: Focus! Focus! Could I please have a bit of focus here?! We go on the air in two minutes!

SHAWN: (*The technician, listening in his headset.*) Uh. Boss. That could be a problem.

BOYD: What are you talking about?

SHAWN: The network feed. It's dead. There's something wrong with our line to the network.

BOYD: That's crazy! I mean, that's impossible!

HOAGIE: Do I still have to wash the windows?

BOYD: (*Grabbing SHAWN'S headset.*) This can't be! If we don't have a feed from the network then ...

SHAWN: One minute 'til air time.

TYLER: Ooo! Ooo! Ooo! This is terrible! This is really terrible!

BOYD: Calm down!

TYLER: Yes, Boss!

BOYD: (*In exactly TYLER'S tone.*) This is terrible! This is really terrible!

SHAWN: Thirty seconds.

BOYD: We'll punt!

HOAGIE: Huh?

BOYD: Punt! We'll ... we'll make do! We've advertised a full morning of T.V. shows and we'll fake it ... we'll do them live with what we've got here.

DALLAS: (*Bored.*) That oughta be good.

BOYD: (*Grabbing DALLAS.*) Starting with you!

DALLAS: What?

BOYD: You're my news anchor.

DALLAS: I don't know nothin' about boats.

BOYD: News anchor! You're doing the news!

DALLAS: Do I have to spell? I have trouble spellin'.

BOYD: Read! All you've got to do is read!

DALLAS: Hope it goes slow. I'm not good at readin' either. Has anybody seen my nail file?

BOYD: Forget your stupid nail file! Just read the news.

DALLAS: What if I get stuck?

BOYD: Then we'll go to something else. There's five of us. We can do this.

SHAWN: Ten seconds.

BOYD: You're on, Dallas!

DALLAS: I haven't had my coffee break.

SHAWN: In five, four *(As the others clear out of the way and DALLAS stands there in confusion ... then SHAWN signals with fingers: Three! Two! One! Then points to her.)*

BOYD: *(Whispering.)* You're on! You're on!

DALLAS: How do I look?

BOYD: Fine! Fine! You look fine! Just read the news off the teleprompter.

DALLAS: How's my hair?

BOYD: Who cares! Just read the news!

DALLAS: *(Reading, haltingly.)* Good morning ... and welcome to station WHOT, the hottest station in America. And now for the international news ... *(She stops.)*

BOYD: What's the matter?

DALLAS: I can't pronounce these words. They're all foreign.

BOYD: Go to commercial! Go to commercial.

DALLAS: Here's a commercial.

BOYD: *(Pointing to TYLER.)* You! You!

TYLER: Me?

BOYD: You!

TYLER: For what?

BOYD: Anything! Just sell something!

TYLER: (*Quickly latching onto HOAGIE.*) Is that what you look like first thing in the morning?

HOAGIE: Hey!

TYLER: Run down? Wrinkled? It could be your liver! (*Points to HOAGIE'S stomach.*)

HOAGIE: Get your finger off my liver.

TYLER: That's why you need Vita-Liver!

BOYD: (*Sticking his head in and echoing.*) Vita-Liver! Vita-Liver!

TYLER: Four out of five otherwise sane doctors tell us that one dose of this miracle pill can turn (*Pointing to HOAGIE.*) this! ... To (*Grabbing SHAWN and pulling him/her into the scene.*) ... This! Remember! It's Vita-Liver!

BOYD: (*Sticking head in again.*) Vita-Liver! Vita-Liver! (*to Dallas.*) Back to you!

DALLAS: (*Talking on the phone.*) Look, you jerk, if take me to another cheap restaurant tonight, I'll ...

BOYD: Dallas! You're on the air!

DALLAS: I'll call you back ... creep. (*Hangs up.*) In a fast-breaking story from London, England, the Queen opened Parliament this morning. We take you now to London.

BOYD: What are you doing?!

DALLAS: I need my coffee.

BOYD: (*Quickly tossing HOAGIE into place as "The Queen".*) You! You're the Queen! Go! Go!

HOAGIE: (*A stunned beat, then.*) What do I do?

BOYD: You open Parliament! Open it! Open it!

HOAGIE: (*Grabs an imaginary bottle and tries to remove the lid ... speaking in a pretty bad British accent.*) I say ... this bottle of Parliament seems stuck. What? (*It opens and spills all over him/her.*) Tally ho! Good show! I've got Parliament all over my pants!

BOYD: Cut! Cut! (*To DALLAS.*) Back to you!

DALLAS: (*on the phone again.*) Look Myron, you send me cheap flowers, you take me to cheap restaurants ...

BOYD: You're on! You're on!

DALLAS: Oh. (*Into the phone.*) And I'm tired of your mother taggin' along on our dates. (*Hangs up.*) It looks like we've got a preview of this morning's lineup. Presenting our newest soap opera ... Days of Our Lies. Lies? Lies? Oh, I get it, "Lies." Here's a clip.

BOYD: We don't have any clips!

DALLAS: And I don't have any coffee yet! So what're you gonna do about it?

BOYD: (*Grabbing TYLER and SHAWN.*) Quick! Give us a Soap Opera!

TYLER: (*Holding SHAWN tightly.*) Oh, Henry! Henry, how could you do this to me!?

SHAWN: I didn't do nothin'.

TYLER: You told Margo about Theodore's operation while he was on the deserted island of Wango-Bango during the monsoon season last January, right in the middle of Shanna's wedding being held in the basement under Dirk's illegal gambling racket on the back of Paul and Jenna's yacht parked in the harbor near Bart's Bar and Grill.

SHAWN: Oh. That.

BOYD: (*To DALLAS.*) Back to you! Back to you!

DALLAS: (*On the phone.*) Pansies! You sent stinkin' pansies when I asked for roses! What kind of cheap ...

BOYD: You're on, Dallas!

DALLAS: (*In the phone.*) ... and they had bugs. (*she hangs up.*) We now give you a preview of our new nature program ... Insane Australians Doing Stupid Things!

BOYD: What?

DALLAS: I just made that up. I need a break.

BOYD: (*Grabbing HOAGIE and TYLER.*) Go! Go! Nature program!

HOAGIE: (*Narrating as TYLER falls to the floor and begins wrestling a very large crocodile.*) (*In a broad Australian accent.*) Crikey! 'e's got 'im a big 'un 'e as! Look at the soize of that croc! 'ey Winslow! Get 'im by the bloody neck! Ooo! Bet that 'urts! My friend Winslow is unwisely tryin' to wrestle a four-ton man-eating crocodile into submission wearin' only a towel and a bike 'elmet. Ooo, Winslow! He got yer bloody arm! Crikey! What a show! What a show! (*TYLER screams and dies.*)

BOYD: *(To DALLAS.)* Back to you.

DALLAS: *(Now in tears, still on the phone.)* You jerk! How dare you treat me like this! You said you was gonna marry me!

BOYD: Please, Dallas! You're on the air!

DALLAS: *(Still sobbing into the phone.)* Bye. *(To the audience ... still in tears.)* And now it's time for our movie critics, Sissboom and Egret.

BOYD: *(Grabbing SHAWN and HOAGIE.)* Movie Critics! Movie Critics!

SHAWN: Say, we've got a great line up of films this week, eh buddy?

HOAGIE: How come they don't show cartoons any more?

SHAWN: My favorite was The Lord of the Rinky-Dinks! Wasn't that great?

HOAGIE: The cartoons were my favorite part.

SHAWN: Especially that scene where the Dark Lord was about to crush the little Hob-nobbits! Let's take a look at the clip!

BOYD: What?

SHAWN: The clip! Show the clip!

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