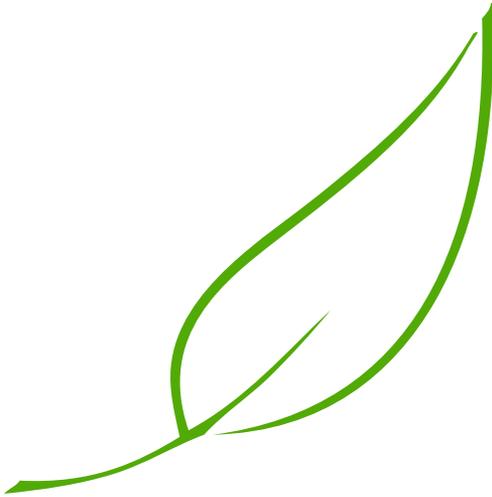


CHANNEL SURFERS

by Ken Bradbury



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CAST: (4) Sean, Tracy, Kris, Jess (*any combination male or female*)

SETTING: *the showroom of an appliance Dealer. Sean enters, hyper.*

SEAN: This is it! This is it! The day we've been waiting for!

TRACY: (*running in*) Almost ready, Boss!

SEAN: Great! I'm telling you, kid, this is gonna be the biggest sale this town has ever seen! The world's biggest big-screen television and we're the only store in town that's got one!

TRACY: (*looking out through the imaginary front window*) They're already lining up, boss. You sure we got enough sets?

SEAN: Tell you the truth, we've only got this one set but we can take orders. (*grabbing Tracy by the collar*) And I mean I want you take orders, kid! We're gonna make a killing today!

KRIS: (*running in*) Hey boss! We got trouble!

SEAN: Don't even tell me that. Whatever it is, fix it!

KRIS: Can't.

SEAN: Whatta you mean you can't? What's wrong?

KRIS: The new TV.

SEAN: What!!!!?

KRIS: Only one thing wrong with it.

SEAN: Yeh?

KRIS: It won't work.

SEAN: Don't tell me it won't work.

KRIS: It won't work.

SEAN: Didn't I just tell you ...

KRIS: Boss, I've tried everything. I mean look at it ... (*gestures upstage*) It looks great ... mahogany cabinet and forty-seven quadra-range speakers, and the thing's a monster! Seven feet tall! And it won't work!

SEAN: (*collapsing to knees, sobbing*) I knew it! I knew it! Mom told me to get into used cars but I wouldn't listen! I had to

sell the world's largest televisions that won't work! (*suddenly looking up*) Look at 'em! There must be a thousand people out there all ready to buy something that won't work!

TRACY: Uh...we open in 30 seconds, Boss. What do you want me to do?

SEAN: Shoot me.

TRACY: Huh?

SEAN: Just shoot me and get it over with. I don't care if I ever see another ... Hey! Wait a minute! I got an idea! Yeh! And it just might work! (*to Tracy*) You!

TRACY: Huh?

SEAN: (*to Kris*) You!

KRIS: What'd I do?

SEAN: Get behind that TV set. (*working on the TV*) Look, the back comes off it easy. Get back here and be the TV.

TRACY: You're crazy. (*to Kris*) He's crazy.

SEAN: You're fired.

TRACY: You're a genius, Boss. (*moving to behind the TV*) You're a real genius!

KRIS: But how are we ... (*Tracy grabs and drags behind the TV screen*)

SEAN: The doors are open! Hey everybody! And welcome to the world premier showing of the Pana-Sony-Super-Sonic Television! You there!

JESS: Huh?

SEAN: How about being the first to demonstrate this little baby for the crowd?

JESS: I came in to buy a toaster.

SEAN: A toaster! Hey! What a joker! Here! Here's the remote control.

JESS: No buttons.

SEAN: Don't need buttons on this little baby! You just speak into the remote control! Tell it what channel you want then stand back for the show of your life! Go ahead! Go ahead!

JESS: Then can I get my toaster?

SEAN: Funny man/lady! Funny man/lady! Go ahead! Go ahead! Tell it what channel you want.

JESS: I like animals.

TRACY: (*immediately jumping into “the picture” with an Australian accent.*) Crikey! Here we are on Animal Planet! Now watch as my assistant Jim-Bob wrestles a 4000 pound crocodile! (*Kris is immediately grabbed around the throat by an imaginary crocodile.*) Get him, Jim-Bob! Don’t let go, mate! Oh crikey! He just tore off your left arm! (*Kris howls as he left arm is removed.*) And there goes your right arm! (*he screams as his right arm is taken away*) Hold on, Jim-Bob! ‘E’s goin’ for your legs, mate! (*Kris screams in pain and drops out of sight.*)

SEAN: Wow! Did you ever see a picture more life-like? Try another one! Try another one!

JESS: (*speaking into the remote*) Maybe they sell toasters on the Home Shopping Network.

TRACY: (*jumping into the “screen”*) And for only 49.99 this little beauty can be yours! It can toast, it can roast! This little baby’s the most! Show ‘em, Harold!

KRIS: Huh?

TRACY: Harold will now put a 27 pound turkey into the toaster!

KRIS: (*makes angry turkey gobble-type sounds as he wrestles the imaginary turkey around the set*)

TRACY: And we’ve only got six thousand of these little babies left!

KRIS: Help! (*more angry turkey sounds*)

TRACY: Oh, no, Harold! The turkey’s got your right arm! (*Kris screams*) And now your right arm! (*Kris screams, gobbles, emotes*) Look out for those legs! (*Kris screams and drops out of view.*)

SEAN: Unbelievable! And the color! So realistic!

JESS: Those guys look familiar.

SEAN: That’s because of the great quality picture in this little baby! Go ahead! Try another channel!

JESS: I left my windows down. Wonder what the weather’s gonna do?

TRACY: This is Stormy Gale with the Weather Channel. We now take you to Cy Clone on the coast for the latest on Hurricane _____ (*feel free to put in your judge’s name*). Cy! Can you hear me!



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