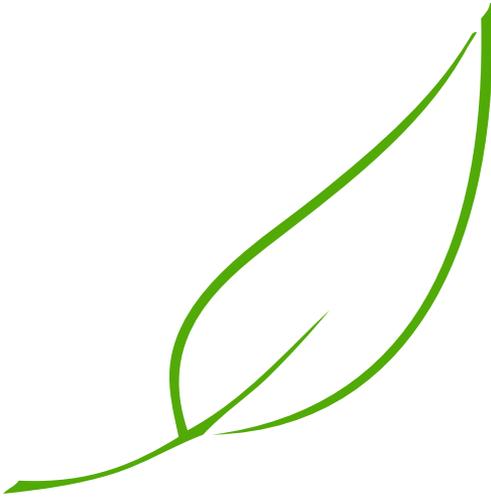


A LITTLE BREEZY DOWN BELOW

by Ken Bradbury



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A scene for four actors. Gary should be played by a male, but the other characters may be portrayed by actors of either gender.

The characters: Gary, an extremely vain TV weatherman; Mickey, the makeup person; Paris, a hair stylist; and Ramsey, the director of a local TV newscast.

RAMSEY: (*entering*) Where is he?

PARIS: He's always late.

RAMSEY: Big star. I hate working with guys who think they're big shots.

PARIS: He's the most popular weatherman in the tri-state area. He's a big deal, Boss.

RAMSEY: He's a big ego. The guy's more concerned with his hair than getting the weather right.

MICKEY: (*running in*) Where's Gary?

RAMSEY: You tell me.

MICKEY: I've got to do his makeup. We're almost at news time.

RAMSEY: (*shouting*) Gary! Anybody scene the fabulous Gary Galloway?

GARY: (*poking his head in, smiling*) Somebody call me?

MICKEY: I've got to do your makeup, Mr. Galloway.

PARIS: And your hair. We've only got a few minutes.

GARY: I need a coffee.

RAMSEY: Now?

GARY: I can't go on without my coffee. It's in my contract.

RAMSEY: (*as he begins to exit*) Good grief!

GARY: Two sugars, one cream.

RAMSEY: Is that in the contract, too?

GARY: Paragraph 12, section six, under "star requirements." Hurry, would you?

RAMSEY: I'm the director!

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GARY: Oh. Sorry. I keep forgetting. Then at least move quickly.

RAMSEY: (*exiting*) I give up.

PARIS: (*trying to comb his hair*) Please hold still, Mr. Galloway.

MICKEY: (*dabbing on makeup*) Could you lower your head just a bit, sir?

GARY: (*to Mickey*) The shadows. I have shadows under my eyes this morning. I was up late last night receiving the Most Charming Weatherman Awards. Block out my shadows. (*looking at himself in an imaginary hand mirror*) What are you doing? There's gray in my hair.

PARIS: That's, uh, because you have gray in your hair, Mr. Galloway.

GARY: That's impossible! I'm much too young and handsome to have gray in my hair. It must have come off someone else and fallen onto my head. Spray it! Spray it, quickly! (*Paris begins to spray*) Oh, the things I must go through to be the area's most lovable weatherman! The trials I must endure.

RAMSEY: (*entering*) Here's your coffee, Dreamboat.

GARY: (*taking the coffee*) Ramsey, I want to talk to you about yesterday's broadcast. You know, I wasn't very happy about that.

RAMSEY: I know. You predicted sunny skies and we got three inches of rain.

GARY: I mean the camera angle. When you shoot me from that angle it looks like I have a double chin.

RAMSEY: That's because you have a double chin. In fact, you have three of them. I could only cut one out. But you missed the forecast completely!

GARY: Oh, who cares? The important thing is to make me look like I know what I'm talking about.

RAMSEY: What?

PARIS: Please hold still, Mr. Galloway.

MICKEY: One minute and we're on.

PARIS: If you don't hold still I can't fix your hair.

GARY: Look, people only watch this station because of me!

RAMSEY: Oh, gimme a break!

GARY: Have you looked at the ratings? We've got the top spot on the chart! If it weren't for me, all of you would be out of business.

PARIS: (*trying valiantly to comb a moving target*) Mr. Galloway if you don't ... (*she bumps him*) Oh. Oh, my gosh. Sorry.

GARY: (*looking at his pants*) You clumsy fool! I've got coffee on my pants! You spilled the coffee on my pants!

PARIS: But you were the one who ...

GARY: What do I do?

RAMSEY: Take 'em off!

GARY: Take 'em off! Quick! (*to the other two*) Help me! (*and the three mime removing Gary's pants*) What are you?!?! This is unbelievable! This is humiliating.

RAMSEY: Yeah, and you got funny legs, too. (*handing the pants to Mickey*) Here! Clean that stain! Quick!

PARIS: Thirty seconds!

GARY: My pants!

RAMSEY: Hurry!

GARY: My pants!

MICKEY: (*offstage, scrubbing furiously*) I'm trying!

PARIS: Twenty seconds!

GARY: My pants!

RAMSEY: Done yet?

MICKEY: It won't come out!

RAMSEY: My gosh!

GARY: My pants!

PARIS: There's the music!

RAMSEY: Get ready to roll!

GARY: No!

PARIS: In five, four, three, two ... (*Ramsey points at Gary who at the count of "one" quickly pulls a chair in front of him. He looks dead straight into the camera, shocked. Numb. Then suddenly an extremely stupid smile appears on his face.*) Ha, ha.



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LITTLE BREEZY DOWN THERE

by Ken Bradbury.

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