

# GOING LOCAL

by Ken Bradbury



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*(A play for five characters. Tyler, Shawn, Hoagie, Boyd, Dallas. These characters may be played by either sex. Boyd is the boss of station WHOT, Shawn the technician, Hoagie the janitor, Dallas the secretary, and Tyler is one very hyper assistant.)*

**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!



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