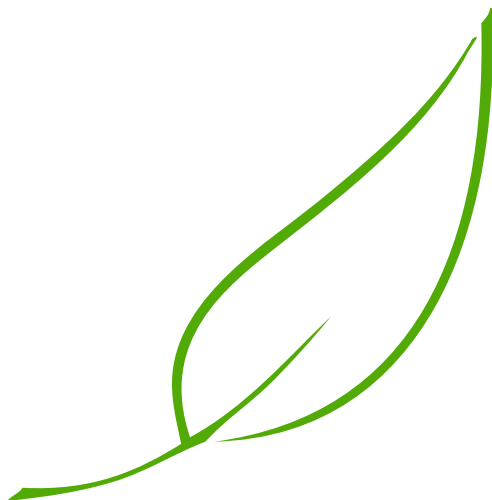


ON THE AIR

by Ken Bradbury



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PARKER: (*mopping the floor, trying to stay out of Strobe's way*) Would you watch what you're doing? You nearly put my eye out!

STROBE: Hey, this ain't my thing, moppin' floors. What a lousy job.

PARKER: Look, we wanted an easy job for the summer and I applied at the radio station. All we gotta do is come in early in the morning, mop a few floors and we've got the rest of the day free.

STROBE: You call this a radio station? One disc jockey in a hick town?

PARKER: It's a job. Now shut up and keep mopping ... and watch that handle! You are dangerous!

STROBE: So, when's he gettin' here? The disc jockey dude?

PARKER: (*looking out*) Oh shoot! There he is now! Quick! Get that your corner scrubbed!

STROBE: My corner? Yeh, it's always my corner!

PARKER: Hurry up! He's coming up the walk.

STROBE: (*mimicking the DJ in a nasal twang as he scrubs*) Hi there! This is W.H.I.K. in Hicksville! Comin' your way with some of the worst music this side of ...

PARKER: Morning Boss! Yeh, we're just finishing up ...

STROBE: He's here?

PARKER: Watch that mop! (*but Strobe has wheeled around and struck the Boss with the end of his mop*) Oh, no! You killed him! You killed him with your mop!

STROBE: It wasn't even loaded!

PARKER: (*bending down and slapping the Boss*) What're we gonna do? What're we gonna do?

STROBE: I guess we'll have to mop it all over again.

PARKER: You idiot! What time is it?

STROBE: Time to get out of here.

PARKER: (*looking at a clock on the wall*) One minute 'til air time! Shoot!

STROBE: I'm goin'.

PARKER: (*stopping him*) No way! This station doesn't go on the air and they'll know something is wrong! We gotta stall until he comes around.

STROBE: Stall? How we gonna stall?

PARKER: (*looking at the clock*) Thirty seconds! There's gotta be a switch here somewhere! Try to wake him up! Do something! (*flipping switches, to himself*) Come on, come on ... it's one of these. (*seeing Strobe putting the mop in the Boss's face*) What're you doing?

STROBE: Puttin' water on his face. I saw it on ER.

PARKER: Idiot! Ten seconds!

STROBE: He's got one awful knot on his head.

PARKER: Forget it! Forget it! We gotta go on! There! There it is! (*in a lively radio voice*) Good morning and welcome to W.H.I.K.! The voice of Hicksville! This is Boss Redman with latest in news, weather and sports! And now ... here's ... uh ... Strobe Lanksy with the weather! Strobe?

STROBE: Huh?

PARKER: (*covering the microphone with his hand*) The weather! Give 'em the weather!

STROBE: I don't know the weather.

PARKER: Look at the window, you idiot.

STROBE: (*looking out*) The weather is ...

PARKER: And here comes the weather ...

STROBE: The weather is ... just fine.

PARKER: Temperature?

STROBE: (*holding his finger out the window*) Pretty good!

PARKER: And today's forecast?

STROBE: (*again with the finger*) More of the same.

PARKER: And there you have it! Today's weather! Hey, I'll be right back with the sports right after this hit from Tex Angus and the Shorthorns! "They May Put Me In Prison, But They Can't Stop My Face From Breakin' Out!" (*he punches a button then nearly faints*) Oh, this awful. What're we gonna do?

STROBE: The market reports?

PARKER: How is he?

STROBE: (*looking at the fallen Boss*) Sort of movin' from red to purple.

PARKER: Quick! We gotta think of something!

STROBE: I wonder if there's any coffee?

PARKER: You are no help, you know that? You are really no help! Quick! Find the sports!

STROBE: Where?

PARKER: I don't know! Make something up! (*sees a light come on*) And that was Tex Holstein and the Droppings with "I'd stepped right in the middle of your love!" And now here's Spike DeMaggio with the sports. Spike!

STROBE: Uh ... there was a lot of ballgames played yesterday.

PARKER: ...Yes? ... And ...?

STROBE: Uh ... Here are the scores. New York 3, San Francisco 6, St. Louis 12, Chicago 18.

PARKER: Great. And how about basketball?

STROBE: Uh ... Notre Dame beat William and Mary and three other guys 92-12.

PARKER: Say! It sounds like a great day in sports! And now a word from our sponsor! (*covering the mic*) I need a commercial!

STROBE: Look, I just came in to mop the floor.

PARKER: I'm gonna mop the floor with you if you ... (*back into the mic*) Are you feeling run down?

STROBE: Yeh.

PARKER: Worn out?

STROBE: Uh-huh.

PARKER: (*covering the mic*) Not you, you idiot!

STROBE: Oh.

PARKER: Does it seem like everything is just crashing down around you? Then maybe it's time you tried Aunt Martha's Tanning Spa and Full Body Massage.

STROBE: Aunt Martha? She does that?

PARKER: Quiet! At Aunt Martha's you find just the thing you need to get your body back in shape. Here's a



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