

Love by Request

By Tim Pullen

Cast in order of lines

Mr. Oscar Henry: Fifty-seven years old, Owner of the radio station WXYS.

Dave Jefferies: Twenty-nine year old Disc Jockey for the very-late night show on WXYS.

Alison Michaels: Twenty-nine year old intern for the station, and she happens to be Dave's ex-girlfriend.

Ray Heart: Fifty-year old former marriage counselor, that hosts a love request show "Heart Beats" on WXSJ.

Jack Castlebay: Thirty-six year old caller to the show.

Izzunotrous Muhammad Belecktrous: Thirty-two year old immigrant from Ustainistian, who is also a dedicated fan of Ray Heart.

Jason (Jay) Shed: Thirty-eight year old UPS driver. He lives in his mom's basement since being abducted by aliens.

Tara Starr: Twenty-two year old bi-sexual woman.

Layla Grentage: Twenty-eight year old camera woman.

Patricia Carlson: Forty one year old Fan of "Heart Beats"

Webster: Block: Thirty-five year old. Ugly guy

Lt. Scott Madden: Twenty-five. Serving our country in some war we shouldn't be in.

Deloris Patterson: Thirty-eight year old house wife, with the voice of a mouse on helium.

Hope Springwell: Eighteen and the most depressed young woman on planet earth.

Steve Turner: Sixteen year old boy, whose life is falling apart.

Elvis: The timeless, eternal God of rock n' roll.

Vivian Andrews: Forty-three year old alcoholic romance writer, in love with a lunatic.

Jake Landcaster: Forty-one year old repo man, obviously able to play the banjo with his feet.

Officer Larry Forest: Thirty-two year old police officer, one of Crestview's finest.

Todd Daniels: Thirty two year old caller. The host of a ghost hunting television show.

Max Davidson: Twenty-six. A mildly eccentric artist that inherited a family fortune.

Consuela Deagas: Forty-six year old Guatemalan/American, she cleans the station.

Cindy Walters: Thirty-one year old waitress.

Betsy Macintosh: Formally Benjamin Macintosh/ had a sex change, to finally become the lesbian he always knew he was.

Dan Rellar: Forty-three year old Officer with the FCC. He still lives with his mother.

Robert Plansford: Forty-six year old, Psychotic stalker, but he's not very good at it.

Sgt. Richard Blake: Thirty-two year old jerk, that happens to be in the army.

Candice Baker: Thirty-one year old registered nurse at Crestview General Hospital.

Frank Walker: Fifty-eight year old ad man for the station.

Bold indicates the character actually makes an appearance on stage.

Act 1 scene 1

Thursday, February 14th 2008

Opens on a destroyed radio studio, the on-air sign is tilted and flickering, the window separating the sound booth from the studio is shattered, there is a hole in the door from a gunshot and papers are scattered everywhere. Sparks are visible in the background if possible. Dave Jefferies and Alison Michaels are standing looking tired and torn in the middle of the stage kissing as Mr. Henry enters.

Mr. Henry: What the hell is this?

Dave: Like you don't know- (He looks up) -Mr. Henry!

Mr. Henry: What happened here?

Dave: We were just on the way out, I'll explain it all later.

Mr. Henry: I'd rather have you explain now. Who are you?

Alison: I'm Alison Michaels, I'm new here.

Mr. Henry: Oscar Henry.

Alison: Oscar Henry- why does that name sound familiar?

Mr. Henry: Because I sign the paychecks!

Alison: This is only my second day, and Dave just informed me I'm an unpaid intern.

Mr. Henry: I own this station! - or at least what's left of it.

Dave: Sir, we were just heading down to the hospital.

Mr. Henry: Is there a hospital in this woman's throat?

Dave: No, no sir that was a good bye kiss.

Mr. Henry: So, you're leaving her here?

Dave: No sir-

Mr. Henry: She's leaving you here?

Alison: No that isn't-

Mr. Henry: I want some answers! My studio looks like Chernobyl!

Dave: I'll be glad to give you answers, as soon as we're back.

Alison: It's a pleasure meeting you sir, but Mr. Heart is in the hospital, we've got to-

Mr. Henry: Are you two doctors?

Alison: No sir-

Mr. Henry: Then whatever Mr. Heart's condition is, you two can't be much help.

Alison: That's true but-

Mr. Henry: Good then, you have the time to explain this apocalypse to me.

Dave: It's really a long story-

Mr. Henry: Would you rather explain it to the police, when I have you arrested? Or should I just wait to hear it at the trial while I'm suing you for the damages? Do you know how many hundreds of thousands of dollars this equipment runs? (In my opinion, a good time to pull the characters forward, to move the set.)

Dave: Heart is unconscious.

Alison: But he-

Dave: We can't visit him from jail.

Alison: This is true.

Mr. Henry: So you'll explain?

Dave: It all started in the break room, sometime just before eight (a break room appears behind them, or Dave walks them over to the break room set up at one side of the stage. While this beginning scene is going on the main studio needs to be re-set as new. Dave sits down and picks up a cup with hot water and a newspaper) I was sipping hot water, you know to loosen my vocal cords and reading the newspaper while waiting for my shift.

Mr. Henry: Your shift doesn't start till midnight.

Dave: Yes sir, I come in early to prepare material.

Alison: Oh, stop.

Dave: What do you mean?

Alison: Would you just tell him the truth.

Dave: You and your truth. I really was drinking hot water.

Alison: To loosen your vocal cords?

Dave: We were out of coffee.

Alison: And...?

Dave: And I couldn't make it back to my apartment. (*Alison clears her throat*) They were fumigating. (*She coughs*) Re-painting. (*She almost chokes.*)

They were probably doing both! I was evicted last Tuesday, everything I own is in my car. Okay? Anyway, I came into the break room early to sleep on the couch. I tried to fix a cup of coffee, but we were out, so I had hot water. Are you happy?

Alison: Honesty is always best.

Dave: That's where all the trouble started. (He turns off the light, Alison and Mr. Henry join the audience and a few moments pass. Ray Heart walks in turns on the light to reveal Dave now sleeping under the newspapers on the couch with a coffee mug of water on the arm of the couch)

Ray: Mr. Jefferies? Dave? (Dave still sleeps) Dave Jefferies? Is that you?

Dave: No, not me.

Ray: Who are you?

Dave: Janitor.

Ray: I happen to know a Latino cleans in this building.

Dave: See.

Ray: A Latino woman.

Dave: (In high pitched voice) See.

Ray: Do you work here?

Dave: Of course.

Ray: What's your name?

Dave: (looks at a poster on the wall) Heart, Ray Heart.

Ray: I'm Ray Heart.

Dave: Shit. What are the odds?

Ray: You've got to be Dave Jefferies.

Dave: If no one else will. Now please stop talking to me.

Ray: Look, Dave. I'm in a bit of a fix here and I could really use your help.

Dave: Uh-huh.

Ray: Tonight's Valentine's, and I'm a married man-

Dave: Neither of those things are my fault.

Ray: It also happens to be my anniversary.

Dave: I didn't do that either.

Ray: I know. -Look- I'm supposed to be hosting a show tonight.

Dave: You should get somebody to cover you.

Ray: I did, but she just called in sick, half the staff has this nasty cold-

Dave: Then I need my rest to stay healthy.

Ray: I have an intern, but she's new. She's only been here two days so I can't ask her to do this.

Dave: Sure you can-

Ray: You have no idea how much I hate asking you-

Dave: Obviously not as much as I hate being asked.

Ray: I'll give you two hundred in cash to cover my shift.

Dave: Did you say five hundred?

Ray: No, I said two.

Dave: Good night.

Ray: Two fifty?

Dave: I'm really tired.

Ray: Four hundred?

Dave: Now you're just being cheap.

Ray: I just spent six hundred on this bracelet, and we've got reservations at an expensive restaurant-

Dave: How does that affect me? Are you giving me the bracelet? Or taking me out to dinner? How can I cover your show if we go out to dinner?

Ray: All right! Five, I said five!

Dave: And a cup of coffee?

Ray: Don't you have coffee?

Dave: No - we're out of Coffee.

Ray: It's a deal. The show starts in ten minutes, come on let me show you around my studio.

(Scene Pause)

Dave: (Now talking to Mr. Henry while the set shifts or Dave leads them to the now un-destroyed studio) By the way, why does he get his own studio? Most of us have to use the main studio and it doesn't have half the-

Mr. Henry: His show is syndicated, he makes our money, you tell lame jokes in between songs from midnight till five am, don't complain.

Dave: I- Okay. Where was I? He took me to his studio, he showed me around. He tried to make coffee, but he was out too. Did you know there wasn't a speck of coffee in this entire building? (I envision Ray miming the events in the background)

Mr. Henry: I'll make a shopping list, go on.

Dave: Okay.

(Scene Resume)

(On air light comes on)

Ray: It's eight o'clock, time once more to use the magic of the air waves to proclaim your love to the world. We're going to spend the evening finding out what's on your minds and in your hearts tonight. This is Ray Heart and our guest host Dave Jefferies He'll be here, waiting to hear from you on this special Valentine's Day edition of Heart Beats. Please give us a call with your requests and dedications at 1-800-524-1829. You're listening to the best of Heart Beats with WXYZ 106.3 FM Crestview.

(On Air light goes off.)

Dave: This isn't the kind of show I normally do.

Ray: I know, I've heard your show, very-um- late.

Dave: Do you expect me to say that stuff? What's on your mind and in your heart? I might vomit, then you can see what's on your floor out of my stomach.

Ray: No, I don't expect you to say it. (*Dave gets distracted*) That's just my introduction. I do it to start every show. I tossed in the "Best of" just in case I get in any trouble for this. All I need you to do is interrupt with the weather and I guess any news that may occur. This program has dedications and my voice from past shows along with the songs. I've put it on a loop and updated the commercials. So all you have to do-(*he notices Dave is distracted*)- Dave? Are you listening to me?

Dave: Heart Beats? Did you name your show?

Ray: My last name is Heart, the music is the beat. Get it? Heart Beats, I thought it was clever.

Dave: Heart beats all right.

Ray: Excuse me?

Dave: Nothing, what is it you want me to do?

Ray: It's simple. See this screen? Each of these green lines is a break between songs and dedications. When it gets to a green line that's close to the half hour, hit that button then that button and the light comes on, then you're clear to give the weather.

Dave: Don't you have an assistant? Where's that intern you spoke of? Can they get me coffee?

Ray: I've called her she's bringing your coffee. She's only worked here two days. Please be nice to her. She's kind of sensitive.

Dave: How does she look?

Ray: I don't look. I'm a happily married man.

Dave: So she's a dog?

Ray: No, she's very attractive, but a little crazy. If you want to answer any calls tonight, just hit the pause and click on the flashing light.

Dave: This is cool, can you show me how to do this?

Ray: I'd love to, but if you do take a call, don't hit the pause until that bar is out of the red line. The red lines are songs.

(Scene pauses)

Alison: Stop a minute. Did he really call me crazy?

Dave: Just a little.

Alison: He's only known me two days. Why would he say that?

Dave: He's was a counselor. You can't hide that sort of thing. He also said you were very attractive. Can I finish?

Alison: Yeah.

(Resume scene)

Dave: Why would I want to take a call if you have a show programmed?

Ray: If you wanted any of tonight's callers to get through.

Dave: If I'm bored to death.

Ray: Or you want to get a message out for someone that wants to proclaim his or her love for Valentine's Day.

Dave: Right.

Ray: Think of all the lonely people out there, Dave.

Dave: There's a reason for everything. If their lonely it's probably because their fat, ugly or both. Do you want me to spend my night thinking about fat ugly people?

Ray: What about the people that want someone to know how much they mean to them.

Dave: You mean stalkers?

Ray: How about the happy couples?

Dave: You want me to spend the night thinking about what happy couples are doing? No wonder you call this show Heart Beats

Ray: What about an old married couple that want to hear their special song?

Dave: If we're assuming they don't have an MP3, tape, or CD recording of their song. I'd have to question how special it truly is to them.

Ray: Here's the next weather report, just push that button, give the report once every half hour and everything should be fine.

Dave: So where's the five hundred?

Ray: Will you take a check? (He begins to write a check)

Dave: Sure. Dave Jeffries two F's (He takes out a cigarette and begins to light it, Ray sees this grabs the cigarette and crushes it)

Ray: You can't do that in here! Don't you know how dangerous those things are?

Dave: Don't you know how dangerous that is! That's not what they mean by cigarette break. You owe me a pack.

Ray: I squished one cigarette.

Dave: That was all I had in that pack!

Ray: Sorry.

Dave: Not as sorry as I am.

Ray: Really, you should quit smoking.

Dave: Apparently, I have.

(Alison Michaels walks in the booth behind them and Ray sees her and opens the door to introduce them. From first sight of each other, the audience should know these two have a history. Alison makes an outrageously mean face)

Ray: Good, you're here. -Dave Jeffries, this is Alison Michaels. What a coincidence you both have two first names.

Dave: That's what they said back in high school. Alison, you look well.

Alison: So do you.

(Scene Pause)

Alison: This is not the face I made. (During the conversation, she adjusts her face)

Dave: You were mad.

Alison: I was shocked.

Dave: Pissed off shocked, not surprise shocked. Hey, Oscar Henry, you have two first names too. (The audience may or may not be able to see the look Dave gets) There! That's the look you gave me, you were mad.

Alison: I wasn't- That's it, I'm telling the story.

(Resume scene)

Ray: You two know each other?

Alison: We dated for a while back in high school.

Dave: We all make mistakes. (He sticks out his tongue at her)

Alison: Some worse than others.

(Pause scene)

Dave: I did not stick out my tongue at you.

Alison: You wanted to.

Dave: That may be true, but I didn't-

Mr. Henry: Okay, I get it. You two were high school sweethearts, go on.

(Resume Scene)

Ray: Maybe, this isn't going to be a great working situation.

Dave: She's a smart girl, she can probably push a button.

Alison: Can you handle working with me? I for one am over our teenaged tragedy. But if you're still holding on to the past, that is entirely your prerogative. I did bring this coffee like Mr. Heart asked. Cream, sugar and sugar substitute are in the side tray, Mr. Jefferies. Were you aware that caffeine could cause several types of cancer? Possibly shortening your life?

Dave: I've heard studies that it prevents Alzheimer's, and increases brain function, maybe that's why you believe it causes cancer, you just haven't had enough caffeine to think about it properly.

Ray: I can still call in Paul, he does the lunch request show-

Dave: That won't be necessary. I was worried Ms. Michaels would be too uncomfortable, but if she has no issues with me, there won't be any problem. Really it took me a while before I recognized you. It might be nice to catch up on old times.

(Pause scene)

Alison: Dave, you did recognize me didn't you?

Dave: I couldn't believe it was you, eleven years went by and you didn't age a day.

Alison: That's sweet.

Mr. Henry: Please, can we go on with the story?

(Resume scene)

Ray: If it's too awkward I understand.

Dave: It's fine, go out for your dinner. However, you do owe me a pack.

Ray: Okay, as long as you both think this will be all right. Remember my motto "leave the past in the past, so you can move towards the future."

Dave: That's your motto?

Ray: You know words to live by.

Dave: No, I get it, but I prefer Hakunna Mattata

Ray: Thank-you both for doing this, if you need anything, any help with the program, or each other (he jots down a number) here's my cell number. Remember I was a licensed couple's counselor.

Dave: We won't need your number, we're not a couple. (He takes it and tosses it carelessly on the desk)

Alison: Defiantly not.

Ray: Don't hesitate to call me if there's anything I can do. Thank you both. I'm sorry for the inconvenience.

Alison: It won't be a problem Mr. Heart. Have a good time.

Ray: Before I go Alison, I would like a woman's' opinion. I have this diamond tennis bracelet. Should that be accompanied with chocolates, flowers, or both?

Alison: Flowers would be best.

Dave: Flowers die, then you toss them in the trash two days later. Go for the Chocolates, that's what I would want.

Alison: Chocolate turns straight into blubbering fat.

Dave: She'll remember the gift on her thighs forever.

Alison: Exactly why flowers will do. Personally, I wouldn't want the temptation.

Ray: You can understand why it's so difficult to choose thoughtful gifts for your wife when men and women have such different desires.

Dave: Someone needs to invent a bottle of heart shaped aspirin inscribed with the words "no excuses". That would sell to husbands across the nation.

Ray: (laughs at this, then stops when he sees Alison's reaction) I'm going to be late. I think I'll go with both, but I'll make it a small box of chocolates- Sugar free. Good night. (He exits)

Alison: Are you still confusing sarcasm with wit?

Dave: Are you still confusing wheat germ with food?

Alison: I live a healthy life, if that's what you're implying.

Dave: Still a vegetarian?

Alison: Yes.

Dave: You are what you eat.

Alison: You must have a lot of jack ass.

Dave: Very good come back for a vegetable, excuse me. It's time for the weather report. (The on air light comes on as Dave clicks a few buttons and

pulls the mic to his face. Alison exits the booth and stands behind the glass) The skies are clear with plenty of moonlight and it's a chilly 38 degrees, we're expecting more of the same throughout the evening, so cuddle up to someone you love and listen to a little romance. Our number is 1-800-524-1829 You're listening to heart beats on WXYs Crestview. (He pushes the mic away, and the on air light goes off) little bastard tricked me. (Alison re-enters)

Alison: I do not wish to sit here trading insults with you all night.

Dave: Don't think you could keep up?

Alison: Do I assist you, as if you were Mr. Heart?

Dave: How do you assist him?

Alison: I screen the phone calls for him. Run down and grab the CDs, if someone requests a song that's not in the system yet, and I hand him the copies for the commercials that he reads-

Dave: There's a show running on auto pilot already. All I need is weather updates. I can hang my head out a window for that. Don't you have some hot date lined up for Valentine's?

Alison: I don't know why I'm here.

Dave: I thought it was your job.

Alison: Assisting Mr. Heart is my job. You're not him, and this obviously isn't a real show, there's not much I can do to help you.

Dave: You could run down and grab me a pack of ciggs.

Alison: Not that I care about the harm you're doing to yourself, but you do realize how much you damage the environment with your fiberglass butts, don't you?

Dave: Oh yes mighty Lorax, I almost forgot-Unless someone like you cares a whole awful lot nothing is going to get better, it's not.

Alison: You remembered my favorite book?

Dave: How could I forget a seventeen year old girl that's into Dr. Seuss?

Alison: It has a poignant message. There was a time you thought the environment was a good cause.

Dave: There was a time thinking that got me laid.

Alison: How pathetic, you can't tell me you base your socio-political beliefs on sex.

Dave: You don't understand how men work.

Alison: I don't understand men?

Dave: That's what I said. Marriage is nothing more than a man selling his soul for sex. Of course our socio-political beliefs are adjusted to please whoever puts out.

Alison: If that was true no one would be married, who would give up their free will for sex?

Dave: Men, we're quite happy to. It's actually a fair trade. Now, do you have a hot date tonight? Or are you saving that for your birthday tomorrow?

Alison: You remember my birthday?

Dave: How could I forget? You needed two presents every February. Are you avoiding my question?

Alison: You didn't ask a question David. You're making asinine statements, which I am ignoring.

Dave: My mother is the only person on earth that calls me David, I haven't spoken to her in five years.

Alison: Maybe that'll work for me too. David.

David: If you want to leave go ahead, I think I can handle this set up.

Alison: That's generous of you, good bye.

Dave: Alison?

Alison: Yes.

Dave: Environmental concerns aside, you don't happen to smoke anything do you? I don't need the fiberglass filter.

Alison: You're kidding- Me? Smoke? Do I look like I smoke? My body is a temple. I exercise two hours a day three days a week, I bike, I walk, I spend four days a month with a personal trainer.

Dave: You have a personal trainer?

Alison: Yes.

Dave: Have you learned to fetch the paper? You are house broken, right?

Alison: Good night Mr. Jefferies. I think you're perfectly capable of handling this show on your own.

Dave: That's what you think! Wait, yes I am perfectly capable. Good night.
(She exits)

Dave: Perfectly capable. I can't believe she would try- (He knocks the hot water over spilling it across the table, all over the papers and on his lap) Just great. (He cleans up the majority of the mess on the desk quickly by dumping the papers which include Ray's phone number into the trash can. Then the computer makes a screech, a pop, and smoke flies out of the machine) Oh shit, my bars are gone. The show is gone. (He pushes buttons futilely) What do I do? I gotta do a show.

(Pause in the scene)

Alison: I seriously doubt you were that worried about it.

Dave: You weren't here, you have no way of knowing.

Mr. Henry: I thought she's been here helping you.

Alison: Just wait.

(Scene resumes)

Dave: I've got no commercials, no songs. What's on the air now? (He reaches over and adjusts a speaker we hear static, then he clicks on the microphone, as he does the On Air light comes on and screeching feedback is heard until he uses the noise as an opportunity to run out into the control room, put a tape in the machine and run back into the sound booth to turn down the speaker in the studio) That was a test of the emergency broadcast system. Had this been an actual emergency the feedback you just heard would be followed by instructions, since it isn't an actual emergency there are no instructions. Let's take a caller. Hello, you're on the air with Heart Beats.

Jack: Ray?

Dave: This is Dave Jefferies, I'm filling in for Ray Heart this week.

Jack: Oh.

Dave: Would you like to hear a song?

Jack: You wouldn't understand. (The caller hangs up)

Dave: Hello? Okay. Next caller. You're on the Air with Heart Beats, this is Dave Jefferies.

Izzu: This is not Mr. Heart.

Dave: No, this is Mr. Dave Jefferies, can I play you a song?

Izzu: No,no,no. Songs will be no use to me I am in desperate need of advice in the love area.

Dave: What's issue?

Izzu: My name is Izzunotrous Mohammad Belecktrous. I am frequently known as Izzu.

Dave: Izzu, I drove one of those once. Izzu side kick, I think. So what's the problem buddy?

Izzu: I am a man, not a cheap car. And I am no buddy of yours Mr. Dave Jefferies.

Dave: I'm using the term buddy metaphorically.

Izzu: Are you taunting me sir?

Dave: I just need you to give me a request, or dedication. You must have some hot little concubine that likes music.

Izzu: I do not have any concubine Mr. Jeffries! I am a single man. And it looks as if I will be staying that way. My girlfriend of many months has just told me that she is a married woman.

David: That's kind of a double standard isn't Isuzu? Don't you people take more than one woman? So what if this woman wants more than one man?

Izzu: You people? You know nothing of my people Dave Jefferies! How dare you ridicule my culture just to entertain your listeners.

Dave: Everyone tells me I don't entertain my listeners. This is for my own entertainment. Look, If I can play anything for you, I'll stop messing with you.

Izzu: I was calling Mr. Heart for good advice. My girlfriend decided to tell me yesterday that she was a married woman.

Dave: That's got to be a shocker-

Izzu: Not half as shocking as knowing she told her husband about me as well!

Dave: Look at the money you're both saving on Valentine's gifts.

Izzu: I do not have time for your shenanigans! There is a very large, very angry man coming after me to hang my fanny from his mantle place I am sure of it!

Dave: What do you want me to do?

Izzu: I do not know! That's why I am asking you for advice. You are my ass's only hope of not being kicked across the city like a lonely camel turd through the desert!

Dave: Why call a radio show? Why don't you call your friends or family-

Izzu: I am new to this country you boob! I know no one here except for my lying cheating girlfriend that already has a husband and the radio that keeps me company at work, Mr. Heart is always so wise and helpful.

Dave: Why don't you just run away?

Izzu: I am at work! At The Shop and save convenience store at fifth and elm. I will not abandon my duties!

Dave: Izzu, come on, I can't do anything for you. I'm here for requests and dedications.

Izzu: I am requesting that you dedicate some time to saving my ass!

Dave: There's nothing I-

Izzu: Ray Heart would think of something!

Dave: Then call back tomorrow and talk to him! If you're still alive- which I doubt, since you just announced where you worked on the radio! I've got another caller. (he clicks a button) You're on the air with the heart beats would you like to make a request?

Jay: Is this Ray Heart?

Dave: Why not?

Jay: Yes.

Dave: Yes what? You do have a request?

Jay: Yes.

Dave: Would you like to tell me what it is?

Jay: Oh, that's when I ask you to play a special song that you normally wouldn't play.

Dave: I know what it is. Would you like to tell me which song?

Jay: Yes, of course.

Dave: Okay.

Jay: It'd be pretty dumb of me if I didn't want to ask for the song.

Dave: Well, what is it?

Jay: What's what?

Dave: The song you want to hear.

Jay: In the Navy.

Dave: In the Navy? The village people? That's a love song? Is it going out to someone special?

Jay: Yes, very special.

Dave: Girl or guy?

Jay: Girl, no- a woman.

Dave: What's her name?

Jay: What's it to you?

Dave: Usually you say the names so she knows who is dedicating the song to her.

Jay: That's a good idea.

Dave: Yeah, so what are the names?

Jay: Oh, Jay and Hillary.

Dave: Okay then-

Jay: My names Jay.

Dave: Hers is Hillary, I got it. This one is going out to Hillary from Jay the Village People and How about a little Lenard Skinnard, Gimme three steps for my new friend Isuzu (He runs out clicks buttons frantically on the outside of the booth then runs back in to the mic.) You're listening to Heart Beats on WXYZ Crestview (On air light out) What the hell is wrong with these people? Where's that number? – Another caller. Heart Beats, can I take your request?

Tara: Is this Mr. Heart?

Dave: Sure.

Tara: I need your advice.

Dave: My advice is listen to some damn music, what song would you like?

Tara: I'm twenty-two years old and bi-sexual.

Dave: (Suddenly interested) Maybe I could get used to this show.

Tara: Excuse me?

Dave: Nothing, please, go on.

Tara: My boyfriend wants to invite my old girlfriend to join us for a threesome, but now she's with a new girl and she wanted to bring her too.

Dave: I think the rule is two's company, three's a crowd, four or more is an orgy.

Tara: So you think this is a good idea?

Dave: If I was him. (Smiling)

Tara: What do you mean?

Dave: Are you serious about this guy?

Tara: Yeah, I think so.

Dave: This is a wonderful fantasy, but it won't end well, the jealousy that would result would lead to a break up or homicidal blood-bath, maybe both- so if you want it to last don't do it. However, if you don't care about the relationship and just want to have some fun be sure to send me a video.

Tara: You must speak from experience.

Dave: No, just thought it through.

Tara: Thanks Mr. Heart. (She hangs up)

Dave: I can do this, no problem. (Clicks button) Heart Beats, can I take your request?

Layla: Yeah- I work with this guy. I hate him, but I think he's hot.

Dave: Have you told him how you feel?

Layla: No, and I ain't gonna. I just needed it off my chest, thanks (She hangs up)

Dave: I- Okay, next.

Bill: I need some advice.

Dave: Me too. How do I get people to request songs?

Bill: What song could I possibly request? My wife is so angry with me. I was supposed to get a vasectomy, but I just couldn't go through with it, you know that isn't something you just wanna go do-

Dave: I can see that.

Bill: I figured we were safe enough, she's fifty-four, I'm almost sixty-our bodies just aren't made for that anymore right?

Dave: Right?

Bill: Wrong! Very wrong.

Dave: Yeah, just the thought-

Bill: We have four grown kids! We're expecting our first grandchild next month. This just wasn't supposed to happen. Now she's pregnant. How can I possibly explain this? What am I supposed to do?

Dave: I could play Brittny Spears for you- Oops I did it again?

(Dial tone as the man hangs up) Okay, here's a little Brittny for that poor sap.

(Alison enters the outer booth and stands at the doorway to the studio)

Alison: Sounds like you need help.

Dave: What are you talking about? I've got everything under control.

Alison: Do you?

Dave: If you've got nothing better to do. I- Well I guess I could –

(Pause scene)

Mr. Henry: So you came back?

Alison: I was listening to the Izzu call in my car, and I decided to turn around.

Mr. Henry: Good judgment, Ms. Michaels.

Alison: Thank-you.

Dave: Kiss up.

(Resume scene)

Alison: There's another caller, I'll get some commercials lined up.

Dave: Heart beats, just a moment. (Puts caller on hold) Date cancel on you?

Alison: Mr. Heart has only been my boss for two days, but he seems very nice. I don't want you to wreck his show for him.

Dave: Wreck his show for him- Is that what you think I'm doing? I'm working my ass off here to help hot bi-sexual chicks organize orgies!

Alison: While you do that, I'll get the commercials together.

Dave: You've never done that much to help man-kind. (Clicks the button) Heart Beats, this is Dave Jeffries, what can I play for you?

Pat: Dave Jeffries?

Dave: Yes, do you have a request or dedication?

Pat: Ray Heart isn't there?

Dave: No, I'm sorry he's busy this week; could I play a song for you?

Pat: Do you know when he'll be back?

Dave: Tomorrow?

Pat: I'll call back then.

Dave: I'm not good enough to play music for these people? Radio snobs.

Alison: I've got the next commercial block cued up. Did you want me to take a look at that machine and see if I can save any of Mr. Heart's programmed show?

Dave: You can do that?

Alison: Can't you?

Dave: My studio doesn't have this crap.

Alison: When is your show on?

Dave: Mornings.

Alison: Rush hour?

Dave: Earlier.

Alison: The five to nine.

Dave: Earlier.

Alison: Oh.

Dave: What do you mean? Why'd you say it like that?

Alison: I was just wondering how I didn't know you worked here.

Dave: So something's wrong with people that work the night shift? Day people are better? Is that what you're implying?

Alison: I'm implying I haven't heard you on a station since college, I thought you moved, or got fired, or both.

Dave: You listened to that show?

Alison: I caught it a few times, I made sure to avoid it after you insulted me.

Dave: When did I insult you?

Alison: The reference you made to the first time you had intercourse.

Dave: Jesus, you remember that?

Alison: Something like that sticks in your mind.

Dave: That was a joke, it had nothing to do with you.

Alison: Was I or was I not the first person to have relations with you?

Dave: Why do you say it like a lawyer? Yes you were the first girl I fucked.

Alison: Do you have to be vulgar?

Dave: I have to counteract your prude-ness.

Alison: Fine then, I'll refer to it as sex.

Dave: Better, thank-you. And yes, you were the first girl I made love to.

Alison: Love?

Dave: Still don't like my choice of words?

Alison: I almost prefer the vulgarity. The point is, you are the one that said the first time was like trying to sharpen a pencil with a garbage disposer!

Dave: That was a joke about me, not about you.

Alison: You referred to my vagina as a garbage disposer.

Dave: For one thing I wasn't being serious, for another you and I are the only two people on earth that knew who I was talking about.

Alison: Christine Furgeson knew! I bragged to her when it happened.

David: It's not my fault you can't keep your mouth shut! You bragged about that?

Alison: I told her.

Dave: I didn't really mean it, I didn't know you were even listening! I didn't think anyone heard that stupid station, it was on am. But you bragged?

Alison: You didn't tell anyone when you lost your virginity?

Dave: God no, I was almost eighteen. All of my friends thought I lost it long before that. I'm a guy Alison; you don't admit it took that long to land a chick.

Alison: We were in high school. Abstinence is nothing to be ashamed of.

Dave: For a guy? We can be marked tardy, but never abstinent.

Alison: I'm going to try to fix this thing.

Dave: Why don't you? I've got to answer the phone. –She bragged?
(Clicking button) Heart Beats, What's your request or dedication.

Webster: I need some help.

Dave: Someone's spouse chasing you down?

Webster: No, I just gave my number to this girl last week. She seemed interested at the time, but she never called me back.

Dave: Do women often tell you how handsome you are?

Webster: No, why?

Dave: Maybe you're ugly. Are you fat? Do you smell funny?

Webster: I'm not overweight, (he sniffs) I smell okay, I think, sort of like Irish Spring and maybe some Dentine.

Dave: Now, focus buddy.

Webster: I'm here.

Dave: Let's assume you're ugly. What you want to do is start hanging out with attractive guys. Do you know any?

Webster: I think so, I know guys that have better luck with woman than I do.

Dave: Good, good, you want to become their best friends. Go out to clubs with them, get to be real pals. Then when girls approach them and get shot down, you'll be there to catch the rejects. You may not start out with the quality girls, but the quantity will make up for it.

Webster: Thanks- I'll try that.

Alison: I cannot believe you.

Dave: I helped the guy.

Alison: Only another man would consider that advice.

Dave: He liked it. Do you think you can do any better?

Alison: I know I could do better. Women don't choose men based on looks.

Dave: Sure, I can picture you dating a fat man with a big nose!

Alison: I'm not denying physical attraction isn't important. I'm just saying looks aren't everything.

Dave: I drive an eighty-seven Toyota Camry. Missing the gas tank door, has one hub cap and the faded spots on the paint look like a pterodactyl shit on it. Now it runs great, I love my car, don't get me wrong, but no body's gonna look to see the great engine when the body is shot to hell.

Alison: That's a car not a person.

Dave: It's all the same when you're looking to ride.

Alison: Songs are up. You've got a caller, (She begins to exit) We'll go to commercial right after the request, take the call on the air in five, four... (She

closes the door and goes to hand gestures for count down from three, director's choice on which finger to end one on)

Dave: Based on looks.-(He puts on the head phones and pulls the mic to him) You're on the air, what song can I play for you?

Scott: Yes, could you let my wife know I'm thinking of her?

Dave: While you're with whom?

Scott: While I'm on a second tour of duty- Jerk (he hangs up)

Dave: No sense of humor. (He clicks a few buttons) You're on the air.

Deloris: (High pitched nasally voice) I was just interested in some advice Mr. Heart. If I was your wife, what could I get you for Valentine's Day?

Dave: Maybe a pair of heart shaped ear plugs.

Deloris: I don't believe you would talk to me like that! (She hangs up)

Dave: I can't believe you talk like that at all. Next caller, you're on the air.

Hope: Why do you do this? Why bother putting on a show like this?

Dave: For the paycheck. I actually got an extra five hundred for this.

Hope: Money can't buy happiness, nothing can stop the fact we are all utterly alone, we were born alone then we ultimately die alone. This holiday is meant to do nothing more than sell greeting cards.

Dave: That's not true, it also makes single people feel more worthless than usual.

Hope: Exactly, you know what I'm saying. That's just what we need to feel more alone on this mud ball a drift in space, while we wait for our inevitable deaths.

Dave: It could be worse.

Hope: Really?

Dave: Sure, I could be sitting next to you. (She cries and hangs up)

Alison: You're listening to Heart Beats, we'll be back after these words from our sponsors. (She walks into the booth)

Dave/Alison: What the hell do you think you're doing?

Dave: I'm supposed to be the host here.

Alison: You're insulting every caller! You made the last one cry!

Dave: I know, and I kind of liked her.

Alison: I can't let you ruin Mr. Hearts' show like this.

Dave: How do you want me to ruin his show?

Alison: He puts care and time into each caller, he built his fan base very carefully.

Dave: Do you really like this job that much? Or do you think there are hidden cameras?

Alison: There are no cameras- that I know of.

Dave: Then you really care that much about the wacko's that call this show?

Alison: Having problems with relationships doesn't make people wacko's.

Dave: When they call a radio show for help, yes they are.

Alison: All I'm saying is that Mr. Heart wouldn't treat his callers this way. He'd show a little tenderness.

Dave: What do you know about relationship problems?

Alison: I've had my share!

Dave: Your biggest problem is which guy to choose!

Alison: I'm not trying to fight you. All I'm asking is that you stop trying to insult the callers. Mr. Heart would be nicer to your callers.

Dave: My show never gets callers. Everyone's asleep when I'm on the air. This show has no heart tonight! Heart isn't here. Haven't you heard? I'm giving the callers some humor. If they don't get the jokes it's not my fault. Ray will be back later.

Alison: Funny for you, and probably the teenaged gas station attendants on the night shift that listen to your show.

(Pause scene)

Dave: She really doesn't like night people.

(Resume scene)

Alison: This is just hurtful to these people. That Middle Eastern man could probably sue the station for what you said to him. Hearts callers are asking for advice, help, someone to talk with. Can you be just a little more compassionate? Save what you call humor for your show. (She exits the studio)

Dave: What I call humor?-

Alison: Commercial's done, and there's a call.

Dave: (clicking button) May I play a song for you?

Steve: Time for me to die.

Dave: Excuse me?

Steve: The song Time for me to die.

Dave: Never heard of that one, is it new?

Steve: Dude, I think it's by REO Speed wagon.

Dave: Then I really don't know what you're talking about kid, how old are you?

Steve: Sixteen. Why?

Dave: How do you know who REO speed wagon is? I'm not even from that generation.

Steve: I listened to the radio with my dad a lot. You know, the one that goes I make you laugh, you make me cry, I believe its time for me to-

Dave: Fly.

Steve: Fly?

Dave: You're right about the group. Wrong about the words, it's time for me to fly.

Steve: It's not die?

Dave: Did you still want to hear it?

Steve: I don't know- are there any good love songs about death, or suicide?

Dave: Not that I can think of. Is this going out to anyone particular?

Steve: My ex-girlfriend.

Dave: Makes sense. Time for me to fly works, it's about saying good bye.

Steve: Good bye forever?

Dave: I've got it, I believe I can fly.

Steve: That's not a suicide song.

Dave: What else could happen when a guy believes he can fly?

Steve: True.

Alison: Dave, stop-

Dave: Trust me. All guys get depressed over girls at sixteen; it always feels like it's the end of the world when you lose your first love. Don't worry, you'll meet someone else, then she'll dump you or you'll catch her with another guy, and you'll hate life all over again. The trick is learning how to get over it. Just remember you'll always have a hand. That's what keeps playboy in business.

Alison: Dave-

Steve: It's not just her, it's everything. I would just be better off-

Dave: No girl is worth that.

Steve: I know she wasn't all that. I just had a really shitty week- can I say that? Shitty?

Dave: Apparently, you can, twice. My assistant should have beeped it out with the button on the lower left hand side of the console - in the main studio it's orange. But she didn't know it was there, did she? (Alison shakes her head no)

Steve: Sorry.

Dave: The FCC needed the money. Did you need to talk about this crappy week?

Steve: You got time?

Dave: No one else is calling at the moment.

Steve: Thanks. Well first off, I failed my driver's test for the fifth time so I'm stuck riding the bus to school, right? Then when I'm coming off the bus Monday morning, I catch my girl in a lip lock with this jock. This was the dude she dumped for me. So I'm all "what are you doing?" and he's all "she changed her mind about her feelings for me." So he pushes me back into a

locker, right. I didn't want to fight him cause he's like six-three two hundred pounds right?

Dave: Right.

Steve: But now I'm all embarrassed 'cause he pushed me so I start pounding on his chest then he starts pounding on my face, right. So I'm beaten to a bloody pulp suspended from school for fighting for two weeks, my girlfriend ditched me and I've failed two big exams because I'm not allowed to take 'em.

Dave: That does sound like a – (Alison Bleeps) I was going to say rough week.

Steve: That ain't half of it, while I'm sitting at home from my suspension, I catch my mom sneaking out of the UPS truck in the middle of the afternoon, and I find out she's having an affair with the driver.

Dave: Really?

Steve: Yeah, she's getting a special delivery every afternoon. So I told my step dad about it. You know, I figured I'd finally get rid of that guy anyway, right? But he just yelled and screamed and made my mom cry. Then he was listening to this show earlier and some guy comes on talking about having a married girlfriend right?

Dave: The convenience store guy? Izzu?

Steve: Yeah, he got all mad, It's funny when you do that.

Dave: Someone thinks it's funny.

Steve: Yeah, but my step dad doesn't think about where the guy works. He just grabs his shotgun and runs off. So I call my mom now she's all in tears her husband is probably going to jail again and some poor convenience store guy is going to get shot, right. And it's all my fault.

Dave: Maybe your stepfather won't find him.

Steve: Dude, he announced where he was on the radio. My step dads dumb, but not that dumb. I tried to stop him, but-

Dave: Can't control a step dad.

Steve: Not one with a shot gun.

Dave: Suicide won't solve anything, besides your step dad took the shot gun. You've been having such a lousy week you're probably gonna screw up your suicide too, then you'll get in trouble and wind up in therapy for years. Us guys just go through an awkward phase in life where you can't do anything right.

Steve: When does that phase end?

Dave: I don't know. I'm still in it.

(Steve hangs up) Kid? Kid you there? (There is a four second shocked pause as Dave stares at the microphone)

Alison: (over the speaker on the air) You're listening to Heart Beats on WXYZ Crestview, we'll be back after this word from our sponsor. (She clicks it off then enters the booth)

Dave: You cut me off, again! I was going to say that.

Alison: That was too much dead air, and you know it. Are you okay?

Dave: Yeah, of course, why wouldn't I be?

Alison: Your sense of humor back fired on you.

Dave: What are you talking about? He was with me. He'll be fine. Everyone goes through that stuff. Kids don't really do it.

Alison: Most of them don't. (She goes back out)

(Dave debates the move for a moment then grabs the microphone -Alison intervenes over the intercom.)

Alison: We're in the middle of a commercial.

Dave: I don't really care. (He flips the switch and the on air light comes on)
(Pause scene)

Dave: Really I did care. I know the commercials pays the bills. I live for our advertisers. I do understand where the money comes from sir.

Alison: He didn't care.

(Resume scene)

Dave: Kid. Listen kid! The kid I just talked to, that somehow knows about an old band that I liked when I was a kid. It's not time for you to fly, or die okay? I've been there. I wasn't calling you a screw up. When I tried it I messed it up, believe me it gets better call me back please. 1-800-524-1829 Okay, let's hear a little Here I go again on my own by White Snake. That one always cheers me up. After the rest of these words from our sponsor. (On air light goes off Alison enters the booth)

Alison: Mr. Heart is in trouble, why hasn't he called us? We're screwing up his show live. Have you called him?

Dave: I don't need his help.

Alison: Dave.

Dave: All right, I lost the number.

Alison: The manager is not going to like you cutting off commercials.

Dave: That's better than reading about that kid in the papers and knowing I did it.

Alison: Wait a second. Are you saying you care about someone other than Dave Jefferies?

Dave: No, not at all. I'm going to feel like shit if that kid hurts himself because I made some stupid comment. And I don't want ME to feel bad. See it's still all about me

Alison: Thank-you for clearing that up. You've got another caller.

Dave: They can wait.

Alison: Could be the kid.

Dave: WYYS do you have a song you'd like to request?

Elvis: Song? I'm sorry I was trying to reach Bartolo's Pizza.

Dave: No requests?

Elvis: Can you deliver two large two topping pizzas in under twenty minutes? I'd love that.

Dave: No, but I can play your favorite love song.

Elvis: No thank-you, I'm not one for love songs, but thank-you, thank-you very much.

Dave: What is with the callers tonight? Are they like this when Hearts here?

Alison: Not the past two days, but he seems to know what he's doing. Why did you attempt suicide? I never heard about that.

Dave: I was bored, just something to do. It was after- after I knew you.- do you know what's wrong with this machine?

Alison: You're not supposed to dump hot coffee on it. You're back on the air in Five, got another caller three. Two... (Gives the hand signal for one and the on air light comes on)

Dave: You're on the air with heart beats, May I take your request or dedication?

Vivian: I need some advice.

Dave: Nobody wants to hear a song? Go ahead.

Vivian: This man, I've been seeing for a while, well he declared his love to me. He keeps insisting he's in love with me. But he was just acquitted in court for being insane. He was suffering delusions as part of a drug induced manic episode. So, should I believe him? I just don't know if I can trust his feelings for me- I don't even know if he can.

Dave: Is he mentally stable now?

Vivian: I think so. Legally anyway.

Dave: And he still claims to love you?

Vivian: Yes, but what if it's just a left over delusion from the illness?

Dave: So what if it is? Are you trying to tell me that it's ever sane to trust someone else with your emotions? Does it ever make sense to give up part of your own free will to share your life with another person? Love is always crazy; it's always a delusion of other people's ideas of one another. The real question is do you feel the same delusion for him?

Vivian: I- I don't know. I never thought about it like that before.

Dave: Maybe it's time you should. Alison, a little Billy Joel please, you may be right, I may be crazy- right after my song for the kid. WYYS Crestview.

(On air light off) (Dave goes manically looking for a cigarette in his jacket pocket)

Alison: (Approaching Dave) What happened to you?

Dave: Nothing. I'm looking for a damn cigarette.

Alison: No, that was different. Something's changed in your tone.

Dave: It's called fuming, or jonesing or-
(A loud bang is heard from outside the booth)

Alison: What was that? (Bang is heard again)

Dave: Sounds like a gun shot.

Alison: Could it be the speakers?

Dave: If somebody shot the damn speakers.

(Izzu runs in screaming and slamming the door behind him as he runs into the outer room of the studio. He then runs into the booth with Dave and Alison, closes the door blockading them inside.)

Izzu: I told you I needed help! Dave Jefferies! Now I have the large angry man with the largest firearm I have ever seen in my life right behind me, and that is saying something, I was raised in a war zone. You now have no choice but to be helping me sir!

Dave: Izzu! What the hell are you doing here?

Izzu: Running for my life like a scared little girl.

Alison: Oh my god, what do we do?

Dave: Running like scared little girls sounds good.

Izzu: Let us sneak out the back.

Dave: Great plan, but there is no back. You're on the fifth floor!

Izzu: There must be some other set of elevators.

Dave: I hope these private studios are bullet proof.

(At the window the audience catches sight of a large bearded man with an unrealistically large double-barreled shot gun peering through the window, Dave grabs the mic and presses a few of the buttons on his control panel (On air light comes on)

Dave: To anyone listening, the police, the marines, the navy, the air force WXYZ is under attack- (Bang, the knob blows off the door) Holly shit! Okay, it's not bullet proof! Hit the deck!

(Pause scene)

Mr. Henry: So this is where I lose my incredibly expensive sound deterrent glass.

Dave: No, actually. That was um-

Alison: -Later, that happens later.

Dave: This is where you lose the door knob, I tip over the file cabinet to hide behind (he does so) and my coffee mug gets shot (coffee mug explodes)

on the desk. This can be done with a cool trick under the desk or a stage hand in black just smashes it with a mallet.)

Mr. Henry: Okay, I'll take inventory later. (Dave and Alison resume positions with Izzu)

Dave: Really the door knob was a waste of a bullet, no one thought to lock it.

(Scene resumes)

Jake: (kicks in the door) Get back here you no good wife stealing ishcabible!

Alison: Ishcibible? What's an ishcbilble?

Izzu: It's what hillbillies call people of Arabian decent.

Jake: Who you callin a hillbilly? (Dave jumps in front of Izzu)

Dave: You will not harm my audience member!

(pause scene)

Alison: Dave,

Dave: All right, Izzu pushed me. (Izzu jumps behind Dave and pushes him in front) I could've run, but I didn't.

(Resume scene)

Dave: Don't shoot! Please. (standing between Izzu and Jake, because Izzu is holding him there) Look I- Wow that's a big gun.

Alison: Can we say over compensating.

Jake: Over composting what?

Dave: Never mind! Alison! This is not the time for you to grow a sense of humor! Wait just a minute please, can you please hold your fire.

Jake: Well, I'm sorry Mr. Heart I don't have nothin' against you personally, as a matter of fact I'm a big fan of your show-

Alison: He's not-

Dave: I can be Mr. Heart.

Jake: You ain't Mr. Heart?

Dave: No, I ain't. Have you ever heard the late night show?

Jake: Did once but I can't stand listening to that smart ass little prick that hosts it. He likes makin' red-neck jokes.

Dave: Yeah- I guess he does that-I hate that guy too- I'm a substitute host, while Ray Heart has the night off. Why don't you call me Dave? You must be the guy who's son told him-

Jake: You mean Steve? That's my stepson! I ain't got no kids, I was born sterile.

Alison: Evolution works.

Dave: Alison, Shut up! I know that- I meant step-son, stepson. Your stepson told you about your wife's affair, with the UPS driver.

Jake: How'd you know that?

Dave: Steve called the show a couple minutes ago, he was very upset about what he's put the family through.

Jake: What?

Dave: He's powerful sorry 'bout getting things all screwed up 'tween you and yer wife.

Jake: That's nice of 'em, but she's the one that went out cheat'n on me.

Alison: Can't imagine why.

Dave: Alison. Look Mr. Large man, with an even larger gun. What the hell do you hunt with that? Airplanes? I'm sorry, I don't know your name.

Jake: Names Jake. Now all you gotta do is move three inches or so to your right. If I can't shoot around you, I'm sure I can shoot through ya.

Izzu: I swear I did not know my girlfriend was married. She never even was wearing the ring.

Jake: Damn foreigners come into this country and can't even speak no english.

Alison: How would you know? You don't speak it.

Dave: Alison!

Alison: Sorry, I get snippy when I'm scared!

Jake: Steal our jobs, now you're takin' our women. Well I'm stoppin' it right here, you're gettin' deported straight to hell boy, or whatever bad iscabbit place you believe in!

Izzu: Iraq?

Dave: Now Jake I can't let you do that! When Steve told us what happened, he said that the man involved with your wife was a UPS driver, do you remember that?

Jake: Yeah.

Dave: This guy you've been shooting at works at a convince store. You don't have another job, do you Izzu?

Izzu: No, I do not.

Jake: I only got one job too. And one wife.

Dave: Izzu, what's your girlfriend's name?

Izzu: Alice.

Dave: Jake, what's your wife's name?

Jake: My wife's name is Hillary.

Dave: Do you know what that means?

Jake: He's been cheatin' on my wife?

Dave: No, Jake. He's been sleeping with someone else's wife, not yours.

Jake: Then he's still a cheat! I'll be doin' somebody a favor.

Dave: Then you'll go to jail, they'll put you on death row and you won't get the chance to get the real guy. Your wife and her boyfriend will live happily ever after while you go to jail for doing someone else a favor. Do you want that Jake? Do you really want to die getting even for someone else?

Jake: (putting the rifle to his side) Well ya, I guess your right about that.

Dave: I am right about that, besides that, it's not the guy that's breaking the vow of celibacy you and your wife took, it's her.

Alison: Marriage is not a vow of celibacy.

Dave: That's not what I hear.

Jake: She ain't never been married.

(The police enter the room handcuffing Jake)

Dave: You smoke, don't you Jake?

Jake: Ya, how'd you know?

Dave: ESPN, can I bum one?

Jake: Sure. (Dave grabs them knowing instinctively that they are rolled in a shirt sleeve takes on then puts the rest back)

Dave: Thank-you Jake.

Jake: Boy you do have ESPN. How'd you know where I kept 'em?

Dave: I grew up in a trailer park Jake, I know you work the night shift at a towing company. Judging by your size and the fact that you own that gun, I'd say repo.

Jake: Yup. You're good.

Dave: You smoke and have never set foot inside a bank.

Jake: Damn you're good. I'm sorry little cheater guy, I'm sorry Mr. Dave. And please tell your listeners, I'm really sorry about that little guy that was hit by the bus.

(The Police enter)

Alison: Thank-god. Excuse me, praise Allah too. I didn't mean to offend.

Izzu: I'm more offended by the presumption that because of my genetic heritage, I must be Muslim. Are we not in America? Is a man not free to choose any religion he wishes?

Jake: Hey Larry.

Larry: Jake.

Alison: I'm so sorry I just assumed. Is that why you came to this country? For religious freedom?

Izzu: No, American women show a lot more skin then the women in my homeland.

Dave: See, I always said there could be peace in the Middle East if they uncover those women.

Izzu: With that I agree with you Mr. Jefferies.

Jake: Ain't a man alive that won't agree to that.

Larry: You know the drill. You have the right to remain silent (They begin to drag him off)

Jake: I know, this ain't the first time I heard this. Does that mean I have to be quiet?

Larry: Long enough for me to finish reading you your rights. (They exit)

Alison: Who was hit by a bus?

Izzu: The customer that was in front of me when this loony-nut began shooting up my store. He got so scared he just ran, dropped his coffee, flowers, candy and cigarettes and ran blindly out the door, into the path of a bus. Poor fellow, he did not even stop for his change.

Alison: This must've been horrible. Wait a minute. Were they sugar free candies?

Izzu: No, we were out of sugar free, he purchased the smallest box we sell, he said woman do not like the temptation. Which is clever, I never thought of that, why do you ask?

Larry: Come on Izzu, let's go.

Izzu: If I wanted to get shot at every night I would not have left my country!

Dave: This happens often? How many married girlfriends do you have?

Izzu: I work at a convenience store. Everyone there gets shot at least once a month.

Dave: Have you tried looking for a different job?

Izzu: What kind of job would you like me to get? Every time I go to the employment office they send me to a gas station or a convenience store. I know you think that's funny but it's no joke when you are living as the punch line!

Dave: Look Izzu I was wrong, I used you as a cliché when I heard your accent, I shouldn't have.

Izzu: What?

Dave: I admit it was stupid. I was generalizing and mocking a culture I know nothing about. I'm sorry.

Izzu: I lead that man here in hopes you would be shot in the crossfire. Why are you apologizing to me now?

Dave: Because, that was cruel and insensitive of me. I see why you'd be upset with me. You must have a horrible impression of Americans between that guy and me.

Izzu: Maybe you're not such the asshole I believed you to be.

Alison: No you were right the first time, he is an asshole.

Dave: I never thought people would take me seriously. I didn't mean to be hurtful, I was trying to be funny.

Alison: Life must be so hard for you here, after nine eleven.

Izzu: Actually it has advantages, If I get stuck in a line at the department store all I have to do is click my tongue like this (he makes the sound of a ticking clock) The guy in front of me turns around looks at me and the next thing you know, everyone scatters.

Dave: (Dave laughs) I like you.

Izzu: It is possible we could be friends Mr. Jefferies, I will listen to your show the next time I get stuck upon the graveyard shift.

Larry: Izzu? Come on, or else I'm going to make you fill out the paper work on this one.

Izzu: I hate the paperwork.

Alison: That's not fair.

Dave: What's not fair?

Alison: I spend the evening working up a good hate for you and you go and invoke pity.

Dave: I don't want your pity. Izzu, I don't even know where you're from.

Izzu: New Jersey. (Dave laughs) See, I made you laugh again.

Dave: That's good.

Izzu: I am from the non descript middle eastern country of Ustainistain. At least I was when I left, depending on the government koos It could be called something else by now. I must be saying a big apology to you Mr. Dave Jefferies. You may not be Ray Heart but you stood in front of me, and defended my hide through a very scary time, I thank-you.

(Pause scene)

Alison: That really did happen. It was touching.

Dave: Yeah, but Izzu held me in place between him and the gun.

Mr. Henry: I'm not giving out medals, go on.

(Resume scene)

Dave: You're welcome.

Larry: Come on Izzu.

Izzu: Can you be holding your camels one moment?

Larry: Izzu, get serious, this place doesn't even have coffee. No offense Mr. Heart, I am a big fan of your show and we will want your account of the event, but we can wait till you're done here (He hands Dave a card) we've got too many witnesses to interview right now anyway.

Dave: I'm not Mr. Heart.

Officer: We're going to need your report anyway, so give us a call. Tell Mr. Heart precinct twelve says hi. (he exits)

Izzu: I must be going. It costs a fortune in doughnuts every time the police gather around my store for these investigations.

Dave: This really does happen a lot?

Izzu: More often than exact change. I must be off, for the sake of my pastries. (He and the police exit)

Dave: Why is that light on?

Allison: I guess we're on the air.

Dave: We left the mic on?

Alison: We were getting shot at. (She picks up the phone dials, speaks then gets put on hold during Dave's last blurb.)

Dave: You're listening to WXYX Crestview, in the news tonight, a local convenience store and radio station are shot full of bullet holes as a jealous husband rampages through town in search of his wife's lover. Stay tuned after this commercial for more Heart beats. Give us your requests or dedications at 1-800-524-1829 (On Air Light out) Who are you calling?

Alison: The hospital. Those items the bus guy had, they match what Mr. Heart was buying. Maybe there's a reason he hasn't called us or come back.

Dave: Couldn't be. Do you know the odds of that kind of coincidence? He and his wife just aren't listening to the radio.

Alison: It's worth a phone call. That was brave of you, what you did for Izzu. You talked down an angry jealous man with a gun the size of Kansas. Was it scary staring down the barrel of that thing?

Dave: (Attempting to light the cigarette, but his lighter won't work) No, I wasn't scared at all. (Dave passes out and hits the floor)

(Lights out end of act one)
(smoke 'em if you gottem)

Act two Scene one

(As the lights come up Dave is at the microphone. (The on air light is on) Dave is on the line with another caller, talking to the caller, desperately trying to get his cigarette lit and sweeping up bits of broken coffee mug. Alison is has the computer taken apart-now matching the opening of the show- and is playing with wires.)

Todd: I understand all that, but how do I know when it's love?

Dave: Have you ever checked the oil on a car?

Alison: You have love mixed up with lust. Don't listen to him, it's not always about sex.

Dave: What makes you think I was talking about sex?

Alison: You're always thinking with your dip stick. I've been listening to you give mis guided advice for twenty minutes now. You're getting both points of view.

Dave: Look, all I'm trying to tell this guy is- Are you still here?

Todd: Yeah, I'm listening.

Dave: It's like my Uncle Wilber always said: shut-up and fish before the Bait dries out. You can't catch nothing with dead bait.

Alison: That was his advice on love?

Dave: No, that was his advice on fishing, but you see how it applies.

Alison: No-I don't.

Todd: Actually, I kinda see his point. Shut up and fish, you're saying stop trying to analyze every relationship and just take things for what they are. If I keep on searching for perfection, I'll just waste my life searching for someone that may not exist. I know that feeling all too well.

Dave: See?

Todd: Thanks Dave, I really think that helped. You gave me a lot to think about.

Dave: How about a little hold on Loosely for you, just as a reminder. You're listening to Heart Beats on WXYZ. (On Air light goes out)

Alison: You didn't help him, he just wanted off the phone.

Dave: You just don't speak guy. You're welcome to toss in your experience. I'll try not to insult you.

Alison: That's nice of you, but none of my advice has worked for me, maybe I shouldn't pass it on.

Dave: I find that hard to believe.

Alison: Women and Men just have such different ideas of love. They say women are from Venus, men are from Mars.

Dave: Luckily we can meet on Uranus and work something out.

Alison: Dave.

Dave: Sorry. The difference between women and men is simple. Woman want to hear their names screamed in bed. Men don't care whose name it is as long as she screams it.

Alison: These are your late night jokes aren't they?

Dave: So?

Alison: Their similar to the ones you used in high school.

Dave: I recycle, you should like that. It's not like anyone hears them at one o'clock in the morning anyway.- Got another caller, (Clicks button) do you have a dedication?

Max: You're not Ray Heart.

Dave: No, I'm Dave Jeffries.

Max: You're that late night guy aren't you?

Dave: That's me. Are you a fan of my show?

Max: I listen to it sometimes, I usually have better things to do at midnight. Your jokes can be funny, but at that time of night who's paying attention? You should probably just play the music.

Dave: I'll make a note of it.

Max: Thanks.

Dave: Did you just call to criticize me, or did you have a request?

Max: Oh, yeah I'd like you to play a song for my fiancée. I just proposed a few hours ago and she accepted.

Dave: Congratulations. What song would you like me to play for her?

Max: Henry the Eighth by Herman's Hermits.

Dave: And who is it going out to?

Max: Kelly.

Dave: I bet I can guess your name.

Max: Max.

Dave: Okay. This is such a long night. Have you had any luck with that machine?

Alison: No.

Dave: What about your search for Heart?

Alison: The last place I called had the bus accident guy, but they didn't have any ID on him.

Dave: I'm sure Ray is out with his wife in a nice romantic restaurant, nowhere near a radio. He probably hasn't thought twice about us.

Alison: I hope your right.

Dave: What got you into the radio biz? I thought you wanted to be a journalist?

Alison: Aerosmith's Amazing.

Dave: What? Did you sleep with the band?

Alison: Stop it- the song Amazing. I was going through a little tough time and it saved my life. Did you ever listen to the words to it?

Dave: Yeah, I can see it could be a little inspirational. What tough time did you go through? (he begins rubbing two pencils together)

Alison: Like you, I thought life was over, when it wasn't. I attempted suicide. Took a bottle of aspirin then washed it down with Windex. What did you do to try?

Dave: I never attempted suicide.

(Scene pause)

Dave: See, she is a little crazy.

Alison: So is he.

Mr. Henry: As far as I'm concerned you're both freaks! Go on with the story!

(Resume scene)

Alison: Then why were you so concerned with Steve?

Dave: I felt like I wanted to die, but never actually motivated myself to try something. I ate Big Macs and Twinkies in my dark bedroom for six months, I got up to two hundred pounds but that was it. No- that was when I started smoking. Okay, I am currently attempting suicide, I'm just doing it the slow way.

Alison: You did lose the weight I see. I thought you had that problem in grade school too?

Dave: I did, it's easier to get fat again then it is to get back in shape, but I couldn't masturbate past my belly.

Alison: Are you trying to start a fire?

Dave: I just want to light this.

Alison: Songs up, in three two... (On air light on)

Dave: That was Herman's Hermits going out to Kelly from Max. on WXYZ Crestview. Now, I'd like to dedicate a song to Ray Heart wherever he is. Queen's it's a Kind of magic. Ray must have a magic with his listeners that I don't have. (On air light out)

Alison: Weather. (She hands him a report) You know those things are going to take years off your life.

Dave: Good, soon as my childhood is gone I'll be all right. (He slips and knocks his pencil into the panel, sparks or smoke fly out of the panel and the on Air light comes on, and stays on for the rest for the show)

Alison: What did you do?

Dave: I don't know!

(Pause scene)

Dave: In retrospect, I think there's a pencil splinter lodged behind the Microphone switch. I haven't got it to budge since.

(Resume scene)

Dave: Give me that. (He takes the report) The skies are clear with plenty of moonlight and it's a chilly 38 degrees, we're expecting more of the same throughout the evening, so cuddle up to someone you love and listen to a little - Wait a second. This is the same report I read the first time. So the weather hasn't changed. (He tries to turn off the microphone but fails) We'll be right back with more Heart Beats right after this word from our sponsor. Can we go to commercial?

Alison: I'm trying to. (Buzzing is heard over the speakers then a loud commercial announcement: When you're looking to get hammered, or just out for a screw, Crane Hardware is the store for you.)

Dave: Do we have to hear it?

Alison: I can't get it to play without the speakers in here playing it!

Dave: I'll fix it. (Dave calmly pulls the plug)

(Pause scene)

Alison: Dave, that's not quite how it happened

Dave: Yes it is.

Alison: Dave.

Dave: Aright it was more like this. (Dave plugs the speaker back in and the commercial plays)

(Resume scene)

Dave: I'll fix this piece of - (he rips the speaker from the wall, the commercial stops again) That should do it.

Alison: You're going to pay for that.

Dave: No I'm not, if anyone asks it was shot during the rampage-

(Pause scene)

Dave: Damn it!

Alison: You told him that part.

Dave: You lead me to it!

Alison: I didn't make you do anything.

Mr. Henry: Would you two tell the story. I still want to know what happened to my window.

Dave: Why don't you tell him that part Alison?

Alison: I will! When we get to it, we're going in order remember. Now where were we? You jammed the controls so we couldn't turn off the mic-

Dave: -But we didn't know that yet.

Alison: Then you ripped the speaker out of the wall. That's when I answered isn't it?

Dave: I think I went to the bathroom somewhere in there but yeah that's the next important part, it was while I took my turn trying to fix the stupid machine.

(Resume Scene)

Alison: The Phone!

Dave: (Trying to fix the equipment) Could you get that?

Alison: You're on the air.

Cindy: I have sort of an awkward question.

Alison: That happens a lot around here.

Cindy: My boyfriend asked me the size of, you know... my ex.

Alison: How tall your ex-boyfriend was? Why does that matter?

Cindy: Not how tall, how- um- you know

Alison: His weight?

Cindy: The size of his manhood.

Alison: Oh, I- um- I get it. Why does he want to know that?

Cindy: I don't know, but I don't know if I should tell him the truth or just lie?

Alison: I suppose the truth would be best. Honesty is the most important part of any relationship-

Dave: -No! God no, what the hell kind of advice are you giving here?

Alison: Good advice. Honesty is the best policy.

Dave: Not always. Look, does your current man possess the largest one you've ever seen?

Cindy: Actually, one of the smallest, but that doesn't mean-

Dave: For God's sake don't tell him that! Do you want him to leave you or kill himself?

Cindy: I'm trying to avoid telling him anything, but he keeps asking

Dave: Then lie.

Cindy: I don't want to lie to him, I really like him.

Alison: If you truly care for the guy, you owe him the truth.

Dave: He can't handle the truth! Look, if he's a twig you don't want him to know you just climbed down from a mighty oak!

Alison: I need to get you a book of metaphors.

Dave: Sometimes lies protect people, sometimes whether anyone knows it or not, we don't want the truth.

Alison: I would want the truth.

Dave: About the size of your penis?

Alison: I don't have one of those, but if you thought I was fat you should've just told me! I could've lost the weight! I did lose the weight! Look at me now! Whatever was wrong with me, you could've just told me. You didn't have to dump me the way you did.

David: You look fantastic, but I never thought you were fat, ever! Why would I break-up with you for your weight? Why would I? What are you talking about? I remember elementary school. Dumpy Davey, or Jumbo Jefferies, or hey pig boy! Oink oink! The last thing I could criticize was weight!

Alison: Children can be so cruel.

Dave: Kids are honest. That's the difference. They haven't learned how to lie about all of the nice things you should say to people, so they tell the truth. I was fat, I'm glad someone told me, so I could do something about it.

Alison: So you admit truth is best!

Dave: When you can do something about it! Not the size of a man's- you know. The best he can do is tie a cinderblock to it and toss it off a bridge.

Alison: That would kill him faster than lengthen his penis!

Dave: That's what I'm saying! If he's fat, smelly or hairy, by all means tell him. He can shower, shave and diet, no problem, but if he's tiny- lie! They don't call it a *little* white lie for nothing. If you can't lie evade the question, if you can't do that, move away and change your number.

Alison: You can't run away from everything like that.

Dave: You can try. If you care for him at all, don't tell him you've had better.

Cindy: I never said better, just bigger.

Dave: I-But- you mean those aren't the same thing?

Alison: No, not to a woman.

Dave: Still, he's a man- we are not going to buy that.

Cindy: I think Dave knows what he's talking about here, thanks. (She hangs up)

Dave: What makes you think I broke up with you?

Alison: You're the one that stopped talking to me.

Dave: I stopped talking to you after I- (Janitor enters)

Consuela: Solo recogiendo la basura. (She switches out a trash bag and looks around the room) Aye, aye, aye.

Dave: Hey! Do you know anything about this equipment? Can you help us?

Consuela: (In Spanish) Lo que sea que esta hacienda parece una mierda bien cara. Yo voy a pretender que no entiendo nada. Y me voy a ir caminando para no meterme en problemas.

Dave: Is that a no? Alison? Do you speak any Spanish?

Alison: I took German. I thought you took Spanish.

Dave: I failed it!

Consuela: (Still in Spanish) Si alguien me pregunta. Yo no vi nada de esto. (She begins to leave.)

Alison: I think that's a no.

Dave: (Grabbing her) Wait! Please lady, do you smoke? El bum o light-o?

Consuela: A mi no me pagan lo suficiente para esto. (She exits)

Dave: Heart beats, Like it or not you're on the air.

Steve: Are you still looking for me?

Dave: Steve! I'm glad to hear from you buddy. We met you're step dad. Are you okay?

Steve: Yeah, I'm good. I got to hear you meeting Jake-he's pretty fun, huh? Thanks a bunch for talking to me earlier. Just saying everything that was buggin' me out loud really helped, I called my mom home, and we've had a really good talk. We're going to stay over at my grandma's for a little while. Till all this blows over.

Dave: I'm really glad to hear that Steve. I'm going to play another song for you guys. By REO Speed wagon, take it on the run.

Steve: Sounds good.

Alison: Have you ever heard Whitney Huston's the greatest Love of all? It really is learning to love yourself that's most important.

Dave: And the sex is reliable if not exciting.

Steve: See man, you're funny.

Dave: Thanks Steve, you're my number one fan. Really, you're it. You're probably the only living person that listens to my show, so please take care of yourself kid.

Steve: Will do, thanks.

Alison: Why does all that stuff seem so much more important when we're young?

Dave: Because we haven't done it yet. First time we deal with anything is always the best, or worst. (he clicks to the next caller) You're on the air with Heart Beats.

Betsy: (sounds like a deep sexy woman's voice) Hello, look I'm trying to face something that I'm afraid to deal with and I'd like some advice.

Dave: We'll try our best, won't we Alison?

Alison: Yes, we will.

Betsy: Well, I made a big decision in my life. It affects my lover, but I – I made this decision without asking.

Dave: If you look as hot as you sound, I'm sure he'll forgive you.

Betsy: That is part of the problem, this isn't a he we're dealing with.

Dave: Don't be ashamed of your life choice, love is love. Please tell us all about it -this doesn't by chance involve a foursome?

Betsy: No- I went to Brazil, I told my girlfriend it was a business trip, but really. I had a sex change operation. I became a woman. (Dave shutters then puts his face in his hands)

Alison: Dave's going to need a moment, his little fantasy just went south on him. Let me make sure I understand this. You were a man, dating a woman, now you're a woman, still dating a woman?

Betsy: That's right.

Alison: Are you in love with the woman you were dating?

Betsy: Totally.

Alison: Then why did you get the operation?

Betsy: I've always felt I was a lesbian trapped in a man's body.

Alison: That's horrible!

Betsy: You think so?

Alison: Yes, you lied to this woman, you've lead her to believe you're one thing, and now you're, you've well you lost the-the- thing.

Betsy: But this is who I really am.

Alison: But it's not the thing that's the thing, the thing is the deception, the lie the-

Dave: I'll have to disagree with her here. Love is about more than sex, right? Haven't you been saying that?

Alison: Yes, I suppose I have. I mean it is - love is more than sex.

Dave: Then if she loves you for you, she will accept you're decision. If she doesn't understand this then maybe she never really knew you, or never really loved you. Either way staying true to yourself is best.

Alison: But he lost the-

Dave: I know he lost the thing. I got that, all men will, or at least the ability to use it. Women lose their things too. Maybe not lose them but they slip down out of sight. The point I'm trying to make is we're all going to change. It's false advertising from the very beginning. Winning her over with neck rubs and flowers and foot massages that you know you don't want to do for the rest of your life. It's lying to sell a product, like a used car salesman only the product is you; and your just hoping that they get attached to you before the shine wears of the trim, and the hubcaps fall down around your ankles. Love is about more than sex or who has what things or how big they are. You should at least give her the chance to understand.

Betsy: Thank-you, thank-you so much. You've given me the confidence to face this honestly, and with an open heart. Do you think she'll understand?

Dave: Hell no, I think you're getting dumped. But someday you'll find someone that will love you for whatever the hell you are. I once loved a girl, I thought she returned those feelings. Then that ended up being a lie and I felt betrayed- (he looks over at Alison) Look, that's beside the point, It's gonna hurt both of you, but you have to face her with it- Good luck (he hangs up)

Alison: What do you mean by that?

Dave: By what?

Alison: You stared right at me when you said betrayed.

Dave: I was just thinking about something I was afraid of dealing with.

Alison: What?

Dave: Nothing. It's not important anymore.

Alison: It must involve me.

Dave: Chad Parker, Okay? How's he doing?

Alison: Who?

Dave: Chad Parker, Varsity quarter back, red convertible Mustang you remember.

Alison: Oh yeah. No I haven't talked to him in years. I saw him last at graduation.

Dave: You dumped me for him.

Alison: Him? You're an idiot.

Dave: You see, back in high school that would've hurt, but now that I've been called an idiot millions of times it doesn't phase me a bit.

Alison: Chad Parker is, and was in high school a homosexual. He came out right after graduation.

Dave: Really?

Alison: You didn't know?

Dave: What are you talking about? We were on the wrestling team in middle school- wait-That does explain a lot. Oh- that explains everything. That must've been rough competing with other guys. You really didn't have what he wanted. That might have been Chad on the line, I should've asked.

Alison: I didn't- I- even if he was straight- what the hell makes you think I was ever interested in Chad Parker?

Dave: I walked in on the two of you lip locked after school in Mrs. Lawton's class.

Alison: Is that what? I – Oh my God- you are a moron!

Dave: That was my downfall! That was my six months of depression, the weight gain; I had to go to summer school to get my diploma! That was the day you ruined my life!

Alison: Where I ruined- You dumped me because you saw-

(Pause scene)

Alison: Do we really have to relive this part?

Dave: It's part of the story, part of the *true* story.

Alison: I'll pay for the window. Please understand, I was very upset at Dave at that time. (She gently picks up a trophy shaped like a microphone from somewhere in the room) I really wasn't thinking at the time.

Mr. Henry: So you chucked the trophy through the window?

Alison: No, technically I chucked the trophy at Dave's head. He ducked then it hit the window.

Dave: Now you're trying to pin it on me?

Alison: First he made some crass comments about homosexuals and me, then...

(The stage hands can be carefully removing the actual glass here, to make the event a sound effect. But if you've got a better way-go for it.)

(Resume Scene)

Alison: You insensitive asshole! (She chucks the trophy, Dave ducks boom, no more glass. Smoke and or fire should billow up from the control panel.)

Dave: You crazy bitch!

Alison: When I ruined you're life! How about when you destroyed mine! I do recall kissing Chad Parker after school one day!

Dave: After all these years.

Alison: We were both on the prom committee! Our theme was selected as the winner! I was happy! So was he!

Dave: So you decided to make out?

Alison: He was gay! We got excited jumped up and down and kissed, like little school girls! That was what you saw MORON!

Dave: He was a quarterback, he played football.

Alison: He liked the locker room! Why do you think he had such a nice car? The fact that we touched lips was an accident, what you walked in on was a split second goof, we were both trying to kiss cheeks! Three weeks later I'm sitting in a corner crying- alone at my senior prom-the prom I got to plan! I didn't have a date because my boyfriend wouldn't answer my phone calls! Because he didn't show up for school the last month of class, and every time I went to his door no body answered! All my phone calls went un-answered! Dave we dated for two years! That is to this day the longest relationship I have ever had! You wouldn't even talk to me long enough to get back this class ring! (She's wearing his class ring on her neck; she pulls it off and hands it to him)

Dave: You, kept it? I- I didn't know how else to- I- I thought if I talked to you, you would just dump me. I didn't think I could take that.

Alison: You never even told me what happened. I could've explained! I thought you thought I was fat! I became anorexic after that!

Dave: You called me?

Alison: For months.

Dave: My mother never liked you. Sorry, I didn't want to be dumped for Chad.

Alison: You're a self-absorbed, conceited little asshole!

Dave: You're a crazy bitch!

Alison: You're right! I'm such a crazy bitch I deserve a self-absorbed conceited little asshole like you!

Dave: If I'm such an asshole maybe I deserve to be with a crazy bitch like you!

Alison: I think you do! (They kiss) Asshole!

Dave: Bitch (they kiss again)
(She starts to laugh at him)

Alison: You dumb ass.

Dave: You crazy, beautiful woman.
(They kiss)

Alison: I think we're on the air.

Dave: It's radio, they can't see us. (They kiss again. He leans her back on the desk and they hit the sensor button we hear a beep) I didn't know I had one of those in here. (They kiss and keep hitting the button so the audience hears beep, beep, beep)

(Pause scene)

Dave: Yes, we (Hear the beep) on the desk.

Mr. Henry: You guys made up that fast? All those years of bitterness out the window like that?

Dave: More like through the window.

Alison: I never stopped missing him.

Dave: She's still hot.

Mr. Henry: Okay, so the window was destroyed, the control board is burning and you two are making out, what happens next?

(Resume scene)

Alison: The studio is on fire.

Dave: Great! Where's that cigg?

Alison: (holds up the now crushed cigarette) Just put the fire out.

Dave: Right. Please, keep this (Dave gives back the ring, she wears it, then he grabs a fire extinguisher and puts out the control panel) Look, I'm sorry I wrecked the prom for you.

Alison: It's not half as important as it felt then. You're on the air with Heart Beats on WXYZ.

Dan: Yes this is Mr. Rellar I'm with the FCC, are you aware of the fines that you are currently incurring for this station?

Alison: Sorry, we'll watch the language.

Dan: It's not the language. All the sappy talk of love all the-

Alison: There is nothing wrong with love.

Dan: There is when your love is on the air! The heavy breathing, the lip smacking and everything else that's reminding me of how lonely I am has got to go! (He hangs up)

Dave: This panel is fried.

Alison: Heart Beats, you're on the air.

Robert: (Slow heavy breathing voice) Hello.

Alison: Hello? Do you want to hear a song?

Robert: I'm watching you.

Alison: Do you have a request?

Robert: I'm watching every move you make, look out the window, I'm right here.

Alison: What are you talking about? I'm nowhere near a window.

Robert: Sorry, I must have the wrong number. (He hangs up)

Dave: I don't know if we're even on the air any more. Do you want to go grab a bite to eat?

Alison: We can't just leave this place like this. That just wouldn't be the right thing to do.

Dave: Shit, and now that I'm back with you I have to do the right thing, don't I?

Alison: Yes. I'm worried about Mr. Heart. I don't want him in trouble.

Dave: I don't think any of us have a way out of trouble. This is studio is toast. All three of us will be canned first thing tomorrow. At least you're not losing a salary.

Alison: What do you mean?

Dave: Interns aren't paid.

Alison: I'm not?

Dave: You didn't know?

Alison: I never asked about that. Why would you work a job that doesn't pay?

Dave: To get a job as a DJ, entry level training. You really didn't ask?- hold on, caller (he clicks the button) Heart Beats you're-

(Pause scene)

Alison: This is when you called.

Dave: Nope, sorry. Izzu called back again first.

Alison: Oh yeah you're right. I answered that one.

(Resume scene)

Alison: You're live on the air with Heart beats.

Izzu: Hello? Is mister Dave Jefferies available to speak?

Dave: I'm right here. Is this Izzu?

Izzu: Yes it is. I have been listening to you're show, and finding it very romantic indeed. I am very glad that you and miss Alison have resolved you're little misunderstanding. I wanted to share with you the wonderful news that I have myself recieved.

Dave: What's that?

Izzu: My girlfriend never told her husband about me, she was merely testing me to see what I would do.

Alison: But she is married.

Izzu: Yes, however not for long. That no good husband of hers has forgotten about their anniversary for the last time, and she has now agreed to run away with me.

Dave: That's great for you Izzu.

Alison: Horrible for the husband.

Dave: Come on, we don't know that jerk, we're happy for you Izzu.

Izzu: Thank you very much mister Dave Jefferies, I am on my way to pick her up now, good night to both of you.

Alison: I can't help but feel sorry for the husband.

Dave: Let's look on the brightside and just assume he deserves it.

(Pause scene)

Alison: Then you called.

Dave: Yeah, I had time to get out Heart beats and you cut me off with-

(Resume Scene)

Mr. Henry: You are still broadcasting idiots!

Dave: Mr. Henry!

Mr. Henry: There's a black filing cabinet out in the break room. In the top drawer there should be some hard copy commercials. Read 'em! You do that and answer the calls best you can and I might let you three live! I'm on my way down there! Call Hearts cell phone!

Dave: I would but I don't have his nu-

Mr. Henry: The contact list for all the employees is in the second drawer of that same damn filing cabinet! Try to play some music if you can, and clean up your goddamn language! I don't want the fucking FCC to close my ass down. (He hangs up)

(Pause Scene)

Mr. Henry: That was on the air wasn't it?

Dave: Yes sir, everything after the pencil incident was on the air.

(Resume scene)

Alison: I can sing. Remember our song? (She begins to sing I will always love you Dave stops her.)

Dave: Stop! You're violating copyrights!

Alison: Sorry.

Dave: Did you ever want to be a singer?

Alison: No.

Dave: Good. (He exits)

Alison: Hey! Where are you going?

Dave: Filing cabinet, answer the phone.

Alison: WXYS you're on the air.

Richard: Hey, is this Dave and Alison?

Alison: Yes, I guess it is. How can I help you?

Richard: You two seem good at this dramatic crazy relationship stuff, I need some advice.

Alison: Sure. (Dave re-enters somewhere around or before here) Shoot!
(Dave hits the floor and covers his head) Are you okay?

Dave: Don't say shoot!

Richard: You still there?

Alison: We're listening.

Richard: Look, I just got back from a six month tour of duty. My wife and I don't have any kids or anything, but she. Well she admitted she was lonely and had a little extra marital affair while I was gone-

Alison: If she admitted to it that means she does still care, and she wants your forgiveness.

Richard: I know all that- My problem is, does that mean I'm obligated to tell her about all the prostitutes I was with while I was gone?

Alison: Oh-I- um-

Dave: You're also obligated to get tested. (Dave hangs up). I've got the cell phone number. If you can call him, I'll read the commercials.

Alison: Deal (she goes to call Heart)

Dave: You're listening to Heart Beats on WXYS Crestview 106.9 fm. Tonight's show has been brought to you by: Freddy's pizzeria and exotic dance club, perfect when you're in the mood for a slice (He turns the page) Of pizza. And the breakthrough contraception pill noassatall. When you're not ready for children, try noassatall. (He examines the papers) These can't be real commercials. WXYS, you're on the air.

Jay: Hello?

Dave: Hello?

Jay: Hi, It's Jay.

Dave: Jay?

Jay: Remember me?

Dave: The village people request?

Jay: Yeah, that's me.

Dave: I can't play any more requests at the moment, we're having technical difficulties.

Jay: Good.

Dave: Good that we're having difficulties?

Jay: No, good you're not playing anymore music.

Dave: Don't you like music?

Jay: I'd rather talk.

Dave: (there's an awkward silence) Well, Jay. This is called an awkward silence. Is there anything on your mind you'd like to talk about?

Jay: No, I'm just bored.

Dave: I can't imagine-

Alison: Dave, be nice.

Dave: Any luck?

Alison: I left a message.

Dave: So Jay what do you do for a living?

Jay: You mean like my job?

Dave: Job, Hobbies, tell us something interesting about you Jay. Is there anything?

Jay: Works boring.

Dave: Hobbies?

Jay: No, I don't need the stress.

Dave: Why did you call me Jay?

Jay: I didn't call you Jay, that's my name.

Dave: What do you want? I can't imagine a stud like you has nothing to do on Valentine's Day!

Jay: My date left.

Dave: Were you just too much for her? Or did she remember she had to wash her hair in the middle of dinner?

Jay: No, she had to go bail her husband out of jail or something. I don't know her kid called her home.

Dave: Dating a married woman?

Jay: Yeah, I'm a wild one. She doesn't like that hillbilly she's hitched to anyway.

Dave: Jay? Jay, you're a UPS driver aren't you? And you're girlfriend. What was her name?

Alison: Hilary.

Dave: Hilary! And her son's name is Steve! Am I right?

Jay: How did you-? You've found me. Oh my God you're one of them aren't you?

Dave: One of who?

Jay: Aliens! The little green men that probed me two years ago!

Dave: No, Jay. I have no interest in probing you.

Jay: Liars! You all are! You'll never find me again! (He hangs up)

Dave: Okay. I hope I never do find you again. All right Jake, if you're listening, I found the guy you were trying to kill. He's been abducted by aliens. Hillary, if you're listening, you really have to work on your taste in men, and Steve if you're still listening, you didn't screw up anything for your mother, she had things pretty messed up all by herself. Heart beats, you're on the air.

Nurse Baker: Is this the radio station that thinks they know the man that was hit by a Greyhound?

Dave: Maybe, why?

Nurse Baker: Did you just call his cell phone?

Alison: Yes, yes I did.

Nurse Baker: Funny, we just had a cell phone ring in the operating room. Couldn't answer it, because we don't know where it is. We've just recovered a wallet, could you tell me the name of the man you're looking for?

Dave: What do you mean recovered the wallet?

Nurse Baker: It was imbedded in his left butt cheek.

Dave: Heart. The last Name is Heart first name Ray or Raymond.

Nurse Baker: Then yes, I do believe this is your friend.

Dave: Oh God.

Alison: Can't you match the patient with his picture?

Nurse Baker: Honey, he was hit by a bus doing fifty miles an hour. His face doesn't match nothing anymore.

Dave: Is he going to live?

Nurse Baker: Looks like it right now. With some therapy and a few surgeries he should be able to get on with his life- in a few- months-maybe-years. Maybe we'll find out what the hell happened to his cell phone. He's on the table butt naked ringing that mmm bop song and none of us can find it.

Dave: Guess it could be worse.

Nurse Baker: Oh yeah, much worse. I've seen patients come in here dead-

Alison: Thank-you very much for the phone call-

Nurse Baker: Look, you people seem to be the only one's looking for this guy, could you let the family know he's here?

Dave: Sure thing, I think I have his home number here.

Nurse Baker: And I wanted to say that this show is better tonight then it has been in years. I wish I could meet back up with my high school sweet heart, trouble is his name was Chad Parker. Small world ain't it? (She hangs up)

Alison: Think she was serious?

Dave: I don't know, we've got to call Ray's wife. She thinks he forgot their anniversary.

Alison: But- we're on the air. Can we do that?

Dave: Is it going to be worse than anything else we've said on the air? (He dials) I'm going to feel bad now when I cash his check.

Alison: You're not actually going to cash that are you? That wouldn't be right.

Dave: No, I guess it wouldn't. (We hear the phone ring) Do you think they have those cigarettes he bought down at the hospital?

Alison: Dave, focus, she's going to take this really hard. That's a little insensitive.

Dave: Depends on his insurance.

Alison: That's incredibly insensitive.

Izzu: (Answers the phone breathless) Yes?

Dave: Is Alice Heart there?

Izzu: She is busy at the moment, may I be taking a message?

Dave: Izzu? Izzu, is that you?

Izzu: Yes, Dave? Is this Dave Jefferies? This is a first. You are now calling me.

Dave: This number I called- You're at her house aren't you? You're girlfriend-

Izzu: Yes indeed- how is it that you know this phone number to reach me?

Dave: No, I don't believe it. That means you're-

Alison: -Then Ray is-

Izzu: Mr. Jefferies? (Dave hangs up)

Dave: The poor husband.

Alison: That's what I told you. I thought we we're having a bad night.

Dave: No kidding, talk about a broken heart. My evening hasn't been bad. I've been having a great night. I got a second chance to meet the girl of my dreams.

Alison: Really?

Dave: Yeah, but she wouldn't talk to me then I ran into you.

Alison: You're a jerk.

Dave: Really Parts of this night have felt great. Okay, maybe just parts of you.

Alison: Stop it, we've got to get down to the hospital. Poor Ray

Dave: Yeah, Poor Ray (They kiss in the exact same position as when the show started then Mr. Henry walks in the door as when the show started)

Mr. Henry: What the hell is this?

Dave: Like you don't know-(He looks up)-Mr. Henry!

Mr. Henry: What happened here?

Dave: We were just on the way out, I'll explain it all later.

Mr. Henry: I'd rather have you explain now. Who are you?

(He breaks from the scene) All right! I was here for this part! This board is lit up like a Christmas tree, why aren't you answering the phones?

Dave: We've been telling you what happened to the studio. (He clicks the button) Heart beats, what do you want?

Frank: This is Frank Walker, may I speak to Mr. Henry?

Mr. Henry: I'm here Frank, look I can explain everything-

Frank: Don't I was listening, and according to this call volume I'm seeing so is everyone else! Oscar, don't you dare fire these two. We've got a shot at another syndicated show!

Mr. Henry: I wasn't going to fire them. I'll be taking the damages out of their paychecks for years. I was planning on making them scrub toilets.

Frank: I strongly advise you to have them run the show in Hearts absence, they're doing more with it than he ever did.

Mr. Henry: You two willing?

Dave: More than.

Mr. Henry: You're sure about this Frank?

Frank: Have I ever steered you wrong?

Alison: Who is Frank?

Dave: Don't know, don't care. Syndicated shows make the big money.

Mr. Henry: You'll be working for free for the first three months just paying off the damages.

Dave: I can live with that.

Alison: Apparently I work for free already, but we really need to get down to see Ray, he's having a really bad night.

Dave: And now he lost his job.

Alison: Oh, yeah-

Mr. Henry: -Go, down to the hospital. Call the station when you get there. You're finishing up the show from there, got it?

Alison: Yes sir, thank-you sir.

Mr. Henry: There's something I still don't understand. How can two people that destroyed each other's lives, forgive each other in one night?

Dave: The only way we could've destroyed each other is if we loved each other. And we must have.

Alison: Let's go. You drive.

Dave: See, that's love. (They exit)

Mr. Henry: Talk to you later Frank (sitting down and picking up the phone) you're listening to Heart Beats on WXYZ Crestview. I've got to call my ex-wife, I must've really loved her.

(Lights out)

(I don't know if I love this show, but I'd DO it.)

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