

Bronx Weatherman  
by  
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FADE IN ON:

**INT. TV STATION - DAY**

A over-sized banner hangs over the room: KTV NEWS 13.

TECHNICIANS scurry beneath it. Bright lights everywhere. An army of cameras focus on a green screen.

FREDDY (30s) fidgets on the stage - caught in camera cross hairs. A loaner suit from wardrobe bulges over pumped biceps. The collar barely buttons over his muscled neck - *almost* covering his gang tattoo.

KELLY (40s) directs the cameras: a corporate shark in high heels. Matronly support on her face.

A MAKEUP GIRL runs up to Freddy and dabs concealer on his neck. A nervous Freddy pushes her away.

He squints through the lights towards Kelly.

FREDDY  
(heavy Bronx accent)  
Yo. I look okay?

KELLY  
Relax, Freddy. You'll do just fine.

A SNICKER in the audience. Kelly swings around.

Camera techs BOB and ALEX stand behind her. Early twenties. Preppy clothes.

KELLY  
What exactly do you think is so funny?

BOB  
He said "Yo."

ALEX  
That's so Travolta.

BOB  
We're really gonna put that guy on the air?

KELLY  
(beat)  
Sutter still a no-show?

Alex and Bob exchange glances.

ALEX  
Sutter, he called in sick. He was up late  
last night. Networking for KTV.

BOB  
(mutters)  
Yeah, and doing lines at Marquee.

Kelly fixes them both with an icy glare.

KELLY  
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee. Who assigned  
you to cameras? Where's Rodriguez?

BOB  
Called in sick as well.

KELLY  
Lemme guess. He went to the same party.

BOB  
(beat)  
Seriously - Freddy's kind of rough around  
the edges. You sure this guy's fit for  
prime time?

KELLY  
(sneers)  
At least he comes in to work.

She sizes up their preppy clothes.

KELLY  
We could use some local flavor around  
here.

Warning signs flash red. Kelly swivels on stilettos back  
towards the stage.

The makeup girl powders Freddy's cheek. Freddy COUGHS -  
panic on his bruised face.

Kelly snaps her fingers.

KELLY  
Calm down. Look at me!

FREDDY  
I ain't ready!

KELLY  
Isn't this what you went to school for?  
No-one in this room knows this stuff  
better than you!

FREDDY

But Sutter...

KELLY

Isn't here. This is your chance to shine.  
Relax, and everything will be fine.

Bob wrinkles his face. He's not sure.

Alex raises fingers to start count-down.

ALEX

Live in Three. Two. One! Action!

KELLY

(yells)

Freddy, remember: be yourself!

The green screen SPRINGS to life. A weather map glows from ceiling to floor - a live camera shot in one corner. A SNOWY DARK NYC STREET.

Freddy grabs for his crotch. Stops himself last second. Flashes a freaked-out smile at the lens.

Bob and Alex smirk. FIGURATIVE CRICKETS CHIRP in the silence. The pause seems longer than eternity.

Finally:

FREDDY

(deep breath)

'Kay. Well. Uh, welcome all to KTV-13.  
All the weather you need to know. Right  
at your fingertips.

Kelly SIGHS. A rough start. But serviceable.

Freddy's tough guy swagger kicks in. He points to colored stripes along the map.

FREDDY

Check it out. We gots... I mean, we *have*  
a cold front moving in. Bands of  
precipitation centered 'round Jersey.  
'Course who cares about Newark, right?

Despite herself, Kelly GIGGLES. Just a bit.

FREDDY

Colder temperatures focused on the metro  
area mean icy conditions near mid-town.

Alex turns to Bob. Whispers.

ALEX

The lunk's got brains after all.

KELLY

He DOES have a meteorologist degree.

BOB

(shrugs)

Sure. From CUNY.

FREDDY

Road conditions are gonna be real hazardous, wit' low visibility. Driver caution is *highly* recommended.

He turns toward the live video...

...just as a CAB fishtails at an intersection. Nearly SIDESWIPES a CITY BUS!

FREDDY

Holy SHIT! You see that?!?

He swings back to the camera; horror on his face.

FREDDY

It's fuckin' scary out there!

Kelly turns sheet white. She elbows Alex in the ribs.

KELLY

Cut the feed.

Alex fumbles with camera controls.

ALEX

I don't know how!

BOB

Rodriguez was the expert.

KELLY

Rodriguez isn't here! Fix it!

BOB

We can't!

KELLY

Then what the fuck *good* are you?

The cameras keep filming.

Freddy soldiers on, gaining confidence with each word. He points again to the map. Temperatures with cartoon icicles flash on screen.

FREDDY

And the temperature's even scarier.  
Twenty degrees. With a wind chill factor  
of *thirteen*.

(beat)

Enough to freeze your balls right off.

Bob GIGGLES hysterically.

Kelly dashes to a control panel, and pushes every button in sight. None of the cameras shut off. A lens zooms in on Freddy's earnest face.

FREDDY

Seriously. Below thirty just ain't safe.  
Guys, you venture out in this without  
protection, your dick's gonna go into  
hibernation for the winter. Ain't gonna  
come out again until it sees its shadow,  
next spring.

He smiles toward Kelly, on a roll.

FREDDY

It's gonna look like a little old lady's  
labia. After a *real* hot shower....

Kelly SHRIEKS and rips power cords from the wall. Cameras on the other side of the room keep on rolling.

Freddy beams at the nearest lens.

FREDDY

An' we don't want that, do we? Us at KTV-  
13 care about your safety. We want ya to  
stay safe out there. They're talkin'  
thirteen inches of snow. 'Course thirteen  
inches ain't nuthin.

(snorts)

Well, for some of us, at least.

Kelly barrels through TECHNICIANS like bowling pins, bee-lines for a power strip across the room.

FREDDY

And ladies, don't you forget to bundle  
up, too. Or you're gonna be cuttin' glass  
with those nipples. And that ain't gonna  
be a pretty sight. Unless you gots them  
Double D's...

Kelly RIPS a surge guard out of the wall.

The last camera BLEEPS off - along with all the overhead lights. Plunging the studio into darkness.

BEAT

Backup generators HUM. Spotlights flicker back on, illuminating shell-shocked technician faces.

A dishevelled Kelly staggers to her feet. Stares open mouthed at Freddy.

KELLY

You. I. What you just did is so monumentally...

FREDDY

(proud)

Fucking A' awesome! I know! Sutter can go screw himself. And all the rich bitch sluts at Marquee. I nailed it, didn't I? Tell me straight - did I get the job?

Bob turns to a stunned Kelly.

BOB

You're right. He *does* have local flavor.

Phones start RINGING. Off the hook...

FINAL FADE OUT: