

BY REQUEST
by Tom Moran

(Split stage. Left, AMANDA mans a radio station console. Right, JIM drives frantically and talks on a cellphone.)

AMANDA
KJCR request line.

JIM
Yeah, I want to hear a song. (glances over his shoulder) And the sooner the better.

AMANDA
What's your hurry?

JIM
Well, see, I'm being chased.

AMANDA
Oh no. Chased? By who?

JIM
Well, these guys tried to rob me, see - (a POLICE SIREN is heard)- and -

AMANDA
Is that a siren?

JIM
Okay, yeah. It's the cops. But I totally didn't do it.

AMANDA
What didn't you do?

JIM
I didn't point a gun at a bank teller. And I certainly didn't escape with a canvas bag full of cash.

AMANDA
Sounds like you didn't pull off quite a heist.

JIM

Well, I haven't been planning it for weeks. (He swerves to avoid something.) You got a cute voice. You married?

AMANDA

Well, I don't have a husband and three lovely children.

JIM

Oh, I see.

AMANDA

No, I really don't. I just got carried away with the joke there.

JIM

Oh. Hey, how about once I get clear of these pigs, I look you up?

AMANDA

Thanks, but I've never been much for bad boys.

JIM

Oh.

AMANDA

So what song were you hoping to hear?

JIM

"Fuck the Police" by NWA.

AMANDA

Huh.

JIM

It just seemed appropriate.

AMANDA

You do realize this is a gospel station.

(Blackout. End of Play.)