

Broadcast News

Aaron + Jane

Aaron: Hey.

Jane: How did it go.

Aaron: You didn't see it or talk to anybody

Jane: No.

Aaron: Then it went very well.

Jane: Did it really go well.

Aaron: Define your terms.

Jane: Do you feel good about it.

Aaron: No.

Jane: Do others feel that you did well.

Aaron: No.

Jane: Then what was good about it.

Aaron: I lost six pounds.

Jane: Aaron, will you tell me.

Aaron: It was great. There I was writing my little first grade copy, sitting on my jacket, hunching my one thought, except I had this historic attack of flop sweat. They are never gonna let me anchor again, ever. Oh yeah, I lost one of your shoulder pads. I think it drowned. How was your evening anyway.

Jane: What do you mean flop sweat? You're making too much out of this. I bet you were the only one aware of it.

Aaron: People phoned in.

Jane: Stop kidding with me. I want to know what happened.

Aaron: I'm not kidding.

Jane: There were complaining phone calls because you were sweating.

Aaron: No. Nice ones. Worried that I was having a heart attack.

Jane: If all that happened, how come you're so chipper.

Aaron: I don't know. I don't know. At some point it was so off the chart bad, it just got funny. My central nervous system was telling me something. Jane, sweat pouring down my face, make-up falling into my eyes. People turning on this fuselage of blow dryers on my hair, also I could read introductions of other people who were covering stories which is what I like to do anyway.

Jane: Yes.

Aaron: And I'm chipper because you finally called. Come over, I'm gonna cook for us. Tequila and eggs sound good.

Jane: I have to be someplace.

Aaron: Now.

Jane: I told what's his name, Tom, that I'd meet him.

Aaron: Tell him you're coming over here. It can wait right.

Jane: I don't know. Uh, I may be in love with him.

Aaron: I knew it. Just hang up, go ahead, and hang up. I'm not kidding. You go to hell. Wait! No don't. Don't hang up.

Jane: This is important to me.

Aaron: I think it's important for you too.

Jane: Well.....What?

Aaron: Give me one minute please. This is tough. Jane, okay. Let's take the part that has nothing to do with me. Let me just be your most trusted friend now, the one that gets to say all the awful stuff okay.

Jane: I guess. Yes.

Aaron: You can't end up with Tom, because it totally goes against everything that you are about.

Jane: Yeah. Being a basket case.

Aaron: I know you care about him. I've never seen you like this with anybody, so don't get me wrong when I tell you that Tom, while being a nice guy, is the devil.

Jane: This isn't friendship. You're crazy you know that.

Aaron: What do you think the devil is gonna look like if he's around.

Jane: God.

Aaron: Come on. No one's gonna be taken in by a guy with a long red pointy tail. Come on. What's he gonna sound like. No. I'm semi-serious here.

Jane: You're serious....

Aaron: He will be attractive. He'll be nice and helpful. He'll get a job where he influences a great God fearing nation. He'll never do an evil thing. He'll never deliberately hurt a living thing. He'll just bit by bit, lower our standards where they're important, just a tiny little bit, just coax along, flash over substance, just a tiny little bit. And he'll talk about all of us really being salesmen. And he'll get all the great women.

Jane: Hey Aaron. I think you're the devil.

Aaron: You know I'm not.

Jane: How.

Aaron: Because I think we have the kind of friendship where if I were the devil, you'd be the only one I would tell.

Jane: Well you were awfully quick to run after Tom's help when....

Aaron: All right. Fine. Yes. And if things had gone well for me tonight, then I probably wouldn't be saying any of this. I grant you everything, but give me this. He personifies everything that you have been fighting against. And I'm in love with you..... How do you like that? I buried the lead. I got to not say that out loud. It takes too much out of me. I never fought for anyone before. Does anybody win one of these things?