Radio / Prank Phone Calls

©Alan Roberts Alan@hearmuff.com 917-524-4818

<u>TELEMARKETER</u>

MARY

Hello?

TELEMARKETER

Good evening, Mary! You have been chosen at random to receive a free

cruise to Aruba!

MARY

Not interested.

TELEMARKETER

I beg to differ!

MARY

Beg all you want. I never signed up for that.

TELEMARKETER

Didn't you place your business card in a fishbowl at a South Rockland

County Chamber of Commerce meeting on June 12, 2002?

MARY

Maybe, but that was a long time ago. Goodbye.

TELEMARKETER

Wait! Let me make sure I have the correct information for you so I can

delete you from our calling list.

MARY

Sure.

TELEMARKETER

This is your main contact number?

MARY

Yes.

TELEMARKETER

And you're still a Size 2?

MARY

What?! Why do you... where did that come from?

TELEMARKETER

Lemme see... Oh yes, here it is. Seems like this was a women's Chamber

gathering for some kind of local fashion show. All attendees were

provided ample amounts of something called "Northeast Regional

Chardonnay" and finger food, then given a form to complete in order to

be eligible for a free cruise to Aruba.

MARY

Oh god, that thing? I hardly remember anything from that night.

TELEMARKETER

Right. So... Size 2?

MARY (SMILING)

I'll play along. If I put down that I was a Size 2 sixteen years ago, why

not? Yes, I'm still a Size 2.

TELEMARKETER

36 Bust?

(Cont.)

MARY (CHORTLES)

Ha! Absolutely! If that's what I wrote, then that's what I am!

TELEMARKETER

Perfect. 115 lbs.?

MARY

Jesus, what was in that wine...

TELEMARKETER

According to our records, the event was called "Wine, Women and

Thong!" It was sponsored by a local swimwear designer... oh, here.

Leslie Bartles.

MARY

That slut? I mean, wow... yes, (WITH EDGE) Leslie. I wonder whatever

happened to her?

TELEMARKETER

Maybe I can help you with that. (PAUSE) According to our database, she

died on a cruise to Aruba.

MARY

What?! What a shame! Such a... *lively* girl. I'd feel worse were it not for the fact that she shtupped my husband. I mean, ex-husband.

TELEMARKETER

I'm confused. Why would your husband sleep with another woman, when he had a 115lb., Size 2 woman at home with a 36-inch bust?

(FX: CRICKETS)

MARY

Well... I may have fudged the facts a little on that raffle form.

TELEMARKETER

Mary! No!

MARY

I know! I know! I'm so embarrassed!

TELEMARKETER

As well you should be! This was a legitimate contest and your good friend Leslie was counting on everyone being truthful with their answers so she could pick the most qualified winner to wear her swimwear during

the cruise!

MARY

I know! And I feel terrible! But look, this was right after 9-11, I was a hot

32-year-old, and I'd just been laid off. The wine was flowing and every

bitch in that room wanted to win that trip! My husband hadn't put a

finger on me in months and I figured, "What the hell?" I wanted to be a...

(CATCHES HERSELF)

MARY, cont.

Hey, wait a minute! You have no right to make me feel guilty about some stupid raffle over 15 years ago!

TELEMARKETER

Well, you're the one who lied during a drunken gathering of local businesswomen, not me. In order for me to re-enter you in this raffle, I'm

TELEMARKETER, cont.

gonna need a current photo of your breasts.

MARY

What?! No way!

TELEMARKETER

What's wrong, Mary? Haven't been doing your Cobra Lat Pulldowns?

MARY

Not even sure how to answer that.

TELEMARKETER

Or does the fact that your husband left you for Leslie Bartles have

anything to do with your saggy boobs?

MARY

He didn't leave me for her! It was a one-time fling. Besides, are you in

the same physical condition you were 16 years ago?!

TELEMARKETER

Actually, I am. I hit the gym every morning and maintain a fit 6'2", 180

lb. frame. You could bounce a champagne cork off my stomach. Just ask

Leslie Bartles, hehe.

MARY

Oh brother...

It's true. On top of that, I still have all my hair and people say I remind them of a younger Tom Selleck crossed with Brad Pitt in "Thelma &

Louise."

MARY (FLIRTING)

You don't say...

(Cont.)

TELEMARKETER (FLIRTING BACK)

I do say! Now I'm afraid I have to insist that you text me a current photo

of your boobs. One from behind would be good, too.

MARY

What was that number?

(END)