

BROADCAST NEWS

AARON: It's open. Sorry, was in the shower.

JANE: How'd 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. Reading my first rate copy. Sitting on my jacket. Punching my one thought.

Except I had this historic attack of flop sweat. They're never going to let me anchor again. Ever. Oh, and I lost one of your shoulder pads -- I think it drowned. How was your evening?

JANE: What do you mean flop sweat? You're making too much out of this. I'm sure no one was even 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, then why are you so chipper?

AARON: I don't know. I don't know. At some point it just went so off the chart bad that it just got funny.

My central nervous system was telling me something, Jane! Sweat pouring down my face!

Makeup running into my eyes!

People around me with a fusillade of blow dryers on my hair! All so I could introduce other people who were covering the stories, which is what I like to do, anyway.

JANE: yes.

AARON: And I'm chipper because you finally showed up. I'm going to cook for us. Tequilla 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: Call him up! It can wait, right?

JANE: I don't know. I may be in love with him.

AARON: I knew it. Get out of my house now. I want you out of here. I'm not kidding, get out of here.

You go to hell! Come back. Come back here, don't go.

[She turns at the last second]

JANE: This is important to me!

AARON: I think it's important for you, too. Come on. Sit down. Sit down.

JANE: What?

AARON: Give me one minute, please! This is tough! Okay. Let's start with the part that has nothing

to do with me. Let me be your most trusted friend, here, the one who gets to say all the awful stuff.

JANE: I guess.

AARON: You can't end up with Tom, because it totally goes against everything that you're 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 very nice guy, is the Devil.

JANE: This isn't friendship. You're crazy, you know that?

AARON: What do you think the devil is going to look like if he's around?

JANE: Oh, god...

AARON: C'mon! No one is going to be taken in by a guy with a big long pointy red tail! What's he going to sound like? I'm semi-serious here... He'll 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 little bit lower our standards where they're important. Just a little bit, coax it 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: Aaron, I think you're the devil!

AARON: You know I'm not!

JANE: How do I know?

AARON: Because you and I have the kind of friendship where if I were the devil, you'd be the only person I'd tell!

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

AARON: Alright, fine! Yes! And if things had gone well for me tonight I probably wouldn't be saying any of this! I grant you everything! But give me this. He personifies everything you've been fighting against. And

I'm in love with you. How do you like that? I buried the lead... I gotta not say that out loud. It takes too much out of me. I've never fought for anyone before. Does anybody win one of these things?