

# RADIO SPACE

Estimated run time: One hour, fifteen minutes

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### The Story

Saul, a radio DJ, grieving his failed romance discovers that his tape deck can manipulate time allowing him to relive better days. When his tape deck malfunctions he becomes trapped to jumping around various moments of his past: the tender moments between his friends and romances, the events that broke them apart, and how that turned him into who he is. Without closure and armed with his malfunctioning tape deck, he continues to jump in order to figure out what he has become, where he has to go, and what he has to do in order to escape his memories and return to the present.

### Characters

Saul	Broken Radio DJ who has a broken magical tape deck.
Tara	The love of Saul's life. Saul is the love of hers. Or, was?
Yana	The one who fucked Saul up.
Odessa	Saul's best friend. Richard's ex-girlfriend, but she still loves him.
Richard	Saul's ex-best friend. Odessa's ex-boyfriend, he does not love her.
Jennifer	Saul's therapist.
Tape Deck	Saul's magical tape deck, great at playing music and memories.

*Saul stands next to his tape deck. He wipes his eyes off. He presses a button on it and Tara appears. He sits and looks at her, he stays sitting for awhile. Then he stands up and moves to the deck. He presses a button and she disappears. Then, Odessa comes in.*

Odessa: Saul, how are the sets coming?

Saul: Good. Good, indeed. Um, here.

*He hands Odessa a cassette tape.*

Odessa: Cassette?

Saul: Yeah.

Odessa: I'll have to connect the tape player, wherever it is.

Saul: Storage. I put it there a few weeks ago.

Odessa: Right... Saul, last night...

Saul: Is done. It's okay, I get it.

Odessa: Right. Okay... well hey, we should get dinner or something.

*Silence*

Saul: Is that to talk more or to go back to being friends?

Odessa: ... both?

Saul: Odi, we are friends. Just... take care okay? It sounds like we are both in a place, let's not complicate that.

Odessa: Can do. Okay... Okay, Saul, yes. Yes. Good. I understand.

Saul: Alright.

Odessa: See you on the air.

Saul: See you then.

*Odessa leaves. Saul collapses into his chair.*

Saul: Fuck... this doesn't let up.

*Jennifer's voice, the scene shifts.*

Jennifer: So, you two were close.

Saul: Are close.

Jennifer: Are, okay. Do you two still talk?

Saul: Not for a few months.

Jennifer: Why is that?

Saul: Busy. We are both busy. She got a new job, life gets away from you.

Jennifer: Is that all?

Saul: No... it was just so intimate. I mean, nothing really happened, but that moment was years in the build up and... shit... just fucking shit.

Jennifer: Are you angry?

Saul: Yes! I am! I am angry that I had to fall in love so strongly with Tara when I am the most fucked up and confused. There is a storm in me and literally I could make things happen anyway I want them to! Which is no different than any other day, but now I just don't feel secure! I am adrift inside of myself and it hurts... I can't sleep with pain, I can't stay awake without being afraid, and I see everything around me falling apart at all times.

Jennifer: When did this start?

Saul: This go around... right after Yana and I ended it. She... she uh... she did a lot to fuck with me. She used to make fun of me.

Jennifer: For?

Saul: Sex, the way I would laugh, the music I chose for sets, anything. Whatever she could exploit to make me feel small. And, boy, did that stick and is still in me. I feel like it has become me, and I have to always monitor myself to make sure I don't fall into acting the same way.

Jennifer: Have you yet?

Saul: No, but I feel like the moment I relax that is what will come out. And that person hurts people, Jennifer. And I will not hurt Tara or Odessa. I will not become that guy. Not Tara's! I can't be like Richard for Odessa.

Jennifer: You look after your friends a lot.

Saul: It is just where my mind goes.

Jennifer: You care. A lot. It says a lot about you, but I think in that you aren't looking out for you so you can calm down and see -

Saul: What?

Jennifer: You care. A lot. It says a lot about you, but I think in that you aren't looking out for you so you can calm down and see -

*Saul starts to tremble.*

Saul: Jennifer... just wait a second..

Jennifer: You care. A lot. It says a lot about you, but I think in that you aren't looking out for you so you can calm down and see -

Saul: Jennifer... fuck!

*Saul extends his hand and his tape deck comes flying toward him. He presses pause.*

Saul: It's all collapsing into itself. Me and my ability to tell where I am and what I am doing. Moments earlier...

*Saul presses rewind.*

Saul: As I shambled my way through moving hallways and ceilings that were either too low or too high I could feel myself sliding in and out of identity. The woman next to me wore a well ironed grey button down, and a pant suit. Her brown shoes were clean. Her demeanor and her words were friendly and open, which despite my inability to be so, was what I needed to be around. I felt like I had left my soul behind months ago. Even though I was in a much better place, I could see halls burning. I could see the city crumbling as if it was built out of plaster for years and no one was told. I thought back to who I was two years ago and realized that if I had made better choices I wouldn't be here now.

*Saul unpauses.*

Saul: Not better choices, different. I know there was no way I could know. Blaming myself is just easier these days. You fall into the habit... all it takes is the wrong person to go after. And worse, losing the right one. My head spins as I sit down in a chair I know is comfortable, but cannot take comfort in. My body will not stop seizing. She hands me the paper on a clipboard. I take it. My diagnosis is on it. I want to refuse the titles, and talk issues. I know if I rely on them I will fall into them. Yet months away into the future, I already have.

Jennifer: Let's call it there for the day.

*They shake hands. Saul goes to his tape deck. He presses fast forward and he gets to his home.*

Saul: I need to quit. I am not wasting this moment by living in the past, I am using it to discover something. Something I lost. I experience now and then at the same time, I am fighting for my future. It is time to make tomorrow's set list. As I press play, and the music comes on, I am in 1973 listening to Ziggy Stardust tell me I am not alone as he commits suicide. I am inside the TARDIS and every cell in my body is on fire as I become a new me, but it is going in the slowest of motion and I feel every cell die one by one. I am standing outside the spot where we almost kissed, the bench, and remembering regret that I stuck to my health instead of dissolving into you sooner. Then maybe I would have had time... Shit. I feel myself disintegrate into nothing, but even nothing is made up of something...

*He falls to the ground, reaches for his tape deck, but passes out from exhaustion. Tara comes into the room and lays next to a sleeping Saul. She cradles him.*

Tara: You aren't alone.

*Yana enters.*

Yana: *lights cigarette* Hey. How is it going?

*Saul shoots up in shock and alarm. He is in fight mode. Tara leaves the room.*

Yana: hoookay... Jumpy.

Saul: Well, what can I do for you?

Yana: Just getting the tapes in line.

Saul: Right on, what can I get for it?

Yana: Bring some of the mixes you make in your own time. I wanna wide smatter of stuff for next quarter. We're going to try something new.

Saul: Can do. Excuse me for just one second. I'm on air.

*Picks up phone on tape deck.*

Saul: Hello you have reached Saul at The Smith, congratulations on being our twentieth caller, may I ask who I speaking with? Sam? Nice to meet you, Sam, you just won two tickets to Margarine Tub. Now, we are gonna bring you on the air, but I have to get an okay from you first that we can put you on so you aren't going to use any profanity or say something that could potentially offend GrandMa. I'm gonna press record on my end and we're gonna have you on

tape saying so, is that okay? Excellent... alright please say that you understand the outlines to being on the air as I have said them. Thank you, and now Sam can I grab an address to send these to and a number in case we get disconnected? Excellent, thanks Sam. Alright get ready, you are about to go on the air, you'll hear a click over the receiver and that means you are live.

*Song finished. Saul presses away at the soundboard.*

Saul: Hey there listeners, sorry to interrupt the jams, but we have Sam on the line here who just won two tickets to Margarine Tub. Sam, you are on the line.

Sam: ...

Saul: Sam?

Sam: ...

Saul: Alright, guys, I think we lost Sam but we'll get him right back on the air here.

*From Sam's end the noise of shrill orgasms*

Saul: ... I am sorry for that one, everyone. Apparently Sam got a little carried away between now and Margarine Tub. Which sounds like he may be needing. Hey-O! But, what this means is that Sam decided to give into his basic human needs instead of claiming the prize. So, you still have a chance to win. The counter starts back over at zero. And the music starts now.

*Music picks up.*

Saul: Well, that's a lawsuit.

Yana: Seriously?

Saul: What?

Yana: You're unbelievable.

Saul: I have no idea what you are talking about. Not my fault the dude gave himself some love over the air waves.

Yana: Yah-huh. Well, how about we take things elsewhere when you are off?

Saul: No can do.

Yana: What do you mean?

Saul: I am doing morning set tomorrow. I gotta get home and make the sets for the morning and night show.

Yana: Right. Well then, later maybe-

Saul: How'd your meeting go? Get the job?

Yana: How'd you think?

*Saul puts his hands in the "I don't know" gesture. Meanly.*

Yana: Okay.

Saul: Cool, well *spins in chair* I think I need to keep this going here for a bit. I'll keep you updated on the sets for the meeting.

Yana: Alright.

Saul: Byeeeeeee.

*Yana leaves. Saul exhales. He presses the tape deck and we rewind.*

Yana: Hey, so you are Saul, right?

Saul: Yeah, that's me.

Yana: You are really good at Radio Play scripts. Are you looking for a new radio station to work at? You and your friend Odi. The both of you would do really well here. I mean, I just started and have no say in hiring, but we are hiring. So, yeah.

Saul: Yeah? Awesome. Well, send me the details.

Yana: Of course. E-mail phone.

Saul: I can give you my number, or you can give me yours, or we can do phone swap where I give you mine and vice versa to put in the names. Or, you know if you have one of those phones we could just touch tips and our contact info would be traded.

*Realizing he said "touch tips".*

Saul: You know that last sentence... just forget I said it.

*Yana stares dumbfounded, and then breaks out laughing, just a little too hard for the context.*

Yana: Yana.

*Saul looks at Yana and grins.*

Saul: Saul.

Yana: What are you doing after this?

*Tara crosses the space. Saul sees this.*

Saul: Regretting that we had to meet.

*Saul presses a button on the tape deck and comes flying back to the present. He is in his house.*

Saul: Fuck.

*Saul presses buttons on his tape deck. We hear a recording.*

Saul: Alright, top five records.

Tara: Oh. Okay. In no particular order. Self-titled by The Smiths. Abbey Road. Umm... Adele 25. Hunky Dory David Bowie. The Wall Pink Floyd.

Saul: No shit? Floyd is my stuff!

Tara: No way.

Saul: Yeah. I've seen Gilmour and Waters, solo respective tours.

Tara: ... oh not fair.

Saul: Heh... anyway... The Wall Pink Floyd. Ziggy Stardust David Bowie. Quadrophenia The Who. Yoshimi The Flaming Lips. Let It Be The Beatles. Honorable mention Babel Mumford and Sons.

Tara: Best unrecognized first album that later became popular.

Saul: Piper at the Gates of Dawn.

Tara: Bleach.

Saul: Oh well done. 90s artist.

Tara: Nirvana.

Saul: Pearl Jam.

Tara: 80s. Talking Heads.

Saul: The Police.

Tara: 70s. Led Zeppelin.

Saul: Pink Floyd.

Tara: 60s. Hendrix.

Saul: The Beatles.

Tara: Rolling Stones, best era.

Saul: Mid 60s through 70s.

Tara: Too wide a range. Best album Let it Bleed.

Saul: Some Girls. Gimme Shelter is their best song, but Some Girls feels like one long breakup anxiety attack. It's brilliant. Though You Can't Always Get What You Want is a better finale than Shattered.

Tara: I really like you, Saul. You're a good egg.

*Saul smiles, they share a moment, then-*

Saul: Marvel or DC.

Tara: Marvel, but DC has the best icons.

Saul: Justice League or Avengers.

Tara: Not comparable. Justice League isn't as far reaching or intersected with the rest of society in their respective universes. The Avengers are about worldwide institutionalization. The Justice League is a drop in and drop out of the big seven with a couple of extras over the years. Hence, why there is the Justice Society, Justice League International, Justice League of America, and Teen Titans.

Saul: Instead of just the X-Men and the Avengers. Not to say that Marvel doesn't have other casts of heroes, but the Justice League stands for the ideas behind each hero instead of the real world implications of the Avengers. Essentially one is weighted more on philosophy and the other social commentary. Yin and-

Tara: Yang. Exactly.

Saul: Wow. You are just... awesome.

Tara: Thanks. I'd say the same, but you're team DC.

Saul: Ooo... Whatever you say Senator Kelly.

Tara: Take that back.

Saul: Senator Kelly would use division as a tactic to assert his stance. A-like you just did.

Tara: Oh god. I failed you. Ah!

*The two look at the other, smile, and laugh pretty hard.*

*Saul then puts his face into his hands and starts to weep openly. Cue "Miss You" by The Rolling Stones*

*He dissolves away, but we are still in Saul's house with him.*

Saul: This shit stings. I keep feeling like I am full of hot air. A healthy person is like a deflated balloon and negativity can pass in and out with ease like quarters being stuck inside. But, you blow air into it more and more you don't slow down... until you hit the point where you are just tied up, being shook around and all that nastiness is stuck inside. Quarters bouncing off of inflated plastic... stuck in the same air.

*Fire alarms go off. Odessa comes in.*

Odessa: Shit. What was that?

Saul: I said the air conditioner is down, the same air has just been circulating in here all summer. Open a window. You probably burnt something. The stove is a piece of shit.

Odessa: No, this one was me.

*She has a piece of chicken that is shrivelled black. Destroyed.*

Odessa: Woops.

Saul: Don't worry about it. I'll order a pizza.

*Saul moves to phone. SFX of change spilling everywhere. He drops his phone.*

Odessa: You good?

Saul: Yeah. Yeah, sorry. Just stressed.

Odessa: Margarine Tub show?

Saul: Yeah... no... No, it's Yana.

Odessa: Yana?

Saul: Yeah. Yana. It's nothing.

Odessa: Nothing or something.

Saul: Something that I want to be nothing.

Odessa: What did she say?

Saul: What doesn't she say?

Odessa: Is it too much?

Saul: Yeah.

Odessa: Working with her is too much.

Saul: I don't have a choice.

Odessa: Take some time off.

Saul: No, she wins then.

Odessa: ... Saul.

Saul: What?

Odessa: I get it.

*Pause*

Saul: You hear from Richard?

Odessa: No.

Saul: When was the last time?

Odessa: The last time I told you.

Saul: Sorry.

Odessa: He won't return messages for days, and then it is just something distant.

Saul: Sounds like Richard.

Odessa: Sounds like men.

Saul: Most men.

Odessa: All men.

Saul: All men. But Richard is being a dick.

Odessa: Richard is being a dick.

Saul: Richard is a dick.

Odessa: A huge dick.

Saul: Richard has a huge dick.

*Odessa shoots him a look - really? Saul laughs in response.*

Saul: You would know better than I would.

Odessa: Dick.

Saul: Exactly. Stop browbeating.

Odessa: Fuck you.

*Saul gives an intense look. They both dissolve into laughter.*

Odessa: When are we gonna do season two?

Saul: When Tara comes back.

Odessa: Is she coming back?

Saul: I hope so. *There are two meanings to that.*

Odessa: Have you written it?

Saul: Slowly working on it.

Odessa: Season one was too good.

Saul: Dick didn't think so.

Odessa: Fuck Dick.

Saul: I know you did.

Odessa: Dick.

Saul: Season two will happen.

Odessa: It better. Are you okay?

Saul: No, but I am working on it.

Odessa: Okay. Keep me posted?

Saul: Always. How about you?

Odessa: Still in it pretty deep. Four years is a long time. Especially for how young we were when we started...

Saul: No arguments from me. I was there for all of them.

Odessa: You were.

Saul: We'll get there.

*The two share a moment.*

Saul: Alright! So! Set-list time.

Odessa: Yeah, so I have this -

*Odessa trails off as Saul walks away to his tape deck. He presses it.*

<p>Odessa live: idea that for a week we take a different decade and roll through it for all of September until we hit October when we gear up for the Halloween shows. Of course this is way in advance and we have more</p>	<p>Odessa recorded: You were the one that abandoned me after we went through all of this. Don't come crying to me for us sharing suffering. I am sorry you're lost, but you don't get to be the only one.</p>
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*Saul turns around and Odessa is gone. He looks over and there is Tara.*

Tara: You can't tell me that you and Odessa...

Saul: We did nothing! I just am telling you what's been racing through my mind I... I can't. Okay just one second! Just one! ONE! To collect myself... just one...

*Saul breathes in and out.*

*Tara, I... Sound of change hitting the floor. Saul screams. Jennifer's office.*

Jennifer: Why did you do it?

Saul: Tara and I were so close. Odessa and I were best friends and we had this underlying tension between us for so long and life got in the way of doing... When I started coming here I was lost and trying to calm down. I didn't realize how long I had gone without a break. Which session is this?

Jennifer: Two.

Saul: So, I have this friend Odessa.

Jennifer: Three.

Saul: I love Tara so much. I just... I need to get all this past year out of me. I feel like I am throwing up all the bullshit I took.

Jennifer: Nine.

Saul: I am still shaking. Why am I still shaking after so long? Odessa is gone! Richard is gone! It's just me and Tara now... it's stuck in my brain.

Jennifer: Eleven.

Saul: Tara is gone. And I still just want to rip Richard apart.

Jennifer: Five.

Saul: I don't love Odessa! Our fight was useless!

Jennifer: Have you tried telling Tara?

Saul: I have, but everytime I do... it just... I... fall back to when my lips were sewn shut. Yana.

Jennifer: What did she do?

Saul: Made it impossible to tell the truth because I buried myself! Now, I am just a narcissistic douche! Could you remind me of what session this is?

Jennifer: Nevermind that, I am sure insurance will cover it. I will see you in a few weeks, Saul.

Saul: Wait! I've a magic tape deck! It does everything. Plays anything. CDs, cassettes, records-

Jennifer: Saul, we are at time-

Saul: Memories.

Jennifer: What?

Saul: My tape deck plays memories, but it is broken now. Jumping between right now, the future, and the past. I can't stop it. Every step forward is the same as it was then and is now. While always shifting and being different. Do you understand? Hello?

*Jennifer is gone.*

Tara: I can't fight against you and Odessa and have us here.

Saul: That isn't what I am saying.

Tara: What are you saying?

Saul: That I just need you to know I once felt that way, but I don't want to I want to be with you.

Tara: What the hell is going on?

Saul: Odessa... is my best friend... I don't want this. I don't want to do this. Why am I doing this?!

Tara: Take a deep breath. Count to three, and you will know what you want to do before you hit three.

Saul: My answer is no.

Tara: No?

Saul: Just no. What do I mean no to? I mean no that in this moment I am about to tell you that I do not want us. No that in this moment I am about to act in complete and utter chaos. I mean that in this moment the rest of the world and my identity doesn't exist. In this moment I am on fire and I am doing my best to hold onto you, but every time I sleep next to you my pain gets in the way of me seeing, sharing, and being in your beauty. This is the fight that tanks the rest of the relationship. We try to salvage it and do well for a while. Until these benders don't stop, until they become my everyday... We'll see what happens... I'M WORRYING OVER NOTHING!

Tara: No?

Saul: Just... no.

*Tara leaves.*

Saul: Tara! Tara! Tara!

*Saul falls to the ground we are back in his house.*

Saul: I remember when my tape deck first started being magical. It started when Yana and I broke up...

*Yana enters*

Yana: Which date is this?

Saul: One.

Yana: You're cute. Wanna come back to my place, snuggle, drink wine, and watch movies?

Saul: Five.

Yana: Why don't we move this to the shower?

Saul: Ten.

Yana: We basically live together.

Saul: Three.

Yana: Sorry, I just - am so stressed right now with work and the sets.

Saul: Well, I could help out.

Yana: This is date twelve. Do you have my sets?

Saul: Yeah... here...

Yana: Sixteen, same apartment.

Saul: Okay, sorry, I am just stressed I have to get all the mixes and sets done. Just work on your applications for station board.

Yana: Twenty. I didn't get it.

Saul: I'm sorry to hear that... here... your set for tomorrow.

Yana: Thanks... Last date.

Saul: You were fucking submitting the sets I made to help you? What the - You know I am going for a walk. To cool down. We will talk about this when I get back.

Yana: After the walk.

Saul: Yana, listen, we've been going on this for a while now.  
*Yana thumbs a piece of paper.*

Saul: What is that?

Yana: ... this...

*Saul takes it.*

Saul: This is from my computer.

Yana: ...

Saul: Yana, these are my notes for the radio drama next season.

Yana: I may have told the studio you needed me to take over because you were too stressed.

Saul: I'm too stressed!?! Yana!

Yana: End of fight. I saw a future with you...*she kisses him* That was to see if you still felt anything. *She leaves.*

*Saul just sits there.*

Saul: That entire fight all I could do was look at the door. And, even though I knew all I had to do was leave... I couldn't. And, the pain was greater with each second... I could not get out. Fuck. I went to call Odessa immediately.

*Recording:*

Yana: This is your fault. Not mine! Go away. Wait! Saul, this is all my fault! Hold me!

Saul: Then the hard days at work. Those filterless days.

Yana: You look like hell.

Saul: I feel like it.

Yana: Rough night?

Saul: Yep.

Yana: Me too.

Saul: Why, slept with another guy?

Yana: What? Fuck you!

*Recording done.*

Saul: It was just the circumstances. During this... Tara moved away temporarily. My only friend was Odessa, that same summer Richard came to town to visit. Or, to pour his hurt into his friends. I used to judge him for that. But, since doing the same thing what ground have I to stand on? I forced my way through the days the best I could. Still seeing Tara everywhere. The night before the Margarine Tub show I was in my apartment...

Odessa: Okay, Saul, what's really going on?

*Saul is about to start, he shakes his head.*

*silence*

Saul: I'm just tired.

Odessa: Tired. For someone who has been turning in early almost every night this month. Alright, tired. What's got you?

Saul: Work, people, everything. All of that.

Odessa: Yana.

Saul: uh... *pause* Yeah.

Odessa: Yeah, I figured.

Saul: She hasn't, I mean she isn't, being rude or anything to-

Odessa: To me? No more than she usually is.

Saul: She just has a lot on her plate, so it makes-

Odessa: Yes, but she doesn't get to do that.

Saul: We're all just trying to figure things out.

Odessa: God, you always take that one. Okay, then what are you trying to figure out?

Saul: How to sleep would be a nice one. I could start there, yeah.

Odessa: How about when you take a night to breath. Or, tell Yana to fuck off, sorry - just - take a night, Saul.

Saul: I do that. I do nothing but that.

Odessa: Okay.

Saul: I go home and I just do whatever the hell I want. I watch movies, I read, I listen to music, I work on the sets. I do things I enjoy, its just... ever had a shadow?

Odessa: We all do.

Saul: Imagine one that's eaten you whole. You can still do everything the same as before, just-

Odessa: Someone turned out the lights. Yeah, you know I know.

Saul: Yes.

Odessa: Yeah.

Saul: Have you heard from him?

Odessa: Yeah, we've been talking a little bit.

Saul: And?

Odessa: I don't know. He has stuff, moving seems to have helped with things.

Saul: Good. I mean to the helping things. Just, keep you in mind.

Odessa: Yeah. You too.

Saul: Yes. Let's get back.

Odessa: You sure? Actually, no. We are staying out for the evening.

Saul: What? I don't know, Odi, we have the Margarine Tub coverage tomorrow.

Odessa: Too bad, we are going out. In fact, I think they serve here.

*Music pipes up, the two share drinks, at the end of a brief montage of them getting progressively drunk, they sit there staring at the other*

*Odessa blinks*

Saul: Hey, I win! You drink.

*Odessa drinks.*<sup>1</sup>

Odessa: Shit. Okay, I think I need a break.

Saul: I need to catch up.

*Saul takes three shots in a row.*

Odessa: Shit.

Saul: I get drunk slower now.

Odessa: You mean more often.

Saul: Hey! The Word Warrior! Vroom!

Odessa: The concerned friend, I just care about you, Saul.

Saul: I know, I care about you too, Odi.

Odessa: *looks at watch* Shit they are almost closed. We gotta pay up and get home.

Saul: You're not good to drive, and I am not, so let's get a bus.

Odessa: Nope, calling a cab. You're coming to my place, done deal.

Saul: Odi...

Odessa: Nope, it is what a responsible friend would... oh god...

Saul: What?

Odessa: I think I am going to throw up.

Saul: Oh, shit, quick get outside.

*They go outside, there is a garbage bin, Odessa puts her head over it.*

Odessa: I need to throw up, but I can't.

Saul: God, umm, think of something gross. Something disturbing.

Odessa: Like Yana?

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<sup>1</sup> Earlier draft read as "Odessa drinks Shit" before I changed it. Hope that made you smile.

Saul: Oh... *suddenly sick, Saul throws up*

Odessa: Saul, Saul? *head still in can, looks up to see Saul barfing* Did you throw up when I said Yana? Ha! *Odessa starts laughing it quickly turns into* Oh god. *Odessa throws up in trash can.*

*The two are throwing up at the same time briefly*

*Odessa removes head from trash can*

Odessa: Let's go home.

*Live band comes on stage, it is the Margarine Tub show, Odessa and Saul show up, Odessa is holding a water bottle, using both hands. SFX of crowd/bassline.*

Odessa: Aarrggghh

Saul: You okay?

Odessa: I will murder the next person who brings up a hangover.

Saul: Got it. Need anything from me?

Odessa: Just get me through the show. *pops open a bottle of medicine and takes three tablets*

Saul: Well, it looks like we might both be playing support for the other.

*Yana enters*

Saul: Hello.

Yana: Hi. You ready for the broadcast?

Saul: So ready, so let's rip off a dick!

Yana: ... right... *she crosses to the booth*

Odessa: ... Saul...

Saul: I don't even care at this point.

*They cross to the booth, the band sets up to play.*

*Saul presses the sound board*

Saul: Welcome back listeners to Margarine Tub's live broadcast of their launch party for their new release "Take It In". We're currently on for sound check

right now, but in the meantime our prize caller who won two tickets to the show, as well as...

*Saul groans the way one does when they have a slight headache. Odessa and Yana are watching Saul speak. It is as if Saul's moving so fast that they are frozen, or he has broken out of the world that the other three are in. He sees Tara across the room.*

Saul:Tara? Tara!

*Saul stands up.*

Saul: TARA! WE'LL SEE WHAT HAPPENS!

*He breaks out, it is Saul standing, Odessa, and Yana looking at him.*

*Saul looks around and realizes what happened*

*He sits.*

Saul: Fuck

*Yana jumps the control panel*

Yana: You're still on the air.

*Saul stands up quickly and right to Yana*

Saul: Then turn it off!

*Saul looks at her, Yana looks back, Yana breaks and turns it off. Saul stays put, Yana gets up and leaves, Odessa goes to the sound board and takes over.*

Odessa: I am so sorry about that. We dropped a mic in the crowd here. We will be right back.

*Odessa plays music over the air waves. Turns to Saul.*

Odessa: What the fuck was that?

Saul: I... fuck...

Odessa: Saul, Saul, hey...

*Saul grabs Odessa and holds her in a hug. Odessa stands there and then hugs back the way you do when you know a friend has some fucking shit up.*

Saul: I'm sorry. I... sorry.

Odessa: You're okay. You are okay.

Saul: Shit.

*Saul sinks into a chair and Odessa pulls a chair next to him*

Odessa: Take a breather.

*Saul nods*

Odessa: You want to watch the show?

Saul: Yeah, yes.

Odessa: Okay.

Saul: Odi, fuck, thank you. I am working on it.

Odessa: Yeah, it'll be okay. You're okay.

*Odessa takes off*

Saul: I am okay. I am okay. Just getting back on my feet.

*Yana shows up*

Yana: You'll never get back on your feet.

Saul: ...

Yana: And you will live with the guilt of your failure.

Saul: ...

Yana: And every time I am around you will look at the one who you gave your heart to, the one you took a leap for, and hit rock bottom harder than you could ever realize. Climb, climb little man. Climb as hard as you can to get out, I don't think you realize how far down rock bottom was.

Saul: At least I am making my way up. Go away.

*Yana disappears*

*The real Yana shows up*

Yana: I don't know what that shit was. I don't care. You are going to have to apologize over the air tomorrow, the board just called in. We have our other team doing coverage for the rest of the night.

Saul: ... okay. The board huh?

Yana: Are you okay, Saul?

Saul: *looking through her, not at her* No.

*Saul presses sound board and Yana fast forwards until she is gone*

*Saul is left exhausted in the chair - he is at his home*

Saul: These are the moments where I don't know what is happening. I just exist and the rest of reality is a separate bubble that I can see and walk through, but I am always covered by this thin layer of bubble separating me from it. Do I want to push through this layer and feel everything there is on the other side? Or, would it pop the bubble?

*Tara shows up again*

Tara: So, where am I? Inside the bubble or in a place where I can touch you?

Saul: You have been where you always were.

Tara: That is?

Saul: Away. The one who got away.

Tara: You know, I am not a bubble, and you can always find me.

Saul: We'll see what happens.

*Mr. Tamborine man plays in the background.*

Saul: I know. I know. Why the fuck can't I just experience it? I can now, in these moments. But then, reality is always waiting outside there. In it's weird bubble form. And, I can't, won't do that any longer.

*Slow dissolve into Radio Station.*

Saul: ... and for that I do apologize deeply. However, the show must go on, and I am lucky enough to be in the business that allows me to keep spinning on in just that matter. So, we are going to take it to the classics today as we spin this, you are listening to Hey You from Pink Floyd The Wall on classic vinyl Fridays.