

Keith puts a finger to his ear, listens to his headpiece.

KEITH
What? Oh! Am I on?

He looks to the camera, surprised.

KEITH (CONT'D)
I thought we were going to
commercial before me!

KELLY - THAT - MOMENT

She signals to a camera to go on her.

KELLY - ON CAMERA

She turns to the camera, smiles. Professional.

KELLY
TV-13 is pleased to report that
Braxton, our featured missing pet
has been found is back home for the
holidays...

Jon nods, pleased at Kelly's save. Proud of her.

JON
And Kelly Snow with the save...

Kelly finishes the quick piece, eyes over to Keith.

KELLY
And now back to Keith Grippi with
that hopefully white Christmas
forecast!

KEITH - THAT MOMENT

KEITH
Thanks Kelly.

He turns to the weather map but he's standing in the wrong spot, covering all the important information as he tries to read the monitor.

He can't figure this green screen stuff out.

Keith moves up, then back, up again, trying to stand in the right spot.

He flashes a smoldering, seductive look to the camera with a sly smile.

JON

Thank God he's good looking.

Keith tries to do his thing in front of the weather map. A scene of dark, drizzly weather keys behind him.

KEITH

While no snow or ice right now we do have a little drist...

He pauses, knowing he screwed that one up.

The Intern tries to stifle a laugh. Jon looks at the Intern and gives an amused smile.

JON

I get you, kid.

KEITH

Drist! Looks like I just did a Grippi. I made up a new word! I meant drizzle but thought of mist.

So we go some drist out there, folks! Be careful. The rest of the week looks poised for a white Christmas as we watch a storm front moving across the country for us.

I'm here to keep you aware and safe. That's my job...

He winks at the camera--his signature sign off. Somewhere out there, women swoon.