

Radio Friendly  
Shooting script

By

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1 INT.BASEMENT.MORNING

Fade up on a basement room. It is the workroom of the mad professor as a young man. Semi-darkness. There is a sofa along one wall. JIM is asleep on the sofa wrapped in a duvet. On the floor beside the sofa are piles of books. On top of one is a Star Trek alarm clock. The only sounds in the room are his breathing and an unidentified bubbling sound.

STAR TREK CLOCK

The U.S.S. Voyager is 70,000 light years from home, and we are desperate to get back. Are you going to lie there all day?

JIM sits up and stretches heroically. He pulls on a dressing gown and stumbles out the door.

2 INT.BEDROOM.MOMENTS LATER

JIM enters partially dressed. The bed is bare of duvet, pillows.

JIM  
(mumbling)  
Socks, socks, socks

He hunts in a drawer and retrieves a sock. He leaves the room only to return moments later holding up one sock.

JIM  
Sock, sock

He goes straight to the washing basket. The pile of washing is mountainous! The lid is perched precariously on top. He surveys the pile with a considered eye, as if attempting a particularly tricky Jenga move, then extracts another sock with a flourish. He leaves the room. After his exit the pile of washing collapse's.

3 INT.KITCHEN.MOMENTS LATER

JIM hops into the kitchen, pulling on a sock. He looks at the shelves. There is a dusty bottle of Worcestershire Sauce. There are piles of pizza boxes on the worktop and a row of empty two litre bottles of assorted soft drinks. He picks up a piece of toast.

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2.

JIM  
Hmmmm

He picks up a pen and looks at a piece of notepaper with the heading 'shopping' on it and writes 'everything' underneath. He goes to the fridge and similarly considers its contents. He closes the fridge and leans the note on it. He writes 'and veg' underneath everything. When he moves the note a calendar is revealed beneath. Almost all of the days of the visible month have black X's on them. Jim pulls a magnetic marker of the fridge door and X's out the current day, a Thursday. The Friday is blank but the Saturday box has a drawing of pyramids with 'I'm back, Lucy XXX' written in it.

4 EXT.ZEROX GAMES OFFICE.MORNING

JIM makes his way down the steps outside the office. He checks the lid of his take out coffee then takes a sip.

OPENING TITLE CARD

5 EXT.ZEROX GAMES OFFICE.MOMENTS LATER

JIM walks across the courtyard.

6 INT.ZEROX GAMES OFFICE.MORNING

The office is large, white and empty save for 2 desks against one wall. JIM sits behind one. On the floor in front of JIM'S desk TOM is sitting on a chair playing catch with a stress toy. A laptop lies on the floor beside him. JIM is typing. Gradually the cadence of his typing slows, then he types one last run of keys with a flourish and sits back with a sigh. Tom throws the toy to him.

JIM  
Tom?

He throws it back

TOM  
Jim! You done?

JIM  
Yep.

TOM  
Fancy helping out your old pal who  
might be stuck on some of last  
weeks coding.

(CONTINUED)

JIM  
Fire away. Mi cerebro es tu  
cerebro.

TOM  
Muchos gracias

Off screen we can hear footsteps on a metal staircase. The two men look up at the doorway, then at each other, then down at their work. We can hear the sound of a wheels approaching off screen. BOB scoots past the doorway. Scuffling off screen then he appears in the doorway on his scooter.

BOB  
Greetings programmers.

JIM & TOM  
Hi BOB

BOB wheels into the room towards JIM and crashes unceremoniously into TOM.

TOM  
Ouch

BOB  
Joe!

TOM  
JIM

BOB  
JIM! Really loved the work you did  
on Maths Attacks. Really great  
work.

BOB leans closer, conspiratorially, casting a sideways glance at TOM.

BOB  
I'd love to be able to move you  
upstairs Jim but the board are  
playing hard ball.

Leans back, continuing loudly.

BOB  
Also, there really isn't any room  
up there, we're jammed in like bits  
in a byte. Still, you've got plenty  
of room down here, since the, er,  
scare. Now, your fine work deserves  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (cont'd)  
some recognition so I thought it  
was time you joined the club.

BOB indicates his scooter proudly

BOB  
I'll have it sent straight down.  
Adios amigos.

BOB scoots out of the office. JIM drops his head in his hands on the table.

TOM  
Congrats on the new scooter

JIM  
Hmmmmmm

TOM  
You think he carried it down the 3 flights of stairs just so he could scoot in here?

JIM  
Hmmmmmm

TOM gets up from the chair and starts hopping round the office, swinging his arms as if warming up for a boxing match. JIM begins to bang his head on the table, slowly.

7 EXT.STREET.EVENING

JIM is pulling his new scooter along. It is laden with shopping, bags on the handle bars, boxes on the footplate. Two children scoot past him.

8 INT.BASEMENT.NIGHT

JIM enters carrying a large package, a pizza box and a bottle of Mountain Dew. He is humming a blues bass line. He puts the food on a bench. He turns on an angle poise lamp on the bench. It is covered in odd bits of wire, electrical bits and bobs. Above the bench on the wall is a massive cork/pin board covered in photos, ticket stubs, small labeled baggies of soil etc. JIM reaches for a large switch on the wall and flips it. There is a rising tone. A blue light flashes off screen, the steadily grows in intensity until there is a blue glow. JIM moves to a turntable and drops the needle on a record which begins to play. He goes to a stool, opens the package and pulls out a large circuit

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board. He puts it on the table and looks at it through a magnifying glass, picks up a soldering iron and gets to work. After a moment he stands, picks up the board in one hand and a hammer in the other.

JIM  
(moving of screen)  
Right, you promise not to  
electrocute me again and I promise  
not to obliterate you with this  
hammer. Okay?

Can be heard working off screen. There is a large flash and arcing sound. Jim hops into view, holding the board between two fingers which he tosses into the corner.

JIM  
(mock angry)  
Dammit. Okay, okay. Come on  
Maxwell, shake it off. It's just a  
radio. An evil, vindictive, heap of  
cheap components that can't let go  
of a grudge.

There is an arcing flash and spitting sound off screen.

JIM  
Yeah, that's right, I mean you.

He shakes the hammer menacingly then has a thought.

JIM  
Okay, okay.

9

INT.BASEMENT.MOMENTS LATER

JIM enters the basement wearing a swimming cap, swimming goggles, yellow marigolds.

JIM  
Lets see how you like this then  
sparky.

Series of shots

A) He flicks on the big switch. There is a screeching noise and JIM is clearly assaulted by a terrible smell.

B) He flicks the big switch. Two circuit boards catapult across the room past him, trailing cables.

C) He flicks the big switch. Time travel happens!

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D)He flicks the big switch. The room is plunged into darkness and the music spins down to silence.

JIM  
(quietly)  
Dammit

10 INT.BASEMENT.MORNING

STAR TREK CLOCK  
The U.S.S. Voyager is 70,000 light years from home, and we are desperate to get back. Are you going to lie there all day?

JIM  
(groans)  
Maybe

11 INT.KITCHEN.MORNING

JIM weaves in and out of maidens of washing in the kitchen. JIM X's out the last blank day on the calendar.

12 EXT.ZEROX GAMES OFFICE.MORNING

JIM scoots across the courtyard, one leg extended behind him ice-skater style.

13 INT.ZEROX GAMES OFFICE.MORNING

JIM is typing furiously with one finger, apparently on the same key, while staring blankly into the distance. TOM is circling the office on JIM'S scooter. MILLIE enters the office. She is carrying a large mail bag over her shoulder. She dodges TOM on the scooter and collapses on the beanbag, puffing.

MILLIE  
Seriously guys, when are you going to move upstairs?

TOM (OS)  
We're holding out for a corner office with a view. Maybe a kitchenette as well.

Millie smirks

(CONTINUED)

TOM  
And one of those walk in wardrobes  
you see in films, for when we stay  
late

TOM scoots to a stop beside her

TOM  
Anyway, we like it down here. Lots  
of scooting space. Fresh air.

JIM  
Scientifically proven fresh!

TOM  
Indeed. They gave us a certificate  
and everything to say it wouldn't  
kill us. Can't say that about  
upstairs can you?

MILLIE  
Help me up scooter man

TOM continues talking while he lends her a hand. She pecks  
TOM on the cheek and flicks his tie. He scoots off. She  
fishes two large packages from her bag, passing them to JIM.

TOM (OS)  
Maybe a motorised tie rack as well.

JIM'S face lights up.

JIM  
Awesome. Just in time

She leaves

JIM  
(shouts)  
Thanks Millie

MILLIE pops her head back through the door

MILLIE  
Oh, and Malcolm has asked me to  
tell all staff that he has security  
tagged all the water cooler bottles  
in the building and if any more go  
missing he will report it to the  
police. Right? Good.

She leaves but continues muttering off screen.

MILLIE (OS)  
Honestly, stolen water bottles. I  
need a new job.

JIM is still holding the packages looking very pleased. TOM collapses on his beanbag and eyeballs JIM for a moment.

TOM  
You're killing me.

JIM  
(absently)  
Hmmmmmm?

TOM leaps to his feet and stands in front of JIM, leaning somewhat menacingly.

TOM  
(importantly)  
Your Honor, I contend that some 3 months ago one JIM MAXWELL, seated here, began receiving an unusual quantity of mysterious packages, the majority of which, I might add, seem to have originated in foreign parts.

JIM sits back and folds his arms, clearly amused at the performance. TOM paces into the middle of the room

TOM  
Further it should be noted that MR MAXWELL'S significant other, the delectable DR SPEERS, herself departed for an extended sojourn overseas only 3 and 1/2 months ago. Your honour, I don't believe the intersection of these dates to be a coincidence.

TOM turns, holds up one hand

TOM  
The court should also note that Mr Maxwell has at no time in the intervening period enlightened his best friend, the delightful TOM BISHOP, as to the nature of these deliveries.

TOM approaches JIM

(CONTINUED)

TOM

These facts can only support one conclusion. That while working in foreign parts DR SPEERS has been sending MR MAXWELL media of a salacious nature, to whit, dirty videos

JIM stands and applauds

TOM

I understand, really, there's no shame in it. Keeping the long distance thing going is tough. This way she's just, staying in the picture, so to speak.

JIM looks thoughtfully at TOM. He is clearly weighing up a decision.

JIM

Okay. Buy me a pint and I'll confess.

TOM smacks the desk a la gavel

TOM

Case dismissed. The prosecution needs a beer.

They leave, walking for the door.

TOM

Can I take the scooter?

Tom grabs the scooter. As they leave the room the conversation continues off screen

JIM

Dirty videos? Really, what decade are you living in?

TOM

What can I say, It makes me come over all nostalgic. Tracking, I love tracking.

14

## INT.BAR.AFTERNOON

TOM is sat at the bar, screen left, it's pretty quiet. There are a healthy number of empty pint glasses in front of him. He is staring into the distance and absent-mindedly popping peanuts in his mouth. JIM scoots up behind him and settles on a stool beside him.

TOM  
(sill staring)  
I've got it. It was possessed

JIM  
(shakes his head while  
sipping)  
Nope, far as I can tell there was  
some kind of imbalance in the power  
circuit which apparently allowed it  
to tap brain waves.

TOM  
(looking sceptically at his  
friend)  
Possession sounds more plausible.  
So what happened.

JIM  
(gesturing with his pint)  
See, it bugged me that it didn't  
work all the time. LUCY couldn't  
care less, she'd had it for ages,  
she was used to it, but it bugged  
the hell out of me.

TOM  
It bugged you that you had a radio  
that only played good music

JIM  
That's the thing. It was always on  
it's terms. I mean, sometimes it  
wouldn't play anything for days. It  
just sat there, humming smugly to  
itself.

15

## INT.BAR.EVENING

There is some generic jazz piano music in the background. It's a little busier, some general hubub. JIM and TOM are still at the bar. There are 2 empty wine bottles in front of them now. TOM looks smug.

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TOM  
(pointing unsteadily at JIM)  
You fixed it!

JIM nods glumly

TOM  
A magical, possibly possessed radio  
that only played music you liked  
and you fixed it!

JIM nods again. They look at each other and clink their overfull wine glasses.

16

INT.BAR.NIGHT

Impossibly loud industrial style dance music is playing. Impossible to make out what anyone is saying. Busy, flashing lights. The scene is subtitled. TOM is sat at the bar, he is talking to a woman OS, we can just see here shoulder and the side of her hair. She is holding his tie. He shakes his head. She stands, passes him a card and strokes his face as she leaves. He pops it in his pocket and signals the barman. In JIM'S place is an enormous bowl glass full of fruit, a myriad of different coloured liquids and multiple straws.

TOM  
(making snapping motion with  
his hand)  
Alligator!

The barman delivers the green drink and TOM begins sipping. After a few seconds his head pops up from behind the drink. He chases a straw momentarily, gives up and starts talking.

JIM  
(subtitled)  
It's how we met.

TOM  
(subtitled, stops sipping  
briefly to yell, then resumes)  
What?

JIM  
(subtitled)  
The radio, it's how I met LUCY. One of the songs it played her, we used to play it in my band. She thought it was cool we liked the same weird band. We just, you know, clicked.

17

INT.BASEMENT.MIDNIGHT

JIM and TOM are stood in the basement. They look considerably the worse for wear. To their right is the bench with the lamp, empty pizza box and mountain dew bottle. The big switch is also on the wall to the right. TOM is holding a bottle of wine. They stare for a minute

TOM

Cool

JIM

Oh, hang on a minute

JIM reaches for the big switch and flicks it. There is a rising tone. A blue light begins to flash off screen right, faster and faster until it glows steadily. TOM takes a swig of wine, nodding.

TOM

(swallowing)

Mmmm. Right, right. Better. I was kinda underwhelmed there for a minute but this is much better. Nice colour. You know, I should really report you to Malcolm. Those water bottle belong to, well, I'm not entirely sure actually but they definitely don't belong to you.

JIM

I had a head dissipation problem

He passes the bottle to JIM

TOM

I think I can just make out his phone number on the bottom of that one. Does it work?

JIM

Depends on your definition of work really.

TOM gives him a look

JIM

Okay, no, it doesn't actually play any music. Yet.

JIM takes a swig of wine, passes the bottle back to TOM then carefully retrieves the 2 packages from his bag and walks out of shot with them. We can hear tearing paper and some

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tinkering noises off screen. TOM is watching with interest and sipping from the bottle. He perches on the stool near the workbench

TOM  
(glancing at the big switch)  
Erm, don't you think you should  
maybe turn off the....

There is an electrical arcing sound

JIM  
(off screen)  
Aaarrrggghhh

TOM  
electricity?

JIM  
(offscreen)  
Throw me those marigolds will you,  
and the goggles.

TOM chuck's the marigolds and goggles off sceen. He watches JIM momentairly then gazes idly over at the noticeboard as JIM continues working off-screen. He pulls a flyer of the notice board, a cascade of other pieces of paper fall of as well. He looks at them guiltily, then at Jim, then back at the flyer.

TOM  
What's Caffein-Free?

JIM  
(puffing)  
That was my band

TOM  
Caffein-Free??

There are some bashing noises then the blue light blinks a few times and comes back a strong red/orange colour. JIM walks back into shot, his hair is spiked and he looks frazzled. He still has the goggles and marigolds on

JIM  
We thought it would be cool if we  
didn't cover any Seattle bands.

TOM gives him a withering look

JIM

Come on, we thought we were being,  
you know, uber alternative

TOM

(sighs and tosses the flyer  
down, indicates the radio with  
the bottle)

It's changed colour. Does that mean  
it's working now?

JIM shrugs

JIM

That's all it seems to do to be  
honest. Every time I add a new  
circuit it just changes colour.  
That or zap me. With all the stuff  
I've thrown at it over the last few  
months it should be Skynet by now.

TOM

(looking considered)

I think I liked the blue better

JIM punches him on the shoulder and grabs the wine bottle.

TOM

So, when's Lucy back

JIM

(raising the bottle to his  
lips)

Tomorrow

TOM

(firmly)

Bed

TOM grabs the bottle from JIM and hustles him from the room.  
JIM just barely manages to flick the big switch on the way  
past plunging the room into darkness.

It is early morning. JIM is chaotically wrapped in the duvet  
on the bed. After a beat a traditional, annoying, piercing  
clock radio alarm goes off. JIM rockets up from the  
mattress. He still has the goggles on his head.

JIM  
(pained)  
AAAAAhhhhhhh

19 INT.KITCHEN.MOMENTS LATER

Jim drops two Alka Seltzer into a glass of water sitting on the side. He picks it up and glugs it down while simultaneously squirting some cleaner on the worktop and wiping any spilled liquid with a cloth. He is wearing industrial ear defenders

20 INT.KITCHEN.MOMENTS LATER

JIM is hoovering. We can see the calendar on the fridge. The Saturday with the pyramid drawing has been ringed in fluorescent pink marker. The Caffeine-free flyer is stuck beside it with 'Manchester 3.27pm DON'T FORGET, Tom' scrawled in marker on it

21 INT.TRAIN STATION.AFTERNOON

JIM is stood on the platform jiggling from one foot to the other. He looks almost normal but clearly in a state of nervous anticipation, a seriously goofy grin on his face. He's carrying a bunch of flowers. A train pulls in. He strains on his toes to see who is getting off. There is someone running through the crowd of passengers towards him

LUCY  
(shouts)  
Jim!

LUCY barrels into JIM and knocks him over.

22 INT.KITCHEN.MIDDAY

JIM enters. He does a little jump step in the middle of the room then sashays to the cupboard. He is wearing a dressing gown/robe. We can hear the toilet flushing OS. LUCY enters the room stretching massively and sits at the table. JIM brings over coffee and sits.

LUCY  
Why is there a scooter in the loo.

JIM  
Job perk.

LUCY  
(sits down)  
It's covered in something green and  
sticky.

JIM  
(sits down)  
Alligator I think.

LUCY raises one eyebrow misheivously

LUCY  
You hit one with your scooter?

JIM/LUCY  
Ba dum dum dum.

LUCY  
(giggling)  
How is TOM?

JIM  
Good, I think. Still clearly got a  
thing for you though he does seem  
to be transferring his affections  
to the scooter now.

LUCY  
Well, it is a very nice scooter.  
Good night?

JIM makes a 50/50 hand gesture

LUCY  
No 'God only knows' sing along?

JIM  
No. No. We were discussing my  
latest project actually.

LUCY  
I'm almost afraid to ask?

JIM leans back in his chair

JIM  
I've been trying to re-fix, erm,  
un-break your radio. I'm not  
entirely sure of the verb.

LUCY  
Really, the old one? How's it  
going?

JIM

Abysmally. In the last 3 months  
I've been electrocuted 5 times,  
blown up twice, and on one occasion  
I'm pretty sure I travelled back in  
time 2 minutes.

LUCY

But no music.

JIM

Not a note.

LUCY walks over and gives him a kiss on the head.

LUCY

Remember the last time you tried to  
fix it, when I was on that dig in  
Malta. You were devastated when I  
got back. You thought I'd dump you  
cause you broken my magic radio.

JIM leaps up and smacks himself on the forehead. He grabs  
LUCY and drags her from the room.

LUCY

What, what. Hang on, let me at  
least bring my coffee.

23

INT.BASEMENT.MOMENTS LATER

JIM is hopping about and LUCY is staring at the table  
offscreen.

JIM

(exitidely)

The Malta dig. That was the first  
time we spent any real time apart.  
And the minute you left, the radio  
just stopped. I mean, yes, it was  
sporadic at the best of times, but  
it stopped completely because it's  
YOUR radio, it only reads YOUR  
brain.

LUCY looks at JIM

LUCY

Well, it can't have my brain.

(CONTINUED)

JIM  
No, no. Not like that. Look, just  
stand here and pull this switch.

LUCY looks nervous.

JIM  
(softly)  
Honestly, trust me.

LUCY reaches for the big switch and pulls it. There is a blinding white flash, a rising hum of noise which eventually settles into a deep thrumm. The room is bathed in a soft yellow light. There is a crackle of static, as of a radio tuner being turned. Then some music is evident through the noise. It gets louder.

JIM  
(doing a little victory dance)  
It works. It works. Hang on.

He listens.

JIM  
Do you know it?

LUCY  
(listening hard)  
No. You?

JIM  
No. Do you like it?

LUCY  
(breaking into a smile)  
It's perfect.

She grabs him and they dance around the room. As the song comes to an end she leads him out. The radio clicks off. Cut to black

Over blurry white.

FAN  
(off screen)  
Come on, they're nearly ready to start.

CAMERA MAN  
(off screen)  
It's all blurry, can't see a thing

Lens cap comes off.

FAN  
(mumbling)  
Idiot

Shaky camera work, black and white, showing an almost empty, very small venue. There are one or two people milling about. On stage there is a band tuning up. The singer approaches the mic. It's a young JIM.

JIM  
(obligatory blast of feedback)  
Hi, we're Caffeine-Free. This is  
one of my favourites. This is  
Harmonic Instrumental by Arcwelder.

LUCY  
Wwwwoooooo

Camera quickly whips to girl in front of the stage, it's a young LUCY, smiling up at JIM. He smiles back then the song crashes in.