

Radio Friendly
Shooting script

By

Cormac Donnelly

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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JIM

Hmmmmm

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 it's 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

(CONTINUED)

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!

(CONTINUED)

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)
HMMMMMMMM?

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

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.

(CONTINUED)

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)
Aaarrrrggghhhh

TOM
electricity?

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

TOM chucks the marigolds and goggles off scene. He watches JIM momentarily 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 off 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.

18 INT.BEDROOM.MORNING

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.

(CONTINUED)

JIM
(pained)
AAAAhhhhhhh

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.

(CONTINUED)

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 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 here 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 becuase 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

24 INT.BAR.EVENING

Over blurry white.

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

(CONTINUED)

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
Wwwooooooo

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.