

Radio Friendly

By

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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 is a talking Superman alarm clock. It's faint ticking and his breathing are the only sounds in the room.

SUPERMAN ALARM CLOCK

Wake up super hero etc.

JIM sits up and stretches heroically. He wraps the duvet round himself and stumbles out the door.

INT.BEDROOM.MOMENTS LATER

JIM enters partially dressed. The duvet is bundled on the bed.

JIM

(mumbling)

Socks, socks, socks

He hunts in a drawer and retrieves one sock.

JIM

Sock, sock

He goes to a overflowing wash basket and extracts another sock.

INT.KITCHEN.MOMENTS LATER

JIM hops into the kitchen, pulling on a sock. He opens the high kitchen cupboards and looks in while munching on a piece of toast.

JIM

Hmmmm

He 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 writes 'and veg' underneath everything. As he closes the fridge we see a calendar stuck to it. 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 XXX' written in it.

EXT.HOUSE.MOMENTS LATER

JIM exits the house. A set of steep stone steps leads down from the front door. As he closes the door and turns to walk down the steps he knocks over a milk bottle. He tries to catch it but the bottle breaks spilling milk down the steps.

OPENING TITLE CARD

EXT.ZEROX GAMES OFFICE.MORNING

JIM walks across the courtyard. Some suits on scooters whiz past him.

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 bean bag with a laptop.

JIM
(puffs out cheeks)

TOM
Hey hotshot, you haven't typed
anything for nearly 6 minutes

JIM
(sighs)
I'm still stuck on line 422

TOM
We've all been there

We can hear the sound of a wheels approaching off screen. Neither men react. BOB 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

(CONTINUED)

BOB
Joe!

TOM
Jim

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

BOB leans closer, conspiratorially.

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. But, your really fine
work deserves 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
Hmhmhmhm

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

JIM
Hmhmhmhm

TOM gets up from the bean bag 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.

EXT.HOUSE.EVENING

JIM is pulling his new scooter along. It is laden with shopping, bags on the handle bars, boxes on the footplate. Some potatoes fall out of one bag and he chases them back down the pavement.

INT.BASEMENT.NIGHT

JIM enters carrying a pizza box and a bottle of Mountain Dew. He is humming to himself. 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 etc. JIM reaches for a large open pole knife switch on the wall and flips it. There is a rising tone. A blue light begins to flash off screen right, faster and faster until it glows steadily. JIM can be heard working off screen. There is a muffled curse. He scrabbles around on the bench for a tube of Germoline and spreads some on his finger. He grabs a piece of pizza and gets back to work.

INT.BASEMENT.MIDNIGHT

The room is dark The pizza is gone. The Mountain Dew is nearly empty. Snoring off screen.

INT.BASEMENT.MORNING

SUPERMAN ALARM CLOCK
Wake up super hero etc.

INT.KITCHEN.MORNING

JIM X's out the last blank day on the calendar.

EXT.ZEROX GAMES OFFICE.MORNING

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

INT.ZEROX GAMES OFFICE.MORNING

JIM is typing furiously with one finger, apparently on the same key. TOM is circling the office on JIM'S scooter. MILLIE enters the office. She is a small, determined looking woman. She is carrying a large mail bag over her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

She dodges TOM on the scooter and collapses on the beanbag, puffing.

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

TOM scoots to a stop beside her

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

Millie smirks

MILLIE
Help me up scooter man

TOM continues talking while he lends her a hand.

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

She pecks TOM on the cheek and fishes two large packages from her bag, passing them to JIM.

TOM
And definitely a motorised tie
rack.

JIM'S face lights up.

JIM
Awesome

MILLIE
Nice to be appreciated

She leaves

JIM
(shouts)
Thanks Millie

JIM is still holding the packages looking slightly goofy.
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 begins pacing.

TOM
(importantly)
Your Honor, I contend that some 3
moths ago one JIM MAXWELL, seated
here, began receiving a suspicious
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 grabs the scooter and begins

TOM
Further it should be noted that MR
MAXWELL'S significant other, the
delectable LUCY SPEERS, herself
departed for an extended sojourn
overseas only 3 and 1/2 months ago.

TOM gathers pace

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

JIM
(applauds)
Your intuition astounds me

TOM
(takes a small bow)
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
some big decision.

JIM
Okay. Buy me a pint and I'll tell
you the whole story.

TOM
Case dismissed. The prosecution
needs a beer.

They get up to leave, waling for the door.

TOM
Can I take the scooter?

As they leave the room the conversation continues off screen

JIM
Dirty videos? What decade are you
living in?

TOM
What can I say, I'm a nostalgist.

INT. PUB. AFTERNOON

A traditional town center pub. TOM is sat at the bar. 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 weaves 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
tuning circuit which allowed it to
tap into brain waves.

TOM
(looking sceptically at his
friend)
Possession is more believable. So
what happened.

JIM
(gesturing with his pint)
See, it bugged me that it didn't
work all the time

(CONTINUED)

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.

INT.JAZZ CLUB.EVENING

Slightly more upmarket wine bar atmosphere. There is some
generic jazz piano music in the background. JIM and TOM are
sat at the bar again. There are 2 empty wine bottles in
front of them. TOM looks smug.

TOM

(pointing unsteadily at JIM)
You fixed it!

JIM nods glumly

TOM

A magical, possibly possessed radio
that only played music you liked,
even if it was music you'd never
heard before, and you fixed it!

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

INT.CLUB.NIGHT

Impossibly loud industrial style dance music is playing.
Impossible to make out what anyone is saying. The scene is
subtitled. TOM is sat at the bar sipping something green
through a straw. In JIM'S place is an enormous bowl glass
full of fruit, a myriad of different coloured liquids and
multiple straws. After a few seconds his head pops up from
behind the drink. He chases a straw momentarily, gives up
and starts taking.

JIM

(subtitled)
It's how we met.

TOM

(subtitled, stops sipping
briefly to yell, then resumes)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOM (cont'd)

What?

JIM

(subtitled)

One of the songs it played her used to be our set opener. She thought it was cool we liked the same weird band. We just, you know, clicked.

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.

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.

He passes the bottle to JIM

TOM

Does it work?

JIM

Not quite yet. I'm hoping the new bits will sort it.

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 tinkering noises off screen TOM is watching with interest and sipping from the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

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
Told you

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.

TOM
(questioningly)
That's it?

JIM shrugs

TOM
I think I liked the blue better

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

TOM
When's she 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.

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

(CONTINUED)

JIM
(pained)
AAAhhhhhhh

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

INT.KITCHEN.MOMENTS LATER

JIM is Hoovering wearing industrial ear defenders. We can see the calendar on the fridge. The Saturday with the pyramid drawing has been ringed in fluorescent pink marker.

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 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.

INT.BASEMENT.NIGHT

The basement is dark. The doorway is lit. We can hear JIM and LUCY coming down the stairs.

LUCY
I bet you've been living down here
while I've been gone

JIM
You'd be surprised. Close your
eyes.

JIM enters leading LUCY behind him. JIM is wearing PJ bottoms. Lucy is wrapped in a duvet. Both look 'tousled'.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY

Mmmm. I can smell pizza.

JIM moves her to the center of the room and moves to the big switch.

JIM

There's one on the way, I ordered it this morning.

LUCY

I knew there was a reason I came back to you.

JIM

Okay, open your eyes.

As she opens her eyes he flicks the big switch. There is a rising tone. A red/orange light begins to flash off screen right, faster and faster until it glows steadily. The camera moves to reveal the radio for the first time. It is sitting on a large bench. It is an old valve model, about the size of two loaves of bread. It is festooned with wires, pipes and circuitry which in total almost covers the whole table. It is flanked by two, tall clear cylinders filled with bubbling liquid. The light is coming from these cylinders.

LUCY

Wow, cool. Is that my radio in there. What have you been up to?

JIM

(squirming slightly)

I wanted to do something nice for you coming back so, I tried to re-fix, erm, un-break your radio. I'm not entirely sure of the verb.

LUCY

(hugging him)

Awww. My big, soft man. So, does it work.

JIM

Well, now you're back we'll just have to wait and see.

LUCY

(seriously)

Thank you. I mean it. It's a very you kind of thing to do and I really do appreciate it.

She hugs him again. The doorbell rings upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

LUCY
(mock cheering)
Pizza!

JIM
And dough balls

She stares at him in mock shock

LUCY
You really are the best man.

They head for the stairs. JIM reaches to turn off the big switch, pauses, thinks, then leaves it.

LUCY
(off screen)
And you hoovered.

JIM
You could tell?

LUCY
Well no, you left it in the loo so I kinda guessed. But I did notice the fresh veg in the fridge. As a reward I won't subject you to all the pics from the dig. I'll whittle it down to the best 300 or so. Wait, are you going to the door like that. Just how well do you know the pizza guy now.

The basement room is dark except for the persistent glow from the radio contraption. There is an audible click and the light in the room turns a deeper red. The dial starts to move and we hear radio static with blips of broadcasts every now and again. There is a thunder of steps on the stairs and LUCY and JIM pile in, pizza and doughballs in hand. They stare at the radio. Some music starts playing.

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. The radio clicks off. Cut to black

END CREDITS SEQUENCE

Over black.

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

CAMERA MAN
(off screen)
There's hardly anyone here

Image blips, then resolves to shaky camera work, 4:3 VHS quality. 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 Caffein-Free. We'd like to start with one of my favourite bands Arcwelder. This is Harmonic Instrumental.

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.