

EXT. RADIO TOWER - ROOFTOP - EVENING

The deep yellow sunset caresses the London skyline as the HORNS, MUSIC and SHOUTING of rush hour traffic floats to the roof of the radio tower.

Looking down at the daily mess is AIMEE - Mid-thirties, slightly overweight, and dressed for a day on the sofa. In one hand, a cigarette, the other, a mobile phone to her ear.

AIMEE

It's only a job mum, we'll find  
somewhere else.

A tattered but comfortable looking sofa sits next to the door. It is totally out of place on the roof, and the mould from rainy days shows it shouldn't be here. She wanders over to it, and takes a seat.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Well if not, then we'll just go a  
different route, podcast or TV or  
something...

She rolls her eyes as she takes another drag.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

...Well if that doesn't work then  
I'll just get really into heroin or  
something. I'll find my place in  
the world... hopefully.

She takes a deep, final drag, and flicks the butt off the roof.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

No... Alright yeah, but I'm cutting  
down... Just one every hour...

She fiddles with her watch, which BEEPS in response.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Anyway, I've gotta go, but get  
yourself to the doctor if you're  
feeling funny, and I'll speak soon  
yeah? Alright, love you.

She gets back up and heads through the emergency exit door.

INT. FIRE EXIT STAIRCASE - EVENING

Aimee wanders carelessly down the stairs, eyes fully fixated on her phone as she TAPS away.

A couple of floors down and she goes through another fire exit, focus not shifting a moment from her text.

INT. RADIO STATION - OFFICE - EVENING

She wanders through the bustling office, walking past STRESSFUL PHONE CALLS, FRANTIC TYPING, people rushing past with their hands full of paperwork.

MARGARET, a sharply dressed woman in her mid-twenties, rushes over to Aimee from a nearby office cubicle, forced smile at the ready.

MARGARET

Aimee, hi.

Aimee's eyes don't waver from her phone.

AIMEE

(mindlessly)

Alright mate.

MARGARET

Yeah, great. Look Aimee I need to have a word.

AIMEE

Can't really right now, bit of a rush to get back to the studio.

Margaret's forced smile cracks with frustration momentarily.

MARGARET

Well... You don't look too rushed. It's about your key fobs.

AIMEE

What is?

MARGARET

What I need to talk to you about.

AIMEE

What?

MARGARET

Can you just look up a sec?

Aimee arrives at a door with "STUDIO 4: MFM 101.2" printed on the door. Above it, an eye-catching neon sign reads "ON AIR".

Aimee dramatically stops in her tracks, sighs, then finally pulls her gaze from her phone up to Margaret.

AIMEE

Alright Margaret?

MARGARET

Yeah. As I was saying, it's about the key fobs. Cats out of the bag I suppose, so may as well bring this up now. If you could just drop them into reception after y-

AIMEE

See that's the thing, I plan on taking all our fobs, taping them together into a wide totem pole, swinging by Ian's office, and sticking them right up his arse to see if we can gain access to his cold dead heart.

Margaret is stunned silent.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Pleasure working with you Margaret.

Aimee wanders into the studio, leaving Margaret to try and comprehend.

INT. STUDIO 4 - PRODUCTION BOOTH - EVENING

Wires and monitors litter the walls and space around a huge professional mixing desk in the cramped production room.

Stood in front of the mixing desk is TAPLIN, a skinny wannabe-adult in his early twenties, wearing an ill-fitting shirt, serial-killer-esque glasses and a weak moustache. Huge headphones sit on top of his unnervingly perfect side parting.

He watches intently through the huge window into the studio, constantly making slight adjustments with the various knobs and switches on the desk.

Aimee enters from the office, and glances over at Taplin.

AIMEE

Taplin mate...

Taplin turns to Aimee, and grabs two plastic bags, bursting at the seams with items, and hands it to Aimee.

TAPLIN

I got most of the items, Pound World said they wouldn't allow the sale of "enough Curley Whirleys to choke a colleague" due to the potential lawsuit... So there's only 3 in there.

AIMEE

Alright cheers.

Aimee wanders through towards the broadcasting room, peering into the bags.

INT. STUDIO 4 - BROADCASTING ROOM - EVENING

Above the window to the production booth, two large speakers protrude from the wall, pointed to the centre of the room, and to the left of it, a large screen with "Current Listeners - est. 1,502".

A big table, littered with chocolate bar wrappers, half filled coffee cups and newspapers, stands in the centre of the room. Four microphones sit in front of four chairs, two of which are occupied by RENNA and LUCIEN.

RENNA is a confident, mid-thirties woman, dressed in flamboyant but professional clothes.

LUCIEN is a middle aged man of mid-size, mid-build, rocking a dad bod and a kind face. His t-shirt is covered in crumbs, chocolate bar wrappers lie around him like bodies at a crime scene.

LUCIEN

...it was the quickest dinner outside dry cereal. It was this:

Lucien straightens himself out in his seat, and attempts to brush away the crumbs on his torso.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

Get two hotdogs, shove in microwave. Get bagel, slice and toast on lowest setting for speed. Spread cream cheese on bagel. Put hotdogs in bagel. Eat.

Renna grimaces at the thought.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

I wouldn't even sit down, I'd eat that hunched over the microwave-

RENNA

I can't-

LUCIEN

One night, I'm shovelling it into my face hole, and I catch my reflection in the window.

Renna chuckles as Aimee hovers at her seat.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

I'm suddenly all self conscious, thinking 'what the hell do the neighbours think of me?' So do you know what I do?

Renna hesitantly shakes her head.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

I turn. The lights. Off.

Renna collapses in her chair in a fit of laughter.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)

For about 6 months, I ate lukewarm hotdog-cheese-spread-bagels in the dark.

AIMEE

My God.

RENNA

Alright Aimee?

AIMEE

Yeah just had a chat with my mum, got the shits again.

Renna and Lucien are speechless.

LUCIEN

You know we're live right?

AIMEE

Oh... Just had a chat with my mum about *stuff*.

Renna laughs in disbelief.

RENNA

This is why they don't want us anymore... I'm playing a track.

Renna taps a couple of buttons on an open laptop in front of her, and THE OPENING CHORDS OF A CATCHY POP SONG begins to play through the speakers as Renna takes a slurp from her coffee.

LUCIEN  
(shouting)  
TAPLIN?

Taplin looks over through the window.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
CAN YOU PUT RENNA UP A BIT? AIMEE'S  
DROWNING HER OUT A LITTLE.

Taplin grabs a small microphone next to the mixing desk, and leans into it. His voice projects out of two speakers above the window.

TAPLIN  
Sure. You know you don't need to  
shout, I can hear you through the-

LUCIEN  
CHEERS!

Taplin cracks a smile and gets back to mixing, as Lucien gives him a thumbs up and chuckles to himself.

His chuckle is interrupted by a strong jet of water sprayed at his face.

LUCIEN (CONT'D)  
The fuck??

Aimee is brandishing a water pistol from the plastic bag.

She chucks another one over to Renna.

AIMEE  
Got Taplin to get us some goodies.

RENNA  
Yeah... We can't have a water fight  
in a room full of electronic shit,  
don't think laptops like water  
much.

AIMEE  
Look, this is it right? This is our  
last chance. We got an hour and a  
half until we're no longer on the  
radio.

She holsters her water pistol in the elastic waist of her tracksuit bottoms, and starts pulling random wacky objects out of the bags - party hats, Groucho Marx glasses, wind up toys - and chucking them to Renna, Lucien, and the table.

Lucien picks up a party hat.

Renna picks up the pair of Groucho Marx glasses.

RENNA

Not being funny, but these aren't funny.

Lucien is rifling through one of the bags, and pulls out a Donald Trump mask.

LUCIEN

Yeah, none of this really works on radio. Ooooo Curley Whirleys!

He dives into the bag as Renna pulls out a frying pan and examines it.

RENNA

This is... Yeah this is just a frying pan?

Aimee takes it off her.

AIMEE

Yeah, I thought we could whack it round Lucien's head and see if it makes that PANG like in the cartoons.

Lucien looks terrified as Aimee makes a bashing motion.

RENNA

Maybe the water pistols are safer.

Aimee drops the frying pan on the table and takes a seat.

AIMEE

(to Lucien)

How's Hector? Speaking yet?

LUCIEN

Right, I know where this is going and no, he still hasn't grown into his name yet.

AIMEE

I wasn't! I genuinely want to know..

(MORE)

AIMEE (CONT'D)

But I'll tell you what, you'll be  
dead and buried before that kid  
grows into his name. Be stood over  
your tombstone with his zimmer  
frame when it fits.

Renna snorts as she continues to sip on her coffee. Lucien  
grabs a chocolate bar from the table and starts to peel the  
wrapper off.

LUCIEN

(to Aimee)

Your mum alright yeah?

AIMEE

Up and down, but I'm gonna spend  
some time with her this weekend.  
It's not her I feel sorry for  
though, it's her dog.

Lucien looks perplexed, and takes a bite from the bar.

AIMEE (CONT'D)

Have I not told you it's addicted  
to ketchup?

He sniggers as Renna jumps in.

RENNA

Save it, for the love of God save  
it for when we're live.

Renna checks the laptop sat in front of her. Various windows  
show different stats, a feed titled: MFM News feed, showing  
time stamped news articles, condensed to headline and single  
sentence, and a central window showing the music queue, with  
just one track name - Alicia Devon: Summertime - and a timer  
counting down - 00:11.

RENNA (CONT'D)

11 seconds left.

The three prepare for chat as the EPIC FINAL CHORDS OF THE  
POP SONG play.

RENNA (CONT'D)

We'll go through what's coming up,  
see if we can get any traction on  
that shit show-

Renna points to the Current Listeners board, it shows 1,864.



RENNA (CONT'D)

Then you tell us about your mums  
dog-

LUCIEN

(sarcastically)

Sounds like solid radio...

Aimee and Lucien nod as the record ends, Renna glances down  
at the laptop screen.

RENNA

That was Summertime by Alicia  
Devon, this is MFM 101.2, I'm Renna  
Eckhart, with me is Aimee "mums got  
the squits"  
Kemp and Lucien "I hate my son"  
Powell.