

Dead Air
-Pilot

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We see the radio of a car. We hear:

RADIO

And now on RNYAM (tries to pronounce it) ruh-nye...nuh-nye...ruh-nye-am? Ruh-nye-am, the news.... (the pips are heard).

We move out to see Angela who is facing Andrew, the "normal" DJ. She switches the radio off.

ANGELA

It's just a mild case, the doctor says...

ANDREW

But-

ANGELA

He says it comes back every.. Now and then...

ANDREW

Jesus....

ANGELA

Anyway, time for work.

Angela leans in to kiss him but Andrew pulls back a bit.

ANGELA

I thought you might be grown up about it but if that's how you feel-

CUT TO:

Andrew is left as the car speeds angrily away.

ANDREW

Shit.

We see the building and a sign on its side reads: "Radio North Yorks". Andrew walks up the entrance and goes inside.

We hear the current program over the image of him coming into the building.

JIM (V.O.)

Next up on nine hundred and
thirty-five ay em we have the one
you've been waiting for- drive
time with DJim and Andrew
Weatherport. Nex- (Noise of the
mic being dropped) Whoops! Erm...

We hear the radio ident jingle and some "beat-rock".

CUT TO:

3 TITLES 3

CUT TO:

4 INT. STUDIO - DAY 4

We notice Jim is stuffing his face with a sandwich and the
console is surrounded by foodstuffs.

We see a "no eating" sign on the back wall.

A mic complete with spoffle hangs overhead.

A song finishes and he mumbles something through food and
plays another.

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Meet Jim, he's our head honcho
(in this slot). He's the wild
one, seen it all, done it all.
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

CUT TO:

Jim is making a letter of the human alphabet while, Andrew
stares on either not caring or in disbelief. (He is making
a "K")

JIM

Go on! Guess! What am I?

CALLER (O.S.)

Is it an "I"?

Jim is disappointed.

JIM

Not even close! Are you
listening, love? Can't you make
out a kicking K from South Bank?
How far away from your radio are
you?

CALLER (O.S.)

I'm only-

Jim cuts her off.

JIM

Boring. Next up we have line 4
and Tracy from Redcar.

Jim makes an "I".

JIM

What letter, pet?

CUT TO:

Andrew is now attempting to get a CD in the player. He tries a few times but either he doesn't understand it or it doesn't understand him.

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

This is Andy Weatherport. He's
been Jim's best friend for all
his life. He thinks he's hip-hop-

CUT TO:

Andy banging his head to Whitney Houston or somesuch placid beats.

ANDREW

Biggy-up! Biggy-yup!

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Enough said, eh?

Andrew knocks a mic onto the floor. Ian walks past the window and taps on it, Andy bangs his head on the desk getting up.

Ian shakes his head.

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Hip-hop my arse. This is me. Ian
Williams. The producer's
producer. I'm the puppetmaster of
these two's show on WRNY.

CUT TO:

Red light comes on outside the studio.

Inside Jim is getting dressed- putting his trousers on and Andy is outside at the coffee machine.

Ian is at the window mouthing: "You're on! You're live!
We've got dead air!"

He bangs on the window.

JIM

What?

He notices Ian's excited state and looks at the clock to see it is showtime.

JIM

....is next on WRNY? I'll tell you what! It's DJim and ANDrew Weatherport! That's what!

Outside the window Ian is shaking his head then answering his phone.

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

God help me. Though to be honest I have bigger fish to fry.

IAN WILLIAMS

Hello, Darling!

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

My wife had had an accident. She slipped on an orange and dislocated her left elbow. Yeah it sounds funny but does she have a sense of humour about it?

IAN WILLIAMS

That's terrible, darling. If you're not feeling well try and get yourself some vitamin suh-see what he's doing in there? I have to go darling, he's doing the human fucking alphabet again, if I've told him once....

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

Close call.

He hangs up his phone and looks across the room.

IAN WILLIAMS

You're it.

He winks and maybe blows a kiss.

We cut to see he is looking in a mirror.

The Technician comes into the room. This is Simon. He looks like he smells. He carries a bunch of cabling around his shoulders/neck. It resembles a noose. Some of it slips to the floor.

Ian picks it up and wraps it round Simon's neck

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
And that's Simon.

Ian pulls the cabling tighter and Simon chokes slightly.

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
I wish he would.. Sort
of....choke to death....

Ian lets go of the cabling, Simon exits, perhaps squeezing his crotch.

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Though he does know his way
around a pair of DT100s....

CUT TO:

Outside the room where Ian stands Simon stops and removes a can of lager from his trousers and a packet of maltesers from under the cables round his neck. He begins to scarf both items.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. BUILDING - DAY

5

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
The only other person we have to
contend with is the boss-

The camera moves up the building to the top floor.

CUT TO:

6 INT. TOP FLOOR - DAY

6

We see a dark room. Moving around it there seems to be no-one.

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
In her perch up there.... All
alone in the dark....

We see a figure is sat in one of the chairs, eyes closed. As the camera reaches her the eyes open and she stares into our souls.

RACHEL
(Quietly) Something is wrong.

CUT TO:

7 INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

7

JIM
I'd rather eat gravel....

Andy looks uncomfortable.

ANDREW
That's really-

JIM
I once saw a pigeon eat shit-

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
She has a sixth sense for the
kind of thing we would get in
trouble for and she has her ways
of dealing with trouble.

On the monitor inside the studio Rachel's image flashes up.
Then the word "no" then her shaking her head.

JIM
Erm... And now traffic!

Andy echoes:

ANDREW
Traffic! Yo-yo, yo!

The image on the monitor now smiles and nods slightly.

CUT TO:

8 INT. TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

8

Rachel nods in her ivory tower, eyes closed.

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
It's just like the radio stations
you get everywhere, really....

We hear a snippet of a traffic bulletin, as read by Jim:

JIM (V.O.)
And the A615 is a real morgue
according to Colin from Stockton.
S'funny that, it was as smooth as
a nun's fanny when I came along
it this morning but what can I
tell you? There int any windows
to look out now so he could be
right.... Who cares?

CUT TO:

9 INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS 9

ANDREW
Er..?

JIM
Hey, how's the wife's gonorrhoea
going?

Andrew looks up at the on air light, shocked.

CUT TO:

10 INT. IAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 10

Ian is sitting listening to the show.

IAN WILLIAMS
Oooh. Edgy!

CUT TO:

11 INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS 11

ANDREW
I didn't tell you about that!

He speaks into the mic, as if to Angela.

ANDREW
I didn't.

JIM
Heard it round the coffee machine
mate-

CUT TO:

12 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 12

Angela is listening to the conversation, fuming.

CUT TO:

13 INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS 13

JIM
-there was a buzz about it. It's
getting good word of mouth.

ANDREW
Play a record-

JIM
 Hey, Angela, if you're listening,
 this one is for you.

Jim cues a CD.

JIM
 It's "That Itch You just can't
 Scratch" from Country Sensations
 (reads the CD) "Liam Pinkley".

Andrew slaps his forehead.

The thrash music starts.

CUT TO:

14 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 14
 Angela is furious.

CUT TO:

15 INT. IAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 15
 Ian shakes his head but begins to bob along to the beat.

CUT TO:

16 INT. STUDIO - CONTINUOUS 16
 Andrew is upset, Jim moshes.

CUT TO:

17 INT. TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 17
 Rachel sleeps.

CUT TO:

18 INT. CUPBOARD - CONTINUOUS 18
 Simon drinks, sliding the door closed sneakily.

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
 Like I said- just like radio
 stations everywhere.....

There are more cuts between the characters continuing with the above.

CUT TO:

19 INT. IAN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 19

IAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Only better.... Or it will be..
Mark my words, it will be....

On Ian Williams desk is a sheet of paper. It's title reads:
"The Grand Plan" by "Station Manager Ian Williams".

Ian smiles:

CUT TO:

20 INT. TOP FLOOR - CONTINUOUS 20

Rachel's eyes open.

End Intro.