

Wireless Theatre Sample Radio Script

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CHECK LIST

- *Number each page (top right hand corner, preferably)*
- *Number each new cue (start anew on every page)*
- *Do not have page breaks in the middle of dialogue*
- *Use clear, easy to read fonts and ideally at least 12pt*
- *Clearly mark SFX and music cues separately from dialogue (bold, italics or caps)*
- *Not essential, but handy to have a summary of characters at the start for casting purposes.*

Please note, there is no 'official' radio drama script format. This sample is a combination of what we have learned from working in the industry and what we find works best for us.

SCENE 1. INT. THEATRE STAGE – NIGHT

(FX: THE GREAT SWOONING LOVE THEME FROM PROKOFIEV'S 'ROMEO & JULIET'. WE WON'T REALISE IT JUST YET, BUT RAY IS ON A THEATRE STAGE, 'ACTING'.)

1 RAY: Turn that down!

(FX: THE PROKOFIEV TURNED HALFWAY DOWN.)

2. RAY: This isn't romantic. Or funny. This is just the truth. I've been through a lot tonight, we all have. I mean, I never thought a simple dinner party could be so... complicated. But if one good thing's come of it, it's the certainty that... - oh, turn the bloody record off, for heaven's sake!

(FX: PROKOFIEV TURNED OFF.)

3. RAY: Thank you. The certainty that all this suburban nonsense about who sits where at a bloody table, about sales figures for blancmange and who put custard in the curate's coat pocket... none of it matters! What matters is what I see, what I feel, when I look into... into your eyes – and that at least is worth all the mess. Why, my one and only eternal darling, it's worth...

(FX: RATTLING OF WOODEN CUPBOARD BEHIND HIM.)

4. RAY: Oh, what now? Where's that coming from? The closet? Look out, look -!

(FX: CRASH OF CUPBOARD FALLING APART, ARCHIE TUMBLING TO FLOOR.)

5. ARCHIE: Ooh, help, I've fallen on my hymn book!

6. RAY: Vicar! Have you been in there all night?

(FX: AUDIENCE LAUGHTER, SWIFTLY FOLLOWED BY LOUD APPLAUSE. CHIRPY MUSIC PLAYING.)

7. RAY (TO ARCHIE): You alright? Get up here –take a bow!

8. ARCHIE: What did I say? Last night –best night! (TO AUDIENCE:) Thank you! Thank you!

SCENE 2. INT. DRESSING ROOM – NIGHT

(FX: CHATTER OF BUSY COMMUNAL DRESSING ROOM. POPPING OF CHAMPAGNE CORK, DRINK FIZZING UP.)

1. ARCHIE: Whoops! Haven't broken that light fitting, have I? Here, everyone, grab a glass. And let's drink a toast to the last night of "Knickers, Vicar"! A comedy triumph, I think you'll all agree, an amateur production that could give those professional luvvies a run for their money, fully meriting the expense we have not spared in getting hold of tonight's very special guest... - oh, not you, Nancy.
2. NANCY (ENTERING): What? Oh. Sorry to be a disappointment. My brother here?
3. ARCHIE: Ray? Oh –no. Popped out for a -...a cigarette, has he? Yes, downstairs he'll be.
4. NANCY: A cigarette?
5. ARCHIE: Hasn't he earned it?
6. NANCY: I suppose he has.
7. ARCHIE: Now, anyway, as I was saying... The Verona Players have had a hit here this week, even made a profit.
- (FX: A 'YAY!' FROM THOSE IN DRESSING ROOM.)
8. ARCHIE: Which means we can be even more ambitious with the next production. Proof of that comes tonight with our special guest, who is –eh, any idea where she is...?

SCENE 3. EXT. REAR OF THEATRE – NIGHT

(FX: DOG BARKING IN DISTANCE. STAGE DOOR RATTLES OPEN.)

1. NANCY: Ray? You out here?
2. RAY: Here I am.
3. NANCY: Having a smoke, I hear.
4. RAY: Oh. Yeah.
5. NANCY: I didn't know you smoked.
6. RAY: No?
7. NANCY: And I lived with you till you were twenty two.
8. RAY: Twenty three's not too late to start.
9. NANCY: Plus I've had you living on my couch for the last four months. And still haven't seen you dirty an ashtray.
10. RAY: A combination of a bad divorce and a sister putting me up in a house out of the Ideal Home Show might explain my doing it fiercely but furtively.
11. NANCY: You remember, as a kid, when you told me you'd seen Batman in our treehouse?
12. RAY: Vaguely.
13. NANCY: I didn't believe you then. I don't believe you now.
14. RAY: Well... I've been telling my fellow players I smoke. Gives me an excuse to get out of their company at moments like this.
15. NANCY: I thought you'd want to be up there, sharing the champagne. The show was a triumph.
16. RAY: A triumph? Yes it was, sort of. Which is why I wanted to be alone. -Oh, I don't mind being alone with you.
17. NANCY: Thanks.
18. RAY: It's a load of rubbish, obviously.
19. NANCY: What?

1. RAY: "Knickers, Vicar". The play. I mean, in relation to the canon of dramatic literature.
2. NANCY: Well, it was... funny. Ish.
3. RAY: Except... for a moment, it suddenly got serious.