

# 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.