1 x45 mins

‘GEEZER BIRD’

By Tash Desborough

YOUNG SAMMY Hello! Who’s on line seven?

**THEME MUSIC BY KATIE SEATON**

V/O Geezer Bird. By Tash Desborough.

 A Wireless Theatre Original

**SCENE 1.**

**THERAPY ROOM. RAIN OUTSIDE.**

**SAMMY (50ish)**

**SFX: RADIO STATIC/ 2 SEC SNIPPET OF FAT LES – VINDALOO EQUIVALENT 90’S MONTAGE.**

V/O MONTAGE Say sommat sexy Angelique.

Make way for radio’s own messiah!

Kinetic FM.

Curry, curry curry, Lads lads lads! (LAUGHTER)

SAMMY: (SIGHS) I don’t know what to talk about. (PAUSE)

Bit ironic really.

SAMMY: I had a huge platform to shout from. But I was given a voice I didn’t know how to use.

 **SFX: RADIO STATIC/ penny whistle uprise, 2 SEC CLIP OF THE ROYLE FAMILY ‘MY ARSE’ EQUIVALENT, CANNED**

V.O It’s the nineties.

Nineties fm, Who’s on top and who’s not, Wouldn’t you like to know.

My Arse!

**PENNYWHISTLE UP) (CROWD LAUGHTER THEN FADES)**

SAMMY: I’ve never spoken about it before, and I’ve never listened back to myself. I’m embarrassed. Deeply, horribly, ashamed.

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING/SAMMY’S DISTORTED VOICE, ECHOED ETHEREALLY**

SAMMY (DISTORTED): I don’t even need therapy.

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: Ok so, how exactly, do you tell three point five million, largely male listeners, that you’re a twenty-four-year-old virgin?

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING SWITCHING THROUGH 90s RADIO STATIONS. ENDS ON A ‘KINETIC FM’ IDENT**

VOICEOVER: The Midnight Hour ….

 **CUTS BETWEEN ON-AIR SHOW AND THERAPY ROOM**

MALE CALLER #1: I reckon you’re well fit. Where did they find you? Grinding one out at Stringfellows, I bet! Eh?

**SFX: RADIO TUNING**

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: It’s not normal, is it? To be afraid of being intimate. To be scared of being touched.

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING**

MALE CALLER #2: I bet you’re at it all the time.

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING**

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: An erotophobic, late-night audio dominatrix. Is that a contradiction, or am I a *foxy*-moron’?

**SFX: FOXY MORON**

V/O The Foxy Moron on Kinetic FM.

**YOUNG SAMMY (24) IS THE SEXY VOICED RADIO PRESENTER IN STUDIO.**

YOUNG SAMMY; You’re listening to The Midnight Hour on Kinetic FM. So, loosen your tie, kick back and relax for the sexiest three hours of your day. Ok, let’s go straight to the phones – who’s on line one?

MALE CALLER #1: Phwooar, you sound as hot as my pants.

 **SFX RADIO TUNING**

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: What is a *sexy* voice anyway? Is it *what* you say?

 **OVERLY SEXY RADIO ADVERT**

 **SEXY MUSIC BED. LOADS OF REVERB**

YOUNG SAMMY(V.O): Chocolust. Mmmm. Seduction in every bite

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: Or *how* you say it?

 **INAPPROPRIATELY SEXY ADVERT**

 **DEPRESSING MUSIC BED**

YOUNG SAMMY(V.O): Farewell Funerals mmm - supporting your needs in the shadow of death. Mmm.

 **RADIO STATIC**

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: I didn’t know, and I didn’t care. I was just making the radio ads with a minimal budget. Which meant I had to voice them. So, when I sent out my demo showcasing my production skills, I got invited into a national radio station for an entirely different reason.

**SCENE 2.**

**BRIDGET’S OFFICE AMBIENCE. BRIDGET (50s, STERN) LISTENS TO THE AD DEMO. -PREVIOUS ADVERT PLAYS THROUGH TAPE RECORDER**

YOUNG SAMMY (V.O): Mmmm. Seduction in every bite.

YOUNG SAMMY: Yeah, probably overdid the reverb.

 **BRIDGET STOPS/ EJECTS THE CASSETTE**

BRIDGET: Right then Sammy, why don’t you go home and tell your friends that you’re the new presenter of...hmmm…*The Midnight Hour*…

YOUNG SAMMY: Presenter? Surely you mean producer?

BRIDGET: Eleven pm ‘til two am. Three hours of sensual music

 and erotic chat. Alright?

YOUNG SAMMY: Erotic chat?

BRIDGET: Sassy, arousing and gratuitously sexy conversation.

And music you can shag to. Massive Attack, MMM Groove Armadaaaa… that sort of thing.

YOUNG SAMMY: But I…

BRIDGET: Look, I know you don’t have any on-air experience, but you’re very zeitgeisty. You like football don’t you?

YOUNG SAMMY: Yes…I run a home matchday radio station.

BRIDGET: Hand in your notice. Do you drink pints?

YOUNG SAMMY: Yes but…

BRIDGET: Perfect. I mean, you’re no Sara Cox or Zoe Ball sexpot, you’ve clearly got a face for radio, *but* your voice… it’s a honey-come-hither boner to our pound-a-pint demographic. You start tonight.

YOUNG SAMMY: Huh?

VOICEOVER: The Sonic Strumpet of the night. The Midnight Hour with Angelique.

**SFX: RADIO STATIC/2 SEC GEORGE MICHAEL ARREST NEWS CLIP EQ.**

**SEXY JINGLE AND NEWS STORY**

**MONTAGE**

**SCENE 3.**

**THERAPY ROOM.**

**CUTS BETWEEN THERAPY ROOM AND ON AIR**

SAMMY: Yeah, that’s another thing…my boss, Bridget changed my name. *Sammy* was apparently as sexy as a bag of toenails. So, exotic, seductress *Angelique* was born. Would have been nice if she’d bothered to tell me. Or even ask me. I guess she just assumed I wouldn’t

SAMMY (CONTD) protest. And she was right – it didn’t even cross my mind because I’d lucked out. (PAUSE) Of course, it wasn’t the only assumption she made about me. Well, I say ‘she’ but, there were others above Bridget. Men.

**SFX: RADIO TUNING STATIC NOISE**

YOUNG SAMMY: Good evening. What can I do for you tonight?

MALE CALLER #3: I can think of a thing or two, Angelique! Eh? Can *you* think of a thing or two?

YOUNG SAMMY: Well, um…I can tell you who’s going to win the Champion’s League. I’ve got a hundred percent strike rate.

MALE CALLER #3: I bet you’re gagging for it aren’t you?

YOUNG SAMMY: …err..Well, I wouldn’t say….

MALE CALLER #3: ‘Course you are, cause you’re one of those Geezer Birds! All you think about is football, booze and shagging. Nah?

YOUNG SAMMY: Well..I wouldn’t…go that far…

MALE CALLER #3: You filthy slut! Ha! I can say that can’t I? Cause Geezer Birds love a bit of banter. Hahaha! ‘Triffic! I love women!

**SFX: RADIO STING**

**SFX: RADIO TUNING/SAMMY’S**

**DISTORTED VOICE**

SAMMY (DISTORTED): This therapist…she.. she thinks I’m wasting her time.

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: I was out of my depth. (PAUSE) Technically, I knew my way around a studio, but presenting? Not a clue!

 And yet… (PAUSE). You know, I didn’t have a producer - they didn’t offer and I didn’t think for a second I could ask for one, so I was completely on my own.

**SFX: RADIO TUNING STATIC NOISE,**

**DIAL TONE**

MALE CALLER #4: Alright, it’s Pete the Baker here. Say something sexy

 Angelique.

YOUNG SAMMY: Like what?

MALE CALLER #4: Sensual words. (IMPATIENT) Come on.

YOUNG SAMMY: Erm.. Juicy?...peachy?...

 **LONG PAUSE**

MALE CALLER #4: More sexy.

YOUNG SAMMY: Umm...gusset?...ointment?

MALE CALLER #4: Filthier!

YOUNG SAMMY: Err...(SAID IN UNSURE, SEXY VOICE) Vaginitis...?

**SFX: RADIO STING**

V/O What does the nineties mean to you? ‘s alright, yeah. Who’s headlining Glastonbury this year? Bermuda shorts are back. In style. I mean what even is an Irannuu?

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: My mate Jess was the opposite of me in so many ways. She had this charisma that would light up the room the moment she walked in - she was sexy,

 cocky, could match the guy s pint for pint and was an absolute lad magnet.

 **SCENE 4.**

**THE GOOD MIXER PUB**

**90s INDIE MUSIC PLAYING.**

**CUT BETWEEN THE PUB AND THERAPY ROOM**

JESS: (SHOUTING AUSTIN POWERS STYLE) Like what you see do ya fella? ‘Yeah Baby! Is that a mirror in your boxers, ‘cause I can see myself in them! Pull!

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: I envied her confidence because I had zero. It’d been sucked right out of me after…*that* …moment. But Jess…I just …couldn’t understand how she was so

 unaffected…she was with me, when it happened. She experienced it too, she was sat right next to me.

 That seemingly insignificant but, minor event, somehow it messed up m y entire life, yet didn’t seem to have any impact at all on hers.

**SFX: RADIO STING**

**THE GOOD MIXER PUB**

**90s INDIE MUSIC PLAYING**

**YOUNG SAMMY AND JESS HAVE JUST GOT THE PINTS IN**

JESS: My bestie, the radio presenter! Cheers!

 **THEY CLINK PINT GLASSES, DRINK, BURP**

JESS: It ain’t Danish…

YOUNG SAMMY: It ain’t Swedish…it’s…

YOUNG SAMMY/JESS: FINNISH..

**THEY DOWN THEIR PINTS IN A MESSY, SPLASHY WAY**

JESS: (BURPS) Erotic chat though Sammy?

YOUNG SAMMY: Hey, that’s *Angelique* to you Jess!

JESS: I can see their point - Sammy is not an erotic name….’scuse me…and if I remember rightly – which I do…the boys in our class used to call you what was it? Spammy Sammy. I think it was Spammy Sammy I thank you!

YOUNG SAMMY: Thankfully my hairline has caught up with my forehead since then. (LAUGHING) I looked like Terry Nutkins

JESS: Oh don’t. We were babies! …What.. thirteen the first time we went in to London…

YOUNG SAMMY & JESS …on our own!?

YOUNG SAMMY Mad

JESS Legends!

YOUNG SAMMY: Yes! Yes, yes! We were in uh… what’s that shop - uhh American Classics to buy ripped Levi 501s. Second hand…

JESS: So cool. The Brosette days. Ha! Oh my days. And do you remember that banker who was sat opposite us on the tube? Well, I say ‘banker’ (LAUGHS).

YOUNG SAMMY: …yeah…Mr Chipolata.

JESS: That’s the one! Knockin’ one out right in front of us, the old perv. And then when you told the guard, he called us ‘the girls who cried wolf’, so…so we howled at him until he made us get off at the next station! God, we laughed about that all the way home. Hey, maybe the flasher will be one of your dirty callers! That would be mad!

YOUNG SAMMY: Yeah…

JESS: (BEST SEXY VOICE) ‘Who’s on line sixty-nine?’

(GRUFF VOICE) ‘Ooh It’s Mr Chipolata from The Circle Line. Can you play ‘Little Willy’ by Sweet for me?’

YOUNG SAMMY: That’s not a song!

JESS: It totally is! My mum was a massive Sweet fan.

YOUNG SAMMY: It’s not my fault I’ve got the sexiest voice on the planet!

JESS: Honestly though, it sounds like the perfect job – getting paid to sit on your arse and talk filth. That’s what we do every night. (LAUGHING) Wahay!

YOUNG SAMMY: Whoa! The Good Mixer is living up to all expectations. *That,* is…that! Is Damon Albarn.

JESS: Shuttup…Hold my pint Spammy Sammy! Tonight, Matthew, I’m going home with a pop star!

**SFX: RADIO STING**

**SCENE 5.**

**THERAPY ROOM. CUT BETWEEN THERAPY ROOM AND ON-AIR**

SAMMY: Jess was way more Angelique than I could ever be.

I should have been able to laugh it off like she could, but I didn’t find it funny. And so, I just pretended and if anyone mentioned the word ‘flasher’, I was the first to offer up my hilarious anecdote about Mr Chipolata masturbating on the Circle line. (PAUSE) Why?

 (PAUSE) I guess it covered up the shame I felt for letting it happen and for being so scared. And so I, I learned to use humour to the best of my advantage.

 **SFX: RADIO STING**

**SFX: RADIO STATIC**

**SEXY JINGLE:**

VOICEOVER: And now, The Husky Harlot of Darkness,

 Angelique on Kinetic FM.

YOUNG SAMMY: Hello, who’s on line five?

MALE CALLER #5: It’s Marco from Luton. Wanna sit on my face?

YOUNG SAMMY: Why, is your nose bigger than your winkie?

MALE CALLER #5: Hey!

**YOUNG SAMMY CUTS HIM OFF .**

**SHORT DIAL TONE**

YOUNG SAMMY: Line ten, what’s going on in your world?

MALE CALLER #6: Wanna play Titanic?

YOUNG SAMMY: Hmm, I don’t think I know that game.

MALE CALLER #6: It’s easy. I’ll be the ship. You be the North Atlantic Ocean and then I’ll go down on you. (SNIGGERS).

YOUNG SAMMY: Oh, that’s a shame. I was thinking more - you buy me a blue diamond necklace and then I’ll leave you to drown.

MALE CALLER #6: Oi, that’s not very n….

**YOUNG SAMMY CUTS HIM OFF**

**SHORT DIAL TONE**

YOUNG SAMMY: Get in touch if you fancy a chat tonight. And right now, here’s Groove Armada.

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: And so, I began to take on the persona of a sex Goddess. Witty, fearless, and full of sexual prowess. And the crazy thing was, I actually started to believe it. Being told on a daily basis how sexy I was, helped me to bury my secret, deeper and deeper inside. And as

 the audience figures rose and five star reviews started coming in, I sort of began to think I really was Angelique.

**SFX: RADIO STING**

**SCENE 6.**

**BRIDGET’S OFFICE**

**QUIET OFFICE AMBIENCE**

BRIDGET: RAJAR figures are in. Your reach is up

 seventy one percent year on year, making The Midnight Hour *the* most listened to late night show in

 the country.

 YOUNG SAMMY Wow. Get In!

 BRIDGET You’ve single-handedly penetrated an audience nobody knew existed.

YOUNG SAMMY: Penetrated! I’ll say! Woof!

BRIDGET: You should celebrate.

YOUNG SAMMY: Yeah, I’ll probably invite a few sex slaves round to my secret dungeon for a hot candlewax orgy tonight. You can come if you like Bridget.

BRIDGET: (PAUSE) No. I’m off to play pitch and putt with The Corrs.

**SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SCENE 7.**

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: I might have been bringing in the listeners, not to

 mention the advertisers, but I wasn’t being rewarded.

 Not that I expected to be. I knew I was a fraud and

 so I kept my head down, didn’t protest, didn’t

 complain, didn’t speak up, because if I did, I thought t

 hey would notice me and then I’d be rumbled.

 (PAUSE) How did I feel? (PAUSE) Alone. (PAUSE)

 Those late-night hours were heavy with the weight of

 solitude. So Quiet. With no producer, there was

 nobody else with me on the entire fourth floor.

 (PAUSE) It was like being in a haunted building. Just

 me and the pervy phantom callers.

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING /**

 **SAMMY’S DISTORTED VOICE**

SAMMY (DISTORTED): You’re such a drama queen.

SAMMY: I was even on my own when it came to down to contracts. With no agent, when I was told I was going to be paid ninety quid a show, I just thought ‘cool’ and signed on the dotted line. Anyway, ninety quid doesn’t sound so bad, until, that is, you compare it with the breakfast presenter who was getting paid three and a half grand…*per* show.

 **SCENE 8.**

 **KINETIC FM STUDIO**

 **YOUNG SAMMY KNOCKS ON DOOR. OPENS IT. RICKY (30, LOUD, COCKY) LISTENS TO A BREAKFAST TRAILER**

RICKY (V.O): … Jay Kay will be giving away one of his gargantuan hats. The Ricky Fisse Breakfast show – I’m radio’s own Messiah.

**THE TRAILER ENDS, RICKY REMOVES THE TAPE FROM THE CASSETTE PLAYER**

YOUNG SAMMY: Hi Ricky! Bridget says you want me to

 voice something for you?

RICKY: You can sink a pint. Do you want to come on the

 team pub crawl later?

YOUNG SAMMY: Yeah alright.

RICKY: Heads up - some of the crew can get a bit raucous.

YOUNG SAMMY: I’m from Croydon! I’ll show *you* raucous!

**RICKY’S VOICE IS UP CLOSE AND HORRIBLY CLOSE**

RICKY: (LAUGHS) And I’ll show you mine, if you show me

 yours.

 **RICKY UNDOES HIS FLY AND EXPOSES HIMSELF**

RICKY: Bet you want to get your chops around that!

YOUNG SAMMY: (SLIGHT HESITATION) No, you’re alright. I’ve

 already flossed this morning.

RICKY: Ha! Right, now you’re feeling inspired, can you

 say this line - *‘*something *big* to get you *up* in the

 morning’.

YOUNG SAMMY: Is the mic on?

RICKY: Yeah. Just do it three or four times in different ways.

 But make it really uber sultry and hot.

 **YOUNG SAMMY REPEATS THE LINE IN**

 **EMPHASISING DIFFERENT WORDS IN**

 **‘SEXY’ WAYS**

YOUNG SAMMY: (CLEARS THROAT) ‘Something big to get you up in

 the morning’. (REPEATS TWICE)

RICKY: Good. Good, good, Yeah, gooood!

 **THIS SECTION OVERLAPS WITH LINE 15 ON THE NEXT PAGE**

RICKY And once more where you’re really shagging the words. (SEXY) Shag. Mmm.. Each. Huuuhhh Word. Nnnng.

YOUNG SAMMY: (REALLY GOES FOR IT) ‘Something big to get you

 up in the morning’.

RICKY: Triffic babe!

YOUNG SAMMY Uhuh

 **SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SCENE 9.**

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: I often had ‘flasher flashbacks’, and then suddenly

 it’s happening again right there. How did I feel?

 (PAUSE) A bit shocked, I think. But also, incredibly

 self-conscious. I didn’t want to look like a prude or

 uptight. It was just stupid lad banter, wasn’t it?

 Harmless messing about…(LONG PAUSE).

 Except…that’s what I tried to convince myself. (PAUSE) How did I really feel? ….Panicked.

 That small soundproof studio was suddenly too

 Intimate, and Ricky …(PAUSE) …he was too right in my

 face.

 **REPEAT EARLIER DIALOGUE**

 **RICKY IS UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE TO THE MIC – ASMR STYLE**

RICKY: Bet you wanna get your chops around that.

SAMMY: (PAUSE) So close, I could smell his breath and

 when he said:

RICKY: ‘Chops’

SAMMY: A bit of his spit landed here on my lip. And I didn’t

 wipe it away, because I didn’t want *him* to feel

 embarrassed. What was that all about? LAUGHS

 (PAUSE)

 And all the time he had his…his thing in his hand,

 and he was just grinning, his eyes fixed on mine.

 I wanted to run. But instead, I just made a witty

 Angelique style quip and…and laughed it off. One of

 the lads. (PAUSE) And then it was over, and afterwards

 I…afterwards I just felt stupid and revolting. Stupid that

 I’d been afraid, and revolting because I was

 contaminated. (PAUSE) suppose you’re wondering why

 I didn’t report him. (Sighs) Well, I sort of did. In the only

 way I really could. Because…well he was Ricky Fisse.

**SFX: RADIO TUNING /MONTAGE**

V/O Sound, ok, Flowerpot hats are they here to stay?

Hotness FM

Your news how you want it

Spiky hair is here to stay

Know what ya get if you cross the cheese with the peas? Cheesy peas?

**SCENE 10**

**BRIDGET’S OFFICE. CUT BETWEEN OFFICE AND ON-AIR**

BRIDGET: So, I want to introduce erotic poetry to the show. Sensual, intelligent stuff. Eighteenth century milky maidens, fleshy orbs of wonder and velvet cake holes. That kind of thing.

YOUNG SAMMY: Velvet cake holes?

BRIDGET: Men love it. And I want you to encourage listener

 contributions.

YOUNG SAMMY: Is that really a good idea? Most of my listeners are

 quite …blokey?

BRIDGET: It’s a late night shot of culture. We’re going to ramp

 it up and do a big, cross-promotional push with

 breakfast.

YOUNG SAMMY: Oh. Uhm. I recorded the voiceover for Ricky.

BRIDGET: Excellent! If you can get him on side, he’ll be your

 best advocate.

YOUNG SAMMY: Actually, he erm…he showed me his willy.

BRIDGET: (LAUGHS) Did he? The scamp! Take it as a compliment. It means he likes you.

YOUNG SAMMY: Likes me? So…what…he’s done it before then?

BRIDGET: Ricky Fisse is a big kid, always larking about.

YOUNG SAMMY: Has …has he ever done it to you?

BRIDGET: Don’t be so stupid.

**SFX: RADIO TUNING STATIC NOISE – POETRY IDENT**

V/O AND NOW POETRY TO STIR YOUR LOINS. WORDS OF LUST

MALE CALLER #7: Hi Angelique. Shaun the postie here. Want to hear my wooing poem?

YOUNG SAMMY: The airwaves are all yours Shaun.

MALE CALLER #7 There once was a woman from Harrow

Who whinged that her chuff was too narrow,
To get a good slumber,
She used a cucumber,
But never could manage a marrow.’

 Are you woo’ed Angelic? Can I take you for a drink, or a cuddle? Or… a kiss? Ha!?

YOUNG SAMMY NO!

 **THERAPY ROOM**

OLD SAMMY Oh my god the erotic poems! The cringe factor is off the scale, But..but the thing is, I was powerless to even questions its inclusion in the show. The only way I could

 assert some sort of control was through Angelic. Obviously, I had no personal experience to draw on. So when It came to creating her, I , I – I just put together a hodge-podge of ingredients that I thought made the perfect recipe for a sexy woman. A dash of shagabout ladette attitude. A dollop of kinkiness, a dash of saucy innuendo and a sprinkle of sado masochism (laughs). I just – I wanted the listeners to imagine a woman wearing a pvc catsuit…

 …and thigh high leather boots, with a whip between her tight butt cheeks. (MAKES WHIP SOUND) (LAUGHS) Because that’s what I thought sexy was. And, I mean, I must have been hitting quite near the mark, because I began to get a *lot* of voiceover work.

 **SFX: RADIO STING**

 **TV ADVERT. MUSIC BED**

YOUNG SAMMY (V.O): Qu'est-ce que c'est ? Mmmm. ‘Bodacious’, the new fragrance from Antoine Poulet. Bkak!

 **SFX: RADIO INTERFERENCE**

**TV ADVERT. MUSIC BED**

YOUNG SAMMY (V.O): This Christmas, why not keep your ‘lady-cabin’ festive? Winter Retreat scented feminine wipes. Ho Ho Ho.

 **SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SCENE 12.**

**THE GOOD MIXER. SFX: NOISY OVERCROWDED PUB**

JESS: I’ve never seen it so busy in here.

YOUNG SAMMY: Well Ricky did invite *all* his listeners on the pub crawl.

RICKY: Make way for Radio’s Own Messiah!

JESS: Oh….He’s so fit.

YOUNG SAMMY: I’ve seen his junk.

JESS: You shagged him? I can’t blame you. That was *my* plan today!

YOUNG SAMMY: Don’t let me stop you.

JESS: I shan’t. (FAST SHOW STYLE) Ooh, suit you Ricky!

RICKY: Ooh! Suit you too!

YOUNG SAMMY: This is my best mate Jess.

RICKY: Oh! Any friend of Angelique is a friend of mine – if …they pass the quick-fire test – favourite band?

JESS: Oasis.

RICKY: Favourite film?

JESS: Lock Stock.

RICKY: Favourite football team?

JESS: Chelsea.

RICKY: Favourite drink?

JESS: Lager.

RICKY: Favourite radio presenter?

JESS: Ricky Fisse!!!

RICKY: Ding ding ding – we have a winner! You have passed! (SHOUTS) Another pint over here Toby. Today’s gonna be even better than I thought it would be.

JESS: I think I’ve pulled Sammy.

YOUNG SAMMY: Yup. (UNDER HER BREATH) But be careful.

JESS What?

YOUNG SAMMY: Nothing…nothing.

**SCENE 13**

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: How did I feel about them copping off? (PAUSE) Mmmmm. Uncomfortable. But I didn’t want to seem over dramatic. Ricky Fisse was a household name, a self-proclaimed ‘professional ladies’ man’. Jess knew the score, and went in all gun’s blazing as per usual. But look, right, it was…it was me who had the problem, not her. Everyone knew what Ricky and guys like him were like. That’s probably why they were so successful. I had to just …shrug it off. Be more ….Angelique.

**SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SCENE 14.**

 **BRIDGET’S OFFICE**

 **BRIDGET OFFICE AMBIENCE**

BRIDGET: I’ve just got the Sony nominations.

RICKY: Let me guess. Last year I got three, so this year…four?

BRIDGET: You got one.

RICKY: WHAT?

BRIDGET: It’s the big one, but you’re up against Zoe Ball, so you won’t win.

RICKY: Terrible year for Kinetic FM then.

BRIDGET: It would be. Except Angelique has got three nominations.

YOUNG SAMMY: (LAUGHING) Holy moly! OOhhh!

BRIDGET: I know. No one’s more surprised than me.

RICKY: Oh yeah! So, which of the judges got the ‘extra special’ treatment from you then? Eh Angelique?

 YOUNG SAMMY (LAUGHS) Well…Uhh…

BRIDGET: I’ve got a bottle of Bolly in the fridge. We should celebrate. Ricky, don’t be naughty while I’m gone.

RICKY: As if!

 **BRIDGET LEAVES THE OFFICE**

 **AWKWARD SILENCE**

YOUNG SAMMY: So…did you have a nice time with Jess?

RICKY: Who?

YOUNG SAMMY: My mate, you hit it off on the pub crawl. You slept

 with her.

RICKY: Err…Hmm. (THINKS) Jess, Jess, Jess. (PAUSE) Oh

 yeah, yeah she was…she was fun.

YOUNG SAMMY: Are you seeing her again?

RICKY: Nah. Nah. Nah. Naaah. (PAUSE. ANGRY)

 One nomination. ONE!

YOUNG SAMMY: Next time for sure.

RICKY: There are some right prats on the panel this year. People with axes to grind.

YOUNG SAMMY: I think Kirsty Young’s hosting.

RICKY (Derisively) Ah god!

 **RICKY UNDOES HIS FLY**

RICKY: (INTERRUPTING) Hey, look! Do you want to grind *my* axe?

 **YOUNG SAMMY GASPS**

YOUNG SAMMY: Oh …(PAUSE)!

RICKY: Come on!

YOUNG SAMMY: The only way you’re gonna get laid, Ricky Fisse, is if you crawl up a chicken’s arsehole and wait.

RICKY: Ooh! Great comeback from a bird to be fair.

**RICKY DOES UP HIS FLY. BRIDGET ENTERS WITH GLASSES AND BOTTLE. POPS THE CORK**

BRIDGET: Ricky, I hope you’re behaving yourself?

RICKY: Don’t I always Miss?

BRIDGET: Is he?

YOUNG SAMMY: (PAUSE) Yes, yes he is.

**RECORD SCRATCH**

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: Oh, I wish I’d said something at that moment.

 **OFFICE.** **CORK POP. POURING FIZZ**

BRIDGET: Good! To Angelique!

RICKY: To Angelique! And to your mate Tess.

YOUNG SAMMY: Jess.

 **THEY CLINK GLASSES. FIZZ.**

 **SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING/SAMMY’S DISTORTED VOICE**

SAMMY (DISTORTED): Is this just perimenopausal anxiety?

V/O SINGERS Peri-menopausal

TRAILER On Kinetic FM

**ADVERT JINGLE SOUND ‘PERIMENOPAUSAL ANXIETY’ ECHOES INTO**

**SCENE 15**

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: It wasn’t the last time I saw his bits. And I certainly wasn’t the only one. After the all the stuff that’s just come out in the papers, I know now, that in fact… I was one of the lucky ones that got away. Jess never, EVER spoke about what happened between her and Ricky and I never pressed her to tell me. It became just another entry to add to the pile of her ever growing wild and debauch ed anecdotes.

 **Fade up pub music sent today**

**SCENE 16.**

**GOOD MIXER. PUB CHATTER.**

YOUNG SAMMY: Er…Diet Coke?

JESS: I’ve got a meeting.

YOUNG SAMMY: That doesn’t usually stop you.

JESS: Yeah, but this could lead to a promotion. Cheers!

 **THEY CLINK GLASSES. LONG PAUSE.**

JESS: So, Did he mention me?

YOUNG SAMMY: Ricky? Errrr….He said you were ‘fun’.

JESS: Hmm.

YOUNG SAMMY: He was spotted at The Met Bar snogging one of the Primrose Hill set.

JESS: …oh.

YOUNG SAMMY: He sure does get around!

JESS: Well, so do I. Anyway, Ricky Fisse is hardly good stock for the father of my children.

YOUNG SAMMY: (SPITS OUT DRINK) What! Ok, I I didn’t have you down as the maternal type!

JESS: I’m not. I’m just saying. Why are you?

YOUNG SAMMY: Yeah. But …no man alive would want to settle down with me.

JESS: No man alive could ever keep up with me!

YOUNG SAMMY: (LAUGHING) I’m sure you’d find some willing fool who loves sex as much as you.

JESS: Yeah, maybe. But it’s like… it’s all I can think about. Do you do that? Think about it constantly?

YOUNG SAMMY: Probably not in the way you do. (LAUGHS)

JESS: I’ve already marked out two potential shags since I walked in here. Him and him. And I’m not even staying!

YOUNG SAMMY: Why do you want to do it so much?

JESS: I don’t know. It’s just like…I have to do it.

YOUNG SAMMY: Or what?

JESS: I don’t know. I always find a way to do it. You love sex too though ,right?

YOUNG SAMMY: …yeah. Uhm yeah. Yeah. Yeh.

**SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SCENE 17.**

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: That was the only time we ever had a bit of a deeper chat. (PAUSE) Why? (PAUSE) Because she was sober! (LAUGHS) She didn’t have time in her life for amateur psychoanalysis. Jess was a free spirit. I drew so much on her strength and tried to absorb at least some of her boldness, because nothing knocked her off her stride. No arrogant radio presenter was going to ruffle her feathers, and no stranger on a tube was going to mess with her head.

 She never needed a man to feel validated. She was happy just having a good time, with no responsibilities. (PAUSE) Ah, But, you know, we drifted apart, you know how it is. I had kids, settled down. I guess …some friends stick around and others…

**SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SEXY JINGLE**

VOICEOVER: (JINGLE) And now, poetry to stir your loins. Words of Lust…lust…lust (fades)

**SAMMY IN STUDIO.**

**AWFUL, PORNY MUSIC BED BEGINS**

YOUNG SAMMY: Bodies Entwined by Lord Wolfrie Clutterhorne

 ‘In the hush of night, by the moon's soft glow,

 Two bodies entwined, desire's sweet flow.

 Fingers trace paths of soft silk and fire,

 As whispered words stroke forbidden love’s pyre.

 Sighs and moans in the velvet air,

 Yet shadows cast, a heavy affair.

 In this secret realm, where hearts may break,

 Two bodies entwined, a choice they make.’

 Hello who’s on line seven?

MALE CALLER #8: (SQUEAKS) Ah – ahh – Hello??!

 **SFX: RADIO STATIC/ MONTAGE /BECKHAM WORLD CUP RED CARD**

V/O Disaster - it’s a red card for David Beckham

 Choose Life!

 RADIO STATIC

 **SCENE 18.**

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: Why didn’t Bridget look out for me? Why wasn’t she on my side? She knew exactly what Ricky was like. They all did. (PAUSE) How does that make me feel? (PAUSE) Angry. No, furious.

 That she *chose* to turn a blind eye, when other women were relying on her. She let us down. (PAUSE) No, worse, she enabled him. She was complicit in Ricky’s repulsive actions. Actions that helped to really screw me up. Because, when Angelique was growing stronger, young Sammy…she was disappearing. Fading into a …a rowdy crowd. A world viewed through beer glasses, where I could shout at the footy on the big screen and get utterly wasted, then grab some random guy and publicly snog his face off for a couple of minutes. If I was drunk enough, I could…I could just about handle that. A repulsive, fleeting moment of bravado to build on the farce that I was constructing.

 An erotophobic virgin? What’s that?! And then I’d wake up the next morning, ashamed, and full of deep self-loathing. (PAUSE) Ahh. (Sighs)

 And that’s how I felt about my show.

 That’s how I felt about Angelique.

 That’s how I felt about myself.

 A disgusting young woman with no personality, no morals, and no voice. That’s why I haven’t listened back to a single one of my shows. I can’t.

 **SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SHOW TRAILER**

MALE VOICEOVER: Give Angelique a bash, win twenty grand cash!

RICKY (V.O): All this week on the breakfast show, you can win

 twenty grand cash! What would you buy? A sexy

 car? (CAR REVS) A sexy season ticket (CROWD

 CHEERS) or even a sexy holiday (ACOUSTIC GUITAR

 STING). to win, all you have to do is hunt down

 Angelique, our elusive presenter of the night and

 proposition her with the line ‘fancy a bash’?

MALE VOICEOVER: Give Angelique a bash, win twenty grand cash!

 All this week on the Ricky Fisse breakfast Show.

 **SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SCENE 19.**

 **BRIDGET’S OFFICE**

YOUNG SAMMY: Isn’t that a bit…dangerous?

BRIDGET: (Sighs) How so?

YOUNG SAMMY: Well, I’m going to get strangers coming up to me in

 the street, asking if I want to shag them.

BRIDGET: (ANGRY) Fucks sake! Don’t be so bloody ungrateful.

 (LONG PAUSE). Listen, Ricky Fisse is a maverick and

 A rising star. You should be honoured that he wants

 you to jump on his tailcoat. He doesn’t do that for

 every presenter. Now, is that everything? I’ve got a

 date playing paintball with Lenny Kravitz.

 **SFX: RADIO STING – KINETIC FM SAX**

 **SCENE 20.**

 **THERAPY ROOM. CUT BETWEEN THERAPY ROOM AND ON AIR**

SAMMY: I thought I was overreacting. Making a fuss about

 nothing and being a prude. It was only a competition,

 a bit of fun, albeit at my expense, so I just sucked it

 up. Luckily nobody who came up to me on the street

 was a total psycho, but there by the grace of God.

 (PAUSE) Did I feel objectified? (PAUSE) I don’t think

 I had enough self-awareness to even think about

 that. I mean, I didn’t even realise I was having

 regular panic attacks because nobody talked about

 that kind of thing back then. I knew something was

 wrong though, but if I’m honest, I thought I *was*

 going mad. (PAUSE) When did the panic attacks

 happen? (PAUSE) They were random, could strike

 at any time (PAUSE) Yes. Even on-air. Tunnel vision,

 adrenaline pumping, physical shaking, a fear ..A fear so

 intense that I thought I could die. But nobody would

 have guessed. I’d become so good at masking

 anything that was real about me.

 **SFX: RADIO STING**

 V/O The midnight hour with Angelique.

YOUNG SAMMY: Welcome to the show. It’s so good to have your company again. Let’s get straight to the phones. Sleepy Charlie’s on line seven!

MALE CALLER #9: Oh. I’m knackered mate.

YOUNG SAMMY: Mmm. Still not sleeping? Have you tried valerian root?

MALE CALLER #9: Yeah. Nothing…

 **SFX: UNEASY RUMBLE OF PANIC ATTACK**

YOUNG SAMMY: Aw, how can I help you tonight?

 MALE CALLER #9: Well, can you do Meow talk?

 **UNDERLYING PANIC ATTACK BEGINS WITH**

 **HEARTBEAT AND BREATHING AND RISERS**

YOUNG SAMMY: Pardon?

MALE CALLER #9: You know. Like, talk like a sexy pussy cat would. Go

 On, it’ll be soothing.

**FAST CONVERSATION EXCHANGE**

 **SFX: PANIC ATTACK RUMBLE GETS STRONGER**

 YOUNG SAMMY: Um. You’ve cat to be kitten me. (GOES FOR IT) Meow. I’d like a bowl of …Pedigree Chum.

MALE CALLER #9 That’s dog food.

YOUNG SAMMY Sorry. Scuse my faux paw.

MALE CALLER 9 No, Stop Now.

YOUNG SAMMY This is… hiss-terical.

MALE CALLER 9 Enough!

YOUNG SAMMY But I’m feline fine.

 **SFX: PANIC ATTACK REACHES PEAK**

YOUNG SAMMY: Ok Ok Ok, sorry…would you like me to play some

 *mew*-sic for you?

 **SFX: PANIC ATTACK STOPS DEAD**

 **MALE CALLER #9 HANGS UP**

MALE CALLER #7 No

YOUNG SAMMY: That dude’s got a bad cattitude.

 **SFX: RADIO STING**

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING /**

 **SAMMY’S DISTORTED VOICE**

SAMMY (DISTORTED): She’s going to have me sectioned.

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: Humour eh? Gets you out of all sorts of sticky situations. (PAUSE) I’m not mad. (PAUSE) What did I get out of my show? (PAUSE) Those few hours on-air, became my respite. A break from the weak, insignificant person I truly was. But Angelique – she was strong, and in control. She was the voice I wished I had, the woman I wished I was.

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING /**

 **SAMMY’S DISTORTED VOICE**

SAMMY (DISTORTED): What a whinging Winnie.

 **THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: I feel really silly. I suffered no major trauma, no

 catastrophic disaster. Yet…here I am. (PAUSE). I

 mean, for a long period of my life after radio, I was ok. I started writing, I got married, I had kids. And yeah, I overcame my fear of intimacy and sex. How?

 (PAUSE)

 I felt safe. Safer than I ever had. And so, after getting through the actual deed, I just forgot about it all. I’d pushed it all so far underground that I didn’t see it, or hear it, or feel it anymore. It was gone. (LONG PAUSE) Mmm. Except it wasn’t, was it? I was still pretending. Still drawing on the fearless traits of Angelique. And all the while, that low level fear and shame rumbled quietly in the background.

 Don’t let anyone get too close.

 Don’t let anyone into my personal space.

 I’m dirty.

 I’m disgusting.

**SFX: RADIO STING**

MALE CALLER #4: Evening Angelique!

YOUNG SAMMY: Ah, Pete the Baker!

MALE CALLER #4: Angelique, I’ve got to say, the music tonight has been a little off the boil.

YOUNG SAMMY: Are you trying to say I’m not satisfying you?

MALE CALLER #4: Yes. I’m sorry, but that’s how it is.

YOUNG SAMMY: Is there any way I can make it up to you?

MALE CALLER #4: Well, yes. Can I have not one but TWO requests?

YOUNG SAMMY: That’s a bit cheeky Pete.

MALE CALLER #4: (LAUGHS) I’m a cheeky kind of guy.

YOUNG SAMMY: I’ll tell you what, why don’t you write the songs down

 on a piece of paper, fold it in half, fold it again…

 and then…. shove it up your bum?

MALE CALLER #4: Rude

**SFX: RADIO STING**

V/O ‘THE MIDNIGHT HOUR ON KINETIC FM’)

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: What would I say to my younger self? Hang on, is this ‘inner child therapy’? (PAUSE) No, no, I can do that. It’s fine. (PAUSE). Ok…well, I’d tell myself… and anyone else who needs to hear it… that I was brave. (PAUSE) What? You want me talk as though the young me was actually here? Uh. OK…

 (PAUSE)

 Mmm. (CLEARS THROAT) Hmm. (PAUSE) You’re brave. Sammy, you’re so brave. And I know you believe that you were somehow to blame. That if you’d done something differently or …reacted differently, then it might not have happened. But you are wrong. The man on the tube, and Ricky Fisse – they’re the ones to blame. I know that now. *They* …were always the problem, not you. So don’t feel ashamed of the way they made you feel. You don’t have to hide it, because it wasn’t funny. Sexual violence is never funny, and yes. That’s what it was. Sexual violence. Not a saucy, Carry On, comedy ‘flasher’, with a nudge, nudge, wink, wink. These were grown men who wanted you to feel intimidated and afraid. Every feeling you had was valid. Every, single one. And all those suits who looked away, those people in authority who were supposed to protect you - they wanted to silence you.

 (GETTING UPSET) And you’ll spend so long trying to be heard, without the words to say what you want to say. But who would have listened anyway? No one. (PAUSE)

 Well, I’m listening now. Sammy.

 Finally. I will listen to what you wanted to say.

 **SAMMY PUTS CASSETTE INTO TAPE DECK. PRESSES PLAY.**

SAMMY: I hear you.

 I’m here.

 I am your words.

 I am your voice.

 **MONTAGE OF CLIPS FROM SHOWS PAST–ETEHERAL ECHO TO THESE AS IF DREAMLIKE REMEMBERING**

MALE CALLER #4: Say something sexy Angelique.

YOUNG SAMMY: Vaginitis...?

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING - SHORT**

MALE CALLER #7: Can I take you for a drink and a cuddle? Or a kiss?

YOUNG SAMMY: No!

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING - SHORT**

MALE CALLER #5: Hi Angelique. Wanna sit on my face?

YOUNG SAMMY: Why, is your nose bigger than your winkie?

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING - SHORT**

MALE CALLER #9: Can you do Meow talk?

YOUNG SAMMY: You’ve *cat* to be *kitten* me!

 **SFX: RADIO TUNING – SHORT**

**THERAPY ROOM**

SAMMY: (LAUGHING) You were so funny, and you had no idea how good you really were. Think about it, you were dropped in at the deep end, with no experience ,and no producer to keep you …buoyant. Yet you stayed afloat, and pretty soon, you were swimming in the fast lane.

 But nobody told you that you were doing well, that you were producing something completely unique. So, I’m telling you now - you did something amazing all by yourself – you made people happy. All those listening in the dead of night, the shift workers, Marco from Luton, the truck drivers, the cleaners, the insomniacs, Pete the Baker – you were their friend. For some of them, you were a lifeline, the only voice they heard.

Don’t you see, you created a secret community for people as lonely as you.

**SEXY JINGLE**

VOICEOVER: And now, The Husky Harlot of Darkness, ‘*Sammy*

 *Davenport*’.

SAMMY: (LAUGHS) If Jess was here, she’d tell me to lighten up, have a beer and find the funniness! (LAUGHS) Oh.

**SFX: RADIO TUNING/CLIP OF JESS – ECHOED AS IF DREAMLIKE**

JESS: Sounds like the perfect job – getting paid to sit on your arse and talk filth. That’s what we do every night anyway. Wahay!

**SFX: RADIO TUNING**

JESS: It ain’t Danish…

YOUNG SAMMY: It ain’t Swedish…it’s…

 **PAUSE**

SAMMY: God, I wish she was here.

 **OUTRO MUSIC STARTS**

 **CREDITS**

MALE VO You have been listening to:

Geezer Bird,

 By Tash Desborough

With

Lola-Rose Maxwell…as Sammy Davenport

Saffron Coomber…as Jess

Clare Grogan…as Bridget

Sean Delaney…as Ricky

And …. Caleb Obediah

And…. Pete Gold

As our male callers, radio voice overs and more! With additional voices by Tash Desborough, Fiona Thraille and Sarah Golding.

Sound Design and Mix by Sarah Buchynski of Polarity audio works

Geezer Bird Theme Music by Katie Seaton

Incidental music by David Salholm

and Get Ghost

Incidental Idents by Jim Sigee

and Tash Desborough

Broadcast Assistant Fiona Thraille

 Produced and Directed by Sarah Golding

Recorded by Jim Sigee at the RNIB Talking Book Studios

FEMALE V/O All characters and other entities appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons dead or alive or other real-life entities past or present is purely coincidental.

With special thanks to all of the women (and Geezer Bird’s) who shared their own experiences of misogyny in the workplace for this Wireless Theatre Original.

We hear you,

You are heard.

 #ItsNotOK

This was a Wireless Theatre production

Hunt down our website for more unmissable audio gold

**AS MUSIC FADES: SFX: PHONE RINGS, SAMMY PICKS UP.**

**SAMMY IS AT HOME, BRIDGET IS ON THE GOLF COURSE.**

SAMMY: Hello?

BRIDGET (ON PHONE): It’s Bridget. Your seduction of Ricky Fisse has been a success. He wants you.

SAMMY: Wants? I…I didn’t seduce him.

BRIDGET (ON PHONE): As of Monday, you’re the new co-presenter of the Ricky Fisse Breakfast show.

SAMMY: Huh?

THE END