

Nick Rippon : Radio?

Radio Drama

Writer's notes

This script has followed traditional British radio script writing conventions with indented dialogue, part names on the left, and SFX indication (Sound Effects) – many other script conventions require only dialogue however I have decided to include this for reference purposes. In this script SFX covers broadly both sound effects and music. Sound effects that appear frequently and are layered, such as footsteps, may not be included in the script, however I have tried to reference these as much as possible.

I have included footnotes to cite any forms of influence or important comments that I feel are interesting or important, quite possibly that they could not be included within the length of my reflection statement.

Note on the title: I believe that a one word question, with that word embracing absolutely everything within that realm is quite postmodern and have thus decided to use it. It also presents the idea that the word 'radio' may indeed be followed with a question mark into the future, as it is a dying form of media as people are continually forgetting it and turning to other forms of media.

Transcript

| | |
|---|---|
| PRELUDE | |
| GRANNY: | Oh William, will you please turn on the radio for your grandmother. |
| BOY: | Oh yes of course granny! |
| SFX: | <i>RADIO TURNING ON – FUZZ – INTO RADIO SHOW – ALEC LAWRENCE – BACKGROUND MUSIC</i> |
| PART ONE – THE CLASSIC RADIO DRAMA | |
| TITLE: | The Adventures of Special Agent, Alec Lawrence |
| ALEC: | No sooner had I just finished my last case, than I found myself, as per usual, arriving |

| | |
|-------------|--|
| | back at HQ, and strode up to the door marked private and walked in without knocking. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>FOOTSTEPS, DOOR HANDLE</i> |
| WOMAN: | Oh! |
| CHIEF: | Ah, Mr Lawrence, um, meet my new secretary Miss Hall, um we were just engaged in top secret business. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>ZIPPER. ALEC IS PACING.</i> |
| | I ... I trust you'll keep it top secret as well. |
| ALEC: | Of course sir, um, mum's the word. |
| CHIEF: | Ah, very good Lawrence. Now the reason I've called you in here is about the current crisis. |
| ALEC: | Well cut to it. |
| CHIEF: | We've intercepted a telegram, Lawrence, we don't know where it came from but the only clue is that it comes from 'Lotus Garden, Shanghai'. Quite frankly it sounds like a dead end to me ... |
| ALEC: | Ah, is this some sort of a sinister plot out to kill me chief? If it is, the writers I fear have gone completely dry and have run out of new material. Every week I'm trying to be killed or shot or ... |
| CHIEF: | Well I couldn't tell you that Alec, I'm not quite sure. |
| ALEC: | Well you never did know the fucking answer when it was important. |
| CHIEF: | Now, don't get angry Alec, we've assigned you the case and we need you to get there. We don't really know where to send you ... |
| ALEC: | Well how about Shanghai. |
| CHIEF: | Splendid idea Lawrence. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>TELEPORTED TO SHANGHAI</i> |
| ALEC: | A few seconds later by the power of radio I arrived in Shanghai! |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>Flowing Oriental music and footsteps</i> |
| ALEC: | ... I now needed to make my way to the Lotus Garden, presumably a bar of some kind. As I began to push my way through the throng of people I had a sudden feeling I was being followed. Behind me was a huge giant of a man. Suddenly he lunged at me and we scuffled. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>BIT OF A BIFF</i> |

| | |
|---------|--|
| ALEC: | Then something hit me and I went headfirst down a slope to oblivion. Sometime later I came to, bound in a chair, finding a pair of huge dark almond eyes staring into mine ... Stop that romantic music!_ |
| SFX: | <i>ROMANTIC MUSIC CEASES AND DRAMATIC, SINISTER MUSIC TAKES OVER</i> |
| ALEC: | Ah, that's much better, has more depth. But anyway, these dark almond eyes that were staring into mine ... and I recognised them at once! It was the sinister Doctor Weng Chang. |
| DOCTOR: | Hahahahahahehehehe, Hello Mr Lawrence, I've caught you yet again you stupid sneaky spy. |
| ALEC: | Ah, indeed, but for the forty-second time I shall escape from you, Doctor Weng Chang! |
| DOCTOR: | Ahhahahaha! So you know who I am, Mr Lawrence? Well, I don't think you will be able to escape me this time, for I have created something far greater, that will surely destroy you. |
| ALEC: | What are you on about you mad man!? This show has been running since nineteen thirty-nine and I'm the main character – you can't destroy me! |
| DOCTOR: | Well that's exactly what I thought Mr Lawrence. However, I made a few more acquaintances and I have created something ... |
| ALEC: | Listen, I've been shot forty times, drowned five, and I've even fallen out of a plane and survived! What makes you think, that you can destroy me? |
| DOCTOR: | Ha ha, wait here Mr Lawrence. |
| ALEC: | As the sinister Dr Weng Chang continued with his evil experiments behind a curtain, I reached for my back pocket and pulled out a sausage that I had been saving for a special occasion and tucked it up behind the ropes around my back. Almost instantly the behemoth of a guard dog that had not been there before but had magically appeared ... |
| DOG: | WOOF! |
| ALEC: | ... began to chew threw the ropes. At last I |

| | |
|-------------|---|
| | was free and I quickly armed myself with a pistol from a nearby table. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>PICK UP GUN</i> |
| ALEC: | Doctor Weng Chang, I've got you covered with a pistol, come out from behind the curtain! |
| VOICE: : | Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain. |
| ALEC: | Don't try that you evil bastard, get out here now. |
| DOCTOR: | Very well Mr Lawrence. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>BEEPING, PULLS LEVER, APPROACHING COMMERCIAL CHANTS, MACHINERY</i> |
| DOCTOR: | Goodbye, but you are done for. |
| ALEC: | Oh no! What was that? |
| DOCTOR: | He he ha ha – I've brought about the destruction of radio! Ha ha. |
| ALEC: | Oh no! A combination of eleven herbs and spices, carbonated drink, interest free purchases and a free knife set! It's the overcommercialisation of radio! |
| COMMERCIAL: | (chant approaching – dig edited)_Coca-Cola, Mars Bar, Pepsi, KFC, Coca-Cola, Mars Bar, Pepsi, KFC. |
| DOCTOR: | I created you! No! No!! Aaahhhhh! |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>DOCTOR WENG CHANG APPEARS TO BE EATEN BY HIS MONSTROUS CREATION – THE OVERCOMMERCIALISATION OF RADIO</i> |
| ALEC: | The evil Doctor Weng Chang was now out of the picture, but I had bigger fish to fry – I had to escape from this radio program and fast ... |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>PISTOL COCKED, THEN FIRED, REPEAT</i> |
| ALEC: | ... Suddenly as the chanting commercials grew louder and louder, the airwaves of the radio broadcast ripped open ... |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>THUNDER TYPE NOISE – THE RADIO AIRWAVES BEING RIPPED OPEN – A PORTAL TO ANOTHER PLACE</i> |
| ALEC: | ... a large, dark void. I had no idea where it led, but it was my only chance for escape. I lunged forth and jumped through. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>WHOOSH, THEN A CLAP OF THUNDER AS THE RADIO WAVES ARE RESEALED – ALEC'S RADIO SHOW HAS BEEN DESTROYED. WHITE</i> |

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| | <i>NOISE CAN NOW BE HEARD – FADING IN AND OUT, GRAPHICALLY EQUALISED AND WITH A FLANGER EFFECT. THE PIPS CAN THEN BE HEARD IN THE LEAD UP TO:</i> |
| PART TWO – THE QUIZ SHOW | |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>QUIZ SHOW MUSIC AND FAKE APPLAUSE – GONG</i> |
| SMITH: | Well now ladies and gentlemen, the moment you've All been waiting for, it's ... Quizaroo! the Quiz show featuring a panel of contestants, answering questions in a very unoriginal style and format, and me, your host, Mr Smith Von Smithson. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>CANNED AUDIENCE CHEER</i> |
| SMITH: | You are a wonderful audience ... |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>CANNED AUDIENCE LAUGHTER</i> |
| SMITH: | Joining us tonight, a celebrity chef Jo Newton, an ex-country music star Johnny Blueberry, and someone else you've probably never heard of in your whole bleeding life, Mr Alec Lawrence, direct from his cancelled radio show. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>A HUGE RIP THROUGH THE AIRWAVES IS HEARD AND ALEC LANDS IN THE QUIZ SHOW</i> |
| ALEC: | Ah! Ow! |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>CANNED AUDIENCE CHEER</i> |
| ALEC: | Ah, what was that? |
| SMITH: | Ah, ah, that's our audience Mr Lawrence, it's our live studio audience. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>CANNED AUDIENCE LAUGHTER</i> |
| SMITH: | See Alec, it's a live audience. |
| ALEC: | Erm, I've worked in radio for many years and I can tell you that that is not a live audience. |
| SMITH: | Well you haven't worked long enough my dear... |
| ALEC: | What!? |
| SMITH: | ... 'coz I can tell you that I can reach out and touch that audience. |
| ALEC: | No you couldn't Mr Smith ... I can see your producer over there – he's in a booth pushing a button. |
| SMITH: | Ah, no he's not, that's just my friend. |
| ALEC: | He's in the booth, pushing the button because |

| | |
|-----------------|--|
| | he's the producer and ... |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>CANNED AUDIENCE LAUGHTER</i> |
| ALEC: | He just did that right then to make the laugher, what I said wasn't even funny ... |
| SMITH: | Yes it was dear, you're quite a comedian. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>CANNED AUDIENCE LAUGHTER</i> |
| ALEC: | I am not – I am a spy. |
| SMITH: | Hoo Hoo – eye spy with my little eye, something beginning with 'C'. |
| ALEC: | (Murmurs) |
| SMITH: | Come on spy! Come on spy! You're a spy. |
| ALEC: | Sorry, I can't get it. |
| SMITH: | Cranky-pants, that's what you are! |
| ALEC: | (sighs) You'd be cranky too if you know what's happening to radio. |
| SMITH: | Yes, well we'll leave that till later Alec, ah, we've got this quiz show to start you silly boy! _ |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>BELL, BELL</i> |
| SMITH: | Now, my first question is to you, Jo ... |
| COMPUTER ROBOT: | Yes? |
| SMITH: | Who is the primary sponsor and affiliate of this radio program? |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>ROBOT MOVEMENTS AND CALIBRATION</i> |
| COMPUTER ROBOT: | Mr Good Bar, it's crunchy! |
| SMITH: | Correct. |
| <i>SFX:</i> | <i>CANNED AUDIENCE LAUGHTER</i> |
| ALEC: | Hang on, hang on, hang on – you bastards have got fake contestants on this as well. |
| SMITH: | ... ah ... No Alec! What are you talking about you silly sod? |
| ALEC: | That question you just asked? You've got computers, a fake audience, and everything going on here, what ... is going on here? |
| SMITH: | Oh, that didn't sound right. |
| ALEC: | Sorry, after having left my radio show I don't have a script anymore to read off, so I have to make things up as I go. |
| SMITH: | Oh, that must be difficult. |
| ALEC: | Ah, yes it is ... But anyway, why have you got this computer here, a box of wires and calculations – why am I even talking to this computer!? |

| | |
|-----------------|--|
| SMITH: | You're getting rather hostile! |
| SFX: | <i>SUDDEN ROBOTIC MOVEMENT</i> |
| ALEC: | Ah, what ... is it doing? |
| SFX: | <i>SUDDEN ROBOTIC MOVEMENT. WHAT SOUNDS LIKE ROBOTIC FOOTSTEPS</i> |
| SMITH: | Ah, I'm not quite sure. |
| SFX: | <i>ROBOTIC SWIVEL</i> |
| ALEC: | Ah, hello there Mr Computer/Robot/Thing. |
| SFX: | <i>ROBOTIC SWIVEL</i> |
| COMPUTER ROBOT: | I'm not a computer, I just have a cold. |
| ALEC: | You're a computer! You're a computer!!! |
| SFX: | <i>IN ALEC'S AGGRAVATION HE SHOOTS THE COMPUTER/ROBOT, SMASHING IT UP</i> |
| COMPUTER ROBOT: | No! No! You're breaking me! |
| SMITH: | Oh Alec! What, what are you doing Alec?! |
| ALEC: | Listen, the reason I came to your show is because the destruction of radio is imminent. |
| SFX: | <i>CANNED AUDIENCE GASP</i> |
| SMITH: | Don't worry producer, you don't need to press the button anymore. |
| ALEC: | Oh thank God. |
| SMITH: | Listen Alec, what's going on? |
| ALEC: | The main, stereotypical Asian villain in my radio show created the destruction of radio – the overcommercialisation of radio to be precise – it'll be here any minute. |
| SMITH: | Right, yes, good Lord! |
| SFX: | <i>SLIGHT, JUMPY JAZZY MUSIC BEGINS AS ALEC GOES TO THE PRODUCER'S BOOTH AND OPENS HIS DOOR</i> |
| ALEC: | Come on Mr Producer, you're coming with us! |
| PRODUCER: | RIGHTIO!!! |
| SMITH: | Oh, he sounds more camp than me, doesn't he love? |
| ALEC: | No time to get innuendous, come on, let's go. |
| SMITH: | Where are we supposed to go, Alec? I mean, this thing that you've described hasn't even come yet – and, to be quite honest, I'm not sure how to leave this show. |
| ALEC: | Listen, the radio signal will start to fade soon and the overcommercialisation will appear. The signal will start to fade, and we need to run. |

| | |
|--------------|--|
| SMITH: | Oh, I was never one for athleticism back at school, I was more your have a cup of tea, an aspirin and a lie down. I mean, what are you talking about? Nothing can stop the power of radio! |
| ALEC: | Well, that's what I thought, but SHHH! Listen, its coming. Mr Producer, turn off that gramophone! |
| SFX: | <i>GRAMOPHONE THAT HAD BEEN PLAYING THE MUSIC IS TURNED OFF</i> |
| ALEC: | ... Shh |
| SFX: | <i>THUNDER AND CHIMES– THE RIP IN THE RADIO AIRWAVES</i> |
| DOG: | AROOO! |
| SMITH: | Oh! It's just a dog! |
| ALEC: | No, that dog was in the last show I was in – it must've jumped the radio waves. |
| SMITH: | Oh, right. |
| ALEC: | And behind it are sure to be the commercials!!! |
| SMITH: | (Gasp) |
| SFX: | <i>SINISTER MUSIC</i> |
| SMITH: | Mr Producer, get back! |
| PRODUCER: | But I'm trying to save us! |
| ALEC: | No, you can't stop them! |
| COMMERCIALS: | Large pizza, five ninety-five, special offer, limited time. |
| SMITH: | Large pizza, five ninety-five, special offer, limited time? |
| ALEC: | Yes, yes. |
| SMITH: | Alec, what's going on!? |
| ALEC: | There's going to be a rip in the radio airwaves shortly, you're to lunge forth through the small hole. |
| SMITH: | Don't worry dear; I'm used to queezing myself into tight places. |
| SFX: | <i>CANNED AUDIENCE LAUGHTER INDICATING THAT MR PRODUCER HAS RETURNED TO HIS POST</i> |
| SMITH: | Oh no! Mr Producer's gone back to push the button! |
| ALEC: | Don't worry, it's too late for him! OK, the radio broadcast is about to rip open – watch the landing, it may hurt a little. |

| | |
|--------------|---|
| SMITH: | Oh – no pain, no gain, as I always say! I must say Alec, that large pizza offer does sound very tempting. |
| ALEC: | No – don't give in ... Look! The void – its opening!_ |
| SFX: | <i>THUNDER – THE VOID APPEARS</i> |
| ALEC: | ... Jump! I'll be coming behind you! |
| SMITH: | Don't worry lovey dove, I'm not complaining Oh, this gets more exciting as we go along! Tallyho! |
| SFX: | <i>WHOOSH AS SMITH JUMPS THROUGH</i> |
| ALEC: | And with that Mr Smith leaped through the hole with much anticipation, at what, I do not know. But before I jumped myself, I looked back upon the monster that was the commercials. |
| COMMERCIALS: | Buy now, interest free, buy now, interest free ... |
| ALEC: | The commercials had a hungry look in its eye, the kind you get from being hungry, although it didn't have any eyes – I could tell all the same that it wanted to devour me ... |
| SFX: | <i>PISTOL IS HEARD</i> |
| ALEC: | ... I shot it again several times, but to no effect. I then proceeded to pick up a hand grenade to be just lying there on the studio floor. |
| SFX: | <i>HAND GRENADE IS LOBBED AND EXPLODED – COMMERCIAL'S CHANT CONTINUES</i> |
| ALEC: | ... that didn't work, so then I proceeded to pick up the ... machine gun that was lying there as well |
| SFX: | <i>MACHINE GUN FIRE</i> |
| ALEC: | ... then the aeroplane, which I must say didn't fly very well within the studio ... |
| SFX: | <i>AEROPLANE SWOOPING AND IT'S MACHINE GUN FIRE</i> |
| ALEC: | ... so then I jumped on a motorbike that magically appeared and drove away through the rip in the radio airwaves. |
| SFX: | <i>MOTORBIKE ENGINE – RIDES OFF – MAGICAL Then the THUNDER, closing off yet another show. WHITE NOISE – THEN A TONE – FLANGER MYSTERIOUS AMBIENT MUSIC – AN</i> |

| | |
|-----------|---|
| | <i>ALIEN NARRATOR</i> |
| NARRATOR: | Hello there, I'm the narrator... Yes I know I sound like an alien, but that's because I am an alien... But anyway, in terms of plot – what's happened at the moment. Alec and Smith have had to escape their radio shows because the overcommercialisation of radio is tailing them ... Right now they are just surviving in the limbo, the waves of the radio broadcast, they haven't actually found a show yet – so let's join them shall we ... or else you can save yourself the trouble and switch this off now ... goodbye! |
| SFX: | <i>EERIE TONE SET BY WHISPERS AND LAUGHTER –ECHO – RADIO BROADCAST RIPS OPEN - MOTORBIKE ENGINE ROARING IN</i> |
| SMITH: | Oh Alec, you're finally here! |
| DOG: | Woof! Woof! |
| ALEC: | Yes but where is here? |
| SFX: | <i>SLIGHT MUSIC BEGINS THEN BUILDS UP</i> |
| ALEC: | I came here before I recall, just a tiny moment before I arrived on your quiz show, we just have to wait for a rip in the radio broadcast and jump through to another program. |
| SFX: | <i>VOID APPEARS FOLLOWED BY A DRAMATIC TWO CHORDS</i> |
| SMITH: | Oooh! That music sounded rather dramatic. |
| DOG: | Woof! Woof! <u>(in agreement)</u> |
| SMITH: | Oh, so, so do we have to jump through now? |
| ALEC: | Yes, we've got to jump through before the overcommercialisation of radio destroys us all. |
| SFX: | <i>THE OPENING MUSIC OF QUEEN'S 'I'M GOING SLIGHTLY MAD', reflecting the mood of this writer, the characters and the listeners I am sure</i> |
| DOG: | WOOF! |
| ALEC: | Come on Alec Junior, let's get out of here. |
| DOG: | WOOF! WOOF! |
| SFX: | <i>MORE HOLES IN THE RADIO BROADCAST APPEAR which means many shows are being cancelled and opened left open to audience interpretation however</i> |

| | |
|-----------------------------------|---|
| SMITH: | Look, another hole in the radio broadcast! |
| ALEC: | Jump! |
| SFX: | <i>WHOOSH – THE GAP IS SEALED moving onto the next and final part – FADE IN – MIDDLE EASTERN MUSIC LAYERED WITH A TRUCK AND WIND</i> |
| PART III – THE NEWS REPORT | |
| DICK: | Booze, bombs and bloodshed. Havoc is rife in the tiny Middle Eastern Republic of Jirakistan; months of oil pipeline bombing have cause all out war in the region. And caught up in the middle of it was our crew. Hello, I'm Dick McAlister reporting world news for the BBC. Venturing into the heartland of the enemy was gruelling, trekking for days into the rocky deserts and finally into the mountains to their secret hideout where we met with the leader of the infamous leader of the Kaliban Terrorist group |
| SFX: | <i>FADE OUT – INTO THE SECRET HIDEOUT – NIGHT BUGS/INSECTS CAN BE HEARD AS WELL AS OCCASIONAL GUARDS PASSING BY</i> |
| KALIBAN: | <u>(Sharp accent, but perfect English – voice of an English translator is dubbed over however)</u> I am the leader of the Kaliban, like Shakespeare's Caliban from 'The Tempest', only spelt with a 'K' ... We are not monsters as others would have you believe however. Currently we are holding two hostages from the American Infantry Defence Service, we don't know how they found us, nor do we even know how they got here, they arrived just as your news crew arrived with our men. What is that? |
| DICK: | What's what? |
| KALIBAN: | What was that before – look! There it is again! OH! I'm being translated! I spent five years at Cambridge University studying English, and you are using a translator? Stop that! But anyway, we have hostages. |
| DICK: | This was certainly a revelation. At that moment an armed gunman entered the room leading two blindfolded and gagged hostages |

| | |
|----------|---|
| | who sat down before us. |
| KALIBAN: | We have been attempting to interrogate them, but we can't get anything out of them, would you try? Don't start that translator again! It is very disconcerting! |
| DICK: | This was certainly the most awkward moment of my entire career – apart from the time that I went and faked an Irish accent to get a job at the BBC ... as I removed their blindfolds and gags and they began to talk. |
| SFX: | <i>MURMURS, THEN A SNIP</i> |
| SMITH: | Oh thank goodness we've found you! Are, are you broadcasting on radio? |
| DICK: | Err, yes, I'm Dick McAlister reporting live for the BBC... These men over here from the Kaliban terrorism organisation are saying that you're part of AIDS, the American Infantry Defence Service. |
| ALEC: | AIDS? We don't have AIDS ... |
| SMITH: | <u>(interrupts)</u> AIDS? Don't be silly! We don't have AIDS! We're not gay! |
| SFX: | <i>Clichéd PROLONGUED SILENCE at unnecessary gay joke, with INSECTS and perhaps a bird for no reason</i> |
| DICK: | ... right, well actually I'm talking about the American Infantry Defence Service – AIDS. |
| SMITH: | Oh sorry love, I knew you were, I thought you were instigating something there for a moment ... |
| DICK: | So who exactly are you two? You seem to be British. |
| ALEC: | Special agent, Alec Lawrence. |
| SMITH: | Smith Von Smithson, from Quizaroo. |
| DICK: | Wait a minute, Alec Lawrence? You were in that show 'The Adventures of Alec Lawrence', and, 'Quizaroo'... those, those shows were cancelled years ago! I used to recall I listened to them as a child, decades ago! How on earth did you get here?! |
| ALEC: | Ah, we don't know, we just came here through the radio airwaves, listen, we came to tell you that radio is being destroyed, and that ... it ... will be here soon ... |
| DICK: | What will soon be here? |

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| ALEC: | The destruction of radio! Look, the man's coming back over... |
| KALIBAN: | Did you get anything out of them? Stop that infidel translator! A jihad on your translator! |
| DICK: | The leader of the Kaliban was becoming restless at my discussion with his two hostages, who surely weren't involved in any part of the war – not speaking English himself I attempted to... |
| ALEC: | Er, um, Dick, ah, why do you have the voice-over narration? This is isn't, this is my story ... sort of ... story ... |
| SMITH: | Wasn't there an alien narrator? |
| DICK: | Oh yes there was one earlier in the show, but not this show ... or your show, it was sort of in between. |
| ALIEN NARRATOR: | With the plot dying, the three had to act. |
| ALEC: | Never mind that you silly alien! Look! The overcommercialisation of radio has arrived!!! |
| SFX: | <i>ORIENTAL MUSIC ONCE AGAIN – HINTING AT SOMETHING – CHANTING COMMERCIALS, THIS TIME FOR THE INTERNET</i> |
| COMMERCIALS: | dot com, dot net, dot org, (repeat) |
| DICK: | dot com, dot net, dot org? They're advertising for the Internet Alec! |
| ALEC: | The inter-what? |
| DICK: | The Internet Alec! If you're worried about the destruction of radio Alec, you should look towards the Internet. |
| KALIBAN: | Oh know! What is that? Quick, shoot it men, and stop that translator! A fatwa on your translator. |
| SFX: | <i>MACHINE GUN FIRE – A RIP IN THE RADIO WAVES APPEARS YET AGAIN</i> |
| SMITH: | I think its time to leave. |
| KALIBAN: | (background) Leave go where? |
| ALEC: | No – no! Look! The commercials – they're transforming. |
| SFX: | <i>EERIE SOUNDS AS COMMERCIALS TRANSFORM INTO NONE OTHER THAN THE SINISTER DOCTOR WENG CHANG</i> |
| DOCTOR: | Hehehaha. |
| ALEC: | Oh my Lord it was you Doctor Weng Chang! You created the commercials and you've |

| | |
|-----------------------|--|
| | created the internet and you mean to destroy us all. |
| DOCTOR: | DOCTOR: Indeed! Goodbye! Indeed! Goodbye! |
| SFX: | <i>A RIP IN THE RADIO WAVES APPEARS YET AGAIN</i> |
| ALEC: | Oh no! Jump! Everybody! Get out! |
| SMITH: | The signal is starting to fade! |
| KALIBAN: | What do we do? What do we do!? |
| ALEC: | We shall have to survive on the Internet! Somewhere between Google and Myspace dot com. Further more, I think I should say that ... |
| SFX: | <i>BEEP –TONE – RADIO HAS CEASED TO EXIST – THE NOISE WINDS UP AND AN EXPLOSION IS HEARD SIGNIFYING THE DESTRUCTION OF RADIO – EPIC JOURNEYING MUSIC IS HEARD, ALSO SIGNIFYING THAT ALTHOUGH THEY HAVE JUST FINISHED A JOURNEY OF SURVIVAL, THEY MUST NOW START AFRESH A NEW ONE</i> |
| DICK: | So we're on the Internet now? |
| ALEC: | Ah, yes, I think we are. |
| SMITH: | So what are we supposed to do now? |
| ALEC: | I'm not quite sure. |
| SEEDY OLD PAEDOPHILE: | Well hey there, I'm a fourteen year old girl from South Australia, asl? |