

TV, Film and Radio Portfolio

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Total word count: 5,392

*Word count as discussed.

EXTRACT FROM THE 45-MINUTE RADIO DRAMA:

'LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON'

By

Chloe McGartland

CHARACTERS:

FRANKY, SOUTH WALIAN ACCENT MID, 67

LYDIA, WEST WALIAN ACCENT, 35

PRUE, CARDIFF ACCENT, 62

MARK, WEST WALIAN ACCENT, 37

WOMAN/VIOLET, SOUTH WALIAN ACCENT, 35

CUSTOMER 1, TWENTIES

CUSTOMER 2, THIRTIES

OFFICER 1

OFFICER 2

GRAMS: FAST PIANO BEAT WITH TEMPO.

SCENE 1: EXT. TRAIN PLATFORM- NIGHT.

SFX: PLATFORM AMBIENCE. TRAIN ENGINE CHUGS. PEOPLE CHATTER ON PLATFORM. A LIGHT WIND BLOWS LITTER AROUND.

1.ANNOUNCER: This is the last call for Cardiff. All
 passengers for the 313 to Cardiff please
 board the train now.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS SEVERAL PEOPLE BOARD THE TRAIN.

2.TRAIN DOORS: Train doors closing. Please stand clear
 of the closing doors.

SFX: BEEPING SOUND AS TRAIN DOORS CLOSE. TRAIN ENGINE
WHIRS.HORN HOOTS AS TRAIN PREPARES TO EXIT STATION. FOOTSTEPS
BECOME CLOSER AND LOUDER AS SOUND OF TRAIN ON RAILS INCREASES.

3.FRANKY: Hi, you know that's the last train?

SFX: TRAIN SOUND SLOWLY FADES OUT AS IT LEAVES THE STATION.

Are you okay? (BEAT) Where were you meant
to be going?

1.LYDIA: (JOKILY OVER TANNON) Can Franky Long please make his way to the ticket office. That's Franky Long to the ticket office. Thank you.

2.FRANKY: Look, can I do anything for you? Call someone or something?

SFX: SILENCE BESIDES A CAN RATTLING ALONG THE STATION FLOOR AS THE WIND INTENSIFIES.

3.FRANKY: Alright. Well, we'll be in the ticket office a few more minutes if you need us, okay? (BEAT) Goodnight then.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS FRANKY RETURNS TO THE TICKET OFFICE. DOOR SQUEAKS OPEN.

4.LYDIA: Finally! What you been doing mun? Some of us have husbands to get home to!

5.FRANKY: Sorry, Lyd. There's a girl still out there on the platform.

6.LYDIA: Ouch. Bad timing. You tell her she missed the last one?

7.FRANKY: (HESITANTLY) Well, yes, but...

1.LYDIA: Don't tell me- she expected you to
magic a new train out of thin air?

SFX: ZIPPING SOUND OF A BAG.

2.FRANKY: Well no... Actually, she didn't say
anything.

3.LYDIA: A customer? Say nothing? That can't be
right.

SFX: RUSTLE OF COATS.

Right, you got everything? Your travel mug
this time?

4.FRANKY: Yes. But Lyd... It looks like
she's going to stand there all night
mun.

5.LYDIA: She won't be the only one if you carry on.
Come on.

SFX: MORE RUSTLING OF COATS. SOUND OF KEYS LOCKING THE DOOR.
FOOTSTEPS ECHO AROUND THE EMPTY STATION.

1.LYDIA: Christ! Nippy tonight!

SFX: CAR KEYS JANGLING EERILY IN THE QUIET.

2.FRANKY: Yep. (BEAT) Look, I, I think we should check on her.

3.LYDIA: (FED UP) Agh, Franky! Come on, let's go and tell Little Miss Platform she better shift.

SFX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS AS LYDIA AND FRANKY APPROACH THE WOMAN ON THE PLATFORM. JANGLE OF CAR KEYS CONTINUE.

4.LYDIA: (CUSTOMER SERVICE TONE) Evening! Just so you know, the next train is 6 in the morning now, okay?

SFX: CAN ROLLS AROUND PLATFORM, ECHOING AROUND THE EMPTY STATION. SUBTLE WHISTLE OF WIND.

5.LYDIA: (CLEARS THROAT) Do you live close by? If not, the Station Road Inn's perfectly tidy. It's just 'round that corner there.

6.FRANKY: Two-minute walk tops, isn't it?

1.LYDIA: Not even!

SFX: LYDIA'S PHONE RINGS. STANDARD APPLE RINGTONE.

2.LYDIA: Bloody hell! It's Mark.

SFX: RINGING STOPS. FOOTSTEPS AS LYDIA WALKS AWAY, ANSWERING CALL. SHE REMAINS CLOSE ENOUGH TO OVERHEAR MUFFLED PHONE CONVERSATION.

3.LYDIA: (OFF) Hiya love. (BEAT) Yeah, we're closing up now - we'll be on our way soon.

SFX: DISTORTED TALKING FROM OTHER END OF PHONE.

4.FRANKY: Or there's a list of taxi numbers in that window there, if you want one.

5.LYDIA: (OFF) Alright then, see you soon, bye!

SFX: FOOTSTEPS AS LYDIA WALKS BACK TO FRANKY AND THE WOMAN.

6.LYDIA: (CONT'D) Frank, come on, we gotta go!

7.FRANKY: Right. You're sure we can't do anything for you, now?

SFX: SILENCE. WIND STARTS HOWLING.

1.LYDIA: Franky...

2.FRANKY: Alright, alright. Well, we'll be off then.
(BEAT). Goodnight.

3.LYDIA: Goodnight, lovely. Don't hang around too
long now. You never know who's... you know.

**SFX: TWO SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ECHO AROUND THE PLATFORM AS LYDIA
AND FRANK WALK TO LYDIA'S CAR. FAINT JANGLE OF KEYS (UNDER).
SOUND OF CAR UNLOCKING.**

4.LYDIA: Strange that one, Frank.

SFX: CAR DOORS OPENING.

5.FRANKY: A bit. (BEAT) Maybe she's lost.

6.LYDIA: Aye, on her way from the asylum.

**SFX: CAR DOORS SHUT. THE SEATBELTS CLICK INTO PLACE. VOICES
SOUND MORE PRONOUNCED IN THE SMALL SPACE.**

1.FRANKY: Now now.

SFX: KEYS INTO THE IGNITION. CAR ENGINE TURNS OVER, STARTS UP.
THE RADIO STARTS LOUDLY.

GRAMS: HOUSE OF PAIN/JUMP AROUND (UNDER)

SFX: THE RADIO MUSIC QUIETENS AS LYDIA LOWERS VOLUME.

2.LYDIA: Oops. (BEAT) She definitely didn't
 seem right (BEAT) you think we should call
 the police?

SFX: CHANNEL CHANGES.

GRAMS: MADONNA/LIKE A PRAYER (UNDER)

3.FRANKY: Maybe. But (BEAT) oh, I don't know Lyd,
 what if she's just escaped a bad
 situation? (BEAT) Something, you know.

SFX: CHANNEL SWITCHES AGAIN.

GRAMS: USHER/YEAH (UNDER)

4.LYDIA: Then we should call the police.

5.FRANKY: It could do more harm than good. You hear
 these awful stories...

SFX: CHANNEL SWITCHES AGAIN. BACK TO MADONNA.

GRAMS: MADONNA/LIKE A PRAYER (UNDER) .

1.LYDIA: Well, it's your call, boss.

SFX: THE CAR CLICKS INTO FIRST GEAR. SOUND OF THE CAR IN
MOTION. ENGINE WHIRS FROM FIRST TO THIRD GEAR.

SFX: RAIN PATTERS ON THE WINDSCREEN, BUILDING STEADILY. THE
WIPERS SQUEAK. MUSIC PLAYS. THE GEARS SHIFT AS CAR SLOWS
THEN STOPS AT TRAFFIC LIGHTS. ENGINE TURNS OFF
(STOP/START ENGINE) . INDICATORS CLICK.

2.LYDIA: Bloody lights! (Pitching) There's no one
even around!

SFX: THE MUSIC FADES OUT AS THE PRESENTER TALKS OVER.

3.PRESENTER: (DISTORT) Class! Absolutely Class. That
was Madonna's Like a Prayer, and to answer
your prayers we'll be right back with more
of that 80s goodness right in a sec. See
ya after the break.

GRAMS: HEART RADIO JINGLE.

SFX: AN ADVERT PLAYS. CAR STARTS UP AGAIN (STOP/START ENGINE)
WHIRRING OF ENGINE AND GEARS CONTINUE. RAIN FALLS HARDER,
WIPER TEMPO INCREASES.

1.LYDIA: Any luck, she got a cab.

2.FRANKY: Say, let me out here, will you Lyd?

3.LYDIA: Here? Really? Why?

**SFX: CAR SLOWS, THE ENGINE SHUDDERS TO A STOP. BACKGROUND
MUSIC SEEMS MORE PRONOUNCED. THE RAIN PATTERS ON.**

4.FRANKY: (V.O) There's a Co-op just down there. I
need milk... and Jet's food.

5.LYDIA: (V.O.) If you're sure... I can always drop
you closer though.

SFX: CAR DOOR OPENS. RAIN IS LOUDER.

6.FRANKY: You've done enough bringing me this far.
Go on, get home before Mark sends out a
search party.

7.LYDIA: (LAUGHS) All right then, see ya tomorrow!

8.FRANKY: Ta-ra.

SFX: CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT. CAR DRIVES OFF. HEAVY BREATHING AND FOOTSTEPS. RAIN PATTERS.

(FADES OUT)

SCENE 2: INT. CO-OP- NIGHT.

SFX: HUM OF INDUSTRIAL FRIDGES. CHECKOUT OCCASIONALLY BEEPS IN THE BACKGROUND.

1.FRANKY: (CLOSE) Now will Jet want Felix or Sheba?
Felix *is* on offer (BEAT) but last time he
left it, fussy bugger. Sheba it is.

SFX: CRINKLE OF PET FOOD BAG. FOOTSTEPS.

2.FRANKY: (CONT'D) Now. Joshua's flowers...

SFX: FOOTSTEPS TOWARDS US.

3.CASHIER: Hey, we're closing in five, okay?

4.FRANKY: No probs, be done now.

SFX: CRINKLE OF CELLOPHANE-PACKAGED FLOWERS. FOOTSTEPS AS FRANKY WALKS TO CHECKOUT.

5.CASHIER: Alright?

SFX: CELLOPHANE CRINKLES AS FRANKY HANDS FLOWERS TO CASHIER.

1.CASHIER: For a special someone? Having a late-
 night date, are we?

SFX: SCANNER BEEPS.

2.FRANKY: Not quite.

3.CASHIER: Bag?

4.FRANKY: Please.

SFX: PLASTIC BAG SOUNDS.

5.CASHIER: Eleven ninety-five please.

6.FRANKY: Uh ...Card please.

SFX: CHIP AND PIN TERMINAL.

7.CASHIER: All gone through, have a nice night.

8.FRANKY: You too.

GRAMS: PIANO.

SFX: RAINFALL.

(FADE OUT)

SCENE 3: INT. FRANKY'S BEDROOM- DAY.

SFX: ALARM CLOCK BLARES. PERSISTENT CAT MEOWS. FRANKY GROANS
AND YAWNS.

1.FRANKY: That time of day again... alright, Jet,
alright. I'll do your breakfast now.

SFX: BED CREAKS. FOOTSTEPS CREAK ACROSS FLOORBOARDS AND
DOWNSTAIRS. MORE MEOWS.

2.FRANKY: What's on the news then?

SFX: TV ABRUPTLY TURNS ON. NEWS FORECAST.

3.PRESENTER: (DISTORT) ... a body on the tracks. Police investigations are set to continue but suicide is suspected. The identity is yet to be confirmed. Now to Gary with the weather...

4.FRANKY: (V.O.) Good God! What was that then? I'll call Lyd. She'll have caught it.

SFX: PHONE RINGS OUT FOUR TIMES BEFORE IT IS PICKED UP.

5. LYDIA: (DISTORT) Hello?

1.FRANKY: Lydia! How's it going?

2.LYDIA: (DISTORT) Frank? Missing me, are you? We don't have work for another... three hours.

3.FRANKY: I know, I know. Hey, did you catch the news, someone dead on some tracks?

4.LYDIA: (DISTORT) Huh? Oh! You mean that kid on the Leckwith racetracks? Sad stuff.

5.FRANKY: Oh. The racetracks...

6.LYDIA: (DISTORT) Yep. (BEAT) Wait... you thought it was that girl from last night, didn't you? Don't worry, I called Prue earlier and there was no sign of a grudge on the platform. She must've got a cab.

7.FRANKY: Lydia!

8.LYDIA: (DISTORT) (CHUCKLING) What? I thought it quite suited her! You get your milk after?

9.FRANKY: Huh? Milk? Oh! I did, I did- and Jet's Sheba of course.

SFX: MEOWING.

1.LYDIA: (DISTORT) Sheba! Fancy. (BEAT) Oh, who's
this now? Hang on. (BEAT) Oh, sorry Frank,
my Mum's calling.

2.FRANKY: Alright, Lyd. See you later!

3.LYDIA: (DISTORT) Bye!

SFX: PHONE DISCONNECTS. MEOWS.

4.FRANKY: (CLOSE) Come on then, Jet, let's feed you.

(FADES OUT)

SCENE 4: EXT. GRAVEYARD- LATER.

SFX: TREES RUSTLE. BIRDS SING GENTLY. AN OVERALL PEACEFUL AMBIENCE. MUFFLED CRYING. EMOTION IN FRANKY'S VOICE THROUGH THIS SCENE.

1.FRANKY: (CLOSE) (AWKWARDLY) Son, how's things?
 (BEAT) Sorry for not (BEAT) you know,
 coming sooner... (ANGRY) What's... who
 the... who's done this?

SFX: CRINKLE OF CELLOPHANE AS FRANKY PLACES FLOWERS.

2.FRANKY: It's okay, all better now.

SFX: FRANKY CRYING. BIRDS KEEP TWEETING AND TWITTERING.

3.FRANKY: (SIGHS) Sorry, kid. I'll be on the other
 side myself before I get my old head
 around you-

SFX: A CAN ROLLS NEARBY ON PATH. FRANKY SIGHS.

4.FRANKY: (MUTTERS) People! Use the bloody bins, mun.
 Fanta... your favourite. (BEAT).

SFX: WIND STARTS SLOWLY WHISTLING.

1.FRANKY: Oh well, I'll be off, kid. Got work
 tonight. Remember I love you.

SFX: FRANKY SIGHS. A RUSTLE OF CLOTHES AND CELLOPHANE AS HE
GETS UP.

GRAMS: SAD PIANO MUSIC. BLENDS INTO ORIGINAL PIANO SOUNDS.
FADES OUT.

SCENE 5: INT. FRANKY'S LIVING ROOM- EVENING.

SFX: A CAT IS PURRING. A TV SHOW PLAYS IN THE BACKGROUND. A
CAR BEEPS OUTSIDE.

1.FRANKY: (V.O.) Well Jet, that'd be Lydia.

SFX: RUSTLING OF CLOTHES AS FRANKY LEAVES THE SOFA. CAT CRIES.

2.FRANKY: (CLOSE) Now now! I'll leave the TV on for
you.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS. TV SOUND DIES OUT. KEY TURNS IN THE
LOCK. SHUFFLE OF CLOTHES AND FOOTSTEPS.

SFX: CAR ENGINE RUNNING. DISTORTED MUSIC PLAYS INSIDE. ENGINE
GETS LOUDER. CAR DOOR OPENS. MUSIC FROM CAR RADIO BECOMES
CLEARER.

3.LYDIA: Oi, oi, partner. How's things?

4.FRANKY: Alright. Yourself?

SFX: CAR DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

1.LYDIA: Grateful as ever I do nights. Mark's doing my head-in with this Premier League rubbish. I don't know what he sees in it! Overpaid men strutting about- doesn't do it for me.

SFX: INDICATORS ON. SOUND OF CAR PULLING OUT.

2.FRANKY: Sure? You can always take the night off... I don't mind the odd shift alone.

3.LYDIA: You're alright Frank. Besides, I don't know what you would've done last night without me!

SFX: GEARS SHIFT. UNHEALTHY CAR SOUND.

4.LYDIA: (CONT'D) Bloody piece of shit car! (BEAT)
You good, Frank?

5.FRANKY: Just thinking about that girl.

6.LYDIA: Oh my God. I wish I hadn't mentioned it now!

7.FRANKY: What if something happened to her? What if she-

1.LYDIA: She's fine.

2.FRANKY: She could've been abducted!

3.LYDIA: Uh...not to be mean but...

4.FRANKY: She could be vulnerable, Lydia.

SFX: WHIR OF ENGINE AS CAR SLOWS. INDICATORS START CLICKING.

5.FRANKY: Might check the CCTV when we get
in.

SFX: INDICATORS STOP.

6.LYDIA: If it stops you going on, I'm all for
it.

**SFX: CAR WHIRS. PARKING SENSOR AS LYDIA PARKS. SOUND OF
HANDBRAKE LIFTING.**

7.LYDIA: Come on then, Columbo. Brace yourself for
Prue.

**SFX: FRANKY GROANS. CAR DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE. CAR LOCKS SHUT.
FOOTSTEPS AS FRANKY AND LYDIA WALK TOWARDS THE STATION.**

1.LYDIA: Now is that any way to be about your not-
 so-secret admirer?

**SFX: GROWING SOUND OF PEOPLE CHATTERING AND FADED TANNOY
ANNOUNCEMENTS. PLATFORM AMBIENCE.**

2.LYDIA: God! Busy tonight.

3.FRANKY: Thursdays always are.

4.LYDIA: Christ, sign me up for more! (BEAT)
 How long have you worked here again,
 Frank?

5.FRANKY: Oh, now you're asking! Let's see, it must
 be ever since-

**SFX: CLICK OF APPROACHING HIGH HEELS AS PRUE INTERRUPTS
FRANKY.**

THE LAST STOP

"EPISODE ONE"

Written by

Chloe McGartland

EXT. TOWN STREET PAVEMENT- DAY

Enter on a busy town pavement, mid-afternoon. We wade between people strolling with shopping bags, talking on their phones etc. It's all standard normality. THEA (16) saunters slowly in the opposite direction to everyone else.

She has a pink backpack with a sparkly keyring hanging from the zipper. She represses tears, her knuckles white from clinging to her backpack straps so tightly.

SUPER: THEA

A man knocks into her. He turns to apologise, and stumbles on his words. Even though he is looking exactly where THEA is, he can't see her. He staggers, before pushing through the crowd away from THEA.

THEA, who didn't notice him barge into her, gets her phone out of her jacket pocket and starts texting. It's to someone called LAUREN, whose name is followed by an emoji of two girls. She texts:

"I need to tell you something."

She clicks to send but it fails.

SUPER: UNDELIVERED

Frustrated, she turns off her phone and walks towards a bus stop. A man runs through the stop, arms holding a bundle of stolen goods.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. QUIET CUL-DE-SAC- SAME TIME

DYLAN (33) runs from a woodland path between two houses. He keeps looking behind as he stumbles at a fast pace through the cul-de-sac.

He stops just before an alleyway which leads out of the cul-de-sac, patting at his trouser pockets for his phone, still checking behind him. We linger on his chest where a round welling of blood swells on his Carharrrt t-shirt. We pause here for a brief moment.

SUPER: DYLAN

We drift backwards to see him looking at his phone. He has no bars.

DYLAN
Shit shit shit!

Holding his phone, he runs through the alleyway to a busier suburban road.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET- SAME TIME

With DYLAN, we enter a busy-ish SUBURBAN street with a line of houses one side, and a few off-licenses and charity shops the other side. DYLAN is on the side with houses. He sees the bus stop ahead and walks confidently. There's already a young girl there (THEA). She doesn't look up when he arrives. He stands shiftily, looking around. We focus on the bus stop sign.

(O/S) High heels clip clopping and the sound of suitcase wheels on tarmac.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. QUIET RURAL ROAD- SAME TIME

Camera withdraws from the bus stop sign in a new location. This sign has rusted edges and could do with a power-wash. We're on quiet country road. A few run-down cottages sit on one side, and nothing else. Besides a lot of rurality: fields, hedgerows and gated agricultural land.

CALLIE (28) walks along a small pavement which lines the outside of the cottages. She wears a long coat and high heels as she heads towards the bus stop. She rolls a suitcase along behind her. A smart office bag hangs on one shoulder.

Camera pans up to her face. There's an arrow in her eye and blood wells in it.

SUPER: CALLIE

She seems unaffected by the arrow and walks purposefully towards the bus stop, which is just a bit of pavement outside a cottage, with the rusted sign on a pole. She's surprised to see two people at the bus stop (or people at all):THEA and DYLAN.

Arriving next to them, she smiles through pressed lips, avoiding eye contact. She takes her phone from her coat pocket. She dials, lifting the phone to her ear. It beeps, not even ringing out. She shakes it in frustration, almost throwing it. We see there has been nineteen attempts to call 911, and more attempts to several taxi services.

Pan out of bus stop. THEA still looking down, DYLAN still shifting weight from one foot to another, glancing at CALLIE, who looks on impatiently for the bus to arrive.

CUT SCENE.

EXT. BUS STOP OF THE DEAD- SAME TIME

Scene flickers in like an old camera. CALLIE, DYLAN and THEA are stood exactly the same but are now under a decaying shelter with large red veins wrapping around the frame. Everywhere around them is pitch black, except a tall flickering lamp next to the stop.

Through the flicker of the light, we transition back to DYLAN looking from CALLIE TO THEA.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET- SOON AFTER

DYLAN looks from THEA to CALLIE.

DYLAN

Sorry, are we just going to ignore the fact there's an arrow sticking out of her eye?

THEA looks up but says nothing. CALLIE looks from THEA to DYLAN. She glares at DYLAN.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Seriously. Shouldn't you like go to A 'n' E or something, love?

CALLIE (COLDLY)

What an amazing idea! A and E! Why didn't I think of that! I'll recommend you for the Nobel Peace prize!

DYLAN smiles. Then realises she's being sarcastic and looks dejected.

CALLIE (CONT'D)

You seriously think I haven't tried getting a fucking cab?

There's another brief pause.

DYLAN

Well, you're at the wrong stop. You want the 131 for the hospital.

CALLIE and THEA both turn and look at him. They look perplexed.

At same time:

CALLIE
What?

THEA
The what bus?

DYLAN shakes his head, looking from THEA to CALLIE. He is stood in the middle. He turns to point towards the road behind CALLIE.

DYLAN
It's literally down there! Around that corner, there. Next to the Premier.

EXT. QUIET RURAL ROAD, BUS STOP- SAME TIME

CALLIE looks at the country road which leads to absolutely nothing. It goes straight ahead. There are no corners or turns. Just road. And trees.

CALLIE
Oh. I get it. Next to Buckingham Palace, is it? Idiot.

DYLAN shakes his head, confused.

DYLAN
(muttering)
What? Probably brain trauma.

CALLIE glares at him then turns to THEA.

CALLIE
It's every hour, right?

THEA
Which one?

CALLIE
There's more than one now?

THEA
Yes...

CALLIE
Oh.

CALLIE taps at her phone, trying to Google the timetable. There's still no signal.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
So... When is the next bus?

DYLAN
Jesus Christ love, can't you read a bloody sign?

CALLIE

Uh. Yes. But in case you haven't noticed, love, there isn't a bloody sign to bloody read? Or is it one that exists along with your imaginary Premier?

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET, BUS STOP- SAME TIME

DYLAN looks at the sign at his own bus stop and looks to THEA.

DYLAN

The sooner she gets to A and E, the bloody better.

THEA nods subtly. The three wait in silence again. Then the familiar exhale of a bus engine stopping further down the road. The whirl of a bus engine getting louder.

CALLIE looks around.

CALLIE

Where's that noise coming from?

DYLAN sighs, exasperated.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS- DAY

Two bony hands grip at a steering wheel. A man who looks old enough to remember the Bible being written sits hunched over the wheel. The bus slows down with a shudder, and the man cranks up the handbrake.

With a creak worthy of a haunted house, the bus door slowly slides open, revealing CALLIE, DYLAN and THEA stood outside. Their backdrop is the BUS STOP OF THE DEAD. DYLAN boards the bus.

DYLAN

Mate, tell these two will ya? This is the 101 to Carlsbridge ain't it?

CALLIE

Why the hell would it be the 101 to Carlsbridge when we're in west Wales?

DYLAN

(to CHARON)

She thinks we're in bloody west Wales!

THEA
We're in Wales, so she's closer
than you.

DYLAN scoffs. The three stand dazed. CHARON stares intently into their souls (literally). THEA rolls her eyes and boards.

THEA (CONT'D)
Bridge Street, please.

CHARON taps the contactless box with a long gnarly nail. THEA pays and walks up the bus, finding a seat at the back. DYLAN shakes his head in disbelief wondering what the hell is going on.

DYLAN
Bridgewaters. Please.

CHARON stares intently at DYLAN, before tapping the contactless box again. DYLAN swipes a card and shrugs off up the bus commenting on the smell. Something like-

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Stinks on 'ere!

He chooses a seat near a window and tries to open it. He fails and sits down, shrugging off the embarrassment. Meanwhile CALLIE gets on.

CALLIE
The closest one to A&E, so that's
Carmarthen, right?

CHARON taps the contactless box.

CALLIE (CONT'D)
Thanks.

CALLIE finds a seat on the opposite side to THEA, a bit further down. They're all far apart. The bus is empty apart from them and CHARON. In front of each seat is a small black screen.

DYLAN
Fancy shit this is! Don't get that
in Wales.

CALLIE sighs. The bus jolts to life. It literally jumpstarts itself in a sort of mechanical ghostly manner- like a corpse suddenly jolting to life. The screens turn on. But they're grainy. The displays are white and black static screens.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Spoke too soon.

CALLIE

Really? You don't seem at all the type to speak without thinking.

THEA stares from the screen to CHARON (whose reflection she can see in the rear view mirror). There's an incredibly brief moment of eye contact. THEN The screen flickers to life, and two men appear on it (HADES and THANATOS). One is incredibly handsome with dark hair and an I-have-shit-to-do attitude. The other is a bit dull and not so incredibly handsome. The latter speaks first. He fumbles to find a piece of paper which he glances at before blinking into the camera.

THANATOS

Hi... hi... hello? Is it on?

The other man rolls his eyes, he's over it.

HADES

Of course it's bloody on! Can you just get on with it! I have a pile of paper work to get on with.

THANATOS peers at him, slowly blinking like a tortoise.

THANATOS

Watch your tongue, young man.

HADES

Man? How dare you!

THANATOS and HADES bicker and the screens go grainy. DYLAN grabs around the screen, looking for a button to turn it off.

DYLAN

What is this shit?

(to CHARON)

Mate, how do I turn this off?

CHARON of course doesn't respond. DYLAN turns to THEA.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Hey, you. The one without an arrow in her eye. How do I turn this off?

THEA

Shhhh.

THEA is staring intently at her screen. DYLAN shrugs.

DYLAN
Yours must be better than this
crap.

The screens flicker back on. HADES and THANATOS smile brightly at the camera.

HADES
Apologies for that, patient
mortals. Thanatos, back to your
speech please.

THEA
(whispering)
Thanatos...

INT. RED WALLED STUDIO- NIGHT

In a flash cut, we go from looking at the screen to being in the screen. We're in the studio the moment the message was recorded. The camera pans closely onto THANATOS's shaking hands holding a much more creased speech, and drifts to his wrinkled face. His voice drones on like a priest's giving a sermon.

THANATOS
Congratulations to you. You have
been admitted to an afterlife in
the Underworld.

HADES
Congratulations? Really? It's
hardly an all-expenses-paid trip to
Elysium.

THANATOS gives him a wry side eye and continues. As he talks the camera pans from him and HADES and drifts past the red curtain behind them, exposing the dark damp underworld behind the scenes.

THANATOS
You may not be ready to part yet.
Or you may be thrilled to. Either
way, we want to welcome you to a
place you'll never feel alone. Far
from it. The Underworld is
currently home to over a hundred
billion souls-

INT. BUS- DAY

DYLAN
Ugh. I hate bloody sit-coms. This
ain't even trying to be funny.

He looks out the window.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Hey, mate! Where we going?

He turns to CALLIE and THEA.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Do either of you know where the
hell we are?

CALLIE, ignoring DYLAN, turns to THEA and stammers.

CALLIE
This- it's not real?

DYLAN
These old shows are always shit.
It's a pile of bollocks.

CALLIE
Oh, just shut up will you!

DYLAN
We'll see who shuts up when it
turns out we've gone the wrong way.

THEA
It doesn't matter. We're going to
the Underworld.

DYLAN
You what? You got a concussion too?

THEA
(to CHARON)
That's right, isn't it?

CHARON catches her eye in the mirror reflection, remaining silent.

HADES
And now a personalised presentation
of your life will be shown to you.
Please sit back, and enjoy. Besides
you wont be doing anything else for
a while. Try eternity!

HADES cackles before the screen goes blank, transitioning to each person's personalised presentation on their individual screens.

Reflective Essay

This essay will discuss my portfolio scripts; the radio drama 'Like Father, Like Son' and a TV series episode extract from 'The Last Stop' which sets the scene and story. I will discuss influential literary contexts, including Syd Field's influence in crafting characterisation, and the practical learning gleaned from listening to radio drama and translating this to writing one.

An overriding aim was assimilation with script writer expectations and execution of shape and form of unfamiliar mediums. In 'Like Father, Like Son' I aimed to 'show and tell' a dramatic, suspenseful story through a radio soundscape. In 'The Last Stop', I aimed to create scenic character introductions, setting up a gripping series through engaging scenes.

Listening to radio dramas, like the BBC's *Agatha Raisin* series, was educational in creating suspense and gaining a listener's perspective.¹ Though scripts were unavailable for audio comparison, episodes demonstrated the importance of actors' delivery, intonation and accent. I wanted to specify emotion, however sources advised using parenthetical and technical directions sparingly.² Emulating the script *Stolen Promises*, where character age and accent are specified, I created a cast list to

¹ Alice De Sousa, *AGATHA RAISIN Radio Series: Complete Series 1* | BBC RADIO DRAMA [video]. 2022 <<https://m.youtube.com/watch?v=E3oFifhluM&pp=ygUdYWdhbGhhIHJhaXNpbiBiYmMgcmFkaW8gZHJhbWE%3D>> [accessed 13 November 2025].

² Matt Carless, *BBC RADIO FORMAT: SCENE STYLE* (2004) <<https://www.bbc.co.uk/writers/documents/bbcradioscene.pdf>> [accessed 18 November 2025].

establish voice actor delivery.³⁴ Establishing setting through sound effects and dialogue for listener immersion, helped create followable action and built suspense.⁵

McInerney's anatomical analogy conceptualised radio play characters as major organs; dialogue as the nervous system and plot as the skeleton.⁶ Franky, using dialogue, unfolds himself and the plot by informing Lydia of the inciting incident (the silent woman).⁷ I established the 'major organs' of the drama by introducing characters early, repeating names to 'fix them in the consciousness of the listener'.⁸ Franky's 'substantial contribution to the dialogue' in Scene 1, establishes listeners' 'complete picture of that character'.⁹ Lydia's responses e.g. 'Ouch. Bad timing.' characterise her as less compassionate, but light-hearted.

I crafted emotion and suspense through 'show and tell'. Radio, a medium conveyed through sound and arguably, 'telling', demonstrates profound distinction between these. McInerney compares the unnatural 'I'm pretty tall' compared with the radio technique of 'showing' through sound and remark 'Here, let me hang up that coat... (STRETCHES UPWARDS)' demonstrating show and tell applied to radio, illustrating the impression created by technical direction and audible action.¹⁰ I applied this to craft suspense, 'showing' something undesirable on Joshua's grave through

³ Vincent McInerney, *Writing For Radio* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2001), pp. 82- 83.

⁴ The Writers' Guide, *Writing For Radio* (2023/24) <<https://www.thewritersguide.co.uk/writing-for-radio>> [accessed 21 November 2025].

⁵ The Writers' Guide, 2023/24.

⁶ McInerney, *Writing For Radio*, pp. 91-92.

⁷ Ibid, pp. 91-92.

⁸ Ibid. p. 91.

⁹ Ibid. p.

¹⁰ Ibid. p. 34.

ambiguous dialogue and audible action. I 'showed' Franky's guilt 'for not (BEAT) you know, coming sooner...' when he visits the grave, 'showing' guilt with a (BEAT).

Workshop feedback suggested considering dialogue authenticity. A table read successfully troubleshooted unnatural sounding exchanges. Observing daily social interactions improved narrative voice. Using Welsh dialect e.g. 'now' and 'mun' and collocations ('not quite') helped establish voice. Feedback additionally highlighted Franky's emotive but 'overly polished' conversation with his deceased son (Scene 4). Lack of awkwardness and realism made it less evocative. Advised to approach dialogue naturally, I 'free-wrote' the situation from Franky's perspective, unveiling awkwardness and internal conflict towards Joshua. I intentionally redrafted with 'show' and 'tell' exemplified above.

Inside No9's episode 'The 12 Days of Christine' creates suspense through non-linear composition and transitions.¹¹ Transitioning with (O.S.) and (V.O.) from upcoming scenes creates confusion, mirroring Christine's condition. Emulating these audio-visual scene transitions, Scene 2 concludes with '(O.S.) heels', before a match cut transition; visually connecting characters, retaining shot composition.¹² Furthermore, superimposed text provides character information. E.g. Thea's name on her backpack connotes innocence. Thus, suggestive visual storytelling helped create suspense and connected characters.

¹¹ 'The 12 Days Of Christine', *Inside No. 9* (BBC 2014- 24), season 2, episode 2 (2015).
<<https://www.bbc.co.uk/iplayer/episode/b05pwfcf>> [accessed 3 December 2024].

¹² Suzy Woltmann, *Types Of Cuts In Film: A Guide For Video Editors* (2023)
<<https://www.backstage.com/magazine/article/types-of-cuts-in-film-75730/>> [accessed 6 December 2025].

Mike Harris influenced ‘quick and economical’ story set-up through visual character introductions, showing characters have experienced emotionally inciting incidents e.g. ‘Thea ‘represses tears’; Dylan ‘stands shiftily, looking around’.¹³ Thus, the affected fictional world allows for ‘narrative life’.¹⁴ Similar to Chekhov’s *Uncle Vanya*, the inciting incidents happen before the opening scene.¹⁵ However, the plot’s nature of revisiting each character’s murder means the inciting incident happens within the story too, as insisted upon by Robert McKee.¹⁶ Although the plot unfolds non-linearly, Plot Point 1 (Charon’s off-script decision) is underway in episode one, aligning with audience expectations, to maintain engagement.¹⁷ The set-up introduces key characters before action ‘changes the balance discovered in the first part’.¹⁸

Citing Anderson’s *Magnolia*, Harris corroborates the idea of multiple protagonists.¹⁹ I plotted each character’s story as sole protagonists, as exemplified in their corresponding introductory scenes.²⁰ Field, contrastingly, argues there is always a singular main character, affirming others as major characters.²¹ Though I plotted each character’s story equally, Field helped in recognising Thea as the protagonist, thus I introduced her first. Although all three have dramatic needs; Thea encounters more obstacles. In my plot plan, her protagonist-persistence in overcoming obstacles maintains story motion for audience engagement.²²

¹³ Mike Harris, ‘Introduction To Scriptwriting’, in *The Handbook Of Creative Writing*, ed. By Steven Earnshaw (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2007), pp. 251- 262 (p. 254).

¹⁴ Harris, p. 254.

¹⁵ Ibid. p. 254.

¹⁶ Ibid. p. 254.

¹⁷ Ibid. p. 255.

¹⁸ Johnathan Dawson, *Screenwriting: A Manual* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2000), p. 95.

¹⁹ Harris, p. 255.

²⁰ Ibid. p. 255.

²¹ Syd Field, *The Definitive Guide To Screenwriting* (London: Ebury, 2003), pp. 45- 46.

²² Harris, p. 255.

Per Field's suggestion to write exposition through dialogue or visual dramatisation, I crafted this 'key element in the craft of screenwriting' when simultaneously using dialogue and visual imagery in the key moment of exposition: the characters discovering they are dead.²³ Visually, an eery 'grainy' screen contains two strange figures. Dialogue confirms exposition, as Thanatos congratulates their 'afterlife in the underworld'. Following the primary screen-writing rule, the audience and characters learn vital information concomitantly.²⁴ Field insists that characters are foundational to screenplays.²⁵ Thus, I created near-biographies and backstories before writing.²⁶ Approaching characterisation considering the 'interior and exterior' of characters' lives, effectuated the 'process that forms and reveals character'.²⁷ Exploring character interactions created personality and perspective.²⁸ E.g. Dylan and Callie demonstrate clashing personalities. Remembering drama is conflict, I defined 'character need' to create obstacles (e.g. no signal) and story dramatic tension.²⁹

Forum feedback highlighted areas of consideration including how to marry the mythic and contemporary worlds and present the Greek Gods. Working in a visual medium; aware of creative responsibility to 'cinematically dramatise character' I chose to draw on Greek myth, visually representing mythic characteristics.³⁰ Charon's depiction as 'an old man with burning, demonic eyes' in Dante's *Inferno* is emulated

²³ Field, *The Definitive Guide*, p. 34.

²⁴ Field, p. 35.

²⁵ Ibid. p. 45.

²⁶ Dawson, *Screenwriting*, p. 83.

²⁷ Field, pp. 46- 47.

²⁸ Ibid. p. 47- 48.

²⁹ Ibid. p. 49.

³⁰ Ibid. p. 49.

when he stares ‘intently into their souls’.³¹ Reimagined as a bus driver, Charon ‘looks old enough to remember the Bible being written’. Thus, ancient depictions inspired these contemporary-presented Greek Gods.

Overall, I familiarised with the characteristics of a new writing process, developing appreciation for the creative potential of scriptwriting and the practical production considerations which inform creative choices.³² Radio dramas improved my creation of sensory detail, showing how sound creates evocative pictures. Feedback improved my writing craft by increasing command of natural dialogue, which will advance my prose and character authenticity in fantastical settings. Field and McInerney have improved my characterisation approach in exploring circumstantial interactions.³³ Field’s iteration of Fitzgerald’s ‘action is character’ will remain a mantric reminder.³⁴

³¹ Theoi, *Kharon*, (unspecified) <<https://www.theoi.com/Khthonios/Kharon.html>> [accessed 9 December 2025].

³² The Writers’ Guide, 2023/24.

³³ McInerney, p. 121.

³⁴ Field, p. 31.

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