

FM
By
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FADE IN:

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - NIGHT

OLIVER (12) tinkers with radio parts through thick framed glasses. Wires, dials, and circuit boards cover the desk in front of him. Rain pours outside.

OLIVER'S MOM (O.S.)
Oliver! Sweetie! Time for bed!

OLIVER
I'll be up in a jiff!

Oliver plugs in a half constructed radio and turns a knob. Nothing. He turns the radio back off.

Oliver twists a screwdriver in the circuit board. He turns the radio on again. Still nothing. Thunder CLAPS outside. With the screwdriver still in place, Oliver twists one of the radio's knobs. Music begins to play.

OLIVER
Nifty!

All of a sudden, a bolt of lightning hits the house. Electricity surges through a nearby outlet to the circuit board to the screwdriver to Oliver. Thousands of volts flow through Oliver's body.

The power goes out.

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

Oliver's MOM (40's) serves Oliver's DAD (40's) a stack of flapjacks. The house is quaint with its 1950's decor. Oliver's parents look like conservative, wholesome people.

DAD
That storm last night was a doozy.

Dad looks over his newspaper and examines his plate.

DAD
No bacon?

MOM
Now dear, you know what the doctor said.

FOOTSTEPS approach. Oliver emerges from a nearby door. He has a cowlick and his eyebrows are seared.

MOM

There you are sugar plum. I came downstairs last night and you were fast asleep on your work bench. I wanted to wake you, but you looked so gosh darn cute.

Oliver takes a seat at the table. Mom sets a plate full of flapjacks and bacon in front of him.

MOM

Eat up sugar plum.

Dad glances at Oliver's plate and SIGHS.

DAD (V.O.)

You cunt. You don't deserve that bacon. That's my fucking bacon.

Oliver perks up.

OLIVER

Gee willikers pops. What did you just say?

Dad looks at Oliver strangely.

DAD

Say what son?

OLIVER

What you just said. About my bacon.

DAD

I didn't say anything Ollie. You must be losing your marbles.

Oliver LAUGHS nervously.

DAD (V.O.)

You laugh like a pussy.

Oliver stops eatting.

OLIVER

Pa, I thought you said we weren't supposed to say words like that.

DAD

Words like what pal?

DAD (V.O.)
You're going crazy...pussy.

Oliver gets up from his chair.

OLIVER
Ummm, I better jet. I don't want to
be late for school.

MOM
But you hardly touched your food.
Are you feeling okay?

OLIVER
Peachy keen ma. Gotta split!

Oliver rushes out the door.

DAD (V.O.)
Have a terrible day at school son.
No one loves you!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Oliver walks to school. He passes by his neighbor, MR. DAVIS
(40's) who mows his lawn. Mr. Davis sees Oliver and waves.

MR. DAVIS
Hi there Oliver!

OLIVER
Hi there Mister Davis!

MR. DAVIS (V.O.)
Come over here and let me suck on
your balls!

Oliver looks disgusted and runs away.

MR. DAVIS
Have a dandy day at school!

INT. SCHOOL HALL - DAY

Oliver rummages through his locker while he talks to ROGER
(12). Roger is equally as nerdy looking as Oliver.

OLIVER
It's like I can hear what they're
saying, but their mouths aren't
moving.

ROGER
Like telepathy?

OLIVER
What's that?

ROGER
I read about it in one of my
comics. It's the ability to read
people's minds.

OLIVER
Golly, I dunno. Maybe.

ROGER
Here, let's try this. I'll think
about something and you tell me
what it is. Got it?

OLIVER
Righto.

Oliver concentrates on Roger's freckly ginger face.

ROGER (V.O.)
I'm going to bring my pop's pistol
to school tomorrow and kill
everyone, including you Oliver.

Oliver goes white in the face.

ROGER
So, what was I thinking?

OLIVER
Er, that you hope they serve pizza
at lunch today.

ROGER
Wrong. I was hoping they'd serve
chicken fingers!

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Oliver sits in class while sweet ol' MRS. WHITE (50's)
teaches the class with a pointer stick in hand a diagram of
a cell on the blackboard. The classroom is perfect.

MRS. WHITE
And this is called the
mitochondria.

Oliver stares at Roger and contemplates what just happend.

MRS. WHITE (V.O.)
You're never going to amount to
anything Oliver.

Oliver's eyes dart toward Mrs. White.

MRS. WHITE
The mitochondria is also known as
the power house of the cell.

MRS. WHITE (V.O.)
And Oliver is the nuisance of the
class.

Oliver frowns.

MRS. WHITE
Over here we have the nucleus.

MRS. WHITE (V.O.)
Oliver, you're insignificant.

Oliver's eye's begin to water.

MRS. WHITE
DNA is stored in the nucleus. DNA
is the building blocks of life.

MRS. WHITE (V.O.)
Oliver, your DNA is garbage, which
is why you're garbage. Annoying,
good-for-nothing, garbage.

Oliver POUNDS his desk with his fists.

OLIVER
I'm not garbage you old hag!

The classroom GASPS.

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - DAY

Oliver's mom dusts a bookshelf. A nearby phone RINGS. She
stops cleaning and picks it up.

MOM
(on phone)
Hello...hi Principal McCready...he
did what...says he's hearing voices
in his head...oh my...I better come
and pick him up...we'll go to the
doctor's right away.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Oliver sits on the table. His mom stands nearby. A DOCTOR (60's) examines paperwork and ponders.

MOM

What are you thinking doc?

DOCTOR

Well his vitals check out. Oliver, these voices that you're hearing, are they typically negative?

Oliver looks down at his feet.

DOCTOR

That's what I thought.
(to Mom)
Your son suffers from
schizophrenia.

MOM

Oh no, what ever shall we do?

DOCTOR

Well I have one solution...

DOCTOR (V.O.)

But you're not going to like it.

INT. SURGICAL ROOM - DAY

Oliver lays in a hospital bed, bound by straps. He clenches on a bar gag. He wears what looks like ear muffs covered in cotton around his temples. Electric frequencies begin to charge with a high pitched WHINE.

INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE, PARENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

George rummages through his parent's closet. He produces a pistol and puts it into a nearby bookbag.

INT. OLIVER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Oliver sits in front of a radio and listens to a broadcast about superheroes. Drool runs down his chin.

FADE OUT.