

MEXICAN RADIO

by

Tom Tomali

FADE IN:

EXT. JOHNNY'S HOUSE - DAY

EDDIE, 16 and skinny as a 16-year-old with jet black hair in a snow white 1980 Camaro squeals to a stop in Johnny's driveway.

Loud pop rock music emanates from the car.

He honks once.

JOHNNY, 16 and skinny as a 16-year-old with sandy brown hair pops out the storm door.

JOHNNY

Just a minute man. Gotta toss some
Dep into the do.

Eddie bangs on the outside of his door and yells...

EDDIE

Hurry it up, dude. I'm jonesing for
some S'Barro!

Eddie bobs his mullet to the music for a few seconds until,

Johnny flies out the front door,

Hops over his sister's Schwinn,

Slides across the hood and swings into the passenger seat
of,

INT. EDDIE'S CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Where he does the classic ta-da! To show off his slicked
back hair.

JOHNNY

Whataya think, man?

Eddie scowls, shakes his head, looks over his shoulder out
the window, and throws the car into reverse.

EDDIE

I think you look like a lame-ass
James Dean wannabe.

Johnny punches Eddie in the arm.

JOHNNY

Piss off, barf-bag! What are you
doing still listening to this
mainstream K-POP bullshit?

He reaches down and presses the

AM BUTTON

The radio immediately becomes static.

EDDIE

Fuck, spaz! What'dya do to the
tunes?

Johnny quickly spins the dial as stations zip in and out.

EDDIE

My jams, man.

JOHNNY

Jams. Yeah, jams. They're okay, but
everybody listens to that stuff.
Keep on that way, and you'll find
yourself in the barbershop next to
your old man getting a flat top.

He keeps working through the static/voices.

EDDIE

We're almost to the the mall.

JOHNNY

Patience, man. Patience.

Johnny slows down and finally stops as the static resolves
into a fast-talking hispanic voice.

JOHNNY

There it is.

The hispanic is very rapid.

EDDIE

A spic? I don't want to listen to a
spic.

JOHNNY

It's not just 'a spic' Eddie. It's
a border blaster!

EDDIE

(shrugs)

So? What the fuck is a border blaster?

JOHNNY

It's an illegal radio station out of Tijuana. They crank out more watts than the law allows so we can hear them in L.A.

EDDIE

(still not impressed)

It's a loud spic.

JOHNNY

Just listen Eddie. Just listen.

The fast-talking hispanic voice is obviously a disc jockey that builds and builds and ends in English,

HISPANIC DISC JOCKEY

Wall of Voodoo!

Johnny cranks up the volume as,

The first pounding notes of Mexican Radio blast from the speakers.

Eddie makes a horrible stinky face.

EDDIE

Fuckin' shit, I...

JOHNNY

Just...listen...man...

Eddie looks disgustedly out the window then,

A few bars in and Eddie's stinky face morphs into a 'That's cool' face and,

His mullet starts to bob and,

Johnny's smile grows bigger and bigger as his head bobs faster and faster.

JOHNNY

Did I tell ya, dude? This is the shiznitz!

EDDIE

(loving it)
This is fuckin' cool, dude.
Where'd you hear about this border
blasting shit?

JOHNNY

Border blasters, Eddie. I heard it
from Jimmy Finn.

EDDIE

Finn? Finn's a narbo.

JOHNNY

I know. I know. Most of the time
yes, but he nailed it this time.

Eddie's so into it his mullet is waving and he's madly
tapping the steering wheel.

EDDIE

He sure did, Johnny. The Finn came
up with the goods.

Eddie wheels the car into the already jam-packed ten square
mile mall parking lot.

He let's out a wild howl!

EDDIE

I can almost smell the pizza from
here!

Johnny closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

JOHNNY

I can almost smell the leather
mini-skirts on Jenny and her
sister. Think they'll be here?

EDDIE

They're always here, Johnny.
They're always here.
(beat)
Did I tell you I got Jenny's
number?

Johnny goes to punch Eddie again and Eddie blocks it with a
shit-eating grin on his face.

JOHNNY

Fuck you did, spaz!

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

Eddie laughs at his friend's jealousy

EDDIE

Calm down, Johnny. James Dean would
never wig out like that.

THE END