

STRANGE RADIO

Written by

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EST. GARAGE - DAY

A modest home, garage door closed, a tall radio antennae pokes up from behind the home.

Lights flicker on and off in the windows as if there were a power-drain on the home.

INT. GARAGE LAB - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the garage looks like the laboratory of a mad scientist.

TERRANCE MARSH sits at one machine, retro microphone on the work bench in front of him, speaker next to it.

He adjusts some dials, tunes-in a radio frequency, makes notes with each setting change.

STATIC turns into a LOW HUM.

TERRANCE

There you are.

Another fine adjustment and the LOW HUM turns into badly squelched ALIEN VOICES.

Terrance tweaks a few more dials until the voices begin to come in clear, albeit low in volume.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Almost got it.

A slow turn of the volume dial increases the background HISS.

TERRANCE (CONT'D)

Come on.

He leans in to the speaker on the bench, listens closer and closer.

Something hits the garage door from the outside with a WHAM!

He jumps out of his chair, startled by the sudden sound.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Fuck you, Mr. Marsh!

Terrance flings open the garage door, shakes his fist at a pair of teens on bikes.

2.

TOMMY

I'm telling the cops you're totally  
banging aliens in there!

TERRANCE

Tommy, you shitbird! This is highly  
sensitive equipment!

RITCHIE

You're highly sensitive!

TERRANCE

Oh yeah, Ritchie? How 'bout I tell  
your mom you got a porn stash at  
that treehouse you reprobates hang  
out in! They're not even good ones!  
Easy Rider does not have full  
penetration. Not even simulated.  
Never has, never will!

RITCHIE

Oh gross! I don't want old man  
hands on my stuff!

TERRANCE

I'm thirty-eight you little  
bastard!

They ride out of sight.

He looks down and sees a plastic baggie full of dog crap has  
exploded against his garage.

He grabs a hose from the side of the house, starts to spray  
the mess off the garage door and down the driveway.

A BLAST OF STATIC from his radio has him drop the hose and  
rush in to listen.

The WHISPERS and HISS have returned.

He adjusts the volume, then makes a tweak on a dial and the  
voice comes in loud and clear. The voice sounds alien, as if  
a filter is on it.

He digs for a cassette tape, drops it into the recorder and  
hits RECORD.

STRANGE VOICE

-listening to this communique, you  
must contact (STATIC) at the  
Reinhold Institute in (STATIC).  
Repeat, the event is approaching.

(MORE)

3.

STRANGE VOICE (CONT'D)

It will (STATIC) the evening hours  
of June nineteenth. For all our  
sakes, stop her. (STATIC) If you  
are listening to this communique,  
you must contact (STATIC).

The message seems to be a loop.

The first drops of rain from an approaching storm start to  
fall.

Terrance turns to see a neighbor walking their dog. They've  
stopped on the sidewalk in front of Terrance's house.

TERRANCE

Getting an earful, Dennis?

Dennis flips the bird, moves on.

TERRANCE

Nice one. So very neighborly of  
you. If your dog shits on my lawn  
again, I'll set up a bear-trap, I  
shit you not!

Dennis flips him the bird over his shoulder as he walks away.

THUNDER RUMBLES in the distance.

Terrance closes the garage door, returns to his seat at the  
radio.

The message continues to repeat, until it cuts out.

TERRANCE

Nononono. Come back.

He finely tunes a few dials, and then, the alien voice  
returns.

STRANGE VOICE

Is anyone receiving this?

Terrance waits for it to repeat, but it doesn't.

STRANGE VOICE

Anyone there?

Terrance holds down a button on the old broadcast microphone.

TERRANCE

You are being received by me,  
Terrance. What planet are you from,  
over?

4.

STRANGE VOICE

In what year are we being received?

Terrance looks up at the wall calendar, the page for June is displayed.

TERRANCE

Two-thousand and twenty-one.

The HISS returns for a moment, then clears.

STRANGE VOICE

Are we in time?

TERRANCE

In time?

STRANGE VOICE

Are we before the event?

TERRANCE

What event?

STRANGE VOICE

Month and day.

TERRANCE

June 18th.

Another burst of STATIC, then...

STRANGE VOICE

You have very little time.

TERRANCE

Time for what?

STRANGE VOICE

Don't let her in. I repeat, don't let her in.

TERRANCE

My wife? She's at her book club. I think it's The Female Orgasm this month, whatever that is.

STRANGE VOICE

Don't let her in.

TERRANCE

She knows my lab is off limits. Unless I need a french bread pizza or something. Those fit through the mail slot.

5.

STRANGE VOICE

She's coming.

Terrance glances around.

TERRANCE

I don't see her car.

STRANGE VOICE

You must get word to Dr. Ubersheul at the Reinhold Institute. Tell him the Vortex Experiment must happen now.

TERRANCE

Vortex?

STRANGE VOICE

She will usher in a new apocalypse, as she did for us. She is not who she appears to be.

TERRANCE

Well, the nose job wasn't very good, but she's held up nicely since high school.

STRANGE VOICE

There is a monster inside of her. She is merely prelude to thousands like her. They have ravaged our world. This is a warning. You are the communication apex. It starts with you.

TERRANCE

Where are you?

STRANGE VOICE

We are the third planet in our solar system, within the Milky Way galaxy.

TERRANCE

Hm, that sounds familiar. Wasn't there a TV show about-

A soft KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK at the garage door.

TERRANCE

Hold on, pal, the shitbirds are back.

Terrance raises the garage door, ready to lambast the teens when he sees a beautiful blonde in a black cocktail dress, red pumps to match her cherry-red lipstick.

TERRANCE

Uh... the book club moved to  
Stacy's house this week.

BLONDE WOMAN

You are Terrance Marsh.

TERRANCE

Yeah, like I said, the wife is at  
Stacy's house. Didn't you get the  
group text?

She seems to look past Terrance, fixated on the microphone and radio receiver.

BLONDE WOMAN

Is that it?

TERRANCE

Is what what?

BLONDE WOMAN

The weapon.

TERRANCE

Uh, that's a radio. It's only a  
weapon in the hands of Orson Welles  
and Rush Limbaugh.

She moves past him, goes right for the radio.

TERRANCE

Uh, excuse me.

She fiddles with the dials.

TERRANCE

Wait, I had those perfect. Crap.

BLONDE WOMAN

I'm sorry. Did I ruin your  
experiment?

He nudges her out of the way, sits at the bench.

TERRANCE

You would have, if I hadn't written  
the settings down.

7.

He looks at a notepad and returns the dials to the previous state. The HISS returns, then the oddly filtered voice repeating the looped message from earlier.

TERRANCE

What you are hearing is first  
contact with an alien civilization.  
A distress call, if you will. I'm  
going to be famous.

BLONDE WOMAN

Yes, but not for what you think.

Terrance makes one last adjustment and the HISS returns before the alien voice goes back to live communication.

STRANGE VOICE

You don't have long. Please speak  
with the professor at the Reinhold  
Institute. He will tell you what to  
do.

TERRANCE

I'm not on your planet. I can't do  
what you're asking.

A pause of HISS, then...

STRANGE VOICE

This is Terrance Marsh, is it not?

The blonde woman reaches for a dial, Terrance slaps her hand away.

TERRANCE

How do you know that?

STRANGE VOICE

Because it has already happened for  
us. It has yet to transpire for  
you. As long as she has not  
arrived, there is still time.

TERRANCE

What?

STRANGE VOICE

We are using a wormhole to  
communicate. It has happened. You  
must avert the event.

TERRANCE

Wormhole?



8.

STRANGE VOICE

We found a way to communicate with the past. By sending you this message, we hope to avert catastrophe.

He sits back, stunned by the revelation.

BLONDE WOMAN

You don't believe this, do you?

TERRANCE

I mean, it could be my shortwave buddy Roger, but his pranks usually consist of signing me up for sex toy catalogs.

BLONDE WOMAN

It must be this Roger you speak of.

TERRANCE

Are you Roxanne, the stuck-up bitch from Andersonville?

The alien voice returns.

STRANGE VOICE

There is another way.

TERRANCE

And that is?

STRANGE VOICE

She will arrive. Protect it. She will attempt to use it to send her beacon. This will let her kind know to invade Earth.

Something starts to make an odd PULSE noise in the woman's cocktail purse.

TERRANCE

You mean, like a pulsing sound?

STRANGE VOICE

Yes. Three pulses followed by one long pulse.

Terrance listens, whatever is in her purse makes the same pulse pattern.

TERRANCE

Uh, let me get back to you.

The woman steps back.

TERRANCE  
What's in the purse?

BLONDE WOMAN  
Normal female things.

TERRANCE  
Such as?

BLONDE WOMAN  
Well, I believe there's... gum.

TERRANCE  
Ok.

BLONDE WOMAN  
And...

She looks around the garage, sees a roll of duct tape.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Duct tape.

TERRANCE  
Sure.

BLONDE WOMAN  
String.

TERRANCE  
What modern woman *doesn't* have  
string at the ready?

BLONDE WOMAN  
And... one of those.

She points to a dusty pair of ice skates.

TERRANCE  
Ice skates.

BLONDE WOMAN  
Ice skates.

They stare at each other, waiting to make a move.

She suddenly goes left to try to make it past him, he steps with her. She darts to the right, he follows. She fakes left, then moves right like a running back juking a defender.

She sprints into the house, Terrance follows.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Terrance rushes out, sees the Blonde Woman at the radio antenna attempting to attach a small black box to it.

TERRANCE

Not on my watch!

He lunges for her, grabs her in a bear hug.

She reaches for a button on the device, Terrance keeps her a arms-length.

BLONDE WOMAN

You will be devoured, like all  
creatures that infect the universe.  
Food for my race. You will fill our  
bellies like so much chattel.

TERRANCE

I know a pair of shitbirds you can  
have.

He tries to pull her away when he is startled by the change in her face.

Something grotesque and animalistic morphs her features.

He falls back, she reaches for the device.

BLONDE WOMAN

The moment is delayed no longer. My  
people will cover this world like a  
death shroud. They will sup from  
the sanguine wellspring of  
humanity.

Her finger touches the button, the device sends a red glow up the antenna, but as it nears the top, Terrance leaps onto the woman's back just as a bolt of lightning strikes the radio tower.

The red glow is eliminated by the cold blue electricity that runs down the tower and envelops Terrance and the woman in its shocking white light.

For a second, the woman's true, hideous form is revealed before they both fall to the ground, smoke rising from their bodies.

After a moment, Terrance stirs, sits up, looks at the woman's smoldering body.

The device is burnt-out.

11.

INT. GARAGE LAB

Terrance stumbles into the lab, goes to the radio.

TERRANCE  
I... I think it's over.

More HISS, then the voice, this time, unfiltered. It sounds exactly like Terrance.

FUTURE TERRANCE  
What about Roger?

TERRANCE  
What about him?

FUTURE TERRANCE  
He has a similar radio antenna as you.

TERRANCE  
Yeah, we use it to...

And something dawns on him.

FUTURE TERRANCE  
Stop her. Stop all of them.

A text message from "Roger" hits his phone, it reads: "You'll never guess who's at my house."

TERRANCE  
Shitbird.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.

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