

DEAD AIR

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. NORA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Blackout curtains. A digital clock reads 4:02 PM.

NORA VANCE (30s), a late-night radio host who hasn't seen a sunrise in years, slaps the alarm off and stares at the ceiling.

Her phone buzzes. A text from EDDIE: "Don't be late. Again."

NORA
(to the ceiling)
I'm never late. I'm fashionably on
air.

She rolls out of bed.

EXT. RIVERSIDE COMMUNITY RADIO - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Rain on a single flickering lamp. Nora's hatchback swings into the spot marked TALENT.

WALT (60s), the night guard, holds the door open with a paper cup of coffee.

WALT
Your fan club called. Twice.

NORA
Tell them I sign autographs at two.

She takes the coffee and heads inside.

INT. STUDIO - NIGHT

A cramped booth. One mic, one lamp, a wall of foam. Through the glass, EDDIE (40s) counts her in from the control room. Three fingers. Two. One.

NORA
(into the mic)
It's midnight on 88.1 and this is
Dead Air. If you're awake, you're
family.

The phone line on the desk blinks red. Through the glass, Eddie shrugs. Take it.

NORA (CONT'D)
Line one, you're on the air.

CALLER (V.O.)
(calm, filtered)
Hi, Nora. Can you play "Blue Porch
Light" for me?

Nora freezes. Her hand drifts off the fader.

NORA
That's not on our playlist.

CALLER (V.O.)
It was on your mom's. You used to
hum it on the porch at Elm Court.

Eddie jabs the talkback button.

EDDIE
(in her headphones)
Cut him off. Now.

Nora doesn't move.

CUT TO: