

**Radio Memory / Brandon LaBelle**

**Script 3 – dialogue for three voices:**

You: Let's use the blue one.

Me: O yes!

You: I think if we put this one there, and then pull this over like this... You see, I think this will hold.

Me: O yes!

You: O but wait, maybe it could be better to have the green one under, that way we can pretend we are in a forest, like with trees overhead.

Me: O yes! That's excellent.

You: Shhh... we have to be quiet, or we'll wake up my parents.

Me: Ok.

You: Let's put the lamp just like this, underneath so we can see the dial.

Me: Ok.

You: I'll wrap the blanket around the pillow to give it more room – here, put it here.

Me: Here, yes. I like it here.

You: Don't forget the flashlight, I put new batteries in today too.

Me: Here it is. Take it, you hold it.

You: Can you see ok?

Me: O yes!

You: It's great you could come over, and Your mom wasn't too worried like before.

Me: She likes you.

You: But you didn't tell her did you? That we do this?

Me: O no! I would never tell. It's our secret.

You: Quick, let's turn it on.

Me: It is on!

You: O yes, I see. Turn it up then, but not so loud, ok. It has to be just right.

Me: Is this ok?

You: A little... yes, perfect!

Me: What do you want to hear?

You: Put it to the end and then we'll slowly make our way to the other side. I want to hear it all!

Me: I'll start.

You: ... ..

Me: O! what was that!?

You: Quick! Go back!

Me: Is it Elvis?

You: No silly! It sounds like a preacher.

Me: Elvis was a preacher!

You: What! He was the King!

Me: But he spoke words of truth to the masses, didn't he?

You: Sort of.

Me: I heard that from the guy who always stands in front of the donut shop.

You: You shouldn't listen to him, he's a crank.

Me: What's a crank?

You: A mad person.

Me: Ok. Shall we turn again?

You: Yes, but go really slow...

Me: Did you see Mork and Mindy last night?

You: O yes! Super cool, huh?

Me: Super cool.

You: Wow! What is that!?

Me: Ooooo... creepy.

You: Totally weird!

Me: Shhh... remember.

You: It sounds like an old woman.

Me: A witch more like it!

You: Yeah... some old bag.

Me: You remember the woman from Halloween last year, the one who chased you behind the creek?

You: O! gosh, that was insane!

Me: Yeah...

You: Yeah, it could be her!

Me: I think it is, it sounds just like her, that wicked laugh.

Radio: And You boys better beware, I haven't given up...

You /Me: Holy God!!!! What the...!

You: What was that?!

Me: Did – did, did You say that?

You: No... I thought –

Radio: Stop your stammering, I'm here.

You: Where?

Radio: Here!

Me: But – but –

You: Change the channel, move the dial, quick!

Me: I'm changing it, I'm changing –

Radio: That won't help You, You can't run away.

You: ... ..

Me: ... ..

Radio: I know You're listening... You've been listening for a long time now, haven't you? I'm always here, when you come to bed and turn on the radio, hiding under the covers so Your parent's can't hear. I'm there – who do you think brings these sounds to you each night? I always know you'll be here, tuning in and listening, with your flashlight and under the green blanket.

You: But... but I've never heard you before?

Radio: Yes You have, You always hear me, I'm always there, I'm bring You all these songs and voices and sounds, and even when You are not here I am waiting, inside the box.

Me: But what happened to the song? Where are the other channels?

Radio: I don't know, you started it, you wanted to hear more, you wanted to know something, something more than usual – you are the one who turns the radio on every night, under the covers, with the flashlight and hiding from your parents. You must want to know something?

Me: Maybe... You always seem so magical in a way.

You: Magical? Yes... magical – like when we went on that hiking trip and the moon seemed to dance on the water, it was like something special coming out of the darkness... it was like being tickled and you can't stop laughing.

Me: Or when you come home from school and mom makes those peanut butter and marshmallow sandwiches, and you put your hands across the radiator on a winter's afternoon.

You: Or when we were playing kick the can with the other kids and Stephanie hid under the porch with us, she was so warm and soft against me...

Me: That tingling sensation...

You: All tingly...