

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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GENERAL NOTE: I have yet to find a standard 'audiodrama' format that I'm happy with. In this script, I'll use the following conventions:

"SFX:" indicates a sound effect.

"MUSIC:" indicates a music cue.

"SCENE:" starts a new scene. The background SFX from one scene should go silent at the start of the next one.

"CROWD:" means everyone available should make this noise.

Everything else is a "NOTE:", in italics.

ACT ONE

SCENE: INTRO

MUSIC: Intro music.

NARRATOR

Get ready for adventures around the globe and beyond the mind! It's time for "Raoul and Dave Confuse the World!" Episode 1: "The Symphony of San Murnau!"

MUSIC: Fade out.

SCENE: RAOUL & DAVE PERFORM

CROWD: Murmuring conversation.

NARRATOR

In a small, black-box theater, the lights go down.

CROWD: Goes silent.

RAOUL

Behold!

SFX: Zzzzt!

NARRATOR

Suddenly, multicolored lasers crisscross the room!

RAOUL
The searing light of unwanted
truth!

NARRATOR
Into the light steps Raoul. Raoul
has wild hair and eyes that have
clearly seen beyond the veil of
everyday life.

MUSIC: Rhythmic drums play.

NARRATOR
And as Raoul begins to dance on
stage, Dave mans the tech booth.

MUSIC: Suddenly muted.

DAVE
(to himself)
So far, so not-bad. Hello, smoke
machines.

SFX: Click.

DAVE
Hello, ocean backdrop.

SFX: Click.

RAOUL
(a bit muted)
Adrift in waves of confusion, the
soul grapples for its guiding star!

SFX: Squeaky noises.

NARRATOR
Then, a motorized device resembling
a tennis-ball launcher rolls itself
onstage and aims itself at Raoul.

DAVE
Uh-oh. Hello, paint cannon?

SFX: Repeated clicks.

DAVE
Off. Off. Turn off!

NARRATOR
 Meanwhile, Raoul blithely produces
 colorful scarves from thin air with
 expert sleight-of-hand.

Music: back to full volume.

RAOUL
 See it tossed and turned, until --

NARRATOR
 Suddenly, Raoul looks down the
 barrel of the paint cannon.

RAOUL
 Oh, man.

SFX: FOOM!

RAOUL
 Aah! Paint! Paint!

MUSIC: stops.

NARRATOR
 Raoul staggers back, blinded with
 green paint, and then --

SFX: BAM!

RAOUL
 Wow, was that the backdrop?

CROWD: Laughs, murmurs.

JADED AUDIENCE MEMBER
 This is incompetent.

JADED AUDIENCE MEMBER #2
 We're done here. Let's go.

NARRATOR
 Only one audience member stays in
 his seat: a middle-aged man in a
 black suit with a military haircut.
 He hasn't even cracked a smile.

SCENE: AFTER THE SHOW

SFX: Traffic noise.

NARRATOR

Later, Raoul and Dave sit outside the theater.

DAVE

The one time I don't check the paint cannon, and it gets all spontaneous.

RAOUL

But we can't lose the concept! The paint covers the backdrop the way that society covers the individual, and --

COLONEL JACK RICHTER

Pardon me.

NARRATOR

Raoul looks up to see -- that same mysterious man in the black suit, holding out his hand.

RAOUL

Are you lost?

COLONEL JACK RICHTER

Colonel Jack Richter. Big fan.

RAOUL

I'm --

COLONEL JACK RICHTER

Raoul Digby? A government non-entity 'til five years ago, when you showed up in Metro and got arrested for trying to paint the Culp Tower fluorescent green. Graduate-level background in philosophy and history, but no one knows where you learned it.

DAVE

How detailed and also creepy.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER

And you... Dave Caspershak. Boy genius who made his first million at age fourteen, then lost every penny of it in the dot-com bust.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER(cont'd)

Retired from tech, taught English
in Venezuela, and now makes ends
meet as a theater electrician slash
performance artist.

RAOUL

Why do you know these facts?

COLONEL JACK RICHTER

Because, Raoul, the government has
taken a keen interest in you two.

RAOUL

Is that so? Is someone going to
data-enter us into a list? That
just means our message is hitting
home!

COLONEL JACK RICHTER

No, no. Raoul. We're offering you
a job.

DAVE

A job? What kind of job?

NARRATOR

He hands Dave a slip of paper.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER

Saving the world.

NARRATOR

And with that, Colonel Jack Richter
disappears into the night.

DAVE

It's just an address and a date:
next week.

RAOUL

We will see him sooner.

DAVE

Wait, what did you do?

RAOUL

I snuck one of your GPS trackers
into his pocket.

SCENE: AT THE FRONT OFFICE

NARRATOR

In the wee hours of the morning,
Raoul- and Dave-shaped shadows
stand at the window of a darkened
office.

DAVE

It's an electronic lock. It's
tricky.

RAOUL

Trust me, David, meditation will
help here.

DAVE

No, I -- okay, I got it --

SFX: Fzzt!

SFX: The door opens.

DAVE

Huh. Little underwhelming.

SFX: Click!

NARRATOR

Then, a lamp clicks on revealing --
Colonel Jack Richter, sitting in an
easy chair, holding a glass of
cognac in one hand and the small,
blinking tracker in the other.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER

Looking for your X-Trak GPS beacon?

DAVE

Yes-ish. We're in trouble, right?

COLONEL JACK RICHTER

Ha! This was a sort of test -- one
that you passed decisively.

RAOUL

But that appointment --

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
-- was fake. Had you gone there,
you would have gotten an offer to
work for the post office, because
you weren't resourceful enough to
find out about the real job.

RAOUL
What job?

SFX: Door opens.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
Follow me.

NARRATOR
Colonel Jack Richter disappears
through the doorway.

DAVE
This is the part where we follow
him, Raoul.

RAOUL
No, David, this is when we get
disappeared into some government
installation.

NARRATOR
But Dave is already bounding
through the door. Raoul grudgingly
follows.

SCENE: THE ELEVATOR

Music: Muzak.

NARRATOR
Moments later, the three men stand
in a spacious elevator, going down.
Dave studies the posters on the
walls.

DAVE
This says Andy Kaufman "won the
Cold War"?

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
Almost single-handedly.

SFX: Bing!

SCENE: THE WAREHOUSE

SFX: Elevator door opens.

SFX: Walking feet.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
John Q. Public doesn't know the
important role performance artists
have played in world history. Have
a look in here.

DAVE
What's in there?

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
It's a supply closet.

SFX: Massive door slides open.

DAVE
It's so beautiful!

NARRATOR
Dave staggers forward into an
underground warehouse the size of a
football stadium. Shelves upon
shelves of theatrical equipment.
Huge boxes labeled "close-up magic"
and "chemistry". Racks of
elaborate costumes. A large
inflatable pig floats serenely
overhead.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
Not bad, huh?

SCENE: TALKING IT OVER AT THE CAFÉ

CROWD: Background murmuring.

SFX: Clinking sounds of flatware, etc.

NARRATOR
The following evening, Raoul and
Dave sit at an outdoor café.

DAVE
But -- a floating pig, Raoul!
Imagine what we could do with a
floating pig!

RAOUL
Performance art is never about
technology. It's about freeing
mankind from the mental limits set
by people like Colonel Richter.

DAVE
Right, and you know that how?

RAOUL
Just look at him!

DAVE
Oh, and what is it that you say
about open-mindedness?

RAOUL
"Open-mindedness is a debt the soul
owes the universe," but --

DAVE
So maybe give the guy a chance.
What could go wrong?

SCENE: ON THE NEARBY BUILDING

NARRATOR
Meanwhile, atop a nearby building,
hidden in shadows, a lady in black
watches them through a high-powered
scope and listens through an
earpiece.

NOTE: The lady in black has an exotic, hard-to-place accent.

LADY IN BLACK
What, indeed?

She chuckles.

SCENE: EXPLAINING THE MISSION

CROWD: Various computer-y bleeps and bloops.

NARRATOR
The next day, at a meeting room in
headquarters, Raoul and Dave watch
Colonel Richter spin around a
holographic map of a tropical
island.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
 Your mission takes place in San Murnau, an island nation founded by mad scientists in the 40s. These days, it's a dictatorship.

NARRATOR
 The holovid changes to an old man with a giant moustache, giving a speech.

NOTE: the leader's speech is a tinny recording in the background that runs beneath the next minute or so.

LEADER
 -- and all schedules will be precisely maintained. Remember: identity is rebellion! conformity is peace! Attend to your tasks strictly. Time wasted is a crime against San Murnau!

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
 The dictator in question calls himself The Great Leader. Keeps the whole island on strict timetables -- we suspect, for producing doomsday weapons.

RAOUL
 If you think a true performance artist will deliver your pro-American propaganda, then --

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
 Raoul, your dogs are barking up the wrong tree.

RAOUL
 I am not a political advertiser.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
 Dangit, Raoul. Look. Do you think democracy has been spreading on its own? Of course not! It's happened because we've sent people like you to far-flung locations on a mission to expand people's horizons.

DAVE
 So you want us to --

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
A closed mind is fascism's best
friend, Dave. So we want you to go
to San Murnau and stage the most
mind-blowing happening you can
imagine.

RAOUL
Wow. Hey, we could do the
electronics one!

DAVE
The electronics one? The
electronics one is just crazy.

NARRATOR
Colonel Richter steeples his
fingers and, for the first time,
cracks a smile.

COLONEL JACK RICHTER
'Just crazy' is our specialty.

SCENE: THE PONTOON BOAT

SFX: Crashing waves.

SFX: A motor whirs.

NARRATOR
Days later, a pontoon boat makes
its way through the dead of night
to the forbidding coastline of San
Murnau. A grizzled soldier steers
the ship while talking to Raoul and
Dave.

SOLDIER
We have already planted the
devices. You two will accompany me
to the power station, and to access
hallway 24-B. David, you will turn
on the remote activator. Raoul,
you will access the video feed
and... give your little speech.

RAOUL
What about the --

SOLDIER
Do not wander off. Do not talk to
the locals.

SOLDIER(cont'd)

Do reach the Whispering Caves by
exactly 2100 for extraction.

RAOUL

I'm sensing hostility. I would
suggest meditation.

SFX: The motor dies down.

NARRATOR

And just then, the boat reaches
Crunchsand Beach, the most isolated
stretch of San Murnau.

SOLDIER

Look. I may not like babysitting
hippies, but I will do my job.

SFX: Everyone steps onto the beach.

SOLDIER

Just stick with me, and you'll stay
alive.

NARRATOR

And at that very moment --

SFX: Whoosh!

SOLDIER

Ugh!

SFX: Thud.

NARRATOR

-- the soldier drops to the beach,
felled by a tranquilizer dart.

RAOUL

Whoa. Irony.

LADY IN BLACK

Hello.

SFX: Footsteps.

DAVE

Who's that?

NARRATOR

The lady in black emerges from the
darkness with an enigmatic smile
and a chrome tranquilizer pistol.

LADY IN BLACK
Let's just say I'm a big fan.

NARRATOR
Two more shots --

SFX: Two more tranq darts hit.

NARRATOR
-- and Raoul and Dave drop like
sacks of potatoes.

SFX: Raoul and Dave hit the sand.

NOTE: The lady in black laughs villainously.

MUSIC: Dramatic 'cliffhanger' music.

NARRATOR
We'll return after these messages.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

SCENE: IN THE LAIR

CROWD: Science-y machine noises.

NARRATOR

When we left off, the government had sent performance artists Raoul and Dave to stage a momentous happening on the fascist island of San Murnau. But a mysterious lady in black took them out with tranquilizer darts!

DAVE

Ungh. Where am-- oh this is bad. Raoul, wake up!

RAOUL

Mmmsleepy.

NARRATOR

So Dave takes in his surroundings alone: he and Raoul are handcuffed to chairs in a featureless metal room, and there's a huge, futuristic weapon pointed at them.

SFX: Little computer beeps.

SFX: A door open and shuts.

RAOUL

Hello?

LADY IN BLACK

Good. You're both awake.

DAVE

Hey! I was thinking, maybe Raoul and I leave San Murnau, and it'll be like we never showed up.

LADY IN BLACK

San Murnau. Bah! You think I work for this piddling speck of dirt?

DAVE

Then why the -- this?

LADY IN BLACK
You work for a large agency that
expands people's consciousness with
performance art, yes?

RAOUL
Yup.

DAVE
Raoul!

RAOUL
What?

LADY IN BLACK
Let's just say I work for... the
other side.

NARRATOR
She strides over to the weapon and
flips a switch.

SFX: Click!

CROWD: Eerie sci-fi noises as the device powers up.

DAVE
What's that?!

LADY IN BLACK
It is called 'the Hypnotron'. We
use it to put troublemakers like
you in line. Remember Wang Reilly?

RAOUL
Wang Reilly? One of the great art-
rock provocateurs of the 80s?

LADY IN BLACK
He had an encounter with this
machine. He manages an accounting
firm in Iowa now.

DAVE
No! People just get old and lose
their edge! It's not because of
some hypnotic mind-control device!

LADY IN BLACK
Ah, poor, naïve Dave.

DAVE
Please stop playing with my hair.

NARRATOR
She flicks another switch --

SFX: Click!

CROWD: The sci-fi noises suddenly increase in intensity.

NARRATOR
-- and a bright beam of blue light
envelops Raoul and Dave.

LADY IN BLACK
Forgive me if I don't stick around.

NARRATOR
She types a code on a numeric
keypad by the door, and exits.

SFX: Computer chirp, door opens, door shuts.

RAOUL
David, can you hack that lock?

DAVE
(already a bit woozy)
Who cares? We're handcuffed!

NARRATOR
But no! Raoul is somehow out of
the handcuffs!

DAVE
How did you --

RAOUL
It's magic. Telling you the secret
would deprive you of your natural
sense of wonder.

NARRATOR
Moments later, Dave is uncuffed
too.

DAVE
(woozy)
I... I think I want to open a bank
account, Raoul.

SFX: SLAP!

*NOTE: The actor playing Raoul should just clap his hands by
the mic.*

DAVE
Ow. Thanks.

SCENE: ESCAPING THROUGH SAN MURNAU

SFX: City noise.

NARRATOR
Soon, Raoul and Dave emerge into the bustling central thoroughfare of San Murnau. Square formations of men in gray uniforms march past.

CROWD: Chatter, with occasional chants of "Hut, hut, hut."

NARRATOR
Gray buildings reach up to the sky. And on every outer wall of every structure, massive viewscreens show the stern visage of the Great Leader looking down on the neatly-ordered city. Loudspeakers play prerecorded messages.

RECORDED VOICE
Order is security.

NOTE: This cheery voice repeats irregularly through the scene.

RAOUL
This is a nightmare of oppressive blandness.

DAVE
Let's not stop to sightsee.

SFX: Whirr.

NARRATOR
At that moment, a small robot rolls up to Raoul and Dave.

ROBOT
Alert. Please walk in an approved formation. Loitering is inefficient.

RAOUL
Where are you going?

DAVE

To the extraction point!

RAOUL

We have to go to the power station
to finish the mission!

DAVE

We have to escape! We're just
performance artists, Raoul! There
are soldiers with guns after us!

ROBOT

Alert. You are speaking out of
turn. Please speak only at
approved times by the Great Leader.

DAVE

We could die! Aren't you scared?

RAOUL

Yes! But David, look at this
place!

NARRATOR

Dave takes it in: the gray
buildings, the flickering sodium
lamps, the stale air... and the
people: sad, bored, and
downtrodden, as far as the eye can
see.

RAOUL

Leave if you want to leave.
They'll probably catch you anyway.
But I'm going down doing what I was
born to do, for a place that direly
needs it. Not just running.

ROBOT

Alert. Your actions a--

DAVE

Oh, for --

SFX: CLUNK!

DAVE

OW! Punching a robot hurts! Okay,
I'll go to the power plant.

NARRATOR

They dart past the robot and into
the city streets.

ROBOT

(a bit woozy)

Alert! Harming a civic-enforcement
robot is an affront to the Great
Leader!

SCENE: POWER STATION ENTRYWAY

SFX: Electrical hum.

NARRATOR

Two hours later, a guard sees two
strangers enter the power plant.

GUARD

Glory to the Great Leader.

RAOUL

Yeah -- we're here to repair the,
uh. generator... reflux... valve.

NARRATOR

The guard waves them in, but
suddenly his viewscreen lights up
with pictures of Raoul and Dave!

GUARD

Wait! This says you two are wanted
fugitives!

RAOUL

Yes we are!

GUARD

Um... right.

RAOUL

... or are we, really?

GUARD

What?

RAOUL

Is the truth of who I am the same
as an image on a screen?

NARRATOR

Dave begins a beatbox accompaniment
to Raoul's spoken-word poetry.

NOTE: Yes, Dave starts beatboxing.

RAOUL

Or even moment to moment, is the
heron that flies through the
morning dawn the same one that
alights on the beach at night?

GUARD

Stop that!

RAOUL

Or does the world just try to apply
labels -- guard, fugitive, leader --
to tame the unknowable mystery of
human nature!

GUARD

This is too confusing!

RAOUL

In the end, are we all just
fugitives... from ourselves?

GUARD

(shouting)

I don't even know who I am any
more!

NARRATOR

The guard curls up in the fetal
position on the floor, and Raoul
and Dave quickly make their way
inside --

SCENE: ACCESS HALL 24B

SFX: Electrical hum + various machine noises.

SFX: Door opens, shuts.

NARRATOR

-- finding their way to a dimly-lit
hallway in the depths of the power
plant.

DAVE
Feast your eyes on Access Hallway
24-B! There's the activator.

NARRATOR
Dave walks up to a device with a
big red button. He presses it.

RAOUL
That's it? Did it work?

SCENE: THE DEVICES ACTIVATE

SFX: The same "city noises" from earlier.

NARRATOR
At that very moment, a San Murnauan
soldier marches down a busy street.

SAN MURNAUAN
Hut hut hut hut hu--

SFX: A theremin plays faintly.

NOTE: *One of the actors should imitate this sound vocally.*

NARRATOR
Suddenly, the soldier stops cold at
a faint, ghostly sound.

SFX: It gets louder.

NARRATOR
He turns his head.

SFX: It changes pitch, stays at the new pitch for a bit.

SFX: It continues playing with more variation.

NARRATOR
Slowly, he realizes that the sound
changes every time he moves. In
fact, it's a giant theremin,
resonating the entire outer wall of
an adjacent building, turning
nearby motion into sound.

SAN MURNAUAN
Wow.

SFX: It begins playing musically.

NARRATOR

And suddenly, similar devices
activate all across San Murnau! In
the city throughfares! In the
hilltop villas! Outside the
doomsday-weapon labs!

CROWD: Everyone imitates theremins.

NARRATOR

The entire island is filled with
unearthly music!

SCENE: BACK IN THE ACCESS HALLWAY

SFX: Electrical hum + various machine noises.

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, back at the power
station, the activator flashes a
green light.

DAVE

The music is a go.

RAOUL

Beautiful!

NARRATOR

Dave opens a small metal box
affixed to the wall, revealing a
video camera.

DAVE

Your turn, Raoul.

SCENE: BACK IN THE CITY

SFX: "City noises" as before.

CROWD: As many theremins as possible.

NARRATOR

Across San Murnau, pandemonium!
San Murnauans contort and jump and
twirl, producing a glorious
cacophony of electronic noise.

SFX: Television static.

NARRATOR

But everyone stops when, for the first time in forty years, the massive viewscreens go to static.

CROWD: All the theremins play at a soft, low, steady pitch.

SFX: The television static fades.

NARRATOR

The static fades to reveal a face, but not the Great Leader the people of San Murnau know and love and fear, but... Raoul Digby!

RAOUL (FILTERED)

Citizens! Joyous dancers! Know from this day forth that no leader can deny you your expression! No government can stop the great flow of being from one person to another! Your every motion is a melody you share with the world!

DAVE (FILTERED)

They're beating on the door!

RAOUL (FILTERED)

Your lives are music!

CROWD: CHEER!

CROWD: Theremins resume all sorts of busy variation.

NARRATOR

With a mighty cheer, the crowd resumes their play -- while onscreen, a soldier tackles Raoul out of frame.

RAOUL (FILTERED)

Oof!

SCENE: THE LEADER'S PALACE

NARRATOR

Meanwhile, the Great Leader paces in a cavernous antechamber of his hilltop palace.

LEADER

You let Raoul and Dave get away!

NARRATOR

The lady in black gives him an indolent look.

LADY IN BLACK

Your soldiers already recaptured Raoul and Dave.

LEADER

They did?

LADY IN BLACK

But the two men escaped when the soldiers started... dancing.

LEADER

Dancing? DANCING?!

LADY IN BLACK

Calm yourself. I've immobilized Raoul and Dave's extraction team and sent your men right to them.

LEADER

So no one will rescue them?

LADY IN BLACK

Indeed. Raoul and Dave are waiting for agents who will never arrive.

SCENE: AT THE WHISTLING CAVES

CROWD: Faint, wind-like whistling.

SFX: Faint sound of waves crashing.

NARRATOR

At that same moment, in the Whistling Caves of San Murnau, Raoul and Dave sit in a cavern that overlooks a fifty-foot drop to the ocean.

DAVE

The extraction team should have been here half an hour ago. Mean soldier-dude assured us that these guys were punctual.

RAOUL

Look, in case we don't get rescued -
-

DAVE
No. They'll be here.

RAOUL
I'm sorry I talked you into
finishing this.

DAVE
Don't be. We did good.

SOLDIER #1
They're in here!

SOLDIER #2
I've sealed the exits.

SOLDIER #1
Great, I'll start piping in the
nerve gas.

DAVE
Wait, what?

NARRATOR
Dave runs back the way they came
in.

SFX: Banging on metal.

DAVE
We're trapped!

SFX: Gas!

NARRATOR
A noxious-looking red cloud begins
billowing into the cavern. Raoul
and Dave back towards the ledge.

DAVE
Raoul... (MORE)

RAOUL
I'm really sorry. Did I say,
"really sorry"?

SFX: Helicopter blades!

NARRATOR
Suddenly, a helicopter appears just
outside the cave and shines a
bright light on Raoul and Dave.

NARRATOR(cont'd)

They toss a long rope into the
cave; the end lands at their feet.

RAOUL

Thank you, universe!

DAVE

Grab on!

NOTE: Raoul and Dave scream.

NARRATOR

Instantly the rope carries them out
into the sky, moments before the
nerve gas fills the cave.

SCENE: IN THE HELICOPTER

SFX: Rotor blades, more muted.

NARRATOR

Safely inside, Raoul and Dave
glimpse cheering, dancing crowds in
the city squares just before the
helicopter banks out over the
ocean.

RAOUL

Wow.

DAVE

We did it.

NOTE: Helicopter guy is old, and has an Italian accent.

HELICOPTER GUY

You are rescued. A miracle!

DAVE

You have my extreme thanks.

RAOUL

Where's Colonel Richter?

HELICOPTER GUY

We don't work for Richter. But we
would greatly enjoy your temporary
services.

DAVE

Who are you guys?

HELICOPTER GUY
We're with the Pope.

SCENE: OUTRO

MUSIC: Musical sting, dramatic outro music.

NARRATOR
What does the Vatican have in mind
for our avant-garde heroes? Who
does the lady in black work for?
Will Raoul and Dave ever find their
way back home? Find out in the
next exciting installment of "Raoul
and Dave Confuse the World"!

MUSIC: FADE OUT.