
Radio Rapchick

written by

Venita Coelho

Radio Rapchick

We begin in darkness. We hear the disconnected sounds of a radio being tuned. Stations jerk in and out of range... then Radio Rapchick comes on... we hear the signature tune...

Male VO: *Radio Rapchick... because music keeps you alive! Rapachika rapachika Rapchik!! Rapachicka Rapachika Rapchik!!*

Over the following montage, we hear Radio Rapchick. It is what unifies the visuals

Male VO: *Hello hello hello out there. Are you ready? Are you with us? Are you ready for the fun and excitement on Radio Rapchick? There's music, madness and more...*

We see the boot of a car being loaded by **Subash Verma**. He is in his late thirties. **Nikita**, also in her thirties, is getting into the car. **Abhay**, about seven, is excitedly helping Subash load the car. He jumps in.

Abhay: You should buy the car with Sachin's signature on it.

Subash: Sachin's promised he'll sign this one.

Abhay: Really??

Subash: really.

Nikki: Subash! You shouldn't lie to children.

Subash: how do you know Sachin hasn't promised?

Nikki: Really?!!

He laughs as he shuts the boot.

We cut to a suitcase being opened. We see **Bharat Kumar**. He has aged like a typical Indian man - balding head, vast paunch. At the moment he looks furtive as he slips some magazines into the suitcase. We see that they are a collection of Penthouse. He shuts the case and it reveals his wife, **Asha**. Pleasant, plump, motherly. She is in the middle of giving last minute instructions to their two teenage children.

Asha: call us every night.

Maneka: Mum, I thought the idea was to get away from us!

Asha: I worry. When you're a mother you'll understand. Just call.

The teenage son hefts the suitcase and leads them out of the room.

We see a couple in a car. They are listening to Radio Rapchick as well. The man **Homi Wadia**, stares straight ahead, frowning slightly. The woman is rather flamboyantly dressed, and has masses of the most beautiful hair. **Shireen** is singing happily along with the song that is playing.

Shireen: We're getting away from it all. How romantic. I feel terribly romantic. Don't you darling?
Homi ignores her and continues to drive.

The song finishes and the voice comes back. We are in another car with a young couple in their early twenties. The woman still has mehndi on her hands. **Atul Shrivastava** is taking his brand new wife, **Meeta** for their honeymoon.

VO : Radio Rapchick is for you. Whether you're in love, or out of it. Whether you're married or going to be. Whether there is someone special in your life - or just out of it. Tune in. Because we're here to talk about men and women and the stuff that goes on between them. And that means you!

Atul takes his wife's hand and lingeringly kisses it.

Atul: I'm in love. There's someone special in my life. I'm married. Hey! That describes you as well.

Meeta shyly pulls her hand away. Atul repossesses it and kisses it more firmly.
Atul: You're going to have to bear with me Mrs. Shrivastav. You married me.

VO: There are two things I want to remind you of. The first is that you're listening to Radio Rapchick

Rapachicka rapachicka rap chick!! Rapachicka rapachicka rap chik!

We cut to the Radio Station where it's airing from. There is an awkward silence. We travel to the booth. We see the male RJ lying with his head on the counter and his eyes closed. He looks like he is dead. A hand comes in and grabs him by the hair and hauls him upright. The Female RJ - **Shernaz** - smoothly takes over.

Shernaz: The second is that we are about to make history. We've been on the air non-stop for twenty four hours. And if you've been with us, you'll know we're

trying to make the world record - thirty eight hours non-stop transmission without a break. Farhan and I have been on air non stop for twenty four hours seventeen minutes and sixteen seconds - if you've been with us - thank you! If you just joining us - hey, stay with us as we rock the world!

The Male VJ - **Farhan** - grins gratefully at her as he stifles a yawn. Farhan is very young - barely eighteen. Shernaz is closer to forty, but very poised and stylish.

Scene 2

Hormaz House

Hormaz House is one of those charming Parsi hotels in Khandala/ Lonavala. An old world bungalow and a fixed menu. We see Abhay getting out of the car. He has a cricket ball with him and is mad about cricket. He bounces off the wall a couple of times. Then it bounces away. As he follows the ball, we follow him - and get a second introduction to all the people who have arrived at Hormaz House for the weekend.

The Newly weds are checking in at the desk. Atul is proudly announcing they are newly married. Meeta stands there, very awkward. We see the flamboyant Shireen. She is wearing a tiny miniskirt and has legs that go on for a mile. Bharat Kumar smoothens down the few hair remaining on his head and rushes to help her with her bag, leaving his wife Asha to struggle with theirs. The ball is stopped by a tall man with dark glasses. **Hemant** looks at Abhay a long moment. Then he bowls a perfect ball back to him. Everyone begins to head to their various rooms. A young couple is left standing at the desk. They are teenagers. **Mohan** is arguing with the proprietor

Mohan: but we need a room! We've promised our friends that we'll join them trekking in Khandala.

Hormaz, the proprietor is most suspicious.

Hormaz: What relationship are you two?

Mohan: she's my sister for god's sake.

Hormaz just looks at him. The boy produces his ID. It says 'Mohan Kapoor'. The girl digs around in her bag and produces her ID. It says **Sheetal** Kapoor. Hormaz hands them a key and says 'Room Seven'. They hoist their back packs and head off.

We see a door open. Sheetal and Mohan come in. They shut the door. Then Mohan turns to Sheetal and kisses her.

Mohan: Good thing your surname is the same as mine. When we marry you won't have to change anything.

Sheetal: You will marry me won't you?

Mohan: Of course! I love you.

There is a charged moment between them. Then awkwardly Mohan kisses her again. He begins to get passionate. Sheetal promptly stops him.

Sheetal: Don't!

Mohan : Er - sorry.

This will be his refrain for the rest of the weekend. All he ends up ever doing is apologising.

Sheetal: I have to go to the toilet.

She goes into the loo. Mohan flings himself on the bed. He can't believe he's really here, that she's actually agreed to go on a clandestine weekend with him. He's madly in love. Radio Rapchick shifts to another song '*Chahiye Thoda Pyar mujhe jeene ke liye*'.

We see Mohan picturing Sheetal in the toilet. In glorious slow motion flashes he imagines her taking off her blouse... her jeans... reaching back to unhook her bra....

We cut to Sheetal inside the toilet. She is staring anxiously into the mirror as she squeezes out her zits.

We see the little boy, Abhay. He is exploring the tiny children's park that is tucked into one corner of the garden. He sits on the see saw. Then he realises a little girl is watching him. She is holding a bright red balloon and regarding him as she chews gum. He watches her warily. She gets onto the other end of the see saw and smiles at him. He won't look back at her. She begins to move the see saw up and down as she chatters.

Girl: Hi, my name is Kim. Are you here with your parents? I'm here with my grandparents. They let me do whatever I want? Do you have any?

Abhay is being tossed up and down. He closes his eyes and hangs on, not replying. Kim stops the swing with him in the air.

Girl: What's the matter? Say hello and I'll let you down.

Abhay obstinately hangs in there. He is terrified of little girls. Kim gets up in a huff and walks off. Abhay comes crashing down. Subash finds him getting up out of the dust.

Subash: Come on. There's a swimming lesson starting with an instructor. Were you making friends?

Abhay: No. I hate girls.,

Subash : I used to feel that way too. You'll change your mind.

He leads him away. Abhay goes off to where kids are splashing in a shallow pool. Subash is turning to go when he is accosted by Bharat Sharma.

Bharat: Excuse me. I've seen you somewhere.

Subash: I don't think so-

Bharat: Conference. The Mahindra and Mahindra dealers conference at the Taj last year.

Subash: Yes. Are you a dealer too?

Bharat: Yes. I'm here on holiday. You too?

Subash: Er - yes.

Bharat: Is that your son?

Subash: no. A friends child.

Bharat: And your missus? She is with you?

Subash: no. I'm alone. Just thought I'd take the weekend off.

Bharat: I know I know. I am here with my missus.

Subash: I'll be seeing you.

He walks off quickly, looking disturbed.

We see Bharat Kapoor standing at an interconnecting door and listening. His wife comes into the room and regards him with surprise.

Asha: what are you doing?!

Bharat: Just wondered who our neighbours were.

Asha: like that? What is wrong with you?

She goes to the suitcase and begins unpacking it as she talks.

Asha: honestly Bharat -

Bharat: Just relax. We're here to relax aren't we? And you're already nagging.

There is silence from his wife. She has opened the suitcase and come across the magazines. She stands there staring down at them. Bharat turns and sees what she has in her hand. He walks over and snatches them out of her hand. He goes into the bathroom and shuts the door. She is left staring.

Subash opens the door of his room. Nikita is bending over the suitcase. She turns with a smile and a present in her hand.

Nikita: Happy birthday darling!

Subash; Thank you

Nikita: I'm so glad that we could finally spend one together.

Subash takes the gift.

Nikita: aren't you going to open it?

Subash does. The paper falls away to reveal a crystal clown holding a crystal balloon.

Nikita: To add to your collection

She puts her arms around him and begins kissing him. Radio Rapchick has moved to a slow romantic ballad. Slowly Subash warms up and starts kissing her back. They slow dance around the room. As they do, they begin undressing each other. They end up on the bed. The music ends and the RJ's come back on.

Farhan: *And we have a caller who wants to talk to us! Are you there? Hello?*

Voice: Yes.

RJ: You wanted to ask us something.

Voice: Yes. I just discovered my husband is having an affair.

RJ: Hey. How did you-

Voice: (cutting in) We've been married seven years. And he's been having an affair for five. Five years. Same woman. And I'm the fool who never knew.

Subash has hesitated while undressing Nikita. She rolls over and reaches for the knob.

Subash: No. Let it stay on.

Nikita puts her arms around him. He continues undressing her, but he is listening carefully to the voice on the radio.

Shernaz: I'm sorry to hear that. Have you tried talking to him?

We cut to the caller. She is a good looking woman of thirty plus. As she talks on the phone she is rolling a piece of crystal back and forth obsessively.

Voice: no. I can't. You see, he's not here. He's with her.

Shernaz: Do you feel like telling us your name? Hello?

Voice: He lied to me for five years. For five years!

Shernaz: It sounds to me like you have a problem -

Voice: Of course I bloody do.

Shernaz: You know, you should try looking at this objectively.

Voice: you try being bloody objective when you've been betrayed!

The phone is slammed down. We see Subash move into making love to Nikita. The crystal clown stands on the bedside table.

Shernaz: Well, not much one can say really. Er- um

Farhan: Maybe we should just play a song.

A song starts up on Radio Rapchick 'Tumse Naraaz Nahin Zindagi Hairaan hun mein'.

We travel to the woman who made the call. She flings the crystal against the wall where it shatters. She gets to her feet, and in a frenzy begins to grab all the crystal pieces that are displayed around the house and fling them at the wall, screaming. Showers of crystals fall sparkling all over the place. She smashes every single one in helpless rage. Her smashing is intercut with her husband making love to his girlfriend of five years.