

HACKING HAPPINESS

(extract)

by

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A radio drama set inside an internet radio station.

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SCENE 2

THE SERVER: ...We eventually discovered the problem was a rather annoying Hacker. He and his useless mate - Slacker - had got inside me and caused havoc. Let me take you back a few days - to explain more.

THE FAN OF A HARD DRIVE BOOTS UP. YOU HEAR THE FAINT SOUND AS THE HARD DRIVE KICKS INTO ACTION. THERE'S A COUPLE OF SHORT BEEPS THEN A CLICK, AND THE NOISES FADE AWAY.

Ah - here it is.

MUSIC BEGINS. IT'S A HAPPY, FEEL GOOD SONG.

MUSIC FADE TO LOW LEVEL

HACKER: I've had enough! This internet radio station is just - bold - too happy.

SLACKER: It must take much effort.

HACKER: Who you talking to? Your virtual girlfriend? She will - italics - never be happy with you.

SLACKER: (CLOSE) At least I'm not a
computer-code speaking cyber geek...

HACKER: Bold, underline - What?! What did you
say?

SLACKER: I said...

HACKER INTERRUPTS.

HACKER: I heard what you said - you lazy, good
for nothing piece of useless...

SLACKER INTERRUPTS.

SLACKER: Oh thanks.

HACKER: I haven't finished.. You useless piece
of keyboard controlled slave
machinery. Shouldn't you be looking to
- list - increase your RAM; update
yourself, become a dual processor and
control other systems.

SLACKER: Sounds too much like hard work, to me.
Although I know who could do with an
extra RAM...

HACKER: Wind your driver down. (CLOSE) It's
just it would make you far more useful
to me - for my hacking...

SLACKER: And why, exactly, would I want to do more work?

HACKER: (CLOSE) Well, I could always replace you.

SLACKER: There's no need for that language, sir.

HACKER: I need to stop this radio station from spreading happiness. It makes me - bold - sick.

SLACKER: I thought you looked ill.

HACKER: Bold, caps - (SHOUT) BE QUIET! (CLOSE) You would have nothing to do if it wasn't for me.

SLACKER: If only.

HACKER: I, Hacker, need to get back to what people know me for best for.

SLACKER: Ooooooh... What's all this iHacker business? Have you upgraded yourself, gone all streetwise and now operate "apps"...?!

HACKER: 'I, Hacker', not 'iHacker', you imbercile - two words not one.

SLACKER: (SMUG) Or should that be
i-imbecile...?!

HACKER: I need to make this internet radio
station the dreariest, out-of-date
radio station in the whole of
cyberspace.

SLACKER: Like Radio 2?

HACKER: I want to make them miserable and
unfashionable - not listen to BBC
Radio.

SLACKER: It has the same effect, sir.

HACKER: Bold - I'm going to write the best
programme I've ever written. I'll hack
into the server, take control of the
playlist, and then they'll never play
anything happy, ever again!

SLACKER: Really, you just want to be a DJ,
don't you?

HACKER: Don't spoil my moment. What do you
know, anyway...?

SLACKER: Well, quite a lot. Two plus two is
four, the sky is blue, and - I'm your

hardware and you can't do anything
without me.

SLACKER BLOWS A RASPBERRY

HACKER: Well you'd better go 'de-frag'
yourself, as we're going to need all
of your free space, if - bold - my
plan is going to work.

SLACKER: You need my help, but it's
(SARCASTICALLY) "Bold - YOUR PLAN"?

HACKER: Oh stop your whirring.

SLACKER: I can't. You haven't updated me in
months.

HACKER: Stop being pedantic and go and talk to
that "friend" of yours... we'll need
his help.

SLACKER: You mean... Trojan?

HACKER: Yes. Now go...!

HACKER REALISES HE NEEDS THE HELP OF SLACKER.

I mean, you go and see what you can
do. I'm sure you can work your magic.
If Trojan will work with us, who

knows, I might get you a new motherboard.

SLACKER: Bribery always works with me.

HACKER: Good boy. (OFF, SHOUTING) And turn down that internet radio off on your way...!

MUSIC: OASIS - MASTERPLAN. THEN 'BLIP' THE STATION IS TURNED OFF AND SILENCE.

SCENE 3

SERVER: Trojan led a troubled life. For many years making a nuisance of himself, stealing information, selling it on to others. He'd ended up in the care of his aunty - Virus - and uncle - Url. He lived with them, and their daughter - Password.

PASSWORD: Muuuuuuuuum...? Can I have more codes to crack, please?

AUNTIE: You are a clever girl, aren't you?! I don't know how you do it.

PASSWORD: They are easy. Where do you get them from?

AUNTIE DOESN'T RESPOND. YOU HEAR A FEW CLICKS AND A BEEP.

Mum?

AUNTIE: Sorry Dear. It's all in a days work.
Now... Have you seen that cousin of
yours? I have a job for him. Trojan...?
Trojan...?

TROJAN: (OFF) Coming...! (PAUSE) Hello Aunty
virus - what can I do for you?

AUNTIE: I've just baked a few cakes for your
uncle, and...

THERE IS A MESSAGE ALERT TONE.

Oh, who's that? (LOUD) Url, will you
get that for me?

URL: Oh, what's that I smell?!

AUNTIE: Cookies.

URL: Oh I just love cookies!

AUNTIE: Url - the door...

URL: Of course my dear. (SHOUT) Do not
fear, Uncle Url is here.

THERE IS SOME TYPING. AND A FEW MORE MESSAGE ALERT TONES.

Auntie: Who is it?

Url: Trojan, it's for you.

AUNTIE: Who is it!?

URL: Slacker.

AUNTIE: Oi!

URL: No, it's Slacker. He wants to talk to Trojan.

AUNTIE: Wasn't he one of your school friends, who came up with that Head Novel thing?

TROJAN: Erm, yes - ish. It's called Facebook.

AUNTIE: Well, go on - go see what he wants. But be quick, I've got to have a quick scan later. Don't you be getting up to any mischief. I don't want to have to clean up after you!

TROJAN: Don't worry Auntie virus. I don't do that stuff anymore.

PASSWORD: Muuummmm - I'm waiting...

END OF EXTRACT.