

LEVI & LEIF RADIO DETECTIVES

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(Radio Detectives)

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1 **EXT. FLORIDA SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD — DAY**

LEVI HENDERSON, a 10-year old boy from Florida, is rushing back home with his silver coated cat PUTTY in one hand and a shopping bag in the other.

He's finally saved enough money for a new Double Triode Crystal Glass Tube Ham radio sending set from the local flea market.

HARD CUT TO:

2 **INT. HENDERSON HOUSEHOLD — LIVING ROOM — MOMENTS LATER**

He kicks the door shut behind him. Pushes his glasses up.
Then empties the bag onto the hardwood floor.

LEVI
Finally!

Inside the bag is a kit to build-your-own Ham radio. He organizes the pile until it makes sense.

Levi's eyes light up. Immediately setting up his new radio as Putty nudges for attention.

He carefully sets the glass vacuum tubes into place, connecting wires with the focus of a surgeon.

Putty hops onto the desk and swats at a loose antenna wire.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Not now, Putty.

Racing in and out of every room in the house to find tools, spending the rest of the daylight.

FADE TO:

3 **INT. LEVI'S BEDROOM — NIGHT**

Late up at night, Levi finally completes his new sending set.

With an antenna sticking out a cracked window, duct taped to a telescope — Levi connects the last power cable.

He flips a switch.

The radio crackles to life.

Abruptly — STATIC!

Levi slowly turns the dial trying to find a pulse.

The static intensifies.

Then — a faint broken voice. A foreign language, every once in a while a word he understands:

UNKNOWN (V.O.)
Hello?

He finally makes contact through the poor signal and responds:

LEVI
Hello? Is someone out there?

Only to hear a young boy exclaim:

UNKNOWN (V.O.)
Wait? You can hear me?

Levi nearly falls out of his chair.

CUT TO:

4 **EXT. CUBA, BEJA — BACKYARD POOLSIDE — SUNSET**

LEIF HERNANDEZ, a 10-year old boy from Cuba, is coming out of a pool wearing just swimming shorts and giant goggles pushing back wet hazel curls.

He fumbles around the dials on his homemade radio setup.

It is powered by a car battery.

Cicadas cry out in the distance.

A wire antenna stretches up a royal palm tree.

Leif speaks into a battered microphone, dripping pool water all over the equipment.

LEIF
Hello?

LEVI (V.O.)
... hello?

BACK TO:

5 **INT. LEVI'S BEDROOM — NIGHT**

Levi scrambles for a composition notebook.

LEVI

My name's... uhm my call sign is
LH-045. From Florida. Where are you
from?

A beat. Silence, not even static.

LEIF (V.O.)

Your what-what?

LEVI

My... call... sign?

LEIF (V.O.)

My name is Leif. I'm-

Signal breaks out. Levi quickly jumps to find the signal
again.

He finds it instantly.

LEVI

What? What did you say? It cut out.

LEIF (V.O.)

My name is Leif. I'm transmitting
from Bela... Cuba.

LEVI

Cuba? That's like... four-hundred
miles away!

Leif laughs.

LEIF (V.O.)

Good radio, huh?

With a proud look, Levi taps his nails against the glass
tubes.

He looks as if he's about to burst with excitement.

LEVI

(incredibly loud)

Whooo!

Levi proudly adjusts a knob.

An adult woman's voice can be heard outside his room.

MRS. HENDERSON (O.S.)

Levi... I'm headed to bed.

(MORE)

MRS. HENDERSON (CONT'D)
(yawning)

Thirty more minutes... and don't
get into trouble with that thing.

LEVI
Yes, mom.

Abruptly — Putty knocks over a screwdriver, it rolls around
at Levi's socks.

The signal briefly cuts.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Putty!

DISSOLVE TO:

6 **INT. LEVI'S BEDROOM — NIGHT**

BEGIN MONTAGE:

- Levi secretly talking into the radio.
- Leif climbing a tree to fix his antenna.
- The boys sketching maps and signals in notebooks.
- Putty walking across Levi's keyboard repeatedly.
- Static... then voices... then static again.

CUT TO:

7 **INT. LEVI'S BEDROOM — LATE NIGHT**

Levi is in the middle of a conversation.

LEIF (V.O.)
Strange signal tonight. From your
side.

Levi scribbles.

LEVI
Boat?

LEIF (V.O.)
Maybe. Cargo. They say nothing
about it.

CUT TO:

8 **INT. CUBA, BEJA - BACKYARD POOLSIDE - SAME TIME**

LEVI (V.O.)
Why are they being so secretive?

LEIF
Maybe they're hiding something...

LEVI (V.O.)
We need to be careful, y'know I
don't exactly have my license yet.

LEIF
That's okay! Neither do I.

Leif turns the dial like cracking a safe. Out of the blue -
A faint transmission bleeds through the speaker.

UNKNOWN VOICE (RADIO)
... shipment moving north...
repeat... shipment moving north.

Levi's excitement can be heard through the box.

LEVI
Leif... I think we found smugglers.

LEIF
I'm not sure about that, but let's
keep digging. Try 11635 kHz.

BACK TO:

9 **INT. LEVI'S BEDROOM - DAWN**

Levi shakily balances the wheel - his fingers clammy.
Suddenly, the voice reappears:

UNKNOWN VOICE (V.O.)
... about to pick up... last load
at... MCO. Over.

Out of nowhere, Putty leaps onto the desk.

She bats at the antenna wire, getting tangled in its wiring,
eventually running out the window.

The wire slips loose.

The radio signal dies completely..

LEVI
No no no no!

Levi rushes to the window.

10 **EXT. FLORIDA SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD – CONTINUOUS**

Outside, Putty drags the antenna wire across a metal gutter.

Suddenly – the radio blares with a clear signal.

Levi runs back to the desk.

 LEVI
 Leif! I've got the signal!

He checks his notebook.

Coordinates forming.

 LEVI (CONT'D)
 It's not a ship.

Pause.

Levi looks confused.

 LEVI (CONT'D)
 It's... moving too fast.

The signal sharpens again.

A familiar older man's voice speaks clearly through the radio.

Levi freezes.

He recognizes it.

 LEVI (CONT'D)
 Dad?

JUMP CUT TO:

11 **EXT. NORTH CARIBBEAN SEA – SAME TIME**

A drone flies just below clouds, ten-thousand feet in the sky.

12 **INT. MIAMI COAST GUARD BASE – PILOT'S BOOTH – CONTINUOUS**

MR. HENDERSON remotely pilots a small surveillance aircraft over the ocean – from the comfort of an ergonomic cushioned recliner.

Radio equipment lay organized in front of him.

Neat layers of blinking lights, caged switches, and three-panel monitors with advanced GPS tracking.

A combat manpack sits holstered onto the back.

BACK TO:

13 **INT. LEVI'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE**

Levi slowly smiles.

 LEVI
 Leif... the signal isn't the boat.

Beat.

 LEVI (CONT'D)
 It's my dad.

A beat. Static.

CUT TO:

14 **EXT. CUBA, BEJA - BACKYARD POOLSIDE - SAME TIME**

Leif has stretched a curly cord across the poolside so he can talk while on a floatation ring.

He almost falls out.

 LEIF
 Your father is a smuggler?

BACK TO:

15 **INT. LEVI'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Levi laughs.

 LEVI
 He's more of a spy. Keeps us safe.
 He's one of the good guys.

Levi lights up with a thought.

He flips through his notebook finding his dad's frequency.

The radio transmission connects to a broken signal.

 MR. HENDERSON (V.O.)
 ... target confirmed...
 intercepting vessel...

Levi realizes something.

LEVI
Leif... we helped him find them.

Silence.

Then Leif bursts out laughing through the radio.

LEIF (V.O.)
That was the coolest thing ever!

Putty curls up on the warm radio set like nothing happened.

CUT TO:

16 **EXT. FLORIDA SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD – LATER**

Mr. Henderson's patrol car pulls into the driveway.

BACK TO:

17 **INT. LEVI'S BEDROOM – MORNING**

Levi sit at the desk, smiling through his exhaustion.

He goes back to his set to find Leif's signal.

LEIF
Florida boy?

Levi pushes to talk.

LEVI
Still here.

LEIF
Are we in trouble? Sorry I was just
having fun.

LEVI
Are you kidding – this was awesome!

LEIF
Well, I'll save your frequency and
call sign for the next time.

LEVI
Next time?

(smiling)

Absolutely!

The front door to his house opens.

MR. HENDERSON (O.S.)
(from downstairs)
Levi? Are you awake?

Levi broadcasts his farewell.

LEVI
Well, until our next case,
detective.

LEIF
7-3.

LEVI
Oh, what does that mean?

LEIF
It means 'best regards' - it's like
a handshake over the radio.

LEVI
Sweet. 7-3, Leif.

Putty meows at him as Mr. Henderson quietly walks upstairs.

MR. HENDERSON
(whispering)
Levi. Still sleeping?

He opens Levi's bedroom door.

Levi is under his covers, turned away and fast asleep.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END