

**"SCARY"**  
**Sonic – Ice Cream Floats**  
**Radio :60**

*DAD:*

*Ages 30-40. Responsible but cool and caring parent. Quirky, ordinary, conversational. Able to say fantastical things convincingly and be sarcastic without sounding jokey. Good storyteller. No radio voices, please.*

*DAUGHTER:*

*Ages 5-9. Loving. Perceptive, but not too smart. Still believes in fairy tales, but grounded in reality. Able to sound naive without sounding melodramatic. No radio voices, please. Must have work permit.*

*VO: Already cast.*

SFX: DAD READS A BOOK, TURNS PAGE. BOOK CLOSES.

DAD: (reading aloud) 'And that's why bunnies can't lay eggs. The End.' (to daughter) Good night, honey.

SFX: DAD WALKS OUT BEDROOM DOOR AND BEGINS TO SHUT IT, CREAKING DOOR.

GIRL: (frightened) Don't go, daddy! I'm scared of monsters.

DAD: Sweetie, nighttime's not scary anymore.

GIRL: It's not?

DAD: Uh-uh. Now that Sonic's offering half-price floats after 8pm, all the monsters traded in their scary pants for khakis and got day jobs—since there's no real money in scaring, and they like floats so much.

GIRL: What kind of day jobs?

DAD: Let's see...milking unicorns for ice cream, pruning soda shrubs, hugging limeade trees and telemarketing.

GIRL: Is that why you call the telemarketers 'monsters'?

DAD: It sure is, sweetie.

VO: Drive into Sonic after 8pm and get half-price floats all summer long. Made with real ice cream and your choice of beverage, it gets even sweeter after dark. This is how you Sonic.