

LIGHT

Short film script

senaryookulu.com

INT. HILMI'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A narrow living room. The wall clock ticks. On the table: one plate, one fork, one glass.

HILMI (70s, cardigan, glasses pushed up on his forehead) rinses the plate, dries it, puts it away. He turns the glass upside down on the tea towel.

The clock says ten.

Hilmi goes to the window and parts the net curtain with two fingers.

Across the street: an old block of flats. On the third floor, a desk lamp in a window comes on. Off. On. Off.

Hilmi reaches for the switch of the lamp by his window. On, off. On, off.

The lamp opposite comes on once more and this time stays on. A few seconds. Then it goes off.

Hilmi lets the curtain fall. He lowers his glasses, winds the clock, turns off the light.

INT. HILMI'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Another night. The same single plate, the same single glass. Ten o'clock.

Hilmi goes to the window. Parts the curtain.

The third floor opposite is dark.

Hilmi waits. The minute hand moves on a notch. Another notch.

He switches the lamp on, off. On, off.

No answer.

Hilmi takes his coat from the hook. Gets one arm into it. Looks at the door. Stops.

He takes the coat off and hangs it back up.

He carries the chair from the table to the window. Sits. Looks at the dark window.

INT. HILMI'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Hilmi has fallen asleep in the chair. His glasses have slipped into his lap. The lamp is still on.

Outside, the warning beep of a lorry reversing.

Hilmi wakes with a start and leans towards the window.

EXT. THE BUILDING OPPOSITE - MORNING

A small removal van pulled up at the kerb. Two MOVERS carry boxes.

NAZ (20s, backpack, messy hair) comes out of the front door. On top of the box in her arms sits a desk lamp, its cable wound round it.

Naz hands the box up into the back of the van. Then she lifts her head and looks across the street.

On the second floor, a net curtain is parted. Behind it, Hilmi.

Naz takes the lamp off the box. Raises it in both hands — as if raising a glass.

At the window, Hilmi's palm presses against the pane.

Naz puts the lamp back on the box, pulls the van's door shut, climbs into the front seat. The van drives off.

INT. HILMI'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

One plate. One glass. Ten o'clock.

Hilmi goes to the window. Taped to the third-floor pane opposite, a sheet of paper in big letters: TO LET.

Hilmi switches the lamp on, off. On, off.

He waits.

Then he switches the lamp on — and this time he doesn't turn it off. He doesn't close the curtain.

He leaves his chair facing the window, sits, takes a book from the shelf and opens it. The light falls across the street onto the building's empty window.

FADE OUT.