

THE RADIO

Short film script

senaryookulu.com

INT. FATHER'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A half-packed living room. Pale rectangles on the walls where frames used to hang. Words in marker pen on the boxes: KITCHEN. BOOKS. CHARITY.

SELIN (40, hair in a bun, sleeves rolled up) tears the packing tape with her teeth and seals a box.

The doorbell rings. Selin doesn't get up.

SELIN

It's open!

UMUT (35, wet coat, wheeled suitcase) comes in. An airport tag on the suitcase handle.

SELIN

Don't bother with your shoes. The rugs are gone.

Umut takes them off anyway. There's a hole in the toe of one sock. He notices, and tucks that foot behind the other.

UMUT

I'm late.

SELIN

For today?

Umut doesn't answer. He looks at the bare walls.

UMUT

Already?

SELIN

The landlord gave us till the end of the month. I've been packing for three weeks.

Selin takes a folded sheet of paper from her pocket and holds it out. A handwritten list.

SELIN (CONT'D)

Tick what you want. The rest goes to charity.

Umut reads the list. Selin tosses him a pen; he catches it in the air.

UMUT

The watch?

SELIN

I've taken that.

UMUT

Fine.

Umut runs the pen down the page. He ticks nothing. He caps the pen.

UMUT (CONT'D)

I don't want anything. I came to help.

Selin gives a short, silent laugh. She holds out the tape.

SELIN

Books.

INT. FATHER'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Umut empties the shelves, stacking books into a box. In the kitchen area, Selin wraps plates in newspaper.

On the top shelf, behind the books, an old transistor radio. Its cable wound round the handle.

Umut lifts the radio down. Wipes the dust off with his sleeve. Turns the knob. Nothing.

UMUT

The radio's not on the list.

SELIN

(without turning)

It's broken.

UMUT

Since when?

SELIN

Don't know. A year. It just stopped coming on.

Umut opens the back of the radio. Two batteries inside, their ends crusted with white powder.

UMUT

The batteries are just dead.

SELIN

Then take it. It's yours.

Umut holds the radio as if weighing it.

UMUT

Every Sunday when I called, this was on in the background. The match. Dad never turned it down, so I'd end up shouting.

The plate in Selin's hands stops inside the newspaper.

UMUT (CONT'D)

These last months he always sounded far away. I thought he had me on speaker.

SELIN

He couldn't hold the phone.

Umut looks at her.

SELIN (CONT'D)

I held it. Next to the radio. So he wouldn't have to turn it down.

Silence. Umut slowly sets the radio down on the lid of a box.

UMUT

Why didn't you tell me?

SELIN

I would have, if you'd asked.

Selin finishes wrapping the plate and puts it in a box. She opens a kitchen drawer. It's full of battery packs held together with rubber bands.

SELIN (CONT'D)

He hoarded batteries. Like there was a war coming.

She takes out two and slides them along the counter towards Umut.

INT. FATHER'S FLAT - LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

Umut fits the batteries, closes the back, turns the knob. Static. He slowly turns the tuning dial.

Out of the static, a COMMENTATOR's voice emerges.

COMMENTATOR (ON RADIO)

...wins it in midfield, and he's driving on towards the box...

Selin comes over from the kitchen and sits on a box. Umut sits on the floor beside her. Both of them look at the radio.

COMMENTATOR (ON RADIO)

...and it's off the post!

An involuntary "ah" escapes Umut. Selin turns to him. She smiles.

UMUT

You take it.

SELIN

I listened to it for twelve years.

Selin picks up the marker and writes on an empty box in big letters: UMUT.

She puts the radio in the box without switching it off. Closes the flaps. The match plays on, muffled, inside the cardboard.

Umut takes the tape and seals the box. Selin reaches for the next shelf.

FADE OUT.