

RADIO CITADEL

(THE OPENING)

An original Sitcom Play

by
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Episode 1

RADIO CITADEL

EPISODE ONE: OPENING CEREMONY

EXT. CITY OF ERBIL - DAY

EXT. CITADEL - DAY

EXT. RADIO CITADEL BUILDING - DAY

ACT ONE

INT. RADIO CITADEL - PRODUCTION OFFICE - DAY

(JOURNALIST, PERI KHAN, SHWAN, BERIVAN, MAM MIRZA, NAZNAZ, ALAN, DELIVERY MAN, EVERYONE)

EVERY ONE IS BUSY PREPARING THE PLACE FOR THE OPENING CEREMONY. ALAN CLEANS THE GLASS BARRIER OF THE CONTROL ROOM. BERIVAN STANDS ON A LADDER, PAINTS THE WALL. PERI KHAN AND NAZNAZ PUT UP BALLOONS. SHWAN WASHES THE FLOOR.

RADIO MUSIC (KISS ME - TOUCH ME BY CUWAN HAJO) BLARES FROM LARGE SPEAKERS BY THE GLASSED-ENCASED CONTROL ROOM (APPARENTLY WHAT'S ON AIR). JOURNALIST WALKS UP TO PERI KHAN WHO STANDS ON A LADDER.

JOURNALIST

I have a question.

PERI KHAN

Can't you see we're busy? We have the opening ceremony tomorrow at ten and still have so much work to do. Come back tomorrow at the ceremony, then you can ask all your questions.

JOURNALIST

I need to write my report before the ceremony.

PERI KHAN

Then come before the ceremony.

JOURNALIST

Sorry, that will be too late.

SHWAN LET'S GO OF THE HOSE AND WATER COMES JOURNALIST'S WAY,
WETTING HIS PANTS.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

Hey, my shoes are new.

SHWAN

So is my floor, and you're stepping on
it.

JOURNALIST

Sorry.

(to Peri Khan)

But you're the radio manager. It isn't
your job to do this. And why don't you
people get real painters?

PERI KHAN

Now you will have to really apologize.
Real painters? Where are they? Real
Painters or you mean sloppy jerks who
wouldn't know the deference between a
window pane and the wall, between
ceiling and the floor, who will make
such a mess that we'll end up for a
week cleaning after them.

JOURNALIST

Okay, I got it, our labour force
doesn't have class, but it's not an

(MORE)

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

excuse for you to do this. I need an
interview.

PERI KHAN
(desperate)

Berivan.

BERIVAN

Come here, I'll help you.

JOURNALIST HAPPILY WALKS UP TO BERIVAN WHO STANDS ON A LADDER
AND PAINTS.

BERIVAN (CONT'D)

Hand me that paint bucket, I'm all
out.

JOURNALIST HESITATES, THEN TUCKS HIS NOTEBOOK AWAY AND LIFTS
THE BUCKET OF LIQUID PAINT BY THE TIP OF HIS FINGERS.

BERIVAN (CONT'D)

Come on, it won't bite you. It's just
paint. Don't drop it, don't...

THE BUCKET SLIPS OUT OF JOURNALIST'S HANDS AND MAKES A MESS
ON THE FLOOR AND ALL OVER HIS OWN PANTS. EVERYONE TURNS TO
HIM, EXASPERATED. BERIVAN GRINDS HER TEETH.

SHWAN

Now you really got to be sorry.

JOURNALIST

I am.

MAM MIRZA WALKS IN, CARRYING A SACK.

MAM MIRZA

Ladies and gentlemen, if you consider
yourselves as such, I got you falafel.
Time to feast.

JOURNALIST

Falafel?

MAM MIRZA

And what's wrong with falafel? Forget that question, got a better one. Who are you?

JOURNALIST

Sorry. Zaynulaabideen
waheedullahulatheem
Chilluchwarchirayee. I'm a journalist.

MAM MIRZA

Big name, little man. What's wrong with falafel?

JOURNALIST

Nothing. I just said 'falafel?' That's all.

MAM MIRZA

(imitating)

Falafel? That's all, huh?

JOURNALIST

I mean, I understand you have to eat light so you don't get lazy when you have so much to do. That's good. I do it too. Ever since restaurants have become so expensive and my salary is always delayed. I mean dining out has become as expensive as in Paris. In Paris at least you get wine with your

(MORE)

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

meals, but here, in Paris-awa you only get fat, and then you suddenly die and they say God wished it.

NAZNAZ

You been to Paris?

JOURNALIST

Of course not. I just hear a lot of stories.

MAM MIRZA

I have a story for you. I walk in here, I see you, you ask me a question by which you irritate me, so I don't like your guts. We talk more, you use your charm, you make some sense, well, at least make a hint of it, and suddenly, I like you. Wow.

MAM MIRZA SHAKES HIS HEAD AND WALKS INTO HIS OFFICE.

PERI KHAN

Did you here that? He likes you. Now go ask him all your questions.

JOURNALIST

Got you.

JOURNALIST WALKS INTO MAM MIRZA'S OFFICE.

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

This is your office?

MAM MIRZA

It will be when the furniture arrives.
Is that one of your questions?

JOURNALIST

Ha? No, my question for you is, what
is your radio's philosophy?

MAM MIRZA

Hmmm, ask me an easier one. I'm just
the Executive Director and CEO of the
establishment, what do I know about
philosophy?

JOURNALIST

I see, hmmm, why Radio Citadel?

MAM MIRZA

That you can ask Radio Citadel.

JOURNALIST

I mean why have you started this
radio?

MAM MIRZA

Oh, that. Well, let me see, how
should I put it, aah, where should I
put it. Where?

JOURNALIST

Where what?

MAM MIRZA

The food. The falafel.
(shouting out)

Peri Khan.

PERI KHAN

What?

MAM MIRZA

Berivan.

BERIVAN

That is me.

MAM MIRZA

Shwan.

SHWAN

Yo.

MAM MIRZA

Naznaz.

NAZNAZ

I hear my name too.

MAM MIRZA

Alan

ALAN

Ay.

MAM MIRZA

Someone, where should I put the
falafel?

PERI KHAN

On the table right behind you.

MAM MIRZA

Did she say something funny?

JOURNALIST

No, she said there is a table right
behind you.

MAM MIRZA TURNS TO THE TABLE BEHIND HIM.

MAM MIRZA

Of course, then why doesn't someone
say so? It's too dark here. Help me
move it closer to the window.

JOURNALIST

Okay.

JOURNALIST PULLS THE TABLE. A VOLLEYBALL ROLLS FROM UNDER IT.
MAM MIRZA KICKS IT OUT.

MAM MIRZA

Balls seem to follow me everywhere.
Did you know I was a quarterback in my
high school days?

JOURNALIST

No, I didn't.

BERIVAN

Was that before or after World War
one?

MAM MIRZA

Very funny. Now what was your question
again?

JOURNALIST

What made you decide on Radio Citadel.

MAM MIRZA

I wasn't on Radio Citadel when I decided, because there wasn't a Radio Citadel. Hahahah, got you.

JOURNALIST ALSO LAUGHS. MAM MIRZA THEN ABRUPTLY STOPS LAUGHING. JOURNALIST FOLLOWS SUIT.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

In one sentence here is the answer to your question. Radio Citadel's job is to be a mirror to our community that will remind our listeners about all the imperfections which are partly the result of ignorance imposed by decades of oppression by both political and religious sectors and further manipulation by regional players along with exploitation by the super powers ever since the turn of the past century and for many centuries before under the sharp double-edged swords of so many princes of darkness who happily beheaded anyone who wouldn't submit or obey and never raise an eyebrow nor ask a question that may instigate God's wrath who is known for his high temper and therefore often irrational actions, all this resulting in you, Mr. Falafel, the product of

(MORE)

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

the dark ages and a victim of your circumstances, who is terribly in need of Radio Citadel to guide you through your day and into your future that looks bright, for you are at the moment on the edge of societal evolution, a slow and long journey forward, of which we are, Radio Citadel that is, the captain of the train.

MAM MIRZA SIGHS AND TAKES A DEEP BREATH, FEELING SATISFIED WITH HIS WORDS. EVERYONE HAS STOPPED WORKING. THEY STAND BY THE OFFICE DOOR AND APPLAUD.

JOURNALIST

That was one very long sentence.

NAZNAZ

Yeah, almost as long as your name.

JOURNALIST

What?

MAM MIRZA

Yes, indeed. I must use it in my tomorrow's opening speech. But I will never remember to say all what I just said again.

PERI KHAN

Sometimes I wonder what is our biggest challenge in this life, ignorance or old age?

MAM MIRZA

In your case both.

PERI KHAN MAKES A FACE.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Did you write it all down? Give me a
copy. Let me see.

MAM MIRZA TAKES JOURNALIST'S NOTE PAD, LOOKS AT IT, IS
DISAPPOINTED.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Just one line?

JOURNALIST

You were talking too fast.

MAM MIRZA THROWS THE NOTE PAD AT HIM.

MAM MIRZA

Two words of wisdom now that I have
your attention. One, a strong man is
he who admits his mistakes. I made a
mistake when I said I liked you. And
two, always follow your first
instinct. Now Get out.

BUT JOURNALIST IS BUSY WRITING IN HIS PAD.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

What are you writing now?

JOURNALIST

Your two words of wisdom.

MAM MIRZA
(shouting)

Get out.

JOURNALIST BEGINS TO WALK OUT. NAZNAZ SCREAMS IN BACKGROUND. EVERYONE TURNS TO HER. BERIVAN AND PERI KHAN ALSO SCREAM.

BERIVAN

It's a mouse.

SHWAN PICKS UP THE BALL AND THROWS IT AT IT, MISSES. ALAN TAKES THE BALL AND TAKES A SHOT, ALSO MISSES. THE GIRLS JUMP UP AS THE MOUSE COMES THEIR WAY.

OPERA MUSIC (SEMPRE LIBERA BY MARIA CALLAS) BLARES FROM THE CONTROL ROOM. CHAOS AS EACH GRABS THE BALL AND THROWS IT AT THE MOUSE WHILE THE WATER HOSE MAKES CIRCLES SPRAYING THE PLACE WITH WATER. THE ACTION TURNS INTO A FRENZIED VOLLEYBALL GAME. BERIVAN RAISES THE BALL AND ALAN SPIKES IT, HITTING THE MOUSE ON THE SPINE.

JOURNALIST SHAKES HIS HEAD AND WALKS OUT.

ALAN

Got him.

THE BALL ENDS UP NEXT TO MAM MIRZA'S FEET. HE PICKS IT UP, WIPES IT WITH HIS HANDS.

MAM MIRZA

Let me show you kids how ball is played. I was the quarterback in my school days.

BERIVAN

Wait, wait, it's dirty. We just killed the mouse with it.

MAM MIRZA THROWS IT AWAY.

MAM MIRZA

Then forget it. Let's eat falafel.

PERI KHAN

Don't touch the falafel. Wash your hands first.

MAM MIRZA

Okay, Mommy.

MAM MIRZA WALKS TO THE TOILET ROOM. ALAN GETS SICK.

ALAN

I'm going to puke.

NAZNAZ

What? It's just a mouse. It's not like
you've crushed a cockroach.

BERIVAN

A cockroach?

NAZNAZ

Well, do you have a better example?

BERIVAN

Of course I do.

NAZNAZ

And that will be?

BERIVAN

(thinks momentarily)

Will tell you later.

SHWAN

Don't puke here, we just cleaned the
floors, please.

PERI KHAN

Go to the bathroom.

BERIVAN KNOCKS ON THE BATHROOM DOOR.

BERIVAN

Mam Mirza, it's emergency, get out of
the bathroom.

MAM MIRZA STEPS OUT.

MAM MIRZA

Now what?

NAZNAZ

Alan, the killer of mice is going to
puke. Go, go Alan.

ALAN

I'm not throwing up in that shit hole.
I only do it in western stools.

EXASPERATED, EVERYONE ROLE THEIR EYES.

PERI KHAN

Well then you puke on my floor or
newly painted walls and I will kick
you so hard Stockholm will have to
erect a net in the sky to catch you.
Now go to the shit hole. God, these
people. They spend a couple of years
in Europe and become fruitcakes.

ALAN

Twenty years.

BERIVAN HANDS ALAN A BUCKET AS HE IS ABOUT TO PUKE.

BERIVAN

Come on, Alan, it was just a mouse.
Give me a man who hasn't killed
someone or something in this country.

PERI KHAN POINTS TO ALAN.

PERI KHAN

There he is.

NAZNAZ

There he was.

SHWAN

(with a mouthful of falafel)

I'm going to have to roughen you up,
old buddy. Give me a week or two and I
will make you sell broken radios in
Sheikhalla and lick gyros grease off
of the back of your hands.

SHWAN LICKS HIS GREASY FINGERS AS HE TALKS.

NAZNAZ

No, you won't. I'd rather you turn to
become like him. I'd rather every
Kurdish man becomes sensible like him.
I think that was the idea for this
radio. Isn't that true, Mam Mirza?

MAM MIRZA

If I said that in my waisted interview
with the stupid journalist, then it's
true.

PERI KHAN

You said that in so many words, Mirza.
And, you know what? I remember your
words and I'm going to write them down
so you can read it in your opening
speech tomorrow.

MAM MIRZA

Well, thank you, Peri Khan. In return
I'm promoting you to be the station
manager.

PERI KHAN

I am already the station manager.

MAM MIRZA

Great, you're born to make my job
easier.

A COMMOTION IS HEARD AT THE DOOR. NAZNAZ CHECKS IT.

NAZNAZ

The furniture has arrived.

ALAN

They better have my Western stool.

A BLACK OUT. SCREEN TURNS TO PITCH DARK.

PERI KHAN

Somebody open the windows.

BERIVAN

We need a generator.

ALAN

I want my toilet stool.

MAM MIRZA

Don't loose my speech for tomorrow.

DELIVERY MAN

Is this Radio Citadel? Where do you
want your furniture?

SHWAN

On the roof. Where do you think?

DELIVERY MAN

Store policy to the roof will cost you
additional tip.

PERI KHAN

Just wait for the electricity.

DELIVERY MAN

Store policy waiting will cost you
additional tip.

SHWAN

Then don't wait, bring it in now.

DELIVERY MAN

Store policy.

EVERYONE

Moving in the dark will cost
additional tip.

DELIVERY MAN

Thank you.

MAM MIRZA

Damn electricity.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINBT. RADIO CITADEL - DAY

(MAM MIRZA, MINISTER, PERI KHAN)

A CROWD OF WELL DRESSED GUESTS IS GATHERED FOR THE OPENING CELEBRATION, AMONG THEM, ARE THE MINISTER OF CULTURE AND HIS SECURITY GUARDS.

THE MINISTER, MAM MIRZA AND PERI KHAN WALK UP THE PODIUM. MAM MIRZA TESTS THE MICROPHONE. THE MIKE MAKES A SHRIEKING SOUND.

MAM MIRZA

This is not the way to start a radio.

Someone kill the Sound man.

SECURITY GUARDS COCK THE HAMMERS OF THEIR AUTOMATIC GUNS. ALAN, THE SOUND MAN JUMPS UNDER THE MIXING TABLE.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Just kidding. Alan is one of our finest staff. He's so fine he crushed a petite little mouse yesterday to ketchup.

ALAN BEGINS TO PUKE AGAIN, RUNS TO THE TOILET. GUARDS RELAX THEIR GUNS.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Now that you saw the Minister's guards ready for action, you better be nice to him.

MINISTER SMILES TAKING THE JOKE FOR ITS FACE VALUE.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Now that we are all safe, I would like to thank our dear Minister of Culture for his presence at this important occasion.

CROWD APPLAUDS.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Now, I was planning to start with a
little speech, which I have here
somewhere...

GOES THROUGH HIS POCKETS, TAKES OUT SOME OLD NAPKINS, A
CIGARETTE PACK, A LIGHTER, A FEW CRUMBLED PAPERS, A PHOTO OF
A WOMAN...

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

This isn't mine.

THE MINISTER QUICKLY TAKES IT AWAY FROM HIM AND STUFFS IT IN
HIS POCKET.

MAM MIRZA PULLS OUT A COMB, A LEMON, A TOBACCO SACK, A PIPE,
MORE LIGHTERS, A LARGER PIPE...

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Getting there.

HE PULLS OUT A HANDKERCHIEF WHICH TURNS INTO A CHAIN OF
HANDKERCHIEFS TIED TO EACH OTHER.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Don't expect a mouse at the end of
this. The mouse is already dead.

LAUGHTER. HE CONTINUES PULLING THE FABRICS LIKE A MAGICIAN.
WHEN DONE, HE PULLS A CRUMBLED NOTE.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Bingo. I've been looking for this for
the past... two minutes.

A ROAR OF LAUGHTER.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Now that I found it, I will go to the
side and read it a couple of times,

(MORE)

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

just to make sure I still agree with everything I've said here.

MORE LAUGHTER.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Meanwhile, I will keep you busy with a few words from our beloved Minister. I hope he doesn't have to look for his notes.

LAUGHTER.

MINISTER

Thank you, Mirza. Actually I don't have any notes. You're probably thinking 'a politician without a written speech?' Well I guess I didn't want to expose the secrets of my pockets, and I could not be as good an entertainer as Mirza Palawan. Mirza is a true entertainer. He is here to entertain you people of Kurdistan through this Radio Citadel. However, this radio will not stop at entertainment: it will also be your voice and your guide to everything that matters in your daily life. At least that is what the invitation note said, and I believe it.

[DURING THE MINISTERS SPEECH WE CUT TO A FEW INSERTS]

INT. TEAHOUSE

PEOPLE LISTEN ATTENTIVELY.

I/E - TAXI

TAXI DRIVER AND HIS CUSTOMER LISTEN TO THE RADIO.

INT. OFFICE

OFFICE WORKERS LISTEN TO THE MINISTER ON THE RADIO.

[END OF INSERTS]

THE CROWD APPLAUDS. PERI KHAN TAKES THE MICROPHONE.

PERI KHAN

Thank you, dear Minister. And yes, we mean everything we claim. We are here for you. We will tell you the weather, the traffic condition as well as activities in the town, such as gallery openings, theaters, concerts, workshops, seminars, anything of interest, in addition to the best music from around the world. I will stop here, I think my boss, the great Mam Mirza Palawan is ready for his speech.

MAM MIRZA WALKS BACK TO THE PODIUM.

MAM MIRZA

Thank you, Peri Khan. Peri Khan Deshti is our station manager with years of experience in radio broadcast abroad. And before I read my note, let me as

(MORE)

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

well introduce you to our dynamic staff. On the left there is our primary program host, Berivan Botani from the North, next to her is psychologist and program producer and host Naznaz Sharazuri from Halabja, Then we have Alan Deelan in the bathroom, who is from here but has lived most of his life in Europe. He is our combination sound engineer and music DJ with tons of CDs from across the globe. We also have Shwan Gawan. Shwan is our technical engineer and program assistant, who helps with on-air telephones and much more. Where is Shwan? Shwan is probably busy wooing some innocent local girl.

INSERT: SHWAN WITH A STICK IN HAND POSED HIGH IN THE AIR, HE STANDS POISED AND STARES AT A MOUSE WHICH STARE BACK AT HIM.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

We have a small but dynamic group and we would like to keep it as that. Now my speech.

HE UNFOLDS HIS NOTE, PUTS ON HIS READING GLASSES, CLEARS HIS THROAT.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Dear ladies and gentlemen. Dear
Minister, our dear listeners out
there...

A SUDDEN SHRIEK FROM VARIOUS WOMEN BRINGS HIS SPEECH TO A
COLD STOP.

SHWAN CHASES THE MOUSE WITH THE STICK, THE CROWD JUMPS AND
RUNS EVERYWICHWAY. PEOPLE FALL ON TOP OF EACH OTHER.

GUARDS COCK THEIR GUNS. WOMEN RUN. MEN CHASE THE MOUSE, THE
MINISTER FALLS FACE DOWN ON THE CAKE.

A GUARD CATCHES A FLYING COKE BOTTLE AND IMMEDIATELY DRINKS
IT.

(INSERTS]

I/E - TAXI

DRIVER AND HIS PEOPLE LISTEN TO THE COMMOTION.

INT - TEAHOUSE

PEOPLE STOP PLAYING DOMINOS AS THEY LISTEN TO THE COMMOTION.

INT - BAKERY SHOP

THE BAKERS AND CUSTOMERS IN LINE LISTEN TO THE RADIO
ATTENTIVELY.

EXT - INTERSECTION

TRAFFIC POLICE HOLDS A HAND RADIO TO HIS EAR AND LISTENS
WHILE CARS FROM ALL FOUR DIRECTIONS BLOW THEIR HORNS.

[END OF INSERTS]

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEINT. RADIO CITADEL - PRODUCTION OFFICE

(MAM MIRZA, SHWAN, NAZNAZ, ALAN, BERIVAN, PERI KHAN,
EVERYONE, LISTNER 1 ON PHONE, LISTNER 2 ON PHONE, LISTNER 3
ON PHONE)

THE PLACE IS A WRECK FROM THE PREVIOUS ACT'S EVENT. MAM MIRZA
SITS ON HIS DESK WITH SPEECH NOTE IN HAND. THE REST OF THE
STAFF ARE EQUALLY DEJECTED.

SHWAN PLAYS WITH CARDS. NAZNAZ WATCHES TOM AND JERRY ON TV.

MAM MIRZA

Now we are going to be known as the
mice radio. Wonderful job, Shwan, the
protector of the mice station.

SHWAN

(taking it as a complement)

Oh, you're welcome.

EVERYONE LOOKS AT HIM WITH A GLARE. PERI KHAN TURNS OFF THE
TV.

NAZNAZ

Hey, I was watching that. I love Tom
and Jerry.

EVERYONE LOOKS AT HER WITH DISAPPROVAL.

NAZNAZ (CONT'D)

I mean, I used to love it.

MAM MIRZA

Now, can someone tell me how are we
going to fix the damage?

SHWAN RAISES HIS HAND.

SHWAN

We can do the opening all over.

ALAN

No, we can make the public believe it was all an act, that it was a joke we did just to show our sense of humour.

BERIVAN

Right, we can put that in a newspaper.

PERI KHAN

And we can announce it on the radio.

ALAN

I can do that now. But please, no mouse chasing while I'm live on air.

ALAN WALKS TOWARDS THE CONTROL ROOM, THEN JUMPS IN MIDWAY AND SCREAMS.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Mice. They've come for revenge.

EVERYONE STANDS UP ATTENTIVELY, READY TO ATTACK.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

ALAN WALKS INTO THE CONTROL ROOM, FADES OUT THE MUSIC AND TALKS INTO THE MICROPHONE.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Dear listeners, In a few moments we will begin episode two of the Mystery Mouse radio drama. This episode is entitled "Where is the Cheese?" Starring our own talented staff, Berivan, Peri Khan, Naznaz, Shwan and myself of course, Alan, always at your

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

service, and our mystery guest playing the mystery mouse. I can't tell you his name because then he will not be a mystery.

HE GETS APPROVAL SIGNALS FROM THE REST OF THE STAFF.

PERI KHAN

I wonder where this is going.

NAZNAZ

It's a mystery. I love mystery games.

PERI KHAN GIVES HER A LOOK.

ALAN

I can tell you this much about our mystery Mouse: he is a politician, well known, maybe not so well, but if you see him you will recognize him. Now here is the deal: if you guess who the mystery mouse is you will get a special gift. And the gift is...

ALAN LOOKS AT HIS CO-WORKERS FOR SUGGESTIONS.

MAM MIRZA

Falafel for the whole family.

PERI KHAN

Mam Mirza, we're trying to fix our image here.

MAM MIRZA

What's wrong with falafel?

BERIVAN

A watch, a juicer, a microwave.

NAZNAZ

Cote guhareyêk, bazinî zêr, hemu kesêk
pêwîstî be bazinî zêre. Bashe, lefî
pirç, afret hezryan lêye.

SHWAN

Min elêm tombêlêkî nwê.

MAM MIRZA

To parekey dedey?

PERI KHAN

Gwê bigrin, eme shtêke pêman dekirê.
Xwardin bo du nefer le çêstxaneyêkî
ser hezî xot.

EVERYONE

Bravo.

ALAN

Xelateke xwardin bo du nefer le
çêstxaneyêkî ser hezî xot. Dubare,
telefonman bo bike u eger zanît
mêwanekeman, mishkî nenas kêye
u xelateket xwardin bo du kes le her
çêstxaneyêk le Hewlêr. Emesh
telefonkemane: 107-777-7777.

TELEFUNEKE DEST YEKSER BE LÊDAN DEKET. HEMU XETEKANÎ TELEFON
PÊ DEBIN. STAFEKE BE SER SURMAYEWE SEYRÎ DEKEN.

PERI KHAN

Le waneye pêwîstî be çakirdinî hîç
shtêk niye.

BERIVAN

Yan em her dem xelatên xwarnê bidin
guhbara.

MAM MIRZA

Bîrêkî bashe. Reklamêkî erzan bo
çêstxanekan u xwardinî belashîsh bo
ême. Ewey be dilîtî dest berzka.

SHWAN DESTÎ BERZ DEKAT.

SHWAN

Xwardinî belash.

PERI KHAN

Key bo xwardinî belash gutîte na. Dey,
welamî telefonekan biden. Naznaz,
yarmetîyan bide.

NAZNAZ

Belam min welamekey Mishkî Nenas
dezanim. Mam Mirza ye.

HEMUYAN BE SER SURMAYEWE SEYRÎ DEKEN.

NAZNAZ (CONT'D)

Ew niye? O, xwardine belashekem
dewîst.

MAM MIRZA

(be dengî berz)

Welamî telefonekan bide.

NAZNAZ

Bashe, bashe, Piewîst nakat wa tore
bî.

NAZNAZ TELEFONEKE HELDEGRÊT. SHWANÎSH XETÊKÎTIR WELAM DEDAT.

SHWAN

Radyoy Qela le gelte, le ser xet be.

NAZNAZ

Radyoy Qela, le ser xet be, bê zehmet.

ALAN

Nawit u welameket?

LISTNER 1 ON PHONE

Bexwa nazanim.

ALAN

Çi nazanî? Nawit yan welameket?

LISTNER 1 ON PHONE

Welameke.

ALAN

Madam nazanî, bo telefunit kird?

LISTNER 1 ON PHONE

Nazanim.

ALAN

Le ser xetî, fermo, mishkî nanas kêye?

LISTNER 2 ON PHONE

Naynasim, belam pirsyarêkim heye
sebarete be gaz u kehreba.

ALAN

Bibore, eme bernamey mishkî nanas e.

LISTNER 2 ON PHONE

Mebestim, tu bilêy ew mishkî
nanaseletan bitwanê hindê gaz u
kehrebaman bidatê?

ALAN

Bêguman lêy depirsîn, her çendîsh be
zehmet deybînîm le ber ewey kehrebay
hemu sharekey neybirdiye, tenha hî yek
gerekî birdiye.

Le ser xetî, fermo, nawit u welameket.

LISTNER 3 ON PHONE (O.C.)

Nawim Saman e. Pêshî welamit bidem,
pirsyarêkim heye.

ALAN (O.C.)

Fermo, kak Saman.

LISTNER 3 ON PHONE

Xo xwardineke le destgatan niye? Çonke
namanewê le naw mishkekan bixoyî.

ALAN (O.C.)

Haha, Na, lêre nabêt. Le malî dapîrit
depêt. Belam her ista notêkim bo hat,
delêt dapîrî Saman mishk xwardîtî. Xwa
efuy kat. Be daxewe, çawerêy xwardinî
dapîrii Saman neken.

LISTNER 3 ON PHONE

Ewe galtem pê dekey? Dezanî min kême?

ALAN

Nawit Samane eger dirot ne kirdibê.

LISTNER 3 ON PHONE

Min bawkim Parlamantare, herwa serok
eshîrete, tacirêkî kon u gewreye u
xawen mikêkî zore.

ALAN

Le tirsî da dewim sir bu.

NAZNAZ

Wa diyare mishkî nanas xoytî.

ALAN

Ew kone kese bêguman shehadeshî heye,
wa niye?

LISTNER 3 ON PHONE

Bawkim le hemutan zanatire. Itir
wusbe, dewit daxe, yanish her ista êwe
u radyo qoreketan weku zibildanêk
desutênim.

ALAN

Tikaye terorman neke, taze wa destman
be îsh kirdiye.
Radyoy Qela, le ser xet bimêne ta
duway em nawbire.

SHWEAN MOSÎQAKE BERZ DEKAT.

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5JRW. RADYO OELA

(DELIVERY MAN, SHWAN, PERÎ XAN, MAM MIRZA, NAZNAZ, BERIVAN,
ALAN, EVERYONE)

A DELIVERY MAN WALKS IN WITH A BANG. EVERYONE RECOILS. HE
CARRIES A CARTON BOX.

DELIVERY MAN

Is this Radio Citadel?

SHWAN

No, this is Abu Shehab restaurant.

DELIVERY MAN

Sorry.

HE WALKS BACK OUT.

PERÎ XAN

Wait.

DELIVERY MAN STOPS IN THE ENTRANCE.

PERÎ XAN (CONT'D)

What does the sign outside say?

DELIVERY MAN

Radio Citadel.

MAM MIRZA

Then why do you ask?

DELIVERY MAN

Because I don't know everything. I'm
just a delivery man.

PERÎ XAN

There goes your theory.

MAM MIRZA
(to Delivery Man))

I hate you.

MAM MIRZA WALKS INTO HIS OFFICE.

DELIVERY MAN

This is a gift from a listener.

PERÎ XAN

What listener? What gift?

DELIVERY MAN

I don't know. I'm just the delivery
man. Good day.

DELIVERY MAN LEAVES.

PERÎ XAN

Wait, wait. What do you think it is?

SHWAN

It doesn't sound good.

NAZNAZ

Why not? It's a gift from a fan.

BERIVAN

Could his name be Saman?

PERÎ XAN

Good point.

ALAN

It could be anything. I'm not ready
for surprises.

PERÎ XAN

Me neither.

BERIVAN

Or maybe his father, the zana.

NAZNAZ
(terrified)

Zana? Don't say that.

BERIVAN

This is still Iraq, isn't it?

NAZNAZ

Don't say that?

PERÎ XAN

Let's call the police.

SHWAN

Let me see.

EVERYONE

Shwan, don't.

SHWAN

Come on, you're getting carried away.

I won't press anything. I'll just feel
what's in it.

PERÎ XAN

Shwan get away from it. Let the police
do it.

SHWAN

If it is a bomb, it will destroy the
whole building. What is the deference
if I move closer or not?

NAZNAZ

Let's get out of here, please.

SHWAN PUTS HIS HAND IN THE BOX. A SOUND LIKE A GUN SHOT. SHWAN JUMPS AND SCREAMS. EVERYONE DIVES UNDER THE DESKS AND SCREAMS. SHWAN PULLS OUT HIS HAND WHICH IS CAUGHT IN A MOUSE TRAP.

SHWAN

It's a trap. Somebody help me.

EVERYBODY SHIVERS WITH FEAR. NAZNAZ DIALS A NUMBER ON HER CELL PHONE.

BERIVAN

Who are you calling?

NAZNAZ

My husband to say goodbye.

SHWAN

Would somebody help me? It's just a mouse trap.

MAM MIRZA WALKS OUT OF HIS OFFICE.

MAM MIRZA

What is all the commotion? Oh, you got a mouse trap on your fingers. Don't do that again, it will break your fingers. And where did everyone go?

EVERYBODY COMES OUT FROM UNDER THE DESKS, ALL LOOKING PALE.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Oh my God, a room full of ghosts. They were our staff. How did they die?

HE HELPS SHWAN WITH THE TRAP.

MAM MIRZA (CONT'D)

Now, where did you get this from?

SHWAN

The gift from the listener.

MAM MIRZA PLACES THE TRAP BACK IN THE BOX, SEES A NOTE, PICKS IT UP WITH ONE HAND AND WITH THE OTHER HAND HE LEANS ON THE BOX.

MAM MIRZA
(reading the note)

A gift from a fan to solve your mice
problem and to let you know that we
are here for you if you are there for
us.

HIS WEIGHT CAUSES HIS HAND TO SLIP INSIDE THE BOX. MANY TRAP CLAPPING SOUNDS. HE JUMPS AND SHRIEKS. FOUR MOUSE TRAPS, EACH IS LOCKED ON ONE OF HIS FINGERS. HE RUNS AROUND THE ROOM WHILE SCREAMING. HIS STAFF RUNS AFTER HIM AS THEY TRY TO HELP.

ROLL CREDITS

END OF ACT THREE