

The Miracle Play

by
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Based on, "The Miracle Play of Hasan and Husein"
By Sir Lewis Pelly

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE UP OF DISHEVELED BEARD AND CRACKED LIPS. PULL BACK TO FULL SHOT OF STARVED, TIRED MAN HOLDING A PHONE TO HIS EAR.

This is HUSAIN. His face is that of a man who has gone through hell, while maintaining a subtle air of dignity and understanding. He is on the phone with THE DARWISH from Kabul, a powerful man who cares dearly for Husain.

HUSAIN

Why are you crying? You have
already lost an amazing leader,
Abbas. Cry for him, not for me.

There is no response through the phone. The labored breaths of the Darwish are audible. When he speaks, his voice cracks.

THE DARWISH (O.S.)

You know, a few nights ago, I
dreamt I was in a valley. For some
reason, I decided I would sleep
there. And in the middle of the
night, I heard a child crying. A
little girl. She was so thirsty
that she had given up her will to
live. I saw her fall to the ground,
unconscious and ran to her. I
looked over and saw a cup of water
and let her drink. What does it
mean? I beg of you, tell me where
the child is, and let me water her.

Husain clutches the phone, his eyes welling with tears.

HUSAIN

The girl you dreamt of. That is my
beautiful daughter.

(beat)

Oh God, I pray that you never let
any man, nor any family fall into
the hellish state I am resigned to.

THE DARWISH (O.S.)

Why are they doing this to you and
your family? Your daughter of all
people? You're little girl of all
people. Why must she, most innocent
of all people, be condemned to
suffer from thirst?

HUSAIN

We are never truly in need of water in this life. You are deceived if you believe that we are of this world. I can make the moon, the stars, the sky fall onto the earth if I wanted to. Do you think creating water for my children is such a difficult task? No, I could make water pour of the ground if I wanted, but I would rather die of thirst and revel in the glory of God. I die parched, and offer myself as a sacrifice for the sins of my people.

THE DARWISH (O.S.)

What's your name? Are you a prophet of God? Your humility, piety and worldliness must be that of Allah himself.

Husain smiles a wise, knowing smile into the phone. It is the smile of a grandfather watching his grandchild realize for the first time that the lightswitch does in fact cause the light to flicker on.

HUSAIN

You will find out soon enough, for you too will be a martyr. Tell me, Darwish, how did you see this plan ending? You tell me this, and I'll tell you who I am.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL HUSAIN WEARING THE ORANGE JUMPSUIT OF A CRIMINAL, SITTING IN A DILAPIDATED JAIL CELL. HE IS ON THE PHONE, VIA "VISITOR HOUR" COMMUNICATION, TALKING THROUGH A GLASS WINDOW TO THE DARWISH.