The Miracle Play

by

Mason Hsieh

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 light switch 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.