

WINDOWS

By

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FADE IN:

INT. SYRIA, LIVING ROOM - DUSK

A small lovely living room. In the middle at a wooden diner table sits BILAL, 17. A Syrian young man with worn-out clothes.

The door to the living room opens and HADID, 59, enters the room.

The Syrian with grayed hair looks at Bilal nervously, while moving to the table.

HADID

What's wrong? It sounded very urgent. Are you hurt?

Bilal shoots him a smile and shakes instinctively his head.

BILAL

No - I guess I just needed to talk to you.

HADID

Talk to me? Why the mournful tone? You look tired, my friend. Did you slept bad? I told you that you drink too many of these unhealthy drinks.

Both chuckle a little. A chuckle that turns into an uncomfortable silence.

Bilal gazes at the wall. A deep sadness is spreading over his face, making his lips shiver a little.

BILAL

I miss them.

Hadid frowns by the look of his dismally partner. A young man that used to express happiness and greatness and now not more than a broken fraction of his alter ego.

HADID

Me too. There is not one day passing by that I didn't think about it.

Tears wet Bilal's eyes.

BILAL

(quavering voice)

I ... I'm just asking myself why?
 ... Why us? Why in the name of
 Allah, he took them?

Hadid sighs by the deep and piteous query. A question he asked himself over and over again.

HADID

Unfortunately we aren't granted to
 foreseen the future or to change
 the past, but we are always able to
 build our palace of joy in the
 present. Don't grieve about the
 dead, Bilal. Things got taken away
 from us every day. Sometimes it is
 just time and sometimes it is the
 chance of spending time with our
 loved ones. Life is a mysterious
 journey. Full of obstacles. But it
 isn't about solving the problems
 ... it is about creating
 opportunities.

(smiling)

Allah, was so generous and granted
 you with an opportunity, and if you
 still are the smart and wonderful
 young man that I used to know, then
 you'll find a way to make the best
 out of it.

Bilal shivers by the wise words, while fearing his next confession.

BILAL

I'm afraid.

HADID

I know, my son. We all are, but
 Allah will guard you like he always
 did.

BILAL

Allah is dead, he left us long ago.

HADID

STOP IT! NEVER SAY THAT AGAIN! This
 is not how your mother and I raised
 you. Allah is always there and you
 are not about to question his might
 or his appearance. He works in his
 very own way and he knows as best
 how he does it.

Bilal turns his look to the floor. His face is telling that he fears the eye-contact with his father.

BILAL

What should I do? How am I gonna to live? Where and why?

HADID

We will live, cause life is worth it. From all creations Allah had done, the freedom of choosing our own path is the sweetest.

(sighs)

Is it going to be tough? ...
Probably, yes. If life would be easy we wouldn't develop, cause it is the detour, the obstacle, the question that gives the story its details and its fantastic extras.

(smiling)

You're a bright man and you will find a way to make it work.

Bilal gazes sadly at the floor.

Hadid looks at him with a mournful face, then glances through the small living room, till a beautiful paint catches his attention.

HADID

You know who painted this picture, Bilal?

The young man raises his head and looks at the colorful paint. On it the shape of a man standing in a colorful forest and holding an umbrella, while colorful leaves are flying in the wind. A through and through magical picture.

Bilal shakes his head - "No".

Hadid grins a little.

HADID (CONT'D)

It's from John Bramblitt. Do you know who John Bramblitt is?

The boy shakes his head - "No".

HADID

He is an US-american artist. Do you know what he is too?

And again the silent head shake.

HADID

He is fully blind.

Bilal's face expression reflects his astonishment.

HADID (O.S.)

(theatrically)

With his finger tips he feels the colors and creates the beautiful pictures he already sees in his mind.

BILAL

What are you trying to tell me?

HADID

If your vision and the will to fulfill it are strong enough, then you'll always find a way to convert it into reality.

BILAL

I have no vision.

HADID

We all have. We are born with it. It just not reveals to us from the start. It's like looking at someone through a fogged-up window. It needs patience to see the fog vanishing until the person behind the window becomes as clear as your fingers.

Bilal looks at his bruised fingers.

BILAL

What if I don't wanna see the person behind it?

HADID

You're are fearing what you will look at?

Bilal nods. Hadid made a point.

HADID (CONT'D)

That's totally normal. Pursuing something that isn't existing at present always carries a fear within it. But this is a good thing.

BILAL

It is?

HADID

Sure. How do you know that it is worth it, when not being forced to step out of the circle of what you used to know? Expanding your life always asks for expanding your character. Sometimes it asks for small changes like unlearn a bad habit, and sometimes it asks for big sacrifices.

BILAL

Sacrifices like ruining my life.

HADID

It's not ruined. You're breathing, right? And if I'm not totally wrong, is the thing called 'heart', still beating too, right?

Bilal hesitantly nods.

HADID (CONT'D)

Well, then life isn't ruined. Not completely. It's up to you. You can create, excellent pictures that delight everyone who looks at them or you decide to forget about your vision and continue to stare at fogged-up windows.

Bilal looks at Hadid, trying not to lose his emotional control by the next question he is about to ask.

BILAL

Why are they doing this to us?

(jumps up)

What have we ever done to them?

(off-screen)

Why do they chose us?

Hadid looks at his raging son. A lonely tear runs down his cheek.

BILAL

(tears; quavering voice)

Do they not care about what they are doing here? What kind of malicious vision do they see by doing those cruelties to us?

HADID

My son --

BILAL

-- NO. I WANNA KNOW! WHY ARE THEY
DOING THIS TO US! ... Tell me.

HADID

Bilal, I --

BILAL

-- TELL ME!

HADID

I can't.

Bilal's body shivers wildly by the answer he expected but never wanted to hear.

Hadid looks mournful at the table.

HADID

All my life long I've tried my best
to take care of your mother and of
you and your little sister.

(rubbing over his finger tips)

I gave my best to raise you up into
respectful people. People that
beneficially contribute to our
civilization and more
importantly...

(looking into Bilal's face)

...never surrender.

Bilal looks at his father bewildered.

HADID

The day you've been born...

(off-screen)

...I told to your mother that Allah
not only blessed me with a son.

(smiling)

He gave me an even much more
pleasant gift.

The boy looks at him curiously. Like waiting for the answer,
he have been searching all his life long.

HADID

He gave me a second chance.

Bilal shivers, while tears are running down his cheeks.

HADID

Growing up with no parents is tough, but growing up poor and during a war is barley bearable.

Bilal looks away. The words seem to hurt him a lot.

HADID (CONT'D)

(fighting the tears)

I wished for you a better life and for a while it seems like I achieved it, but --

-- Hadid's speech finds a sudden stop due to his emotional rapture.

Bilal observes in pure sadness the old man sobering. Ones never saw such a broken man.

Hadid looks up to the ceiling.

HADID

I never wanted you to go through the same.

(looking at Bilal)

I'm sorry, my son. I failed it. You shouldn't have to bear such a heavy burden on your shoulders.

Bilal's face is a pure reflection of wildly mixed feelings. His lips shivers and his throat is tense.

Hadid sighs. He seems to catches himself. With reddened eyes he raises his look to Bilal and breaths.

HADID

I'm proud of you. We all are. Always were and always will be. We will always be with you and guard your way through life. Allah is on your side and he will help making things work out for you. Never forget how much your mother and I love you. Never!

(smiling)

You became even yet a better man than I ever could have imagine. A man that will find his path and converts his vision into reality. A vision that will delight our all lives when truly unfolded.

Hadid stands up and moves to Bilal.

Bilal copies the movement and both meet on halfway between.
Hadid smiles and embraces his son heavily.

HADID

Never forget how much we love you.

Both with closed eyes and both drawn to their feelings.

A brief breath and the scene switches.

The living room changes into a RUIN and Hadid vanishes like sand carried by the wind.

Bilal opens his eyes, seeing him all alone in the remains of what used to be his home.

Everything now just scattered debris, littered with ash and sand.

Bilal glances around: Through the open walls he can see his town. Bombed and mostly destroyed.

The young man sits down, sobering and fighting for breath.

Suddenly, an object, mostly covered under ash and sand, catches his attention.

Bilal grabs it and sweeps the sand off.

The boy looks shocked by the discovery of the paint.

A small grin on his face.

A MILITARY HELICOPTER flies over him away and the self-confidence expressed on his face indicates the will to see the person behind the window.

HADID (V.O.)

You'll find a way.

FADE OUT.

THE END