WINDOWS

By

The StoryTeller

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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 steamed-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, 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 steamed-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 the 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
life 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.

Bilal sits down, sobering and fighting for breath.

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

He grabs it and sweeps the sand away with his hand.

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**