

THE INCOHERENCE

Written by
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Based on the life and work of
Ibn Rushd (Averroes, 1126-1198)

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Historical Note:

This screenplay dramatizes the intellectual and political conflicts of 12th-century al-Andalus, drawing on documented events and philosophical texts.

LOGLINE

In 12th-century Córdoba, philosopher-physician Ibn Rushd (Averroes) confronts a series of apparent miracles that threaten the foundations of rational medicine and law. When he discovers the "signs" are being manufactured by the state to control public belief, he must choose between speaking the truth that will cost him everything--or protecting the institutions he has built by remaining silent.

THEMES

THE INCOHERENCE explores the tension between faith and reason, institutional power and intellectual honesty, and the vulnerability of knowledge in times of political crisis. It examines how authority uses spectacle to replace argument, and how ideas survive through exile, translation, and accident rather than triumph.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CÓRDOBA - MEDICAL SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Midday. White Andalusian light fractures across limestone paving, producing hard-edged shadows that make every surface legible. Heat shimmers faintly above the stone, as if the air itself were breathing.

A low wooden table stands beneath a stretched canvas awning. On it: brass instruments laid with deliberate order, ceramic bowls, folded strips of linen, a shallow basin of water reflecting a clipped rectangle of sky. Nothing decorative. Everything chosen.

IBN RUSHD -- AVERROES -- early sixties, lean, spare, with the hands of a man who has spent decades alternating between pen and blade, sits cross-legged on a cushion. His fingers are permanently darkened by ink and medicinal stains. His posture is exact, economical.

Before him sits a PATIENT -- forties, laborer, shoulders thick from work -- his tunic pulled aside to expose a swollen shoulder joint, skin taut, flushed, angry with heat.

A semicircle of STUDENTS surrounds the table. Twelve in number. Muslim, Jewish, Christian. Some barely old enough to shave; others older, hands scarred by former trades. They watch with varying mixtures of confidence, anxiety, and hope.

At the back, half in shadow, a figure in a plain student djellaba sits very still. Hood drawn. This is AISHA BINT RUSHD, nineteen, disguised with practiced ease. She does not look away.

Averroes takes the patient's wrist between thumb and forefinger. He closes his eyes.

We do not hear a literal pulse. Instead, the rhythm is suggested -- a faint emphasis in the ambient sound, almost imperceptible, syncing breath to beat.

He releases the wrist. Opens his eyes. Looks not immediately at the injury, but at the basin of water, then the angle of shadow along the courtyard wall. Time, measured without display.

AVERROES

(to the students)

The pulse is fast but regular.
The heat is localized. The skin
is red, not darkened. This
tells us the body is reacting,
not failing.

A STUDENT -- eager, sharp-featured -- leans forward.

STUDENT

Master, how can we be certain
this reaction is the cause, and
not merely the sign?

Averroes turns his head slowly. He treats the question as
fragile, not foolish.

AVERROES

Because signs repeat. Causes
persist. If you confuse them,
you will chase shadows until the
patient dies of patience.

A few students exchange glances. One nods. Another frowns.

STUDENT (CONT'D)

But some say illness is a test.
That the body suffers because
God wishes it so.

A murmur moves through the semicircle -- agreement,
hesitation, relief.

Averroes does not sigh. He does not rebuke. He adjusts his
grip on the lancet, grounding himself in the work.

AVERROES

If you believe that, you may
pray. Prayer is not forbidden
here.

(beat)

But if you stay, you will
observe first. Intention does
not substitute for attention.

He raises the lancet slightly so all can see it. The blade
catches the light, precise, unadorned.

AVERROES (CONT'D)

This tool has no theology. It
cuts whether you are righteous
or cruel. That is not blasphemy.
That is reliability.

He makes a small, exact incision. The PATIENT flinches,
then exhales as pressure releases. Dark, amber-tinged fluid
drains into a waiting cup.

The courtyard holds its breath -- then releases it. Life
resumes at a lower volume.

AISHA watches closely. Not the blood. The angle of entry.
The restraint. The refusal to dramatize pain.

As Averroes cleans the wound, the camera drifts -- not
insistently -- to a shaded alcove at the courtyard's edge.

There: a CLEPSYDRA. A simple water clock. Water drips from
one vessel to another. Drip. Drip. Drip.

The sound is not emphasized. It is simply present -- as
natural as breath.

AVERROES

(as he works)

When you see suffering, do not
ask first what God intends. Ask
what the body is doing. Healing
leaves traces. So does decay.

(beat)

If you refuse to read those
traces, you will call ignorance
piety and negligence humility.

He finishes, binds the wound, presses gently to ensure
firmness.

AVERROES (CONT'D)

(to the patient)

Clean twice daily. If the
redness spreads beyond this line,
return immediately.

He traces a careful boundary with his finger. The patient
nods, grateful, chastened.

The patient is helped away. Students disperse slowly,
talking in low voices.

AISHA remains seated. Averroes packs his instruments with
the same care he used to unpack them.

He senses her presence without turning. A pause -- not
acknowledgment, not denial.

CUT

TO:

2 INT. COURT OF LAW - HALL OF JURISTS - DAY

The same Andalusian light, but disciplined. It enters
through high lattice windows and breaks into repeating
geometric patterns across the floor. The air is cooler than
the courtyard, heavier with bodies and restraint.

Rows of JURISTS sit on low benches, robes arranged with
ceremonial care. Scrolls, tablets, wax seals. The quiet
here is not peace; it is containment.

At the center, on a raised cushion, sits AVERROES in his
role as QADI. The physician's tools are gone. In their
place: a writing tablet, a stylus, a small stack of legal
precedents. His hands are unchanged. Ink, medicine, law --
the same fingers, different grammar.

Before him stand two men.

On the left, a BUILDER, mid-fifties, beard dusted
permanently white with lime. His hands are thick, knuckles
split and healed badly. On the right, a LABORER, younger,
arm bound tightly, bruises blooming purple and yellow
beneath the cloth.

Between them, an unspoken absence: a collapsed wall.

A JUNIOR JURIST rises, scroll in hand. He speaks formally,
but his eyes flick toward Averroes, searching.

JUNIOR JURIST

The matter before the court
concerns injury sustained during
the collapse of a retaining
wall on the eastern works. The
question is whether fault may be
assigned.

A pause. The words "fault" and "assigned" hang uneasily.

AVERROES

Let the builder speak.

The BUILDER clears his throat. He does not look at the laborer. He looks upward, just above the jurists' heads, as if addressing a ceiling that might absolve him.

BUILDER

The wall stood as walls stand.
Stone upon stone. Mortar mixed
as my father taught me. It fell
because God willed it to fall.

A murmur ripples through the benches -- not outrage, but relief. The phrase lands softly, like a blanket placed over responsibility.

BUILDER (CONT'D)

Who am I to argue with the
decree of the Most High?

The LABORER shifts. Pain flickers across his face. He speaks hesitantly, unused to rooms like this.

LABORER

I was beneath it, my lord. I
heard a crack before it fell.
Like dry wood.

The BUILDER stiffens.

BUILDER

Stone cracks when God commands
it.

Averroes lowers his eyes to his tablet. He marks something -- a small notation, precise.

AVERROES

How long had the wall stood?

BUILDER

Two seasons. Nearly three.

AVERROES

And the mortar? Lime and sand?

BUILDER

As always.

AVERROES

From which quarry came the
stone?

The BUILDER hesitates. Just a fraction too long.

BUILDER

The northern cut. Cheaper
transport.

Averroes looks up now. His gaze is not accusatory. It is
diagnostic.

AVERROES

The northern stone fractures
along internal seams when
improperly cured. It demands
thicker mortar and longer
setting time.

The JUNIOR JURIST shifts uncomfortably. He interjects,
carefully.

JUNIOR JURIST

Qadi, if I may -- does this not
presume that the wall obeys
necessity rather than divine
immediacy?

The room tightens. Several heads turn. This is the
dangerous sentence.

Averroes does not answer immediately. He looks instead at
the LABORER's bound arm.

AVERROES

If I said the arm broke because
God willed it, would you refuse
the splint?

A ripple of unease.

JUNIOR JURIST

No, my lord, but--

AVERROES

Then you already believe that
God's will includes consistency.

(beat)

Law cannot function if injury is
inscrutable. If every collapse
is miracle, then no craft exists
-- only luck and prayer.

He turns to the BUILDER.

AVERROES (CONT'D)

You chose cheaper stone. You
reduced mortar. You hurried the
setting. These are causes.

(beat)

God did not conceal them from
you.

The BUILDER's jaw tightens. His defense is slipping,
replaced by something like resentment.

A SENIOR JURIST leans toward his neighbor, whispers -- not
quite inaudible.

SENIOR JURIST

Careful. He speaks as if the
world binds even Heaven.

Averroes hears. He does not respond to the whisper. He
writes.

AVERROES

Judgment: negligence.
Compensation is owed. The
injured man will receive wages
for the season lost, paid by the
builder's guild.

The stylus presses firmly. Final.

The LABORER exhales, relief and disbelief mingled. The
BUILDER bows stiffly, anger contained.

As the parties withdraw, the JUNIOR JURIST remains standing.

JUNIOR JURIST

Qadi... forgive me. But some
will say that this ruling limits
God.

Averroes looks at him -- really looks.

AVERROES

No. It limits excuses.

The JUNIOR JURIST absorbs this, unsettled.

As the court moves to the next case, the camera drifts again
-- to the side wall.

There, recessed into stone, another CLEPSYDRA. Same rhythm.
Drip. Drip.

But now the sound feels louder. More noticeable. Time as
obligation.

CUT

TO:

3 EXT. CÓRDOBA - STREET OUTSIDE THE COURT - DAY

The court doors open onto noise. Not chaos, but density
-- vendors calling, carts creaking, voices overlapping in
practiced disorder. The city breathes differently than the
courtroom.

AVERROES steps out, flanked briefly by two COURT SCRIBES who
peel away without ceremony. Authority dissolves the moment
it exits architecture.

Across the street, a small CROWD has gathered around a
PREACHER. He stands atop an overturned crate, robes rough,
voice well-trained for outrage and reassurance in equal
measure.

PREACHER

--and who are we to say why a
wall falls or a child sickens?
Are we builders of fate? Are we
physicians of decree?

A few listeners murmur assent.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

No. We are servants. And
servants do not ask how the
Master moves His hand.

Averroes slows, not intentionally. The words catch him like
grit in the shoe.

AISHA, still hooded, has emerged from the crowd behind
him. She keeps distance, watching both the preacher and
her father with equal intensity.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

Beware those who tell you that
stone remembers weight and that
flesh obeys rules. They replace
wonder with arrogance and call
it knowledge.

The PREACHER's eyes flick briefly toward Averroes.
Recognition, sharpened by rumor.

PREACHER (CONT'D)

There are men in this city who
would rather measure God than
fear Him.

A murmur swells. Not a shout. Something worse -- agreement
without commitment.

Averroes stops. He turns. For a moment, it seems he might
speak.

AISHA's breath catches.

He does not speak. He looks instead at a nearby CHILD,
no more than eight, watching the preacher with open
concentration, as if trying to memorize the cadence rather
than the meaning.

Averroes turns away.

AISHA falls into step beside him as they walk.

AISHA

You could have answered him.

AVERROES

I answered him this morning. In
a room that required listening.

AISHA

He speaks where listening is
optional.

They pass a PUBLIC FOUNTAIN. Water pours steadily from a lion's mouth into a basin. Women fill jars. Children splash.

Averroes watches the flow for half a beat longer than necessary.

AVERROES

When argument leaves law and
enters appetite, it becomes
spectacle.

AISHA

Spectacle is faster.

Averroes says nothing.

As they move on, the camera lingers on the fountain. The flow is steady. Ordinary. Reliable.

For now.

CUT

TO:

4 INT. AVERROES' STUDY - LATE AFTERNOON

A high-ceilinged room lined with books -- philosophy, law, medicine -- arranged not by prestige but by use. Margins crowded with notes in several hands.

Sunlight slants low through a lattice window, illuminating dust and the spine of a large manuscript: *TAHĀFUT AL-FALĀSIFA*.

Averroes sits at a low desk. Before him: blank parchment. He does not yet write.

AISHA removes her hood. Her hair is bound tightly, scholar's discipline more than disguise.

AISHA

They are repeating it in the
market. That you bind God with
stone and sinew.

AVERROES

Then they misunderstand both God
and stone.

He finally dips his pen. Writes the title deliberately:
TAHĀFUT AL-TAHĀFUT.

AISHA

You are answering a book written
before I was born.

AVERROES

I am answering its consequences.

He pauses, rubs his fingers. Ink stains, old scars.

AVERROES (CONT'D)

Al-Ghazālī was sincere. That is
what makes him dangerous.

AISHA

And you?

Averroes considers the question more seriously than it may
deserve.

AVERROES

I am precise. That may be
worse.

A knock at the door. A SERVANT enters, hesitant.

SERVANT

Master, there is talk -- in Fez.
At al-Qarawiyyīn.

AISHA's eyes sharpen at the name.

SERVANT (CONT'D)

They say the jurists there still
teach law beside astronomy.
That a woman founded the place,
long ago.

Averroes looks up, surprised despite himself.

AVERROES

Fātima al-Fihri. Yes.

A faint smile -- brief, private.

AVERROES (CONT'D)

When institutions remember their
origins, they resist decay a
little longer.

AISHA

Do you think they would hear you
there?

Averroes does not answer immediately.

AVERROES

Fez listens. Bologna debates.
Córdoba...

He gestures vaguely, encompassing the city beyond the walls.

AVERROES (CONT'D)

Córdoba believes it already
knows.

Outside, distant shouting rises -- not violent, but charged.

Averroes returns his attention to the page. Begins to write
in earnest.

The scratch of the pen becomes rhythmic, almost percussive.

The camera drifts again -- to the corner of the room.

The CLEPSYDRA. Drip. Drip.

Time passes. Something is being set in motion.

CUT

TO:

3A EXT. CÓRDOBA - MARKET DISTRICT - LATE AFTERNOON

The market is dense and loud. Canvas awnings sag under the weight of heat. Flies hover. Merchants shout prices with theatrical despair.

SALADIN, early 30s, dark-skinned, broad-shouldered, moves through the crowd carrying a basket for his MASTER, who follows several paces behind, distracted by bargaining. Saladin wears a slave's collar -- plain leather, practical, unornamented.

Saladin's eyes are alert, not fearful. He watches everything.

Near a bread stall, a STREET URCHIN -- twelve, barefoot, sharp-eyed -- waits. He watches the BAKER argue with a CUSTOMER.

In one smooth motion, the boy lifts a flat loaf and two figs. He disappears into the crowd like a fish slipping water.

Saladin sees it.

Their eyes meet for half a heartbeat. The boy freezes -- then keeps moving.

Saladin does nothing.

Not mercy. Not defiance. Calculation.

The Baker never notices. The transaction finishes. Life resumes.

Saladin exhales quietly.

MASTER

Did you see that boy lingering?

Saladin lowers his eyes.

SALADIN

No, master.

The MASTER grunts, uninterested. They move on.

CUT

TO:

3B INT. MASTER'S COURTYARD - NIGHT

A different silence. Harder. Torches flicker against stone.

Saladin kneels. His MASTER stands above him, flanked by two HOUSE GUARDS. One holds a short, heavy sword -- practical, not ceremonial.

On the ground between them lies the stolen loaf. Half-eaten. Discovered too late to matter.

MASTER

The baker says you saw.

Saladin does not deny it.

SALADIN

I saw hunger.

The MASTER laughs once -- sharply.

MASTER

You saw theft. And you chose not to see it.

He turns to the GUARD.

MASTER (CONT'D)

If the world works without consequence, then discipline dissolves.

Saladin looks up. Not pleading. Understanding.

The sword flashes.

We do not see the cut. We hear it. A wet, final sound.

Saladin collapses sideways, clutching his arm. Blood pools fast, dark, undeniable.

The MASTER steps back, satisfied but not cruel -- merely restored.

MASTER (CONT'D)

Let this remind you: witnessing
is action.

Saladin's breath comes ragged. His eyes stay open, fixed on
the torchlight wavering on stone.

For the first time, causality is undeniable.

CUT

TO:

4 EXT. CÓRDOBA - PUBLIC FOUNTAIN AT THE WESTERN SQUARE -
DAY

The square is fuller than usual. Not festive -- attentive.
People stand in loose rings, pretending to be occupied while
watching the same place.

At the center, the PUBLIC FOUNTAIN. The same lion's mouth.
The same basin.

SALADIN stands at the edge of the crowd, his right sleeve
pinned and empty. His posture has changed. He now stands
slightly sideways, as if the city has pushed him out of
alignment.

AISHA is present as well, hood up again, eyes alert.

A COURT OFFICIAL confers quietly with a pair of CITY WORKERS
near the fountain. The exchange is subtle, efficient. No
one looks religious.

A hush spreads -- not commanded, but anticipated.

The call to prayer begins from a nearby minaret. The sound
rolls across the square in long, familiar waves.

As the first phrase reaches its apex, the water in the
fountain hesitates.

Then -- impossibly -- it begins to flow *upward*.

Not violently. Calmly. As if reconsidering gravity.

Gasps. Someone laughs nervously. Someone drops a jug.

ONLOOKER

Praise be --

Saladin stares. His breathing quickens.

AISHA does not react outwardly. She watches the pipes at the fountain's base. The workers. The timing.

The water climbs for several seconds -- long enough to be undeniable -- then resumes its ordinary fall.

The square erupts.

PREACHER

You see? You see how small the
laws of men are?

Saladin drops to his knees. Not in joy. In terror.

Averroes is not present. His absence is conspicuous.

CUT

TO:

5 INT. AVERROES' STUDY - NIGHT

The room is darker now. Lamps lit. Scrolls open. The manuscript grows.

Averroes writes, pauses, crosses out a line, rewrites. He is not agitated -- but the pen moves more slowly.

AISHA enters, breathless.

AISHA

Father. At the fountain.

AVERROES

Describe it.

She does. Precisely. Timing. Sound. Crowd behavior.

Averroes listens without interruption. When she finishes, he closes his eyes briefly.

AVERROES

Did the water return to its
level?

AISHA

Yes.

AVERROES

Did anything else change?

AISHA

Only the people.

Averroes exhales. Not relief. Calculation.

AVERROES

Then the pipes are intact.

AISHA studies him.

AISHA

You sound certain.

AVERROES

I sound unfinished.

He rises, takes a small oil lamp, moves to the wall where architectural diagrams hang. He traces a finger along a conduit sketch -- Roman-era engineering.

AVERROES (CONT'D)

Pressure reversed briefly.
Enough to astonish. Not enough
to flood.

AISHA absorbs this.

AISHA

They chose prayer time.

AVERROES

Of course they did.

A knock. ZAYNAB enters -- physician, composed, grave.

ZAYNAB

Two patients refused treatment
today. Said the fountain cured
their doubt.

She notices the diagrams.

ZAYNAB (CONT'D)

So. It begins.

Averroes returns to his desk. He writes a heading.

On the Necessity of Causes.

The clepsydra sounds louder now. Drip. Drip.

CUT

TO:

6 EXT. SIDE STREET - DAWN

Saladin sits against a wall, wrapped in a filthy cloak.
Begging bowl empty.

A child -- the same STREET URCHIN -- passes. He slows.
Recognizes Saladin.

The boy places half a loaf into the bowl. Hesitates. Then
places the figs.

Saladin looks up. Their eyes meet again.

SALADIN

Did the water rise?

STREET URCHIN

Yes. Everyone saw.

SALADIN

Then God is very close.

The boy nods, uncertain, and runs.

Saladin stares at his empty sleeve. At the bread.

He does not eat immediately.

In the distance, bells and calls mingle -- competing rhythms
of meaning.

CUT

TO:

7 INT. GOVERNOR'S CHANCELLERY - DAY

A room without ornament. Maps, ledgers, sealed jars of ink. The architecture is administrative rather than sacred.

The GOVERNOR'S SECRETARY stands at a table, consulting a parchment covered in neat columns. Beside him, a MILITARY CAPTAIN waits, helmet under his arm.

SECRETARY

The fountain worked better than expected. Word reached the northern quarter within the hour.

CAPTAIN

No flooding. No damage.

SECRETARY

Good. A miracle that requires repairs is not persuasive.

He marks a column.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

What of the Philosopher?

CAPTAIN

Not present. His daughter was. Watching the pipes.

The SECRETARY pauses. Makes a note.

SECRETARY

She should not watch too closely.

He rolls the parchment, sets it aside, unseals another.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Prepare the fire demonstration. Quietly. I want no chanting this time. Awe decays if it repeats too loudly.

CAPTAIN

And the Prosecutor?

A small smile.

SECRETARY

He believes. Belief is
expensive. We will spend it
carefully.

CUT

TO:

8 EXT. SUBURBAN YARD - NIGHT

A secluded space behind a dyer's workshop. Torches gutter.
A MAN stands shirtless, his chest wrapped in pale cloth.

A DYE-MASTER applies a paste with a practiced hand. Mineral
fibers glint faintly in the torchlight.

DYE-MASTER

Do not move once you are wrapped.
Heat will find the gaps.

The man nods. He is not devout. He is paid.

CUT

TO:

9 INT. MOSQUE PORTICO - DAY

The ASHARITE PROSECUTOR stands before a gathering. His
voice is calm, sincere, resonant.

PROSECUTOR

We are told the world is a
machine. That fire burns
because it must.

(beat)

But what if fire burns only
because God remembers to command
it?

The crowd leans forward.

PROSECUTOR (CONT'D)

Today, you will see that
remembrance.

CUT

TO:

10 EXT. COURTYARD OF THE GREAT MOSQUE - DAY

The BRAZIER stands at the center. Coals glow. Heat ripples the air.

The CROWD presses in. The PROSECUTOR stands serene.

The WRAPPED MAN steps forward. He hesitates -- then places his hand into the flame.

Gasps.

The cloth does not burn.

Saladin watches from the edge. His face tightens.

AISHA watches the cloth. The silence. The absence of sound.

Averroes is not present. Again.

CUT

TO:

11 INT. AVERROES' STUDY - NIGHT

Averroes listens as AISHA recounts the fire.

AVERROES

Did the cloth crackle?

AISHA

No.

AVERROES

Then it was not cloth.

He reaches for a mineral sample, fingers testing its weight.

AVERROES (CONT'D)

They are not breaking nature.

They are exploiting ignorance.

He looks tired now. Not frightened.

AVERROES (CONT'D)

Which means they are serious.

CUT

TO:

12 EXT. MARKET - DAY

The fire miracle is being reenacted verbally. Embellished.
Improved.

Saladin listens as merchants argue.

MERCHANT

The man smiled in the flames.

SECOND MERCHANT

They say the Philosopher turned
away. Afraid.

Saladin looks down at his stump. Flexes phantom fingers.

He whispers, not prayer, not disbelief.

SALADIN

I saw the cause.

CUT

TO:

13 INT. AVERROES' STUDY - DAWN

The manuscript grows heavier. Margins dense.

Averroes writes: a rebuttal to occasionalism, careful,
relentless.

AISHA copies pages beside him. Their pens scratch in
counterpoint.

Outside, distant chanting rises -- not angry yet.
Expectant.

The clepsydra drips. Unmoved.

CUT

TO:

14 INT. MOSQUE LIBRARY - NIGHT

A narrow room lined with chained volumes. Oil lamps throw uneven light, creating islands of clarity amid shadow.

The ASHARITE PROSECUTOR stands alone, rereading notes from his own sermon. His confidence has thinned. He pauses over a phrase, then crosses it out.

A faint sound reaches him -- metal on stone. Rhythmic. Measured.

He turns. Sees a CLEPSYDRA tucked into an alcove, forgotten. Water drips steadily.

He watches it longer than necessary.

PROSECUTOR

(to himself)

If the drip does not lie...

He closes the book, disturbed by the thought rather than comforted.

CUT

TO:

15 INT. CALIPH'S PRIVATE GARDEN - NIGHT

Water channels cross the marble floor in perfect geometry. The sound is soothing, controlled.

The CALIPH walks slowly beside AVERROES. No guards. No scribes. This is not court; it is consequence.

CALIPH

They are saying you deny wonder.

AVERROES

I deny fraud.

CALIPH

To the crowd, those are
indistinguishable.

The Caliph stops, looks at the water flowing through the channels.

CALIPH (CONT'D)

Fez still teaches law and stars
in the same breath. Bologna
debates itself into paralysis.
Córdoba... fears becoming
either.

Averroes recognizes the warning embedded in the comparison.

AVERROES

If the state teaches people
that cause is illusion, it also
teaches them that responsibility
is illusion.

CALIPH

Responsibility is expensive.
Awe is cheap.

A pause.

CALIPH (CONT'D)

Do not force my hand.

CUT

TO:

16 EXT. INFIRMARY COURTYARD - DAY

ZAYNAB treats SALADIN. She works efficiently, without
sentiment.

ZAYNAB

If they had splinted it sooner,
you might still have fingers.

SALADIN

I had fingers. I lacked
permission.

Zaynab meets his gaze. Something hard passes between them.

ZAYNAB

Pain has causes. So does
silence.

CUT

TO:

17 EXT. GREAT MOSQUE COURTYARD - DAY

A formal gathering. Larger than before. Structured.

The PROSECUTOR stands opposite AVERROES now. This time, Averroes is present.

PROSECUTOR

You claim miracles are tricks.
I claim the trick is believing
the world owes you consistency.

AVERROES

Consistency is what makes mercy
possible.

The crowd shifts.

CUT

TO:

18 INT. GOVERNOR'S CHANCELLERY - NIGHT

The SECRETARY reviews schedules, diagrams. Mirrors wrapped.
Cloth prepared.

SECRETARY

Tomorrow. We let him speak.
Then we end it.

CUT

TO:

19 EXT. GREAT MOSQUE COURTYARD - DAY

The CLIMAX. The fire demonstration exposed. The mineral
cloth revealed. Silence replaces awe.

Averroes' voice is calm. Exhausted.

AVERROES

God does not require your
ignorance to be powerful.

The PROSECUTOR watches, devastated.

CUT

TO:

20 EXT. AVERROES' HOUSE - DUSK

Red dye on the door. Windows shuttered.

AISHA packs.

AISHA

They believe you made the world
smaller.

AVERROES

I made it legible.

CUT

TO:

21 EXT. ROAD NORTH - NIGHT

A cart creaks forward. Manuscripts hidden.

Córdoba recedes.

CUT

TO:

22 EXT. AL-QARAWIYYĪN - FEZ - DAY

Students debate under open arches. Law beside astronomy. A
living counterexample.

AISHA watches. She does not stop.

CUT

TO:

23 EXT. ITALIAN PORT - DAY

Crates unloaded. Books traded. Names mistranscribed.

CUT

TO:

24 INT. MONASTERY SCRIPTORIUM - NIGHT

A monk copies Averroes' words, unaware of their origin's
cost.

CUT

TO:

25 INT. UNIVERSITY OF PARIS - DAY

Students argue causation. The manuscript no longer central.
The idea is.

CUT

TO:

26 EXT. PARIS STREET - DAY

AISHA listens, unseen.

AISHA

It burns the same everywhere.

CUT

TO:

27 FADE OUT

The sound of measured work -- hammer, pen, breath.
The world resumes.