

# 72 Virgins

Written by

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**INT. HÔTEL PLAZA ATHÉNÉE - NIGHT**

Sitting at the bar, Robbie is of one age, Rinku is of another. By day, Robbie is the V.P. of Global Markets at Goldman Sachs. Rinku's a Cardiology resident at NYU's Langone Medical Center. By night, however, Robbie is an aspiring actor. Also by night, Rinku is an aspiring playwright. They're not only young men in the big city... They're puppets.

RINKU

Robbie... You look upset. What's up?

ROBBIE

I mean, bro, Rinku: Right back at you.

RINKU

(sighs)

I told my boss my playwrighting group was tonight. He said, "You're a doctor at NYU Langone Medical Center. You're a future surgeon, not a future Shakespeare."

ROBBIE

Same, bro. Same. I told my boss about my acting class tonight. He's like, "You're V.P. of Global Markets. You like Goldman Sachs or Golden Globes?"

RINKU

Eh. You're bought and paid for either way.

(beat)

Hey, I got a scene for you and your class.

Rinku fishes out folded up papers, hands one to Robbie.

ROBBIE

Nice. Thanks, man. I hope it's as good as "Becky and Karen." What's it called?

RINKU

Okay, ready?

(beat)

"The Prophet Muhammad meets The Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia." Or -- Or...

"The Prophet Muhammad meets MBS: Mohammed bin Salman!" Emphasis on the last part.

ROBBIE

Rinku, that's weird.

RINKU

I thought so, too. Like, The Prophet Muhammad? He spells "Muhammad" with a "U." But Mohammed bin Salman? He spells "Mohammed" with an "O." What's up with that? Is it like the name "Sean"? Where it can be "S-E-A-N"? But another Shawn can spell it "S-H-A-W-N"?

ROBBIE

You cannot write a play about Islam.

RINKU

I just did. I mean, it needs to be workshopped a bit, but I just did.

ROBBIE

Rinku... They're Muslims.

RINKU

So?

ROBBIE

You're Hindu.

RINKU

Ohhhhhh, you're right. I didn't even think of that... Whatever, you'll be Mohammad bin Salman, and I'll be The Prophet Muhammad.

(beat)

And don't do an accent. Play it cool. I don't care? But other people might.

(beat)

Anyway, MBS dies, and goes to Heaven. That's the premise. After Blackwater mercenaries get sent in by Erik Prince and the Joint Chiefs of Staff? They terminate the compromise (that's MBS) under the cover of darkness... Ready?

Robbie (MBS) and Rinku (The Prophet) breathe, get into character.

MBS

Jannah? Have I died and gone to Jannah?

(beat)

A beauty blinds me. Praise be to Allah!

Soon, MBS sees a majestic, gray-bearded man. (Puppet.)

MBS

Sir? Kind Sir? Are you... The Prophet?

(beat)

Might you be the Prophet Muhammad?

THE PROPHET

I am the Prophet. I stand before you.

(beat)

And you are Mohammed bin Salman.

MBS

God is Good.

THE PROPHET

(beat)

Your countenance betrays your thoughts.

You're nervous. Do you have a question?

MBS

... Are the virgins here? My 72 virgins?

THE PROPHET

Okay, so... That's the first thing I wanted to talk to you about. Sit down.

MBS

Kind Sir, before we begin? How must I address you? At Mecca and beyond, you are known as "The Messenger of God."

THE PROPHET

Mohammad is fine... Okay, so, let's back things up. Why are you dressed like that?

MBS

Forgive me, my Lord. But I am dressed just as you. My robe; my thawb? It is just as yours. My headdress; my ghutra? It is as red as blood of the Infidels.

THE PROPHET

A'right. First of all, take it down a notch with the Infidel thing. We're all friends up here: Muhammad Ali, Mahatma Gandhi, Heath Ledger? We're all dead up here, so no one bleeds anymore anyway. Second of all, you and I are dressed the same, sure. But I'm only dressed in our traditional garb because I didn't want to make things weird.

Prophet takes off his pants, then puts on a pair of jeans. From there, he takes off his top. Shirtless, he grabs a t-shirt, then puts it on. Finally, he pulls on a sweatshirt.

MBS

What is that, my Lord?

THE PROPHET

It's called a hoodie. It's my best one. It's got these hologram-type iron-ons running down the sides of the arms. It's like something Rihanna Fenty would wear on date night... Ever hear of Rihanna?

MBS

I have. She performed at my birthday.

Prophet dons a Yankees hat. (A puppet can do this all off-stage.)

MBS

My Lord, forgive me. Forgive my sins, but you're dressed as if a Westerner.

THE PROPHET

Yeah, I noticed. And you're dressed like the Queen of the Ottoman Empire. Don't get your panties in a twist.

MBS

You speak like a Westerner as well.

THE PROPHET

Bro, I died in 632 A.D. I've been up here for almost 1400 years. You tend to lose your accent after awhile... Anyway, what's going on down there?

MBS

Where?

THE PROPHET

What do you mean 'Where'? The French Riviera? Cabo San Lucas? Cedar Rapids, Iowa? Where? Saudi Arabia, that's where.

MBS

In Saudi Arabia? Business as usual.

THE PROPHET

That's what I was afraid of. What's this I hear about how women can't drive?

MBS

My Lord? In 2017, King Salman, with my counsel...decreed that women may drive.

THE PROPHET

Really? Whaddaya want, a fucking lolipop?

MBS

Respectfully, even in The United States, even in Amreeka, they have strict rules.

THE PROPHET

Really? This ought to be good.

MBS

In Amreeka, on their Sunday evening, after 6 o'clock, one cannot borrow a book from the library. Women cannot buy a glass of wine from the liquor store. In United States, they tell women that on Sunday evening, they cannot curl up with good book and a glass of wine. There's is a most patriarchal society.

THE PROPHET

We're not talking about the U.S., we're talking about you. Let me inquire about you: Do you have a Planned Parenthood?

MBS

No, My Lord.

THE PROPHET

You don't have a Planned Parenthood?

MBS

Alas, we do not.

THE PROPHET

Y'all niggas got eight Planet Hollywoods in Saudi Arabia alone, and you don't have a single Planned Parenthood? Nobody even goes to Planet Hollywood anymore!

MBS

In fairness, My Lord, they're overturning Roe v. Wade in Amreeka, so...

THE PROPHET

Well, I don't know what to tell you. Frankly, that's not my department. Between you and me? That's on Jesus. I'll talk to him, but he's in a meeting.

MBS

Forgive me, Prophet. Jesus is here?

THE PROPHET

Yeah, man. Heaven? Jannah? It's all interconnected up here. We share office space. It's like WeWork, but functional. Or whatever, like a co-op in Park Slope.

MBS

But how would The Prophet know Jesus?

THE PROPHET

Do you read the Quran?

MBS

Every day and every night, My Lord.

THE PROPHET

And you don't know about me and Jesus?  
Do you even go to this school?

MBS

I am a strict devotee of the Quran.

THE PROPHET

I see. Mainly when you're not abducting  
journalists from The Washington Post  
and cutting off their arms and legs...

(beat)

Now, are you familiar with Wikipedia?

MBS

Vaguely.

THE PROPHET

Then you should know about me, and you  
should know about Jesus. For my entry  
it says, "Muhammad was a religious,  
social, and political leader and the  
founder of Islam. According to Islamic  
doctrine, he was sent to present and  
confirm the monotheistic teachings  
preached previously by Adam, Abraham,  
Moses, Jesus, and other Holy Men."

MBS

... How did you know that from memory?

THE PROPHET

Were you paying a modicum of attention?  
I'm The Prophet Muhammad, numb-nuts.

(beat)

Now, what's with you and homosexuals?

MBS

I don't follow.

THE PROPHET

Gay guys. You're burning them alive.

MBS

Sir, that is ISIS -- The Islamic State.  
Also, Al Qaeda. We are The House of Saud.

THE PROPHET

Oh, yeah. Like there's a difference.

MBS

I humbly submit that you asked me if read the Quran. And it is my guiding text. And regarding homosexuals, it states its view:

(beat)

"And when our bidding came, we made their high parts their low parts. And we rained down upon them stones and baked clay. One after another." My Lord... You wrote that.

THE PROPHET

Allah told me that, and I wrote it down. What was I to say? "Hey, Allah: I need a minute, Boss. The Vikings are in the NFC Championship game, and it's Fourth and Goal at the 1. I have 200 clams on this baby. Also, while you're waiting, Allah, can you check and see if my Hot Pockets are ready?..." I mean, quit playing, bro. The man told me to write it down; I did as told. What you need to realize is that people evolve. I was 40 years old. Now I'm 1,392 years old. I've changed.

MBS

As have I.

THE PROPHET

Oh, have you? Fuck outta here. Giving out 200 billion bucks to Jared Kushner? And while you're at it, people say that man Michael Pence is gay. That ain't it, Chief. His anti-gay policies aren't because he's closeted. The terrifying truth is the truth: Michael Pence just really, really hates gay people. It's your boy Jared who's gay. Throw him off a rooftop. Because Ivanka doesn't care; she's just her Mini-me father with a better plastic surgeon.

MBS

Jared Kushner is a good man, My Lord.

THE PROPHET

... Do you use Twitter?

MBS

I do not.

THE PROPHET

Of course you don't. You're too busy hanging out with Jared on WhatsApp receiving U.S. state secrets on their nuclear codes and troop movements.

(MORE)



THE PROPHET (cont'd)

But on Twitter, there's this brilliant man named Brian Gaar. @briangaar. This man Brian wrote something hilarious about Traitor Jared. Or as Jesus calls him, "Traitor Joe."

MBS

Respectfully, Mr. Gaar knows nothing.

THE PROPHET

Silence! So, Brian Gaar tweeted thusly: "Jared Kushner looks like one of the students who didn't stand on their desk at the end of Dead Poets Society."

MBS

I don't understand, my Lord.

THE PROPHET

Listen, and understand is as follows: I don't like Jared's rank, ugly family. Charles Kushner is going to Hell, Josh Kushner is a bad Jew -- which is not saying a lot coming from me, but hey. And his wife Karlie Kloss? Karlie Kloss Kushner? Or should I say, "KKK"? She's a supermodel? Mighty Allah could scroll through Instagram with his eyes clothes, land on one random Instagram model with his index finger, and that chica would be better-looking than Karlie Fucking Kloss... Pardon my English.

MBS

Jared is my friend. Trump is the enemy.

THE PROPHET

They're both going where you're going. I only wanted to watch you struggle before we banished you to Greek Hades.

(beat)

I hate them both. Jared Kushner and Donald Trump are out here selling state secrets to Saudi Arabia, and I can't even get a paper bag at the supermarket.

MBS

My Lord, who else is here in Jannah? Here in Heaven? Will I not remain here?

THE PROPHET

Everyone is here if they have repent their sins. The good and the bad. Abel and Caine. Albert Einstein. Abraham Lincoln. Anne Frank. Leonardo da Vinci.

(MORE)

THE PROPHET (cont'd)

Michelangelo. Mussolini. Machiavelli.  
Tupac.

MBS

A female needs not to be on the list.

THE PROPHET

Don't call them "females." Are they insects? Are you going to chloroform them and spray them with gas? Will you then mount them under glass on pins? And then sell them on Etsy?

MBS

As I said, The King allowed the women to drive. But women cannot drive. They lack coordination and mental fortitude.

THE PROPHET

You have a fleet of self-driving cars.

(beat)

In the future, mankind will marvel that women and girls could drive. They will gasp at photographs. Of photographs of young girls with their knees on the steering wheel. One hand holding a coffee. The other hand holding lipstick. Applying it while looking at themselves in the rearview mirror. Knees. Coffee. Lipstick. Mirror. All while barreling down the American highway at 55 miles per hour.

MBS

Women are girls. And girls are dogs.

THE PROPHET

Insolence! No woman I know refers to their peers as females. None of them. These are women of substance. Strength. Independence...and sheer intelligence.

(beat)

Khadijah bint Khuwaylid. Sawda bint Zam'a. Aisha bint Abi Bakr. Hafsa bint Umar. Zaynab bint Khuzayma. Hind bint Abi Umayya. Zaynab bint Jahsh. Rayhana bint Zayd ibn Amr. Juwayriyah bint Al-Harith. Ramlah bint Abi Sufyan. Safiyah bint Huyayy. Maymunah bint Al-Harith. Mariyah bint Shamoan al-Quptiya. Mulayka bint Kaab. Fatima al-Aliya bint Zabyan al-Dahhak. Asma bint Al-Numan. Al-Jariya. Amra bint Yazid. Tukana al-Quraziya.

MBS, confused.

MBS

A thousand pardons. Who are these women?

The Prophet Muhammad looks at MBS as if the answer is obvious.

THE PROPHET

My wives and concubines.

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