

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE

Rabia (25) is a beautiful, Palestinian woman, with curly dark hair. She is shaving her head and getting a black outfit ready. She takes a couple metal objects and straps them to her chest, with some wires that connect to a button. She puts the baggy black blouse on, with a matching head veil. Her face barely appears out of the outfit.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE DAY

Rabia is eight years old. She is running down the hallway and into her mother's bedroom, where her mother, Sakina (30) and her aunt, Lina, (23) are getting dressed up. Lina is wearing a shiny bridal gown, as Sakina is helping her.

SAKINA

Rabia baby, go feed your brothers.

RABIA

But I wanted to see Lina.

SAKINA

But your brothers are waiting.

RABIA

Can't they do it?

SAKINA

I'll do it. You can talk to Lina.

Sakina puts down her things and exits the room. Rabia walks towards Lina. Lina grabs Rabia and puts her in her lap. Lina tickles her a little and Rabia smiles.

RABIA

You look pretty.

LINA

You'll look pretty like this someday.

RABIA

When I get married?

LINA

Yes.

RABIA

What if I don't like boys?

LINA

You will, Rabia. You will.

Lina tickles Rabia's nose.

RABIA
No I won't.

LINA
What about your brothers?

RABIA
Gross, Lina!

LINA
No, no Rabia. I'm just saying...
don't you love your brothers?

RABIA
Yeah...

LINA
What if you have beautiful baby
boys someday, like your brothers?
Wouldn't you love them?

RABIA
I guess.

Lina tickles Rabia again and they both laugh.

LINA
I hope we both have lots of
children, beautiful boys and good
girls, with a big house and a nice
husband.

EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Three Israeli guards are standing near a checkpoint. In the distance, a small car pulls up. Rabia, in her black outfit, is sitting in the passenger seat. Dareen (23) is driving. Dareen is a Palestinian woman, with dark hair, a t-shirt, and sunglasses.

RABIA
Okay...

Rabia opens the door. Dareen grabs her.

DAREEN
Rabia. Rabia!

Dareen grabs on to Rabia's arm and forces her back in.

RABIA

I just want to make it quick.

DAREEN

I don't.

A few seconds go by.

RABIA

If I don't go, then they're going to check the car, so I have to go now.

Dareen grabs Rabia again before she can open the car door.

DAREEN

Okay. Wait. Just wait.

RABIA

No, I have to go now.

DAREEN

I'm not talking about that!

RABIA

I'm doing this.

Rabia gets out of the car and starts walking towards the check point. Dareen gets out of her door and quickly runs in front of Rabia, trying to stop her from going.

DAREEN

Rabia!

RABIA

Go away.

The Israeli guards begin to notice.

DAREEN

Rabia, I don't think it'll make a difference.

RABIA

What?

DAREEN

All of this. None of this makes any difference. It's just three of them, Rabia.

RABIA

I told you, it's the easiest check point to bomb.

Rabia begins walking again. Dareen stops her.

DAREEN

But it's three! Don't you get it?

RABIA

I told you it's this one!

DAREEN

I changed my mind.

RABIA

Dareen, I set it all up! It's ready to go off, and you tell me this now?

DAREEN

I just thought of it, Rabia, I'm sorry. Come to the car.

RABIA

Alright. So you want to go to a different one?

DAREEN

Come to the car.

RABIA

No.

DAREEN

Yes, Rabia. Yes. Let's go to a different one. A bigger one.

Rabia turns away for a moment, about to approach the check point. She stops and turns back around into the car.

EXT. RABIA'S HOUSE DAY

Dareen's car pulls up to Rabia's house. Both women are inside.

RABIA

We should've just done it. Gotten it over with.

DAREEN

I just wanted it to be significant.

RABIA

Any of them are significant,
Dareen! The numbers don't matter.

Rabia gets out of the car.

RABIA

Wait here. I'm getting the map.

Dareen gets out of the car.

DAREEN

Rabia!

RABIA

What?

DAREEN

Don't go.

RABIA

I have to go inside.

DAREEN

No, don't go.

RABIA

Is there someone inside?

DAREEN

The mission, Rabia. Don't do it.

Rabia walks towards Dareen.

RABIA

I've already got the bombs on me.

DAREEN

Then take them off.

RABIA

I'm not taking them off.

Dareen tries to hug Rabia, but Rabia refuses it.

DAREEN

It's insignificant, Rabia! You're
just going to be another bomber.

RABIA

It's different.

DAREEN

Don't you think you could do something better?

RABIA

This is the best. The best for you and me.

Rabia tries to get back in the car.

DAREEN

So what then? You'll bomb yourself and then Israel will send tanks in here to bulldoze your house. And along the way, they'll bulldoze everyone else's.

RABIA

Let them bulldoze.

DAREEN

What?

RABIA

Mine's different. It's worth it.

DAREEN

Rabia, it's just Israel.

Rabia walks away into the car. Dareen grabs her, as she sits in the passenger seat.

DAREEN

They're making peace talks, Rabia. Just let it be.

RABIA

There's more to do with it.

DAREEN

What?

RABIA

I'm not just after Israel.

INT. RABIA AND BAKR'S HOUSE

Rabia is 21. She has curly dark hair and is wearing a traditional gown. She is placing various food items on the table. Bakr (30), a Palestinian man waits at the table. Rabia places three different dishes on the table. She grabs Bakr's plate and begins putting food on it.

She sets the dish in front of Bakr. He doesn't touch the food. Rabia sits down with her own dish.

RABIA

I made the ones you like most.

Rabia tries to eat out of her plate, and Bakr is still motionless.

RABIA

Should I get you something?

BAKR

No.

Rabia gestures, as if, she's getting up towards the kitchen. She then draws back and sits back down.

RABIA

I can re-cook it, if you want.

BAKR

I bought a house with four bedrooms, Rabia. One for you and me, and three for children.

RABIA

I know.

BAKR

So what do we do with three empty rooms, Rabia? Just build another kitchen for you to waste time in?

Bakr grabs his plate of food and throws it to the floor, while continuing to sit in the chair. Rabia gets up and goes onto the floor, cleaning the broken dish and food with napkins.

RABIA

I'll try again, Bakr, let's just try it.

BAKR

We've tried enough times, Rabia!

Bakr gets up and walks towards the kitchen.

RABIA

We can adopt if it doesn't happen.

BAKR

Adopt?

RABIA

Yes.

BAKR

So I buy a house, and get a wife,
just so I can raise someone else's
bastard children? Did I do this to
have my own children, or did I do
this to start an orphanage?

Bakr goes back to the kitchen and gets out a set of papers.
Rabia follows into the kitchen.

RABIA

What are those?

BAKR

I've had enough.

RABIA

Bakr, it's still early.

BAKR

It's final, Rabia. You were a guest
in my house, and now you can leave.
I'm not going to spend my life with
three empty bedrooms.

Rabia tries to hug Bakr.

BAKR

Stop it!

RABIA

Bakr, please just one more try.

BAKR

I don't love you anymore, Rabia.

RABIA

Just once, Bakr.

BAKR

You want a man to touch you, who
doesn't love you? Is that you what
you want?

RABIA

No.

BAKR

Go to the streets, Rabia. You'll find plenty of men who'll sleep with you. Tomorrow you leave.

EXT. RABIA'S HOUSE

The dialogue continues between Dareen and Rabia, from before.

DAREEN

If it's not Israel, then what? America?

RABIA

No, Dareen.

DAREEN

You're not helping Palestine.

RABIA

Of course I am!

DAREEN

After everyone is bulldozed?

RABIA

Dareen... I'm helping in a different way.

DAREEN

How? After people are killed for your act?

RABIA

You don't understand.

DAREEN

You just want to be a hero! You want everyone to call you a martyr.

RABIA

Yes, I do.

DAREEN

You're selfish like them all. You want us all to worship you and pray to your pictures, once you die! What about me, Rabia? What am I supposed to do? Whose the bigger martyr? You, for leaving so quickly, or me, for facing the retaliation and still living?

Rabia pushes Dareen.

RABIA

Yes, Dareen! Yes. It's hell here. I was only brought here to have kids and prepare them for suicide bombings. I'm worthless to these people, without that.

INT. TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS IN GAZA

Rabia is 24. She has short curly hair and is standing in a dark hallway. She is fiddling with a veil, trying to put it on, as it keeps slipping off. Uthman (28), a tall Palestinian man, approaches her.

UTHMAN

You got your answer. It's best you leave now.

RABIA

I was just fixing my veil.

UTHMAN

Women shouldn't be in a place like this.

RABIA

I know. I'm going now.

Uthman grabs Rabia's arm.

UTHMAN

We'll take care of this, Rabia. You go back where you came from.

RABIA

If you're taking care of it, then why is everything getting worse?

Uthman moves closer into Rabia.

UTHMAN

Maybe because women like you keep bothering us.

Uthman takes his other hand and starts to caress Rabia's cheek, as the veil falls off.

UTHMAN

Women aren't meant for this work,
Rabia. We need women for other
things.

RABIA

Please stop.

Uthman starts touching Rabia's waist.

UTHMAN

It's okay Rabia. I'll be forgiven
when I'm a martyr.

Uthman advances in on her. Rabia pushes him away
aggressively. Uthman slaps her and she yells loudly. A few
other men rush out. Uthman backs off.

UTHMAN

This whore hit me!

The men come out to Uthman's aid, as Rabia grabs her things
and runs out of the building.