

INT. FATAH TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia (26) is standing in dark bathroom, with dark concrete walls and mold growing everywhere.

Rabia is a beautiful Palestinian woman, with curly dark hair and olive complexion. She undresses down to her bra and jeans. She looks at herself in the mirror for a few seconds. She puts on a light coat of makeup and fixes her hair.

She then holds a black neoprene case, with straps hanging off of it. She straps it to her bare chest, and connects it to a set of wires, leading to a metal box, as she duct-tapes it to her body. Rabia sets a timer and flashing red digits start to blink on the neoprene case. She then puts a contemporary blouse over her body and looks one more time in the mirror.

INT. THE HOUSE OF RABIA'S PARENTS DAY - FLASHBACK 1984

Rabia is six years old. She is running down the hallway, into a bedroom. Her mother, Sakina (30), is preparing Lina (23). Lina, seated at a vanity, is wearing an Islamic bridal gown, as Sakina fixes her hair. Sakina has rollers in her hair.

SAKINA

Rabia baby, go feed your brothers.

RABIA

But I wanted to see Lina.

SAKINA

But your brothers are hungry.

RABIA

Can't they do it, themselves?

SAKINA

I'll do it. Stay with your aunt.

Sakina puts down her things and exits the room. Lina grabs Rabia and puts her in her lap, tickling her as both giggle.

RABIA

You look pretty.

LINA

You'll look pretty like this someday.

RABIA

When I get married?

LINA

Yes.

RABIA

But I hate boys, Lina!

LINA

No, no baby. You'll like them. 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. Both of us...

CUT TO:

INT. FATAH TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - REAL TIME 2002
- CONTINUOUS

Rabia is still looking in the mirror. A knock is heard on the door.

RABIA

Yes... yes...

Rabia opens the door. The two men enter the bathroom. Rabia raises her arms, as one man slightly lifts her poncho, examining the case.

RABIA

Good? Yes?

The two men nod and they all leave the bathroom together.

EXT. FATAH TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - REAL TIME 2002-
CONTINUOUS

Umer (57) is standing outside; he is an Arab man, with a heavy beard, dressed in loose fitting military fatigues. Next to him is a running car. Zahir (23) is at the wheel of the car; he has a very light complexion, is wearing a modern dressed shirt and has a trim haircut, with no beard, giving him a contemporary look. Rabia and the other two men walk out and Umer approaches them. Umer talks to the two men.

UMER

Good?

The two men nod their heads. Umer turns his attention to Rabia and they both eye each other. Umer is about to speak, but then stops. He looks away from Rabia.

RABIA

Can I go?

Rabia looks straight at Umer. He doesn't respond. Rabia walks towards the car and opens the door, getting into the backseat. Zahir gives a confused look towards Umer.

ZAHIR

Whose she?

Zahir looks back towards Umer. Umer's face remains still.

UMER

Go.

Zahir does a nervous laugh.

ZAHIR

This isn't Ibrahim.

UMER

Zahir, go. Now.

RABIA
You heard him. Go.

Zahir is still smiling.

ZAHIR
Go?

UMER
Leave, Zahir.

Umer turns around and starts walking back to the headquarters. Zahir watches him for a few seconds. He then looks at Rabia and she gives a fake smile towards him. Zahir stops smiling. He sees Umer walk back into the headquarters. Zahir looks back at Rabia and pauses; he then starts driving.

INT. BAKR'S BEDROOM DAY - FLASHBACK 1994

Rabia is eighteen. She is naked, covered by bedsheets, as she lies on the bed. Bakr sits up at the side of the bed and puts on his boxers.

RABIA
I love you.

Rabia is caressing his thighs and waist. Bakr removes her hands from his body and starts putting on a round cap.

BAKR
I should pray now, Rabia.

Bakr starts pulling white clothing out of the drawer.

BAKR
I have to wash up.

Rabia sits up and grabs the round cap off of his head and puts it on her own head. She starts giggling.

RABIA
I can pray too. Let me join you...

BAKR
Stop it, Rabia!

Bakr slaps her on her face, and takes the hat back.

RABIA
I'm sorry, Bakr.

Bakr gets up, and starts putting on his clothing.

BAKR

You can go, Rabia. It's okay.

RABIA

Please let me wait?

BAKR

I need you to go.

Rabia puts on a shirt and gets off the bed. She has an underwear on. She walks towards Bakr and wraps her arms around him from behind him. Bakr doesn't touch her.

RABIA

Do you love me?...

Bakr takes Rabia's arms off of his body.

BAKR

Yes. Yes.

RABIA

You'll call me tonight, right?

Bakr looks away from Rabia, and continues dressing.

RABIA

Yes?

INT. ZAHIR'S CAR - REAL TIME 2002

Zahir's car is approaching a checkpoint. Rabia is busy re-applying makeup. There's a car at the checkpoint, where a Palestinian man is being pulled out and forced to lay on the ground, as he's padded down. The Israeli guards are now putting their foot against the man's back, as he lies on the ground, as they point a gun towards him, yelling. Zahir pulls the car over and stops, fifty yards away from the checkpoint.

RABIA

What are you doing?

ZAHIR

I can't...

RABIA

What?

ZAHIR

What if they catch us?

The man at the checkpoint is still on the ground.

RABIA
Give me that!

Rabia grabs the wheel. Zahir wrestles with her.

ZAHIR
Hey! Hey! Stop it!

Rabia slaps him across his face.

RABIA
Shut up and stop looking stupid.
I'm gonna take care of it!

A pause occurs. Zahir starts to drive and arrives in front of three Israeli soldiers. Zahir rolls down the window. Rabia, suddenly, wraps her arms around Zahir.

RABIA
Hello, soldier!

Rabia starts caressing Zahir's cheek.

RABIA
My husband and I were driving
through the area... we had to visit
my dear aunt in the Hillel
settlement, because she couldn't
make our wedding last week.

Rabia is smiling.

ISRAELI SOLDIER #2
They're Israeli plates!

Rabia gives Zahir a quick kiss and plays with her hair.

RABIA
Honey, give the soldier our
passports.

ZAHIR
Uhhh...

Zahir smiles, as he fumbles with his bag. Rabia starts to caress the hand of the Israeli soldier.

RABIA
We know it's a tough job, and you
work so hard... I'm happy to let
you inspect the car if...

ISRAELI SOLDIER #1

No, no... It won't be necessary.
Good day now.

Rabia continues smiling as Zahir rolls the window up. The soldiers open a gate and Zahir's car drives through. Rabia unwraps her arms and sits by herself again.

INT. RABIA AND BAKR'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2000

Rabia is 24. 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, not one.

RABIA

I know.

BAKR

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

RABIA

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

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.

BAKR

We've tried enough times, Rabia!

Bakr gets up and walks towards the kitchen.

RABIA

We can adopt if it doesn't happen.

Rabia gets up and approaches Bakr.

BAKR

Adopt?

RABIA

Yes.

BAKR

So I buy a house, get a wife, just so I can raise someone else's bastards? 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.

Rabia kisses him.

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?

A pause occurs.

RABIA
No.

Bakr walks away. Rabia walks behind and begins to hold him. Bakr grabs Rabia by her hair and walks her towards the kitchen. Rabia is screaming. Bakr takes her face and slams it against the kitchen counter. Rabia collapses, with a bloody face.

BAKR
Leave. Leave now!

INT. ZAHIR'S CAR - REAL TIME 2002

Zahir's car arrives at a large wall. Standing near the car is Ali (28), a dark-skinned man, in casual, but beaten up, clothing. He has a beard. Zahir and Rabia get out of the car.

RABIA
You're Ali?

ALI
Yes.

Rabia walks towards the wall. Ali grabs her from behind.

ALI
Careful!

RABIA
I thought it's safe?

Ali walks slowly towards the wall, slowly, surveying everything.

ALI

They could watch us from anywhere,
so nothing is safe.

Ali points at the wall, where a hole in the ground is shown,
exposing a tunnel.

ALI

You're going to crawl through here.
And you keep crawling when you get
out, so they don't see you.

RABIA

What about my outfit?

ALI

Outfit?

RABIA

I can't look dirty when I get to
the market.

Ali rolls his eyes.

RABIA

I'm not supposed to be crawling
like this!

Ali approaches her, whispering.

ALI

The outfit was for the first
checkpoint. You won't need to be
clean when you blow yourself up!

A few seconds of pause.

RABIA

They said I can walk through...

ALI

And be caught!?! Then go ahead.

Rabia stands still for a few seconds. She gives a long stare
to Ali. She then starts walking towards the hole, as Ali
trails behind talking to her.

ALI

Tariq's in a blue car and he's
wearing a red shirt. Crawl behind
the car so you're not seen.

As she approaches the hole, she sees a family of large rats crawl out of it. She hesitates for a moment. She can also see swampy looking water, inside the hole.

ALI

Not so easy anymore, yeah?

Ali begins to laugh lightly.

ALI

It's only 20 yards long... there shouldn't be too many rats.

Ali continues laughing. Rabia advances ready to punch, but Zahir runs in and breaks them apart. They stand away from each other and pause for a few seconds.

RABIA

You should have more respect for the dead.

Rabia looks at Ali. She then crawls into the hole.

INT. WEST BANK INFIRMIRY - FLASHBACK 2000

Rabia is 24. She has short curly hair and is standing in a dark hallway. The infirmiry (small hospital) is very dirty and not kept well. Rabia is loading medical supplies into a car, while fiddling with her veil, as it keeps slipping off. Uthman (28), a tall Palestinian man, approaches her, laughing.

RABIA

I'm done for tonight.

Uthman leans against the side of the car.

UTHMAN

You really think women should be suicide bombers?

Rabia continues fixing her veil.

RABIA

It's just what I think.

UTHMAN

Women should just have babies.

Uthman grabs Rabia's arm and closes in on her.

UTHMAN

More babies to blow themselves up.

Uthman starts kissing her.

RABIA

Please stop. Stop.

Uthman removes her veil and throws it to the floor.

RABIA

Stop it!

Uthman starts wrapping his arms around Rabia's waist. She resists.

UTHMAN

It's okay... I can kill myself and be forgiven.

Uthman starts laughing.

RABIA

Let go!

Rabia turns away and tries to run, but Uthman grabs her. With one hand, he wraps his hand around her mouth, disabling her from screaming. With his other hand, he grabs the waist of her pants and tries to slip them off.

UTHMAN

Just shutup. Don't yell.

Rabia uses her hands to try and push him off, but she can't. Rabia's pants come off and Uthman takes off his with the same hand. They sink down to the ground. Rabia is screaming.

INT. TARIQ'S CAR - REAL TIME 2002

Tariq (29) is a light-skinned man, sitting in the driver's seat of his car. He is dressed in contemporary clothing. Suddenly, the door pops open, and Rabia crawls in.

Her hair is full of dirt, as well as her outfit. There are a few rat bites on her body, with blood coming out. Tariq opens his arms, as if to give a hug, and quickly retreats.

TARIQ

What's going on?

RABIA

Tariq, drive.

TARIQ
Where's Ebhrihim?

RABIA
You're Tariq, right? Drive.

Rabia points. Tariq crosses his arms.

RABIA
What?

TARIQ
It's not a woman's job.

A pause occurs. Rabia advances towards Tariq and punches him repeatedly in the head. She grabs him by the hair and hits his head against the steering wheel.

TARIQ
Stop it! Stop!

RABIA
Drive! Now! Now!

Tariq pushes her off a bit, with his hands in the air.

TARIQ
Okay! Okay! Stop!

They stare at each other for a few seconds. Rabia adjusts her bomb belt, over her blouse. Tariq continues staring.

RABIA
Well? Come on! Drive!

Tariq turns away from Rabia and begins turning the ignition.

RABIA
I'm dead today, I can do whatever I want.

INT. FATAH HEADQUARTERS NIGHT - FLASHBACK 2002

Rabia sits across from Umer (57). Umer is a tall man, with dark skin, dressed in a military-like uniform. Rabia is dressed in muddy jeans and a dark shirt, with no veil. They are seated at a small table, in a dungeon-like room, with no windows and little lighting.

RABIA
I'm ready to die for Palestine. For my people. I want to give my life.

Umer is suppressing laughter. He suddenly starts to burst with laughter.

UMER

Child. Women don't go on these missions.

Rabia starts to get up. Umer gets up with her.

RABIA

Don't laugh at me.

UMER

Child, it's okay. Please sit.

Umer approaches Rabia and touches her shoulder. She slaps his hand away.

UMER

Child, please! Please just sit.

Umer pulls the seat for her. Rabia hesitates, but sits back down, as Umer lectures behind her.

UMER

The Holy Quran... does not allow us to send women for these missions.

RABIA

But the Holy Quran doesn't allow suicide either.

UMER

But in self defense, we must apply different ways...

Rabia interrupts.

RABIA

So can't you change the rules for me? You can change the Holy Quran, but you won't change your policy?

A pause occurs.

UMER

Child... A woman's job...is motherhood! Raising children... A calling higher than a martyr's!

RABIA

And what if I can't meet that calling?

Umer begins to laugh and returns to his seat.

UMER

Well child... any woman can meet
this calling. Find a husband!

Umer snickers a little more. Rabia has a tear rolling down
her cheek.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002

Rabia enters her house, dressed in a coat and jeans. She has
a small black case in her hand, with straps coming off of it.
Dareen (22) run towards her, with her arms open; Dareen has
short black hair, dressed in a dark tank top and jeans.

DAREEN

Rabia!

Dareen wraps her arms around Rabia, and Rabia reciprocates
with a hug back, as she smiles.

DAREEN

Get ready! We have to leave soon,
because you're late.

Dareen runs down the hallway, leaving Rabia alone.

RABIA

I'll be ready.

Rabia goes to the kitchen counter, puts the black case down,
and rubs her face, as she closes her eyes. Dareen runs back
to Rabia with some clothes in hand. Rabia puts her back
against the counter, covering the black case.

DAREEN

What are you wearing tonight?

RABIA

Ummm... a dress?

DAREEN

Because I don't wanna match.

RABIA

Then we won't.

Rabia smiles. Dareen looks over her shoulder.

DAREEN

What's that...?

Rabia grabs her hips more tightly and moves her away.

RABIA
It's nothing. It's a present for
you!

Dareen laughs a little.

DAREEN
Let me go, Rabia. What is it?

Dareen breaks Rabia clutches and goes towards the case. Rabia rushes behind her and tries to grab it before she can. Dareen holds the case away from Rabia, dodging her attempts to grab it back. Dareen exams the black case and then looks back at Rabia. Rabia smiles lightly.

RABIA
It's nothing... Just give it back
to me.

Dareen resists, as Rabia approaches.

DAREEN
No!

RABIA
Give it, Dareen.

DAREEN
Oh my God, Rabia! You told me!

RABIA
Calm down. Just calm down.

DAREEN
No, no, no....

Rabia begins laughing a bit.

RABIA
It's just a fake, Dareen. It's...
It's just a joke.

DAREEN
You're just being used, Rabia!

RABIA
What?

DAREEN
They're using you.

Rabia stops smiling.

DAREEN

They're just using you, like they use the rest of them!

RABIA

I'm not being used.

DAREEN

Yes you are! They're taking advantage of you, your body...

Rabia advances towards Dareen and grabs her by the shirt.

RABIA

I'm the one using them! I'm taking advantage! They're gonna meet my demands, Dareen!

Dareen is frozen. Rabia starts to let go of her.

RABIA

All my life, I obey their rules. Trying to have children, staying home, helping other women raise little boys just so they can blow themselves up! I'm nothing here and you're nothing....

DAREEN

Rabia, just relax and...

RABIA

No, Dareen! No. No. No. No. No. They need to know now.

EXT/INT. TARIQ'S CAR - REAL TIME 2002

Tariq pulls forward and then parks the car in front of a mall in Tel Aviv. Rabia checks her outfit and checks her makeup in a small compact.

TARIQ

You shouldn't have slapped me back there.

Rabia keeps applying makeup.

TARIQ

Girls are supposed to stay home.

A pause occurs.

TARIQ
You should be home.

Rabia closes her compact and lifts her poncho, revealing wires. Rabia starts unstrapping them.

RABIA
Then you do it. You do it. You do
the man's job!

Tariq grabs her poncho and tries to slap her hands away from unstrapping the bomb.

TARIQ
Don't be stupid!

RABIA
I'll do it right now!

Rabia slaps his hands away and holds the black case in her hand. She pushes herself against the door.

TARIQ
Okay... don't... please
don't... please don't...

RABIA
I'll blow us both up...

Rabia relaxes.

RABIA
Don't you wanna die for Palestine,
future martyr?

Rabia smiles. Tariq looks at her. He then looks away. Rabia begins strapping the bomb back on.

RABIA
When are you going to kill
yourself?

TARIQ
What?

RABIA
You get to live all these years in
luxury, just because everyone
thinks you'll die someday.

TARIQ
I'll give myself too!

RABIA

You don't need to. You already live
in Heaven.

Rabia gets out of the car and walks towards the city.

INT. FATA HEADQUARTERS NIGHT - FLASHBACK 2002

Rabia is waiting in the dungeon-like room. Umer opens the door quickly, as if he's being interrupted from another meeting.

UMER

Child... Child, you know my answer!

RABIA

I don't care about your answer.

UMER

My answer is final.

Rabia holds up her bomb and belt, as she knods her head "no." Umer looks at it for a few seconds. He then shakes his head.

UMER

That's a fake.

RABIA

Okay, let's check and see.

Rabia begins undoing the bomb, as if, to set it off. Umer rushes her and grabs her hands.

UMER

No, no! Don't touch that.

Rabia pushes him off. Umer puts his arms up, trying to calm her down.

RABIA

I'm going to die, no matter what!
Shouldn't you just make it a
successful mission?

Umer pauses for a moment.

UMER

When?

RABIA

Tomorrow.

UMER

Tomorrow?

Rabia knods her head "yes" with a smile.

UMER

No, no, child, we need to...

Rabia advances him, bomb in hand.

RABIA

Just get me into Tel Aviv.

UMER

We can't...

RABIA

Look at my skin! I'll dress
Israeli! No one will know the
difference, just get me an Israeli
passport and transportation.

Umer pauses.

UMER

Tell me why, child?

Rabia's eyes are directed to the floor.

RABIA

For Palestine... For Allah. I can't
give my country children,
General... please take pity upon
me, and at least give my life some
type of dignity. Something I could
do for my people.

UMER

And Heaven?

RABIA

What about Heaven, General?

UMER

Do you hope to go to Heaven?

RABIA

I seek to help Palestine, General.
Allah will make me a martyr, should
I deserve it.

Umer turns around and starts to think, as he rubs his chin. A sneaky smile grows across Rabia's face.

When Umer turns back around, her smile disappears, back into a stare directed towards the floor.

UMER

Child... there are so many ways to help our people...

RABIA

General, it is Allah's will that I do this for my people. It is my prayer. My life.

A pause occurs.

UMER

Okay, okay...

Umer is shaking his head and wiping sweat off of his forehead.

UMER

Tomorrow morning... here. Nine... no... Seven in the morning.

RABIA

Thank you, General.

Rabia leaves. As she turns away from him, a huge smile is planted across her face.

INT. ISRAELI MARKETPLACE - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia walks into a busy marketplace, with many shoppers. Loud rap music is heard playing. Rabia looks around and starts smiling.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia is trying to leave, as Dareen is running after her.

DAREEN

It's not worth it, Rabia.

RABIA

You don't understand.

Dareen stands in front of her and stops her.

DAREEN

I don't understand? Rabia! You go and kill yourself, and then they'll bulldoze everyone's houses!

RABIA
Let them bulldoze.

DAREEN
What?

Rabia begins walking again.

RABIA
It's worth the cause.

Dareen grabs her shoulder and stops her.

DAREEN
What cause? It's just Israel.

RABIA
I'm not after Israel, Dareen.
They're not my target.

DAREEN
What?

INT. ISRAELI MARKETPLACE - DAY - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia is walking through the marketplace. She looks at each person she walks by, and they look back at her. She stops at the end of one aisle and starts fondling her poncho. An attendant suddenly approaches.

ATTENDENT
Do you need assistance?

Rabia quickly wraps her arms around her poncho, then relaxes them.

RABIA
Umm...

Rabia smiles.

RABIA
I'm fine. Thank you.

ATTENDENT
Alright...

RABIA
Ummm...

ATTENDENT
Yes?

Rabia continues smiling.

RABIA
Is there a bathroom here?

ATTENDENT
Yes. Down the aisle.

RABIA
Thank you.

The attendant walks away. Rabia smiles.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia is at the door, with Dareen next to her.

DAREEN
Don't do it.

RABIA
Don't make this hard for me.

DAREEN
If it's not for Palestine, then
what for?

INT. ISRAELI MARKETPLACE - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia is walking towards the bathroom. She stops and begins looking at people throughout the store. She turns around and continues looking. She then sees a toy doll and starts caressing it. She then abruptly leaves the doll and continues walking, this time, looking at no one.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Dareen starts to hold Rabia's hips.

DAREEN
It's not for Islam, Rabia, because
Muslims don't do this. Allah
wouldn't support this.

Rabia starts brushing Dareen off.

RABIA
Then fuck Allah. Fuck Allah,
Dareen! What's Allah given me
that's so great?
(MORE)

RABIA (cont'd)

If I don't do this, then they'll
just keep abusing us and I'm not
gonna let them do that... I'm not
gonna let them think anymore that
woman are worthless!

Dareen tries to hold Rabia's wrists and Rabia moves in closer
to her.

RABIA

And if I do this, Dareen... if I
can do this... they'll know that
women are more than just mothers!

DAREEN

No, Rabia...

RABIA

And if Allah won't do it... then I
will.

Rabia hesitates a moment. She then opens the door and quickly
runs out of it. She slams the door on her exit and locks it
from outside, delaying Dareen. Dareen opens the door, only to
hear a screeching car.

INT. ISRAELI MARKETPLACE - REAL TIME 2002

A little girl, near Rabia, drops her doll. Rabia bends down
to pick up the little girl's doll, but suddenly, a dark box,
attached to a wire, drops out of her blouse. The girl's
mother begins to scream.

GIRL'S MOTHER

Oh my God... Bomb! Bomb!

Attendants and guards rush to the scene. Rabia is on the
ground, and she looks up to see many men running towards her.
Rabia gets up, with metal box in hand. The men surround her,
some with guns.

OFFICER

Don't move...

Rabia smiles a bit.

OFFICER

I'll shoot... I will shoot.

Rabia giggles. She then stops and composes herself.

RABIA

Tell the women and children to
leave.

The officers continue holding guns. Rabia smiles. People start running out of the marketplace. A few seconds pass. Rabia then presses a button on the metal box. A huge explosion occurs, with flames everywhere. Sirens and ambulances are heard, as the fire continues. We zoom into a toy doll, of a little girl, that is seen on the floor, melting and burning into flames.

EXT. RABIA'S HOUSE

Bulldozers head towards a Palestinian village.

FADE TO BLACK.