

INT. JALAAL 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 puts on a grey neoprene vest, that has dynamite sticks attached all around the vest. 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:

EXT. JALAAL TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - REAL TIME 2002

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; Zahir 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 walks out towards Umer.

UMER

Bilal, Dawud, now!

Two other men in military fatigues come to Rabia. Rabia lifts her arms up and they both begin inspecting the vest, connecting wires, and reinforcing the tape against the dynamite sticks. Umer speaks to Rabia, smiling.

UMER

Good?

RABIA

Alhumdudillah.

UMER

Good. Ali is going to meet you near Tel Aviv. You'll get the rest of the instructions there.

The two men finish with the bomb and walk away. Rabia starts fiddling with the detonator in her hand. Umer approaches her.

UMER

Take this.

Umer hands her a switchblade knife.

UMER

In case there's trouble.

RABIA

Don't worry about me, General...  
I've got everything I need.

Rabia turns to walk away, but Umer grabs her shoulder.

UMER

Just take it.

Umer smiles and stuffs it into Rabia's vest. They both look at each other. Umer smiles. Rabia smiles back.

UMER

You make me proud.

RABIA

I know.

Rabia walks away and gets into the car, with Zahir in the driver's seat. Zahir looks out the window.

ZAHIR

Good?

UMER

Good!

Umer smiles as the car drives off.

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 hand, 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 stops at the Israeli checkpoint, behind another car. Rabia is busy re-applying makeup, looking into the car's fold-down mirror. A Palestinian man is being pulled out from the car in front of them and forced to lay on the ground, as he's padded down. An Israeli guards is putting his foot against the man's back, as three other guards swarm around the car. They point a gun towards him, yelling. Zahir and Rabia wait in their car, with Rabia still applying makeup.

ZAHIR  
I don't think this is good...

RABIA  
What?

ZAHIR  
What if they make us get out like that guy?

RABIA  
Then I'll just blow the bomb up here.

A pause occurs.

ZAHIR  
What?

RABIA  
They're Israeli. We'll just kill  
them here.

ZAHIR  
But what about me?

Rabia puts down her makeup and smiles at Zahir.

RABIA  
We'll be fine, okay?

A soldier quickly approaches their car window.

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... You're my home, Bakr.

BAKR  
I'm not you're home...

Rabia approaches him.

RABIA  
You are my home...

Bakr pushes her away.

BAKR  
Don't call me your home! It's not  
my fault those damn Israelis killed  
your parents. Find your own home.

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 near a tall fence. Standing nearby is Ali (28), a dark-skinned man, in casual, but beaten up, clothing. Zahir and Rabia get out of the car.

RABIA  
You're Ali?

ALI  
Yes.

Rabia walks towards the wired fence. Ali grabs her from behind and hides her behind a nearby concrete wall.

ALI

Careful!

RABIA

What?

Ali is holding Rabia by her shoulders. A large jeep drives by the other side of the fence. Near the jeep is a blue car.

ALI

Inside that jeep are Israeli soldiers. They pass by every ninety seconds. Anyone they see near this fence, they shoot.

Rabia is looking with him.

ALI

And inside that blue car is Tariq. He will be taking you into Tel Aviv... On my mark, you'll run to the first metal pole near that fence, where we've cut a small opening. Bend down and lift the opening. When you crawl under, keep low and don't run into Tariq's car until the coast is clear.

RABIA

And if they see me?

ALI

They won't see you.

Ali smiles. Rabia looks on. The Israeli jeep drives by and is about to leave the site.

ALI

Get ready... Go!

Ali pats Rabia as she gets up and dashes towards the fence. Rabia gets to the fence and lifts the flap, exposing an opening. Rabia ducks under, when suddenly, a large part of her poncho gets stuck in the fence.

ALI

Shit. Shit!

The Israeli jeep is approaching and Ali starts to yell.

ALI

Just duck! Duck!

Rabia is trying to yank the poncho off. She stops and grabs the switchblade knife out of her vest. The jeep is drawing closer. Rabia cuts her poncho off from the fence with the knife, and immediately drops down into the large brush. The Israeli jeep drives by with soldiers looking out of the windows, with their rifles in hand. Ali takes a deep breathe of relief and leans against the wall. Rabia looks up and sees that the jeep is leaving. She stuffs the knife back into her vest and runs towards the blue car.

INT. HAMAS HEADQUARTERS - FLASHBACK 2001

Rabia is sitting at a table, inside a dungeon-like room. She is wearing a scarf/hijab over her head. There are no windows and few lights, with mostly concrete surroundings. Three men are standing in front of her table, YAZID (30), ASIF (55), and UTHMAN (28). Asif is an older man, in military fatigues, with a beard. Yazid and Uthman are both younger, in dark clothing. All three men are laughing at Rabia, who has small tears coming out of her eyes.

RABIA  
But just let me help!

YAZID  
Let you help on what?

RABIA  
I'll sneak something in. I can hide  
a bomb inside my jacket!

Yazid bends down right next to Rabia, as he smiles.

YAZID  
Can you cook a good meal? Our  
sacrifice deserves a good meal.

Yazid laughs, while Asif bends down on her other side.

ASIF  
Yazid, enough... Please understand  
child, that Islam does not allow  
you to kill yourself. Allah does  
not desire it.

RABIA  
But Allah's against all suicide!...  
Can't I just help my people?

Uthman and Yazid continue laughing. Asif lightly puts his hand on Rabia's cheek as he speaks to her.

ASIF

You can't help us here, child.

Rabia grabs Asif's arm.

RABIA

Please. Please let me do something...

Asif brushes her hand off, gets up, and leaves. Yazid follows, but Uthman stays back. Rabia wipes some tears off her cheeks and gets up. Uthman grabs her arm from behind.

UTHMAN

Don't leave yet.

RABIA

What?

Uthman suddenly covers Rabia's mouth with his hand and grabs the rest of her body. Rabia tries to scream, but her mouth is covered.

UTHMAN

Shut up. Shut up!

Uthman's hands slide underneath Rabia's shirt and inside her pants. He drags her to the ground. Rabia shakes, but can't get out of his grip.

UTHMAN

Don't. Don't move. Don't move.

Rabia stops moving, but is breathing heavy. Uthman grabs her by her hair and pulls her near his face.

UTHMAN

It's okay because I'm a future martyr.

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. Tariq opens his arms, as if to give a hug, and quickly retreats.

TARIQ

Who are you?

RABIA  
Tariq?

TARIQ  
Where's Ali?

RABIA  
Ali's not going, just drive.

Rabia starts dusting dirt off her outfit and fixing her hair.

TARIQ  
Where's Ali?

RABIA  
Drive.

Tariq looks towards her blouse, noticing the vest. He moves closer and lifts up her poncho. Rabia brushes his hand away, as she fixes her makeup.

RABIA  
Stop it.

TARIQ  
Why are you...? Where's Ali,  
because I'm not going.

Tariq crosses his arms and looks away.

RABIA  
Why aren't we driving? Can't you  
drive?

TARIQ  
It's not a woman's job.

Rabia stops fixing herself.

RABIA  
What?

TARIQ  
I'm not taking a woman to this job.

A pause occurs. 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 Rabia's wrists.

TARIQ

Stop it!

RABIA

I'll do it right now! Let go of me!

TARIQ

Shut up! Shut up!

Tariq pulls Rabia's hair and forces her down onto the carseat and slaps her repeatedly across the face. Rabia pulls the switchblade knife out of her vest and stabs Tariq in the thigh. Tariq grabs his thigh and shrieks.

TARIQ

Ahhhhh!

Rabia gets up and grabs Tariq by the hair. She pushes him down against his seat and holds the bloody knife above him. She smiles.

RABIA

When are you going to kill yourself?

Tariq winces and cries a bit.

TARIQ

Please don't.

Rabia stabs him in the stomach and he shrieks again. Blood is coming out of his mouth.

RABIA

Why can't I set off the bomb, Tariq? Don't you wanna die for Palestine, my future martyr?

TARIQ

Please don't. Please. Please.

RABIA

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

Rabia smiles. She then stabs him repeatedly until he's dead. Rabia opens the car door, dumps his body out and speeds off.

INT. JALAAL TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - FLASHBACK 2002

Rabia is sitting in a dark room with Umer. Umer is wearing military fatigues and Rabia is wearing a tight scarf around her head. She is dressed in contemporary clothes. They are seated across from each other on a table.

UMER

And you want us to help your mission?

RABIA

Yes.

UMER

But you have no training and...

RABIA

General, I know I have no training, but I don't need it. I'll dress up like an Israeli and wear my best makeup. We can hide the vest under my blouse... Just get me into Tel Aviv.

Umer pauses.

RABIA

You train them to blend in and I already can. And I don't need you to convince me to kill myself because... General, I'm ready to die.

Umer smiles and leans back.

UMER

And you won't back out?

RABIA

No.

Umer gets up and stands.

UMER

You'll do some training. Just a little. But you will be sent. You'll be sent and we will help.

RABIA

But I don't need...

UMER

You need the training.

A pause occurs.

RABIA

General, is it because I'm a woman?

UMER

A woman?

RABIA

Yes? I know Islam doesn't allow...

Umer laughs lightly.

UMER

I don't care what Islam says... so long as they're dead Israelis on the street.

Umer smiles, looking at Rabia. She smiles.

EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia's car pulls into a parking lot on a Tel Aviv beach. A few beachgoers, in bathing suits, pass by. Rabia has sunglasses on and is sitting in the car's driver seat. A couple, holding hands, walks by the car and looks at Rabia. She looks at them, but keeps her sunglasses on.

INT. RABIA & DAREEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK 2002

Rabia is standing in front of a small mirror, inside the kitchen, trying on the suicide bomb vest. There is no dynamite on it. She is putting the poncho over it. Her hair is messy and she is wearing no makeup. She adjusts the outfit. Suddenly, DAREEN (23) walks into the kitchen. She is wearing a tanktop and jeans, with her long hair in a ponytail. She is carrying two grocery bags, that she sets in the kitchen.

DAREEN

Hey baby!

Rabia quickly presses her poncho down and smiles.

RABIA

Hi sweetie.

Dareen walks over and kisses her cheek.

DAREEN  
You look beautiful!

Rabia lightly laughs. Dareen grabs the poncho.

DAREEN  
This is nice!

Rabia moves Dareen's hand away and smiles.

RABIA  
I just go it.

DAREEN  
Lemme see it!

Dareen picks it up again. Rabia moves her hand again.

RABIA  
No, no, no, baby.

DAREEN  
No, I wanna try it on...

RABIA  
No, later...

DAREEN  
Now, Rabia...

RABIA  
Please, baby, later...

Dareen giggles and starts wrestling Rabia as she grabs the poncho. Suddenly, her hand grazes the vest.

DAREEN  
Rabia?

Rabia keeps smiling.

DAREEN  
Rabia, what's this?

RABIA  
What, baby?

Dareen reaches in more and Rabia tries to block her.

DAREEN  
Oh my God...

Rabia keeps smiling.

RABIA

What? It's... It's just part of my outfit, baby, it's...

DAREEN

It's a bomb, Rabia!

RABIA

It's a... a bomb? Baby, it's not a...

DAREEN

Take it off!

RABIA

What?

DAREEN

Give it to me.

RABIA

I'm not giving it to you.

DAREEN

Give it to me now.

RABIA

It's just a joke, baby...

DAREEN

Rabia, I want it!

A pause occurs.

RABIA

I'm not giving it to you. I'm not...

Rabia starts walking away. Dareen follows her.

DAREEN

What the hell are you thinking? Answer me. Answer me!

Dareen grabs her arm and turns her around, as Rabia resists.

DAREEN

So you let them use you...

RABIA

No one's using me... No one's...

DAREEN

...and you give yourself up and  
bomb random people...

RABIA

You don't understand...

DAREEN

For what, Rabia? For what? So they  
just come in here and bulldoze more  
homes? Is that what you want?

RABIA

Yes.

DAREEN

What?

RABIA

Let them bulldoze. Let Israel  
bulldoze this whole damn place.

A pause occurs. Rabia brushes Dareen's arm off and walks back  
towards the kitchen with Dareen following.

RABIA

You know this place, Dareen! If  
Israel isn't hurting us then the  
politicians here are.

Rabia gets to the kitchen counter and starts packing up  
makeup items into a bag.

RABIA

They just fight to see who can kill  
all of us first...

DAREEN

So killing yourself is your answer?  
Is being used the best way...

Rabia grabs Dareen and pins her against the wall.

RABIA

I'm not being used! I'm using them!  
All they want us to do is stay here  
at home and give them babies to  
blow up and call martyrs. I'm worth  
more than that. The women here are  
worth more than that!

DAREEN

Allah wouldn't approve of...

RABIA  
Fuck Allah, Dareen. Fuck them all!

DAREEN  
Okay, okay...

Rabia lets go of Dareen. A pause occurs.

RABIA  
Baby, I'm sorry.

DAREEN  
What's going on?

RABIA  
It's nothing... nothing.

Dareen caresses Rabia's cheek.

DAREEN  
Baby, please don't do this.

RABIA  
I won't. I'm just... I'm...

Rabia smiles a bit, with tears coming out of her eyes.

RABIA  
It's just hard, Dareen.

DAREEN  
I know, baby, I know...

Dareen holds Rabia.

DAREEN  
You promise me.

Rabia shakes her head "yes."

DAREEN  
Yes? Promise?

Rabia shakes her head again. Dareen kisses her on the forehead and smiles, as she continues holding her.

DAREEN  
Just rest, baby... rest. You have me, you now that...

RABIA  
I know...

EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH - REAL TIME 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia is sitting the car. She takes off her sunglasses and starts checking her vest. She makes sure that every wire is in place and she grabs the detonator switch. She then looks up and looks at the beach.

INT. RABIA & DAREEN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Dareen is walking around the house, in her pajamas. She is speaking in a groggy voice and smiling.

DAREEN

Baby... Breakfast time... Baby...?

Her smile starts to fade.

DAREEN

Rabia? Rabia? Rabia! Oh God... Oh God...

Dareen starts looking around the kitchen.

EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH - REAL TIME 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia is sitting the car. She is about to open the door, but stops. She sits back down and reaches for a pen and paper. She thinks for a moment and starts writing on the paper. The last sentence she writes on the paper is, "Forgive me, Dareen. I love you." She then folds it and writes 'Dareen' on the back of it.

INT. RABIA & DAREEN'S HOUSE

Dareen has a jacket on over her pajamas and is crying. She is looking all over the kitchen.

DAREEN

Don't do it... don't do it...

Dareen finds a pair of car keys.

DAREEN

Thank God!

She heads for the door.

EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH - REAL TIME 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia looks at the letter for a moment. Rabia takes a deep breathe and knods "yes" to herself. She sits up and leaves the letter on the dashboard and exits the car.

INT. RABIA & DAREEN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A knock is at the door. Dareen opens it to find Umer, standing with Bilal and Dawud. Umer is smiling. Bilal and Dawud have rifles in their hands.

UMER

Dareen?

DAREEN

Yes?

Dareen looks down at Umer's hands and sees a letter, with her name on it, in Rabia's handwriting. Tears pour out of Dareen's eyes, as she collapses into Umer's chest.

DAREEN

No, no, no, no....

UMER

It's a wonderful thing, child! Your friend is a martyr! A hero!

Bilal and Dawud fire their rifles in the air, behind them.

BILAL & DAWUD

Allah-hu-Akbar!

The rifle sound fades into the sound of an explosion.

Fade to black.