

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 holds up a clipboard with notes on it.

UMER
Good. Final check... cellphone?

RABIA
Yes.

UMER
Watch?

RABIA
Yes.

UMER
Israeli license?

RABIA
Yes.

UMER
Map?

RABIA
Yes.

UMER
Knife?

RABIA
Knife?

The two men finish with the bomb and walk away. Rabia straightens her poncho. Umer approaches her.

UMER
Take this.

Umer hands her a switchblade knife.

RABIA
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
Ali will give you further
instructions when you see him...
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

Rabia is busy re-applying makeup, looking into the car's fold-down mirror. Zahir abruptly brakes his car a slight distance from an Israeli checkpoint. At the checkpoint, a Palestinian man is being pulled out from his car and forced to lay on the ground, as he's padded down.

An Israeli guard is putting his foot against the man's back, as three other guards swarm around the car. They point a gun towards him, yelling.p.

ZAHIR

This wasn't supposed to happen!

RABIA

What?

ZAHIR

They never put checkpoints here!
Someone set us up.

RABIA

I've got the passports, just go!

Zahir starts turning the wheel back.

ZAHIR

We're going back.

Rabia puts her makeup down and starts smiling.

RABIA

We're not going back.

Zahir ignores her. Rabia grabs his hand.

RABIA

Don't do that.

ZAHIR

Rabia, they'll kill us.

Zahir starts turning the wheel again. Rabia jumps near his seat and starts honking the car's horn. Zahir wrestles her off.

ZAHIR

Rabia, stop it!

All three Israeli soldiers start rushing over.

ZAHIR

Oh shit Rabia, oh shit...

Rabia quickly fixes her hair as one soldier runs up to the car window. The other two soldiers surround the car. Rabia extends over Zahir's lap and grabs the soldiers hand.

RABIA

Hello, soldier!

Rabia starts caressing Zahir's hand close to her.

RABIA

My husband and I were driving through the area... and we got a call that my dear aunt is being rushed to a Tel Aviv hospital. Please good soldier, we really can't wait.

Rabia is smiling.

ISRAELI SOLDIER #2

They're Israeli plates!

Rabia plays with Zahir's 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?

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 small car drives
near the fence, with two men in it. Ali is looking with
binoculars.

ALI

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

Rabia is looking with the binoculars now. Ali holds up a
stopwatch.

ALI

Around that building is a blue
truck. That's where Tariq is
waiting and he'll 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.

(MORE)

ALI (cont'd)

When you crawl under, keep low and don't run to 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 car drives by, as Ali looks at his stopwatch.

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 car 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 car is drawing closer. Rabia cuts her poncho off from the fence with the knife, and immediately drops down into the large brush. The Israeli car drives by, with men looking out the window. Ali takes a deep breathe of relief and leans against the wall. Rabia looks up and sees that the car is leaving. She stuffs the knife back into her vest and runs.

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. Rabia shakes, but can't get out of his grip. Uthman grabs her by her hair and pulls her near his face.

UTHMAN

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

The camera moves off screen as we hear Rabia struggle.

INT. RABIA AND BAKR'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2000

Rabia is standing with utensils in hand, from cooking. Bakr d 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... no children.

Rabia tries to hug Bakr.

BAKR

Stop it!

RABIA

Bakr, please just one more try.

Rabia kisses him.

RABIA

I can do it.

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...

Rabia approaches him.

RABIA

You're my home...

Bakr pushes her away.

BAKR

This isn't your home! It's not my
fault those damn Israelis killed
your parents.

Bakr walks away. Rabia walks behind and begins to hold him.
Bakr grabs Rabia by her hair and walks her towards the door.
Rabia is screaming. They walk off screen. Slaps across
Rabia's face are heard as she moans in pain.

BAKR

Leave. Leave now!

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 car seat 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 be sent... but you'll do the full training...

RABIA

But I don't need...

UMER

You need the full 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

DAREEN is cornering Rabia against a kitchen corner. DAREEN (23) is wearing a tanktop and jeans, with her long hair in a ponytail. Rabia is wearing her bomb vest under her poncho, and no makeup, with messy hair.

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

Give it to me!

Dareen grabs Rabia's poncho, but Rabia pushes her off.

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 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 our
politicians 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 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!.

Rabia lets go of Dareen. A pause occurs. Dareen carresses Rabia's cheek.

DAREEN

Baby, please don't do this.

RABIA

I'm just... I'm...

Dareen holds Rabia.

DAREEN

You promise me. Promise me?

Dareen lets go and holds Rabia by her shoulders.

DAREEN

You promise?

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.

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.

Rabia walks onto the beach's pavilion, and bumps into a mother, holding her daughter's hand.

RABIA

I'm sorry.

MOTHER

It's okay...

Rabia looks at the daughter, as the daughter smiles back. Rabia smiles back at her. The couple she saw earlier approaches her, giggling.

YOUNG MAN

Excuse me?

RABIA

Huh?

YOUNG MAN

Do you know where the cafe is?

RABIA

Umm... no...

YOUNG MAN

It's okay. Thank you.

The couple continues giggling and holding each other. Rabia watches them walk off into a crowded area of people. Rabia turns around and sees an uncrowded area. Rabia looks back at the crowd of people, and then starts walking towards the uncrowded area. As she walks, an Israeli guard stops her.

GUARD

Ma'am this area is closed....
Ma'am...

Rabia keeps walking. The guard grabs Rabia and starts restraining her.

GUARD

Ma'am, it's closed.

Rabia starts smiling.

GUARD

Ma'am?

Rabia holds the detonator in her hand. She turns away from the guard, closes her eyes, smiles, and presses the detonator.

FADE TO BLACK.