

**1** INT. MARTYRS BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - REAL TIME FEBRUARY 2002 **1**

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 then puts on a grey neoprene vest. She takes a silly-putty-like object and duct tapes it to the vest, connecting a wire to it. She puts on a contemporary blouse/poncho over her body. She puts a light coat of makeup on and fixes her hair.

**2** INT. THE HOUSE OF RABIA'S PARENTS DAY - FLASHBACK MAY 1984 **2**

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 too?

Rabia pauses and then starts smiling.

RABIA  
Yeah!

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...

**3** EXT. MARTYRS BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - REAL TIME FEB 2002 **3**

Rabia walks down a fruit marketplace. UMER (57) walks out of a nearby building and calls out to Rabia; Umer is an Arab man, with a heavy beard, dressed in loose military fatigues.

UMER  
Rabia, in here!

Umer walks out to Rabia and lightly grabs her arm. He leads her into the building, where they close the door. 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.

UMER  
Quickly, quickly!

The men continue attaching wires.

UMER  
Good?

RABIA  
Alhumdudillah.

IQBAL  
Done!

The two men finish checking Rabia. Rabia starts to leave, but Umer quickly grabs her arm and stops her on the porch. He speaks to her, smiling.

UMER  
Hold on.

RABIA  
We can't waste time, General.

UMER  
Is everything packed? Your cellphone, the Israeli license, passport...?

RABIA  
General, I have everything.

Rabia tries to pull away again, but Umer keeps holding her, smiling. He has a map in hand.

UMER  
Plans changed.

RABIA  
Changed what?

UMER  
This map has instructions for Gordon Beach and Hilton Beach.  
(MORE)

UMER (cont'd)

Their forces are south today, so tell Usman to drop you off at the Hilton Beach and abandon his car at the Modiin bus stop.

RABIA

But Gordon's bigger.

UMER

Hilton's easier.

RABIA

But I'll kill more at Gordon.

UMER

Both beaches will have plenty to kill, Rabia.

Umer smiles and Rabia smiles back.

UMER

Take this.

Umer hands her a switchblade knife.

RABIA

I don't need that.

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

UMER

Just take it.

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

UMER

You'll do well.

RABIA

I know.

Rabia walks away and gets into the car, with ZAHIR (23) in the driver's seat. Zahir has a very light complexion, is wearing a modern shirt and has a trim haircut, with no beard, giving him a contemporary look. Zahir drives away, with Umer smiling as they drive off.

4

INT. BAKR'S BEDROOM DAY - FLASHBACK NOVEMBER 1994

4

Rabia is eighteen. She is wearing a bra and underwear. BAKR (20) sits up at the side of the bed and puts on a necklace. Bakr is a tall man with dark complexion.

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 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?

5 OMITTED 5 \*

6 INT. ZAHIR'S CAR - REAL TIME FEB 2002 6 \*

Rabia is busy applying makeup, looking into the car's fold-down mirror. Zahir's car parks behind a few other cars, awaiting to be checked at the 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 him. They point a gun towards him, yelling. Zahir watches all of this, shaking his head. He grabs a phone and starts dialing, as he turns the wheel.

ZAHIR

I'm going back!

RABIA

What?

ZAHIR

They're never this strict, Rabia.  
We'll be caught!

RABIA

I've got the passports.

Zahir holds the cellphone to his ear. Rabia puts her makeup down and starts smiling.

RABIA

We're not going back.

ZAHIR

Forget it.

Zahir puts the cellphone down and keeps turning the wheel. Rabia grabs his hand.

RABIA

Don't do that.

ZAHIR

Rabia, they'll kill us.

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

ZAHIR

Rabia, no!

Ten Israeli soldiers start rushing over, with guns in hand.

ZAHIR

Oh no, Rabia, oh no!

Rabia extends over Zahir's lap and grabs the hand of the soldier who is standing by the window.

RABIA

Soldier, please help!

Rabia grabs Zahir's cellphone.

RABIA

My husband just got a call about my aunt and soldier... she... she...

Tears stream out of Rabia's eyes.

RABIA

They just rushed her to the Sourasky Medical Center in Tel Aviv and I must get there now, because I... I just can't...

ISRAELI SOLDIER #2

They're Israeli plates!

Rabia starts quickly padding parts of the car.

RABIA

Baby, where the passports? Give them our passports.

ZAHIR

Uhhh...

Zahir fumbles with his bag. Rabia digs into the bag with him.

ISRAELI SOLDIER #1

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

Rabia squeezes the soldier's hand.

RABIA

Thank you.

The soldiers leave the car and start moving traffic, so their car can pass. Rabia wipes the tears off her face and gets her makeup back out. Zahir looks at her and smiles.

RABIA

Don't smile. You almost ruined it.

Zahir looks away and starts to drive.

7

INT. RABIA AND WAFIQ'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK JULY 2000

7

Rabia is 24. She has curly dark hair and is wearing a traditional gown. WAFIQ (36) waits at the table; he is large Arab man, with a bald head and beard. Rabia places three dishes on the table. She grabs Wafiq's plate and begins putting food on it. She sets the dish in front of Wafiq. 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 Wafiq is still motionless.

RABIA

Should I get you something?

WAFIQ

No.

Rabia gestures, as if, she's getting up towards the kitchen.

RABIA

I can re-cook it, if you want.

WAFIQ

I bought a house with four bedrooms, Rabia, not one.

RABIA

I know.

WAFIQ

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, Wafiq, let's just try it.

WAFIQ

We've tried enough times, Rabia!

RABIA

Then we'll adopt if it doesn't happen.

WAFIQ

Adopt?

RABIA

Yes.

Wafiq grabs his plate of food and throws it to the floor, while continuing to sit in the chair.

WAFIQ

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

Wafiq grabs Rabia's hands.

WAFIQ

Did I do this to have my own children, or did I do this to start an orphanage?

RABIA

I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

8

INT. ZAHIR'S CAR - REAL TIME FEB 2002

8

Zahir's car parks behind a large trailer. Standing nearby is ALI (28), a dark-skinned man, in casual, but beaten up, clothing. Zahir and Rabia get out of the car. Rabia smiles.

RABIA

Ali!

Rabia walks towards Ali, but Ali quickly grabs her and forces her to bend down, hiding behind the trailer.

ALI

Careful!

Ali is peaking over the side of the trailer, with Rabia bent down next to him. An Israeli military truck drives past the fence, with two soldiers in it. Ali is looking with binoculars and hands them to Rabia, who looks through them.

ALI

Usman is waiting around that building in a blue car...

RABIA

And the hole's cut?

ALI

It's directly ahead, 12 o'clock, where the red ribbon is tied.

RABIA

I'm ready.

Rabia brushes herself off getting ready.

ALI

Hold on.

Rabia looks at him.

ALI

You only have a minute, so when you get by the fence, hide in the meadow and wait for them to pass again, before running to Tariq.

RABIA

Just like we practiced.

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 about to be free, when suddenly, a large part of her poncho gets stuck in the fence.

ALI

Hurry! Rabia, hurry!

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 breathes in relief.

9 INT. RABIA AND WAFIQ'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK DECEMBER 2000 9

Rabia is standing with utensils in hand, from cooking. Wafiq gets out a set of papers.

RABIA  
What are those?

WAFIQ  
I've had enough.

RABIA  
Enough of what?

WAFIQ  
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 empty bedrooms... no children.

Rabia tries to hug Wafiq.

WAFIQ  
Stop it!

RABIA  
Wafiq, please just one more try.

Rabia kisses him.

RABIA  
I can do it.

WAFIQ  
I don't love you anymore, Rabia.

RABIA  
Just once, Wafiq.

WAFIQ  
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...

Wafiq pushes her away.

WAFIQ  
This isn't your home! It's not my  
fault your parents are dead.

Wafiq walks away. Rabia walks behind and begins to hold him.  
Wafiq grabs Rabia by her hair and walks her towards the door.  
Rabia is screaming. They walk off screen.

WAFIQ  
Leave. Leave now!

10

INT. TARIQ'S CAR - REAL TIME FEB 2002

10

Tariq (31) 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.

RABIA  
Usman?

TARIQ  
Who are you?

RABIA  
Aren't you Usman?

TARIQ  
Usman got caught so I was sent.

Rabia pulls out her knife.

RABIA  
Does Umer know?

TARIQ  
Yes. I'm Tariq.

Rabia puts down the knife and hands Tariq the map. She starts dusting dirt off her outfit and fixing her hair.

RABIA  
This is the map. You're dropping me  
off at Hilton Beach, not Gordon...

Tariq peruses the map. Rabia gets her makeup out.

RABIA  
...you'll abandon the car at the  
Modiin bus station and...

TARIQ  
Are you Rabia?

RABIA  
Tariq, pay attention...

TARIQ  
I thought Rabia was the mission's  
code word?

RABIA  
Tariq, the map...

Tariq giggles.

TARIQ  
Isn't this attack important?

RABIA  
According to the map we...

TARIQ  
Because they wouldn't send a woman  
to do a job like this!

Tariq starts laughing.

RABIA  
Are you going to drive me?

TARIQ  
Drive?

RABIA  
Yes?

Tariq pauses and looks right at Rabia.

TARIQ  
No!

Tariq continues to laugh. He gets out his cellphone and starts dialing. Rabia puts her makeup down and inches towards the wheel.

RABIA  
Then let me drive.

TARIQ  
Don't touch that.

As Rabia begins to touch the wheel, Tariq slaps her and pushes her against the seat.

TARIQ  
Sit down!

Rabia gets up.

RABIA  
I'm driving this car.

TARIQ  
Shutup and sit down!

Tariq yanks Rabia's hair and forces her against the seat, where he starts slapping her.

RABIA  
Let go of me!

TARIQ  
Then don't move!

Rabia pulls the switchblade knife out of her pocket. Tariq notices movement near her hand, but as he looks she stabs him in the thigh. Tariq grabs his thigh and shrieks.

TARIQ  
Ahhhhh!

Rabia gets up and grabs Tariq by the hair. She grabs his cheek and pushes him down against his seat holding the bloody knife to his throat. Tariq cries a bit. She smiles. \*

TARIQ  
I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

RABIA  
When are you supposed to die for  
Palestine, little martyr?

Rabia holds the knife above his head, as blood drips from it onto his face. Blood is coming out of Tariq's mouth. \*

TARIQ  
Please don't. Please. Please.

RABIA  
You get to live your life like a  
king, just because everyone thinks  
you'll die someday.

Rabia smiles. She puts the knife back to this throat. \*

TARIQ  
Please, please! \*

Rabia continues smiling. \*

RABIA  
Get out. Get out of here and go  
back to paradise. \*

Rabia opens the car door. \*

CUT TO:

11 EXT. TARIQ'S CAR - CONTINUOUS 11

Tariq is lying on the ground, cradling his leg. Near him is  
Rabia, inside the car, driving off, leaving him behind. \*

12 INT. MARTYRS BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS - FLASHBACK JUNE 2001 12

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, with a map of  
Israel on the table.

RABIA  
...and I tried joining Hamas, but  
women can't do their missions.

UMER  
And you want to join ours?

RABIA  
Yes.

UMER  
But you have no training and...

RABIA  
General, I don't need the training  
because I work with the Israelis  
who bring in the aide supplies.  
(MORE)

RABIA (cont'd)

I know how they dress and what  
makeup they wear. I know how they  
act!

Umer looks at Rabia.

RABIA

General, you have no men who can  
blend into Tel Aviv the way I can.  
We can bomb any part we want  
because of my looks. And I don't  
need you to convince me to die  
because... I'm ready to die.

Umer smiles and leans in.

UMER

Is this true?

RABIA

Yes.

UMER

And you won't back out?

RABIA

No.

Umer gets up and stands.

UMER

Then you'll be sent... but you'll  
do the full training...

RABIA

But I don't need...

UMER

You'll do full training.

A pause occurs.

RABIA

General, is it because I'm a woman?

UMER

A woman?

RABIA

Yes? I know Islam and Hamas say...

Umer laughs lightly.

UMER

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

Umer smiles looking at Rabia. She smiles.

13 EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH - REAL TIME FEB 2002 13

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; she opens the door and walks towards the beach.

14 INT. DAREEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK JANUARY 2002 14 \*

DAREEN (23) approaches Rabia from behind. Dareen is wearing a tanktop and jeans, with her long hair in a ponytail. Rabia is wearing a t-shirt and jeans with no make-up and messy hair. Dareen has a tesby/rosary bead string in her hand. Rabia is cutting some green peppers, and other vegetables, into small slices over a cutting board on the kitchen counter. \*

DAREEN \*

Boo! \*

Rabia turns around. \*

RABIA \*

You scared me! \*

Dareen hugs Rabia tightly. \*

DAREEN \*

Happy birthday, Rabia! \*

Dareen gives her the beads. \*

RABIA \*

I love them! \*

Rabia and Dareen embrace with a hug and kiss. \*

DAREEN \*

You shouldn't be working on your birthday! \*

Dareen lets go of Rabia and starts cutting some of the vegetables herself, taking the knife from Rabia. Rabia smiles, looking at the beads. \*

DAREEN

You know what I was thinking? I was thinking about traveling. We should go someplace, Rabia!

RABIA

I'd like that.

DAREEN

And maybe we can get fake passports or something, I don't know?

Dareen hugs Rabia again.

DAREEN

I just know that I wanna go somewhere with you! I wanna spend every second with you and never leave.

Rabia giggles a bit with Dareen. She then caresses Dareen's hair. Dareen goes back to cutting vegetables, smiling.

DAREEN

So where do we go?

RABIA

You know how much I love you?

Rabia stops Dareen from cutting.

RABIA

Baby... if I didn't walk through the doors of this apartment tomorrow, I wouldn't want you to think that I didn't love you, because I love you so much...

DAREEN

What are you talking about, Rabia?

RABIA

I just don't want you to ever think that I didn't love you...

DAREEN

Why would I ever think that?

Rabia laughs a little.

RABIA

You never know, baby? Something could happen to me tomorrow!

DAREEN \*  
Like what? \*

Rabia smiles again. \*

DAREEN \*  
Are you going to walk through the \*  
doors tomorrow? \*

Rabia looks away. \*

DAREEN \*  
Baby, are you going to be here \*  
tomorrow? \*

Rabia starts cutting vegetables. \*

DAREEN \*  
Are you going somewhere? Where are \*  
you going? \*

Dareen stops her from cutting vegetables. \*

DAREEN \*  
Tell me! Tell me, Rabia. \*

Rabia pauses. \*

RABIA \*  
Baby... I've been working with that \*  
new political group... \*

DAREEN \*  
What? \*

RABIA \*  
It's just small stuff, baby, \*  
really... \*

DAREEN \*  
Don't you love me? \*

Rabia smiles.

RABIA \*  
Of course I love you... \*

DAREEN \*  
You wouldn't let them use you if \*  
you did. \*

RABIA \*  
What? \*

DAREEN  
You're being used.

Rabia grabs Dareen and pins her against the fridge. \*

RABIA  
I'm using them!

DAREEN  
You're just a bomb to them! A  
weapon!

RABIA  
I'm more than that.

DAREEN  
So they make you bomb innocent  
people, so that Israel can come  
back here and bulldoze our homes.  
Is that what you want, Rabia? Do  
you want us all bulldozed?

RABIA  
Yes.

DAREEN  
What?

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

A pause occurs. Rabia lets go and turns around, and then  
faces Dareen again.

RABIA  
You don't think I want a better  
life for you? For everyone?

DAREEN  
I don't know?

Rabia tries to hug Dareen, but she refuses.

RABIA  
I'm the one using them...

Rabia tries to grab her and Dareen refuses.

RABIA  
All they want us to do is give them  
babies to blow up and call martyrs.  
You know that.

(MORE)

RABIA (cont'd)

I'm worth more than that. Everyone here is worth more than that!

Rabia forces herself on Dareen and hugs her.

RABIA

And they're not gonna know that worth unless I do this. No one's gonna know our worth.

DAREEN

But I don't wanna lose you.

RABIA

I don't wanna lose you.

DAREEN

Then do something different.

RABIA

I can't.

DAREEN

Why? Allah wouldn't approve of this. Allah wouldn't kill people.

RABIA

Well then Allah can go to hell because this doesn't concern Allah.

Tears appear in Dareen's eyes. She pulls Rabia closer.

DAREEN

No, no, no....

Dareen slides down the fridge onto the floor of the kitchen. Rabia slides down with her.

RABIA

Baby, please...

DAREEN

No...

RABIA

Baby, if you love me you'll let me go.

DAREEN

I don't want to.

RABIA

You have to let me go baby. For the people here... for you... you have to let me, baby...

DAREEN

No....

**15** EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH - REAL TIME FEB 2002 - CONTINUOUS **15**

Rabia is walking on the beach and walks into a crowd of people who are standing near a sunglasses stand. Rabia pulls the detonator out. An Israeli mother (34) is standing in front of her. The mother calls out to her daughter.

MOTHER

Sweetie come here and try these on!

The daughter runs over and the mother picks her up and tickles her a bit. They both giggle.

DAUGHTER

You're making me laugh, Mommy!

The mother looks up at Rabia and smiles. Rabia smiles back at her. Rabia then looks around at all the people standing among her. Further away she notices that the shoreline is empty. Rabia puts away the detonator and starts walking away.

CUT TO:

**16** CONTINUOUS **16**

Rabia is standing bearfoot, with waves crashing against her ankles. The detonator is in her hand. Rabia looks to both sides, noticing that no one is nearby. We pan away from Rabia, as we overlook the ocean.

An explosion is heard. Sirens go off and people scream, with the ocean as our backdrop.

FADE TO BLACK.