

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 eight 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.

UMER
Done! Go!

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

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
These are instructions for Gordon
Beach and Hilton Beach. 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
You'll kill a lot at either beach,
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 1998

7

Rabia is 22. 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 Usman.

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 1998 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
Rabia, I spent enough money on trying fix you. You were a guest in my house... and 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 those damn Israelis killed
your parents.

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
Let's go, drive!

TARIQ
Who are you?

RABIA
Aren't you Usman?

Rabia pulls out her knife.

TARIQ
Usman got caught so I was sent.

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
Wait, whose doing the bomb?

RABIA
I am, Tariq. I'm Rabia.

Tariq pauses.

TARIQ
Isn't this attack important?

RABIA
What?

TARIQ
They can't send a woman for this. I
thought Rabia was the code-word?

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
Then I'm driving this car.

TARIQ
Shutup and sit down.

Rabia puts her makeup down and inches towards the wheel.
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
No... please stop...

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

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

Umer looks at Rabia.

RABIA

Do you have any men who can blend into Tel Aviv? We can bomb any part 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? We
should go someplace, Rabia!... Just
get the fake passports made and
leave. Leave to anywhere! Tell me
you wanna go?

Rabia giggles. She takes the knife from Dareen and starts
cutting the vegetables.

DAREEN
Yes?... Yes?... Rabia?

Dareen stops her from cutting vegetables. Rabia pauses.

RABIA
Baby... the group and I decided
that...

DAREEN
You're not going to...

RABIA
We talked about this, baby...

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 just a bomb to them! A
weapon!

Rabia grabs Dareen and pins her against the fridge.

RABIA
I'm more than that.

DAREEN
I almost died in their air raids,
Rabia! They'll just come back and
bulldoze our homes after you kill
their people. Is that what you
want? Do you want us all bulldozed?

RABIA
Yes.

DAREEN
What?

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

Rabia lets go and turns around. She then faces Dareen again.

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

DAREEN
I don't know?

Dareen starts to leave, but Rabia pins her back lightly.

RABIA
I'm using them... look at me...

Rabia tries to grab Dareen's face and look into her eyes.
Dareen resists.

RABIA

All they want us to do is give them babies they can blow up and call martyrs. Don't you think we're worth more than that? Don't you think everyone's worth more?

Dareen gives in and looks at Rabia.

RABIA

And they're not gonna know unless I do this. Unless I prove it to them.

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

But Allah wouldn't, Rabia. Allah wouldn't kill.

RABIA

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

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.