

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE

Rabia (25) is a beautiful, Palestinian woman, with curly dark hair. She is shaving her head and getting a black outfit ready. She takes a couple metal objects and straps them to her chest, with some wires that connect to a button. She puts the baggy black blouse on, with a matching head veil. Her face barely appears out of the outfit.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE DAY

Rabia is eight years old. She is running down the hallway and into her mother's bedroom, where her mother, Sakina (30) and her aunt, Lina, (23) are getting dressed up. Lina is wearing a shiny bridal gown, as Sakina is helping her.

SAKINA

Rabia baby, go feed your brothers.

RABIA

But I wanted to see Lina.

SAKINA

But your brothers are waiting.

RABIA

Can't they do it?

SAKINA

I'll do it. You can talk to Lina.

Sakina puts down her things and exits the room. Rabia walks towards Lina. Lina grabs Rabia and puts her in her lap. Lina tickles her a little and Rabia smiles.

RABIA

You look pretty.

LINA

You'll look pretty like this someday.

RABIA

When I get married?

LINA

Yes.

RABIA

What if I don't like boys?

LINA

You will, Rabia. 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.

EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Three Israeli guards are standing near a checkpoint. In the distance, a small car pulls up. Rabia, in her black outfit, is sitting in the passenger seat. Dareen (23) is driving. Dareen is a Palestinian woman, with dark hair, a t-shirt, and sunglasses.

RABIA
Okay...

Rabia opens the door. Dareen grabs her.

DAREEN
Rabia. Rabia!

Dareen grabs on to Rabia's arm and forces her back in.

RABIA

I just want to make it quick.

DAREEN

I don't.

A few seconds go by.

RABIA

If I don't go, then they're going to check the car, so I have to go now.

Dareen grabs Rabia again before she can open the car door.

DAREEN

Okay. Wait. Just wait.

RABIA

No, I have to go now.

DAREEN

I'm not talking about that!

RABIA

I'm doing this.

Rabia gets out of the car and starts walking towards the check point. Dareen gets out of her door and quickly runs in front of Rabia, trying to stop her from going.

DAREEN

Rabia!

RABIA

Go away.

The Israeli guards begin to notice.

DAREEN

Rabia, I don't think it'll make a difference.

RABIA

What?

DAREEN

All of this. None of this makes any difference. It's just three of them, Rabia.

RABIA

I told you, it's the easiest check point to bomb.

Rabia begins walking again. Dareen stops her.

DAREEN

But it's three! Don't you get it?

RABIA

I told you it's this one!

DAREEN

I changed my mind.

RABIA

Dareen, I set it all up! It's ready to go off, and you tell me this now?

DAREEN

I just thought of it, Rabia, I'm sorry. Come to the car.

RABIA

Alright. So you want to go to a different one?

DAREEN

Come to the car.

RABIA

No.

DAREEN

Yes, Rabia. Yes. Let's go to a different one. A bigger one.

Rabia turns away for a moment, about to approach the check point. She stops and turns back around into the car.

EXT. RABIA'S HOUSE DAY

Dareen's car pulls up to Rabia's house. Both women are inside.

RABIA

We should've just done it. Gotten it over with.

DAREEN

I just wanted it to be significant.

RABIA

Any of them are significant,
Dareen! The numbers don't matter.

Rabia gets out of the car.

RABIA

Wait here. I'm getting the map.

Dareen gets out of the car.

DAREEN

Rabia!

RABIA

What?

DAREEN

Don't go.

RABIA

I have to go inside.

DAREEN

No, don't go.

RABIA

Is there someone inside?

DAREEN

The mission, Rabia. Don't do it.

Rabia walks towards Dareen.

RABIA

I've already got the bombs on me.

DAREEN

Then take them off.

RABIA

I'm not taking them off.

Dareen tries to hug Rabia, but Rabia refuses it.

DAREEN

It's insignificant, Rabia! You're
just going to be another bomber.

RABIA

It's different.

DAREEN

Don't you think you could do something better?

RABIA

This is the best. The best for you and me.

Rabia tries to get back in the car.

DAREEN

So what then? You'll bomb yourself and then Israel will send tanks in here to bulldoze your house. And along the way, they'll bulldoze everyone else's.

RABIA

Let them bulldoze.

DAREEN

What?

RABIA

Mine's different. It's worth it.

DAREEN

Rabia, it's just Israel.

Rabia walks away into the car. Dareen grabs her, as she sits in the passenger seat.

DAREEN

They're making peace talks, Rabia. Just let it be.

RABIA

There's more to do with it.

DAREEN

What?

RABIA

I'm not just after Israel.

INT. RABIA AND BAKR'S HOUSE

Rabia is 21. 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. One for you and me, and three for children.

RABIA

I know.

BAKR

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

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.

RABIA

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

BAKR

We've tried enough times, Rabia!

Bakr gets up and walks towards the kitchen.

RABIA

We can adopt if it doesn't happen.

BAKR

Adopt?

RABIA

Yes.

BAKR

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

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?

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!

EXT. RABIA'S HOUSE

The dialogue continues between Dareen and Rabia, from before.

DAREEN

If it's not Israel, then what?
America?

RABIA

No, Dareen.

DAREEN

You're not helping Palestine.

RABIA

Of course I am!

DAREEN

After everyone is bulldozed?

RABIA

Dareen... I'm helping in a
different way.

DAREEN

How? After people are killed for
your act?

RABIA

You don't understand.

DAREEN

You just want to be a hero! You
want everyone to call you a martyr.

RABIA

Yes, I do.

DAREEN

You're selfish like them all. You
want us all to worship you and pray
to your pictures, once you die!
What about me, Rabia? What am I
supposed to do? Whose the bigger
martyr? You, for leaving so
quickly, or me, for facing the
retaliation and still living?

Rabia pushes Dareen.

RABIA

Yes, Dareen! Yes. It's hell here. I was only brought here to have kids and prepare them for suicide bombings. I'm worthless to these people, without that.

INT. TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS IN GAZA

Rabia is 24. She has short curly hair and is standing in a dark hallway. She is fiddling with a veil, trying to put it on, as it keeps slipping off. Uthman (28), a tall Palestinian man, approaches her.

UTHMAN

You got your answer. It's best you leave now.

RABIA

I was just fixing my veil.

UTHMAN

Women shouldn't be in a place like this.

RABIA

I know. I'm going now.

Uthman grabs Rabia's arm.

UTHMAN

We'll take care of this, Rabia. You go back where you came from.

RABIA

If you're taking care of it, then why is everything getting worse?

Uthman moves closer into Rabia.

UTHMAN

Maybe because women like you keep bothering us.

Uthman takes his other hand and starts to caress Rabia's cheek, as the veil falls off.

UTHMAN

Women aren't meant for this work,
Rabia. We need women for other
things.

RABIA

Please stop.

Uthman starts touching Rabia's waist.

UTHMAN

It's okay Rabia. I'll be forgiven
when I'm a martyr.

Uthman advances in on her. Rabia pushes him away
aggressively. Uthman slaps her and she yells loudly. A few
other men rush out. Uthman backs off.

UTHMAN

This whore hit me!

The men come out to Uthman's aid, as Rabia grabs her things
and runs out of the building.

EXT. RABIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rabia and Dareen are facing each other.

DAREEN

How could you say it?

RABIA

Say what?

DAREEN

How could you?

RABIA

Stop it.

DAREEN

You think you're worthless?

Dareen has some tears in her eyes. She approaches Rabia with
open arms, but Rabia pushes her away.

DAREEN

Come here.

RABIA

Stop, Dareen.

Dareen wraps her arms around Rabia. Rabia tries to fight her off. Dareen forces her arms around Rabia and starts kissing her head. Rabia stops resisting. Dareen continues kissing her head and holding her more tightly. Dareen continues kissing towards Rabia's mouth and Rabia turns away. Dareen continues and more tightly holds Rabia's face closer to hers, as she kisses. Rabia wraps her hands around Dareen's wrists and kisses back. They kiss for a few moments. They stop kissing, but continue holding each other.

RABIA

If they saw that, they'd kill us.

DAREEN

Nobody saw it, Rabia.

RABIA

There's nothing I can do here,
Dareen. There's nothing that can't
be normal for me.

DAREEN

I'm here. I'm here, Rabia.

RABIA

It's so easy for every woman here.
So easy to just take care of a
husband, care for children.

Dareen holds Rabia and buries her head into Rabia's hair.

RABIA

Nobody gets killed for pleasing a
man, or kissing a man.

DAREEN

I won't let anyone kill you.

RABIA

I'm not worried about that anymore.

EXT. TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS IN GAZA - NIGHT

Rabia is running away from the headquarters, down a dark alley. Uthman is following her. He catches up to her and grabs her. He slaps her, sending blood out of her mouth.

UTHMAN

I don't whores run away from me!

RABIA

Stop!

Uthman grabs Rabia. 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 and stay quiet.

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.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS IN GAZA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Uthman stands above Rabia, zipping his pants up. Rabia is on the ground, barely clothed, bloody on various parts of her body. Uthman bends down and yanks her hair.

UTHMAN

You keep your mouth shut, whore!

Uthman slaps her. He turns around to walk away. Rabia crawls towards a crowbar. She grabs the crowbar and gets up. She starts screaming as she walks towards Uthman. Uthman turns around and Rabia smacks him across his face with a crowbar. Uthman falls down and Rabia stands over him, continuing to pound into him with the crowbar. Eventually she stops and looks at the bloody tip of the crowbar. She begins to scream and runs away.

EXT. RABIA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dareen and Rabia continue holding each other. Dareen starts touching the bombs around Rabia's body.

DAREEN

Take it off, baby.

Dareen starts loosening some of the straps.

DAREEN

Let it go...

Rabia quickly removes Dareen's hand and steps away.

DAREEN

Calm down.

RABIA

I don't want to.

DAREEN
Just come here.

RABIA
Don't touch it, Dareen. Don't.

Dareen backs away from her.

DAREEN
Just come home, baby. Come inside.

Rabia keeps her stance. Dareen reaches her hand out.

DAREEN
Come inside, baby. Come with me.

RABIA
I don't know.

DAREEN
It's okay.

RABIA
I don't know, Dareen. I don't know.

DAREEN
Just stay with me?

Rabia continues her stance. She begins to tear up. Dareen comes closer to her.

DAREEN
Yes? Yes?

Rabia allows Dareen to wrap her arms around her, as if, Dareen is to escort her into the house.

DAREEN
Come, baby. Come inside.

Rabia turns around, walking back towards the car. Dareen grabs her before she can get too far.

RABIA
I'm sorry. I'm sorry, Dareen.

DAREEN
No baby, stay.

RABIA
I can't. I just can't.

Rabia is crying. She slaps Dareen's grip off of her and runs towards the car. Rabia gets inside the driver's seat. As she tries to start the car, Dareen runs inside the passenger seat, trying to stop Rabia from starting the car.

DAREEN

Rabia, please! Please stay! No baby, no!

Rabia manages to get the car started and drives off, with both women in the car. Dareen sits in the front seat, away from Rabia, crying. Rabia drives the car fast and does not look at Dareen.

CUT TO:

INT. RELIGIOUS AREA OF HAMAS - NIGHT

Rabia sits across from Umer (50). 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.

RABIA

I want the next assignment. I want to do it for Palestine.

Umer starts to laugh.

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.

Rabia pulls a gun out and points it at Umer. Umer stops and backs away.

UMER

Rabia... when we run out of men, we'll send you.

Rabia clicks the gun.

UMER

Please put the gun down, child.

RABIA

Aren't you gonna die someday,
anyways? When are you gonna kill
yourself for Palestine?

Umer keeps his hands up. Rabia drops the gun and leaves it on
the table.

RABIA

All of you future martyrs, living
lavishly just because everyone
thinks you're gonna kill yourself.

UMER

Someday. Someday in the future...!

RABIA

You never will! You never will. You
take our money and buy your
uniforms. Your food, your luxuries.
Don't tell me you're going to
paradise... you already live in it.

Rabia walks out, as Umer watches her leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Rabia's car pulls up. The border guards are near the check
point. Rabia and Daren sit in the car. Daren approaches.

DAREEN

Don't go.

RABIA

Stop it!

DAREEN

It's against, Islam.

RABIA

Islam?

DAREEN

Yes, Rabia. It's against it.

Rabia smiles.

RABIA

Then I'm not Muslim.

INT. YAZID'S BEDROOM - DAY

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

RABIA
I love you.

YAZID
I know.

Rabia is caressing his thighs and waist, as he sits up. Yazid is putting on dark necklaces and other clothing.

RABIA
Can't you stay?

YAZID
It's time to pray, Rabia.

Yazid gets up and puts on a round cap.

YAZID
I have to wash up.

RABIA
I can pray too. Let me...

YAZID
Rabia, no.

RABIA
I can wait for you?

YAZID
You can go, Rabia. It's okay.

RABIA
But I want to wait.

YAZID
I need you to go, Rabia.

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

RABIA
I love you... Do you love me?...
Tell me if you love me?

Yazid takes Rabia's arms off of his body.

YAZID
Yes. Yes. Go now.

RABIA
Will I see you soon? Yazid? Yazid!

Yazid is walking out of the room. He slams the door, leaving Rabia alone.

EXT. SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Rabia opens the door of the car. Dareen grabs her by the shirt and refuses to let her go. Dareen and Rabia fight, as Dareen tries to keep her inside the car.

RABIA
Stop it!

DAREEN
No!

RABIA
Stop it!

DAREEN
Just one thing! Just tell me!

Dareen lets go. Rabia stays in the car, her hand on the door.

DAREEN
Do you think you're worthless? Do you really think that?

Rabia looks away from Dareen. She pauses. She then opens the door to leave. Dareen grabs her again.

DAREEN
No!

RABIA
Stop it!

DAREEN
Answer me!

Dareen wrestles Rabia back in the car and doesn't let go of her.

DAREEN
Worthless? Are you!?! Are you!?!

RABIA
I am to them.

DAREEN
I don't want their opinion.

There's a pause. Dareen continues holding Rabia.

RABIA
I'm not going to be worthless
anymore, Dareen.

DAREEN
You're not worthless!

RABIA
Let go of me! Let go!

Rabia wrestles Dareen off. She opens the door and gets out of the car. Dareen quickly opens her door and runs around the car, facing Rabia.

DAREEN
Then take me with you!

RABIA
What?

DAREEN
There's nothing here for me,
without you.

RABIA
Dareen...

DAREEN
I don't want to stay here. I don't,
Rabia. Let me go.

RABIA
I can't do that.

DAREEN
I'm worthless too, Rabia! I'm
worthless without you.

Rabia pauses.

RABIA
You won't be worthless anymore.
None of you will be. Not after I'm
finished.

DAREEN

No... no...

Rabia grabs Dareen and wrestles her into the car. She gets Dareen into the car and locks the door. Dareen beats her hands against the window and tries to open the door. The security guards at the checkpoint notice the scuffle and run towards the car. Rabia runs towards them before they can get close. Dareen continues struggling with the door, as she watches Rabia run towards the guards.

DAREEN

No! No! No!

The guards get their guns out. Rabia lifts off her veil and exposes the bombs around her body. The guards attempt to calm her down. Rabia keeps running towards them.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN

An explosion is heard. Moments later, it is followed by the sounds of sirens, as well as planes and helicopters hovering. Many gunshots are heard and people are heard screaming.

End.