

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia (26) is a beautiful Palestinian woman, with curly dark hair and olive complexion. She undresses down to her bra and jeans. She duct-tapes small metal boxes to her bare chest and connects wires to all of them. She then puts a contemporary poncho on, over her body. She applies a small coat of makeup and lipstick to her face, and then fixes her hair.

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 Lina's 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...

INT. JERUSALEM MARKETPLACE DAY - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia is walking down an aisle of the long marketplace. The market is lively. Most shoppers are in modern clothes, but a few are in religious suits. Loud rap music plays. Rabia grabs the wire under her poncho. She starts caressing the button at the end of the wire's plastic handle.

INT. YAZID'S BEDROOM DAY - FLASHBACK 1994

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.

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
I should pray now, Rabia.

Yazid gets up and puts on a round cap.

YAZID
I have to wash up.

RABIA
I can pray too. Let me join you...

YAZID
No, Rabia.

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 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
Do you love me?...

Yazid takes Rabia's arms off of his body.

YAZID
Yes. Yes.

RABIA
You'll call me tonight, right?

Yazid looks away from Rabia.

RABIA
Yes?

CUT TO:

INT. JERUSALEM MARKETPLACE DAY - REAL TIME 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia is in the marketplace, clutching the wire's handle. Suddenly, Dareen (23) runs up behind her. Dareen is a Palestinian woman, with short dark hair, adorned in a t-shirt, jeans, and sunglasses.

DAREEN

Rabia. Rabia!

Dareen grabs on to Rabia's arm, but Rabia resists.

DAREEN

I'm staying with you!

RABIA

You're making a scene. Get back in the car and keep a look out.

Rabia pushes her off, but Dareen grabs her again.

DAREEN

Rabia! It... it won't make a difference, Rabia.

RABIA

What?

DAREEN

None of this makes any difference. It's just a tiny market, Rabia. It's not even in Tel Aviv.

RABIA

I told you, it's the easiest one.

Rabia begins walking again. Dareen stops her.

DAREEN

I changed my mind.

RABIA

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

DAREEN

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

Rabia looks away from her.

DAREEN
Come to the car.

RABIA
No.

DAREEN
Yes, Rabia. Yes. Let's go to a
bigger one. One in Tel Aviv! Yeah?

Rabia turns away for a moment. She then looks at Dareen and takes a deep breathe in and releases.

EXT. THE HOUSE OF RABIA'S PARENTS DAY - REAL TIME 2002

Dareen's car pulls up to Rabia's house.

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 place doesn't matter.

Rabia gets out of the car. Dareen follows.

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 bomb, Rabia. Don't do it.

Rabia walks towards Dareen.

RABIA
I've already got it on me.

DAREEN
Then take it off.

Dareen tries to hug Rabia, but Rabia refuses it.

DAREEN
It's nothing, Rabia! You're just another bomber.

RABIA
It's different.

DAREEN
Isn't there something greater?

RABIA
This is the greatest cause!

Rabia continues into the house. Dareen stops her.

DAREEN
So what then? You bomb yourself and then they send tanks in to bulldoze your house. And then they'll bulldoze everyone else's. Is that your goal? Is that what you want?

RABIA
Let them bulldoze.

DAREEN
What?

RABIA
You don't understand...

DAREEN
Rabia, it's just Israel.

Rabia turns away, but Dareen forces her to turn back.

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

RABIA
It's more than that.

DAREEN
What?

RABIA

I'm not bombing Israel. They're not my target, Dareen.

INT. RABIA AND BAKR'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 1997

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 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?

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.

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. HOUSE OF RABIA'S PARENTS - REAL TIME 2002 - CONTINUOUS

The dialogue continues between Dareen and Rabia, from before.

DAREEN

So your message is for America?

Rabia walks away from Dareen and starts re-applying her makeup and lipstick.

DAREEN

It's the same as Israel, Rabia. Israel will attack for America if they have to.

Rabia continues with her lipstick.

DAREEN

You're not helping Palestine.

RABIA

Of course I am!

DAREEN

After everyone is bulldozed?

RABIA
Dareen... it's different.

DAREEN
How? After people are killed for
your act?

RABIA
Pretty much.

DAREEN
You just want everyone to call you
a martyr, like all those other damn
bombers.

RABIA
Yes, I do.

Dareen pauses at Rabia's comment. Rabia keeps applying
makeup.

DAREEN
You're selfish like them all. You
want us all to worship you and pray
to your pictures after you die!

Dareen grabs Rabia's makeup from her hand and throws it to
the ground.

DAREEN
What about me, Rabia? What am I
supposed to do? Whose the bigger
martyr? You, for leaving so
quickly, or me, for facing their
retaliation?

RABIA
Yes, Dareen! Yes. It's hell here.

Rabia walks back towards the car.

RABIA
I was only brought here to have
kids and prepare them for suicide
bombings. I'm worthless to these
people, without that.

INT. HAMAS HEADQUARTERS NIGHT - FLASHBACK 2001

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.

They are seated at a small table, in a dungeon-like room, with no windows and little lighting.

RABIA

I want the next assignment. I want to defend 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.

Umer continues to laugh. 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

When's your dying day? When are you gonna kill yourself for Palestine?

Umer keeps his hands up.

RABIA

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

UMER

Someday. Someday in the future...!

Rabia puts her gun away.

RABIA

You never will! You never will. You take our money and buy your uniforms. Your food, your luxuries.

(MORE)

RABIA (cont'd)
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. HOUSE OF RABIA'S PARENTS - REAL TIME - CONTINUOUS

Dareen follows behind Rabia. Dareen has some tears in her eyes.

DAREEN
Why did you say that?

RABIA
Say what?

DAREEN
Why?

RABIA
Stop it.

DAREEN
You're not worthless.

Dareen has some tears in her eyes. She tries to hug Rabia, 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
They'd kill you if they saw this.

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, Rabia. I'm normal.

RABIA

It's too easy for everyone else.
Just take care of a husband, care
for children, have a house...

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

RABIA

No one's killed for pleasing a man,
or kissing one.

DAREEN

I won't let anyone kill you.

RABIA

I'm not worried about that anymore.

INT. TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS IN GAZA - FLASHBACK 2000

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. Women aren't meant to
help with suicide missions.

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. 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...
you're needed for other things.

RABIA

Please stop.

Uthman starts wrapping his arms around Rabia's waist. She
resists.

UTHMAN

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

RABIA

No!

Rabia pushes him away aggressively and gets out of his grip.
Rabia runs out of the building, as Uthman chases behind her
laughing.

UTHMAN

Don't be scared....

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS IN GAZA - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

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 let 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. Don't yell.

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. HOUSE OF RABIA'S PARENTS - REAL TIME - CONTINUOUS

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

DAREEN

Take it off, baby.

Dareen buries her hands under Rabia's poncho.

DAREEN

Take it off...

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 me, 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 tries to open the driver's seat door, but its locked; Dareen runs inside the passenger seat instead, trying to stop Rabia from starting the car.

DAREEN

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

Rabia grabs the handle to her bomb.

RABIA

I'll blow us up right now if you don't stop!

DAREEN

Don't, Rabia.

RABIA
Sit down and shutup.

Dareen backs down. Rabia drives off quickly; she has one hand on the steering wheel, and the other on her bomb's handle. Dareen sits in the front seat, away from Rabia, crying. Rabia drives the car fast and does not look at Dareen.

EXT. GAZA STRIP STREET - FLASHBACK 1999

Rabia is 23 years old. She is ducking behind an overturned ambulance, while clutching Muhammad (23), a young Palestinian man, in her arms. Rabia and Muhammad are both wearing EMT suits. Gun shots and grenade blasts are heard all around. Blood is dripping off of Rabia's face. Muhammad is barely conscious, with a bullet wound in his shoulder and blood spilling out of his mouth.

RABIA
Stay with me baby, stay...

Rabia shakes Muhammad a bit.

RABIA
Don't leave me, please!

MUHAMMAD
Sorry...

RABIA
Please... no...

MUHAMMAD
Sorry...

A swarm of bullets fire towards Rabia's direction and she ducks down to avoid them, with Muhammad in arm. She waits a moment to get back up, and then starts trying to revive Muhammad again.

RABIA
Muhammad? Baby! Baby, wake up! Wake up!!!

Rabia shakes him as she cries.

RABIA
Baby, please!!!

Muhammad is gone. Blood spills out of his mouth.

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
Where are we?

RABIA
Border checkpoint.

Rabia gets up to leave. Daren grabs her by the arm.

DAREEN
Don't go.

RABIA
Stop it!

DAREEN
What about Islam!

RABIA
Islam?

DAREEN
Yes, Rabia. Islam is against this!

Rabia sits in her seat, and Daren softens her grab.

DAREEN
Prophet says so, Rabia. It's wrong.

RABIA
What about self defense?

DAREEN
What are you defending, Rabia?
Allah wants the peaceful path.

Daren holds Rabia's hand.

DAREEN
Let's go home, baby... There's a
better way...

Rabia holds her hand back and smiles.

RABIA
Daren...

DAREEN
Yes, baby?

RABIA
I'm not Muslim.

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

RABIA
Stop it!

DAREEN
No!

RABIA
Stop it!

Rabia grabs the handle to her bomb again, and stares at Dareen.

DAREEN
Just one thing then... Just tell me...

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 tries to grab her, but Rabia clutches the handle to the bomb.

DAREEN
No!

Dareen grabs Rabia anyways and wrestles her back into the car. Rabia let's go of the bomb's handle.

RABIA
Stop it!

DAREEN
Answer me!

DAREEN
Are you!?! Are you worthless!?!

RABIA
I am to them!

DAREEN

I don't want their opinion.

RABIA

And I'm not going to be worthless anymore!

DAREEN

You're not worthless!

RABIA

Let go of me! Let go!

Rabia wrestles Dareen and slaps her (Dareen). Rabia 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'm not doing 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.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HAMAS HEADQUARTERS - FLASHBACK 2000

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's 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.

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.