

INT. FATAH TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia (26) is standing in dark bathroom, with dark concrete walls and mold growing everywhere. There are two men standing outside the bathroom, dressed in military fatigues.

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 holds a black neoprene case, with straps hanging off of it. She straps it to her bare chest, and connects it to a set of wires, leading to a metal box, as she duct-tapes it to her body.

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...

CUT TO:

INT. FATAH TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - BATHROOM - REAL TIME 2002
- CONTINUOUS

Rabia 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. A knock is heard on the door.

RABIA
Yes... yes...

Rabia opens the door. The two men enter the bathroom. Rabia raises her arms, as one man slightly lifts her poncho. He fiddles with some buttons on the case, causing a small hum to be heard, as well as a small flashing red light, on the black case, to go off.

RABIA

Good? Yes?

The two men nod and they all leave the bathroom.

EXT. FATAH 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; he 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 and the other two men walk out and Umer approaches them.

UMER

Did you take care of it.

The two men nod their heads. Umer turns his attention to Rabia and they both eye each other. Umer is about to speak, but then stops. He looks away from Rabia.

RABIA

Can I go in now?

Rabia looks to Umer. He doesn't respond. Rabia walks towards the car and opens the door, getting into the backseat. Zahir gives a confused look towards Umer.

ZAHIR

This is it?

Zahir looks back at Rabia and starts chuckling a little. Rabia slaps him aggressively against his face; Zahir holds his cheek and advances towards Rabia, but is restrained, through the open window, by Umer. He looks back towards Umer. Umer's face remains still.

UMER

Go.

ZAHIR

But...

UMER

Now. Go.

Zahir looks one more time at Rabia; he sighs, grabbing the wheel, as he drives off.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002

Rabia enters her house, dressed in a coat and jeans. She has a small black case in her hand, with straps coming off of it. Dareen (22) run towards her, with her arms open; Dareen has short black hair, dressed in a dark tank top and jeans.

DAREEN

Baby!

Dareen wraps her arms around Rabia, and Rabia reciprocates with a hug back, as she smiles. Dareen gives her a kiss on the cheek, as they hold each other.

DAREEN

I got something for you.

RABIA

Yeah?

DAREEN

Yeah!

Dareen lets go and runs off. Rabia goes to the kitchen counter, puts the black case down, and rubs her face, as she closes her eyes. Dareen runs back to Rabia and begins poking her and tickling. Rabia puts her back against the counter, covering the black case, as she laughs.

DAREEN

Tired? Tired? Lazy!

RABIA

Stop! Stop it!

Dareen stops tickling as they both laugh. Rabia grabs Dareen's waist and starts leading her out.

RABIA

Come here.

Dareen notices a black case on the counter.

DAREEN

What's that...?

Rabia grabs her hips more tightly and moves her away.

RABIA
Sit with me.

Dareen laughs a little.

DAREEN
Let me go, Rabia. What is it?

RABIA
No, baby.

Dareen breaks Rabia clutches and goes towards the case. Rabia rushes behind her and tries to grab it before she can. Dareen holds the case away from Rabia, dodging her attempts to grab it back. Dareen exams the black case and then looks back at Rabia. Rabia smiles lightly.

RABIA
It's nothing, baby... Just give it
back to me.

Dareen resists, as Rabia approaches.

DAREEN
No!

RABIA
Give it, baby.

DAREEN
Oh my God, Rabia! You told me!

RABIA
Baby, give it to me.

DAREEN
You told me, Rabia! You told me you
wouldn't!

RABIA
Calm down. Just calm down.

DAREEN
No, no, no....

INT. ZAHIR'S CAR - REAL TIME 2002

Zahir's car stops at a security checkpoint. An Israeli guard, with a large gun in hand, looks inside the vehicle seeing Zahir and Rabia. Rabia smiles at him.

ISRAELI GUARD #1

Go.

Zahir pulls forward and then parks the car. Rabia checks her outfit and checks her makeup in a small compact.

ZAHIR

You shouldn't have slapped me back there.

RABIA

I'm dead today, I can do whatever I want.

A pause occurs.

ZAHIR

Girls are supposed to stay home.

RABIA

I'll do whatever I want.

ZAHIR

You should be home.

RABIA

Doing what? Waiting for you to take action?

ZAHIR

It's not a woman's job.

Rabia closes her compact and lifts her poncho, revealing wires.

RABIA

Then you do it.

Zahir looks at the wires. Rabia starts unstrapping them.

RABIA

You do it. You do the man's job!

Zahir panics. He grabs her poncho and tries to slap her hands away from unstrapping the bomb.

ZAHIR

Don't be stupid! They can see!

RABIA

Don't touch me!

ZAHIR

Give it to me!

Rabia slaps his hands away and holds the black case in her hand. She restrains his hands from grabbing her.

ZAHIR

They can see it.

RABIA

Let them see it! I'll just blow us up right here.

ZAHIR

What? No!

Zahir tries to grab it again and Rabia holds it away, as they struggle.

RABIA

If you touch me again, I'll do it.
I'll set it off.

ZAHIR

Don't... please don't... just put it down, please...

RABIA

Don't you wanna die for Palestine, future martyr?

Zahir looks at her. He then looks away. Rabia begins strapping the bomb back on.

RABIA

Go back to your mother's home.
You'll always be safe there.

Rabia gets out of the car and walks towards the city.

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. 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. ISRAELI MARKETPLACE - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia walks into a busy marketplace, with many shoppers. Loud rap music is heard playing. Rabia looks around and starts smiling.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE DAY - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Dareen is holding the black case, standing away from Rabia. Rabia is approaching her.

RABIA
It's just a fake, baby. It's fake.

DAREEN
Are you going to do it?

Rabia is silent.

DAREEN
Are you? Tell me!

Rabia looks down.

RABIA
Yes.

Dareen puts down the black case and approaches.

DAREEN
It's not worth it, Rabia.

RABIA
You don't understand.

DAREEN
I don't understand? Rabia! You go and kill yourself, and then they'll come and bulldoze everyone's houses!

RABIA
Let them bulldoze.

DAREEN
What?

RABIA
Let them bulldoze. It's worth the
cause.

DAREEN
What cause? It's just Israel.

RABIA
Dareen, it's more than that.

DAREEN
They're making peace talks, Rabia.
We don't need to fight them
anymore.

RABIA
See you don't understand. I'm not
after Israel. They're not my
target.

DAREEN
Who are you after?

RABIA
I know you'll understand. You'll
understand, after I blow up the big
Tel Aviv mall.

Rabia grabs the black case and walks away.

DAREEN
Rabia, don't leave me!

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.

INT. ISRAELI MARKETPLACE - DAY - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia is walking through the marketplace. She looks at each person she walks by, and they look back at her. She stops at the end of one aisle and starts fondling her poncho. An attendant suddenly approaches.

ATTENDENT
Do you need assistance?

Rabia quickly wraps her arms around her poncho, then relaxes them.

RABIA
Umm...

Rabia smiles.

RABIA
I'm fine. Thank you.

ATTENDENT

Alright...

RABIA

Ummm...

ATTENDENT

Yes?

Rabia continues smiling.

RABIA

Is there a bathroom here?

ATTENDENT

Yes. Down the aisle.

RABIA

Thank you.

The attendant walks away. Rabia smiles.

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 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.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Dareen walks towards Rabia, who is walking away. Rabia gets to her room and starts stuffing the black case into a drawer. Dareen gets there and tries to stop Rabia.

DAREEN

Don't do it.

RABIA

Don't make it hard for me.

DAREEN

If it's not for Palestine, then
what for?

Rabia continues ignoring Dareen, pulling items out of the
drawer.

RABIA

I just have to do it.

DAREEN

Is it for Islam?

RABIA

Islam?

DAREEN

Well what else is it for?

Rabia slightly laughs.

DAREEN

Islam doesn't support you, Rabia.

RABIA

I know.

DAREEN

It's against it, Rabia, you can't
do it.

RABIA

I can't do it?

DAREEN

No. Muslims don't do this.

RABIA

Then I'm not Muslim anymore.

Rabia closes her drawer and walks away again.

INT. FATA HEADQUARTERS NIGHT - FLASHBACK 2002

Rabia sits across from Umer (57). 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 points the gun at him.

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.

UMER

Put it down!

Rabia walks over and presses the gunpoint against his cheek.

RABIA

You support my mission. Get me the bomb and the support. Then I'll put it down.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia is opening the door about to leave. Dareen catches up to her and grabs her.

DAREEN

You're just being used!

RABIA

What?

DAREEN

Whoever's forcing you to do this! They're just using you, like they use the rest of them!

RABIA

I'm not being used.

DAREEN

Yes you are! They're taking advantage of you, your body...

RABIA

I'm the one using them and taking advantage! They'll obey me now.

DAREEN

Obey?

RABIA

All my life, I obey their rules. Having children, staying home, raising little boys to blow themselves up! I'm nothing here and you're nothing....

DAREEN

We're not nothing, Rabia...

RABIA
...and I'm not gonna be nothing
anymore!

A pause occurs.

RABIA
I won't spare this society.

INT. ISRAELI MARKETPLACE - DAY - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia is walking down the aisle, towards the bathroom.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Dareen is holding Rabia, as Rabia is trying to exit through the front door.

DAREEN
Just stay and talk to me.

RABIA
I have to go.

DAREEN
Just ten minutes.

RABIA
I can't.

DAREEN
Why? Where are you going...?

Tears come down Rabia's eyes.

DAREEN
Rabia?

RABIA
I just came back to say goodbye.

DAREEN
Goodbye?

RABIA
Goodbye forever, baby.

DAREEN
No, no... I'm not...

Dareen starts crying. She grabs Rabia, as Rabia tries to resist.

DAREEN

Baby, just listen for a minute... I can't live without you.

Rabia cries a bit. She then pushes Dareen away and tries to exit. Dareen yells.

DAREEN

No, no!

Dareen grabs Rabia. Rabia pushes away.

RABIA

Stop! Dareen, stop!

Rabia turns and punches Dareen across the head, with the black case. Dareen passes out on the floor.

RABIA

Oh, baby...

Rabia leans down and kisses her. She pauses for a few seconds. She then wipes her tears, gets up, and walks out.

INT. ISRAELI MARKETPLAC - REAL TIME 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia bumps into an older woman. A metal box drops out of Rabia's poncho, with a wire attached, as she is bumped. Rabia stops and starts to collect it.

OLDER WOMAN

Oh my God... Bomb! Bomb!

Attendants and guards rush to the scene. Rabia is on the ground, and she looks up to see many men running towards her. Rabia gets up, with metal box in hand. The men surround her, some with guns.

OFFICER

Don't move...

Rabia smiles a bit.

OFFICER

I'll shoot... I will shoot.

Rabia laughs. She then presses a button the metal box. A huge explosion is heard and the screen goes to black.

INT. FATAH TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - 2004

Umer is standing outside the bathroom door.

UMER

They're ready! Let's go!

Two men, in fatigues, walk over. They have black and metal boxes in their hands, with wires. Umer opens the door, revealing three contemporary-looking, Palestinian women, standing in the bathroom. The men go to work, strapping metal boxes to their bodies.

FADE TO BLACK.