

INT. FATAH TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - REAL TIME 2002

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 puts on a light coat of makeup and fixes her hair.

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. Rabia sets a timer and flashing red digits start to blink on the neoprene case. She then puts a contemporary blouse over her body and looks one more time in the mirror.

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 is still looking in the mirror. 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, examining the case.

RABIA

Good? Yes?

The two men nod and they all leave the bathroom together.

EXT. FATAH TERRORIST HEADQUARTERS - REAL TIME 2002-
CONTINUOUS

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

Good?

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?

Rabia looks straight at 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

Good?

Zahir looks back towards Umer. Umer's face remains still.

UMER

Go.

Zahir hesitates.

UMER

Now. Go.

Zahir nods his head and leaves.

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?

INT. ZAHIR'S CAR - REAL TIME 2002

Zahir's car is approaching a checkpoint. Rabia is busy re-applying makeup. There's a car at the checkpoint, where a Palestinian man is being pulled out and forced to lay on the ground, as he's padded down.

ZAHIR
Oh shit.

RABIA
What?

Zahir pulls the car over.

RABIA
Don't pull it over, they'll know!

ZAHIR
They're checking today! Look!

RABIA
Drive!

ZAHIR
But...

RABIA
I'll do it if you can't.

Rabia grabs the wheel. Zahir brushes her off and continues driving.

ZAHIR
Fine! Okay!... They weren't so supposed to be checking today. They weren't supposed to...

RABIA
Shutup and don't look stupid!

A few seconds later, Zahir's car arrives in front of three Israeli soldiers, each holding a machine gun.

Zahir rolls down the window, with the Israeli soldier bending down to talk to him. Rabia, suddenly, wraps her arms around Zahir.

RABIA
Hello, soldier!

Rabia starts caressing Zahir's cheek.

RABIA
My husband and I were driving through the area... we had to visit my dear aunt in the Hillel settlement, because she couldn't make our wedding last week.

Rabia is smiling.

ISRAELI SOLDIER #2
Their plates are local!

Rabia gives Zahir a quick kiss.

RABIA
Honey, give the soldier our passports.

ZAHIR
Uhhh...

Zahir smiles, as well.

RABIA
We know it's a tough job, and I'm happy to let you inspect the car if...

ISRAELI SOLDIER #1
No, no... It won't be necessary. Good day now.

Rabia continues smiling as Zahir rolls the window. The soldiers open a gate and Zahir's car drives through. Rabia unwraps her arms and sits by herself again.

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!

INT. ZAHIR'S CAR - REAL TIME 2002

Zahir's car arrives at a large wall. Standing near the car is Ali (28), a dark-skinned man, in casual, but beaten up, clothing. He has a beard. Zahir and Rabia get out of the car.

RABIA

You're Ali?

ALI

Yes.

Rabia walks towards the wall. Ali grabs her from behind.

ALI

Careful!

RABIA

I thought it's safe?

Ali walks slowly towards the wall, slowly, surveying everything.

ALI

They could watch us from anywhere,
so nothing is safe.

Ali points at the wall, where a hole in the ground is shown, exposing a tunnel.

ALI

You're going to crawl through here
for twenty feet. There's a meadow
on the other side, and when you get
out, you must crawl, so that they
don't see you.

RABIA

What about my outfit?

ALI
What about it?

RABIA
I can't look dirty when I get to
the market!

Ali rolls his eyes.

RABIA
I'm not supposed to be crawling
like this!

ALI
Tariq will help you clean up.

RABIA
But I'm supposed to blend in!

Ali approaches her.

ALI
Not when you set the bomb!..
Listen... the outfit was for the
first checkpoint. You won't need to
be clean when you set the bomb.

A few seconds of pause.

RABIA
They said I can walk through...

ALI
And be caught! Is that what you
want?

Rabia stands still for a few seconds.

RABIA
Fine.

ALI
Tariq is wearing a red shirt and
he's in a blue car, next to the
meadow. Crawl behind the car and
inside of it, so you're not seen.

Rabia walks towards the fence. As she approaches the hole,
she sees a couple rats crawl out of it. She hesitates for a
moment. She takes a deep breathe and then goes inside of the
hole.

INT. UTHMAN'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2000

Rabia is 24. She has short curly hair and is standing in a dark hallway. Uthman's house is very dirty and not kept well. Rabia is fiddling with a veil, trying to put it on, as it keeps slipping off. Uthman (28), a tall Palestinian man, approaches her. He is laughing.

RABIA

I think I should go home now.

UTHMAN

No... you really think women should be suicide bombers?

Rabia continues fixing her veil.

RABIA

It's just what I think.

UTHMAN

Women should just have babies.

Uthman grabs Rabia's arm and closes in on her.

UTHMAN

More babies to blow themselves up.

Uthman starts kissing her.

RABIA

Please stop. Stop.

Uthman removes her veil and throws it to the floor.

UTHMAN

I'll show you what a woman's duty is...

RABIA

Stop it!

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

UTHMAN

It's okay... I can kill myself and be forgiven.

Uthman starts laughing.

RABIA

I want to go!

Rabia turns away and tries to run, but Uthman grabs her. 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. TARIQ'S CAR - REAL TIME 2002

Tariq (29) 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 up to the front seat.

Her hair is full of dirt, as well as her outfit. There are a few rat bites on her body, with blood coming out, spread out on her wrists and a few on her face. Tariq opens his arms, as if to give a hug, and quickly retreats.

TARIQ

What's going on?

RABIA

You're Tariq?

TARIQ

They said Ebrihim would be the one!

RABIA

Tariq, drive.

TARIQ

Where's Ebrihim?

RABIA

Drive.

Rabia points. Tariq crosses his arms.

RABIA

What's the problem?

TARIQ

I'm not taking you.

RABIA

What?

TARIQ

It's not a woman's job.

A pause occurs. Rabia advances towards Tariq and punches him repeatedly in the head. Tariq covers himself.

TARIQ

Stop it! Stop!

RABIA

I'll do whatever I want!

Tariq pushes her off a bit, with his hands in the air.

TARIQ

Okay! Okay! We'll go!

They stare at each other for a few seconds. Rabia adjusts her bomb belt, over her blouse. Tariq continues staring.

RABIA

Well? Come on! Drive!

Tariq turns away from Rabia and begins turning the ignition.

RABIA

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

They drive off.

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'm ready to die for Palestine. For my people. I want to give my life.

Umer is suppressing laughter. He suddenly starts to burst with laughter.

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. Please sit.

Umer approaches Rabia and touches her shoulder. She slaps his hand away.

UMER
Child, please! Please just sit.

Umer pulls the seat for her. Rabia hesitates, but sits back down, as Umer goes back to sit in his seat.

UMER
Child... our Holy Quran does not allow us to send women for these missions.

RABIA
But the Holy Quran doesn't allow suicide either.

UMER
But in self defense, we must apply different ways of achieving success.... And...

RABIA
So can't you change the rules for me? You can change the Holy Quran, but you won't change your policy?

A pause occurs.

UMER
Child... This isn't a woman's job. A woman's job, child, is to be a mother, to raise children. This calling is one higher than a martyr's.

RABIA
And what if I can't meet that calling?

Umer begins to laugh.

UMER

Well child... every woman can meet
this calling. You just find a
husband!

Umer snickers a little more. Rabia has a tear rolling down
her cheek.

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

Rabia!

Dareen wraps her arms around Rabia, and Rabia reciprocates
with a hug back, as she smiles.

DAREEN

Get ready! We have to leave soon,
because you're late.

Dareen runs down the hallway, leaving Rabia alone.

RABIA

I'll be ready.

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 with some clothes in hand. Rabia puts her back
against the counter, covering the black case.

DAREEN

What are you wearing tonight?

RABIA

Ummm... something... a dress?

DAREEN

Because I don't wanna match too
much.

RABIA

Then we won't.

Rabia smiles. Dareen looks over her shoulder.

DAREEN

What's that...?

Rabia grabs her hips more tightly and moves her away.

RABIA
It's nothing. It's a present for
you!

Dareen laughs a little.

DAREEN
Let me go, Rabia. What is it?

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... Just give it back
to me.

Dareen resists, as Rabia approaches.

DAREEN
No!

RABIA
Give it, Dareen.

DAREEN
Oh my God, Rabia! You told me!

RABIA
Dareen, 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....

Rabia begins laughing a bit.

RABIA
It's just a fake, Dareen.

DAREEN
It's not fake.

RABIA

It's fake. It's... It's just a joke.

DAREEN

You're just being used, Rabia!

RABIA

What?

DAREEN

They're using you.

Rabia stops smiling.

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 advances towards Dareen and grabs her shirt collar.

RABIA

I'm the one using them! I'm taking advantage! They're gonna meet my demands, Dareen!

Dareen is frozen. Rabia starts to let go of her.

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

Rabia, just relax and...

RABIA

No, Dareen! No. No. They need to know now. Someone needs to do it.

EXT/INT. TARIQ'S CAR - REAL TIME 2002

Tariq pulls forward and then parks the car in front of a mall in Tel Aviv. Rabia checks her outfit and checks her makeup in a small compact.

TARIQ
You shouldn't have slapped me back there.

A pause occurs.

TARIQ
Girls are supposed to stay home.

RABIA
Uh-huh.

TARIQ
You should be home.

Rabia starts putting away her makeup.

RABIA
Doing what? Waiting for you to take action?

TARIQ
It's not a woman's job.

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

RABIA
Then you do it.

Tariq looks at the wires. Rabia starts unstrapping them.

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

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

TARIQ
Don't be stupid! They can see!

RABIA
Don't touch me!

TARIQ
Give it to me!

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

TARIQ
They'll see it.

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

TARIQ
What? No!

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

RABIA
Touch me again, I'll do it.

TARIQ
Okay... don't... please don't...
please don't...

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

Rabia smiles. Tariq 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. FATA HEADQUARTERS NIGHT - FLASHBACK 2002

Rabia is waiting in the dungeon-like room. Umer opens the door quickly, as if he's being interrupted from another meeting.

UMER
Child... Child, you know my answer!

RABIA
I don't care about your answer.

UMER
My answer is final.

Rabia holds up her bomb and belt, as she knods her head "no."
Umer looks at it for a few seconds. He then shakes his head.

UMER
That's a fake.

RABIA
Okay, let's check and see.

Rabia begins undoing the bomb, as if, to set it off. Umer
rushes her and grabs her hands.

UMER
No, no! Don't touch that.

RABIA
Let go of me!

Rabia pushes him off. Umer puts his arms up, trying to calm
her down.

RABIA
I'm going in, no matter what. So I
will die... You might as well give
me your best bomb, because I can
get inside Israel. I can set it off
in Tel Aviv, because no one will
know I'm Palestinian, once I wear
the right outfit.

UMER
I don't know, child...?

RABIA
I'm going to die, anyways!
Shouldn't you just make it a
successful mission?

Umer thinks for a moment, and then starts knodding his head
in agreement.

UMER
When?

RABIA
Tomorrow.

UMER
Tomorrow?

Rabia knods her head "yes" with a smile.

UMER

No, no, child, we need to...

Rabia advances him, bomb in hand.

RABIA

There's no arrangements. Just get me into Tel Aviv. I wanna get this over with.

Umer knods his head "yes."

RABIA

When are you going to kill yourself?

UMER

What?

RABIA

You get to live all these years in luxury, just because everyone thinks you'll die someday.

UMER

I will give myself to this country, child!

RABIA

You don't need to. You already live in Heaven.

Rabia puts away her bomb and starts walking out.

RABIA

I'll be back tomorrow morning.

INT. 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 - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia is trying to leave, as Dareen is running after her.

DAREEN

It's not worth it, Rabia.

RABIA

You don't understand.

Dareen stands in front of her and stops her.

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 begins walking again. Dareen grabs her shoulder and stops her.

RABIA

Let them bulldoze. It's worth the cause.

DAREEN

What cause? It's just Israel.

RABIA

Dareen, it's more than that.

Rabia walks away again and this time, reaches the door. Dareen grabs her at the door.

DAREEN

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

RABIA

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

DAREEN

What?

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.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia is at the door, with Dareen next to her.

DAREEN

Don't do it.

RABIA

Don't make it hard for me.

DAREEN

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

INT. ISRAELI MARKETPLACE - REAL TIME 2002

Rabia is walking towards the bathroom. She stops and begins looking at people throughout the store. She turns around and continues looking. She then sees a toy doll and starts caressing it. She then abruptly leaves the doll and continues walking, this time, looking at no one.

INT. RABIA'S HOUSE - FLASHBACK 2002 - CONTINUOUS

Rabia is still at the door.

DAREEN

Islam doesn't support you, Rabia.

RABIA

I know.

DAREEN

Muslims don't do this.

Rabia smiles.

RABIA

Then I'm not Muslim anymore.

Rabia hesitates a moment. She then opens the door and runs out of it. She slams the door on her exit, causing to delay Dareen, who is trying to open the door. Dareen opens the door, only to hear a screeching car.

INT. ISRAELI MARKETPLACE - REAL TIME 2002

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 stops.

RABIA

Tell the women and children to
leave.

The officers continue holding guns. Rabia smiles. She then presses a button the metal box. A huge occurs, with flames everywhere. Sirens and ambulances are heard, as the fire continues. We zoom into a toy doll, of a little girl, that is seen on the floor, melting and burning into flames.

FADE TO BLACK.