

From the Ashes of Deir Yassin

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FROM THE ASHES OF DEIR YASSIN

FADE IN

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - EVENING - ESTABLISHING

Over an ancient cemetery beneath Lion's Gate, Arab men walk to Al Aqsa Mosque as we hear a call to prayer streaming from the loudspeakers of a minaret.

Hassidic Jews gather at the Wailing Wall while Jesuit monks walk by tourists, merchants, and the residents of the Armenian quarter.

The day comes to and end. The sun sets over the Old City of Jerusalem. The Golden Dome shines bright behind the stone walls of King Herod.

Not far from the holy city, the mountains of Judea darken to our right and the Samaritan hills color orange to our left.

At a distance, the street lights of NABLUS begin to shine, and the bright green light of a minaret welcomes a new evening.

WALID and SHADI, two ARAB TEENAGERS play soccer on a hilltop.

The teens, both thin with dark hair and desert tanned skin playfully run down an unpaved walking path into town.

Among the many unkempt homes, unfinished structures, buildings with missing windows, and lots filled with rubble, are also some magnificent homes, decorated with arches and exotic arabesque architecture.

The young men approach a street corner.

WALID

I'll come over after dinner!

Shadi picks up the ball and before his friend is out of sight he replies,

SHADI

I'll let you in as soon as my yaba passes out. And don't bring any of your boring books with you!

INT. NABLUS - SHADI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Walid opens the door to a poorly lit building staircase exiting Shadi's apartment to make his way back home.

WALID
 (with his back turned to the
 outside)
 I'll see you tomorrow.

SHADI (O.S.)
 See ya!

When Walid turns to leave, he stumbles upon two ISRAELI SOLDIERS. They are wearing full army gear, including night goggles and semi-automatic weapons.

The soldiers have apprehended an Arab MAN; each grabbing hold of one of his arms as they drag him down the stairs.

ISRAELI SOLDIER
 (to Walid)
 Get back inside right now!

Walid takes a step back, but a second later, before closing the door and as the soldiers are passing by in front of him, Walid abruptly exits Shadi's apartment and PUSHES the soldiers onto the stairway railings.

The Arab they were holding, now loose, looks at Walid for a mere instant and then RUNS downstairs as fast as he can.

The soldiers prepare to run after him at which point Walid throws himself on the floor TRIPPING one of them. He then takes hold of the other one's foot and holds him back long enough for the Arab man to complete his escape.

The soldier, left with no choice, STRIKES Walid in the back of his head with his weapon, knocking him unconscious.

INT. NABLUS - WALID'S SCHOOL - DAY

The teacher is not in yet. Walid's CLASSMATES gather and praise his heroic feat.

CLASSMATE
 Our class geek has turned into a
 hero.

Other classmates cheer.

CLASSMATE
 So tell us Walid, did you hit the
 Israeli soldier with one of your
 books?

Other classmates laugh.

SHADI
(to Walid)
Don't pay attention to them,
they're just jealous.

CLASSMATE
Don't get upset Walid. We're
actually proud of you.

Walid ignores his classmates. But the class bully gets on his face.

CLASSMATE
Are you joining the Tanzim?

WALID
Maybe I will.

The TEACHER walks into class.

TEACHER
Take your seats!

Students scramble to find their seats. Shadi leans over towards Walid.

SHADI
(whispers to Walid)
Some of these clowns should join a
circus instead.

WALID
Shadi, don't let them get to you;
ignore them like I do.

TEACHER
(to the class)
Silence! Take out your books.

WALID
(whispers to Shadi)
Are you coming over tonight?

SHADI
(whispering)
Probably. I'll let you know.

Walid nods. Students open their books.

INT. NABLUS - WALID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DINING ROOM

Walid sits at the table with his four younger SIBLINGS, and his FATHER (yaba) sits at the head of the table. He is a tall, thin, middle-aged man who lost his youth to manual labor.

Also at the table is Walid's MOTHER, whom he calls *yama*. She's a heavy set woman dressed in the traditional Muslim garb. Her seat is closest to the kitchen.

At the other end of the table, Walid's GRANDMOTHER (teh'ta), hunched over, still holding on to her walking stick even while sitting at the table, stares at Walid with her gentle eyes.

YABA

Well done Walid, you did what few Palestinian men have the courage to do.

YAMA

(to Walid - upset)

You could have been killed or taken to jail. What you did was foolish!

WALID

You are probably right yama , I just wasn't thinking.

YABA

Nonsense!

(slams the table)

What he did was the right thing to do! It is what every Palestinian needs to do.

(gives a stern look to his wife)

Or do we allow the Israelis to come to our town and do as they please?

TEH'TA

(to Walid's mother)

I agree with you. It was foolish!

Walid's father launches another harsh look. Walid's grandmother appears to be rather displeased with it all. She gets up from the table and heads back to her bedroom.

YABA

Don't pay attention to the women, Walid. You may even get recruited by the Tanzim.

WALID

They were already at my school.

(MORE)

WALID (CONT'D)
 Many of my classmates signed up.
 (breathes deep)
 I think I will too.

YABA
 A fighter from the Ashes of Deir
 Yassin.
 (sighs proudly)
 Finish all your meal Walid, you
 need to get stronger.

EXT. THE STREETS OF NABLUS - AFTERNOON

Walid walks back home from school. A CAR drives by slowly, passing by his side. It comes to a halt and a MAN, barely audible, peaks through the open window in the back seat of the vehicle and calls for Walid to come closer.

WALID
 What did you say?

The big scruffy character signals Walid to come closer to the car; when he gets close enough, before he realizes what is happening, he is PULLED into the car through the open window.

Right away, he is pushed onto the floor. The goon in the back seat places his feet on top of him, one foot on his head, another on his back. With his face pressed down, Walid feels the car speed off.

A HOOD is placed over his head, his hands tied behind his back.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

WALID'S P.O.V. - DARKNESS

RECRUITER (O.S.)
 So, I hear you are a great hero.

Those are the first words Walid hears, the black hood still over his head.

The hood is PULLED OFF, his hands untied, and he finds himself sitting on a folding chair inside a windowless room.

There is a dim light bulb above his head, and in front of him the RECRUITER, an unfriendly-looking and overweight man sitting behind a desk.

RETURN TO SCENE

RECRUITER

You want to fight Israelis? You want to help your brothers in their struggle against the occupation?

(takes a puff from his cigar)

If you want to be a soldier of Jihad, I have the perfect group for you to join.

Walid stares in complete confusion.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)

Cat's got your tongue? I am sorry if our bringing you here scared you, but I thought you were supposed to be a brave soldier!

WALID

You work for the Israelis.

The man explodes in LAUGHTER. Walid even hears the GOON standing behind him giggle.

RECRUITER

Israelis!! Ha, ha, ha.

The man laughs so hard Walid hears the man's chair creek as if about to break.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)

I like you Walid, you are a good boy. Are you a soldier? I don't know, but you are a good boy.

He takes another puff and gestures something to the goon behind him that Walid cannot quite figure out.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)

Your friends admire you and your father is proud of you.

(he lets out cigar smoke)

They seem quite impressed with you Walid, but there is a question that needs an answer.

Before the man can continue, Walid interrupts him.

WALID

You seem to know everything about me, what could you possibly not know?

RECRUITER

I do hope you are not being facetious Walid, and if you must know, I have my doubts about your loyalty.

The man takes a look at a file on his desk.

RECRUITER (CONT'D)

Are you truthfully a soldier of Allah? You are not a religious young man. Not exactly Jihad material.

WALID

Who are you? If you don't mind me asking.

Walid inquires while watching the tone of his voice and being as respectful as possible.

RECRUITER

If I told you, what would be the point of bringing you in here blindfolded?

WALID

It would be for me not to know where we are, nothing to do with knowing who you are.

RECRUITER

Aah, a fighter with brains. Courageous and smart, not a bad combination.

The man lets out another one of his obnoxious laughs.

WALID

I am afraid you have made a mistake. I am not Shahid material. I will fight for my people and my land, but I have no intention of blowing myself up.

(anger rising)

Not for you, not for Allah, not for anyone!

RECRUITER

I did not ask you to blow yourself up Walid. I am afraid you have me all wrong. But tell me Walid, how is it you want to help your people?

WALID

I want to be a writer and a teacher, someday, maybe even teach at a university.

RECRUITER

Show me you are a fighter as well and I will help you achieve your dream.

Walid's face lights up.

WALID

If I prove myself to you, you will pay for my university studies?

RECRUITER

(nods affirmatively)

We will send you to a top university and make sure you don't lack anything. We will even take care of your family while you pursue your academic career.

(takes another puff from his cigar)

Just show us you are deserving of the generosity of your people.

WALID

I can do that.

RECRUITER

You will be receiving notice to join the Al Aqsa Brigades You will train with the best. Make us proud Walid ibn Abdullah, make us proud.

The thug behind him puts the hood over Walid's head; he grabs Walid by the arm and walks him out of the room and back to the car.

INT. NABLUS - WALID'S HOUSE - EVENING

DINING ROOM

Walid's father is cleaning some work tools on the table. Walid sits opposite to him.

YABA

What's that look in your face?

WALID
 (in a soft tone, with a hint
 of shame)
 It seems I'll be joining the Al
 Aqsa Brigades. I'll be moving to
 Tulkarm.

Walid's father smiles. His face radiates a sense of pride.

YABA
 I am so proud of you my Walid!

Walid's grandmother stands by the kitchen, attentively
 listening to the conversation.

WALID
 Thank you yaba.

Teh'ta humphs and marches to her bedroom making a ruckus with
 her walking stick.

Walid notices her and chases after her.

BEDROOM

WALID
 Teh'ta say something to me! Why do
 you insist in ignoring me?

She brakes her silence.

TEH'TA
 Finish your book Walid. I have
 another book I want to give you,
 but you need to finish the one you
 are reading now first.

WALID
 I can't even remember what book I
 was reading, but I'll read
 whatever book you tell me to,
 teh'ta

TEH'TA
 You are changing Walid. And not
 for the better.

WALID
 What is it teh'ta ? How have I
 disappointed you?

TEH'TA
 Walid, you are a very special boy.
 You are not a killer.
 (MORE)

TEH'TA (CONT'D)

You are a thinker. You are meant to be a teacher, a doctor, anything but a soldier. Not a killer!

WALID

I am not going to be a killer, teh'ta This is my way of getting those who have the means to send me to the best university possible.

(looks down, almost ashamed)

I have to prove myself first.

(raises his head)

Then you'll see teh'ta , I will be a writer. And a professor. Some day teh'ta, I promise you. I will be the best professor to rise from the ashes of Deir Yassin.

Walid's grandmother humphs and looks away. Walid walks out disappointed.

INT. NABLUS - SHADI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shadi slowly opens the door and Walid spots Shadi's father slouched in front of the T.V.

WALID

What's wrong with him?

SHADI

He's been getting drunk every night. I didn't want to trouble you with this, especially now that you are a big hero and all.

Walid makes his way inside the apartment, eying the drunken father.

WALID

I appreciate the humor. You know more than anyone this is not easy for me.

SHADI

Why are you so uptight?

WALID

I'm joining Al Aqsa. And who knows what these people will want from me.

SHADI

Walid, you will always be a book-worm. Nobody will ever change you. And if you have to do things you don't want to, just remember that nothing lasts forever.

Shadi's father growls, he opens his eyes, stares and closes them back again. Shadi and Walid laugh quietly.

WALID

You also seem a bit down.

SHADI

My yaba lost his job, so I have to help him with whatever odd jobs come about in order to support our home.

WALID

I'm so sorry to hear that.

SHADI

It will be alright. I avoided the draft and things will only get better.

(faking a smile)

In a year or two I'll be heading to Amman. You and I both will become college graduates. Don't lose faith.

Walid and Shadi embrace, and then Walid scurries back home.

EXT. THE STREETS OF NABLUS - MORNING

Moments after sunrise, Walid boards a bus.

INT. BUS - DAY (MOVING)

There are at least another twenty young men around his age already sitting down. Some are listening to music through their media players, others are still sleeping, and a few are making small talk.

Walid sits and opens the book his grandmother gave him. He does not interact.

INT./EXT. BUS / TULKARM MILITARY BASE - DAY

They arrive to a compound in Tulkarm, a large town in the Samarian Hills. The signs say nothing about Al Aqsa Brigades. There are only pictures of Al-Quds (Jerusalem) and Yasser Arafat by the entrance.

Walid hears the young man in front of him,

RECRUIT

We are about to join one of the most brutal and bloodthirsty splinter groups of Fatah. Isn't this exiting?

Walid cringes.

BUS DRIVER

Welcome to Al-Aqsa Brigades.

The bus driver turns off the engine.

RECRUIT

(flashing a full-toothed smile)

Welcome to hell!

Everyone gets off the bus. They collect their duffel bags and head out to an auditorium.

INT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - AUDITORIUM

All the new recruits gather in an indoor sports auditorium. They sit on a plain linoleum floor, scratched and worn out. The room is poorly lit, but absorbs some light from the many windows high up.

TARIQ, the head of Al Aqsa Brigades, is a tall, buffed, bearded man with thick eyebrows that conceal most of his facial expressions. He wears his uniform without the reverence his rank demands.

He gives the new recruits a short welcome speech.

TARIQ

On your feet!

(beat)

Welcome to your path to paradise. Follow your team leaders, get into your uniforms and let the training begin!

SERIES OF SHOTS - MILITARY TRAINING

- A. Soldiers running with weapons, jumping over tires.
- B. Soldiers eating together.
- C. Soldiers sitting on the ground listening to an Imam.
- D. Soldiers arriving at their sleeping quarters.

RETURN TO SCENE

Walid and six of his comrades in uniform stand firm in front of Tariq and the IMAM, an older looking bearded man donning a thobe, a long robe tailored like a shirt, but ankle-length and loose. Over it he wears a brown bisht, a cloak of sorts, and a kaffiye, or headscarf, with a black rope band on his head. There is nothing pleasant about his demeanor.

IMAM

(addressing the crowd)
 All Zionists are legitimate targets. Jews have conspire against us, and stolen our land. Selected passages from the Qur'an are to be memorized and internalized.

The new recruits are lined up. The Imam is interrupted by ASHRAF, the unit's First Officer, clean shaven but unpleasant to look at. He begins calling one by one to recite back the Imam's teachings.

ASHRAF

Walid, recite the sentence of the unbelievers

WALID

Kill them wherever you find them.
 Thus shall the unbelievers be rewarded, Al-Baquara, 2:90

ASHRAF

Very well. Stand back.

The officer seems pleased.

ASHRAF (CONT'D)

Recruits, you have six minutes to clean up and line up by the lunch room. Walid, stay put for a moment.

Walid's platoon heads out. Walid remains standing alone in front of the officer. The Imam and Tariq converse in the background.

ASHRAF (CONT'D)
You are a bright soldier, Walid.

WALID
I am sorry to disappoint you sir
but I'm not much of a soldier.

The First Officer looks somewhat confused.

WALID (CONT'D)
No offense, but I'd rather be in a
university than be here.

ASHRAF
University? You want to go learn,
Walid? Tell me why? How will you
be a better soldier of Allah by
going to a secular school and
learning secular things that are
meant only to fill your head with
earthly matters?

Tariq and the Imam approach and listen to the exchange
attentively.

WALID
You are wrong, sir.

At that moment, Walid sees his commander's eyes open wide as
his face completely fills with displeasure.

WALID (CONT'D)
It is possible to be a good Shahid
and know the ways of the world.
Why should we be limited? What is
wrong with being an engineer, a
doctor, or a professor? And how
would that make me less of a man?

ASHRAF
They will contaminate your brain!

WALID
My brain is big enough and smart
enough to discern truth from lies.
And how does medicine, or history
or engineering contaminate
exactly?

ASHRAF
Secularists corrupt everything
that is pure. Look at the Jews.

WALID
I know Jews, sir. Believe me I
know them all too well. I come
from the ashes of Deir Yassin --

TARIQ
-- Ah yes, Deir Yassin.

Tariq interrupts.

TARIQ (CONT'D)
I spoke to your father Walid. But,
tell me something --

ASHRAF
(interceding)
-- tell me three things about the
Jews; from our holy Qur'an!

Ashraf, noticeably upset stares Walid down.

WALID
The Jews and the pagans shall burn
forever in the fire of hell. They
are the vilest of all creatures.
Al Bayyina, 98:1
(takes a deep breath)
Many are the rabbis and the monks
who defraud men of their
possessions and debar them from
the path of Allah. Al-Tawha 9:34
(noticeably angry)
You will find that the most
implacable of men in their enmity
to the sinful are the Jews. Al-
Ma'ida 5:82

Ashraf smiles, so does the Imam.

WALID
(sarcastically)
Do you need more, sir?

The smiles disappear,

ASHRAF
You may leave now!

EXT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - MORNING

Walid and his platoon return from a hike. They look exhausted
and proceed to their sleeping quarters.

INT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - BARRACKS - DAY

BUNK MATE

Why the sad face, Walid?

WALID

All my requests to be transferred
have all gone unanswered.

BUNK MATE

You really think they're going to
send a slum boy from Nablus to a
University? Walid, you know better
than that. Anyway, did you hear
about what the Israelis did?

WALID

I guess it depends what you're
talking about.

BUNK MATE

They killed a Hamas operative. It
will be blood for blood! It is the
best time for Al-Aqsa to strike.
We will be praised by all.

Another recruit from the platoon who had been listening to the
conversation, interrupts

BUNK MATE II

I hear our commander has been
working on a plan for an ambush.

WALID

Are you going to tell us or are we
to guess?

BUNK MATE II

A Zionist vehicle will be gunned
down at a specific turn on the
highway. The passengers will stand
virtually no chance of surviving
the assault.

Most soldiers are lying down getting some well deserved rest.
The First Officer enters the room.

ASHRAF

Gather up. Form a circle and sit
down.

Walid and his platoon follow orders.

ASHRAF (CONT'D)

We have a mission planned out. I am looking for volunteers.

Plenty of hands go up, and this time Walid joins in. His bunk mate gives Walid a smile and a nod.

INT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

TARIQ

Yes, Walid, come on in.

The Al Aqsa commander greets Walid upon seeing him standing by the door.

WALID

Thank you, sir.

TARIQ

What's on your mind?

WALID

I need to know, what do I have to do to get you to send me to a university?

TARIQ

Again with that, Walid?

WALID

Sir, I volunteered for tomorrow's attack. I will prove to you I am a loyal soldier and that I am as brave as any Shahid But there's more to me, sir.

Walid trembles.

WALID (CONT'D)

I can contribute to the Palestinian people if I am given the opportunity to learn. I was promised I could accomplish that through you. Will you help me?

TARIQ

Complete your mission tomorrow and soon enough you will wallow in books, I confess know little about.

(MORE)

TARIQ (CONT'D)

And don't worry, I know that whatever you learn, you will find a way to make it benefit our people, and our struggle against the occupation.

WALID

You know I will, sir. Thank you.

TARIQ

You will be teamed up with one of our most valued heroes, Muhammad Sa'id. Get some rest now.

INT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - BARRACKS - NIGHT

Walid goes back to the barracks wondering about his new partner, Muhammad. His bunk mate spots him.

BUNK MATE

Are you alright?

WALID

Do you know a Muhammad Sa'id?

BUNK MATE

(surprised)

You're going with Muhammad Sa'id tomorrow?

His bunk mate asks as his eyes open wide, and two more recruits join in the conversation.

WALID

That's what I've been told.

BUNK MATE

It will be a great honor to be with him.

BUNK MATE III

He's a legend!

WALID

Well... don't leave me hanging, tell me, who is he?

BUNK MATE

Are you playing with me? Everyone knows who Muhammad Sa'id is.

BUNK MATE III

He helped the Awads!

WALID
The Awads from Awarta?

BUNK MATE
Those are the ones.

BUNK MATE III
They are the heroes of the village
of Awarta.

WALID
(unsure of himself)
Are they the ones that killed that
Zionist family in the settlement
of Itamar?

BUNK MATE
For a moment I thought you were
from another planet.

The recruits giggle.

WALID
Remind me again what Muhammad's
role was.

BUNK MATE
Well, it all started when Amjad
and Hakim decided to carry out a
terror attack. In order to obtain
weapons they turned to a Popular
Front leader in their village, but
he refused to help.

BUNK MATE II
Nevertheless, armed with knives,
they decided to go the Jewish
settlement of Itamar at night and
carry out an attack.

BUNK MATE III
Muhammad, believed in them and
gave them carving knives and a set
of wire cutters.

Walid's mates begin retelling the events with a chilling amount
of detail.

BUNK MATE
At approximately 9:00pm the two
cut the settlement fence and
entered its ground.

(MORE)

BUNK MATE (CONT'D)

At first, they entered a neighboring house, found it empty, and stole an M-16 rifle and clips
--

BUNK MATE II

(interrupting)
-- and a Kevlar vest.

BUNK MATE

As I was saying, from there they moved onto the neighboring home. Before even entering the house they noticed that there were children in the house and still chose to proceed. The parents awoke.

BUNK MATE III

A fight broke out!

BUNK MATE

(ignoring his mate)
They struggled, but our heroes overtook them. All together they killed four Zionists.

BUNK MATE II

One with the gun, the others were slashed up with a knife.

Walid listens to his mate's story while his stomach turns.

BUNK MATE

Are you listening to me?

His mate asks after seeing Walid's eyes gazing downwards.

WALID

(breathing deep)
Yes, they slit the children's throats. Please, go on.

BUNK MATE

After they murdered the couple and their children, and right before they escaped, they stole an additional gun from the settler's home.

BUNK MATE III

When they had already left the house and saw a patrol car outside, they thought they would be captured.

BUNK MATE

Amjad insisted on going back into the house and searching for additional weapons.

BUNK MATE II

But luckily he listened to Hakim and they both ran toward the fence making a clean escape.

BUNK MATE III

Muhammad spent a year in jail for supplying them with the knife and cutters.

BUNK MATE

Now, you Walid will have the privilege to go on a mission with a veteran hero. You are a lucky man.

Walid stands up and heads out of the bunk.

BUNK MATE

(surprised)

Where are you going?

WALID

Bathroom. I'll be back soon. You think you can manage without me?

Walid walks outside.

OUTDOORS

He swiftly hides behind the building and throws up.

A few minutes later, he returns to his sleeping quarters.

SLEEPING QUARTERS

BUNK MATE

Are you okay? You don't look that good.

WALID

It's nothing, my stomach is acting up.

BUNK MATE
You are afraid you'll get caught?

WALID
Of course not!

Answers Walid without stuttering.

BUNK MATE
Haven't I heard you say you want to learn? You want to get a degree or something? What better way than to do it than inside an Israeli jail cell?

WALID
What are you talking about?

BUNK MATE
They feed you three times a day, and all you have is time to study.

WALID
In an Israeli jail cell?

BUNK MATE
Hakim completed his high school equivalency exams and got started with college courses via the Open University, all while in jail.

The other bunk mate sticks his head down from the bunk bed on top.

BUNK MATE II
And Amjad, the one with the crooked teeth, got all his teeth fixed, courtesy of the occupation regime.

BUNK MATE
So there you go! The worst that can happen to you is you'll get the education you always dreamed of --

BUNK MATE II
-- and you'll have a perfect smile!

Walid is in disbelief. The lunacy of it all.

ASHRAF (O.S.)
Lights out!!!

BUNK MATE
 (whispers to Walid)
 There is no turning back now.

INT. SAMARIAN HILLS - CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

DAVID and LIAT, a young Jewish couple, DRIVE down a dark and winding desert road.

LIAT
 It was a beautiful wedding.

DAVID
 (distracted)
 H'm.

After taking the turn, the young Jewish man seems to be deep in thought.

LIAT
 What's the matter? Didn't you have fun tonight?

She gets no response.

LIAT (CONT'D)
 David, David!

DAVID
 I'm sorry, yes, It was lovely. I had a great time. I just hate driving down these roads so late at night.

LIAT
 You're scaring me.

DAVID
 I said I don't like it, not that I'm worried.

About two kilometers inland, they reach a curve where drivers must slow down. Suddenly, David hears SHOTS being fired from not too far away.

DAVID
 They are shooting at us, get down!

David SLAMS down on the gas pedal in order to get out of the kill zone. But then, he realizes that the engine's power has died. The car is not responding.

He shifts to a lower gear and pumps the gas pedal, but the engine is dead.

A terrible feeling of helplessness overcomes him. They are inside a tin box that is slowly rolling along a dark road in the middle of nowhere.

Walid and his senior partner continue to fire at them in a controlled fashion, one bullet every two or three seconds.

DAVID

We lost power! We're trapped!

LIAT

(frantic)

Why? What's happening?

DAVID

If I stop the car and charge at them you will be exposed. And we can't escape because the motor is dead!

LIAT

What are we going to do?

DAVID

The shooting is coming from the mountain's extension south of the road.

David turns hard to the opposite lane in order to reach the slope and get out of the shooters' range.

Walid aims once more and STRIKES the Jewish man in the neck killing him instantly. Blood splashes onto Liat and David's body slams against the wheel.

The car, although traveling slowly it OVERTURNS as it approaches the slope, when the front left tires sink in the ditch beside the road.

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - NIGHT

Up in the hill, Mohammad and Walid stop shooting, and watch as the car overturns.

MOHAMMAD

Go Walid! It was your shot. Make sure they are dead.

With a bit of hesitation, Walid looks down the road and sees no one is coming. He runs down the slope towards the overturned vehicle, his heart racing faster than ever before.

WALID
 (to himself)
 What have I done?

Walid approaches the overturned car, he feels and hears the crunching of glass under his boots, the smell of gasoline and burned rubber from the tires that continue to spin in the air.

It is a particularly dark night and the headlights of the car create a spotlight that will not be too hard for the Zionist patrols to find. He moves quickly.

Walid hears Mohammad scream from far.

MOHAMMAD
 (from a distance)
 Finish the job! Make sure there
 are no survivors!

He gets closer, and then he scrunches down to look inside the overturned car. He sees the WOMAN caressing the man's head. The driver is clearly dead.

She is banged up, twisted, but still manages to stretch her arm and caress her husband's head. She doesn't even bother looking at her assailant.

Walid can't help but stare at her. He is stunned that there is no fear in her. She doesn't seem to care anymore. Liat has no time to waste, not even a second to give a short glance at these assassins.

WALID
 (softly, to himself)
 What have I done? They are so
 young...

MOHAMMAD
 (from far)
 Walid, hurry!

Walid hears Mohammad scream out to him, but he cannot stop staring at this young woman. He's frozen.

MOHAMMAD
 (from a distance)
 What are you waiting for,
 daylight?

Walid shakes his head. He cocks his machine gun and FIRES three more shots at the empty back seat, purposely missing the young woman he had been commanded to kill.

Liat twitches at the sound of the shots. It takes her a short while to realize she has not been hit.

Walid RUNS as fast as he can up the hill, and together with his partner they disappear into the night.

INT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - HEADQUARTERS - MORNING

Walid stands silently in front of the First Officer's desk, Tariq stands right behind him.

ASHRAF

Is this where I'm supposed to say
"The attack was a success for the
Palestinians and one more gruesome
blow for the Israelis"?

Walid's nostrils begin to flare up.

ASHRAF (CONT'D)

You failed your mission, Walid.

Walid stands silently waiting for permission to speak, but hoping he won't have to.

ASHRAF (CONT'D)

We have concluded our report on
the operation and although you did
as you were told, you will have to
explain why and how you missed one
of your targets.

WALID

I shot at them both, sir. It was
dark, but I'm certain I got them
both.

ASHRAF

You were weak, Walid. You were
weak and a coward, and you felt
sorry for the Zionist woman!

Walid stands and listens, but before answering back he pulls back. He takes a deep breath,

WALID

I did not feel sorry for the
woman, sir. There is no difference
when taking a life. Is the life of
a woman less valuable than the
life of a man? Or less valuable
than the life of a child? Taking a
life on behalf of Allah, is taking
a life.

(MORE)

WALID (CONT'D)

I don't think Allah makes such distinctions, and what right do I have to think that maybe I know better than our own creator?

ASHRAF

You are good with words, Walid. I don't buy what you are selling, but I will pretend you are being truthful.

TARIQ

(to Ashraf)

I heard on the radio that the woman is not from here. The reporter speculates she might leave the country; so as far as I am concerned, the mission was overall a success.

ASHRAF

(to Walid)

Very well. You may leave now.

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - DAY

A Jewish settlement. A playground, a traffic circle with a fountain in the center, and homes with red tile rooftops.

People coming in and out of a house. A notice of bereavement on the door.

INT. SAMARIAN HILLS - LIAT'S HOUSE - DAY

LIVING ROOM

Liat's PARENTS are next to her while she sits on a pillow on the floor as it is customary among bereaving Jews. Her NEIGHBOR sits by her side.

KITCHEN

ADVA, a young, thin and dark skinned woman about Liat's age, is in the kitchen overlooking the living room.

ADVA

Can I bring you some mango juice?

LIVING ROOM

Liat nods affirmatively while trying to answer all of her nosy neighbor's questions.

NEIGHBOR

How did you two meet?

LIAT

David was a sergeant in an army unit of religious soldiers, many of whom were settlers. One soldier that was good to David was a new recruit, Yuval.

NEIGHBOR

So, who is Yuval?

ADVA

(coming back from the kitchen carrying a tray)

Yuval is my brother, David's army buddy. So I suggested that David meet Liat in a hotel lobby.

LIAT

A common place for religious couples to meet --

ADVA

-- and their fates were sealed.

LIAT

Adva and Yuval were best man and bride's maid at our wedding.

ADVA

Together with Boaz --

LIAT

-- a Yemenite soldier from David's platoon.

ADVA

Those three are...

(stops short)

They were inseparable.

LIAT

(teary)

We never imagined that three months after our wedding, while driving home, our lives together would come to an end.

(takes a drink)

Three months was all that the Almighty gave us to spend together.

(MORE)

LIAT (CONT'D)

But those three months were the most beautiful and meaningful of my life.

ALICE, Liat's mom, hands over a tissue to Liat and joins in the conversation.

ALICE

(to the neighbor)

We flew in right after the attack.

ADVA

(to Liat)

If you don't want to be alone, you can move in with me for as long as you want.

ALICE

You shouldn't stay here alone.

NEIGHBOR

We will keep her company as much as she needs and wants.

LIAT

(to her neighbor)

I can't make such demands of you.

ALICE

Liat, maybe you should come home for a while.

LIAT

Return to Australia? How can I leave Israel?

ALICE

I know you are in pain, love. Just be aware that you have options. Sleep on it my darling. Give it some thought.

Liat's mom helps her up from the cushion on the floor and takes her to her bedroom.

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - EVENING

It is a starry night in the Jordan Valley. On the road an army check post. Three Israeli SOLDIERS man the post. One is in the cabin while two converse outside by the road. Machine guns strapped around their shoulders.

YUVAL

I have something to tell you...

Yuval's army buddy BOAZ is gobbling down a bag of Bamba (cheetos). With his mouth full he smiles,

BOAZ

You think I don't already know?

YUVAL

So you are okay that I'm doing your sister? How long have you known?

Boaz lets out a laugh as pieces of Bamba fly all around him.

YUVAL

Well, yes. I signed up for Kevah.

BOAZ

How long?

YUVAL

Three more years. I have to complete an officer's course.

BOAZ

I can't believe you signed up for three more years of this shit! What about your dreams of traveling to India?

YUVAL

I will sign up for ten more if that is what it takes. I will not rest until we catch David's murderers.

BOAZ

I put on a request to join the anti-terror unit because I knew you were going to do something stupid like this.

YUVAL

Did they accept you?

BOAZ

No. They say I need to be hand picked by an officer.

YUVAL

Well you're a good sniper and all,
but who would want to recruit a
stinking Yemenite anyway?

BOAZ

So my sister is good enough for
you, but I'm not?

Yuval and Boaz laugh out loud. A car approaches. They get back to work. Yuval and Boaz approach the vehicle for a check, finger on the trigger.

INT. SAMARIAN HILLS - LIAT'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Liat is standing in front of her refrigerator. Her eyes are irritated and she looks disheveled. Adva and Yuval are sitting in the living room.

YUVAL

I'm sorry I don't visit as often
as I should.

LIAT

(from the open kitchen)
You have your obligations, and
your own life to live. I
understand.

Liat brings a tray with coffee and cookies.

ADVA

We'll get through this, I promise.

LIAT

I know we will.

ADVA

You should go to Australia. You'll
be able to walk on the beach and
clear your mind. You have your
parents who adore you --

YUVAL.

-- I think Adva is right.

LIAT

I know she is right. I've been
thinking about it for while now.

YUVAL
 (jokingly)
 So you understand that it is not
 because we can't stand you.

They giggle.

INT. TULAKRM MILITARY BASE - BARRACKS - DAY

The recruits are stuffing their backpacks, their beds already made. Walid walks in.

BUNK MATE
 How did it go?

WALID
 You remember I told you one of the
 passengers survived?

BUNK MATE
 So?

WALID
 Well, she's probably leaving
 Palestine.

BUNK MATE
 Good. That is one form of success.
 As long as all the Zionists leave,
 we won't have to kill them. But,
 how can you be sure she's leaving?

WALID
 Our commander says it's all over
 the news.

BUNK MATE
 Well, good riddance!

EXT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - DAY

Before taking the bus back home to his hometown Nablus, Walid strides to the kiosk just outside the base. He takes hold of every newspaper hoping to find more information on the attack.

The young KIOSK ATTENDANT seems surprised.

KIOSK ATTENDANT
 Are you looking for something?

Walid does not reply. He continues to flip pages.

WALID
Do you have Israeli newspapers?

KIOSK ATTENDANT
(surprised)
Israeli newspapers?

WALID
Never mind.

Walid pays for the papers and walks to the bus stop.

INT. ISRAELI COMMAND POST - NIGHT

A dozen uniformed OFFICERS sit around a conference table that is covered with maps, files, and an assortment of documents. Two MEN are standing by a whiteboard while the rest sit attentively.

There are two familiar faces among the men at the table: Yuval and Boaz. At the head of the table, SHIMSHON, a tall, fit but not pleasant looking middle aged officer addresses the group.

SHIMSHON
Welcome to a special debriefing on the Al-Aqsa Brigades. We have come across the first real lead that may bring us closer to finding the actual perpetrators of the latest attack in Samaria.
(pointing to man on his left)
This is DUDU, an IDF Sargent Major in charge of logistics.

Dudu, the man Shimshon refers to, is a short, relatively pale and young looking officer with a scar that runs across the left side of his face.

DUDU
(addressing the group)
This particular operation will have to take place during daylight hours. This is not something we want to do, but we have no choice in the matter.
(projects a map on the board)
We got word that a kiosk owner, knows one or several members of the Al-Aqsa Brigades, particularly one who we believe is responsible for the attack in question.

YUVAL
 (interrupting)
 Just say, responsible for David's
 murder!

SHIMSHON
 Are you going to make this
 personal, Yuval? Because, if you
 are, I'll send you home right now!

Boaz turns to Yuval and gives him a sharp look, and gives him a kick under the table. Yuval breaths deeply in and out and looks down as if acknowledging his commander's leadership.

DUDU
 (to the group)
 As I was saying, the operation
 will have to take place during
 daylight hours.

The Sergeant Major passes around the assignments to his nine-men crew. As they read the details, some of their facial expressions signal doubt and skepticism.

EXT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - MORNING

While practicing with new recruits some hand-to-hand combat techniques, a soldier comes calling for Walid.

BUNK MATE
 Our commander needs you; right now
 that is!

Without hesitation, Walid runs to his commander's office.

INT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - HEADQUARTERS - DAY

He sees the First Officer and Tariq, the head of Al Aqsa Brigades, waiting for him.

ASHRAF
 Walid, they have taken your
 grandmother to the hospital. Your
 father told me you two are very
 close, and he asked me to allow
 you to go visit her.

Ashraf sees the anguish in Walid's face.

ASHRAF (CONT'D)
 Pack your things and take the six
 o'clock bus to Nablus.

WALID

Thank you sir, this means a lot to me.

ASHRAF

Ala'mac

INT. NABLUS HOSPITAL - NIGHTTIME

Walid enters a hospital room. Teh'ta sees Walid in uniform. He immediately notices her displeasure.

At the entrance of the room are two of Walid's sisters, Walid nods at them and continues inside.

WALID

How are you, teh'ta ?

TEH'TA

What have you become Walid?

WALID

I don't know what you mean, teh'ta , and please, let's not talk about anything that might upset you.

TEH'TA

Upset me, Walid? Is that what you're worried about? How about upsetting your God? Tell me, do you have any blood in your hands, Walid?

She asks with a coarse voice.

WALID

Why do you insist in doing this, teh'ta ? My yaba is finally proud of me, I might soon be going to a university like we used to dream about. I can't understand why you are upset.

And although slowly, she insists in saying her peace.

TEH'TA

You know very well why I am upset. All those books I gave you to read

TEH'TA (cont'd)

when you were a child. Did they not teach you anything?

Walid's eyes begin to water.

WALID

I am not proud of what I have done, or of the many things that I'll probably be asked to do in the future, but I did not ask to be born at a time of struggle.

Walid sees his grandmother turn her face away.

WALID (CONT'D)

We are eleventh generation Deir Yassin! teh'ta , that is something to be proud of, isn't it?

Walid looks desperately for her approval, but she doesn't renew eye contact.

TEH'TA

Oh my, Walid

She finally turns to him and almost whispering, along with an unhidden tone of disappointment and remorse, she continues,

TEH'TA (CONT'D)

We are not eleventh generation Deir Yassin. We are eleventh, or twentieth, or one hundredth generations Syrian.

Walid hears the words come out from her mouth, but his brain has a hard time processing the information.

WALID

What are you talking about, teh'ta ? Are you feeling all right?

TEH'TA

I am not crazy, Walid. I am simply old and soon I will die. But, before I pass on, I must tell you the truth so that you stop living a life of fantasy.

A nurse walks in the room.

TEH'TA

(to the nurse)

Not now!

Teh'ta stomps her walking stick that hangs from her bedside.

WALID
 (to the nurse)
 Please, not now.

The nurse tuns back. As teh'ta tells her story, Walid's heart begins racing.

TEH'TA
 Walid, my dear boy, our family came from Damascus in the early 1940's, together with thousands of others. We were all poor and broken. We needed work...
 (takes a deep breath)
 Your grandfather was an educated man, he knew English and made money by translating for tourists, journalists and sometimes diplomats.

Walid's grandmother trembles a bit as she speaks while Walid listens attentively.

TEH'TA (CONT'D)
 One day, he landed a job with a group of British officials and was convinced that moving to British ruled territory would be good for us.
 (takes another deep breath)
 And we were not alone. Thousands of others joined us in Palestine; some came from Iraq, others from places as remote as Afghanistan. We had all heard the same rumors: There was work in Palestine.

WALID
 What about Deir Yassin, teh'ta ?
 Was that also a lie?

Walid asks with desperation. He stares attentively, barely blinking his eyes. He sees the sadness in his grandmother's eyes as she recounts her life story.

TEH'TA
 Your father's best friend went to Deir Yassin not long after we arrived. And he was murdered in Deir Yassin. Your yaba was a young man then. He left our new home and made his way to Deir Yassin to look for his friend.
 (MORE)

TEH'TA (CONT'D)

Since then, he began telling everyone that Deir Yassin was his very own hometown.

Teh'ta pauses for a drink of water. She has a hard time catching her breath.

TEH'TA (CONT'D)

Not everything is as it seems, Walid. The sooner you learn this, the better off you'll be.

WALID

I am not stupid, teh'ta , but I simply never questioned what yaba always told us. Why would I ever imagine he was not telling the truth? He always speaks of Deir Yassin with passion. He couldn't possibly have made all that up!

TEH'TA

Of course, he didn't, my Walid.

Teh'ta says as she strokes Walid's hand that is placed by the side of her hospital bed.

TEH'TA

When your yaba arrived in Deir Yassin, the Zionists were cleaning up. He was gathered together with dozens of others who were called in to bury the dead. Your yaba found his best friend among the corpses that had been laid out one next to the other. Since that day, Deir Yassin became as his.

(coughs)

He swore to forget Syria forever and he made himself feel as a tenth generation Palestinian.

Walid's grandmother is running out of breath; she takes another sip of water and continues telling her story.

TEH'TA (CONT'D)

Find Professor Khaled, he was our neighbor when you were a young boy. He'll answer all your questions.

(beat)

I will not be around much longer, my Walid.

Her eyes reflect a deep sadness.

TEH'TA (CONT'D)

Follow your heart my dear Walid.
And don't worry about your yaba ,
when he hears you have become a
professor in some famous
university he will be the proudest
man in the world.

The nurse walks into the room once more and signals Walid that visit hours are over. Walid kisses his teh'ta's hand and heads for the door. He turns and looks at teh'ta one more time and before he can utter a word he hears her say:

TEH'TA

I know. I love you, too.

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - MORNING

On a hillside, an apparent Arab GOAT HERDER wears a typical white Arab thurba robe, a dark checked-patterned kafiyye (head scarf) and holds a rod in his hand.

The man is an ISRAELI COMMANDO who radioes his post when he sees a particular car leaving the city of Tulkarm.

ISRAELI COMMANDO

(on the radio)

The bird has flown the coop, copy.

He makes contact with his base through a tiny Blue tooth earpiece unnoticeable under his kafiyye.

DUDU (V.O.)

(over the radio)

Copy that.

A five-seat passenger sedan turns into the highway after leaving Tulkarm. It heads towards Jenin, a Palestinian controlled city in the northern part of the Samarian hills.

ISRAELI COMMANDO

(on the radio)

Four eggs, confirmed.

DUDU (V.O.)

(over the radio)

Copy that. Head back to base,
over.

INT. CARGO TRUCK - DAY

Boaz, sitting next to another soldier inside an eighteen wheeler truck parked on the side of the road, receives a radio message.

DUDU (V.O.)
(over the radio)
Team one head out.

BOAZ
(on the radio)
We're on it!

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - DAYTIME

At that moment the eighteen-wheeler truck begins moving slowly on the same highway that connects both cities. The truck is well ahead of the incoming car and heading in the same direction.

A passenger car and a modified SUV head out trailing behind their target.

DUDU (V.O.)
(over the radio)
Teams two and three, head out!

Yuval drives the SUV and Shimshon the passenger car. A few minutes later, all vehicles are in route, and the highway appears mostly clear.

The target car APPROACHES the truck from behind, while the truck moves along slowly.

DUDU (V.O.)
(over the radio)
Team two, move in.

Shimshon's passenger car which is in pursuit of the target, switches to the left lane against potential incoming traffic and begins moving next to the target car not allowing it to overtake the truck.

DUDU (V.O.)
(over the radio)
All teams, contact is a go!

The truck in front of the target vehicle suddenly lowers its back door while still moving, creating a ramp that leads to its empty container.

Yuval's SUV comes up from behind the target vehicle and SLAMS into its rear, pushing the target car up the ramp and inside the empty container.

The SUV SLAMS on its brakes, shifts to neutral and returns once more to the highway. The ramp-door closes back up, sealing the container and trapping the target vehicle inside.

YUVAL

(on the radio)

The bird is in the cage! I repeat,
the bird is in the cage.

DUDU (V.O.)

(over the radio)

All teams head to the Kitchen.

INT. TRUCK CONTAINER (MOVING)

Inside the target vehicle is an ARAB MAN, his WIFE and TWO CHILDREN. The teenage son is the Kiosk ATTENDANT outside the Al Aqsa training base.

Their DAUGHTER is much younger, they are scared and although they had screamed as they were being pushed into the truck's container, they are now silent.

The Arab man turns on the headlights, but it seems there is nothing else in the container. They embrace and pray.

ARAB MAN

I'll put the car in reverse and
we'll crash through the back door.

KIOSK ATTENDANT

Father, you'll kill us all. We are
not criminals. We are not
terrorists. This is a mistake and
soon they will realize it. Why
risk our lives?

The Arab man sighs and remains still. His wife and daughter mumble their prayers a bit louder. The truck speeds up and travels for a while.

MOMENTS LATER

The Arab family feel the truck come to a stop. Instead of the ramp-door opening, a side door to the container opens up.

Boaz and Shimshon approach the car, they open both the front and back doors and lead the family out one by one as their eyes slowly adjust to the sudden gush of light.

INT. ISRAELI MILITARY HIDEOUT - MORNING

The man is thrown down on the floor and handcuffed, at which point his wife begins yelling. The woman is immediately placed down on the floor, handcuffed and gagged.

The daughter and the wife are taken to one room, while the man and his son remain next to the truck, inside a large warehouse.

BOAZ

(to the Arab man)

All we need to know is who was involved in the shooting attack last week. Who was behind it?

The man and his son are still somewhat shocked.

ARAB MAN

Where are my wife and daughter?

The man inquires as the words "Zionist dogs" are whispered in Arabic.

SHIMSHON

If you do not tell me what you know, I will bring your wife to you, but one limb at a time.

ARAB MAN

You dog! Damn you Zionists, damn you dogs!

Boaz gets a nod from Yuval, his commanding officer, and then strikes the man across the face. He then grabs the man's head.

BOAZ

Stop screaming, stop cursing, we do not want to hurt you. Just tell us what you know and you'll be back on the road before you know it.

The young man turns to his father.

KIOSK ATTENDANT

(frightened)

Yaba , please let me talk to them. This is my fault. I'll tell them what I know and we'll be able to go back home.

ARAB MAN

(with a trembling voice)
Don't tell them anything, either way we'll probably never make it alive out of here.

SHIMSHON

Don't be stupid. Your son did not do anything. You are guilty of nothing. We have nothing against you.

BOAZ

All we want is to capture the murderers responsible for the shooting of an innocent and unarmed man.

KIOSK ATTENDANT

He's from Nablus!

BOAZ

Go on...

KIOSK ATTENDANT

I think you are referring to a young man from Nablus. Last week he bought all the newspapers from my stand. We struck up a conversation and I noticed that he was very interested in knowing about the shooting victims.

SHIMSHON

Tell us who he is exactly. Stop playing around.

KIOSK ATTENDANT

He is a regular; he comes in and out of Tulkarm by bus either once or twice a month. He is an active soldier of the Al Aqsa Brigades.

BOAZ

(to Shimshon, secretively)
He does not hesitate and does not show any signs that would lead me to think that he is lying.

SHIMSHON

(whispers back)
I also don't think he really knows the name of the operative.

BOAZ

I think we've gotten all we could.

Boaz nods to Yuval, and Yuval signals his team

YUVAL

(to Shimshon and Boaz)

Lead them back into their car,
inside the truck's container.

The mother and the girl are reunited with the father and his son, and escorted back to their car inside the truck's container.

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - NIGHTTIME

The car is rolled down from the truck and the Arab family is released on the road to Jenin, in the early hours of the evening under the cover of darkness.

INT. NABLUS - SHADI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Walid is laying on Shadi's bed.

WALID

I have spoken to every commander
and it is always the same

(mocking)

Our particular unit is not
authorized to carry attacks
outside of Palestine.

(humphs)

How absurd!

SHADI

Attacks where? What are you
talking about?

WALID

They won't send me to a
university. They won't send me to
Australia. It's as if they were
purposely making my life a living
hell, so I'd choose to become a
shahid for them and blow myself up
out of mere frustration!

SHADI

Did you say Australia?

WALID

(rambling)

It is simple, Shadi, pay attention this time! The idea is, I get them to send me to Australia to carry out some terrorist attack on Zionists there. I fail in the attack; something goes wrong, I don't know, whatever! I find the Zionist settler woman, I apologize to her; Allah forgives me.

(smiles)

I then return to Palestine and when they realize that I am a good-for-nothing washed out soldier, they finally send me to a university. Are you following all of this?

Shadi's eyes are wide open.

SHADI

I am trying to follow your crazy rant.

WALID

I return and become a professor. I help the Palestinian people become better at everything! That's what education does for people Shadi, but you wouldn't know.

(picks up a Qur'an)

The only book you read lately is the Qur'an and that no one understands!

SHADI

Funny, Walid. I love your imagination but,
(takes the Qur'an away from him)

SHADI (cont'd)

there is no chance it will ever work!

WALID

Shadi, you are brain dead.

SHADI

Oh, I am brain dead, Walid?

(MORE)

SHADI (CONT'D)

You think Fatah will fly you to Australia, put you up in a fancy hotel, hire a limo to take you around, give you spending money and all of that, in exchange for an attack you plan on screwing up anyway?

Shadi looks down for a second.

SHADI (CONT'D)

You're crazier than I thought!

WALID

(placing his hand on Shadi's shoulder)

You finally got it.

Walid and Shadi break out in laughter.

EXT. SYDNEY - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Over the magnificent Harbor Bridge lies the Sydney's Opera House and further inland, an upper class residential neighborhood. Few cars transit in the area.

In a park, Liat and her mother walk together.

ALICE

I have a fantastic idea! Why don't you go back to college? Become a doctor like me, like you always wanted.

LIAT

I don't want to commit to so many years of medical school in Australia, mom.

ALICE

There is an alternative...

Her mother flashes an even bigger smile.

ALICE (CONT'D)

There is a world-wide shortage of nurses. They are making good money, their work conditions are only getting better, and it will only take you four years to complete the program.

Liat stares at her silently. Her mother knows she has sparked her interest.

LIAT
 Medical school is out of the question, but nursing school is a possibility; I promise I'll look into it.

ALICE
 That's all I'm asking you to do.

Liat's mom smiles and hugs her upon hearing those words. They make their way back home.

INT. SYDNEY - LIAT'S HOME -DAY

Liat walks upstairs to her bedroom, closes the door behind her. She sits on her bed, picks up her wedding picture. She stares at David, hugs the picture frame and lies down on her bed as tears flow from her eyes.

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - AFTERNOON HOURS

An old MAN sits on a rocking chair, in front of a small rundown building situated on a small slope of the Samaritan hills. He takes a sip of coffee. He raises his eyes as he feels someone approach.

KHALED
 (squinting his eyes)
 And who might you be?

He places the cup back on the table.

WALID
 I am Walid ibn Abdullah.

KHALED
 Walid, of course! I didn't recognize you in that uniform. Actually, I never imagined you'd be wearing one!

WALID
 That's exactly what teh'ta said.

Professor Khaled signals Walid to take a seat. Walid pulls up a chair across a small round rusty table, that has a dirty ashtray and an almost empty glass of strong Turkish coffee.

A NURSE is inside attending to other more fragile residents. She comes by and before they are able to ask, she places two small glasses, a jar of mint leaves and a tea pot on the table.

KHALED

How rude of me, I haven't even asked you what the reason for your visit is. I hope you have not come to deliver bad news.

WALID

I am afraid so. Teh'ta passed away a few weeks ago. I am sorry no one informed you sooner.

Khaled's face loses its color. He is overcome with sadness and it takes him a few seconds to return from memory lane.

KHALED

She was a great woman. But I bet she didn't like you in that uniform either.

WALID

I don't know how I ended here, Professor Khaled.
(ashamed)
I was convinced they would send me to a university to learn. They like the fact that I am book smart, but they like that I can fight, much better.

KHALED

If you fight better than you can read, you'll end up fighting reason itself. You'll justify the savageness within you and if everyone else around you.
(serves himself some tea)
So tell me Walid, do you still read? Do you still attempt to find the truth of matters?

WALID

Every day, professor. Almost.

Khaled sees the sincerity in Walid's eyes.

KHALED

Good boy Walid, don't desist. You'll attend a university soon enough.

Khaled takes a sip from the fragrant tea whose minty aroma could be felt all around them.

KHALED

Walid, did you tell me already
what you came here for?

WALID

No sir, I still have not asked you
what I came here to find out.

Walid waits a moment for the nurse who has come back out to complete her rounds, to walk back indoors.

WALID (CONT'D)

Teh'ta told me, about my real
heritage. How we are not really
Palestinian. She said we're Syrian
just like thousands of others. I
came here to find out if all of
this is true.

Professor Khaled hesitates.

KHALED

Walid, does it really matter? Will
it make that much difference in
your life? You are a Palestinian.
You were born here and you will
probably die here. You are worried
that the Israelis might be right?

Walid is taken by surprise.

WALID

How can a history teacher say that
the truth and historical facts
have little relevance? It doesn't
make sense.

The professor gazes downward avoiding Walid's question.

WALID (CONT'D)

Professor Khaled, ignorance is a
cruel companion. The real question
is how can I go on living without
knowing the truth?

KHALED

There is no absolute truth Walid.
There are simply different
versions of reality.

Walid interrupts,

WALID

I don't think you believe that professor. Not for a single moment.

Seeing that Walid is not willing to budge, the professor takes one more sip of his tea and proceeds.

KHALED

Very well. If you want to know, I will tell you, but it will cost you a good workout.

WALID

(surprised)

A workout, professor?

Khaled signals to the nurse and a moment later she comes out with a wheel-chair. He SITS and Walid begins pushing the chair onto a dirt path.

The path is narrow, and without a single flat stretch. They turn the corner and head uphill towards a small park.

KHALED

You have been to Deir Yassin, Walid?

WALID

Yes professor, one time we had a special pass to Al Quds.

KHALED

Then you know that Deir Yassin lies on a hill west of Jerusalem. From Deir Yassin, our Arab fighters fortified their position overlooking the western Jewish neighborhoods. Deir Yassin also overlooks a section of the road linking Jerusalem to Tel-Aviv.

Walid pushes slowly while paying attention to every word.

KHALED (CONT'D)

On April 2, 1948, the Arab inhabitants of Deir Yassin began sniping at the Jewish residents of Jerusalem. Tensions were running high on both sides.

Professor Khaled takes a deep breath and continues.

KHALED (CONT'D)

Several days before the attack, Jews accused the Arabs of Deir Yassin of hosting foreign fighters. On April 8, 1948 a loudspeaker mounted on an armored car warned the Arabs of the impending attack and asked them to evacuate their women and children. Hundreds left, but hundreds stayed. After the battle, and when the smoke cleared, 110 to 120 Arabs were dead, 4 Jews were killed and 40 more were seriously injured.

WALID

I thought many more of our people had been killed, Professor Khaled.

Walid continues pushing the wheelchair carefully uphill.

KHALED

The number of people killed has been confirmed by both Palestinians and Israelis.

Khaled pauses and takes in the western breeze.

WALID

The use of the loudspeaker to warn the civilians to evacuate is not the action of soldiers planning to murder the population.

KHALED

Very good Walid. And the use of a loudspeaker is not in dispute.

Walid and the professor sit on a bench overlooking the southern hills. The shade is pleasant, and the sun begins to set.

WALID

Yaba always spoke about 'hundreds' of dead corpses'.

KHALED

Your yaba was an impressionable young man who had found the dead body of his best friend.

(sigh)

He frequently had nightmares about that day.

Khaled sees Walid's eyes tear up.

KHALED (CONT'D)

Our own Palestinian Arab eyewitnesses admitted not long ago that some of their claims about Deir Yassin had been deliberate fabrications. They wanted to cause rage among our brethren, instead, it was fear that penetrated their hearts and ultimately this caused many to flee.

WALID

So, they made up stories of atrocities to fire up the Arab fighters but instead it made them run away?

KHALED

Walid, there is nothing to be ashamed of. You are no less a Palestinian today, now that you know these things, than you were yesterday when you didn't.

Khaled pauses. He notices how hurt Walid is by all of this.

KHALED (CONT'D)

Enough with this today, Walid. It is late, I am both tired and hungry.

WALID

I am sorry, professor, I didn't mean to stress you.

KHALED

(touching Walid's hands)
Walid, it has been a pleasure seeing you.

They head back to Khaled's nursing home.

INT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - HEADQUARTERS

Walid stands firm in front of his commanders.

WALID

Attacking the US is pointless. The American President will not go against the Muslim world.

ASHRAF

What is your point Walid and why are you so agitated?

WALID

My point is sir, we must attack those nations that continue to aid and support the Zionist State, like Great Britain, India and Australia.

TARIQ

What is it to you, Walid? Why the sudden interest in what goes on outside Palestine?

Walid swallows hard. He strives to make eye contact.

WALID

There are two major cities in Australia and each has a large and wealthy Jewish community. It is an easy target and if we are successful, we'll send a strong and effective message to all the infidels that have taken a stand against us.

ASHRAF

You really think we would send you traveling to Australia? Most of us have not even been out of Palestine and you, a slum kid from Nablus, want to travel to the other side of the world?

They break out in laughter almost simultaneously.

TARIQ

(laughing)

And at our expense!

WALID

Don't you want to win this war?!

Walid raises his voice using a defiant tone that is perceived as less than pleasing. At that point, they quickly become silent and Walid sees blood rushing to their heads.

ASHRAF

You have just bought yourself kitchen duty for the remainder of the month!

(MORE)

ASHRAF (CONT'D)

You are insolent, and for that insolence you will also clean the bathrooms both in your barracks and ours.

TARIQ

Walid, wait outside for a moment.

Walid storms out with tears clouding his eyes from frustration.

The men begin consulting with each other (MOT). Walid waits outside.

ASHRAF

(out loud)

Walid, step back inside.

Walid walks back inside the commander's office.

TARIQ (CONT'D)

You want to learn in a university?
You think you have what it takes?
Well, you are free now to pursue your dreams.

Walid begins to shake.

WALID

I don't understand, sir.

ASHRAF

We will help you pursue your academic dreams but forever you will remain indebted to us and the Palestinian people.

TARIQ

You can pick up your things and leave immediately. You will soon be notified when we'll be sending you to a university.

ASHRAF

And yes, Walid, you will pay us back at some point.

WALID

Thank you sir.

EXT. TULKARM MILITARY BASE - DAY

Walid approaches the gate with his duffel bag over his shoulder. He boards a minibus back to Nablus.

INT. NABLUS - WALID'S HOUSE - EVENING

Walid is in the kitchen loading a tool belt.

YABA

What are you going to do now
Walid?

Asks his father in a bitter sounding voice. Walid does not answer. He looks at his father with a contemptuous stare.

YABA (CONT'D)

You have disgraced your family!

His father says while THROWING a plate of food in the sink.

WALID

Deir Yassin, yaba ? Eleven
generations Palestinian? Is there
anything true about you or is your
whole life only lies? Maybe I'm
not even your son!

Walid barely completes his sentence when he feels his father's palm SLAP him across his face.

Walid does not look down. In a defiant manner, he stands waiting for another blow. His father's arm twitches as if getting ready to launch another blow. But he doesn't.

YABA

(With disgust on his face)
Get out of my house. Go work.
Maybe that way you'll find some
honor again.

Walid picks his tool bag and leaves the house.

INT. JUDEAN HILLS - CAR (MOVING)

Yuval and Boaz get inside an old beat up car and drive out of Hebron, a small divided city on the Judean hills.

YUVAL

We have nothing! Maybe he left
already.

BOAZ
We're not even sure who we really
are looking for.

Yuval dials his phone.

YUVAL
(on the phone)
Sir,
(listens)
Nothing sir. No one knows about
operatives leaving Israel. You
need to put me in touch with the
Shabbak.

Yuval listens attentively.

YUVAL (CONT'D)
(on the phone)
Thank you sir, you won't regret
it.

Yuval hangs up the phone.

YUVAL (CONT'D)
They'll setup a meeting.

BOAZ
You really think the Shabbak can
help us?

Yuval raises his shoulder revealing his doubt.

They continue driving toward Jerusalem. As they approach the
check point, the phone rings.

YUVAL
(on the phone)
Sir,
(listens)
Yes sir, understood.

Yuval hangs up.

YUVAL (CONT'D)
The Shabbak has appointed one of
their operatives, RAFI, to be our
contact and information liaison.
I'm meeting Rafi tomorrow.

Yuval and Boaz continue to drive on.

EXT. THE STREETS OF NABLUS - MORNING

Shadi yells at Walid who is on the roof of the grocery store, fixing a leak.

SHADI
Walid, Walid!

WALID
What is it Shadi?

SHADI
You're going to Australia!

He exclaims as he holds a letter in his hand. Walid almost falls off the roof. He is stunned, happy.

WALID
What does it say?

He yells at Shadi as he finds his way down from the roof.

SHADI
I don't know, but it's from the
Australian Consulate. Come, open
it quick!

Walid makes it down, takes the letter from Shadi's hands and reads it over and over again.

WALID
Australia!

Those words come out loud and clear and filled with excitement.

SHADI
I knew it!

WALID
Walid, a slum kid from Nablus,
studying in an Australian
university! Who would have
believed it?

SHADI
I knew it could happen Walid, I
was certain of it. Just don't
forget us slum boys when you
become big and famous.

WALID
(jokingly)
Excuse me, are you talking to me?
Do I know you?

SHADI

Funny!

WALID

(serious)

I'll be thinking about you every
moment!

INT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

JONAH, a young handsome Aussie cowboy, wearing a polo shirt and designer jeans under his lab coat, strikes a conversation with Liat during lab time.

JONAH

I hadn't spoken to you before
because I thought you were
married.

Liat glances at him and promptly returns to her work.

JONAH (CONT'D)

You are wearing a ring, but I
heard someone say you are actually
single.

He slides his chair closer to her.

LIAT

(without making eye contact)

So you are saying you don't talk
to married women? If I tell you
I'm seeing someone, will you leave
me alone?

JONAH

I think you are afraid to go out
with me.

Liat stops her work and turns to face him.

LIAT

(surprised)

Afraid?

JONAH

Sure, afraid. You are afraid that
if we end up going out together,
we'll fall in love, get married,
have children and then you'll
never finish your career, which I
assume is very important to you.

LIAT
 You have some imagination, not to
 mention a grandiose ego!

JONAH
 See? You do like me.

They both giggle.

JONAH (CONT'D)
 (stretches his hand out)
 I'm Jonah by the way.

LIAT
 I know.

Says Liat completely ignoring his outstretched arm.

JONAH
 So, you know my name. There,
 another sign you like me.

LIAT
 No, you idiot, it is written in
 your name tag.

Jonah's face turns red.

JONAH
 How about dinner tonight? I know
 this fondue place; you'll be
 licking your fingers for a week!
 (looks for eye contact)
 I bet you are imagining the melted
 cheese already.

Liat averts her eyes from her work to give Jonah a minute of
 her time.

LIAT
 First, I doubt the fondue place
 you speak about is kosher, and
 second, I don't lick my fingers.
 (looking into his eyes)
 Listen, I don't mean to be rude, I
 do appreciate the invitation, and
 I'm flattered. I'm just not
 interested in a relationship right
 now.

JONAH
 I don't think that is an option.
 We already have a relationship; I
 just want to upgraded it a bit.

Waits for a reaction but nothing. Liat continues to work on her station.

JONAH (CONT'D)
Kidding aside, I honestly just want to take you out for dinner. As a couple of colleagues.

LIAT
How can I get you to stop?

JONAH
Is it because you think I'm a gentile?

LIAT
I don't know, are you?

JONAH
What if I am?

Liat stops her work and turns to face Jonah once more,

LIAT
It doesn't make a difference. You asked me to dinner not to marry you.

JONAH
(jokingly)
So if I am a gentile, marriage is okay, but dinner is out of the question?

Both laugh.

LIAT
Jonah, can you drop it?

JONAH
Say yes to dinner, maybe to marriage, and I'll keep my mouth shut for the rest of our lab period.

LIAT
I'll say yes to dinner, but not today. Next week, and I'll name the place.

Class is over and all the students leave the lab. Liat prepares to leave as well. Jonah remains at his station.

JONAH
See you next week. And thank you!

Liat smiles at him and exits the lab.

INT. NABLUS - SHADI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

HALLWAY

Walid knocks on the door several times. He can hear the presence of people in the other side, but can't understand why they are not answering his call.

Finally, the door opens.

SHADI'S FATHER
(raising his eyebrows)
Walid.

He looks ragged as always and his breath stinks of Arak. Walid spots a nearly empty bottle on the coffee table. Shadi's father blocks the door.

WALID
May I see Shadi, please?

SHADI'S FATHER
Shadi is busy. Come back tomorrow.

Shadi's father closes the door but Walid stops it from closing completely by inserting his foot.

INDOORS

Shadi's father returns to his chair and collapses on the living room couch.

Walid sneaks inside and continues on to Shadi's room.

BEDROOM

He is shocked to see his friend Shadi has been beaten to a pulp. He is in bed, bleeding from the mouth and with an eye the size of a baseball.

WALID
That asshole, I'm going to kill
him!

Says Walid with fire in his eyes.

SHADI
Leave it alone, Walid. I'm not in
pain. Nothing that man does to me
will ever cause me pain.

WALID

Tell me what happened, Shadi.

SHADI

He began strangling my youngest brother. So I jumped him.

WALID

So, you let him do this to you?

SHADI

Better to me than to my little brother. He is small and weak and would not have been able to take this beating.

WALID

Shadi, your yaba belongs in jail, or in an asylum. Why do you protect him?

SHADI

One must honor one's parents, Walid. Have you forgotten everything already? Are you running away from Allah?

WALID

Allah?

Asks Walid in complete surprise.

WALID (CONT'D)

Since when do we bring Allah into our conversations? What is going on with you, Shadi?

SHADI

I've been going to a 'mударis' - a teacher of the holy Qur'an. I have also attended lectures by Imam Fuad.

WALID

Have you lost your mind? They are crazy! They will brainwash you and before you know it, you'll be sitting in some Israeli jail cell or worse.

SHADI

You think that, Shadi? You really think that?

(MORE)

SHADI (CONT'D)

You think I was born to work in a hardware store with a violent father, care for my little brothers and die of exhaustion?

WALID

(sarcastically)

No, you are right. Screw all of that. Better yet, strap a few sticks of dynamite to your chest and blow up a bus or restaurant filled with Zionists. Before you know it, you'll be in paradise making love to 72 virgins, riding horses and eating fruits!

SHADI

Don't make fun of our holy Qur'an, Walid. Just because you have decided to ignore the words of our prophet Muhammad, praised be his name, it doesn't mean that I too, should give up my portion in Paradise.

WALID

I have no idea what's gotten into you Shadi, but I sure hope you come to your senses soon. And unfortunately, I won't be here to see you through the process.

SHADI

What do you mean, Walid? What do you mean you won't be here?

Walid pulls out the flight tickets from his back pocket.

WALID

I'm leaving in the morning.

Shadi smiles and then hugs his best friend.

EXT. SYDNEY - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD

BOBBY, Liat's BROTHER, carrying a dumb bell and wearing a tang-top drenched in sweat, answers the door. He sees Jonah standing by the doorbell.

BOBBY

And who might you be?

JONAH
I'm the lab supervisor and I'm
looking for a student, a Liat
Davis. I was told she lives here?

BOBBY
A lab supervisor? And since when
do lab supervisors make house
calls?

JONAH
(with a serious face)
That would be none of your
business. Now, is Liat home or
not? If she's not, tell her she'll
have to come for her results
herself.

Bobby turns his face to the inside of the house,

BOBBY
Liat! Liat!

LIAT (O.S.)
(from upstairs)
Coming!

Bobby stands by the door staring down at Jonah. A minute later,
Liat comes downstairs and walks to the door.

LIAT
(to Jonah)
What are you doing here?

JONAH
Ms. Davis, I was asked by Dr.
Yuang to bring the results you
requested to your home. I was told
they were urgent.

Liat catches on to the game Jonah is playing and plays along.

LIAT
Thank you, that was very
thoughtful of you.

Liat then turns her head towards Bobby.

LIAT
(to Bobby)
Get lost, Bobby.

Bobby gives both a condescending look and goes back inside the
house flexing his muscles.

LIAT
 (softly)
 Now really, why are you here?

JONAH
 I'm hungry and I was in the area.

LIAT
 Hungry? You expect me to feed you?

JONAH
 No. I expect you to come with me
 to the fondue place I told you
 about.

LIAT
 You know I don't eat non-Kosher
 food.

JONAH
 (joking)
 They have salads. Or you can watch
 me eat, and die from envy.

Liat frowns as if thinking hard.

LIAT
 Fine. Give me a minute.

Liat goes back inside. Picks up her phone and purse and leaves
 with Jonah.

INT. SYDNEY - RESTAURANT - EVENING

A beautifully decorated restaurant with a spectacular view of
 the Harbor is half-full. Jonah and Liat sit across each other
 on a peripheral table by the window overlooking the water.

JONAH
 So, who is that little annoying
 character that you have answering
 your door?

LIAT
 That would be my brother Bobby.
 Not the world's greatest diplomat.

JONAH
 I'd say.

A waiter approaches.

WAITER
 (interrupting)
 May I take your order?

JONAH
 A veggie platter to dip in the
 fondue pot.

WAITER
 Very well, and you ma'am?

LIAT
 (to the waiter)
 I'll have a mint tea.

Liat turns to Jonah.

LIAT (CONT'D)
 Bobby is a good boy, a bit rough
 around the edges, but he has a
 heart of gold.

Jonah grins unconvinced.

JONAH
 So how long have you been married?

LIAT
 Married?

JONAH
 I Googled it. I know all about the
 headscarf.

LIAT
 You lost me.

JONAH
 Jewish married women wear a head
 covering. Some wear wigs, other
 headscarves like yours. So, where
 is your husband?

LIAT
 I'm not married anymore Jonah, I
 am a widow.

Jonah turns pale. He feels a knot in his throat.

JONAH
 I am so sorry, I didn't know.

LIAT
 It's okay, it's not your fault.
 (MORE)

LIAT (CONT'D)

And you are right, only married women wear head-coverings; I just haven't been able to do away with mine.

JONAH

He must have been so young. How long were you married?

Liat looks down on her plate. The questions are evoking painful memories and Jonah feels it.

JONAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Liat, look at me, being completely inconsiderate!

LIAT

It happened not long ago. We were practically newlyweds.

JONAH

Was it cancer?

Again Liat looks down.

JONAH

Look at me! I just apologized for being nosy and right away I go do it again!

Liat remains silent.

JONAH (CONT'D)

We don't have to talk about it, you know?

Jonah takes a bite while the cheese stretched from the pot all the way to his mouth. That makes Liat smile.

JONAH (CONT'D)

So, how about those Knights? They really gave it to Sydney United!

LIAT

Soccer? Really?

They giggle.

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - DAYTIME

A Bedouin village. Many makeshift tents close to one another.

Scattered among this primitive looking setting expensive cars are parked on dirt roads next to herds of livestock.

INT. MAKESHIFT TENT - DAY

Six MEN sit in a semi-circle leaving Shadi in the middle. They sit on the carpets under the cover of a tent.

Four men wear the army fatigues of Islamic Jihad. JIBRIL, the head terrorist, wears the black uniform exclusive to the commander, while IMAM FUAD wears a typical white garb. He holds a Qur'an and his tas'ted.

Shadi is as pale as the white plain garment of a Shahid he's wearing.

JIBRIL

You have come a long way. You are a true warrior, a proud soldier of Allah - praised be his name. We are all proud you have chosen to become a Shahid. You have committed to give up your life to honor your family, your people and Islam.

They nod. Shadi is attentive to every word.

IMAM FUAD

In return, your family will be rewarded while in this earth, but the greater reward will be yours,

IMAM FUAD (cont'd)

up in Heaven in the company of our saints and martyrs and our blessed prophet Muhammad - praised be his name.

They all say in unison, "praised be his name".

JIBRIL

Soon we will call on you to cross over to the other side of the occupation wall. You will join our brothers and they will direct you to your target. May Allah bestow his blessings upon you.

And the men all respond in unison, "praised be his name".

INT. ISRAELI MILITARY HIDEOUT - MORNING**WAREHOUSE**

Yuval debriefs a group of Israeli COMMANDOS sitting at a round table. Next to him is Rafi, his contact from the Shabbak.

YUVAL

There is a rumor of a particular unit of the muslim brotherhood, mostly of Egyptian origin, that managed to infiltrate inside Israel. It is likely they are operating out of Um Al-Fahm.

(points at the board)

Two days ago the Shabbak intercepted a package of explosives that had been smuggled inside an ambulance --

RAFI

(interrupting)

-- donated by UNWRA, and driven across the border by the Red Cross.

YUVAL

We were only successful in intercepting one of many explosives that have already made it inside Israeli territory.

RAFI

Packages are being unloaded quickly and secretly before ambulances reach the checkpoints.

YUVAL

We suspect Um Al-Fahm because of its proximity to Jenin. Since the building of the separation wall, the smuggling of weapons and explosives has become near impossible.

(again pointing at the board)

But with UN trucks and ambulances traveling freely between Gaza and the West Bank, we are incapable of keeping track of all of them.

BOAZ

Are we on high alert yet?

RAFI
Not yet. We are following a few
leads from our informants.

YUVAL
Keep your eyes and ears open and
let's get these creeps before they
strike.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Jonah spots Liat in the corridor, just outside their classroom.

JONAH
How was your final?

LIAT
I think I did fine, and you?

JONAH
Bombed out!

He says with a smile.

LIAT
I bet you did just fine.

Jonah and Liat walk together to the cafeteria.

JONAH
I leave in a week.

LIAT
Where to?

JONAH
(smiling)
I'm flying to Israel. I want to
see what all the fuss is about.

LIAT
(surprised)
You are flying to Israel?

JONAH
You keep talking about Israel like
it's the most amazing place on
earth. Well, I want to see it with
my own eyes. Want to come with me?

Liat stops.

LIAT

I can't go right now.
 (still surprised)
 I can't believe you're actually
 going.

JONAH

You said I could not understand
 what happened to you and your
 husband unless I went to Israel
 and saw with my own eyes what it
 means to live in the Holy Land. So
 next week, I'll get a glimpse!

LIAT

You're crazy!

JONAH

(with a grin)
 A little bit, and it's mostly your
 fault.

They resume their walk to the cafeteria.

INT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - CAFETERIA - DAY

Jonah and Liat sit down for a cup of coffee.

LIAT

I'll make you a long list of safe
 places for you to visit.

JONAH

What? No Bethlehem? What kind of
 tour guide are you?

LIAT

Can you stop joking around?

JONAH

Yes, ma'am!

LIAT

Don't forget to go swimming in the
 Sea of Galilee where Jesus
 allegedly walked on water.

JONAH

Allegedly?

LIAT

You know what I mean, and let's not get into another theological discussion.

JONAH

Jesus did not allegedly do anything!

Jonah screams like a mad man. He is joking it seems but he is definitely embarrassing her.

JONAH (CONT'D)

Praise Jesus! Praise our Lord who heals the blind and feeds the hungry!!! Hallelujah brother!

Jonah screams and makes passes at the other students.

LIAT

Jonah, shut up!

Liat insists, but he just looks at her, smiles and makes as if he was about to continue with his rampage, then he turns to Liat,

JONAH

Kiss me and I'll stop yelling.

LIAT

What?

JONAH

One kiss and I'll stop.

Liat hesitates.

JONAH

(very loud)

Praise --

And as he is about to continue with his lunacy, Liat hugs him and gives him a kiss on the cheek.

JONAH

On the cheek? A kiss on the cheek?

LIAT

It will have to do for now.

JONAH

A kiss on the cheek is more than you've given me this past year.

(MORE)

JONAH (CONT'D)

But don't think that I'll wait for you forever.

LIAT

I don't want you to wait for me. I would never ask such a thing from you.

INT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - ACADEMIC OFFICE

A well lit office. Cubicles spread all the way to the offices in the back. It is not too busy for a Monday. A nice slightly overweight SECRETARY in the admissions office greets the newly arrived Walid.

SECRETARY

Welcome Wall, Wally, Walid... may I call you Wally?

WALID

Wally is fine.

She hands him over some paperwork.

SECRETARY

Is there anything else we can do for you?

WALID

I just left my bags in my dorm. I guess I need to know what my schedule will look like starting in a couple of weeks.

SECRETARY

Sure honey, give me a moment and I'll print it out for you.

After Walid receives his schedule Walid turns to her once more.

WALID

My mom said we have a distant cousin in Sydney and that she heard she was a student here. Where can I search for her, would you know?

SECRETARY

What is her name?

WALID

Liat, Liat Cohen

The secretary types away on her computer.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Wally but I don't show any Liat Cohen in our system.

WALID

Thanks anyway.

And with that, Walid begins walking out.

SECRETARY (O.S.)

Wally...

Before he distances himself too far from the office, he hears the secretary call out to him. He turns back.

WALID

Did you call me?

SECRETARY

I checked our system and there are two other Liats. We have a Liat Sharabi and a Liat Davis.

(pulls out a printout) Liat Sharabi studies drama and Liat Davis is in nursing school. Do you think either of them could be your cousin?

WALID

I don't think so, I am pretty sure about her last name being Cohen.

SECRETARY

She could have gotten married, you know?

WALID

I guess that's possible. Thank you for your help.

Walid heads out to the student dormitories.

INT. SAMARIAN HILLS - ISRAELI ARMY BASE

Yuval sits in his office. His desk overflows with paperwork. Behind him, on the wall, hangs a map covered with yellow annotations. The phone rings; he presses on the speaker button.

RAFI (O.S.)

(over the phone)

I got some new information you might find interesting.

YUVAL

(on the phone)

We could use some good intel about now. By the way, where are you?

RAFI (O.S.)

(over the phone)

I'm at the Shabbak headquarters in Tel Aviv. They managed to retrieve the names of Arab students who got visas to universities abroad. Some of the students seem to be linked to a cell of Al Aqsa Brigades, and all of them left through Jordan.

YUVAL

(on the phone)

You think our ghost is in that list?

RAFI (O.S.)

(over the phone)

There is one in particular whose home town is Nablus.

YUVAL

(on the phone)

You mean Shechem. Anyway, carry on.

RAFI (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Walid Ibn Abdullah took a flight from Amman to Sydney. Walid's name seems to be written in fire. My gut tells me he is the one we've been looking for.

YUVAL

(on the phone)

Did they confirm if Walid is a member of the Brigades or it's only a supposition?

RAFI (O.S.)

(over the phone)

I'm afraid I don't have an exact answer. Actually, they don't have any real intel at all. He matches the description we obtain from the kiosk boy. Either way, we need to find him and question him ourselves.

YUVAL
 (on the phone)
 So it's up to us. Fine, I'll get
 back to you.

Yuval hangs up and immediately dials a number.

YUVAL
 (on the phone)
 Boaz, can you get over here right
 away?

Minutes later, Boaz walks into Yuval's office all sweaty and
 muddy.

YUVAL
 Good workout?

BOAZ
 Not a bad one. We got some new
 recruits. We're having some fun at
 their expense. So, anything the
 matter?

YUVAL
 How about we go chasing ghosts?
 Unless you have something better
 to do?

Boaz's eyes open wide.

YUVAL (CONT'D)
 A possible ghost from Nablus that
 made it to Sydney courtesy of
 Jordan and our not-so friendly
 allies.

BOAZ
 (sarcastically)
 So now we'll have to endure the
 horrible punishment of having to
 travel to the land down under. So
 many bikinis, bars,
 distractions... But what can we
 do? It's a hard job and someone's
 got to do it.

Yuval smiles.

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - MORNING HOURS

Shadi exits his home early in the morning.

He is met by his HANDLER, a bearded Muslim man wearing the typical garb and a red & white checkered kafiyye.

HANDLER

Israeli security is on high alert.
We must be cautious.

SHADI

I don't have to transport
explosives do I?

HANDLER

You will have nothing to worry
about. Everything you need is
waiting for you in Um-Al Fahm. The
'engineer' will set everything up.
Recite your verses. Alla'mac!

Shadi gets on the minibus. His handler watches him until he's out of sight.

EXT. BAKKA AL-GARBIYYE - BUST STATION - AFTERNOON

Shadi gets off the bus and sits on a bench adjacent to a gas station. He does not eat, he does not drink. He opens his Qur'an and recites verses to himself.

The sun begins to set. Shadi stands up as if ready to leave. All of a sudden, before his feet move, a MAN sneaks from behind and stands next to him with a shawarma (turkey wrap) and a soda. Shadi accepts, he sits and without uttering a word he takes a bite.

The man sits next to him and waits for Shadi to finish his meal. Without speaking to each other Shadi follows the man's lead and both stand up to leave. They get into a small red Subaru parked nearby, and drive off.

INT. ISRAEL'S HIGHWAY - CAR (MOVING)

Shadi can see the West Bank on the right side of the road, and the metropolitan cities of Israel to the left.

Soon enough, they make a turn into a small narrow road that leads them uphill, deep inside Um-Al Fahm, where no Israeli ever dares to venture.

They arrive at their destination.

INT. UM-AL FAHM - TERRORIST HIDEOUT - EVENING

Shadi walks into a small house; he is directed past the kitchen and into a small closet-like space.

The handler SLIDES the pantry, which seems to move with unusual ease. Behind it, a staircase leads down to a basement.

The man turns on a small yellow light bulb that barely illuminates their path downstairs. Moving slowly, they descend into the basement.

INT. TERRORIST HIDEOUT - BASEMENT

Shadi sees an old wooden table, a nightlight, a prayer rug, and a small single-bed. There is an extra copy of the Qur'an on a night table by the bed, and a bag on the floor next to it.

Against the wall and on the floor there is a noisy mini fridge like those found in hotel rooms. On the other side of the room, there is a bathroom.

LOCAL HANDLER

The engineer will come tomorrow.
When you take a bath, make sure to
shave your entire body. There's a
razor by the shower.

Those are the only words the handler utters. He turns and leaves Shadi alone in this dark and unwelcoming room.

Shadi lies on the bed and shuts off the light.

INT. BEN GURION INT'L AIRPORT - MORNING

Jonah arrives in Israel. While dragging his bag and glancing at the list Liat had given him, he walks into the airport's main lobby together with a fellow PASSENGER.

PASSENGER

So, did you decide where to start
your vacation?

JONAH

I could start with the city of Tel Aviv, or I could go first to the Dead Sea. But looking at the map, the Dead Sea, is close to both Jerusalem and Hebron. The other alternative is to head up north to the Sea of Galilee.

PASSENGER

You can visit Capernaum and swim where Jesus allegedly walked on water.

JONAH

(smiling)

Allegedly, right...

PASSENGER

You know what I mean. Come, let's walk outside to where the minibuses await.

EXT. BEN GURION AIRPORT INT'L - CURVE - DAY

Jonah and his new acquaintance walk toward the minibuses.

PASSENGER (cont'd)

Look, that minibus goes to Afula. You can catch a bus to Tiberius from there every 20 minutes.

JONAH

Well, to Afula it is. Thank you for your help.

PASSENGER

It was nice talking to you. Enjoy your vacation!

Jonah boards the minibus. The driver waits until his minibus is filled with passengers, and then takes off making his way onto the highway.

INT. TERRORIST HIDEOUT - BASEMENT

That same morning, the handler and another man, the ENGINEER, come down to the basement. Shadi is already deep in prayer. He has showered, shaved his body, and he is wearing his white garb, one that he will have to hide under civilian clothes.

The engineer has dark eyes and his stare is even darker. He has a small duffel bag with him. Without uttering a single word, he prepares the belt and begins STRAPPING the explosives around Shadi's body. Shadi continues to pray. The engineer works fast with his hands.

SHADI

(trembling)

Please stop.

ENGINEER

I'm done boy. No need to worry.
They won't go off right now.

The engineer stands up and signals the handler to come and assist him. With the help of the local handler, they take Shadi's clothing and begin dressing him up.

Shadi begins sweating profusely. His doubts become obvious. They lift his arms up and Shadi complies.

The belt around his body feels too tight. Shadi stands still. A drop of sweat rolls off his forehead onto his chest and makes its way down.

ENGINEER

(pointing)

All you have to do is press on this button to detonate the explosive belt. You may not expose this button. You cannot look scared or nervous.

(adjusting)

Also, don't be clumsy. The explosives will not go off if you fall down, but someone can see you and they will either arrest you or kill you. Do not make eye contact with anyone, and don't walk around staring down at the floor.

Shadi nods. He is suddenly slapped across the face. Cold water is sprinkled in his eyes.

ENGINEER

Are you listening to me? Did you understand what I said?

He then turns to the handler and screams in displeasure.

ENGINEER (CONT'D)

(to the handler)

He hasn't heard a word I've said. He has no idea how to behave, how to walk, what to say, or even how to detonate the explosives. This boy is an idiot.

LOCAL HANDLER

He's a good soldier. He'll be fine.

ENGINEER

(to Shadi)

Are you listening to me?

SHADI

(angry)

Yes, I heard you. I walk calmly
but I avert eye contact. I don't
expose the button. I heard you
fine.

The handler grabs Shadi by his face and kisses his cheek three
times alternately and leaves.

LOCAL HANDLER

Finish your prayers, we leave in
five minutes.

Shadi stands as if frozen in time.

INT. ISRAEL'S HIGHWAY - CAR (MOVING)

Shadi and his handler drive northbound.

LOCAL HANDLER

You will pour the vengeance of the
Palestinian people as a messenger
of Allah from deep within
Palestine.

Shadi stares out the window. He sees children in the street,

BEGIN FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - AFTERNOON HOURS

-- Shadi sees himself and Walid playing, laughing.

-- He sees Walid running home holding his beloved books.

INT. NABLUS - SHADI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

-- Shadi sees Walid launching himself toward the Israeli
soldiers right outside his door.

INT. NABLUS - SHADI'S SCHOOL

-- Shadi sees himself defending Walid against the his
classmates.

END OF FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

They arrive. Shadi steps outside the car. It is a particularly
hot day and, he feels his heart racing and his mind shutting
down.

EXT. AFULA - CITY CENTER - AFTERNOON HOURS

Jonah's mini bus reaches its destination. He gets off with many other passengers and begins walking into town.

Shadi walks by the central bus station and proceeds to the center of town.

Jonah sees the bus stop where he can continue on to Tiberius. About six people wait at the bus stop. Among them an older WOMAN, short, dark skinned, probably of Moroccan origin.

A Russian IMMIGRANT begins staring at Shadi as he approaches.

Jonah comes to the bus stop, but to his untrained eyes, everyone looks weird and everyone looks normal. They stand not far apart from each other.

The bus slowly approaches the stop. The DRIVER slows down, almost completing the stop in order to pick up the passengers.

He spots the young Arab man and his unusually large amount of clothing for such a hot day. The bus driver completes the stop, but as he starts to open the front door he quickly changes his mind and immediately CLOSES it again.

Shadi PANICS and tries to storm the door, but cannot get it open. The bus driver begins SPEEDING away at which point a loud EXPLOSION is heard.

The tail end of the bus JUMPS in the air. It lands back down hard, but is still fairly intact. The windows shatter and there is smoke everywhere. There is a deafening silence right after the explosion, and within seconds the screaming begins.

Inside the bus, people fall from their seats. Many are banged up pretty badly, but no one is seriously hurt, thanks to the driver's quick response.

The scene at bus stop is altogether different. There are body parts splattered as far as a quarter of a block away. The bus stop has blood spattered everywhere. There's chaos all around.

Minutes later rescue workers arrive; the scene is disheartening. Four people are DEAD including the bomber. Twelve others are injured, two of them seriously.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - ENTRANCE - DAYTIME

At the entrance to the university there is a newsstand. An unusual crowd of students is gathered. Among them, Liat.

LIAT
Oh, my God!

Liat says out loud but her words are lost between the oohs and ahs of the crowd as they look at the front page news.

LIAT
(getting louder)
Oh, my God, oh, my God!

She stares at the newspaper in shock; her eyes wide open as if refusing to blink. There is a picture of the bus and the bus stop in Afula. "Four dead in terror attack in Israel" reads the headline. Right below "The fatalities include a middle-aged Jewish woman of Moroccan descent, an older Jewish man native of Afula, Jonah, a young Australian tourist, and Shadi, a young Palestinian from Nablus."

At a distance, Walid hears the commotion and approaches the newsstand. This is the first time he's seen Liat since the horrible night of the attack.

He struggles to get through the CROWD that is gathering to calm her down. He can't reach her, but he comes close enough to see the newspaper article that has caused the commotion.

Walid sees the picture of the damaged bus stop and realizes that another attack had been carried out in Israel.

Walid throws some money at the attendant and takes a copy of the paper. He walks a few steps away from the crowd.

A few fellow students console Liat. Walid begins reading the story of the attack. When he comes to the perpetrator's name, SHADI ISMAYIL, he reads it ten more times to make sure he isn't reading it wrong.

WALID
(to himself)
Shadi? How could this be? This
can't be right! Shadi would
never....

He sits down on a bench not far from the entrance. He sees Liat and a GIRLFRIEND walking away, signaling the crowd to give them some space.

Walid follows them. He sees Liat walking to the parking area. Liat and her friend sit on a bench. Walid makes his move.

WALID
(still shaking)
Hi, you're a nursing student,
right?

Walid asks while looking straight at her. Liat stares at Walid for a moment, still with teary eyes.

LIAT
 (teary)
 I'm sorry, you must have the wrong
 person.

WALID
 No, I'm pretty sure you are the
 student I was thinking of.

LIAT
 Excuse me?!

Liat gets up as if about to leave. Walid takes a step toward
 her,

WALID
 I'm Wally.

GIRLFRIEND
 (turning to Walid)
 Can't you take a hint? She's not
 interested in conversation.

WALID
 Did I do something wrong?

All of a sudden he sees a MAN approach at a fast pace.

BOBBY
 (speaks directly to Walid)
 She said she's not interested
 asshole, now get lost!

WALID
 That's no way to speak. This is a
 university not a bar.

BOBBY
 Listen towel-head, you continue to
 harass this woman and I'll take
 your face off and use it for
 toilet paper!

Walid's face turns red. He clenches his right hand to form a
 fist.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Now, get lost!

Walid does not move. Liat takes Bobby by the arm and begins
 DRAGGING him away from the stunned middle-eastern looking
 student.

INT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DORMITORIES

Walid heads back to his dorm. He opens the door and notices a yellow manila envelope laying on his bed.

He picks it up and feels an object inside. There is a CELL PHONE and a NOTE that reads, 'turn it on at 9 p.m. and be alone'.

A few minutes before nine o'clock, Walid goes out for a stroll outside the dormitories.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - PARKING AREA

Walid turns on the phone and a minute later it rings.

MAHMOUD (O.S.)
(over the phone)
You are now operational.

WALID
(on the phone)
Who are you?

MAHMOUD (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Is that important? You are a soldier. You don't get to ask questions. You are here to carry out a mission.

WALID
(on the phone)
I like knowing who I'm working for

MAHMOUD (O.S.)
(over the phone)
Shut up and do as you are told. There is a halal deli in the downtown area of Sydney. Come by tomorrow around six in the afternoon and if there are no customers inside, ask the butcher behind the counter for a 'lamb mansaf' and then follow his instructions.

The line goes dead.

WALID
(on the phone)
Wait!

Walid looks at the phone. The number reads as a blocked caller.

INT. SYDNEY - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL

Rafi, Yuval and Boaz arrive in Sydney. They walk to the baggage claim area. All wearing sunglasses and dress shirts, not exactly incognito.

INT. SYDNEY - MEAT MARKET - DAY

DELI

Walid arrives at the deli. There is one other CUSTOMER there. Walid begins looking at the menu then turns to the window display and waits for the customer to exit the store.

WALID

(to the butcher)

Do you have lamb mansaf?

The BUTCHER behind the counter, besides being fat, tall and ugly-looking, is covered in blood from the day's cutting and chopping. His stubble adds to the darkness of his character.

The butcher moves his head gesturing ever so subtly towards the semi-transparent curtain of pvc strips hanging from a door frame that leads to the back area.

Walid moves in that direction slowly pushing the plastic strips out the way and passing through to the back end of the store.

KITCHEN

He walks past the cutting tables, the refrigerators and several kitchen shelves. He comes to what looks like the back exit door.

He opens the door, and sees a dark HALLWAY.

Walid proceeds down the dark corridor finally reaching yet another door. He takes hold of the doorknob, turns and pushes the door open.

FIRST OFFICE

He sees three MEN sitting at a table. Two are playing backgammon while EIYAB, a gentler looking terrorist - if there is such a thing - reads a newspaper. Walid notices it is an Arabic paper. Two of the guys give Walid a quick look when he enters, but they immediately go back to their activities.

WALID

Are you going to tell me where to go next or should I ask your mother?

Walid says in a defiant voice. One of the men playing the board game gets up immediately, pulls a HANDGUN and points it at Walid's head.

WALID

You have two seconds to either shoot or put the gun away, you stupid monkey!

Eihab, the goon with the newspaper, stands up and addresses his partner.

EIHAB

(to the goon pointing the gun)

Put the gun down!

The gruff-looking goon does as he is told. Eihab points to a door on the left. Walid makes his way there.

BACK OFFICE

When Walid walks in, he sees a nice well illuminated office. There are yet another two MEN talking to each other across an executive office desk. MAHMOUD is behind the desk; he is older and well dressed. The second man is ALI, a much less refined goon.

There is one more empty chair next to Ali.

MAHMOUD

Come in Walid, take a seat.

ALI

You probably know why we have asked you to come today --

Walid interrupts the man's speech.

WALID

-- I am eleventh generation Palestinian. I come from --

And before Walid is able to continue the man interrupts.

MAHMOUD

-- From the ashes of Deir Yassin, yes, we have heard that before.

However,

(gesturing Walid to take a seat)

we also know that you don't really believe that. After all, who are we kidding Walid?

Walid looks surprised.

MAHMOUD (CONT'D)

Ninety percent of Palestinians are no more Palestinian than Chinese food is from China.

ALI

We also know that you are a proud Muslim. Therefore, we trust you will do as you have promised.

WALID

Promised?

MAHMOUD

Did you not come to Australia thanks to the charity of our brothers in Tulkarm? And did they not help you in exchange for your promise to strike against the Zionists in Australia?

ALI

Do you want to turn back, Walid? Do you want to go home to your beloved Nablus? Or do you want do as you're a told?

Walid hyperventilates, and his body begins shaking a bit.

WALID

I just need you to understand that I am doing only one thing for you and then I expect you to allow me to return to Palestine.

(defiant)

I am not a shahid and I want anonymity. I do not want to be recognized when I do whatever it is you want me to do. That means no suicide missions!

ALI

No one said anything about suicide.

WALID

One day, I want to be a Palestinian professor and I don't want this to come back to haunt me. Are we clear?

MAHMOUD

Walid, that is all that has ever been asked of you. That is all you will do. Palestine needs many more intellectuals like you.

(to his comrade)

Less hotheads and more professors, don't you think?

ALI

Absolutely.

MAHMOUD

(to Walid)

We'll call you tomorrow at the usual time. That is all, Walid.

Walid gets up with a look of disgust in his face. He reaches for the door.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - EVENING

Rafi comes out from the Admissions office. Yuval and Boaz wait outside.

RAFI

We need to inform headquarters that we have found a match.

YUVAL

We need to find him first. It could be he registered but decided not to live on campus. Or maybe he's not even here. And Australia is a mighty big country.

BOAZ

Let's check with the office in charge of the student dorms.

RAFI

(checking his watch)

We'll have to wait 'till tomorrow.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHTTIME

Walid is outside the dorms. The phone rings at exactly 21:00.

MAHMOUD (O.S.)

(over the phone)

We need to strike soon, Walid.

(MORE)

MAHMOUD (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow, come by the deli at
 three in the afternoon.

WALID
 (on the phone)
 Wait! Don't hang up!

The line goes dead.

WALID (CONT'D)
 (to himself)
 Damn it!!

INT. SYDNEY - MEAT MARKET - AFTERNOON

Walid toddles by the ugly butcher behind the counter after the last couple of customers head for the door. He goes through the usual door, passes by the three men playing backgammon and heads right into the boss's office.

MAHMOUD
 Welcome, Walid.

Walid sits down.

ALI
 (to Walid)
 A van will drive you to the airport. You'll have a Thai Airlines ticket to Bangkok with you. You will walk up to the Qantas counter where Israelis will be waiting to check in for their connecting flight to Tel Aviv.

Walid's heart begins racing. His breathing, heavier.

ALI (CONT'D)
 You will show your ticket to the agent and she will direct you to the correct counter. At that moment, you will 'inadvertently' leave your bag on the floor. In the bag, a remote control explosive, which we will detonate as soon as you are out of the way.

WALID
 We?

MAHMOUD

(to Walid)

It will be activated by another operative located a safe distance away.

ALI

(to Walid)

You will make your way outside taking advantage of the commotion, and return to the van for a quick and clean getaway.

MAHMOUD

(to Walid)

If you fail, we will find you; and of course, your dear family back in Nablus will suffer greatly on your account!

WALID

Leave my family out of this!

MAHMOUD

Your sisters, your parents, we will spare no one. But calm down Walid, your mission is simple and I am confident, you will not fail.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - PARKING AREA

Rafi, Boaz and Yuval wait patiently in a car by the student dorms.

YUVAL

You are sure there's no one in the room?

BOAZ

How many times will you ask me the same question?

YUVAL

I'm sorry. I'm just getting desperate. I hate stake-outs.

Walid approaches the student dorms and enters through the back door. Yuval's team do not see him arrive.

INT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DORMITORIES - NIGHTTIME

Walid lies down on his bed and stares at the ceiling. He feels his heart race.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAYTIME

Walid exits the dorm using the back door. He walks to a local hardware store.

Boaz and Rafi sleep in the car. Yuval reads a newspaper. He does not notice Walid walk pass by.

INT. SYDNEY - HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Walid purchases double-sided adhesive tape, a small gas stove lighter, and a portable bottle of lighter fluid. He returns to campus.

Using the back door, Walid goes back inside his dorm.

EXT. SYDNEY UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - PARKING AREA - DAY

At 2:30 in the afternoon, a dark blue windowless VAN, with standard cab seating consisting of a single driver and passenger seats arrives at the dormitory parking area. Its side sliding door has been deleted.

Walid exits his room and makes his way to the van.

VAN

Walid opens the rear wing doors and sees two familiar MEN sitting on a bench in the cargo area of the van. One of them is Eihab. In the cab sits a DRIVER accompanied by another goon Walid hadn't seen before.

PARKING AREA

Yuval and Boaz wait in the car.

Rafi who is returning from the cafeteria holding a couple of sandwiches and sodas in his hand, NOTICES Walid get in the van. He hurries to Yuval's car.

Rafi knocks on the window. Yuval opens.

RAFI
(pointing to the van)
I think that's him!

YUVAL

Who?

RAFI

What do you mean 'who'? Our ghost just got into that van!

YUVAL

Are you sure?

RAFI

Of course not, but do you have a better lead?

YUVAL

You two go in pursuit. I'll stay on campus just in case he's not the one.

Boaz and Rafi drive out and give chase to the van that is already in motion.

INT. SYDNEY - INSIDE THE VAN (MOVING)

Walid sits next to one of the goons in the back cargo area. They drive to the airport at a relatively slow speed.

EIHAB

This is the bag you will be carrying. You walk up to the Qantas ticket counter, you show your Thai Airlines ticket, leave the bag on the floor and move away at a normal pace. Are we clear?

WALID

Crystal.

The goon opens a small, light brown carry-on bag and reveals the explosive device. It isn't very big, but it's surrounded by plastic bags containing nails and bolts to maximize the carnage.

WALID

When I exit the van I'll look around for a few minutes, make sure I'm not being followed. I'll pretend to tie my shoe laces, take another quick look around and then I'll head out to the terminal.

EIHAB

I don't care what you do, or how you do it. You need to be inside that terminal by 4:00 p.m. Another operative will detonate the bomb as soon as he sees your ugly ass move away.

EIHAB (CONT'D)

(rolling is eyes)
without the damn bag, hopefully!

WALID

You better be here when I make my way out of that terminal.

GOON

Or what?

One of the goon answers raising his head and extending his chest trying to intimidate.

DRIVER

(with an authoritative tone
of voice)
You two stop it. Shut up and stick to the plan. We're almost there.

They arrive and find a parking spot not too far from the TERMINAL. Walid opens the wing back doors, steps out and closes them while the goons in the back give him a look of displeasure.

Walid immediately takes out the ADHESIVE TAPE from inside his shirt under the belt area of his pants.

He lays down on his back and SLIDES UNDER the van, knowing that they cannot see him through the rear-view mirrors. He opens the bag, REMOVES the bomb and tapes it to the bottom of the van.

He quickly closes the bag, gets up and begins WALKING to the terminal with a bag full of nails and bolts but no explosives.

When the driver sees him walking through his rear-view mirror, Walid, carrying the bag, is already about to enter the airport terminal.

Rafi and Boaz find the van parked not far from the terminal.

RAFI

Something is going down.

BOAZ

Call Yuval. I'm going to check out the van.

RAFI

I'm going inside the terminal.
I'll call Yuval as soon as I alert
headquarters of a possible
security threat.

Boaz nods at Rafi and begins walking toward the van.

INT. SYDNEY - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL

Walid enters through the electric sliding doors with bag in hand.

He looks back and sees a MAN through the window, getting off a motorbike by the curb, who nods at him as he approaches the door to the terminal.

Walid begins walking to the Qantas counter holding the bag.

The operative enters the terminal and keeps his distance.

Before Walid even reaches the ticket counter the operative reaches into his pocket. Walid turns to look at him once again and sees how he has taken hold of what from a distance looks possibly like a DETONATOR. His supposed accomplice flashes a sinister grin.

All of a sudden, they all hear an EXPLOSION. People begin screaming, some throw themselves on the floor, while others crouch and take cover. The man who has detonated the bomb STARTLES, panics, and is confused. He turns his head and sees black thick smoke coming out of the parking lot.

Walid immediately begins screaming.

WALID

(pointing at his accomplice)
Terrorist, terrorist!!

Walid points at the man, whose first reaction is to reach inside his jacket for a weapon.

Rafi, who just entered the terminal sees the man reaching for his gun, he draws his weapon and SHOOTS him three times, hitting his target dead on.

The man falls to his knees. The gun comes loose from his hands. A small gush of blood exits his mouth as he falls flat on his face.

People panic and Walid storms the exit together mingled with dozens of others. People make their way out as Australian soldiers and security personnel begin pouring in and surrounding the area.

Rafi loses sight of Walid. Security personnel ask people to stay put but most are scrambling frantically through the airport doors.

EXT. SYDNEY - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CURVE

When Walid steps outside, he sees the van in flames from a distance. As fast as he can, he makes his way to the MOTORCYCLE which had been readied to provide a quick getaway. With the keys still in the ignition, Walid takes off without any delay.

Hoping to preempt the closure of roads, Walid speeds away. Traffic begins piling up as news of an incident at the airport begin spreading through the airways.

Walid arrives within minutes at the deli.

INT. SYDNEY - MEAT MARKET

Walid enters the deli. There are no costumers, only the big fat butcher who is busy chopping away.

Walid enters the kitchen area while the butcher continues working on his counter. Walid takes out the lighter fluid and holds it in his left hand. He then takes a frying pan and places it under his left armpit and finally holds the gas stove lighter in his right hand.

He first flicks the lighter, walks back through the plastic curtain, sneaks up behind the butcher, and SQUIRTS the liquid on the butcher's back. When the busy butcher feels the cold liquid on his shirt, he turns around quickly and angrily not quite understanding what is going on.

Walid extends the lit lighter toward him causing the butcher to catch on fire. He begins burning and in a rage charges at Walid with his carving knife.

Walid moves from one side to the other and while the butcher fights off the flames, Walid fends off the attack with the frying pan and STRIKES him over the head repeatedly.

The butcher is engulfed in flames. Walid strikes him a few more times.

After the third strike, the butcher falls to the ground and continues burning up; his body is motionless.

Walid takes his lighter and a carving knife. He walks through the back door, to the end of the corridor, opens the office door. There is nobody playing cards. The room is empty. Upon not seeing anyone there, he grasps the knife by the blade ready to launch it.

Walid proceeds to the back room, opens the security door and sees the Mahmoud, the boss, sitting at his usual place, and Ali, his colleague, sitting across the table, both oblivious to what just went on in the kitchen. The men see Walid and know right away something has gone terribly wrong.

Ali and Mahmoud both stare at Walid with wide-opened eyes.

MAHMOUD
(surprised and frightened)
Walid, what's going on?

Before Mahmoud can pull a gun from the drawer in front of him, Walid LAUNCHES his knife at him, striking him in the chest.

He then jumps at Ali who had begun to make an attempt to get off his seat. He WHACKS him repeatedly on the head with the frying pan.

Mahmoud behind the desk is seriously wounded. He is having difficulty breathing with the knife stuck in his chest but regains mobility. He takes the gun out from the drawer and as Walid is beating Ali over and over, the boss manages to FIRE his weapon.

The bullet grazes Walid's left arm burning only his skin. He immediately THROWS the frying pan at Mahmoud striking him in his head.

Another SHOT goes off hitting the ceiling as the boss lands on the floor. Walid jumps over the desk and before Mahmoud can fire another shot, Walid begins pounding on him with his fists.

He takes Mahmoud's hand which is still holding the gun and strikes it repeatedly against the floor.

The gun comes loose, and although Walid can easily take it and then shoot him with it, he is so infuriated that instead, he yanks the knife out of the man's chest and then STABS him once more in his throat right above the sternum, putting a definitive end to the boss's life.

Walid gets up and steps back out of the office. He walks across the hall and enters the deli.

The butcher is dead and the fire has been consumed. Walid flips the open-close sign on the front door and locks the door. He lowers the shades, and returns to the back office. He washes off, cleans his wound and wraps it up the best he can.

He searches the room and finds the safe. There's over \$250,000 US and Australian dollars. There are several foreign passports, credit cards, bankcards and several license plates.

Walid puts everything he can gather inside a plastic bag he takes from the garbage bin. He wipes his fingerprints off the pan, the knife, the doorknobs, everything he thinks he might have touched.

He douses the entire establishment with lighter fluid and oil he finds in the kitchen. He then sets the office and the deli on FIRE and exits using the front door not without wiping the doorknob clean of his fingerprints.

Walid gets on the motorbike and heads back to his dorm.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - PARKING AREA

Meanwhile on campus,

YUVAL
(on the phone)
Rafi, any news?

RAFI (O.S.)
(over the phone - frantic)
Yuval, something terrible has happened! The van that brought our ghost blew up in the parking lot. Boaz is gone.

YUVAL
(on the phone)
Slow down Rafi. What do you mean Boaz is gone?

RAFI (O.S.)
(over the phone)
I followed our ghost to the terminal. Boaz went to check out the van seconds before it blew up. I lost the ghost but I managed to shoot one of the terrorists at the terminal. They are taking me to make a statement. I'll get back to you in a few minutes. Keep an eye out for the ghost.

INT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DORMITORIES

Walid arrives at the dorms. He changes his clothes and leaves his room.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - ENTRANCE - DAY

Walid walks to the kiosk and buys a calling card. Yuval follows not far behind. Walid goes to a public phone by the parking lot and makes a phone call.

WALID

(on the phone)

Salam aleicum, commander, I am sorry for calling at this hour. I just don't know what to do.

TARIQ (O.S.)

(over the phone - in a sleepy voice)

Why Walid, what's going on?

WALID

(on the phone)

I was supposed to be picked up by some men who said work for you. I waited but they never showed up. Then I heard about an explosion at the airport. I have the feeling that something went wrong.

TARIQ (O.S.)

(over the phone)

You say you were supposed to be with them?

WALID (on the phone)

Maybe the Israelis are behind all of this. Maybe they'll be coming after me as well?

Walid pauses, but Tariq just listens. Upon not hearing a response from his commander, Walid continues.

WALID (CONT'D)

(on the phone)

I don't know if I should leave Australia, go back to Palestine, or stay here and hope that I am not on their radar. What do you think I should do, Commander?

A few seconds go by until the Tariq responds.

TARIQ (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Stay there. Don't do anything out of the ordinary.

(MORE)

TARIQ (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 If nothing has happened to you
 thus far, chances are nothing
 will. Just stay put for 48 hours;
 then buy a ticket and come home.

Walid smiles, but plays scared for the Tariq. Yuval listens
 from a distance.

WALID
 (on the phone)
 Thank you, commander, thank you.
 If anything does happen to me,
 promise me you will look after my
 family in Palestine.

TARIQ (O.S.)
 (over the phone)
 Peace be with you, Walid. Allah-
 mac.

**INT. SAMARIAN HILLS - ISRAELI MILITARY HIDEOUT -
 MORNING**

Dudu, Yuval's commanding officer, sits next to three more men
 at a conference table. A voice conference system is in the
 center.

DUDU
 (to the speaker)
 Yuval, I need a detailed
 debriefing.

YUVAL (O.S.)
 (over the speaker)
 Rafi is here with me. He just got
 back from Police headquarters.
 It's a mess, sir.

DUDU
 (to the speaker)
 I know how hard it is to lose a
 man in the field but I am very
 confused as to what exactly went
 down.

YUVAL (O.S.)
 (over the speaker)
 To be perfectly honest, we don't
 quite understand it ourselves.

RAFI (O.S.)
(over the speaker)
We believe they were planning on blowing up the Qantas counter. But the bomb went off prematurely. What we don't get is why the bag found inside the terminal contained nuts and bolts but no explosives.

YUVAL (O.S.)
(over the speaker)
Our ghost was the one who took the bag inside. Did he leave the bomb in the van on purpose? Is he that stupid that he left the explosives behind? We don't know.

DUDU
(to the speaker)
Do we have a location for this operative? is he still in Australia?

RAFI (O.S.)
(over the speaker)
We have him under surveillance. He stepped out twice thus far but returned to the dorms shortly thereafter. He made a phone call. It would be good to find out where to.

DUDU
(to the speaker)
Stay on him. We'll contact the Shabbak in Australia and find that out for you shortly.

YUVAL (O.S.)
(over the speaker)
We'll do sir.

EXT. SYDNEY - UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY

Walid packs up his things and gets ready to head to the airport. He takes a manila envelope, fills it with most of the cash he had stashed away and heads out.

Yuval and Rafi follow him discretely.

EXT. SYDNEY - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Walid walks up to the door and rings the doorbell. Liat answers. Bobby notices Walid and rushes to the door. He stands in front of his sister but before Bobby has a chance to curse him out, Walid speaks.

WALID

I have something for you. Please,
don't freak out. It's important.

Walid implores.

BOBBY

Get away from this house, towel-
head!

WALID

(ignoring Bobby)

It has to do with what happened to
you in Palestine, I mean...
Israel.

BOBBY

I said get --

But before Bobby finishes his sentence, Liat places her hand on her brother's mouth, then turns to Walid,

LIAT

-- What do you know about what
happened to me in Israel?

WALID

It is all in the envelope. I am
really sorry about everything.

And with that Walid places the envelope in Liat's hands, turns around and walks away. Liat and Bobby just stand there, watching him leave. Liat holds the envelope in her hands.

Before walking too far away, Walid turns one last time and as he raises his right hand, he yells out,

WALID

Shalom!

Walid gets on the motorbike and drives away.

INT. SYDNEY - LIAT'S HOME - DAY

Liat and Bobby go back inside their home.

They empty the contents of the envelope and find \$100,000 US dollars in cash and two hand-written letters.

Liat unfolds the first letter.

BOBBY

It's a list of names.

LIAT

These are the names of members of an Islamic extremist group based in Tulkarm.

BOBBY

What's the other letter?

Liat sits down in the living room couch and begins reading Walid's letter out loud. Bobby listens.

LIAT

"Dear Liat, In your eyes I will never be anything but a murderer. I could give you many reasons and excuses to try to justify what I did, but none are valid, not for you and not for me either. I will never have peace in my life. It doesn't matter that I was brainwashed since childhood to think that Zionists were all bad people, that you had stolen the land of the Palestinians. I always relied on my father who transmitted to us a sense of pride.

INT./EXT. CAB - SYDNEY - DAY

Walid is on his way to the airport.

LIAT (O.S.)

He told us we were eleventh generation Palestinians. That our roots were stronger than those of many of our neighbors. My father said our ancestors had lived in Deir Yassin until the day of the massacre. Then, one day my grandmother told me the truth. She told me how thousands of Arabs from all over the Arab world had come to Palestine to look for work.

(MORE)

LIAT (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 How they abandoned the Jews in
 1948 when the Arab nations that
 surrounded us had vowed to push
 the Jews into the sea.

EXT. SYDNEY - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - CURVE

Walid leaves the bike by the curb and proceeds to the terminal.

LIAT (O.S.)
 And I learned there had been no
 massacre. So there I was. I killed
 a Zionist in cold blood and I was
 supposed to feel proud. I was
 living a lie. I now believe both
 Jews and Arabs are entitled to
 live in peace in Palestine, but if
 it came down to one or the other,
 then the truth is, Palestine has
 always been your land. For
 thousands of years, decades before
 Islam came to be. I know these
 things now and still, I cannot
 turn back time.

INT. SYDNEY - LIAT'S HOME - DAY

LIAT
 I cannot give you back what I took
 from you. I want to become a
 teacher some day. I want to teach
 my people the truth so that they
 too will realize that violence
 will not better their lives.

A tear runs down Liat's cheek.

Bobby takes the letter from Liat. He reads it once. He rushes
 through it. And without hesitation, he gets up and goes to the
 kitchen. Bobby picks up the PHONE.

INT. SYDNEY - INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

Everything seems suspicious to Walid, the look the GIRL at the
 counter gives him, a MAN standing not too far from him holding
 a briefcase, an Australian POLICEMAN walking slowly, checking
 everyone out.

Walid hears the flight attendant call for boarding. He makes it
 to the line and together with the CROWD of passengers, he
 boards the airplane undisturbed.

INT. SYDNEY - AIRPLANE - DAY

Walid takes a window seat for his long flight back home. A young middle-eastern looking MAN sits next to him.

RAFI

Hi

Walid nods in acknowledgment.

RAFI

I'm Abed,

WALID

I am Wally... I mean, Walid.

RAFI

Nice to meet you, Walid.

Walid nods once more.

RAFI

Are you traveling to Jordan or somewhere else? I'm going to Amman. I am meeting my younger brother and sister and we're going to Petra. You know... The old city of Petra.

Walid makes it obvious he's not interested in this conversation. He does not comment. He takes out the headphones from the back pocket of the seat in front of him.

WALID

That's nice.

The airplane begins making its way to the tarmac. Before Walid loses sight of Australia, a tear runs down his face.

EXT. SAMARIAN HILLS - UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - NIGHT

On a desert hill under the cover of night, Shimshon is crouched in front of TWO Israeli special ops teams that are ready to be dispatched into Nablus.

SHIMSHON

The Palestinian Authority is completely unaware of our impending operation in Nablus. They will not stand down if we are spotted.

(MORE)

SHIMSHON (CONT'D)
 The plan is to abduct Walid's
 father, handcuff him, blindfold
 him and transport him for
 questioning. Is that clear?

The commandos nod affirmatively.

SHIMSHON (CONT'D)
 Very well. Proceed to the main
 road and wait for my signal to
 begin.

The IDF commando operatives board a JEEP and head out to
 Nablus.

INT. SAMARIAN HILLS - ISRAELI MILITARY HIDEOUT - NIGHT

Shimshon receives a phone call.

SHIMSHON
 (on the phone)
 Yes.

YUVAL (O.S.)
 (over the phone)
 We have an update, sir.

SHIMSHON
 (on the phone)
 Go ahead.

YUVAL (O.S.)
 (over the phone)
 We have Rafi sitting next to our
 ghost coming back from Australia.
 I'm on board as well. I heard you
 are planning on sending a team to
 take hold of his father?

SHIMSHON (cont'd)
 We need to use his father as
 leverage. I already got Dudu's
 okay on this.

YUVAL (O.S.)
 (over the phone)
 Our ghost doesn't know we are on
 to him. We'll bring him in. We
 don't need his father; at least
 not yet.

SHIMSHON

We will use Walid's father as leverage. We need to know who gave the orders to carry out the operation. Who supplied the weapons, and who were Walid's accomplices? Most of all, we need to know if there are more cell members in Australia.

YUVAL (O.S.)

(over the phone)

How about we try without him first? If that doesn't work, we can always pick the man up.

The commander is silent for a moment.

SHIMSHON

(on the phone)

I'll take your suggestion into account. Do not lose the ghost!

INT. JORDAN - QUEEN ALIA INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT

The passengers exit the plane and make their way to baggage claim. Walid exits the airport terminal.

EXT. JORDAN - QUEEN ALIA AIRPORT - DAY

BY THE CURVE

Walid waits for the next available taxicab. One shows up within seconds. He places his bag in the trunk and proceeds to sit in the back seat.

TAXI DRIVER

Where to?

WALID

Allenby Bridge please.

TAXI DRIVER

You mean King Hussein Bridge right?

WALID

Yes, please.

Walid says while breathing an air of relief. The cabbie drives Walid away from the airport. As they drive to the highway, before reaching the border crossing, the cab stops at a gas station.

GAS STATION

TAXI DRIVER

Pardon me, I did not notice I was running low on gas. It will only take a few minutes.

WALID

It's not a problem.

Walid continues to stare out the window as if in a daze.

Another TAXI stops behind them.

All of a sudden both back doors fly open. Two men come into the cab, one on each side and sit next to Walid. The cab driver gets back in and they drive away.

Walid turns to the man on his right; to his surprise, it is the young man who had traveled with him from Australia.

Rafi and Yuval sit next to the ghost they have been searching for all this time. A few moments of silence allow Walid to gather his thoughts.

WALID

Please tell me you are Israelis...

RAFI

Why Israelis?

WALID

if you are not, then I know I will not live for much longer.

Yuval makes a call using the satellite radio.

YUVAL

(on the phone)

We've got our ghost.

SHIMSHON (O.S.)

(over the phone)

Very well, I'll get us the leverage.

YUVAL

(on the phone)

I insist sir, there is no need for that.

SHIMSHON (O.S.)

(over the phone)

It is my call, not yours.

The IDF Commander immediately closes the connection.

EXT. THE STREETS OF NABLUS - EVENING

In the middle of the night in the West Bank city of Nablus, AHMED and SHARBEL, two young BOYS walk the streets close to Walid's family home.

AHMED

I'll come over after dinner!

SHARBEL

Don't bring any of your boring books with you!

As Ahmed and Sharbel walk pass the Abdullah's home, two special unit Israeli soldiers storm out simultaneously from Walid's house. They are wearing full army gear, including night goggles and M-16 rifles.

The soldiers are taking Walid's father, each holding one of the man's arms and dragging him out the door. The soldiers see the boys.

ISRAELI COMMANDO

Move away! Go home!

The soldiers yell at the teens to stay away. Without hesitation, Ahmed takes a step back; but a second later, as the soldiers are dragging Walid's father towards their army jeep on the side of the road, Ahmed, without thinking, PUSHES the soldiers slamming them against the jeep.

Walid's father gets LOOSE and looks at Ahmed for a mere instant; he then runs down the street as fast as he can.

The soldiers prepare to run after him, at which point Ahmed throws himself on the floor tripping one of them. He then takes hold of the other one's foot and holds him back long enough for Walid's father to complete his getaway.

The soldier, left without much of a choice, STRIKES Ahmed in the back of his head with his weapon, knocking him unconscious.

FADE OUT

In Memory of Binyamin and Talia

Murdered December 31, 2000 on a Samaritan hill road.