

*Lena*  
*on the Seventh Day*

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The discomfort many Israelis felt with their victory, the guilt and pain of their losses, poured out in a post war collection of interviews, entitled fittingly, **The Seventh Day**. *"We weren't especially excited or happy about killing Arabs or knowing that we'd won. We just felt we'd done what we had to do. But there's a big difference between that and feeling happy."*

**SIX DAYS OF WAR**  
Michael B. Oren

THE SCREEN SLOWLY FADES UP ON...

Pre-dawn. The Moon still bright in the sky, faint redness along the horizon.

A small EGYPTIAN FISHING BOAT bucks through the swells. Beyond the prow, silhouettes of dunes are beginning to appear. A light flashes from shore.

CUT TO:

Shadows flow over the golden *Dome of the Rock* and down the beautiful, intricate blue tile mosaics below.

CUT TO:

*Western Wall* is awash in moonlight, illuminating the scars of centuries.

CUT TO:

1 EXT. CITY STREETS

1

The camera floats through narrow streets, alleyways, past locked shops, markets before dawn. Silence. No movement anywhere.

CUT TO:

The camera slowly finds a small *courtyard*. Two story apartments form an L shape around it. A stone staircase leads up to a landing and a door.

DISSOLVE TO:

2 INT. LENA YAACOBI'S APT. - JUST BEFORE SUNRISE

2

A simple apartment in shadows. Gentle snores are heard, along with sounds of movement in another room. Down a small hallway a door opens. A MAN, naked from waist up, crosses to the bathroom leaving enough light to SEE an old *cabinet* that has obviously been repainted - some areas still reveal many former colors.

The camera moves into the cabinet as a *graphic dissolves* over...

**JERUSALEM 1987**

*The graphic dissolves off* as the camera moves above the cabinet to the wall. We SEE photos, B&W and color.

One photo is of LENA YAACOBI, 16 years old, looking fragile, skeletal, with shaggy short hair taken shortly after her liberation from Buchenwald in 1945. She is clutching a US Army .45 semi automatic pistol with PEARL on the grip.

Most of the photos are of MUSA, from toddler to a 21 year old IDF officer. There's a framed color photo with Lena, Musa and a MAN, on holiday in Athens. The camera scans a number of other photos that are the history of a small family.

3 EXT. SHORELINE - SAME TIME

3

The small Egyptian fishing boat bottoms out a few yards off shore. A pickup truck comes out of the dunes and down to the water line.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The HELMSMAN drops an anchor to steady the boat as he moves forward, bends down, throws back a tarp. A PERSON in camouflage fatigues, stands, stretches, staggers to the side and jumps into the surf. The Helmsman tosses a duffle to his passenger.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The passenger wades ashore, runs to the pickup and climbs in. The truck speeds off disappearing among the dunes. In the distance, the search light of an ISRAELI CHOPPER can be seen lighting up the dunes.

4 INT. LENA'S APT. - BEDROOM - SAME TIME

4

MUSA and his girlfriend, RACHEL, 20, are getting dressed into their fatigues, stuffing gear into their rucksacks.

He pulls out a handgun, checks the safety, holsters the weapon. They embrace, hold each other for several seconds and kiss. Rachel takes her rifle case from behind the door. MUSA retrieves his assault rifle which is slung on the doorknob.

5 INT. LENA'S APT. - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

5

MUSA quietly enters the kitchen and fills a teapot with water.

He puts the pot on the stove, then puts a tea bag into a cup and sits it on the stove near the pot. He grabs a couple of pieces of leftover cake as he leaves the kitchen.

6 INT. LENA'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

He hands Rachel a piece of cake in the living room as they quietly walk by his mother, LENA, 50s, asleep in a recliner. He gently adjusts an afghan over her exposed feet. Rachel watches this and smiles at Musa. He quietly opens the front door, Rachel right behind him.

7 EXT. STEPS OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS 7

They stand on the steps outside the apt door.

RACHEL

(whispering over his  
shoulder)

Thank your mother for the use of  
her bed.

MUSA

(whispering)

Never uses it. She's sleeps in her  
chair.

8 EXT. SHORELINE - SAME TIME 8

The Israeli chopper is hovering, shining it's search light on the tire tracks left by the pickup.

The Egyptian boat straining against the tide is suddenly lit up by a brilliant white light. The Israeli chopper drops down in front the boat almost touching the surface.

The Helmsman shuts down his engine and stands with his hands raised in the air. TWO COMMANDOS drop from the chopper into the water and start to swim toward the boat.

The Helmsman dives down on the deck, coming up with an AK-47, firing and killing the two Israeli commandos, turns and fires on the chopper. Return fire from the chopper knocks the Helmsman overboard.

*Three bodies* rise and fall with the swell. The search light is extinguished.

9 INT. LENA'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - LATER 9

Teapot screams. Lena, athletic, striking, throws off the afghan revealing the aforementioned PEARL-HANDLED .45. It's loaded, full clip, round chambered, hammer cocked, safety on. She takes the safety off and gently lets the hammer forward.

She stands, stretches, walks into the kitchen, shuts off the gas, pours water over tea bag in the cup.

She crosses toward the bathroom, pausing to put the .45 on the top of an old cupboard.

10 EXT. STREET VILLAGE - WEST BANK - SAME TIME 10

The PICKUP from the beach moves down a narrow street between two and three story buildings, pipes and wires hang down the sides and droop from roof to roof.

At the far end of the street, two PALESTINIAN CONSTRUCTION WORKERS are loading their tools and equipment into a TRANSPORT VAN with blue license plates. Nearby is a third man dressed in casual business wear, slacks, dress shirt, sport coat. He carefully looks around.

TWO ARMED MEN abruptly step into the street blocking the pickup. One of them has a short conversation with the driver, as the other man places a *heavy wooden box* in the bed of the pickup, then waves it on. It stops in front of a shop that sells an eclectic assortment of new and used items.

The PASSENGER from the boat climbs out of the truck with the duffle and enters the shop.

11 INT. SHOP - CONTINUOUS 11

The passenger stands in the dimly lit shop, a scarf covers her face except for her eyes. As she closes the door, a teenage Palestinian girl, BASHIRA, enters from the rear of the shop.

BASHIRA  
(with highest esteem)  
Please make yourself comfortable.  
We are alone.

The passenger puts the duffle down, removes the scarf, revealing DR. SAHAR LABADI, a Palestinian woman, late 40s. She takes off the camouflage fatigues revealing an elegant white pants suit. The girl impulsively touches the material.

SAHAR

(smiling)

I'm supposed to dinner in El Arish.

Sahar opens the duffle, realizes she didn't bring appropriate clothes. She notices a stack of second hand clothes, examines several items before selecting a skirt and blouse.

SAHAR

May I buy these?

BASHIRA

Please take whatever you want.  
There is no need to pay.

SAHAR

Thank you, but I insist. And please  
let me leave my suit. You may find  
some use for the fabric.

SAHAR slips the money into the pocket of the jacket and hands her suit top to Bashira.

BASHIRA

Thank you!

As Sahar puts on the skirt and blouse, she SEES Bashira intently watching the van being loaded. She turns to Sahar.

BASHIRA

This is *not* a good day to visit  
Jerusalem.

Sahar looks out the store window, SEES SHKAKI, her driver, a 35 year old Palestinian resistance fighter, has moved his truck over to the van.

Shkaki is opening the box that was put in the bed of the truck. The contents of the box are identified in Russian. One of the Palestinian workers offers Shkaki a FABRIC BAG.

He removes TWO ITEMS from the box, being careful to conceal them. Shkaki then gives the full bag back to the worker who puts it into a tool carrier, hiding it beneath the tools in the back of the van.

13 INT. SHOP 13

Sahar watches the van drive off. She turns to Bashira.

SAHAR  
Unfortunately, it's the only day I  
have.

14 INT. LENA'S APT. - SAME TIME 14

Lena is standing at the kitchen window, sipping a cup of tea and reviewing her shopping list. She has fixed her hair, put on a sun dress.

She opens a kitchen cabinet, pushes the contents to the side and removes the small panel from the back of the cabinet. She takes out a large roll of bills, peels several off, stuffs them in her dress pocket and puts everything back in place.

She grabs a cloth shopping bag and she walks through the living room. She stops at the cabinet, picks up the .45, decides she won't need it, puts it back on the cabinet. She retrieves her sunglasses and goes out the front door.

MOMENTS LATER

Lena returns and snatches the .45 off the counter top, dropping it into the shopping bag.

15 INT. SHOP - SAME TIME 15

Sahar is dressed and ready to go as Shkaki enters. Bashira gently touches Sahar's sleeve and nods goodbye, then goes into the back room.

Sahar hands Shkaki an envelope. He gives her some documents. She reads them over as he counts the money in the envelope.

SAHAR  
Why did you use my real name?

SHKAKI

(without looking up)

Because it's your real name. What  
name would you prefer, Golda Meir?

(stops counting)

You're short.

SAHAR

You'll get the rest tonight when  
you take me back to the boat.

Shkaki nods as he pockets the money. His eyes follow her as she walks out the door and down the street.

16 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 16

Sahar walks to a crowded bus stop where PALESTINIAN LABORERS are headed for jobs in the Israeli territory. She tries to blend in. They all board a crowded old school bus long past retirement.

17 INT. BUS 17

The bus drives along a dusty, dirt road. There are no seats left. Sahar is jammed between several PALESTINIAN WOMEN on their way to work in the Israeli Sector. She gazes between the women at the countryside she hasn't seen for decades.

18 EXT. BUSY STREET - JERUSALEM - SAME TIME 18

Lena is browsing a produce stand, her shopping bag full. She picks up a peach. The teenage boy, EYAL, who runs the stand, looks her over. She turns to him, holds out the peach.

EYAL

Please, taste.

Lena clearly relishes the peach, Eyal never taking his eyes off her as she eats it. He is mesmerized. Lena finishes, needs to wipe her chin. Having no handkerchief, she uses her skirt, exposing her legs. Eyal glances at her legs as she hands him the pit.

LENA

(catching his glance)

How much?

EYAL  
Uhhh...how many?

LENA  
Just the one. They're not quite  
ripe.

EYAL  
(nervous)  
Oh...ummhmm...no charge.

LENA  
(smiling)  
Thank you.

She turns to find her friend, MAX HEISLER, 70s, white hair,  
distinguished, watching her.

LENA  
Max! You're spying on me.

MAX  
You're a beautiful eater, Lena.

She gives Max a hug and kisses him on the cheek.

MAX  
I could watch you all morning.

LENA  
My sweet Max has become a voyeur.

MAX  
Yes, I am! It's all I'm capable of.

19 INT. BUS

19

Sahar notices the road change from *dirt and gravel to pavement* as the bus comes to a stop in a long line of vehicles waiting to go through an *Israeli checkpoint at Ramallah*.

20 EXT. BUSY STREET - JERUSALEM - SAME TIME

20

Lena and Max walk slowly along the busy street. The *TRANSPORT VAN with blue license plates from West Bank* passes them.

Lena notices the Palestinian workers in the van, but also catches a glimpse of a *man in the back* dressed more upscale, sports jacket, dress shirt.

We SEE her looking at the van in the side mirror as it turns down a side street.

LENA

(looking at the van)  
They have pills, herbs, lots of things, you know.

MAX

To stop aging? I'll take all you got!

LENA

(back to Max)  
No...no...you know, for ...*everything*.

MAX

Oh yes! That'd be lovely. I won't just be a senile, wrinkled old man. I'll be a senile, wrinkled old man with an *erection*! I'll be irresistible.

LENA

I think you look just fine without an erection.

Over Max's shoulder, Lena *notices* the well dressed MAN from the van emerge from the side street across from her.

LENA

(eyeing the man)  
Would you like me to escort you home, Handsome?

MAX

No. Too soon. Natalia's boy friend arrived as I was leaving.

She watches as the MAN walks to the newsstand and begins browsing. He buys a paper.

MAX

They'll be rubbing bodies right about now. He's a quick worker but it's best if I kill a little more time here.

LENA

(turning her attention  
back to Max)

So, you do that.

(teasing)

By the way Natalia told me you're finally going to Synagogue. You should be ashamed. An old Bolshevik like you worshiping some imaginary deity. Trying to be a Jew. Shame...

MAX

For your information I was always a Jew. Just not a Jewish Jew. Besides, it's an investment, simple logic. When I die, if there is a God, I encounter him as a believer, as one of the faithful. If there is no God, just the void, so be it.

Lena glances back at the newsstand to find the MAN has *moved to the bus stop on her side of the street*. He is holding a paper and occasionally looking across the street in the direction he came from. He never turns the pages of the newspaper. She continues to watch him as she talks.

LENA

(distracted)

You don't suppose that God, being God, would see through your deception. Treat you as what you are, a fraud and a hypocrite?

MAX

No, no, no. God is...is...He's bored. The Platypus - what was that? Left over spare parts? Divine mischief? Then he chooses *the Jews* as his chosen people. A flock so incredibly stubborn, that he had to be downright vicious with us on more than a few occasions. God should have chosen the Swiss. Hell, they would worship him eternally for a truck load of gold teeth. My plan is to approach God with a little chutzpah, drop a few names, it'll all work out.

LENA

It's nice to know you haven't been corrupted by all that praying. You go because you love your daughter. Your seriously flawed logic has nothing to do with it.

MAX

I suppose.  
(smiling)  
It has made her a little less caustic.

She gives him a gentle pat on the cheek.

LENA

Shalom, Max.

He kisses her hand.

MAX

Shalom, Lena, my dearest.

As Max walks away, Lena glances over at the bus stop. She SEES the MAN is sitting, watching the crowded streets.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The MAN notices a large PETROL TRUCK in the middle of traffic in the distance. He stands up and glances across the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lena looks in the direction he's looking and SEES the *transport van* come out of the side street and enter the flow of oncoming traffic.

21

INT. BUS - ISRAELI CHECKPOINT AT RAMALLAH - SAME TIME

21

Sahar is waiting to have her *forged papers* checked. She is watching the young Israeli officer, MUSA, as he works his way through the bus toward her. He is courteous as he checks papers of some of the Palestinian workers. A WOMAN hands him her papers, her hands worn and nails dirty. He checks them and hands them back. He takes the papers from another worker.

As the workers get off the van, Sahar watches them cross the border and get into a number of *transport vans* waiting on the Israeli side along with a number of taxis, all with blue license plates.

22

EXT. STREET - NEWSSTAND - SAME TIME

22

Lena turns back to the bus stop. It is empty except for the newspaper on the ground. She walks into the middle of the street, looking for the *man*. People honk and curse at her.

Then she spots the TRANSPORT VAN, double parked in front of the produce market, clogging the flow of traffic. Beyond it is the large petrol truck now a block away, approaching in the oncoming traffic.

The TWO PALESTINIANS are out of the van, opening the back as if to get their tools out. Instead one of them gets out with the fabric bag. He pulls out a *grenade* and hands it to the other man.

Lena zeroes in on the grenade, then the petrol truck.

LENA  
(to herself)  
Oh, my God!

She pulls her .45 pistol out of her shopping bag, drops the bag, aims at the closest MAN, fires, killing him before he can pull the pin.

The second MAN ducks between the parked cars, runs toward the petrol truck, pulling the pin as he goes. Lena pursues him, shouting and gesturing for people to get away from the oncoming traffic.

LENA  
Stop! Stop! No, move...away - now!

The MAN throws his grenade at the truck, then dives into the produce market.

The Palestinian runs out of the back of the market to find several ISRAELI TRUCK DRIVERS heading his way. He turns to find Lena come around the corner of the building. She empties the .45 into him.

23 INT. BUS - ISRAELI CHECKPOINT - SAME TIME

23

Musa has worked his way to Sahar on the bus. She offers her papers to him. He notices her well manicured finger nails and delicate hands. He looks at her as he reaches for the papers.

Suddenly, a LOUD CRASH is heard on the bus roof, then a window is shattered. Musa ignores the papers and *quickly exits the bus*. Several young PALESTINIAN BOYS throw rocks, bottles, and pieces of scrap metal. Musa's men fire in the air.

An older boy shouts, pointing toward Jerusalem. The Israeli soldiers turn to SEE a cloud of black smoke rising above the city. For a second or two there is silence, then the sound of a faint explosion reaches them, then a series of explosions. The boys erupt again.

The passengers in the bus strain to SEE out the windows. Sahar stares outside, shoved between two women. It's stifling, cramped and tense inside.

WOMAN #1

I pray many Jews died!

AISHA

(sarcastically)

Oh, yes, that will be a big help!

WOMAN #1

It will! When we kill enough Jews,  
they will leave!

SAHAR

(quietly)

The Jews will never leave.

24 EXT. BUS - SAME TIME

24

Musa motions to Eitan as he watches the billowing smoke rising above the city.

MUSA

(staring at Jerusalem)  
Get everyone off the bus!

EITAN

Off. Everybody. Now!

Passengers start to shuffle off. Some are hoarded to a small questioning area by the few IDF soldiers at the checkpoint, while still others are boarding vans and taxis on the Israeli side of the checkpoint. Woman #1 whispers to Sahar as she steps off the bus.

WOMAN #1  
(under her breath)  
Enough dead Jews and they *will*  
leave.

SAHAR  
Never.

As Sahar gets off the bus, the boys intensify their attack creating further disorder for the IDF soldiers. She SEES Israeli taxis picking up passengers just beyond the checkpoint. She blends in with the passengers whose papers have already been checked and crosses to the Israeli side.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bus passengers are being searched as Musa is again checking papers. Woman #1 looks around for Sahar, who has vanished, then looks up at Musa.

WOMAN #1  
We had a collaborator riding with  
us. She's gone.

AISHA  
She had makeup. Like the magazines.

Musa looks at Aisha.

WOMAN #1 (O.S.)  
If I see her again....

She spits disgustedly.

25 EXT. STREET - JERUSALEM - SAME TIME

25

Lena, covered with debris and dust, struggles to her feet, still clutching the .45, stunned, but saved from death by the produce market wall.

The petrol truck has been blown apart, dead and wounded are everywhere. Pieces of paper and debris are raining down. Several fires rage. Wreckage surrounds her. Sirens are heard.

Lena starts back into the devastation looking for Max.

LENA  
(screaming)  
Max!..Max!!!

Lena SEES him on the ground, partially covered by pieces of metal. She hurries to him, kneels down, removes the metal, finds his wrist, feels for a pulse.

Her hand comes away covered in blood. She wipes it on her dress. She kneels there holding Max's hand pressed against her heart, amidst the chaos of sirens, screams and people running past her, tears dripping from her chin. The noise begins to fade until there is only silence.

DISSOLVE TO:

26

INT. APT - EVENING - DAY

26

MAX, 50s, seated in an old rocking chair, holding an infant. Distant explosions and gunfire are constant in the background. His daughter, NATALIA, 10 years old, is huddled in the corner watching him. An old wood cabinet is next to them.

*A graphic dissolves on at the bottom of the screen...*

27

1967 - SIX DAY WAR

27

*The graphic dissolves off as Lena, mid-30s, enters the apartment, carrying a stuffed duffle bag, backpack and a tool bag. She drops everything on the floor.*

LENA  
This isn't so bad. We can work here  
for now.  
(looks at the infant)  
How's the boy?

MAX  
He's good. You did bring food?

LENA  
In the bag.

She lays the .45 on top of the cabinet and immediately digs a wrench and screw driver out of the tool bag. She starts removing the bolt latch from the cabinet.

LENA

(referring to the bolt  
latch)

I never want to *hear* this thing  
again...

MAX

(looking at the infant)

It was a mistake, Lena, an  
accident...

(to Natalia)

Natalia, come here. Hold this baby.

NATALIA

No, I won't touch it.

MAX

Then look in the kitchen and see if  
there's a way to warm up some milk  
for it. Now.

Natalia reluctantly walks over and digs out several cans of  
milk, bottles and baby food from Lena's bag and heads for the  
kitchen.

MAX

Lena, maybe you should leave that  
bolt.

LENA

Why?

MAX

If there's an inquiry, you may have  
to prove what happened here.

LENA

Bruno knows what happened.

MAX

Not everyone trusts Bruno.

LENA

I do. If there's a problem...  
(removing the bolt)  
...he'll take care of it.

She drops the bolt into the tool bag, then looks at the baby  
as Max holds him.

LENA

You are such a beautiful boy. *Very*  
beautiful. As soon as all this  
fighting stops, we'll find someone  
to take you.

Natalia returns from the kitchen and walks over to Max with  
the bottle.

NATALIA

(staring at the infant)  
*Nobody* wants Arab babies.

MAX

Natalia!

LENA

She's right. He should be with his  
own people.

MAX

In an orphanage or a refugee camp  
...where he can learn to hate Jews  
or learn to be a criminal?

Lena takes the infant from Max, then the bottle from Natalia  
and starts to feed him. There is long silence as Max stares  
at the two of them.

MAX

Why don't you raise him?

LENA

Me?

MAX

Batya saved *Moshe*, so you save  
*Musa*.

LENA

He has to have family, Max.  
Somewhere. Bruno will find them.

MAX

(with certainty)  
Lena...no, he won't.

**LENA**

And what do I tell my *Musa* when  
he's old enough to understand?

She turns her eyes back to the feeding baby.

**MAX (O.S.)**

That you're his mother.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

***BACK TO PRESENT***

28

EXT. STREET

28

**NATALIA**

(screaming)

Father...*Father!*

Lena SEES NATALIA, Max's daughter, and her BOYFRIEND running toward her. They are barefoot and practically naked.

They SEE Lena kneeling next to Max. Natalia stops in her tracks.

Lena stands, moves aside as Natalia, sobbing, drops down on the ground next to Max.

Lena, in a mild state of shock, wipes her bloody hands on her dress. She picks up the .45, surveys the destruction, accepting everything is being handled. Still disoriented, she starts to walk away when she SEES a *newspaper* lying on the ground at the bus stop.

29

EXT. ISRAELI CHECKPOINT - SAME TIME

29

Musa is standing out in the open, motioning his troops to find cover. SCORES OF BOYS have now gathered, taunting the Israelis and throwing rocks.

30

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING NEAR CHECKPOINT

30

Fifty yards away from the checkpoint is the rubble of bulldozed buildings. Behind one of the abandoned buildings, OLDER BOYS are filling bottles with gasoline, showing several YOUNG BOYS how to make Molotov Cocktails. TWO MEN appear with grenades.

AMJAD  
(to the older boys)  
Forget the cocktails.  
(referring to the young  
boys)  
They'll end up setting themselves  
on fire.

When the boys SEE the grenades, they start yelling and jumping around. The older men look on calmly, letting the frenzy build, until one boy reaches for a grenade and gets slapped in the face by the man who brought it.

JAMAL  
Not yet! We'll show you how to use  
it. Be patient.

31 INT. STREET CORNER - JERUSALEM - LATER 31

Sahar gets out of a taxi, looks around as it drives away. She casually removes her head scarf, releasing her hair. She ties the scarf around her waist, unbuttoning the top buttons on her blouse. She has become a tourist or an Israeli Arab or a Jew. She quickly disappears amid the crowd.

32 EXT. STREET - JERUSALEM - SAME TIME 32

Lena is slumped against the bus stop as BRUNO WEISS, 60s, dark, handsome, tries to get his Zippo to work. Finally it ignites and he lights her cigarette. She abruptly starts to pace. Several INTELLIGENCE OPERATIVES are standing at a discrete distance watching.

BRUNO  
I thought you quit?

LENA  
(near tears)  
Goddammit!

BRUNO  
It's wasn't your fault.

LENA  
Yes, it is. I didn't trust myself,  
my years of experience...it is my  
fault. I was too late.

BRUNO

You weren't too late. You saved a lot of lives.

LENA

I want the son of a bitch who stood here.

BRUNO

It was Max's time, Lena.

LENA

Bullshit! I want to see every recent photo...I can ID the bastard.

BRUNO

You're retired.

(motioning to the Operatives)

They will handle it. Don't let this be personal.

LENA

That's the stupidest thing you've ever said to me. You've known Max as long as I have. He should have died a dignified, peaceful death. Not be slaughtered on a street. What the hell are you talking about, Bruno? *It is personal.*

She walks away from him, a newspaper gripped in one hand, her gun in the other.

BRUNO

I'll walk you home.

LENA

(over her shoulder)

No!

She walks up to the Operatives, thrusts the folded newspaper to them.

LENA

(to the Operatives)

He left this behind. Do your job. Find that piece of shit!

33 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING NEAR CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

33

Amjad, the leader, is instructing two boys in the use of grenades.

AMJAD

Hold it in the hand you're going to  
throw it with. The thumb so, hold  
the lever down with your thumb.  
Pull the pin.

He pulls the pin and approaches the boys who back away from the live grenade.

AMJAD

Get as close to the Jews as you  
can.

He puts the pin back in.

34 EXT. CHECKPOINT

34

Musa is conferring with his second in command, Eitan. No rocks are being thrown. Several boys are still hanging out watching, taunting the few troops at the checkpoint.

MUSA

What do you think, Eitan?

EITAN

Don't know. Where did all these  
fucking brats come from?

MUSA

Definitely not spontaneous. Too  
organized. Maybe a diversion?

EITAN

Maybe.

MUSA

For what? Another attack? Different  
target? I'm going to get on the  
radio, Keren needs to know what's  
been going on. Keep an eye on  
things.

Aisha, the attractive woman from the bus and *an informant*, is seated in the rear seat talking to a ISRAELI AGENT seated in the front driver's seat. He holds out a thick manila folder containing photos to Aisha. She doesn't move, just stares out the windshield. He looks her over in the rear view mirror when she's not watching him.

AGENT

Look, I said I would help your son. I got him moved, didn't I? It wouldn't look right if he was just suddenly released.

AISHA

He's all I have left. I want Taj home. He's a child.

AGENT

He'll be safe in the medical ward, for now. Take a look at these women and see if she's (Sahar) in there.

AISHA

I want him *home*!

AGENT

Two weeks from now there's going to be a release of non-violent political detainees. I'll make sure Taj is on the list. I guarantee it.

AISHA

Don't lie to me!

AGENT

I'm not lying to you. I can do that. Now look.

She takes the folder and goes through the photos.

AISHA

None of these.

AGENT

You sure?

AISHA

She spoke with an accent.  
European...maybe. An older woman.

AGENT

Foreigner...that makes a  
difference.

He gets out of the car, looks around. He SEES Woman #1 enter a dry cleaners across the street. There is no one else near them. He looks back at Aisha, then walks around to the trunk, opens it, moves some stuff, and pulls out an older worn envelope.

He gets into *the back seat*, locking the door. This frightens Aisha. She tries to get out but all the handles have been removed from the door on her side.

The agent opens the worn envelope and dumps a bunch of photos on her lap.

AGENT

See if she's one of those.

She picks up the photos one at a time. The man leans over and begins to caress her breasts. She keeps going through the photos as his hand starts to roam inside her blouse and down.

AGENT

By the way I know the boy isn't  
"all you have." You also have a  
daughter. Pretty little girl.

She suddenly pushes an old photo in his face.

AISHA

This one! From the bus. She is the  
one, only older.

The agent takes it.

AGENT

(to Aisha)

You better be sure. For Taj's sake.

(he turns the photo over)

*Labadi*...? Welcome home.

Suddenly he's all business, pulls out some money, peels off several bills, hands them to Aisha. He gets out. Holds the back door of the Mercedes open.

AGENT

Next time I'll arrange for us to have more privacy.

Aisha gets out, stands there for a moment, looking around.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Woman #1 is watching through the window of the cleaners as Aisha walks away from the Mercedes.

36 EXT. JERUSALEM STREET - SAME TIME

36

Sahar is working her way through Jerusalem. IDF troops are stopping pedestrians and talking to them, asking some for their identification.

She walks up a narrow alley. When she's halfway down the alley, she SEES more IDF troops closing off the far end.

Sahar impulsively stops at a door and knocks on it again and again. She steps back, looks up at the second floor window, then knocks once again. Pretending to wait, she turns, watches as the IDF troops move on.

She stands there for a moment, then leans against the door, alone in the narrow alley, listening to the distant sirens.

37 INT. LENA'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

37

Lena enters, goes to the cabinet, takes the .45, ejects the empty clip, takes a full one from a drawer and reloads. She lays the .45 on the cabinet next to a photo of Max standing between Natalia and Musa when they were children, his arms around them.

Lena, still in her bloody dress, takes an album from her collection, puts it on the turntable and sets the volume. It's a scratchy recording of Bach's Variations.

She holds the old, worn album and sits down on a footlocker along the wall opposite the cabinet. She listens to the music, glancing down at the album, absorbed in the youthful picture of Max on the cover.

The screen slowly goes to black.

38 EXT. FIELD - OVERCAST, DRIZZLY DAY

38

LENA YAACOBI, 16 year old Greek Jew, is in a line of ex-prisoners recently liberated from Buchenwald. She's smoking, an army field jacket draped over her bony shoulders, about to be examined by a US Army medical unit.

*A graphic dissolves in...*

39

## BUCHENWALD - APRIL 1945

39

*The graphic fades out over a group of LOCAL PEOPLE marched out to witness the horror. Some of them exchange whispers, almost smiling. Lena can see them, beyond the medic who is recording her personal facts.*

MEDICAL OFFICER

Your name?

Lena is intent on the group of locals. Beside her is MAX HEISLER, a 30 year old ex-prisoner.

MAX

Her name is Lena Yaacobi.

Among the locals, Lena glimpses what seems to be a familiar face.

MEDICAL OFFICER

(to Max)

Her age?

Max tugs on her sleeve.

MAX

Lena, how old are you?

LENA

(distracted)

What is the date?

MEDICAL OFFICER

April 14, 1945

LENA

...sixteen...I think...

MEDICAL OFFICER

Have you been here long?

Lena is not listening, still staring at the locals.

MAX

Not long. She came from another  
camp in the East.

MEDICAL OFFICER

There are other camps?

Max nods to the Medical Officer. Lena SEES one of the locals  
step aside. He catches her eye as he moves quickly into the  
crowd. She drops her cigarette and points at the man.

LENA

(under her breath)  
Auschwitz...Auschwitz...

MAX

What is it Lena?

ANOTHER ANGLE

The MAN, realizing Lena has recognized him, speaks to one of  
the soldiers guarding them. The soldier motions to the nearby  
woods. The MAN walks quickly toward it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lena throws off her jacket, starts to follow him.

MEDICAL OFFICER

Hey, we're not done here...  
(to Max)  
Tell her that, willya?

Max goes after Lena, not sure what she's doing.

ANOTHER ANGLE

A few yards away, Master Sergeant BRUNO WEISS, 23 years old,  
sits in the passenger seat of a jeep with his boots and socks  
removed, treating his blisters. A *Pearl handled* .45 is in  
it's holster hanging from the windshield on the driver's  
side.

Lena passes Bruno, suddenly noticing the gun and holster hanging on the jeep. She quickly grabs the .45 off the windshield and runs toward the MAN.

BRUNO

Hey! You! Goddammit!

Bruno struggles to untangle himself from the jeep, pulling on his boots.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Lena, running now, pulls the pistol from the holster, dropping the pistol belt on the ground. She SEES the Man disappearing into the woods. She chases him, Bruno not far behind.

40

EXT. WOODS

40

Lena runs into the woods, crashing through some dense bushes and almost falls into an enormous hole that has been dug for a mass grave. She SEES the MAN in the hole struggling to get up the other side, but it's too muddy and he keeps sliding down. He turns to see her, completely exposed now.

She aims the .45 at the MAN.

MAN

Shoot, you stupid Jew whore!

She tries to pull the trigger. *Nothing happens.* She squeezes the trigger again and again - still nothing. Bruno arrives carrying the pistol belt and snatches the pistol from Lena.

BRUNO

What the hell are you doing?!

Lena, sobbing with frustration, starts grabbing anything she can find on the ground, sticks, rocks and, with little strength, throws them at the man.

LENA

I will kill you!

Max arrives, out of breath, and tries to restrain Lena.

BRUNO

What the hell is wrong with her?

She breaks away from Max and throws a rock at the Man, nearly falling into the pit. Bruno grabs her. She turns to Bruno.

LENA

He killed my baby. Raped me.

MAX

(to Bruno)

He is SS.

Bruno looks down at the Man, then at Lena, virtually a walking skeleton. He *releases the safety on the .45*. He hands it to Lena. She aims and empties the clip at the MAN. She misses every round, screams in frustration, starts to throw the gun at him.

Bruno takes the .45 from Lena, ejects the empty clip, inserts a full one, chambers a round. Lena grabs for the gun but Bruno holds it out of her reach.

The MAN yells at Bruno.

MAN

American!! *You must stop this! I surrender!*

He raises his hands and starts up the muddy slope.

MAN

I am an officer in the German Army!

Lena covers her ears, screams at him!

MAN

The Geneva convention!

The MAN finally reaches the top of the hole and stands, filthy, covered with mud, in front of Bruno.

MAN

*You must abide by it! Yeah, yeah!*

Bruno without hesitating shoots him in the head. He drops right in front of them. Bruno holds the .45 out to Lena, nods to the body. She takes the pistol and fires the remaining rounds into the body. She comes back to Bruno, he loads another full clip. She empties the clip into his face. She turns to Bruno, gesturing for more.

BRUNO

Enough! No more! I'm out. No more  
ammo.

Lena goes to Max and whispers something to him. Max protests  
but she insists. Max reluctantly gives in.

MAX

(to Bruno)

Sir, she would like to keep your  
gun. She is willing to...trade..for  
it.

Lena clutches the .45 to her chest. She brushes her extremely  
dirty, short hair back, an attempt at seduction. Bruno  
doesn't say anything.

Lena looks from one to the other, starts to feel self  
conscious. Bruno holds out his hand. Lena reluctantly gives  
up the pistol.

He takes it, ejects the empty clip and takes a full clip from  
the ammo pouch on the pistol belt and reloads the .45. Lena  
looks at the bullets, then at him.

LENA

You lie.

Bruno looks at her and smiles.

BRUNO

Everybody lies.

He fishes a wrinkled pack of Luckys out of his pocket and  
offers one to Max, who declines.

BRUNO

What's your name?

MAX

Max Heisler.

Lena reaches over and snatches the cigarette.

LENA

Lena Yaacobi.

She puts it in her mouth. He takes out a Zippo lighter. It  
won't ignite. After several attempts, it fires up. He gives  
her a light as she stares at his gun.

BRUNO

I know someone who's looking for  
people...people who are interested  
in Israel.

MAX

Israel? Jerusalem! Yes.

BRUNO

(to Lena)  
And you?

MAX

No. She will go home now.

Lena looks at Max.

LENA

I have no home, no family left.

She turns to Bruno.

LENA

Why should I go to Israel?

BRUNO

To fight.

Bruno slides the pistol belt off his shoulder and offers it  
to her. She looks at him, he smiles, she slowly takes it,  
removes the .45, tosses the belt and holster back to Bruno.

The screen slowly fades to black.

THEN FADES BACK TO PRESENT

41 INT. LENA'S APT. - LIVING ROOM

41

Lena is still listening to Max playing Bach, the occasional  
siren sounding. She stands up, puts the album cover on a  
shelf.

She opens the footlocker. It's stuffed with documents,  
photos, files and manila envelopes. She begins emptying it  
and spreading the contents out on the floor.

42 EXT. CHECKPOINT - SAME TIME

42

The checkpoint is closed. Musa and Eitan watch as an IDF jeep approaches carrying their unit commander, COL. KEREN. The jeep stops next to them.

COL. KEREN  
Looks quiet.

MUSA  
They calmed down a bit. But there's more of them now. Something's going on.

COL. KEREN  
Could be.

MUSA  
Colonel, any word on where that explosion happened?

COL. KEREN  
(looking at the crowd of  
Palestinians)  
Not yet.  
(pointing to West Bank)  
We might have someone over there who can tell us what's going on.  
(to Musa)  
Keep the checkpoint closed. I'll be in touch.

Keren drives away in the jeep.

MUSA  
Colonel, please find out where that explosion was!

43 INT. LENA'S APT. - SAME TIME

43

Lena is on the floor going through the files and photos. She shuffles through several files till she finds a note and reads it. She gets to her feet, picks up the phone, and dials.

LENA  
This is Lena Yaacobi. Let me speak with Bruno?  
(MORE)

LENA (cont'd)

(pause)

It's Lena..yes..yes..will you please  
listen for a second!

44 INT. BRUNO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

44

Bruno is on the phone in his office. The Israeli agent from the White Mercedes stands next to him. His AIDE is on the other side of the room listening.

BRUNO

(to Lena)

OK, what?

[The scene cuts back and forth from Bruno's office and Lena's apt.]

LENA

(pause)

Two, maybe three years ago we heard  
about that *bomb engineer*, French or  
Algerian.

BRUNO

Who was this?

LENA

(jogging his memory)

We raided the garage in Jabaliya  
and found stacks of French  
newspapers and magazines?

BRUNO

(he remembers)

The Frog *bookworm*, that one?

LENA

Yes, yea, that's the one! That  
bastard at the bus stop this  
morning had a *French* newspaper in  
his hand. Could have been him!

BRUNO

(looking at the map)

Wasn't.

LENA

How do you know for sure, Dammit?

BRUNO

One of our people ran into him in  
Corsica. The Bookworm didn't  
survive.

Lena is silent for a moment.

BRUNO

Would you like me to come by, make  
you dinner tonight?

She hangs up.

45 INT. BRUNO'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

45

Bruno is still holding Sahar's photo. He puts the phone down  
and looks at the agent.

BRUNO

How did she get through?

AGENT

Some boys attacked the bus with  
stones..the IDF got distracted,  
then the explosion.

BRUNO

(to his aide)

Let me know when she's found. Take  
no action.

His aide nods and leaves.

BRUNO

So what are those boys up to at the  
checkpoint?

AGENT

I'm on my way over there to find  
out.

BRUNO

When you find out make sure I'm the  
first to know. *FIRST!* You will be  
reimbursed, whatever the cost.

The agent leaves. Bruno lays the Sahar photo on top of a file  
cabinet next to a framed photo of himself, Lena and Musa.

His eyes go back to the photo of Sahar. He stares intently as we slowly move into her eyes.

*We slowly lose focus...*

45a

**EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK**

45a

A fine misty rain, falls. The cemetery is lush with green trees, grass and flowers. We are over the shoulder of a MAN hidden among large gravestones. He is holding a camera focused on a WOMAN a long distance away standing at a gravesite. He snaps a photo.

A graphic dissolves in...

### *Pere Lachaise Cemetery, France - 1969*

45b

**EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVESITE**

45b

*The graphic dissolves out on SAHAR and Irish BRIGADIER BARKER staring at a gravestone. A few dignified MEN and WOMEN are there as well. Another man, Barker's aid, IAN, keeps a close eye on the surroundings as they speak.*

**SAHAR**

It seems strange to bury Jasim here. Everywhere it's so green. So wet.

**BARKER**

There was no other choice.

**SAHAR**

He was Bedouin. He loved the desert.

**ANOTHER ANGLE**

Several yards away another MAN stands watching. He holds a large envelope in his hand.

Ian makes Barker aware of the man.

**BARKER**

Ian, tell him this is a private ceremony.

Ian heads for the man. One of the women turn toward Sahar, resting a hand on her arm.

EDITH

Sahar, please consider my offer. I am sure you will be admitted to the nursing academy. You mastered everything I taught you.

SAHAR

I thank you Doctor Edith - and you, Barker - for all you have done for us.

(still staring at the gravestone)

But I must look for Majid and Aliah. Jasim would want that.

BARKER

I realize ya need to satisfy yourself. But our friends tell me they were killed during the war and the Israelis disposed of their bodies. There's no trace of them.

SAHAR

(determined)

I miss Palestine.

BARKER

Palestine has changed. It is more dangerous in some ways than it was in 67.

Ian returns carrying a large manila envelope.

IAN

(to Barker)

It's for Sahar.

He hands it to Sahar. She opens it and removes a bundle of papers.

SAHAR

What is this!?

She holds up some papers and a recent photo of herself crossing a Paris street. Barker takes the papers.

BARKER

Israeli documents.

Barker glances back over Ian's shoulder. The Man is gone.

SAHAR

What do they say?

BARKER

(looking around again)

I wouldn't go to Palestine just yet. These are a warning..a threat.

SAHAR

Why? From who?

45c

EXT. CEMETERY - SAME TIME

45c

From a long distance away, the MAN is still standing among large gravestones. His eyes move from Sahar to his AGENT (the man who delivered the envelope) walking over gravesites as he approaches him. We are still over his shoulder as he puts his camera away.

MAN

On your way out, try to avoid stepping on the graves. There are brave men and women buried here.

They both turn to leave.

SLOW FADE BACK TO PRESENT

46

EXT. JERUSALEM STREET - LATER

46

Sahar stands, struck by the aftermath of the explosions. She notices two POLICE OFFICERS heading her way and turns to avoid them, coming nose to nose with an ABORIGINAL WOMAN dressed from head to toe in white.

The woman is an Australian tourist who is afflicted with the Jerusalem Syndrome i.e. *she believes she's a figure from the bible*. In her case it's David.

WOMAN

(shouting)

JEHOVAH IS KING! LET THE NATIONS TREMBLE! JEHOVAH SITS IN MAJESTY IN ZION, SUPREME ABOVE...

Sahar is startled. The Policemen arrive, but instead of Sahar, they have come to take the woman away from the market before she causes a row.

WOMAN  
WHEN MOSES AND AARON AND SAMUEL,  
HIS PROPHET, CRIED TO HIM FOR HELP!

The Police treat her gently. Then they look toward Sahar.

POLICEMAN #1  
This is not a good place for you  
right now.

POLICEMAN #2  
(to Sahar)  
Shalom.

Sahar nods.

WOMAN  
(as Policeman #1 leads her  
away)  
O JEHOVAH OUR GOD! YOU ANSWERED  
THEM AND FORGAVE THEIR SINS, YET  
PUNISHED THEM...

Sahar walks on, staring at the destruction around her.

47 INT. LENA'S APT. - BATHROOM - SAME TIME

47

Lena stares at herself in the bathroom mirror, listening to the music, still covered with blood.

LENA  
I hope Max, wherever you are, there  
is a piano..

She smooths back her hair, wipes away the tears. She starts to unbutton her dress, turns on the shower - then turns it off and leaves the bathroom.

48 INT. LENA'S APT - LIVING ROOM

48

She gets on her knees and straightens up the mess on the living room floor. As she repacks the footlocker, she pauses occasionally to read the random letter or note.

49 EXT. COURTYARD - LENA'S APT. - SAME TIME 49

Sahar is standing in the entrance of the courtyard, listening to the Bach. Realizing where the music is coming from, she cautiously steps inside the courtyard.

She looks up the old worn stairs, then at the entrance to Lena's apartment. She is holding back tears.

50 EXT. ISRAELI CHECKPOINT 50

Musa is trying to disperse a group of Palestinian Laborers who want to pass through the checkpoint. Sahar's driver (Shkaki) is inciting them from a distance.

The boys on the sidelines taunt the Israelis and cheer the Palestinians on. Eitan and the rest of the squad are vigilant.

NABEEL

(to Musa)

We want to talk to your boss! Not you!

MUSA

(courteously)

I'm in charge. My CO is not here, but if you want to wait...

SHKAKI

(shouting from a distance to the laborer)

Don't let the Jew tell you when and how you can go to work!

MUSA

There are other checkpoints open just...

ASAAD

They're backed up for kilometers because this one is closed!

Several of the boys hurl stones. One hits Musa's helmet. It shocks him.

Eitan wheels on the boy, firing his UZI, spraying bullets above the boys, forcing them to withdraw. Then he approaches the men.

EITAN  
(brandishing his UZI)  
GO!!!..NOW!!..

The men retreat reluctantly, afraid of the UZI.

SHKAKI  
(shouting again)  
If blood is shed, it won't be ours!

EITAN  
(shouting back at Shkaki)  
Go, you fucking asshole!

MUSA  
Use the other checkpoints!

51 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

51

The men, and the boys they have been training to use the grenades, are all facing in the direction of the checkpoint, listening for more shots.

Three younger boys come running up. Their adrenaline is raging, but once they SEE the scowls on the faces of the men, they immediately suppress themselves.

AMJAD  
(leader)  
Was anyone hurt?

HAFEZ  
No.

AMJAD  
What was the shooting about!?

HAFEZ  
I hit the Jew officer in the head  
with a rock...

AMJAD  
I hope you killed him.

HAFEZ

No...

JAMAL

Next time. You boys go home.

HAFEZ

Why?...we want to...

AMJAD

You will go home. *Now!*

The boys turn reluctantly and start across the field toward a highway, complaining to one another. Hafez lags behind, then heads back to the action.

52 EXT. WEST BANK STREET - SAME TIME

52

In the distance the Dirty White Mercedes passes slowly in traffic.

The Agent spots something going on through a gap between two partially destroyed walls. He makes a U-turn and parks.

He raises the hood as if he has a problem, looks around, then cautiously approaches the gap and watches, making sure no one spots him.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Using rocks, each boy practices pulling the pin, throwing them as far as they can, then they back up several feet and throw again, competing to see who has the strongest arm. Men, standing alongside, watch carefully, instructing them.

*Shkaki* comes walking through the rubble. The men all stand in respect.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The Agent turns and returns to the car. He opens the trunk, looks around once again, then unzips a tool bag *exposing a 35mm camera with telephoto lens.*

53 INT. LENA'S APT. - SAME TIME

53

Lena has repacked the footlocker and heads for the bathroom again to shower and change her clothes when she HEARS a soft knocking on her front door.

She listens for a moment. Another knock, barely audible. She picks up the .45.

54

EXT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

54

Sahar waits, no one comes. She turns to go. After a couple of steps, she returns to the door to make one more attempt just as it opens.

Lena stands there, still wearing her bloody dress.

LENA

What do you want?

Sahar is astonished by Lena's appearance.

SAHAR

Have you been injured?

LENA

(noticing Sahar's French  
accent)

You don't look French.

Sahar shakes her head.

SAHAR

I'm not.

LENA

Good. I've no use for the French.  
They stink of all that rotting  
cheese and goose livers. It comes  
out through their pores. What do  
you want?

SAHAR

Are you hurt? I'm a *doctor*.

LENA

Why are you at my door?

SAHAR

I used to live in this house.

Lena is caught off guard for a second.

LENA

It must have been a long time ago.

SAHAR

Yes, a long time. Is that blood  
yours?

Lena looks down at her dress.

LENA

No.

SAHAR

You were in the...

LENA

(cutting her off)  
What is it you want?

SAHAR

I came to visit Jerusalem. This  
neighborhood. I heard music coming  
from my...your...I thought I might  
be able to come in and see it one  
more time.

LENA

What do you think of the music?

SAHAR

I like Bach.

LENA

The *pianist*, what do you think of  
the *pianist*!?

SAHAR

I've heard better.

LENA

Doctors are notorious for lacking  
any artistic taste.

SAHAR

As Jews are notoriously lacking in  
good manners!

LENA

NO!

SAHAR

No?

LENA

No, you cannot come in!

She turns and starts down the steps, stops, looks back at Lena.

SAHAR

(with exquisite  
politeness)

Have you ever heard Glenn Gould  
play that? It's celestial.  
Even you might hear the difference.

Lena closes the door, leans against it a few seconds, then  
heads for the kitchen.

55 EXT. COURTYARD - LENA'S APT. - CONTINUOUS

55

Sahar starts down the stairs when she remembers something.  
She crosses to another flight of stone steps opposite. She  
ascends about half way and sits. She searches for something  
on the wall.

Chiseled into the sandstone is the name *MAJID LABADI*, and the  
date *11/27/1966*. Both have been severely scratched.

Sahar sits, listening to the music still coming from Lena's  
apartment, tracing the name with her finger as we dissolve  
to...

56 INT. SAHAR'S APARTMENT - JERUSALEM

56

**SAHAR LABADI**, now twenty eight, is carefully bundling her  
sleeping infant son, **MAJID**.

*A graphic dissolves in at the bottom of the screen..*

## *1967 Six Day War*

*The graphic dissolves off as we HEAR the Israeli  
loudspeakers. The city is under attack.*

Sahar, holding Majid in her arms, is in the kitchen. She  
slides two large jugs on a shelf aside and removes a panel  
from the wall.

As she reaches into the wall, a SOUND comes from the other  
room.

She freezes, holding her child tightly, listening intently to *footsteps*. She carefully puts the panel back, and quietly slides the jugs back in place.

SAHAR  
(tenuously)  
That you, Aliah?

57

INT. LIVING ROOM

57

ALIAH, her younger sister, is in front of the rug that acts like their front door. The lower half of her face hidden by a scarf.

ALIAH  
Yes, Sister.

Sahar walks over to her, Majid still in her arms. Several loud explosions and gunfire startle her.

ALIAH  
(scared)  
I couldn't find Jasim.

SAHAR  
(handing her the sleeping  
infant)  
Stay with Majid.

Sahar goes to the cabinet from her grandfather's farmhouse, the one with *the rifle bolt latch*. She opens it, removes a revolver, and closes the cabinet.

SAHAR  
(to comfort her)  
As soon as I find Jasim, we will  
leave. Don't go outside.

She kisses Aliah and the baby, Majid. She grabs a shawl as she shoves aside the rug, revealing the outside.

58

EXT. STEPS TO APT.

58

Sahar descends stone steps that lead to a small courtyard, pausing to cover her head and face, except for her eyes, with the shawl.

She glances back up at the doorway, SEES her sister in front of the rug, holding her son.

She quickly motions for her sister to get back inside the apartment. They disappear behind the rug.

Sahar stands there, for a moment, watching the rug as we slowly dissolve...

**BACK TO PRESENT**

59 EXT. STEPS IN COURTYARD 59

Sahar still on the steps, in reverie. The music *stops*. She glances up at the door, touches the name once more. She stands to leave.

Then the Bach *plays again*. It sounds different. She listens, then smiles.

60 INT. APT. KITCHEN 60

Lena stands in the shadows, watching Sahar out the kitchen window, holding the album cover of *Glenn Gould, Bach Variations*.

61 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - PALESTINIAN SIDE 61

Shkaki is talking to two young boys, away from the others.

SHKAKI

Thabet and Daud, you will use the others as cover. When they rush the Jews and throw their stones, you will throw the grenades. The Jews won't see the grenades until it's too late.

DAUD

The boys in front will be too close. We should warn them.

SHKAKI

Absolutely not! They cannot know! Understand!

DAUD

But they might...

SHKAKI

NO! NO! You will not say a word.  
They will be martyred if that is  
Allah's will. You will do exactly  
as you're told, is that clear?

62 EXT. CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

62

Musa and his troops are watching as more and more Palestinian boys gather nearby, occasionally taunting the Israelis.

EITAN

The brats are returning!

MUSA

No firing until I give the order!  
Then fire over their heads only.  
They're kids.

EITAN

They're not *ours*.

MUSA

We're not killing those *children*!

The younger boys close to them are chanting.

BOYS

Six to One!! Six to One!!

*(This is a reference to the Palestinian fighter who flew a hang glider into an IDF camp and killed six before being killed.)*

63 EXT. COURTYARD - LENA'S APT. - SAME TIME

63

Sahar is on the steps listening to the last of the Bach. She HEARS the call to prayer, coming from the Muslim Quarter.

She descends to the courtyard, takes her head scarf from her waist, spreads it on the tiles. She removes her shoes, kneels, begins her prayer.

64 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 64

Lena enters, having showered, wearing shorts and pulling on a tee shirt. She glances out the window to SEE Sahar is praying in the courtyard.

Her eyes suddenly catch *Natalia*, Max's daughter, passing by.

65 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE COURTYARD 65

*Natalia*, dressed and accompanied by two neighbor women, is walking by when she SEES Sahar praying. She stops in her tracks. The other women do the same.

66 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 66

Lena, SEEING the women out her window, puts her tea cup down and turns to leave.

67 EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 67

*Natalia* charges at Sahar.

NATALIA  
(screaming)  
What are you doing here, you filthy  
Arab murderer!

Sahar doesn't respond.

NATALIA  
Are you deaf?

Sahar finishes her prayer, picking up her scarf as she stands, brushing it off and calmly folding it. *Natalia* steps forward and spits in Sahar's face.

LENA (O.S.)  
*Natalia! Natalia!*

Lena runs, standing between the women and Sahar.

LENA  
You disgrace Max!

All three women back up.

NATALIA

These Palestinian pigs killed him!

LENA

Not this Palestinian.

NATALIA

They are all the same! They hate us.

LENA

Go. Enough violence today.

NATALIA

(to Sahar)

We are going to take *all* of Israel back! Drive you out! *All* of you! Only your dead will be left.

The women leave.

Sahar wipes the spit off her face. There is silence for a while.

SAHAR

Hate is...poisonous.

LENA

It's one of the few things the human race is good at.

SAHAR

It takes the place of hope. Who would know that better than a Palestinian - or a Jew.

LENA

You should go. Natalia lost her father today...and her mother during the war when she was 12. She and those other two women are fanatics..

SAHAR

You're not a fanatic?

LENA

I feel the same way about fanatics as I do about the French.

SAHAR

Why do you dislike the French so much? It can't be just because they smell.

LENA

They hate Jews. *And* they smell.

SAHAR

Were you in France during the war?

LENA

No.

(looking around)

This is not a safe place for you.

SAHAR

Those women were afraid of you.

LENA

I have a reputation for being somewhat... *formidable*.

SAHAR

You are someone of power.

LENA

No.

Lena SEES TWO POLICEMEN approaching.

LENA

I hope your papers are in order.

Sahar doesn't answer. Lena moves in front of her as the young officers enter the courtyard.

LENA

Shalom! It's my opinion that the Israelis are the sexiest policemen in the world.

YANA

That's my opinion too. Let me see your papers, please?

LENA

(to Sahar)

Not the most courteous, just the most sexy.

YANA

I apologize, M'am...SHALOM!

LENA

I am Lena Yaacobi. I have no papers with me.

(pointing)

They're over there in my house.

(looking at Sahar)

This is my doctor.

YANA

Yaacobi?

LENA

Yes.

Sahar stares at Lena when she hears this.

YANA

(looking her over)

Where's your pistol?

LENA

You'll just have to search me to find it.

YANA

(laughing)

No thank you! An officer in our section claims he can't have children because of what you did to him when he was your student.

LENA

He must be mistaken. I never have sex with my students.

Both officers laugh.

BERO

You were teaching the *technique* to search a person.

LENA

Ah, I remember your friend, I think. From the way he patted me down, I'm sure he was impotent long before my class.

They laugh again.

LENA

Don't ever put yourself at risk. The class learned that.

YANA

And about mini-skirts and see-through blouses, too.

LENA

There are all kinds of uniforms!  
(they laugh)  
My doctor was just about to give me an exam. So come, let's get the papers over with.

YANA

No need to see your papers...

LENA

Thank you.

YANA

...but I would like to see that pistol of yours.

LENA

(motioning Sahar as well)  
Come!

The officers follow Lena up the stairs. Sahar follows them.

68

INT. LENA'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

68

Lena retrieves the .45 from the cabinet top.

BERO

(indicating the bathroom)  
May I?

LENA

Of course.

She removes the clip, checks the chamber to see it's clear, then hands it to the young officer.

YANA  
(impressed)  
It's in excellent condition.

LENA  
I take good care of it.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sahar steps into the doorway and SEES her former home for the first time since the 1967 war. She takes everything in.

Her eyes come to rest on the *cabinet with the photos*. She tentatively walks over to it, reaches out and touches it.

As she gently feels the surface, we dissolve to...

69

INT. FARMHOUSE

69

SAHAR QADIR, seven years old, is hiding in the *cabinet* with her toddler sister, ALIAH. Other than a small sliver of light, it is dark. The only sound is their breathing.

*A graphic dissolves in...*

70

**PALESTINE - 1945**

70

*...and dissolves out as Aliah starts to giggle.*

Sahar gently hushes her. From outside they HEAR loud, angry SHOUTS, MEN'S VOICES, things BANGING, FOOTSTEPS coming closer and closer, then *banging* on the side of cabinet.

MOTHER  
Sahar, come out - now. We have to leave.

She creates a shadow that blocks out the small sliver of light. It is complete darkness inside the cabinet. Aliah SCREAMS.

SAHAR (O.S.)  
No! I won't go. Is Papa back?

MOTHER

No. Now, out! Or I'll lock you in there!

She slides an OLD RIFLE BOLT, that serves as a latch, closed. It closes with the same metallic click as if it were still in the *breech of a rifle*.

SAHAR (O.S.)

No, don't!!!

We HEAR the bolt slide again, the cabinet door opens and light pours onto the face of *Sahar and Aliah*.

71

EXT. FARM HOUSE - LATER THAT SAME DAY

71

Sahar is now seated in a donkey cart, holding an umbrella over her sleeping toddler sister, Aliah.

She watches the road as her GRANDFATHER loads the kitchen *cabinet* onto the cart. Her MOTHER and GRANDMOTHER are bringing out bundles to be loaded.

Nearby, British SOLDIERS, a JEWISH LANDLORD and his FAMILY MEMBERS watch.

Still staring at the road, Sahar, SEEING a dust cloud, stands up in the cart, pointing.

SAHAR

PAPA! PAPA!

ANOTHER ANGLE

In the distance, in an open military touring car, are two members of the Transjordan Arab Legion. Driving is SGT. RASHID QADIR, Sahar's FATHER, and his commanding officer, BRIGADIER GENERAL E. BARKER, an Irishman and ex-British Army officer.

Following them are a number of BEDOUIN TRIBESMAN on horseback.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SGT. WELLS, the commander of the British soldiers, and the Jewish Landlord standing next to him, take one look at the approaching horde.

SGT. WELLS  
(to the Landlord)  
Shit.

ANOTHER ANGLE

The touring car stops a few feet shy of Sgt. Wells and the landlord. Rashid and Brigadier Barker disembark.

Sahar waves from the cart.

SAHAR  
Papa! Papa!

Her father comes to the cart.

RASHID  
(gently)  
Sahar. Shhhh.

He picks up Sahar, holds her in one arm, takes the umbrella and holds it over Aliah.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Brigadier Barker crosses to Sgt. Wells, taking note of the positions of Wells' British soldiers as he goes.

BARKER  
What are ya doing here, Sergeant?

SGT. WELLS  
None of yer bloody business, Mick!  
You no longer serve the Crown, you  
fucking traitor. You've gone  
native. You've no authority here!

BARKER  
Have ya noticed sergeant, or are ya  
fuckin' stupid.  
(pointing)  
*They* are my authority!

Barker turns to the arriving Bedouin who are armed to the teeth. They hate the British and Jews equally.

BARKER  
Now, *why* are ya here, Sergeant?

SGT. WELLS

I was ordered to oversee this  
eviction, sir.

BARKER

Ya're a bloody lying son of a  
bitch, sergeant! Ya are being *paid*.

SGT. WELLS

No, sir.

BARKER

Let me see your *written* orders.

SGT. WELLS

(pausing a moment)

I don't have them, *sir*.

Barker turns to the landlord.

BRIGADIER

(to landlord)

Jew! Ya have proof you own this  
land?

The Landlord holds some documents out to Barker. Barker sizes  
up the landlord for several tense seconds, before accepting  
them. He reads over the deed.

He walks over to Rashid and Sahar, the Grandfather standing  
by them.

BARKER

(to Rashid, pointing to  
the Grandfather)

Is this your father's mark?

RASHID

Yes, sir.

BARKER

Nothing I can do. The Jew owns the  
land.

Rashid places Sahar back on the cabinet on the cart. She  
starts to cry.

JASIM, her nine year old Bedouin friend, SEES her crying and  
jumps off his horse. He picks up a rock.

Jasim throws the rock, hitting the landlord in the face, drawing blood. The Bedouin express their approval, except one.

GHALIB

Jasim!

A tall Bedouin, GHALIB, his father, reaches down, grabs him by the back of his shirt, shakes him till he drops his rock, then places him back aboard his horse. The other Bedouin enjoy this.

BARKER

(to landlord)

This family has lived on this farm for three hundred years. Ten generations. I should tear up this deed and bury ya out in the desert along with these Limeys.

He tosses the deed at the landlord. It falls short. No one picks it up.

BARKER

(in the Sergeant's face)

I'll bet, Sergeant, your Jew landlord here is a member of Palmah or Izl. He and his people, some dark night, will be blowin your ass to hell.

(to the other soldiers)

Ya lads make sure the sergeant here shares his loot with ya. He's bein paid well.

Rashid is comforting his daughter, Sahar, seated on the cabinet, tears streaming down her face.

BARKER

I'm sorry, Rashid.

We are on her face as we begin to slowly dissolve to...

BACK TO PRESENT

We are in Sahar's eyes. Lena SEES her standing by the cabinet, staring at it as Bero comes out of the bathroom.

YANA  
(holding the .45)  
Bero, take a look at this antique.

Bero glances at the .45, nods. He's more interested in the photos on the wall and cabinet.

BERO  
Yeah. It's nice. We should be getting back.

Yana hands Lena back her gun. Lena puts the clip back in.

YANA  
(looking at Sahar)  
Are you not well, Lena?

LENA  
No. I'm fine.

YANA  
Why is your doctor here?

LENA  
(thinking quickly)  
She's my gynecologist.

YANA  
Ohhh! Well.

LENA  
(teasing)  
You're welcome to watch if you want.

YANA  
No thanks. We've seen enough body parts for one day.

LENA  
So you have.

Bero points at the photo of Lena taken just after her liberation from Buchenwald.

BERO  
Is that you?

LENA  
Yes.

BERO  
My mother had a photo like that of  
herself. She told me she had it  
taken to prove she was still alive.

Sahar looks at the photo, then at Lena.

LENA  
A photo can do that.

YANA  
Nice meeting you, Lena.

The officers leave, nodding at Sahar as they go. Lena follows  
them to the door, still holding her .45.

SAHAR  
So, are you ready for your exam?

LENA  
What kind of doctor are you?  
Philosophy, literature, or music  
perhaps?

SAHAR  
I'm a pediatrician.

Sahar impulsively gives her real name.

SAHAR  
Dr. Sahar Labadi.

Lena's mood shifts.

LENA  
Of the Hebron Labadis?

SAHAR  
No.

LENA  
Was this morning's attack the work  
of the Labadi brothers?

SAHAR

Labadi is my late husband's name. He had dozens of male relatives, most of them I met only once or twice, decades ago. I've lived in France for twenty years.

LENA

Did you *know* about today's attack?

SAHAR

There were some men...loading a van.

LENA

Where did you see the van?

Sahar doesn't answer.

LENA

I'm going to turn you over. If you try to leave, I will shoot you!

SAHAR

No, you wouldn't...

Lena aims her .45 at Sahar's head, point blank range.

LENA

Yes, I will. My oldest friend was murdered this morning! I *will* shoot you! It won't make me feel good, but it will make me feel better.

SAHAR

I don't think you will. You are not a murderer.

LENA

You don't know me. Sit!

Lena gets the phone and dials.

LENA

(points to a foot locker)  
SIT!  
(into the phone)  
This is Lena Yaacobi. Give me Bruno..

From a photo, Sahar recognizes the young officer from the checkpoint.

LENA

(into phone)

Where is he? Have him call me immediately! *Immediately!*

(she hangs up)

Sit down!

SAHAR

No aid was given by me. I was not involved in any way. The van was there as I passed.

LENA

By your silence you are an accomplice. Bruno's interrogators will be very understanding, I'm sure.

SAHAR

I'm an Arab, a Palestinian. Even if I did know something, why would I warn you? You caused this war.

LENA

Blowing up innocent people on the street is not war! The people who do this are *criminals!* Not soldiers! Not warriors for Allah or Islam, just criminals!

SAHAR

We don't fight for Allah or Islam, we fight for our rights as human beings, our dignity, our culture and our land! All that you have stolen.

LENA

Sit!

Sahar finally sits on the locker opposite the cabinet. They are both quiet for a moment, spent. They are both uncomfortable. Finally Sahar speaks again.

SAHAR

(pointing to the photo)  
I saw your *son*, the officer,  
earlier this morning. He was  
checking papers on the bus.

LENA

Did he check *your* papers?

SAHAR

No. He was interrupted before he  
could.

LENA

Let me see them.

Sahar hands her papers over. Lena looks them over and hands  
them back.

LENA

Good forgery. Not done around here.

SAHAR

Your son is very courteous.

LENA

I know.

SAHAR

He's very handsome.

LENA

Yes.

SAHAR

Was his father an *Arab*?

LENA

(pointing the gun)  
Shut up!!

Musa is standing in the open road, watching the growing  
number of boys clustered in groups not far from him on the  
other side of the checkpoint. Some are still taunting the  
Israelis. His troops are hunkered down in defensive positions  
behind him.

BOYS  
SIX TO ONE! SIX TO ONE!

74 EXT. ROAD APPROACHING CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

74

Bruno is in an older black Lincoln town car with TWO PASSENGERS, followed by Col. Keren in his jeep. They pull over and stop. Both men get out.

Bruno goes over to Keren's jeep and lays some photos on the hood. Keren looks at the photos.

COL. KEREN  
So that's what they're up to. I'll need some...

BRUNO  
My people are here. I'll handle it.

KEREN  
This is my command. Those troops are my responsibility not yours. Anything goes wrong it will be my ass.

BRUNO  
(pointing)  
Musa's like a son to me. I won't let anything happen to him - or the others. This is non-negotiable, Colonel. It's an order. I am *totally* responsible.

Bruno gathers up the photos, tosses them on the front seat of his car.

KEREN  
(standing there)  
You lie, Weiss.

BRUNO  
(without attitude)  
Go take care of some paper work.

Bruno heads toward the checkpoint as Keren angrily leaves in his jeep, sending up a dust cloud.

From the distance, Eitan sees Bruno approaching.

EITAN  
(referring to Bruno)  
Take a look, Musa.

MUSA  
Oh, no...

Musa doesn't wait for Bruno to reach them. He walks quickly to intercept him.

MUSA  
Bruno, is she...?

BRUNO  
Lena's fine! She was in the street when the grenades went off. Killed two of them. God help the other one if she finds him.

MUSA  
Casualties?

BRUNO  
Seven dead and thirty or so injured...so far.  
(after a pause)  
Max was killed.

Musa loved Max almost as much as Lena.

MUSA  
Dammit! *Dammit!*...Max...

Several moments pass in silence as Musa tries to collect himself. Finally, he turns to Bruno.

MUSA  
How's she handling it?

BRUNO  
You know Lena. She's...she loved him.  
(looking around)  
We have to make some decisions about your situation here...now.

MUSA

I know.

BRUNO

I brought personnel to back you up.

MUSA

For what!?

BRUNO

You're going to be attacked by more than rocks. *Grenades*. The weapon of choice these days.

EITAN

Little bastards!

MUSA

Those boys are armed with grenades?

BRUNO

Two, maybe three of them.

MUSA

What are your people for?

BRUNO

They're gonna take out the ones with the grenades.

MUSA

You're going to shoot two or three of those kids?

BRUNO

If necessary.

MUSA

They'll never get close enough to reach us with a grenade.

EITAN

Got close enough to hit you with a rock.

MUSA

(to Bruno)

What's wrong with you? They're children!

EITAN

Not if they're here to kill us!

BRUNO

It's to protect your people here.

MUSA

We can protect ourselves.

EITAN

(to Bruno)

I'm with you. Shoot the little shits!

MUSA

Eitan! PISS OFF!

Eitan backs up a couple of steps.

MUSA

There has to be some other way. Negotiate! Send over a team to disarm them. Something! Hell, in that mob, how will you know which ones have grenades?

BRUNO

We have photos.

MUSA

And if they make a mistake? You could shoot the wrong boy! That would be murder.

BRUNO

Not in our world. You know that.

MUSA

Maybe not, Bruno, but to the rest of us that's a *crime*. Even if they are Arabs. There's got to be another way.

BRUNO

This is being orchestrated by fanatics. They want an incident! They'll sacrifice those kids to get it.

MUSA

And you're insane enough to go  
along with it.

BRUNO

You're turning out to be a bigger  
pain in my ass than Lena.

MUSA

(angry)

Let me see those photos.

BRUNO

What are you going to do with them?

MUSA

I'll let you know.

Bruno looks over at Musa, then nods slightly.

BRUNO

There's some extra photos on the  
front seat of the car. Be my guest.

Musa heads for the car.

BRUNO

You will wait until my people are  
in position. You don't make a move  
unless I say you can.

76 EXT. ROAD APPROACHING CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

76

Rachel, one of the passengers in Bruno's car, emerges as Musa  
arrives.

RACHEL

I'm so sorry about Max.

Musa nods, still angry, reaches into the front seat grabs the  
photos shuffles through them.

MUSA

You know why you're here? He wants  
you to shoot little boys!

Rachel nods.

MUSA  
(indicating the photos)  
These the ones?

RACHEL  
Yeah.

MUSA  
You don't want to do this, I know.

RACHEL  
I just want you to be safe.

Musa, photos in hand, starts back toward the checkpoint. Then turns around.

MUSA  
(to Rachel)  
We might be able to do something

RACHEL  
I'm listening?

MUSA  
When you're in position...  
(he holds up the photos to  
her)  
...we're going to give those kids  
a chance to survive.

77 INT. LENA'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

77

Lena is standing in the kitchen doorway holding her .45.  
Sahar is seated.

SAHAR  
May I trouble you for something to  
drink?

LENA  
I have water.

SAHAR  
Water is fine, thank you.

LENA  
Sit here so I can see you.

Sahar stands, crosses and sits in the recliner. Lena goes into the kitchen.

SAHAR

Apparently the French are not the only people who smell. This chair has an odor. Did something die in it.

LENA (O.S.)

No! But something might if you don't shut up!

SAHAR

May I ask you something?

LENA (O.S.)

No!

Lena brings her water.

LENA

Go back over there and sit.

Sahar gets out of the recliner, returns to the footlocker, sits quietly for several moments. Lena watches her.

SAHAR

Why do you have this old cabinet?

LENA

It was cheap.

SAHAR

These other pieces were not cheap?

LENA

*This* is an expensive recliner and *that's* a very expensive record player. Stereo! You might want to think on things other than the cost of my furniture.

SAHAR

I am no threat to you.

LENA

You passed Musa's checkpoint which means you entered from the West Bank. It's crawling with our informants. It won't take long for us to find out everything we need to know about you.

SAHAR

If you have all those informants, why didn't they warn you about the attack?

LENA

They ignore certain opportunities. That way they get to punish us. It helps relieve their guilt. They hate Jews - and it's economics.

SAHAR

Economics?

LENA

The more deaths, the more valuable their information, the more they get paid.

SAHAR

What a hideous relationship.

Phone rings.

LENA

It's a pragmatic relationship. You kill a few of us, we kill a few more of you.

Lena answers the phone.

LENA

Yes? Bruno! Well, it's about time.

As Bruno talks to Lena, he watches Rachel set up her position by a window in a small apartment on the Israeli side of the border.

The elderly couple who live here are watching television in the background. They are oblivious to Rachel or her rifle. This is nothing out of the ordinary to them.

BRUNO  
(on the phone)  
Lena, if I could have called  
sooner, I would have. What is it?

79 INT. LENA'S APT - CONTINUOUS

79

Sahar is listening intently.

LENA  
(her eye on Sahar)  
I have a woman sitting across from  
me who knows where the van came  
from. She hasn't said exactly but  
it's from...  
(listening)  
What?

80 INT. SECOND FLOOR APT. OVERLOOKING CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

80

Bruno has pulled the phone over to where Rachel is setting up. He bends down, looking over her shoulder at her field of fire as he talks.

BRUNO  
(to Lena as he eyes the  
checkpoint)  
They already know where the van  
came from, who you killed...even  
the name of your bus stop man.  
(nodding approval to  
Rachel as he talks)  
We had informers coming out of the  
woodwork. It's a big payday.

81 INT. LENA'S APT - CONTINUOUS

81

Lena is shuffling back and forth, having lost her equilibrium.

LENA

My God that's...that's..that's  
good.

(listening)

Why? She said her name and that set  
off alarms.

(pause)

Yes...that's *her*.

82

INT. SECOND FLOOR APT. OVERLOOKING CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

82

BRUNO

(anxious)

I'll come get her. Don't let her  
leave.

(half joking)

Lena...*don't shoot her*.

Bruno hangs up the phone. He moves quickly now.

BRUNO

(to the man watching TV)

Thank you, Yigal.

YIGAL nods but his eyes never leave the screen.

BRUNO

(to Rachel)

Thousand yards, I'd say.

RACHEL

Maybe a little more. But it's  
clear.

83

EXT. ARAB BAKERY - SAME TIME

83

Woman #1 (from the bus) enters an Arab bakery. She walks past  
the counter through a curtain into a back room. The Bus Stop  
Man is seated, talking with two other men.

WOMAN #1

I can identify the collaborator.

BUS STOP MAN

The Jibril woman?

WOMAN #1

Yes!

84 INT. LENA'S APT - MOMENTS LATER

84

Lena is standing, the phone still in her hand, staring at Sahar.

LENA  
Why would Bruno know your name?

SAHAR  
Ask him.

LENA  
He'll lie to me. You won't.

SAHAR  
(after a few moments of  
hesitation)  
I'm a fugitive.

LENA  
Is that so?

SAHAR  
Yes.

LENA  
Why? What did you do?

SAHAR  
You should know. There's a price on  
my head.

LENA  
Where did you get that idea?

SAHAR  
Documents from the Israeli  
government.

LENA  
Do you have these documents?

SAHAR  
No.

LENA  
Why not?

SAHAR

A friend took them to be translated. She told me what they said and warned me not to come back here.

LENA

What was in the papers?

SAHAR

That I was a part of Al Fatah. That I engaged in resistance activities, assassinations...all lies.

LENA

When was this?

SAHAR

1969.

LENA

Who was your husband?

SAHAR

Jasim Labadi.

LENA

Stand up. Move over there.

Sahar stands up and moves to the other side of the room, near the cabinet.

Lena goes over to the footlocker, opens it, starts looking for something inside.

Sahar, by the cabinet, examines the photos of Musa again. She focuses on his face, his coloring, his eyes.

Lena turns around with a thick folder, plops into the recliner and starts shuffling through the papers. She holds up a letter. Hands it to Sahar.

LENA

Jasim Labadi died 1967 in Jordan.

SAHAR

No. He died in 1969 - in Paris.

She hands the letter back.

SAHAR

Such a *large file* on Jasim.

LENA

It's not his.

(holding it up)

*This* is on the Labadi brothers. And information about people *named Labadi*. Your husband is mentioned only *once*. *Your name* isn't in here at all.

SAHAR

What are you saying?

LENA

Someone didn't want you coming back here.

SAHAR

Why?

LENA

I'm not sure. But I know you're in danger. You entered this country with forged papers. We tend to be very strict about those kind of things. You will certainly go to prison. Bruno is on his way here. You need my help.

SAHAR

Can you keep me out of prison?

LENA

Yes.

SAHAR

How?

LENA

I'll make you disappear.

SAHAR

Disappear?

LENA

London or Hong Kong or wherever.

SAHAR  
United States?

LENA  
(disgusted)  
That's where *Americans* come from.

SAHAR  
Aren't there any people you like?

LENA  
No. Why did you go to France 20  
years ago?

SAHAR  
It wasn't my choice. I was taken  
there. One of your bombs landed on  
Jasim and I.

LENA  
At the time, you lived here - in  
this house?

SAHAR  
Yes. With my husband, son and  
younger sister - till the 67 June  
war. They were killed.

LENA  
They were *all* killed?

SAHAR  
Yes.

Lena looks like she is about to be sick.

SAHAR  
Are you all right?

We HEAR *the sounds of distant warfare* as we slowly dissolve  
to...

85

**EXT. STREET - SAME COURTYARD - DAY**

85

Lena jumps from the passenger side of a military truck. The  
truck continues on as Lena jogs down the street toward a  
squad of IDF troops just entering the courtyard.

LENA  
(shouting through gunfire)  
BRUNO!

In the midst of the chaos, Bruno turns, sees her running toward him.

BRUNO  
What the hell are you doing here?

LENA  
I have orders for you!

86 EXT. ROOFTOP

86

A sniper opens fire from the roof, wounding one of Bruno's men almost directly in front of Lena.

BRUNO  
On the roof!

They all scatter for cover.

87 EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

87

As the Troops scatter, Lena drags the wounded man into the courtyard, out of the line of fire and behind the steps to Sahar's apt. Using the steps for cover, she carefully eyes the rooftop, searching for the sniper.

She catches a glimpse of him moving into position, almost right above her. As she backs up the steps, trying to find position, it draws his attention.

The sniper quickly turns his rifle in her direction, looks through his sights. He tries to find his shot at Lena as she maneuvers on the steps.

She quickly pulls out her .45, aims, but she is in his sights. She stares at her own death.

The sniper squeezes the trigger as he is hit in the forehead by Lena's single shot from the .45. His rifle shot rings the air as he falls into the courtyard.

BRUNO (O.S.)  
(shouting from below)  
CLEAR! MEDIC!...LISTEN UP!  
(MORE)

BRUNO (O.S.) (cont'd)

SEARCH EVERY ONE OF THESE DUMPS.  
EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY!

As Lena sits down on the top step, a *graphic dissolves in at the bottom of the screen.*

## 1967 Six Day War

*The graphic dissolves off as we SEE Lena is right outside Sahar's apt. Only a rug curtain separates her from Aliah and Majid.*

BRUNO

(to Lena from below)  
You're not authorized. You  
shouldn't stay here?

LENA

(down to Bruno)  
I could use a smoke.

88 INT. SAHAR'S APT. - CONTINUOUS 88

Aliah HEARS Lena just on the other side of the curtain. She is terrified.

89 EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 89

He takes a pack of cigarettes and his Zippo from his pocket as he climbs up the stairs.

BRUNO

Don't you ever buy your own?  
(he offers her a  
cigarette)  
Well done.

90 INT. APT. - SAME TIME 90

Aliah is desperate to hide Sahar's son, Majid. She notices her grandfathers *cabinet*. The only safe place.

91 EXT. COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS 91

LENA

(cigarette in mouth)  
They want you up north. Golan is  
next.

92 INT. APT. - CONTINUOUS 92

Aliah kneels down, lays Majid on the floor near her, and reaches for *the old rifle bolt* that holds the doors closed.

93 EXT. STAIRS - CONTINUOUS 93

Lena is still waiting for Bruno's Zippo to ignite when they both HEAR the sound of the *bolt action of a rifle* coming from inside the apt.

Lena steps to the opposite side of the curtained doorway. They listen for a few seconds.

LENA

Whoever is inside, put down your weapon. Come out! *You will not be harmed!*

94 INT. APT. - CONTINUOUS 94

Aliah finishes tucking Majid into the cabinet, stands and closes the cabinet doors. She reaches for *the bolt to close it and lock Majid in.*

95 EXT. STAIRS 95

Lena points the .45 at the curtain, her hand rock solid.

They HEAR the *bolt action* again.

Lena immediately steps into the doorway, emptying the .45 through the rug curtain.

When there is no return fire, Bruno tears the rug down and cautiously steps through the doorway, his assault rifle at the ready.

*Aliah is dead on the floor.* He looks into the kitchen, then, carefully checks every room in the apartment as Lena enters.

96 INT. APT. - MOMENTS LATER 96

Bruno, satisfied no one else is there, comes back, SEES Lena squatting down by the dead woman, holding the .45 in her hand.

BRUNO

Dead?

Lena doesn't answer. She's looking around for a rifle.

LENA

Where's her weapon!?

Lena looks around the room. Distant CHEERS are heard from the troops. More LOUD CHEERS from the courtyard below. The radio operator comes to the door.

RADIO OPERATOR

We've taken the Wall!

BRUNO

That's what we came for.

Lena spots the *bolt* on the cabinet. She goes over to it.

LENA

Bruno.

She opens, then closes the bolt. She does it again.

BRUNO

(noticing the old rifle  
bolt)

I'll be damned.

(to the radio operator)

Get a couple of the boys to remove  
this body.

Lena looks at Aliah, lying in a puddle of blood.

LENA

(touching the bolt)

She didn't know...she was scared.

Hiding something.

Lena quickly opens the bolt again, then the cabinet doors. She SEES the infant, Majid, his eyes open in fear.

LENA

Oh, no...

She kneels down.

LENA

Dammit...dammit...

Majid screams as he stares at Lena. She stares back at the child as we dissolve...

**BACK TO PRESENT**

97 INT. LENA'S APT. - LIVING ROOM

97

LENA  
(quietly)  
The cabinet belonged to you?

SAHAR  
Yes. My grandfather made it for my grandmother when they married.

LENA  
You will not go to prison.  
(she takes Sahar's hand)  
Two streets west of here is Cafe Hillel, a small coffee shop. Go there and wait for me. *If any anyone approaches you, tell them you are waiting for Lena Yaacobi. Please, trust me.*

Lena goes to the door and holds it open.

LENA  
Go. Before Bruno gets here. Now.

Sahar starts out, then turns to Lena.

SAHAR  
How long shall I wait?

LENA  
Till I come for you.

For a moment, the women look at each other, silently. Then Lena walks over to the door and opens it, Sahar following her. She watches from the doorway as Sahar descends the stairs, and leaves the courtyard, then closes the door.

98 EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

98

Sahar walks a few streets from the courtyard, looking for the small cafe.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bruno has just parked his car in an alley when he spots Sahar walking along the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Sahar stops when she SEES the two policemen from earlier standing across the street, a few blocks from the cafe. She quickly turns her head, starts to cross the street to duck into the cafe.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bruno walks over to the two policemen. After a brief exchange, one of the policemen points to another officer, up the street from where Sahar is walking. Bruno nods then heads across the street.

ANOTHER ANGLE - SAME TIME

Sahar is crossing the street. She turns and looks back toward Lena's courtyard, almost running into Bruno as they pass each other in the street. She recognizes him from the pictures around the cabinet.

SAHAR

Pardon me.

BRUNO

It was my fault. Sorry.

99 INT. APT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

99

Lena is at the kitchen cabinet removing the panel where she keeps her money. She drops the roll of bills on the counter. Carefully removes a small bundle neatly wrapped in the scarf Aliah was wearing the last time Sahar saw her.

BRUNO (O.S.)

At least you didn't shoot her.

Bruno steps into the kitchen. Lena slaps him.

LENA

How could you do this!? You knew who she was! All these years!!

BRUNO

Until 69, I didn't know any of the family survived. I thought they were *all* dead. No one wanted that baby. None of the refugee organizations, none of the so-called charities, no one except you. By then you and Musa were inseparable.

LENA

You sent someone to *scare* her.

BRUNO

Yeah, yeah, I did. I kept track of her.

LENA

You stopped her from returning.

BRUNO

You got back something that the fucking Nazis stole from you. You and Musa loved each other. So Max and I just let everything stay as it was.

LENA

Max knew about this?

BRUNO

Not all of it.

LENA

Why didn't you stop her this time.

BRUNO

She was heading to the U.S. I didn't expect her to stop by on her way. Otherwise, I would have stopped her, maybe permanently.

Lena turns away from him.

BRUNO

Everything I did, I did for you. *And Musa!* No one would have raised that child any better than you did - not even his mother.

LENA

That wasn't for you to decide.

BRUNO

Yeah? Well, I decided anyway.

100 EXT. CAFE HILLEL - SAME TIME

100

Sahar is standing inside the cafe. She SEES the two policemen from the earlier scene and the OFFICER in charge approach her.

YANA

Doctor, will you please come with us?

SAHAR

I'm waiting for *Lena Yaacobi*.

101 INT. APT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

101

LENA

I have to make this right.

BRUNO

I've already done that.

LENA

You've done *what*?

BRUNO

She's gone.

LENA

You son of a bitch!

Lena still holding the bundle in one hand, picks up the .45. She waves it at him, using it for emphasis.

LENA

If you don't undo whatever you've done, I will see that you regret it.

She shoves Bruno aside, rushes out of the kitchen. He follows her into the living room.

LENA

(over her shoulder)

I know enough about your personal operations to have you tried in several countries for everything from war crimes to shoplifting!

Lena is pulling things out of the bottom of the cabinet. She extracts the old British rucksack, stuffs the bundle and the .45 inside. Hurries out the door.

BRUNO

What are you doing?!

102

EXT. STREET BY CAFE - CONTINUOUS

102

Lena runs out on the street in time to SEE Sahar being forced into the back of a police car by the same two policemen, Bero and Yana, that she met earlier. Bruno is following her.

Lena pulls the .45 from the rucksack and fires two rounds in the air. Everyone within range reacts.

As Yana holds Sahar by the arm, Bero points his weapon in her direction as she approaches. She makes sure he sees her slip the .45 back into the rucksack. Recognizing her, Bero puts his weapon away.

LENA

(shouting to the Yana,  
holding Sahar)

Release my doctor!

ERAN (O.S.)

He will not!

Lena turns, SEES where the voice came from, and runs right up to the Police Captain, ERAN KAPLAN.

LENA

(in his face)

Who the fuck are you!?

ERAN

Who the fuck are you?

LENA

Lena Yaacobi.

Bruno runs up to them both, breathing hard.

BRUNO  
Captain, *release* the doctor.

ERAN  
She's got forged papers.

BRUNO  
We know.

ERAN  
(to Bruno)  
Why would she be *her* doctor.  
She's...old.

LENA  
OLD!? OLD!? Half of your superiors,  
have been my *lovers!* Calling me old  
was not only disrespectful, it was  
a stupid career move!

Lena pulls the .45 out of the bag and points it directly at his head.

LENA  
Let her go - NOW!

BRUNO  
(quietly to Captain)  
This whole thing is a mistake on my  
part. Do you understand me?

ERAN  
Bullshit.

LENA  
(dead serious)  
Bruno, I'm going to shoot this dumb  
fuck in about two seconds!

Sahar, still held by Yana and Bero, watches from the car.

ERAN  
(suddenly very anxious)  
This better not come back to burn  
me.

BRUNO

It won't.

ERAN

(shouting to Yana)

Let her go.

Sahar is released and quickly crosses to Lena who puts her gun away, takes Sahar by the arm, and leads her away. Bruno watches them go.

BRUNO

(to Eran)

Just so you know, she *would* have shot you.

ERAN

She really screw all those old bastards...?

BRUNO

Unlike me, she seldom lies.

He starts following them quickly as Lena and Sahar are walking toward the courtyard.

ANOTHER ANGLE

SAHAR

He is in your photos?

LENA

Yes. Bruno. He has had a enormous impact on your - our lives.

Lena stops, turns to Sahar.

LENA

I wish I knew some easy way to...

Bruno catches up to them.

BRUNO

May I suggest that I...

LENA

NO! You may not!

BRUNO

...take you and the doctor...

LENA  
Shut up, Bruno!

BRUNO  
...to the *checkpoint*!

Lena glares at Bruno.

BRUNO  
(to Lena)  
It might be simpler.  
(to Sahar)  
Especially for Doctor Labadi.

There is silence for a moment. Lena finally understands.

LENA  
(to Bruno)  
Where's your car?

103 EXT. CHECKPOINT - SAME TIME

103

Musa is using binoculars to search the MOB OF BOYS in hope of locating the armed ones before he confronts them. Eitan is beside him.

MUSA  
(through binoculars)  
I don't see the other one.

EITAN  
Maybe he got cold feet, went home  
to suckle mommy.

MUSA  
I'm glad you weren't born a  
Palestinian.

EITAN  
If the IDF keeps acting like a  
bunch of old women, I just might  
defect.

MUSA  
I doubt it. There are no karaoke  
bars in the West Bank and the Arabs  
don't publish a version of Hustler.

EITAN

I get Hustler delivered by mail and  
I'd buy one of those portable  
karaoke machines.

MUSA

There he is.

Musa hands Eitan the binoculars.

MUSA

Up by that fence, in the striped  
shirt.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Daud is standing near a broken down chain link fence looking  
quite uncomfortable, wiping his sweaty hands on his shirt  
tail. His grenade is behind him, out of sight.

EITAN (O.S.)

Don't those kids ever wash? That  
shirt hasn't seen soap and water in  
weeks.

104

EXT. DIRT ROAD - WEST BANK - SAME TIME

104

The old school bus is emptying. Aisha gets off and starts up  
the road to the village. She stops at a cart selling fresh  
vegetables. As Aisha browses, Woman #1 comes from the  
direction of the village and stops at the cart.

WOMAN #1

Did you hear? They killed 30 Jews  
this morning.

AISHA

I heard seven.

Aisha selects two artichokes.

WOMAN #1

It was 30.

Aisha pays the vender. She starts toward the village but  
Woman #1 stops her.

WOMAN #1

There was a large plastic water jug  
in your store window yesterday.  
It's gone. Did you sell it?

AISHA

I'll ask my daughter.

Aisha starts off toward the village.

WOMAN #1

(shouting after her)

I might as well go with you to the  
store. She might have an extra one.

105

INT. BRUNO'S LINCOLN - SAME TIME

105

Lena and Sahar are in the back seat. Bruno is threading the  
car through traffic. Lena is holding the rucksack on her lap.  
She removes the .45 and hands the rucksack to Sahar.

LENA

This belongs to you.

Sahar takes it, feels the bundle inside. She starts to remove  
it. Lena grabs Sahar's hand.

LENA

This will require some explaining.

Sahar removes the bundle and unwraps it.

A fading photo of her father, RASHID, in his Legionaire  
uniform is the first item she sees, then two of his military  
MEDALS, then BRACELETS and a RING that belonged to Aliah.

Last, a photo of MAJID that Lena took of him a couple of days  
after she found him. He is wrapped in the same blanket Sahar  
put him in.

SAHAR

Majid!?

She looks at Lena.

LENA

*Majid.* Nice name.

106 EXT. CHECKPOINT - SAME TIME

106

Musa deliberately removes his pistol belt, helmet and vest.  
Picks up the photos.

MUSA

Rachel and I are going to put on a  
show for these boys. When you hear  
her open fire, *don't* start  
shooting.

Musa starts to leave.

EITAN

(grabbing Musa)

That kid by the fence makes a move,  
he's going to have more on his  
shirt than dirt.

MUSA

Eitan, let's try to get through  
this without anyone dying.

Musa starts down the road.

107 INT. WEST BANK SHOP - SAME TIME

107

Aisha and Woman#1 enter the same shop where Sahar exchanged  
her clothes. Aisha puts her bag and packages down. Woman #1  
browses.

AISHA

(calls her daughter)

Bashira!..BASHIRA!..

Bashira enters from the back room. She wears *Sahar's white  
pant suit*. Bashira has obviously been crying.

AISHA

(indicating the suit)

Where did you get that?

BASHIRA

Taj is dead.

AISHA

How did you get that idea? He's  
safe!

Bus Stop Man enters from the back room.

BUS STOP MAN

Your son was executed for being a collaborator.

AISHA

You lie! He is in the hospital!

BUS STOP MAN

No. He was not in the hospital.

AISHA

No! NO!!

BASHIRA

(to her mother)

It's you! You! You are the informer.

Bashira slaps her mother across the face with such force that Aisha staggers, trips and falls to the floor moaning.

BUS STOP MAN

(to Bashira)

It was Taj who told her how to contact the Jews. She was trying to help him.

(to Bashira)

You are the only one who honors your father.

Bashira gets no comfort from this. She is utterly despondent.

BUS STOP MAN

Your mother must serve as a warning to the other traitors.

108

EXT. HILL NEAR CHECKPOINT - SAME TIME

108

Musa is walking up a hill, approaching the Palestinian boys at the top. He carries only three photos. A couple of the boys throw rocks in his direction trying to intimidate him but he keeps walking up towards them.

THE BOYS

SIX TO ONE! SIX TO ONE!!!

Bruno's town car pulls up. Lena, Sahar and Bruno get out and Sahar carries her rucksack, Lena her .45. They walk toward the IDF soldiers.

LENA

What's going on?

BRUNO

Some kids have been throwing rocks since early this morning.

SAHAR

(to Lena)

That's why my papers were not checked.

LENA

Someone should do something about it.

They reach Eitan and the other soldiers.

EITAN

(watching Musa)

Someone is, Lena.

BRUNO

(to Eitan)

This is Doctor Labadi.

LENA

(to Eitan)

*Where's Musa?*

EITAN

He's over there.

Eitan points to him. Lena looks in the direction. Musa has positioned himself *high up on a mound* so he can carry out his scheme. He waits for the boys' chant to die down.

LENA

What's he doing?

EITAN

Trying to save those kids' lives.

Lena spots Musa's pistol, vest, helmet on the ground. She puts down her .45, grabs a pair of binoculars.

LENA  
(through binoculars, then  
to Bruno)  
*He's not armed.*

110 EXT. HILL NEAR CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

110

Musa looks the boys over, checking the location of the two with the grenades.

Daud is still out in the open by a fence.

Thabet is trying to stay out of sight behind the throng of boys. Musa looks directly at him, through the boys.

MUSA  
(directly to Thabet)  
You.

THABET  
What do you want, Jew?

MUSA  
What I want is for you to live  
through this day.  
(to the rest)  
A couple of you have been given  
grenades to use against us.

BOYS  
GRENADES!!GRENADES!!SIX TO ONE!!SIX  
TO ONE!!

111 EXT. CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

111

Lena is angry as she watches this.

LENA  
Grenades, Bruno!? Grenades!

EITAN  
Musa knows what he's doing, Lena.

SAHAR  
(still watching Musa)  
Your son has courage.

Lena turns to Sahar, handing her the binoculars.

LENA

He is *your* son.

Sahar tries to digest this. She looks through the binoculars.

112 EXT. WEST BANK VILLAGE STREET - SAME TIME

112

The street is filled with people.

A couple of armed men have cleared an area at the end of the street for the execution.

Among the crowd are several disguised MEMBERS of the ISRAELI COMMANDO TEAM sent to retaliate for the attack.

Bus Stop Man, Bashira, Woman #1 and Aisha enter the open area.

BUS STOP MAN

You have been invited to the trial of a Aisha Jibril. Mother and son have not only disgraced the blood of the martyr, Mahmoud Jibril, the husband and father, but have betrayed all of us. You will hear the evidence.

Bus Stop Man steps back a few feet as Woman #1 steps forward.

113 EXT. HILL NEAR CHECKPOINT - WEST BANK SIDE - CONTINUOUS

113

Musa patiently waits as the noise subsides. He chooses a photo.

MUSA

Here are photos of the boys with grenades.

He shows the photo of Thabet.

MUSA

(pointing)

He's standing over there.

The boys turn to him, several shout his name. A friend pats him on the back.

MUSA

He's got a problem. He has to get his grenade - the one he's holding - from where he's standing back there - to way down there - where my men are - before he can throw it. He needs all of you to cover him, throw rocks, until you boys get him close enough to my men.

(walking closer to the boys)

Look at him! He's not too big, maybe not strong enough to heave that thing very far - so he has to get *real close* before he throws it.

(looking them all over)

You *all* have a problem then - 'cause you'll be *too close* when that grenade detonates.

114 EXT. CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

114

Sahar watches through the binoculars.

MUSA

Some of you *will* die, some will lose legs, arms, even eyes. You're going to be the casualties, *not us*. That's *why* they *didn't* tell you about the grenades!

A schism begins to develop among the boys.

115 EXT. WEST BANK VILLAGE STREET - SAME TIME

115

Bashira is standing beside Bus Stop Man.

BUS STOP MAN

You heard the *daughter*, the only one to act with honor. To those of you who have formed an alliance with....

116 EXT. PLO HEADQUARTERS - SAME TIME

116

The Dirty White Mercedes enters a narrow street.

BUS STOP MAN (O.S.)  
...our *enemy*.

The ISRAELI AGENT is now wearing a *kaffiyeh*. He is a *double agent*.

BUS STOP MAN (O.S.)  
I guarantee you the same end as  
this woman and her son.

The car parks in front of a building flying the PLO flag  
guarded by two men wearing *kaffiyehs* identical to the agent.

BUS STOP MAN (O.S.)  
If any of you are thinking about  
becoming *informants* for the *Jews*.  
*Beware!*

The Double Agent exits the car. The guards acknowledge him.

BUS STOP MAN (O.S.)  
We have our collaborators as well!

117

EXT. HILL NEAR CHECKPOINT - WEST BANK SIDE - CONTINUOUS

117

The boys are arguing among themselves. A few are shouting.  
Musa seizes the moment. He shows them Thabet's photo.

MUSA  
Pay attention!  
(holding up the photo of  
Thabet)  
You see this?  
(he looks at Thabet)  
When you move, the *second* you  
move...  
(to all the boys again)  
...*this* is what's going to happen.

Musa reverses it to face Rachel's position.

*The photo flaps as the bullet strikes, then ricochets off a wall.*

The boys are jolted back. They didn't HEAR the shot or see  
*where it came from.*

ANOTHER ANGLE

From near a fence a distance away watching, Daud, the *other boy with a grenade*, is about to bolt, unseen by the other boys or Musa.

Sahar's driver, Shkaki, suddenly appears from behind a wall of rubble and grabs him.

SHKAKI

Give it to me, coward!

DAUD

(pointing)

It's there.

Daud runs away as Shkaki SEES the grenade in the distance, three feet down in a crevice where Daud dropped it.

Shkaki knows it'll take a big move to get it. And he knows an Israeli shooter is positioned to watch his every move.

118

EXT. CHECKPOINT

118

Lena, still watching, spots Shkaki.

LENA

Eitan, let me borrow your glasses.

Through the binoculars, she SEES Musa turn the photo to face the boys and sticks his finger through the hole between the eyes. He watches their faces as it begins to sink in.

LENA (O.S.)

(through the binoculars)

Bruno, the guy standing near the fence.

Lena hands Bruno the glasses.

BRUNO (O.S.)

(through the binoculars)

Shkaki...

Sahar, HEARING the name, takes a look at him.

SAHAR

He was my driver.

119 EXT. HILL NEAR CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS 119

MUSA

Even if he does pull the pin before  
he dies - and he *will die*, shot  
through the head - the grenade will  
blow right there, where you stand.  
His friends, the boys he grew up  
with, went to mosque with, played  
soccer with...

EXT. CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS

120 BRUNO 120

(through binoculars at  
Shkaki)

He's a killer. We deported him.

Lena strips off her shirt, puts Musa's vest on, pulls her  
shirt on over it. She reaches for the .45. It's gone. In it's  
place is Sahar's bundle of keepsakes.

She looks around to SEE Sahar moving up the road, towards the  
hill where Musa is, carrying the rucksack.

121 EXT. ROAD NEAR CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS 121

Sahar, walking very fast, HEARS running footsteps from  
behind.

LENA (O.S.)

Sahar!

122 EXT. CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS 122

Bruno HEARS the voice, lowers his binoculars and discovers  
Sahar, followed by Lena, heading toward Musa.

BRUNO

Shit! What the fuck are they  
doing?!

(to Eitan)

Eitan, if that asshole by the fence  
moves, kill him.

123 EXT. HILL NEAR CHECKPOINT - WEST BANK SIDE

123

MUSA

I don't care what they tell you,  
you are being sacrificed. Your  
death will not help the Palestinian  
cause in any way.

(looking directly into  
their eyes)

You will be forgotten as soon as  
your bodies are scattered on the  
ground...

Musa looks around and SEES Shkaki behind the boys and the  
rubble over by the fence.

MUSA

...except by your mothers and  
fathers who will grieve for the  
rest of their lives.

For a moment Musa and Shkaki are eye to eye over the heads of  
the boys.

124 EXT. WEST BANK VILLAGE STREET - SAME TIME

124

Bus Stop Man is holding a pistol over Aisha as she kneels,  
sobbing and muttering a prayer. Bashira stands nearby.

BUS STOP MAN

Aisha Jibril, your punishment will  
be death.

He offers the pistol to Bashira, Aisha's daughter. She looks  
at it, shocked, then moves tentatively toward him.

125 EXT. ROAD NEAR HILL - ON WEST BANK SIDE - SAME TIME

125

Lena catches up to Sahar.

LENA

Let me handle this.

Sahar stops, shows Lena Musa's automatic, pointing.

SAHAR

Is this the safety?

LENA  
Give me the gun.

SAHAR  
Is it!?

LENA  
Yes.

SAHAR  
I should have come back. No matter  
what, I should have come back. You  
did a good thing raising my son.  
Thank you.

LENA  
You have never killed anyone.

Sahar starts to move. Lena grabs her arm, stopping her.

LENA  
Let me do it, Sahar.

SAHAR  
No. It's time for you to stop  
killing.

Lena stands there as Sahar walks toward Musa.

126

EXT. HILL NEAR CHECKPOINT - WEST BANK SIDE - CONTINUOUS

126

MUSA  
Please! Don't do this. *Go home.*

The boys near Thabet back away, leaving him exposed. Thabet  
takes the grenade he's been holding under his shirt, places  
it on the ground, carefully.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shkaki watches from the fence as the boys begin to move  
further away from him.

127

EXT. WEST BANK VILLAGE STREET - SAME TIME

127

Bashira stands over Aisha, on the ground, crying. Bus Stop  
Man is still holding the pistol out to her.

She won't take it. Disgusted, he chambers a round and aims at her mother's head.

BASHIRA

NO!!!!

*Rifle fire rings out. The Israeli Commandos open fire, assassinating Bus Stop Man, dispersing the crowd in all directions. Detonating smoke and tear gas grenades, they retreat down the street past the militant safe house firing into it's windows. Pick-up trucks arrive for the commandos.*

Aisha, on the ground, covered with blood, but still alive, watches the chaos from ground level. She SEES Bashira a few feet away, huddled fearfully in a fetal position against the dead Bus stop man. She stretches out her hand to her, tears in her eyes.

128

EXT. HILL NEAR CHECKPOINT - WEST BANK SIDE - CONTINUOUS

128

The distant explosions have grabbed the boys attention. They scatter. Musa stoops to pick up Thabet's grenade.

ANOTHER ANGLE

From near the fence where he stands, Shkaki can SEE smoke rising from West Bank. He looks down at the grenade waiting for him a few feet away. But he's exposed. The instant he moves for the grenade, he dies. He SEES Sahar coming toward him, Lena following her.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Musa turns to find Sahar a few steps away. Sahar stops in front of him for several seconds. She gently touches his face.

SAHAR

God is great.

She continues up the rise toward the fence and Shkaki. Lena walks up to Musa, stands next to him.

MUSA

Who is that?

LENA

Your mother.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Shkaki recognizes Sahar, realizing, as she comes closer to him, she will block the shooter's view.

SHKAKI  
(shouting out to her)  
How was your visit to Jerusalem,  
Doctor?

129 INT. 2ND FLOOR APT - OVERLOOKING CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS 129

Through the *scope of Rachel's rifle*, we SEE Sahar blocking Shkaki.

RACHEL  
(to herself )  
*Get out of the way...*

130 EXT. CHECKPOINT WEST BANK SIDE NEAR FENCE - CONTINUOUS 130

Shkaki SEES his opportunity, grabs the grenade. As he straightens up, Sahar is right in front of him, her hand inside the rucksack. He shows her the grenade, hooking a finger through the ring.

SHKAKI  
It is to be your final visit to  
Jerusalem.

He starts to pull on the ring as Sahar pulls the gun out of the rucksack.

SAHAR  
(indicating Musa)  
You will not hurt *my son!*

Shkaki, confused momentarily, looks at Musa, exposing himself ever so slightly.

SHKAKI  
The *Jew?*

A shot rings out. Abruptly, Shkaki's head snaps back, a hole in his forehead. He falls backward, dropping the grenade.

131 INT. 2ND FLOOR APT - OVERLOOKING CHECKPOINT - CONTINUOUS 131

Through the *scope of Rachel's rifle*, we SEE Sahar drop the gun and rucksack and start moving down the hill, the grenade rolling in the same direction behind her. She doesn't see it.

132

EXT. HILL NEAR CHECKPOINT - WEST BANK SIDE

132

The grenade comes to a stop not far from where Sahar is walking. The pin has fallen out but the grenade doesn't detonate. We HEAR honking.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Bruno, eyeing the grenade, has arrived in one of the IDF jeeps, laying on the horn. Lena rushes up the hill to retrieve the .45. Sahar comes down the hill to Musa. She takes his hand in hers.

SAHAR

Majid...

BRUNO

(shouting)

That grenade's cooking off!  
Everybody in the jeep!

Lena comes down the hill with the .45.

LENA

(indicating Sahar)

Musa, *get her in the jeep!*

Musa sweeps Sahar up over his shoulder and runs for the jeep. He puts Sahar in the back, then jumps in beside her. Lena plops down in the front seat. Bruno puts it in reverse and backs up.

HAFEZ, the boy who earlier hit Musa with the rock, has returned. He goes to get the grenade before the jeep gets too far away.

Lena SEES Hafez. She stands up in the front seat.

LENA

NO!! Stay away!! Don't touch it!!  
Get away from it!!

Hafez picks up the grenade and starts to run toward the jeep. Bruno jams the accelerator to the floor but traction is slippery so he can't put enough distance between them and the boy. Hafez gets closer.

BRUNO

GET DOWN!! *DOWN!!*

Bruno grabs Lena, yanks her down and lays over her. Musa does the same to protect Sahar. Hafez, yards away now, rears back to throw. The grenade *detonates* in his hand. The concussion rocks the jeep, spraying it with shrapnel, dirt and rocks, blowing out the windshield. The jeep lurches, stops.

Everything is still for a moment.

Then Musa and Sahar slowly sit up. He reaches his hand out to Lena, but Bruno is still draped over her.

MUSA

Lena?

Lena looks over to him, nodding she's OK. She tries to sit up. Bruno won't move off her.

LENA

Bruno!

She starts to move him off her, feels blood in her hand, then SEES a piece of shrapnel stuck in his temple. He is dead. She stares at his face, eyes still open. Lena doesn't move.

133

EXT. CHECKPOINT - LATER

133

Lena is seated on the driver's side of Bruno's Lincoln. The door is open, her feet are outside on the ground. She looks up and notices a GROUP of Palestinians trying to pull a WOMAN away from the charred REMAINS of the dead Palestinian boy, Hafez. Lena takes a cigarette out and tries unsuccessfully to get Bruno's Zippo to ignite.

A few meters from them, Sahar and Musa are surrounded by SEVERAL OFFICERS, CIVILIANS AND MEDIA. He is vigorously making a case for Sahar to the authorities. Frustrated, Musa, glances at Lena, nods to one of the IDF officers, turns and heads toward Lena. Sahar watches him go to Lena.

Eitan comes over and gives Lena a light.

EITAN

Bruno wasn't half bad - for an American.

LENA

(looking at the lighter)  
Half bad. Yes. At least half.

Eitan moves away as Musa comes over to her, kneels down and takes Lena's hands in both of his.

MUSA

We could use your help with these people. They have "questions".

She stands up, stares at him as he gets up. He puts his arms around her and tenderly holds her for a few seconds. Then he whispers in her ear.

MUSA

(quietly)

Don't shoot anybody.

LENA

(smiling now)

I left the .45 with Bruno. It was his.

MUSA

Don't tell them. It might be to our advantage if they think you're armed.

LENA

I like your mother.

MUSA

(indicating Lena)

So do I.

DISSOLVE TO:

134 INT. SAHARS/LENAS APT. - MORNING - WEEKS LATER 134

The framed photos of Sahar's FATHER in his uniform, of Musa and his TWO MOTHERS, and of SAHAR, MUSA and RACHEL, now sit on the cabinet.

135 INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME 135

Lena and Sahar are having morning tea and reading newspapers in their respective language. Max's recording of Bach plays on the stereo. Sahar HEARS something in the music that causes her to lower the paper and listen. She stares at the cabinet.

SAHAR

Would you mind if I paint the cabinet?

LENA

It's yours.

They both listen for a while longer.

SAHAR

Max's playing is actually quite good.

LENA

You would have liked him.

Again there is silence for a while.

SAHAR

So...

(looking at Lena)

What is your opinion of Musa's fiancée?

LENA

Rachel? Well...

(after a long pause)

...she's a damn good shot.

Sahar nods.

SAHAR

Yes. There is that.

**END**