

Defeated at God's Hand

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Fade In:

INT. EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER, SAUDI ARABIA - DAY

ACT I

A young, not much pretty woman puts on shoes to an 11 years old boy. He wears gray shorts, white t-shirt, white socks. The boy has fair hair, blue eyes, round face.

The woman is slim, tall, wears blue jeans, yellow top, has a ponytail with curly hairs.

WOMAN

(Fixes boy)

Till the school, Scott!

Scott nods approval.

Woman bands the traps, kisses the boy, stands up.

Scott runs, stops a little distance, turns to the woman.

SCOTT

(shouts)

There's another school, mum, further one!

WOMAN

(false irritated)

Ok, Scott! You won't come with us
in dessert!

SCOTT

(shouts worried)

No! I choose the nearest one!

Mother smiles, shakes a head, moves to a small, wooden house.

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER, IN FRONT OF SCHOOL - DAY

From school run out children, they make a noise. A nine years old girl walks as a last one. She wears a yashmak, black, long dress, sandals. Eats a traditional bread slice.

Scott follows eyes to children, then throws a look to the girl, Scott approaches and observes her.

The girl notices Scott, stops eating bread, looks at him.

They observe each other.

GIRL
(Arabic)

Do you want bread?

Scott stares at the girl confused wipes a sweaty face, he makes faces against the sun.

Beat

The girl breaks a half of slice and gives it to Scott.

Scott takes bread hesitating.

Both smile.

MAN (O.V.)

Fatima!

The girl looks around scared and troubled, she stares at Scott, then looks aside, from where a voice was heard. She mumbles Arabic and pushes the boy.

GIRL (CONT'D)
Run away! Run! Harry up! They will
catch you!

Scott looks around astonished, confused. The girl seems too scared.

FATIMA

They'll kill you, go away!

Scott looks around worried, moves back, turns away. After two passes turns back, takes off his golden cross and chain, sets it on girl's neck, runs.

The girl hides the cross under her dress, looks at running Scott.

Scott stops at the school, takes short breathes, seeks a place to hide, he finds a space under the school, climbs in, lies down on dusty earth, spits out sand from his mouth, looks outside, studies the situation.

The young MAN#1 approaches the girl. He is a typical Saudi Arabian man traditionally dressed up, seems upset.

ARABIC DIALOGUE

MAN #1 speaks severely.

MAN #1

Didn't you reply me?

He takes girl's hand. Girl answers apologetically, with scared eyes:

GIRL

Forgive me, father, I haven't heard it!

MAN#2 (O.V)

Antwan!

In a little distance appears a MAN #2, a little bit shorter, looks also as a traditional one. The man #1 and the girl wait for him. He stops, greets by nodding a head, glances a girl, bends to Antwan.

ARABIC DIALOG

MAN #2

(in a low voice)

Antwan, the reporter and his wife aren't a danger anymore!

Antwan smiles satisfied, takes a deep breath. The man#2 passes a hand on beard.

MAN #2 adds worried:

But there's a boy we didn't find!

The girl pricks up her ears, bites off the bread as a big piece.

Antwan turns to the girl.

ANTWAN

Fatima, you haven't seen a boy not peculiar, have you?

Fatima shakes a head, has a full mouth of bread.

Antwan looks around thoughtfully, scratches a head.

ANTWAN

(doubtful)

The boy shouldn't be dangerous,
Caleb!

MAN #2 shrugs his shoulders, seems unsatisfied, walks. He waves hand without looking at Antwan. He leaves. Antwan and Fatima follow him eyes.

INT. ANTWAN'S HOME - DAY

Antwan and Fatima arrive home.

It's located between typical Arabic stone houses. A living room and a kitchen are together, there's old wooden furniture, some old carpets on walls, iron beds. In the middle is a small, round table.

Antwan's WIFE, completely covered with an abaya, enters from house back-door, holds some clothes. She notices Antwan and Fatima, smiles, moves to them.

Antwan steps home without a word.

FATIMA

(glad, runs to her mother)

Mother, I got the highest mark in
math!

Mother smiles and kisses to Fatima.

MOTHER

Well done, my daughter, that's why
I cooked your favorite Ruz
Bukhari!

Antwan opens a copper, sees inside, closes it noisily.

Mother glances Antwan wondered. Fatima looks at mother full of curiosity.

FATIMA

And if I didn't, wouldn't you have cooked it?

Mother looks confused.

MOTHER

Of course I would!

Fatima gets a sad face

FATIMA
Then what a difference?!

MOTHER
(frowned)

Go and wash you hands!

The mother rises up, pushes Fatima lightly, Fatima escapes from the back door, she stops outside, looks around her thoughtfully and culprit.

The mother covers a table, gets rid of Antwan's face, glances him hidden.

MOTHER turns to her husband and signs to a shell.

MOTHER
Can you forge a nail in the
corner? I need to hang some linen
there!

Antwan moves to a shell gloomy, looks for a nail.

MOTHER
(irresolutely)

Don't you want to tell me
something?

Antwan sits on a chair seriously.

ANTWAN
We didn't find the boy!

INT. VILLAGE USHAIQER, A SMALL WOODEN HOUSE - DAY.

Scott runs into the house sweaty, shouts.

SCOTT
Mom! Dad!

He freezes with fear. His parents lie on the floor dead with cut throats. They swim in their own blood. On a floor and on a table there are broken dishes papers. The blood has reached the door.

Scott screams and cries.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

No! No! Mum! Dad!

Scott staggers, drops the bread slice. The bread falls into the blood. Oversteps a threshold, approaches the corpses, seems crazy scared, thrills, bands and stares at corpses. All of a sudden rises up quickly, retreats back, throws out himself as fast as he can.

INT. ANTWAN'S HOUSE - DAY.

Fatima comes to the kitchen, rubs hands on a dress, gets at the table, smells the food on a plate, from where comes up a steam.

Antwan forges the nail, it's a little noisy in the room with a loud voice

FATIMA

Mother, I washed my hands, now
could I sit for eating?

MOTHER

(affectionately)

Of course, my dear, sit down and
get it! It's still hot!

Fatima pulls a chair and sits. She stands, undresses a jacket, mother stands near her. Between a t-shirt and her neck, there shines the golden chain.

The mother glances it momentary. She asides to Fatima, touches gold with curiosity.

Mother looks at it with narrow eyes.

MOTHER

Did you find something again?

Antwan finishes forging.

Mother pulls up the chain, grabs the cross, screams with mad eyes, jumps back scared.

Fatima looks afraid.

Antwan turns astonished, looks at his wife, approaches to Fatima.

The cross shines out of a dress, Antwan fixes it well.

Antwan bangs his fist on a table instantaneously, draws nearer and observes the golden cross.

Antwan yells furiously.

ANTWAN
What does it mean?!

He leads up, grabs the cross and stripes it off Fatima.

Fatima screams, covers her face with hands.

Antwan gets too angry.

ANTWAN (CONT'D)
So, you haven't seen him, have
you?

Antwan looks at the girl face to face. Fatima looks with
bright eyes, moves back, takes deep breathes.

ANTWAN (CONT'D) (yells severely)

You let him go, you've lied me! How did you dare?!

Antwan grabs her in the hair and pulls her to the side, she
accidentally hits the plate and all the rice fall down to
the floor.

FATIMA
(screams)

Mother!

The mother looks the scene sobbing.

Antwan brings Fatima nearer, twists her hair pitiless. She
squeals.

Antwan roars already.

ANTWAN
You saw him and lied me! You'll
chop off the hellhole. Allah damn
you!

Mother screams, pulls Antwan to her.

MOTHER
Antwan! Stop Antwan!

Antwan hits to Fatima on the both cheeks, she cries and
screams continuously. Whining mother pulls him again, tries
to separate them. Antwan hits her into the face too strong,
Fatima falls dawn. Antwan grabs her in hair, pulls her up.

Mother throws herself to Antwan.

MOTHER (CONT'D)
 ((cries loudly)
 That's enough, Antwan, please!

Antwan drives wild, he pushes the mother too. The Mother falls down.

ANTWAN
 My daughter lied me for our enemies!

Antwan bands to catch her daughter again, Fatima tries out to slip away and turns to the shell, she rolls down on the rice and hits the eye on a protruded nail, that Antwan has forged right now.

Fatima squeals terribly, leans down, covers immediately her face.

The mother rises up quickly, runs to Fatima.

MOTHER
 Fatima! Rise up! Fatima!

Antwan shouts scared.

ANTWAN
 Allah! No, Fatima! Daughter!

Fatima rises up, covers the eye with her hand, from where percolates blood. She screams awfully.

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER - DAY

Scott runs, passes houses, streets, again houses. Runs fast.

ACT II

18 YEARS LATER

EXT. A PARK, KENTUCKY - DAY

Scott runs in a park, he is a little sweaty.

He is a tall, athletic, handsome boy.

Scott runs out of the park, crosses a street, arrives home, stops at a post box, opens it, wipes sweat, takes some letters from the post box.

Scott enters home with letters.

The house is light and pretty large. There aren't much furniture, it's modern furnished

Scott throws letters to a short table in a living room, goes to a bathroom.

A phone rings. Scott keeps going.

Scott answers with a loud voice, bothered.

SCOTT

You can ring how much you want! I don't care!

He takes a shower, bands himself with a towel and comes out from the bathroom. He croons carelessly.

Enters into the kitchen, takes a middle sized banana, goes to the living room. Pills it out fast, puts it in a mouth as an only piece. Sits down on a sofa, his mouth is full of banana. Scott takes letters, overviews their titles, two of them he throws back to him, the third one he opens, reads:

"Answer my calls, you idiot!"

Scott shakes a head dissatisfied, perishes the paper, throws it to a closed window. He lies on a sofa, yawns, suddenly he jumps up, sits on a sofa for a moment, he runs to the thrown letter behind the sofa, grabs one letter, reads it carefully.

Scott shouts.

O, my Goodness!

He encloses the letter to his eyes, reads by following his head.

SCOTT (mumbles)

Thanks, God! Great!

He jumps up happy, hug the letter. Seeks the cell phone, dials a number quickly.

SCOTT INTO PHONE (walks here and there)

Hey, JOHN, stop eating so much cabbage, you aren't a horse, man!

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.) (with full mouth)

Cabbage like rabbits, not horses, you idiot!

SCOTT INTO PHONE

It's better to be a horse than a rabbit!

DEEP VOICE
What the hell you want?

SCOTT
John, I just got a post, I am invited at Alfaisal University in Saudi Arabia as a psychology lecturer for a year. Isn't it great?

DEEP VOICE
Shit! Absolutely no!

Scott gets angry.

SCOTT
Ok, great! Many thanks to my best friend for sharing my gladness!

DEEP VOICE
(angry)

You called me a rabbit!

SCOTT
No! I called you a horse, I made you even a compliment!

Scott hangs the phone rudely, puts the cell in a pocket, takes the letter again, walks to the kitchen by reading it, takes another banana without breaking reading.

The cell rings, Scott glances at cell screen, answers it.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
How are your patients, uncle?

INT. A HOSPITAL - DAY

Scott's uncle walks in a corridor. He is about 60 years old man, grizzled, not thin, wears a short beard. Has a doctor's smock and glasses on.

UNCLE INTO PHONE
(troubled)

Scott, sun, John has just called me! He was too revolted!

Scott lies on a sofa.

SCOTT
Uncle, come on! John exaggerates!

UNCLE
Listen to me, son! It has been
gone 18 years! Scott, forget this
idea!

SCOTT
But, uncle..

UNCLE
(irritated)

No, Scott! I know you well, you
aren't interested in the
university!

Scott stands up bothered, holds the phone between head and
shoulder, pills another banana.

Scott opens an arm:

Ok, uncle, you won! I'm staying
here! On Sunday, we can have a
picnic outside, you, John, and I!

BEAT

Uncle answers gloomy.

UNCLE
When are you leaving, Scott?

Scott calms dawn.

SCOTT
Tomorrow morning!

UNCLE
So fast?

SCOTT
Yeah! The school year begins in 5
days!

UNCLE
(puffs)

Well, Bring me an abaya!

Scott gets sad.

SCOTT
Ok, uncle!

UNCLE tries to joke.

UNCLE
Not too large, Scott, I'm not fat!

SCOTT
Of course, you are!

UNCLE
(false irritated)

Gosh! I am on a diet!

Scott chuckles.

UNCLE (CONT'D)
Remember, son, you should
forgive..

Scott interrupts him.

SCOTT
If you want to be forgiven!
Goodbye, uncle!

Scott hangs the phone, stares at the opened letter for a moment. He frowns.

Uncle mumbles to himself.

UNCLE
God bless you, son!

He continues walking gloomy in a corridor.

Scott goes to the kitchen, looks in the fridge. There are 4-5 eggs, some lemons, fruit juice and a hamburger. Scott grabs the hamburger, takes out from a plastic bag, observes it.

Scott talks to himself.

SCOTT
This hamburger I bought about 18
days ago, but if I warm it up,
becomes tasty again!

He switches on the electric oven, puts in the hamburger. Scott keeps an eye how it spins inside.

INT. A LOW HOUSE - DAY

Scott enters into the reception. He greets a receptionist girl. The girl has black, long hair, wears a white t-shirt, a black, short skirt, she is damn beautiful.

She speaks on the phone, glances at Scott, covers a phone receiver with a hand, bands to Scott.

RECEPTIONIST

Hello! How can I help you?

Scott studies the girl.

SCOTT

Hello! I am Scott Hartley, Mr Salazar should have left some documents for me!

RECEPTIONIST (INTO PHONE)

Wait for a moment, honey!

She puts the phone receiver on a phone, smiles lovely, seeks for documents on his table. Looks disappointed at Scott.

RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry, here is nothing for you, Mr Hartley!

Scott leans to the girl, looks at her face to face, smiles her magnificent.

Receptionist gets confused.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Maybe he forgot, I'll look for it in our archive!

She moves inside, turns back, grabs the phone.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Just a moment, bunny! A moment!

She runs inside again.

Scott stares at her astonished, shakes a head, smiles, follows her eyes.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Scott comes out from the low office, holds some papers. He runs over the documents, seems satisfied, utters ironically

SCOTT

What a silly receptionist you have, Salazar!

INT. SCOTT'S HOUSE - DAY.

Scott opens the home door, speaks on a phone, with the other hand holds the documents.

SCOTT INTO PHONE

Hangs keys on a wall

SCOTT CONT'D

Yes, from Louisville to El Riyadh,
economy class!

BEAT

SCOTT CONT'D (CONT'D)

Scott Hartley! H - A - R - T - L
- E- Y!

BEAT

SCOTT (CONT'D)

At 07:35 AM, perfect! Thank you!

He hangs the phone, puts the folder on a table, runs into a bathroom.

INT. IN A BATHROOM - DAY

Scott pisses into a toilet bowl with a blissful face, moans.

SCOTT

Gosh! Huh uh!

He washes his hands, observes himself in a mirror, leaves the bathroom, goes to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY.

Scott opens a cupboard, takes a dish. He opens an oven and takes that hamburger out, touches it a finger, it's hard like a stone.

Scott scrawls, throws the hamburger to the trash, frowns, hits the hands to the kitchen table, yells.

SCOTT

I'll go there! I'll go! I won't
leave everything how it is!

He rests upon the table, respire heavy.

INT. A PLANE - DAY

Scott looks from the plane window thoughtfully.

Child's laugh was heard (O.V.)

Scott looks about, seeks the laughing voice. On the right of him, sit young man and woman, in the middle stands a 5-6 years old girl, faced to her parents, she makes monkeys, rings laughter.

Scott smiles, stares at the child sinless.

QUICK SPLASHES

LITTLE SCOTT RUNS THROUGH A GARDEN WITH HIS FATHER. FATHER WANTS TO CATCH HIM, BUT HE DOESN'T MANAGE IT PURPOSELY. THEY LAUGH JOYFULLY, HAPPILY.

(O.V.)

Would you likesomething to drink,
Sir?

Scott clears up, looks at the staff member. She is tall, blond, pretty, smiles involuntarily. She wears a uniform.

Scott answers in a sleepy voice.

SCOTT

Yes, coffee, please!

She pours out coffee in a plastic cup, gives it to Scott.

STAFF MEMBER

(courteously)

Here you are!

Scott takes the cup, glances the girl from feet up to the head, rises up eyebrows satisfied, but after a moment gets a cold face, tells her ironically:

SCOTT

This uniform bereaves your
elegance, dress up something
sexier!

She astonishes, arranges herself, looks upset. Opens a mouth to say something, looks around, closes her mouth, leaves with an angry face.

Scott follows her eyes, smiles.

ACT III

EXT. SAUDI ARABIA, AT THE AIRPORT - DAY.

The plane lands.

Scott comes out with his luggage, gropes with eyes. There are many people, most of them are dressed up with the white abaya.

Scott studies everything around him carefully.

A short, dark, little bit fat man with a mustache, approaches him full of curiosity.

Scott notices him, stops.

MAN

Excuse me, Sir! Maybe you are Mr. Hartley?

SCOTT

Yes, I am!

Man shakes hand to Scott.

MAN

I'm Omar Saad Amari, the director of the Alfaisal University. Nice to meet you!

SCOTT

Nice to meet you, Mr. Omar

Scott hushes up and stares the man awkwardly.

MAN

(instantly)

Saad Amari!

SCOTT

Saad Amari!

AMARI

Certainly, you should be tired, we go directly to the hotel! The city sightings we can see tomorrow!

SCOTT (loudly, smiley)

Now, you are a chef!

Amari laughs out loud.

They leave the airport, sit in a car, Amari drives.

EXT. A HOTEL GARDEN - TWILIGHT.

Scott and Amari walk to the hotel. Scott holds his luggage, looks tired. Amari stops, turns to Scott, shakes him a hand courteously.

AMARI

So, Mr Heartley, this hotel isn't a five star one, but here you can find a rest, see you tomorrow, now I'll leave you in peace!

SCOTT

Thank you, Mr. Amari! You are very civil, see you!

Scott enters the hotel.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION

Scott goes directly to a young receptionist (a boy).

SCOTT

Hello, I'm Scott!

The receptionist interrupts him politely.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr, Hartley, we were waiting for you, your room is ready!

He gives keys to Scott smiley.

Scott looks surprised, takes keys. Bows a head to the receptionist, runs up the stairs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - TWILIGHT

Scott enters the room. It's light, nice big, with a big window, and light colors, modern furniture.

Scott puts luggage and laptop bag on a floor. Observes the room, nods a head satisfied, goes to a window, rips a curtain aside, looks out.

There is a view half on the city, half on the outside of the city, some small hills, some streets far away.

Scott opens slightly the window, inhales profoundly, closes the eyes for a moment, turns, walks to bed, lies down, the feet are on the floor. He puts his arms under the head, looks up at a ceiling. He closes the eyes.

Knock on the door.

Scott gets joyless.

SCOTT

Come in!

Comes a waiter, a boy with a uniform. Holds a dish with tea things, he stops in the middle.

WAITER

Mr. Hartley, I've brought you hot tea!

Scott looks surprisingly.

SCOTT

OH, thanks, but I'm very hot!

Waiter bows the eyes.

WAITER

It's a habit here, Sir! Tea is the first thing we offer to guests.

SCOTT tells him calm.

SCOTT

OK, I should have known about it.
It's OK, dear, thank you!

The waiter puts the dish on a chest of drawer, near a bad, smiles.

WAITER

You are welcome, Sir! The waiter turns to go.

SCOTT

Wait! Can you play backgammon?

Waiter stops astonished.

WAITER

What? Er... Yes, Sir!

Scott smiles awkwardly

SCOTT

No, no, I thought it was a typical question here. Well, nothing else, you can go!

Waiter bows a head politely, leaves.

Scott glances tea, it's in a narrow glass, it's still hot. There is a small spoon, and sugar too. Scott puts a spoon of

sugar into the glass, wants to take it to drink. He touches the glass, yells painfully, shakes a burned hand, shouts.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But it's hot! It's hot here! Or at least you could make a handle on a glass!

He sits for a moment, takes a laptop from the floor, switches it on, searches photos of a village Ushaiqer. There are a few photos.

He scrolls the photos, opens some images. One of them is a school building.

QUICK SPLASHES

A LITTLE GIRL WALKS IN DIRTY STREET IN FRONT OF A SCHOOL.

GIRL SHARES HIM BREAD.

SCOTT PUTS A CROSS ON GIRL'S NECK.

Scott clears up, closes the laptop, goes to the window, leans on a window-sill, looks down, shakes a head to wake up.

INT. HOTEL - MORNING.

Knocking on a door. Scott is in a bad, he wakes up and changes side.

Enters a waiter, stops near the door.

WAITER

Good morning! Your car is ready,
Sir!

Scott nods sleepy, yawns.

EXT. THE UNIVERSITY - DAY.

There is a huge, beautiful garden, the university is a very modern glass building.

Scott steps in the university garden, observes the building, there are many students outside, most of them are male, females are a few.

INT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Scott and Omari enter a lecturer room.

Here are about 25 students. Most of them wear traditional

clothes, they look typical Saudi, some students wear mustache too. 3-4 students are dressed up more modern.

Omari greets them lordly.

OMARI

Hello, gentlemen! Congratulations the new academic year. I'd like to represent you our new psychology lecturer!

(notes to Scott))

Mr. Scott Hartley!

Scott smiles and nods courteously.

SCOTT

Hello!

Students greet without voice harmonies.

He shakes hand to Scott.

OMARI

I hope you will understand each other! Good luck, Mr Hartley!

Scott smiles careless.

SCOTT

Thank you, Mr. Omari!

Omari leaves.

BEAT

Scott studies the students, he puts his laptop, some papers, bottle of water on a table, sometimes glances students too. The students sit quietly, they observe Scott.

Scott finishes arranging himself, leans upon the table with fingers.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Well, gentlemen, I'm Scott Hartley, 28 years old, I graduated Kentucky University, the psychology faculty!

BEAT

Scott rises up, steps here and there, does akimbo, turns to students.

Scott talks self-confidently:

I am sure we'll become good
friends!

AWKWARD SILENCE

Scott looks at each student desperately, puffs, hangs hands
disappointed.

He sits on a first desk.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Well, today we can speak whatever
you want!

He suddenly glances a student at a first desk, in front of
him. The student wears a half moon symbol on a neck. Scott
bends to him without standing up.

Scott touches the symbol.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
What's this?

STUDENT #1 protects the symbol with hand.

STUDENT #1
The half moon, this is the symbol
of Islam, Sir!

Scott observes the symbol.

SCOTT
Is it an obligation to wear this
symbol?

STUDENT #1

No, Sir, this way I feel nearer to
Allah!

Scott shows a false interest.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
And those, who wears a cross,
should feel nearer to Jesus? And
those who wears In and Yang
symbol.

STUDENT
(interferes aggressively)

There is only one god Allah and
Mohamed is his messenger

Scott looks disappointed.

SCOTT
But everybody does not believe in
Allah!

TENSITY

Students look each other strained. Scott notes it, looks at
students carefully.

STUDENT #2
They won't survive!

SCOTT
(ironically)

Why? Isn't your god gracious
enough?

STUDENT #3
You shouldn't speak ironically
about any faith, Mr. Hartley!

Scott glances the student #3, he isn't dressed up
traditionally, has no beard, no mustache, has a typical
Saudi face. Scott makes some steps to him, stares at him
with questioned eyes.

A student looks at Scott face to face.

STUDENT #3 replies him firmly.

STUDENT #3 (CONT'D)
Everybody needs to believe in
something, to have some
commandments and limitations for
stinting themselves, but we aren't
strong enough to put ourselves in
these borders.

AWKWARD SILENCE

Scott doesn't break a look at student #3, leans to his desk,
approaches him more.

STUDENT #3(CONT'D)
In spite of, all of us are
sinning, everything is
conditional!

Scott rises up, puts a hand in pockets, goes back to his desk slowly, turns, speaks loudly.

SCOTT

So, we invent all suggestions by God's name when nobody could follow them! And, now we justify ourselves that we aren't strong enough?!

BEAT

Scott turns to the student #3

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What's your name?

STUDENT #3

Zafar, which means victory!

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - DAY

Scott sets the village's name on his cell's GPS. On the phone screen, there reveals a village Ushaiqer. Scott puts a phone next to him, ties together a seat belt, drives.

Turns on music.

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER - DAY

Scott arrives the village, slows down, studies surroundings.

He sees a man with a camel who follows eyes to Scott, some women, dressed up in a black abaya and black yashmak, walk in dirty streets, hold pitchers, talk loudly. They glance Scott in a car, stop talking, try to cover their already covered face much more.

Scott continues driving slowly, passes the women, looks about, meets some children coming toward him, they just have left a school. The children make a noise. Scott drives on their way back, approaches the school building, it's a little bit changed after 18 years, now looks better. Scott stops the car in front of the school, stares at the building nervously, seems agitated.

QUICK SPLASHES

LITTLE SCOTT CLIMBS UNDER THE SCHOOL.

FIXES THE MEN GESTICULATING.

RUNS INTO THE HOUSE.

SHOUTS: MOM! DAD!

SEES HIS DEAD PARENTS ON THE FLOOR.

A cell phone rings.

Scott jumps up frightened, takes some deep breaths, answers the phone.

SCOTT INTO PHONE
Here's Scott Hartley!

He has an emotional voice.

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)
Good morning, Mr. Hartley! It's
director Amari!

Scott shakes a head bothered, talks too fast with a joyful voice.

SCOTT
I'm glad to hear you, Mr. Amari!
Today was a great lesson, we'll
meet tomorrow morning!

AMARI
Great! Congratulations! I could
take you....

Scott interrupts him irritated.

SCOTT
You don't need, I am able to move
alone, Thank you! See you later,
Mr. Amari!

Scott hangs the phone immediately, throws it aside, settles back himself, pants, speaks himself: What an idiot!

Scott unties the tie little bit and looks outside from the car. He is gloomy.

INT. AT THE HOTEL - DAY

Scott enters into his number, throws keys to the chest of drawers, lies directly on a bed, looks above sadly.

A phone rings, Scott seeks phone blindly next to the bed by tumbling about the phone.

SCOTT INTO PHONE
Hello!

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)

Mr, Hartley, in a hall there waits
a young man, his name's Zafar,
Sir!

Scott gets a surprised face.

SCOTT
OK, let him come in, thank you!

He hangs the phone, stands up, smashes his eyes, looks in
the mirror, arranges his hair.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Well, well! The adventure has
begun!

Scott opens the door. There stands Zafar, has a hand ready
to knock, Zafar embarrasses by opening the door suddenly, he
looks at Scott clumsy.

Zafar smiles shyly.

ZAFAR
Excuse me, Sir! Er.. This
afternoon I followed you because.

(he scratches a head)
Er.. I loved your lecture!

Scott opens the door brightly.

SCOTT
Come in, Zafar!

ZZAFAR
Thank you! I am in an awkward
situation!

SCOTT
It's OK, sit down!

Zafar sits down on an armchair.

Scott closes the door, moves to Zafar.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Would you like to drink something?

ZAFAR
I don't drink, Sir!

Scott smiles culprit, sits down opposite to Zafar, looks at
him satisfied.

SCOTT

So, you liked the lecture!

ZAFAR

Yes, very much!

He bends to Scott, mumbles

ZAFAR (CONT'D)

Mr. Hartley, you know here it's
difficult to speak so frankly
because nobody wants!

Scott settles back, passes his hand on a face.

SCOTT

That strong ideology!

ZAFAR

Often people at the cost of great
sacrifice, miss their life. For
example, our friend, Taheem has
three sisters, and no one of them
could be educated. It's their
father's decision!

Scott bands to Zafar with tester eyes.

SCOTT

Tell me, Zafar, would you like to
eat pig meat?

ZAFAR stares at him astonished, answers firmly.

ZAFAR

No, Sir! Never!

Scott fixes Zafar's face.

ZAFAR (CONT'D)

Er.. Well, the pigs eat their own
shit! How could we..

Scott interrupts him.

SCOTT

And what do you think, don't we
eat our own shit?

Scott narrows his eyes, waits for an answer. Zafar bows
eyes.

Scott continues speaking with a self-confidence.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

There is no difference between
eating own shit and live between
pharisees! If we forbid something
to ourselves and do it hidden,
isn't it eating our own shit?

Zafar looks confused, tortures his jacket corner, bows eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

If we reproach others for a guilt,
and the same we make also every
day, isn't is eating our own shit?

Scott seems anxious, stares at Zafar persistently.

Zafar gets gloomy.

Scott calms down, smiles.

SCOTT

Maybe, you don't see how stupid
people are!

(he settles back)

OK, now tell me about your
classmate with three sisters!

Zafar puffs deeply, gets a dramatic face. Gets ready to
stand up.

ZAFAR

Taheem has an invalid sister, on a
wheelchair, the whole family
collects money for her operation,
but it's too expensive, the girl
must be transferred to Germany, or
to the USA!

Zafar stands up quickly, shakes a hand to Scott.

ZAFAR (CONT'D)

OK, Mr. Hartley, I don't want to
take your time!

Scott stands up, smiles, sees Zafar to the door.

SCOTT

Don't worry about my time!

Listen, what's a typical question
here to find a subject for
talking?

ZAFAR amazes, scratches a head.

ZAFAR
HM.. I have no idea, you know?

Scott laughs.

SCOTT
Well, Zafar, thanks for visiting
me!

Zafar smiles awkwardly, leaves.

Scott can not be calm anymore, he looks confused, tosses. He closes the door, rests against it, puts his hands in pockets.

Scott shakes a head, moves to the window and closes it, comes back to the armchair, sits. He looks thoughtful.

INT. AT UNIVERSITY - DAY.

Scott enters the university with fast steps. He goes directly to the lecture-room, the corridor is empty, enters into the empty room, sits.

He prepares some papers.

The bell rings. Students come in slowly. Scott stands up, greets them.

Enters Zafar. Scott glances at him.

SCOTT
Zafar, wait!

He bends to Zafar, asks him in a low voice.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Which one is Taheem?

Zafar gives a hidden sign.

ZAFAR
That one on the last desk!

Scott glances at Taheem.

Zafar sits down and looks hidden at Taheem confused, doubtfully.

Scott puts in order the papers, stands up.

Scott gets a gallant voice.

SCOTT
Hello, everybody!

These days I'm drinking too much
tea, I think it's getting tasty!

Everybody laughs. Scott seems satisfied, sometimes fixes
Taheem, he looks a little bit sad.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'd feel better if a woman might
bring me it!

Some hidden ovations from students. Scott smiles with kind
eyes, sits in his chair, rests on his elbow.

SCOTT
What do you think if we talk about
woman psychology today?

Scott fixes Taheem.

Taheem frowns.

(NOTE: HERE BE
COULD BE CUT,
EPISODE (ANYWA

STUDENT #4
I think it won't be interesting!

Scott turns to the student#4, rises up eyebrows, settles
back on a chair.

SCOTT
(to student#4)

I see, women don't mean much for
you!

STUDENT #4
Especially their psychology!

BEAT

Scott takes his arms folded, studies the student #4 for a
moment.

STUDENT #4 (CONT'D)
We, men perceive a subject how it
exactly is, and not how we want to
be!

Students chuckle.

Scott lifts his hand, gives a sign to soothe. Scott stands up with an ironical smile, moves to student#4 gravely.

SCOTT
I think it's on the contrary and
do you know why?

The student looks at Scott with impatient eyes.

Scott approaches the student #4, leans upon his desk, draws nearer to student's face.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I offered to talk about woman's
psychology!

Student #4 stares at Scott steadfastly.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
And you asked me, we men perceive
a subject how it exactly is!

Scott raises up, makes some steps toward a window, turns.

Scott continues in a loud voice and little bit slow.

SCOTT CONT'D
So, I didn't ask if the men
understand a subject right!

There's is silence, students stare at Scott full of interest.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
(to the student #4)

You proofed a minute ago, not only
women perceive a subject how they
want, also you understood my
question how you wanted!

BEAT

Student #4 utters.

Zafar smiles satisfied.

Scott gets a winner's face, glances at the class.

SCOTT
So, now let's talk why woman's
psychology is different from us?

STUDENT #3

Because they aren't strong enough!

SCOTT
Strong enough for what?

STUDENT #3
For feeling that they are equal in rights.

Scott walks between desks.

SCOTT
Oho! And do you think they are equal in rights?

STUDENT #3
No, Sir!

SCOTT
Why?

STUDENT #3
The women always have had their determined obligations and..

SCOTT
Determined obligations? Can you tell me, who has determined their obligations?

The student bows eyes says in a low voice.

STUDENT #3
Allah, Sir!

SCOTT
And you don't believe yourself when you say, the god has determined some obligations for women! You band your eyes with this words and by this way try to hide from your god!

AWKWARD SILENCE

Scott looks around, tries to fix Taheem, which sits silently at a last desk.

STUDENT #5
But it's written in Quran, in Surah, An.Nisa, 34, that hitting woman is allowed!

STUDENT #2

There's another interpretation that the Surah doesn't support hitting a woman, but separating from her!

SCOTT

Well, well, boys! I definitely don't want to talk about religion today!

ZAFAR

But, unfortunately, you can find the answer only through the religion, Mr. Hartley!

SCOTT

No, Zafar, I already have an answer! I just want to bring you to the point, but through our minds, not through the religion!

STUDENT #6

But the religion forms our mind!

Scott looks at student #6 bothered, moves to him.

SCOTT

Well.. If you believe, we are the creations of the god, why the god doesn't love man and woman equally? Are there parents they love their children differently?

ZAFAR

A relationship between parents and children is essential while between the god and a man it's abstract!

Student #6 turns ironically to Zafar.

STUDENT #6

Of course, you know everything!

SCOTT

Stop! Stop! OK, guys, I told you, I wouldn't talk about religion today!

STUDENT #6

But, Mr. Hartley, he can't speak in such way!

SCOTT

Maaz, be quiet, please!

MAAZ

We believe in God because we want to believe him! It doesn't need any explanation because the believers do not want to chipper it!

ZAFAR

And you prefer to be blind?

Maaz gets aggressive.

MAAZ

I prefer to believe in something! I do not want to live without any commandments! I am a son of the mankind, who is full of sins.

Scott approaches Zafar, mumbles.

SCOTT

That's enough, Zafar, please!

MAAZ (CONT'D)

I do not want to gift a freedom to myself because nobody of us is worthy of it!

ZAFAR

But your faith should be the freedom itself! The faith isn't a slavery, it's a joy!

Scott stands without a word between Zafar and Maaz and looks at the boys.

MAAZ

If you believe you have a freedom in your mind, then you should be able to understand, everyone needs an abstracted support, and everybody is free to choose his way!

ZAFAR

You know that your aren't free, but you don't know how strong you need it!

MAAZ

It's impossible to breath here!

Maaz stands up, takes his bag and goes directly to a door without a word.

All the students and Scott follow him eyes.

BEAT

SCOTT seems disappointed.

SCOTT
We should be able to discuss
through our free mind, guys! The
subject to talk was the woman
psychology!

Maaz is almost at the door, he turns, fixes Zafar, then stares at Scott.

MAAZ
The women have the same rights
like men, but if they don't fight
for their rights, men never give
them to women!

Maaz leaves. Taheem follows him eyes with a worried face.

SCOTT
He is right!

EXT. UNIVERSITY GARDEN - DAY

There are many students in the garden, Taheem stands with a boy group, they talk each other.

Scott comes out of university building, seeks Taheem with eyes.

Taheem greets boys, leaves a group, goes toward to garden exit.

Scott moves a little to Taheem.

SCOTT
Taheem, what does a doctor say
when will be your sister able to
walk?

Taheem freezes, turns to Scott astonished.

SCOTT touches Taheem on a shoulder.

SCOTT
Taheem, I know, your sister needs
to be operated!

Taheem gets a worried face, hangs his head, turns, continues walking. Scott follows him.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Taheem, I have an offer for you!
Can you come to my apartment this
evening? Here is the address!

Scott looks for a pen in his bag, writes the address on a piece of paper, gives it to Taheem, strokes him on shoulders, smiles.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I'll wait for you, Taheem!

Scott leaves. Taheem follows him surprised eyes, holds the piece of paper.

INT. IN THE HOTEL - EVENING

Scott moves in a room nervously, incessantly looks at a watch, breaks fingers.

Phone rings. Scott throws himself to the phone, answers it.

DEEP VOICE (V.O.)
Mr. Hartley, here is..

SCOTT INTO PHONE
Let him come in, thanks!

Scott hangs the phone, runs to the window, closes it. Moves to the door. Turns back, rips the curtains aside, opens the window. Shakes a head unsatisfied, closes it again, touches the curtains to rip, knock on a door.

Enters Taheem.

Scott turns, leaves a curtain.

SCOTT
I knew you would come!

Taheem stands in the door, seems hesitated.

TAHEEM
I know that you knew!

SCOTT
Come in!

Taheem enters, looks about the room, observes the furniture, steps awkwardly.

Scott smiles, takes a dish full of sweets, offers it to Taheem.

Taheem chooses the smallest piece of cake and takes it shyly. Scott sits down on the armchair, signs Taheem to sit down. Taheem sits opposite to Scott, in another armchair.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Well, I don't like prefaces!

BEAT

Taheem bites a cake and nods a head approval.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

You need money, I need your help,

TAHEEM!

Taheem brings to a stop masticating.

Taheem looks him firmly with full mouth.

TAHEEM

I won't kill anyone!

Scott laughs.

SCOTT

You shouldn't be in a hurry, young man! First, we have to find them!

TAHEEM

And I won't kill them even after!

Scott goes to a chest of drawers, takes some papers from a folder, shows them to Taheem.

SCOTT

Look, there is an information about two men!

Taheem takes the papers.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Here are their names and addresses 18 years ago!

TAHEEM

18 years ago?

SCOTT

Yeah.. I don't know where do they live today, that's why I need your help!

TAHEEM

Can I ask?

SCOTT

You don't need, I'll explain you it later!

Taheem closes the papers, rounds them, puts in a pocket, stands up.

TAHEEM

OK, Mr Hartley, I'll call you when I have some news!

Scott stands up, touches Taheem at a shoulder, looks at him seriously.

SCOTT

Taheem, it has an immense importance for me!

Taheem gets rid of Scott eyes, leaves. Scott steps gloomy in the room.

INT. LECTURER-ROOM - DAY

Scott enters to the lecture-room, it's full of students.

He puts a bottle of water on a table, glances at students, there are some empty places.

SCOTT

Good morning everybody! It seems to me there are missing some students!

ZAFAR

Abdula's mother is transferred to a hospital, I don't know where Dabir and Taheem are!

Zafar looks at Scott fixedly. Scott tries not to look at Zafar, tries to adjust things on a table. He accidentally punches the bottle, the bottle falls down. Scott lifts it right away, smiles clumsy.

SCOTT

What does Abdula's mother have?

STUDENT #1

She had a powerful stomachache,
but they hope nothing serious!

SCOTT

We hope too! OK, let's start! What
about would you like to speak
today?

Scott sits down, puts his hands at a forehead and bows the
head joyless.

INT. LECTURER-ROOM - DAY

The office cleaner in a uniform, opens the door, sees Scott
at the table, puts a bucket on a floor without making a
noise, he places a cleaning stick at a wall.

OFFICE CLEANER

Sir, the lectures has finished, I
must clean here!

Scott clears up.

SCOTT

YES, OF COURSE, EXCUSE ME!

Scott stands up, takes his things, leaves.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GARDEN - DAY

Scott leaves the university garden, stops on plural stairs.
Looks around thoughtfully.

SCOTT

Where are you, Taheem?

INT/EXT. IN A CAR. VILLAGE USHAIQER - DAY

Taheem drives an old, gray car, rocks here and there. He
looks too serious.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

Scott appears in the reception, speaks on the phone.

SCOTT INTO PHONE

Where the hell are you, Taheem?

The receptionist glances him, takes Scott's keys, Scott
grabs the keys without looking at the receptionist.

TAHEEM (O.V.)

I just arrived at home, after 30
minutes can we meet near the
university?

Scott runs above stairs.

SCOTT INTO PHONE

Where exactly?

TAHEEM INTO PHONE

On the right of the university, in
50 meters, there is a small
Turkish bar, it's called "Hosh
Geldin", I'll wait for you there!

SCOTT

OK, Taheem, I'm coming.

EXT. STREET - EVENING

Scott comes out of a taxi and looks around. He sees a small bar with an inscription "Hosh Geldin". It has some light commercials outside, a music comes from inside. Scott enters the bar.

It's decorated with typical Turkish colors and all the furniture of silk, there is too misty, because of shisha

There aren't many people. The men, being in the bar, observe Scott doubtful, follow him eyes, exchange their opinions silently to each other.

Scott looks about carefully, seeks Taheem.

Taheem sits in a dark corner at an empty table. Scott glances at him, approaches to Taheem, pulls out a chair, sits opposite of him.

SCOTT

(studies Taheem)

Do you have something for me?

Taheem looks self-confident.

TAHEEM

Actually everything!

Scott looks nervously. Taheem takes a folder from a bag, gives it to Scott.

Scott opens the folder, takes out some papers, photos. Looks at Taheem with doubtful eyes.

SCOTT

How did you get it?

TAHEEM

I did my job, that's it!

Scott observes the photos carefully, there is an old school on one photo, on the other photos there are some streets of the village.

He observes a man on a last photo. As it seems, it's taken hidden, the photo quality is too bad.

Scott arranges the papers and photos, puts them together.

SCOTT
And the other one?

TAHEEM
The other one has changed his living place, but not far from his older one.

BEAT

Scott closes the folder, leans to Taheem.

SCOTT
Taheem, I hope you guess, your job hasn't finished!

Taheem looks at Scott with suspicious eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
I need to meet them, it's very important!

Taheem rests on a table with elbows.

TAHEEM
Could I know what the heck is happening?

SCOTT
Will you be with me?

Taheem looks at Scott, then looks forward with sinless eyes, hangs a head, grumbles.

TAHEEM
I will!

Taheem stands up, puffs, leaves Scott without greeting.

Scott narrows the eyes, utters.

SCOTT
I don't trust you, Taheem!

INT. LECTURER-ROOM - DAY

Scott enters to the lecture-room, there is noisy, the students have made a group, they argue loudly.

DIALOGUE IN ARABIC (OR ENGLISH)

STUDENT #1

(shouts)

You always say this, you coward!

Taheem moves to the student #1 fiercely to hit him. Others catch him not to allow to hit the boy.

TAHEEM

Don't dare to talk with me in this way!

STUDENT #1

Yeah! You always take interests on your things, you never care for your friends' problems!

TAHEEM

Really? And what do you know about my problems?

SCOTT tries to interrupt them.

SCOTT

Hello, everyone!

The students stop arguing and look at Scott, they disband. Taheem doesn't break a look on a student #1.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What's happening?

ZAFAR

Nothing, Sir, a small misunderstanding!

Scott fixes Taheem morosely, Taheem glances at Scott full of furious. Moves to the last desk.

SCOTT

OK, OK! Please calm down, we should start the lecture.

Students arrange themselves slowly, dissatisfied, talk to each other.

Scott waits till students sit down, stands at a table, looks strictly.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Today we will speak about the people dependence to the foreign objects, I don't care if it won't be interesting, there must be talked about this theme!

Silence.

Suddenly, Taheem jumps up, grabs his bag furiously, walks to exit fast. Everybody looks at him astonished. Taheem hits a leg at the door, leaves. Scott seems amazed.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GARDEN - DAY

Scott and Zafar walk in the garden, it's crowded by students.

SCOTT

What about were you arguing?

ZAFAR bows the eyes.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

OK, Zafar, if you don't want..

ZAFAR

As we told you, Abdulla's mother is in a hospital, Sir, and Abdulla can not attend the lectures. According to rules, he can't miss more than 7 days. In this case, he can't continue study.

SCOTT

And what do you want to do?

ZAFAR

We want to apply the board and support Abdulla. He must be with his mother! He doesn't have a father, somebody should take care of her!

SCOTT

Of course! It's a great idea!

Zafar stops, shakes a head unsatisfied.

ZAFAR

We know, if we apply, we will become punished because here isn't allowed to go against the direction. Taheem wouldn't join us, he always likes to defense his own interests only!

SCOTT

OK, Zafar, I understand!

INT. DIRECTOR'S ROOM - DAY

Omari sits at the table with glasses, writes, mumbles himself something not understandable.

Knock on a door.

Appears Scott, he enters without Amari's permission and looks at the director with questionnaire eyes.

OMARI

Mr. Hartley, what a nice visit!
Come in, sit down, please!

Scott sits gloomily. Omari opens large papers on a table, wants to show it to Scott.

OMARI (CONT'D)

Look, I was making our new project, students exchange program for this year..

SCOTT

Mr. Omari, I'd like to remind you, Abdulla's mother is still in a hospital!

Omari leaves the papers, takes off the glasses and falls down in his armchair dissatisfied.

OMARI

I see, you became a good team!

He leans to the table, puts his arms on it.

OMARI (CONT'D)

Mr. Hartley, our regulations..

SCOTT

(hot-tempered)

Mr. Omari, are you going to permit him to miss the lecturers, or not?

DIRECTOR

Mr. Heartley, if we change the regulation for one person, then there will be others and so on!

SCOTT

What happens if we compel him to attend the lectures and his mother dies? Will you be satisfied you didn't break the rules?

Director mutters unsatisfied, he passes a hand over his beard unsatisfied.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Or if we exclude him from the university, and break his goal to become a graduated person, will we receive the better result?

Amari looks (mournful).

DIRECTOR

Unfortunately, it isn't only up to me!

Scott stands up, rest upon a table, looks at Omari face to face.

SCOTT

Sometimes we aren't able to realize all the rules should be created for rendering us better, and not to damage us!

Scott leaves a room, slams a door. Omari stares at the closed door worried.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Scott comes out gloomy, crosses a wide street in front of university garden, catches a taxi, sits in.

EXT. CITY CENTER - DAY

Scott comes out off a taxi, walks slowly in a crowded street, looks about, passes a hand on a stomach. He goes into a mall over there, seeks something to eat. There are double rows for fast food. At one side stand only women, on the other one only men. The women have covered even their eyes.

Scott reads names of foods above and stops at the end of the women row, looks forward impatiently.

The women look at him strangely, change opinions in a low

voice. The men look at him suspiciously from another row. Scott glances a woman who tries to leave him. Scott looks around carefully with eyes, without moving a head. Notes the rows are separated, he makes a short step to the men row, looks false peaceful. He stands between the rows, they still look at him doubtfully. Scott finally joins awkwardly the men row.

Outside of the mall there is typical Saudi market, it's too crowded, the narrow streets are full of people, dirty corners, noisy.. Somebody sells a food in the street, he yells too loud to reach his voice to people.

Scott comes out from the mall, holds a Shaurma (Arabic fast food), and a bottle of watter.

Scott walks slowly, looks at everything around him. He opens a bottle and is going to drink watter, suddenly he glances Zafar, who comes out from a shop with a plastic bag. He stops at a little beggar, gives him coins and also some food from his plastic bag, he fonles the beggar and continues his way.

Scott looks at him, smiles, drinks watter.

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

Scott sits at the window, holds a pen and a notebook, writes down. He stops writings, lifts up a head, thinks, looks outside melancholy, continues writing, stops, erases everything. He dials on a phone.

SCOTT INTO PHONE

Zafar, can you come to me this evening? it's still early!

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT.

Scott and Zafar sit in a room, in armchairs.

SCOTT

How's Abdula's mother?

ZAFAR

Sir, you know...

SCOTT

Call me Scott, simply, at least when we are alone!

ZAFAR

Ok, Scott.. You know, Abdula has
got a right to stay with his
mother till she gets better!

Scott rises up eyebrows, settles back to armchairs, looks
self confident.

ZAFAR (CONT'D)
I didn't think if the director
would consider our demand!

Scott looks at Zafar satisfied, smiles. He bends to forward,
asks him like a secret.

SCOTT
Zafar, can I trust to Taheem?

Zafar gets a surprised face, he stares at Scott confusedly.

Scott fixes him impatiently.

ZAFAR
Scott, can you tell me what a
secret do you hide?

Scott studies Zafar carefully. Zafar doesn't break a look at
Scott.

SCOTT
Ok, Zafar, I trust you!

BEAT

SCOTT (CONT'D)
This isn't my first visit in this
country, I came here with my
parents 18 years ago. My father
was a journalist, he was holding a
journalistic enquiry. We lived in
a small village where the murder
has happened. There were killed
two American tourists.

Scott grabs the bag on a floor, takes a folder, chooses some
papers in it, gives them to Zafar, continues seeking for
photos.

Zafar takes the papers, looks inside.

ZAFAR
Which murder?

Scott gives him the photos too. Zafar observes them full of curiosity. Scott stands up, puts hands in pockets, moves to the window nervously, turns away.

SCOTT

The killers had found my parents
and killed them also, I was
survived, somehow I managed to
escape!

Zafar stops looking at papers, gives a glance Scott with a
dramatical face.

ZAFAR

Allah! I am very sorry, Scott!

Scott turns to Zafar, moves to him slowly, sits on the
armchair.

SCOTT

My life became like a hell, Zafar!
I did everything to come here for
a revenge. Taheem is helping me!

INT. TAHEEM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Taheem opens a half-dark door. He stops at a threshold,
holds a door-handle. He opens the door brighter, steps in.

The room has stone walls, is furnished miserable, there is a
few furniture, it's half empty.

TAHEEM

DALEELA! Aren't you sleeping?

A LITTLE GIRL IN A BAD

(mumbles)

No, Taheem!

Thee girl makes swinging a ballerina doll.

DALEELA

I'm waiting till my doll sleeps!

Taheem enters, sits on a bed boarder, caresses Daleela on a
cheek, smiles.

TAHEEM

Maybe your doll is waiting for you
before you asleep!

DALEELA

But, she must dance tomorrow
instead of me, it's EIRA's
birthday, did you forget it?

Taheem smiles, ruffles her hair.

Daleela laughs joyful. Taheem gives her a sign to be
quietly, looks at the doll, puts a finger on his lips,
laughs silently.

Daleela repeats Taheem's action by putting a finger on her
lips.

INT. HOTEL, SCOTT'S ROOM - NIGHT.

Zafar and Scott stand face to face.

Zafar shakes him a hand.

ZAFAR
Scott, be careful, just remember,
you are alone here!

SCOTT
Well, Zafar, tomorrow we won't
meet, there isn't my lecture-day!

ZAFAR
Yeah, I know! Ok, Scott,
goodnight!

Zafar leaves. Scott falls down in the armchair, crumbles his
eyes.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Zafar walks in a street, hands in pockets, looks forward,
seems too pensive.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GARDEN - DAY

Taheem runs after Zafar.

TAHEEM
Zafar! Wait!

ZAFAR
I'm in a hurry, Taheem, tell me
fast!

TAHEEM
Today it's my sister's birthday, I
would like to invite you and
Heartley!

Zafar gets ironic.

ZAFAR
 Didn't you find any other way to
 get closer to Scott Hartley?

Zafar leaves him, continues walking.

Taheem looks disappointed.

INT. TAHEEM'S HOUSE - EVENING

11 and 12 years old, dark-skinned, long-haired, pretty girls (AZADEH and EIRA) run into a not well-furnished bedroom, they wear coloured dresses with some bijouterie, only the 11 years old girl wears a yashmak, they stand in front of a mirror, laugh. One girl takes a pearl necklace, puts it on her neck.

DIALOGUE IN ARABIC/ENGLISH

Eira opens a breast, her eyes shine.

EIRA
 Look at me, AZADEH!

Azadeh seems amazed.

AZADEH
 So pretty!

Suddenly she gets a serious face.

AZADEH CONT'D
 But, today it's my turn, did you
 forget?

EIRA
 But today it's my birthday!

AZADEH
 All right, all right!

Azadeh runs to the room-door, she stops at the door, turns to the girl.

AZADEH (CONT'D)
 Hurry up, Eira, before I eat your
 birthday cake!

Azadeh escapes from the room, Eira follows her, she laughs joyful.

INT. TAHEEM'S LIVING-ROOM - DAY.

The room is full of old, traditional mobile, it's furnished a little bit better than a bedroom.

In the centre, there's a small table full of food, sweets and so on. In the middle of a table, there is a middle-sized birthday-cake.

Scott and Zafar come into the room, Taheem closes a door.

TAHEEM

Sit down, Mr. Hartley, Zafar! My sisters will be very happy..

Azadeh and Eira run into the living-room laughs.

TAHEEM (CONT'D)

Ah, they're here!

Girls stop momentary, bow heads in front of guests. Scott laughs at this behaviour.

TAHEEM (CONT'D)

Where's Daleela?

Scott and Zafar sit down on a sofa.

Taheem turns to Scott.

TAHEEM (CONT'D)

I'll bring Daleela, she was waiting for you!

Scott greets him a head courteously. Taheem leaves a room.

Into the room come Taheem's MOTHER and FATHER, traditionally dressed. A mother greets the guests shyly. Adds some sweets on a table.

Eira runs to the table.

EIRA

What a nice cake, mum!

Scott smiles to Eira.

SCOTT

Do you like it?

Meanwhile, a father greets to Zafar. Zafar turns to Scott, presents him the father.

ZAFAR

Mr. Heartley, this is Taheem's father.

FATHER shakes hand to Scott.

FATHER

Welcome!

Father glances to Eira while greeting Scott, suddenly he gets a furious face.

Father throws the fire from his eyes.

FATHER (CONT'D)

How do you dare to present
yourself without yashmak in front
of foreign men?!

Eira looks at his father scared and sticks to her mother. The father moves to Eira.

Eira screams and hides her face into her mother's dress.

EIRA

Mother!

The mother puts her hand on her own head sadly. Father grabs the girl's hair and pulls to him, the mother doesn't defend her, cries only. Father slaps Eira in the face. She falls down, screams.

Scott moves to the man to stop him. Zafar stares at Scott and shakes a head, signs him not to move. Scott stops worried.

The man seizes a hand to Eira, pulls her up, slaps again in another cheek.

FATHER

(roars)

How did you?!

Taheem brings Daleela sitting in a wheelchair, sees the scene, runs to Eira, pulls her ho separate from the father.

Mother cries hiding, Azadeh stands scared in a room corner, Scott and Zafar are in the middle of the room, Scott looks shocked.

Taheem grabs Eira, brings her out of the room.

Father sits down at the table, covers his face with hands nervously.

FATHER

Nobody has let her present out
without covering her hair!

Mother cries, mumbles.

MOTHER
It's her birthday today!

Father discovers his face, shouts.

FATHER
What does it change?

A mother runs out whining.

At the door, there sits Daleela in a wheelchair with her doll.

DALEELA
Father, once you told us, at
birthday all the wishes should
come true!

Father, Scott, Zafar turn to Daleela.

DALEELA (CONT'D)
Eira said, her wish was to be free
today!

Father jumps up furiously, leaves the room with fast steps.

Scott moves to Daleela, goes his knees in front of her.

SCOTT approaches Daleela.

SCOTT
HELLO, DALEELA!
Daleela seems sad.

DALEELA
My doll wanted to dance today!

SCOTT
And doesn't she dance anymore?

DALEELA
Today not anymore!

EXT. IN FRONT OF STONE HOUSES - DAY

Scott and Zafar come from Taheem's house. The house is located between many stone typical Saudi Arabic houses. Taheem runs back to them.

TAHEEM
Mr. Hartley! Sir!

Scott and Zafar stop, turn back. Taheem approaches them, he looks at Zafar. Zafar is going to move.

SCOTT
No, Zafar, stay here! Tell me,
Taheem!

TAHEEM
When would yo like to go there,
Sir?

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Eer.. Tomorrow! Let's go tomorrow
evening!

Taheem hangs a head.

TAHEEM
I'm sorry for today, but my
Father..

SCOTT
It's OK, Taheem! All of us are
survived, that's important!

They laugh.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

Scott enters into the hotel reception, walks slowly, looks thoughtfully.

The receptionist gives him keys. Scott takes the keys without a word, takes stairs. Suddenly he turns back, runs back to the receptionist.

SCOTT
Excuse me, I need to hire a car,
immediately!

THE RECEPTIONIST
Yes, in a minute, Sir!

Scott runs up the stairs again.

SCOTT
(talks by himself)
Today, Taheem, today!

Scott reaches the room, enters, makes a call, puts his laptop in a bag while speaking on a phone.

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)
Hello!

SCOTT
Hey, uncle, it's Scott!

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)
Hey, Scott! What a surprise!
How are you, son?

SCOTT
Listen, uncle, I don't have much
time!

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)
Don't make me afraid, Scott!

Scott leaves a room.

INT. HOTEL RECEPTION - DAY

Scott runs down stairs with handy in a hand.

SCOTT INTO PHONE
Com on, uncle! I know it's so
expensive, but..

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)
Scott, listen! It isn't only up to
me!

Scott stops at a hotel-hall.

Scott talks firmly.

SCOTT
Uncle, remember, it will be the
best thing you have ever done!

The receptionist stands up, puts a car-key on a table.

THE RECEPTIONIST TO SCOTT
Mr. Heartley, here's a key! The
car is ready!

Scott grabs the key.

SCOTT INTO PHONE
Ok, uncle, I'll call you later!

He hangs it up, turns to the receptionist.

SCOTT
If you were a woman, I'd have
invited you to have a cup of
coffee!

Scott turns to exist.

Receptionist looks strangely.

RECEPTIONIST
I drink tea, Mr. Haartley!

Scott answers him without turning to receptionist.

SCOTT
Oh, unbelievable!

Scott escapes outside.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY.

Scott's uncle stands in corridor, holds a cell phone, looks thoughtfully.

UNCLE
What a captious did you created
this time, Scott!

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - DAY.

Scott drives with grieved eyebrows.

QUICK SPLASH

LITTLE GIRL GIVES HIM A BREAD SLICE.

THE VOICE "PHATIMA! PHATIMA!"

SCOTT'S PARENTS' CORPSES.

INT. TAHEEM'S GARAGE - EVENING

Taheem puts some silk pieces at his car, Daleela is near to him, on the wheelchair. Taheem smiles to his sister and closes the boot. He caresses Daniela at her hairs.

Daleela smiles, makes a trick of dance to her doll.

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - EVENING

Scott approaches the village, breathes deeply. He stops the car, looks outs from a car window, opens a leather bag, takes a revolver, checks cartridges and comes out of the car.

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER - EVENING

Scott stands in the middle of narrow village street, looks

at an old, small house, where a young woman spreads some clothes. The woman is dressed traditionally.

Scott waits at the car before the woman enters home. Scott moves to the house, he stops at the door for a moment, grabs a handle, hesitates to open the door. Scott holds stretch the gun, he takes a deep breath and opens the door.

At the table, there are a man and a boy. The boy sits by his back to Scott.

Scott stretches a gun to them.

SCOTT
Don't move from your posts!

The boy turns.

Scott opens his mouth amazed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Zafar?!

Zafar jumps up immediately.

ZAFAR
Scott?! What are doing here?

Scott gets a cracked voice.

SCOTT
Don't move, Zafar, I'll shoot you!

Zafar sits down. The girls are frightened and stuck on the wall. She has an eye lost, an old wound on it. The rest of her face is too beautiful.

ZAFAR
Scott, calm down!

Scott suddenly grabs the girl and holds her under the gun.

Girl screams.

Man jumps up and shouts.

MAN #1
No! No Sir, please!

SCOTT turns to the man.

SCOTT

You know already who I am! Would you like to know the feel when your loveliest person dies in front of your eyes?

Scott twist the girl, girl cries, seems scared.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Do you want? Do you want? Have you ever been interested what does a 10 years old child feel when he finds his parents' corpses on the floor?!

The girl thrills and calls to the man.

Man roars with a dramatic face.

MAN

No, Fatima! Daughter!

Scott embarrasses and looks at the girl, then looks at the man.

Man cries, stretches out his arms to Scott.

MAN

Please, please, don't do it!

Scott looks with senseless eyes.

QUICK SPLASH

A GIRL GIVES HIM BREAD.

THE VOICE: PHATIMA! PHATIMA!

THE FACE OF THE MAN, WHO TAKES LITTLE PHATIMA'S HAND.

Scott looks at the man, the face of a man from memories and Phatima's father are the same, now he is older.

Silence

Man cries in a low voice.

MAN

Please, please!

SCOTT

Fatima?!

He looks at the girl. The girl cries and tries to look at Scott.

Scott falls a little bit.

The man rests upon a table. Zafar stands between them, observes the scene carefully.

MAN

How to please you to forgive me?

Scott clears up and tightens the girl again, looks the man pitiless.

Scott drives wild.

SCOTT

No, it isn't enough! You have just imagined what does it mean, but you haven't felt it!

The man falls down his knees, looks up at Scott with culprit's face.

MAN

Tell me what can I do for you, let my daughter go!

Scott calms down slowly.

SCOTT

I've dreamt for this moment for my whole life. And now.. Now I am going to kill the person who survived me?!

MAN

No, no, please! She has compensated his life because of you!

SCOTT

Yeah! She has! She has because she is a daughter of a killer! She shares bread somebody while his father shares the blood of others!

Phatima cries, tries to escape from Scott.

MAN

Forgive me, please!

QUICK SPLASH TO SCOTT

SCOTT'S UNCLE (O.V.)

"FORGIVE IF YOU WANT TO BE FORGIVEN!"

SCOTT

No, I won't forgive you! Never!

Scott breathes hard, tightens the girl, looks furious. Antwan stretches out hands to Scott, sobs, swings.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

But your daughter shouldn't pay
for you! I am in her debt, it isn't
her blame to be born as your
daughter!

Scott unties the girl, he looks defeated, bows eyes, hangs shoulders, lets her go away slowly. The girl runs to her father scared, but Zafar grabs her suddenly and catches Phatima

Phatima screams again. Zafar quickly takes a knife from his sock and sets it against the girl's throat. Phatima tries to escape from Zafar, she flounders like a fish.

ZAFAR

I am not interested in your
passions!

Zafar signs to Scott and Antwan by shaking a knife.

ZAFAR (CONT'D)

Antwan, if I won't get my reward,
you can say goodbye to your girl!

Antwan rises up firmly, tightens his teeth, says in a low voice.

ANTWAN

Zafar, let my daughter go!

Antwan moves to Zafar with hard steps, fixes his eyes firmly. Seems the bravest man in the world.

ANTWAN (CONT'D)

Don't dare to harm her!

Zafar indicates to Scott.

ZAFAR

Don't think, I am a coward like
him!

(shouts)

I need my money!

Scott stands with whining eyes, looks at Zafar gravely, rises up a gun slowly, stretches it out against Zafar.

SCOTT

Let her go, you bitch!

Zafar changes her look to Scott, makes Fatima a turn, puffs. Fatima cries, groans.

ZAFAR

Neither of us is an angel, Scott!
You wanted the same, what a
difference is there for what will
be killed her?!

Antwan looks up above, roars.

ANTWAN

Allah! Don't curse my family!

Fatima tightens Zafar's arm on her throat, tries to get free from Taheem, and to look at her Father.

PHATIMA

That's my life which is cursed,
not yours one, father! You made me
an eye lost because of someone's
survived life.

Scott embarrasses, opens eyes brightly, looks confused. Antwan stares at Fatima pitiful, hangs a head and shoulders.

PHATIMA (CONT'D)

And you have to look at your ugly
daughter's destroyed life. Is not
that a curse?!

Zafar tightens the girl, looks tired, exhausted. Fatima swings here and there, tries to move.

Scott holds again the gun stretch to Zafar, looks sullenness.

SCOTT

Zafar, let her go!

Fatima glances Scott, smiles bravely, proudly.

PHATIMA

No, Mister, let him kill me! The
hell isn't going to be worth, then
the earth!

Antwan suddenly tears away himself, runs to Zafar and Fatima with roaring.

Zafar untwists Fatima quickly, she falls down, screams. Zafar turns to Antwan, passes the knife into Antwan's body.

Antwan freezes, stares at Zafar, touches the knife, opens a mouth, falls down slowly on his knees, then falls down with a whole body.

Scott is under a shock, he looks the scene without a word.

Fatima jumps up with screaming, throws herself to her father. Zafar looks with senseless eyes.

PHATIMA (CONT'D)

No!

Antwan lies on a floor lifeless. Fatima overthrows the dead father's corpse.

PHATIMA (CONT'D)

No, father, no!

Fatima cries without lifting up a head. Scott stares at the girl with a dramatic face, holds a gun.

Zafar glances to the girl overthrown on her father.

ZAFAR (TO FATIMA)

Now your curse has gone away!

He passes Scott with staring at him, leaves.

Scott puts the gun in his back, approaches to Phatima, hangs again a head.

SCOTT

I'm so sorry! I couldn't imagine that was your father. I..

BEAT

Fatima lifts up her head, her face is full of tears, she speaks without looking at Scott.

PHATIMA

I've never regretted, I let you go!

Fatima wipes tears, sets on her knees, looks up at Scott.

PHATIMA (CONT'D)

By destroying other's life, you
won't bring back yours one! There
is no reason for revenge despite
feeding your grievous soul!

SILENCE

FATIMA

Now leave me alone with my father!

SCOTT

I can help!

Scott moves to dead Antwan, bands down to lift a corpse.
Fatima opens arms, covers her father with her body.

Scott stops bent for a moment, glances Fatima's movement,
rises up slowly, leaves gloomy.

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER - NIGHT

Scott comes out from Fatima's house and walks through the
street. Her eyes look somewhere, senseless. He reaches the
car, sits in.

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - NIGHT

Scott rests on the armchair, closes eyes.

His cell phone, left in the car, calls. Scott opens eyes
joyless, takes the mobile phone, looks at a screen, it's
Taheem.

Scott talks with a cracked voice.

SCOTT

Taheem!

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)

Sir, I wanted to say I'm ready
for tomorrow.

SCOTT INTO PHONE

No, Taheem, it's done
everything. I'll tell you later,
Taheem, Bye!

Scott throws the phone next to him. Winds a car.

INT. TAHEEM'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Taheem looks at the phone, his face is changed, worried. He
stares at Daleela, which sits on a wheelchair and plays with
her doll.

Two drops fall from Taheem's eyes.

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - NIGHT

Scott drives too fast. He takes a cell phone, dials.

SCOTT

Hello, uncle! Listen, I am not interested how your patients are doing.

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)

I see you don't have good mood today.

SCOTT

Uncle, I know you will operate the girl I told you, I just wanted..

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)

Scott, listen..

SCOTT

(shouts)

Uncle, will you do this damn operation or no? Reply me!

EXT. IN A CITY - DAY

Scott's uncle holds water bottles, jeans shorts, white t-shirt, sandals, walks from a shop to his car. Speaks on the phone.

Uncle brights an arm with bottles in it.

UNCLE

Calm down, Scott! You know there isn't only me.

SCOTT

What a hell! What a hell! All the doctors are real pigs. All of you are taking thousands of money from poor people, and nobody of you cares from where do they get it!

UNCLE INTO PHONE

Scott, what the hell is happening? Are you OK?

SCOTT

You never worry about a little, poor girl on a wheelchair, who dreams to became a ballerina!

UNCLE INTO PHONE

Scott! Scott! I don't understand
what do you mean, son!

SCOTT

Go to the hell all the doctors!
Did you understand now? Go to the
hell!

Scott switches off the phone, has a crazy face. He suddenly
turns the car and drives back.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

What a scoundrel are you, Scott!
God! When is it going to finish
everything..

DALEELA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Taheem sits in an armchair, he holds the ballerina doll and
stares at one point. His eyes are wet, doesn't cries. Looks
at the doll, then throws a look at sleepy Daleela.

TAHEEM

You will be able to dance, my
little girl! I promise you!

EXT. FATIMA'S GARDEN - NIGHT

Scott arrives at Fatima's house. He parks the car very near
to the house, comes out from the car very quickly, runs to
the house. He stops at the open door.

INT. FATIMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Fatima tries to replace her father's corpse. She seems
exhausted, tired, she cries and puffs while pulling the
corpse. The yashmak covers a half of her head. Her hear are
tousled.

Scott runs to them without a word and helps her to take the
corpse.

Fatima looks at him sullenly and covers the hair
immediately.

Scott has a culprit's face.

SCOTT

I shouldn't leave you alone.

PHATIMA

Let's put him on this bad!

Scott goes to the corpse's shoulders. Fatima holds him on the legs and they put him in the bad. Both puff.

Fatima tries to get rid of Scott's look. Scott notices this, bows his eyes.

SCOTT
I didn't want to do everything so.

PHATIMA
I know!

BEAT

Scott takes his visit card, gives it to Fatima.

SCOTT
Here're my address and a phone number!

Scott puts it on a table. Fatima glances the visit card.

Scott leaves the room.

INT. HOTEL - MORNING.

Scott finishes taking a shower, dries his hair with a towel while coming into the living room. He is half naked, has bent the towel on the hips, opens a window. There's the sunshine. Scott dials on the phone.

SCOTT INTO PHONE
Taheem, can you come to me?

ON THE OTHER HAND (O.V.)
I have to go to the university!

SCOTT
Taheem, we must find Zafar.

TAHEEM (O.V.)
Zafar? What has happened?

SCOTT
I am waiting for you, come here immediately!

INT. TAHEEM'S HOUSE - DAY

Taheem ends the call, takes his sister from a wheelchair and puts her in a bad.

TAHEEM
Mother will be back soon, my baby!

He kisses his sister on the forehead and leaves home.

EXT. HOTEL'S GARDEN.

Scott is in front of the hotel. He moves here and there, looks around, in every second stares at the watch.

Taheem arrives.

TAHEEM

I understand there is bad news.

SCOTT

Zafar has sold us, but if he thinks he is more clever, he's wrong.

Taheem looks confused, stares at Scott.

INT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Zafar steps in the university. He has hands in pocket, walks fast. Enters to the lecture-room. Some of students (four, five) are already there. He greets to them, looks thoughtfully.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Scott and Taheem walk in the street

TAHEEM

It's very hard situation, Sir. Now Zafar is more dangerous because he is in a danger himself.

SCOTT

Yeah, right! Taheem, can you go to the university to see if he went there?

TAHEEM

Aren't you coming with me, Sir?

SCOTT

I have to apply for leaving the job. After this incident, I really can't work and especially with Zafar.

BEAT

TAHEEM

I'm very sorry, Sir!

Scott nods a head sad, smiles awkwardly. Scott leaves,

Taheem stands frowning and follows the eyes to Scott, then he moves to the opposite of Scott and crosses the street.

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER, THE FUNERAL OF FATIMA'S FATHER - DAY

There are lots of people, all of them wear white thobe. They are near the grave, where the corpse is placed in a white tissue. A little bit behind there are women, Fatima is between them. One man, standing in front of the corpse, says some prays.

The women cry loudly. Fatima stands silence, she has covered all the face except eyes.

Caleb is not far away from Fatima when his mobile phone rings. He looks around hidden, answers it.

ARABIC DIALOGUE

CALEB INTO PHONE
Now there is no time!

BEAT

CALEB (COND'T)
Yes, right!

He leaves slowly.

Fatima notices his escape and follows him hidden. She doesn't approach to Caleb very much, but she stops at the point, from where she can listen to the words. Fatima stands at the back side of Caleb, so Caleb doesn't see her.

CALEB INTO PHONE
But we need the American to blame him the murder, so calm down and wait for me!

Fatima astonishes and approaches him a little.

CALEB (COND'T)
(chuckles)
But nobody will believe the woman,
so we can be calm.

BEAT

CALEB
Well, well.. I have to go now.

Fatima turns back confused. Caleb glances Fatima, fixes her blind eye, looks doubtful, approaches her.

Fatima looks around confused. Caleb stares at her continuously.

Fatima leaves Caleb and joins a group of women. Caleb follows her eyes.

INT. AT THE UNIVERSITY, LECTURER-ROOM - DAY

Taheem enters to the lecture-room.

There is quiet silence, in a room sit students, all of them are turned to Abdula. He talks.

TAHEEM

Good morning everybody!

Some students greet back. Taheem notices Abdula, smiles him, looks glad, moves to Abdula.

TAHEEM (CONT'D)

Abdulla, what a surprise! How is your mother?

ABDULLA

Well!

Abdula looks at Taheem hostility.

Taheem is taken aback, freezes, glances at students gravely. Some students bow eyes.

AWKWARD SILENCE

Tasks in a cracked voice.

TAHEEM

Have you seen Zafar?

No answer.

Taheem goes to his place at the last desk.

Enters Zafar. He seems calm, takes a place at the third desk.

Taheem shirks him the look, puts his bag on a desk and seeks for something in it.

ABDULLA

Isn't there Scott Heartley?

STUDENT #1

It seems he isn't.

ABDULLA

Strange!

Zafar looks stealthily at Taheem.

INT. FATIMA'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

In the living room there are 7-8 people (women and men), dressed up traditionally. They talk each other loudly, two women argue about something. Fatima stands near the door, she looks sad and tired, looks with senseless eyes.

ARABIC DIALOGUE

PHATIMA

Thank to everybody for helping me!

People stop talking, turn to Fatima, they glance each other.

WOMAN #1

If you are frightened, we'll stay
with you, daughter!

PHATIMA

I'd like to be alone.

All of them leave the house without a word. Fatima waits before the last one leaves the house. She closes the door, stands for a moment in the middle of the room, moves to the kitchen, fixes one corner of the kitchen, she takes a deep breath, moves toward the corner.

She stops at the corner, looks nervously, hesitates. She dares to go on her knees, almost touches her nose the floor, looks into a crack of a wood floor.

PHATIMA (CONT'D)

Yes, it's here!

She tries to break up a small piece of wood. She pulls up a board edge, but she isn't able to break it.

She pulls the edge again more powerfully. Suddenly, wood breaks and Fatima falls to the floor at her back with a piece of wood in a hand.

He stands up immediately and looks under the floor. There shines a golden cross with a golden chain.

Fatima moves her hand slowly, she thrills, doesn't dare to touch the cross, she finally grabs it and holds it firmly. She lifts up the cross up and stares it.

PHATIMA (CONT'D)

Why haven't you ever remembered
this thing, father?

(cross swings in air)
I.. I have never forgotten it.

Two tears drop.

PHATIMA (CONT'D)
How could I forget it? How could I
imagine that one small thing could
destroy someone's life?

She gets up slowly without breaking the look at the cross.

PHATIMA
But no, father! That's we, who
create silly problems by
ourselves, then shift the blame on
some inanimate objects, as though
they can damage us, like this
cross.

The voice of steps.

Fatima embarrasses, hides the cross immediately under the
clothes.

Enters Caleb, he stops in the middle room and looks at
Fatima.

CALEB
You have to be strong!

BEAT

Fatima looks like an iron, doesn't move, doesn't look at
Caleb.

CALEB (COND'T)
I came to say you aren't
alone. Don't you offer me to sit
down?

PHATIMA
Sit down!

Caleb knocks his fingers on a wooden table, passes a hand on
his beard, doesn't sit.

CALEB
Fatima, if we hold an inquiry into
your father's murder, will you be
on our side?

PHATIMA

My father is dead. There won't
change anything in it.

Caleb rises up eyebrows satisfied, has a flattering smile.

CALEB

Good night, Fatima.

Caleb leaves.

Fatima follows him the eyes repugnance. She discovers the
cross, studies it in a glance, moves to a shelf behind her,
takes Scott's visit card and reads it.

EXT. UNIVERSITY GARDEN - DAY

Taheem comes out from the university building, from his back
comes Zafar too.

ZAFAR

Taheem, wait!

Zafar comes up with Taheem, touches him on a shoulder.
Taheem turns.

TAHEEM

What did you create this time?

ZAFAR

I know you and Scott Heartley have
a deal.

TAHEEM

Then?

Zafar looks like a culprit.

ZAFAR

I am sure you know everything that
happens, now I need your help. All
three of us has his own interest.

Zafar looks fixedly at Taheem.

INT. AT THE HOTEL - DAY

Scott's mobile phone rings. Scott has disposed of an
armchair at the window, holds a photo album, views it. Scott
stops at a photo, where his parents are with a little Scott
on bicycles.

Scott casts a glance the phone, takes it apathetic.

SCOTT

Listen to you, Taheem!

Taheem waters the flowers, he has a uniform on.

TAHEEM

Sir, Could we meet this evening?

SCOTT

Don't you know how to greet someone?

TAHEEM

You never lose you sense of humor, Sir!

SCOTT

I'm at the hotel all the day. Come when you want!

Scott hangs up the phone, shakes head smiley, turns to the album.

After a second Taheem rings back. Scott answers.

SCOTT

And what this time?

TAHEEM (O.V.)

Don't you know how to tell goodbye someone?

SCOTT

(chuckles)

No!

He switches off the phone.

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

Scott eats a dinner in a room. He has some sausages, fried eggs, ketchup.

The waiter brings a bottle of fruit juice. He puts the bottle on a dish.

THE WAITER

Here is the fruit juice, Sir!

Scott answers him with a food in a mouth.

Thanks! Er.. I am waiting for a guest, a young boy. So, please, tell the receptionist to let him come in.

WAITER

Alright, Sir, good night!

Waiter leaves.

Scott opens the bottle, pours out a glass of juice. He takes the glass, looks at it, shakes, takes a sip, smells it.

he speaks ironical.

SCOTT

It's made in the year 1976,
half-dry. Hm.. Very aromatic..
Orange juice!

Knocking at the door. Scott glances a door.

Enters Taheem.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Come in, Taheem. Help me to finish
my dinner!

Taheem stands gloomy in the middle room.

TAHEEM

No, Sir, thank you! I..

Scott turns to serious, leaves the dinner, gets up.

SCOTT

Well, Taheem, tell me!

TAHEEM

Zafar wants to bring you to Caleb.

Scott looks astonished

TAHEEM (CONT'D)

He can make sure Caleb to come
anywhere without knowing that you
will be also there.

Scott puts the hands in pockets and walks toward the window,
he turns.

SCOTT

And why should I trust him?

TAHEEM

Zafar is afraid of him, so, it's
logic, Zafar wants to get rid of
Caleb.

Scott approaches to Taheem, looks him into eyes.

SCOTT
And why should I trust him?

Taheem bows eyes, Scott insists looking at him.

BEAT

TAHEEM
Because of my sister, Sir!

Scott rises up, stands frozen, looks at Taheem with pitiful eyes.

SCOTT
Well, Taheem, I take this provoke!

EXT. TYPICAL SAUDI MARKET - DAY

Scott walks through the market, observes everything around him, there are many colourful tissues, clothes, much people, noise, hum.

Scott stops at one salesman, touches a white abaya, it's quite big. The salesman stands up, looks at Scott impatiently. Mobile phone rings. Scott breaks his look over abaya, seeks a phone in pockets.

The salesman sits down disappointed.

Scott answers the phone.

EXT. IN A CITY - DAY

Fatima stands at a building corner, tries to cover her face with a yashmak, speaks on a phone concealed.

Fatima mumbles into the phone.

FATIMA
This is Fatima!

Scott looks surprised.

SCOTT
Fatima? I didn't expect your call to tell the truth.

Fatima fixes the cross in her hand.

FATIMA
I have something for you. Can we meet each other?

SCOTT

Of course, tell me where!

Scott looks around, glances a piece of paper at salesman's counter. He grabs it, gives a sign to Salesman for a pen. The salesman looks confused, rummages in a table, finds a pen, gives it to Scott.

Scott takes a pen and writes the address.

Fatima hangs up the phone, continues looking the cross.

FATIMA

Actually, you are golden but not every time desired.

Scott goes out of the market, stops, tightens hand on a head, closes eyes.

QUICK FLASHES

SCOTT AND HIS UNCLE RUN IN A PARK.

SCOTT

I DON'T KNOW, UNCLE, IF IT'S WORTHY TO RISK.

UNCLE

SCOTT, DO YOU KNOW WHAT A CORRECT APPROACH TO THE MATTER IS? TO THINK ALL THE TIME WHAT YOU WILL LOSE WITHOUT TAKING A RISK, AND NOT VICE VERSA.

INT. HOTEL - EVENING

Scott enters his room, looks gloomy. He puts a suitcase on a chest of drawers, approaches the bed slowly, with hard steps and sits on a bed.

He takes the golden cross from a pocket. For a moment he fixes the cross, then makes a fist with the cross inside, looks too pensive.

MUSIC

INT. TAHEEM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Taheem sits near his sister Daleela, reads her a tale. Daleela is in a bed, holds the ballerina doll, looks at taheem, she is almost asleep.

INT. ZAFAR'S ROOM - NIGHT

Zafar is in a bed, has elbows under a head and looks above. He stands up, opens a window, takes a deep breath and comes

back to bad. He turns here and there in a bad, can not find a rest.

EXT. THE STREET - NIGHT

Scott walks outside slowly.

INT. FATIMA'S HOME - NIGHT.

Fatima sets fire on a small candle, she pours out water into a glass, takes a sip of water and goes to wash the glass. While going to a tap, her dress hooks-up a nail at the corner of the wood table (where she has had an accident and lost the eye).

QUICK SPLASH

LITTLE FATIMA HITS HER EYE TO THE NAIL AND FALLS DOWN WITH TERRIBLE SCREAMING.

Fatima is agitated, she drops downs the glass.

MUSIC STOPS

The glass breaks.

EXT. IN A STREET - DAY

Zafar is walking in a street, he looks at the watch and takes a cell phone. He searches for Taheem in a phone, touches a thumb on the number, hesitates to deal. Changes an idea, puts the phone again in a pocket.

INT. HOUSE WHERE SCOTT'S PARENTS WERE KILLED - DAY

Caleb stops the car in front of the house, he takes a bag and comes out. Goes direct to the house, almost runs, enters into the house, stands in the middle of an only room. It's empty, old, abandoned. There is old wooden furniture, almost destroyed. Caleb puts the bag on a table, wipes sweaty forehead. He opens the bag and takes a white tissue, then take two revolvers with the tissue, takes them in a glance, and puts one of them in a table-drawer from one side, then walks with the other one to other side of the table, opens other drawer, puts the revolver in it.

He looks about, studies the room well.

Caleb goes out.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HOTEL - DAY

Taheem is in front of the hotel. He walks here and there and breaks his fingers.

Scott comes out from the hotel, glances at Taheem, moves to him. They shake hands.

SCOTT
You came at the time!

TAHEEM
Yeah. Er.. Sir, I am so nervous.

SCOTT
You should be!

TAHEEM
But, you look so calm.

SCOTT
I'll bring out the car, wait here
for me!

Scott goes direct the hotel. Taheem keeps the eyes at Scott.

EXT. THE STREET - DAY

Zafar talks on the phone.

ZAFAR
Yes, I know, I am waiting for
them. Everything is according to
the plan.

INT. A STONE ROOM - DAY

Caleb is in a small, stone house, almost empty, it's half dark.

CALEB
Ok, Zafar, I am ready!

Caleb hangs the phone and looks outside from a window at a house, where Scott's parents were killed.

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - DAY

Scott drives a car, next to him sits Taheem uneasily.

Taheem looks at Scott, then looks direct.

TAHEEM
I don't like this deal!

Scott puts on the brakes suddenly, Taheem bends in front of, almost hits a head on a torpedo.

Scott looks at Taheem, bands to him, looks him face to face mercilessly.

SCOTT

Listen! One more word, and I'll
hitch you to the car!

Taheem looks at Scott frightened, crooked at a car door.

TAHEEM

Those, who has done treason once,
it's possible to do it any time.

SCOTT

Didn't you want to make me sure to
accept the offer?

Taheem looks at Scott with wide, scared eyes.

EXT. STREET - DAY

There are many people, it's a sunshine.

Zafar sits on a corner of a sidewalk, and tortures the cell-phone in a hand, he is too nervous.

A car stops in front of him, Zafar jumps up immediately. Taheem comes out from the car, leaves a car door open, shakes a hand to Zafar, leaves.

Zafar sits in the car, Scott winds it.

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER - DAY

Fatima walks in a street with other women. They talk loudly, laugh. All of them hold different pitchers, wear black, traditional dresses, outside sit some people in front of their houses, children play football with an old, damaged old. The woman pass near the house, where Scott's parents were killed. Fatima, drops behind the women, looks at the house, looks around suspiciously.

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - DAY.

Scott drives. There is Zafar next to him. Both look angry.

ZAFAR

We are almost here.

SCOTT

I know.

Scott turns the car on the left and parks near the street, the car made an exhalation. Zafar and Scott look at each other hostility.

Zafar looks very strained and nervous.

ZAFAR

Scott, I..

SCOTT

I'll wait for you upward!

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER - DAY

Scott opens the car, delays for a moment, leaves the car.

He looks at the house, where his parents were killed, stops there, puts his arms akimbo, takes a deep breath and continues walking. Steps gravely, slowly, it seems too hard to enter the house.

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - DAY.

Zafar follows eyes to Scott, takes a phone and makes a call.

ZAFAR

Now it's up to you! I washed the hands!

Zafar hangs the phone and comes out of the car, rests on the car, whistles, looks around like a spy.

INT. HOUSE WHERE SCOTT'S PARENTS WERE KILLED - DAY

Scott enters into the room. He glances the old room, gets a sudden horror.

QUICK SPLASHES

A LITTLE SCOTT RUNS INTO THE ROOM. HE CALLS: MUM! DAD!

DEAD PARENT'S CORPSES ON A FLOOR.

Scott staggers and leans upon the table. He momentary closes his eyes, then shakes the head, sobers.

Scott enters into the room, touches an old, wooden wardrobe, a table, cleans dust from it with a finger, puts his hands in pockets, continues walking slowly through the room, looks about things.

Appears Caleb. He stops at the door, smiles ironically.

CALEB

Finally, we met, American!

Scott turns instantly. Caleb stands at a threshold. He has military dress on. Caleb enters, steps slowly, carefully, doesn't break a look at Scott. He has a scoffer face.

Scott follows him eyes full hatred, stands frozen.

SCOTT
Don't approach me!

Caleb stops at the table, pulls a chair, sits, looks calmed.

BEAT

CALEB
I wasn't sure you would have been
accepted to meet with me in this
circumstance.

SCOTT
What could make me afraid?

Caleb pulls another chair on the right of him.

CALEB
Sit down, American!

Scott doesn't sit. Scott stands at the table, stands in front of Caleb, looks down him repugnantly.

SCOTT
Why did you rent my life so
terribly, you coward?

CALEB
Allah decides everything. If
somebody dies, only Allah wanted
to take him.

Scott hits his fists the table, shouts, Caleb embarrasses frightened.

SCOTT
That's enough! Stop doing every
terrible thing by the name of
Allah!

BEAT

SCOTT (CONT'D)
There is no God, who teaches us to
kill, to sin, to create unhappy
people!

Caleb looks amazed, glances a table drawer.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

If there is a God, he will punish
me himself for my sins!

Scott throws a fire from his eyes, moves to Caleb again,
bends to him.

SCOTT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And you, sinful like me,
unbeliever like me, poor-spirited
like me, why do you let yourself
decide what is better for me or
for God?

Caleb fixes Scott's furious face, slowly moves a hand to the
drawer, where he has put a revolver.

CALEB

You didn't mention, it's
impossible to fight against own
brain-code.

Scott turns to the window, opens his arms, shakes a head,
laughs ironical.

SCOTT

Hah! You even know this is a
brain-code and no love for God..

Caleb jumps up suddenly, opens the drawer, Scott stops
talking, turns to Caleb. Caleb looks astonished. The drawer
is empty. Caleb looks at Scott, then looks into the drawer
again. He is too confused.

Scott looks at Caleb with an ironical smile, he narrows his
eyes.

Caleb leans upon a table, he is felt to thinking.

Scott moves to another drawer, pulls it out, turns the
drawer upside down. Caleb harasses, seems frightened.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Maybe you had it here?

Caleb notes other empty drawer, he respire gravely, falls
on the chair, stares down, sees defeated.

Scott pulls a chair with a winner face, sits down, puts his
arms on a table.

Scott throws the drawer down the floor, leans upon a table with winner's face.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

As you see, I had much to do before coming here. I am not alone, Caleb! That's you, who stayed alone, as you've always been.

Caleb doesn't change his pose, stares again the floor.

CALEB

Everybody has its own mission on the world!

SCOTT

Did you facilitate your life after executing your mission by killing them?

AWKWARD SILENCE

Scott rises up, does some steps here and there.

SCOTT (CONT'D) (turns to Caleb)

It's impossible to find happiness if there is someone, who suffers because of you!

Caleb lifts the head, puffs gravely.

CALEB

And now what are you going to do?

SCOTT

Maybe you are going to do something.

BEAT

Caleb looks confused, stares at Scott impatiently.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

It was my dream to see, how you fill when lost your dearest person.

Caleb embarrasses.

Scott takes a white handkerchief, with some blood spots, hesitates to give it to Caleb.

Caleb turns to Scott irresolutely. Caleb glances the handkerchief, jumps up stricken by grief, gets a mad face.

CALEB
(roars)

No!

Caleb grabs the handkerchief, spreads it crazy.

Scott swallows a saliva, looks like a culprit, bows his eyes, gets rid of Caleb's face.

Scott tries to get a strict face. Turns to whining Caleb.

SCOTT
It's still warm! He had it in his
hollow till the last moment.

Caleb holds the handkerchief, falls down to his knees, howls, roars terribly.

CALEB
Allah!

At this moment, Caleb has a face of the unluckiest person of the world, which cries, howls, roars helplessly.

Scott passes arms on his head, turns away, wipes wet eyes hidden of Caleb

SCOTT
It makes me pleasure, to see you
getting into a rage. I could sell
my whole life for this moment.

BEAT

SCOTT CONT'D
I was able to be the severest man
in the world while killing your
innocence child.

CALEB hits his fists on a table.

SCOTT
I only was thinking about your
reaction! I crazy wanted to see
exactly this pain, when you are
powerless against the monster, who
has destroyed your life.

Scott looks full of abhorrence, shouts with pitiless eyes. Caleb glides down slowly again, sobs, grasps his hair, goes

to his knees, leans down, touches a head on the floor, has an embryo pose.

Caleb sobs with a suppressed voice.

CALEB
 Why? You could do anything to me..
 But why my child?

Caleb lifts up a head, looks at Scott with whining eyes and slobbery mouth, stretches out an arm to Scott.

CALEB (COND'T)
 That's me, sinful in front of you!
 Why didn't you kill me the first?

Caleb lands the hands, overthrows, laments over.

Scott stands benumbed, stares at Caleb's actions, looks around with a culprit's face.

Crying Caleb hits his fists on the floor without lifting a head.

Scott moves to the window, closes it, approaches to Caleb, takes a revolver from his back.

Caleb uplifts the head, looks up at Scott, he is overthrown at Scott's legs.

CALEB
 Kill me! Kill me, please!

SCOTT
 I already killed you!

Scott puts a revolver on the table, steps over Caleb, leaves the room.

Caleb glances the revolver, he thrills, takes slowly the gun, looks predestined.

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER - DAY - SUNSHINE

A shoot (O.V.)

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - DAY.

Zafar clears up, looks around frightened, stares at the house, where Scott and Caleb entered.

EXT. FATIMA'S GARDEN - DAY

Fatima sweeps in a garden, a shot was heard, he stops,

arranges herself, a yashmak covers her half of face, the healthy eye looks far away, she is pretty like a peach flower in the Spring.

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER - DAY

Scott comes out of the house, he walks gloomy, makes hard steps.

Zafar glances walking Scott, seems astonished, winds up immediately the car, drives away.

Scott hears a car voice, glances a place, where the car parked, he smiles ironically, nods a head, continues walking.

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - DAY.

Zafar drives too fast, he looks worried.

EXT. FATIMA'S GARDEN - DAY

Scott approaches Phatima's house. Fatima looks out from a window. Scott rests upon a garden fence. She sees Scott, closes the window, rips a curtain. After a second comes out, he walks toward Scott earnestly, reaches a fence door, opens it.

SCOTT

I am sorry, I wasn't able to bring
you back the handkerchief.

Fatima speaks with a cracked voice.

FATIMA

The owner will get it back by
himself.

SCOTT

Now no one will force you to get
married to Caleb's disabled son.

Fatima gets rid of her face from Scott. Scott stares at her, moves to leave. He turns to Fatima.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

I couldn't imagine, after 18 years
you would be again my survivor.

Fatima looks down, tries to cover the blind eye with the yashmak.

FATIMA

It would be better if we break our conversation right now.

BEAT

Fatima closes the garden-door.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Revenge isn't the best solution.
Only cowards are prisoners of this sense!

Scott bows his eyes, leaves without a word.

INT. TAHEEM'S HOUSE - EVENING

Taheem sees a man with glasses to the door, they look terrified. Taheem opens the door gloomy, shakes the man a hand.

ARABIC DIALOGUE

TAHEEM

Thank you, doctor!

MAN

You should be in a rush, son! I'm so sorry!

Taheem bows his eyes, the doctor looks at him pitiful, puffs, leaves. Taheem turns back to the living room, where his mother and Daleela are. He looks at his mother, hangs a head. The mother covers her face with a hand, sobs.

DALEELA

Should I go dancing school soon?

Taheem swallows tears, glances his mother, moves to his sister, goes to his knees in front of Daleela, caresses her on a cheek.

TAHEEM

Of course, soon!

He looks up the mother, who wipes the tears.

TAHEEM (CONT'D)

I promise you!

Taheem's cell-phone rings, he stands up, takes a phone from a pocket, it's Scott Heartley.

TAHEEM

Sir!

SCOTT (O.V.)
Taheem, you should come
immediately!

Taheem hangs up the phone.

TAHEEM
Mom, I'll be back soon!

Mother nods a head without looking at him. Taheem takes a jacket, gets ready to leave.

Daleela smiles like an angel.

DALEELA
Taheem, I also can sit on a
wheelchair for my whole life!

Taheem stops frozen, after a second turns, moves to Daleela, leans upon her wheelchair, looks at Daleela face to face.

TAHEEM
Never, never fit your condition,
if you aren't happy in it! The
fight always, in every moment!
Never give up, and try to use
every occasion to win. Only this
way you will survive!

Taheem studies Daleela's face continuously for several seconds, he leaves home. Daleela follows him eyes.

Mother sobs.

EXT. HOTEL GARDEN - EVENING

Scott runs out from the hotel, plays with keys in a hand, whistles. He walks fast, puts keys in a jacket pocket.

Scott seems glad to see Taheem.

SCOTT
Hey! I was going to the bar near
here. The hotel waiter doesn't
bring me tea anymore because once
I told him to in a low voice it in
his ass.

(Scott laughs)
Can you imagine tea seven times a
day?

Taheem walks without a word, hung his head.

SCOTT (CONT'D)
Of course, you can!

Scott stretches out his arms.

What a heck you have, Taheem?!

TAHEEM
Today was a doctor at our home.

Scott gets a serious face, hangs a head too, looks worried.

TAHEEM (CONT'D)
If we don't wake up, it will be too late. In Daleela's age, the children grow up too fast!

Scott looks culprit, looks around, seeks something to get rid of Taheem's face.

TAHEEM (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
It's getting more dangerous..

Scott stops, stands in front of Taheem, touches his shoulders, looks Taheem face to face.

SCOTT
Listen! yesterday I talked with my uncle, he is ready to help you disinterested. So, you can tell me only the date.

Taheem looks at Scott disappointed, smiles sadly, hangs a head.

TAHEEM
Your uncle is a real angel!

Scott passes a hand on his neck, smiles awkwardly.

SCOTT
Yeah..

BEAT

SCOTT (CONT'D)
You know, Caleb is dead?

Taheem embarrasses, glances Scott with doubtful eyes.

SCOTT
No, no! He did suicide!

TAHEEM

What? And where is Zafar?

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - TWILIGHT, VILLAGE USHAIQER

Zafar drives. He stops the car in front of Fatima's house.

EXT. HOTEL GARDEN - EVENING

SCOTT

Zafar?

He lifts up the eyebrows, clears up.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Zafar!

He moves back slowly. Taheem looks confused.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

O, God! What an idiot I am!

Scott runs to the cars parked in a hotel garden. A portière runs to Scott immediately. Scott checks one car, is closed, he runs to another, also closed.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

Shit!

Runs to another car, the oldest one between the parked cars. It's open. Scott jumps in immediately, throws out all the cables very quickly, contacts them, winds the car up, drives away as fast as he can.

Taheem and a portière follow their eyes to Scott amazed, then they stare at each other.

INT. FATIMA'S HOUSE - TWILIGHT

Fatima enters into an almost dark room. Lights a candle, sets it on a table. Fatima screams, sticks on a wall.

FATIMA

What are doing here?

Zafar discovers from room corner, moves to Fatima slowly, with ailing eyes.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

Don't approach me!

Zafar moves to her aggressively.

ZAFAR

That was you, who helped the
American bitch to win in this
game?

FATIMA

Don't approach me, I'll kill you!

Step by step Fatima moves to an old, wooden chest of drawer.

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - NIGHT

Scott drives too fast.

INT. FATIMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zafar moves, takes slowly a revolver, stretches it toward
Fatima.

ZAFAR

You did a mistake by connecting
the American.

Fatima respire gravely, cries, is frightened, seeks a
drawer behind her, moves back where is no more space.

Fatima screams scared.

Allah, help me!

ZAFAR

Allah doesn't like ugly people,
because most of them are full of
hatred, because of their ugliness.

QUICK SPLASH

LITTLE FATIMA HITS HIS EYE ON THE NAIL, SHE SCREAMS.

GETS UP WITH BLOODY FACE, COVERS HALF FACE WITH A BLOODY
HAND.

Zafar stops very near to Fatima, sets a revolver on Fatima's
forehead, his eyes shine of aggressive.

ZAFAR

You let him execute his plan, but
why? Who is he for you?

Fatima stares at the revolver, takes hard breathes, brights
her eyes, thrills.

ZAFAR

And who I am, what am I doing
here? I killed your father, and
now I am going to kill you!

Zafar wipes a tear with one hand, then tightens it against the
revolver, looks madly.

ZAFAR (CONT'D)
Because I am greedy! I've never
been satisfied with what I have had!

Fatima reaches a drawer, tries to open it, she tumbles about
her back

Zafar narrows his eyes, tightens the revolver on Fatima's
forehead.

ZAFAR
Those, who are prisoners of
avidity, they always will be
ruined!

EXT. VILLAGE USHAIQER - NIGHT

Predestined screaming was heard.

INT/EXT. IN A CAR - NIGHT

Scott drives, he reaches Phatima's house. Stops a car near
the garden.

EXT. FATIMA'S GARDEN - NIGHT.

Scott jumps out of the car, runs into the house too fast
through the garden.

INT. FATIMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Scott opens a door, steps slowly in darkness gropingly.
Suddenly he embarrasses, steps something in liquid. He lifts
up his leg and makes a larger step, puts it again in a
sticky material.

Scott hits on hand on his pockets here and there, seeks a
light. Found a match, strikes it. In a half-dark room there
shines something (knife).

Scott looks around, notes a candle on a table, lights it.
Glances around him carefully.

SCOTT
O, my God!

Zafar lies lifeless on the floor, a bread slicer knife is set into his breast. He lies in own blood around. Zafar has arms opened, the head turned on the left, opened eyes.

FATIMA (O.V.)

That's you again?!

Scott, scared at a sudden voice, looks around, can't see Phatima.

Fatima steps forward, now Scott can see it. She holds Zafar's revolver, stretched out toward to Scott. She seems sick, her eyes look crazy. In a glance, she doesn't leave a sane impression.

Scott looks confused, he tries to say something, swallows a saliva, doesn't manage to speak.

Fatima moves slowly to Scott without lowering the gun.

Scott stares at Fatima wondered, Fatima looks at him face to face firmly, stops two meters distance to Scott.

SCOTT

What a hell has happened here?

PHATIMA

You came back to destroy me
finally, didn't you?

Scott tries to approach her, steps carefully, stretches out a hand to Fatima.

SCOTT

Fatima, calm down! I came to help
you!

Fatima laughs out loud, hangs back her head while laughing.

Scott opens his eyes widely, stares at Fatima amazed.

After some seconds, Fatima returns too serious.

PHATIMA

You came here to finish the story!
You came to execute the damnation
that suffer us along our lives!

Scott rests upon the table, hangs a head, shakes it.

PHATIMA (CONT'D)

I lost an eye because of you!
Nobody can imagine how much I
suffered for this!

SCOTT

Believe me..

PHATIMA

Shut up! You came here to kill
your parents' killers, but he was
my father, my father! Anyway..
Anyway, you knew the revenge
wouldn't bring your parents back!

Scott drops the tears, sobs hidden from Fatima, stays in the
same pose.

PHATIMA (CONT'D)

But you are lucky!

(notes Zafar)

This nonentity took all sins
instead of you!

Scott rises up, retreats slowly, culprit, looks at Fatima
with whining eyes.

BEAT

PHATIMA (CONT'D)

And finally, I became a killer!

(looks pity, mumbles)

Why, why did you come back? Why
didn't you appraise your gifted
life?

Scott eats his lips, tries to get rid of Fatima's eyes,
wipes tears with an elbow, moves to Fatima.

Scott approaches her a little bit.

SCOTT

Listen! Listen to me!

Fatima makes a revolver ready to shoot, stretches out it
against Scott.

Fatima loses a self-control, shouts.

FATIMA

I preserved your life two times,
that's enough!

Scott looks predestined, he closes the eyes.

Fatima closes her eyes too, shoots a revolver four times to
Scott.

Scott falls down lifeless.

Fatima holds the revolver still stretched out, opens her eyes, looks into the darkness. She seems the fiercest woman in the world.

PHATIMA

You weren't worthy to live! That's
my law!

EXT. A GRAVEYARD - DAY (THE USA, KENTUCKY)

There is a tomb with a script - Scott Heartley.

On the tomb, there is an only flower.

It's windy weather.

Near the tomb stand Scott's uncle, Taheem, Daleela.

Daleela STANDS, rests against a stick. She wears a white, long summer dress with red flowers, has a little bag on, her hairs wave.

The uncle stares at the grave with a dramatic face, whining eyes, his hands tremble a little bit. He holds some flowers in hand.

Taheem holds Daleela's hand, looks at the tomb sadly.

The uncle looks at Daleela slowly, gives her the flowers. Daleela looks up the uncle, he pushes her lightly to the tomb.

Taheem takes Daleela's stick, smiles her.

Daleela moves to Scott's grave slowly without a stick. She bends to the tomb, puts the flowers on it, stands, looks at the tomb, turns away, moves to Taheem and uncle. Uncle and Taheem stare at Daleela.

She stops, runs again to the tomb, opens a little bag, takes her ballerina-doll, looks at it, smiles, puts it standing on Scott's grave stone's corner, stands, seems satisfied.

In the stone corner there swings a golden cross too.