

No Time For Love

written by

John Stone

Circle of Fire

(c)

FADE IN:

INT. A MOTORWAY TUNNEL - LIT

ZOOM IN: Sporting black leathers and crash helmet JOSH (22) carelessly races the traffic on his 550cc motorcycle.

CAR HORN!!

Through the flash of headlights he swerves the oncoming traffic and narrowly misses a head-on collision with a car before he quickly regains control and races out of the tunnel.

EXT. GROUND FLOOR FLAT - NIGHT

Josh stops his motorbike outside the building to the sight of a Police vehicle and a stationary unmarked ambulance - Their blue lights flash as a small crowd gather nearby.

He lifts off his helmet then turns off his ignition before he climbs off the motorbike and races towards the opened door of the flat.

His big brown eyes show concern as he watches PARAMEDICS exit the flat with a body inside a body bag.

He steps towards them and unzips the bag to have a look at the cadaver.

A uniformed CONSTABLE steps in and pulls him to one side.

CONSTABLE

(angrily)

Stop! You shouldn't be doing that, sonny Jim.

JOSH

I know him. He's my brother.

CONSTABLE

And your name is?

JOSH

Josh. Joshua Gold.

CONSTABLE

And the deceased?

JOSH

Nicky.

The Constable makes notes as Josh watches the unmarked ambulance drive off with his brother's body inside.

CONSTABLE

In case you were wondering he OD'd. The needle was still sticking out of his neck when the ambulance crew arrived.

JOSH

I'm not surprised. It was only a matter of time. We tried to help him with his addiction, but it was impossible. He wouldn't listen to anyone.

CONSTABLE

Do you want us to inform the family? We can do it... it's no problem.

JOSH

No thanks. I'll do it m'self.

CONSTABLE

Sorry, we had to smash the kitchen window to get inside. The door was locked from within.

JOSH

That's okay.

CONSTABLE

I've arranged for a glazier. He should be here within the hour if you want to stick around and wait for him.

JOSH

Yeah, yeah, I will.

(sighs)

Can I ask who called you?

CONSTABLE

The neighbour, apparently.

Looks at his notes.

CONSTABLE /
Brian Tierney - Number fourteen.

JOSH
Thanks.

CONSTABLE
Anything else before I go?

JOSH
No thanks.

The Constable climbs back inside his vehicle and drives off.

Josh stares at the open door and wipes a solitary tear from his face.

CUT TO:

INT. KINGS ARMS P.H - NIGHT

Josh leans over the bar deep in thought. He picks up his beer and sinks a mouthful, before he is joined by his concerned girlfriend SARAH 20. She's a brunette with wild eyes and a mouth that doesn't close.

SARAH
Josh, where've you been, it's half-past ten for fuck sake? Why couldn't you let me know where you were?

JOSH
I needed some space.

SARAH
To drown your sorrows, more like.
(pauses)
Where've you been?

A protracted silence as he sinks another mouthful of beer.

JOSH
D'ya wanna drink, or not?

SARAH
(annoyance)
Well, yeah... now I'm here.
What'd you think?

BARMAN approaches.

SARAH
(to Barman)
Can I have a gin and tonic,
please?

BARMAN
Single, or double?

SARAH
Just a single, thanks.

BARMAN
Gordon's?

SARAH
That's fine.

Barman turns his back and prepares her drink.

SARAH
(to Josh)
So, do I have to guess, or are
you gonna tell me what's going
on?

JOSH
(sighs)
Yeah, yeah.

Barman completes the drink. Josh taps card machine with his
card before they walk towards a small table.

SARAH
Well, c'mon... what's happened,
Josh?

JOSH
I thought I'd go and see Nicky,
after work.

She holds her breath in anticipation.

SARAH
And?

JOSH
There was an unmarked ambulance
sitting outside his flat when I
got there. They brought him out
in a body bag. It was terrible.
He's dead.

SARAH

Oh dear. Why didn't you call me?

A short silence as she waits for him to answer.

JOSH

(solemnly)

He OD'd.

SARAH

(aback)

OD'd?

JOSH

Yeah.

SARAH

You didn't tell me he was on anything.

JOSH

I know, I know.

SARAH

How long have you known?

JOSH

I've always known. I was helping him to get off it.

SARAH

What was he taking?

JOSH

Smack - Heroin.

SARAH

Have you told your family yet?

JOSH

Yeah. I've been round there. I told them.

SARAH

Your mum must be distraught. Shouldn't you be with her, consoling her?

JOSH

She's got dad. I just can't do this sort of thing.

SARAH

He was your brother, Josh.

JOSH

(irked)

I know that.

SARAH

So why did you need to see him?

JOSH

He knew someone who wanted to buy the bike. He was gonna take me to the see the guy.

A protracted silence, before she gets to her feet.

SARAH

I'm going home. You coming, or staying here to bury your head in another pint of beer?

JOSH

I'm coming.

They drink up then exit.

SUPER: ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Josh kneels down and tidies his brother's grave.

JOSH

(to Nicky)

Well, mum always said nobody gets out of this world alive, didn't she?

(muted chuckle)

She knows everything.

(thoughtful pause)

I miss you, bruv. If only you would've listened to the people who cared about you, you'd still be here with us, wouldn't you?

(looks up at the sky)

I know you can hear me, bruv.

(tearful pause)

Just remember we all love you.

He climbs to his feet and brushes himself down.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Alarm clock rings a deafening sound as Josh stirs beneath the quilt. He finally awakes and checks the time.

CU: TIME 8.35

JOSH -

Shit!

He jumps out of bed in his pants and rushes to get dressed.

CUT TO:

INT. LIFT - DAY

Josh stands clutching a cappuccino in one hand, his crash helmet held over his arm.

DING.

The lift door opens and he's immediately confronted by a short, stocky, angry BOSS who checks his wristwatch.

BOSS

Late again, Joshua Gold. That's the third time this month.

JOSH

I know, I know, and I'm really sorry. I overslept. It won't happen again, I promise.

BOSS

You're absolutely right, son, it won't happen again. You're fired!

JOSH

(pleads)

Oh c'mon, Jack! It wasn't entirely my fault. I overslept. My brother...

BOSS

(interjects)

I don't want to know. You're still fired! You'll be paid what you're owed at the end of the week.

The Boss rushes off to deal with another issue.

Josh's jaw drops and shoulders sink, before he presses the button to go back down in the lift.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Josh opens the door and steps inside. He is immediately met by a scantily clad Sarah, dressed in a black nightgown. Her hair dishevelled, her mascara smudged. Guilt written all over her unprepared face.

SARAH

Josh, what are you doing home this early?

JOSH

I've been sacked.

SARAH

(angrily)

Sacked! But you're s'posed to be at work.

JOSH

I've been late too many times. They sacked me.

SARAH -

(shrugs and sighs)

Not again.

JOSH

I know. I know.

SARAH

But that's the fourth time in as many months.

JOSH

(dejectedly)

It's not my fault.

SARAH

Well, whose fault is it? I can't take this any more, Josh. We just can't go on like this. We're going around in circles. I've had enough. You'll have to leave, now.

He stares at her in dismay and notices something amiss.

JOSH

(furrowed brow)

Why are you still in your nighty?

SARAH

(defensively)

What?

JOSH

What's going on? Who the fuck have you got up there?

He races up the stairs. She chases after him.

SARAH

No! Don't Josh!

BEDROOM

He opens the door and sees his biracial friend SONNY (22) He lies naked on the bed.

JOSH

(apoplectic)

What the fuck are you doing shagging my bird, you dirty cunt!

Sarah rushes to block him as he goes for him.

Sonny jumps off the bed and cowers beneath the window.

SONNY

(fearfully)

Oh shit! I'm really sorry mate. I never...

SARAH

(furiously)

Leave him alone! It's not his doing, it's mine! I invited him here for a shag, because you're a fucking loser, Josh!

JOSH

(to Sonny)

Get the fuck out now, you cunt,
or I'll fucking nail you to that
wall, you dirty cunt!

SARAH

No! Stay!

JOSH

You what?!

SARAH

(to Josh)

No! You get out, Josh! Just go
will you?

He focuses his eyes upon her as she trembles.

JOSH

What?

SARAH

You heard. I want you to get your
things and get out now, Josh.
This is my pad, not yours. So get
out, or I'll call the police. I
mean it, Josh. I ain't messing
about. We're finished. It's over
between us.

JOSH

Fair enough. If that's what you
want, I will then.

(pauses)

I wasn't happy with you anyway. I
always knew you were a cheap
shag!

(to Sonny)

You can fucking have her mate.
She's only good for one thing,
and she ain't even any good at
that.

SARAH

At least I'm not a fucking
useless cunt!

JOSH

A lovely girl you turned out to be. I'll collect my things later, after you've finished sucking his cock.

SONNY

I'm really sorry, Josh. I never knew mate, I swear to ya.

JOSH

Bollocks you are!

SARAH

They'll be outside in plastic bags within fifteen minutes.

He slams the door shut behind him as he exits. She sighs her relief.

SONNY

I better go.

SARAH

No don't. Stay.

He looks at her and shakes his head.

SONNY

No thanks.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Josh revs his accelerator wildly then races off with a stuffed ruck sack on his back.

INT. ARMY CAREERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Josh enters and approaches the bench. He's met by a tall, well-built SERGEANT in uniform.

SERGEANT

Afternoon. How can I help?

JOSH

(nervously)

Hi.

SERGEANT

How can I help?

JOSH

Actually, I was thinking of signing up.

SERGEANT

(nods disbelievingly)

Were you?

JOSH

Yeah.

SERGEANT

And what made you decide that?

JOSH

I'm just at a loose end. I need a change of direction.

SERGEANT

Are you sure this would be the life for you?

JOSH

Yeah, I think so.

The Sergeant notices a certain abstinence in him.

SERGEANT

Things not going well for you, then?

JOSH

Not really.

A short silence as the Sergeant studies him further.

SERGEANT

I'll tell you what to do, shall I?

JOSH

Yes.

SERGEANT

If you're really serious about wanting to join the army, why don't you come back next week and I'll go through the necessary procedures with you. How does that sound?

JOSH

Fair enough.

He storms out.

SERGEANT -

Idiot.

The Sergeant shakes his head in wonder.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Josh enters.

Mrs Gold sits at the table with a hot drink and a cigarette in hand.

He kisses her upon the cheek then sits down next to her.

MRS GOLD

(dispassionately)

Where've you been?

JOSH

I went to sign up for the army.

MRS GOLD

I've lost one son. I don't wanna lose another one, fighting somebody else's wars.

JOSH

They didn't want me anyway. I'm no good to anyone, so that won't be happening either.

MRS GOLD

Oh don't be so silly... of course you are. We're all feeling down at the moment, what with Nicky's death. Your father don't talk. For all he cares I could be rotting in ditch. He wouldn't even notice. He blames me for Nicky.

JOSH

And he'll be blamed for nothing, I suppose?

MRS GOLD

Yeah, that's right.

JOSH

Because he never does anything but sit on his backside watching the racing while you run his bets.

MRS GOLD

That's right.

She looks up at him with great sadness in her eyes. He gives her a huge hug.

JOSH

I love you mum, but I've gotta get away from here, otherwise I'm gonna go crazy.

MRS GOLD

I wish I had the same opportunity.

JOSH

I was thinking of joining the Foreign Legion.

MRS GOLD

That's just stupid. You do want to be doing something like that, son. You'll get yourself killed doing that.

(pauses)

Why don't you try and see if you can get yourself on a kibbutz.

JOSH

A Kibbutz?

MRS GOLD

Yeah. Fruit picking in Israel. Jill's boy did it. He said he had a fantastic time out there and met loads of young people from all over the world. Jill said it changed him dramatically. He came back a different boy to the one she knew.

(pauses)

I'll ask her for the number and you can call them if you like.

JOSH

Sounds like just the ticket. Can you ring her and ask her for me?

MRS GOLD

All right.

She picks up her phone and makes the call.

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON STREET - DAY

The sun shines brightly when Josh looks over his shades up at the door numbers.

CU: Black Door 67.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Josh takes a seat among six other YOUNG PEOPLE of mixed sexes and ethnicities. None are above the age of twenty-one, or below the age of eighteen.

ELOISE is a slim bespectacled agency rep (late 20's). She enters through a door that leads to a small office. She has a friendly round face and a purple, punky hair style.

Josh's POV: Her name tag states her name.

ELOISE

(European accent)

Joshua Gold?

He gets to his feet.

JOSH

That's me.

She smiles warmly at him.

ELOISE

Come this way please.

He follows her through another door.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Tall climbing plants situated beneath a large sash cord window. Photos of KIBBUTZIM life scattered about the walls.

One photo in particular catches his eye, where a group of young volunteers of different nationalities sit around a camp fire among a number of small cabins. Their faces look happy to be there.

ELOISE

Take a seat, Josh. Or would you prefer if I call you Joshua?

JOSH

I don't mind. My friends call me Josh, so...

He sits down as she walks behind her desk and does the same. She stares across the table at him momentarily.

ELOISE

So let me introduce myself. I'm Eloise. I represent Project Sixty-Seven.

(taps her name tag)

Where did you hear about us?

JOSH

A visited your website. It looked interesting, so here I am.

ELOISE

So you know who we are and what we do here, then?

JOSH

Yes.

ELOISE

So tell me what attracted you to want to work on a kibbutz in the first place?

JOSH

The outdoor life really. It looks like a great opportunity to get away and learn another culture.

ELOISE

It certainly can be... but only if you put the effort in, Josh.

JOSH

I think it'd be a really good experience for someone like me.

ELOISE

Are you on a gap year, or anything?

JOSH

No, no. I'm not a student. Far from it. I'm a graphic designer. I'm just at a loose end, that's all.

ELOISE

Do you think you'll be able to get up at five O clock in the morning and pick fruit six days a week?

JOSH

Yeah. I can't see why not.

ELOISE

You might be asked to do other chores around the kibbutz. Would that be a problem for you also?

JOSH

No. That'll be fine.

ELOISE

(adjusts her specs)

So, let me tell you, kibbutzniks are very hard working people and expect the same from volunteers. You might be asked to work in the gardens, or with poultry. Have you ever rung a chickens neck?

JOSH

(chuckles)

No, but I can think of a few I wouldn't mind ringing.

ELOISE

Is that supposed to be a joke?

JOSH

Yes, it is. I'm sorry, it came out wrong.

ELOISE

I'm sorry but I have to ask you this - are you running away from anything in particular?

He ruminates momentarily.

JOSH

I suppose I am really.

ELOISE

Do you want to explain what that is?

He puffs out his cheeks and exhales.

JOSH

So, my brother died last month.

ELOISE

Oh, I am so sorry to hear that, Josh.

JOSH

That's okay. He overdosed on heroin. He was an addict.

ELOISE

Oh, that's so sad. I am sorry to hear that.

JOSH

And I lost my job.

ELOISE

Oh dear.

JOSH

And to top that, I caught my girlfriend shagging my best mate.

ELOISE

You really have had a lot of shit to deal with, haven't you?

JOSH

You could say that, yeah.

(pauses)

I just need to sort my head out really. That's why I want the opportunity to get away.

ELOISE

There's no time for love on a kibbutz, Josh.

JOSH

I'm done with all that.

ELOISE

Just as long as you promise that you will behave yourself while your out there. Remember you are in someone else's country. Respect them and they will respect you.

JOSH

I will. I really need this. I need to prove to myself that I can do this.

ELOISE

Well, if you are willing to work hard there shouldn't be any problems. But always remember that you will be judged upon how hard you are prepared to work.

JOSH

Yeah, yeah, I will.

ELOISE

Are you sure this is something that will inspire you, Josh? Because there is no way we will be able to help you find another kibbutz once you are out there. Some volunteers find themselves drifting around moshavs, and I wouldn't want to feel responsible if something happened to you while you were there, you understand.

JOSH

No, no, it's all good.
(thoughtful pause)
By the way, what's a moshav?

ELOISE

(smiles knowingly)

A co-operative farm, similar to the kibbutz, but unlike kibbutzim you get paid in cash to work... but you will have to support yourself. And it can be very hard work and exhausting. I know that some of our volunteers have ended up on a moshav just to earn their fare home.

JOSH

It's fine.

ELOISE

Great. Consider yourself a volunteer, Josh.

She gets to her feet and walks around the table.

ELOISE /

And welcome to Project Sixty-Seven. We will be in touch soon.

JOSH

(aback)

Is that it?

ELOISE

(pleasantly)

That's it. You can go and tell everyone you are going to work on a kibbutz.

JOSH

Right then, I will. And thanks.

He gets to his feet.

ELOISE

You do have a valid passport, I take it?

JOSH

Yeah, yeah.

ELOISE

Bye then, Josh.

He bears a huge grin as she ushers him out.

ELOISE /
(calls out)
Julia Stonehouse.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BEN GURIAN AIRPORT - DAY

Josh pulls his trolley case behind him as he marches towards the exit among a mixed group of eight British VOLUNTEERS.

His POV: ARMED SOLDIERS in green uniform of all sexes mingle with travellers while some observe as they stand guard.

Thick set Irishman JERRY SHAE (20) has short cropped hair and a thin moustache. He carries a GUITAR HARDCASE and a large rucksack.

JOSH
(to Jerry)
I can't believe it, there's
soldiers everywhere, man. What's
going on?

JERRY
(grins back)
Yeah. It's like fuckin' Northern
Ireland back in the day, man.
D'ya know what I mean?

JOSH
Yeah, I think so. By the way, I'm
Josh. Good to meet ya, bro.

JERRY
Jerry.
(pauses)
Where are you from?

JOSH
East London.

JERRY
Belfast.

JOSH
My mum's Irish. She's from
Dublin. I've got two passports.

JERRY

Nice one. I've just got the one -
British.

They chuckle in anticipation as they walk towards a waiting
bus packed with commuters.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs Gold sits at the table. She nervously smokes a cigarette.

DOORBELL.

She stubs out the cigarette then gets to her feet and exits.

INT/EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Sarah waits as Mrs Gold finally opens the door.

MRS GOLD

(hostilely)

What do you want?

SARAH

(flushed)

I need to speak to Josh urgently.

MRS GOLD

Well, you're too late, he's gone.

SARAH

Gone? Gone where?

MRS GOLD

Israel.

SARAH

(aback)

Israel?!

MRS GOLD

That's what I just said, cloth
ears.

SARAH

What's he gone there for?

MRS GOLD

To work.

SARAH

Doing what?

MRS GOLD

I don't know. You'll just have to ask him when you next see him.

SARAH

Can you pass on a message for me if he calls? He's not replying to any of my messages, or phone calls.

MRS GOLD

Well, maybe you should take the hint, then, and leave him alone.

A short silence as Sarah ruminates.

SARAH

Can you let him know I've been asking for him? I just want him to know I'm sorry for what happened.

MRS GOLD

Tell him yourself!

Mrs Gold slams the door in her face.

CUT TO:

EXT/INT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

It's a hot sunny afternoon as the Volunteers exit the bus and march towards-

VOLUNTEERS QUARTERS

A small green patch of grass surrounded by twenty-four concrete CABINS, some covered in artistic graffiti. Each are numbered 1-30, and most are occupied.

Perpendicular lies a small outside kitchen diner where some VOLUNTEERS make pancakes and drink bottled beer.

A group from Norway sunbathe on the lawn in just their bikinis as the music of Coldplay rings out from one of the cabins.

Josh and Jerry drop their luggage in unison and stand in awe of the tantalising aesthetics.

JOSH

(smirks)

Wow! I think we've hit the jackpot.

JERRY -

(chuckles)

Yeah. Welcome to paradise.

They glance at one another with a huge grin on their faces.

They are quickly met by friendly volunteer leader RENATE 27. She's a cuddly Dutch girl with pout lips and big brown eyes. She shows them to their cabin.

RENATE

Welcome to the kibbutz. I'm Renate, your volunteer leader.

JOSH

Hi. I'm Josh.

Shakes her hand.

JERRY

Jerry.

Shakes hand.

RENATE

Come, and I'll show you to your cabin.

INT. CABIN - DAY

They enter and place their bags upon one of the two beds situated side by side.

Each of the 14 X 14 cabins has a window and a tall wardrobe.

RENATE /

So, this is your cabin. Just to let you know we have volunteers from Finland, Norway and Sweden here at the moment. We're expecting a group from my country - Holland. I'll introduce you to everyone after dinner. And if there's anything you need, you'll find me in the first cabin next to the kitchen - Cabin one.

JOSH

Excellent. Thanks.

JERRY

Great.

She steps outside.

JOSH

Oh, what time's dinner? I'm starving.

RENATE

Dinner is seven till nine. But if you're really hungry and nice, you can ask one of the volunteers in the kitchen to make you a pancake. I'm sure they won't mind.

JOSH

Lovely. Thanks.

CU: Guitar case.

RENATE

I look forward to hearing some live music around the camp fire.
(to Jerry)
Do you play?

JERRY

(sheepishly)
Still learning.

RENATE

Well, we have plenty of volunteers who play here, so you'll be in good company.

JERRY

Superb.

She walks off.

Josh stands inside the door frame and soaks up the beautiful sunshine and new surroundings.

The Norwegian female Volunteers smile at him and pass him a friendly wave.

JOSH
(chuckles)

Woah!

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

KIBBUTZNIKS gather and sit at the far end of the spacious hall.

Josh sits at a long dining table with the Volunteers.

TOVA (18) has cropped hair and big blue eyes. She gazes across the table at him as they eat.

TOVA
Hi. What's your name?

JOSH
Josh.

TOVA
I'm Tova. All of us on this table are from Sweden.

JOSH
OK.

TOVA
And you are from?

JOSH
London.

JERRY
(interjects)
And I'm from Northern Ireland.

She glances at the girl seated next to her - UNNI. She's a big busted, blue eyed girl.

TOVA

Unni's from Norway. But her table
is full.

He looks across the table and passes her a friendly smile.

JOSH

Unni.

UNNI

Hello.

TOVA

(knowing grin)

I think she likes you.

UNNI

(sheepishly)

Stop it.

JOSH

(embarrassed)

That's nice.

TOVA

I'm just pulling your leg. Nice
to meet you, Josh and Jeremy.

Burst of laughter.

JERRY

It's Jerry.

TOVA

Oops.

EXT. TRUCK - DAY

Josh and eight other Volunteers climb onto the back before
they're driven off.

EXT. PARDES - DAY

Oranges are the order of the day as Josh and the other
Volunteers set to work on CHERRY PICKERS. They load them onto
the back of one of the many crates connected to a RED
TRACTOR.

Beat.

A curly haired KIBBUTZNIK (40) waves Josh down from his cherry picker.

KIBBUTZNIK
Have you driven a tractor before?

JOSH
(sheepishly)
Yeah.

KIBBUTZNIK
OK. You will take the tractor to the cold store at the kibbutz. Do you know the way?

JOSH
(shakes head)
Not really.

KIBBUTZNIK
OK. Follow road straight. When you reach kibbutz follow road to far end. You will see tall building with black gates. Please drive slowly, otherwise the crates will come loose and fall off.

JOSH
OK.

He climbs onto the tractor and starts the engine.

KIBBUTZNIK
Oh, and if anyone wants to take some oranges, let them take them... but don't stop the tractor, keep moving, okay?

JOSH
Yeah, yeah.

KIBBUTZNIK
Go.

Josh sets off and drives a long line of trailers filled with oranges towards the cold store. He is in his happy place.

POV: A clear blue sky above the orange trees that furnish a clear country road.

JOSH -
(happy tears)
My Heaven.

INT. MEN'S SHOWERS - NIGHT

Josh and Jerry stand under the sprinkle of hot water and wash when gorgeous volunteers BAMBI (19) and JULIA (20) enter with just a towel wrapped around their naked bodies.

BAMBI
(excitedly)
Hello boys!

They drop their towels and join them in the shower.

JERRY
(excitedly)
Fucking hell! Whoa!

JOSH
(flushed)
C'mon!

BAMBI
Don't get any ideas, boys. Our
showers are broken. We need to
share.

JOSH
No problem.

JULIA
There's no hot water in ours.

JOSH
(to Julia)
Get under here with me, then. You
can share mine.

JERRY
Whoa!

They share the showers during some soapy play time.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

The bomb shelter used for chilling serves the Volunteers.
Bottled beer and alcohol can be bought and consumed.

The sound of Ibiza classics rings out as they laze upon bean bags and drink.

DAHLIA and IRIS - two beautiful eighteen year old Kibbutzniks. They enter and join in the fun.

Dahlia is bespectacled and has long black curly hair and a sweet round face.

Iris is shorter and petite with long black hair and a thinner face.

MARCO, (27) a dark pigmented Portuguese volunteer introduces them to Josh and Jerry as the stand by the exit with a beer in hand.

MARCO

So, this is Josh, he's our new guy. He's from England. And this is Jerry, also a new guy from Ireland.

JERRY

Belfast, actually. But it's okay.

DAHLIA

Hello, Josh.

JOSH

Alright?

DAHLIA

It's my birthday. I'm eighteen today.

JOSH

(casually)
Happy birthday.

DAHLIA

I'm Dahlia.

JOSH

That's a nice name.

DAHLIA

Have you bought me a present?

JOSH

(chuckles)
No! How could I? I didn't know it was your birthday, did I?

DAHLIA

(grins)

I'm joking. It's okay.

JOSH

OK. Close your eyes.

DAHLIA

(coyly)

What?

JOSH

Go on. Close your eyes before I
change my mind.

She glances at Iris suspiciously, then closes her eyes. He leans forward and kisses her softly upon her pout lips.

Dumbstruck and agape, she opens her eyes. Iris bursts into shocked laughter.

IRIS

Oh my God!

JOSH

Happy birthday, Dahlia.

DAHLIA

(lovestruck)

Oh my...

JERRY

(laughs)

Magic.

JOSH

Now let me get you a nice beer to
celebrate, as you're eighteen
today.

He walks towards the bar and grabs some beers from the crate. Her eyes follow him with complete adoration.

EXT. VOLUNTEERS QUARTERS - NIGHT

Josh and Dahlia sit huddled together around a lit camp fire among other Volunteers.

Unni plays acoustic guitar and sings beautifully - **Oh Daddy by Fleetwood Mac.**

DAHLIA

She has a sweet voice, doesn't she?

JOSH

Oh yeah. She's good. I could listen to her all night.

DAHLIA

I wish I could sing. We have a band on the kibbutz.

JOSH

That's cool.

DAHLIA

They need a singer who can sing in English. They only play English songs.

JOSH

I'll do it. I used to be in a band.

DAHLIA

I will speak to Elan. It's his band.

JOSH

Cool.

Unni finishes the song to a round of applause.

White haired AKI (22) from Finland is handed the guitar. He begins to play and sing - **Blowing In The Wind by Bob Dylan.**

DAHLIA

Do you want to see my house?

JOSH

Sure.

DAHLIA

I'll show you after your turn.

JOSH

OK. Great.

Aki gets a round of applause then the guitar is handed to Josh.

UNNI

What are you going to sing for
us, Josh?

POV: A cluster of coruscating stars set within a clear blue
sky.

JOSH.

OK. This is called Yellow, by
Coldplay.

He nails it.

When the song finishes he gets a huge round of applause,
before he gets to his feet and walks Dahlia towards a
bungalow with a pretty front garden.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

They stop outside and hold hands.

DAHLIA

So, here we are.

Josh gazes at her and grins.

JOSH

Nice.

DAHLIA

I don't know you well enough to
invite you into my house yet.

JOSH

D' you wanna see a trick, then?

DAHLIA

(aback)

Sure. But what is it?

JOSH

Just watch. I'll show you.

He put his hands behind his back and locks them together. He
then brings them up and over his head whilst still locked
together.

DAHLIA

(gasps)

Oh my God! How did you do that?

JOSH

I've got joint hypermobility.

DAHLIA

How come?

JOSH

I dunno. I was born with it.

DAHLIA

Oh my God, you really are different.

JOSH

I know.

DAHLIA

It's just so sad, because I know you will leave one day. Everybody leaves eventually. No one ever stays here. It's difficult to get to know people.

JOSH

Well, that's not gonna happen for a long time. I have no desire to leave yet, Dahlia.

DAHLIA

I'm scared if I like you too much. You will go home and forget all about me.

JOSH

Carpe diem. Live for the moment. Worry about the future when it happens.

DAHLIA

What? That doesn't make sense.

JOSH

You know what I mean.

He kisses her upon the lips. She gazes into his eyes with eagerness.

DAHLIA

Again.

He repeats the same action. She devours him.

He stops. She's transfixed upon him as she squeezes him tightly.

DAHLIA
Your kisses are so-

JOSH
(chuckles)
-So what?

DAHLIA
Delicious. I want more.

JOSH
You're so funny.

They kiss again.

DAHLIA
Am I still taking you to the Dead
Sea tomorrow?

JOSH
Yeah... My bag's are packed. I'm
ready to go. I can't wait.

DAHLIA
(grins)
OK.

JOSH
Well, I s'pose I better get an
early night if I've gotta be up
early.

DAHLIA
OK. I will meet you at seven in
the morning. We need to get the
first bus. It's going to be a
long day.

JOSH
I know it is.

DAHLIA
Just kiss me once more and I'll
let you go.

He kisses her again. She's putty in his arms.

JOSH
Nighty night, flower.

DAHLIA
Goodnight, my handsome
Englishman.

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

EXT. DOME ON THE ROCK - DAY

They gaze into each others eyes as she takes a selfie with her iPhone.

EXT. OLD TOWN MARKET - DAY

They stand at a busy market stall. Josh tries on different hats while she dresses up in scarves, before she take more selfies of them together.

EXT. FOOD STALL - DAY

They stand and eat falafel in pitta bread.

EXT. DEAD SEA - DAY

They take the plunge and soak on the water.

JOSH
This is incredible. My happy
place. I love it.

Dahlia chuckles.

DAHLIA
My happy place too.

EXT. NEGEV - DAY

They ride a CAMEL as a BEDOUIN leads them through the sandy terrain and more selfies.

INT. HOSTEL - NIGHT

They lie inside a double sleeping bag. He leans over her.

JOSH

What a fantastic day. I can't believe we did so much in one day. I will never forget it.

DAHLIA

But there is so much more to see. Next time I will take you to the Hot springs in Tiberias.

JOSH

You promise?

DAHLIA

Yes.

He strokes her hair as he studies her face.

JOSH

It's a shame everyone has to be in the army.

DAHLIA

Tell me about it.

JOSH

Will you have to go too?

DAHLIA

Yes. For one year at least.

JOSH

I'll miss you.

DAHLIA

(chuckles)

Don't be silly. You probably won't even be here when that happens.

JOSH

I will. I'm not leaving you, ever. I will join too if I have to.

They kiss, before they close their eyes to sleep.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

They exit the bus and walk hand in hand towards the gates.

Two SOLDIERS guard the entrance.

DAHLIA

(to Soldier)

Why are you standing at the gate?

SOLDIER

I cannot let you pass without seeing your ID first.

DAHLIA

(tearfully)

Why not? What's wrong? Where are my parents?

SOLDIER

I'm afraid the kibbutz was attacked early this morning by militants.

DAHLIA

(petrified)

What?! But where are my parents? Oh my God! What's going on?!

SOLDIER

It's OK. Please calm down. No one has been killed... or hurt, even. But I need to see your ID before I can let you inside.

JOSH

I'm a British volunteer. My ID is inside my room.

SOLDIER

You have passport?

JOSH

Yes. In my room.

SOLDIER

Show.

JOSH

It's in my room at the volunteer quarters.

DAHLIA

My name is Dahlia. I'm a kibbutznik. I need to find my parents immediately.

SOLDIER

OK. OK. Please calm down, Dahlia. I will let you pass in just a moment.

JOSH

(to Soldier)

What about the volunteers?

SOLDIER

Some are at the pardes. Some are here working.

JOSH

This is terrible. How can something like this happen? I thought we were protected on the kibbutz.

SOLDIER

This is Israel. Shit happens every day. We have to live with it.

DAHLIA

It's true, Josh. It's scary sometimes.

SOLDIER

OK. You can go through.

She runs straight towards her parents bungalow. He rushes towards the-

VOLUNTEERS QUARTER.

His iPhone rings. He answers.

MRS GOLD V.O

(concernedly)

Josh, is that you? Can you hear me?

JOSH

(on phone)

Yes mum, I can. What's wrong?

MRS GOLD V.O

That's better.

JOSH

Mum, why are you calling me?

MRS GOLD V.O

I want you to come home.

JOSH

It's okay, I'm safe. It's fine.

MRS GOLD V.O

Have you heard what's happening there?

JOSH

I just heard, yeah.

MRS GOLD V.O

It's all over the news here.

JOSH

I know, mum. But I've only just heard.

MRS GOLD V.O

Oh, Josh, I'm begging you, please come home right away.

JOSH

But I haven't seen any fighting, mum. They're just exaggerating. It's probably, mostly all fake news.

MRS GOLD V.O

No, it's not, Josh. A kibbutz was attacked and people inside were murdered, including volunteers.

JOSH

Not where I am.

MRS GOLD V.O

They're killing everyone and anyone. I'm watching it unfold on the tele.

JOSH

OK. Listen, mum, I'll find out what's happening then let you know what I'm going to do, alright?

MRS GOLD V.O

Please come home, please, Josh. I don't want anything bad to happen to you. You're my only son now.

JOSH

OK. OK. I'll call you when I find out what's happening, I promise.

MRS GOLD V.O

OK. But phone me. We're worried sick here.

JOSH

I will. I will, I promise.

MRS GOLD V.O

I love you, Josh. Please be careful, wontcha?

JOSH

I love you too, mum. And stop worrying. I'm a big boy. I'll be alright.

He ends the call and walks across the grass towards the kitchen area where he sits down at the table and ruminates.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Chief Kibbutznik - JACQUE 50's, slightly built man with long curly black hair. He carries a heavy beard and weathered skin.

The Volunteers remain seated at tables as he approaches with a disturbed look upon his face.

JACQUE

It is with great sadness that I have to pass on this terrible news to you all. But we are going to have to close the volunteer's quarters immediately and for the foreseeable future. You will all leave the kibbutz straight away. A coach will come to take you to your Embassy's in Tel Aviv, or to the airport, so you can buy a ticket to return home.

Collection of groans.

JACQUE /

As you know this kibbutz was the target of a missile strike from the West bank earlier today and it is lucky nobody was killed, or injured

(deliberate pause)

We will, of course help you to find an alternative kibbutz if you so wish, but I would advise for you suspend your holidays and return home to your countries, until we end this violent attack on our people, and our country.

Josh puts his head in hands in despair.

JOSH -

Oh no. Not now.

JERRY -

Shit.

JACQUE /

As you have probably heard our country is entering a dark phase in its history, so it would not be safe for you to remain in the South of Israel. We are only three kilometres from the West Bank. We have been attacked in the past, so it would not be a surprise if they try to do so again.

(sad pause)

If any of you have any questions I'll try to answer them for you best as can.

JERRY

Would you be able to write a reference for another kibbutz in the north?

JACQUE

Yes, of course. And we have some friends in the North of Israel who will be able to accommodate you. I will call them to let them know you are going to come. But I would follow my strict advice. The war may spread to the North also, since our country borders Lebanon and we have enemies there too.

JOSH

Is there not any way that I can stay? I really don't want to leave. I really like it here.

JACQUE

No. We cannot guarantee your safety. I'm very sorry, but you will have to leave like everybody else.

JOSH

But my girlfriend is a kibbutznic. I can't just leave her.

JACQUE

Give me her name and I will speak with her. She will understand, I promise. We Kibbutzniks are used to people coming and going. People rarely stay here for longer than six months.

JOSH

Dahlia.

JACQUE

Ah, Dahlia. I will speak to her. She will understand. Now please take all your possessions and wait at the gate for the coach to arrive.

EXT. KIBBUTZ GATES - DAY

Josh and Dahlia stand at the gate. She tearfully clings to his arm.

DAHLIA

But what will you do when you leave here?

JOSH

I'm going down to Eilat. I heard they're looking for people to work at the coach station.

DAHLIA

Shall I come with you?

JOSH

No, you can't. It's safer for you here with your people. Anyway, your parents need you to protect them.

DAHLIA

I love you, Josh. Please promise me you will come back one day?

JOSH

I will. Let me know when they're allowing volunteers back on the kibbutz and I'll be here like a shot, I promise.

DAHLIA

OK.

JOSH

Keep asking them when I can come back so I can marry you and live here forever.

They have a tearful hug.

DAHLIA

We can speak on the phone, yes?

JOSH

You betcha. And I'll send you some nice photo's from Eilat, after I get a job.

The coach arrives and volunteers begin to board the bus.

DAHLIA

Kiss me, quickly.

He kisses her passionately. She falls into a daze, before he boards the bus. She waves him off with a call me sign.

INT. COACH - DAY

Josh stares out of the window as they drive through the Negev. Jerry sits next to him and grins.

Josh's iPhone rings so he answers the call.

JOSH

(to Jerry)

My mum.

Jerry acknowledges with a grin.

JOSH /

(on phone)

Hi mum- I know, I know. I'm travelling south to Eilat- For work- Well if I can't, I'll find a Moshav wonni-? No, everything is cool- I will- And I love you too, mum- And stop worrying, I'm fine.

He ends the call, leans back and closes his eyes.

JERRY

She's worried about you.

JOSHUA

Yeah. I think she's seeing things that we're not.

JERRY

At least you have someone that cares. My mum died when I was three years old.

JOSH

Oh, Jerry, I'm sorry to hear that mate. What happened to her?

JERRY

Car bomb.

JOSH

Fuck me mate! That's terrible.

JERRY

Yeah. She was in the wrong place at the wrong time.

JOSH

But still...

JERRY

Yeah, I was too young to understand.

A protracted silence.

JOSH

So what happened to the idea of going to Yiron in the North?

JERRY

(grins)

I liked your idea better.

They share a chuckle.

JOSH

Well, let's hope we can find work, otherwise we'll both be looking for a moshav.

JERRY

We could always busk.

JOSH

Don't make me laugh. You can't even play that thing.

JERRY

I can play Scarborough Fair, a bit.

JOSH

(smirks)

Everyone can play Scarborough Fair, mate.

JERRY

Let's hope there's no buskers all playing Scarborough Fair at the same time, then.

They laugh out loud and high five.

JOSH (PRELAP)

You nutcase.

NEGEV DESERT - DAY

All the passengers sing **Scarborough Fair** as they travel towards Eilat.

A topographical view of the coach travelling at speed through the dry terrain.

A convoy of MILITANTS on MOTORBIKES race to catch up. They wave their guns in the air and fire off bullets.

The coach is forced to a stop by the group of Militants dressed with scarves covering their faces.

INT. COACH - DAY

The Militants enter the coach with their kalishnikovs aimed at the passengers.

MILITANT 1#

SHUT UP AND BE QUIET OR I WILL SHOOT YOU ALL DEAD!

Josh turns to Jerry with a terrified look upon his face.

JOSH

I think we're gonna get killed
mate.

JERRY

(terrified)

Pray.

MILITANT 2#

If there are any Israelis, or
Americans on this coach, stand
up!

Eerie silence. No one stands up.

MILITANT 1#

OK. So everybody off bus now! Put
your hands above your heads!

Josh and Jerry follow everyone off the coach with their hands
raised.

EXT. COACH - DAY

MILITANT 3#

Everybody get up against bus!

They comply with their arms up against the side of the coach,
before the Militants body search them, then empty the
contents of their luggage out onto the sand.

A small group of Israeli PASSENGERS are taken aside, along
with the COACH DRIVER. They are frogmarched to the offside of
the coach.

CU: The rattle of machine gun fire, before they fall down
dead on the sand riddled with bullets.

BACK TO SCENE.

The Militants tie the hands of the Tourist's behind their
backs then blindfold them.

MILITANT 1#

The rest of you get back on the
bus.

COACH.

Militant 4# climbs into the driver's seat, before they're
ushered back onto the bus.

EXT. RAMALLAH - NIGHT

Josh, Jerry and the rest of the Passengers are manhandled off the coach at gunpoint and led towards a baying mob who kick, punch and spit at them as they're forced down into a dimly lit tunnel.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Mrs Gold sits in front of the TV and watches the news channel as she nervously smokes a cigarette.

The images show a number of Militants attacking a kibbutz and firing off their weapons.

NEWSREADER V.0

News just coming through to us from Reuters says that a coach carrying western tourists has been hijacked in the south of Israel by armed militants, and that there has been casualties found at scene by IDF soldiers. We'll bring you more on that as we get it.

Mrs Gold burst into tears and sobs.

INT. GAZA TUNNEL - NIGHT

Torches light up the darkness beneath the ground as Josh and Jerry are forced to sit with their hands tied and heads bowed. Other hostages are kept moving further along.

Beat.

A MILITANT appears and lifts Josh's chin up with the butt of his AK47. He stares coldly into his eyes.

MILITANT

(vexed)

You are Joshua Gold, yes?

He nods his head nervously.

MILITANT

And I see by your passport that you are Irish, yes?

JOSH

Yes.

MILITANT

So why did you come to my
country? Are you Jewish?

He shakes his head and cries.

MILITANT /

Speak while you still have your
tongue, you pig!

JOSH

I came for work.

The Militant finds his British passport as he rifles through
case. He holds it up for him to see.

MILITANT

Ah! So you English and Irish,
yes?

JOSH

Yes. My Mother's Irish. My dad is
English.

MILITANT

But you travelled to my country
with Irish passport, yes?

JOSH

Yes.

MILITANT

Why you bring English passport
then?

JOSH

Case I lost the other one.

MILITANT

You claim you are Irish, but
really you are English, yes?

JOSH

I'm both.

MILITANT

Tell me, why your country supports Israeli's? Why not Palestinians? This is our country. They stole it from us with the help of your country and those bastard Americans.

Josh shakes his head in dismay, before the Militant produces Josh's phone and shows him pictures of Dahlia.

MILITANT /

Who is this slut?

Josh covers his face and whimpers.

MILITANT /

I will kill you after I find her and fuck her in her mouth.

He laughs hysterically, before he pours water over Josh's head.

MILITANT /

Drink! I will come back later to kill you - both of you.

Josh sits dripping wet before the Militant pours water over Jerry and rushes heads off.

Arabic voices shout further down the tunnel.

INT. ISRAELI EMBASSY - LIT

INTERCUT:

A bespectacled grey haired OFFICIAL sits behind a desk with phone to ear.

Mrs Gold is at the other end of the phone line.

OFFICIAL

I am very sorry to bring you this terrible news, Mrs Gold. As soon as I hear anything - anything at all, I promise to let you know immediately.

MRS GOLD

(worriedly)

But you must have some idea where there've taken him? I haven't heard from him in almost a week now. He said he'd call me as soon as he found work in Eilat.

OFFICIAL

Which Kibbutz did you say Josh was working on?

MRS GOLD

Oh, I don't know that, do I. The last thing he said when we spoke was that he was going to Eilat to find work, and that was five days ago.

OFFICIAL

(concerned stare)

Five days ago?

MRS GOLD

Yes.

OFFICIAL

OK. I will try to find out more and let you know.

MRS GOLD

Oh, will you?

OFFICIAL

Yes, of course, Mrs Gold. In the meantime please try to remain calm. We will do our best for your son.

MRS GOLD

I've already lost one son. And I know what's happening over there you know. I warned him. I told him to come home straight away when I saw that kibbutz being attacked on the news.

OFFICIAL

I know. Believe me we are doing our best. And if they have taken your son we will find him.

MRS GOLD

It was lucky he wasn't at that other kibbutz either.

OFFICIAL

OK. Leave it with me and I will try and find out exactly where he is. It's not uncommon for volunteers to leave their kibbutz's and go travelling around our country. I know many that have done that.

MRS GOLD

Is it?

OFFICIAL

Yes.

MRS GOLD

But what if he has been kidnapped by those people?

OFFICIAL

I will let you know as soon as I hear anything else.

MRS GOLD

OK. Sorry to be pain.

OFFICIAL

Think nothing of it, Mrs Gold.

END INTERCUT.

INT. GAZA TUNNEL - NIGHT

Josh and Jerry remain slumped up against the wall. Their exhaustion and pain evident from the groans.

Josh turns to Jerry.

JOSH

(quietly)

You awake?

Jerry turns back to him.

JERRY

Yeah.

JOSH

D' you think they're gonna kill us?

JERRY

Yeah.

JOSH

We have to get outta here. I don't wanna die here.

JERRY

Shh.

CRACK!

Jerry yelps as he suffers a boot to the side of the head.

MILITANT

SHUT UP!

Josh is whacked over the head with the butt of a rifle.

MILITANT

Fuck! English! Irish! American!

He marches off as they lie slumped over one another.

INT/EXT. HOUSE - DAY

DOORBELL.

Mrs Gold gets to her feet as she climbs off the armchair. She opens the street door to a smartly dressed middle-aged WOMAN, and a greasy haired MAN who clutches a soft briefcase.

They are Prisoners Abroad REPS.

MAN

(sternly)

Mrs Gold?

MRS GOLD

(aback)

Yes. What is it?

MAN

We're from Prisoners Abroad. We understand your son is Joshua Gold?

MRS GOLD

Yes, that's right. Have you heard anything?

WOMAN

Yes, we have.

(pauses)

May we come in and talk to you?

MRS GOLD

Yes. Come in.

They enter the lounge.

WOMAN

I'm afraid Joshua has been taken hostage in the Gaza Strip.

MRS GOLD

(tearfully)

Oh no. But are you sure it's him?

WOMAN

Yes, I'm afraid we are. A coach he was travelling on was hijacked. The Israeli embassy has notified us that he was definitely a passenger on that bus, along with some with other western tourists. We're just letting everyone know that we are doing our best to negotiate with the kidnapers for their release.

MRS GOLD

But I've spoken to the embassy and they told me that they didn't know anything. Oh, not my Josh! Is he alive?

WOMAN

We believe so. They use westerners as a bargaining chip. A prisoner exchange will most likely be the outcome.

MRS GOLD

Oh no. He's my only son now my Nicky's dead.

Prisoners Abroad Reps glance at one another knowingly.

MAN

Try not to get to despondent, Mrs Gold. We will do our best to get Josh out of there.

WOMAN

We know the Red Cross are working with their captures to secure their release. So we want to keep you up-to-date with how that goes.

MRS GOLD

I don't know what to do. D' you think I should go out there and talk to them?

MAN

There's nothing you can do, I'm afraid. Just let ourselves and the Red Cross to negotiate your son's release as soon as possible. The longer it takes, the more difficult it will become.

MRS GOLD

But I've spoken to someone from the embassy. I think they're not telling me everything, are they?

WOMAN

Well, that's because they have their reasons. But we won't hold anything back from you, I promise.

MRS GOLD

OK. Thank you so much. I'm at my wits end with worry. I don't know what to do.

He hands her a business card.

MAN

Feel free to call us whenever you need to ask anything concerning our progress.

They exit. She stands in reverie with their card in hand.

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - NIGHT

Dahlia dressed in army combat gear addresses a group of young kibbutzniks as they stand around a camp fire.

DAHLIA

I want to get them out. Who is willing to help me?

They all put up their hands.

DAHLIA

OK. Great. But we need a plan. Anyone have one?

ELAN

We could dress up as militants and enter through the Ramallah check point.

DAHLIA

What about ID? If they ask and we don't have it, they will kill us for sure.

ELAN

I can print up false ID's. I know how to do it.

DAHLIA

Then you must do it quickly. We don't have much time before IDF begin tearing up the whole strip.

ELAN

OK. I will do it immediately.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

With a quick shimmy, Josh brings his tied-up hands over his head and unties his feet, then hands, before using his teeth to untie the knotted string around his wrists.

He leans over to Jerry and unties him.

BOOM!!!

A cataclysmic explosion occurs on ground level, followed by deathly screams and sounds of extreme pandemonium.

They lie buried in concrete.

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

The sound of heavy machine gun fire when ARMED MILITANTS enter. They scatter and take up positions inside the huge complex.

KIBBUTZNIKS also take up positions and return fire as they take cover behind outbuildings, houses and communal buildings.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Dahlia clutches a HANDGUN and secures her position beneath a window while her GRANDPARENTS huddle together in fear of their lives.

DAHLIA

Shh.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Beneath the rubble, Josh shifts his body and sweeps the rubble from himself.

Jerry lies in a twisted, bloodied mess. He's dead.

JOSH

(cries)

Oh no. Jerry.

Josh gazes down at him and trembles with fear.

POV: Jerry's kibbutz ID card lies beside him. Josh picks it up.

Covered head to toe in dust, he manages to crawl through a small gap in the roof.

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - NIGHT

The fighting rages with explosions and rapid gunfire throughout.

POV: A Militant creeps around the bungalow with his automatic weapon in hand.

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Dahlia spots him through the window and quietly releases the catch.

BANG!

He hits the deck with half his skull missing. She jumps out of the window and grabs his weapon, then climbs back inside the house.

She leads her Grandparents to a safe room inside the house.

EXT. GAZA STRIP - MORNING

A bright sun rises over the horizon to show the aftermath of an Israeli rocket attack upon the infrastructure that surrounds a hospital.

With his eyes strained at the light outside Josh appears and covers his eyes.

He drags his wounded leg along the blood spattered road as he crawls towards the fog of war.

POV: Heavily damaged buildings. An open graveyard of DEAD BODIES strewn across the cratered road - mainly of WOMEN, CHILDREN - BABIES.

The cadavers of MILITANT FIGHTERS without limbs, many decapitated. Their muddied boots lie separated from their torsos.

And an eerie zephyros amidst the silence of death and destruction everywhere the eye can see.

BACK TO SCENE

Josh collapses, before he is dragged by the scruff by an IDF SOLDIER to the sound of intermittent sniper fire.

INT. MEDICAL UNIT - DAY

Josh lies upon a trolley bed, barely conscious.

A FEMALE IDF MEDIC gently wipes the blood and dust from his face.

Another IDF MEDIC cuts away at his clothing to fully gauge the extent of his injuries.

He discovers a KIBBUTZ ID CARD in Josh's pocket.

IDF SOLDIER

(to Medic)

Kibbutz Mag Sheeva. He's a
volunteer.

FEMALE MEDIC

(concernedly)

We must get him to the hospital
quickly, or he will die, for
sure.

IDF SOLDIER

You go. I will stay here with the
unit.

She immediately straps Josh to the trolley bed and exits.

INT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

Dozens of IDF SOLDIERS enter through the gates and
immediately begin firing off their automatic weapons at the
retreating Militants. One by one they are exterminated.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SLO-MO - A SURGEON frantically pumps Josh's chest to
resuscitate him.

INT. SAFE ROOM - DAY

Dahlia and her Grandparents cautiously exit the safe room.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

They exit and stand on the patio. They are soon joined by
Kibbutznik's

KIBBUTZNIK#1

(to Dahlia)

Anyone hurt?

DAHLIA

No. I shot one. He was outside
the house when I saw him through
the window.

KIBBUTZNIK#2

Good. They are all dead, we think.

KIBBUTZNIK#3

God saved us.

Jacque approaches. He shows a serious look of concern upon his face.

JACQUE

Dahlia, I have received some very bad news from a hospital in Tel Aviv.

DAHLIA

(concerned)

What is it?

JACQUE

I'm afraid it's Josh. They say he is dead.

Her legs give way and she falls to her knees in shock.

DAHLIA

(laments)

OH NO, JOSH! NOT JOSH! OH NO!
PLEASE NOT JOSH! OH MY GOD NO!!!

She's lifted back to her feet and helped back inside the bungalow as she laments.

EXT. BEN GURION AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

With his head bandaged Josh walks with a stick as he boards the aircraft, before it taxis away from the bay.

INT. IDF BARRACKS - DAY

Dahlia stands in an army uniform alongside other eighteen years old FEMALES. A machine gun hangs over her shoulder.

In turn they climb aboard a bus before its drives off.

SUPER: London - England

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Mrs Gold sleeps peacefully in her bed. The door opens and Josh quietly enters.

He sits upon the bed and watches her sleep before he taps her on the shoulder.

She opens her eyes and burst into tears as they hug one another

MRS GOLD

Josh, you're back!

JOSH

Yeah, I'm back.

MRS GOLD

Oh my god! You're safe. You're home.

JOSH

Yeah, I am.

MRS GOLD

Oh Josh, I've been so worried about you. I thought I'd never see you again. Thank god your home.

JOSH

I know.

MRS GOLD

I'm so glad you came home.

She looks into his eyes.

MRS GOLD /

You look tired.

JOSH

D' you wanna a cup of tea?

MRS GOLD

Yes. That'll be lovely. I'll come down.

He climbs off the bed and exit. She sighs her relief.

ONE MONTH LATER:

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

Josh watches Dahlia from a distance as she plants flowers in the gardens. Her phone rings.

She gets to her feet, wipes her hands, then answers the call.

DAHLIA

(on phone)

Yes?

JOSH

(on phone)

Close your eyes.

Dahlia gasps before her face lights up when she turns around.

Her POV: Josh grins as he waves his phone at her.

She cries with happiness as runs towards him.

DAHLIA

Oh, Josh!

JOSH

My Dahlia.

DAHLIA

They said you were dead.

She tearfully falls into his arms.

DAHLIA /

They told me you were dead.

JOSH

They thought I was Jerry. I had his ID card when I passed out.

DAHLIA

But where have you been? And why didn't you call to tell me you were coming back?

JOSH

I thought I'd surprise you.

DAHLIA

I was sad because they told me
you had died at the hospital.

JOSH

They sent me home.

DAHLIA

Oh, Josh, I'm so glad you came
back. Are you going to stay?

JOSH

You bet.

She falls into his arms.

DAHLIA

But we are at war.

JOSH

I know. That's why I came back -
to take you back home with me.

DAHLIA

But why?

JOSH

To get married.

DAHLIA

Oh Josh, I love you, but I cannot
go to England. I have to save my
country from the circle of fire.

JOSH

I love you, Dahlia. In that case
I'll stay.

They embrace as all the Kibbutzniks approach with huge grins
upon their faces.

Dahlia lets go of him and turns around to smile back at them.

DAHLIA

He is going to stay.

The Kibbutzniks share her joy.

KIBBUTZNIK#1

Then he must fight for us.

JOSH

I want to.

EXT. LEBANON BORDER - DAY

Missiles fly through the smoke filled skyline.

Josh dressed in full army kit peers through binoculars as he looks across the rough terrain from a vantage point.

Bomb blasts in the distance.

Dahlia looks through a telescopic rifle as she lies face down on the hill top.

POV: She spots a MILITANT as he loads a missile into a ROCKET LAUNCHER.

BANG!

A direct hit to his skull. He falls down before he has a chance to fire off the missile.

She turns to Josh and grins.

They are joined by a small group of IDF soldiers.

IDF SOLDIER

It's time to go in. Orders!

They get to their feet and jump into a waiting army vehicle.

EXT. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A COFFIN is lifted off a PLANE parked on the runway and slid into a waiting unmarked vehicle.

On the tarmac Jerry's FAMILY stand tearfully and watch before its is driven off.

EXT. BEIRUT CITY - DAY

House to house combat ensues between IDF SOLDIERS and MILITANTS.

Josh and Dahlia stay close to one another as they pursue FOUR MILITANTS with automatic weapons inside a bombed out building.

Dahlia lobs a GRENADE inside the building and steps back.

As the smoke disburses Josh rushes inside with his weapon at the ready.

RAT-A-TAT-TAT of gun fire.

Dahlia waits nervously to see if he comes back out.

Moments later he appears victorious and shows her a thumbs up. She smiles gladly before they hug one another.