

No Time For Love

written by

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"No Way Back (C) 2023

FADE IN:

1 INT. TUNNEL - LIT

1

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

HORN!!

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

2 EXT. GROUND FLOOR FLAT - NIGHT

2

Josh pulls up outside to the sight of a POLICE CAR and an AMBULANCE - their blue lights flash.

He lifts off his helmet and turns off the ignition before he climbs off the motorbike.

His big brown eyes stare knowingly at the open door to his brother's pad as he watches PARAMEDICS exit with a body lying flat out on a stretcher - the head covered.

He steps towards them and lifts the cover.

A uniformed OFFICER approaches and pulls him to one side.

OFFICER

You shouldn't be doing that, son.

JOSH

That's my brother.

OFFICER

And your name is...?

JOSH

Joshua Gold.

OFFICER

And the deceased?

JOSH

Nicky.

The Officer makes notes. Josh watches the ambulance drive off.

OFFICER

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

JOSH

It was only a matter of time. I tried to help him, but it was just impossible. He wouldn't listen.

OFFICER

Do you want to inform his family? We can do it, it's up to you.

JOSH

No, I'll do it.

OFFICER

Sorry, they had to smash the window to get in. The door was locked from inside.

JOSH

That's OK.

OFFICER

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

JOSH

Yeah, yeah.

(pauses)

I have got one question to ask, though.

OFFICER

What is it?

JOSH

Who called you?

OFFICER

A neighbour.

Looks at his notes.

OFFICER /

Brian Tierney - Number fourteen.

JOSH

OK. Thanks.

OFFICER

Is there anything else I can help you with?

JOSH

No. I'm fine.

The Officer climbs back inside his vehicle.

Josh stares at the open door as he wipes a tear from his cheek.

SMASH CUT TO:

3 INT. KINGS ARMS P.H - NIGHT

3

Josh stands deep in thought at the bar. He picks up his beer and sinks a mouthful, before he is joined by SARAH 20. She's a brunette with long hair and intelligent blue eyes.

SARAH

Josh, where've you been, it's half past ten? Why didn't you let me know where you were?

JOSH

I needed some space.

SARAH

Why... what's happened?

A protracted silence as he sinks another mouthful of beer.

JOSH

D'ya wanna drink?

SARAH

(annoyance)

Well, yeah.

BARMAN approaches.

SARAH

(to Barman)

Gin and tonic please.

BARMAN

Single or double?

SARAH  
Just a single, thanks.

BARMAN  
Sure. Gordon's?

SARAH  
That's fine.

Barman turns his back and prepares her drink.

SARAH  
(to Josh)  
So, what is it that you need to think about?

JOSH  
(sighs)

-

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

SARAH  
Well, c'mon, tell me.

JOSH  
I went to see Nicky after work.

SARAH  
And?

JOSH  
There was an ambulance outside his flat when I arrived. He's dead.

SARAH  
Oh no! Why didn't you call me and let me know?

A short silence as she waits for him to answer.

JOSH  
(solemnly)  
He OD'd.

SARAH  
(aback)  
He OD'd?

JOSH

Yeah.

SARAH

You didn't tell me he was on drugs.

JOSH

I know.

SARAH

How long have you known that?

JOSH

I've always known. I tried to help him get off it.

SARAH

Your poor mum.

JOSH

I told her.

SARAH

I bet she's distraught. Shouldn't you be with her... consoling her?

JOSH

Not really. She's got me dad to do that.

SARAH

He was still your brother.

JOSH

I know.

SARAH

So why did you need to see him?

JOSH

He knew someone who wanted to buy the bike.

A protracted silence, before she gets to her feet.

SARAH

I'm going home. You coming, or staying here to drown your sorrows?

JOSH

Yeah. I'm coming.

They drink up then exit.

ONE MONTH LATER

4 INT. BEDROOM - DAY

4

ALARM CLOCK

Josh stirs beneath the quilt before he finally awakes and checks the time.

CU:TIME 8.35

JOSH -

Oh shit!

CUT TO:

5 INT. LIFT - DAY

5

Josh stands clutching a cappuccino in one hand, his crash helmet held in the other.

DING.

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

BOSS

(angrily)

You're late again Joshua Gold.  
That's the third time this month.

JOSH

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

BOSS

You're absolutely right, it won't  
happen again, because you're  
fired!

JOSH

(pleads)

Oh c'mon man! It wasn't entirely  
my fault. I overslept.

BOSS

(dismissively)

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 an issue.

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

6 INT. HOUSE - DAY

6

Josh enters and is immediately confronted by an unprepared Sarah, dressed in a black nightgown. Her hair dishevelled. Her mascara smudged. Guilt written all over her face.

SARAH

(aback)

Josh, what are you doing home this early?

JOSH

I've been sacked.

SARAH

(angrily)

You're s'posed to be at work.

JOSH

I've been late too many times for their liking, so they sacked me.

SARAH -

(shrugs)

Not again.

JOSH

(tormented)

I know. I know.

SARAH

That's the fourth time in as many months.

JOSH

(dejectedly)

It's not my fault, is it?



SARAH

Well, whose fault is it then?

(sighs)

I can't take this any more. I can't go on like this. I've had enough. You'll have to leave.

As he stares at her in dismay, he notices something amiss.

JOSH

(furrowed brow)

Why are you still dressed like that?

SARAH

(defensively)

What'd ya mean?

JOSH

What's going on? Who you got up stairs?

He races up the stairs.

SARAH

No! Don't go up there, Josh!

BEDROOM

He spots biracial friend SONNY (22) lying naked on the bed.

JOSH

(apoplectic)

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

Sarah rushes in and blocks him as he goes for Sonny who jumps out of bed and whimpers.

SARAH

(furiously)

Leave him alone! It's not his fault, it's mine! I invited him over!

JOSH

(to Sonny)

Get the fuck out you cunt, or I'll fucking kill ya, you dirty slag!

SARAH  
(to Josh)  
No! You get out!

He focuses his eyes upon her as she trembles with rage.

JOSH  
You what?

SARAH  
You heard. I want you to get your things and get out, Josh! This is my flat, not yours! Get out, or I'll call the police. I mean it, Josh. I ain't messing about. We're finished.

JOSH  
(acquiesces)  
Fair enough. If that's what you want, I will then.  
(pauses)  
I wasn't fucking happy here anyway, you slut!  
(to Sonny)  
You can have her mate. She's only a fucking slapper anyway.

SARAH  
At least I'm not a fucking useless cunt like you!

JOSH  
A lovely girlfriend you've turned out to be. I'll collect my things later, after you've finished sucking him off.

SONNY  
I'm sorry, Josh.

JOSH  
Bollocks you are, you slippery cunt.

SARAH  
They'll be outside in plastic bags.

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 sighs his relief.

7 EXT. STREET - DAY

7

Josh revs his accelerator wildly before he races off.

8 INT. ARMY CAREERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

8

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

SERGEANT

Afternoon. How can I help you?

JOSH

Hi.

SERGEANT

How can I help?

JOSH

Actually, I was thinking of signing up to the army.

SERGEANT

(disbelievingly)

Were you?

JOSH

Yeah.

SERGEANT

And what made you decide that?

JOSH

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

SERGEANT

(disbelievingly)

Are you sure this would really 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

No.

A short silence as the Sergeant studies him further.

SERGEANT

Well, I tell you what-

JOSH

Yes?

SERGEANT

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

JOSH

Fair enough. I will. Appreciate  
it.

He exits.

The Sergeant shakes his head and tuts.

9 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

9

Josh enters.

MRS GOLD (50's) 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 to the army,  
didn't I.

MRS GOLD

I've lost one son. I don't wanna  
lose another 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 to  
me. For all he cares I could be  
rotting in ditch. He wouldn't  
even notice. He blames me for  
Nicky.

JOSH

(facetiously)

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 could come with you, I  
would you know.

10 EXT. LONDON STREET - DAY 10

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

CU: Door 67. We pan up a narrow staircase-

11 INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY 11

He takes a seat among six other PEOPLE of mixed sexes and ethnicities. None are above the age of twenty-three, 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 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  
This way please.

He follows her through another door.

12 INT. OFFICE - DAY 12

Tall climbing plants situated beneath a large sash window and 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. They look happy to be there.

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

JOSH

I don't mind. People who like me  
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 name tag)

So, where did you hear about us?

JOSH

An add in the newspaper.

ELOISE

So you know who we are and what  
we do?

JOSH

Yes.

ELOISE

So what attracted you to want to  
work on a kibbutz, then?

JOSH

The outdoor life really. It looks  
like a fun opportunity to get  
away.

ELOISE

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

JOSH

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

ELOISE

Are you on a gap year?

JOSH

No, no. I'm not a student. 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 in the morning and pick fruit six days a week, Josh?

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?

JOSH

No. That's OK.

ELOISE

(adjusts her specs)  
So, kibbutzniks are very hard working people and expect the same from their volunteers. You might be asked to work in the gardens, or with poultry. Have you ever rung a chickens neck?

JOSH

(chuckles)  
No, but it's fine.

ELOISE

I have to ask you this - are you running away from anything in particular?

He ruminates momentarily.

JOSH

I s'pose I am really.

ELOISE

Do you want to tell me what that is?

He puffs out his cheeks and exhales.

JOSH

So, my brother died last week.

ELOISE

Oh I am so sorry to hear that.



JOSH

Oh that's okay. He took an overdose of heroin. He was an addict.

ELOISE

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

JOSH

And I've just lost my job because I overslept too much.

ELOISE

Oh no.

JOSH

And on top of that I caught my girlfriend in bed with a supposedly mate.

ELOISE

Oh dear, you really have had a lot to deal with.

JOSH

You could say that, yeah.

(pauses)

I just need to get away for a bit to sort my head out really.

ELOISE

Just as long as you promise me that you will behave while your out there.

JOSH

(definitely)

I will. I need to do this. I need to prove myself.

ELOISE

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

JOSH

Yeah.

ELOISE

Are you sure this is something you 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.

JOSH

No, it's all good.  
(thoughtful pause)  
What's a moshav?

ELOISE

(smiles knowingly)  
A co-operative farm, similar to the kibbutz. Unlike kibbutzim you get paid in cash to work... but you 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 to get their fare home.

JOSH

It's fine. I really want to do this.

ELOISE

Great. Consider yourself a volunteer, Josh.

She gets to her feet and walks around the table.

ELOISE /

Welcome to Project Sixty-Seven.  
We will be in touch.

JOSH

Is that it?

ELOISE

(grins pleasantly)  
That's it.

JOSH

Right then. Thanks.

He gets to his feet.

ELOISE

You do have a valid passport, I  
take it?

JOSH

Yeah, yeah.

ELOISE

Bye, Josh.

She ushers him out the door.

13 INT/EXT. BEN GURIAN AIRPORT - DAY

13

Josh pulls his trolley case behind him as he marches towards the exit among a mixed group of eight other 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 (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 this. There's  
fucking soldiers everywhere, man.

JERRY

Yeah. It's like fuckin' Northern  
Ireland back in the day. Know  
what I mean?

JOSH

Yeah I do. By the way, I'm Josh.  
Good to meet ya.

JERRY

Jerry. Where are you from?

JOSH

London.

JERRY

Belfast.

JOSH

My mum's Irish. She's from  
Dublin. I carry two passports.

JERRY

Lucky boy.

They chuckle in anticipation of what awaits them.

14 EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

14

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

VOLUNTEERS QUARTERS.

A 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.

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

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

JOSH

(smirks)

Wow! I think we've hit the  
jackpot, man.

JERRY (ASIDE)

(chuckles)

Welcome to paradise.

They glance at one another pleasingly.

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 guy's. I'm  
Renate - the volunteer leader.

JOSH

Hi. I'm Josh.

Shakes her hand.

JERRY

Jerry.

Shakes hand.

RENATE

Come, I'll show you to your  
cabin.

15 INT. CABIN - DAY

15

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, guy's.  
Just to let you know we have  
volunteers from Finland, Norway  
and Sweden 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 - number one.

JOSH

Excellent.

JERRY

Great.

She steps outside.

JOSH

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

RENATE

Dinner is six-thirty 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.

JOSH

Lovely. Thanks.

CU: Guitar case.

RENATE

(to Jerry)

I look forward to hearing some  
live music around the camp fire.

(to Jerry)

Do you play?

JERRY

(sheepishly)

I'm still learning.

RENATE

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

JERRY

Fine.

She walks off.

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

Norwegian volunteers smile and give him a friendly wave.

JOSH

(chuckles)

Alright?

16 INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

16

KIBBUTZNIKS sit at the far end of the spacious hall. Josh  
sits at a long dining table with other Volunteers.

TOVA (18) has brown 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 are from  
Sweden.

JOSH

OK.

JOSH

I'm from London.

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

TOVA

Except Unni. She's from Norway.

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

JOSH

Hi Unni.

UNNI

Hello Josh.

TOVA

(knowing grin)

I think she likes you.

UNNI

(sheepishly)

Oh stop it.

JOSH

(embarrassed)

Oh.

TOVA

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

They giggle.

17 EXT. TRUCK - DAY

17

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

18 EXT. PARDES - DAY

18

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 wooden crates connected to a RED TRACTOR.

Beat.

A 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. Do you know where that is?

JOSH

(shakes head)

No.

KIBBUTZNIK

OK. 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 on the tractor and starts the engine.

KIBBUTZNIK

If anyone wants oranges, let them take them... but don't stop the tractor, keep moving, okay?

JOSH

Yeah. OK.

KIBBUTZNIK

Go.

Josh sets off and drives a long line of trailers filled with oranges towards the cold store.

His POV: A clear blue sky above the orange and lemon trees either side of the clear narrow country roads.



JOSH (ASIDE)  
(grinning)  
This is heaven.

19 INT. MEN'S SHOWERS - NIGHT

19

Josh and Jerry stand under the sprinkle of hot water and wash when English Jewish volunteers BAMBI (19) and JULIA (20) noisily 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  
(ecstatically)  
Fucking hell! Whoa!

JOSH  
(aback)  
Get in!

BAMBI  
(apologetically)  
Our showers have broken. We need  
to share yours.

JOSH  
No problem.

JULIA  
We have no hot water.

JOSH  
(to Bambi)  
Get under.

JERRY  
Yeah.

They share the showers during some play time.

20 INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

20

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

The sound of a Freddy Mercury CD rings out as they laze upon bean bags and drink.

DAHLIA and IRIS are 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 our new guy.  
He's from England. And this is  
Jerry, also a new guy from  
Ireland.

JERRY

Belfast, actually. But it doesn't  
matter...

DAHLIA

Hello.

JOSH

Alright.

DAHLIA

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

JOSH

(casually)  
Happy birthday. What's your name?

DAHLIA

Dahlia.

JOSH

That's a beautiful name.

DAHLIA

Have you bought me a present for  
my birthday?

JOSH

(chuckles)

How could I? I didn't know it was  
your birthday, did I?

DAHLIA

(grinning)

I'm only joking. It's okay.

JOSH

Close your eyes.

DAHLIA

(shyly)

What?

JOSH

Close your eyes. Go on.

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

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

IRIS

Oh my God!

JOSH

Happy birthday, Dahlia.

DAHLIA

(lovestruck)

Oh my...

JERRY

(laughing)

Magic.

JOSH

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

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

21 EXT. VOLUNTEERS QUARTERS - NIGHT

21

Josh and Dahlia sit together around a lit camp fire among Volunteer's as Unni plays acoustic guitar and sings beautifully - **Oh Daddy by Fleetwood Mac.**

DAHLIA

She has a really sweet voice,  
doesn't she?

JOSH

Yeah. She's good. I could listen  
to her all day.

DAHLIA

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

JOSH

Cool.

DAHLIA

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

JOSH

Tell 'em I'll do it. I used to be  
in a band back home.

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 by her. He begins to play - **Blowing In The Wind by Bob Dylan.**

DAHLIA

Do you want to see where I live?

JOSH

Sure, why not?

DAHLIA

I'll show you after you sing a  
song.

JOSH

Great.

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

UNNI

What are you going to sing for us, Josh?

He looks up at the cluster of stars set within a clear blue sky.

JOSH.

OK. This is Yellow, by Coldplay.

He sings the song and nails it.

When the song finishes he gets a round of applause, before he gets to his feet and walks Dahlia towards some small bungalow houses with front gardens.

Beat.

They hold hands when they stop outside a large bungalow.

DAHLIA

So, we are here.

Josh gazes at the bungalow and smiles.

JOSH

Nice. Shall we go in?

DAHLIA

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

JOSH

OK. So d'you wanna see a trick, then?

DAHLIA

(aback)

Sure. But what is it?

JOSH

I'll show you.

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

DAHLIA

(agape)

Oh my God! How did you do that?

JOSH

I'm double jointed. I've got joint hypermobility.

DAHLIA

I'm shocked. How come?

JOSH

I dunno. I was born with it, I s'pose.

DAHLIA

Oh my God, you really are different.

JOSH

I know.

DAHLIA

It's just sad, because I know you will leave here one day soon. Everybody leaves, eventually. No one ever stays.

JOSH

Well, that's not gonna happen for a long time yet.

DAHLIA

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

JOSH

Carpe diem, Dahlia. Live in the moment. Worry about the future when that happens.

DAHLIA

What? That doesn't make sense.

JOSH

You know what I mean. Stop it.

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

DAHLIA

And again.

He repeats the same action. She devours him.

He stops. She's transfixed upon him.

DAHLIA

Your kisses are so-

JOSH

(chuckles)

-What?

DAHLIA

Am I still taking you to the Dead  
Sea and Jerusalem tomorrow?

JOSH

Of course. My bag's are packed.  
I'm ready to go. Can't wait.

DAHLIA

(grins)

OK.

JOSH

Well, I s'pose I better get an  
early night, then.

DAHLIA

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

JOSH

I know.

DAHLIA

Kiss me once more and you can go.

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

JOSH

Nighty night flower.

DAHLIA

Goodnight.

SMASH CUT TO:

## MONTAGE:

22 EXT. DOME ON THE ROCK - DAY 22

They look into each others eyes as she takes a selfie with her iPhone - the GOLD DOME behind them.

23 EXT. OLD TOWN MARKET - DAY 23

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

24 EXT. FOOD STALL - DAY 24

They stand and eat falafel in pitta bread.

25 EXT. DEAD SEA - DAY 25

They take a plunge and soak on the water.

JOSH

This is incredible, man!

Dahlia chuckles.

26 EXT. NEGEV - DAY 26

They sit on a CAMEL as a BEDOUIN leads them through the sandy terrain. More selfies.

27 INT. HOSTEL - NIGHT 27

They lie inside their sleeping bags. He turns to her.

JOSH

What a day. I can't believe we did so much in one day.

DAHLIA

There is much more to see. Next time I will take you to Tiberias.

JOSH

Will you?



DAHLIA

Of course.

JOSH

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

DAHLIA

Yes. Tell me about it.

JOSH

Will you have to join?

DAHLIA

Yes, for one year at least.

JOSH

Oh shit. 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.

A long kiss and cuddle goodnight, before they close their  
eyes to sleep.

END MONTAGE.

28 EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

28

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

Two SOLDIERS guard the gate.

DAHLIA

(to Soldier)

Why are you waiting at the gate?

SOLDIER

I cannot let you pass without you  
showing me 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 Hamas 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 was killed, or hurt even. But I need to see your ID before I can let you pass.

JOSH

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

SOLDIER

You have passport with you?

JOSH

Yes.

SOLDIER

Show me.

JOSH

Sure.

Josh searches his rucksack and pulls out his passport. He hands it to the Soldier.

DAHLIA

I'm Dahlia, 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...  
where are they?

SOLDIER

At the pardes.

JOSH

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

DAHLIA

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

SOLDIER

OK. Go through.

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

VOLUNTEER QUARTERS.

His iPhone rings. He answers.

MOTHER V.O

(concernedly)

Josh, is that you? Can you hear  
me?

JOSH

(on phone)

Yes mum, I can hear you. What's  
wrong?

MOTHER V.O

That's better.

JOSH

Mum, why are you calling me?

MOTHER V.O

You have to come home, Josh.

JOSH

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

MOTHER V.O

Have you heard what's happening over there?

JOSH

I just heard, yes.

MOTHER V.O

It's all over the news.

JOSH

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

MOTHER V.O

Oh, Josh, please come home right away.

JOSH

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

MOTHER V.O

It's not, Josh. A kibbutz was attacked and people inside were killed, including Westerners.

JOSH

That's not where I am, mum.

MOTHER V.O

They're killing everyone.

JOSH

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

MOTHER V.O

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

JOSH

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

MOTHER V.O

OK. But promise you'll phone me.

JOSH

I will. I will, I promise.

MOTHER V.O

I love you, son. Please, be careful won't you?

JOSH

Yes. And 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.

29 INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

29

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

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

JACQUE

It is with grave concern that I have to pass on this terrible news. But we are going to have to close the volunteer's quarters for the foreseeable future. You will all leave the kibbutz in the morning. A bus will come to take you to your Embassy's in Tel Aviv or to the airport so you can buy a ticket home.

Collection of groans.

JACQUE /

As you know this kibbutz was the target of a missile strike from the Gaza Strip earlier today and it is lucky nobody was killed, or even hurt.

(deliberate pause)

We will, of course help you to find an alternative kibbutz if you so wish, but I would advise that you suspend your holidays and return home to your countries, until everything settles down.

Josh puts his head in hands in despair.

JACQUE /

As you have probably already 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 I can.

JERRY

Would you be able to write me 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 advice. The war may spread to the North also since our country borders with Lebanon.

JOSH

Is there not any way that I can stay here? I really don't want to leave. I 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 kibbutznik. I can't just leave her.

JACQUE

If you give me her name 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.

30 EXT. KIBBUTZ GATES - DAY

30

Josh and Dahlia stand at the gate. He carries his rucksack as she tearfully clings to his arm.

DAHLIA

But what will you do?

JOSH

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

DAHLIA

Do you want me to come with you?

JOSH

No. It's safer for you here with your people. Anyway, your parents need you to look after them.

DAHLIA

I love you, Josh. Please come back?

JOSH

I will. As soon as I can. Let me know when they're allowing volunteers back on the kibbutz and I'll be here like a shot.

DAHLIA

OK.

JOSH

Keep asking Jacque when I can come back.

They have a tearful hug.

DAHLIA

We can still speak on the phone?

JOSH

You betcha. And I'll send you some nice photo's from Eilat.

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.

31 INT. COACH - DAY

31

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 to Eilat- For work- well if I can't, I'll find a Moshav wonni-? No, everything is cool here- I will. And I love you too mum- And stop worrying, I'll be fine.

He ends the call.

JERRY

Is she worried about you?

JOSHUA

Yeah. I think she's seeing things that we don't see here.

JERRY

At least you have a mum that cares. My mum died when I was young.

JOSH

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

JERRY

She died in a car bomb.

JOSH

Holy shit! Fuck me mate, that's terrible.

JERRY

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

JOSH

But still, no one deserves that.

JERRY

Yeah, I was too young to really get what was going on.

A protracted silence.

JOSH

So what happened to the idea of going to Yiron?

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, Jerry.

JERRY

Let's hope there's not buskers all playing Scarborough Fair at the same time, then.

They laugh out loud and high five.

JOSH (PRELAP)

You nutcase.

32 NEGEV DESERT - DAY

32

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

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

The coach is forced to a stop by a large group of ARMED MILITANTS dressed with scarves over their faces.

33 INT. COACH - DAY

33

They enter the coach with their kalishnikovs aimed at the passengers.

MILITANT 1#  
SHUT UP AND BE QUIET OR I WILL  
SHOOT YOU DEAD!

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

JOSH  
Oh shit. I think we're gonna be  
killed mate.

JERRY  
(terrified)  
I know. Pray.

MILITANT 2#  
If there are Israeli's or  
Americans on this stand up!

Eerie silence as no one stands up.

MILITANT 1#  
OK, so everybody off bus, now!  
Raise you hands!

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

34 EXT. COACH - DAY

34

MILITANT 3#  
Everybody 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 GROUP of ISRAELI PASSENGERS are taken aside, along with the COACH DRIVER and frogmarched to the offside of the coach.

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

BACK TO SCENE.

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

MILITANT 1#

The rest of you back on the bus.

COACH.

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

35 EXT. RAMALLAH - NIGHT 35

Josh, Jerry and the rest of the passengers are manhandled off the coach at gunpoint.

They are kicked, punched and spat at by the chanting, baying MOB as they're forced down a dimly lit tunnel.

36 INT. GAZA TUNNEL - NIGHT 36

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

Beat.

A MILITANT pulls Josh's chin up then stares coldly into his sad eyes.

MILITANT

(vexed)

Joshua Gold, yes?

He nods his head in agreement.

MILITANT

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

JOSH

Yes.

MILITANT

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

He shakes his head in denial.

MILITANT /

Speak while you still have your tongue, you English pig.

JOSH

I'm Irish.

MILITANT

Ah! I see. So you English and Irish, yes?

JOSH

Yes. I've got two passports. My Mother's Irish.

MILITANT

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

JOSH

Yes.

MILITANT

Why you come on English passport then claim to be Irish?

JOSH

My Irish passport has expired. I forgot to renew it.

MILITANT

Tell me, why does your country support Israeli's and not Palestinians? This is our country. They stole it from us with the help of your country.

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 soon when I find her and fuck her in the mouth.

He laughs hysterically before he pours a bottle of water over Josh's head.

MILITANT /

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

Josh sits dripping wet before the Militant does the same to Jerry then rushes heads off.

37 INT. ISRAELI EMBASSY - LIT

37

INTERCUT:

A bespectacled OFFICIAL sits at a desk with the phone to ear.

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

OFFICIAL

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

MRS GOLD

(worriedly)

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

OFFICIAL

Which Kibbutz did you say Josh worked on?

MRS GOLD

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

OFFICIAL

(concerned look)

Five days ago?

MRS GOLD

Yes.

OFFICIAL

OK. I'll look in to it.

MRS GOLD

Will you?

OFFICIAL

Yes, I will. Mrs Gold. In the meantime try to remain calm.

MRS GOLD

I've already lost one son. And I know what's happening there you know.

OFFICIAL

I know.

MRS GOLD

That rocket attack. It was lucky he wasn't there at the time.

OFFICIAL

I am sorry. Leave it with me and I'll try and find out where he is. It's not uncommon for volunteers to leave their initial kibbutz's and go off travelling. I know many volunteers that have done that.

MRS GOLD

Is it?

OFFICIAL

Yes. Trust me.

MRS GOLD

But what if he's been kidnapped by those people?

OFFICIAL

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

MRS GOLD

OK.

OFFICIAL

Goodbye, Mrs Gold.

END INTERCUT.

38 INT. GAZA TUNNEL - NIGHT

38

Josh and Jerry remain slumped up against the wall. Their exhaustion and pain evident as the groans they make.

Josh turns his head to look at Jerry.

JOSH  
 (quietly)  
 Jerry, are you awake?

Jerry turns to look back at him.

JERRY  
 Yeah.

JOSH  
 D' you think they'll kill us?

JERRY  
 Yeah, probably.

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

JERRY  
 Shh. Someone's coming.

CRACK!

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

MILITANT  
 SHUT UP!

Josh is knocked out cold when he's whacked over the head with  
 the butt of his rifle.

MILITANT  
 English!

He walks off, as they lie unconscious side by side.

39 INT. HOUSE - DAY

39

DOORBELL.

Mrs Gold gets to her feet and opens the street door to a  
 smartly dressed middle-aged WOMAN, and a grey haired MAN  
 clutching a briefcase.

MAN  
 (sternly)  
 Mrs Gold?



MRS GOLD

(aback)

Yes.

MAN

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

MRS GOLD

Yes, he is. Have you found him?

WOMAN

I'm afraid he's been taken hostage in Gaza, that's in Israel.

MRS GOLD

(tearfully)

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

WOMAN

Yes, we are. A bus he was travelling on was hijacked in the Negev Desert. The authorities in Israel tell us that he was definitely a passenger on that bus, along some with other Western tourists. We're just letting everyone know that we are doing our best to negotiate their release.

MRS GOLD

But I've just spoken to the British embassy in Israel and they tell me that they didn't know anything. Oh my God! Is he still alive?

WOMAN

We believe he is. They use Westerners as a bargaining chip. A prisoner exchange will most likely be the outcome.

MRS GOLD

Oh no, my Joshua. He's so young and so innocent. He'll die out there without help.

MAN

Try not to panic, Mrs Gold.

WOMAN

The Red Cross are working 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.

MAN

There's nothing you can do, I'm afraid. Just let us and the Red Cross help to get your son released as soon as possible.

MRS GOLD

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

WOMAN

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

MRS GOLD

Oh, thank you so much. I'm at my wits end now.

He hands her a business card.

MAN

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

She stands at the door in reverie as they walk off.

40 INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

40

With a shimmy Josh brings his tied hands over his head. He unties his feet and then his hands, using his teeth to undo the knotted string.

He then leans over to Jerry's and unties him.

BOOM!!!

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

They both lie in an unconscious state, buried in concrete.

41 EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY 41

The sound of heavy machine gun fire as ARMED MILITANTS enter. They scatter inside the huge complex.

Armed KIBBUTZNIKS take up positions and return fire as they take cover behind bungalows, out houses and communal buildings.

42 INT. SAFE ROOM - DAY 42

Dahlia clutches a HANDGUN while she and her family huddle together in fear of their lives.

43 INT. TUNNEL - DAY 43

Beneath the rubble Josh makes some movement and sweeps the rubble off himself. He finally climbs to his feet.

Jerry lies in a twisted, bloodied mess.

Traumatized, Josh gazes down at him and trembles with fear as he realises his friend is dead.

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

44 EXT. GAZA STRIP - DAY 44

With his eyes strained in the bright sunshine, Josh looks up at the unforgiving skyline.

He drags himself along the blood spattered road and crawls towards the fog of war.

His POV: Heavily bombed buildings, and an open graveyard of DEAD BODIES, mainly WOMEN, CHILDREN and BABIES.

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

And an eerie zephyros amidst the silence of death and destruction.

BACK TO SCENE

He closes his eyes and becomes unconscious, before he's dragged by an IDF SOLDIER to the sound of sniper fire.

45 INT. MEDICAL UNIT - DAY

45

Josh lies upon a trolley bed.

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

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

He discovers a KIBBUTZ ID CARD.

IDF SOLDIER

(to Medic)

Kibbutz Mag Sheeva. He's a volunteer.

FEMALE MEDIC

(concernedly)

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

IDF SOLDIER

OK. You can take him. I'll stay with the unit.

She immediately straps Josh to the trolley bed.

46 INT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

46

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.

47 INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

47

SLO-MO - A SURGEON frantically pumps Josh's chest to resuscitate him as a PHOTO of Dahlia falls from his open fist.

The Surgeon shakes his head at the MEDICS standing by.

48 INT. SAFE ROOM - DAY 48

Dahlia and her Grandparents cautiously exit the safe room.

49 EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY 49

They exit the house and stand on the patio, before they are joined by concerned Kibbutznik's

KIBBUTZNIK#1

Is everyone okay? Are you hurt?

DAHLIA

No, we're fine. Nobody was shot.

KIBBUTZNIK#2

Good. It's safe now, they are all dead.

KIBBUTZNIK#3

Thanks to the soldiers, otherwise who knows what could have happened.

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

JACQUE

Dahlia, I have received some terrible news.

DAHLIA

What is it, Jacque?

JACQUE

It's Josh. He and others were taken by Militants on their way to Eilat after they left the kibbutz. I am hearing that they have all been killed. But it has not yet been verified, so I will let you know if and when I hear more about it.

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

DAHLIA

(laments)

OH NO, JOSH! NOT JOSH! OH NO!

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

50 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

50

CU: Headstone reads: "*IN LOVING MEMORY OF OUR SON JOSHUA GOLD 2002-2023*"

Tears roll down Mrs Gold's pale cheeks as she puts flowers at her son's grave.

MRS GOLD -

My boy.

FADE OUT.

THE END