

EXT . DAY

On a bright spring day in 1983, in the city of New York, a young man in his thirties with a wheat-colored complexion stopped his Dodge car quickly by the newspaper stand of an elderly African-American man. He hurriedly got out and quickly returned to his car.

MARK:

Damn it, I always forget!  
(takes his wallet from the  
dashboard)  
Hi there, old man.

He grabs a newspaper that headlines about a big explosion in Israel on the front page but quickly moves on to other pages and flips through them rapidly.

OLD MAN:

Bad luck for you that the explosion made it to the front page. Take a look at page 4, there's an article about guitar and silence dancing amidst all the hustle and bustle of Broadway. A unique performance by an artist couple.

MARK:

No, you're the unique one, old man.

kisses him and gets absorbed in reading the newspaper

OLD MAN:

You still haven't learned how to drive properly.

MARK:

I never drive calmly.

OLD MAN:

That's what I meant by proper driving.

MARK:

Maybe I don't know what people mean when they say "proper," but you, old man, you and Mary are always calm.

OLD MAN:

Mary is kind and charming. You two

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make a great couple. I'm not talking about newspapers;  
I'm talking about home life.

MARK:

From what I see, there's more disagreement than  
agreement between us. When I say home life, I mean at  
home-not here.

(gestures towards the newspaper)

OLD MAN:

No, young man. It's about this combination you have.  
You represent a style, an agility and ease that is American soul.  
Mark looks surprised, he pays him more money

MARK:

I consider myself a person of color.

OLD MAN:

My boy, America is open-handed and kind. The depth  
and greatness of  
America lies in its simplicity. That's why everyone can  
easily understand it and be an American with any race.  
And regarding you, mischievousness and audacity are  
added as well.

MARK:

I doubt the kindness because I paid to advertise on the  
front page, yet Mary is the representative?

OLD MAN:

And Mary represents beauty, heaviness, and the dignity  
of complex European culture. And of course her serious  
and arrogant civilization.

MARK:

Wow old man! You've gotten me really weighed down  
this time. I don't know what kind of representative I am,  
but calmness is something I can't get along with.

OLD MAN:

Maybe one day you will have to?

MARK:

Anytime for me fast and warm is better than long and  
cold. Besides who wants to force me?

OLD MAN:

3.

It's time, my son, it's time to confront him. Time has forced even larger and stronger people than you.

MARK: I  
don't know them.

OLD MAN:  
He has forced everyone I know or will ever know when things in their lives become more important than themselves.

MARK:  
Apparently you have a connection with him so let him know Mark wants to take his hand off his head because Mark only drives calmly when he stops driving(closes the newspaper).

OLD MAN :  
Okay, I'll tell him but don't think he'll listen; he doesn't take his hand off easily.

EXT . DAY

Thirty-five years later: Two Arab men named Mohammad Walid and Raouf are watering flowers, trees, and shrubs in a newly completed building in an Israeli settlement at sunset. Raouf firmly plants one of the shrubs with his foot while Walid pours water towards him. Raouf turns back to look at Walid.

WALID:  
Alright then, that's enough now.

RAOUF:  
I'm a perfectionist and obsessive  
person

WALID:  
Mr. Obsessive, perfectionists, and patriots call this act selling out and betrayal. They prepare a beautiful death anthem for this person. But in my opinion, this is a delightful service to oneself, and this great service doesn't mean that your despicable Jewish employer will pay you so much that you can leave from here, it's better for you to disappear.

Raouf turns back and looks at Walid, then Walid pours water on Raouf again). He shows no reaction and walks away while Walid continues pouring water on him. Walid closes the water tap and leaves the building. With Mohammad's movement, the sun hides behind the building. We hear a phone ringing; the voice belongs to Uriah Sheif.

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PHONE:

Is everything okay?

WALID:

Our agreement is intact.

PHONE:

Obviously.

WALID:

Does that mean he will be free?

PHONE:

According to our agreement.

WALID:

Are you sure?

PHONE:

I'm sure.

WALID:

Let the people have their day off; starting tomorrow morning.

INT . NIGHT

Israel, 2 am, 35 years later October 12th, 2018 - present time - meeting with Defense Minister and Mossad Chief along with military leaders. The Defense Minister enters; everyone stands up.

MINISTER:

Exactly where is the target location?  
(someone points it out on a map) And what about its surroundings?

COLONEL:

It should be about 300 meters away from any houses.

MINISTER:

The life of Lieutenant Aamis is of utmost importance, not the arrest or killing of Mohammad Najjar.

MOSSAD CHIEF:

Mohammad Najjar is one of the most important individuals we are pursuing, we must hunt him down.

MINISTER:

I know but it's not a priority.

5.

MOSSAD CHIEF:

Mohammad Najjar is very important; maybe even more so.

MINISTER:

He has become a personal matter for you.

MOSSAD CHIEF:

He has deceived Mossad for ten years now.

URIAH:

What matters now is that he is inside Israeli territory and the only way to reach Amos Litaniye (target name) is through him. We can't miss this unique opportunity (the Minister looks at Colonel)

MOSSAD CHIEF:

Uriah Sheif has been following this case all along.

MINISTER:

I know it's important.

URIAH:

With all due respect, sir, maybe there are some things that haven't been brought to your attention.

MINISTER:

Continue.

URIAH:

We were looking for the wrong person all this time. But now we know who he is, and until he disappears again, we must finish the job right here."

MINISTER:

How?

MOSSAD CHIEF:

He is very intelligent, always seeming to be one step ahead of us.

MINISTER:

6.

With the description you've given, I doubt you'll know for sure now, but fundamentally it doesn't change anything.(gets ready to leave)

URIAH:

But sir...

(the Minister signals for silence)

MINISTER:

I need to think about this. It should be closely monitored there.

URIAH:

Sir, negotiations are not in play for Amos Litaniye.

MINISTER:

Speak clearly. What do you want to say?

URIAH:

Sir, information has been leaked that might be better for a certain part of the government to show that they have been waiting for negotiations. If Litaniye gets killed, the government will be accused of negligence or procrastination or delayed decisionmaking. In any case, the consequences may be severe and unpredictable for the country.

MINISTER:

These are nonsense words unless your intention is to completely accuse someone specific.

URIAH:

“There is a telephone conversation file that was reported to the local police a few days before the incident, and now we have this file.”

MINISTER:

How many threatening calls, announcements or disclosures do we have in our daily lives?

MOSSAD CHIEF:

(opens his hands wide) A lot.

URIAH:

But this one happened and it is Mossad and Shin Bet's job to identify real and significant threats and assess

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their feasibility. And it's quite clear that these pieces of information were not taken seriously. In any case, sir if within two hours we don't address Mohammad Najjar and his group in that house myself losing my influence within Amos Litaniye security team would become inevitable and Amos Litaniye would fall into other people's hands who might never hear about him again.

MOSSAD CHIEF:

Maybe we can move both forward together?

MINISTER:

Without Amos Litaniye being part of the operation, you'll be dismissed from your post.

INT - DAY

Mark parks his car and enters his apartment, which overlooks the street and has windows on all sides. Marilyn is cooking, watching a dance on TV, and imitating some of the moves. Their 3-month-old twin boys, Benny and Amin, are sleeping.

MARK: Hello my  
love, my queen.

(puts the newspaper on the table  
and bows dramatically)  
The dance queen of the world.  
(he embraces her tightly and hums a song with  
his mouth)

They perform synchronized movements together, spinning beautifully and momentarily holding hands before facing each other and performing their individual moves. In the end, Marilyn assumes a prayer pose while Mark rises from his knees to applaud imaginary spectators before embracing Marilyn tightly.

MARY:

What are you up to, my dear?

MARK:

It wasn't intentional, my love. I don't know why men's hands involuntarily go there.

MARY:

I know why; unfortunately, dancing doesn't allow much to be at your disposal. My poor and greedy man, I'm afraid I can't offer better services for you

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MARK:

In my opinion, it's just a normal part of the human body, Marilyn. I have no interest in buttocks or any other leftovers.

MARY:

But most men have a great interest in that ordinary part of the human body.

MARK:

But in many people's opinion, I'm not even a man.

MARY:

Are you referring to that specific person? We were supposed to...

MARK:

I have no complaints, it was just a joke, of course, an anonymous, illegitimate, and certainly a roadside kid with a dirty face, what complaint can there be from a white European with an excellent and authentic lineage

MARY:

Well, we also have one major flaw that has historical significance and international consensus acknowledging it.

MARK:

When religion can be changed being Jewish doesn't matter compared to being born with authenticity; otherwise you'll never reach it until I visit our throne heirs - read page 4!

Mary reads the front page of the newspaper which refers to Palestinian attacks. Mark kisses Benny and Amin while their friend Eric calls them from outside; Mark sees him through the window pointing at his newspaper.

MARK:

I know...

ERIC:

We should celebrate, come to the restaurant tonight, we're waiting for you with the kids.

MARK:

Sure, definitely. But let me ask Mary first.



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MARY:

No, where are we going with two kids?(reading the newspaper) MARK:

Let's leave it for later, he says, I'm tired.

ERIC:

Probably he told you to go somewhere with two kids. I'm coming up.

(Both laugh, Mark opens the door and Eric hugs him, Marlene is immersed in reading)

Where? Where is it? It's all about you.

(He hugs Mary too)

I'm really happy for you guys, let me see what you're cooking? This is very little, now that I see you really can't come, we come here late at night, of course, everyone.

(Everyone looks at each other) ERIC:

MARY:

Now that I think about it, I realize I'm not that tired.

ERIC:

My lady

(Mark looks at Eric with round eyes and Eric gives Mark a friendly yet mischievous look) my lady, as beautiful and charming as you are, you are equally generous and noble-hearted.

(kisses Mary's hand)

It was your utmost generosity to accept this invitation.

If we lived in

Renaissance France, I would have challenged your husband to a duel to win your ownership rights and to be worthy of being your lord and protector.

MARK:

Shameless! You dare to deceive your best friend's wife with such audacity and medieval literature!(Mary looks at Mark with sweet laughter)

ERIC:

Deceive? Never! Every woman deserves more than being a perpetual servant in cold, lifeless and gloomy homes. It's better for her to take risks than remain deserving of experiencing true love and passion; so that the man who adores her can hold her in his arms,

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embrace her tightly against himself and make her his own soulmate.

MARK:

And who would that man be? You scoundrel!

ERIC:

I never mentioned any man, fool! I spoke of worthiness and those who deserve this position.

MARK:

asshole

(Mary grabs Mark by his hand)

MARY:

I don't see you as an honest young man or a respectable trustworthy person anymore; your audacity and insistence are condemnable and unforgivable. Your desires aim to corrupt a chaste woman's mind; seduce her into becoming infatuated with you; lure her away from the path of modesty and decency; tarnish her body in the murky pit of notoriety and pollute her soul with the fire of regret and longing. This impudence of yours will not go unanswered, and I am certain that my worthy husband will preserve the dignity of his honorable wife. And if you persist in this path, devoid of any pride or honor, you will lose your life in disgraceful abandon.

MARK: his worthless life, his  
worthless life!

(He grabs his violin and attacks

Eric)

He is a disgrace to honorable men, my lady. Let me separate his filthy and worthless head from his impure and evil body, and throw the wretched soul of this adulterous and lascivious man into hell.

MARY:

Oh no, my dear friend, it's better for us to be generous like gods so that he has another chance for redemption. The path of youth is slippery and young steps are uncertain.

(in a friendly and casual tone)

11.

Dear Eric, if you could have given up ownership rights over a woman who was your wife until a year ago. Now you, the cunning talker and seducer with insatiable desires, put your arms under my command so that I can accompany you.

(She grabs Eric's arm and Eric kisses Mary's hand as he exits through the door)

MARK:

Respectfully disappear outside, you filthy pig!

ERIC:

This man with a trembling yet hopeful heart will always long for you but will throw himself into the flames at your feet and turn into ashes so that you may forever remain sacred and singular in beliefs. His death shall be an eternal tribute to your purity. 8 o'clock, my lady. 8 o'clock.

MARY:

Yes, 8 o'clock.

(She extends her hand for Eric to  
kiss it)

Future is in your hands, my young and charming knight.

MARK:

Oh hopeful man! You really ended this one well, trash!

INT. DAY

It's early morning in autumn 2018, just a few hours after the meeting. Inside a room, someone is tying their shoelaces.

OFFICER:

Commander!

(calling from outside the room)

The camera is focused on your shoelaces. The commander comes out and they walk together through a large hallway. As they walk, more people join them and now everyone is outside as the first rays of sunlight touch the ground.

COMMANDER ARIN:

Where is Uriah?

INT. DAY

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Initially, the camera only shows one shoelace placed facing upwards on the edge of a bed. Uriah adjusts it and looks completely different from how he was in the meeting a few hours ago. He lies stretched out in military attire, wearing dark glasses in a dimly lit room. He sees himself in the mirror across from him, dressed in a cream-colored shirt and khaki pants. At the end of the room, a woman approaches with red clothes and a colorful scarf with a light blue background that partially covers her bare chest. She moves closer to him as he turns around, and gently puts his glasses on his head while he removes his scarf. She kisses him after looping her hand around his neck. Suddenly, Uriah quickly stands up and opens his military boots to put on the same outfit INT. DAY

A ceiling fan's shadow in a dimly lit room has created a bright shadow, with a man lying naked on the bed, a woman walks out of a room. The room lacks sufficient light, and we do not see the man's face until the end.

WOMAN:

I don't know why I have to leave so soon? Oh, I forgot to tell you, you said you wanted revenge, but you didn't say from whom?

HORAM:

From myself

WOMAN:

From yourself?

HORAM:

Darling, just remember this kiss.

WOMAN:

This last kiss has always been important to you.(She kisses him, brings a mirror, applies lipstick to her lips)  
By the way, I liked that Arab friend of yours.

Horam:

Then work on your butt, those sensitive and deep philosophies are insignificant compared to these seemingly trivial things.

(He smacks her butt)

WOMAN:

Separate, meaning he's marrying me.

HORAM:

He even invites me to his wedding when you're his bride, he has pure European and free-thinking ideas.

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WOMAN:

There isn't enough light here, darling, the picture will turn out bad. I'm going home to send you a high-quality picture of my butt, give it to him. God, what have you seen, maybe he liked my butt and we got married.

HORAM:

Make good use of light and shadow, because it's supposed to be seen as a valuable piece of art. Remember to capture it from different angles, details are crucial in understanding beauty and discovering the truth.

EXT. DAY

Late summer, 1982. Mark and Mary are on a trip, passing through roads and then entering a side road. Trees surround both sides of the street, Mark stops at the side and they both walk, holding hands, looking into the distance. Suddenly, Mary goes towards the car and hugs one of the children, Mark goes behind a tree and does his thing, then they continue on their way. At sunset, they stop somewhere and both walk. Mary visits the children and goes to Mark, they tango together in a bright shadow, during the dance, Mary slips and falls, Mark takes her hand and quickly they head towards the car. EXT .

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Mark with a child in his arms opens the wooden house doors for Mary with respect

EXT . NIGHT

Mark sits in front of the fire with a drink in hand and a glass beside him. Mary approaches, sits next to Mark, rests her head on his shoulder. Mark grabs a kebab towards Mary, insisting she take it. As Mary reaches out, he pulls it back, revealing their smiling faces. He repeats the gesture, bringing the kebab close to his mouth and then placing it in Mary's mouth

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Mary lies on Mark's lap, he embraces her, gently opens Mary's eyes, kisses her, and leads her towards the cabin. Inside, the cabin is lit by the fire, Mark closes the cabin door with his foot. EXT. DAY Mark and Mary get into the car and drive off.

MARY:

Are you sure you can drive, Mark?

MARK:

I could even drive last night, I see everything clearer when I'm tipsy.(They exchange meaningful looks)

EXT. DAY It's afternoon, Mary is breastfeeding the baby.

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MARK:

By the way, repeat what your father said.

(Mary smiles)

MARY:

You know what he said.

MARK:

Every time I hear it, I feel energized and feel the need to move forward, not to stop, to break through walls or even risk getting hurt. It's like I become strong and ready for anything again. Now, tell me.

MARY:

Honey, a dancer can't run a life, he's not a delicate orange that breaks easily and rots. He becomes a careless and irresponsible father, and in the end, you'll end up living in a dirty basement or a garbage dump.

MARK:

Well, honestly, I don't see anything.

(he changes his words)

Do you know which way we should go to get closer to the city?

MARY:

What if it gets further away?

MARK:

It doesn't matter, I was about to say I don't see anything Jewish in your father, what's the difference between a Christian father and a Jewish one. I've never been a Christian to suddenly become or be able to be a Jew. Since I said I'm also a Jew, my desire and inclination to be Christian have increased. I had never felt the urge to go to church, but now whenever I see a church, even if it's too late for something, I want to go to church and maybe confess. Let me ask them about these things.

MARY:

Mark? Mark: Yes, my dear?(He gently moves away from the two men) Excuse me, sir.(Mary gently removes her breast from the baby's mouth and covers herself.)

THE FIRST MAN:

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"It's a shame you're not beautiful, we weren't the better choice"(gently caressing Mary's face with the back of his hand, Mary shows no reaction) "You can always count on us."

THE SECOND MAN:

"Yes, we can always be at your service"(Mark tries to leave, takes Mary's hand, pats it, and leaves).

MARY:

"Please don't go, Mark. Come back, Mark, come back to the car"

(Mark is grabbed by the second man, who pulls out a knife, Mary steps back, gently and pleadingly takes Mark's hand)

"Please sirs, please, we have two children"

Mary brings Mark towards the car, helps him get in, and gets in herself EXT. DAY.

Mary is breastfeeding a baby, they are driving down the street. The two men on their motorcycle approach them, moving back and forth, making subtle gestures towards them.

MARY:

"Please control yourself, Mark, please"

(when a man makes a subtle gesture towards Mary)

MARK:

"They won't stop"(he accelerates towards them, when they reach an intersection, they collide with another car).

EXT. DAY.

Some time after the accident, Mark struggles to move and sees the two men on the motorcycle dead. He goes to the other car, finds a dead man with children's belongings, a Quran, a broken milk bottle, and spilled milk. Suddenly a woman moves, Mark approaches her.

WOMAN:

"Please take care of my children"

the woman dies, and Mark follows the children. Two children are lying close together, Mark puts them side by side, hugs them both with a terrifying cry. Suddenly several cars arrive and help. On the rotating image of the black newspapers, the headline of a local

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newspaper reads "Bitter Incidents, Death of Three Men, a Woman, and a Child", and the New York Times reads "Dance of Death, Marlin Conner Wright, a young talent, lost her knee in an accident." EXT. DAY.

A boat sails towards a setting red sun, Mark holds one child, Mary holds another, he limps severely. Mark places one child on his neck, Mary and he hold the hand of their other child. The shadow of Mark and Mary kisses each other on the red sun image, staying there forever. EXT. DAY

Commander Areen and Uriah, along with several operatives, take positions around a newly constructed building in a border town in the western strip of Gaza. Uriah picks up the megaphone.

URIAH:

Very well, old friends. I must say, this building is completely surrounded, there is no escape route. It's better that no one gets hurt.

MAN:

Shut up, traitorous scum. We will never surrender to you, Israeli betrayer.

URIAH:

I know it's tough, but it's better to surrender.

JAMAL:

Let's finish this, traitorous betrayer. Under normal circumstances, we might have surrendered, but not against a traitor, never.(Arin picks up the megaphone)

ARIN:

We give you only 5 minutes.(He issues commands from behind, some move closer to the corridor, Areen signals to move) I almost knew this was a mistake and was sure they would never surrender to you.

INT . DAY. LEBANON

Some climb up the stairs, position themselves behind the door, count down, break the door, and Hooram fires with both hands. They subdue him and Hooram triggers a bomb, causing the building to explode. EXT . DAY

ARIN:

Time's up.

At that moment, ISIS groups and Hezbollah militants launch an attack, and two large groups of Israeli forces are directly in their line of fire, some fall to the ground instantly. Those positioned around the building's door fall to the ground with RPG shots. Only three



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severely wounded individuals remain. Uriah approaches them, operatives hesitate to come to this side of the wall as they would be in direct line of fire from Palestinians. When shots are fired at the house, the operatives come to this side of the wall. Now, they have essentially allied. Ahlam, Moshe, and Rauf fire from the top of the building. When someone aims at Arin, Ahlam shoots him with an arrow. Areen looks up gratefully and then at Uriah. Ahlam, Moshe, and Rauf shoot several individuals approaching the Israelis with arrows, ultimately saving their lives. Shots are fired from inside the house as well. When two vans with heavy weapons fire at the building from behind, Jamal Asif is hit by a bullet inside the building.

ARIN:

Hit those shooters, hit those shooters.

Two Israelis get shot until one successfully manages to shoot a shooter while others are being supported by Moshe, and before another person arrives, Moshe, with his face covered by a hat, detonates a heavy gun under a van. They had to stand, hence they get shot in the legs and shoulders, but with Areen's guidance, they move quickly to weakened positions, swiftly changing positions upstairs several times and providing the most help to the officers. Several RPGs are fired, one hitting the top of the building and killing Raouf instantly, Areen also gets severely injured and manages to reach Raouf with difficulty, while Moshe comes over Raouf, getting slightly wounded himself and sticking his head to Raouf's, calling out to Raouf multiple times, taking off his hat and trying to take Raouf's hat off, but Areen stops him, both deeply upset.

AHLAM:

Put your hat on, Moshe, if you survive, tell Uriah not to leave our bodies here.

MOSHE:

Hey, hey, you're wounded.

He first brings his shirt and ties up Ahlam's leg, then puts a bandage over Ahlam's stomach wound, securing it tightly. Moshe covers his face again but has no clothes on, they shake hands warmly. Gunshots are heard from below.

MOSHE:

It's from below.

AHLAM:

I got this, keep going.

(Moshe and Ahlam shoot again,  
Ahlam loses his accuracy) Moshe, hit the two  
on the right.

MOSHE:

Hey, you're doing fine.

(He moves towards her)

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AHLAM:

Don't worry about me, just get the job done, my fate is predicted, infection.

MOSHE:

Infection?

(Ahlam frowns and points to Moshe's dirty undergarment.)

AHLAM:

It smells of sweat, it makes me sick, at least you could have washed first, you're not ashamed.

(She looks back at the battle scene.)

It's good, once again, like always, it was the Israelis who emerged victorious in the war.

MOSHE:

We did this together.

Suddenly, the sound of two shots is heard from below.

AHLAM:

Hey, I was just kidding, not trying to upset you.

(Moshe smiles and attends to Ahlam.)

I'm done, go see what's happening below and save yourself.

MOSHE:

Hey, hey, I'm not leaving you here.

AHLAM:

Go. Go

MOSHE:

It's impossible for me to leave you.

AHLAM:

Go to hell, go help the others.

MOSHE:

I love you so much, Commander. Don't go anywhere, I'll be back soon.

(Moshe takes a few steps but returns, adjusting his hat in a way that reveals his face.)

Tell the truth, Commander.

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Ahlam lowers his hat.

AHLAM:

No.

MOSHE:

I knew you were lying.

INT . DAY.

Uriah brings the three wounded Israeli soldiers to the first aid station and then goes to the hallway. A body lies there, Uriah Bennyds over the body, with his back to the camera. Jamal Asif leans against the wall, holding a gun. Uriah approaches him, stands right there. From the hallway, a wounded person struggles to stand up, eventually rising to a point where a shot is fired from Jamal's gun. Uriah grabs his gun, fires a shot, and collapses. Outside. Day. When Uriah opens the back door, he sees Ahlam walking towards him. INT. DAY.

ARIN: Search

everything.

Uriah opens the back door, and Areen arrives quickly, closing the door and standing in front of it in the shadows.

URIAH:

I don't want you to write a fake report or give false testimony.

ARIN:

You know I wouldn't do that.

URIAH:

Then give me ten minutes.

Arin tries to open the door, but Uriah blocks his way.

ARIN:

Do you want to kill him too?

URIAH:

Trust me for the last time, Arin.

ARIN:

I don't understand what's happening today.

URIAH:

Today is beyond normal perception. Give me a chance, Arin. I'll tell you everything.

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ARIN:

Why did you want them to die? Did  
Daniel tell the truth that you killed Jamal Asif?  
(Approaches to leave)  
Do you want to kill him too?(Uriah

shows ten fingers with his hand, opens the door letting in a lot of light, and walks into the brightness. INT. OCTOBER. 2017.

Mari, was killed in a roadside bomb explosion in 2001. Mark, 64, and Bennyjamin and Amin, who now run their own security company at the age of 34, and Rahil, born in Israel in 1990, have become a journalist working for the Hartse newspaper.

Rahil, like her mother, is an exceptional dancer. She has her laptop on while cooking, glancing at it. On one side, she prepares a salad on the table. Amin changes the channel and listens to an interview with Aamis Litany. Bennyjamin talks on the phone. Mark is in the library.

LITANY:

Like a canary mission has infiltrated this toxic and dangerous combination and operations.

EXECUTOR:

Canary mission?

LITANY:

I can explain.

EXECUTOR:

Our time is very limited.

LITANY:

I'll be brief and skip, of course, I have a more important issue that came to mind during the previous question, but first the canary mission, the canary mission is actually an organization to intimidate students, students who intend to defend the rights of Palestinians, and this organization will continue to confront them with serious problems, you probably guess what kind of problems I'm talking about, and also add to that the secret operations of the Mossad to hunt down activists of the movement to boycott Israel in America, but dealing with these issues requires another opportunity. But what's more important is the conversation I have with my compatriots(turns back and speaks directly to the camera) there is a fundamental flaw in our behavior,

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friends, a flaw that leads to our downfall and moral decay and bankruptcy, not just us but any other great nation will become, we must be brave and just, otherwise without realizing it, we will turn into a ruthless and oppressive nation, yes, we must have the courage to show fair behavior even if we appear to fail, history will judge us properly, it will also judge our enemies, with the same clarity and severity, so how about now?all of us, let's take another look at our behavior towards Palestinians at inspection stations and compare it, the constant search of their homes and the restrictions imposed on their movement.

EXECUTOR:

Hamas uses those homes for weapon storage and uses the normal comings and goings of people for moving weapons and explosives.

LITANY:

Alright, I accept that Hamas and Hezbollah use ordinary individuals for covert operations and cover, with the caveat that accusations are always there and everywhere it's better to refer to documented cases, but what about other unjust strictness? The strictness that still continues, which without caution and even openly can be called violations of human rights, like limited access of Palestinians to food, school, medicine, and even clean water, this list doesn't end.A list adorned with immunity to massacre and endless unanswered lies, without punishment, as well as the continuation of illegal and reckless urbanization supported by major construction companies.

EXECUTOR:

You mentioned somewhere that if you become prime minister, your first action would be to stop urbanization.

LITANY:

I don't know what question I answered with this response, but I have always talked about urbanization everywhere. I have always stated that demolishing homes and expelling Palestinians is not just a simple and ordinary violation of personal space or a legal

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provision, or a rebellious act by ordinary citizens of a country; rather, it is supported by legal entities, backed by the government and army of Israel. I probably wanted to express this issue because I have a problem with this part, urbanization.

EXECUTOR:

Mr. Litany, time is short. If you are willing, please summarize your statements.

LITANY:

In conclusion, in one word, I would say peace is the ultimate solution. However, the issues I mentioned above make it seem that the only path to peace, namely the two-state solution, is becoming increasingly elusive. Our prime minister believes that the twostate solution can wait until Israel achieves the desired conditions. He wants us to maintain Israel's leverage and essentially ensure that the second country has no independence at all. As a country, we must stand on our own feet. Therefore, we should engage in friendly interactions with regional countries, improve and rewrite our relationships with these countries, and as a regional power, bring our neighboring countries to respect.

EXECUTOR:

Do you suggest establishing friendly relations with a country like Iran, which openly calls for the destruction of Israel?

LITANY:

Firstly, it's not Iran as a country, but the government of Iran; they are different now. I mean the people of Iran versus the government of Iran. Of course, in this short time, I cannot fully delve into this issue, but in this limited time, your answer will not be positive; it is not possible to establish interaction. I must say that.

EXECUTOR:

Unfortunately, time is up.

LITANY:

Just one sentence on this matter.

23.

That's why I believe America's unconditional support over a long period has been detrimental.

EXECUTOR:

I apologize for having to interrupt you, even for farewells when time is running out. Goodbye.

RAHIL:

I'm in love with Aamis Litany, Amin, and this is from the salad(decorates the salad and takes a look at the food).

AMIN:

A friendly warning, Rahil, let's call and order food

Rahil puts on headphones and dances slowly

RAHIL:

My father believes I don't like to receive something I can become the owner of by buying, how can you compare a meal prepared with love to ordered food?

AMIN:

Sister, Benny has forced me to only believe in money and believes I shouldn't be as extravagant as the gods Moshe, Jesus, and Muhammad, God is good, maybe even better. But you want to take away my hard-earned belief from me, tell me what can't be bought with money so I don't become an apostate again.

RAHIL:

My dear, life, life and beauty, beauty and a good dance are at the top of this list, this salad and delicious food have turned into something amazing, you dirty little boys are supposed to lick your fingers tonight.

BENNY:

Send it to me

(looks at the food pot)

Amin, this time his face didn't turn bad(takes the headphones from Rahil's ears and turns up the music from the laptop, both settle into a balanced state and start dancing slowly), another belief my father has, I wish to die at a time when I'm watching a good dance.

MARK:

24.

The way you talk about your father's beliefs makes it seem like he's dead.

RAHIL:

Come to us, brother, don't be so gloomy and serious, you're supposed to leave for a while tomorrow.

MARK:

Where should Amin go?

BENNY:

Paris.

RAHIL:

Oh, the city of lovers and walking in the rain and famous wet streets.

BENNY:

And fashion.

RAHIL:

Yes, and fashion and.

MARK:

The intriguing and captivating secret of woman, I hope that just as it has been said in myths and ancient stories, Parisian women are equally creative in ensnaring men.

ARAHIL:

So come and dance with us on this last night, dance away your pains with us, joy is just a step away.

BENNY:

Yeah, brother, don't take things too seriously, remember listening to news to fill your spare time, a source of articles from father.

AMIN:

What do you think I was busy filling? Amin takes Rahil's

hands to dance together

RAHIL:

Someone here has declared it the country of philosophy and dance.

MARK:

I've always tried to use the verb here.



25.

RAHIL:

(Initially Rahil and then everyone together,) and in the country of philosophy and dance, only a retired person has the right to turn on the television, not anyone else.

AMIN:

It was a foolish curiosity, father, it won't be repeated, I just tried to listen musically to father and everyone, to see who is coming out of the neglected sanctuary corner and wants to bring peace to us.

RAHIL:

I think he is serious about this.

AMIN:

But what I heard was more than the words of a school principal, trim your nails and don't litter in the schoolyard or push each other on the stairs.

MARK:

Peace means just that, Amin, not pushing each other on the stairs.

AMIN:

Thank you, father, I understand where you mean by each other.

RAHIL:

I think at this moment, he is the only one who can realize the dream of peace.

AMIN:

But peace is not my dream.

BENNY:

Leave it Rahil, don't be upset with me, your brother is very moody and trashy.(He says without a sound and as Amin wants to speak, he points his finger towards Amin.) Shut up, I'll knock your teeth out, big brother twin.

RAHIL:

I don't know, dad, who quoted that from whom in that article or someone else, that other news is not informative, it's not knowledge, it's goods, new entertainment of our world.

26.

AMIN:

Tell Rahil that he and his colleagues are willing to do anything for a sensational headline and an interesting story.

MARK:

Of course, Mark Twain said it in a different way, but my quote was from a philosopher. If awareness is abandoned, one becomes oblivious to oneself and forgets oneself, that's why. Analyzing news and situations is more important than the news itself. It's better to change clothes for dancing, Rahil.

(Rahil goes and changes clothes while speaking)

Dancing is a form of worship.

AMIN:

Or tools for gratitude.

RAHIL:

Because of my work, I shouldn't escape from the truth because the right is with the father. By the way, father, that quote is from Maurice MerleauPonty, and I also want to speak from a published article inspired by this quote. I will try to use his own words. What was it?

(Only Rahil's voice is heard, he undresses and reads from an old newspaper.)

Oh, just knowing the news doesn't bring awareness, in the competitive system, news at most could be a highly watched program that has no difference with a cooking show in a few minutes, football broadcast, and a series. Programs that a programmer creates a better program from it, which has more viewers and turns into a higher sales curve, because in reality, it is a better marketer, not a better truth-teller or truth-finder. The news of a product is like a product with a completely clear expiration date and a tiring and natural destiny; it dies very precisely the next day and reaches its expiration. However, despite all the problems in the world, apparently it is still important for people and viewers and the rotating ball in the sky camera, and it is important for an adult to understand whether the ball has finally entered the loop or not. The only excitement in life is the result of tomorrow's game; to know it, one

27.

must be patient and wait. I want to reach the end of it that I love; it's interesting. At the end, for example, yesterday sad and discouraging news should have reached the people.

AMIN:

And how should today's news be?

RAHIL:

Today, it's better to increase adrenaline secretion as much as possible, news should be more exciting and hotter.

AMIN: And

tomorrow?

RAHIL:

And tomorrow, the day of the big competition arrives, the day everyone has been waiting for all week.

AMIN:

You have a good memory, girl.

(Rahil, with a beautiful dress and high heels that show off her feminine legs, comes with a printed article in hand. Everyone smiles. This move was also smart. Amin goes towards her and they start a beautiful waltz with new music, handing her the newspaper.)

May I invite you to dance?

MARK:

You look very beautiful, girl.

BENNY:

And after the competition?

RAHIL:

You mean the end of tomorrow, meaning the same night quiet and sad after an exciting day, no one cares about the horse that fell, broke its leg, and had the first chance to win and was the center of attention, because the news has expired and a bullet put an end to the shiny and glamorous life of that horse.

BENNY:

It was almost exactly like his words.

Benny looks at the newspaper.

28.

FATHER:

I don't remember these details, but how deep

He looks at their dance and applauds.

AMIN:

Don't be jealous. Father, Every now and then, the wise man changes his mind; he always said to give depth to your life with philosophy and thinking and look deeper into simple things. But a while ago, a philosopher quoted that there is no depth; what we consider deep is actually just folds on the surface.

(He curves his hand from a straight position.)

I mean, how deep is this statement, Father?

RAHIL:

Statements that contradict themselves.

FATHER:

They don't contradict, they actually play a game.

RAHIL:

My man used to be Nietzsche, but I prefer Marx who says there is no depth because all these deepnesses are capital's games, a good movie, a good novel, painting, and good philosophy, everything good is determined by capital.

AMIN:

In both cases, there is no good or bad anymore because there won't be good or bad dancing, even in reality, there won't be any good or bad.

BENNY:

But unlike you, Marx, and Nietzsche, I think. I believe it's not a bad idea for news programs to become entertaining. This way, perhaps, the place of having tea and cake and gossiping behind family and neighbors at an evening party has been taken.

RAHIL:

Like .

BENNY:

Like , why don't Marx's sons get married and why doesn't his daughter have suitors anymore?

FATHER:

29.

Indeed, this is very bad, once again I say from that article of your father, war and bloodshed or famine and hunger, people's pain and illness have turned into a festival and become a silly little inconvenience that is no longer even sad, it has become a kind of light dance to attract attention or a night drive with a car to see the luxurious shop windows of world cities, a show that has no connection to the essence of truth.

Amin, at that moment, grabs Rahil, whom Benny has spun around, and continues dancing.

RAHIL:

Hey, sir, you weren't in that article of my father.

FATHER:

Why, it was?

RAHIL:

I wasn't.

BENNY:

Rahil is right, this is not in the article.

FATHER:

Actually, I added a hand in that article of your father and after it was published, I added to it.

BENNYJAMIN:

Now it was.

AMIN:

But the bitter truth about me, father, even after a heavy bombing rain, if I survive, I want to see the continuation of the European club championship.

FATHER:

Although one should mourn about this, I'm glad it's like this for you, unfortunately, it's the same for the media too, The issue for the media is no longer about lying or telling the truth. everything is useless and meaningless, and all events are completely devalued, the news of the sadness of refugee children's deaths in the cold waters of the Mediterranean and the joy of the marriage news of a cinema and music celebrity, both news are equally important and equally worthless.

30.

AMIN:

Father, you completely changed someone's perspective, a grandfather, who was trying to force you not to marry his daughter, and in the end, you became the best groom in the world. From one perspective, you've shaped it, Rahil, but for Rahil's safety, it would have been better if she were a dancer rather than a journalist.

RAHIL:

Then something like what happened to Mom could happen to me, I don't want something out of my control to change my life.

AMIN:

Well, yeah, but the path of events is never predetermined. To be effective for someone like you, you need to be mentally prepared so that events seem plausible.

RAHIL:

Thank you very much.

AMIN:

You're welcome. You always grasp something. You can't go to sleep at night by drinking a cup of hot milk and start your day with news about the stock market and exchange. Here, you wake up to the sound of bomb explosions, though maybe not.(Amin wants to leave but Rahil stops him.)

MARK:

The Iraq war is a good example, Amin. News can be manufactured in a room and take shape without real origins. The threat of bombs and rockets is often not real.

AMIN:

What's the origin of this news, Dad? A 44-year-old woman was killed by a handmade bomb explosion by the roadside; she was a mother of three.

BENNY:

If you meant that woman was a mom, Amin? She was 45.

RAHIL:

31.

News related to war always becomes prominent when needed and is pushed under the rug when not. The truth of a mother's death has no connection to the lie of the Iraq war.

MARK:

Look, Benny, they should have more coordination in their dance moves like Amin. Tell us the main point, Rahil.

RAHIL:

Balance is more important than innovation, at least in dance.

MARK:

This is the oldest philosophy of life and Aristotle's legacy. Any innovation must be balanced, mixed with previous and subsequent movements, and be harmonious. Amin performs those movements with more flexibility, grace, and coordination.

BENNY:

I dance more manly, Dad.

RAHIL:

Be a bit more humble and open to criticism, brother.

MARK:

Have you heard the term soft power?

(Everyone nods.)

It was a foolish question; I forgot we're in Israel, and probably everyone here has heard this term.

AMIN:

It was a good pun, Dad.

BENNY:

Now it's my turn to see if I can attract Mark's opinion, the dancer of silence, to myself.

AMIN:

Now the dancer has turned sad.

RAHIL:

I think a weeping dancer is better.

BENNY:

Yes, a weeping dancer is more beautiful.

32.

Mark:

Even though no one asked what you meant, I want to express my thoughts.

Everyone: What did you mean by "father"?(laughs)

MARK:

You can be powerful in politics, in foreign relations with countries, in business like Amin, and even in love, like the foolish husband Rahil who deceived me with his amazing dances.

speaking with sadness as the children stop

RAHIL:

Father.

MARK:

Be strong in your actions, but in dancing, you must be gentle and flexible.

AMIN:

Benny, accept it, now you're dancing better, and what you said is related to our discussion, right, Father?

Rahil tries to break free from Benny's grip, but Benny doesn't let go

RAHIL:

Don't worry, Benny, I can control myself, let go of my hand and let me go.

BENNY:

I'm afraid you'll get hurt.

RAHIL:

I know.

Mark takes Rahil away from Benny

MARK:

Yes, it is related.

(After a few moves, Mark hands  
Rahil over to Amin)

You're right, my son, because in Israel, no one can keep themselves out of politics. Even in ordinary and normal countries, true peace does not exist, only silence and leaving the conflict. Countries are always at war, even during peace. But here is Israel, an



33.

extraordinary country, godless. Even life and existence there are political and even war matters. You chose the path of war, in fact, you've anchored yourself, even if you don't agree with any of its war objectives.

The music stops and they stop dancing

BENNY:

You meant yourself, Father, didn't you?

RAHIL:

Now I understand more why Palestinians don't see a difference between an extremist Israeli, a moderate Israeli, and a peace-loving Israeli. To them, they are all equally Israeli because they are all equally occupiers.

BENNY:

And they are all equally occupiers.

AMIN:

Why is Israel not a normal country?

RAHIL:

Because of its actions?

Rahil goes to the food and starts collecting dinner plates from the cabinet

MARK:

Not just because of its actions, but because of its existence. I don't want to say many, but some don't consider the legitimacy of Israel's existence.

BENNY:

Its existence? You surely mean historically, Father, don't you?

Wouldn't it be better to declare that the Native Americans return and claim ownership of their motherland, even in that case, Jerusalem belongs to the Jewish nation.

AMIN:

Who doesn't consider its legitimacy?  
Muslims and Arabs? Those are the same garbage that nothing useful but stomach and underbelly

MARK:

Be careful, Amin, I'm not willing to hear any insult

34.

Rahil and Benny are setting the dinner table quietly and gesturing to each other to finish the discussion

AMIN:

Father, look at Rahil and see what newspapers she writes for and what she does, Israel is the only free country and democracy in the region, the only country in the region where a 24-yearold girl can write a sharp article about embezzlement by her prime minister, and the only country where in abnormal situations, a court summons is sent to its prime minister

MARK:

I agree, this is the soft power I mentioned, Israel cannot fight on two fronts, if it was a dictatorship here, it wouldn't be attractive and no one would come here and wouldn't need enemies and would collapse from within, in fact, it wouldn't be Israeli, that's why it behaves appropriately with its citizens but only relies on its military and warlike power with its neighbors

AMIN:

Where is here, Father?  
(pointing to the house)

MARK:

I don't know what you mean?

AMIN:

Where is this house, Father? Where in the world is it located? Is it in America, Palestine, or Israel?

MARK:

The country means nothing to me, the motherland is Earth for me, this house is where my children grew up and my wife passed away in it, this is what it means to me

AMIN:

What? If someone comes and says that a thousand years ago, not less than 200 or even 100 years ago, belonged to my ancestors, would you give this house to them?

MARK:

35.

Do you want to use Benny's argument that the Native Americans should return?

AMIN:

I haven't studied history like you, Father, but I know that historically, the Jews were homeless and wandering, and as far as I know, there was never a Palestinian country to be occupied or invaded, there were regions where until World War I its people were under the oppression of the Ottoman kings and then, from the term you like to use, Father, a country without a sunset, England ruled here, if I'm wrong, please tell me

Rahil raises her hand

RAHIL:

Amin, sorry

(He kisses her) let me first

clean up

(gently wipes off Amin's faint lipstick with a tissue) your words remind me of one of my friend's articles, that from the Israeli perspective, there are no Palestinians and no occupation has taken place, and there is no party for negotiation Residents, The residents of the region, meaning Palestinians, if they improve their behavior, there will be no news of occupation anymore.

AMIN:

Amir, has he written this or is it the work of that opportunist friend of yours, Gideon Levy?

MARK:

Don't be mistaken, Amin. Democracy is not merely a moral virtue, it is just a political method.

AMIN:

True, father. We prosecuted Elor Azaria for killing a Palestinian captive, this is not a lie. Such actions are unprecedented in this region of the world.

MARK:

Instead, in this region of the world, a father lost both his sons for forty days and his son-in-law was killed on his

36.

wedding day. The relationship with democracy should also be clarified.

RAHIL:

And a mother's daughter, paralyzed due to being hit by an Israeli missile, was killed in her arms. Amin, and Lulu, a 10-year-old girl from Shabura camp, not due to meningitis, measles, or syphilis, but shot in the head by an Israeli bullet. That girl could have been your sister.

MARK:

Let your hatred towards Israelis show, like what happened to your mother. Of course, the military and the prime minister believe that the child's fault was being in the path of the bullet.

RAHIL:

These events are real, Amin. Now shake off your beautiful anger and help set the dinner table.

AMIN:

But in a bigger picture.

RAHIL:

No political talk at the dinner table, that's the rule in this house.

AMIN:

We haven't even started eating yet

Rahil puts an olive in Amin's mouth

RAHIL:

Now we have.

AMIN:

No, I don't accept it.

BENNY:

Just as there is no unwritten law for Arab rulers and kings, there is no law for you either.

AMIN:

If an Arab government were here right now, from their own kind, more oppression and tyranny would occur, and more Palestinian children, fathers, and mothers would be killed, I'm sure of it. And no Muslim country would protest or make a fuss, and no one would dare

37.

speaking up here, let alone protest and start an uprising, because one dissenter was enough to punish an entire family, they would all be rounded up in a medieval style. This is the justice that Palestinians are waiting for, they themselves don't know what's coming, just a glance around them is enough, and I personally really want them to get there, so let's pray, father, that they get there.

RAHIL:

Amin, enough, father is tired, put this on the table.

MARK:

Maybe? Maybe you are right? Amin guides his father to the chair

with a tango dance

INT . DAY

In the afternoon of October 12, 2018, a press conference is being held with Eran, Uriah, the head of Mossad, and a colonel present.

HEAD OF MOSSAD:

Mr. Uriah, you are the chief officer responsible for this extensive espionage and counter-espionage operation that has been ongoing for several months.

He embraces Uriah and brings him closer to the microphone.  
The flash repeatedly turns on.

REPORTER:

It seems you were apparently engaged in combat with several groups in this operation.

URIAH:

Yes, but the central focus of these terrorist actions was the ISIS group, with small factions of extremist Hezbollah and Hamas, unfortunately, radical Jewish groups and the White Hats.

REPORTER:

Were all these actions coordinated and mutual?

URIAH:

Most likely not coordinated. I emphasize that these groups likely had conflicting goals and interests, aiming

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to escalate the entire region into a full-scale war, involving all countries up to Iran and Saudi Arabia.

REPORTER:

Israel has always been in conflict with Hamas and Hezbollah, these groups have always been extremist and warlike.

URIAH:

Hezbollah and Hamas do not initiate any war at the cost of their own destruction. This operation was a form of suicide and differed from all their previous actions.

REPORTER:

The Jewish White Hats have never assassinated another Jew.

URIAH:

Apparently, you forgot about Yitzhak Rabin.

REPORTER:

That was not a group effort; it was an extremist individual's self-initiated assassination.

URIAH:

The White Hats aimed to destroy Eastern Jerusalem, I can only say this much.

REPORTER:

Why Amos Litany?

URIAH:

Well, yes, why Amos Litan? Because he is likely  
(pause) considered a symbol of a dangerous idea.

The Prime Minister, his deputy, and two advisors are watching this press interview on TV.

URIAH:

Apparently, he believes that relying solely and excessively on military power in the long term is not effective and will be dangerous for the country and the region. Tensions will rise, and arms race will be on the governments' agenda. He believes that Israel should voluntarily, meaningfully, and seriously engage in peace negotiations to gain the trust of the other party and genuinely contribute to the progress of these

39.

negotiations. The assassination of this person is, in fact, the assassination of this idea, not only indicating that the negotiations have failed and the core issue is not the terms and conditions of negotiation but the failed negotiation approach that has concluded.

ADVISOR:

Apparently, he's intelligent.

PRIME MINISTER:

Okay.

ADVISOR:

Arrange a meeting with him as requested.

PRIME MINISTER:

Let's bring him here.

ADVISOR 1:

No, organize a formal dinner tomorrow night and say you want to introduce him to Parliament to receive the Medal of Bravery.

DEPUTY:

That's a good idea, we need to find out what General Litany knows and wants.

PRIME MINISTER:

Very well, make the arrangements.

INT. DAY.

Press conference.

REPORTER:

This morning, several Iranians were killed in an explosion in Lebanon. You claimed that Iran has a hand in every turmoil in the region.

URIAH:

I still say Iran has a hand in every turmoil here. If the people in the region don't behave properly, Iran will set it on fire to expand its Islamic influence.

REPORTER:

This bloody operation took place early in the morning, and around noon, Hamas and Hezbollah issued statements denying any involvement in the conflict.

URIAH:

40.

I don't know anything about this.

REPORTER:

ISIS has declared they will seek harsh revenge. Should people be worried?

URIAH:

As long as a stable peace is not established in the region, everyone should always be worried.

REPORTER:

Excuse me, I missed some points in the previous question. There were no references to Mohammad Najjar in the Hamas and Hezbollah statements.

URIAH:

Excuse me, I have to go, Arin.

INT . NIGHT.

In a large and luxurious hall, many people are present. Uriah is immediately surrounded by a group upon entering, and everyone applauds. In the adjacent room, the Prime Minister and a few others are seated.

ADVISOR 2:

Now is the time, Commander.

The Prime Minister enters from the opposite side of Uriah, and someone announces his arrival, everyone applauds. The Prime Minister goes directly to Uriah.

PRIME MINISTER:

Congratulations, Commander.

URIAH:

Thank you, Prime Minister.

They both raise their glasses.

PRIME MINISTER:

It was a remarkable operation, and for years people will talk about it. When we can reveal the whole truth, this operation will be taught in military and police academies. Now, let's toast to the health of someone who risked his life for the people, his country, and the survival of the Jewish faith.

(They exchange a deep look, Uriah finishes his drink, and the Prime Minister waits for him to finish.)



41.

I requested the Medal of Bravery for the Chief Commander and sent the paperwork to Parliament before coming here.

URIAH:

Not as brave as you in flying, Sabana.

PRIME MINISTER:

Hello, the country's health.

INT. NIGHT.

Dinner is almost over, Amin is drinking some of his drink.

AMIN:

May I recite the dinner prayer tonight?

RAHIL:

How strange, our religious revolutionary wants to recite a prayer tonight.

AMIN:

I am more religious than both of you.  
Thank you, God, for allowing my father to agree tonight to drink with alcohol.

BENNY:

If you had entrusted his upbringing to me, we would have been facing a better person now.

AMIN:

Very well, Rahil, you said that Aunt Bridget called last night.

RAHIL:

Yes, she also sent her regards to you.

AMIN:

What about Aunt Katy? Does she have any news from her university professor husband?

RAHIL:

Well, why do you care? Do you like his style?

MARK:

Why don't you talk about yourselves?

RAHIL:

father has talked so much politics in this house that we are tired, let some normal conversation happen.

42.

BENNY:

He would probably say, my husband, my husband, so much that he would feel bad. My husband doesn't like this food, he always washes his hands, he likes this cologne.

RAHIL:

You're jealous of her husband because you always liked Katie

MARK:

I always wanted you not to talk behind your uncles' backs.

RAHIL:

We never talked behind Uncle.

MARK:

I know, but it always ends up the way you know it ends up in Rome.

BENNY:

Father is right, your uncles are worthless people, don't talk behind their backs.

MARK:

Hey, Benny.

AMIN:

Father is right, Benny, those petty thieves are even worse than what he called them, worthless.

BENNY:

Let me punish him.

Amin immediately stands up and then Benny and they hit their heads together and press, Benny puts his fork in Amin's food bowl and puts macaroni in his mouth.

AMIN: I

hate doing this.

BENNY:

What mistake do you want to eat?

AMIN:

Father, he's showing himself to you as an upright man, but when he sees a wealthy customer, he wants to put his tongue in their ass.

43.

Rahil hits the glass with a fork .

RAHIL:

Father is right, did you know I played the role of Benny's wife several times, even last night I was Benny's beautiful and loving wife and had two children, and Benny was a man in love with family, I saw how he behaved with a customer.

BENNY:

That customer was an old rich man. and who had a young wife, and your foolish son was messing with our contract because he was infatuated with his wife. He had to believe I was married and show that I loved my wife and family so that he would trust me.

AMIN:

You figured out that he's a big liar, Father.

BENNY:

I have to tell you two idiots, I apologize for saying this, but after Father's death, I will become the head of the family. As the Aldst son, according to Jewish and Christian traditions, I will inherit the throne. And you, my humble subjects, will be.

You, daughter, must marry any man I choose for the continuation of the family's power. And you, especially you, must be my donkey, and I will always ride you with joy.

RAHIL:

Your Majesty, may I also ride him one day?

Amin laughs louder than everyone, Rahil and he shake hands firmly

BENNY:

By the way, this was the best dinner I've had in my life. Rachel points to the father, he is lost in his thoughts

RAHIL:

I think we should take a selfie, now everyone gather around father.

AMIN:

Let's capture this moment with a photo so that the beginning of a new family history is recorded.

BENNY:

44.

The beginning of family history is  
always migration.

RAHIL:

Father hasn't been feeling well for a few days,  
something's wrong.

MARK:

Nothing's wrong.

RAHIL:

Then why aren't you smiling, father?  
You seem upset.

MARK:

No, your jokes are really nice and funny, I should  
apologize, my mind is preoccupied with something.

He stands up and pauses at the kitchen entrance, speaking with his back to the  
children Mark:

Yesterday afternoon, I wanted to stop by the  
newspaper office to see Rahil, I don't know what  
happened, I got distracted from your company.

(He turns back) You met someone outside the  
company. Benny and Amin look at each other questioningly

BENNY:

I don't know, maybe he was a client.

MARK:

There's no need for evasion, I met that person and I  
know him. In 2001, he asked me questions about your  
mother's death.

AMIN:

Are you talking about Uriah Sheif, father? He's our  
client.

MARK:

He's a Mossad agent.

BENNY:

We are a private security company, father. Mossad and  
Shin Bet are also our clients. Whenever they don't have  
enough time and resources to protect certain  
individuals, even in foreign countries, they contract  
with us.

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MARK:

Your connection with them worries me, not your business contracts.

BENNY:

Why, Father? He's just a customer to us.

MARK:

I know, but I'm still concerned.

AMIN:

You're afraid of him because he's a Mossad member.

MARK:

I'm not afraid of him, son. I'm afraid of you guys.

BENNY:

Of us?

MARK:

It was a good attempt, son. You wanted to deceive your father, and that's not very honorable. You almost made me believe it! You can never see things right because of what happened to your mother. You can never judge correctly between Israel and Palestine, and I'm sure in moments of tough decisions, you can't make the right choices.

AMIN:

What exactly do you mean?

RAHIL:

Amin, please don't take it so hard on me. I didn't mean to say anything.

She talks flirtatiously to change the subject of the conversation because Amin's face is very serious, unlike his father who shows sadness and sorrow.

BENNY:

I honestly admit that you're right, Father, but what about you? Can you see things clearly because of your wife's death?

MARK:

I don't have and never had such a claim. I just earnestly want you to stay away from that man. He's dangerous for you.

46.

AMIN:

So if we ignore the fact that our mother was killed in a roadside bomb explosion, we become rational and realistic?

MARK:

What does that have to do with your mother's death?

AMIN:

It does, in this house, everything is related to your mother's death, even if it doesn't seem to be.

MARK:

I'm sorry to interrupt, but in my opinion, three groups of people can never see reality, at least not fully. One group is idealists, trapped in their own mental space, and the other group is religious extremists, Christians, Muslims, Jews, or even godless, they all have their religious sanctities and dogmas clouding their vision, and the third group is those who don't form families, no matter how hard they try, they can't. These three groups can never see because it's not about the individual, it's about the timing and the place. From here, no matter how hard anyone tries, they can't see the whole city, but from the top of the mountain, they can. Unfortunately, you are part of all three groups.

Amin:

So if we accept this pain as not real and without truth, and pretend with fake laughter to show you and others that nothing is wrong, we can judge correctly. Then everything becomes normal.

Mark gently holds Amin's shoulders and leans his head against his.

MARK:

I feel this pain too, son. Don't think you're alone.

BENNY:

Why didn't you tell me, Father? Why didn't you ever say anything?

MARK:

They taught us lies for the sake of deceiving our generation. This is part of the sacrifice of parents, and it should be. I always want to remind you that your

47.

mother had cancer and in the best-case scenario, she could only have lived for six months optimistically.

AMIN:

So, should we thank that worthless motherless father?

MARK:

No, not that worthless, I'm not a religious person, but if I were, I would say this event is like a miracle for us. I'm sure your mother saw this event as a miracle.

AMIN:

A worthless trash bag!  
(almost shouting)

MARK:

This is not a political blackmail to gain party superiority where peace or war supporters barricade themselves behind it. This incident is political for all people in the world, It should not be political only for us. It should have a different meaning for us. We should all be thankful that you didn't see your mother's last six months of pain, especially your grandfather. That's why she left this world happily. Because you didn't hear or see your mother praying for all her pain to end soon, and God didn't leave this true servant on earth and ended all her pain in an instant. I know it's a miracle, but I don't believe in miracles and I can't say it exists, no, I can't say it exists because I'm afraid of lying to myself, and a bomb explosion can never be a miracle. But how can it not be real when the only person who died was your mother and we were not supposed to go to her or any other café.

AMIN:

I also want to tell stories, Father, but like you, it doesn't have a religious narrative, there are no secrets or signs of miracles in this story.

RAHIL:

Amin, please stop, why do you continue?

AMIN:

Do you want me to stop? (turns on the gramophone and plays

48.

Symphony No. 9)

So, come, sister, let's play that piece of music that  
mother loved for father. Joy, oh delightful light  
divine

(they all sing together)

Oh daughter of paradise, towards your heavenly abode,  
we take steps, your miracle is forming again, all people  
will become brothers again; in the shelter of your  
gentle wings, so those who can sing with us and those  
who cannot stay away from crying. Anyone who listens  
to this music can't say the country that created this  
music is the same country that created  
Auschwitz and caused a boy to lose his entire family and  
immigrate to America, and his daughter, 60 years later  
on April 25th,

(crying, embraces Rahil Amin.)

RAHIL:

Enough, Amin, please stop.

MARK:

You're right, Amin.

AMIN:

My story continues, father, but I'll shorten it. I reach a  
time when that woman's husband was fighting in ICU  
for his life, and a little girl who didn't know what death  
and loss were, only felt something significant had  
happened, so she sought refuge in her brother's arms,  
and a father who could barely see anything, only a son  
could go to the morgue to identify his mother's body.  
What do you think that son sees, father?

MARK:

Do you want to say you saw pieces of your mother?

(With tears)

This is the most painful thing a son can see until he  
becomes a father, but if you want to blame someone,  
it's me, even if you want to.

BENNY:

You do everything to protect your sons.

MARK:

Well, that's a good reason, but I say it's the truth.



49.

RAHIL:

This is different from something like an accident, father.

MARK:

No, I don't speak for the accident itself, it was me who started a worthless argument over a trivial matter and caused your mother to lose her footing. Someone who could have become the best dancer in the world, applause, noise, fame, money, men in this situation fill their lives with wine, and women, and if your mother wanted, she could have filled her life with gold and men, men much more desirable than her husband.

BENNY:

Could you have prevented cancer too, father?

MARK:

No, I couldn't, it was bound to happen, but could you? You who couldn't stop the fight between your sister and Gilead.

BENNY:

Don't look at Amin, father, look at me. He had raised his hand on Rahil's face, if I had known earlier, I would have done the same thing, or worse.

Mark kisses Rahil's forehead and wants to leave

AMIN:

Father, can I ask you another question?

RAHIL:

Amin, it's enough for tonight, please let it be for later.

MARK: No,  
go ahead.

AMIN:

Rahil, maybe I want to ask about Uncle Eric?(Pause) Maybe I want to ask about Uncle Eric?

MARK:

What's the question?

AMIN:

Is it true that Uncle Eric was in love with Mom?

MARK:

50.

A better question is whether your mother was in love with Uncle Eric. Where did you hear that from?  
(Mark chuckles)

AMIN:

From Grandpa.(Mark laughs out loud)

MARK:

Which one of Grandpa's words was correct? Put that one next to the belief that Hitler is still alive.

RAHIL:

Is it true, Dad?

MARK:

Usually a husband denies it and claims that he was the only man in his wife's life. Eric was our best and closest friend, very kind and sincere. I must say he was a one-of-a-kind person. There was a lot of intimacy between him and Mary, your mother, and this intimacy was so strong that it could be interpreted romantically.

RAHIL:

That was the best answer that could be given.

(Rahil hugs his father and rests his head on his chest, sharing a very brief and affectionate kiss)

This is very beautiful. A woman between two men, the most indivisible thing in the world, and even more beautiful that your friendship continued despite the presence of a woman in between.

BENNY:

Why is it beautiful?

RAHIL:

Because the first murder on earth was because of a woman.

(With a spinning movement, Amin stands behind Rahil, Amin grabs Rahil from behind, and Rahil shows a futile attempt to grab Benny's hands, but Amin, like a jealous and angry husband, holds him tightly and angrily pushes )  
(Benny's hands away)

You dirty boys! Is the legend of your brotherhood over when you both love the same woman?

51.

Benny gently pushes Amin's hands aside and, like a lover, takes Rahil and continues dancing.

BENNY:

Right now, there is a woman between us.  
(Father and Rahil continue dancing)

AMIN:

Grandpa said something else, Dad, he only told me, I don't know why? A word that made me question something, a question that doesn't leave my mind.

MARK:

Why are you hesitating, son? Why don't you just let it out?

AMIN:

About me and Benny.  
(Mark suddenly stops dancing and goes deep in thought)  
Is it true?

BENNY:

What are you talking about, Amin?

AMIN:

I'm talking about a suspicious medical issue called non-identical twins that only our parents know about, and it has weighed heavily on my shoulders for years.

BENNY:

What issue are you talking about?

AMIN:

I'm talking about a medical issue of non-identical twins. Grandfathersaid that in the same accident your mother lost her knee, something happened.

BENNY:

What happened?

MARK:

And you believed it.

AMIN:

Yes, I believed it, but the issue is not my belief. You taught us to always seek the truth at any time, in every

52.

moment, and you should have confronted us with the truth much sooner than this.

BENNY:

What is he talking about, father?

MARK:

It's nothing but a bunch of nonsense, so you got drunk to be able to say these things.

AMIN:

I should have said it, tomorrow I'll leave from here, father, if...

BENNY:

What are you talking about, Amin?

MARK:

I'll answer. Grandfather believed  
(pauses and doesn't continue, as if he's sulking  
leaning on the table. Rahil goes to help him, but  
Amin and Benny don't  
understand)

Apparently, that accident exists in every moment of my life, in all its seconds, even in my Ahlam, it didn't let me be at ease, and apparently, there's no chance it will ever leave me alone.

BENNY:

What did Grandfather say?

(Amin stays silent)

What did Grandfather say?

(Silence, Benny firmly grabs Amin  
and shakes him)

I asked, what did Grandfather say?

AMIN:

Grandfather said that in that accident, one of the sons was switched, but he doesn't know which one? Benny or Amin?

RAHIL:

Switched? What does that mean?

AMIN:

It means

53.

(pauses) it  
means  
(pauses) it means the same thing you're  
thinking and afraid to say is true.

Father goes to his room

RAHIL:

What happened to you tonight?  
(Rahil repeatedly punches Amin's chest, and  
Amin hugs her)  
What happened to you tonight?

BENNY:

What are you saying?

Rahil goes towards father's room and knocks on the door, but Mark doesn't answer and is gathering his clothes

RAHIL:

Father, father, father, I want to come in.  
(She holds a picture, Eric holding a child and Mark  
holding another child, with Mary between them,  
surrounded by friends, all  
smiling.)  
Father, what are you doing?

MARK:

Nothing, my daughter, I'm just tired, I want to go on a  
trip.

RAHIL:

You're scaring me, father.

Father opens his arms, hugs Rahil, and Benny also joins them,  
Amin comes and all three cry in their father's embrace  
Amin:

I believed it back then, I mean until this moment, but  
now I don't have it.  
(Father cries)

MARK:

I know, my son, the problem is that now is the time for  
my grandsons to be in my arms.

EXT . DAY

54.

Uriah comes out slowly from the back door of his beautiful house, which also has a beautiful pool. Through the first shooter's camera, we see him moving his lips. The shooter wears an eye patch, lifts his hat for a moment, scratches his face, quickly lowers it, revealing a wound for a moment. Through the camera of one shooter, we see another shooter.

Uriah looks towards the first shooter's building and a shadow moves inside the house. Uriah looks towards another building, the first shooter quickly turns back, gestures towards that building, now lifts his hat, but we don't see his face clearly. He takes position behind a facility, the shadow inside the house becomes apparent. Someone, he stands in front of the glass doors in the dark, his face is not clear at all; the camera quickly shifts from this shooter to the other, Uriah and that shadow move back and forth, and suddenly we hear the sound of firing two shots in quick succession, immediately followed by the sound of glass breaking and something falling into the water. Shooters 1 and 2 gather their belongings and disappear.

INT. DAY

December 2017, Buenos Aires, Argentina

A dining table is placed by the window, a man and a woman, 30 years old or slightly older, are sitting at the table, looking out at the city. The man holds a guitar and occasionally hums a tune.

JORGE:

Hey, I'm getting tired of talking so much, at least say something, curse or something.

(The woman looks and then looks back at the city, Jorge puts down the guitar and approaches the woman)

I've saved up some money, let's go on a trip, let's go somewhere far, to the farthest place we can go with that money and stay there.

(The woman looks at the man again for a moment)

What do you think? Look, I have a distant relative in Poland, we haven't seen each other yet, but I'm sure they'll be happy to see us. What do you think?

SAMIRA:

You're a fool, you know that?

JORGE:

Why?

SAMIRA:

Because you're in love with a...

55.

JORGE:

I work in the same place as you.

SAMIRA:

Your job is different from mine.

JORGE:

I don't see a difference, if someone throws a coin in front of me, I'll play the guitar for them.

(Samira gets up from the table, she is very graceful)

A university professor refuses to teach unless he gets paid, and a married woman undresses in front of her husband to satisfy him and secure their future nonsense.

SAMIRA:

You know, many have professed their love to me.

JORGE:

I'm not worried about those many.

SAMIRA:

Many were willing to cover all my expenses in exchange for ownership rights. Muslims call her a second legal wife; she was a zealous Catholic who attended church every Monday with her family, prayed for the forgiveness of sinners, and then came to me worried that Pope Francis would destroy the church and Christ with his heresies. But most interestingly, there was a famous writer who claimed to draw inspiration from me as he was writing about a spy, telling lies like a donkey, starting with his sharp tongue and even asking me to do the same.

JORGE:

Why are you telling me all this?

SAMIRA:

Because I want you to dislike me, as their intentions were clear to me but you fail to understand the issue.

JORGE:

Let's get out of here.

SAMIRA:

56.

Yes, that's a good idea. A ticket will solve our problem; the opinions of others don't matter at all. We can't escape from ourselves.

JORGE:

A person's religion and skin color are determined by where they are born.

SAMIRA:

The fact that I was once a whore will never leave me alone and will always haunt me in sensitive times.

JORGE:

You are afraid, and it shows, but my question is why? Why should you be afraid?

SAMIRA:

Just being with me doesn't satisfy you, and you want a sacred pact between us.

JORGE:

And fragrant with love.(Samira takes her belongings.)

SAMIRA:

My job requires me to rest during the day to be able to work.

JORGE:

Why all of a sudden?

SAMIRA:

Do you know what the rules say? From now on, to be able to fuck me, you have to pay. I don't expect you to be responsible for sex; I earn money from sex with men, and you are just a customer to me, nothing more. I don't need anything more.

She exits quickly.

JORGE:

Samira, Samira.

INSIDE. NIGHT.

A casino where Samira and Jorge work. Jorge and another person play the guitar and sing the song "La Camisa Negra." Jorge realizes that Samira has been taken by a young man to dance, but the man's attention is fully on his surroundings rather than dancing with Samira. As the man goes to



57.

the bar when the song ends, Jorge quickly goes to the bar and stands next to him. That man, Yossi, is one of the Mossad agents. When Yossi gets two drinks to go, a lone man harshly bumps into him, causing him to spill the drinks on Jorge and lose his balance, but Jorge catches him. Jorge's hand touches Yossi's gun, and Samira also arrives.

YOSSI:

Hey, sir, I truly apologize, let me...

SAMIRA:

Don't worry, Yossi, this gentleman is one of my friends, he will surely understand.

(She pulls Yossi's hand)

By the way, you two should sit together. This gentleman Yossi is from the Polish Jews.

JORGE:

Nice to meet you.

YOSSI:

Likewise.

EXT . NIGHT.

Yossi and Samira are leaving the casino to catch a taxi.

SAMIRA:

Shall we go to the hotel?

YOSSI:

No, let's go somewhere else if possible. I don't want my acquaintances to see me there.

SAMIRA:

Do you have a fiancée?

(Yossi doesn't answer)

My place is not an option, let's go to my friend Jorge's place.

YOSSI:

Will he be okay with it?

SAMIRA:

He will be happy.

INT . NIGHT

The casino musicians are packing up, and the casino is empty. Jorge is looking for Samira.

JORGE:

58.

Hey, have you seen Samira?

WOMAN:

No, but I think she left with that guy.

JORGE:

Do you know where?

WOMAN:

No.

EXT . NIGHT

Jorge's apartment is on the 4th floor of a busy complex. He arrives on his motorcycle and sees the light on in his room. Suddenly, gunshots are heard, and a chair is thrown out of his room window. He quickly heads towards the stairs and hears two gunshots, with neighbors fleeing downstairs. He encounters three people in the stairwell, locking eyes with one of them. He hesitates, enters his apartment, finding Yossi in the room covered in blood, but no sign of Samira.

Jorge looks down from the window and sees Samira lying on the street. As he turns back, Yossi hands him his pants, whispers something in his ear, and dies. EXT . DAY

An American base in Syrian soil, 20 kilometers from the Turkish border. Sergeant Michael Shepard sits next to the lowest part of the base on a hill, lighting a cigarette and gazing at the sunrise. Andrew, in charge of the Communications Department, sits next to him and lights a cigarette.

ANDREW:

I called last night, talked to my father about our new friend.

MICHAEL:

Not so new.

ANDREW:

When he heard, he got excited, insisted on getting numbers, something about his parents, confirmed they suddenly and without notice went to Los Angeles in '82.

MICHAEL:

So it's considered normal for their family to be extraordinary and mysterious.

ANDREW:

He said he's going to Aleppo and Deir ez-Zor.

MICHAEL:

Perfect, he's going.

59.

ANDREW:

Michael, you don't owe him anything.

MICHAEL:

No, my life and life here have no value, so you're right, I don't owe him anything.

(Andrew tries to speak as Michael )

(gestures to be silent)

Look up, Andrew, and thank God you're alive to see another day, it's just that this day, another ordinary day, is a day gifted to you from heaven, just that close.

He points with two fingers and smiles

INT . DAY

Inside the command center, Michael, Lieutenant Harold, and Sergeants Jack and Benny are seated around a table.

BENNY:

It's strange to me why they're gathering so many forces.

MICHAEL:

There must be some news behind the scenes.

BENNY:

Which scenes?

HAROLD:

He means politics.

MICHAEL:

We're not decision-makers.

HAROLD:

But we can intervene in decisionmaking.

Andrew and Sergeant Frank enter

JACK:

Andrew probably knows something, what do your observations say?

ANDREW:

Observations say Turkey is planning an attack.

HAROLD:

Don't talk nonsense, Turkey is our ally.

ANDREW:

60.

I'm sure they're planning an attack,  
but I don't know against whom.

HAROLD:

No country, even if not our ally, would directly attack  
America, proxy groups like Iran and jihadists, and  
terrorist organizations pose a threat.

MICHAEL:

Add freedom-fighting organizations to your list.

HAROLD:

I know your opinions on this and I know that arguing  
with you has no effect.

MICHAEL:

Does any argument affect you?

HAROLD:

Maybe?

MICHAEL:

Then it's useless.

HAROLD:

In my view, America is the biggest supporter of  
freedom- fighting organizations worldwide.

MICHAEL:

Even inspiring ones.

HAROLD:

Don't mock, we have always been the oppressed party,  
otherwise, I wouldn't be here.

MICHAEL:

I agree.

(He smiles at everyone)

But you must also accept that freedom fighters can turn  
into terrorist groups. The question is, who should make  
the distinction? It depends on their actions. Jihadist  
groups and AlQaeda were considered freedom fighters  
when they were fighting against the Soviet Union and  
later the Najibullah government. America agreed with  
the Soviet Union to stop supporting and arming these  
groups upon the withdrawal of Soviet troops, but not  
only did they not stop, they even increased their  
support. Eventually, when the Najibullah government

61.

fell, these groups turned into terrorists because they considered America their enemy. It's a strange and confusing bundle of America's policies.

Commander Colonel Daniel enters with wisdom to avoid falling into the deceptive nature of American policies. Whether I removed the deceptive trait from America's policies because it's not hidden from anyone or because it's important that I removed it, the fact remains that I removed it.

COMMANDER:

Can you pour me some coffee?

HAROLD:

These events need to be investigated.

MICHAEL:

So review America's policies against the actions of the Iraqi Kurds during Saddam's rule; their actions have not changed.

HAROLD:

What do you mean?

COMMANDER:

Lieutenant Shepard's nonsense is getting on everyone's nerves.

MICHAEL:

Yes, sorry.

Harold pours coffee for Michael

HAROLD:

As a gesture of friendship, can I ask a

question?

, sir?

COMMANDER:

I'm about to start the meeting now.

HAROLD:

Just one question.

COMMANDER:

Keep it short.

HAROLD:

62.

You oppose your country's policies and war, so what are you doing here? This region has always been a place of war throughout history; it used to be a religious war and today it's a war over oil and wealth. This place has always been a crossroad of events.

MICHAEL:

Sir?

COMMANDER:

Short answer.

MICHAEL:

Short answer is probably that I got on the wrong bus or...

HAROLD:

Or?

MICHAEL:

I recently heard a term that explains my situation; I am a nomad.

HAROLD:

A nomad?

MICHAEL:

Nomad is what they call people like me.

COMMANDER:

Very well, that's enough. Today's meeting is the last and probably the fastest. Of course, if nothing special happens, the order is short and clear. We need to leave this base, so you need to get your people ready quickly.

HAROLD:

But ISIS still exists.

COMMANDER:

That's no longer our concern.

JACK:

The people in this area become defenseless victims.

COMMANDER:

We helped the people in this area, we helped them a lot. We did what was necessary. Now it's time to go back home.

MICHAEL:

63.

Necessary tasks? We are exactly between Erdogan's forces and the Kurdish people. By leaving, we are leaving the people here to be massacred. Now all of Andrew's observations make sense.

EXT . DAY.

At sunset, almost all the base is evacuated, a military vehicle and a helicopter are waiting. The commander is talking to Michael. Harold gets out of the car with a laptop bag. The commander goes.

MICHAEL:

Why are you here?

HAROLD:

I'm not leaving. You need help.

MICHAEL:

You gave me the coordinates; I'll find it myself.

HAROLD:

This is not your job; you can't do it alone.

MICHAEL:

Fine, put your quality on the motor. Harold hits Michael on the head when he turns around, knocking him unconscious, carrying him towards the vehicle, and placing him on the car.

The car leaves, and when all the dust settles, I see a motor going in the opposite direction towards the North Star.

EXT . DAY.

Someone with a camera sees a scene; two Aldrly men, two Aldrly women, two middle-aged men, and a young man are sitting, and behind them, 7 teenagers aged 15 to 17 with guns are standing. A large number of armed men with armbands are also present. Someone filming the scene is talking to a camera, and then the boys take turns shooting, but the last one hesitates, his hand trembling, and he drops the gun. A man approaches and violently hands him the gun. The boy refuses, and the man forcefully hands him the gun, but the boy throws the gun again. The man hits him hard, hands him the gun again, and another man, Amin, intervenes, shooting a bullet into the woman's shoulder. Only the woman is alive, and the man wants to shoot the boy again, but the same man stops him. The man, whose name is Qasem, a terrorist under pursuit, approaches and punches him. Another man defends and punches Qasem hard, bringing his armband towards the other man, as the intervening people separate them, and a man shoots an arrow at the old woman. INT . DAY.

64.

Benny is sitting at his desk in the company working on his laptop. The phone rings.

BENNY:

Alo? Alo? The

(call cuts off, the phone rings  
again.)

Hello? Hello? Hello?

AMIN:

Hi Benny

BENNYI:

Amin Amin (stands up) Amin Amin it's you

AMIN:

How are father and Rahil doing?

BENNYI:

Amin, tell me where

AMIN:

I asked Rahil and father, they are doing well

BENNYI:

Yeah, you could say they are doing well, just missing  
you, they haven't seen you in a few months

AMIN:

10 months, 6 nights, and 5 days

BENNYI:

You tell me where you are, I'll come

AMIN:

Listen Bennyamin, this is very important, they want to  
carry out terrorist attacks in Israel.

BENNY:

Amin, Amin.

(Benny stands up from his place.) Amin, are you  
okay?

AMIN:

Listen, Benny, this is very important, they want to carry  
out terrorist attacks in Israel.

BANI:

Who? What are you talking about, brother?

AMIN:



65.

Brother! Can you call me brother one more time?

BANI:

You're going crazy, Amin.

AMIN:

I don't know what these attacks are, but I'll try to stop them.

BANI:

What's wrong with you, Amin?

AMIN:

Don't interrupt me, I don't have much time. If I can't stop them, don't believe anything you hear about me. I love you, Rahil, and dad more than anything in the world.

BANI:

You're like those people...

AMIN:

Goodbye.

Inside a house in Syria, Amin is in a large damaged house, clearly belonging to a wealthy family.

BANI:

Amin, Amin!

Amin, with a bushy beard, falls to the ground in distress, prostrates, gets up, goes to the bathroom, stands in front of the mirror, puts on a Jewish cap, his eyes filled with tears, about to hit the mirror with his fist, a sound stops him. A man brings two women, a mother and a daughter, into the house with their hands tied, and violently. They beg, but the man pays no attention. He unties the daughter's hands, tears their clothes with a knife, and tries to take her somewhere else, but the mother intervenes.

MOTHER:

No, please, no, don't touch my daughter.

(The man hits the mother several times, but he doesn't stop.)

Take me with you, please, I'll do whatever you say.

ENGLISH:

Shut up, you're mine, mine. Just by not killing you, you should be grateful. If things go well, you'll stay alive. until my friends arrive, I need to make this girl mine.

DAUGHTER:

66.

Please, don't hit me. Here,

the man hits the daughter hard, then goes towards the mother, hits her hard again, and as he is about to hit her again, Amin arrives.

AMIN:

What are you doing, Englishman?

ENGLISH:

You should get lost from here

AMIN:

Very rude for an Englishman.

ENGLISH:

What do you want to do wrong?

AMIN:

You're tormenting these women.

ENGLISH:

These women are spoils of war, they're mine. Today, their numbers are high, go take some for yourself.

MOTHER:

Please, sir, don't hurt us.

The man hits the woman with two consecutive slaps, and at that moment, Amin attacks, engaging with the man skillfully, striking him, twisting his hand around his neck, and silencing him.

AMIN:

I know your ridiculous religion gives you the right to do whatever you want with captives, but growing up in European culture surely taught you that captives have rights of their own. So, this has nothing to do with your ridiculous religion or your European culture; it's related to your occupation. Even gangsters and criminals, by law, show respect to neither women nor children.

(He quickly stands up, carries the body on his back, brings clothes for the mother and daughter to cover themselves, turns Amin's face around, and speaks.)

When I mentioned your ridiculous religion, it wasn't meant as an insult.

MOTHER:

It wasn't taken as an insult.

67.

AMIN:

How do you know our language?

MOTHER:

I'm a teacher.

AMIN: Can I

go back?

MOTHER:

Yes.

(Amin notices their trembling hands out of fear, gets upset, and takes their hands.)

"I'm truly sorry, really sorry. Don't worry, I will get you out of here alive somehow."

MOTHER:

Thank you very much.

They are in the kitchen next to the dining table when two people enter. He doesn't have a weapon, quickly hides the mother, and tells the daughter to bring her clothes.

MAN 1:

Where is Gery? Okay, I accept she's your daughter; I enjoy more with older ones.

They become suspicious, bring out their weapons, and see the daughter.

MAN 1:

Where is our friend Gery?

The girl points to the bedroom. When they turn around, Amin hits Man 1 hard on the head with a can of tomato paste, quickly throws Man 2's gun into the kitchen, punches him, then kicks Man 1's hand, disarming him, and a fierce fight breaks out between them. Man 2 is very strong, but Amin doesn't back down. When Amin is in trouble and can't get up, Man 1 goes for his own weapon. As soon as he grabs the weapon, someone enters with a bandage; it's Michael, but his voice is hoarse and unrecognizable.

MICHAEL:

Drop it!

(He fires a shot close to the feet of Man 1 and throws the gun away.)

"What's going on here?"

MAN 2:

Why are you wearing a hat?

MICHAEL:

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It's evident what's going on here. I'm just asking questions, that's it. Meaningless talk, and otherwise,

(a bullet near a strong man's heart is shot,) a situation I've always wanted to experience. Now we find ourselves in a pure Tarantino-esque situation, absurd yet real, which this director is called a master and in my opinion, truly a master of cinema.

Interestingly, most cinema students choose him for their thesis, so let's enjoy this situation together. Of course, it's uncertain whether the writer behind this is Tarantino himself coming out or not. First, I can immediately and calmly kill you in a scene that ends very quickly and probably isn't that exciting. Second, I can shoot an arrow somewhere on your body to paralyze you, then I'll take a knife and cut your ears off, bring out your heart and intestines, and light a cigarette to watch you die with pleasure.

(He lights a cigarette)

This Tarantino-style violence is more appealing to me and is more in tune with my spirit. Third, Tarantino's characters are unpredictable, bringing out all this opportunity when things need to be done quickly to escape the mayhem, they sit down and perform their own ridiculous Tarantino-esque dialogues. It's quite meaningless but beautiful, and because it's beautiful, it eventually makes sense in the end, much like our current situation. However, I doubt if our current situation will make sense in the end. Now we have to think, if the master were here, what would he say? In my opinion, if the master were here, he would have been tongue-tied with fear, wet himself, and probably gone mad, like a scared puppy hiding in a closet whimpering until its owner returns and pats its head and ears. Now, with your permission, I will start the scene with a Tarantino-style masterful dialogue so we can all see what surprising twist unfolds in the end. Until the gun starts talking, or someone speaks up loudly, it's better for someone to speak and clarify everything for me. You start, you're a better target.

MAN 1:

Our friend Gary, of course, if you know him.

MICHAEL:

Let's assume I know him.

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MAN 1:

He came here with two women.

MICHAEL:

I only see one here.

MAN 1:

When we arrived here, neither Gary nor the other woman was here, then this man suddenly attacked us.

MICHAEL:

An old fight over a woman, it seems it won't end like this. Who is her father's name?

AMIN:

Me.

MICHAEL:

You don't resemble someone whose father's name is Mark. I don't see any resemblance. What's your family name?

AMIN:

Wright.

MICHAEL:

But it suits you to be Wright. What's your mother's name?

AMIN:

Mary, Marlene.

MICHAEL:

So, I got it right.

He first points the gun towards Amin and then gestures to the other person to move aside and suddenly aims at both men.

AMIN:

Michael! You? Oh, boy.

(They hug each other.)

It's better to hide the bodies until someone else comes. Hopefully, no one else knows.

(They return to the mother and daughter.)

You better go under the blanket until it gets dark, then I'll bring you food.

MOTHER:

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Thank you very much.

AMIN: No  
need for thanks.

(Turning to Michael)  
Where did you get these Tarantinostyle nonsense from?

MICHAEL:  
I was thinking about how to recognize you when I  
haven't seen your face. How couldn't you recognize me,  
especially when you knew I had to come here?

AMIN:  
You said you'd come at midnight when I thought my job  
was done. You were the last person who could have  
crossed my mind. My situation wasn't Tarantinostyle to  
waste time with nonsense. Listen, I don't have time, I  
have to go to an important meeting. I'll send someone  
reliable here for guard duty. You need to get some  
sleep.

EXT . NIGHT.

Amin drives the van, and Michael sits next to her. The two women lie stretched out  
behind the van and hide.

AMIN:  
What do you like about Tarantino  
movies?

MICHAEL:  
Not a particular movie, but the incompleteness of them.

AMIN:  
All cinema lovers enjoy the incompleteness of the story,  
but I hate it.

MICHAEL:  
No, I expressed myself poorly. The unfinished story  
doesn't just end, it continues endlessly on its own path.

AMIN:  
Open endings, I hate open endings too.

MICHAEL:  
No, it's not even an open ending. It's like life. For  
example, if my death is the end of my story, it becomes  
the beginning of your story, and the beginning of your

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story becomes the middle of their story, and a part of the middle of their story becomes the beginning of my story. That's why the endless story continues on its own path. The moment a story reaches its end, a new story begins. With the death of one story, a new story is born.

AMIN:

Just as you said, like life. You are definitely a cinema lover.

MICHAEL:

I wanted to become a critic. Maybe when I come back, I'll write in the newspapers. Of course, I have to go back and make some friends.

AMIN:

Oh, one of the beautiful games of destiny. Now I understand why fate's hand is at play. I realize that I am placed in this time and part of the world because my role from the beginning was to introduce you to one of the most extraordinary people in the world, my sister. She is a journalist and between us, she is the best. Very intelligent and educated. She loves art, literature, cinema, and more than anything, politics and its mysteries and secrets. If I tell her you're my friend and you saved my life, whatever nonsense you write, she will publish. So, start thinking about writing your nonsense from now on.

MICHAEL:

Thank you very much.

AMIN:

You're welcome. By the way, I heard all Hollywoodians are dirty and garbage. Writers, directors, actors, producers, everyone.

MICHAEL:

And self-satisfied and arrogant, but in return, very chic and magnificent. Pleasant with smiling faces and shiny teeth, shining like stars.

AMIN:

I thought the same, but in this part of the world, these things are meaningless. Now, I think they are like those who have contracted the AIDS virus, outwardly healthy

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but dying from within, not aware of it themselves or anyone else. We've reached the point where meaningless Tarantino-esque nonsense is enough.

They arrive somewhere outside the city, get out of the car, and two women come out from under the blanket.

AMIN:

You must go 120 kilometers without stopping for anyone or anything, even if you run someone over, you won't stop.

He hands the bag to Michael.

MOTHER:

We don't know how.

AMIN:

Excuse me. This bag contains all the documents, photos, films, and information, even about the people living in Europe and America, and the speculations they plan to do in the coming months.

(He hands a paper to Michael.) Remember this number, Michael, and destroy it. After you safely deliver these two ladies, go to Tel Aviv. I might be there too, but if I don't survive, give everything to my brother.

(He points to the number.) He knows who to give it to. Now, go.

MOTHER:

We don't know how to thank you.

She always speaks with a choked voice and tears.

AMIN:

There's no need for thanks, ma'am.

DAUGHTER:

How will we know if you're still alive?

AMIN:

Maybe if you find out who I am, it won't matter to you anymore.

MOTHER:

In any case, you will be important to us.

AMIN:

Because I am Jewish.(Short pause)



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DAUGHTER:

So you should be proud of being Jewish like us, dear.  
You'll never forget.

MOTHER:

Yes, you will always be in our thoughts, my son. And if we stay alive, in all the days and years of our lives, you will have a place inside us, right here.

(She points to her heart with )  
(tears)

That's why a part of us has now become Jewish, and the Jewish part will always remain, the part we keep intact and untouched forever. Send my regards to your father and mother, and tell your mother on my behalf that she is lucky to have a son like you.

AMIN:

My mother has passed away, ma'am.

MOTHER:

Then let me hug you, my son.

(They hug each other and both cry)

I lost my son today too, but God gave me another son today, and I ask him to keep him safe for me, so now think that you still have a mother, like me who feels that my son is still alive and I am hugging him.

(She looks at Amin's foot and caresses his hands, then hugs him again)

I know I can't be like your mother, but I am proud to have a son like you. As they part ways, the mother kisses

Amin's forehead, Amin kisses her hands, and the mother gives a loving smile to Amin.

MOTHER:

When she wanted to tease you, what did she say?

AMIN:

Amin.

MOTHER:

Amin.

(She says under tears)

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What a beautiful name, it's strange that it also means something in our language. She takes a necklace from her neck and puts it around Amin's neck.

This necklace is a talisman, it seems like you need it more AMIN:

Thank you, you shouldn't waste time, go quickly.

(He hugs Michael)

Make sure they are safe, and if you can, send them to Europe or America.

MICHAEL:

I'll do whatever I can, see you.

AMIN:

I hope so.

(He takes the mother and daughter's hands)

Just stay alive.

EXT. DAY.

In Tel Aviv, Michael is sitting in the park with a cigarette in his mouth, while Benny paces anxiously.

BENNY:

You should have told him to come, you should have told him you helped enough. Leave him alone now.

MICHAEL:

You would have left him alone.

BENNY:

Yeah, I think so.

INT. DAY.

Uriah and 12 people with military equipment are sitting in a room, waiting. INT. DAY.

Four people enter a building and stand in a hallway.

AMIN:

I will enter first and cover the door, then you follow, and the first ones are the security guards. Hey, when we gather everyone, you detonate it not sooner.

They will remove their hats before entering. Amin goes behind them. As soon as one targets a security guard, Amin detonates the explosive vest on him and quickly targets the rest, taking off his hat. One who is not dead yet looks at Amin, and Amin shoots him. Amin goes towards the vest to neutralize the bomb and shouts.

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AMIN:

Someone call the police quickly!

Rahil and a 55-year-old man named Gideon Levy are hiding under the table. Rahil recognizes Amin's voice and tries to stand up, but the man grabs Rahil's hand. Rahil sees theft from above the table. "Give me a phone," one person gives Amin his phone and shouts Rahil's name. Rahil releases his hand from Levy's hand.

RAHIL:

Oh my God, he's my brother, Amin!

AMIN:

Uriah, hurry up!

(They embrace each other and cry.) "Dad is fine".

RAHIL:

Yes, yes.

AMIN:

I had one wish left, to see you and hug you tightly.

(Amin embraces Rahil again.)

"Very good, everyone listen to the windows, don't get close, go to the back of the building and seek shelter. Reinforcements are on the way." Levy approaches them.

RAHIL:

My friend Gideon Levy.

AMIN:

He's that sneaky one.

(He winks at both.)

"Now we have to see how your shooting is. Are they as explicit and firm as your articles"?

LEVY:

I'll do my best.

AMIN:

You stay here and don't let anyone come up the stairs, shoot anyone who comes up. Rahil, I have to go.

RAHIL:

You stay here too.

AMIN:

When they see my explosive vest didn't detonate, they will shoot at everyone.

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Amin makes his face bloody to show he's injured. Three people come up the stairs. EXT .  
NIGHT

Benny and Michael are driving fast. In the back seat of the car, there is a camera gun and several other weapons.

BENNY:

Rahil wants to be in the newspaper.

RAHIL:

I know, Benny. I saw Amin.

BENNY:

Amin? Can you give him the phone?

RAHIL:

He just left.

INT . DAY Inside the newspaper office.

MAN:

What happened?

AMIN:

Come up quickly.

As everyone enters the stairs, Amin shoots them all and throws himself out like wounded people, ISIS terrorists quickly prepare their weapons and rain bullets on the newspaper office. Some shoot everywhere. A woman with a child was coming when the shooting started, and they got caught in the middle of the road. Amin shoots two people who try to shoot them, the group notices Amin and starts shooting. Amin goes towards the mother and child to reassure them, takes off his hat so they don't fear him, and directs them towards a car. He gets hit by several bullets and can't take cover. He sees Benny and Benny wants to get closer.

AMIN:

No, Benny, no.

A man with a hat approaches him and shoots him. When he reaches his head, he takes off his hat. He is ruthless. They look at each other, and Amin tries to forcefully grab his gun, but the ruthless man throws the gun away with a strong kick and ruthlessly empties a full magazine of his automatic rifle on Amin's head and body. When Amin's hands open, a necklace with a wounded eye pendant is in his hands. Benny witnesses this scene, and Michael unhesitatingly starts shooting. The group Uriah also arrives and skillfully attacks and defends. The shooting intensifies for a moment, but most of the terrorists retreat except for a few who fall after a while. Rahil sees his brother's death from above. One of the Uriah members tries to enter the stairs, but Gideon shoots him and quickly backs off. Benny goes up and stands over Amin's head, kneeling beside Amin's body and placing his head between his knees. INT . DAY.

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ISAAC:

Don't shoot, you fool, it's me!

LEVI:

I'm sorry.

ISAAC:

You were close to killing me, you fool. This devil says something like this.

Rahil quickly passes by them.

EXT . DAY.

Rahil quickly goes towards Amin's body.

RAHIL:

Amin, Amin.

BENNY:

Michael, don't let Rahil see this.

Michael goes to Raheel and hugs her, then moves away as Raheel cries out, "No no no no," crying and screaming.

Suddenly Raheel faints, Uriah and his men, along with Levi and a few journalists, gather around. They place a white cloth over Amin's head; Amin's hand is outside the cloth with a necklace around his neck.

EXT. DAY.

In a border town between Lebanon and Israel, in a street transformed with Uriah, who has grown a thick beard, Michael and Isaac stand with Abou Morad, a Lebanese .

ABOU MORAD:

"Hezbollah groups are not like a regular national army, although they receive orders from one place, they are free to do many things, especially the group led by Mohammad Najjar. Don't try to provoke them. Here, someone is killed for no reason, like a stroke of bad luck. Keep an eye on.

Maybe there is someone named Jamal among them. If so, he's the one you owe gratitude to."

A car stops, and a strong man gets out.

URIAH:

"I know ".

THE MAN:

"Morad."

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Uriah and the man get into the car, and immediately a black cloth is placed over their heads so they can't see anything. INT . DAY.

In a large room, some people are standing with guns, while Uriah and Morad sit on the ground, and Jamal Asaf is in the dark with his face barely visible. They remove the cloth from their faces .

JAMAL:

"You sent a message that you have valuable information, but I'm not a fool. I don't believe you came all this way to betray your country".

BENNY:

"Betrayal? There's no talk of betrayal."

Jamal lights a cigarette .

JAMAL:

"Does the cigarette smoke bother you"?

BENNY:

"We should talk to your commander ".

JAMAL:

"I am the commander ".

BENNY:

"We are a few people who know who your commander is ".

JAMAL:

"So far, you should thank God you're alive. Your life is in my hands ".

BENNY:

"Even though you promised to keep us safe, we knew there was a chance of death. You can never fully trust a Muslim Arab, especially if they are Palestinian ".

JAMAL:

"Trust? Tactics, like you Israelis, you use them well. But you're right, nothing binds a Palestinian to a ridiculous promise made to an Israeli, unless "...

BENNY:

"Then don't delay. Shoot my friend in the head so I know if a Muslim or a Palestinian is a coward. You might have everything or bring a ship, a plane, wealth, or even a country, but you are not a man".

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JAMAL:

An Israeli can't talk about manhood when shooting at children. But I always saw killing an Israeli as an opportunity; it's my manhood that spared you.

BANI:

First, tell your kids to put aside these ridiculous toys  
(referring to the weapon)

JAMAL:

It's not something to put aside; we come to this world with it, live with it, and die with it.

BANI:

You kids are foolish, you carry weapons and fight, and only fight. But you don't realize that you are the weapon in someone else's hand, and it is they who pull the trigger, not you.

JAMAL:

Alright, you've made your point. Our hospitality has its limits, so listen now. Did you think we wanted to fight? Hey, who among the kids wants to fight? No, we also want to go to the park or cinema with our families. They left us no choice. If you have a way, show us.

BANI:

If I had a way, my brother would be alive now. My brother was a professional passionate killer.

JAMAL:

He was a mercenary from the start and changed his path. It's not our fault. When you Israelis shoot at our children, think about it.

BANI:

No, no, no. I've been thinking for the past 3 days. The first day, I wanted to kill all Muslims. It didn't matter who they were or where they were from; they were all guilty in my eyes. Then Palestinians, followed by Hezbollah and Hamas.

JAMAL:

So, who do you think is guilty now?

BANI:

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Myself. In my brother's death, I am solely to blame. I should have opened my eyes and realized a Palestinian fights for the same reason I do - home and family. One ordinary evening, a high-ranking Mossad member was sitting in a café, supposed to be killed by a bomb. The bomb exploded, but only an ordinary woman was supposed to die in that blast. Since that day, I referred to Palestinian homes as occupied. I should have known I was pouring fuel on my brother's soul, that the fire would one day return to me, and it did. That waited, expecting one day my brother would be killed by a Palestinian. I don't know the reason for that bombing, but whatever it was, now I think I would have done the same thing, and with my bomb, an ordinary woman would have died on an ordinary day. I am as much my enemy as you are mine. You are the reason for my being, brother, that's why I came to make amends. So tell your commander to come.

JAMAL:

I am commander.

BANI:

To be able to meet with your commander, I brought you a gift.

Uriah brings Gas' hat and his roots, causing a commotion.

Jamal rises from his place and approaches them. Now everyone sees his face. They all point their weapons at Uriah except Mohammad.

MAN 1:

Commander, let me take care of this traitor right now.

He's arming a few people ready to shoot.

MOHAMMAD:

Commander, allow me to finish off this traitor right now.

Jamal steps forward with a gun.

JAMAL:

An Israeli is equivalent to 20  
Palestinians with this part of his problem. They don't  
mind, let's think this way, not only us but the whole  
world. But I like equality.

He puts the gun to Uriah's head



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MOHAMMAD:

Commander, we can free my brother.

BANI:

No, you owe me, Jamal.

JAMAL:

Our biggest enemy has come to us on his own. Hey, how do you know my name?

(He points the gun at his head and exerts pressure.)

Answer or I'll shoot you like a dog.

BANI:

My brother, my brother Amin saved your brother.

The door opens, and Ahlam enters swiftly with a gun in hand.

AHLAM:

But I owe no one.

The gun is pointed at Uriah's head.

URIAH:

Oh my God, are you Mohammad Najjar? So Amin was right.

AHLAM:

Uriah, the rapist of Arab captive women.

URIAH:

This reputation is like Mohammad Najjar, I created this character myself to silence a woman, it was useful because many just talked by hearing this name.

AHLAM:

I was your prisoner.

URIAH:

I saw you too. Did Uriah the rapist violate you?

AHLAM:

No, he did not violate me, but I saw a woman being beaten to near death and violated. She said Uriah the rapist did this.

URIAH:

Which woman? I violated many women. Probably a woman who said she was

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Egyptian, her father died, and her mother was a servant. Many Russian women used to come and earn good money. Do you want me to give you the count to talk to her? We have time to shoot each other until the end of the world, so let me speak first.

AHLAM:

I'm sorry, I swore to shoot you as soon as I saw you.

She shoots a bullet, misses the target. Now speak.

URIAH:

We should only talk.

AHLAM:

I do not trust you, and I never will too.

With a gesture, Ahlam signals everyone to leave, and Jamal stays behind. INT . DAY.

Some time has passed since they last spoke, and we are nearing the end of the negotiation. Uriah and Benny are sitting on the ground.

URIAH:

They are completely unpredictable, attacking non-military targets and even random and fruitless objectives. Here, it seems they only need to know what their next target is and where it is. We don't know? Rafah, Aleppo, Ramallah, Beirut, Tel Aviv, Jerusalem.

AHLAM:

Jerusalem.

URIAH:

Jerusalem, if they can provoke Hamas, Hezbollah, and Israel, our prediction is that this time a real bloodbath will occur. Everyone will come, Egypt and Saudi Arabia, and most importantly Iran.

AHLAM:

I still don't understand your real reason?

BENNY:

Real reason? What happened in the Syrian war? They destroyed the whole country, they only send their military there, but here children, old women, and men are dying. In that war, only Syrians lost their homes and became displaced.

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AHLAM:

Collateral damage in war is inevitable, overall your arguments were not convincing to me.

(lights a cigarette and his face disappears in the smoke)

That's why my answer to you is negative, we have no help to offer you, and you can't help us either. I don't put myself and my people at risk, not the risk of war with ISIS, the risk of being manipulated by Mossad's games and the shame of betrayal.

BENNY:

If the incident that happened in Tel Aviv happens here, what then? Can you attribute this to collateral damage in war?

AHLAM:

You have made yourself a responsible and concerned citizen, and probably your government has not taken your warnings seriously and does not support you. Maybe because it's not important to them, why should I believe someone who has caused a lot of conflicts for my people and is now worried about everyone's safety?

URIAH:

This time it's all connected because the threat is not from an outsider, This time, we are the threat.

AHLAM:

You haven't provided a real reason, I mean not you

(referring to Benny)

Your reason is real, but you, the current hawkish Prime Minister, do not Bennyefit from tension and war to regain power, and you are either part of their plan without knowing it or with a very low probability, you are part of the political schemes of this government.

URIAH:

That's my biggest fear, the destructive combination of your military high-ranking personnel and our army who were and are eager to do something serious. Political pressures, experienced diplomats, and the cancer of ISIS; everyone thinks now is the right time to finish the job and achieve all their goals. The danger is closer to us than you think. I am ready for death because I have

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gotten used to it, but I cannot accept the death of my friends and loved ones. My reason is

AHLAM: negotiations are over, execute them right where they started, but be sure I will shoot you next time.

As Ahlam heads towards a room, Uriah pulls out a pocket from his pocket as soon as he turns the doorknob.

URIAH:

"There is information in this pocket that will be useful to you."

ALHAM:

"I am sorry for the death of your brother and mother. If you find the person responsible for the bombing, what will you do?"

BANI:

"I don't know." EXT . DAY

a group of people with several cars in a farm outside Ramallah are preparing a guided missile while the livestock are busy eating, and Qasem is among them. The missile is launched and targets a point in the city. INT . DAY  
Benny, Michael, and Rahil are at home watching CNN showing images of the explosion.

REPORTER:

"Israel has remained silent about the explosion that killed two of the top leaders of Hamas and Hezbollah, but Hamas and Hezbollah have threatened Israel with retaliatory action."

Ahlam is buying fruits in the Gaza market when a 55-year-old man named Abu Hamed approaches her.

ABU HAMED:

"Why did you want to see me face to face?"

(Ahlam speaks without turning her head.)

ALHAM:

"I warned you, but you didn't take it seriously."

ABU HAMED:

"It's the work of the Israelis."

ALHAM:

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"No, not this time."

ABU HAMED:

"Only they are capable of such operations."

ALHAM:

"We like to think this way because it is better for us and in our favor." Ahlam gives money to a female seller and looks straight into Abu Hamed's eyes.

SELLER:

"The rest of your money."

ALHAM:

"It's yours."

ABU HAMED:

"Even if there is no reason, I see no justification for not using anyone or anything that helps our victory."

ALHAM:

"Victory?"

ABU HAMED:

"You do not believe in the future of our work and our struggle."

ALHAM:

"Tell me what the content of your struggle is so I can tell you whether I believe in it or not."

ABU HAMED:

"Our victory is certain, but it is up to you whether you are tired of waiting or have lost faith".

AHLAM:

Can you tell me what victory is or where it is?

ABU HAMED:

I feel there is a hint of sarcasm in your question if it were sincere, I would answer.

AHLAM:

Maybe? Maybe because you have also lost yourself.

ABU HAMED:

Victory can be an independent country, when we have defeated or expelled them all and reclaimed all our sacred land.

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AHLAM:

This means killing everyone, including women and children, and having an independent country Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Egypt, and Libya, do you think, that makes you feel comfortable?

ABU HAMED:

What do you mean?

AHLAM:

If you ask almost all the people of these countries if they are willing to live independently in their country or in a European country, by their answer, you can deduce the significance of time and place for your victory and independent country.

ABU HAMED:

Do you think if the same people were asked who should govern their country, what would they answer?

AHLAM:

I'm not talking about anyone else, I'm talking about you, about you who is supposed to one day come to power in your independent country. Our discussions never ended, Abu Hamed. Inside this envelope are some pictures that I want you to find for me and what is the next step?

ABU HAMED:

You have lost your goal.

He takes a quick look at the pictures

AHLAM:

Goal? I might have lost mine, what is your goal? You know Jamal says beautiful things, he says there is no religion or right higher than the right of a child who wants to play or hug his doll, and this includes Israeli children too, of course if they let us and we have the ability to do so. Let's think like this, let me simplify it for you. Can you see those children? Can you give those children the opportunity to go to school and university and then have a job and a good life? Because now is the time, and tomorrow is too late. Can you do something so that the old man can spend the rest of his life comfortably with his family? Now I admit that I misplaced my goal from the

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beginning, but now I set this as my goal, to improve the lives of my friends, and I wonder if you or anyone else has a different goal in the fight.

ABU HAMED:

There are many of them, and as far as I know, you are not more than 10 or 20 people, and due to your unilateral approach, Hezbollah does not support you at all, meaning you do not have enough equipment.

AHLAM:

Find them for me or what is their next move?

ABU HAMED:

I can only find them for you.

Ahlam quickly leaves INT. NIGHT.

Years ago, in Jamal Asaf's house, he is 15 years old, his sister Sanam is 12 years old, and his other sister Badri is 5 years old. Their mother wants to set the dinner table while the girls are playing, and their father is reading the newspaper.

BADRI:

The top bunk is mine.

SANAM:

It's mine.

BADRI:

Shut up, it's mine.

(He covers his ears to avoid hearing his sister's voice.)

SANAM:

That's my bedroom, I won't let you in at all.

BADRI:

Mom, whose bedroom is that?

MOTHER:

It belongs to both of you, Sanam, don't be selfish.

BADRI:

The top bunk is mine.

MOTHER:

Jamal, are you going to buy us yogurt?

88.

JAMAL:

I'm here, Mom. Hi, Dad.

DAD:

Hi, son.

BADRI:

Oh, I want ice cream, I want ice cream.

JAMAL:

Let's go.

BADRI:

The top bunk is mine.(She immediately grabs her ears.)

EXT . NIGHT.

Badri happily eats ice cream.

BADRI:

I want to sleep with you, can we put a bunk bed in your room?

JAMAL:

Maybe we can.

BADRI:

Can I sleep on the top bunk?(She jumps on Jamal's house and the house collapses. Jamal holds Sanam tightly.)

INT . NIGHT.

Jamal Asaf is tied to a pole, and three men are standing. One man pours water on his head, and another kicks him. Jamal wakes up from the dream.

MAN:

Sorry for waking you up from your sleep. I wanted you to know that I was standing right next to your commander and I fuck him, tonight is the second time, But this time anal sex. Now someone else is fuck him, and many others are waiting in line. If you tell anyone else about us, I promise to kill him right now, otherwise we will fuck him one by one until morning, and throw his corpse in the desert under the sun to rot.

He pulls down his pants and molests Jamal. At that moment, two more people enter and quickly tie up the three men and one man leaves. INT . NIGHT



Someone enters a room where a man has his pants down and is assaulting someone. The person approaches, calmly strikes the man's back, and when he turns around, delivers a strong blow, causing him to fall. Now Uriah takes his hat and firmly holds the man's mouth.

URIAH:

Shh, can you walk away?

Uriah and all his men have beards and look like Muslims.

AHLAM:

My pants.

Ahlam's face is swollen to the point where he can't open his eyes, and his whole body is bruised. He can't even stand on his feet.

URIAH:

Without your penis, you'll go to heaven, have a good time.

First, he shoots an arrow at his genitals, then after his words, he shoots several arrows into his chest. Uriah helps Ahlam get dressed quickly and takes her out of the hidden room. When they get close to Jamal, he takes off his hat and quickly opens Jamal's hands to help him walk.

BANI:

Hey, look at me, do you recognize me?

JAMAL:

You're someone I almost killed like a dog.

BANI:

Yeah, you wanted to kill me, idiot.

JAMAL: you have the right to call me an idiot or maybe more, as you say. If I had killed you that day, I would actually be dead now.

They see Uriah carrying Ahlam when they come out of the room. Several people including Mohammad Tahir and Raouf accompany them. Suddenly two people come out of It's too late, and Isaac puts himself in front of the arrow to save Rauf, getting severely injured, and another agent is killed.

BANI:

He's dead.

URIAH:

We don't have time.

90.

EXT: NIGHT

Five people are waiting outside, and one of them takes Ahlam from Uriah while Uriah goes up to Faran. Michael quickly approaches with an arrow on his head.

MICHAEL:

Commander, how many cars do we have approaching?

FARAN:

I'm done here. Give me a few grenades and fireworks, and let's go quickly.

URIAH: Are you sure?

Faran nods his head.

EXT : NIGHT

They move away significantly as they hear gunshots and fireworks explosions.

Ext: Night They continue walking with Ahlam behind Uriah.

AHLAM:

Uriah, the rapist of Arab captive women or the savior of Arab captive women?

She whispers calmly in Uriah's ear, and Uriah smiles.

URIAH:

Maybe both. (Now Ahlam smiles reluctantly.)

AHLAM:

I remember I promised to shoot you with an arrow next time I saw you.

FARAM:

Commander, Is'haq is landing now. He's dead.

URIA:

We have a long way to go to get to the car.

(He looks at his older brother  
Ayoub and Ayoub nods his head.)

We don't have time, we have to leave him here.

Raouf moves the dirt with his hands.

BANI:

What are you doing?

91.

RAOUF:

I won't leave until I bury him. You guys go, and I'll catch up with your speed.

AYOUB:

It's important for us too to bury him.

RAOUF:

What kind of a person are you? Your friend is dead and you want to just leave him like that and go? Maybe there won't be any danger.

URIAH:

We will bury him.

A few guards stay behind as Uriah lays Ahlam gently on the ground and quickly starts working with Ayoub and Raouf. Michael helps Raouf who is weak, then he gets busy himself while Raouf reads Quran over the grave softly.

MICHAEL:

You slow down everyone else's speed

AYOUB:

What are you doing? Raouf: I'm

reading Quran for him

he taps Raouf's shoulder friendly when they start walking again. Horaam approaches Raouf closely and gestures towards Ayoub

HORAAM:

You knew it was his brother Raouf respects Job in

the manner of Arab men.

EXT . NIGHT

In a border city in Lebanon, Uriah and Benny sit in the back seat of a car driven by Morad; we hear Michael's voice sitting in a tea house

MICHAEL(TO URIAH):

Jamal is coming towards you

Jamal approaches their car, looks at the tea house then waves hello with his hand before getting into their car Jamal enters

JAMAL(TO MICHAEL):

Tell him Arabic food here is unbeatable; make sure he orders something

92.

BANI(TO JAMAL): you did  
tell him that, now?

JAMAL : "  
It's strange that I have to say this, but I'm glad to see all  
of you alive and well. We are grateful to you, and we  
will definitely repay this debt. We will repay it in full.

URIAH :  
I don't see any religion here.

JAMAL :  
Why Michael? Did'nt trust your men enough?

BANI :  
Avoid foolish words, Jamal, speak the main point.

JAMAL:  
In these four countries, every conflict, incident, or  
operation must essentially be fully under our command.  
(Uriah confirms.)  
So, was it accepted without any conditions?

URIAH :  
No, Can't risk my men's lives for some worthless  
promise because under pressure i might break it i  
accept leadership responsibility but during action i have  
complete freedom if not better let each one handle  
their own tasks

JAMAL :  
Accepted but we don't have enough equipment

URIAH :  
Understandable.

JAMAL :  
Can bring 5 more people along  
(Confirming with gesture) This condition  
applies only for Mr.  
Sheif until our cooperation ends ,you will never be  
alone whether its me or Ahlam beside till u arrive back  
home Confirms Rouf has placed a condition that Ayub  
should not be one of those 5 people. But my condition  
is that the presence of the sixth person, Benny, is  
necessary.

93.

Benny looks at Jamal as he opens the car door. Uriah gives him a photo, which Abu Hamed's brother and Qasem are smiling in

URIAH:

I recommend using it in this situation.

When Jamal gets out of the car, Uriah sees Ahlam standing under the light of a shop across the street and walks towards her. They stare at each other and Ahlam nods gently.  
INT : DAY

Around sunset, Uriah, Huram, Faram, Moshe, Younesh, Ashir and Benny are in a house with Ahlam and Jamal, Aziz , Ra'uf ,and Mohammad Taher. There are many guns on the table. Ashir is a handsome young man who is cutting an apple with a knife and eating it. Michael is busy with his laptop. Uriah looks at his watch throughout this time. Mohammad Taher watches outside through the window. Ahlam: Make sure she calls.

Uriah: Don't lose their track Michael! What's happening?

Michael: No movement yet.

URIAH:

Excuse me

points to his phone, lights up a cigarette, then answers Job's call Everyone hears Job.

JOB:

The party will be next week.

URIAH:

Rearrange your plans; if I come back we'll go to the party; otherwise send Khurkhah instead.

JOB:

Alright commander! By the way commander I heard you started again.

Huram sits next to Ashir

AZIZ :

Hey handsome guys! Are you on bride's side or groom's? If you honor us let's dance together.

(Ashir puts an apple slice in his mouth with his knife while smiling)

If you brought these two for entertainment purposes, I'll take over their games whether they're playing poker or having any other special skills

94.

Huram throws his knife down near Ra'uf feet

YOUNES :

Did you think Ashir was university student?

RA'UF :

You've misjudged. Take your weapon!

AZIZ :

Who are you talking about?

RA'UF :

you. Because I know them especially Horram, don't even approach them whether armed with knives,swords, because that college guy. in Syrian

FARAM:

Iraq!

RAOUF:

Alright, the rest of it.

FARAM:

With tied hands, he broke the neck of one ISIS member and tore apart the throat of another, then escaped from the trap.

AZIZ:

You were a riot police officer, what were you doing there?

ASHIR:

Do you know why the pilot who dropped the atomic bomb on Hiroshima went insane?

AZIZ:

No.

ASHIR:

Skip that question; it was tasteless and foolish. Another question, do you know which wars are the toughest?

AZIZ:

No.

ASHIR:

If an Israeli child attacks you with a stone, what would you do?

95.

(Silence dominates the room, Ashir looks directly into  
Mohammad's  
eyes)

You didn't answer me.

AZIZ:

I would probably shoot at him.

ASHIR:

but I prefer to face death and later

(referring to Muhammad approaching) to kill my  
enemy. If necessary, I would allow him to get so close to  
me that he could even touch my ass.

AZIZ: And

then?

TAHER:

Then he would probably pull down his pants, let the  
side fuck him,

(He says very calmly here so that  
Ahlam does not hear. and refers to sexual action by  
hand.) catch AIDS, and die a long and painful death everyone laughs,  
Benny laughs louder than everyone

RAOUF:

This way, all your friends will become your enemies

Benny claps for Raouf.

MOUSA:

You can also consider me as a special enemy.

BENNY:

That was a funny joke.

MOUSA:

No, it's not like that, some only have a rough exterior  
but are more cowardly and fearful. I mean someone in  
this group

Mohammad quickly approaches.

MOHAMMAD:

They are coming

he signals with his hand showing the number 7, everyone gets busy collecting their  
weapons and gear.

AHLAM: TELL WALID TO BE READY

Uriah opens a room and one by one they enter the room.  
Finally, Uriah looks at Ahlam and her people and goes to the same room. Ahlam calmly lights a cigarette. INT . NIGHT.

The air is thick with tension as Abu Hamed and four of his men enter, one stays behind. They search everywhere. Abu Hamed approaches Ahlam who stands up. He inspects under the table, opens a bathroom door, immediately pulls out a hidden knife, and Jamal comes out in a messy state and eat Ashir with a half-eaten apple.

AHLAM:

Why armed? And why are you inspecting?

ABU HAMED:

Everything has changed now, you said it can't be done over the phone

Abu Hamed signals and two people go to the same room.

AHLAM:

But you didn't come for this  
(she gestures to her people.) I want to make a deal with you.

ABU HAMED:

What do you want?

AHLAM:

You know what I want.

ABU HAMED:

You don't even know what's going on.

AHLAM:

Even though I know you are willing to pay a hefty price for the product I have, I consider it affordable for you, very affordable. I only want one person.

MAN 1:

It's completely dark in here, Abu Hamed, there's no news.

ABU HAMED:

At the end of the room, there's a hidden door to the basement. Look there as well, you speak very confidently.

AHLAM:

Uriah,



97.

open the door and look inside the basement with a mobile light, but nothing is clear. Slowly, he goes down, grabs the man's foot on the second step, and knocks him down. The man screams, and there is silence.

ABU HAMED:

Uriah, what?

MAN 2:

Hassan fell.

AHLAM:

Would you like me to check it out?

ABU HAMED:

Go check, how is he?

The man opens the basement door, goes down slowly, takes his mobile light down the stairs, Hassan's feet are visible, when he turns the light, he sees everything. A moment later, a man with a knife presses it against his throat, and some blood comes out. Uriah: Call for help.

MAN 2:

Abu Hamed, send someone to help

Abu Hamed sends someone for help, and Ahlam wants him to send someone else as well.

ABU HAMED:

You go too, but don't both go down.

One goes down, the other stands at the top of the stairs and approaches him from behind.

AHLAM:

They knew, and I want that person.

She grabs the man with her hands, immediately shoots at a third man, takes the knife to the throat of the second man, who screams. Abu Hamed opens the door, aims a gun at him, immediately Walid shoots the other man, and Sheer breaks the neck of that man, Ahlam hits Abu Hamed hard with her fist, and Jamal throws him away with a kick.

ABU HAMED:

If we don't go down, Abdullah.

The door opens, and Rauf throws Abdullah's body to the ground. Ahlam looks at the gun and looks at Fraam, who signals permission, and Fraam nods briefly.

AHLAM:

I have the right to kill you, but before that, you should know that no faith or belief is worth betraying your friends.

98.

ABU HAMED:

It has nothing to do with belief. I didn't betray you.

AHLAM:

I know one of the reasons you're alive now is your brother's work. Now your family is in our hands.

Jamal gives a few photos to Ahlam, and Ahlam throws them on Abu Hamed's chest, a woman spreading clothes. Several women, men, and children are having dinner at the table and witnessing the scene of Abu Hamed's affair with his wife on the bed.

ABU HAMED:

"You're not doing this."

AHLAM:

"No, I am not. Even though I am threatening you, it upsets me to do so. Of course, I won't do it." JAMAL:  
"Azzeddin does it. When he finds out who caused his son's death due to betrayal, he doesn't differentiate. He even doesn't spare the chickens and roosters in your house."

ABU HAMED:

"I was in Anbar, Mosul, Kurdistan, Deir ez-Zor, and Aleppo. I saw how those who resisted were killed in the middle of the city, how they killed Yazidi men in Kurdistan, and raped women. They are coming here too."

AHLAM:

"It may be ruthless, but that night we lost many friends, and with the trouble that came upon me. I can demand much more from you, nothing has changed, just like before, knowing where they are, how many they are, what weapons they have, and what they intend to do."

ABU HAMED:

"So now I have to go back, but I won't come back. I'll take a bullet in my head."

AHLAM:

"You will come back."

ABU HAMED:

"Kill me, it's a favor you're doing me, it's impossible now. Six people died here."

99.

AHLAM:

"Tell them a story."

ABU HAMED:

"They won't believe it."

AHLAM:

"You're right."

(She shoots a bullet at his shoulder, and Abu Hamed screams.)

Now they believe.

Uriah looks admiringly at Ahlam, who also shoots him with an arrow, and Abu Hamed screams again.

"I did this so that it remains behind your back and they believe in you."

ABU HAMED:

"They kill my brother first." Moans and pain.

JAMAL:

"As far as we know, your brother wasn't forced, he had his own choice. You also have your choice."

As they move around, Abu Hamed sees Uriah and becomes completely surprised.

AHLAM:

"We know you've been in the Ismail Akkad region for a while, and we know someone named Qasem is here. When he's here, it means they're up to something."

ABU HAMED:

"These thugs gave you this information. Now you're collaborating with Mossad, and also with Uriah, the garbage chief."

Uriah takes off his hat.

AHLAM:

"Morad told you everything, he told us too. Now speak."

ABU HAMED:

"I really don't know."

(Jamal shows pictures of Abu

100.

Hamed's meetings with Qasem and others, and Ahlam  
grabs the gun

towards him.)

"How can you collaborate with these thugs who violate Arab women, knowing everything, do you know if Hamas and Hezbollah find out, they will kill all of you, It's nothing, what do you want to do with your brother? He wants Uriah's blood to be shed. He will kill you too.

AHLAM:

You better worry about yourself, those who assaulted me were my Muslim brothers. You look happier in this picture than when they threatened you.

(screams)

By God, I swear, Abu Hamed, I will spread all your pictures and those of your brother everywhere. None of your family members are safe anymore. Tell me what I want to know, and I will spare your worthless life and let you go from here.

points to Jamal and Jamal puts his foot on Abu Hamed's wound)

ABU HAMED:

So tomorrow night.

JAMAL:

So what about tomorrow night?

(presses)

AHLAM:

So what about tomorrow night?

ABU HAMED:

I can't do it myself, if you want me to say something, you have to promise me you'll kill me. Qasem, Adnan, Malik, maybe the Baghdadi brother.

AHLAM:

What about Majed Abdullah?

ABU HAMED:

I don't know.

AHLAM:

You said they will come there tomorrow night? What do they want to do?

ABU HAMED:

101.

I don't know, if it was that simple, Jamal's sister could have done it by now.

AHLAM:

If you knew so much, then you knew that Badri was only close with Ismail's wife.

ABU HAMED:

Ismail is useless there now; he is worried about his family.

JAMAL:

He should be, when he took the money to train the kids for war in Iraq and Syria, he should have known it wouldn't end well.

AHLAM:

Let's go.

ABU HAMED:

You have to kill me, Ahlam, please.

turns off the lamp in the room, everything becomes dark INT . NIGHT Jamal gives blankets to each of the kids.

MOSHE:

It's great that we don't have to share a blanket with two people.

RAOUF:

I agree with two people.

ASHIR:

I agree too He hits the back of

the Raouf.

RAOUF:

I wasn't with you, idiot.

TAHIR:

Shut up and someone turn off that damn lamp, it's blinding us.

MOUSA:

I don't want any bad things to happen after the lights go out, I have a problem with someone in this group.

102.

takes out the gun loudly, everyone takes defensive positions and move forward, only Younis is in the dark and cannot be seen

YOUNIS:

Guys, put your guns aside.

FARAM:

But

YOUNIS:

I said put them aside.

steps out of the darkness, Uriah nods in agreement, and Mosi comes forward with the gun

AHLAM:

Put your gun aside

MUSA:

Don't interfere, my commander, I have a personal issue with him.

As Ahlam points towards Musa,

AHLAM:

Don't make me shoot you. Jamal comes forward with a gun and takes

the gun from Musa

YOUNES:

Whatever happens, no one should interfere, until the end, no one should interfere.

Musa steps forward and punches Younes in the face, causing his nose to bleed. Younes sits on one knee, then stands up again, facing Musa. Musa hits him with his head, punches him several times, and Younes falls to the ground

MUSA:

Defend yourself, you garbage. Get up and defend yourself, you garbage.

Younes gets up, his face completely bloody. Musa grabs Younes by the collar, knees him in the stomach, punches and kicks him until Younes falls to the ground. Musa goes over him and hits him hard. When he is about to kick again, Raouf steps forward, pushes Musa, and he falls to the ground, his glasses falling off

RAOUF:

Enough, stop the nonsense.

MUSA:

103.

Don't interfere, I have to hit him enough until he eats with a straw.

He finds his glasses and tries to stand up

RAOUF:

If you dare, stand up and see who will end up eating with a straw.

AHLAM:

Alright, end this childish game.

Jamal goes to Younes to help, Taher extends his hand to Musa.

Musa hesitates for a moment, then takes his hand. Jamal brings the first aid kit, Younes cleans his face with a towel

MUSA:

Tell your new friend, Raouf, our account is not settled yet. It's still a long way from being settled. He knows this very well himself, but I have nothing to do with him until the mission is over. But as soon as the mission is over and I am alive, it's better for him to be dead. Otherwise, he won't be able to walk for the rest of his life, at least he won't be able to walk with his feet.

RAOUF:

Alright, I'll tell him, but I think he heard it himself.

Ahlam Bennyds down to help Younes, but Younes doesn't allow it and turns away

MUSA:

I also wanted him to hear, but in the third person.

AHLAM:

Hey, are you okay? Younes just nods but

doesn't turn back INT . NIGHT.

Everyone is asleep in a large room. Horam gets up to go to the bathroom, returns, grabs his gun, and moves quietly. He changes his direction, Bennyds over Musi Hamdallah, pulls the blanket over him, Taher grabs him from behind, pushes him back, punches him in the face, and Horam falls. Immediately, the gun is drawn, a lamp is turned on, and the others, without anyone noticing, grab their guns. Taher: What were you planning to do?

Horam: What mistake are you making, you idiot? I thought he was cold, so I wanted to put the blanket on his head.

TAHER:

I never said you should to fuck him, you idiot.

104.

(He goes towards Horam, grabs his hand, lifts him up)

That fool was shooting towards us until yesterday, now he's worried we might catch a cold. He lifts Horam and returns him to his sleeping place.

HORAM:

Hey, Mohammad Taher!

He hits him hard on the face with the palm of his hand, and Mohammad falls back on his bed.

TAHER:

Some idiot turned off that damn light, and it blinded us.

EXT . DAY.

Aziz is a car driver with Ashir, Younis, and Mush inside. Jamal with Faran, an Iranian-looking Arab, and Rauf with Mohammad Walid and Mohammad Taher are walking alone in different streets. Musi is standing next to a fruit van with an unknown person playing the role of a seller. Benny, Michael, and Badri are standing on the roof of a house, with Badri pointing around, and they are looking through binoculars. INT . DAY.

Uriah and Ahlam are inside a large room with a medium-sized table, some chairs, and fully drawn curtains making the room semi-dark. Ahlam is talking on the phone, while Uriah looks contentedly out of a window, observing life passing by, people coming and going, and children playing.

AHLAM:

The vans and motorcycles have been positioned, good job. You managed to find a spot for the snipers.

At this moment, Uriah looks at Ahlam, who responds positively with a nod. Uriah becomes very happy, walks towards the table where a pack of cigarettes and a lighter are placed. Unintentionally, when Ahlam and Uriah try to pick up a cigarette, they collide, completely surprised. They pause, stare at each other, then gently press each other's hands.

When Ahlam softly pulls her hand back, Uriah caresses Ahlam's hand with his finger. Uriah picks up the cigarette, hands it to Ahlam, takes one for himself, and brings the lighter towards Ahlam. (Both faces are fully illuminated by their cigarettes INT. NIGHT.

All individuals except Moshé and Mohammad Walid, dressed in military attire completely black, are equipping themselves at 12 o'clock.

URIAH:

What's up, Moshé?



EXT . NIGHT

On top of a building, Moshé, with his camera gun stretched out, gazes at a 4-hectare compound filled with sheds and several buildings, scattered with military vehicles.  
Headquarters of Ismail Aqad

MOSHÉ:

It seems like everywhere is getting deserted, except  
unlike last night, the administrative building is still lit.

INT . NIGHT

URIAH:

It's worth the risk.; we're coming.

EXT . NIGHT

Moshé, with his camera, looks up at Mohammad on top of a building and realizes he is also looking at him. They both simultaneously point at each other and laugh.

INT . NIGHT

URIAH:

Benny Moshé interrupts his speech, everyone hears Moshé's voice

MOSHÉ:

Commander, I think this idiot is a real talent, I'm talking  
about Walid, he's really good at what he's been trained  
to do.

URIAH:

How so?

MOSHÉ:

Because he keeps me under constant surveillance.

URIAH:

How do you know?

MOSHÉ:

Because I'm doing the same thing exactly.

BANI:

Yes, Commander Uriah

without looking at him

EXT . NIGHT

Through Moshé's camera, we see Adnan, and through Mohammad's camera, we see Qasim, and a moment later Abu Hamed joins them, and they head to the central building.

106.

MOSHÉ:

Commander, I just identified Adnan  
Zawahiri, Walid, if you see him, confirm it.

WALID:

Confirmed, sir, I also see Qasim.

MOSHÉ:

Confirmed, oh my God, Abu Hamed is also here,  
Commander, now both are within our range, we can  
take both out with two shots.

INT . NIGHT Uriah looks at Ahlam, Ahlam denies it.

BANI:

Shoot, Uriah, tell them to shoot.

URIAH:

No.

EXT . NIGHT

Adnan, Qasim, and the others enter the building a few moments later.

WALID:

Commander, if these are our targets, let's finish the job  
quickly.

MOSHÉ:

Confirmed, they will be out of range in a few moments

Ahlam denies with a nod

URIAH:

No, we want the whole operation, especially now that  
the Baghdadi brother is here, don't shoot, confirm.

MOSHÉ:

No need, they are out of range.

INT. NIGHT.

BANI:

Yes, Commander.

URIAH:

No.

BANI:

No? What no? What no, Uriah, you promised me.

107.

Uriah: I don't want personal issues with Qasim to ruin this mission, Leave one with Benny.

says to Ahlam, Ahlam with a nod to Jamal

JAMAL:

Why me ?

AHLAM:

It was your suggestion. Benny approaches Uriah and touches his shoulder .

BENNY:

You promised me .

URIAH:

Except in financial matters, all my promises are conditional and hypothetical. You knew that .

AHLAM:

Very well, boys. We live here, alive or dead. No one stays there, and when you lie in bed, you take off your hat. Who is your commander here?

She looks at the Israelis, and Uriah nods in agreement. Ahlam looks at Ashir and then at Yousef, Ashir and Yousef look at Ahlam and tell him who their commander is, but Faram remains silent

FARAM:

I am still a member of the Israeli army; I cannot swear myself. Pause, Commander .

Pausing briefly, then nods for confirmation.

URIAH:

Agreed .

AHLAM:

Moshe .

URIAH:

Moshe, confirm that in this operation, your commander is Ahlam

MOSHE:

Confirmed, Mr. Chief, my commander in this operation is Ahlam

AHLAM:

Ashir with Aziz, Horam with Mohammad Taher, Farah with Rauf, and finally

108.

Yousef with Moshe. Rauf approaches Ahlam .

RAUF:

Are you sure, Commander ?

MOSHE:

Don't worry, Rauf, I won't let a line be drawn on him .

BENNY:

Did Rahil call you ?

MICHAEL:

Goodbye, girls .

EXT . NIGHT .

Mohammad Taher and Horam take position by the wall in a dark place inside the camp. Moshe takes position on the highest and closest roof, and Walid, on top of a tree in their base, informs the groups of two: Aziz and Farah, Ashir and Farah, Rauf and Yousef, Hamdullah and Uriah, and Ahlam, about who will go inside the base. They all wear hats .

TAHER:

I heard Israeli women are having a good time, top-notch service.

HORAM:

Where did you hear that ?

TAHER:

Long story short, we don't lack spies in your ranks .

HORAM:

Oh, really ?

TAHER:

One of the things necessary for victory is information. Having essential information to overcome the enemy is crucial! And one of my friends who had gone to your side gave me this crucial information. He said, "An Israeli woman was in my arms from midnight until dawn."

She shows the act of sex with his hand

HORAM:

Nonsense, no one can .

TAHER: he could, believe it, he would eat an American principle blue pill, and then go four horseshoes.

109.

again, he shows the act of sex with his hand

HORAM:

Another thing necessary for victory is having real soldiers like your friend.

Taher turns and looks at him

TAHER:

If a real Israeli talked to me like that, I was pulling out his teeth from the root. And I was forcing her to suck for me. Trash.

They both laugh

WALID:

Mohammed, let's go

Two individuals are busy wandering around when suddenly, Hooram goes first over the wall with the help of Taher. As Hooram jumps down, the wanderers return, catching Hooram and Taher on top of the wall by surprise, disarming them both.

One of the men approaches Hooram, puts the gun to his head, and disarms him.

MAN 1:

If you move, I'll shoot your friend's brains out. Stay calm, jump down, and stay there.

WALID:

If anyone moves, everything will be ruined.

AHLAM:

Walid, can you take them down? Here the camera shows URIAH and Ahlam, with Uriah angrily throwing his hat on the ground.

WALID:

It's too dark, I can't do it.

AHLAM:

Walid, whenever you can take them down, the mission is over, everyone should return.

INT . NIGHT

Benny and Jamal are smoking cigarettes when Benny takes a sip of his tea and suddenly stands up, preparing himself.

JAMAL:

What are you up to, buddy?

110.

BANI:

I'm going home.

JAMAL:

Hey, hey, Benny, it's not the time now.

BANI:

Then when is the time?

JAMAL:

Listen to me.

BANI:

No, you listen to me, I have responsibilities to take care of.

(Jamal grabs a gun) You pulled a gun on me again.

(He points the gun at Jamal and throws it away)

Either you get ready and come with me, or we have to fight together. Either you stand in my way, or I succeed.

EXT . NIGHT.

MAN 1:

Who are you two, iron thieves?

(Benny and Jamal approach with hats and shoot the guards with arrows.)

WALID:

Jamal and Benny have done the job of those two.

AHLAM:

Aziz, you and Ashir stay outside.

EXT . NIGHT

Taher and Hooram disguise themselves as two individuals, approaching the central building. Ehlam and Uriah from the left, Benny and Jamal from the right. When Taher and Hooram get close to the first individuals, they capture them. Two individuals aim at the top of the stairs, while Ehlam and Benny strike the middle of the stairs from the left and right, quickly entering the building. Taher and Hooram stay at the top of the stairs while the rest go inside. INT . NIGHT

Ahlam signals for Faram and Rouf to go underground. They quietly move up the stairs and see the corridor with a mirror. Upon Ehlam's command, Benny and Jamal inspect the second floor, while Younis and Hamdullah head to the first floor, and they themselves go to the third floor. INT . NIGHT

111.

Rouf and Faram are in the underground. On one side is an ammunition depot, and on the other side are prison cells. At the end of the prison corridor, there is a room illuminated by its iron network. From there, sounds of torture can be heard in Arabic .

VOICE 1:

Where is the money?

Voice 2: What money?

RAOUF:

We must set them free.

FARAM:

We can't, they can't release everyone.

VOICE 1:

Tell me, or I'll cut your head off.

RAOUF:

At least those being tortured.

FARAM:

We can't, Raouf. As they try to leave, Voice 2 shouts in

Persian

VOICE 2:

O Hussein.

Faram gestures for silence and calmly moves towards the door.

Two men are holding another man firmly, Bennyding his head, while one stands above him with a sword. INT . NIGHT.

On the second floor, a dimly lit corridor, a door opens, a man steps out, lights a cigarette, places a gun on his head, takes a drag, offers it to the man, who gives him a smile, and then shoots him in the head. Inside the room, six men are playing cards and smoking opium.

MAN 1:

Where did you go? Come on.

Jamal and Benny tie them up, Benny stays in the room for inspection, while Jamal leaves. INT . NIGHT.

On the first floor, a man lies on a bed with a woman. He briefly opens his eyes upon the noise from upstairs. He is Adnan Al-Zawahiri. Yunus opens a room with two beds, shoots the man in one, points to the empty bed, indicating Hamdullah is missing. A man in the toilet pulls out a gun. Hamdullah goes into the bathroom and shoots the man as he exits, causing him to fall loudly. Adnan opens his eyes again.

112.

MUSA:

I told you your information is incorrect. There is no bomb.

(Until Yunus tries to speak, Musa stops him)

No need for explanations. I understand. Now we're even.

Yunus opens the door where he was sleeping, enters to find only one person lying with a sheet over his head. As Yunus tries to shoot, he notices the feminine clothing and approaches the bed to pull the sheet aside. Adnan is standing behind the door. INT. NIGHT.

On the third floor, at the end of a short hallway, there is an office with a large door and glass windows, with three guards seen through cameras. Ahlam quickly changes into her clothes, loosens her hair, applies makeup swiftly,

pulls down the strap of her dress, tears parts of her trousers, revealing part of her stomach, and puts a scarf on her head. The type of clothing she is wearing is blatantly contradictory.

ORIYA:

Are you sure?

AHLAM:

Don't worry.

ORIYA:

Isn't it better this way?

points to an grenade

AHLAM:

A woman is like a very old and universal chemical formula, it has a correct, specific, and eternal answer. A man falls into the trap, you should know better, Mr. Oriya Shif, rapist of captive Arab women.

(leaves) match,  
match.

takes a cigarette, lights it, confidently walks forward, guards look at her in surprise. With a nod from the chief, a guard approaches Ahlam with a smile. Ahlam quickly pulls all three of them. Oriya comes in, throws two grenade inside from the glass, and takes position on both sides of the door. EXT . NIGHT.

Several teenagers aged 15 to 17 are smoking marijuana, laughing loudly, walking down the street. They see two people in front of them and quickly pull out their guns.



113.

TEEN1:

Who's that man, a thief?

TEEN2:

Where?

TEEN1:

There, there.

(fires a few shots into the air) Who are you?

ASHIR:

No, Aziz, no. They are just kids.

(suddenly, two consecutive explosions from the camp are ) (heard, and the kids and Aziz start shooting. Ashir runs to

Aziz)

Aziz No, no, INT .

NIGHT.

The underground owner raises a sword and tries to decapitate a prisoner. At that moment, Faram and Rauf shoot everyone and escape with the prisoner. INT . NIGHT.

Oriya and Ahlam wait for everyone to come out. Seven people come out of the room, and Oriya and Ahlam each hit one person. Ahlam screams.

AHLAM:

No, that's my brother.

and Qasem quickly puts a gun to Ahmed's head, while Omar, Abu Bakr's brother, puts a gun to Abu Hamed's head. They calmly walk towards the staircase when Benny, from below, sees half of Qasem's face and tries to go upstairs, but the sound of breaking glass is heard. INT . NIGHT.

A knife is pressed against Jamal's throat by a strong man, while another man exerts pressure on him, and a man with a gun above them stands still, causing Benny to quickly turn back and take cover, eventually shooting both of them with an arrow. INT . NIGHT.

At the last moment, Abu Hamed hits Omar on the back of his head, Uriah and Ahlam hit Omar, Qasem shoots Abu Hamed with an arrow, quickly shoots a few arrows towards Uriah and Ahlam, and flees. One arrow hits Uriah's vest and another hits his shoulder, Ahmed quickly lies down, Ahlam goes towards Abu Hamed and takes his hand.

ABU HAMED:

"I have always been your friend."

(Ahlam nods as she understands.)

"When I found out your brother was here, I came."

114.

Abu Hamed dies, Uriah hits Ahlam from behind, Ahlam stands up, locking eyes with her brother. Uriah connects a device, they embrace each other, and as they descend, they shoot from both sides. INT . NIGHT.

Adnan puts a knife to Younis's throat.

ADNAN:

"Drop it."

YOUNIS:

"No, shoot, you fool."

ADNAN:

"Shut up, drop it, or I'll cut his throat."

YOUNIS:

"No, shoot, Mosa, shoot."

Meanwhile, as Adnan says

ADNAN

"drop it"

and applies pressure to the knife, blood comes out. Younis, in pain, says

YOUNIS

"shoot."

MUSA:

"Alright, I'll drop my weapon."

Musa tries to drop the gun, but Younis grabs Adnan's hand, applies pressure, and kills him, taking his own life. Mosi shoots Adnan, while two others shoot him, causing Mosi to fall down. At that moment, Uriah and Ahlam come from above and shoot Adnan and the others. Everyone comes down at the same time as Faram, Rauf, and the Iranian captive come up the stairs, with two armed men behind them trying to shoot, but Ahlam shoots them with an arrow. Taher, Horam, and snipers are shooting. Jamal grabs Younis's body and Benny takes

Hamdullah on his back. The entrance door is broken with an explosion, Michael rushes in, and consecutive explosions destroy their vehicles. Some organized individuals pursue them, Moshe and Walid come from behind on a motorcycle, and Walid is shot Benny falls down, Vali gets on the van, but he himself gets wounded in the shoulder and leg and cannot get on the van. Jamal comes down and wants to help as bullets are fired continuously. Benny goes to the side and starts shooting. The van leaves, Jamal grabs the motorbike and puts Benny on the back, they escape, a car follows them.

EXT . NIGHT.

Ashir is shot and falls to the ground, the kids run away, Aziz picks him up.

115.

ASHIR: go, Let me go, Aziz, I'm heavy, you can't.

AZIZ:  
Even if you were as heavy as an ox, I'd still carry you.

Ashir smiles.

ASHIR:  
If you're good at riding, we better make a move.

Ashir smiles.

AZIZ:  
You laugh now, but you need to lose weight, man. I'm afraid you'll have a heart attack and die.

ASHIR:  
Yeah, I need to become a herbivore.

AZIZ:  
That's a good idea, but before becoming a herbivore, come to my house, taste my wife's cooking, it's amazing.

ASHIR:  
When?

AZIZ:  
Tomorrow night. Are you okay? Ashir hits him on the back.

AZIZ:  
Good, I want my wife to see you.

ASHIR:  
Why?

AZIZ:  
Because my wife says all Israeli men are ugly, especially when they get old, they get wrinkles and their skin sags. I want her to see a few of them.  
Are you okay?

(He puts him on the ground, kneels beside him, and then lies down.)  
You are very beautiful and handsome, man, it's a shame my wife won't understand.

EXT. NIGHT.

116.

A group is chasing a motorbike and a van, the chasing group consists of 4 riders, they see Jamal with a flat tire in the alley.

MAN 1:

Search everywhere, they must be around here.

EXT . NIGHT.

The van of the Alharam group throws a smoke bomb before an intersection, they turn left and escape. The chasing van stops at the intersection, one person gets off and checks the street, pointing to the left. They speed up, when passing an alley, they brake and turn back. When the alley light turns on, the group's van turns left after a pile of building debris, blocking the street. The van's lights remain on, one person falls behind, an Iranian captive with tied hands looks at them, the van doors open, two people behind each door and one person with a heavy weapon take positions behind the van. Two people slowly move forward.

EXT . NIGHT.

Jamal closes the door behind him, a man sees the door closing at the last moment and approaches the group leader..

TWO MEN: the door of that house  
was open and then closed.

They approach the house and someone points out a bloodstain.  
One person goes up the wall and opens the door. They stand in front of the door, two men kick the door with all their might and it opens .

BADERI:

What happened, Jamal?

His voice is heard from inside the room and Jamal comes out of the bathroom with a pale face as someone aims a gun at him. Another hand holding a gun inside the bathroom is not seen, three people slowly approach the door, and we see Jamal's hand calmly removing the gun from the holster, two people step back and signal .

JAMAL:

Who are you? Garbage, intruders?

The man with the gun approaches and places the gun directly on Jamal's head. Someone kicks the door with force and it opens. Benny is stretched out behind the wall, his color has turned white, he looks at Baderi and then looks back, Baderi pulls down his pants and shorts halfway, looks in the mirror, a blood-stained bandage falls from his hand to the ground, he quickly pulls up his shorts and pants, puts them on the bandage, curses, and inappropriately closes the door .

BADERI:

You are all intruders, Jamal Jamal.

117.

The man with the gun slowly moves away from Jamal and they leave .

THE LAST MAN:

It's better to put on your pants and go back and go  
straight to sleep, tonight luck was not on your side,

EXT . NIGHT .

Two people approach the Iranian prisoner, at that moment the man turns back on the ground and hits the two men with a kick, the others open the door of the house from both sides, hit three people, the driver quickly reverses and when he reaches the head of the street, a mouse stands in front of him and shoots him, some people turn the car around and move. INT . NIGHT .

The Ahlam and Uriah group settled, the prisoner sits on a chair, the Israelis and Aziz stand next to the prisoner's body, and Rauf is whispering under his breath again, Moshe and Michael are sitting next to Walid .

MOSHE:

Ahlam, if we don't get the bullet out  
of his leg, he will die. Ahlam makes a call

INT . NIGHT

A man and a woman are playing love games, the woman is sitting on the man, the bed is making a lot of noise, the soft sound of a mobile phone comes from the living room, the woman pauses.

MAN:

Do you want to answer?

ZAHRA:

I'm a doctor.

She picks up the phone and goes to the kitchen.

AHLAM:

Hello, Zahra.

ZAHRA:

What happened to Jamal?

surprised and questioning tone

AHLAM:

Take whatever you need, you have to bring out a bullet  
from someone's leg.

ZAHRA:

Has Jamal been shot?

118.

AHLAM:

No, take your time.

ZAHRA:

Is Jamal with you?

AHLAM:

No.

ZAHRA:

Is he okay? Just tell me he's okay.

AHLAM:

Just hurry and bring anything edible with you.

Zahra busies herself with getting dressed.

ZAHRA:

I have to think about making the bed; its noise is louder than ours.

MAN:

Has anything happened to Jamal?

ZAHRA:

No.

MAN:

I'm glad.  
(sarcastically)

ZAHRA:

We've talked about this.

MAN:

Some things can't be solved by talking, right?

ZAHRA:

Probably, he'll die in a few days and that's how it will be solved.

MAN:

It's going to be very difficult; you can't compete with a dead man, he always wins.

ZAHRA:

I know you're upset, I'll make it up to you when I come back.

INT . NIGHT

AHLAM:

Tie him up.

FARAM:

No, I'll watch over him.

AHLAM:

Grab him and sleep, Faram, you're tired.

Ahlam moves towards the captive to tie him up, but Faram kindly takes his hand and refuses.

FARAM:

No, please, I'm not tired, commander.

AHLAM:

Commander?

FARAM:

I now accept that you're my commander.  
Whenever I'm not serving in the  
Israeli army and not against you, I'm ready to serve you.

Faram salutes Ahlam militarily.

EXT . NIGHT

The pursuers of Jamal are circling back, the leader is sitting in front lost in thought.

DRIVER:

Chief, Chief, do you hear what I'm saying?

LEADER:

Go back.

DRIVER:

What?

LEADER:

Turn around and go back.

INT . NIGHT

Bedri is stitching a wound that has exactly passed under the vest, and at the beginning of his second task, he wants to cut the pants fabric near the groin area where the wound is with scissors. Jamal stands above him.

BEDRI:

Jamal, go get clean water, are you ready?

120.

Bedri shakes his head, takes Bedri's hand, and presses it.

EXT . NIGHT

The pursuers are right behind the door, hitting it forcefully and entering, immediately there an explosion occurs.

INT . NIGHT.

We hear the sound of an explosion as soon as Dawood returns, and they all smile.

BEDRI:

It seems our new friend wasn't lucky tonight.

Moshe and Jamal help Zahra and Dawood, while Ahlam falls asleep on the chair, Farah is watching over the captive.

ZAHRA:

We need a lot of blood, what's her blood type? Ahlam,  
Ahlam.

AHLAM:

O negative.

Zahra and Dawood look at each other, Ahlam looks at the clock and around

ZAHRA:

Where can we get O negative blood from?

URIAH:

I

sitting above Walid with a chair

ZAHRA:

You should lie down, are you feeling okay?

URIAH:

I'll survive.

ZAHRA:

That's enough because my responsibility is only this  
much.

BEDRI:

I'll take care of it.

MOSHE:

Are you sure her blood will match?

He leans in as if about to say something confidential



121.

ZAHRA:

If what she says is true and her blood type is O negative.

MOSHE:

I won't talk about O negative.

ZAHRA:

I hope nothing bad happens.

MOSHE:

Hope is not bad but it's better if it doesn't happen.

ZAHRA:

What are you afraid of, young man?

MOSHE:

I hope you don't get upset, Doctor. Palestinians are experts in finding excuses and nurturing grudges.

ZAHRA:

I was not upset, take a look at her wound too.

AHLAM:

Where is Michael? Where is Michael?

(She suddenly stands up but falls to the table, hiding her pain on her face and goes towards Uriah)

Where is he?

(Silence) Where is

he?

(Ahlam puts the gun on Uriah's head, Uriah's men flinch, ready to grab their weapons, and the Palestinians take a defensive stance. Uriah gestures for them not to do anything)

I won't ask where Michael is again. Uriah shows a photo

from his phone to Ahlam

URIAH:

I sent him on a mission, do you know him?

Ahlam: Where is here?

URIAH:

Tel Aviv, sunset today. Who is he?

Ahlam:

He's a coordinator, a taxi driver, an advanced and evolved example of tomorrow's human, without bias,

122.

without a creator, without a homeland, without any limit or boundary. Now the plan has changed, I'll come with you and dance at the party.

(He grabs his stomach, leans on the table, lights a cigarette, Zahra helps him) Don't touch me.

(Authoritatively, but Zahra touches his shoulders)

I said don't touch me.

ZAHRA:

I always thought my death would be meaningless and insignificant, just a part of life, but your death, unlike mine, will be for an important political reason. The way I see it, with the path you've chosen, you will surely find it. But this stubbornness of Ahlam, let me take a look.

AHLAM:

If you have nothing to do here, go home and live your life.

ZAHRA:

You're not brave. You're afraid of being called a coward.

AHLAM:

That's why you let it go and became someone else's wife.

ZAHRA:

You've been waiting for a long time to say this.

Raouf comes in, puts Ahlam on a chair, and whispers something in Zahra's ear

RAOUF:

Sit down, boss, let her do her job.

The men turn their backs, Zahra unties a cloth wrapped around Ahlam's stomach, revealing bruised breasts and stomach.

Wherever Zahra touches, Ahlam feels pain. Ahlam lounges on the chair, and keeping an eye on the prisoner. She wants to escape.

MOSHE:

Commander, you spoke for a moment like university professors who teach intelligent points beyond the curriculum to their students.

Ahlam: You know, Moshe, in the hundreds of years ago in France, ah

(Zahra occasionally applies pressure to Ahlam's body, causing him to speak in pain)

123.

prostitutes could freely access the royal library, ah, ah, imagine, prostitutes went to the library, read poetry, literature, and philosophy to expand their knowledge and make their minds more intriguing(takes a long breath and holds Zahra's hand) Why? To satisfy men who were lower in intellect and emotion but higher in social status, and to be good companions in the aristocratic society. Those women probably had more insight and knowledge than today's university professors or surgeons and doctors(looks at Zahra) ah

ZAHRA:

Commander Ahlam, Balzac's irony was interesting and valuable.

AHLAM AND ZAHRA:

My deity, if God owns my body in the heavens, you own my soul alone on earth. Just asking was enough; I was more than willing to offer myself to you, to make myself available to you, and to be yours.

ZAHRA:

We should take a picture of it, menstrual cycle.

AHLAM:

Why did you say it calmly? Are you scared that if they find out about my menstrual cycle, they won't obey me?

ZAHRA:

It hurts here too.

AHLAM:

Few

(but a loud cry of pain is heard and towards the prisoner shoots an arrow hitting him immediately)

Tie him up

Zahra gets busy and Farm places the gun right on his head when the prisoner is half standing

FARAM:

Sit down, sit down  
(shouting)

What was your plan? To walk away? To leave your country? Or because you're Iranian, do you believe in the nonsense

(speaking in Farsi) of hidden  
help?

124.

PRISONER:

You're Iranian  
(in Farsi)

FARAM:

I tried very hard not to be around during this time, but  
unfortunately it  
didn't work out  
(he goes to get a zip tie to secure him, now  
speaking in Farsi again)

What other nonsense do you believe in? You're Iranian and  
Shia, so you also believe in the Imam Mahdi and the theory of the superior race, that God  
has chosen a unique race

(he firmly ties his legs)

Go lean against the wall over there, so that under the  
leadership of the Imam Mahdi, his will shall prevail on  
earth

he attempts to tie his hands

ZAHRA:

Not his hands, his hands are injured

PRISONER:

You know that, strange that you've learned the details  
of our religion  
well

FARAM:

I've learned other things too, for example in your holy  
book, unlike the holy books of other religions, it is  
written or recommended to deceive and lure others  
who are not in your religion, when they seek refuge  
with you, invite them to Islam, if they accept, treat  
them well and if they do not, their blood is permissible  
and do not give them respite

RAOUF:

Nonsense

FARAM:

I think it's Surah Tawbah, maybe verses 20 to 30

RAOUF:

125.

I'm telling you it's all nonsense, idiot, Someone wanted to make you look stupid, and apparently they succeeded

FARAM:

I'm not with you, Mr. Idiot, I'm with this gentleman, this gentleman knows well, exactly what they did to deceive his religious followers after the revolution and then they betrayed them, imprisoned and tortured them, and executed them

PRISONER:

You're confused or probably speaking from another country or you've chosen that path yourself, because you also know well who first took up arms

FARAM:

(speaking angrily and loudly)

Do I have to believe this? You mean you don't know that in Iranian prisons they torture prisoners, you mean you haven't seen or even heard, you mean the foolish executions of the sixties never happened and it's all lies, do you not know about the repentance project

(the prisoner just stares at Faram now shouting in Farsi)

Prisoners have rights for themselves.

Do you want to know what kind of state they are in when a prisoner is beaten with hands and feet tied?

Huh? Do you want to know, you scoundrel?

(He attacks the prisoner and points a gun at his head, the others are almost speechless, he hits the wall hard and repeats it several times, then hits the wall with his fists and kicks)

They beat like this, you scoundrel,  
like this, like this

(Raouf takes him away)

You are liars and occupiers. If you have even a shred of honor and courage, announce to the people of your country that our hidden and dirty policies towards the opponents are like this. They are the ones who have turned against their own Imam of the Time, and those who turn against their own Imam are declaring war against God and shedding blood and taking their property and honor will be permissible for the government

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(he attacks again and punches the wall)

It means the government has this right, why don't you say it? Why don't you say it?

RAOUF:

Hey, what's going on, Fram?

Raouf pulls him away

PRISONER:

Completely false, I've never heard such nonsense before.

Shouting, Zahra approaches, sees the prisoner's hand, moves towards Farham, puts her hand on his belt, and opens it from the front

ZAHRA:

He needs this more elsewhere.

(Places the belt near the prisoner's teeth)

Are you ready?

She removes her hand

JAMAL:

Ask him what he's doing here.

AZIZ:

Probably saying he's a tourist.

PRISONER:

Business.

AZIZ:

Weapons.

PRISONER:

Medicine

(laughter from everyone) and

construction materials more laughter

AZIZ:

Ask him what he was doing among the Iranian Revolutionary Guards in Aleppo three months ago.

FARHAM:

Everything is the opposite in Iran, Aziz. Believe me, the more corrupt, thieving, and deceitful people are, the

127.

more they advance and reach everywhere. Religious leaders in Iran, instead of speaking of compassion, mercy, friendship, and forgiveness, use repression, threats, death, and war. This gentleman probably used military attire as a cover for his drug trade.

Farham looks at him and chuckles

PRISONER:

Do your religious leaders speak of mercy, friendship, and forgiveness?

FARHAM:

That's true, I have no objection. But your government pretends that the biggest enemy of you, your family, and your country is America and Israel, and for this reason, with a new nonsense called the depth of strategic defense, it is extending its defensive borders all the way to Israel, meaning it is attacking.

PRISONER:

Israel is doing the same thing.

FARAM:

Let me reassure you, any country talking about the depth of strategic defense is talking about attack, not defense.

PRISONER:

Israel is currently conducting assassination operations inside your country.

FARAM:

It's not my country anymore. You forcibly took my country from me, you exiled me and my family, even though all my ancestors were Iranian. Before we were Jews, we were Iranians. Every night my father loudly recites Hafez, and no one has the right to speak any language other than Persian in our home.(He calms down)

PRISONER:

I admire your father, but what you're doing is called betrayal.

FARAM:

128.

Betrayal is when you rose up in occupation and came here. I didn't turn my back on the Iranian nation and my people, maybe on your government?

PRISONER:

Due to the enmity you hold against your country, you have become blind and fail to see that the true goals of our revolution have reached all countries in the region, even the world.

FERAM:

Am I the one who is blind? You have turned a deaf ear to the voices of your country's people. The people of Iran are currently proclaiming loudly to the people of all countries in the region and the world that if you wish, revolutionize, reform, fight (points to the Palestinians) but with all the power you have, do not create another Islamic Republic like Iran from your country, as you will ruin and destroy your own life and future generations.

PRISONER:

I cannot give you a proper answer because you will empty a bullet into my head in response.

FERAM:

This situation is called suffocation.

PRISONER:

So there is no difference between us.  
Both of us will eventually do the same thing, and by having prisons like Guantanamo, the capital of democracy in the world, America is no different from us

removes the handcuffs and places them on the prisoner's head.

FERAM:

This is exactly what your government is doing, a bullet to the head is the response to anyone who speaks up.

PRISONER:

Our government? The people chose this government.

FERAM:

This country does not belong to everyone anymore; it belongs to a small group that no longer considers the people. Your biggest enemy is your own government,



which with its foolish policies has not only made the whole world its enemy but has also turned its own people against itself.

(She gestures towards herself)

"Unfortunate, in the eyes of the Iranian government, good and knowledgeable people are like you, revolutionary people who bow their heads like donkeys and enter the trap."

Zahra is prepared to go and offers a pill to Ahlam

ZAHRA:

You have to take it every day.

(She heads towards the exit door, everyone stands up in respect but Ahlam remains unfazed, lights a cigarette, and pays no attention.

Zahra looks at Ahlam, whispers something in Jamal's ear, takes a few steps back, looks directly at Ahlam)

You were not just my cousin, Ahlam, you were my teacher. I loved everything about you, even your disrespect and indifference now. I know why.

(She looks at Jamal)

I didn't want my marriage to end up like yours. I'm willing to be a coward for my family, Ahlam, but you weren't ready for that.

She looks deeply at Jamal, Jamal lowers his head in the final moment

MOUCHE:

Go after her, Jamal.

(She pushes him) Go, you foolish idiot, go.

JAMAL:

She's married now, and I have no right.

MOSHE:

I have no right. (She approaches him and confronts Jamal)

I'll knock some sense into you, you idiot donkey. You should be her husband, not someone else. If this woman looked at me like that, I would drop everything and go with her. Any trouble that came, I wouldn't care,

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it wouldn't concern me at all. I have to stay cool, I have to hit someone.

She looks at the prisoner Faram: From now on, you have no right to say anything. He picks up his half-eaten food and leaves

AZIZ:

Shut up, Faram, you've exhausted us, now it's my turn.

(He eats)

Sorry, my nephew wanted to be a poet or a writer, or maybe he was, I don't know. Five years ago, my brother was killed in one of the Aleppo marches, with direct involvement of Iranian forces and Iranian weapons. When I talked about killing Iranian mercenaries, my nephew would say, no uncle, killing is not the only way to fight. In the years to come, all our horror and hatred of the filth of this country, its sick and mentally ill people, will be reflected in our poetry, literature, music, and even in the lullabies of mothers who were forced to raise their children without fathers. Our history will not forget all the calamities inflicted on us by this dirty and despicable country, and will keep it in its memory The truth is, I don't understand much of these things, but it's great when one can defeat their enemies through words, music, and art. However, my nephew was also killed three months ago, and with his death, my way of fighting through words was closed off to you.

Aziz one shoots an arrow into the head of a prisoner

FERAM:

What have you done, you idiot ?

AZIZ:

I did you a favor, my friend, because you were supposed to endure a painful and long death in that underground, but I quickly and easily ended it .

AHLAM:

Can I take a look at your gun ? And if possible, let's race together.

MOSHE:

If you're like Walid? I'll accept defeat .

RA'OUF:

It's better .

131.

JAMAL:

Much better .

URIAH:

It's not safe here anymore .

AHLAM:

We have no place left .

URIAH:

I'll get you work permits, and you'll work in a half-built building and live there so no one suspects anything .

JAMAL:

It might be worse than that; we might not be able to gather information .

AHLAM:

Let's go, there are still a few left.

Uriah, you can secure a safe house for a family .

URIAH:

I can .

AHLAM:

Go to Ismail and present this offer to him. I'll arrange a great hunting program for you before the party, of course if you come up with a large sum of money .

EXT . DAY

Syria, the camera shifts from Uriah's eyes to Majed Abdullah's eyes, and the color changes. Ahlam shoots Majed, Michael and Jamal were negotiating with a group, shots are fired, Ahlam and Moshe hit most of them, Ra'ouf gets into the car with Michael and Jamal, Ahlam shoots faster, carries his gun on his shoulder, quickly gets out of the pipe and goes down, swiftly enters the street and gets into Uriah's car where Moshe is waiting. EXT . NIGHT

Tel Aviv, Moshé walks with his car and Ahlam next to a large, elegant, and luxurious house. Ahlam look around amazed, they open the door without a key.

AHLAM:

Whose house is this?

URIAH:

A friend's.

AHLAM:

132.

Wasn't it locked?

URIAH:

It's a smart house, Benny and his brother's place, a shower and a change of clothes, then we'll leave quickly.

INT . NIGHT

Ahlam looks around amazed, Uriah offers a large bathroom to Ahlam

AHLAM:

I want to take a proper shower, how much time do we have?

URIAH:

About an hour.

AHLAM:

What about you?

MOSHÉ:

I'll take a nap(Ahlam locks the door on Moshé. Moshé brings his shirt and rings Benny) How's it going?

BANI: The music group is here.

URIAH:

Alright, don't take your eyes off him, if that person is there, they'll definitely kill him

lights a cigarette and lies down on the couch, Ahlam enjoys himself and shaves his armpit hair and body with a razor. INT . NIGHT

Ahlam wraps himself in a bathrobe and stands over Uriah who is asleep with a cigarette in his hand. He takes the cigarette from his fingers and Uriah immediately wakes up and they stare at each other.

URIAH:

Did I sleep a lot?

AHLAM:

Half an hour too much?

URIAH:

Can you get ready in half an hour?

133.

AHLAM:

I'll try my best.

URIAH:

The clothes are in the wardrobe upstairs, in the room opposite.

INT . NIGHT

Ahlam opens the wardrobe and joyfully puts on several different colored clothes, he picks a purple outfit, but it doesn't fit him. He opens the drawers and gets a needle and thread, lays the dress on the bed and starts sewing quickly. INT . NIGHT Uriah is in the adjacent room.

URIAH:

Are you ready?

Now Ahlam puts on that outfit again, perfectly tailored, and starts doing makeup.

AHLAM:

Will your friend rent his house for one night?

URIAH:

Until who?

AHLAM:

To an enemy.

URIAH:

My friend is ready to show goodwill by letting his house be at the enemy's disposal for a year.

AHLAM:

The enemy has nothing to offer.

URIAH:

Just show goodwill.

AHLAM:

I agree with goodwill because it costs nothing, send him a heart as a sign of friendship and goodwill, my mood is good too

(he turns back and sees Uriah at the door, they stare at each other)

I'm ready, call the agency.

Uriah steps aside, taking Ahlam's arm, pulling her towards himself, laying her on the bed, moving back, examining Ahlam more closely, casting a shadow on her eyelids, applying a bolder lipstick to her lips, opening the drawer, bringing artificial nails and eyelashes,

134.

sticking them to Alham's hand, indicating she should stay, getting closer, slightly loosening Alham's collar.

URIAH:

"You're still missing something."

(takes Alham's hand, leading her towards a room, opening a safe, putting a beautiful necklace around Alham's neck, placing his hand on her shoulders, looking at themselves in the mirror)

"Now you're ready." Alham smiles, placing her

hand on Uriah's

AHLAM:

"I have a bit of arthritis in my neck".

URIAH:

"Oh, I'm sorry, I was rude".

AHLAM:

"It might have been a bit audacious, but not rude. It was more like simplicity.

URIAH:

"I didn't find that word, but shouldn't be this casual".

AHLAM:

"I must say, it's not bad for men to be a bit casual, audacious, and rude. It's even better than necessary for them to be like that. It's quite beautiful."

(moves the necklace several times)

"The sight every girl deserves to see in the mirror."

(smirks and laughs, turning to leave, but Uriah stops her, placing her in front of the mirror again, placing his hand on Alham's shoulder)

"This necklace must have interesting stories to tell, if someone understands its language".

URIAH:

"Now you're ready."

(Alham takes Uriah's coat, lifts the collar of his shirt, loosens his tie, ties a new knot)

"By the way, you chose a nice bag".

135.

AHLAM:

"I don't like big knots." They laugh as Uriah tries to press the elevator button

URIAH:

"You seem to understand the necklace's language".

AHLAM:

"Well, I understand through a mediator, give it a push, my mediator is a postmodern novelist".

URIAH:

"A postmodern novelist"?

AHLAM:

"Postmodern novelists understand the language of objects well, wood, vinegar, iron, chair legs, anything".

URIAH:

"Well, what stories does this postmodern novelist have"?

AHLAM:

"The necklace is the story's hero, and the story starts with its ridiculous ending. A worried woman, burning with anxiety fever, wearing a beautiful necklace gifted by her husband and a red party dress with the intention of betraying her old lover, gets diverted by a drunkard on the road. In the moment of reaching her lover, she has a fatal accident and dies, and the necklace is separated under a truck's wheel. Up to this point, it has been 250 pages, followed by another 250 pages on how the diamonds were captured and how they went to America.

URIAH:

Why America?

AHLAM:

Because everything goes to America or comes from there, my friend.

URIAH:

Well.

AHLAM:

136.

Several chapters by ship with a detailed description of the ship's history, crew, and passengers, several by cargo plane with a detailed description of the crates and

suitcases

(the elevator door opens) and this became the first volume.

They head to the parking lot where several expensive cars are parked: Ferrari, Porsche, Audi, Aston Martin, BMW, Maserati, and Lamborghini. Ahlam's eyes widen in amazement.

URIAH:

Now we've reached the second volume.

AHLAM:

Wow, what cars!

(She touches the cars)

Let me see if these girls won't mind me touching their bodies.

URIAH:

They will understand, Ahlam.

(Ahlam looks at Uriah, implying she caught his innuendo)

Continue.

AHLAM:

Forget about this nonsense.

URIAH:

But it wasn't a bad idea for a conversation! Choose.

AHLAM:

Rent a night with a car.

URIAH:

A year with all the cars.

Ahlam heads towards the Porsche

AHLAM:

With this one, we'll be less noticeable.

Uriah heads towards the Lamborghini

URIAH:

Actually, I want us to be more noticeable.

EXT . NIGHT.



137.

Uriah and Ahlam stand in front of the door of a palace and walk in. Everyone around looks at them. The valet takes the car keys; Uriah takes Ahlam's arm and pulls her close. As they climb the stairs, they brush past the guests, looking at them.

URIAH:

Do you have a problem with doing everything and anything for the success of this operation?

AHLAM:

Isn't that your house? No?

URIAH:

I think the least connection this operation can have in this group is you.

AHLAM:

You're connected to Mushe, Ayub, Faram, and Horam.

URIAH:

Yes.

AHLAM:

So, it relates to me too.

URIAH:

You might have to do some hard things.

AHLAM:

Is killing harder?

URIAH:

Maybe for you.

AHLAM:

Don't beat around the bush, speak your mind.

URIAH:

You might have to kiss me.

AHLAM:

Maybe not. "

URIAH:

You feel its necessity as soon as you reach the top of the stairs, you are an Arab woman and all eyes turn to you.

AHLAM:

I have to behave like those prostitutes who come to these parties with you.

138.

URIAH:

If you have to, at least do it like a good, believable, and real actor.

A middle-aged man passes by with two beautiful and young women, Uriah stands still

ELD:

Hello.

URIAH:

Hello.

ELD:

You weren't here, you rarely miss the Arab parties.

URIAH:

I was caught up.

ELD:

Madam.

Eld kisses Ahlam's hand, her eyes fixed on Ahlam, the two women look at Ahlam contemptuously

WOMAN:

Eld, let's go have a drink.(The woman pulls Eld towards her, kisses her, Ahlam pulls Uriah towards her and kisses her gently, looking under her eyes at the women, Uriah steps back but Ahlam kisses Uriah's lips again firmly, as their lips get closer, they speak)

AHLAM:

How did I play my role?

URIAH:

You played it like a top-notch actor, believable and real, so you fooled everyone.

AHLAM:

The others don't matter, I hope I don't disappoint you.

(They reach the top of the stairs) Do you think when we pass through that door, in the eyes of those people, I will be considered a notorious woman?

URIAH:

What do the others matter?

Ahlam looks at her and smiles

AHLAM:

You retaliated quickly.

139.

URIAH:

The good news is there are many stories behind me, so in any case, I am not considered a reputable man in their eyes, I mean in terms of how I treat women.

AHLAM:

You knew you was very mean.

INT. NIGHT.

They enter, Ayub is at the entrance, Ahlam smiles sweetly at Ayub, among the musicians, Jorge plays the guitar, Benny's hand is around his neck, and they are sitting with Michael, Rahil, a woman, and a man, some are dancing, Faram is the waiter and serves drinks to the guests.

HOORAM:

Sacrifice.

At that moment, Faram comes with a tray of drinks and hands them the microphones, an Aldrly and elegantly dressed man goes to the microphone

FARAM:

Madam.

AHLAM:

Thank you.

Faram goes and Ahlam calls Eld and the two women are looking at them

Excuse me, sir.

Faram returns and Ahlam puts money from his purse on the tray and Faram kisses Ahlam's hand

Faram: You look very beautiful and charming tonight, Commander.

AHLAM: the young man, you appear pleasant and impressive, it's better not to waste your life on this.

FARAM:

Which task are you referring to, Commander? Ahlam pats Faram's shoulder and smiles warmly

AHLAM:

Thank you again, I can't see the Moshe.

MOSHE:

Sacrifice, I am sitting in a van in a very distant place but I can see everything up close. You're right, Faram, you

140.

look very beautiful and charming tonight. It's fascinating how men have to hold their breath when they pass by you.

URIAH:

Giving rewards at such gatherings is usually not customary.

AHLAM:

Customs can be changed, besides, we are going to be in the spotlight.

ALDRLY MAN:

Esteemed guests, the music group should have a short break, get ready for the final dance. Thank you.

MOSHE:

As I mentioned, one of those men is approaching you, sacrifice. Commander, I believe your old friend Mr. Eld is here.

HORAM:

Sacrifice, table nine is reserved.

URIAH:

No, we will dance at the end.

Eld approaches and shakes hands with Dream again, kissing her hand. The music starts

ELD:

Dear Uriah, may I have the pleasure of your company? I invite this beautiful and gracious lady to dance.

URIAH:

If they are willing themselves?

AHLAM:

I accept with pleasure.

They go together

RAHIL:

How about a dance?

MICHAEL:

I don't know how to dance.

(whispers to Benny)

BENNY:

141.

For a two-person dance, you just need to be a good partner for your dance companion, just follow Rahil's moves.

Uriah heads towards an empty chair

URIAH:

Where do you want to start our conversation?(Dream hesitates, takes a step back from Eld, and ties her shoelace again)

AHLAM:

Excuse me, sir?

ELD:

Eld.

AHLAM:

Excuse me for a moment. Do you have any specific topic or idea in mind?

URIAH:

No.

AHLAM:

In standard models, they usually start with the lips.  
(Michael and Faram laugh, Ahlam perspective shifts to Ayub, who  
also smiles)

We have to wait and see where your friend starts to deceive your dance partner or your lover.

MOSHE:

Commander, I think everything is going excellently tonight.

AHLAM:

I am completely at your disposal, my dear.

RAHIL:

Why are you laughing, Michael?

(brief pause)

Is it because of something you have in mind?

(Michael nods) What a pity.

ELD:

You haven't introduced yourself.

142.

AHLAM:

Ahlam

ALD:

What a beautiful name Ald gently touches the mole on Ahlam face.

AHLAM:

I want to have surgery.

ALD:

Actually, it suits you. It's like a beauty spot on a poppy petal.

MOSHE:

As I told you before, Commander, everything is going great tonight. Just to inform you, I have also taken charge, eagerly awaiting orders.

AHLAM:

Thank you. You had such a beautiful description of something everyone sees as a flaw.

ALD:

That was less than what I see. Can I ask you something?

URIAH:

It's starting.

AHLAM:

Definitely.

ALD:

Where did you find Uriah?

AHLAM:

He found me.

ALD:

How?

AHLAM:

Men like you and Uriah find women.

ALD:

Oh, let me guess.

URIAH:

Now he's saying he's an embassy employee.

143.

ALD:

An embassy employee?

URIAH:

Guess again.

AHLAM:

Guess again.

ALD:

Help me.

URIAH:

You're getting close.

He stands in a strategic place, listening, not seeing the person he wants a drink from; there are 4 people.

AHLAM:

You're getting close.

URIAH:

She is the wife of one of the diplomats who went on a mission.

ALD:

The wife of a diplomat who went on a mission?

AHLAM:

You're very clever.

ALD AND URIAH:

Thank you.

AHLAM:

I wasn't with you.

ALD:

Yes?

AHLAM:

I mean time should pass in a certain way.

ALD:

Social gatherings are a good place to spend time; it's not wasted time, believe me.

AHLAM:

With you, I'm having a great time.

MOUCHE:

144.

I think we're facing a military trial because I can't wait for orders.(The man approaches Uriah.)

URIAH:

At the far right of the hall, three  
Aldrly men are sitting at a table; the one with his back  
to you is the commander of the first minister's guard  
unit.

JOB:

Yousef Malmann.

URIAH:

What is he doing here?

FARAM:

Probably came to the party like you and Aladdin.

URIAH:

No, he doesn't attend these kinds of parties.

MAN:

Hey, where's your attention?

FARAM:

Excuse me.

MAN:

Do your job right.

ALD:

Do you know him?

AHLAM:

Not really, just met him.

ALD:

Haven't heard anything about him?

AHLAM:

I said we just met.

She gently pushes Aladdin back a bit near the microphone hidden in his ear.

ALD:

Woman Ahlam softly and gracefully pushes Aladdin back a bit.

AHLAM:

Oh, please Aladdin, I'll get uncomfortable.

ALD:



145.

It will change your mood.

Ahlam: Oh, Mr. Eld, it's not very appropriate to talk about these things at first meeting. You probably wanted to say something important about your friend, Uriah.

URIAH:

Moshe, Job, watch him closely

ELD:

He's not my friend, he's nobody's friend.

AHLAM:

Maybe I should go check on the main course.

URIAH:

He doesn't care about women.

ELD:

Did you say something?

AHLAM:

Oh, sorry, I thought you were close and intimate friends.

ELD:

Absolutely not, he's a dangerous person.

URIAH:

He wants to throw my secrets in the water

(Uriah laughs)

Show yourself upset and separate from him.

AHLAM:

We're getting closer to the interesting parts of the story, I'm all ears.

ELD:

It stays between us.

AHLAM:

Definitely.

ELD:

He's a sexual deviant

Uriah and everyone burst into laughter, Eld continues speaking under their laughter and they mock him.

AHLAM:

146.

That's weird.

ELD:

Several women have complained of assault by him, two of them have never been found, it's unknown what fate they met.

AHLAM:

You mean they were killed?

ELD:

I don't think so, they just didn't show up at these gatherings after being with Uriah.

AHLAM:

Although such deviations have increased these days, it doesn't seem possible, no way.

ELD:

He puts on a victim facade, that's why women trust him quickly, I heard he has some sort of sexual incompetence. He must physically abuse or hit women to feel powerful and derive pleasure.

(people laugh, Job turns the conversation back).

URIAH:

Kids, don't lose your guard.

ELD:

He's very wealthy and like all wealthy people, he always gets away with it. He has a lot of influence, he even has people in the Prime Minister's office, some say he's very close to the Prime Minister, I've even heard things about the Prime Minister being a sexual deviant like him.

HORAM:

Your friend's commander is a despicable person, it doesn't concern us, you should be more careful in choosing your friends.

AHLAM:

You can't stand married women.

ELD:

No problem.

AHLAM:

147.

I have kids too.

ELD:

You don't want to bring him.

AHLAM:

If I have to.

ELD:

No problem.

AHLAM:

Don't you have a business card?

ELD:

Do you want me to wait for you outside at the end of the party?

AHLAM:

What an excuse.

ELD:

Say your husband just returned from his mission music stops and the group cheers.

AHLAM:

he knows everything about my husband and doesn't believe it; she knows my husband won't come.

ALDE:

Tell Uriah your child got sick, has a fever.

AHLAM:

I think it's better this way.

ALD:

Then I'll see you outside.

AHLAM:

The ladies who were with you?

ALD:

They are not important.

AHLAM:

I really want to come with you tonight. But it's too hard to convince her for tonight, if it doesn't work out, we'll leave it for another time. I was glad to meet you, Mr. Alde.

ALD:

148.

You're welcome, it was my honor.

AHLAM:

I was close to making a big mistake and not accepting your invitation to dance.

ALD:

Your kindness makes up for it. (Ahlam goes to Uriah)

AHLAM:

You said it should be like an actor, real and believable.

I'm going to the bathroom, Hooram stands there with a smile and opens the door for Ahlam INT . NIGHT Ahlam returns and sits in front of Uriah

AHLAM:

Your friend's house is missing something.

Uriah takes the microphone out of his ear and points, and Ahlam takes the microphone out of her ear too

URIAH:

Life.

AHLAM:

And the sound of a child, the building is very big but looks sad and depressed, and it hasn't become a home yet.

URIAH:

So what is it?

AHLAM:

A place to be pampered, a place with golden cutlery and an expensive menu.

The music group returns and takes their places, but Horam is missing

If you want, we can cancel the mission right now, leave from here, and disappear.

AHLAM:

That was a cute joke.

URIAH:

I have never been serious in my life like this time.

(Horam quickly enters)

This is the only place where my money is useful. We can go anywhere.

HORAM:

Sir, it's not Jorge.

URIAH:

What do you mean it's not necessary (They connect the microphones)

You and Faram go cover the east and west sides of the building, we're going up.

INT. NIGHT

Five people are standing, Jorge's mouth is taped shut, and a man inside is holding scissors on Jorge's middle finger, suddenly cutting it and Jorge screams at the top of his lungs.

MAN:

Tell me, who you told? Uriah the snitch knows something.

He opens the tape

JORGE:

Who is Uriah the snitch?

He puts the tape back and points the scissors at his index finger. From behind the door, the voices of a man and a woman in conversation are heard. The handle turns but doesn't open, they stand there quietly

URIAH:

This damn door was always open.

AHLAM:

Forget it, let's go.  
Where to?

AHLAM:

What are you doing? Please Mr. Eld, no, not here.

URIAH:

Actually, here is fine. The sound of kissing is heard as Jorge's mouth is firmly

held

AHLAM:

Please, they will see us.

URIAH:

No one is here to see us.

AHLAM:

If my husband finds out.

URIAH:

He won't find out.

AHLAM:

I will scream.

URIAH:

No one will hear you, my dear. I would actually enjoy it if you screamed more, it excites me more.

The men inside the dimly lit room look at each other bewildered, the camera focusing on their faces

AHLAM:

No, please, no, not my shorts, why are you taking off my shorts?

URIAH:

It's a team effort, tonight it's my duty to take off your shorts, not your husband's.

The sound of kissing is heard as they knock on the door repeatedly

AHLAM:

I wish we were doing it on the bed.

(Knock)

Sexologists say we should add variety to our sex life, it always stays in our memory this way.

(Softly transitions to lovemaking sounds)

You say, "Do you remember that night?"  
I reply, "How could I forget that night"?

AHLAM:

Okay, whatever you want, just please finish it soon.

URIAH:

No, No, Actually, I want to prolong it, I want to do it again later.

Man 1 orders another to open the door, as soon as it opens, Ahlam throws herself down

MAN 1:

Uriah!

(They shoot Uriah and Ahlam with an arrow, and Man 1 holds Jorge in front of him, holding scissors against his neck) do not Move and I'll slit his throat.

(Uriah surrenders) Drop it.

Uriah drops the weapon and Ahlam immediately shoots the man with an arrow

URIAH:

I wanted him alive.

(Ahlam looks at Uriah, then goes to Jorge whose clothes are bloody, she helps him up, ties his hands, and they quickly leave)

We'll be back.

AHLAM:

I'll go first.

(Ahlam calmly sits back in the same chair, Eld sees her and smiles, Uriah and Jorge walk straight through the guests and dancers, Uriah gestures to Ahlam)

Where? The party is not over yet.

The same man calls for Fram again, Fram quickly goes to him, and the man laughs. When Fram reaches the man, he hands him a drink tray for him to speak. He takes off his coat and bowtie, throwing them on the ground. After taking a few steps back, he picks up a drink from the tray, quickly drinks it, and places the cherry on the tray. Feram: Thank you.

Jorge turns back halfway, the music group stops playing and looks at him. He picks up the guitar, another man also picks up a guitar, they stare at each other, the man lets go of the guitar, and he leaves. After a few steps back, he looks back at the group.

JORGE:

I took it as my fee.

Ald heads towards Ahlam.

ALD:

Ahlam, Ahlam.

He turns back and goes towards Ald. Uriah waits standing.

AHLAM:

Sorry, my dear, I have to go .

ALD:

What about our plan ?

AHLAM:

Okay, you think about it another time, my child is sick and has a fever, I have to go.

(Uriah smiles, Ahlam takes a few steps back and kisses Ald's cheek.)

I'll call you .

URIAH:

You, Benny Michael, and Yousi. From now on, you won't take your eyes off him until I say so, clear ?

YOUSI:

Yes, Commander, clear .

ALD:

The one who didn't have my number.

After they leave, the commander gets up from his desk and watches them leave.

EXT . NIGHT .



Jorge, Ahlam, and Uriah leave the house .

JORGE:

I saw someone else, don't know where he went .

URIAH :

More than the amount of money I promised .

JORGE:

I didn't come for your money .

URIAH:

The money and ticket will be in your hands tomorrow .

JORGE:

I won't leave until I figure out the matter .

URIAH:

The rest concerns us, thank you for coming .

EXT . NIGHT .

Uriah and Ahlam are in a Lamborghini with the top down, Ahlam is driving with a happy and smiling face, she leans her head out of the window, the wind twists in her hair, showing a childlike excitement .

AHLAM:

What a car, dude, it's so much fun.

(She leans her head out and Uriah  
takes the wheel.)

I'm in the wind in her hair, wind in her hair, oh dancer  
with the wolf, you're my friend .

URIAH:

Pull over, I need to get something and I have to show  
you something.

He drives the car towards a parked car at speed and brakes at the last moment, stopping right next to the car.

AHLAM:

This girl is something else .

EXT . NIGHT

Under the light of the full moon, they are driving outside the city. They slowly pull over by the roadside, facing a hill, and Uriah points upwards . Ahlam: With these shoes.(Uriah hands her canvas shoes.) URIAH: try this.

AHLAM:

Shall we have a competition now?

(Ahlam starts to climb up and accidentally tears her clothes, Uriah looks back at her) It's nothing.

(Ahlam's clothes get caught on a bush and she is almost half- naked. Uriah reaches her sooner and reaches out to help her)

No, I can do it myself.

URIAH:

Try not to deprive the hand men who reached out to help of the good feeling of usefulness, even when you don't need it.

AHLAM:

Stop talking so much, just hold my hand, I'm falling.

(Uriah lifts her up and they come face to face, both breathing heavily)

This is where you turned the girls upside down.

Uriah: You guessed right.

AHLAM:

So we've reached the end of the story, this is the conclusion.

(It's a city of lights and beauty)

Now is the time when a girl, in order to express gratitude, must show herself amazed and say, "Wow, what a sight," and to show that she has heard the first beat of love, she pretends that the unfortunate boy has gained the attention of that mocked girl.

EXT. NIGHT.

They have some drinks, eat a light meal, and light a cigarette.

URIAH:

You fooled Mossad and me for years.

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AHLAM:

What are you talking about?

URIAH:

I'm talking about Mohammad Najjar.

AHLAM:

Well, it worked because it wasn't for fooling you. We were always in financial trouble.

URIAH:

You mean embezzlement or having an extra budget line.

AHLAM:

It's really beautiful, apart from the beautiful view.

URIAH:

What's your plan?

AHLAM:

My plan? For the short term or the long term?

URIAH:

For the short term.

AHLAM:

My short-term plan is to immerse myself in that big bathtub.

URIAH:

And the long term?

AHLAM:

And the long-term plan is to lie on that beautiful bed and die like a happy woman.

Ahlam stands up and reaches out to Uriah

URIAH:

I said I wanted to show you something.

(She Bennyds down, picks up a stone, and tosses some pebbles, and shows how many marbles to Ahlam)

When I was little, my mother and I put these pebbles here.

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AHLAM:

And your mother? Uriah puts her hand on Ahlam's lips and they move downwards

EXT . NIGHT They are standing in front of Uriah's house. Uriah:

Phone using the phone, gestures towards Ahlam

AHLAM:

How?

URIAH:

Enter your name the door

opens and Ahlam enters

AHLAM:

Thank you

URIAH:

Good night hands a

cigarette to Ahlam

AHLAM:

Good night

INT . NIGHT

As Ahlam enters the large hall, he takes off his clothes, still feeling pain, old and new wounds on his body, lies down on the couch, takes a cigarette but has no lighter, picks up the clothes from the floor, goes to the kitchen, turns on the stove, takes out milk from the fridge, drinks a glass, fills it halfway again, sips coffee from the coffee maker, opens cabinets for coffee, but can't use the coffee maker, rings the bell

AHLAM:

Where are you?

URIAH:

I'm heading to my apartment

AHLAM:

I want to make coffee

URIAH:

Ring the bell for room service

EXT . NIGHT

Uriah stops with a Lamborghini by the roadside, Ahlam holds the phone in a way that only his face to shoulders is in the picture, the usual talk about making coffee turns into a conversation like how do you want your coffee? Quick? Strong?

Suddenly Ahlam ' hand hits the phone and drops it, when he picks up the phone, Uriah sees all of Ahlam' body INT . NIGHT

Raouf, Walid, Ayoub, and Moshe are lying down smoking, Jamal turns off the lamp. A view from outside the building which has brick walls INT . NIGHT .

A woman is kissing Taher, the view is close and large, only the lips and eyes are visible, suddenly the man opens his eyes, now the woman steps back, and Taher gestures to continue. Horam is sitting next to the table eating, holding a woman in his arms

TAHER:

Where is paradise?

HORAM:

Welcome

TAHER:

Both are for me?

HORAM:

Don't be too greedy

TAHER:

What's the choice? With me

(Horam nods with head and hand)

I need to eat first, to fuel my body

(eats in a hurry and keeps looking at the two girls

behind the woman

sitting next to Horam)

Alright, I'm ready, get up, warm yourself

WOMAN:

Warm myself?

TAHER:

Because tonight you're going way up, and if your parachute doesn't open,

you won't get hurt

(Horam hands a glass towards Taher)

Or at least get hurt less

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HORAM:

They are the best skydiving instructors in the world

TAHER:

Be ready, tomorrow night we're going to jump together.

WOMAN 2:

I won't be available tomorrow night.

TAHER:

Then I will reject you from my exam due to unjustified absence.

WOMAN 2:

Have a good landing.

INT. NIGHT

Ahlam is inside a van, stretching out on a long sofa, with a cup of coffee beside her hand. Suddenly, the doorbell rings.

AHLAM:

I have a question, Uriah, but first I want to give you a special thanks for you and your exceptional coffee maker

(sipping her coffee)

it's outstanding.

URIAH:

Question.

AHLAM:

I know you won't answer.

URIAH:

So you have no choice but to cut it off.

AHLAM:

Why?

URIAH:

Why what?

AHLAM:

Why did you choose this life?

URIAH:

You've already said my answer.

AHLAM:

I think it's because it was boring.

URIAH:

Absolutely right.

AHLAM:

And why didn't you want your mother to be mentioned?

URIAH:

Because it's not repeated.

AHLAM:

Are you still looking for your mother, aren't you? And because it's not repeated, that's why women became a means of entertainment for you.

URIAH:

Are you analyzing me or trying to psychoanalyze me? How many people did you show these marbles to before me?

Ahlam: My mind is occupied with its own distractions.

URIAH: I don't think I showed them to anyone before you.

AHLAM:

You probably don't realize how much Mr. Eld's comments about my sexually deviant friend have almost made your story unbelievable for the listener.

URIAH:

On a night like tonight when the moon was full, a woman who spends the last months of her life carries her ten-year-old son up the mountain and they place the marbles under a stone together. She doesn't say anything to the boy, but now the boy thinks that was the first meeting place of his mother's love, and then she firmly grabs the boy's shoulders with her weak hands, presses hard with her last strength, and tells the boy, "These the marbles will become meaningless and worthless to you very soon." With this act, we have

made them valuable forever. Shia Muslims call it "terbat dadan," an object rubbed with holy soil, and Christians say, soaked in holy oil. Remember, whenever you love a woman so much that you want to marry her and be with her for the rest of your life, until the end of your life, give these the marblesto that woman.

AHLAM:

The twists and turns of the story were so many that I almost made a mistake for a fraction of a second, I thought I should really feel sorry for that woman(pause) for that boy and his mother, they are really preparing themselves, we have to go to Beirut tomorrow.

EXT . DAY

In Beirut, next to the streets of the American embassy, Jamal and Benny are sitting inside a coffee shop, Ahlam on top of a building, and Moshé inside a car next to the same building reading a newspaper. Michael approaches the car, throws the microphone inside, and connects it to his ear.

TAHER:

Commander, it's been 5 days.

BANI:

6 days.

MOSHÉ:

Sorry if I wasn't available, I only heard about those 5 and 6. As the commander says, a fisherman alone and his best job is patience. He waits, he waits, and he waits again. Isn't that right, Commander?

(Silence) Are you hearing me?

AHLAM:

That's right.

MOSHÉ:

Can I ask what the movement was for?

AHLAM:

Faram and Michael, while they were having coffee at the café, one of them identified Faram.

EXT . DAY



In Beirut, next to the streets of the Iranian embassy, Faram and Ra'ouf pass by Horam and Taher sitting under the shade of an umbrella at a café. Aziz stands behind a car, while Walid stands beside a window inside a tall building, looking through a camera. Ext . Day Beirut, around the American embassy.

JAMAL:

I see Yassin and Tariq.

AHLAM:

I also see Jaber.

RA'OUF:

Jaber?

AHLAM:

Jaber Ghannami.

RA'OUF:

Then Fasal should also be here.

AHLAM:

I saw him. Alright, everyone be ready, if there's an attack, it will be simultaneous.

Jamal: He has a little kid, I'll go to them.

Ahlam: Wait, if you go, we won't have a way back.

JAMAL:

Do we have a way back now? Moshé, keep an eye on me.

(Jamal stands right in front of them, and Moshé stands behind them)

Hello, guys.

JABER:

What are you doing here?

Jamal: Take a look behind you.

(He points to the red light on their chests, they disarm and he takes a few a gun from each)

You found

the way. They get into Michael's car on a side street, Moshé sits in the front, and they quickly drive off. Suddenly, the sound of an explosion in the city rises, the car stops, they get out, and Moshe and Jamal quickly turns back. EXT . DAY

Iranian embassy, a car around the embassy explodes, everyone is shooting. Faram shoots with a machine gun and approaches a car with a man, woman, and their children inside. One person tries to shoot with an RPG, but Walid hits him and another, Faram gets the family out of the car. Faram: Lower your head and move faster(Persian)

Woman: My daughter

Faram: I will go, you go

Aziz: Faram, no, no

Faram takes the girl out of the car instantly, blocking their positions with a heavy gun, they hit Walid first and then one of them shoots an RPG towards the embassy and near Faram.

Faram throws himself over the girl and quickly starts shooting. Some people approach and hit Faram. He continues to hide the girl behind him. Aziz arrives with a car and quickly blocks them with gunfire, heading towards Faram and dragging them to a place where he also gets shot. Special police forces arrive and arrest them. Faram goes towards Aziz, they look at each other, the head of the family with a beard and diplomatic formal attire from Iran approaches them and takes his daughter

AZIZ:

I'm sorry

he dies, the man returns, he and Faram look at each other, Faram extends his hand towards the man, the man takes his hand and at the same time Faram dies, he closes Faram's eyes Ext . Day

American Embassy, Jamal and Moshe stand near American forces and shoot the last bullet, the war is over, the position of Ahlam is hit by an RPG

MOSHE:

Commander, are you okay, commander?

He looks up with concern, Ahlam are lying down, agents approach Jamal and Moshe

AGENT:

Drop your weapons, hands up

they surrender, Ahlam takes himself out calmly, he is severely wounded, his face covered in blood, coughing

AHLAM:

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What happened?

MOSHE:

Are you okay?

AHLAM:

What happened?

MOSHE:

I think it's over

AHLAM:

Tell Jamal to go quickly after Badri

MOSHE:

We've been captured

they lie down and at the same time step on the microphone INT. DAY

Raouf and Benny stand outside a boutique and tailoring shop, someone calls Raouf, Benny goes inside the shop, two customers, a man and a woman, surprise Badri

BADRI:

End of the week

WOMAN:

I want it earlier

BADRI:

I can't do it earlier, I'll call

BANI:

Get ready, we have to go

BADRI:

I have to go home

BANI:

We can't

takes a coat

BADRI:

Then I'm ready

BENNY:

So, you work here, right? I'll place an order.

BEDRI:

Alright, we'll be waiting.

BENNY:

I'll be a good customer for you.

INT . NIGHT

Michael, Horam, Taher, Rauf, Walid, and Ahlam are sitting in a large furnished hall with a TV on. Taher and Horam are watching a dance clip while Ahlam is reading a book.

MICHAEL:

Put on CNN News at 10 o'clock.

TAHER:

Careless

Michael loses control and hits CNN. Oria comes in. Everyone goes silent. Alham looks questioning and worried. Behind him, Jamal enters with a smile on Alham's face. He takes that worried look back to himself, gets up from his place.

ALHAM:

Moshe?

and then Moshe comes and Alham laughs, unable to hide his joy. Everyone heads towards them, and only Michael stares at the TV. They make noise and Alham reads the book again.

MICHAEL:

Shut up.

The news is about the arrest of radical Jews known as the White Hats who were planning to blow up East Jerusalem. The scene shows their transfer to the police station, showing Eren's image.

MICHAEL: boss, it's

for you.

Eeren's phone rings, everyone goes quiet.

URIAH:

What's going on?

EREEN:

I let the kids go.

URIAH:

What? Now? They were supposed to be full-time...

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EREEN:

I've been fired.

URIAH:

What?

EREEN:

They want an explanation from me, now they're looking for you.

URIAH:

Allof?

EREEN:

Orders have come from higher places.  
Goodbye.

He hangs up. Everyone looks at Uriah in silence. She thinks for a few seconds and calls Allof, the sound echoes in the silence. A Moshe approaches Uriah

URIAH:

Hello boss.

ALLOF:

Come to the organization.

URIAH:

I can't, it's not over yet.

ALLOF:

You'll be arrested.

URIAH:

On what charges?

ALLOF:

For now, trespassing.

(Allof chuckles mockingly at Uriah) It's out of my hands.

URIAH:

I'm close boss, very close. I need time.

ALLOF:

It's not possible.

He looks directly at Ahlam

URIAH:

I'll give you Mohammad Najjar.  
(The Moshe moves away from Uriah and  
approaches Ahlam. Allof  
pauses.)  
With his whole group.

Short pause

ALLOF:

Alive.

URIAH:

Alive.

ALLOF:

Tell your people, if they come forward, the charges will  
be dropped.

(The Moshe leaves and looks at the  
television)

And they can return to their jobs.

URIAH:

There's no one left for me.

ALLOF:

I've never talked to you and I can't help you in any way,  
but I'll hold them off for a while.

URIAH:

I understand.

ALLOF:

Remember Uriah, alive.

URIAH:

I have to go.

MOSHE:

You promised to get them all out of here.

Looks directly at the television

URIAH:

I promised by the end of the story.

MOSHE:

The story doesn't end here, boss. If it did, tonight would have been my wedding, and I don't think you were invited.

AHLAM:

take it Easy, Moshe. I know your Arabic is good. This is the book that I really liked when we were your age. This book prepares you.

MOSHE:

What makes me ready?

AHLAM: ready

to fall in love

MOSHE:

The Valley of the Lilies.

AHLAM:

Give me a cigarette, Uriah.

(Uriah hands a cigarette to Ahlam, who stands up to light it, and Horam dramatically lights the cigarette with his lighter. Ahlam sits next to Uriah)

You said alive.

HORAM:

I also liked that word, especially because it was emphasized.

AHLAM:

Go on.

URIAH:

Moshe is right, Ahlam. You don't need to continue.

(He takes out passports from his pocket, hands one to Ahlam, and another to Jamal)

You're in danger.

JAMAL:

How much danger?

URIAH:

The games of democracy are more complex and dangerous.

AHLAM:

light brown!? really? I didn't know, who knows what color my eyes are?

RAOUF:

Hey son, I was born in Haifa.

JAMAL:

Moshe, which school did you go to?  
Because I think we were classmates, by the way, what was our teacher's name?

URIAH:

I can get you all out of here within 8 to 9 days, Ahlam.

He takes Ahlam's hand

WALID:

Didn't you say how much danger?

URIAH:

With the events that have happened, at the end of the story, you'll be killed, but by Hezbollah.

JAMAL:

And you?

MOSHE:

We stay and continue our work, which is killing respectable Palestinians like you.

Jamal hits Moshe's shoulder firmly

AHLAM:

They will be tried and convicted for treason, Jamal.

URIAH:

And rape.

AHLAM:

Oh, I almost forgot.

URIAH:

There won't be a trial. I'll send Moshe, Hiram, and Ayoub as well.

RAOUF:



So we leave them half-hearted?

JAMAL:

Benny won't let go and will take matters into his own hands.

AHLAM:

But you didn't say what comes to your mind.

MICHAEL:

Someone has to give an answer, or else the entire Mossad and Israel will come after you.

AHLAM:

You should know better, This is a Hollywood-style happy ending.

MICHAEL:

The kids arrive home safely and the corrupt police officer either gets killed or sent to prison.

AHLAM:

I have no problem with the end of the story, kids. Does anyone else have a problem with the end of this tale?

EVERYONE:

No, we don't.

URIAH:

No, I will make a deal. I have valuable information.

AHLAM:

Okay, accepted, but 10 days is too long. You helped us, now we will help you

MOSHE:

Well, then let's drink to health.

Moshe places a bottle of expensive drink on the table, Uriah looks at the bottle

URIAH:

Where did you get this, Moshe?

The phone rings and Moshe answers it

MOSHE:

He wants to know where you bought it. He places  
another bottle on the table

BANI:

Moshe insisted a lot, and I resisted a lot too, but  
eventually, it managed to get the word out of my  
mouth. If regret solves a problem, I am sorry.

INT . DAY

Alvaf Office

URIAH:

Hello, Alvaf.

ALVAF:

You were not supposed to contact me.

URIAH:

I want the calls of Yousi Melman.

ALVAF:

Yousi? He only gives direct orders.

URIAH:

Perhaps he might make a mistake somewhere.

EXT . DAY

In front of Eld Building, Uriah, Ahlam, and Moshe stand at a distance. EXT. DAY

In front of the military barracks, Jorge and Ayub are watching the place. EXT.  
NIGHT.

Eld's house, Moshe comes to get in the car.

AHLAM:

Come on, I want to sleep.

(Ahlam lies down)

Uriah You have to be careful of Benny

URIAH:

Why?

AHLAM:

Qasem's only thought is to kill him.

EXT. NIGHT.

Yousi Melman leaves the house.

AYUB:

Yousi has left the house, let's follow him.

URIAH:

Don't get too close.

EXT. NIGHT

Yousi enters a house, immediately 4 men and 2 women leave the house and get into two cars.

AYUB: What

should we do?

AHLAM:

Tell, the women to follow.

EXT . NIGHT

Milshan's house, Jamal and Benny are sitting in the car when the sound of a gunshot is heard. They quickly drive off and see that Milshan, his servant, and guard are dead, and the gunshot was from the guard's gun. EXT . NIGHT Eld enters a restaurant.

URIAH: This is not working. We need to go inside. Hooram, can you get into the house?

URIAH:

Moshe.

MOSHE:

Okay.

AHLAM:

It's dangerous, Uriah.

Ahlam grabs Moshe's arm

URIAH:

There's no other way. A woman elegantly comes out of a

clothing store)

AHLAM:

Uriah, you have money? a gun . silencer .

Ahlam quickly gets out EXT . NIGHT.

Men and women get out of the car, the air is hazy. A man stands outside, two women and a man enter as the door opens.

Ayub and Jorge look on.

AYUB:

What do you see?

JORGE:

It's not clear at all.

AYUB:

I'll get out, come sit behind the wheel, you go around, pass by him, and come back here.

(As Jorge moves a bit)

Hey, Jorge,

don't stare straight into his eyes.(The man stares directly at Jorge, who calmly moves past him and parks)

JORGE:

It's him.

The man moves towards the car

AYUB:

He's coming this way, light a cigarette.

JORGE:

I don't smoke.

AYUB: I

know, fool.

As a man and a woman pass by Jorge

MAN:

Excuse me, do you have a match?

PEDESTRIAN:

I have a lighter.

As he lights the cigarette, he looks at Jorge, who smokes very nervously, covering his face with smoke. The man walks forward, then suddenly turns back and fires a shot

AYUB: Jorge,

sleep.

The car window shatters

EXT . NIGHT Arfara, Horam and Taher are watching the yard of Anja's house EXT . NIGHT.

Ahlam, dressed in a beautiful outfit with a new bag and shoes, walks straight into the restaurant. She sits somewhere with her back to Ald. She turns slightly so that half of her face is visible when ordering cake and coffee, Ald sees her. Once she is sure Ald has seen her, she sits completely with her back to Ald. Ald approaches her.

MOSHE:

What does she want to do?

URIAH:

Oh my God.

She looks at Moshe, who quickly goes to sit in front of Eld.

Ahlam, with a smiling face, takes Eld's hands, and at that moment, the waiter brings coffee. Ahlam apologizes to herself, they stand up, and Eld puts money on the saucer.

Ahlam turns back, sips the coffee, and they get in the car.

Ahlam puts the bag on the back seat and lets her hair down EXT . NIGHT.

Eld stands up, Ahlam goes to the market, and Eld inspects

Ahlam's bag. Ahlam returns with two coca, a pack of cigarettes, and 3 candles.

ELD:

Women think about everything.

AHLAM:

Women are forced to keep a man for themselves.

When Eld puts his hand on the gear, Ahlam takes his hand, kisses it very gently and softly, goes towards Eld, and passionately kisses Eld. Uriah witnesses this scene EXT . NIGHT.

The car is parked in the courtyard, Eld and Ahlam, embracing each other, walk towards the door. A guard is standing outside, and another person opens the door.

AHLAM:

Oh, my bag.

She goes towards the car EXT . NIGHT.

Ayub shoots Enmard with an arrow, opens the car door anxiously, and Jorge is safe.

JORGE:

What happened?

AYUB:

Now you can go back home.

EXT . NIGHT.

At the Arfra house, Enmard suddenly shoots two guards with arrows, and Horam hits a man, Taher, quickly goes inside, in a large bedroom, a naked woman has a released arrow aimed at Arfra, who has been shot in the chest, Taher shoots her sooner, as he enters, the naked woman sitting back.

WOMAN:

No, please, I'm not with them.

She shoots Taher with an arrow, and Horam drags him towards Taher, as Taher goes towards him, he tightly bandages his wound from the fallen clothes, goes towards Arfra, and Taher films with his phone. Yousi Malmann comes with his men, Jamal, Benny, and Emad.

URIAH:

Horam, Yousi Malmann's men have arrived, quickly get out of there.

HORAM:

Who are they?

ARFRA:

I don't know.

URIAH:

Hurry, Horam, hurry.

HORAM:

Why did they want to kill you?

ARFRA:

I don't know.

URIAH:

Move, son, move.

Horam lifts Taher up

ARFRA:

Maybe it's related to the assassination of the Litani.

HORAM:

Who?

ARFRA:

Us.

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URIAH:

It's late, sit down and hide.

HORAM:

Us?

ARFRA:

Us, when we found out, even the Prime Minister believes it.

Yousi Malmann reaches the front door of the house and enters, his men spread everywhere, Yousi enters a room, Arfra looks at Yousi, he shoots an arrow at Arfra and finishes the job, goes towards the bathroom and looks there, goes to the wardrobe, Horam hides behind the door, Taher is in the wardrobe, trying to open the wardrobe door, a slight movement catches his attention, the window of the room is open, the wind lifts the curtain towards the door, a small squeak settles in the door, Horam takes aim with his finger and is ready to shoot, Yousi opens the wardrobe door, reaches in and rearranges some clothes, lowers shorts, bras, condoms, and various sexual paraphernalia, Horam is fully prepared for a confrontation, Yousi tries to rearrange the clothes again, but a slight squeak is heard from the door, he turns back. INT. NIGHT.

Ald and Ahlam enter a large and luxurious bedroom.

ALD:

What are you drinking?

AHLAM:

Red wine, but I need to take a shower first, my dear.

Points to the bathroom

ALD:

It's okay, I can pour something else for myself.

AHLAM:

Pour me a drink too, and please turn off the lights.

Ahlam light a candle in 3 spots, on the table, next to the bed, and in the corner of the room. Ald comes and hands her a glass, she sees everything from the window to the end.

ALD:

I asked about you, he said you read a lot of books.

AHLAM:

Really?

ALD:

How about finding something very special to say before drinking from your knowledge?

AHLAM:

It's tough in these circumstances.

ALD:

It should be something poetic, something meaningful. Ahlam ponders

AHLAM:

I hope you won't be upset. I can't, as I'm not very happy with what I'm doing.

ALD:

No, I won't be upset. Say whatever is on your mind. If you want, I can take you home right now.

AHLAM:

Oh no, not for now, but it's up to us.

ALD:

It's okay, it can wait.

AHLAM:

Can't we just have something ordinary for our health without saying anything?

ALD:

No, things should be done the right way. Let me put it this way, special people are never satisfied with ordinary things.

AHLAM:

And in your view, is marriage something ordinary?

ALD:

Yeah, it's quite ordinary.

Ahlam: But it can be something special.

ALD:

It can't be, it has to become something special, otherwise, it's just ordinary, right? It is even more common than prostitution.



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AHLAM:

Without freshness and vitality, without beauty, without motivation, without competition, monotonous and without excitement.

ALD:

And without meaning.

AHLAM:

No, no, it's not without meaning.

ALD:

Without those qualities, it's meaningless.

AHLAM:

It can be a sad, burdensome, and tedious duty.

ALD:

But betrayal is enjoyable, beautiful, and sweet.

he indicates with her hand number 2

AHLAM:

On the other hand, a traitor is a very ugly and filthy person.

ALD:

Here arises a question, has anyone been able to turn marriage into something special?

AHLAM:

I don't know.

ALD:

I mean, have you seen it?

AHLAM:

No, I haven't.

ALD:

Because there is no such special thing fundamentally, and marriage has always been ordinary.

AHLAM:

Actually, what I want is this special thing.

ALD:

So, I'll put it another way, free spirits are never bound.

AHLAM:

I know what you want to say, but my answer is the same, and I want to find my freedom right here, and thanks to you, I've found what I need to say.

ALD:

What we wanted was for that particular moment to arrive, the moment of truth, my dear. If we had taken it easy, it would never have come to hand. Now, don't delay it, don't wait too long.

AHLAM:

When two people undress and embrace, a world is born.

Al clinks glasses with Ahlam and they drink

ALD:

Patience always pays off, was it from yourself?

(Ahlam laughs) Then  
whose is it?

AHLAM:

Octavio Paz.

ALD:

I haven't heard of him, which country is he from?

Ald pours another drink for himself

AHLAM:

Mexico.

ALD:

Why didn't you use an Arab poet? Why him at all?

AHLAM:

He was a diplomat and ambassador.

ALD:

So the point was in that

(Ald finishes his drink and Ahlam  
kisses him gently)

Now it's my turn

(Ahlam pours a drink for Ald)

There is no word or poem more beautiful than a kiss.

AHLAM:

I admit it was more beautiful.

Ald places his glass on the table and they start kissing. Al caresses Ahlam's body, even his intimate parts

ALD:

I can take off your clothes

Ahlam nods in agreement, Ald unzips Ahlam's dress and gently removes the straps, the dress falls down. They look at each other, then kiss again. When Al tries to reach Ahlam's intimate parts under the shorts, Ahlam receives a text message and they pause

ALD:

I think you have a message.

AHLAM:

I know. Ahlam keeps kissing Al to distract his mind from the message

ALD:

Don't you want to check it?

AHLAM:

Maybe it will upset you.

ALD:

Why?

AHLAM:

Probably my husband, he wants to control me again.

ALD:

So your husband is possessive and only wants you for himself, but don't worry, I'm here now to save you. How about we figure out what role this enemy of freedom has planned for the people?

Ahlam opens the message, trying to surprise you, I'm boarding a plane, probably home in 4 to 5 hours. Love you, my dear

AHLAM:

I have to reply.

(Impatiently waiting, I love you  
too, my dear)

Sorry.

Ald gestures towards the bathroom

ALD:

4 hours is plenty of time. What did you say your husband's name was?

AHLAM:

I haven't told you my husband's name yet.

ALD:

I'm sorry, I thought you did and I forgot.

AHLAM:

Mohammad Zaeem.

searche for Mohammad Za'im on Google while simultaneously seeing pictures of Mohammad Za'im with Ahlam as his wife visiting various countries. Ahlam lights a cigarette with a lit candle, smiles, and looks meaningfully out the window, indicating she knows everything, grabs her clothes, and heads towards the bathroom. INT. NIGHT.

Youse hears gunfire outside as he tries to undress, quickly goes to the door, and hesitates. EXT. NIGHT.

Jamal, Benny, Jorge, and Ayoub engage with Yousef's forces while Huram and Taher take advantage and escape through the wall, seen at the last moment. Jamal and Benny immediately pick them up and flee.

YOUSE:

Chase them.

After a pursuit and escape through the city streets, their car's tire is shot, and when Yousef's soldiers arrive, they are gone. INT. NIGHT.

Jewish synagogue, a Rabbi and two others are busy worshipping, one of them being Benny. Several servants work, including Jamal and Huram, while Taher hides under the chair where Yousef sits. Yousef and his men enter.

RABBI:

You are a godless infidel, this is God's house.

YOUSE:

Compared to me, Rabbi, you are the godless one because I consider everywhere as God's house, search everywhere

(Youse sits down, with a gun on his knee, and a bloodstain visible ahead of him, which if moved slightly, can be seen, and

Benny looks at that spot.)  
Rabbi, I have a question for you. Do you and God of  
Moshe protect the  
Jewish people from savages, or do I?  
With your big words or with this  
(he shows his gun)

RABBI:  
The God of Moshe and the Jewish people do not need  
protection, we...

YOUSE:  
Don't continue, Rabbi. I have heard your words before.  
We crossed the sea, were humiliated, went to prison,  
were tortured, ignored, slaughtered, burned, and only  
God was our protector. I said it right, Rabbi.

(A soldier comes, indicating they  
found nothing.)  
Alright, Rabbi. I have a question. If you answer  
correctly, we will leave. I know you won't lie.

He stands up, Rabbi steps forward, quickly placing his foot on the bloodstain.

RABBI:  
I swear by the God of Moshe, I allowed no one in here,  
nor did anyone force their way in.

YOSSI:  
Thank you, Rabbi. Did you know that I once wanted to  
become a clergyman?

RABBI:  
You can still do it now.

YOSSEF:  
But I don't want to now.

SOLDIER:  
Yeah, he's a good man.

YOSSEF:  
He's the best person I've ever seen.  
If needed, I'd shoot him for Israel's security.

Ahlam and Eld are lying on the bed, putting out their cigarettes. When Ahlam places her cigarette on the bedside table, Eld gently takes Ahlam's dress off her shoulder, they kiss each other, Eld takes off Ahlam's dress and begins to caress and kiss Ahlam's body, moving down to kiss Ahlam's feet, then gently takes off Ahlam's shorts and throws them in the middle of the room, starting from her feet, he moves up and reaches Ahlam's genitals, sending Ahlam another text message.

AHLAM:

Excuse me.

Ahlam opens the message and reads

AHLAM:

"My love, I'll be home in an hour, stay awake. Forgive me, my dear, I have to go.

" Suddenly, a noise grabs their attention, Eld goes towards the door and as soon as he opens it, a gun is pointed at his head, three men enter and Ahlam quickly covers herself with a sheet.

FIRST MAN:

Open the safe.

ELD:

I don't have a safe.

The man punches Eld in the jaw and the other man orders, he takes the painting frame

FIRST MAN:

What's the code?

ELD:

If you kill me, you won't be able to open the safe.

FIRST MAN:

First, I'll kill that woman, then I'll cut off your fingers.  
Code.

ELD:

00023358

He enters the wrong code and gestures to kill Ahlam, but Ahlam quickly shoots them all. Eld looks at Ahlam in astonishment

AHLAM:

Go get my shorts.

(The door opens, Ahlam hides behind a large artificial flower ) (pot, a Moshe sneaks in quietly)  
Turn the Moshe around.

(When Ahlam comes out, Uriah arrives, there is a moment of tension between him and Ahlam)

You too, Uriah.

(Uriah turns around) But you can watch, lucky man.

He puts on his shorts, then his clothes, takes his shoes, puts them in his bag, and walks barefoot INT. NIGHT Rabbi guides them out through the hidden back door.

JAMAL:

I'm sorry, Rabbi, you had to lie for us under oath.

THE RABBI:

Don't be sorry, my son. I am alive because a German priest swore to save my father's life, and two years later I was born.

They exit and a soldier sees them

SOLDIER:

Sacrifice, them here.

(As they walk a bit further) Stop. Stop.

The soldier aims his gun at them, the rabbi moves towards the soldier

THE RABBI:

No, my son, no.

Yussi hits the rabbi with an arrow, and as the soldier is about to shoot, Horam kills the soldier, and Yussi gestures towards them

URIAH:

Throw it, Yussi, throw it. Yussi turns back to hit Uriah, Uriah

shoots him faster EXT . NIGHT.

They are driving, Jamal is next to him, Horam embraces Taher.

HORAM: FOOL,

Why didn't you shoot her with an arrow?

TAHER:

I wanted to bring him home to teach him Arabic alphabet, he was smart himself. Horam, Tel Aviv is a beautiful city, isn't it?

HORAM:

Yes, very.

TAHER:

Everyone is shopping.

HORAM:

It's Eid tonight.

TAHER:

That's great. I wanted to propose to that girl that night.

HORAM:

Yes, you did better.

TAHER:

She had a nice butt.

(laughs) I  
feel sleepy.

HORAM:

No, son, you shouldn't sleep. Hey, hey, the meat is with me.

TAHER:

Tell me I didn't make a mistake.

HORAM:

What mistake?

TAHER:

My whole life.

HORAM:

No, you did what you had to do.

TAHER:

Are you sure?

HORAM:

If I were in your place, I would have done the same.

TAHER:



Okay, I'm very cold. Taher leans  
on Horam and dies INT . NIGHT.

Everyone gathers in the room and looks at photos of Lieutenant's speech location.

URIAH:  
Our numbers are low.

AHLAM:  
No, we are not low, we are very low.  
In fact, we need a few more snipers.  
Here, here, and here.

JAMAL:

SO WE SHOULD HAVE 30 PEOPLE.

AHLAM:  
We are ten.

URIAH:  
With Areen and Jorge.

AHLAM:  
Oh no, they are just musicians.

URIAH:  
Two more eyes will be added to us.

RAOUF:  
So who is this Lieutenant Aamis? Is it worth risking?

MICHAEL:  
It's worth it. Rahil believes he might be the only one  
able to end the storm of war and violence in this region  
and establish some relative peace.

HORAM:  
No politician is trustworthy.

JAMAL:  
I am unemployed, whether it's worth it or not, I'm here.

RAOUF:  
I am who I am, I want my fate to be clear. If I see  
someone shooting, I will only try to shoot the shooter,

or if the only way is for me to throw myself in front of the bullet, I won't hesitate.

BANI:

Watch this.

plays a video from his phone

AAMIS:

Clearly, you cannot reach a real and stable agreement with a hungry person because they have to take your food away. They do this because they are forced to, and the Palestinians are hungry. We besiege them and keep them hungry.

REPORTER:

Based on what you're saying, does that mean if a Palestinian wants to shoot an Israeli, one should not do anything?

AMOS:

No, we definitely won't shoot him with an arrow, at least not right away, under the pretext of preemptive defense. I have always adhered to the principles of fair combat, to clarify, let me speak of a war that even the United Nations has deemed disproportionate, the Operation Cast Lead, an operation that we see as a response to Hamas missile attacks and self-defense, 22 days of bombardment, 13 Israelis versus 1417 Palestinians, of which 300 were children and 6000 wounded.

REPORTER:

If we go back to a very clear past. Are you willing, before carrying out this act, to shoot someone who has planted a bomb on the bus carrying your daughter, under the pretext of preemptive defense? Mr. Letani (Amos is lost in thought and when he raises his head, he wipes his eyes)

AMOS:

Yes, I am willing and definitely would shoot him with an arrow.

REPORTER:

I'm sorry to upset you, but I wanted to thank you for your honest answer.

AMOS:

But your question has a parallel answer, certainly as a father, I demand punishment for the perpetrators of this crime, in any way and in any form, even in illegal forms, but as a citizen, there is no difference between my daughter and a Palestinian girl and her father or any other girl. This is something that the victims of violent acts cannot cope with. And I admit that I am one of those victims who could not cope with this issue. Perhaps because fundamentally, it is impossible to cope with such issues. And if I come to power, I will address this issue with all my might. But my country should not allow me to trample on the principles of fair combat. I can as an individual, but a country cannot. Even if that person is currently the leader of that country, this is the threshold that no country should pass (everyone is looking at each other).

INT. DAY.

In a large covered hall filled with a crowd, Jamal and Ahlam sit among Israeli Arab descendants. Qasem with a trimmed beard and a transformed face oversees Benny, Raouf stands outside the hall among the crowd, Moshe and Walid on the ceiling of the tall building across, and Horam and Benny among the opponents' crowd, Aamis and Areen with two others they brought with them among Aamis' supporters. Ayub stands at the end of the hall, and Uriah sits in the lobby on a chair in a cafe drinking. In the hands of women and men, there are placards like "We do not secure our children's safety in your hands" or "Traitor or go out, Israel is not your place," and a few children in front of the queue with signs side by side saying "Israeli children need defending," and "Long live Aamis, the lieutenant, and long live peace." In the hands of a 9-year-old girl is a card that says "Go out." The crowd is boiling and roaring, but no sound is heard. Aamis is fixated on the girl, and someone is speaking behind the tribune, his hand movements indicating he is inviting Aamis to speak. He seems not to be present and smiles at the girl until she smiles back, but she still holds her placard up. A bodyguard taps Aamis on the shoulder, and he snaps back to reality, hearing the crowd's voices. Aamis looks briefly at the children and gestures to them.

AMIS: What do we want to teach our children?

And how do we defend them? With a weapon? Can we defend from childhood with a weapon? What did we defend against with a weapon? Could I defend my daughter with a weapon and save her? Why should children have placards saying Israeli children need defending? So what do Palestinian children need? Who, when, and how will defend them? We must understand that our children will be secure in the shadow of other children's safety.

Bodyguards step away from Aamis.

AHLAM:

"I think Uriah is starting, be careful with the bodyguards."

AMIS:

When we argue in our homes over matters that are utterly insignificant compared to life and death, we get angry and scream, unable to think straight for a long time because the war within us still continues and it continues, not allowing us to embrace and kiss each other when we thought our love was eternal. We can no longer, unless we can forgive each other. It is the moment when the war within us comes to an end. The future of Israel

the attack begins, Uriah sees Kafechi pointing to his worker, and he shoots Uriah and his worker with an arrow. He then shoots two others sitting on chairs from behind the newspaper. Ayub and Jorche, who are just putting on hats, are going towards the Littany. They are stopped but killed by two guards, and their Ahlam and beauty are shot. Horam and Benny cover themselves with the Littany's hat. Bullets are fired from all sides, confusing the terrorists. Eran wants to shoot but someone wants to shoot him, so Ahlam shoots him with an arrow. Eran looks at Ahlam, but the arrow hits his shoulder. Ahlam lifts him up. Ahlam: You can go. Ahlam goes towards the Littany, skillfully taking down the guards and providing cover for everyone. He takes the Littany, puts him behind cover, and they head outside. Jorche sees two people shooting and Ahlam shoots them. Uria: We're going out to cover them.(Outside, there is gunfire, Mosh and Walid shoot several, and Qasem calls out to the fleeing Benny. Qasem: Hey, brother, change sides.

He turns Benny around and sees Qasem. Jamal distracts Benny, and Qasem's arrow hits Jamal's vest, wounding Benny's shoulder. Ahlam and Uriah arrive and shoot Qasem with

an arrow, and Mosh crushes Qasem's brain. Michael is brought and they quickly leave.  
INT. NIGHT.

They arrive at Benny's beautiful villa in two new cars. The villa is surrounded by a beautiful garden. Badri welcomes them and hugs Jamal. Everyone goes inside a large, luxurious hall with a piano, various guitars, and a violin. They all sit on the velvet sofa. Rauf lies on the three-seater couch.

Uriah turns off all the lights, leaving only a dim lamp on, and heads towards the bar to pour himself a drink. Jamal, Jorge, and Ayoub walk towards him, and Uriah brings them a cup, intending to drop a drop into his eye. Ahlam slip from his hand.

AHLAM:

Let me help you, how many?

Amis hands over the number 1 with his hand.

RAOUF:

No, No, one is missing, empty them all., Commander.

HORAM:

Get up.

RAOUF:

Get up?

HOORAM:

I'm tired, I want to sleep here.

RAOUF:

Well, I want to sleep too.

HORAM:

You're mistaken, go sleep somewhere else.

RAOUF:

Why don't you go yourself?

HORAM:

Look, do you rise gracefully or do I force you to get up?

RAOUF:

I'll have a drink too.(stands up)

HORAM:

Now that you're dressed, go outside and bring me that pillow too.

JAMAL:

Walid  
(asleep) Commander.

AHLAM:  
No, where's the bathroom, Badri?

Badri opens the door to the study room for Ahlam, turns on the lights, Ahlam' eyes widen. Laitani also sees the room and goes to the library where various philosophical books by Hegel, Kant, Foucault, Derrida, Marx, and great novels are on the top shelf, the Quran, Bible, and Torah in translations with different languages. Badri opens Dari's book

BADRI:  
Benny's father named this place the country of philosophy and dance, it gets even more interesting, when you have time, this is the bathroom.  
They show each other books

INT. NIGHT

Some time has passed, Ahlam and Laitani have warmed up to each other, while the rest rest.

AHLAM:  
I controlled myself a lot, I can smoke.

LAITANI:  
Of course, why do you think my favorite poet should be Nizar Qabbani?

AHLAM:  
It was just a guess.

LAITANI:  
Why not Adonis?

AHLAM:  
Because in your political beliefs, well maybe it's better not to talk about political beliefs and instead talk about your own political promises and election rhetoric, you haven't used the discourse of power.

LAITANI:  
In my writings...

AHLAM:

I meant in practice.

LAITANI:

I accept the correction, it was a warning instead.

AHLAM:

Your words remind me of this Qabbani poem, because it's a feminine poem, a bunch of wheat is feminine, a perfume bottle is feminine, Paris is feminine among cities, and Beirut remains feminine with its wounds.

Michael, Benny, Rahil, and Moshe enter with noise

RAHIL:

Hi guys.

After a quick glance, goes to the library and hugs Laitani,  
Moshe wakes up Walid with a slap, takes the whiskey bottle in front of Walid's face,  
Ahlam goes to the bathroom

MOSHE:

Stand up, fool, see who has arrived, Moshe has arrived.

INT. NIGHT.

Shortly after, they knock their glasses firmly on the table and celebrate. Jorge separates.

MOSHE:

Where is Jorge? The third from you is more important than the first. Let me fill the glasses carefully so someone finds something good.

Jamal hits Benny's shoulder and Benny screams in pain

JAMAL:

Say something, kid.

(He lifts him up and hits his shoulder several times)

Now it's better.

AHLAM:

For Mr. Litani's health.

LITANI:

No.

(Moshe pauses on the fourth glass and waits)

For peace. Moshe empties the glasses into an empty glass  
again

AYOUB:  
What are you doing?

MOSHE:  
This requires something special.

He goes, brings a champagne glass, and meaningful looks are exchanged between him, Benny, and Uriah

EVERYONE:  
For peace.

Jorge goes to the guitar

RAOUF:  
I think now I have gained the necessary courage. Mr. Litani, as someone who played a role in your rescue, I think...

HORAM:  
Do you think too?

RAOUF:  
Shut up, I think I have the right to ask you a question. Do you think?

Interrupts

LITANI:  
Maybe yes, maybe no, the chances are very low.

AHLAM:  
You know well that it's not possible.

LITANI:  
Unfortunately, we are not close.

MOSHE:  
Then why do you lie that you will do it?

LITANI:  
I'm not lying, Moshe, this is my dream. No child should be killed, and I want to climb this mountain so high that coming down becomes harder than going up.



RAOUF:

I understand what you're saying, but I want to strengthen your faith in this and give you motivational strength. I saw a picture of your wife, she is sweet and beautiful, and surely she fulfills her duties well. But if you succeed, I'm willing, of course, if your wife is not upset, to take on a small and initial part of her duties, meaning if you succeed, I apologize to you ladies in front of this group as a thank you, I'm willing to bring your belongings and put them in my mouth instead of your wife's until the end and eat it for you.

Jorge starts playing a famous Latin song

LITANI:

And if I don't succeed?

RAOUF:

Well, to be honest, I didn't think about this part at all, but you will.

LITANI:

What should I do if I don't succeed?  
Things will be reversed.

RAOUF:

If you don't, I'm still willing to put everything in my mouth.

Horam starts dancing, and Rahil joins him. Hauram invites Rauf and Rauf invites Rahil and Baderi and Benny, and they head towards Michael. Moshe takes Ahalam's hand, Baderi leads Uriah towards Ahalam, and Ayub and Walid also join. Rahil and Baderi dance in front of Litany with open arms, and Litany dances with them. The music comes to an end.

HORAM:

Is it over? One more.

He plays the Blackhawk song and everyone sings along with all their emotions and power, holding each other's hands at one point. INT. NIGHT.

Early in the morning, Ahalam, Uriah, Jamal, and Walid wake Litany up from sleep.

LITANY:

What's going on?

JAMAL:

Apparently, Israel is not safe for you; you must come with us.

INT. DAY.

At sunset, Ahalam reads a book in front of the window. Jorge, Moshe, Benny, Jamal, and Michael play cards. Ayub and Rauf drink tea and smoke. Michael is a banker. Moshe slams his cards on the table and collects the bank.

MOSHE:

Fold. Jamal, you haven't given up yet.

JAMAL:

I did.

MOSHE:

You're wrong, give me my money.

Jamal looks at Benny.

BENNY: why are you looking at me?

I'm out.

MOSHE:

Jorge.

JORGE:

I don't have money.

MOSHE:

I don't have money? from Buenos Aires, you only grabbed your genitals, then you came. We were wrong, we said come here, we'd cover your expenses.

AHALAM:

Guys, if possible, I want to be alone with Jamal and Rauf.

The others head towards the door, Ahalam smiles, now Ahalam is in the room with Rauf, Walid, and Jamal.

MOSHE:

I have a question for you. What were you doing there?

Ahalam lights a cigarette, looks at everyone.

AHALAM:

I can't, guys. After that night when we lost nineteen of our friends...

RAUF:

Eighteen commanders.

AHALAM:

I was killed that night too, Rauf. After that night, not that I don't want to, I really can't. On one hand, I don't want when I'm in the shop or walking down the street, someone I know comes up, says hello, and asks how I am. I hate this kind of being killed, especially by someone you don't even think of, that person could even be you. I thought about it.

JAMAL:

I feel the same way.

RAUF:

Me too.

WALID:

Me too, Commander.

AHALAM:

I want to ask something from you

JAMAL:

No, Commander

AHALAM: for

the last time.

JAMAL:

no, it's impossible, we're here until the end.

AHALAM:

I informed Ismail.

WALID:

Where is it supposed to happen?

Points here with his hand

JAMAL:  
Maybe they won't come?

AHLAM:  
They will come. Abu Bakr's orders.

Raouf: What if they don't come?

AHLAM:  
I'll go after them, and I won't let them off the hook until  
the very end.  
(She hands her passport to Walid )  
Give this to Uriah.  
(Raouf and Jamal also hand over  
their passports)  
So tomorrow morning early

she writes "tomorrow" with her hand and reads silently. Walid nods

JAMAL:  
How can we get rid of the Moshe?

AHLAM:  
We'll pour something into its cup.

RAOUF:  
I'll go give water to the flowers.

When Raouf opens the door, Ayub puts the gun directly on Raouf's forehead. Raouf and  
Walid step back

AYUB: We're  
with you too.

AHLAM:  
I should have thought about it.

MOSHE:  
Commander, isn't it better for both of us to take  
positions on the roof?

Ahlam chuckles and puts her hand on Moshe's shoulder

AHLAM:  
Yeah, that's better, but I have a question for you.  
What's your reason?

MICHAEL:

I'm American.

AHLAM:

I'm convinced.

BENNY:

This reason has convinced the whole world.

JORGE:

I'm here too.

Moshe puts his winnings in Jorge's hand

MOHSE:

Come on, go buy yourself some ice cream, did we have  
a concert for you to be here too?

JORGE:

Why don't you forget it? We are going to leave this  
wreck in a few days

Everyone looks at him

AHLAM:

Alright, tonight you're free to do whatever you want.

Raouf and Walid leave, followed by a pause, Benny goes out and Jamal follows them

MOHSE:

I'm sleeping here, so wake me up tomorrow morning. I  
sleep very heavily.

Jamal grabs Benny by the collar from behind and quickly takes him to another room,  
closes the door quickly, then suddenly attacks Benny, grabbing his throat and slamming  
him hard against the wall

JAMAL:

From here, you'll go straight to Tel  
Aviv, pick up Rahil just as you promised, then go to  
America.

BENNY:

We'll go together in a few days.

He hits the wall hard with his fist

JAMAL:

Not now, you promised to take care of Badri.

BENNY:

I'm true to my word.

He pushes him towards the door, and every time Benny hesitates and says, "Jamal, listen," he forcefully pushes him again. This action is repeated several times, he takes Benny to the car and forces him in, pushes his head down and hard throws his legs into the car, closes the door firmly, and hits the car forcefully several times

JAMAL:

Move, move. Benny moves slightly and lowers the car

window

BANI:

Jamal, for a moment

Jamal firmly holds Benny's head with both hands and kisses his forehead

JAMAL:

Don't ruin it.

BENNY:

What should I tell Badri?

JAMAL:

The truth, tell her we'll go together in a few days.

INT. NIGHT Raouf and Ayub are drinking together.

RAOUF:

Cheers.

AYUB:

Cheers. I wished to see New York and that famous square

(he looks at his glass ) why is my head spinning?

he starts falling and Raouf catches him INT. NIGHT

Ayub's hand is tied to the bathroom heater pipe with a zip, he regains consciousness and looks around, trying to free himself, making noise. Raouf comes and stands in front of the bathroom door. They look at each other, Raouf goes towards him.

AYUB:

Open my hand, damn it.

Raouf puts his hand on Ayub's mouth

RAOUF:

If I remove the adhesive, will you  
stop making noise?

(he shakes him and Ayub makes noise, Raouf  
goes and comes back  
after a pause)

If you say just one word, I'll go and not come back. Do  
you promise not to say a single word?

(Ayub nods, he removes the adhesive and Ayub  
just looks at him. Raouf puts a cigarette in  
Ayub's mouth and lights it )

My friend, I enjoyed drinking with you tonight. Your  
hands must stay tied until tomorrow morning. I might  
come looking for you in a few hours. These past few  
weeks have been really great, my friend.

(Raouf quickly goes and comes back,  
giving one last look at Ayoub ) Thank you for  
everything.

INT. NIGHT

Prime Minister's party, when Uriah is drinking and the Prime Minister invites him with his  
hands.

INT. NIGHT

Prime Minister's office, Uriah and the Prime Minister's top advisor are alone. It is the  
continuation of the first party of the movie. So everyone is wearing the same clothes.

PRIME MINISTER:

Having something, champion?

URIAH:

Whiskey.

(the advisor pours 3 glasses )

We need to talk alone.

they look at each other

PRIME MINISTER:

I can't hide anything from him.

(when the advisor gives Uriah the glass of whiskey, he grabs the advisor's collar and knocks his head on the table, making him unconscious. The Prime Minister shows no reaction indicating fear

)  
(or surprise )

Well, now we are alone

Uriah plays the phone and puts it on the Prime Minister's table, showing a picture of Arfra

Arfra: The main concern is the Israeli Prime Minister's belief that he is more dangerous to Israel than an atomic Iran the call is cut off

PRIME MINISTER:

That's it.

URIAH: if Littani is killed, it will still be troublesome, but what follows are images of a politically influential person with naked women whose only cover is a blindfold, and another confession stating that \$20 million worth of diamonds has arrived from Argentina, with \$10 million of the diamonds being bribed by Aron Milshan to someone, guaranteeing their death and the death of the whistleblower.

PRIME MINISTER:

Threat.

URIAH:

Fortunately, Yossi Melman is also dead, though he was a friend, he could have been a problem. He would do anything for his friends, especially if he owed his life to someone, any request from that friend is a command for Yossi Melman.

They look directly at each other

PRIME MINISTER:

If I said that the danger of Litany is greater than nuclear Iran. I said this according to the report that came to me from Mossad.

URIAH:

I know because I wrote that report



the Prime Minister crushes the phone under his foot.

PRIME MINISTER:

I know you have at least a few copies of it. I don't have a problem being seen as a corrupt Prime Minister, but I detest being seen as a fool  
(he asks Uriah to stand up and inspects her physically )

I will never compromise Israel's security.

URIAH:

I know, that's why I supported and will continue to support you.

PRIME MINISTER:

What do you want?

URIAH:

Don't let any danger threaten Littani.

PRIME MINISTER:

Why do you think I want to eliminate him?

URIAH:

You don't want to.

PRIME MINISTER:

Okay.

URIAH:

My friends need to be safe.

PRIME MINISTER:

Okay.

URIAH:

And this prisoner should be released from prison.

PRIME MINISTER:

And?

URIAH:

And if any of these demands are not met, this file will be made public.

PRIME MINISTER:

202.

I won't succumb to such threats.

URIAH:

If everything goes well, I guarantee the Prime Minister chuckles and looks directly at Uriah.

PRIME MINISTER:

Let's say I agree, but accepting these demands is a violation.

URIAH:

First, Litany steps down from the election.

PRIME MINISTER:

Why?

URIAH:

Because I want him to. Litany Littani is the future of Israel, and right now, he poses a danger to Israel's security, and you are a better fit for the country.

PRIME MINISTER:

Talk to me about guarantees.

URIAH:

This is a confession letter, alleging trespass, conspiracy, bribery, and ultimately murder, with a date and details, to be dated three days later. Probably by that date, I will be killed. If not, it will be valid.

PRIME MINISTER:

I need to think.

URIAH:

You have no choice but to accept it, Mr. Prime Minister, because you have nothing. But I didn't come to pressure you, I came to set you free. From now on, you can work comfortably because I will destroy all the evidence against you.

PRIME MINISTER:

But I still have a problem.

URIAH:

I know. Take a look at the name of the victim and the date of the murder.

Flips through the papers, pausing on the last page

INT. NIGHT

Inside Eld's house, Uriah drinks a sip of his drink and stretches out on the large sofa. INT. DAY

Uriah gestures with his hand to Areen and opens the door to the rooftop, letting the daylight in. He walks towards the rooftop and sees Halim in a dying state. He quickly rushes towards him, dropping the phone. At the same time, a message alert sound is heard. Uriah opens the message to see a video of Halim speaking. He closes it, gently touches Halim's face, and tries to close Halim's wounds again.

AHLAM:

It shouldn't have been this way. I love you, you audacious man.

(Uriah pauses and then resumes his actions )

I love you.

Ahlam dies, Uriah holds him close, kisses his lips, and immediately carries him.

INT . NIGHT .

Inside Eld's house, Uriah gets up from the sofa and opens the video message of Ahlam again.

AHLAM:

Believe me, I was right when I said that men need to be a little audacious and easy-going. I wanted you to be by my side that night. After telling the story of the marbles , I saw a picture of your parents' wedding and the beautiful necklace shining more brightly and beautifully around your mother's neck. I wanted you to be by my side that night. I was afraid to call because behind the elevator, you wanted to reassure me that this rudeness would not be repeated. I wish you could be rude that night. I was afraid that I couldn't protect myself from you or from you. You have a duty, Uriah, and love is not your duty. Israel is your duty. When you hear this voice, I will no longer have a voice, just like all those who killed their

enemies and sang happily, dance and sing the happiest songs, because I have left this world happy. This is what I want from you Since my death, I will

depart from this world like a free and happy woman, completely free, as I hold no grudge anymore. This is what I ask of you. INT. NIGHT

Some time later, Uriah lies on the couch, a voice is heard.

Uriah sits up as Eld enters the reception area and heads straight to the bar.

URIAH:

Fill up my glass too.

ELD:

The usual? I didn't think it would be you.

URIAH:

It was close, very close.

ELD:

Where did I go wrong?

URIAH:

The woman's message had to be eliminated. No one knew, at least Yusef Malman didn't know. You probably doubted and thought to yourself that killing that woman flawlessly would make your plan perfect, especially if she truly was a diplomat.

ELD:

So you've come to kill me now.

URIAH:

Yes.

ELD:

You took the laptop and emptied the safe. Do you think I'm so foolish not to have any copies of those documents?

URIAH:

It doesn't matter.

ELD:

Can I have a cigarette?

(Uriah offers a cigarette ) My own  
cigarette.

He takes a gun from the drawer and points it at Uriah, checking the chamber. Uriah stands up, sipping his drink. He shoots a bullet to Eld's heart and another to his head, taking everything with him. EXT. DAY

On a hill near the Gaza border, Hiram, Moshe, Rahil, Badri, Benny, and Ayub stand above three graves of Ahlam, Raouf, and Jamal. Uriah stands apart from them, wearing dark glasses. Ayub reads the Quran for Raouf. Hiram gives a meaningful look and Uriah walks away without saying goodbye. Ayub places the Quran on Raouf's grave and leaves. Rahil holds Badri and they weep. INT. NIGHT

Uriah's house, someone is inside. Uriah pours himself a drink and answers the phone.

URIAH:

Don't bother me, I'm tired and want to sleep.

He lies on the bed, someone with a hat moves quietly from their place and goes to the bedroom slowly. It seems like Uriah is lying down, they shoot the bed a few times, then move forward. Uriah grabs the gun and points it at their head.

URIAH:

It's not your fault.

(They both go to the reception and sit facing each other. Uriah pours a drink for them )

I know you've repented, but you used to drink a lot before. I take responsibility for your brother's death, that's why I gave you all the information through Walid and Abu Murad

(He is Emad, Ahlam's older brother. takes off his hat. )

When the sun rises, you can take your revenge.

Uriah lights a cigarette, puffs on it, places it on the armrest as if falling asleep. After a pause, Emad stands up. Uriah immediately grabs the gun towards him and gestures to sit down.

URIAH:

"Don't make me,"

Emad says. He drinks his whiskey and pours another for himself. The air fills with tension. Uriah lights another cigarette, takes a few puffs, goes towards the door,

throws the gun towards Emad, who steps forward, hesitates, aims, fires a shot, shattering a glass suddenly. INT , DAY

at Zahra's house, Zahra comes in with two large cups of coffee, holding a litany book. The table is cluttered with magazines, books, papers, and a pen.

ZAHRA:

"Your coffee with milk and honey. Have this while I take your blood sugar test again".

LITANY:

"So your taste in reading is almost the same"?

ZAHRA:

"One could say that Ahlam are my teacher. It's getting cold. Shall we start the board"?

LITANY:

"I don't stand a chance against you".

ZAHRA:

"Less, more."

The Israeli news on TV is on. Zahra's husband knocks on the door, and Zahra opens it.

HUSBAND:

"Valid, come in. Mr. Litany".

VALID:

"We don't have time."

ZAHRA:

"Let him at least finish his coffee".

A breaking news interrupts, even Vali comes inside.

ANNOUNCER:

"We have received important news. One of the high-ranking but not so wellknown Mossad agents, Uriah Shif, was shot and killed in his home this morning. Unconfirmed reports suggest extensive investigations were ongoing regarding this agent on charges of espionage, bribery, and murder. This incident likely had personal motives as the bravery medal awarded to him has been revoked pending the completion of investigations and clearing his name. More details on this will be broadcast in the next news segment."

Tears well up in Zahra's eyes.

LITANY:

"I don't know if I can hug you for  
goodbye."

(Zahra hugs him. )

"I want to send you a gift. I hope you accept it".

ZAHRA:

"Why didn't Jamal come, ValiD?"

(ValiD looks at Zahra and they  
leave. )

"Mohammad? What about Ahlam?"

MOHAMMAD:

I'm sorry. He opens his arms and

embraces Zahra

INT . NIGHT

In America, Dancin Eric, Rachel, Benny, Badri, Jorge, Moshe, Mark, and Eric are sitting  
around a table.

BENNY:

Jorge, why don't you join us?

Moshe hands Jorge a guitar

MOSHE:

Yeah, go ahead, see if you can cover my expenses with  
that guitar.

as Jorge starts playing

RAHIL:

Oh my!

ERIC: I can't

allow this.

He stands up, takes Rachel's hand, Mark takes Badri's hand, they dance while Moshe and  
Benny sip on their drinks, Moshe hands a cigarette to Benny, who hesitates

MOSHE:

Go on, then hit yourself with it, you won't get it  
otherwise.

INT . NIGHT

Ahlam drinks coffee in a van and smokes, while Uriah lies stretched out on the couch in her apartment, smoking, and the doorbell rings.

URIAH:

You looked stunning tonight in that outfit.

AHLAM:

Thank you.

URIAH:

The bag was a good choice too.  
Goodnight.

AHLAM:

Is that all?

URIAH:

That's all, goodnight.

AHLAM:

Good night.

Ahlam touches her body, washes her hair with her hands, quickly washes her face with water, then naked and wet, goes to her bag, unzips it, takes out the marbles, looks at a wedding photo of Uriah's mother still wearing the necklace around her neck, and herself

End