



# COOL WATER

- 45 MINUTES TO RAMALLAH -

Screenplay  
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**BLACK SCREEN**

We hear a cell phone ringing, then the voice of a man (Rafik) with an oriental accent.

RAFIK (OFF)  
Hello...

The excited voice of a child answers.

LATIFA (OFF)  
This is Latifa.

**IN FRONT OF AN ITALIAN RESTAURANT**

**EXT.DAY**

RAFIK (31), tall, well-dressed with stylish, dark and shiny hair, is leaning against the balustrade of a canal bridge, looking at some well-dressed Hamburg citizens in front of cafés and restaurants.

RAFIK  
Hello, princess. How are you?

LATIFA (OFF)  
I can swim 25 meters without a pause!

RAFIK  
Great! Has Mama told you to call me?

LATIFA (OFF)  
Yes, but first I have to tell you about my friend Laila. You know, Laila Chaled. Her brother works in America and he bought her a teddy bear...and he speaks three different languages...

RAFIK  
Who? Her brother?

Rafik smiles about his own joke.

LATIFA (OFF)  
No, stupid! The bear...

We hear Latifa protesting. She doesn't want to hand the phone to her mother.

Then the voice of a woman can be heard.

MAMA (OFF, sobbing)  
Rafik...

RAFIK  
Mama?

We can hear only sobbing.

RAFIK  
Mama, what's wrong?

The sobbing continues.

RAFIK  
Is it about father?

MAMA  
Yes. He's dying!

A pretty woman walks by. Rafik throws a glance after her.

RAFIK  
Really? Again?

MAMA (OFF, sobbing)  
...This times it's serious. You should hurry if you want to speak to him one last time.

RAFIK  
Mu-um! Last year he died at Ramadan, and then at Christmas. What is it now? Pessah is already over. What is this really about?

It takes a few seconds before Mama is answering.

MAMA (OFF)  
It's Jamal. He's getting married.

RAFIK  
Good for him.

MAMA (OFF, resolutely)  
It wouldn't hurt you to visit us for the wedding.

Rafik walks towards a nice Italian restaurant.

RAFIK  
I'm sorry, Mama, but I have to manage a restaurant here. I can't leave. I really can't. It's high season. Give my congratulations to Jamal and Alia. I'll send them a nice present.

Rafik looks at his watch and then again at the restaurant.  
Mama is starting to sob again on the phone.

MAMA (OFF)

But it's the only brother you have!

Rafik lowers his cell phone a little bit.

RAFIK

(to himself) Thank God! (to Mama) Listen, Mama, I can't leave my restaurant on its own. My employees would ruin the place! They are all foreigners!

**BEIT-GALA - IN FRONT OF THE ABU RABA HOUSE**

**EXT.DAY**

A single-family home, built with natural stone on the outskirts of a small village near Jerusalem. The street in front of the house is small and full of potholes. Two cats are rummaging in a cramped trash can in front of the house.

MAMA

Why is Germany so important to you? We also have restaurants around here, and foreigners as well. A lot! And Jerusalem is a really beautiful city.

She is waiting for an answer.

MAMA

Rafik, I miss you so much. Please, Rafik, come!

**TITLE**

The film title "COOL WATER" on a black screen. Titles scroll over the following images.

**HAMBURG - ITALIAN RESTAURANT- DRESSING ROOM**

**INT.DAY**

Rafik and other foreign looking men are getting dressed for work. A fat, coloured kitchen worker has problems buttoning up his smock. A young Italian is watching him.

ITALIAN

Hey, Ngumba. Your uniform fitted you better when you first came here.

NGUMBA laughs and pets his belly.

NGUMBA

Pizza. Make fat.

Everyone laughs until the restaurant manager comes in, dressed in an expensive white suit. They stop laughing.

MANAGER

Don't mind me!

Everybody starts working.

**HAMBURG- ITALIAN RESTAURANT**

**INT.DAY**

Waiters move elegantly between the tables, serve, take orders and carry dishes away.

Rafik's head appears in a window. He is smoking and observing a gay waiter who is floating through the restaurant, balancing a pile of plates, which he puts down in front of Rafik. Rafik stubs out the cigarette on the plate on top and takes the pile.

**ITALIAN RESTAURANT - KITCHEN**

**INT.DAY**

Rafik imitates the walk of the waiter and prances to the dishwasher with the pile on his hand. Ngumba watches him with amusement. In front of the dishwasher Rafik performs a pirouette, smiles and takes a bow in front of his audience. Ngumba laughs showing his white teeth and applauds. Rafik takes another bow, when suddenly the plates begin to slide and fall to the floor, making a terrible noise and breaking into a thousand pieces. Ngumba stops applauding.

Rafik stares unhappily at the pile of shards, kneels down and begins to collect the pieces. Ngumba helps him. Rafik is about to throw the shards into the trash can when Ngumba stops him.

NGUMBA

Bad machine. (he hits the machine) Makes plates broken.

Ngumba throws the shards into the machine and starts it.

RAFIK

Good machine.

Both laugh not noticing that the manager has come in. When they do, Ngumba stops laughing.

MANAGER

What's so funny about that?

RAFIK

He loves the machine and likes his job!

Light clanging comes from the dishwasher. The manager turns the machine off.

MANAGER

So then I guess he wants to keep it?  
(to Ngumba) Open the machine!

Ngumba does not move.

MANAGER

Now open it, will you!

Sensing danger, Ngumba opens the dishwasher hesitatingly. The shards shine in the cold kitchen light. Ngumba is now shaking fearfully.

RAFIK

It's not his fault.

The manager looks at Rafik inquiring.

MANAGER

Sure. I saw it myself. The shards just hopped in the machine by themselves.

With an evil smile he turns to Ngumba.

MANAGER

Witchcraft? Voodoo? You know what? Do that in Africa, but not here. You're fired!

RAFIK

I did it!

The manager looks at Rafik.

MANAGER

Okay, so you're both fired.

**HAMBURG ITALIAN RESTAURANT-DRESSING ROOM**

**INT.NIGHT**

Rafik and Ngumba are changing.

RAFIK

I'm sorry.

Rafik has put on his dark suit. He tries to remove a stain when he sees the manager's nice white suit hanging apart from the rest of the clothes.

NGUMBA (OFF)  
You are better boss.

**BANK**

**INT.DAY**

Rafik is wearing the manager's white suit. He is standing in front of the counter. An accounting clerk is looking something up in the computer.

ACCOUNTING CLERK  
783 Euros and 45 cents.

RAFIK  
I want to withdraw everything.

**BEIT-GALA - IN FRONT OF THE ABU RABA HOUSE**

**EXT.DAY**

A panoramic view of the mountains of Jerusalem with traditional Arabic stone houses on the hillside. On the radio here's a football match.

RADIO PRESENTER (OFF)  
Amsalam passes the ball to Asulin. Asulin to Kapiz. Kapiz runs with the ball, overhauls Banayun and...

Now we see four children playing football on the street in front of the house. One of them kicks the ball...

RADIO PRESENTER (OFF, shouting)  
Goal! My dear audience...

JAMAL ABU-RABA (28), a tall and slim Palestinian, is holding his hands in front of his mouth, pretending to speak into a microphone. He goes on moderating.

JAMAL  
History has just been made - a big moment for Beitar.

The kids scream and jump in front of the goals.

KIDS  
Yalla, Beitar, Yalla! Yalla, Beitar, Yalla!

Jamal holds the "microphone" towards the children.

JAMAL  
Listen to what's going on here in the Teddy-Arena!

Jamal starts dancing and clapping and joins the children in their shouting.

JAMAL

Yalla, Beitar, Yalla! Yalla, Beitar, Yalla!

Suddenly Jamal sees ALIA (26) a beautiful, dark-haired girl, coming out of the house. He gets serious.

JAMAL

That's it for today!

Jamal turns to Alia. The children don't move.

JAMAL

Get lost!

Jamal makes a step towards the children. They run away. He goes to Alia and hugs her.

Alia's lips touch Jamal's ear for just a second. Jamal groans.

ALIA (seductively)

Do you like that?

Jamal slips his hand under her T-shirt.

ALIA

What are you doing?

JAMAL (whispering)

I love you so much.

Alia pauses.

ALIA

Not before the wedding!

JAMAL

But we are getting married today!

ALIA (laughs)

Today, yes. In five hours!

Alia frees herself from Jamal and pushes him away. When noticing Jamal's disappointment, she kisses him passionately and snuggles him. Then again she pushes him away, laughs and leaves. Frustrated Jamal watches her disappearing into the house. Suddenly he notices that the children have been watching him from a safe distance.

JAMAL (angrily)

What are you looking at? Get lost!



The children scream "*Jamal loves Alia!*" and run away.

**AIRPORT TEL-AVIV**

**EXT.DAY**

The airport bus stops in front of the arrival gate. "Welcome to Ben Gurion Airport" is written in big silver letters on the front. Rafik, dressed in a white suit, walks towards the passport control.

POLICEMAN (OFF)  
Hey, you!

Rafik continues walking.

POLICEMAN  
Hey, you! You, in the white suit!

Rafik stops and slowly turns to the police man. A plainclothes policeman wearing dark sun glasses stares at him.

RAFIK  
Are you talking to me?

POLICEMAN  
Come here!

Rafik doesn't move. The policeman walks towards him, looking at him angrily.

POLICEMAN  
Passport, please!

Rafik gives him his passport. The policeman opens it.

POLICEMAN  
Rafik Abu Raba?

RAFIK  
Yes.

POLICEMAN  
Where do you come from?

RAFIK  
From Germany.

The policeman looks Rafik straight into the eyes.

POLICEMAN  
What did you do there?

RAFIK

I live there... I own a restaurant ... in Hamburg.

POLICEMAN

Ohhh!— A restaurant! For Palestinians?

RAFIK

Listen, I have twelve people working for me and 350 guests daily...

POLICEMAN

Yes or no?

RAFIK (angrily)

What do you mean, yes or no?

POLICEMAN

The guests ... Palestinians? Activists?

Rafik notices the policeman's expression.

RAFIK

I have no idea. We don't control neither IDs nor political attitudes. You know what? Come to Hamburg - I'll hire you and then you control the IDs. I pay better than the Israeli state.

The policeman waves with Rafik's passport, thinking about what to do with him.

RAFIK

Now, could I have my passport back?

The policeman hesitates. Then he hands him the passport but drops it, when Rafik tries to reach for it. With pleasure he watches how Rafik bends down in order to pick it up.

POLICEMAN

I wish you a pleasant stay in Israel.

**IN FRONT OF THE ABU RABA HOUSE**

**EXT.EVENING**

FLASH! A photographer takes a picture of the newly-weds.

Jamal is wearing a tuxed , Alia a white wedding dress. In the background we can see the sun setting over the mountains of Jerusalem. The whole family applauds. Rafik's father MUSTAFA (58), a tall man with a moustache, Rafik's MOTHER (51), a fat lady, who everyone calls MAMA, MAMA's sister SAMIRA (43), a real oriental beauty, and the seven-year-old daughter LATIFA.

**TAXI**

**INT.EVENING**

A taxi dashes through the small streets of the Palestinian village Beit-Gala. Rafik is sitting on the backseat and looks at the sunset over the mountains of Jerusalem. The taxi appears to be floating through the landscape.

RAFIK

Isn't it just beautiful?

TAXI DRIVER

Yes. The streets are miserable. You can feel every pothole. Messes up the car!

Now Rafik notices that the car almost hops due to the bad condition of the road.

TAXI DRIVER

They only spend money on Jewish streets. See over there, the village on the hill? A tiny village, only 30 houses, yet they have a new road. Do you think that's okay?

RAFIK

I'm not interested in politics.

The driver remains silent. Rafik smells the driver's perfume.

RAFIK

Which perfume do you use?

TAXI DRIVER

"Cool Water". Do you like it?

RAFIK

Do you know where I could buy it now?

**TAXI**

**EXT.EVENING**

The taxi driver opens the trunk. It is full of cigarettes, perfumes and other goods. He takes one bottle of "Cool Water".

TAXI DRIVER

From Jordan. Tax-free.

**ABU RABA HOUSE- LIVING ROOM**

**INT.NIGHT**

Three musicians are playing oriental music. Guests have gathered around Mama's sister Samira, who is belly dancing in the centre of the room. Suddenly a cry of joy is heard.

LATIFA

Rafik! Rafik's here!

The guests turn around and see Rafik standing in the door.

Latifa runs into his arms and gives him a big kiss.

LATIFA

I knew you would come! I knew it!

Rafik hugs her with one arm and puts her down. Now she notices that Rafik is hiding something behind his back. She tries to see what it is, but he keeps turning so that she won't see it.

LATIFA

What are you hiding?

RAFIK

Where?

Rafik keeps turning while Latifa tries again to see what he is hiding behind his back.

LATIFA

I saw it, I saw it!

Rafik follows her eyes and "discovers" a white teddy bear.

RAFIK

Oh, I've totally forgotten this one! That's Fritz. Do you like him? Hey Fritz, say *Hi* to Latifa!

Rafik presses a button on the bear's back and the bear starts to say in German "Ich liebe dich. Ich liebe dich" (*I love you*). Latifa grabs the bear enthusiastically, snuggles it and gives it a kiss. She runs to her mother.

LATIFA

Mama, Mama! Look, from Rafik!

Without waiting for a reaction she continues running around, showing everyone the German teddy bear.

Mama goes up to Rafik with open arms, hugs him and gives him a kiss.

MAMA

I knew you'd come.

RAFIK (laughs)

How could you? Not even I knew it.

MAMA

I knew it! You're my son.

CUT TO:

FLASH! The photographer takes a picture of Latifa with the bear.

LATIFA

He even talks. Take a picture when he is talking!

Latifa presses the button and the bear says "Ich liebe dich". The camera flashes again.

CUT TO:

Rafik hugs Jamal, but it's obvious that both are not very fond of each other. Now Alia flings her arms around Rafik's neck and hugs him jubilantly. Rafik takes a step backward and looks at her, smiling.

RAFIK

What has Jamal done to deserve you?

Alia smiles back.

ALIA

You look good.

RAFIK

And you are more beautiful than ever.

She hugs him again, which doesn't please Jamal at all. He smiles slightly affected and pulls Alia away from Rafik.

JAMAL

That's enough! This is MY wedding!

Alia laughs and kisses Jamal with ostentation.

**ABU RABA HOUSE - KITCHEN**

**INT.NIGHT**

CLOSE UP: A big package.

RAFIK (OFF)

Open it!

Jamal unwraps it. It is a professional espresso machine, the ones used in good Italian restaurants. The guests gather around it. Someone whispers "That must have cost a fortune!"

JAMAL

What is it good for?

RAFIK

Espresso, Cappuccino, Latte Macchiato ... The best machine ever! We use the same in my restaurant.

Rafik sets the machine up.

**CUT TO:**

Latifa teaches the photographer how to speak to the teddy bear in German.

LATIFA

Now it's your turn.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Ik libe dik.

LATIFA

That's wrong. Listen again.

She presses the button and the bear says his sentence.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Is libe dis.

LATIFA

You'll never learn it...

**CUT TO:**

Rafik serves Espresso and Cappuccino to the guests around him. Everyone talks about the drinking habits in different countries.

Through the open living room door Rafik sees how Samira is performing a belly dance on the table. Rafik's father Mustafa is throwing a scarf around her and asks her to dance more salacious. Alia follows his eyes.

ALIA

Your father is having a good time.

Rafik gives a cappuccino to Alia. Then he produces a little bottle of Amaretto from the front pocket of his suit and pours a little bit into her cup.

RAFIK (speaking with an Italian accent)

Cappuccino Alia speciale!

She takes a sip and offers the cup to Jamal. He refuses.

JAMAL  
We drink Arabian coffee.

RAFIK  
Oh, I almost forgot...

He pulls out the bottle of "Cool Water" and gives it to Jamal.

JAMAL  
Perfume? For me?

RAFIK  
Men's perfume. That's cool. Alia will love it.

Mama comes and pushes Rafik with her out of the kitchen.

**CUT TO:**

Alia smells at the flask and twitches back slightly.

ALIA  
Mhm. Quite unusual.

Latifa comes.

LATIFA  
Let me smell, too!

She grabs the bottle and sniffs.

LATIFA  
Bahh!

Disgusted she hands back the bottle and runs away. Jamal looks irritated.

**CUT TO:**

Mama pushes Rafik towards Mustafa.

MAMA  
Now go to your Dad and reconcile!

RAFIK (stubborn)  
Why?

MAMA  
Why? Why? Because he's your father!

RAFIK

I came because of you.

Rafik defies her attempts and does not move.

RAFIK

If he wants something from me, it's up to him.

Suddenly Mama has trouble breathing and has to sit down. Rafik wants to hug her, but she shakes him off and starts crying.

MAMA

What did I do to deserve something like this? What's so wrong about wanting peace in my house?

Rafik stands helpless beside her, knowing very well that there is only one thing that would make her stop crying. And he doesn't like this option.

RAFIK

Alright. I'll talk to him. Are you happy now?

Mama gets up and smiles at him.

She takes Rafik's hand and leads him to Mustafa. Rafik and his father look at each other and don't know how to react. They can still feel the old grudge, but also the need to embrace each other.

MAMA

Come on! Give your father a kiss.

Mustafa and Rafik embrace stiffly and exchange kisses.

**ABU RABA HOUSE- TEA ROOM**

**INT.NIGHT**

Mustafa gets a bottle of whisky from a secret drawer and serves himself and Rafik. Rafik hands Mustafa a small humidor with three cigars.

MUSTAFA

Thank you.

Mustafa takes one and sniffs at it.

RAFIK

Cohibas. Havanna.

Mustafa puts the cigar in his mouth and gives another one to Rafik. Rafik cuts off the end of the cigar with a cutter, which was in the box as well.



RAFIK

You have to cut off the end.

MUSTAFA

I know how to smoke a cigar!

Mustafa takes the cutter from Rafik and cuts off the end of his cigar. Afterwards he lights both of them. Silence. Smoke of cigars and pondering silence.

**ABU RABA HOUSE**

**INT.NIGHT**

Mama, Alia and Latifa are unpacking a cardboard box. They find a microwave inside.

MAMA

From Germany!

Alia plugs it in. Little lamps start flashing, and a computer voice reports in German:

MICROWAVE

Betriebsbereit! (*"Ready for use"*)

Everyone retreats in fear. Everyone but Latifa. Other women come closer to see what's going on.

LATIFA

It speaks! Just like my teddy bear!

Latifa runs to the table, comes back with her half-empty cup of cacao and puts it into the microwave. With the door barely closed the machine reports:

MICROWAVE

Kakao. Halb voll. Vierzig Sekunden. (*"Cacao. Half-full. Forty seconds"*)

SSSSS! The plate starts turning under the red light of the microwave.

Jamal stands next to the group, not being interested in what is happening in the microwave. Instead he looks over to the tea room. He sees his father and Rafik drinking tea in an intimate atmosphere. Mama looks at Jamal.

JAMAL

When father needed him, he went to Germany to make money. I worked very hard to keep our business running, but father loves Rafik.

MAMA

They haven't seen each other for a long time. Let them have a little fun.

**ABU RABA HOUSE- TEAROOM**

**INT.NIGHT**

Finally the silence has an end.

MUSTAFA

How's business?

RAFIK

Fine, thanks. And yours?

MUSTAFA

As usual.

They drink for a while, without talking.

MUSTAFA

And apart from that?

RAFIK

Everything's okay.

Mustafa starts coughing. He puts the cigar away and takes a cigarette.

**ABU RABA HOUSE**

**INT.NIGHT**

PLING! The microwave door springs open and the machine announces:

MICROWAVE

Fertig! ("Ready!")

Everyone starts running in order to find something to put into the microwave.

**ABU RABA HOUSE- TEA ROOM**

**INT.NIGHT**

Mustafa finishes drinking his brandy and puts down the glass.

MUSTAFA

Magida is here.

Rafik looks over to MAGIDA (28). She's looking curiously at the microwave, while wolfing down a piece of cream cake, which without a doubt explains her overweight.

MUSTAFA

Last year she lost 25 kilos.

RAFIK

I was already wondering how slim she is.

MUSTAFA (laughs)

I understand very well that you don't want her. But take a look at her sister Hanan.

Mustafa shows Rafik an 18-year-old, beautiful girl, which is making a belly dancing competition with Aunt Samira. All the men are standing around both, cheering for them.

RAFIK

She is beautiful.

MUSTAFA

Her father's doing projects for the UNESCO. There's a lot of money involved. I've talked to him.

RAFIK

I don't want an arranged marriage.

MUSTAFA

It worked with me.

RAFIK

Yeah. Sure.

Rafik speaks with disdain in his voice. His eyes say: "*I-know-more-than-you-think-I-do*", while his eyes wander back to Aunt Samira. Mustafa is alarmed.

MUSTAFA

What are you trying to say?!

Rafik realizes that he went too far.

MUSTAFA

You don't know what you are saying!

RAFIK (angry as well)

Don't worry. I won't tell anyone.

Mustafa rises, as if wanting to slap Rafik in the face.

MUSTAFA  
How dare you!

Rafik gets up and leaves the room. Mustafa follows him.

MUSTAFA (screams)  
Apologize immediately!

**ABU RABA HOUSE**

**INT.NIGHT**

Mustafa follows Rafik. His face is red with anger.

MUSTAFA  
Look at me when I talk to you! In my house!

RAFIK  
I came here because of mother!

MUSTAFA  
Okay, that's enough. Get lost!

Mustafa pushes Rafik towards the door.

RAFIK  
That's exactly what I'm planning to do.

Rafik wants to leave, but Mama is getting between father and son, holds Rafik and pushes Mustafa away.

MAMA  
Leave him alone, will you! Leave him alone!

MUSTAFA  
Just go back to your 'wonderful' Germany!

Mama pulls Mustafa away from Rafik, but Mustafa pushes her back.

MAMA (screams)  
If you'll throw out my son ever again, I'll kill myself.  
I'll kill myself!

MUSTAFA (shouts back)  
Fine, go kill yourself! But first I'll kill myself.

Mustafa grabs his neck with both hands as if he wants to strangle himself and falls to the floor. Everyone thinks it's a bad joke. The people wait for Mustafa to get up. But he remains lying on the floor.

MAMA (screaming)

Stop it! That's not funny! Get up!

Mustafa doesn't move. Mama screams and falls next to Mustafa on the floor. Now the guests realize that Mustafa is not pretending. The music stops. Only Mama's crying can be heard.

Jamal bends over Mustafa and tries to help him on his feet.

JAMAL

Father, get up! Father!

Mustafa doesn't move. Jamal grabs the flask of "Cool Water" and holds it under Mustafa's nose. Mustafa opens his eyes, smiles at Jamal, lays his hand on his chest and collapses. Jamal screams. Someone calls the emergency medical services.

The party is over.

**LATER:**

Mama sits on the sofa. The whole family is gathered around her.

MAMA

Father wanted to be buried in Kafer Karem, the village he was born.

JAMAL

Kafer Karem is part of Ramallah.

MAMA

So? What are you trying to say?

JAMAL

That's impossible, Mama. Ramallah is in Palestine. We live in Israel. You need permissions! It takes weeks!

MAMA

Permissions! Are you trying to drive me crazy? Father wants to go to Ramallah and we'll bring him there. End of story!

Rafik takes a seat next to Mama and puts his arm around her.

RAFIK

Mama, Jamal is right. There are check-points on the way.

JAMAL

If they'll catch us, they'll send us to jail.

Mama looks at Rafik crying. Lovingly she strokes his cheek.

MAMA

When you were little, you were scared of the Jews,  
because they were always carrying weapons. And sometimes,  
when you couldn't sleep, father sat you in his lap and  
said (imitating Mustafa's voice): *"Nobody will harm my  
children..."*

RAFIK AND JAMAL

*... as long as I'm the master in my own house."*

Nobody speaks for a while.

**ABU RABA HOUSE**

**INT.NIGHT**

An ambulance stops in front of the house. The driver goes to  
the door and rings. Rafik opens.

DRIVER

I came to take the body.

RAFIK

Which body?

DRIVER

The doctor said...

Rafik gives the driver a bill of 100 Sheqel.

RAFIK

There is no body.

The driver hesitates, but he takes the money.

Rafik gives him another bill.

DRIVER

Okay, if there is no body, then there is nobody.

The driver gets into the ambulance and drives away.

**ABU RABA HOUSE**

**INT.NIGHT**

Rafik goes back to the living room.

JAMAL

Why did you send him away?

RAFIK

It's only 45 minutes to Ramallah.

JAMAL  
And it's even faster into jail.

RAFIK  
There are only two checkpoints. At the road to Jerusalem  
and at Calandia. We'll leave at four o'clock...

JAMAL  
Definitely not!

RAFIK  
And we'll get there at five the latest.

JAMAL  
That's out of the question!

Mama has trouble breathing and breaks down on the sofa.  
Strange noises come from her throat. Jamal gives her a worried  
look.

JAMAL (resigned)  
Four thirty?

**IN FRONT OF THE ABU RABA HOUSE**

**EXT. NIGHT**

On a white VW-camper we can read in Hebrew: *Abu Raba & Sons -  
Construction Work and House Renovation*. Jamal is sitting  
behind the wheel, Rafik next to him and Mustafa between them.  
A hat covers his head. Mama strokes Mustafa's cheek.

MAMA  
Take good care of him.

She closes the door. Jamal wants to start the motor when Alia  
runs towards them.

ALIA  
Don't try to play hero, Darling!

Through the window she gives him a long kiss. When she finally  
wants to go, Jamal won't let go of her hand.

JAMAL  
Will you miss me?

ALIA  
How can I miss you when you won't let me go.

She laughs and pushes Jamal away. Jamal starts the motor.

ALIA

I miss you already.

Jamal drives away. Mama and Alia wave to the leaving car.

**VAN**

**INT. NIGHT**

Jamal and Rafik leave the village behind. A flamenco dancer dangles from the rear-view mirror.

RAFIK

When are you planning to hide father? Before or after the checkpoint ... "*Darling*"?

Jamal shoots a killing glance at Rafik and stops the car.

**CUT TO:**

The two brothers put the bag in which Mustafa's body is wrapped between some tools and two old air conditioners. They have to take some of the tools away, but in the end the bag fits. Jamal bends over it.

JAMAL

Sorry, father.

He helps Jamal covering the bag with tools. They close the back door and get in the front of the van. Rafik lights a cigarette.

JAMAL

Please, don't smoke in the car!

Rafik doesn't answer.

JAMAL

Half an hour without a cigarette won't kill you.

Rafik opens the window and continues smoking.

JAMAL

I've asked you kindly.

Jamal closes the window. Rafik leans back and continues smoking.

JAMAL

You can do whatever you want with *your* lungs, but not with *mine*...

Rafik opens the window again.



JAMAL

Keep it closed! There's a draft.

Rafik still doesn't answer, until Jamal snatches the cigarette from his mouth and throws it out of the window.

RAFIK

Stop the car!

Jamal keeps driving.

RAFIK (shouts)

Stop the car right now!

Jamal stops the car. Rafik gets out of the car and slams the door.

**STREET**

**INT.NIGHT**

Rafik has lit another cigarette. Jamal drives next to him and speaks through the window.

JAMAL

Do you want to walk to Ramallah?

RAFIK

No, I just want to smoke.

JAMAL

I beg you. We'll be there in 45 minutes.

Rafik keeps walking without looking at Jamal.

JAMAL

We could have a break in Jerusalem.

Rafik throws away his cigarette.

RAFIK

I'd rather do that now.

He steps in front of the car. Jamal has to break. Rafik opens the left door of the car, Jamal looks at him irritated.

RAFIK

I'll drive!

Jamal hesitates.

RAFIK

Or will you forbid me to do that as well?

Jamal moves over to the passenger seat.

**VAN**

**INT.NIGHT**

We can already see the lights of Jerusalem behind the next mountain. In a few moments they will reach the city. Then they see a line of five cars, which are waiting before the checkpoint.

JAMAL

That's weird. Usually there's no checkpoint here.

RAFIK

The heck with it. We've got Israeli passports. They'll let us through.

JAMAL

But not without checking us first.

**VAN AT CHECKPOINT**

**EXT.NIGHT**

Rafik stops the car at the end of the line. A soldier with a rifle paces up and down while speaking into his 2-way radio. Another soldier is checking the papers of the taxi passengers.

**VAN AT CHECKPOINT**

**INT/NIGHT**

Jamal is watching the soldier, who is looking into the taxi.

JAMAL

I shouldn't have listened to you.

The radio is playing the news. A terror bomb in Jerusalem has killed seven people, many more have been wounded. The terrorists were from the West Bank. In reaction to this all checkpoints were closed and every suspicious Palestinian in the area has been arrested.

RAFIK

Just a bomb. We've got nothing to do with it.

JAMAL

Can you prove it?

The soldier approaches.

JAMAL

The Israelis have changed. Rafik, I'm scared.

Jamal acts like a wounded animal, fearfully looking for a hideout. Eventually he sinks back into his seat.

RAFIK

Do you know grizzly bears?

Jamal looks irritated at Rafik.

RAFIK

If you come across one of them in the woods, you should never try to run away. The bear would take it as an invitation for a hunt and bears are fast runners.

Jamal looks at Rafik. What on earth is that supposed to mean?

RAFIK

You shouldn't climb on a tree either. Bears can do that too, and better than you. It's the best to make friendly noises, just like the ones the bear makes when he's satisfied. This way the bear will believe you're his friend. (encouraging) Try it. You'll feel better.

Jamal tries to hum a melody, but due to his fear only undefinable sounds come out of his mouth. Helplessly he looks at Rafik.

RAFIK

You can't sing while panicking. Breathe deeply.

Jamal breathes deeply.

RAFIK

And now lay back your head.

Jamal stretches his head.

RAFIK

Don't stretch. Lean back.

Rafik shows it to him. Jamal tries again.

RAFIK

Well done. Now breathe in deeply and breathe out slowly.

Jamal breathes in and out.

RAFIK

Not through the mouth, breathe through the stomach. Yes, just like this. And now let it all out, Aaaaaa...

Jamal tries again. A relaxing sound comes out of his mouth.

JAMAL  
Aaaaaaaa....

Rafik smiles at Jamal and starts singing with him. It sounds like music. Jamal smiles at Rafik with relief. He begins to like the singing.

RAFIK  
Now Beeeeeee....

JAMAL  
Beeeeee...

The soldier, ELI SHUKRUN, hears the singing and comes towards Jamal and Rafik. Rafik sees the soldier approaching and stops singing. Jamal hasn't noticed the soldier yet.

RAFIK  
Jamal...

Jamal sees the soldier with his rifle and stops to sing abruptly.

Shukrun knocks against the window pane and insinuates Jamal to open the window. Shaking in his shoes, Jamal opens the window.

SHUKRUN  
Papers, please!

Jamal hands his blue Israeli identity card to the soldier. Shukrun looks at the picture and compares it with Jamal's face.

SHUKRUN  
Jamal Abu-Raba from Beit-Gala?

JAMAL  
Y...yes.

SHUKRUN  
Where are you heading to?

JAMAL  
We-we-we a-are... go-go..

Jamal is stuttering so hard, that nobody understands a word.

RAFIK  
We want to visit friends in Jerusalem.

SHUKRUN (TO RAFIK)  
Don't you understand Hebrew? I asked him!

JAMAL

We-we-we want to vi-vi-sit friends in-in Jerusalem....

SHUKRUN

Get out of the car!

JAMAL

Why?

Soldier Shukrun points his rifle at Jamal. Jamal and Rafik get out of the car.

SHUKRUN (to Rafik)

No, you stay in the car!

Rafik remains seated. Through the mirror he watches Jamal opening the rear door of the van. A drop of sweat runs down his forehead.

**CUT TO:**

Shukrun rummages through the tools and sees the black bag, in which Mustafa's body is wrapped. But then the air conditioners call his attention.

SHUKRUN

How much?

JAMAL

Th-th-that...

SHUKRUN

For the air conditioner. How much?

JAMAL

O-o-ne th-thousand f-f-five hundred?

SHUKRUN

Are you crazy? That's junk, at least a hundred years old!

**CUT TO:**

Rafik follows the conversation in the rear view mirror.

**CUT TO:**

Shukrun jumps into the van and scratches at a rusty part of the air conditioner.

SHUKRUN

...and totally rusty, too.

JAMAL

Westinghouse, the best there is on the market. And very quiet. You don't even hear the air humming.

Shukrun jumps out of the van and wipes off his hand at his uniform.

SHUKRUN

700.

**CUT TO:**

Rafik hesitates, but then gets out of the car.

**CUT TO:**

Jamal

I'm sorry...

Rafik pushes Jamal aside.

RAFIK

700 are okay.

SHUKRUN

You're friend is a smart fellow.

Jamal wants to protest, but Rafik drags him to the front of the car and pushes him into the vehicle.

RAFIK

Did you hear that? And don't you forget it!

**VAN AT CHECKPOINT**

**INT.NIGHT**

Rafik gets in the car and starts the motor. Shukrun gives his companions a signal, to let them pass.

SHUKRUN (shouts)

Blue IDs!

Rafik is ready to go.

SHUKRUN (shouts)

Stop!

Surprised and frightened Rafik stops the car. Shukrun appears next to the window.

SHUKRUN

How do you want to deliver the air conditioner, if you don't even have my address?

He hands Jamal his business card.

SHUKRUN

Eli Shukrun... Hebron Street. Do you know where that is?

RAFIK

Yes.

SHUKRUN

Alright. So, 700. Including set-up.

**VAN**

**INT.NIGHT**

Rafik nods and drives away. Army convoys pass them in the opposite direction, heading east.

JAMAL

We should have gotten more.

RAFIK

Right. More years in jail!

Jamal calms down.

JAMAL

You're right. I wasn't very smart.

RAFIK

But you're a top-notch salesman.

Jamal smiles proudly.

JAMAL

That's true. I've bought both for 300.

Rafik looks at Jamal, at first surprised, then he starts laughing. Jamal joins in, when his phone rings. It's Alia.

JAMAL

Hello, Honey... Problems? No, not at all. We already passed the first checkpoint. And I've got 700 for an old air conditioner.

**ABU RABA HOUSE**

**INT.MORNING**

Family members are gathered around Alia, who is holding the phone.

MAMA

Tell them to watch out. There was a bomb explosion in Jerusalem.

Mama tries to take the phone from Alia, but she defies.

MAMA

What is he saying?

ALIA

He sold an air conditioner. (into the speaker) You're a hero, Darling!

Mama gives her an enquiring look.

MAMA

Ask him how his father is.

**CUT TO:**

JAMAL

Father is alright.

Rafik looks at him, thinking *"what does he mean with "father is alright"?*

JAMAL

I love you too, Honey...

**CUT TO:**

ALIA (whispering)

Just a few more hours....

MAMA

Let me talk to him!

Mama snatches the phone away from Alia.

MAMA

Hello! Hello?

No answer, Jamal has already hung up.



VAN

INT.MORNING

Jamal puts the phone in his pocket. He's very happy.

RAFIK

You and Alia. Have you already..?

JAMAL (angryly)

It's my wife you're talking about!

RAFIK

I see. So you already have.

JAMAL

I don't want to talk about it.

RAFIK

Okay, so you haven't?

JAMAL

Alia is not like that.

RAFIK

Women want us to think that they're not like that. But believe me, every woman is *just* like that!

JAMAL

What are you talking about, at all!? I don't understand you!

RAFIK

You're right. Alia is something special. You're a lucky dog.

Jamal is surprised. For the first time Rafik pays a compliment to him. But then he looks at Rafik suspiciously.

JAMAL

How do you know?

RAFIK

What?

JAMAL

That Alia is something special?

RAFIK

Well, she is, isn't she?

**GAS STATION JERUSALEM**

**EXT.DAY**

They stop at a gas station. While Jamal is refuelling the van, Rafik goes to the store to buy some cigarettes. When he leaves the store his attention is drawn to OLGA (25), a blonde Slavic woman, who is trying in vain to open the bonnet of her car. Some men are watching her, but no one offers any help. Rafik walks over to her.

RAFIK  
Problems?

Olga smiles at Rafik. Her big childlike eyes are looking at him in a certain way that awakes in men the desire to desperately help a woman. For a long moment he sees nothing, but her big eyes and her sensual mouth. Apparently she isn't aware of the effect she has on men. Rafik holds his breath.

OLGA (with Russian accent)  
My car. It won't work.

Rafik tries to open the bonnet, but he fails. He whistles and waves Jamal over. Jamal comes.

RAFIK  
This young lady has a problem. Her bonnet won't...

PLING! Jamal has opened the bonnet with just one move.

RAFIK  
... does open.

OLGA (charmingly smiling at Rafik)  
To me this is all just a big mystery.

RAFIK  
To me, too.

Jamal inspects the motor.

JAMAL  
That's junk! You need a new ignition wire.

OLGA (concerned)  
Is it expensive, this new ignition wire?

JAMAL  
You can get it at the local Citroen dealer downtown.

Olga looks at her watch.

OLGA (sighs sorrowful)  
They will boot me out. It's my first week at the job.

RAFIK  
Where do you have to go?

OLGA  
Not far, but...

RAFIK  
Don't worry. We'll take you.

**VAN - IN FRONT OF THE RAMADA HOTEL.**

**EXT.DAY**

Rafik parks the VW bus in front of the Ramada hotel. Olga gets out of the car. Relieved she looks at her watch.

OLGA  
You saved my life.

RAFIK  
You're welcome.

Rafik smiles at her. Olga turns away and leaves. Rafik watches her, still unsure whether to yell after her or not. Olga turns around.

OLGA  
May I invite you for a coffee? Just to say Thank You.

**RAMADA HOTEL.**

**INT.DAY**

Jamal and Rafik are sitting at a table. Olga brings three cups of coffee.

OLGA  
Are you hungry?

Rafik stares at her sexy mouth. She's a woman of his taste.

Jamal is about to say no, but Rafik is faster.

RAFIK  
Starving!

He's still staring at her mouth.

OLGA

I've talked to the waiter. He still owes me. Take whatever you like. I'll go get changed and will be back in a second.

She is about to go, when she turns and comes back to the table.

OLGA

Give me your coats. I'll put them in the cloak room.

She helps Rafik and Jamal getting out of their coats and carries them to the cloak room of the employees. Rafik looks after her.

RAFIK

What a woman!

JAMAL (grins)

All the women are like that.

**CUT TO:**

Olga goes into the cloak room and hangs the coats up. She strokes the fabric.

**CUT TO:**

Omelette, fried sausage, pastry and a big pot of coffee. Rafik visibly enjoys his meal. There is no plate in front of Jamal. He looks towards the mountains of Jerusalem, but his eyes wander from time to time to the food on Rafik's plate.

RAFIK

Not hungry?

JAMAL

It's Ramadan.

Rafik shrugs his shoulders and one of the sausages.

RAFIK

Mmh, delicious...

He puts it into his mouth and closes his eyes with pleasure.

JAMAL

During Ramadan it's not allowed to eat throughout the day.

RAFIK

I'm hungry.

JAMAL

Me, too. But it's forbidden!

Rafik picks up another sausage with his fork and holds it in front of Jamal's nose.

RAFIK

But you're allowed to smell! Here! Enjoy!

Rafik chews excessively.

For a while Jamal stares angrily at Rafik, with a glance saying "*What-are-you-doing-to-me?*". But then he can't take it anymore. He grabs his fork, picks up a sausage from Rafik's plate and puts it into his mouth.

RAFIK

What are you doing?

JAMAL

Mhh. Really good!

Jamal gets himself another sausage.

RAFIK

I hate that!

Jamal devours it and is about to take another one, but Rafik protects his plate.

RAFIK

If you're so crazy about the sausages, why don't you go and get your own?

JAMAL

Ramadan!

RAFIK

Well, Ramadan is on my plate, too.

Rafik keeps eating. Jamal looks offended. Rafik stops eating and pushes the plate over the table towards Jamal.

RAFIK

You can have it.

Jamal looks at his brother and isn't sure, if Rafik is serious or not.

RAFIK

It's your honeymoon. You can have whatever you want.

A waiter comes to the table.

WAITER

Can I get you anything else?

RAFIK

No, thanks. But maybe you could tell us, where Olga is.

WAITER

Who?

RAFIK

Olga, the Russian girl we came with.

WAITER

I'm sorry, I don't know her.

RAFIK

But she works here.

WAITER

No, she doesn't. Do you want to pay?

Jamal and Rafik look at each other, flabbergasted.

RAFIK

No, not yet.

The waiter leaves.

RAFIK

We have to pay.

JAMAL

*We? It was your food!*

Rafik moans. He gets up and goes to the cloakroom, puts his jacket on and looks for his wallet. The pocket is empty. Rafik begins to panic and checks the other pockets of his jacket. All are empty. Jamal comes into the cloakroom and puts on his jacket, as well.

RAFIK

Do you have money?

Jamal looks hectically for his wallet.

JAMAL

That bitch!

RAFIK

I'll count to three and then we'll run.

JAMAL

Running away means that we're guilty, which we aren't.

RAFIK

You're right.

Rafik heads toward the rear exit. Jamal follows him.

**IN FRONT OF THE RAMADA HOTEL**

**INT.DAY**

As soon as they get out of the hotel, Rafik looks for the car keys, but neither the keys nor the car is there.

JAMAL

She stole the car!

RAFIK

Father!

Jamal and Rafik look at each other.

JAMAL

We have to tell Mama!

RAFIK

She will kill herself!

JAMAL

She will kill us!

Jamal reaches for his phone, it's gone too.

JAMAL

The bitch stole my phone!

RAFIK

There's a phone booth in the hotel.

Jamal turns and looks at the hotel.

RAFIK

Do you have any money?

Jamal stops and looks in his pockets. He finds a coin and continues walking.

RAFIK

For the breakfast, too?

Jamal stops and goes back to Rafik.

RAFIK

We go to the police.

Jamal shakes his head.

RAFIK

Israel is not Palestine. The police is still functional around here. We'll report the theft and they'll find the van.

JAMAL

With a dead body inside...

Frustrated Rafik sits down on a stone.

JAMAL

Well, we have to tell them that father has died from a heart attack when he was kidnapped.

RAFIK

And then he climbed into a bag, closed it and covered it with tools... from the inside... dead. Even in Palestine they wouldn't believe you.

Rafik looks in the direction of the city center, which is located about four kilometers down the hill, and starts walking.

After a few steps a police car appears behind them. A police man calls them to stop. The two brothers ignore his order and keep on walking. The police man overtakes them and stops his car right in front of them. He gets out, opens the back door and with a gesture he asks them to get in the car.

**POLICE CAR**

**INT. DAY**

Rafik and Jamal are sitting on the backseat of the police car.

JAMAL

I knew there would be trouble. I knew it from the moment you've sent the driver of the hearse away.

RAFIK

And I knew there would be trouble from the moment you've held that bottle of "Cool Water" under father's nose.

JAMAL (outraged)

What are you trying to say?! That I killed father?!



RAFIK  
That's not what I've said.

JAMAL  
Well, what did you say?

Rafik knows that he's gone too far. For a long time they say nothing.

JAMAL  
I didn't kill him.

RAFIK  
Okay.

JAMAL  
Then say it!

RAFIK  
I said, okay.

JAMAL  
Say, that I didn't kill father!

RAFIK  
You didn't kill father. Happy now?

Rafik is relieved that Jamal doesn't bother him any longer. After a minute...

JAMAL  
So why did you say it?

RAFIK (angrily)  
Oh, my God! Don't start again.

The police car reaches the police head quarter of Jerusalem.

**POLICE HEADQUARTER-INTERROGATION ROOM**

**INT.DAY**

Rafik sits in front of a spotlight. Two bored police men sit behind him. One security agent offers Rafik a cigarette and takes one himself.

SECURITY AGENT  
No car, no money, no papers. Interesting. Don't you want to tell me what really happened?

Feeling uncomfortable, Rafik slides back and forth on his chair.

RAFIK

...But I've already told you. The Russian girl... Olga... she invited us to breakfast. And then she disappeared.

The security agent gets up.

RAFIK

We wanted to pay, but she stole our wallets, so we tried to report this to the police.

The officer puts a chair in front of Rafik and sits down.

SECURITY AGENT

I'll tell you what happened, Rafik. Yesterday night you came with a car full of explosives. You've parked it in Agron Street and have put the detonator at 10 o'clock. Then you've watched it from a safe distance...

The officer comes close to Rafik's ear and whispers.

SECURITY AGENT

Then... BOOM!!!

Rafik flinches.

SECURITY AGENT

Seven civilians were killed. Mission accomplished. And now you can make yourself a nice evening in town. Right, Rafik?

Rafik doesn't answer.

SECURITY AGENT

At 8 o'clock you've come to the Ramada Hotel and have got yourself a nice breakfast. The waiter said you've looked like you hadn't slept all night. But you've made a mistake. You've left your money in the car! Tough luck.

The officer imitates money disappearing.

SECURITY AGENT

..money gone. And then you've come up with this story of a stolen car.

RAFIK

The girl was there. You can ask the waiter.

SECURITY AGENT

Of course she was there. A Russian prostitute. And when she had found out that you don't have any money, she has left.

He glares at Rafik. Rafik is scared. The story sounds too plausible.

**POLICE HEAD QUARTER- INTERROGATION ROOM**

**INT.DAY**

SECURITY AGENT

I want to hear the truth now. Sooner or later I will find out anyway, so just make it easier for yourselves.

Now it's Jamal, who sits in front of the spotlight. He can't see the officer's face, which makes him nervous. Jamal starts to speak fast.

JAMAL

I'm saying the truth.

The security agent smiles at Jamal friendly.

SECURITY AGENT

I hope so, Jamal. And believe me, you will feel better afterwards.

JAMAL

I got married yesterday night, and then suddenly, during the party my father died...

With a cold glance the officer stares at him.

SECURITY AGENT

Honeymoon? Without the bride?

JAMAL

points at his tuxedo) See, what I'm wearing? A tuxedo! It's a proof that I got married yesterday...

SECURITY AGENT

On the contrary.

JAMAL

What? Would you put on a tuxedo if you want to plant a bomb?

SECURITY AGENT

Definitely. A perfect cover. I would wear the same. Just with better quality. Take it off!

Jamal looks fuddled.

JAMAL

Why?

The officer motions the two policemen to grab the reluctant Jamal and take off his tuxedo.

JAMAL (desperate)  
Ask the soldier Shukrun from checkpoint east. He knows me. He will confirm everything...

The policemen begin to take off Jamal's shirt.

JAMAL (panicking)  
Ask Shukrun!

They pull Jamal's shirt over his head.

JAMAL  
Okay, okay, I'll tell you the truth.

The policemen stop undressing him.

JAMAL  
My father died last night, and we've put his body in our van. We wanted to bring him to Ramallah.

The policemen laugh.

JAMAL (sobbing)  
I know it's hard to believe...

**POLICE HEADQUARTER- INTERROGATION ROOM**

**INT.DAY**

SECURITY AGENT (cynical)  
Not at all! Nowadays they smuggle dead Palestinians all the time. Doesn't attract any attention. Dead or alive, they stink the same.

Rafik sits in front of a spotlight. He has a black eye and his shirt is tattered.

Another policeman enters the room. He whispers something into the ear of the security agent and leaves again. The security agent puts a chair in front of Rafik and sits down.

SECURITY AGENT  
Listen, Rafik. You're brother has already confessed. You can tell the truth now.

RAFIK (tauntingly)  
If you already know everything, why do you ask me?

The agent stops smiling and hits Rafik in the face. He is about to hit him again when his phone rings. He gets up and turns away.

SECURITY AGENT

Hello, Honey... Dinner at seven?

With relief Rafik sees how the agent takes a look at his wrist watch.

SECURITY AGENT

Of course I didn't forget... it's not seven yet... six thirty is not seven! ... Yes, I'll be home on time... So, see you soon, Darling.

He puts his phone in his pocket and hits Rafik in the face with full force.

SECURITY AGENT

I want names and addresses of your organisation!

The agent walks behind Rafik and whispers into his ear.

SECURITY AGENT

I can't let you go, but I can make life easier for you.

RAFIK

Listen, I'm not interested in politics, really I'm not...

The security agent gives the two policemen a sign.

**POLICE HEADQUARTER- CELL**

**INT.EXT.NIGHT**

The two policemen are dragging Jamal and Rafik through a long corridor. Both of them have black eyes and their undershirts are tattered. Jamal lashes about trying to free himself.

JAMAL

We're not terrorists!

BANG! One of the police men grabs Jamal and pushes him against the metal door of a cell. Then he opens the door and pushes Jamal and Rafik into the cell.

RAFIK

We're citizens of this country! We pay taxes, for you too! You should better do your job and try to find our car!

The policeman laughs scornfully and looks at something behind them in the cell.

POLICE MAN  
Have fun!

The policeman slams the door. As the two start to look around, they see eight Palestinians, who look daggers at them.

Jamal turns around and bangs with his fists against the cell door.

JAMAL (panicking)  
Let us out! We have the right to get a solitary cell!

A dangerous looking prisoner comes closer to Jamal.

PRISONER 1  
Solitary cell? What is it? Don't you like us?

He pushes Jamal rudely, who stumbles against the door.

RAFIK  
Sure we do! He didn't mean it...

The prisoner turns towards Rafik.

RAFIK  
We... are not Israeli ... We just have the ID-card.

The prisoner pushes Rafik as well.

PRISONER 1  
You are collaborators! Traitors! Even worse than Israelis!

Rafik tries to back off and stumbles against the wall behind him.

A policeman looks through the peephole in the door into the cell and beats with his night stick against the door. The prisoner spits on the ground in front of the two brothers and joins his friends.

Rafik sits on the ground, back against the wall, and tries to ignore the staring eyes of the other prisoners. Jamal sits down beside his brother. Tears are rising to his eyes.

RAFIK (whispers)  
Stop it You cannot start crying in front of all those these criminals!

Rafik pats on Jamals shoulder and tries to calm him down.

JAMAL (sobbing)  
Alia... she will die from grief! And Mama,  
too!

RAFIK  
Then you will become orphan and widower!

Two of the other prisoners rise. Rafik gets nervous.

RAFIK  
And if you don't stop crying right away,  
you'll get raped as well!

But Jamal can't stop crying. The prisoners come closer. Rafik gets up and prepares himself for a fight.

RAFIK  
... even before you've spent your first night  
with your wife!

Both prisoners stand now in front of Jamal. He looks up to them and starts to scream hysterically.

JAMAL  
That's not fair! Not on my wedding day!

PRISONER 2  
Stop crying! Or do you really want the guards  
to take you for a sissy!?

Jamal is surprised. He wipes his eyes.

**POLICE HEADQUARTER**

**EXT.NIGHT**

A police car brings more Palestinians to the headquarters. Other Palestinian prisoners sit on the ground with hands above their heads. Two policemen with rifles guard them.

**POLICE HEADQUARTER - CELL**

**INT.NIGHT**

The two prisoners look down at Jamal. Jamal is calm now.

PRISONER 1  
Thieves deal with cars, not with corpses. If  
they'll find your father, they'll throw him  
out.

PRISONER 2  
Somebody will find the corpse and call the  
police.

Jamal smiles full of hope with tears in his eyes.

Two policemen open the cell and order Rafik and Jamal to follow them.

**POLICE HEADQUARTER - ENTRANCE HALL**

**INT.DAY.**

A policeman takes notes, when Jamal and Rafik - now dressed in their clothes again - are brought to him.

POLICEMAN

Do you have a construction company for air conditioning?

JAMAL (unsure)

Yes, *Abu-Raba and Sons...*

The policeman picks up the phone and talks to somebody.

POLICEMAN

They are here.

He hands Rafik a document.

POLICEMAN

Sign here!

RAFIK

What...?

POLICEMAN

You wanna go? Then sign!

Rafik and Jamal look at each other surprised. Rafik signs the document.

RAFIK

What about our stolen car?

POLICEMAN

Do you want to press charges?

Rafik nods his head.

POLICEMAN

Can I see your ID card?

RAFIK (protests)

But, they're gone, too. The Russian girl...



POLICEMAN

Then, I'm sorry. Without ID, no complaint.

RAFIK

But...

POLICEMAN

(as if talking to children)

You can go to the Ministry of the Interior and get yourself issued new documents. Then you come back to me and file your charges.

Rafik tries to protest, but Jamal shoves him away.

**POLICE HEADQUARTER - CORRIDOR**

**INT.DAY**

Jamal and Rafik sit on a bench in the corridor.

JAMAL

You see? They've released us, because we've told them the truth.

RAFIK

Don't give me that crap! They've released us, because we've told them the same story.

JAMAL

Yes, but it was the same story, because *we've told them the truth!*

RAFIK

We've told them the same story, because I knew that you wouldn't come up with something better.

JAMAL

It's impossible to talk sense with you. You always twist things around, so that nobody understands it.

At this moment a security officer arrives, accompanied by soldier Eli Shukrun. Jamal and Rafik are surprised.

SHUKRUN

It's them. They have been at the checkpoint. (he turns to Jamal) What about my air conditioner? We have a deal!

JAMAL

The air conditioner is yours. Don't worry! We just have to find the car.

The security officer ponders.

SECURITY OFFICER  
How much did you pay?

SHUKRUN  
700.

The security officer turns to Jamal.

SECURITY OFFICER  
Do you have another one?

**JERUSALEM - CITY CENTER**

**EXT.DAY**

Rafik and Jamal take a deep breath. In the afternoon Jerusalem is a bustling city. Untroubled people sit in cafés, laugh and have fun.

JAMAL  
Father said it's all a matter of having the right connections. If you have the right connections, you don't have problems.

Rafik looks over to a group of young people. One of them is smoking. He gives a cigarette to his friend, lighting it with his own.

RAFIK  
No problems? Do you have connections to somebody who can organize a cigarette for me?

**MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - CORRIDOR**

**INT.DAY**

POV Rafik: A hand holding a cigarette. Rafik and Jamal sit in a corridor full of people and wait. Rafik stares at the hand with the cigarette. A digital board on the wall switches from number 124 to 125. Rafik looks at his number - 367. Jamal has found a newspaper and fills in the crossword puzzle.

JAMAL (reads)  
*„Doesn't always hold a promise“.*

RAFIK  
A bra!

Rafik looks wishfully for the hand with the cigarette. It's gone.

JAMAL  
With a "P".

RAFIK  
Politician...

Jamal fills in the word.

JAMAL  
Po-li-ti-cian.

Rafik becomes aware of a man in a business suit (IGOR WARSHAWSKI, 45), who is smoking and settling some transactions with a couple of men. The men give money to Igor.

Rafik stands up and goes over to Igor. Igor speaks in Russian to the other men.

**CUT TO:**

POV Jamal: He watches Igor giving a cigarette to Rafik.

**CUT TO:**

Igor speaks in faulty Hebrew with a strong Russian accent.

IGOR  
My name Igor Warshawski. My Job helping people. I work in ministry.

RAFIK  
Say, Igor, why do they let us wait here for hours? Because we are Arabs?

IGOR (laughs)  
Jews, Arabs, everybody waits. People wait three weeks for papers. When pay money, papers one day.

Now also Jamal joins Igor and Rafik.

JAMAL  
How much money?

Now Igor notices that Jamal belongs to Rafik.

IGOR  
500. Two - 700. Good price.

JAMAL  
That's not legal! 700 for not legal is too much.

IGOR  
Not legal, not have to. Want papers, I do  
every day! 1 p.m., room 205.

Igor gives Rafik his business card and leaves. Rafik looks at  
Jamal angrily.

RAFIK  
You're talking about connections, but as soon  
as I try to build up some, you're just  
inferfering!

JAMAL  
If you don't want trouble, stay legal.

**MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR- ROOM 205**

**INT.DAY**

Jamal and Rafik fill out papers and hand them back to the  
clerk.

CLERK  
Go to the cash desk, pay 180 Sheqel and come  
back to me. Then I will issue you a *temporary*  
ID card.

RAFIK  
We don't have 180 Sheqel.

CLERK  
Then go home or to your bank and come back  
with the money.

**BANK**

**INT.DAY**

Jamal and Rafik stand in the line in front of the CASHIER.

CASHIER  
You need papers to identify yourself. Without  
papers I cannot give you money.

RAFIK  
You don't understand. We need the money to get  
those papers. Why don't you call our branch  
bank in Beit-Gala and let the staff there  
verify our identity...

CASHIER  
I'm sorry, a confirmation by phone is not  
acceptable.

JAMAL (loses his temper)  
Shall we spend the rest of our lives running  
back- and forth between the bank and the  
ministry, just because some Russian  
bitch has mugged us!?

Now the cashier loses *his* temper.

CASHIER  
You don't like Russians? What do you think  
I am!?

**MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - CORRIDOR**

**INT.DAY.**

A big clock on the wall says 5 minutes to 1 p.m. Igor gives  
money to a young woman. It's Olga, the thief from the hotel.

IGOR  
Lunch with man, not come before three.

Olga looks at the money.

OLGA  
100 is only good for lunch meal. Until three  
we also need ice cream and coffee.

IGOR  
Money only for your lunch! Man pay his lunch  
by himself.

Without a word Olga puts away the money.

The clock says 1 p.m. A clerk steps out of room 205. Olga  
approaches the clerk, takes him at his arm and leads him out  
of the building. Igor waits until they are gone, produces a  
key from his pocket and opens the door to room 205.

**MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR - "IGOR'S OFFICE" ROOM 205**

**INT.DAY**

Rafik and Jamal sit in „Igor's office“.

RAFIK  
Listen, Igor, we have a problem.

IGOR  
Igor solves. What problem?

RAFIK  
We don't have money.

IGOR

No money? Problem. Has family money?

RAFIK

We have money on the bank. But they don't want to give it to us, because we don't have papers. You see?

IGOR

No money, no papers, problem. Igor solves. We go bank, you take money, Igor pays, you get papers. But more work, more money. 1.000 Sheqel.

**IN FRONT OF TRAVEL AGENCY**

**EXT.DAY**

Igor and the brothers arrive at a travel agency. A poster in the window advertises holiday trips to Moscow. *"Hire purchase possible!"*

Through the window Jamal sees a blond young shop assistant. She smiles at him. Jamal smiles back. They know each other from somewhere. Jamal needs a few seconds until he realises, why he knows her and his smile disappears. He's not capable of saying one word. Rafik looks at Jamal and wonders about the strange expression in his face. Then Rafik recognizes Olga, at the same time as Olga recognizes the two brothers. Her smile disappears as well.

Rafik rushes into the shop, followed by Jamal.

**TRAVEL AGENCY**

**INT. DAY.**

Rafik and Jamal chase Olga through the agency and run over everything that stands in their way. But Olga is not so easy to catch.

Eventually they force her into a corner of the room. Olga holds a heavy puncher in her hand, threatening the brothers with it.

OLGA

Don't come closer! I'm warning you!

Igor comes in.

IGOR

Why angry, my friends? Please not angry. Olga nice.

Rafik grabs Olga quickly and presses her hand with the puncher against a table. Olga cries out.

OLGA  
You're hurting me!

RAFIK  
I'm gonna hurt you much more, if you won't return our car!

Igor tries to separate Olga and the brothers.

IGOR  
Not angry, please!

RAFIK  
She has stolen our car!

Igor is surprised.

IGOR  
Not possible. Olga very nice!

Igor tries to reach Olga, but Jamal blocks his way. Olga tries to struggle free, but Rafik holds her tight.

IGOR  
Olga, have you stole car?

OLGA  
No! I've just invited them for coffee. I thought they were nice guys.

IGOR (to Rafik)  
Olga says, not stole. Olga no stealing. Now friends.

RAFIK  
Not friends! The bitch is lying!

OLGA  
That's not true! I've seen how somebody stole your car. I ran after him immediately, but he was too fast. After that I was afraid of telling you.

RAFIK (disdainful)  
In the hotel they don't even know you. You're a liar!

IGOR  
I'm like a father to Olga. She mistake, gives  
mistake back.

Igor takes 100 Shegel from a drawer and offers them to Rafik.

IGOR  
Igor shame for Olga. Take money. Not problem.

Rafik releases Olga and turns to Igor.

RAFIK (shouts)  
It is a problem!

Igor tries to put the money into Rafik's pocket. Rafik shakes  
Igor.

RAFIK  
I want to have my car back, you son of a  
bitch!

Igor turns angrily to Olga. He speaks very quiet, but she  
senses danger.

IGOR  
Olga, you thinks now very strong. Where car?

OLGA (quickly)  
Junkyard Levy.

IGOR  
You take nice guys, go to Levy, bring car  
back.

Igor gives Olga the car keys.

#### **ROAD TO JUNKYARD**

**EXT.DAY**

Olga drives Igor's car through an industrial park. They pass a  
junkyard. Rafik observes a police incident. The police is  
looking for something.

#### **JUNKYARD**

**EXT.DAY**

Olga drives on to the next junkyard and honks. LEVY, the  
owner, looks through the window of his shack and comes out.  
Olga gets out of the car followed by Rafik and Jamal. They  
look about. Their car is nowhere.

POV Rafik and Jamal: Olga talks to Levy. Levy seems to agree.



He waves at Rafik and Jamal to follow him. Without saying a word Levy leads the brothers through long aisles of old cars and stops at the end.

LEVY  
Here it is.

JAMAL  
Where?

LEVY  
Here.

Levy shows them a metal block of about one cubic meter on the ground. Completely stunned, the brothers look at the block. It takes some time until Jamal realizes that his father is inside this metal block.

JAMAL  
Father!?

He begins to cry and embrace the metal block.

Olga is visibly confused. *What on earth is this guy doing there!?* She looks at Rafik and waits for an explanation.

RAFIK  
The dead body of our father was in the car.

OLGA  
Wha...t?

Olga is shocked. She tries to say something, but she cannot speak. For the first time, she understands what this is all about.

Jamal tries to tear the metal block apart with his own hands.

RAFIK  
We were on our way to the funeral.

Olga looks at Jamal, who desperately presses all his weight onto a metal bar, trying to remove one of the metal layers.

OLGA  
Oh... I'm sorry.

RAFIK  
Do you have any idea what you've done! What shall we do now!?

It's obvious, that Olga isn't able to cope with the situation.

OLGA  
I'm really sorry...

JAMAL  
Shall we bury him like that? In this block?

RAFIK (bitter, to Olga)  
Sure, this way we save the money for a coffin.  
I just fear, that Mama won't agree.

Like in bad dream, Olga watches how Jamal beats on the block with the metal bar.

OLGA (To herself)  
... *I've gotta go...*

Olga runs away.

While Jamal keeps on hitting the metal block, Rafik recognizes yellow metal pieces inside it.

Olga gets in the car. She's about to start the motor, when she realizes, that the key is missing. She looks up at Rafik, who waves towards her with the key.

RAFIK  
Our car is white. WHITE! The one in the block is yellow. Where - is - our - car?!

Olga doesn't answer. Rafik looks over to the policeman on the adjacent junkyard. She follows his glance.

RAFIK  
Do you wanna go to jail?

OLGA  
No.

RAFIK  
Then tell me the truth!

Olga hesitates.

OLGA  
Your car is in Ramallah.

RAFIK  
Ramallah?

OLGA  
We always send the cars there.

Rafik looks at Jamal, who stands wearily in front of the metal block. Rafik lifts his hand to beat Olga.

OLGA  
Okay, hit me!

Rafiks lowers his hand. Suddenly he's very sad.

OLGA  
Men often hit me without a reason. And now,  
when I've really deserved it, nothing happens.  
I will never understand men...

#### **IGORS CAR**

#### **INT.DAY**

Olga, Rafik and Jamal drive through a wealthy area of Jerusalem. Olga is at the wheel. She wears expensive trousers and elegant shoes. Big sunglasses. Rafik sits beside her. Jamal is on the back seat.

OLGA  
Nikolai will help us to find your father. He's  
very nice.

Rafik looks at her black eye.

RAFIK  
Nicer than Igor, I hope.

OLGA  
Nikolai would never hit a woman.

She stops the car and gets out. Rafik follows her.

From the car Jamal observes how they approach a big mansion.

#### **IN FRONT OF THE MANSION**

#### **EXT.DAY**

Rafik looks suspiciously into a surveillance camera.

RAFIK  
Is he really okay?

OLGA  
You will like him.

Olga adjusts her hair and rings the door bell. The camera follows their movements. Olga waves into the camera and smiles. A little dog behind a fence realizes them.

RAFIK  
What a cute dog!

Rafik reaches out to caress the dog, but it barks and tries to bite. Rafik pulls back his hand. Olga laughs.

OLGA  
He's called ,Monster'.

The dog runs along the fence and follows Olga and Rafik. Olga barks at the dog, driving it crazy, and laughs.

OLGA  
Woof-woof-woof... (to Rafik) You have to talk to him in his own language.

She continues barking and doesn't realise, that the gate opens silently. When the dog jumps at Rafik, both are surprised. Olga stops laughing. Rafik kicks at the dog, but the animal is faster. It bites Rafik's trousers and tears on it. Rafik lifts his leg, but the little dog hangs at the trousers.

RAFIK  
Scram, Monster! Scram, or I will kill you!

A BODYGUARD comes out of the house.

BODYGUARD  
You better won't!

Rafik, with the dog still hanging from his trousers, puts his foot down.

## **IGOR'S CAR**

## **INT.DAY**

Jamal looks around in Igor's car and realizes the car phone. He hesitates a little, then he picks it up and dials.

ALIA (OFF)  
Yes? Hello?

Jamal listens but doesn't answer, even though he would only be too pleased to do it.

ALIA (OFF)  
Hello! Who is there?

Jamal hangs up. But before the phone goes dead, you can here Alias voice once again.

ALIA (OFF, quiet)  
Jamal?

**MANSION - NIKOLAIS OFFICE**

**INT.DAY**

Two bodyguards play a game of chess.

NIKOLAI, a big man sitting in an easy chair at a marble table, skims through the sports pages of a newspaper. An attractive girl comes in and puts a cup of coffee and a small glass of vodka onto the table. Nikolai puts the paper aside.

NIKOLAI  
Why would a Russian millionaire buy an Israeli football team? What do you think, sweetie?

SWEETY  
Maybe he likes football?

NIKOLAI  
Women! Arkadi likes football as much as you like dead fish.

The girl smiles and leaves the room.

OLGA (OFF)  
No business without politics. And Arkadi knows that the mayor is crazy about Beitar.

Nikolai looks over to Olga, smiling. She sits with Rafik on a sofa opposite to him. Monster sits quietly beside Rafik, who looks frustrated at his tattered trouser leg.

NIKOLAI  
Bright girl! I eat my words concerning women... Nice sunglasses. Would you take them off, please?

She takes her sunglasses off hesitatingly, revealing a big fat shiner.

NIKOLAI  
Igor?

OLGA  
I've left him.

NIKOLAI  
Good. And now you'd like to work for me?

OLGA

Before that I have to solve a little problem.  
I need your help.

NIKOLAI

What is on your mind?

OLGA

Yesterday I helped Igor to steal a van, but unfortunately it was the wrong one: the dead body of his father (*she points at Rafik*) was inside. And now we're looking for the car.

Nikolai doesn't answer to that, but rather looks at Olga and Rafik thoughtfully. Then he rises and walks up and down the room.

NIKOLAI

And ... why do you think I can help you?

OLGA

You know where the van is.

Nikolai comes towards both and stops before Olga.

NIKOLAI

Olga, Olga! ... How long do you know this Arab?

OLGA

Since yesterday.

NIKOLAI

And so you bring him to my place and let him in on the secrets of my business? How can you do such a thing?

The bodyguards have listened to this and stop playing chess. They turn towards the others.

NIKOLAI

You push me into a dilemma, Olga. What shall I do with him now?

OLGA

Help him! He just wants to bury his father. He won't talk. You can trust him.

NIKOLAI

I would really like to trust him. But I can't.

OLGA  
I will vouch for him.

NIKOLAI  
Vouch for him? How? You barely know him!

OLGA  
I know he will keep silent.

Pause. Nikolai walks around, fumbles on his earlobe and thinks hard. Rafik watches Nikolai with concern. Olga starts to sweat.

NIKOLAI  
How can you be so sure, Olga?

OLGA  
I fell in love with him.

Nikolai stops abruptly and looks at her in surprise. Rafik is equally surprised. Then Nikolai starts to laugh.

NIKOLAI  
You fell in love?

Olga also starts to laugh.

OLGA  
Yes, true, I love him.

Nikolai sits down again.

NIKOLAI  
Have you heard that, boys? Olga loves an Arab!

The bodyguards force themselves to grin.

NIKOLAI  
Then give me a proof!

Olga turns to Rafik, takes his head in her hands, pulls him towards her and gives him a long, passionate kiss. At first, Rafik is surprised, but then he responds to the kiss.

NIKOLAI (provoking to Olga)  
Well, how is it ... to kiss an Arab?

Now Rafik stands up and goes towards Nikolai. Monster jumps from the sofa, barks and bites at Rafik's trousers. Rafik kicks the dog off. The bodyguards jump up, pull their guns and aim them at Rafik. Rafik bends down to Nikolai.

RAFIK

You wanna find out? Why don't you try?

Nikolai looks at Rafik without any expression. Then he starts to laugh.

NIKOLAI

You Arabian son of a bitch! You're alright!

**IGOR'S CAR**

**INT.DAY**

Olga, Rafik and Jamal, who dozes on the back seat, drive back to the city center of Jerusalem. Rafik smiles happily. Olga realizes this.

OLGA

Don't pride yourself on this. I've just kissed you to save your life.

Rafik stops to smile. Jamals head appears. A moment later:

OLGA

Did you like it?

RAFIK

It was okay.

That's something to chew on for Olga.

OLGA

Idiot!

Olga stops and parks Igor's car beside a Mercedes. She gets out, Rafik follows her. Both get in the Mercedes. Jamal understands - they change the car - and also follows.

**MERCEDES**

**INT.DAY**

Olga pulls out.

JAMAL

Why another car?

RAFIK

Igor stays here. We drive to Ramallah with the Mercedes.

JAMAL

Ah. ... Why to Ramallah?



RAFIK  
Father's funeral. Already forgotten it?

JAMAL  
Funeral? Without father?

RAFIK  
He's already there.

JAMAL  
Aha.

Olga drives very fast and focused. Rafik looks straight ahead, without saying something.

JAMAL  
What do you mean, he's already there?

RAFIK  
They've sold our car to Ramallah.

JAMAL  
They? Who?

RAFIK  
Olga's friends. They deal with stolen cars.

JAMAL  
Aha. ... This Mercedes... is it also stolen?

Rafik doesn't answer.

JAMAL  
I don't want to drive in a stolen car!

RAFIK  
Do you want to find father, or not?

#### CHECKPOINT CALANDIA

#### EXT.DAY

A few barrells in the middle of the road force the car to reduce speed. A little lodge provides shadow for two soldiers, checking papers. The Israeli flag is hanging beside the green-white flag of the Israeli border police.

Olga stops the car and hands the papers over to the soldier for checking. The soldier walks around the Mercedes, stops beside Olga, inspects the interior of the car and hands her back the papers.

SOLDIER

You have to go to Gate 12, five kilometers to the South.

OLGA

I always drive through here and there have never been any problems.

SOLDIER

If you don't want problems, don't pick up Arabs.

RAFIK

What do you have against Arabs?

SOLDIER

This crossing is only for Israelis.

Rafik shows his blue fake ID card to the soldier.

SOLDIER

Palestinians have to go to Gate 12.

RAFIK (protests)

We are Israelis!

SOLDIER

Gate 12.

#### CHECKPOINT GATE 12 - MERCEDES

INT.EXT.DAY

After a few minutes driving the Mercedes approaches Gate 12 and stops. A soldier checks Olga's papers.

SOLDIER

This Gate is only for Palestinians without cars.

Some people get out of taxi cabs and walk towards the border control station.

RAFIK

Is there also a *normal* crossing, just for *normal* human beings!?

But the soldier is already gone.

OLGA

You go through here. I'll drive back through Calandia and pick you up from the other side.

JAMAL (skeptical)  
Mhm.

Olga looks at Rafik. He nods.

**CHECKPOINT GATE 12**

**EXT.DAY**

Palestinian workers come and go. Some are allowed to pass the  
controll station, others aren't.

Rafik and Jamal sit on the ground looking for some shadow.  
From far away Rafik sees a car coming, shrouded in a cloud of  
dust, but it's not Olga's Mercedes. Rafik looks at his watch.

JAMAL  
She doesn't come! ... The only person, who can  
bring us to father - and she's not coming!

Rafik still doesn't answer. He watches an old Palestinian guy  
with a donkey, selling cold drinks.

JAMAL (OFF)  
You never trust anybody! And if you eventually  
do, it's definitely the wrong one. She has  
stolen your car, has lied to you ...

A soldier asks the old Palestinian to leave the control  
station.

PALESTINIAN  
You don't have the right to send me away. This  
is my land!

SOLDIER  
Wrong, it is my land!

PALESTINIAN  
Your land? Who gave it to you?

The soldiers laugh.

JAMAL (OFF)  
... but you believe her.

SOLDIER  
Who gave us this land? God!

PALESTINIAN  
Did God also give you an extract from the land  
register?

The soldier stops laughing, grabs the box with the drinks and throws it to the ground. Some of the bottles smash.

Now the scene also catches Jamal's attention.

The Palestinian collects his remaining drinks and leaves. One of the soldiers picks up a bottle and looks after the Palestinian.

SOLDIER  
Hey, Grandpa!

The Palestinian doesn't react. The soldier gets angry and hurls the bottle after him. It hits the donkey, which starts to run. The old man runs after his donkey and tries to hold him up. The soldiers laugh.

RAFIK  
The French boil frogs alive. If you throw the frog right into boiling water, it jumps out. But if you turn the heat up gradually, the frog gets used to the heat and dies happily.

JAMAL  
It's the old man's own fault. He should know there will be trouble if you mess with the soldiers.

RAFIK  
You're right. The frogs should never mess with the cooks.

Rafik sees the Mercedes approaching from far away. It's surrounded by a dust cloud. Rafik stands up.

RAFIK  
She's coming!

**MERCEDES**

**EXT.DAY**

A bustling street in Ramallah. The Mercedes approaches.

**MERCEDES**

**INT.DAY**

Olga drives through the narrow streets of Ramallah.

OLGA  
It was not easy to find your van.

She parks the car on the market place of Ramallah.

**RAMALLAH - MARKET PLACE**

**EXT.DAY**

Jamal, Rafik and Olga get out of the Mercedes.

Salesmen offer their goods, shouting out loud. Customers move from one market stand to the other.

OLGA

Go to Abu-Money. But you better not tell him that Nikolai has sent you.

RAFIK

Okay.

She buys a white lily at the market stand.

OLGA

When is the funeral?

RAFIK

Tomorrow, the day after tomorrow, at the latest - hopefully!

Olga gives the lily to Rafik.

OLGA

Put it on his grave.

Pause. They look at each other. Jamal watches the two.

OLGA

Take care of yourselves. If you run into trouble...

RAFIK

We don't run into trouble!

OLGA

If you still do... then wait here at the market place. I come here every day. Nikolai is happy, when I work for him.

Without waiting for an answer she gets into the car and drives away. Rafik and Jamal watch her leaving.

JAMAL

I don't trust her.

Rafik turns to a fat salesman, standing behind a veg stall.

RAFIK  
We look for Abu-Money.

FAT MAN  
Abu-Money? (he throws an evaluating glance at  
them, calls) Y-U-S-U-F!

YUSUF, a young man, appears right away.

FAT MAN  
Bring these two gentlemen to Abu-Money.

**CAR - STREETS OF RAMALLAH**

**INT.EVENING**

Yusuf drives Jamal and Rafik through the streets of Ramallah.  
Evening is dawning.

YUSUF  
You're looking for a car? What about this one?  
I can fix a good price.

JAMAL  
We're looking for a small van.

YUSUF  
5.000 Sheqel and it's yours. Mileage only  
50.000 kilometers.

The brothers don't answer.

YUSUF  
Okay, you want a small van. But don't tell  
Abu-Money that I've made you an offer.

A sign saying "ABU-MONEY USED CARS LTD." points at a car  
dealership around the corner. Yusuf drives up to the place. A  
gigantic parking lot with hundreds of trucks and vans.

**CAR DEALERSHIP "ABU-MONEY"**

**EXT.EVENING**

Jamal and Rafik walk with ABU MONEY along a seemingly endless  
row of small vans. Abu-Money is a tall man with an enormous  
mustache and, with the exception of a three-day growth and a  
scar in his face, he bears some similarity to Mustafa, Rafik  
and Jamals father.

ABU-MONEY  
There's no place with more cars than here at  
Abu-Money's. And I have the best prices. I'm  
sure we can make a deal.

The brothers look around, but they don't find their car. While Rafik keeps on searching around, Jamal is repeatedly looking at Abu-Money. The similarity of the car dealer with his father deeply irritates Jamal. Rafik stops and looks at his brother helplessly.

ABU-MONEY fumbles impatiently at his key bunch.

ABU-MONEY

I've shown you so many cars now, but you don't like any of them. What are you actually looking for?

RAFIK

The one we look for is not here.

Abu-Money is confused. Jamal looks at Rafik. Rafik nods.

JAMAL

We look for a stolen van.

ABU-MONEY

Stolen? On my lot? Who do you think I am? I don't have stolen cars!

Rafik and Jamal look at each other disappointed.

JAMAL

But we've heard, that Nikolai has smuggled our van to this place...

ABU-MONEY (cutting him off)

Nikolai? Never heard of him.

Jamal looks depressed. Abu-Money thinks hard.

ABU-MONEY

Your van has been stolen? Hmm. Well yeah, maybe I can help you.

**CAR DEALERSHIP "ABU-MONEY"**

**EXT. INT. EVENING**

Rafik and Jamal sit at a little table in front of the office shack. Yusuf serves coffee on a tablet for all three of them. Through the glass window Jamal and Rafik watch Abu-Money, who is on the phone.

Abu-Money looks over to the both, smiles and hangs up. Then he comes out.

ABU-MONEY

You're lucky. I have found your car. Yusuf!  
Bring the gentlemen to Shahada.

**RAMALLAH - NARROW STREETS**

**INT.NIGHT**

Yusuf drives Jamal and Rafik through the old town of Ramallah. It's dark, but still hot. Yusuf activates the air conditioning.

JAMAL

The air conditioning isn't bad... how much do you want for the car? 4.000?

Yusuf doesn't answer.

They drive through a narrow and deserted street, illuminated only by some weak street lights. Then Yusuf stops in front of an old house, which is built with ashlar blocks in traditional Palestinian style. Two staircases lead to doors on the first floor, but the first steps are missing. Yusuf points at the wooden door.

YUSUF

Go in there!

Rafik and Jamal remain seated and look at each other sceptically.

YUSUF

Do you want your car or not? Shahada doesn't like waiting.

The brothers get out, watch the building and enter.

**OLD HOUSE**

**INT.NIGHT**

Behind the door is a long, dark corridor. Rafik presses the light switch. But the light doesn't work. After a few meters, the little light falling in through the cracks of the door is fading away. It's pitch-black.

JAMAL

I won't go further.

RAFIK

I will.

TSHHHH! Rafik holds a burning match in his hand.



RAFIK  
I'm a smoker!

Rafik holds the match up and they go on carefully. Their shadows dance across the walls. The flame flickers and is snuffed out by a light breeze. They stop. Rafik lights another match and goes on. Jamal follows him. Soon the match is finished again and Rafik lets it fall down. Absolute silence. Both are surrounded by darkness.

JAMAL  
Why don't you light another match?

RAFIK  
I don't have any more.

JAMAL  
I told you, you smoke too much. What shall we do now?

RAFIK  
I don't know.

JAMAL  
I'll go back...

We first hear his footsteps, then also Rafik's.

RAFIK  
I'll come with you.

Then they hear even more steps behind them. Both start to run. The people behind them also start to run through the darkness. Just before they have reached the weak light, shimmering through the cracks in the entrance door, you can hear two muffled blows. Then everything is silent.

## **GARAGE**

## **INT.DAY**

CLOSE UP: Rafik's eyes are closed. His mouth is sealed with tape, his eyelids flutter. Slowly he's coming to and turns his head aside. Beside him lies Jamal on the concrete floor and looks at him desperately, silent, because his mouth is also sealed. Jamal's arms are stretched backwards and chained with handcuffs to a heating pipe. Rafik moves his arms and realises, that he's also cuffed. *Off Screen* we hear the clicking of dices and a voice.

BASSAM (OFF)  
Two, four.

Rafik looks over his shoulder and sees two men in undefinable uniforms, sitting at a table playing a game of Backgammon. BASSAM is moving his tokens on the board. His opponent rolls the dice.

Obviously they are in a big garage, because in front of them some precious hard tops are standing. Somewhere a door opens. They hear steps coming closer. It's Abu-Money. He holds their ID-cards and looks down upon them.

ABU-MONEY  
Jamal and Rafik Abu Raba. Are these your real names?

Jamal nods, Rafik just looks angry.

ABU-MONEY  
No answer is the wrong answer.

Abu-Money kicks Rafik in his side. Rafik groans loudly.

ABU-MONEY  
Are you ready to talk?

Jamal nods. So, Abu-Money tears off the tape from his mouth. Jamal cries out in pain.

ABU-MONEY  
Wrong answer!

Now he also kicks Jamal. He cries out painfully.

ABU-MONEY  
Again the wrong answer! I hate that!

Abu-Money tears the tape from Rafik's mouth. Rafik tries hard, not to cry out. Abu-Money doesn't like this - he's a bad loser.

ABU-MONEY  
Do you like it like that?

Rafik nods. Abu-Money kicks him.

ABU-MONEY  
Liar! I hate that even more. And now think carefully. For whom do you work?

Jamal gives Rafik a fearful and inquiring look. Shall he tell the truth?

JAMAL

For nobody. We're looking for our father!

RAFIK

His dead body.

JAMAL

He was in the van, which was stolen.

ABU-MONEY

Liar! You are Israeli agents! Who has set you on me?

All the while Abu-Money is kicking at Jamal. Jamal cries out in pain and loses his consciousness. When Abu-Money realizes this, he turns to Rafik.

ABU-MONEY

Do you want to tell me the truth now?

RAFIK

But it is the truth!

Abu-Money gives a mute sign to the Backgammon players. They stand up and tie Rafiks feet with a wire rope, which they connect to the winch of a Land Rover. Bassam pulls the lever and the winch starts to wind. Horrified Rafik sees how the rope slowly tightens. He trembles with fear. Bassam stops the winch. Abu-Money bends over Rafik.

ABU-MONEY

You know now what happens, if you don't tell the truth. From where did you get the Israeli papers?

RAFIK (hesitating)

We always had them... We live in Israel.

ABU-MONEY

The Israelis gave them to you?

RAFIK

Yes.

ABU-MONEY

Traitors! What is a Palestinian with Israeli papers?...

Rafik keeps silent. Abu-Money nods at Bassam, and the winch starts turning again. Rafik moans, as the rope tightens and lifts him from the ground. The winch stops again.

ABU-MONEY (holds his hand at his ear)  
Did you say something?

RAFIK  
A Palestinian!

The winch starts turning. Rafik's body is stretched. He screams.

RAFIK (panicking)  
A traitor!

The winch stops.

ABU-MONEY  
Good answer. And who are you?

RAFIK  
A good Palestinian?

ABU-MONEY  
Correct! And what is a good Palestinian?

Rafik doesn't know. The winch turns again.

RAFIK (cries desperately)  
A terrorist?

ABU-MONEY  
Don't you ever, never call us terrorists! We are the Holy Freedom Fighters. Do you understand that?

The winch is loosened. Rafik falls to the ground and moans.

ABU-MONEY  
Repeat it please!

RAFIK (moans)  
Good Palestinians are Holy Freedom Fighters...

ABU-MONEY  
Correct! And what are you?

RAFIK (unsure)  
A bad Palestinian?

ABU-MONEY  
Correct!

The winch starts to turn again. Rafik cries out.

RAFIK (cries desperately)  
But I've given the correct answer!

ABU-MONEY  
Correct! But you are the enemy!

RAFIK  
I'm Palestinian!

ABU-MONEY (shouts)  
A traitor!

RAFIK (cries)  
No traitor! Just Palestinian!

The winch is slowly turning on. Rafik is stretched again.

RAFIK (cries)  
Palestinian? Traitor? I don't know, what I am.  
What am I!?

Rafik loses his consciousness.

#### **PRISON - CELLAR**

#### **INT.NIGHT**

Rafik and Jamal lie on the bare ground of their new prison. A Freedom Fighter pours a bucketful of water over their heads. They regain consciousness and slowly sit up.

RAFIK  
What... What is this all about?

FREEDOM FIGHTER  
You are collaborators. Tomorrow you will be executed!

The Freedom Fighter turns to go.

JAMAL (shouts)  
We are no collaborators!

FREEDOM FIGHTER  
Maybe.

RAFIK  
Why shall we be executed then?!

FREEDOM FIGHTER (wearily)  
The commander is in a bad mood. . Because of his hemorrhoids. And when the commander is in a bad mood, everybody is a collaborator.

The Freedom Fighter leaves. Jamal and Rafik watch him with a tormented look on their faces as he walks away. This man is the last human being with whom they talk before they'll be executed.

Slowly their eyes adjust to the darkness. They look around. Compared to this the Israeli prison was a five-star hotel.

JAMAL  
It's so sad, to die like that.

RAFIK  
Would you rather have a funny death?

JAMAL  
I disappointed father...

RAFIK  
Why? He loved you. You have been his darling.

Jamal laughs bitterly.

JAMAL  
I've always done what father wanted from me. You've just did, what you wanted, but father has loved you more. He wanted you to lead the company. But you know, that you've broken his very heart, when you've left.

Rafik looks down to the ground.

JAMAL  
Why did you leave us?

RAFIK  
Well, I just love the German Cuisine.

JAMAL  
We only have a few hours to live. Why don't you just tell me the truth.

Rafik sighs.

RAFIK  
Do you remember father, when he danced so close to aunt Samira at your wedding? They'd met secretly for years.

Jamal looks at Rafik, not believing him.

RAFIK  
Maybe I'm wrong...

JAMAL

You can bet your ass on that!

Jamal sits down. After a while he turns to Rafik.

JAMAL

How did you find out?

Rafik shrugs his shoulders.

RAFIK

Aunt Samira has always given him little dolls from her souvenir shop, for his rear view mirror. When we were young, we've called her „Dancer of the Week“. Do you remember?

Jamal smiles.

RAFIK

I've seen father coming out of that shop...

Jamal stops laughing.

JAMAL

She's our aunt. Father may visit her anytime.

RAFIK

At 1 a.m.?

Jamal holds his breath.

RAFIK

He begged me not to tell it to anybody. Two weeks later I went to Germany.

JAMAL

Good for you. You do a good business...

RAFIK (cutting him off)

No business. Not in Germany and also nowhere else. I've worked in a restaurant ... in the kitchen. I didn't want father to know, what kind of a loser I am.

Jamal needs a few seconds to understand, what Rafik has said.

JAMAL

You're not a loser, Rafik.

RAFIK

Of course I am, and you know what? I've envied you because you have been home all the time.

Jamal starts to laugh.

JAMAL

That's a joke. I always thought, *I* was the loser in our family. I've envied you, when you've been washing dishes!

Jamal stops laughing.

JAMAL

But ... It would have been nice having you with us!

RAFIK

That would have never worked out. Looking into Mamas eyes, while father cheats on her - and say nothing?

Jamal looks at Rafik tenderly.

RAFIK

Father has loved Samira ever since they were kids. But his parents never asked him.

JAMAL

Nobody asked me either.

RAFIK

You're lucky. Alia is a wonderful woman.

Jamals eyes moisten.

JAMAL

Alia is the most wonderful woman in the world. Sometimes I fear that she's looking for a better man. A strong man, like, like ... how do you know that she's a wonderful woman, anyway?

RAFIK

Isn't she? ... I never had anything going with her, if you mean that.

Jamal looks at Rafik.

JAMAL

One day you will also find the woman of your life.



Suddenly they hear somebody scream. The brothers look scared. The screaming gets weaker until they just hear the weeping of another prisoner. A guard offers them cigarettes through the bars. Rafik takes one and lights it. Jamal takes one as well. Rafik is surprised and lights his cigarette. Together they smoke silently.

JAMAL

You know, Rafik, with you I feel secure.

RAFIK

Thank you.

The moonlight falls upon their faces.

JAMAL

Look how beautiful the moon is.

Rafik looks up to the moon.

RAFIK

We lose him.

Jamal looks at his brother. He doesn't understand, what he means.

RAFIK

Every day the moon moves away from the earth a few inches. In three million years he will have left the earth's gravitational field and get lost in the universe. Forever.

JAMAL (shocked)

That's terrible! Without a moon ...

RAFIK

Don't worry. We'll be already dead then.

JAMAL

To die like that, without a ...

Jamal stumbles. Rafik give him a questioning look.

RAFIK

Moon?

JAMAL

Woman, you know ... you were right... I have never slept with a woman ... It's so sad to die without once having ...

Rafik embraces Jamal. Tears of relief rise to Jamals eyes.

RAFIK

I had so many women - but it doesn't help when you die.

**CUT TO:**

Morning. Rafik and Jamal wake up, as the Freedom Fighters throw a new prisoner into the cell. He falls down, stands up again and pats off the dust from his shirt. He offers his hand to Jamal.

MUNIR

Good morning. I'm Munir.

JAMAL

Jamal. This is my brother Rafik.

MUNIR

Pleased to meet you. What has lead you here?

**CUT TO:**

Outside the Freedom Fighters play a game of Backgammon.

**CUT TO:**

Munir and the brothers sit on the ground and talk to each other.

JAMAL

... on the way to the funeral the Russian girl stole the corpse...

RAFIK

Actually, she stole the car... and she also didn't pay for the breakfast....

MUNIR

And now you're going to die because of this breakfast?

JAMAL

No. Yes, in a certain way... They say we are collaborators, but actually it's only because of the hemorrhoids (he realizes, that Munir understands nothing) Ah, it's too complicated. Why don't they like you?

MUNIR

Football.

The brothers look at him, not understanding.

MUNIR

I'm a fan of „*Hapoel Jerusalem*". Beside that, it's easier to get along with the Israelis, if you are a football fan.

JAMAL

*Hapoel*-Fan? The only team in Jerusalem, that knows how to play football is "*Beitar*".

MUNIR

Beitar plays brutally tough and without brains, and Beitar fans are all idiots.

Munir is preparing a comfortable bed of straw for himself on the ground.

JAMAL

You call me an idiot?

Jamal stands up.

JAMAL

Nobody has ever dared to call me an idiot. Take it back!

Munir ignores Jamal. Jamal jumps at Munir and throws him to the ground. They fight on the straw.

JAMAL

Take it back! Listen, take it back!

Rafik tries to separate the both, but he gets hit on the nose instead. In anger he strikes back, but he hits Jamal instead of Munir. Three Freedom Fighters, who hear the fighting, rush into the cell, and manage to separate them with great effort. The soldiers drag the prisoners into the yard.

#### QUARTERS - YARD

EXT.DAY

The Freedom Fighters push Jamal, Rafik and Munir into the yard with their hands tied. They put the prisoners up against the wall, which is already blood-stained from previous executions. It's cold, the prisoners are freezing. Jamal weeps.

RAFIK

I love you, brother.

GUARD

Don't talk!

Jamal smiles through his tears at Rafik.

The sun rises quickly. Flies are humming and annoy the prisoners. At 8 a.m. Abu-Money appears with ten masked Freedom Fighters. One of the fighters is filming the execution with a video camera on a tripod. Another Fighter hands over the verdict to Abu-Money.

ABU-MONEY

You are accused of collaboration with the Israeli enemy. You took Israeli citizenship and betrayed your brothers. In the name of the Palestinian people I sentence you to death!

Jamal loses consciousness. Two soldiers help him getting up again. Abu-Money offers a last cigarette to the prisoners.

Jamal stares at Abu-Money with tears in his eyes. But it's not Abu-Money, it's "Mustafa", standing in front of him. Jamal himself is a 12-year old boy. Jamal hallucinates. "Mustafa" bends down to Jamal and smells at his mouth.

MUSTAFA (threatening)

Did you smoke, Jamal?

Little Jamal starts to cry. Mustafa hits him in the face.

LITTLE JAMAL

Rafik has given it to me. I'm sorry, father! I will never smoke again!

Mustafa looks at Little Rafik.

LITTLE RAFIK

Liar! Jamal is a liar!

Mustafa hits Rafik in the face.

LITTLE RAFIK (to Jamal)

You will pay for that! I'll kill you!

Abu-Money puts the cigarettes back in his pocket and gives an order to one of his soldiers. Rafik looks at Jamal full of hate. The soldiers aim their guns at the prisoners. Jamal starts to pray. Munir stands proudly and shouts out:

MUNIR

Kadima Hapoel! (*Go Hapoel* - the battle cry of Hapoel-fans).

Jamal is puzzled, but then he closes his eyes and shouts:

JAMAL

Yalla Beitar Yalla! (*Go Beitar* - the battle

call of Beitar-fans).

They hear an explosion and fall to the ground. When they open their eyes, they see a Freedom Fighter lying dead on the ground, while other fighters attack the yard.

Rafik jumps up and runs for his life. After having gained some distance, he realises, that Jamal is not with him. He looks back and sees, how Jamal stares at a pair of boots, which have doubtlessly belonged to Abu-Money.

RAFIK (calls)  
What are you doing? Come on!

JAMAL (looks about)  
Abu-Money. We tell Mama, that it is father.

Rafik looks at Jamal dumbfounded. Close to the boots they find Abu-Moneys nose.

RAFIK  
You want to bring Mama this!??

Suddenly Rafik sees an assailant, aiming a weapon at them.

## TRUCK

## INT.DAY

Tied to each other, Rafik and Jamal lie in a truck, which drives too fast on a bad road. They're getting thrown from one corner to the other. Dust clouds enshroud the open truck. Jamal and Rafik can't hardly breathe.

JAMAL  
Rafik...

Rafik doesn't answer.

JAMAL  
I'm sorry

RAFIK  
Don't bother me!

JAMAL  
You have the right to be angry with me...  
but...

RAFIK (cutting him off)  
We were already free, but you had to look for a nose! If I wouldn't already hate you, I'd start right now!

JAMAL (offended)  
A few minutes ago, you said, that you love me...

RAFIK  
That was a few minutes ago, shortly before your death.

#### HEADQUARTERS OF THE ISLAMIC JIHAD

INT.DAY

Jamal and Rafik sit on the ground in a small cell, each of them in a different corner. Both look lost and stare down to the ground. Then they hear a cry from outside and people laughing out loud. Jamal, who sits beside the door, stands up and looks out through the little peephole.

Suddenly he lets himself fall down to the ground, protects his head with his hands and listens. When nothing happens, he crawls back into his corner.

Rafik watches him. Since Jamal says nothing, he doesn't ask. He waits... then stands up to look through the hole by himself.

P.O.V. Rafik: The guards outside are obviously bored. They pass time by throwing hand grenades to each other, preferably with a risk, so that there is a thrill. They shout „Come On!“ and „Got it!“

As soon as Rafik has seen that, he also throws himself to the ground, then crawls to the other side of the door, where he gives Jamal an angry glance.

Then there's silence outside. The door opens. Munir, now wearing a uniform, steps into the room with two armed soldiers. Rafik and Jamal jump up.

MUNIR  
Welcome to the Regiment of the Islamic Jihad.

Munir embraces Rafik, then the even more sceptical Jamal.

MUNIR  
Brother!

Both receive a brotherly kiss.

**HEADQUARTERS OF THE ISLAMIC JIHAD**

**EXT.DAY**

The yard is full of soldiers of the Islamic Jihad. Munir is standing on the ramp and lifts his arm. Everbody goes silent.

MUNIR  
We have shared a prison cell. That means, we are now...

Jamal and Rafik strech out their arms.

JAMAL & RAFIK  
Brothers!

SOLDIERS (shouting)  
Brothers!

The soldiers shoot into the air. Rafik and Jamal look at each other desperately.

**LATER:**

A lamb hangs above the fire. The soldiers eat and talk to each other loudly. A young man with a wooden pole on his shoulders walks around and offers cold drinks, which he carriers in two buckets, hanging down at the sides. Chewing on, Jamal takes a bottle of coke, as he understands that the young man doesn't have arms at all. Munir realises Jamals astonishment.

MUNIR (to Jamal)  
Chakim was about to become one of our best men. But then... last June, he forgot to change his detonator to Daylight Saving Time.

Jamal is shocked and stops chewing.

MUNIR  
Do you like the lamb?

JAMAL  
... Very good...

MUNIR  
It's a free lamb. It has eaten the grass of a free Palestine!

Rafik holds up a leg of lamb.

RAFIK  
Here's to the free lambs of Palestine,  
brothers!

JAMAL  
It's a great honour, to become your brothers.

MUNIR  
No, no. The biggest honour is to be a brother  
of the whole Palestinian people.

JAMAL  
That's true! I'm really looking forward to be  
a brother of the whole Palestinian people.

Munir stops eating and gives a sign. Everybody becomes silent.  
He embraces Jamal and kisses him.

MUNIR  
I'm proud of you, brother!

Everybody shouts. Jamal is confused. He looks at Rafik, who  
just shrugs his shoulders.

MUNIR  
Brothers! Jamal has just expressed his wish,  
to go on a Holy Mission!

Cheers, applause and many shots into the air. Rafik's breath  
is caught in his throat.

RAFIK (panicking)  
No! He's not ready for a Holy Mission.

MUNIR  
Have you seen how you're brother has fought  
for his football team? If everybody would  
fight like that, then we would have got our  
country back long ago. You should be proud  
having him as a brother.

#### **HEADQUARTERS OF THE ISLAMIC JIHAD**

**EXT.DAY**

Jamal, Rafik and other learners take part in a sabotage  
workshop. Hand grenades, detonators and mines lie on a  
blanket.

HABIB, the teacher, a small guy with glasses, takes a hand  
granade.



HABIB

Hand grenade. Not innocuous. Catch!

Habib throws the hand grenade to Rafik. Rafik tries to catch it, but it slips from his hands. Rafik reacts fast as lightning and kicks it with his thigh back into the air again, until he finally catches it after much ado and fooling around like a jerk. When he's finally made it, sweat is pouring down his face. Everybody laughs.

HABIB

To make it explode, you have to remove the safety pin first.

Habib takes the hand grenade from Rafik's hands and removes the safety pin. Everybody throws themselves to the ground, put their hands above their heads and close their eyes. Nothing happens.

HABIB

Now stand up!

Habib shows the striker lever of the grenade.

HABIB

As long as I hold the lever, it cannot explode.

Everybody rises slowly. The learners are rattled.

HABIB

When I throw the grenade, the lever falls off, then it takes another four seconds, until it explodes. That's enough to take cover.

Habib prepares to throw the grenade. The learners throw themselves to the ground.

HABIB

Shall I throw it?

EVERYBODY

No!

HABIB

Correct! That would be a big mistake. The grenade flies through the air for two seconds until it reaches its goal. The enemy catches it and throws it back. Another four seconds and then - BOOM! - You're dead!

EVERYBODY  
No!

The learners watch Habib from their secure position on the ground and try to anticipate, what he will do next.

HABIB  
You let the lever fall down and count until four...

Habib lets the lever fall down. It goes CLICK! All learners retreat their heads and protect it with their hands.

HABIB  
CLICK! Two.. three... four!

Habib throws the greanade into a ditch.

HABIB  
Five, six, seven ...

BOOM! A detonation causes a pandemonium and blows up a cloud of dust. The learners rise with mixed emotions of fear and relief.

HABIB  
The most important thing is: When you hear it go "CLICK", you'll have for seconds left, until it explodes.

Habib takes another grenade and removes the safety pin.

HABIB  
But when you hear it go "CLACK"...

Habib lets the lever fall off, holds the grenade to his ear to hear the difference. A silent „clack“ can be heard. Everybody throws themselves down to the ground, hold their hands above their heads and close their eyes. Nothing happens.

HABIB  
"Clack". That was a dud bomb. Did you hear the difference?

EVERYBODY  
No!

**HEADQUARTERS OF THE ISLAMIC JIHAD**

**EXT.NIGHT**

In the evening there's a farewell ceremony for the new martyrs. All of the fighters are masked with nylon stockings.

The only ones, who don't wear masks, Rafik and Jamal, sit in front of a videocamera. All are waiting for their speech. Rafik rises. For a while he doesn't know what to say. Eventually he starts to talk.

RAFIK

Dear mother, when you'll hear these words, I won't live anymore. I will die, without fulfilling your wish, because I didn't succeed in guiding father to his eternal resting place. Forgive me.

Tears rise to Rafik's eyes. Rafik turns to Jamal.

RAFIK

Forgive me, brother. You won't see your wife Alia again. It's my fault.

The fighters are listening spellbound.

RAFIK

Father! I have disappointed you. I have been angry with you, but I've always loved you. I miss you. We have built a wall between ourselves. That was wrong. We don't need walls. We need hope and...

Rafik starts to sob. The fighters also have tears in their eyes, even though they don't understand what Rafik is talking about.

#### HEADQUARTERS OF THE ISLAMIC JIHAD

EXT.NIGHT

It's still dark outside, when Jamal and Rafik set out for their last journey. Munir blesses and kisses them. Then they are kissed by all their new "friends". Munir opens a garage to show them the vehicle for their suicide mission. Jamal and Rafik exchange glances. It's their own van. Munir opens the rear door and looks at the air conditioners.

MUNIR

Is it a good air conditioning?

JAMAL

Westinghouse.

Munir jumps in the van and checks both air conditioners. He points at one of them.

JAMAL

700.

Munir motions two soldiers to jump into the van and take out the air conditioners.

MUNIR

We turn the other one into a bomb.

**VAN**

**EXT.DAY**

The van drives along a country road. A pastoral landscape. A shepherd tends his sheep.

**VAN ON A COUNTRY ROAD**

**INT.DAY**

Rafik sits at the wheel. In the rear view mirror he sees the black car of Munir, following them. Rafik looks over to Jamal.

JAMAL

Do you think we will reach Jerusalem with the bomb?

RAFIK

No. We're finished at the next checkpoint

JAMAL

Will the Israelis arrest us!?

RAFIK

No. They'll rather shoot us.

Pause.

JAMAL

They would?

RAFIK

No! Before that Munir will blow us up. He doesn't want to go to Jerusalem, he just wants the checkpoint.

**BLACK CAR**

**INT.DAY**

Habib, at the wheel, drives after the van. Beside him sits Munir with a remote detonator.

HABIB

What if there are also Palestinians?

Munir gives Habib a grim look.

MUNIR

They all fight for freedom! They will die for Palestine!

**VAN**

**INT.DAY**

Rafik looks at Jamal with an intensive stare.

RAFIK

Do you wanna die for Palestine?

JAMAL

Bullshit! We'll jump.

RAFIK

So? How should we do that? Shall we leave our hands and feet in here?

Rafik looks at Jamal. His hands and feet are tied with wire, connected to a couple of handgrenades. Every attempt to get out of the van will inevitably lead to an explosion.

JAMAL

First we have to free ourself.

RAFIK

Good idea! Don't hesitate...

Rafik looks at the hand grenades, which are fastened to Jamals hands. If he takes one hand off the wheel, the grenade will detonate. Jamal gives Rafik a questioning look.

RAFIK

Bite on this and hold the lever tight with your mouth, then I can free myself.

Jamal looks doubtfully at Rafik with one of these glances saying, *Do-you-really-think-that-will-work?*

RAFIK

Simply bite on it and don't let go. It will work.

Jamal moves carefully back and forth and tries to loosen the wires around his body. He permanently keeps an eye on the hand grenade attached to his body. With every movement he pulls out the safety pin a little further. Again he bends over the wheel, only an inch is missing.

JAMAL  
I cannot reach it!

RAFIK (begging)  
Just one inch, Jamal! Or would you rather die  
as a martyr?

Jamal urges himself forward with a powerful yank and pushes the striker lever of the hand grenade down with his mouth. You can hear teeth hitting metal. The safety pin has nearly fallen out and holds the lever only by a few millimeters. It's a miracle that the lever has not yet jumped off. Jamal doesn't dare to move. Drops of sweat are on his forehead.

JAMAL  
Ih'v go- id... (I've got it!).

From the corner of his eye Jamal looks up at Rafik. Rafik takes his right hand carefully away from the steering wheel. The safety pins are moving. Rafik looks at the hand grenade attached to the wheel, as if he tries to hypnotize it and pulls his hand away a little more, very carefully.

JAMAL  
Cmm - ohh. (Come on!)

With a quick movement of his hand Rafik grabs the hand grenade from Jamal's mouth. The safety pin falls out, but Rafik holds the lever tight.

RAFIK  
Got it! Now the other one!

Rafik puts the safety pin back into the grenade and accelerates.

**BLACK CAR**

**INT.DAY**

Munir realizes, that the van drives faster, pulling a dust cloud along with it. He also accelerates.

**VAN**

**INT.DAY**

Jamal holds the hand grenade. The safety pins are gone, but he hold the lever. Jamal looks over to the air conditioner on the loading space.

JAMAL  
Kind of funny to drive with 50 kilos of  
dynamite, isn't it?

Rafik doesn't answer.

JAMAL  
I have changed the indication on the air  
conditioner. This is a plain air conditioner  
worth of 700 Sheqel.

Jamal proudly smiles at Rafik.

RAFIK (shocked)  
You, you did WHAT!?

JAMAL  
You've got me right. Munir is sitting on a  
bomb.

RAFIK  
Me too...

JAMAL  
What do you mean?

RAFIK  
I've also changed the indication.

Jamal looks at Rafik, puzzled. Then he looks fearfully at the  
air conditioner.

JAMAL  
The bomb is...

RAFIK  
Here! We sit on it...

Jamal is running scared. His eyes still stick to the air  
conditioner.

RAFIK  
I'll count until three, then we jump. One...

JAMAL  
Maybe we better count together.

RAFIK  
Okay. Are you ready?

JAMAL  
Yes. (together) One, ...two... Wait!

Rafik gives Jamal a questioning look.

JAMAL  
You're counting too fast.

RAFIK  
What do you mean, too fast?

JAMAL  
I've got to prepare myself.

Rafik takes a deep breath. He can't take it anymore.

RAFIK  
Prepare ... I understand. Ready?

JAMAL  
Yes.

RAFIK  
Okay. One...

**BLACK CAR**

**INT.DAY**

Munir sits in his car with the remote detonator on his lap. He looks ahead to the van, driving in a distance of 50 meters in front of him.

MUNIR  
They will try to escape. They think they are clever. But they think wrong.

**VAN**

**INT.DAY**

Jamal holds the hand grenade tight, lets the lever go.

RAFIK  
... three! Jump!

Rafik and Jamal open the doors and jump left and right out of the driving van.

**BLACK CAR**

**INT.DAY**

MUNIR  
I have seen, how they have exchanged the indication. I've put it back on the bomb.



Munir pushes the button of the remote detonator.

**OPEN FIELD**

**EXT.DAY**

BOOM! An explosion.

Rafik is rolling over the ground and looks back. Instead of Munir's car there's now only a cloud of dust. Nothing is left of the car.

Rafik stands up and checks if he's hurt somewhere by patting on himself. Dust is dispersed from his clothes. He looks about and sees Jamal staggering towards him with the hand grenade in his hand. Rafik takes a step back.

RAFIK (panicking)  
Stay where you are!

Jamal looks helplessly at the grenade in his hand.

RAFIK  
Now throw that thing away! Do you hear me?  
Throw it far away!

Jamal doesn't react. He just stares helplessly.

RAFIK  
What are you waiting for? Come on!

JAMAL  
Can't! I have a cramp.

Jamal reaches out with his hand to Rafik. But Rafik rather moves a few more steps back.

RAFIK  
Jamal, listen closely to me. Open your hand now! Open your damned hand! OPEN IT!!!

Jamal opens his hand. CLICK! The lever of the hand grenade springs off. Rafik throws himself down to the ground.

RAFIK  
Throw it away!!!

Jamal picks up the grenade with his left hand and throws it away - but not very far. It falls down on a hill, about 20 meters away... and rolls back towards the both!

Jamal throws himself down, too. Both cover their heads with their hands and wait until... BOOM! The hand grenade explodes.

Rafik stands up and wipes the sweat from his forehead. Then also Jamal stands up.

**VAN**

**EXT. DAY**

Rafik opens the rear door of the van. Jamal jumps in, kneels down and opens the bag with Mustafas dead body.

JAMAL  
Forgive me, father...

RAFIK (cutting him off)  
You can cuddle with Daddy later. We don't have time.

For a short moment Jamal embraces the dead body of his father. Then he stands up and pulls Mustafa out of the van. Suddenly there's a loud CLICK!

RAFIK (shouting)  
Another grenade!

JAMAL  
Father!

Jamal and Rafik grab Mustafa at his arms and legs and run with him as fast as they can.

JAMAL (and RAFIK together)  
Seven! Six! Five! Four! Three! Two!

They throw themselves to the ground, close their eyes and wait for the explosion - which doesn't happen. Jamal looks at the van.

JAMAL  
Dud bumb. It went "Clack", not "Click". A "Clack" doesn't explode.

RAFIK  
Bullshit! There's no difference.

Jamal stands up.

JAMAL  
Of course there's a difference. Habib said...

BOOOOM! The hand grenade in the van has exploded. Earth and stones rain down upon the brothers. The shock wave pushes Jamal to the ground.

JAMAL

A van and an air conditioner for 700, that's a loss of 18 thousands and 700 Sheqel.

**RAMALLAH - MARKET PLACE / VAN**

**EXT.INT.DAY**

It's very early in the morning. The market place is deserted. An old Peugeot is driving down the street and stops before a bench. The driver is much older than his car and all his window panes are wound down. On the back seat are Rafik and Jamal and between them dead Mustafa.

The doors open, they both get out and also take out their dead father.

JAMAL

Thank you!

CLOSE UP: The face of the driver, who is looking wilfully ahead and rolls his eyes. He's initiated.

JAMAL (OFF)

Come father, we're nearly there.

RAFIK (OFF)

Just a little bit further on.

Both guide their father to the bench. The driver looks at Mustafa's feet, which are dragged across the ground. Shaking his head he accelerates and drives away.

Rafik and Jamal sit on the bench, dead Mustafa in the middle. By and by, some people show up in the market place, all in a hurry.

**LATER:**

The market place is full of people, but nobody takes notice of the three.

JAMAL

Do you think she will come?

RAFIK

She promised.

A CHILD plays nearby. It comes closer and stops in front of them. Rafik gives her an evil look. The child goes back a few steps, but keeps on looking at them. Then it runs away to its mother.

Rafik and Jamal watch as the child talks excitedly to its mother and points at them. The mother briefly looks over to the bench, then shakes her head. She takes the child by the hand and tries to leave. But the child protests. Rafik and Jamal are alarmed, when the child breaks away and runs to a policeman. It tears at his uniform and points at the bench. The policeman comes with the child in their direction. Jamal stands up.

RAFIK (whispers)  
Stay seated.

Jamal ignores Rafik and goes over to the fruit stall nearby.

Rafik looks toward the policeman. He comes straight towards Rafik.

RAFIK (whispers)  
Come back, idiot!

Jamal takes a pineapple, examines it and tries to put it in his pocket. The seller watches Jamal.

SELLER  
12 Sheqel.

Jamal turns away and starts to run. The seller shouts after him.

SELLER  
A thief! Hold the thief!

The policeman hears the seller shouting and Jamal running away. He changes direction and runs after Jamal. But he's too slow, so Jamal manages to escape. Rafik smiles, relieved.

**LATER:**

It's midday, hardly any shadow, the market place is even more crowded. A passerby throws a newspaper in a dust bin beside Rafik. Rafik takes out the newspaper, puts one page into Mustafa's hand and holds the other page himself, pretending they would read together.

Jamal returns. He produces a pair of sunglasses, puts it on Mustafa's face and sits down beside Rafik.

Rafik looks at Jamal with a different attitude.

RAFIK  
Good.

Jamal smiles happily and stands up.

JAMAL

I'm around, if you should need me.

Jamal leaves again.

A STREET SWEEPER slowly approaches the bench. Rafik quickly looks at him, then starts to read to his father from the newspaper.

RAFIK

Two cars have exploded near Ramallah. Two people dead in one car, the occupants of the second one have disappeared. As of yet there are no indication concerning the culprits. Do the remains of an air conditioner bear any clues for the police?

The street sweeper now sweeps under the bench. Rafiks feet are bothering him.

SWEEPER

I'm sorry.

Rafik lifts his feet, when he sees the policeman returning to the market place.

RAFIK

27 guerilla fighters dead. Among the dead was also the corpse of infamous Taufik Al-Hadidi, also known as car dealer Abu-Money.

The street sweeper is now standing behind Rafik and Mustafa. Intrigued, he looks over the shoulder of the dead into the newspaper.

SWEEPER

They've just found his nose.

The policeman sees the two reading and talking. He gives it a brief thought, then goes on.

The street sweeper now realises Mustafa's stench and recedes.

RAFIK

A new perfume. Cool Water Number 7.

SWEEPER

Not for me. My wife would throw me out.

The street sweeper keeps on sweeping and moves away from the

bench until he disappears.

Sunset. In the meantime the market place is nearly empty.

**LATER:**

It's nearly dark. Nobody is around, except for Rafik and dead Mustafa, sitting on the bench. Jamal returns and sits down beside Rafik. From time to time Jamal looks over to Rafik, as if he wants to say something to him, but then he turns away again. Eventually Jamal decides to speak.

JAMAL  
Let's go.

Rafik doesn't move.

JAMAL  
Why do you still think she's coming?

RAFIK  
Would Alia come?

JAMAL  
Alia loves me.

Rafik sighs, then he stands up wearily. Jamal also rises.

At this moment they see a brand new Mercedes Benz S-Class coming around the corner. Olga. Rafik smiles at Jamal. Jamal returns the smile.

Olga stops the Mercedes in front of the bench, gets out and opens the back door of the Mercedes.

**MERCEDES**

**INT.DAY**

Olga drives out of town. Rafik sits beside Olga, Jamal with Mustafa on the back seat.

JAMAL  
You've really looked for us every day?

OLGA (laughs)  
Nikolai doesn't mind to sell a car every day.

Pause.

OLGA  
Beside that... he likes you. He was worried about you.

Rafik looks at Olga. She smiles at him and puts her hand on his.

**MERCEDES - VILLAGE ENTRANCE**

**INT.DAY**

Olga, Rafik and Jamal drive on a narrow, unpaved road across a hill. Rafik lights a cigarette, takes a deep drag and hands it on to Olga. She takes one whiff and hands it back.

A sign informs them, that they have reached the village of Karem.

RAFIK

There, the house with the big rose bushes at the fence.

Olga parks the car in front of the house. For a moment nobody talks.

Through the huge living room window they see the family: Mama, Alia, Latifa and old Grandmother.

**ABU RABA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

**INT.NIGHT**

The family is still celebrating the wedding - and at the same time the farewell of their dead father. Bride and groom sit at the middle of the table, Jamal in one of his father's old suit, which is a little too big for him, and Alia in her wedding dress. Rafik and Olga sit across from them, Mama and Grandmother sit on opposite sides of the table. Mama and Grandmother are the only ones who wear mourning. It's an atmosphere of muted happiness. Latifa sits on Rafik's lap and chows down on Baclava.

Jamal stands up to deliver a speech. Mama looks at her son with pride.

JAMAL

Dear ones, every bad time also holds something good. We children have lost our father - Mama has lost her beloved husband....

Mama wipes a tear from her eyes.

JAMAL

...Grandma has lost her son...

Everybody looks at Grandma. But she is too old to realise Jamal's speech and vividly munches on.

JAMAL

Despite all that I'm happy because I've just married the best woman in the world.

Jamal looks lovingly at Alia, who smiles back at him.

JAMAL

And - after the adventure, we've been through together, I know now, that I also have the best brother in the world. (with an ironic smile towards Rafik), although he did his very best to hide it from me.

LATIFA

But I knew that all the time!

She embraces her brother and everybody laughs. Even Mama, under tears.

LATIFA

Ik liebe dich! (*I love you, in German*)

Everybody laughs. Mama looks at Olga. You can tell, that Mama doesn't really like her.

#### **LATER**

A backgammon board on the table. Jamal rolls the dice.

JAMAL

Six five.

He moves his white pieces and removes a couple of Rafik's black ones from the board.

Rafik keeps a straight face.

#### **ABU RABA HOUSE - KITCHEN**

**INT.NIGHT**

Mama angrily scrubs a pot, when Olga enters the kitchen with the dirty dishes and puts them on the sink.

OLGA

Can I help?

Mama turns away from Olga with ostentation.

MAMA

You don't have to.



The coldness in Mamas voice doesn't escape Olga, but she tries to ignore it. Olga takes a dishcloth and starts to dry the dishes.

MAMA

Listen! You've had some fun with my boy. But you won't get anything else.

OLGA

Who said, that I want anything else?

Mama dries her hands and turns towards Olga.

MAMA

I know exactly what's going on! A Jewish woman with a Palestinian! That will never work!

Olga gets silent.

MAMA

And I'm old enough to know that. So say goodbye to my son and drive back home. And don't talk to me about „love"! There's no love between our people.

Olga is rather offended by what she has just heard. But also upset. She speaks loudly.

OLGA

People? Which people? - The Russians, they have called me a dirty Jew...

**ABU RABA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

**INT.NIGHT**

At the gambling table everybody hears the loud voice of Olga and stops playing.

OLGA (OFF)

... because my father was a Jew. To the Jews I'm a Russian bitch, because my mother was Russian. And to you Palestinians I'm a Jew again. You are not any different than the others! Jewish! Not Jewish! ...

Rafik stands up and goes to the kitchen. Everybody follows him, except for Grandma, who stays at the table, munching on.

**ABU RABA HOUSE - KITCHEN**

**INT.NIGHT**

Olga is so busy with her speech, that she doesn't realise Rafik standing in the kitchen door, behind him Jamal, Alia and Latifa.

OLGA

... Isn't it crazy? I'm a woman ... and I want to love a man - it's simple like that! Can't you just be a normal human being in this country!?

Without waiting for Rafik's mother to answer, Olga turns around and leaves. Only then she realizes the rest of the family. She passes them and leaves the house.

Rafik gives Mama a reproachful glance. Then he runs after Olga.

**IN FRONT OF ABU RABA HOUSE**

**INT.NIGHT**

Olga is sitting in the Mercedes. Rafik stands in front of the window.

RAFIK

If you'll leave, I'll leave, too!

Olga looks the other way, then she turns to Rafik and smiles with tears in her eyes..

OLGA

Your mother was right. We just don't fit - we're too different.

Rafik bends down to Olga.

RAFIK

What are you? Jew? Russian? You don't know it yourself! - And me? Palestinian? Israeli? German? I don't know it, either. We both, we don't fit in anywhere - so we perfectly fit together.

**ABU RABA HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

**INT.NIGHT**

Jamal, Alia and Mama sit at the table. There's a bad mood. Jamal bends over the table towards Mama.

JAMAL

If you don't give in, you will lose him.

Mama doesn't answer.

JAMAL

Mama, did you get that straight?

At this moment Rafik and Olga enter the living room. They stand hand in hand at the door and look at Mama.

Mama looks at Olga and Rafik, then all-around the room. Everybody is waiting for her decision. Mama takes a deep breath and stands up. She wants to say something, then changes her mind, goes up to Olga and embraces her. Everybody smiles in relief.

Suddenly you hear the screeching tires of a car braking in front of the house. The door opens and Nikolai stands there. He understands what's going on right away.

NIKOLAI

You want that crazy Arab, Olga? There you go, I won't stand in your way. But I want my Mercedes back!

Pale faced, Olga gives Nikolai back the car key. Nikolai takes it and turns to go. On the door he turns back again to Olga.

NIKOLAI

"Mazel Tov" (Yiddish: Good Luck)

Nikolai leaves. We hear cars driving off with screeching tires. Olga leaves the house. We hear her bursting out laughing. All the others run after her.

#### **VILLAGE NEAR RAMALLAH - ABU RABA HOUSE**

**EXT.DAY**

Outside there's a brand-new VW camper, decorated with a silver favour. On it, there's a writing in Hebrew, English - and now also in Russian - that says: *Abu Raba Bros. - Construction work and House Renovation*

RAFIK

Put it into the garage.

JAMAL

I won't drive a stolen car.

RAFIK

It's just like any other car. Gas pedal on the right, brake in the middle.

Jamal hesitates, gets in the van and drives it into the garage.

**CEMETARY**

**EXT. DAY**

Mustafa's coffin stands beside the open grave. Mama's crying. Jamal supports her on one side, Rafik on the other. The rest of the family gathers around her.

Four Muslim priests in traditional garb finish their prayer, lift up the coffin and let it down into the grave.

WHOOOSH!!! A fighter jet flies low above the heads of the mourners in the direction of Ramallah. Everybody ducks and looks up startled. Bombs fall onto the city. The noise of explosions comes nearer and nearer.

Olga clutches Rafik and looks up fearfully. Suddenly she hears the terrible howling of a bomb, coming straight towards them. Rafik throws himself onto Olga to protect her with his own body.

The other mourners have also thrown themselves to the ground. The bomb explodes nearby with a terrible noise. Earth and stone rain down upon the people lying on the ground.

When the dust settles, Rafik sees Jamal standing upright at the grave, holding out his fist against the sky.

RAFIK (shouts)  
Are you nuts? Do you want to die?

JAMAL  
This is my land! I have the right to stand here!

Rafik looks at his brother with admiration. Then he also looks up.

RAFIK  
Me too!

By and by all family members take each others hands and look westwards towards the Israeli border.

Then they realize that somebody is missing. The brothers look around, searching, and everybody follows their eyes. Above the edge of the grave we see the four heads of the priests - peeping out with a fearful glance.

**THE END**