

GAZA

by

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First Draft

GAZA CITY

- the crackle of machine gun fire -
- teeming STREET BOYS, swarming over rubble, cheering, eyes shining in the sun, glazed with adrenaline as

HAMAS FIGHTERS

In BLUE GREY CAMOUFLAGES and BLACK BALACLAVAS, fire at

FATAH FIGHTERS

In BLACK COMBATS and BLACK BALACLAVAS

AK 47'S BLAZING the two MILITIAS shadow each other along a narrow, twisting street of breeze block apartments and shops.

Electricity cables hang from building to building, FIGHTERS appear on BALCONIES and among roof top SATELLITE DISHES.

Dust and smoke swirl as M16 MACHINE GUNS rip into breeze block walls.

At an angle to the fighting is SAYED, a good looking Palestinian news cameraman wearing a T-shirt and jeans. He is filming, braced against a car covered in taped TV signs, it's passenger door open -

SAYED

Joanna come on! Get out of here!

Sitting in the passenger seat, is JOANNA, a British television news CORRESPONDENT, sexy, smart, twenty three years old, wearing a loose headscarf.

JOANNA

Fatima's waiting for us, at the hair salon.

JOANNA is urgently keying a number scrawled in blue ink on her hand into her mobile. On the car CD, loud, is KRS ONE - HOT.

KRS ONE

'All you do is talk, that ain't hot!'

A burst of automatic fire and shattering glass -

- SAYED looks up -

- several floors above an OFFICE BLOCK WINDOW explodes outwards.

HAMAS FIGHTERS appear in the window tearing down curtains -

JOANNA lowers herself out of their sight, lying across the front seats. She gets voice mail. She hesitates -

STREET BOYS swarm around the TV CAR, among them a strikingly beautiful ten year old boy KALID.

SAYED  
Fuck off. Joanna!

JOANNA decides against leaving a message.

A BLACK SUBURU JEEP

brakes in a burst of dirt

MAJED KHAZI

is in the passenger seat, muscular, in his late thirties, wearing a black T-shirt and wrap around shades.

KRS ONE  
'Respect on the block, that's hot!'

Four FATAH FIGHTERS ride ' shotgun', armed with gleaming Chinese AK 47's with telescopic sights -

SAYED is scared. KALID and the other kids back away

MAJED removes his shades. His eyes are warm and beautiful. His POV: JOANNA's long legs and tight jeans.

JOANNA is furiously texting, her face hot and intense.

MAJED  
You've been to the hair salon? You've  
had your hair done? No?

JOANNA's face tightens with fear. MAJED is smiling, his teeth perfect white.

MAJED (CONT'D)  
(Arabic, to Sayed)  
(She's very beautiful)

JOANNA sits up, surreptitiously rubbing her skin to erase the telephone number from her hand.

MAJED (CONT'D)  
You're not Muslim, why do you wear a  
veil?  
(teasing)  
Are you a Hamas? One of the beards?

JOANNA  
I'm a journalist.

MAJED glances at HAMAS FIGHTERS firing at a pocket of FATAH FIGHTERS trapped in an office entrance.

MAJED  
Write about Hamas, see how they behave. Hamas are terrorists, nothing more

JOANNA  
Hamas won the elections -

MAJED  
(gestures, look at you)  
You have a degree? You've been to university?  
(Joanna nods)  
Why come to a shit hole like Gaza?

A new burst of automatic fire alerts SAYED, he turns ; the moving front line between the FIGHTERS has shifted - SAYED and MAJED are suddenly in the FIRING LINE -

A FATAH FIGHTER is lining up a ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE LAUNCHER.

MAJED'S SECURITY panic, waving frantically

MAJED (CONT'D)  
(calmly sardonic)  
My own team send me to Paradise.

THE SUBURU violently reverses. SAYED throws himself onto the ground.

SAYED  
Joanna!

A ROCKET PROPELLED GRENADE SCREAMS towards the TV CAR -

JOANNA  
Oh -

THE GRENADE shoots over the TV CAR. It hits an APARTMENT BLOCK. A HUGE EXPLOSION. The BUILDING erupts into dust -

A WEIRD SILENCE

JOANNA is enveloped in a fine coating of dust. Somewhere a mobile ringing - a distant sound of screaming.

SAYED is struggling to sort out his camera. PEOPLE emerge from the smoke like spectres, covered in dust

AT THE OFFICE WINDOW the HAMAS FIGHTERS part abruptly - a FATAH FIGHTER is standing between them -

JOANNA realises it's her mobile ringing -

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
Fatima? Fatima is that you?

JOANNA's sky suddenly darkens - the FATAH FIGHTER is FALLING - he smashes onto her wind screen - in the crystalised glass his face is a mash of blood and bone -

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
Fuck! Fuck it! Fuck!

SAYED leaps into the car and whips it into gear -

SAYED  
See those guns? Majed's men? Chinese Ak's with telescopic sights? Where's Majed getting them?

JOANNA  
(still stunned)  
I should have got an interview.

SAYED  
You did. Majed interviewed you.

SAYED wrenches the gears again. THE CAR reverses, makes a brutal turn, and the FATAH FIGHTERS body slides off the bonnet.

STREET KIDS surround the body, cheering, doing a victory dance. KALID looks insane with excitement.

JOANNA  
How did he know about the hairdressers, how the fuck did he know?

SAYED drives away past cheering kids and a HAMAS FIGHTER who releases a celebratory burst of GUNFIRE which carries over -

#### A BURST OF STARLINGS

In a leaden, London sky.

A skin of ice glitters on a grey pond in a park in central London.

RUTH HASS is a Londoner in her late fifties, a consultant radiologist.

She is throwing bread pieces, from tinfoil in her leather gloved hand, to a solitary SWAN.

RUTH watches the SWAN gracefully navigate the remaining water in its shrinking, frozen world.

RUTH's gaze is alert, curious, she bristles with a sharp incisive intelligence. There is a guarded expression, an understated English quality to RUTH's beautiful face.

CUT TO:

RUTH, walking through the park, an elegantly dressed purposeful figure.

3 INT LONDON HOSPITAL/ MRI UNIT/ SCANNING ROOM - DAY 3

A silver, crucified JESUS dangles from praying hands.

ROSE, an Irish woman in her forties, watches her fourteen year old daughter PEARL disappear into the streamlined tube of an MRI scanner.

PEARL, wearing headphones, is completely bald, her eyes circled with dark lines left by CHEMOTHERAPY.

ROSE turns and looks to a curved window surrounding the IMAGING BAY. RUTH, in a white coat, is moving about behind the reflecting glass.

4 INT IMAGING BAY - DAY 4

RUTH, wearing highly polished bifocals, is absorbed by MRI SCANS stored on a COMPUTER SCREEN.

ON SCREEN are pulsing coloured images in swirling shapes of vivid YELLOW and BLUE.

RUTH

If the tumour is still under five millimetres we can operate. If it's any wider in diameter there's no point. She'd never make it.

5 INT SCANNING ROOM - DAY 5

An MRI NURSE appears, signalling to ROSE to come out - it's torture for her to leave her daughter here.

RUTH calmly removes her bifocals and steps up to the bay window, she leans forward over a microphone. Her attention is focused on the conical shaped MRI.

RUTH  
Okay Pearl? Comfortable?

PEARL's hand, VENFLOW attached, rises and gives a 'thumbs up'.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
We'll start with normal scans, then introduce the dye.

6 INT GAZA - DAY

6

JOANNA, bumping along in the TV CAR.

JOANNA  
I'm worried about Fatima.

SAYED is racing through narrow streets deserted other than the occasional frightened CIVILIAN.

SAYED  
What did Fatima give you? Documents, photographs?

JOANNA  
(she's not telling)  
I know what I'm doing.

SAYED rounds a corner - he BRAKES HARD

JOANNA AND SAYED's POV: the street is filled with trucks discharging dozens of ARMED FATAH FIGHTERS, entirely in black, the trucks, combats and weapons all glistening new.

SAYED'S HAND reaches for the camera JOANNA'S HAND stops his. Some of the FATAH FIGHTERS are showing interest, walking towards them, guns taking aim.

SAYED reverses calmly.

JOANNA  
Where have they come from?

SAYED  
Egypt. Israel's let them through.

SAYED turns and picks up speed - they've got away - he punches the CD PLAYER, ALGERIAN HIP HOP bursts into life and with it an adrenaline high, fear and shock turning into a massive rush -

SAYED (CONT'D)  
Wooa!

JOANNA watches SAYED drive with a feline concentration - low in his seat, relaxed and controlled -

JOANNA

God I love you so much.

SAYED turns to JOANNA with a smile of pure pleasure - with his fine, nut brown features, jet black hair and strong warm eyes he is immensely attractive -

JOANNA, everything about her, her skin, her eyes, hair, mouth - is glowing, radiant with life.

SAYED

London?

JOANNA

(a wry grin)

London.

SAYED

(triumphant)

London!

JOANNA a wild deep laugh, she leans over and as they hurtle through streets ravaged by war and poverty -

THEY KISS

7

EXT GAZA CITY - DAY

7

A building explodes.

WOMEN run out onto the street, screaming, on their shoulders wet multi coloured towels - they wear dark ankle length dresses but their hair hangs uncovered, wet and tangled -

Some WOMEN have their hair wrapped in strips of tinfoil for highlighting - others wear pink rubber caps through which strands of hair have been pulled -

JOANNA AND SAYED pull up. They spring out of the TV CAR SAYED automatically carrying his camera -

JOANNA

Where's Fatima?

JOANNA searching in a storm of DUST.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Fatima? Fatima it's Joanna?

WOMEN emerge out of the smoke bleeding and shocked.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

She musn't be here. She said she was here?

SAYED  
These colours are fantastic.

JOANNA  
I should do a piece here.

JOANNA follows SAYED, backing away from the blast sight to get some perspective and a safe distance -

GUN FIRE and all the surreal drama of WAR continues around JOANNA as she does a ' stand upper' to camera.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
Gaza is descending into chaos.  
Palestinians describe this narrow strip of land home to a million and a half people, as a huge prison. Gaza is isolated from the world, it's borders entirely controlled by Israel. No Palestinian is allowed to leave, only journalists are allowed enter. Last year the Islamist group Hamas won democratic election. The secular Fatah faction, beset by allegations of corruption but backed by the west has refused to cede power. Today Hamas and Fatah and are battling for control of the Gaza strip. There are reports of Israel allowing five hundred Fatah fighters cross into the Gaza strip -

JOANNA jumps, an odd uncoordinated leap, then crumbles like a wet newspaper.

SAYED'S CAMERA POV: JOANNA falling to the ground -

SAYED looks out from behind the viewfinder - a suspended DREAM LIKE MOMENT - he can't compute what's just happened.

SAYED, horrified by JOANNA'S STOMACH, peering out from under body armour. A dark red river unfurls over the arc of skin, it rolls down to her jeans, turning the blue denim black.

SAYED cries out in disbelief and the world returns with all its PANIC and GUN FIRE. SAYED runs to JOANNA, dropping beside her, holding her to him

JOANNA is still breathing, struggling but breathing. On his knees, in the chaos and confusion, the smoke and gunfire, his hands smeared with her blood, SAYED screams in Arabic for an ambulance.

SAYED  
Hang on Joanna, hold on!

8 INT LONDON HOSPITAL/ IMAGING BAY - DAY

8

RUTH, calm, poised.

RUTH  
Now, with the dye.

On her SCREEN YELLOW SWORLS flood with a luminous RUST RED colour - it forms a pulsating pool.

RUTH's gaze so still and intent she could be peering beyond the screen and into PEARL's soul.

The last of the RUST RED liquid fades back out of the YELLOW - except for a solid RUST RED MASS.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
There you are.

RUTH regards the RED MASS like a worthy opponent.

9 EXT GAZA CITY - DAY

9

PARAMEDICS are rushing JOANNA into a RED CRESCENT AMBULANCE. SAYED runs alongside, his camera tilted wildly on one shoulder, filming while holding JOANNA's hand and crying out, his voice cracking with fear.

SAYED  
You'll be okay, you'll be alright.

SAYED stumbles over something - at his feet - FATIMA lies dead.

SAYED (CONT'D)  
(in a daze)  
Fatima?

FATIMA's black dress is not even dusty, she appears entirely undamaged other than a small bullet hole in the centre of her forehead.

10 EXT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL - DAY

10

The RED CRESCENT AMBULANCE forcing its way through the TUMULT of a funeral leaving the Al Shifa hospital.

CUT TO: the frozen face of a TEENAGE BOY, his body wrapped in a single white cloth for burial, tossing on a sea of angry FISTS - HAMAS supporters wearing GREEN HEAD BANDS, waving flags and AK 47'S.

The AMBULANCE doors burst open. PARAMEDICS emerge carrying JOANNA, one using a manual massage oxygen balloon attached to her mouth.

SAYED leaps out after them, carrying his CAMERA. Lying on the ambulance floor is FATIMA's BODY.

11

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL/ RECEPTION - DAY

11

JOANNA, on a trolley is jolted from side to side, as the PARAMEDICS force their way past DISTRESSED RELATIVES and ARMED MEN filling a corridor. SAYED follows, helpless, stunned - he lifts the camera -

SAYED

Joanna -

CAMERA POV :JOANNA's face, close up. Amidst all the jostling and pushing SAYED holds her tight in the frame, reality blurs out until there is only her face -

SAYED (CONT'D)

Hold on my love

JOANNA, floating in the silent SLOW MOTION world of the VIEWFINDER - her eyes appear to open - SAYED if only he can hold her here - in this underwater world - her eyes are open - JOANNA gazing out from somewhere far away -

12

INT GAZA/AL SHIFA HOSPITAL /CORRIDOR - DAY

12

JOANNA is jolted forward on her trolley. A CORRIDOR packed with WOUNDED FRIGHTENED PEOPLE. The PARAMEDICS force her trolley through SWING DOORS.

SAYED stuck behind, hemmed in by injured PEOPLE, the camera crushed into his chest.

13

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL/ THEATRE - DAY

13

JOANNA's bare abdomen is haemorrhaging BLOOD.

A handsome surgeon in his early fifties, NAZEEM, is struggling with two MALE NURSES to pack the wound and staunch the blood. SAYED is filming -

NAZEEM

What are you ...?

14

INT LONDON/ TELEVISION NEWSROOM - DAY

14

A WALL of WIDE SCREEN MONITORS. Liquid crystal images stream in from the world - SHARE PRICES - OPRAH - IRAQ - broadcast shows, raw footage, a visual cacophony and on ONE SCREEN - JOANNA's abdomen.

A JOURNALIST scanning the screens, freezes - JOANNA's face, obscured by NURSES scrambling in the confined space. Another glimpse of JOANNA -

JOURNALIST

Bob? Bob!!

ROBERT is good looking, in his late forties, a CURRENT AFFAIRS EXECUTIVE. He looks up from his smiling conversation his attractive PA, SALLY

ROBERT

Yeah?

The JOURNALIST points to THE SCREEN. ROBERT - the chaos of the operating theatre, he looks to - AL JEZEERA - Iran - FRANCE TV 2 - FATAH FIGHTERS at a GAZA crossing point - back to JOANNA her blood smeared face -

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Joanna?

The picture fragments - re integrates - JOANNA, splayed out on the operating table.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Call Paul. What the fuck is going on?  
And Sally call Sayed.

All over the newsroom PEOPLE pause, the multi ethnic faces of MEDIA LAND staring non plussed, something not right with these images -

A YOUNG RESEARCHER at JOANNA's work station - she looks from PARTY PICTURES of JOANNA, a snap of JOANNA at the MOSQUE OF OMAR, decorating her COMPUTER -

YOUNG RESEARCHER

Is this real?

15

INT LONDON HOSPITAL / MRI UNIT - DAY

15

ROSE and PEARL, consumed with dread, stand in the waiting area

A MOBILE on a tray at IMAGING BAY door begins to vibrate.

16

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL /OPERATING THEATRE - DAY

16

NAZEEM removing the oxygen balloon from JOANNA, her head rolls loosely from loosely from side to side. NAZEEM looks up with unmistakeable finality - all he can see is the camera.

NAZEEM crosses to SAYED, still ' hiding' behind the camera and clasps his shoulders.

SAYED lowers the camera, dumbstruck - he stares at JOANNA. He releases a cry of utter devastation.

17

INT LONDON HOSPITAL/ IMAGING BAY - DAY

17

RUTH uses a ball MOUSE to mark a point on both farthest ends of the MASS on her SCREEN a LINE appears, joining the two points.

RUTH - on the length of this line hangs a life. She clicks the mouse. Her eyes narrow - sharpen - she begins briskly typing.

The MRI NURSE enters, looking to RUTH, expectant. RUTH removes her bifocals and rubs her eyes. She tears a printout from her computer.

RUTH  
(handing it to her)  
Dr. Ferguson will see them  
straightaway.

The MRI NURSE hurries out. As the door closes with glimpse the MOBILE skidding about on its tray.

18

INT LONDON/TV NEWSROOM - DAY

18

ROBERT and his boss PAUL, in his late thirties, agape, transfixed by the images on SCREEN - NAZEEM removing the oxygen balloon from JOANNA's mouth. Looking up and out at them with unmistakeable finality.

In the NEWSROOM people are sobbing. ROBERT, stunned.

JOURNALIST  
How can he go on filming?

JOANNA's face - already becoming a DEATH MASK. ROBERT turns on his heel and walks for the door

PAUL  
Robert, Robert we need to prepare a statement.

ROBERT keeps on walking. SALLY runs out of an office holding up his mobile

SALLY  
I've got Sayed!

19

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL - DAY

19

SAYED, in a daze, walking, holding a blood smeared mobile, in the midst of chaos and grieving.

SAYED

(in shock)

We were meeting someone this morning in a hair salon. Fatima, Joanna had met her before.

SAYED's sister HANAN, in her late twenties, and his MOTHER in her fifties, both wearing black tunic dresses and Hijabs are wailing with grief as they wheel a trolley carrying JOANNA to a lift.

SAYED (CONT'D)

Joanna was working on the prostitution story -

The trolley rolls up beside another carrying another corpse - FATIMA. SAYED simply stops, staring at JOANNA and FATIMA he looks about to implode.

ROBERT'S VOICE

Sayed? Sayed?

SAYED

It wasn't an accident Robert, it was deliberate, someone shot Joanna on purpose.

20

INT LONDON/ TELEVISION NEWSROOM - DAY

20

ROBERT lowers the 'phone.

ROBERT

What story on prostitution?

PAUL, the YOUNG JOURNALIST, and SALLY look blank.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What story on prostitution was Joanna doing?

PAUL - search me.

21

INT LONDON HOSPITAL/ MRI UNIT - DAY

21

RUTH, alone, she allows herself a glance back to the MRI SCAN. She enjoys a brief, unguarded smile - something good happened in the world today.

22

INT LONDON HOSPITAL/ MRI UNIT - DAY

22

RUTH steps out of the IMAGING BAY

A HOSPITAL MANAGER and the MRI NURSE look up from a conversation - instantly awkward.

RUTH is aware, she has walked in on something -

RUTH

Is there something?

HOSPITAL MANAGER

Ruth, your mobile, it's.. ( off).  
 (panic rising in Ruth)  
 Joanna's boss is looking for you.  
 (stunned himself)  
 She's been shot, in Gaza city.  
 (Ruth blinks)  
 About and hour ago, she's in hospital-

RUTH

Which hospital?

HOSPITAL MANGER

We don't have the name.

23

INT LONDON HOSPITAL/ CORRIDOR/ CHILDREN'S WARD - DAY

23

RUTH, her breathing rapid and heavy, still wearing her white coat, and the HOSPITAL MANAGER are walking towards an OFFICE alongside the CHILDREN' WARD.

RUTH

There must be flights, can someone check flights?

RUTH's voice rises, intense fear suddenly threatens to overwhelm her, send her spinning out of control -

RUTH (CONT'D)

Someone tell me - I can't do anything without facts !

RUTH spots something - through a glass partition a TV SCREEN showing BREAKING NEWS.

RUTH pushes open the door into a RELATIVES ROOM. An exultant ROSE and PEARL leap up beaming -

ROSE

Doctor Hass how can we ever thank you?

RUTH brushes past ROSE and PEARL to see

NEWS READER

- Joanna Hass the British journalist shot during fighting between rival factions today in Gaza city.

A STILL of JOANNA flashes up, smiling out.

NEWSREADER

Miss Hass is described as seriously injured.

ROSE brimming up as she grasps what is happening.

ROSE

Doctor Hass I'm so sorry.

RUTH turns to ROSE with a look of fractured intensity - ' what are you crying for? '

PEARL

It's terrible.

RUTH looks to PEARL with an expression bordering on distaste 'what's so special about you?' RUTH struggles to be graceful -

RUTH

Good luck with the surgery, I'm sure it will go very well.

RUTH steps back out into the corridor, she is stopped in her tracks by ROBERT, walking towards her. She feels unable to breathe. ROBERT seeing her speeds up -

RUTH (CONT'D)

I know you. I know who you are.

ROBERT

(stops)

She's gone. Joanna's dead.

RUTH buckles. ROBERT goes to hold her. RUTH twists away and into the wall.

RUTH

Don't touch me!

The HOSPITAL MANAGER, ROSE, PEARL - helpless -

RUTH (CONT'D)

Don't anyone touch me!

RUTH is crouched into the wall like a distressed bird.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Oh Joanna!

24

INT BRITISH AIRWAYS FLIGHT - NIGHT

24

RUTH, a blanket up to her neck, is staring, unseeing, at the blank screen of her window on a first class BA FLIGHT.

RUTH's gaze drifts to the seat opposite - she takes in an ORTHODOX JEWISH MAN with long locks, a blue and white prayer shawl over his suit, reading the TORAH.

CUT TO : several rows further back - ROBERT, uncomfortable, guilty, sitting with PAUL.

ROBERT

This woman, Fatima, the prostitute, she was executed - a single bullet to the head just before Joanna. The hair salon they were to meet in was blown up. That's hardly a coincidence?

PAUL

We could be liable in this. Health and safety still applies, even in a war zone.

ROBERT

I don't give a fuck about -

PAUL

Yeah? You want to finish that sentence on Newsnight? Thank you Jeremy I'm glad you asked me that?

(beat)

I can't believe you accepted her own risk assessments.

ROBERT

Joanna was the one on the ground.

PAUL

That's bullshit and you know it is. People get used to an environment, accept it as normal - they lose all perspective.

(Robert staring ahead)

That's what risk assessments are about!

ROBERT is staring up several rows to where he can see RUTH's shoulder and hair.

ROBERT

We're opening up Joanna's computer in London, she backed up everything in London, her whole laptop. She was trying to get something out of Gaza, documents, photographs, she was frightened.

PAUL also looks up to RUTH.

PAUL

You know the father was a lawyer? Shit hot?

ROBERT

(turns to Paul)

She hates us. Telly people. She thinks we're superficial little shits.

PAUL shrugs - ' so, what's new?'

CUT TO : RUTH, her face ashen, shakes her head as a STEWARD offers her water, her gaze passes over the ORTHODOX JEWISH MAN as she returns to her own void.

25 EXT ISRAEL/ BEN GURION AIRPORT - NIGHT

25

A British Airways plane lands at BEN GURION airport.

26 EXT ISRAEL/ BEN GURION AIRPORT/ CHECKPOINT - NIGHT

26

A ISRAELI GOVERNMENT LIMOUSINE, with a STAR OF DAVID PENNANT is waved past by an ETHIOPIAN FEMALE SOLDIER in light green COMBATS.

27 EXT JERUSALEM/ JERICHO ROAD - DAY

27

The LIMOUSINE sweeps along the JERICHO ROAD towards JERUSALEM as day breaks over the CITY.

INT CAR -

RUTH in the back seat. In front, ARIEL, an Israeli Ministry of Defence Official, about fifty with a military physique, finishes a call in HEBREW.

ARIEL

Justice Minister sends his sympathies.  
He will do everything he can help.

RUTH

Thank you.

ARIEL

Gaza is a terrible place. My daughter is doing her military service at the border.

RUTH nods, exhausted, she gazes out at near empty streets. At traffic lights an ORTHODOX JEWISH FAMILY waits to cross, the FATHER and SONS locked and in black hats and long black coats, the WIFE and DAUGHTERS in loose jumpers, peasant skirts and headscarves.

ARIEL (CONT'D)  
I grew up in Swiss Cottage.

RUTH glances at ARIEL mildly surprised. ARIEL is observing RUTH in the rear view mirror.

ARIEL (CONT'D)  
You never learned Hebrew?

RUTH  
A little. As a child. I've forgotten it all now.

ARIEL  
My father escaped from Germany early.  
My mother was Russian. We came home twenty years ago.

RUTH  
Home?

ARIEL  
To Israel.

RUTH nods, slightly irritated.

ARIEL (CONT'D)  
Did they know Joanna was Jewish, the Arabs?

RUTH  
I doubt it. She didn't, we never practised.

RUTH's eyes meet ARIEL's in the rear view mirror. He looks away. They pass the MOUNT OF OLIVES, on its slopes the JEWISH CEMETERY with its honey coloured gravestones.

ARIEL  
Someone from the British Consul is meeting us at the hotel. They're liaising with the television people. I've arranged a funeral car, once Joanna's remains are out of Gaza.

RUTH  
That's very kind of you.

ARIEL  
Please, to lose a child...it's,

ARIEL glances at RUTH in the mirror. She is defiant in her grief, her aloneness.

28

EXT EAST JERUSALEM/ AMERICAN COLONY - DAY

28

The ISRAELI GOVERNMENT CAR surges off the motorway and into the driveway of the AMERICAN COLONY HOTEL.

29

EXT/INT AMERICAN COLONY COURTYARD - DAY

29

The AMERICAN COLONY Jerusalem stone courtyard. SPARROWS flit among flowers, olive trees and a small fountain. At scattered tables DIPLOMATs and JOURNALISTS breakfast with the well groomed MIDDLE EAST ELITE.

At one table ROBERT sits with a British Consul official, MAURICE, in his thirties, 'little boy in long trousers' vibe. ROBERT has a black and white PHOTOGRAPH laid out on the table - MAJED KHAZI.

MAURICE

It's not looking good for the good guys.

ROBERT

(dislikes him)

The 'good' guys?

MAURICE

Well 'good' is relative, Fatah are secular, more Western friendly, Hamas are Islamic fundamentalists -

ROBERT

They're not the Taliban?

MAURICE

No they're not the Taliban. Not yet. But they're committed to the destruction of Israel. Oh, is this Mrs Hass?

RUTH is approaching the table, calm, guarded.

ROBERT

(standing)

Ruth this is Maurice Doran from the British Consul.

MAURICE

Mrs Hass, I'm terribly sorry -

(shaking hands)

I often met Joanna at the Consul. Lovely, lovely girl.

A WAITER appears holding two pots - tea or coffee?

RUTH

Coffee please.

Silence. The coffee pours. RUTH sits, reserved, cool. MAURICE, awkward, a little taken aback at her manner.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
The Israeli Government have arranged a funeral car, at the crossing point.

MAURICE  
Excellent. Mrs Hass, um, you describe yourself as the 'next of kin?'

ROBERT  
Obviously -

RUTH - wrong footed -

MAURICE  
Well, so did Joanna, initially, but -  
(some records)  
- the last time she renewed her visa  
she changed her next of kin to a  
'Sayed Hamad'?

RUTH  
Who?

ROBERT  
No, no, there's some mistake, Sayed is a Palestinian cameraman, he worked with Joanna.

RUTH regards MAURICE with a glacial stare.

RUTH  
I've no idea what you're talking about?

MAURICE  
Um, yes, well, the thing is I'm afraid Joanna and Mister Hamad got married, the wedding was in Gaza, two months ago, under Sharia, that's Muslim law -

RUTH  
That's impossible.

RUTH looks from ROBERT to MAURICE - suddenly at sea, panic rising up inside her -

RUTH (CONT'D)  
They had a, he was, her cameraman,  
( to Robert)  
for a while?

ROBERT  
I've no idea.

RUTH  
I've seen a J.peg Joanna sent

ROBERT  
Sayed is her cameraman.

MAURICE  
Joanna applied for a British passport  
for Mister Hamad, I have the paperwork-

RUTH  
Oh well, that's it. Joanna would  
always side with the underdog.  
(Maurice, non plussed)  
Joanna was very young -

RUTH flinches, she struggles to maintain her composure,  
grief and anxiety raging inside -

RUTH (CONT'D)  
She could well do something like that  
to help him come to England.

MAURICE  
You mean a fake marriage?

RUTH nods, uncertainly. ROBERT doesn't buy it.

MAURICE (CONT'D)  
Well, um, the things is, Mister Hamad  
wants the funeral to take place in  
Gaza. He doesn't want the body moved.  
Gaza is his preferred resting place.

RUTH  
Preferred?  
(loud)  
His preferred! Who, who is the person?

One or two HEADS turn.

MAURICE  
Mister Hamad is her husband. There's  
no dubiety. I'm very sorry Mrs Hass.

ROBERT  
That's just not going to happen.  
(to Ruth)  
Forgive me but Joanna's Jewish! You  
can't have her funeral-

A shift is taking place within RUTH deep in the pit of  
her stomach a rage is uncoiling.

MAURICE  
- I understand -

ROBERT  
- her family are all in Britain!

MAURICE  
No -

RUTH  
What do you mean no?

ANGER boiling up in RUTH.

MAURICE  
Joanna didn't mention any of this?

RUTH  
She would have done. Of course she would have done, had it meant anything!

MAURICE, stumped. Stalemate.

ROBERT  
(move things on)  
I'll speak to Sayed, he can come to London for the funeral, or won't the Israeli's allow him? Is that the problem? Is that what he's worried about?

MAURICE  
I put that to Mister Hamad -

RUTH  
You spoke to him?

MAURICE  
Last night. I managed to persuade him to hold off the burial off until today.

RUTH  
Today!?

MAURICE  
The family are Muslim. Burial should really take place by sunset.

RUTH - the effrontery!

ROBERT  
What did Sayed say ?

MAURICE  
He wants Joanna to be buried in Palestine. Legally, I'm afraid it's decision, he says it's what Joanna would have -

RUTH stands up so abruptly she startles ROBERT and MAURICE. ARIEL looks over from a station where he is having coffee with an OLDER WAITER.

RUTH

I've come here to take Joanna home, to  
be buried with my husband -  
(a crack in her voice)  
- with her family.

MAURICE

Mrs Hass I'm very sorry -

RUTH

I'm not leaving Joanna there! She's  
not some trophy Jew!

The word echoes around the startled courtyard.

ARIEL watches RUTH walk out. RUTH sees him and makes a snap decision. She crosses to ARIEL.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
How far is it to Gaza, how long?

ARIEL looks to ROBERT and MAURICE on their way over.

ARIEL

An hour, to the border.

RUTH

Can you take me?

ARIEL

I can't take you inside.

RUTH

To the border then?

ARIEL

Do you plan to go into Gaza?

ROBERT and an appalled MAURICE appear behind RUTH.

ROBERT

They'll never let her in surely?

ARIEL

The Palestinians will let any one in.

ROBERT

Ruth it's civil war in there -

MAURICE looks wildly from RUTH to ROBERT -

MAURICE

The Foreign Office advice is under no circumstances should British Citizens enter Gaza!

RUTH's eyes remain on ARIEL.

ARIEL

He's right.

RUTH

If it was your daughter? The one on duty there? If it was her body? Would you leave her?

ARIEL considers, RUTH's eyes on him.

RUTH (CONT'D)

What's her name? What's your daughter's name?

MAURICE

They keep firing rockets on Israel!

ARIEL

I'll talk to my superiors.

RUTH

Thank you.

30

EXT AMERICAN COLONY HOTEL/ CABANA/ POOL - DAY

30

ROBERT and PAUL by the pool.

PAUL

So she went native! Big time! Jesus, she could have converted, Allah Ackbar all that shit!

ROBERT's mind is pursuing something else.

PAUL (CONT'D)

(sharp)

Did you know about her and Sayed?

ROBERT

I don't ask employees who they're sleeping with.

PAUL

But there must have been gossip.

ROBERT

There's always gossip, Joanna Hass was a consummate correspondent, I never had the slightest problem -

PAUL  
For all you know she could have a big  
Bin Laden dildo.

ROBERT goes to hit PAUL who blocks his arm -

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

ROBERT watches in amazement as PAUL drops onto a lounger, near to tears.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
Fuck, fuck fuck! I'm sorry.

PAUL is obviously stressed out of his mind.

PAUL (CONT'D)  
I shagged Joanna.

ROBERT  
(okay)  
When?

PAUL  
Soon after her dad died. Not pretty.  
She was pissed, all fucked up about  
the father. The mother's a cold fish.

ROBERT  
I should go with her.

PAUL  
Into Gaza? No way, no way Robert. You  
don't know what pile of shit is  
waiting for us in there.

PAUL is back on his feet, pleading with ROBERT -

PAUL (CONT'D)  
We can't, I can't let you. Where  
Joanna's buried, who buries her, it's  
a family matter. She doesn't want us  
involved - you said yourself ...?

ROBERT - conceding.

SAYED wearing an EMINEM T-shirt, sitting on a burst swivel sucking on a thick joint and wearing padded earphones through which plays PUBLIC ENEMY, extremely loud.

He is in the NEWS AGENCY TV STUDIO - an abandoned HOTEL ROOM with a handful of ancient MONITORS, a wooden table, plastic chairs and a mounted camera. The music thuds through SAYED, music to get numb with.

Anti glare covers the windows curtain and framed verses of the KORAN are stuck to the walls.

SAYED uses a remote to replay a video tape -

ON A SCREEN : JOANNA, during her fatal 'piece to camera' - she jerks upwards - then drops to the ground -

The tape stops, replays, - JOANNA jerks upwards - then drops to the ground -

SAYED smoking, replaying the tape over and over, forcing himself to watch, the music more and more brutal.

ON THE SCREEN 'JOANNA jerks upwards - then drops to the ground' over and over - more and more abstracted.

SAYED, is eyes dulling with the music and spliff.

A window above him

EXPLODES. A bullet ricochets around the room.

SAYED Throws himself to the floor, head phones falling off. BULLETS shatter the window and serrate a wall. Deafening GUNFIRE, very close by. Just as suddenly it stops.

#### HIS HEADPHONES

Lie nearby - music emerging as a tinny whine

#### SAYED

Peers tentatively out -

#### HIS POV

An empty street, a car, it's door lying open -

#### SAYED

Leans further out -

#### HIS POV

A FATAH FIGHTER - lying in a pool of blood.

SAYED eyes darting about, uncertain - what is going on? Behind him the office door bursts open -

HAMAS FIGHTERS pile in shouting commands, AK 47's scoping the room. SAYED is terrified. An AK 47 rams into his throat a MASKED HAMAS FIGHTER stands over him.

The gun is pushed aside by a man, RAJA in blue grey combats, without a mask. RAJA is a Hamas leader in his mid thirties, fine boned, ascetic looking, with a cropped beard. He helps SAYED up.

RAJA  
( Fatah, you seen any Fatah?)

SAYED  
(No. No one.)

HAMAS FIGHTERS are taking over the office.

RAJA  
(the camera)  
(Have you been filming?)

SAYED  
(No editing, I'm editing)

RAJA  
(crosses to the window)  
( We need this office.)

RAJA picks up a roach lying on a sound desk.

RAJA (CONT'D)  
(Your wife was the journalist who was killed?)  
(Sayed nods)  
(This won't help. God will help you.  
And we will find your wife's killers.)

32

EXT GAZA/ ABANDONED HOTEL/ TV STUDIO - DAY

32

SAYED emerges cautiously from the bullet scarred hotel housing the NEWS AGENCY STUDIO.

FATAH BODIES lie splayed out, frozen in death.

A FATAH FIGHTER hangs from a BURNT OUT CAR. Two more like in a pool of sticky blood.

SAYED's MOBILE rings. He answers.

SAYED  
We just lost the office. Hamas took it over.

SAYED is moving gingerly among the bodies, towards his car, trailing his camera - apparently casually but switched on -

CAMERA POV : DEAD BODIES, at an odd angle but moving among them, on their level -

ROBERT

Sayed, I need to talk to you...about Joanna, and Joanna's mum.

SAYED freezes, suddenly intensely vulnerable.

SAYED

I'm sorry Robert. Joanna told me not to tell anyone.

33

INT AMERICAN COLONY / BEDROOM - DAY

33

RUTH

Fucker.

RUTH, coiled tight, gazing out over EAST JERUSALEM. She's kneading a coffee cup so hard it marks her hand.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Mister Hamad.

Little fucker.

RUTH very deliberately puts down the coffee cup and turns very deliberately to a sheepish ROBERT sitting in a cane chair.

RUTH (CONT'D)

No one is dictating to me where I will bury my only child.

34

INT AMERICAN COLONY / BEDROOM - DAY

34

RUTH is standing in a slip, ironing an ash grey suit in a very resolute manner. Her eyes flick back and forth to a TV NEWS BROADCAST -

NEWSREADER

Hamas appear to be gaining ground over their Fatah rivals, seizing key strongholds in the city.

RUTH flicks to another channel - JOANNA's face smiling out at her.

NEWS VOICE OVER

Mother of Joanna Hass the British journalist shot dead in Gaza yesterday.

RUTH steels herself to continue watching - the report cuts to an interview with PAUL, standing outside the AMERICAN COLONY.

PAUL

Mrs Hass has asked the media respect her privacy at this painful time.

RUTH's movements of the IRON get more deliberate, firmer, she suddenly smashes the iron down onto the board. She picks up the board and with a ferocious force throws it across the room.

CUT TO: RUTH sitting hunched in a corner of the room, her face is wet with tears but ignores them - she is drawing in deeper and deeper breaths, clawing back her composure.

35

EXT JERUSALEM/ AMERICAN COLONY HOTEL - DAY

35

RUTH emerges from the AMERICAN COLONY wearing the ash grey suit and dark sunglasses - she looks elegant and composed, carrying herself with a Jackie O dignity.

ARIEL holds open the rear door to the ISRAELI GOVERNMENT car.

36

EXT ROAD TO GAZA/ EREZ CROSSING POINT - DAY

36

The ISRAELI GOVERNMENT CAR, a POLICE CAR following.

ARIEL is sitting in the back seat beside RUTH.

ARIEL

Joanna never mentioned anything, a romance, falling in love?

(Ruth shakes her head)

Could she have converted?

RUTH

I've no idea.

ARIEL

Its nothing, say a few words, there's one god, Mohammed is his prophet - you're a Muslim.

RUTH

(a big step)  
We hadn't spoken for some time.

ARIEL hears the effort that took, he sits a beat in this unexpected intimacy.

ARIEL

I understand.

RUTH

My husband died two years ago.  
Simon and Joanna were very close.

A troubled multitude hangs on those words.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Could you, the air conditioning, would  
you mind?

ARIEL  
Of course.

ARIEL orders the DRIVER in HEBREW. He sits back with a quick appraising look at RUTH.

ARIEL (CONT'D)  
(his mobile)  
You've got my cell phone, if anything happens, if you feel you're in danger, call me. Who knows if we can do anything but maybe. We do send in troops, air strikes.

RUTH looks at ARIEL, apprehensive but grateful.

ARIEL (CONT'D)  
If you just want to talk, call me.

ARIEL holds RUTH's gaze.

37

EXT MOTORWAY/ GAS STATION/ COFFEE SHOP - DAY

37

A GAS STATION with an open air COFFEE SHOP attached.

RUTH, perspiring in the burning sun, sits with a coffee and a bottle of water. ARIEL sits facing her.

ARIEL  
You must see a lot of cancer?

RUTH nods. ARIEL considers a beat.

RUTH is distracted by three JEWISH BOYS, in their early twenties, leaving a nearby table. They each carry a MACHINE GUN.

ARIEL is tempted, more than tempted, there is something pressing he wants to ask RUTH, he is about to -

RUTH  
We should go. I'm afraid they'll go ahead.

ARIEL  
(remembering himself)  
Of course.

38

EXT MOTORWAY/ GAS STATION - DAY

38

RUTH and ARIEL are walking towards the ISRAELI GOVERNMENT CAR. The JEWISH BOYS, guns slung over their shoulders, are fooling around.

RUTH

Those boys?

ARIEL

Settlers, They go far into the Arab territories and take over land, build settlements.

A SIREN suddenly sounds, loud and disturbing. A high pitched scream fills the sky. RUTH and ARIEL duck behind some cars. RUTH sees a flare trailing white smoke against the blue sky.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

A rocket!

A loud explosion and the ROCKET hits the ground, not far away. Within seconds the SIREN is joined by FIRE BRIGADE and AMBULANCE sirens.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

It alright.

(continuing to the car)

The Palestinians keep firing these rockets, they could kill anyone. Women, old people. We seal the borders, we don't let them in or out, we control the flow of goods - they won't stop.

RUTH glances at ARIEL. The JEWISH BOYS are passing, in a jeep now, MACHINE GUNS trained out the windows.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Israel is a beautiful villa in the jungle.

39

INT/ EXT ISRAELI GOVERNMENT CAR/ MOTORWAY - DAY

39

The ISRAELI GOVERNMENT CAR slows, it's rear window lowers and RUTH gazes out at a group of ISRAELI SOLDIERS and POLICE examining racks and a hole in the concrete, surrounded by AMBULANCES and FIRE ENGINES.

ARIEL

The Arabs like violence.

(beat)

Are you sure you want to go in?

RUTH

I'm sure.

40

EXT GAZA BORDER/ EREZ CROSSING POINT - DAY

40

A building like a European provincial airport - several floors of stone and glass - sealed off by barbed wire and metal fencing. This is EREZ CROSSING POINT.

To one side are the CONCRETE WALLS, camouflage webbing and OBSERVATION TOWERS of a MILITARY BASE. The other side a wire fence disappearing into the distance.

41

INT EREZ CROSSING POINT - DAY

41

ARIEL and RUTH, carrying a bottle of water, strides, towards SECURITY GATES. A beautiful SOLDIER, ISABEL, nineteen, steps forward, bracing a sub machine gun. RUTH stops.

ARIEL

It's okay.

(smiles at Ruth)

My daughter, Isabel.

RUTH casts a surprised, faltering look at ISABEL who nods shyly. RUTH turns to ARIEL.

RUTH

She's so beautiful.

ARIEL nods. A delicate moment. RUTH manages a generous smile.

42

EXT EREZ CROSSING POINT/ GAZA SIDE - DAY

42

RUTH emerges out of the TERMINAL. It hits her instantly - she has entered an abandoned world made of shattered concrete and sand, a desiccated landscape devoid of vegetation, overlooked by grey WATCH TOWERS hug with green and dun webbing.

CUT TO : RUTH, walking, clutching her water.

CUT TO : RUTH, tiring in the mid day sun. She picks out apocalyptic detail in this 'no mans land', an empty bottle, a child's shoe, a shattered television monitor.

NEARBY, behind some camouflage webbing squat several grey blue battered looking ISRAELI MERKAVA TANKS.

RUTH feels increasingly exposed, she speeds up. A GUN TURRET suddenly swivels. RUTH starts. The GUN TURRET, follows her - featureless, anonymous, brutal.

INT TANK

DANIEL, a tank gunner, twenty years old, tracks RUTH's vulnerable figure on his SCREEN

CUT TO : RUTH, hurrying, angry with herself for wearing this suit, these shoes. She stumbles forward, desperate to get out of the TANK's sights,

To one side there she can see a GREEN FIELD and a BLACK MARE bridled to a plough.

RUTH hears music, louder as she gets closer, HIP HOP, it's coming from a dirt track road. She stops, looks about, a burnt out car, a demolished farmhouse.

RUTH looks back to the TERMINAL - a world far away. She takes a few more steps - RUTH freezes - the TV CAR.

RUTH approaches the battered looking car, it's windows closed, PUBLIC ENEMY pounding inside. A figure lies asleep in the drivers seat - SAYED? RUTH is uncertain, examines the rest of the car interior - lots of TV stuff, camera, a RED CARDIGAN.

RUTH steps back from the car, aware she has to approach this carefully. A sound nearby startles her -

THE BLACK STALLION, beautiful, strong and vigorous - only feet away, a horse far too beautiful for its lowly task, dragging a plough guided by an elderly PALESTINIAN FARMER, head swathed in a black keffiyeh.

RUTH knocks on the car window, nothing. She raps hard. Still nothing. RUTH opens the door. SAYED scrambles to his senses, half falling out of the car.

CUT TO : RUTH and SAYED facing each other -

SAYED

Shalom.

RUTH

(surprised)

Shalom.

RUTH and SAYED shake hands uncertainly. They study each other while making only the most fleeting eye contact.

RUTH, teeth gritted, bumping along to the sound of PUBLIC ENEMY - she glances at SAYED, his ease at the wheel seems insolent

RUTH

My head is pounding -

(loud)

I have a splitting headache -

RUTH reaches down to switch off the CD player. SAYED's hand darts across - ahead of her

SAYED  
(turning down the volume)  
Doctor Nazeem will see you at the  
hospital. He's the one who tried to  
....  
(trails off)

RUTH looks at SAYED - everything about him irritates her - his clothes, his demeanour, his music -

SAYED (CONT'D)  
My sisters will prepare Joanna for  
burial.

RUTH  
No. No, no.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
I don't know how much Robert has told  
you, I'm taking Joanna home London.

SAYED  
(shakes his head)  
Gaza is her home.

RUTH considers her response. SAYED is driving into  
EXT JABALIYA REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

- a maze of higgledy piggledy breeze block buildings  
awash with raw sewage.

RUTH decides to hold fire, she pulls down the passenger  
SUN VISOR something falls out into her lap - a PRESS  
CARD. JOANNA in the red cardigan, smiling

RUTH caught unawares, a flash of intense pain, she  
grips the PRESS CARD TIGHT. Holding the card  
strengthens her resolve.

RUTH  
It may feel to you like Joanna's been  
here a long time but I can assure you  
Gaza was never her home.

SAYED leans over and pumps the music right up.

THE TV CAR Races on through JABALIYA passing wooden  
lamp posts hung with GREEN HAMAS FLAGS.

NAZEEM  
Bloomsbury am I right? Your hospital?

NAZEEM places a fresh mint tea a table in his OFFICE.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)  
You may find this too sweet but..

RUTH  
Bloomsbury that's right.

RUTH, on a couch, draped with a Bedouin blanket.

NAZEEM  
Tavistock Park.

NAZEEM is calm, easy, his eyes bright and agile.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)  
(smiling)  
The British Museum. Virginia Woolf.  
That was my London I did a lot of my  
surgical training there.

RUTH smiles politely. NAZEEM gives her an appraising look; she's here for business.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)  
Joanna was hit in the abdomen by a  
single high velocity bullet, probably  
an M 16 machine gun.  
(Ruth registers this  
calmly )  
These bullets can penetrate walls  
never mind flak jackets. Joanna  
suffered a devastating blood loss. By  
the time she got she was arresting. I  
haven't done a post mortum and you may  
wish to but from our experience you'll  
find her spleen, liver devastated, her  
portal vein.

RUTH  
Yes.  
(she can imagine)

NAZEEM  
We did everything we could but, I  
pronounced Joanna dead at 2.10  
yesterday afternoon.

NAZEEM and RUTH are silent a beat.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)  
Joanna did a feature here, on the  
hospital here, a very good one. She  
told me you were a doctor.

NAZEEM sees a yearning flares up in RUTH, to hear more to seize at his memories. Well used to death and it's territories he responds -

NAZEEM (CONT'D)  
She was very proud of you.

RUTH, grief grips her by the throat, she looks down.  
NAZEEM calmly waits

RUTH  
I'd like to see her now if I may?

NAZEEM  
Of course. Please.

45 INT GAZA/ HOSPITAL - DAY

45

RUTH and NAZEEM walk down a corridor which bears the scars of shrapnel and bullets. Something is nagging NAZEEM.

RUTH  
Did you scan Joanna?

NAZEEM  
Of course, a major gun shot wound, organ damage, I should have scanned her immediately.

RUTH  
But you didn't?

NAZEEM pauses at a METAL DOORWAY, he looks RUTH straight in the eye.

NAZEEM  
I haven't had a working scan for nine months, even for cancer patients.

NAZEEM is surrounded by PATIENTS and RELATIVES questioning him - he gently eases them away.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)  
(wryly)  
It seems when we elected Hamas we made the wrong choice so we must suffer. Israel has shut down our borders, virtually nothing gets through, they control our electricity, our oil, phones, medical supplies, even our mail.

NAZEEM pulls open the door for RUTH.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

The European Union decided we should not have scans, or x-rays or antibiotics.

46

EXT GAZA CITY - DAY

46

RUTH steps out into a CROWDED STREET - immediately attracting stares from PASSERS-BY.

NAZEEM

This way -

RUTH follows NAZEEM through a jumble of breeze block buildings, covered in graffiti.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

I have enough anaesthetic left to last maybe a week, ten days.

NAZEEM stops outside a breeze block building painted with long faded logos of CARNATIONS.

NAZEEM steps aside to allow RUTH ahead - he appears suddenly embarrassed.

47

INT CARNATION WAREHOUSE - DAY

47

RUTH enters and stops, stunned, staring in disbelief -

HER POV: BODIES, many of them CHILDREN, laid out in lines on SORTING TABLES, some wrapped for burial in white gauze, others still dressed the way they were when they died.

RUTH is standing in what was once a FLOWER COOLING PLANT and is now a temporary MORGUE. At the heads of tables GRIEF STRICKEN FAMILIES are gathered.

NAZEEM

The hospital morgue is over flowing, we have so many casualties from Israeli raids and bomb attacks. And now we are even killing each other.

At one table WOMEN are washing a CORPSE. A steely resolve surfaces in RUTH -

RUTH

Joanna?

NAZEEM

This way.

(leading her)

I didn't know how long you would be, so -

NAZEEM parts some GAUZE CURTAINS revealing a quiet area and at it's centre - a CATERING FRIDGE emblazoned with a faded logo of an ICE CREAM CONE. RUTH stares -

RUTH  
Tell me this isn't?

NAZEEM  
This is what we've been reduced to.  
I'm very sorry.

RUTH, transfixated by the CATERING FRIDGE.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)  
I'll give you a few minutes.

RUTH can barely credit this is real. She approaches the fridge. She takes hold of a handle grip on the lid.

RUTH steels herself, she lifts the lid. A cry leaps to her throat but she holds it back - her POV :

JOANNA wearing the clothes she died in, crumpled into the narrow fridge, her skin blue grey, her eyes lifeless, her casket of ice stained with blood.

RUTH cries out, beating her fist against the FREEZER edge

NAZEEM averts his gaze. It falls to a table nearby - the body of a BOY about seven lies unclaimed even in death.

NAZEEM takes in the BOY's distorted limbs - he takes the BOY's hand in his.

With heavy eyes NAZEEM gazes around the former flower plant - rows of BODIES and grieving MOURNERS.

RUTH  
(without turning)  
How can I take Joanna to the border?

NAZEEM  
I, I understood burial was taking place here?

RUTH, silent, staring at JOANNA like some ravaged Snow White, frozen in a lifeless lustre. RUTH traces her frozen fingers. She pauses on a gold wedding ring - registering its presence but betraying no emotion.

RUTH  
No. I'm bringing Joanna back to London.

NAZEEM  
(troubled)  
Please, there is something I must  
attend to.

NAZEEM hurries out.

RUTH, alone with JOANNA. A strange, clinical detachment creeps over her. She parts JOANNA's blouse. She studies the bloated entry wound. Her fingers methodically work their way around, under her abdomen feeling for the exit wound.

RUTH gasps, detachment deserting her.

INT TEMPORARY MORGUE.

RUTH sitting on a plastic chair, at one end of the fridge, her hands under her thighs - she looks oddly disassociated; like some sort of attendant.

NAZEEM returns.

RUTH  
I'll need a funeral car to take Joanna  
to the border.

NAZEEM  
(gently)  
I'm afraid the border is closed.

RUTH  
The bor, the crossing point?

NAZEEM  
It's closed.  
(Ruth is dumbstruck)  
Until tomorrow. I just called them.  
' Security reasons'

RUTH  
But that's ridiculous, I have someone  
to call, someone in the Israeli..

NAZEEM  
Go ahead but this happens all the  
time. Maybe they'll listen to you but  
I've had patients die at the border,  
patients who needed treatment in  
Israel or Egypt.

His disinterested authority seems indisputable.

RUTH

If Sayed imagines for one moment, one moment!

NAZEEM

Mrs Hass it's too dangerous for you to stay in a hotel, there are criminal gangs, kidnappings. Sayed's family will look after you -

RUTH

Like they looked after Joanna?

NAZEEM

(disapproving)

Please, in Gaza Sayed's family are your family.

RUTH

Well that's lovely but do you think you could -

NAZEEM

I would invite you, of course, but this is my home.

RUTH

I don't understand?

NAZEEM

Here. This office.

RUTH takes in anew the couch and patterned cloth, the traditional carpet - a locker with some suits hanging. She's mystified.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

A year ago the Israeli's blew up my house. They killed my family, my mother, my wife, two of our children.

RUTH

My god. I'm very sorry.

NAZEEM

(a fatalistic shrug)

It's how we live here. A five hundred pound bomb.

RUTH

But why?

NAZEEM

A punishment. My son was a suicide  
bomber.

RUTH stares - a mixture of astonishment and compassion.  
NAZEEM fixes her with his sombre, sensitive gaze -

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

I'm a doctor of course I don't agree  
with suicide bombing, I've always been  
opposed but, to the world Palestinians  
are not real people, we're pictures in  
a bad news story. Our pain is of so  
little value...

(Ruth trying to compute)

If you want to ask, yes, I am proud of  
my son.

NAZEEM, still, calm, civilised. RUTH the same - a vast  
incomprehension between them.

49 EXT/ INT SAYED'S CAR/ GAZA CITY - DAY

49

SAYED cutting in and out of busy traffic. RUTH,  
introverted, thoughtful, cut off the from the  
PALESTINIAN HIP HOP playing on SAYED's car stereo.

RUTH

(conciliatory)

Sayed, in the world Joanna comes from  
young people have lots of  
relationships before settling down  
with someone.

SAYED, uneasy at this. RUTH sees his vulnerability.

RUTH (CONT'D)

People sleep together, even live  
together, it doesn't mean a lot. It's  
a way of exploring the world, finding  
out who you are.

SAYED

It's true what Joanna said about you.

(turns to her)

You didn't know her at all.

RUTH - hurt, but buries it.

50 EXT/ INT SAYED'S CAR/ KIOSK CAFE - DAY

50

SAYED pulls up at a KIOSK/CAFE on a busy square in  
central GAZA. He hops out without a word, then pauses

SAYED

You better come.

RUTH looks from SAYED around the SQUARE - a semblance of normality - shops, traders, MEN and WOMAN in Islamic dress, moving about. She moves to accompany SAYED.

51

INT KIOSK CAFE - DAY

51

SAYED approaches the COUNTER and after an exchange in Arabic chooses a STICKY BUN.

SAYED  
(to Ruth)  
Water?

RUTH  
Please.

SAYED gets two bottles of WATER and pays.

RUTH notices on a COLOUR TV in the CAFE - ROBERT - being interviewed. She turns to SAYED just as he slips a folded DOLLAR note to the KIOSK CLERK and the CLARK slide a cling wrapped packet into his hand.

RUTH registers the transaction but turns back to the TV - she steps a little closer - only MEN sit in the cafe, smoking water pipes and playing cards or Shes Besh.

ON SCREEN : ROBERT, standing at the EREZ crossing point, talking to camera - RUTH cannot hear what he is saying - SAYED hands her WATER as the picture cuts to

LIBRARY FOOTAGE OF JOANNA : a 'SOFT NEWS' piece with some CHILDREN splashing in the water on GAZA BEACH - JOANNA is teasing some small children and smiling as she talks to camera -

SAYED  
Last summer.

RUTH and SAYED, caught unawares, their faces transfixed amid the hubbub of the cafe - can she really be gone?

ON SCREEN - the sparkling water, the sunlight, JOANNA's face - radiant - she crouches and lifts a BEAUTIFUL THREE YEAR OLD GIRL onto her knee - their faces touching, smiling out.

RUTH gazing at SAYED pain in him so visible, intense. She is 'seeing' SAYED for the first time, so young, vulnerable, searches for something more conciliatory.

SAYED (CONT'D)  
Let's go.

RUTH follows SAYED, on the pavement outside he stops.

SAYED (CONT'D)  
I maybe have a solution.

52

EXT GAZA/ RURAL ROAD/ TV CAR - TWILIGHT

52

THE TV CAR driving along a quiet rural road.

SAYED is rolling a joint in his lap as he drives, a wad of grass in the cling film.

SAYED

I remembered one of my father's  
cousins, he's the gardener here.

RUTH, increasingly paranoid as the car bumps along.

53

EXT GAZA/ BRITISH CEMETERY - TWILIGHT

53

RUTH, the red cardigan over her shoulders against the cold, steps through an arched stone porch and stops

HER POV : a long gravel path bordered by tall cypress trees - between them visible the seried ranks of perfectly maintained WAR GRAVES.

SAYED

The British cemetery.

RUTH surprised, steps forward.

SAYED (CONT'D)

From the days of the British Mandate  
for Palestine.

54

EXT GAZA/ BRITISH CEMETERY - DAY

54

RUTH walking slowly along a row of graves, studying the headstones - First World War dead, soldiers from -

THE ROYAL FUSILIERS.

THE SCOTS GUARDS.

A UN PEACE KEEPER, after 1948 -

RUTH, brought up short by several First World War graves - marked with the STAR OF DAVID -

THE LONDON REGIMENT -

A ELDERLY GARDENER has appeared along side RUTH.

GARDENER

Jewish soldiers, Zionists, who fought along side Britain in the First World War in return for Britain supporting a Jewish State.

RUTH takes in the trees, the perfectly trimmed borders, a sense of ordered calm, she could be in an English churchyard.

GARDENER (CONT'D)

Jewish soldiers buried here, from London, their graves are not desecrated.

SAYED

We can get permission to bury Ruth here.

CUT TO : RUTH, standing reading a brass plate on a MEMORY BENCH - for a MEDICAL OFFICER from Cambridge - died here after 1948.

GARDENER

(quoting)  
"if I should die, think only this of me, that there is some corner of a foreign field that is forever England.'

SAYED is confident RUTH will respond to this but she looks to the GARDENER with a wan smile.

RUTH

Joanna would hate this.

(Sayed - taken aback)

The whole military, Sayed you don't understand, young people in England today they don't..

(Sayed, frustrated,  
embarrassed)

All this, it's not Joanna.

SAYED

She said you'd like it here, she wanted you to visit. You're always 'too busy.'

RUTH

Do you know the expression holiday romance?

SAYED

No. No that's not -

RUTH

Why did Joanna told you not to tell anyone about the wedding? Why? All this, it's not reality for Joanna, it was an adventure, she -

SAYED

You don't know what you're talking about, you haven't spoken to her in months.

RUTH

Joanna's my daughter -

SAYED

You're not the only one who's lost a child.

RUTH

(walking away)

I've heard all about the big bad Israeli's.

SAYED

That's not what I meant.

RUTH keeps walking - suddenly STOPS. She turns fearfully back to SAYED.

SAYED (CONT'D)

Three months.

RUTH

Pregnant? Oh Joanna...

SAYED

She wanted to tell you herself. She'd booked a flight to London -

RUTH

( looks Sayed up and down)  
What was she thinking of?

SAYED stares, stunned. RUTH's mobile rings. She looks at the caller ID - ARIEL. She switches it off. RUTH walks off, viciously wiping her eyes.

ISABEL is finished her shift, walking across a deserted entrance hall, she glances up at a lit office area, her father ARIEL is at visible at the window.

ISABEL waves to ARIEL. He waves back.

56

INT SECURITY CENTRE/ EREZ CROSSING POINT - NIGHT.

56

ARIEL, turns from the window, a mobile in his hand. He looks from the mobile to a large 'letter box' format computer screen on which is visible a street plan - like a big high tech. Sat Nav.

A red dot is moving swiftly through the streets.

ARIEL studies the progress of the red dot.

57

INT/EXT SAYED'S CAR/ GAZA CITY/ REFUGEE CAMP - NIGHT

57

THE TV CAR racing through night streets -

RUTH silent, lost in contemplation.

SAYED drawing on a joint, driving to the dreamy tones of ancient Arabic singing, headlights pick out a pack of BLACK DOGS roaming a rubbish tip, they pin point SHADOWY FIGURES hugging graffiti daubed walls.

RUTH gazes out at FAMILIES gathered around open fires in bombed out buildings or living in tents pitched on mounds of rubble.

RUTH is suddenly flung forward as SAYED brakes hard - ahead is a ROAD BLOCK manned by ARMED FATAH FIGHTERS. A MAN is being pulled from his car - a FATAH FIGHTER batters him to the ground with his AK 47.

RUTH looks to SAYED - who is scared but calm. A FATAH FIGHTER is waving them ahead.

SAYED

Don't say anything. If you have to say you're with the UN, just arrived.

SAYED nudges the car forward. FATAH FIGHTERS are emerging from some sort of compound, JEEPS are scattered about, their lights illuminating the scene.

A FATAH FIGHTER is standing over the MAN beaten to the ground. SAYED is rolling down his window to speak to the FATAH FIGHTER waving him on. In the light of a JEEP he sees MAJED KHAZI.

SAYED (CONT'D)

Shit.

RUTH

What is it?

SAYED

Majed Khazi. He's the one people say ordered Joanna's death.

RUTH stares across, transfixed by MAJED KHAZI, his attractive features, warm smile as he gives ORDERS.

SAYED is talking to the FATAH FIGHTER. They both look as screaming of the FIGHTER nearby reaches a climax - his AK 47 is rammed into the MAN's face - RUTH looks just as the FATAH FIGHTER fires - the MAN's explodes, his body jolts and stills. RUTH, rigid with shock.

SAYED resumes talking. RUTH can see his hands are shaking violently. In her own hands JOANNA looks up at her from the ID CARD.

RUTH's eyes catch MAJED KHAZI's, staring at her, curious. RUTH is terrified. MAJED KHAZI is starting towards her. The FATAH FIGHTER waves them through SAYED pulls away and in seconds floors it.

MAJED KHAZI's calm gaze follows the car.

INT CAR

SAYED - freaked, juiced with adrenaline.

SAYED (CONT'D)  
Did you see him? Did you see Majed Khaizi coming over? Just in time, just in time!

RUTH is sick with fear and exhaustion.

SAYED (CONT'D)  
I've seen the house where Majed Khazi was born, not a house really, a hut, made of asbestos. Now the block is his palace, he has mansions, here and in Egypt, a house in Paris. He's the biggest Fatah gangster in Gaza.

58

EXT SAYED'S FAMILY BUILDING - NIGHT

58

The TV car headlights pick out an apartment building, in front of which stands a MOURNING TENT. SAYED pulls up. RUTH looks out at the MOURNING TENT. A fire burns. WOMEN move about, talking and heating food.

SAYED  
(a mournful gaze)  
If it was Majed Khazi I'll have to kill him.

RUTH  
What?

SAYED  
Otherwise my sisters, my mother, they'll never be safe.  
(MORE)

SAYED (CONT'D)  
 If a man doesn't avenge his wife's  
 murder than what? His family is  
 defenceless.

RUTH  
 But, what about police, courts?

SAYED  
 Last year Majed was the police, he may  
 be again. There's have no choice.  
 Majed Khazi will be thinking I'll have  
 Sayed for breakfast before he has me  
 for lunch.

(Ruth - reeling )  
 My mother and sisters are here. Come.

RUTH and SAYED get out of the car. Somewhat apart from  
 the tent, MEN are gathered standing or sitting around  
 WATER PIPES. RUTH's had enough.

RUTH  
 Can I just go somewhere to sleep?

59 INT SAYED AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

59

RUTH steps through the door way to SAYED and JOANNA's  
 apartment. Exhausted, she barely takes in an  
 impression. SAYED switches on a lamp, suddenly Joanna  
 is everywhere - her clothes, her books, her pictures,  
 her work station -

SAYED  
 You can sleep here.

RUTH stunned by the untidy vibrancy of a life -  
 suspended.

SAYED is gazing forlornly about the room.

RUTH  
 (ventures)  
 I know you feel about Joanna, and a  
 baby but -  
 (start again)  
 what age are you Sayed?

SAYED responds with a slow scathing look. RUTH gives  
 up. SAYED walks to the door.

SAYED  
 My sisters will make you something to  
 eat.

RUTH  
 I'm not hungry.

SAYED shrugs ' suit yourself.'

RUTH drops onto the bed, she sits there a long motionless beat, as if she's afraid she will disintegrate any second.

CUT TO LATER: RUTH staring, with incomprehension, at the closed door on which is a life size poster of TUPAC - all gleaming muscles, guns and tattoos.

On wall shelves to one side is CAMERA EQUIPMENT and a beautiful wooden VINTAGE CAMERA. A collection of several years old magazines - issues of GQ, VOGUE, HIP HOP MUSIC and ARAB FASHION magazines.

CUT TO : RUTH, investigating a different set of shelves - books by NAOIMI KLEIN, EDWARD SAID, MICHAEL MOORE, ORIANA FALLACI, ANNA POLITKOVSKAYA.

RUTH, ashen faced with stress and exhaustion, is taking in the apartment - a mixture of TRADITIONAL PALESTINIAN fabrics and cushions, furniture of contemporary design and an Israeli retro sixties look.

There are several photographs by SAYED - classic images of the INTIFADA and of PALESTINIAN CHILDREN, but also puzzlingly for RUTH, random images cut from EUROPEAN and ARAB FASHION MAGAZINES.

RUTH sees a bottle of WATER on a work station and reaches for it - she is brought up short brought up by a framed COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH - RUTH and her husband, SIMON, with a younger JOANNA in the garden of their NORTH LONDON home.

RUTH lifts the photograph. She stares, disbelieving - at what was her world.

RUTH moves back towards the bed, her elbow disturbs a robe hanging on the back of a chair. She picks up the robe. RUTH realises it an ankle length Islamic dress and resting on the chair is a Hijab.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(outraged)  
No, no. Fuck!

RUTH sweeps the Hijab onto the floor.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
The twenty first century!

RUTH casts about, she sees a BLACK TUNIC, another HIJAB RUTH seizes a camera bag. She empties out some gear and puts the framed photograph into the bag -

RUTH (CONT'D)  
What were you -

RUTH rips open a DESK DRAWER - more pictures - family snaps from London - into the bag - photos of JOANNA with Sayed's sisters, her hair covered - RUTH throws them away -

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Medieval!

ANOTHER DRAWER - JOANNA's passport - other documents - into the bag. RUTH grabs clothes, blouses, T. Shirts, underwear, stuffing them into the sports bag. Her rage becomes cold, hard, she packs Joanna's things

A BEDSIDE DRAWER Jewellery- straight into the bag - a photo of JOANNA and SIMON - into the bag - a LOWER BEDSIDE DRAWER some clothes - RUTH grabs them - She suddenly stops -

In her hands are two BABY GROWS and a KNITTED NEW BORN'S JACKET - RUTH swaying with anger - what to do with them?

60 EXT/ INT MOURNING TENT/SAYED'S FAMILY BUILDING - NIGHT 60

Sayed's sister, HANAN , in her late twenties, his MOTHER in her early fifties, SISTERS and AUNTS, sit around a table cloth covered with dishes of salad, humous, vegetables, rice. They are startled as -

An agitated RUTH appears in the tent entrance, carrying the CAMERA BAG.

RUTH  
I'm sorry but I want to go. Right now.  
Sayed? May I speak to Sayed!

HANAN  
(standing)  
I'm Hannan, Sayed's sister.

RUTH  
I need him to take me, take me back to the hospital.

HANAN  
It's too dangerous, there are and criminals and Israeli's under cover -

SAYED'S MOTHER is on her feet and taking RUTH's hand, addressing her kindly in Arabic. RUTH is momentarily caught by a large framed version of the photograph of JOANNA in the elegant ' dress' Hijab. It is stood beside burning candles.

HANAN (CONT'D)  
My mother says you must eat, eat with us, you're our guest -

RUTH

No. I should be with Joanna, it's  
nearly morning anyway.

SAYED's MOTHER is murmuring soothing sounds.

SAYED

(appearing)

It's still too dangerous -

RUTH

Can't you just take me?

SAYED's MOTHER takes hold of the CAMERA BAG. RUTH pulls it back - the KNITTED NEW BORN JACKET comes free in SAYED's MOTHER's hand, everyone stops. All eyes on the KNITTED JACKET.

SAYED

What are you doing -

RUTH looks mortified.

HANAN

For the baby?

RUTH feels exposed, like a thief. The FAMILY are struggling not to regard her as such.

SAYED

(disgusted)

Take her then. Go on take her.  
You've got what you came for.

(Ruth is startled)

Take Joanna, take her body. In the morning we'll go to the hospital -

HANAN, appalled, challenges SAYED angrily in Arabic - he responds in kind -

SAYED (CONT'D)

(back to Ruth)

Her body doesn't matter, Joanna's heart will always be in Palestine.

RUTH gives a careful neutral nod.

SAYED'S MOTHER enters into the fray, forcefully haranguing SAYED. RUTH watches shrewdly, the entire family is involved now but SAYED is obviously holding his ground. HANAN turns to RUTH -

HANAN

My mother can't bury her grandchild?

RUTH looks away. SAYED and his MOTHER's confrontation reaches a climax with him gesturing and obviously saying 'That's it!'

RUTH is aware of MEN appearing from the shadows, drawn by the row.

RUTH  
(quietly)  
There is a paper you're required to sign.

SAYED  
I'll sign anything you want me to.

RUTH - a tight lipped victory. SAYED walks away. HANAN and SAYED's MOTHER look troubled, hard done by. RUTH an uncertain beat, then -

RUTH  
Thank you.

RUTH turns to follow SAYED.

HANAN  
No.

SAYED'S MOTHER indicates the food laid out.

HANAN (CONT'D)  
Please, you're our guest.

RUTH wrong footed. The WOMEN's eyes upon her.

RUTH  
You're very kind.

LATER:

RUTH sits with the WOMEN, eating with their hands. HANAN brings her a fork. RUTH smiles her gratitude.

An awkward silence filled with eating. HANAN and the other WOMEN feeling aggrieved. RUTH thinking through what's just happened. A little GIRL giggles at RUTH using a fork. She winks at the GIRL.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
You're welcome to come to England, to the funeral, I can help -

HANAN  
The Israeli's won't allow any Palestinians travel out of Gaza. Only foreign journalists. Joanna tried and tried to get Sayed out so he could take up his scholarship.

RUTH  
Scholarship?

HANAN  
 The Royal College of Art in London.  
 Fine art photography.

RUTH  
 (surprised)  
 How would you manage without him?

HANAN  
 Joanna said there are grants, he could  
 do some work in England.

SAYED's MOTHER speaks to HANAN.

HANAN (CONT'D)  
 My mother says it must be hard for you  
 without a husband, without a family  
 behind you?

RUTH smiles, polite, but wary of where this is leading.

HANAN (CONT'D)  
 Joanna missed you. She was looking  
 forward to seeing you.  
 (Ruth flinches)  
 Two days ago in Tel Aviv she had an  
 ultra sound, everything was fine.

RUTH, staring ahead, hunched tight into herself, as if  
 in physical pain -

HANAN (CONT'D)  
 My mother wants to know what sort of  
 funeral?

RUTH  
 Just people who...  
 (stops herself)  
 Family, friends.  
 (covering her awkwardness)  
 We're not religious. My husband's  
 funeral was a civil ceremony.

The GIRL tickles her hand, and directs RUTH, grateful  
 for the distraction, to a - TELEVISION wired up to a  
 car battery -

HANAN  
 (smiling)  
 The wedding.

ON SCREEN - women dancing, among them JOANNA in a  
 traditional PALESTINIAN DRESS and a Hijab decorated  
 with silver and gold tassels -

CUT TO: RUTH staring at the television screen - 'who is this person?' JOANNA is radiant - her skin white but her Semitic features indistinguishable from HANAN and the other GIRLS. Her dancing is exuberant, sensual. She is entirely at ease.

HANAN (CONT'D (CONT'D)  
Joanna was my sister.

RUTH  
Where is Sayed?

HANAN  
The men have their party in another hall.

RUTH filled with wonder at the person her daughter had become. HANAN and SAYED's MOTHER watch, smiling - JOANNA dancing, beautiful -

HANAN (CONT'D)  
Joanna was so proud of you.

RUTH  
(automatically)  
I don't think so.

HANAN  
Of course. Every day you're saving people's lives -

RUTH  
- hardly -

HANAN  
- a doctor.

RUTH shrugs it off. HANAN looks back to the TELEVISION.

HANAN (CONT'D)  
It's gods will.

RUTH  
None of this is god's will.  
(standing)

HANAN giggles. RUTH looks at her, surprised -

HANAN  
You're like Joanna. She could never understand how I can have a degree in Philosophy from Hamburg university and still believe in God.  
(smiling)  
God will deliver us.

RUTH  
There is no god.

RUTH walks away.

61 EXT SAYED'S FAMILY BUILDING - NIGHT

61

RUTH finds a space to stand alone, away from the tent. She stares into the night - GUN FIRE in the distance. RUTH dials on her mobile.

62 INT ARIEL'S HOUSE/ BEDROOM - NIGHT

62

ARIEL is woken by the flashing of his mobile. He sits up, legs over the side of the bed. His WIFE asleep.

ARIEL

Ruth?

RUTH'S VOICE

Tomorrow, tomorrow morning

ARIEL

(smiling)

Tomorrow? Good for you.

The mobile clicks off - ARIEL sits in his boxer shorts a beat, reflecting. He turns to his WIFE - an oxygen tube runs from her nose to a tank beside them bed.

ARIEL gazes with great tenderness at his WIFE, listens to the rustle of her breathing in the tube. He leans over and gently pulls a sheet up over her shoulder.

63 EXT SAYED'S FAMILY BUILDING APARTMENT - NIGHT

63

SAYED stands in a stairwell, smoking an ordinary cigarette, staring out at flashes from gun fire around the city.

RUTH appears out of the darkness. She has to pass SAYED to get up to the apartment.

RUTH

Your family's angry with you?

SAYED

What's new? My cousin says I was lost once I started listening to Western Music.

(Ruth smiles)

I keep telling him hip hop is the music of resistance. Joanna would say 'How can you care about hip hop or fashion when all this is happening?'

(Sayed shrugs)

I don't want to shoot people. That's what politics means here now.

RUTH, her expression determinedly neutral.

RUTH  
Good night Sayed.

RUTH walks towards the stairwell.

SAYED  
Wait.

RUTH pauses, surprised - she follows SAYED's gaze towards the street -

RUTH'S POV: THREE BLACK JEEPS brake in front of the MOURNING TENT. RAJA Emerges from the lead jeep, surrounded by ARMED HAMAS FIGHTERS spreading out. RUTH looks to SAYED

RUTH  
What is it? What's happening?

SAYED  
Fucking beards. Hamas.

SAYED calls out to the HAMAS FIGHTERS in Arabic RAJA Looks up and start towards him.

SAYED (CONT'D)  
(under his breath)  
Look at them, just like the Israelis.

CUT TO: RUTH watching, unnerved as ARMED HAMAS FIGHTERS powerfully built, crowd the stairwell, agitated, shouting commands in ARABIC and SAYED talks to RAJA.

RUTH - an RPG at her eyeline. RAJA is looking at RUTH.

RAJA  
I am investigating your daughters death. I am happy to give you some guards -  
(indicating his men)  
When you are here, for your safety?

RUTH, uncertain, looks to SAYED. His body language says - 'up to you' but his eyes....

RUTH  
No thank you, I'm fine.

A slight softening in SAYED.

A burst of mobile phone and RAJA starts away with his personal bodyguards, ordering a MUSCLE BOUND COMMANDER to take the MEN upstairs.

64

INT SAYED AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

64

A LITTLE LATER: RUTH, watching HAMAS FIGHTERS search the room - looking at papers, photographs. SAYED is suffering this. A HAMAS FIGHTER unplugs JOANNA's laptop. He speaks to SAYED and leaves with it.

Even with their masks it's gradually apparent that the HAMAS FIGHTERS are no more than BOYS, shy and awkward in RUTH's presence. One powerfully built fighter, MUSCLE MAN is studying SAYED.

RUTH is taken aback at seeing SAYED, ashen faced, a tremor in his lips. MUSCLE MAN is staring hard at SAYED. One of his MEN speaks to him.

RUTH senses a movement at her hand - SAYED's FINGERS are slipping something into hers. RUTH freaks.

HAMAS FIGHTERS continue searching. RUTH struggles to quelling her panic, she resists taking the slim hard object from SAYED. He pushes it back to her, more forcefully.

MUSCLE MAN says something to SAYED, with his AK 47 he gestures towards the bathroom. SAYED is petrified now. RUTH opens her hand and takes the object.

SAYED goes into the bathroom. MUSCLE MAN follows. RUTH clasps the object clasped tight in her hand. Through the BATHROOM DOOR sees SAYED unbuckling his belt. MUSCLE MAN catches RUTH's eye in the BATHROOM MIRROR and with the back of his foot kicks the door shut.

RUTH sits up onto the bed. She faces down the HAMAS FIGHTERS, shy and uncertain in the company of a Western Woman.

The BATHROOM DOOR opens and MUSCLE MAN emerges briskly. He barks orders to the HAMAS FIGHTERS, and nods to RUTH as they pile swiftly out.

CUT TO: RUTH, alone, on the bed. She can hear muffled crying from the bathroom.

INT BATHROOM - SAYED, hurriedly washing tears from his eyes, stressed out, upset, embarrassed. He becomes aware of RUTH in the doorway, watching him. SAYED, humiliated, angry with himself for having been afraid.

SAYED

Can't read or write? Big fuck off gun  
and you rule the world.

SAYED (CONT'D)

That's what it's like here. You were  
right.

(MORE)

SAYED (CONT'D)

You take his men as guards and you make yourself a target. They think like people in prison, they see plots-

SAYED draws a jagged pattern in the air.

SAYED (CONT'D)

conspiracies, paranoia all the time, we're living in one big prison.

RUTH

What are they looking for?

SAYED

Fatima gave Joanna something, a document or photographs, she was worried about getting it out of Gaza. They think it's the reason she was killed.

RUTH

This?

RUTH holds up the object SAYED pressed into her hands, a wallet held together with an elastic band.

SAYED

No. I don't know what Fatima gave her.

RUTH

Joanna must have told you surely?

SAYED

(shakes his head)  
She was always protecting her journalistic integrity.

(flashes her a look )  
You know what Joanna was like, you only knew what she wanted you to know.

RUTH - can't argue with that.

LATER:

THE WALLET, it's elastic band being undone. RUTH is sitting at JOANNA's work desk. The wallet is packed with photographs. First up is -

A COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH of Ruth and Simon, wearing a prayer shawl, in the early eighties, proud parents holding baby Joanna in a LONDON SYNAGOGUE.

Next up -

A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of Ruth as a child, with her PARENTS, at a London Zoo in the fifties.

RUTH stares, stunned.

Next up A BLACK AND WHITE PHOTOGRAPH of a BEDOIN family in the thirties - MEN and WOMEN wearing elaborate traditional dress and jewellery.

SAYED  
My great grandfather and grandmother.

RUTH  
(earlier picture)  
My parents.  
(Sayed nods)  
I never knew Joanna had any of these?

ANOTHER BLACK AND WHITE of Sayed's family outside a stone built house.

SAYED  
This was our home, near Haifa.

A BLACK AND WHITE of a young WOMAN in Piccadilly Circus in the forties.

RUTH  
(gasps)  
My mother. She met my father in London, his parents escaped from Germany, then Holland.

SAYED  
In a boat?

RUTH  
That's right.

SAYED  
He survived on Lemon biscuits?

RUTH nods, gripped by the unfolding narrative.

A BLACK AND WHITE of a BOY standing in front of a tent, bare foot, bleak eyed -

SAYED (CONT'D)  
My father, in a refugee camp in Jordan, after 1948.

COLOUR - a serious man in his FORTIES in an Arab cafe.

SAYED (CONT'D)  
My father again, in Tunis, he was in exile with Arafat.

COLOUR - Ruth's graduation picture.

SAYED (CONT'D)

My father also trained as a doctor. In Beirut.

RUTH looks up surprised at SAYED. He leans down and begins arranging the photographs. RUTH watches SAYED'S HANDS lay out the photographs fast as a croupier in what is clearly a familiar arrangement -

A PARALLEL NARRATIVE emerges - SAYED pairs his fathers photographs with Ruth's parents.

SAYED (CONT'D)

Your family fled from Germany. When Israel was formed a million Palestinian's were driven from their villages. We Palestinians became the refugee nation. The one's with no home.

RUTH keeps her gaze fixed and steely on the photographs.

SAYED (CONT'D)

My mother still has the key to our house in Haifa. Israeli's live in it now.

RUTH is aware of SAYED producing the KNITTED BABY JACKET and replacing it in the bedside drawer. It is the most gentle of reproofs but for all that cuts deep.

RUTH is aware of SAYED walking away and the door closing.

RUTH sags with relief. She's held out.

66

EXT GAZA/ BALCONY/ SAYED AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

66

The mournful sound of MINARET's call to prayer drifts out over a roof top mosaic, interspersed with the sounds of gunfire and distant explosions.

RUTH, wearing a silk slip, sitting on the balcony, alone, drinking tea, staring out.

RUTH glances up at a PHOTOGRAPH hanging on the wall - a picture of JOANNA, sitting in the same chair, drinking tea from the same pot. Unsettled, RUTH stands up -

67

INT SAYED AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT - DAY

67

RUTH, bag packed, dressed to leave.

RUTH approaches JOANNA's work station.

RUTH considers the pictures. Then firmly picks out her own family shots, breaking the linked family trees until only Sayed's remain.

68 EXT GAZA STREET - DAY

68

RUTH and HANAN walking down the street - to the curious gaze of barefoot CHILDREN.

69 EXT HOSPITAL YARD - DAY

69

With a HEAVY CLUNK the CATERING FREEZER drops onto the back of a battered pick up truck.

RUTH nods thanks to FOUR WORKMEN who clamber down.

NAZEEM, overseeing things, hands them a few dollars, indicating that they came from RUTH.

The FOUR WORKMEN gesticulate their gratitude.

NAZEEM turns to RUTH and extends his hand --

NAZEEM  
Say hello to Bloomsbury for me.

RUTH  
Thank you for everything.

NAZEEM smiles.

RUTH lingers a beat - but there's nothing more to say.

70 EXT/INT PICK UP TRUCK/ ROAD TO JABALIYA - DAY

70

The pick up truck spreads a cloud of dust as it approaches JABALIYA REFUGEE CAMP.

A CIVILIAN DRIVER and beside him RUTH on her mobile. She's not getting through. She turns to the DRIVER.

RUTH  
How long, how long to the border?

DRIVER  
Half.

RUTH  
Half an hour?  
(he nods)  
Do they know we're coming?

The DRIVER shrugs. RUTH returns to the mobile.

71

EXT JABALIYA REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

71

THE PICK UP TRUCK bouncing through narrow pot holed streets wet with sewage. They pass a DONKEY drawing a cart stacked tins of cooking oil. There is a sudden 'ack, ack' of GUN FIRE. RUTH can see commotion ahead -

CROWDS filling the narrow streets.

RUTH alarmed.

CHILDREN AND ADULTS are running, screaming frightened. There are INJURED PEOPLE being carried or dragged. The GUN FIRE is nearer, more intense.

EXT JABALIYA STREET

The PICK UP brakes - throwing RUTH forward into the wind screen - she hardly seems to notice - she is transfixed by an -

ISRAELI MERKAVA TANK

Coming towards them. Lumbering, elephantine, pressing forward

RUTH watching as

A BALCONY COLLAPSES

crushed by the TANK's relentless tan and grey bulk -

RUTH

Back back!

RUTH'S DRIVER

reversing -

THE TANK'S GUN

Swivels and locks onto -

THE PICK UP TRUCK

RUTH'S DRIVER

frozen with fear

RUTH (CONT'D)

Out! Get out!

RUTH

clambers out tumbling down into a

MELEE OF TERRIFIED PEOPLE

Just as -

THE TANK MACHINE GUN

opens fire -

BULLETS

rip through the air, into CARS, WALLS, PEOPLE -

RUTH

on the ground - among WOMEN, CHILDREN and ELDERLY MEN -

BULLETS

ricochet above RUTH, they splinter the pick up  
windscreen -

RUTH'S DRIVER

slumps to one side, a bloom of blood forming on his  
forehead -

THE MACHINE GUN

Swivels on a balanced platform - firing off bursts -

RUTH pressing herself into the wet dirt

A WOMAN is hit, she falls,

RUTH

looks up -

HER POV

On a covered balcony a MASKED FIGHTER firing back at  
the tank.

A CHILD

screaming on the balcony next door, the

CHILD'S MOTHER

dressed in black, runs out, she reaches the CHILD and  
lifts it up. Holding it to her as she turns back -

THE BALCONY

seems to tremble and rise up - MOTHER and CHILD jerk  
forward - the balcony wall

SPLITS APART

RUTH

In shock -

HER SLOW MOTION POV

MOTHER AND CHILD are devoured as the building cascades into itself in a storm of concrete and

DUST

Out of which

A MERKAVA TANK,

Emerges, awesome in it's blind power - towering over -

RUTH

Advancing, terrifying

IT'S MACHINE GUN

spinning -

72

INT MERKAVA 4 / CREW COMPARTMENT - DAY

72

DANIEL

a twenty year old GUNNER, good looking, panicked, his first major operation - on his PANORAMIC SCREEN

GUN SIGHTS

scan the street, a chaos of dense deep focus moving images -

DANIEL

transfixed by the live action GAME on his SCREEN -

EXT JABALIYA STREET

TANK TRACKS

Lurch and settle onto rubble.

THE TWO TANKS

face each other, their guns covering the street

RUTH takes a breath.

TERRIFIED PEOPLE

crouch into walls -

CARS BLAZE

RUTH tries to orientate herself. She realises they are trapped.

73

INT MERKAVA 4 / CREW COMPARTMENT - DAY

73

DANIEL

Sweating, eyes hopping, hyper alert - his eyes lock on -  
HIS SIGHTS

TRACKING a man running, wearing a black keffiyeh -  
DANIEL,

Squeezes a button -

EXT JABALIYA STREET

RUTH shuts her eyes as

The MAN is cut down by a line of bullets.

74

INT MERKAVA 4 / CREW COMPARTMENT - DAY

74

DANIEL blinks

TANK COMMANDER  
 He's popped his cherry!

The TANK COMMANDER's hand claps DANIEL's shoulder.

DANIEL - his eyes insane with adrenaline.

EXT JABALIYA STREET

RUTH, the pick up truck door is open, tantalisingly close. All around her PEOPLE moan and cry, they pray, calling out in Arabic -

RUTH crawls forward. She reaches the pick up door. She pulls herself inside. The DRIVER is dead. The extent of the violence begins to hit RUTH she's shaking, desperately trying to regain control.

A MOVEMENT catches RUTH's eye. Behind the pick up, obscured from the tanks, is

KALID

Strikingly beautiful, a rock in his hand -

RUTH  
 No, no don't -

KALID

registers RUTH but his arm is already rising in an arc as he

STEPS OUT

and appears on -

75 INT MERKAVA 4 / CREW COMPARTMENT - DAY

75

DANIEL'S SCREEN,

Kalid coming forward -

EXT JABALIYA STREET

KALID throwing the rock

RUTH  
(screams)  
Don't -!!!

DANIEL'S FINGER pressing

BULLETS savage the length of KALID's torso -

RUTH (CONT'D)  
No..

RUTH jumps from the pick up, instinctively she runs to KALID'S BODY. RUTH whips off her cardigan and forms a pack for an exit wound to his kidney. A WOMAN hands her a head scarf. RUTH kneels across KALID tying the pack into place with the headscarf.

76 INT MERKAVA 4 / CREW COMPARTMENT - DAY

76

ON DANIEL'S SCREEN : Ruth, in tight, ripping open Kalid's T. Shirt

TANK COMMANDER  
You've got her man!

On screen a Man tries to pull Ruth away to safety, she shakes him off but looks up - in his gun sights -

TANK COMMANDER (CONT'D)  
You've got the Arab bitch!

RUTH - freezes

DANIEL

Juiced

EXT JABALIYA STREET

RUTH

Defenceless

THE MACHINE GUN

Aiming at her -

77

INT MERKAVA 4 / CREW COMPARTMENT - DAY

77

A FLICKER

On the periphery of DANIEL'S SIGHTS - a FIGURE on the half destroyed balcony above -

DANIEL

Reacts -

EXT JABALIYA STREET

THE TANK MACHINE GUN

Swivels and elevates firing upwards at -

A MASKED FIGHTER

Shooting

BULLETS

Mow down the

MASKED FIGHTER

RUTH

Lifting KALID towards the pick up -

THE TANK

Lurches towards the half destroyed building and

ISRAELI TROOPS,

burst from a TROOP CARRIER machine guns prepped, rounding PEOPLE up.

78

EXT JABALIYA CAMP/ ROAD TO GAZA - DAY

78

The PICK UP truck tearing up a dirt track, out of JABALIYA CAMP.

RUTH on the bed of the truck, holding KALID. He is unconscious, a bandage around his abdomen drenched with blood. They are surrounded by other WOUNDED CIVILIANS.

79

EXT EREZ CROSSING POINT - DAY

79

ROBERT, along with other FOREIGN JOURNALISTS confront ISRAELI OFFICIALS, among them ARIEL.

ISRAELI OFFICIAL

The border is sealed, no one is allowed in or out

ROBERT

Are there any foreign news crews inside Gaza?

ARIEL

I'm not aware of any.

JOURNALIST

We're being kept out that's the bottom line? We're we're not allowed in to report ?

ISRAELI OFFICIAL

This is a security operation. Israel has the right to defend itself -

ROBERT

What about reports of civilian casualties?

ISRAELI OFFICIAL

A military operation is in progress other than that I have no information -

ROBERT

Do you have information on Ruth Hass? Mother of the British journalist killed inside Gaza?

ARIEL shoots ROBERT a look. The ISRAELI OFFICIAL seems at a loss.

ARIEL

Mrs Hass entered Gaza at her own risk.

Sounds ominous to ROBERT.

80

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL/ CORRIDOR - DAY

80

RUTH running alongside a stretcher carrying KALID. She is massaging a manual oxygen bottle for KALID.

RUTH and PARAMEDICS race along the same chaotic corridor we saw Joanna taken to theatre.

81

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL/ THEATRE AREA - DAY

81

MADNESS in the THEATRE AREA.

NAZEEM is operating a blunt triage system for the flow of fresh CASUALTIES. He passes over a severely INJURED FATAH FIGHTER. His COMRADES realise what is happening and turn on NAZEEM arguing vehemently for their man to be treated. NAZEEM ignores them.

RUTH arrives with KALID on a trolley. One FATAH COMRADE suddenly produces a hand GUN. He orders NAZEEM to take the INJURED FIGHTER into theatre.

RUTH is terrified for NAZEEM. He refuses to budge. The FATAH COMRADE is screaming with impotent rage. He rams the GUN into NAZEEM's stomach.

RUTH watches, hypnotized, as NAZEEM calmly shakes his head. THE FATAH COMRADE - shaking with frustration.

RUTH suddenly snaps out of it, she pushes KALID'S TROLLEY between them and into theatre.

FATAH COMRADE

( Stop! )

The FATAH COMRADE swivels. He aims at RUTH's face. She stares down the barrel of the gun, she could reach out and touch it. In this heightened reality RUTH is weirdly calm. Her eyes move from the gun to the FATAH COMRADE's face. He is struggling against tears.

Behind RUTH a MALE NURSES un hooks some theatre equipment. NAZEEM watches transfixed. Another MALE NURSE starts cutting off KALID'S clothes.

THE FATAH COMRADE is suddenly broken. He can't fight the whole world. He turns and walks away. NAZEEM looks to RUTH.

NAZEEM

Thank you.

A look RESPECT passes between them.

82

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL/ THEATRE - NIGHT

82

NAZEEM and RUTH, now wearing THEATRE BLUES, operating on KALID's abdomen. They work in sync, anticipating each other in a wordless professional tango.

The THEATRE plunges into near darkness.

NAZEEM

Shit.

RUTH

What -

NAZEEM

The Israeli's. They do this. They cut off the electricity.

RUTH

What about generators?

NAZEEM

We'll have them in a while.

A NURSE switches on a FLASH LIGHT. She shines it on KALID. He is struggling. NAZEEM looks to a colleague. An exchange in Arabic.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

(to RUTH)

We can't afford to give him any more anaesthetic.

KALID begins moaning. RUTH, faintly illuminated by the flashlight, leans down. She strokes KALID's head, brushes his sweat soaked hair. KALID twists in pain. RUTH gazes at him.

- his young body, so perfect and so violated -

RUTH's fingers grip KALID's, he continues to struggle. The shield in RUTH falls away, she leans down, placing her cheek against his.

RUTH

Sssh, sssh, it's alright.

NAZEEM watches them, CAPTIVATED by this unlikely Madonna and child.

A rumbling sound and weak flickering light returns.

RUTH jerks up abruptly, as if she's been caught out and NAZEEM looks away.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Suture?

NAZEEM

Yes.

ISABEL is watching happily as DANIEL'S tank returning from it's incursion, lumbers into final position.

The HATCH flips open and the Tank Commander ELIAT, emerges with a loud ' whoop ', followed by DANIEL.

ELIAT and DANIEL' high five' as ISABEL approaches.

ISABEL

Hey.

ELIAT

My man! This is my main man!

ELIAT, DANIEL and other CREW jump down to the ground. More ' high fives'.

Bug eyed with adrenaline ELIAT and DANIEL jostle and 'fight' each other in a series of wrestling holds as ISABEL watches, bemused.

ISABEL

You guys had fun?

ELIAT and DANIEL share a snigger.

ELIAT

You give my man what's his, he's earned it.

ELIAT walks away - DANIEL looks after him with an odd disconcerted expression. ISABEL smiles but something's not right.

84

INT EREZ MILITARY BASE/ MESS - NIGHT

84

ISABEL and DANIEL eat at a long mess table.

ISABEL

Dad's invited us for Shabbat.

DANIEL nods along but he would much rather be with ELIAT, nearby, joking about with the rest of the CREW.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

I thought you didn't like Eliat.

DANIEL

Eliat's a good commander.

ISABEL

(misgivings)

It'll be nice to meet mum and dad properly.

85

INT BEN GURION/ AIRPORT - NIGHT

85

PAUL is at the TICKET DESK while ROBERT stands to one side, on the 'phone to SAYED.

ROBERT

There's nothing on Joanna's computer, bits and pieces about prostitution but nothing significant. Sayed, I can't do much more here, not as things stand. Maybe I can bring more pressure to bear in London, try to get a British Police investigation -

86

INT SAYED AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

86

SAYED, sitting forlorn on his bed.

SAYED

Okay Robert. Goodbye Robert.

BEN GURION -

ROBERT, made uneasy by the emptiness in SAYED's voice. Then PAUL is beside him with tickets and they're pressed for time.

SAYED'S APARTMENT

SAYED, alone, abandoned, he looks around him, at the remains of what was his life. Staring back at his is the life size poster of TUPAC.

87

EXT GAZA CITY - NIGHT

87

SAYED on his hunkers, hard faced, driven. He rips off the TV tape markings and throws them away.

88

EXT EREZ MILITARY BASE - NIGHT

88

A secluded line of open topped JEEPS. From the sounds and movements of dark figures we realise this is an area for making out.

CUT TO:

DANIEL and ISABEL in a JEEP, kissing. He is unbuttoning her uniform shirt, it's barely open and his hand is unlocking the buckle of her belt. ISABEL takes his wrist, slowing his hand.

DANIEL's response is to swiftly unbuckle his own trousers. He manoeuvres them down -

ISABEL

Hey.

DANIEL

What?

ISABEL

What's up with you? Ever since you got back tonight?

DANIEL starts pulling down her trousers.

ISABEL (CONT'D)

Daniel?! What is it? What happened today?

DANIEL

Oh forget it then.

DANIEL gets out of the car.

ISABEL

Daniel.

(he pauses)

Come back. Come here.

ISABEL holds a hand out to DANIEL.

CUT TO LATER:

ISABEL, over DANIEL's shoulder as he fucks her. She is disturbed and confused - not wanting this impersonal fuck but wanting to give him some comfort.

LATER STILL :

DANIEL, spent. ISABEL, what just happened? DANIEL is still psyched, his breathing fast and anxious. She puts a calming hand on his stomach.

Isabel (CONT'D)

What is it?

Daniel

I love you. I just love you so much.

ISABEL, trying to get her head around that.

89

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL - DAYBREAK

89

A kind of stupor peace; THEATRE is finally empty. A NURSE is slumped in the doorway, sleeping. An ELDERLY CLEANER in black tunic dress and Hijab washes down the floor. The CALL TO PRAYER floats inside and the ELDERLY CLEANER stops work.

90

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL/ NAZEEM's office - DAYBREAK 90

NAZEEM kneels facing MECCA, praying.

A dazed RUTH sits at his desk, drinking coffee. She watches NAZEEM pray. Her gaze is gentle, reflective, aware she is sharing something essentially private.

NAZEEM finishes. He lights a cigarette.

NAZEEM  
No one would guess you hadn't operated  
in years.

RUTH  
I thought you're not meant to smoke?

NAZEEM  
I may be a Muslim, but I'm also a man.

RUTH grins - her gaze lingers on him a beat.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)  
(energised)  
Let me show you something.

91 EXT GAZA BEACH - DAY

91

A wide expanse of sea.

RUTH and NAZEEM are walking across sand dunes towards the Gaza Bay. RUTH drinking in the clear air and early morning sun, enjoying the wind blowing her hair.

NAZEEM  
(exhilarated)  
The beach is my escape, my freedom.  
Without the sea I think I would  
implode. Have you noticed there are no  
trees in Gaza?

RUTH  
(laughs)  
Umm, can't think why I haven't -

NAZEEM  
When I was a child there were trees  
everywhere, ancient trees stretching  
back before the time of the Prophet,  
peace be upon him, back to the time of  
Christ. The Israeli's had them cut  
down for 'security reasons.' They  
stole our Olive trees, the trees of  
peace. Joanna and Sayed were so  
excited about marrying, creating  
something new in Gaza, creating hope.

NAZEEM catches a sardonic look from RUTH.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

What?

(pressing)

It's true.

RUTH

Life isn't romantic, you of all people  
must know that.

NAZEEM

You believe in love.

(Ruth scoffs)

I can see you do.

RUTH

I'm not eighteen.

NAZEEM watches her tenderly as RUTH gazes resolutely  
out to sea.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Let's check on Kalid.

92

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL / WARD - DAY

92

KALID in bed, grinning, bright with excitement, wearing  
a GREEN HAMAS HEADBAND. Injured HAMAS FIGHTERS lie in  
the other beds. Armed HAMAS FIGHTERS wearing GREEN  
HEADBANDS stand around KALID's bed. His charm and good  
looks have made him already their MASCOT.

NAZEEM

See? The young are strong.

RUTH is smiling at KALID, aware she is a major  
curiosity among these young men. NAZEEM and KALID have  
an exchange in Arabic - the HAMAS FIGHTERS laugh but  
NAZEEM responds sharply.

KALID grins proudly up at RUTH.

RUTH

What did Kalid say?

NAZEEM shakes his head.

RUTH (CONT'D)

(light)

Tell me, go on.

NAZEEM

He says he will get better fast, so he  
can kill Jews.

RUTH - as if she's been struck. NAZEEM stares at the  
floor. KALID is puzzled by the changed vibe.

RUTH

Tell him.

NAZEEM

Ruth -

RUTH

Tell him I'm a Jew.

NAZEEM hesitates, then speaks to KALID who giggles delightedly. He says something to NAZEEM.

NAZEEM

(translating)

He says you're a good person, you couldn't be a Jew.

RUTH, gripped by a fury. She looks about her, repelled by these MEN with their black T-shirts and massive biceps their ROCKET LAUNCHERS and MACHINE GUNS like peacock feathers. She manages a tight lipped smile to KALID and walks deliberately away.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

(following)

Ruth? Ruth you have to understand.

RUTH

(rounding on him)

Understand? Fuck understand!? Israel is a piece of land smaller than Wales! One safe place in the world! Six million Jews? Annihilated?

(hurt pride)

Olive trees and peace and you teach him nothing but hate.

NAZEEM

That's not true.

RUTH

Do you teach him why the Jews came back to Israel?

NAZEEM

The only Jews Kalid has ever seen are the soldiers blowing up his house, the soldiers who shot him. You were there! He's never spoken to a Jew except at the end of a gun. Can you understand that? In his own country? But you expect him to care about the Holocaust? About a sanctuary for the Jews?

RUTH

We are not the Nazis!

NAZEEM goes to respond but stops himself. TENSION flies between them. Angry and frustrated with each other they both struggle to find a civil tone.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
I need to go.

NAZEEM  
The border is still closed. No one gets in or out, no supplies, nothing.

RUTH could scream at this but NAZEEM hasn't finished.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)  
Joanna's fridge is hooked up again but if this blackout continues we'll have to cut supply to the morgue, we need the generators for patients. By tomorrow morning at the latest.

RUTH  
(cold)  
I understand.

93 INT GAZA/ UNDERGROUND BUNKER - DAY

93

SAYED is handling the firing mechanism on an AK 47. He is being observed with amusement by a super obese chain smoking GUN DEALER

GUN DEALER  
( Where have you been living?)

The GUN DEALER slides off his stool and waddles over, he adjusts SAYED's grip and stance on the AK 47. He steps back and nods his approval. He reaches under his massive belly and grips himself -

GUN DEALER (CONT'D)  
( Makes your cock hard ay? )

SAYED hands over a pile of DOLLAR BILLS.

94 INT GAZA/ CARNATION PLANT/ TEMPORARY MORGUE - DAY

94

RUTH feeling the side of the fridge - it's wet. At her feet is a pool of water. She looks to the wiring - ancient, taped into a plug hanging loose in its socket.

RUTH could explode with the pressure mounting in her. Her mobile rings. She answers.

ROBERT'S VOICE  
Ruth!

INT LONDON / HEATHROW AIRPORT - DAY

ROBERT is coming out of a busy COSTA COFFEE in HEATHROW AIRPORT.

ROBERT

I've told Sayed you're still in Gaza.  
No one is getting in or out, we can't send anyone into you.

CUT TO: ROBERT queuing up in WH SMITHS, surrounded by FAMILIES, TEENAGERS, MEN and WOMEN in suits - an ordinary British morning.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Ruth, I'm pushing for a British Police Investigation. It's a lot to ask but there are no foreign correspondents left in Gaza, would you do an interview ? Sayed could film -

95

INT CARNATION PLANT/ TEMPORARY MORGUE - DAY

95

RUTH, trying to leave but her path blocked by heaving angry HAMAS SUPPORTERS taking a BODY out to bury.

ROBERT'S VOICE

You're Joanna's mother, a British Citizen trapped in Gaza, trying to uncover the truth about -

RUTH

I'm not part of this madness.

RUTH snaps off her mobile - the HAMAS supporters are bitterly angry MEN - but wait - a woman is pushing her way through towards RUTH.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Hanan?

HANAN

I heard what happened. Come it's not safe for you here.

(holding out a Hijab)

There are gangs everywhere, roadblocks no one knows who is in charge. We need to get home.

RUTH yields and puts on the Hijab.

96

EXT GAZA CITY - DAY

96

HANAN and RUTH making their way through fear filled streets, PEOPLE hurry from door way to door way as gun fire crackles about them.

HANAN and RUTH come upon CROWD of PEOPLE - WOMEN and MEN wailing, crying, HAMAS GUNMEN firing AK 47's into the air. HANAN keeps RUTH close. At the centre of the crowd is a burnt out tangle of metal - what was a jeep and the burnt husks of it's PASSENGERS.

A CAR brakes suddenly beside RUTH and HANAN - SAYED, waving them in. They clamber gratefully inside.

97

INT/ EXT SAYED'S CAR/ GAZA STREET - DAY

97

SAYED pulls away, indicating the burnt out car.

SAYED

Israeli are firing rockets, killing the Hamas leaders. Fatah look like they're finished here

CUT TO MOMENTS LATER: SAYED turns off one road onto an AVENUE - he immediately begins to slow down -

The AVENUE is long and deserted - ominously so - smoke drifts from burnt out buildings - a DEAD BODY lies splayed in the middle of the street.

RUTH takes in the scene apprehensively, but she's in their hands. SAYED - wary - the street is silent - it looks like a shooting range. HANAN and SAYED begin to argue in ARABIC - she quickly gets the upper hand.

HANAN

(to Ruth)  
This is the fastest route home.

SAYED

But this area is still controlled by Fatah. By Majed Kazi. His men are heading for the tunnels, to escape-

HANAN says something else to SAYED. He lets the car roll forward and as he does so he lifts up, from between the two front seats, the AK 47.

RUTH

(stiffens)  
Sayed?

SAYED shoves the gun out his window, holding it erect with one hand, driving with the other.

RUTH - increasingly alarmed.

EXT AVENUE

SAYED's car, gingerly progressing down the AVENUE, the AK 47 aloft like a defiant fist.

INT CAR

SAYED reaches a JUNCTION - he inches forward, bent over the wheel, his face wet with sweat, scoping the streets.

RUTH is even more alarmed when she takes in HANAN - ashen under her dark skin, starting to shake with fear. HANAN grips RUTH's hand and begins to pray out loud.

SAYED stops, wipes sweat from his eyes - he looks in the side mirror - half way down the AVENUE -

SAYED noses forward into the JUNCTION - he looks left - A squad of FATAH FIGHTERS milling about - SAYED blinks - keeps going. He looks back -

SAYED

Look!

The FATAH FIGHTERS are discarding their uniforms, undressing in the street, pulling on civilian clothes -

SAYED (CONT'D)

They're giving up, running away!

EXT AVENUE

SAYED's car crawls across the junction - ignored by the FATAH FIGHTERS. SAYED picks up speed -

A BURST OF GUNFIRE -

SAYED floors it - careering down the street followed by gun fire strafing the concrete.

RUTH digs herself down onto the floor - pulling, screaming, down beside her.

Coming up at the foot of the AVENUE is barricade of corrugated iron sheets -

SAYED smashes straight through the barricade - scattering a HERD OF GOATS corralled behind them. He swerves off leaving the GOATS scattering and bleating.

SAYED, carrying the AK 47 is hurrying RUTH and up the stairwell to his APARTMENT.

RUTH

What were you and Joanna thinking of?

99

INT SAYED AND JOANNA'S APARTMENT- TWILIGHT

99

RUTH

Bringing a child into this insanity?

SAYED

Joanna was committed -

RUTH

Committed, committed to what? Blood  
lust, blood letting?

SAYED

Maybe if you'd asked her she would  
have told you.

RUTH

You haven't the slightest idea of what  
you're talking about -

(waves away his response)

You're a good looking boy Sayed but my  
god you must have something, you must  
have something special.

SAYED backs off any further confrontation with her.

CUT TO:

HOURS LATER: SAYED is subdued, cradling the AK 47 -  
it's size making him seem more rather than less  
vulnerable. RUTH watches him, her expression neutral.

SAYED

I told her go straight from Tel Aviv,  
to London but no, she wanted to come  
back, just a few days. I should have  
made her, once she was out, you would  
have, you would have made her go?

RUTH

Who knows? Maybe I'd be same in your  
situation? Maybe I'd fuck anyone to  
get out of here? Even a Jew.

SAYED - stunned with hurt, near disbelief.

RUTH has stunned herself, she knows she's gone too far,  
ruptured a part of her own humanity.

SAYED

Get out. Get out of here.

RUTH

Sayed -

SAYED

Get out of my house -

RUTH  
I can't go out there -

SAYED  
Get out!

RUTH  
Sayed -

SAYED  
You're not taking Joanna anywhere, you  
don't deserve her.

RUTH buckles inside.

100 EXT GAZA CITY - NIGHT

100

RUTH hurrying along a darkened street, she's shaken and  
badly scared.

A GROUP OF MEN are approaching. RUTH tries desperately  
to cover her hair with her hands. She turns into some  
shadows. She presses herself right into a wall.

The MEN pass, but in their wake comes a pack of DOGS.  
Barking, growling. The Dogs surround her. Terrified,  
RUTH runs, the DOGS chase her.

CUT TO: RUTH running through ever more narrow, more  
confusing streets. She stops, which way now? The DOGS  
are still barking somewhere behind her. RUTH runs on,  
no idea where she is going.

CUT TO: RUTH feeling her way in the MOONLIGHT, as she  
climbs up over a mound of rubble - a demolished house.  
There is sudden GUN FIRE nearby, the sounds of feet  
running. RUTH stumbles in fear, she falls down a rubble  
embankment to the ground.

RUTH lies in the MOONLIGHT, helpless and alone, she  
burrows into some rubble, seeking to disappear.

CUT TO: DARKNESS, other than a faint, ruby glow.

RUTH is walking, she passes an ARMCHAIR, a smashed  
TELEVISION, other bits and pieces of furniture, she is  
approaching the RUBY EMBERS of a fire.

RUTH stands faint illumination provided by the fire.  
Hair askew, clothes stained and torn, her face  
bloodied. A FAMILY lies sleeping nearby and an ELDERLY  
WOMAN sitting up.

RUTH  
Hospital?  
(no response)  
Please, can you, the hospital?

RUTH searches the ELDERLY WOMAN's rheumy eyes. RUTH has a pierce of cloth in her hand, she passes it in front of the ELDERLY WOMAN's eyes. Nothing. She's blind.

RUTH backs away into the dark.

101 EXT GAZA BEACH - DAYBREAK

101

MIST Comes in off the sea at Gaza at daybreak.

MIST swirls about RUTH, the piece of cloth acts as a headscarf, her face is dirty and her clothes are torn.

As RUTH walks the mist reveals a brutal landscape of conflict and violence - rusting rolls of barbed wire, broken concrete, security blocks daubed with graffiti.

A noise frightens RUTH - something nearby, moving she cannot make out anything or even accurately locate the sound - she turns round and round, disorientated, filling with terror -

Suddenly a dark ominous presence is upon her, looming out of the darkness - the ARAB STALLION. RUTH laughs with relief, the horse's long face and mournful brown eyes gazing at her. RUTH feels giddy, near hysterical, she strokes his long gleaming neck like an old friend.

The BLACK STALLION lumbers off. RUTH carries on, lighter, more hopeful.

102 EXT GAZA/ BEACH FRONT - DAY

102

In a clearing of aluminium light RUTH sees the HIGH RISES of the beach front. She starts towards them.

103 EXT GAZA/ BEACH FRONT/ STREET - DAY

103

RUTH, staring -in the burnished metal of a HOT DOG stand is her own shimmering reflection - she can barely recognise herself - hair covered, her face bruised, her stockings torn. RUTH looks down at her hands - as if they belong to someone else.

104 INT AL SHIFA HOSPITAL - DAYBREAK

104

A HAND holding a COFFEE nudges RUTH awake. She is lying on row of plastic seats.

KALID, bare chested, his abdomen swathed in bandages is holding the coffee. Behind him NAZEEM. RUTH smiles wearily at KALID and takes the cup.

Nearby, the ELDERLY CLEANER is working.

RUTH

I had no where else to go.

NAZEEM

When my sister goes to her in laws in  
the south I stay in her apartment.

RUTH

Look, yesterday -

NAZEEM

You need to rest.

NAZEEM speaks quickly to the ELDERLY CLEANER and  
produces a bunch of keys -

105

INT corridor/ NAZEEM's SISTERS APARTMENT - DAY

105

The ELDERLY CLEANER unlocks a plain black door on a  
clean, marble floored landing. The door swings door  
open and she gestures RUTH to go in.

106

INT NAZEEM's SISTERS APARTMENT - DAY

106

RUTH closes the door, keys in her hand, she hears the  
lock 'click' - blessed relief.

RUTH lets herself fall to the floor. Respite.

107

INT NAZEEM's SISTERS APARTMENT/ BEDROOM - TWILIGHT

107

Almost all the light gone from the room RUTH lying on a  
wide double bed, her thumb in her mouth, staring.

108

INT CORRIDOR/ NAZEEM's SISTERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

108

NAZEEM, standing on the landing, wearing a good suit.  
He presses a doorbell and waits.

The door opens and NAZEEM looks startled -

RUTH wearing a long black tunic dress with gold lacing,  
her hair hanging wet and shining.

NAZEEM

(laughs)

You look like a good Gaza wife.

RUTH

Except for the hair.

As he steps inside RUTH takes in the suit, the effort  
he's taken. She looks after NAZEEM and is for a moment  
stricken, not with anguish or grief but a new hunger.

INT APARTMENT

NAZEEM, at a breakfast bar, taking food from a bag.  
RUTH watches him from the living room.

NAZEEM

Humous, tomatoes, bread. This a feast.  
Gaza has run out of 7 Up and Coca  
Cola, but alcohol is forbidden -

NAZEEM produces a treasured bottle of Scotch Whiskey.

109

EXT BALCONY/ SISTERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

109

RUTH and NAZEEM sit on plastic chairs, at a low table covered with the remains of a meal. The balcony looks out onto the vast darkness of the sea. The apartment is in darkness. The only illumination is moonlight.

NAZEEM

What happened with Sayed?

RUTH

He told me to leave. I said some things I shouldn't have.

A long pause. RUTH appears locked into herself.

RUTH (CONT'D)

He's bought a gun.

NAZEEM

Sayed?

RUTH

A Kalashnikov.

NAZEEM is obviously concerned but then a ' what can you do shrug.'

NAZEEM

We don't recognise ourselves. Living in this cage. Ten years ago I had never see a gun except in Israeli hands. Then came Oslo and guns, guns guns. Gun culture is like a cancer.

RUTH is drinking in NAZEEM, his dark eyes, the timbre of his voice.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

My own son. Who was in university?! My little boy who loved his Paddington Bear teddy. He chose death?!  
(MORE)

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

They are all over Gaza, children who are already ghosts, who have lost all hope. I see it in their eyes, their dreams are only of death.

NAZEEM is gazing out into the darkness all around them.

RUTH

Nazeem, take me inside?

NAZEEM, his composure shaken, he doesn't know what to do. RUTH stands, she takes his hand.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

110 INT BEDROOM/ NAZEEM'S SISTERS APARTMENT - NIGHT

110

RUTH and NAZEEM fucking against the wall, hungry hard, he comes quickly, she buries herself in him finally feeling something.

RUTH's mobile rings, it rings on ignored.

INT SECURITY CENTRE -

ARIEL, on his mobile, gets voice mail, leaves no message.

INT NAZEEM'S SISTER'S APARTMENT

RUTH and NAZEEM make love again, taking more time but hungrily, passionate.

CUT TO: RUTH, lying with NAZEEM, she kisses his chest.

RUTH

Well, doctor, does that feel better?  
(Nazeem laughs. Pause)

NAZEEM

In the Koran Jesus is a revered prophet, I like when he says about death ' let the dead bury the dead.

RUTH

Have you, since your wife was killed?

NAZEEM shakes his head. RUTH fingers lace into his.

RUTH (CONT'D)

I didn't tell Joanna how ill Simon had become. She was doing her finals at Oxford. She visited at Easter, everything was fine, she came home in June, Simon was in a coma.

(MORE)

RUTH (CONT'D)  
They never got the chance to say  
goodbye, to each other.

NAZEEM  
You did what you thought was right.

RUTH  
No. As long as I hadn't told Joanna it  
wasn't so real, not for me, not for  
Simon. I thought, I believed, one day  
she would forgive me.

RUTH - but not now.

NAZEEM  
To the rest of the world Palestinians  
aren't real people, our pain has no  
value, Joanna understood that, she  
knew we'd become pictures in a bad  
news story. The other night with  
Kalid, Joanna would have been proud of  
you.

RUTH  
(shrugs)  
I'm a doctor.

NAZEEM  
No. That night you were a mother.

RUTH looks up, startled, at NAZEEM.

111 EXT NAZEEM'S SISTERS BUILDING - DAY

111

NAZEEM, looks about, cautiously, as he leaves the  
APARTMENT BUILDING. His heart sinks as he spots the  
ELDERLY CLEANER from the hospital.

She has seen him and glances up at the apartment. Their  
eyes meet again, NAZEEM abashed. She gives him a broad  
wink. He grins.

112 INT NAZEEM'S SISTERS APARTMENT - DAY

112

RUTH, alone in the apartment. Restless.

CUT TO: RUTH examining FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS - including  
one of NAZEEM and what must be his WIFE and SON.

RUTH takes in a COMPUTER in a study area. She looks  
away - at a bookshelf with some titles in ENGLISH.

RUTH picks up her mobile and dials a number.

113

INT LONDON HOSPITAL/ WARD - DAYBREAK

113

PEARL, lying in bed, head heavily bandaged, but awake.  
A WARD SISTER approaches the bed with a MOBILE.

WARD SISTER  
It all went very well  
(to Pearl)  
'Doctor Hass'

PEARL smiles.

INT NAZEEM'S SISTER'S APARTMENT

RUTH  
Good.

WARD SISTER  
I'm sure Dr Ferguson sent you an  
email.

RUTH's gaze drifts to a computer at a work station.

114

INT NAZEEM'S SISTERS APARTMENT - DAY

114

RUTH working at NAZEEM's SISTERS computer.

She accesses her email account.

HER INBOX is crammed with NEW MAIL.

RUTH attacks her mail second nature efficiency. She deletes, she makes brief replies.

RUTH freezes - an email marked JOANNA. She stares in disbelief. JOANNA @ hotmail. It includes an attachment. RUTH steels herself. She opens the attachment.

A VIDEO STREAM, loading.

RUTH the waiting feels unbearable.

THE VIDEO STREAM - first there is sound, a deep rhythmic groaning, then picture, a grainy black and white image - an

ULTRA SOUND SCAN.

A FOETUS pulsating, floating in its WOMB.

A cry escapes RUTH. The foetus heart beat is fast and strong. RUTH is transfixed, drinking it in. The HEARTBEAT suddenly STOPS.

RUTH flinches, she looks away, as if the FOETUS has died in front of her eyes.

A long beat. RUTH is startled by JOANNA's disembodied voice, tinny, electronic - but JOANNA -

JOANNA'S VOICE

Hi mum.

ON SCREEN; JOANNA beaming from a WEB CAM -

JOANNA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Be happy for us mum.

RUTH

Oh Jo.

RUTH touches JOANNA'S digital face, her own cheeks wet with tears -

JOANNA'S VOICE

I love you mum. I'll see you soon.

RUTH

Joanna....

RUTH - grief streaming out of her - but with the ease of the FORGIVEN.

CUT TO LATER:

RUTH, sitting, her hands smoothing her suit. Adjusting her blouse as best she can. She is calm, composed. Satisfied, RUTH lifts her mobile and begins to dial.

115

INT NEWS AGENCY TELEVISION STUDIO - DAY

115

An ASSISTANT is brushing up shattered glass. RUTH picks her way across to a chair. She sits down - a CAMERA is trained on her. RUTH looks up sharply as a door opens -

SAYED steps inside. He doesn't meet RUTH's eye.

CUT TO: SAYED standing over the camera, adjusting it's lenses. He leans down to the VIEW FINDER

VIEW FINDER POV: RUTH staring directly 'at' us, her expression dignified, resolute.

116

INT LONDON NEWSROOM

116

ROBERT

All set?

ROBERT leans over a microphone, surrounded by PAUL, SALLY, and other JOURNALISTS. RUTH's FACE on a monitor, in a BANK of screens.

INT GAZA STUDIO

SAYED

Ready?

RUTH nods.

117

INT LONDON NEWSROOM

117

ROBERT

Who do you hold responsible for your  
daughter Joanna's death?

PAUL looks to ROBERT, appalled.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

Was her death as result of safety  
failings or an attempt to silence her -

PAUL

What are you -

ROBERT ignores PAUL, he looks - RUTH's image gazes out  
replicated on every screen -

RUTH'S VOICE

Who is to blame for Joanna's death?

INT GAZA STUDIO

RUTH

Who's always to blame? Someone with no  
face, without a name, someone with  
power, with an agenda, someone in  
Jerusalem or Tel Aviv or Damascus, or  
Cairo. Someone in Washington or  
London. Someone who's interests are  
served - by killing. I'm not a  
journalist. I can't tell you his name.Something shifts in RUTH - she falters, she looks about  
to lose it.

INT LONDON NEWSROOM -

A wall of screens showing RUTH in close up, vulnerable,  
tremulous. ROBERT leans into his microphone to call cut

-

RUTH (CONT'D)

All I know.

ROBERT pauses, looking up at RUTH on every screen, the  
entire NEWSROOM waits.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
 All I know is I didn't love her  
 enough, and now she's gone.

INT STUDIO

SAYED looks up from behind the camera - his eyes meet RUTH's - her face wet with tears. SAYED gently shakes his head. RUTH shrugs, it's true -

ROBERT'S VOICE  
 Ruth that's great. Thanks guys.

RUTH continues to stare at SAYED.

RUTH  
 I'm sorry Sayed.

SAYED nods.

CUT TO:

RUTH, leaving the studio. She pauses, turns to SAYED.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
 We should plant a tree, by the grave?  
 An Olive tree?

SAYED  
 Joanna would like that.

118

INT ARIEL'S SETTLEMENT HOME - NIGHT

118

A table is set for Shabbat dinner. ARIEL'S WIFE is lighting the Shabbat candle. To one side ARIEL sits watching the television news, along with ISABEL and a self conscious DANIEL. The news item causes ARIEL'S WIFE to pause -

ON SCREEN: RUTH -

RUTH  
 The tank was shooting at civilians,  
 children and old people.

ARIEL voids his face of any expression, staring fixedly at the screen. As RUTH continues DANIEL does that same but in a more obvious, self conscious fashion.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
 I treated one child myself, ten years old, shot by an Israeli tank machine gun. He had been throwing stones.

ISABEL appears frozen, staring at the floor. All three are determined to avoid any eye contact - one can almost see the walls between them.

ARIEL'S WIFE  
Ariel, it's almost dark.

ARIEL flicks off the television with a remote. He stands up. So do ISABEL and DANIEL. ARIEL indicates to them to go ahead -

ARIEL  
Please, come through.

As DANIEL turns towards the kitchen area ARIEL claps a hand onto his back.

119 INT ARIEL'S HOUSE / BEDROOM - NIGHT

119

ARIEL is very gently making love to his WIFE - he attempts to enter her but she resists - he pauses -

ARIEL  
What is it?

ARIEL'S WIFE's chest is heavily bandaged, she has had a full mastectomy.

ARIEL (CONT'D)  
I love you.

ARIEL'S WIFE  
It's not you. I can't bear to look at myself.

ARIEL soothes and kisses her, lies back down on his side and holds her to him, her breathing is shallow and fast. He kisses her gently and she slowly settles.

ARIEL'S WIFE (CONT'D)  
Daniel was there, in Jabaliya.

ARIEL  
I know. Don't think about it. This is what the Arabs make us do. They drag us down.

ARIEL'S WIFE  
(not convinced)  
Sometimes I think we've lost our soul.

ARIEL and his WIFE lie awake in the dark.

120 INT CARNATION PLANT/ TEMPORARY MORGUE - DAY

120

Dawn is filtering through slatted windows, casting a speckled light over silent BODIES, wrapped and bound in WHILE MUSLIN and resting on steel drying tables -

RUTH, and SAYED'S MOTHER are cleaning JOANNA 's body, They work together cleaning off bits of dirt, dried blood, iodine stains and so on. There is a quality both painful and soothing to ritual.

Along the tables other FAMILIES do the same, here and there a cacophony of crying and keening erupts.

JOANNA's face, ashen, still, RUTH lifts a gauze flap and, giving her a last kiss, closes it over her face.

121 INT ARIEL'S HOUSE - DAY

121

DANIEL waiting in JEEP as ARIEL says goodbye to ISABEL.

ARIEL  
Your mum's tired, let her sleep.

ARIEL kisses ISABEL. He watches her walk to the JEEP and jump in.

ARIEL waves to DANIEL and ISABEL - he watches after them a long beat.

122 INT CARNATION PLANT/ TEMPORARY MORGUE - DAY

122

SAYED and various MALE FAMILY MEMBERS lift JOANNA, wrapped in white cotton, high up on their shoulders.

RUTH reaches out with a desperate incredulity as the MEN carry JOANNA towards the door. Suddenly, RUTH and SAYED's MOTHER cry out against the unthinkable - JOANNA has passed out the door - she's gone.

123 EXT GAZA/ ROAD TO THE MUSLIM CEMETERY - DAY

123

HAMAS FIGHTERS fire bursts of AK 47's into the air as people wave posters of a MARTYR.

JOANNA, passes, a cotton figurine, carried high in the MEN's hands. RUTH her hair uncovered, is the only WOMAN in the funeral march,

Dizzy with strain of it all RUTH stumbles, NAZEEM catches her arm, steadies her and releases her.

RUTH carries on.

124 EXT GAZA/ CEMETERY - DAY

124

A SHEIK is closing a copy of the KORAN and walking away from the grave side in a windswept MUSLIM CEMETERY.

RUTH and SAYED sit by the grave covered in a mound of ROCKS. In the distance NAZEEM, some STRAGGLING MEN and the WOMEN MOURNERS at the cemetery entrance.

SAYED looks up at a DRONE flying overhead.

SAYED

They've a new photograph by now -  
(the surrounding area)  
Spies will come at night and check the  
grave, we're not hiding guns, digging  
a tunnel.

RUTH

What will you do now?

SAYED

(shrugs)  
Back to work. I have the only salary,  
for all the family.

RUTH watches SAYED with concern. She goes to say something but hesitates. As she considers NAZEEM approaches -

NAZEEM

The border is open. Two French  
Journalists have been allowed through.  
You should take your chance straight  
away.

RUTH looks from NAZEEM to SAYED - again she considers saying something.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

We should hurry.

RUTH and SAYED stand. She looks back to the grave, caught by the parting. A CAR engine revvs up nearby. RUTH kisses her fingertips and quickly presses them to the ground.

125

EXT/INT GAZA/ CEMETERY ROAD/ SAYED'S CAR - DAY

125

SAYED's car driving on a narrow road. SAYED at the wheel, HANAN and his MOTHER are in the back seat.

SAYED slips on a CD of ANCIENT ARABIC singing.

126

INT/ EXT YELLOW TAXI/ GAZA / CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

126

RUTH sits turned slightly to face NAZEEM in the back seat of a yellow Gaza taxi.

NAZEEM is staring ahead, strangely formal. He is intensely aware of the DRIVER snatching glances at RUTH in the rear view mirror.

RUTH is puzzled by NAZEEM's stiffness, catches the DRIVER's curiosity and gets the picture. She places her hand on the seat, near but not touching NAZEEM.

NAZEEM

(heavily)

With Hamas winning a great victory we now have an Islamic government.

RUTH

We should keep in touch, the two hospitals, we could work on a project together.

NAZEEM

I'd like that very much.

RUTH, her heart goes out to NAZEEM, he is all bottled up but clearly finds this parting painful.

RUTH

(suddenly)

We forgot a tree.

NAZEEM

Huh?

RUTH

I wanted to plant one, an olive tree, at the grave.

NAZEEM turns to RUTH with a smile.

NAZEEM

I'll find one.

127

INT/ EXT SAYED'S CAR/ GAZA SUBURB - DAY

127

SAYED, driving, spacing off to the forlorn music.

A BLACK HUMMER

suddenly

RAMS

the front side of

SAYED'S CAR

sending it spinning.

SAYED

ricochets inside like crash test dummy. HANAN and SAYED's MOTHER are thrown, screaming, on top of each other

THE HUMMER

with smoked windows it looks like a malevolent machine as it

REVERSES

and

SMASHES SAYED'S CAR

against a low wall.

SAYED

is confused, disorientated, his head bleeding - he fumbles between the seats and lifts up his AK 47

MASKED MEN wearing jeans and T-shirts are out of HUMMER and ripping open his car door - a gun barrel rams into the back of SAYED's head knocking him near unconscious. A MASKED MAN rips the K 47 from his hand.

HANAN is screaming as SAYED is pulled out of the car, along the ground - his own AK 47 at his throat - HANAN Clammers out of the car - she is dragged back by SAYED'S MOTHER, wailing as -

SAYED is thrown up into THE HUMMER, it's rear doors open -

SAYED'S POV:

MASKED MEN piling in cutting out the daylight with their muscular bodies, black boots and black combats -

SAYED  
( I haven't done anything! )

The doors slam shut -

DARKNESS

MASKED GUN MEN, AK 47's trained on SAYED'S CAR, pile into the BLACK HUMMER which takes off as we

CUT TO

The YELLOW TAXI Rounding a corner and BRAKING HARD.

RUTH

Oh no.

RUTH'S POV: SAYED's CAR abandoned, doors splayed open, HANAN standing, helpless, disbelieving. RUTH and NAZEEM leap out of the car. NAZEEM is talking to HANAN. RUTH taking in SAYED'S MOTHER - her UTTER DESPAIR in face of the empty car -

RUTH sees at fresh blood stains in the cinnamon earth. Her eyes search the silent desolate landscape as if it could give her an answer -

RUTH (CONT'D)  
Please God.

NAZEEM shouts RUTH back to the taxi.

128 EXT/ IN GAZA CITY CENTRE/ HUMMER - DAY 128

THE BLACK HUMMER, racing along an street in the centre of the city. It makes a sharp turn into a LONG BOULEVARD only it is a sea of GREEN FLAGS - a victory march by HAMAS.

THE BLACK HUMMER does a violent HANDBRAKE TURN which throws SAYED about the floor, where he lies arms tied behind his back. THE BLACK HUMMER shoots off down a more narrow AVENUE.

129 INT YELLOW TAXI - DAY 129

NAZEEM, in the front passenger seat is directing the worried DRIVER rapidly. Squashed together in the back seat are SAYED'S MOTHER and RUTH - on her mobile.

RUTH  
(shouting)  
Sayed! Yes Sayed, kidnapped -

HANAN wonders who she could be calling

RUTH  
No not by Hamas -  
(listens)  
Surely there's someone you can talk to?

NAZEEM - catches that. He turns, looking back to RUTH with concern. HANAN'S uneasy gaze catches NAZEEM'S - ' who is RUTH talking to?

INT SECURITY

ARIEL, also on a mobile, hunched, focused, staring at a computer screen as he talks -

ARIEL  
Who could we talk to?

ARIEL'S eyes are following the red dot travelling the maze like map on his screen.

ARIEL (CONT'D)  
These people are terrorists

INT YELLOW TAXI -

RUTH  
You must have contacts!?

RUTH, frustrated - she's lost the line.

NAZEEM  
Who were you talking to?

RUTH shakes her head as if to say 'no one, doesn't matter.'

130 EXT GAZA CITY CENTRE - DAY

130

THE BLACK HUMMER slows in increasingly dense traffic - the DRIVER is nervous, jumpy, keen to get ahead

HIS POV: A ROAD BLOCK up ahead, manned by HAMAS MILITIA in grey blue combats - THE DRIVER panics, tries to reverse - he's jammed tight, tries to turn. OTHER DRIVERS complain. THE DRIVER tries to charm it.

INT EREZ CROSSING POINT/ SECURITY/ FORECOURT - DAY

ARIEL studying the RED DOT on his screen. He reaches a decision, stands and walks away.

INT FORECOURT -

ARIEL emerges from the SECURITY CENTRE, and starts out purposefully across the FORECOURT -

ISABEL, on duty, in uniform, sees him and starts across.

ISABEL  
(troubled)  
Dad -

ARIEL  
(Not now honey)

ARIEL walks on, very focused. ISABEL, isolated, vulnerable.

131

EXT GAZA/ CITY CENTRE - DAY

131

A HAMAS FIGHTER on road black duty notices a disturbance further up the line of cars. DRIVERS are arguing, the BLACK HUMMER DRIVER at the centre

A HAMAS FIGHTER is walking towards the disturbance, AK 47 prepped, a radio on his chest.

A SECOND HAMAS FIGHTER shadows him. The BLACK HUMMER DRIVER sees them. Freaks.

THE BLACK HUMMER reverses violently, ramming a small CAR HAMAS FIGHTERS Run forward yelling, RADIO's going crazy THE HUMMER runs the smaller car off the road -

SAYED and his CAPTORS are thrown about inside the HUMMER which takes off, HAMAS FIGHTERS firing after it.

132

EXT GAZA REFUGEE CAMP - DAY

132

THE BLACK HUMMER tearing through narrow winding streets at breakneck speed. It passes a junction -

THE DRIVER checks - no pursuit. Another junction - nothing.

A real rocking CAR CHASE through as refugee camp ending with the BLACK HUMMER crashing through a bombed out building, topsiding and smashing into a wall - scattering a herd of GOATS.

SAYED is among a tangle of bodies, his KIDNAPPERS, screaming for mercy as the SMOKED WINDOWS explode under GUN BARRELS.

In a shard of light SAYED'S bruised, bleeding face.

A BEDOIN FAMILY watch with the blank eyes of utter resignation as HAMAS FIGHTERS line up the KIDNAPPERS at gun point

SAYED is being dragging from the HUMMER, through a shattered window.

133

INT FORMER PALESTINIAN SECURITY BUILDING - DAY

133

RUTH is walking towards us, tense, scared, but determined to recover SAYED. YOUNG HAMAS FIGHTERS are ransacking OFFICES, rifling files, smashing open locked cabinets.

HAMAS FIGHTERS, their masks off, PHOTOGRAPH each other, on mobile phones, too excited to notice or care about this Western woman.

RUTH walks among YOUNG MEN posing with guns, delighting in the iconic revolutionary stance of the AK 47 held upright off the hip. She passes offices with BOYS swivelling on 'executive' chairs, feet up on desks.

RUTH sees the person she is looking for - RAJA, in a SENIOR PA OFFICIAL'S OFFICE, his back to her, talking to some OLDER HAMAS FIGHTERS. She hurries forward.

As she nears RAJA RUTH sees, SAYED.

RUTH  
Oh thank God.

SAYED, smiling at RUTH. RAJA turns around.

RAJA  
Doctor, you're just in time.

RUTH stands in the doorway.

RAJA (CONT'D)  
Please, come in.

134 INT SENIOR PA OFFICIAL'S OFFICE

134

RUTH steps into the office. She takes in the HAMAS FIGHTERS these are MEN, experienced, tough, unemotional, and RAJA is clearly the one in charge.

RAJA  
We rescued Sayed from the criminals,  
but we have something else for you.

RAJA indicates to RUTH to look, she turns - MAJED KAZI is being wheeled along the corridor towards them, tied to an office chair. RUTH flinches as she takes in MAJED's light coloured suit, drenched with blood, his face purple and swollen, he is barely conscious.

RAJA (CONT'D)  
This is the man who hired Sayed's  
kidnappers.

MAJED'S eyes roll about in their bruised sockets, bloodshot and bovine, they finally settle on RUTH but she has regained her self control, well aware of what a dangerous place she has found herself.

RAJA (CONT'D)  
He is also the man who had your  
daughter killed.

RUTH registers the information but gives no reaction. She continues staring, unblinking, at MAJED.

RAJA (CONT'D)

Majed Kazi was as senior security official, trained by your governments advisors. He is also an Israeli collaborator. Joanna discovered more about him,

(Ruth flinches at the name)

this piece of shit - the money he makes from smuggling drugs and guns into Gaza, organising prostitutes.

Behind MAJED, in the corridor, the heady atmosphere of liberation continues.

RAJA (CONT'D)

Majed has confessed he had Joanna killed to stop her releasing the evidence. We video'd his confession.

SAYED staring venomously at MAJED

RAJA (CONT'D)

Huh?

MAJED looks up RAJA. He nods. RUTH that intense, forensic stare, drinking in her daughter's killer -

A bullet explodes into MAJED's face, sending him swivelling backwards, tumbling sideways, still tied to the chair, on to the floor -

RUTH jumps with fright.

The CORRIDOR stills - YOUNG HAMAS, stopped in their tracks, stare, they look from MAJED's body to RAJA, calmly holding a revolver and his own MEN unmoved.

SAYED

Good.

MAJED lies awkwardly, blood pooling from his head. Nearby lies a framed photograph of ARAFAT, glass shattered.

RAJA

It's done. Your daughter was a very courageous young woman. I'm sorry we couldn't do more.

RUTH

(locked down)

Thank you.

SAYED extends his hand to RAJA who pulls SAYED to him. The two men embrace and kiss.

135

EXT FORMER PALESTINIAN SECURITY BUILDING - DAY

135

RAJA walks RUTH, SAYED to the entrance. He hands SAYED a video tape.

RAJA

There's Majed's confession. We still have to find out the details of what Joanna discovered. We looked at her laptop -

SAYED

She had a hotmail address, Ruth found it. I'll try to access it and see.

RAJA shrugs, 'there you go'. They have reached the entrance.

RAJA

Things will be calmer now but I'll arrange safe transport to the border.

136

INT HAMAS JEEP/ CITY CENTRE/GAZA - DAY

136

RUTH, pre occupied, with SAYED in the back of a HAMAS jeep. HAMAS are firmly in control of the streets. FAMILIES are walking about. Shops are opening.

RUTH

What if it wasn't Majed?

SAYED

(the tape)  
He confessed.

RUTH

People will do anything to live.

SAYED

(shrugs)  
My family are safe now.

137

INT TEL AVIV HOSPITAL - DAY

137

ARIEL leads a team of FEMALE and MALE AGENTS and a long haired CIVILIAN TECHNICIAN into the reception area of a modern TEL AVIV HOSPITAL - more like a shopping mall.

ARIEL

For her to open a hotmail account she needed access to another computer.

COLLEAGUE

There aren't any Internet Cafe's in Gaza.

ARIEL

Correct but we know she had an appointment here four days ago.

ARIEL slows, looking around the RECEPTION - cafes, newsagents, a card shop and a travel agents - several PREGNANT WOMEN.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

(back on the move)

She returned to the border after only two hours so she didn't have a lot of -

ARIEL stops sharply - tucked away behind the Travel Agents is an INTERNET CAFE.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Time.

ARIEL's TEAM, talking into radio's and cells are already walking into the CAFE, flashing badges.

138

INT TEL AVIV HOSPITAL/INTERNET CAFE - DAY

138

ARIEL, watching his AGENTS at each computer terminal working the keyboards with machine like efficiency.

CUT TO

Above each screen is a WEB CAM and racing down the screen are fish eye image after image of PREVIOUS USERS flashing past - mainly women but some men, in intense close up -

A FEMALE AGENT stops and calls out in Hebrew. ARIEL goes to her, he leans in to study an image

ON THE WEB CAM CLOSE UP

JOANNA, wearing the same clothes as in her message to RUTH, keying in information, studying her screen.

ARIEL, excited, he waves over the waiting TECHNICIAN.

139

INT GAZA/ AL SHIFA HOSPITAL/ WARD - DAY

139

KALID is clambering up onto a YOUNG MAN's bed and using a Stethoscope to 'listen' to his heart.

NAZEEM

My new assistant.

NAZEEM smiles at RUTH - full of suppressed urgency.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

Kalid says now that he's been shot he doesn't want to get shot again - he wants to make sick people better.

RUTH smiles. NAZEEM, surrounded by his patients looks her directly in the eye.

NAZEEM (CONT'D)

Good luck.

RUTH looks about - trying to signal 'will we go somewhere?' NAZEEM doesn't respond.

RUTH

Well -

RUTH moves to kiss NAZEEM but a perceptible energy tells her stop - he holds out his hand.

RUTH (CONT'D)

Goodbye.

RUTH and NAZEEM shake hands.

RUTH walks past curious INJURED FIGHTERS, down to KALID - she is suddenly on the verge of tears. She leans down and kisses KALID on the head.

KALID

(busy playing)

Bye doctor.

RUTH crosses to the door - she slows for a look back along the length of the ward to NAZEEM, watching her, their EYES LOCK, longing for some more TIME.

RUTH walks out of the WARD.

140

EXT AL SHIFA HOSPITAL - DAY

140

RUTH walks out of the hospital reception. SAYED is scuffing his heels on the pavement. RUTH steels herself for another parting. SAYED looks up at her approach. They both smile wanly.

RUTH

So?

SAYED

You haven't much time.

RUTH doesn't reply, she studies SAYED, he's hurting but cannot look her in the eye.

SAYED (CONT'D)  
 I can get you a taxi, or if you want  
 go with Hamas?

RUTH takes the plunge -

RUTH  
 I could help you take up your  
 scholarship.  
 (Sayed - he can't grasp)  
 There will be insurance money from  
 Joanna, you can still support your  
 family.

SAYED  
 They'll never let me out.

RUTH  
 Come to the border, with me.

SAYED  
 I'm trapped here.

An in the heat and noise, the traffic all around them  
 it does feel like trapped.

RUTH  
 What have you to lose? Come with me  
 and see what I can do?

SAYED looking at RUTH, pain in his eyes, it seems  
 almost cruel to dangle this - he seems to despair.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
 Said please, let me try this for you.

141

INT TEL AVIV HOSPITAL/INTERNET CAFE - DAY

141

ARIEL crouched at the shoulder of the CIVILIAN  
 TECHNICIAN - working with a laconic ease, despite the  
 urgency all around him.

CIVILIAN TECHNICIAN  
 (American)  
 This is her hotmail account. She's a  
 lot of files stored on line.

ARIEL  
 Can you get access?

CIVILIAN TECHNICIAN  
 I already have.

ON SCREEN a file opens up - STILL IMAGES. COVERT  
 PHOTOGRAPHY of HAMAS LEADERS.

ARIEL

Okay.

Another file.

CIVILIAN TECHNICIAN

This a piece of video -

(closer look)

Most likely from a cell phone.

ARIEL

Go on.

The CIVILIAN TECHNICIAN clicks on and the video plays -

ON SCREEN ;

SAMERA, close up, in a dimly lit room. The shot feels accidental, she is fidgeting checking if the camera is working -

THE SHOT WIDENS -

SAMERA is wearing a black bra

THE PHONE CAMERA MOVES

Among swatches of blurred light and darkness it picks out elements of a HOTEL room, MIRROR, a BED, then a CRACK OF LIGHT, a doorway.

The camera steadies, through a half open door, a MAN is sitting on a sofa.

THE CIVILIAN TECHNICIAN leans in closer to the screen, then looks up, grinning, to a grim faced ARIEL.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Don't try to be funny.

ON SCREEN:

Ariel, talking to someone who cannot be seen. The camera POV moves in a little closer. Ariel stands up.

INTERNET CAFE

ARIEL, the FEMALE AGENT, even the CIVILIAN TECHNICIAN, watch on the edge of their seats - it's as if Fatima is about to be discovered.

ON SCREEN:

Ariel holds out his hand and into the light steps RAJA.

ARIEL (CONT'D)

Shit.

Raja and Ariel ON SCREEN shake hands.

ARIEL turns on his heel and walks out.

142

EXT SAYED'S FAMILY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

142

RUTH stands with a YELLOW TAXI, waiting for SAYED. The mourning tent has gone, the streets are quiet, a sense of normality returning.

SAYED, emerges from the stairwell, carrying his camera bag. He walks towards RUTH. From a balcony HANAN and SAYED's mother wave to RUTH. She waves back. SAYED reaches RUTH just as -

JEEPS sweep into the courtyard and MASKED HAMAS FIGHTERS pour out and surround them.

YOUNG HAMAS  
Stay. You stay, wait here.

CUT TO LATER: RUTH and SAYED wait, scared, surrounded by the YOUNG HAMAS FIGHTERS.

SAYED  
(She has to get to the border, it'll be closed soon.)

The HAMAS ignore him.

A JEEP stops across the street. RUTH and SAYED can see RAJA talking to some HAMAS. Casually, he glances in their direction, he waves them over.

CUT TO: RUTH and SAYED, very apprehensive, cross over.

RAJA  
(smiling, friendly)  
Hey. I'll take you to the border myself. Jump in. Come -

RUTH and SAYED, uneasy, scared, but with no option - RUTH starts into the jeep.

143

EXT/INT GAZA REFUGEE CAMP/ HAMAS JEEP - DAY

143

RUTH, pumping with adrenaline, is crushed between YOUNG HAMAS FIGHTERS, their faces masked, in the back seat.

RAJA  
(How could she open this account without you knowing?)

SAYED, in the front seat, is PETRIFIED.

SAYED  
( I don't know.)

144

INT EREZ CROSSING POINT/ MILITARY BASE - DAY

144

ARIEL is on a mobile in, in a MILITARY JEEP and it curves into the MILITARY BASE.

ARIEL

There's footage of Raja meeting me, surveillance photos he took of other Hamas leaders, it's all out there.

The JEEP brakes and ARIEL gets seamlessly out and starts towards a concrete PILL BOX.

145

INT EREZ MILITARY BASE/ BUNKER - DAY

145

ARIEL, still on his call, is striding down a concrete tunnel in a MILITARY BUNKER.

ARIEL

He's out of control if you ask me. He had this journalist killed to stop her but if this film gets out we'll be linked to her killing.

(beat)

The television people are calling for a British Police investigation.

146

INT EREZ MILITARY BASE/ CONTROL ROOM - DAY

146

ARIEL, strides into a CONTROL ROOM manned entirely by MILITARY - still on his mobile.

ARIEL

It's invaluable having a man inside Hamas but Raja's compromised.

ARIEL immediately takes up a seat at a control panel - like a sound board - beside a SENIOR OFFICER. He is listening to the mobile but with one eye on complex screen - like Air Traffic control.

ARIEL (CONT'D)  
I'd say fatally.

ARIEL listens a beat and lowers the phone, all the time focusing on two stationary red dots north of GAZA city.

ARIEL (CONT'D)  
What's he stopping for?

147

EXT GAZA NORTHERN ROAD - DAY

147

RAJA's JEEP is stopped - his YOUNG HAMAS FIGHTERS protect it, bristling with vigilance.

RAJA stands a little away from the JEEP, facing RUTH and SAYED, a pistol in his hand.

RAJA

You think they'll let you through?  
When they don't let anyone else? Why  
should they? Huh? Why should the  
Israeli's let you go? Huh?

RAJA mobile rings. He answers.

148

INT EREZ MILITARY BASE/ CONTROL ROOM - DAY

148

ARIEL, watching the screen dots as he speaks.

ARIEL

There's nothing in the account.  
Nothing to worry about. Some personal  
stuff, that's all. Stuff she didn't  
want him to know about.

NORTHERN ROAD

RAJA, listening intently. Instinctively RUTH knows her fate hangs on this call. She looks away from RAJA to the ARAB STALLION, ploughing nearby but a world away.

MILITARY BUNKER

ARIEL watches the two red dots. They begin to separate. He looks to the SENIOR OFFICER sitting beside him.

SENIOR OFFICER

Okay?

ARIEL stares at the screen - the TWO moving red dots.

149

EXT EREZ / BORDER CROSSING - TWILIGHT

149

SAYED and RUTH stumbling forward, giddy at their escape. Ahead, in the gathering TWILIGHT are the lights of the EREZ CROSSING POINT.

SAYED

Twilight is the worst time to cross.

RUTH

This is our chance. Come on. I can see the lights.

RUTH and SAYED step out into NO MAN'S LAND.

SAYED freezes at the sight of a MERKAVA TANK sitting squat and ominous. Sensing he is about to run RUTH grabs his arm.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
There's no other way.

RUTH and SAYED walk on, deeper into NO MAN'S LAND. The TANK TURRET swivels - holding them in it's sights.

INT TANK

DANIEL

watching RUTH and SAYED like stick figures making their way through the twilight.

NO MAN'S LAND

RUTH and SAYED, gaining confidence, speeding up - suddenly there is an INTENSE SCREAMING SOUND -

A GUIDED MISSILE tears down from the darkening sky - a bullet of light like an AVENGING ANGEL -

NORTHERN ROAD

RAJA turns - the HAMAS FIGHTERS jump - the MISSILE devastates the jeep - immolating RAJA in a tangle of burning metal and rubber.

TWO HAMAS FIGHTERS roll clear and immediately aim an RPG and M I6 towards the border crossing -

NO MAN'S LAND

RUTH and SAYED are thrown to the ground as an RPG ROCKET explodes near the MERKAVA TANK -

- the entire wasteland is lit up bright as a football pitch by fluorescent white SECURITY LIGHTING.

RUTH and SAYED

lie hugging the earth as bullets and rockets rain over them -

HAMAS FIGHTERS

run, firing towards the crossing -

INT TANK

DANIEL

fires back -

RUTH and SAYED

are two figures at the bottom of his screen - his TANK COMMANDER is shouting orders to advance -

SAYED and RUTH

terrified, digging into the earth as the gun battle rages over them -

SAYED

starts to wriggle back towards GAZA -

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(grabs his arm)

No!

SAYED

You go.

RUTH  
I'm not leaving you here.

RUTH's hand grips SAYED's, dragging him towards her. It's soon too much. She tires. The TANK is advancing towards them. RUTH and SAYED's eyes lock.

RUTH (CONT'D)  
You're my family now.

SAYED pulls on RUTH's hand and drags himself to his feet.

INT TANK

DANIEL

IN HIS SIGHTS : RUTH and SAYED running

DANIEL

Fires....

NO MANS LAND

RUTH and SAYED look back at a high pitched screaming sound - the ARAB STALLION running, berserk, bullets ripping through the air - he rears up, his magnificent muscles coiling, glistening in the WHITE SECURITY LIGHT, his eyes huge and wild with terror.

Bullets tear into the STALLION.

RUTH AND SAYED watch mesmerised as:

IN SLOW MOTION

The STALLION falls back onto his powerful hind legs. He struggles to stand - legs kicking at air, his powerful back arching and thrashing as BULLETS serrate his body.

RUTH and SAYED their faces wet with tears.

The STALLION keels to one side, his eyes seem to be staring at them, uncomprehending, frenzied with pain, dying in an ever widening pool of blood.

150 EXT MUSLIM CEMETERY - TWILIGHT

150

NAZEEM and KALID are watering a small freshly planted cutting - an OLIVE TREE.

CUT TO : The last breath of twilight. NAZEEM slips his arm around KALID's shoulder, they walk on together, down the slope away from the graves.

151 INT EREZ CROSSING POINT - NIGHT

151

RUTH smiles at a blank faced ISABEL who, along with several other ISRAELI SOLDIERS, are training their machine guns on her and SAYED. SAYED is fascinated by ISABEL's striking beauty.

SAYED  
(murmurs)  
They're just kids.

RUTH nods, stiffens, seeing ARIEL approach, called to deal with them.

CUT TO MOMENTS LATER:

ARIEL, still incredulous at SAYED's presence.

ARIEL  
It's impossible.

RUTH  
I'm not just a British Citizen, I'm the woman who's pregnant daughter was murdered, and you won't let her husband leave Gaza? To study in England? You'd like that broadcast? Night after night from Gaza city?  
(sudden perfect clarity)  
Because I'm not leaving, I'm not going anywhere without my son in law.

SAYED blinks.

RUTH takes hold of SAYED's sleeve with her fingers.

SAYED, electrified.

ARIEL struggling.

ISABEL gripped -

RUTH (CONT'D)  
(softening)  
When he was kidnapped you saved his life.

ARIEL  
There was nothing I could do.

RUTH  
Oh I think you did a great deal.

RUTH and ARIEL's eyes hold each other with a strange ambiguous respect.

ARIEL  
You're mistaken.  
(steps aside)  
( Let them through)

SAYED, stunned, he has to pinch himself to follow as ISABEL and the other SOLDIERS part and RUTH walks through. Not taking any chances, SAYED hurries to catch up with RUTH.

As RUTH passes ARIEL her HAND grazes his.

RUTH  
(murmurs)  
Good luck.

152 EXT EREZ CROSSING POINT - NIGHT

152

A YELLOW TAXI, pulling away from under the SECURITY LIGHTING of the military base WATCH TOWER.

153 INT YELLOW TAXI/MOTORWAY - NIGHT

153

RUTH and SAYED in the back seat of the taxi. She seems unconcerned by ALGERIAN HIP HOP blaring from the car radio. She looks to SAYED -

SAYED is crying, his thin frame shaking with an overspill of tension and loss.

RUTH is surprised, uncertain what to do. SAYED sucks in air to compose himself. He speaks sharply in Arabic to the DRIVER who brings down the volume of the music.

RUTH and SAYED share a wry shy smile.

RUTH turns back to gazing out at the unfolding motorway  
- a ribbon of light in the ink black Middle Eastern  
night.