

Night In Tel Aviv

(Inspired by a true story)

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FADE IN:

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Along the wide expanse of the Mediterranean Sea, in light traffic, a small white utility van breezes alongside the "Tayelet," a coastal walkway in Tel Aviv, Israel.

Middle-Eastern Pop music blares from inside the unusually spotless van, with its dome light on.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Two dark, average-looking MEN, in sport jackets for a night out; well-groomed except for short scrubby beards.

KHAN, in his late 20's, medium build, intently driving in silence, while staring at a marked-up street map.

The passenger, MOHAMMED, early 20's, is passive despite being stocky. His chin rests on one of his hands while staring at the digital clock that says, the time is just past midnight.

MOHAMMED

It is Wednesday already.

KHAN

Tel Aviv night-life. Fast yes, Mohammed?

They talk freely now, an odd mix of accent, British and foreign.

MOHAMMED

Not much like Damascus.

KHAN

I am loving the sea here.

MOHAMMED

(adjusting the window)
Just another night by the beach.

KHAN

You don't lose your I-D . . . or we cannot go in the nightclub.

Mohammed pulls his passport from the glove box, then slams it shut.

MOHAMMED

(angrily)

Khan, I said, that I have it!

Mohammed flashes the passport's British seal.

They look at each other with unease.

MOHAMMED (cont'd)

But, I will not be drinking much.

Suddenly, they're chuckling.

Khan looks in the rearview mirror. With his piercing sunken eyes, he glares at himself. Unsatisfied, he slicks his hair.

KHAN

(tugging his lapel)

My jacket is a fine fit . . . do
you think?

Mohammed doesn't look, just nods.

When Khan again stares at the city map . . .

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

. . . The van drifts over the painted stripe.

An IDF police jeep speeding head-on, lights flashing, sirens screaming.

The van is halfway into the wrong lane.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Khan, expecting a collision, wrenches the wheel to avoid it.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

The jeep swerves evasively, almost side-swipes them.

Whirling past, the IDF driver shouts something and BLARES the horn-- into the distance.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Mohammed grasping the "Oh Shit!" handle while bracing on the dash.

Khan's eyes in the rearview mirror.

KHAN
SEE-- if they turn around.

MOHAMMED
(craning to see behind)
I think they do.

Khan punches it, lurching the van forward.

KHAN
Sorry, I am never driving on the
right lane.

MOHAMMED
Do you mean to bloody kill us?

KHAN
That one is very good, Mohammed!

They are hysterical with laughter now.

KHAN (cont'd)
Mohammed, tell me, "What do you
call a first-time felon in Iran? .
. . ."

MOHAMMED
What do you mean?

KHAN
"LEFTY."

Off Mohammed's puzzled look, Khan raises and shakes his left
hand.

KHAN (cont'd)
One who defies *Sharia* law. A
lawbreaker. "Lefty!" Get it?

Mohammed nods and smirks. They laugh mildly.

KHAN (cont'd)
I know another one . . . "What is
the most popular game show in
Syria? . . ."

While Mohammed thinks, Khan answers first.

KHAN (cont'd)
"Assad's, Wheel of Terror and
Fortune."

They both laugh.

Mohammed looks behind again, out the back.

KHAN (cont'd)
You see something?

MOHAMMED
No. No ticket this time.

KHAN
I won't pay it.

Khan jolts the gas once more.

KHAN (cont'd)
Anyway, I am in a hurry! We must
not keep our women waiting.

Khan WHOOPS as he shimmy's the wheel, forcing the van to
shake.

KHAN (cont'd)
(looking over at Mohammed)
What is your type?

MOHAMMED
(curtly)
I have no type.

KHAN
Innocent? Energetic? I know,
Dirty!

Mohammed waves away this line of questioning.

MOHAMMED
Perhaps . . . very beautiful.

KHAN
You never, ever, had one did you?

Mohammed's eyes go long-distance . . . a brief grin, then he
shrugs.

A GUNSHOT explodes outside and they duck.

Mohammed turns back to see who fired.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

A convertible, top-down, begins honking non-stop behind them.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Khan sees, in his side mirror, the low two-seater beginning to pass.

EXT. VAN - NIGHT

Two dark Israeli *SABRA'S*, long-hair streaming, gunning a beat-up convertible with a JACKHAMMER exhaust.

The convertible accelerates alongside; pulling up even with the van.

The passenger SHOUTS something at Khan, that can't be heard.

Khan, looking down at the girls, rolls his window to halfway.

He waves feverishly at Mohammed to kill the radio, which he does.

PASSENGER
(shouting now)
Ma Shalomech? (How are you?)

Khan doesn't answer.

PASSENGER (cont'd)
DO YOU SPEAK ENGLISH?

Off his unresponsiveness, the *Sabra's* look at each other and giggle.

DRIVER
What's with him, Sarah?

SARAH
(mockingly)
We are failing to communicate.

They wave good riddance to the van.

Another GUNSHOT from the exhaust, as the convertible screams past. It neatly swerves into the right lane, cutting the van off.

Honking the sexy horn, they leave the van in the dust.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Khan and Mohammed look stomped on.

KHAN
 (BLARING his horn)
 Damn-it!

MOHAMMED
 My mother wishes, for me, that I
 marry this Pakistani girl.

Mohammed begins to tap his hands on the dash.

KHAN
 My mother was from Kashmir . . .
 She died in a mosque explosion.

MOHAMMED
 A good place to pass on. You must
 be proud.

Khan gives Mohammed a deadly look, off more tapping.

KHAN
 I prefer to have my mother.
 (angrily)
 It was YOUR sect that . . .

MOHAMMED
 (stops tapping)
 We fight ourselves.

KHAN
 Anyway, she is in Heaven now.

Both become sullen.

MOHAMMED
 The Israelis occupy Muslim land.
 They used terrorism to steal our
 brother's rights.

KHAN
 Jordan made it worse, even they
 annexed Palestinian land.

MOHAMMED
 If you lose your soil, your home .
 . . your pride. What is left?

As Mohammed begins tapping again, Khan grabs fast, his wrist.

KHAN
 Occupation is castration. You feel
 always weak, humiliated.

MOHAMMED

At least Muslims have resistance
and struggle.

KHAN

(suddenly exuberant)
Glory, dignity, honor, and women.
We will have all that. Well, maybe
not in that exact order.

Khan laughs. He pushes Mohammed's shoulder and they laugh together.

Suddenly squinting out the windshield, Khan points ahead to a seafront bar.

He brakes hard, throwing Mohammed, then screeches to the curb.

MOHAMMED

Where did you learn to drive, in
Morocco?

Khan flings the map at Mohammed.

MOHAMMED (cont'd)

(agitated)
What I will do with this?

Khan fumbles for the dome light switch and pushes it to off.

KHAN

(grooving to the music)
Hot! Hot! Hot!

EXT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

American "Blues" spills onto the sidewalk tables.

Dressed in cut-off shorts, jeans, and sandals, the PATRONS congregate in tight groups, or mill around drinking and dancing.

There's such harmony, the bar could be a clubhouse.

INT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

The place is packed.

The licks from the HOT blues band are deafening. If the signs weren't in Hebrew, we might be in a blues bar in New Orleans.

All kinds of Brews: Ambers, Reds, and Stout, flow non-stop from the taps.

Burgers, fries, and ketchup litter the tabletops.

The wiggling, dipping waitresses drop sudsy mugs two-handed, four or six at-a-time, onto the dirty, picnic-style tables.

The men's desirous eyes follow them, staring, even after they're gone.

A waitress, carrying a pitcher of beer, darts past a MALE PATRON. She stops when he touches her elbow.

MALE PATRON

What's your hurry, "eize yafah"
(beautiful)! Where's my draught?

Smiling, she pretends she will pour the beer over his head.

WAITRESS

Cool your jets, or else!

She scoots away.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Motionless, silent, Khan and Mohammed are parked with the engine dead. You hear their breathing over the muffled bar music.

The van is parked a distance across from the bar.

They straighten their jackets.

KHAN

How do I look?

Khan switches the dome light back on.

MOHAMMED

Are you insecure? Let's go already.

KHAN

This is a first.

MOHAMMED

That we entered from Gaza?

KHAN

With no visas. Hah!

MOHAMMED

The checkpoints, the security, Nah, Israel is vulnerable too. No one is ever totally secure. Let's go.

KHAN

This earth will not be safe until our cause is won. No matter how long it takes.

MOHAMMED

Look, Khan, look at this decadence. The West comes to the East.

(impatiently)

Are we going?

KHAN

(sizing up the bar)

This pub is filled with Israelis, man.

MOHAMMED

A few Americans, I am thinking.

(adjusting his collar)

Khan, you are sure that we are right?

KHAN

Look, this is not . . . I do not have all the answers, but, we are more than right. We are precise. Impeccable. We are nearly divine.

(one last jacket tug)

Relax, we are dressed for a night out in crazy Tel-Aviv! Anything can happen, right, Mohammed!

MOHAMMED

(looking up to Heaven)

It is just, that I feel, tonight, like I am being watched, and--

KHAN

What did you see in Gaza?

Mohammed looks puzzled.

Khan rolls down the window, letting the music rush in.

KHAN (cont'd)
I will tell you what you saw.

Jerking his head out, he hocks onto the street.

KHAN (cont'd)
(turning to Mohammed)
NO work. NO food. Dir-ty water.
Orphans. Curfews. So, YES, we are
right!

MOHAMMED
I ask, because, it is not always
certain to know *Allah's* will.

KHAN
You only need to know this: Islam
is under siege by cruel oppressors.

MOHAMMED
True. And the Koran came after, so
it is greater than the Books of
Moses.

KHAN
AND the Gospels of Jesus.
(staring into his eyes)
"Allah Akhbar!" (God is great)

MOHAMMED
"Peace be upon him."

They fling open the van doors.

EXT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

A group of ISRAELI'S hugging and laughing.

A Sephardic Israeli security BOUNCER, blocks the bar's
entrance by dancing a wide circle. He moves on the balls of
his feet, while swaying his arms.

Turning his head to the sides and behind, with his darting
eyes he sees ALL!

As he moves, the tall smiling Bouncer tries to flirt with an
AMERICAN GIRL. The pert blonde wears a red-white-blue
bandanna over two pony-tails.

He whispers something into her ear through the bandanna.

She rewards him with wide eyes and, a BIG, but brief smile. Then she's gone.

EXT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

Mohammed and Khan slowly approach the bar from the side. They stop by an outdoor table.

EXT. SEAFRONT BAR TABLE - NIGHT

Two Israelis, animated in discussion, are seated at an outside table.

One, an ancient ORTHODOX MAN, the other a YOUTH.

Mohammed and Khan listen.

YOUTH

When Messiah comes, let HIM build our Temple.

ORTHODOX

Did *Mashiach* (the Messiah) build the first Temple? Or the second?

YOUTH

We have the *Kotel* (Western Wall), we pray there.

ORTHODOX

We worship at a wall where stones are thrown down at us! This is a House for God?

Mohammed looks like he is about to say something, but Khan restrains him.

YOUTH

The Rabbi's say we shouldn't go up on the Temple Mount. We might walk on the Holy Place.

ORTHODOX

The Rabbi's. In Poland, in the 30's, some Rabbi's told us to stay put. "Don't go back to Zion," they said. Thousands would have been spared.

YOUTH

Now you malign our learned Rabbi's.
You go too far.

ORTHODOX

Don't listen to me! And don't
listen to the Rabbi's. Read the
Tenach (Bible) yourself. Read
Daniel. First, the Temple must be
rebuilt . . . then *Mashiach* will
come.

Mohammed and Khan continue towards the bar.

EXT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

The two stop on the fringe of the overflow crowd, three
meters from the Bouncer.

KHAN

Are you as exhilarated as I am at
this moment?

MOHAMMED

(petrified)
Of course.

Mohammed and Khan quickly hug each other and back slap.

As they move forward again, side-by-side, suddenly Khan grabs
Mohammed's shoulder. They stop walking.

KHAN

Did you forget? We agreed, you go
in first!

Close on: Mohammed and his vacant stare. He nods YES.

Close on: Khan looking through the wide glass front into the
bar.

POV Khan: Who focuses on Pony-tails, now inside the bar.
Pony-tails has walked over to a table with two friends
seated, their backs to us.

INT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

Animated, Pony-tails is excited to see her friends.

PONY-TAILS

What's going on?

Squeals of glee from the *Sabra's*.

SARAH
A buzz, what else!

EXT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

Khan's gaze remains on Pony-tails a few moments as she chats with her friends.

Then he GASPS, recognizing her friends are the *Sabra's* from the convertible.

INT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

SARAH
(to Pony-Tails)
When did you get back to Tel Aviv?

KHAN (O.S.)
Mohammed. Look. Do you see them?

MOHAMMED (O.S.)
Who? What?

EXT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

Close on: Khan, now anxious and averting his eyes.

KHAN
She is going to meet me tonight,
whether she likes it or not.

Mohammed and Khan signal each other with their eyes, an understanding, as they head for the bar.

Something has changed, something must have occurred, because Mohammed and Khan look dead-faced and angry.

The Bouncer notices the pair, soon as they enter the imaginary circle he defends. He's concerned, for they seem morbidly out-of-place.

The Bouncer confronts the two. Their eyes look crazy.

BOUNCER
Neshech?
(they don't understand)
Weapons!

KHAN

We are come from far. Those are home. We need to get inside.

BOUNCER

See some I-D.

MOHAMMED

We need a beer.

The Bouncer, now alarmed, moves to block them.

BOUNCER

NOT tonight, guys.

KHAN

What is wrong?

MOHAMMED

We are not second class citizens. Muslims are persecuted. We are killed every day.

A small crowd gathers as the conflict heats up.

BOUNCER

Look, you can rot till you're old men in your refugee camps, but you will never have Israel, and you will never get in this bar.

KHAN

(placating)

Sir, you have mistaken us. We are not from Gaza. We are British citizens.

They continue pressing forward.

BOUNCER

HALT THERE!

Mohammed ignores the Bouncer and shuffles toward the entrance.

The Bouncer reaches back, puts a lock on Mohammed's arm, then fiercely snaps Mohammed back.

Mohammed fumbles inside his jacket.

Khan backs away, his face a masque of fear.

MOHAMMED

The pub is for all; you cannot keep us out.

Khan walks quickly away from the bar, trying to look invisible, forcing himself not to sprint.

BOUNCER

Please leave with your friend.

MOHAMMED

I am not a dog to be sent away. I am a Muslim MAN. And proud of that.

Mohammed looks around and double-takes when he realizes Khan is gone; that he is now very alone.

BOUNCER

I said, this is not your bar!

MOHAMMED

You do not like Muslims? Then, go to Hell; there are not many Muslims there!

The Bouncer sees that Mohammed holds a detonator cord.

The Bouncer shoves Mohammed backward with two stiff arms.

MOHAMMED (cont'd)

Allah will rain his wrath upon you!

The Bouncer lunges toward Mohammed, and is on him.

The crowd disperses and re-gathers at a distance, to watch.

Mohammed's shaking hand begins to squeeze and tug at the detonator.

PATRON

HE HAS A BOMB!

Some SCREAMS as the crowd runs.

MOHAMMED

This, our honor. Our self-respect.

Mohammed is pulling on the cord.

The Bouncer bear-hugs him and forces his leg behind Mohammed's, to trip him to the ground.

Cut to: Khan, wrestling an ISRAELI, who prevents Khan from crossing the street.

ISRAELI

This is not your land. You never
had a country.

Cut to: Mohammed, struggling to yank the detonator.

MOHAMMED

I, Mohammed, A LIVING SACRIFICE!
DEATH TO ISRAEL!

Cut to: Khan, who breaks free from his scuffle.

As Khan now reveals his detonator cord under his jacket, the Israeli puts his hands up.

When Khan holds the cord straight out, the Israeli backs up.

Cut to: The Bouncer, bending Mohammed to the ground. Mohammed loses his detonator, it's dangling.

Cut to: Khan, who cuts and runs down the street.

Cut to: Mohammed, who is groping for the detonator cord, and the Bouncer lying on him, while they grapple.

An invisible, horizontal barrier of ENERGY spreads between the Bouncer and Mohammed.

As the sandwich of energy expands, it separates them, and lifts the Bouncer with a CRACK.

As if in slow motion, the rising Bouncer is launched backward, hurtled into flight.

EXPLOSION -- BLINDING -- BREAKING GLASS

The bar's glass front implodes on Pony-tails and friends.

INT. SEAFRONT BAR - NIGHT

DEAFENING WHITE NOISE --

MISSILES OF GLASS AND NAILS --

SCREAMS -- SILENCE --

MOANING -- BLOOD

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Khan removes his sport jacket by a dumpster.

Walking a vicious DOG on the other side of the street, a PASSERBY gives Khan a strange look. The dog growls at Khan.

KHAN
Can I help you?

Khan gives them both a threatening scowl.

The dog-walker moves up the alley.

Khan pulls up his shirt, revealing an explosive belt taped to his body. The belt is ringed with plastic explosives, each wired to the next.

Khan begins to carefully rip the tape from his body.

INT. PITCH-BLACK TUNNEL

Mohammed running at near-warp velocity. The only sounds a high-pitched whine and his amplified footfall.

He races toward the brightest of all LIGHT sources, but seems to make little progress.

EXT. MOSQUE - NIGHT

Khan running, breathless, toward a flood-lit mosque, ancient, with brilliantly painted tiles.

Another PASSERBY shouts in Hebrew at Khan.

Khan is unstoppable, a madman, running like he's being chased.

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - IN SEMI-DARKNESS

Thick FURROWS of smoldering INCENSE, rising from numerous lamp stands. The sweet-smelling smoke wafts up, forming a black-on-black cloud over the room.

An innate force pulses in this place.

Mohammed, in dim flickering light and shadows, is seated stiffly on an invisible stool. He's staring through the darkness, aggressively speaking with someone we can't see.

MOHAMMED

Take me, NOW, to the rooms I was promised.

An unseen VOICE, sighing. The Voice sobs. More sighing.

Suddenly, Mohammed leaps to his feet.

MOHAMMED (cont'd)

I demand what is mine.

The voice speaks with restrained eloquence. It is soft, gentle, and echoing.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is it written?

MOHAMMED

You are His Prophet?

More sighing from the hidden Voice.

VOICE (O.S.)

You know Me.

MOHAMMED

(frightened)

Allah?

Mohammed shrinks down into the invisible stool.

VOICE (O.S.)

I AM . . . the Lord God. Your Creator.

MOHAMMED

Then you know I am a warrior, a martyr.

VOICE (O.S.)

You have pride.

MOHAMMED

You chose me.

VOICE (O.S.)

You are mistaken.

MOHAMMED

You are not pleased?

VOICE (O.S.)

Is it not written, "You must not take your own life, or the life of another."

Mohammed is beginning to squirm.

MOHAMMED

You said, the tribes of Islam must kill the tribes of Israel. They stole our land. Do You not want an Islamic Republic, with Jerusalem its capital?

VOICE (O.S.)

From My holy mountain, I give the Land to whom I have chosen. An everlasting covenant cannot be broken.

Thinking of an out, Mohammed raises a fist.

MOHAMMED

I killed Christians. You curse all infidels.

VOICE (O.S.)

"My people. My Holy Land, I bless those who bless you."

INT. MOSQUE OFFICE - DAY

A huge, cluttered office in a mosque of high-arched ceilings. Faded rugs adorn the walls and floors.

Sounds of a news report from a grimy TV.

Khan is seated, dwarfed before a vast desk, his head and shoulders stooped. MEN of the Council, wearing turbans, are standing behind him.

A HOLY ONE in white, bearded and under a fez, is seated at the broad desk fingering Muslim prayer beads (*tasbih*). He's not one to cross.

Close on: TV

NEWS BROADCAST: A TALKING HEAD REPORTER WITH BRITISH ACCENT, READING FROM NOTES, AND SHUFFLING PAGES.

"In the early morning, on the inviting beach promenade of Tel Aviv, Asif Mohammed Hanif, 21, a student from London England, blew himself up outside a sea front bar. Killing three and wounding scores, perhaps an attempt to capsize the tenuous Road Map toward peace.

His comrade-in-arms Omar Khan Sharif, 27, from Derby England, fled the scene when he apparently failed to detonate his explosive belt outside the popular watering hole for Americans.

Police are relentlessly searching for Khan Sharif, still at large, concerned that, having failed once, he may strike again.

Both bombers, are believed to be U.K. citizens, as their passports were found nearby. Mohammed Hanif may be the first foreign suicide/homicide bomber in Israel, and the first British citizen to carry out an attack of this sort here.

England has become a recruitment source for murder, indeed a breeding ground for young Islamic terrorists, that are trained to support global jihad, or holy war.

Two groups, Hamas and the Al-Aksa Brigade of Fatah, claim joint responsibility for the bombing, that occurred near the American Embassy."

INT. MOSQUE OFFICE - DAY

The Holy One, disgusted, stops twirling the beads. He slams the TV off with his flat hand.

KHAN

Only a setback.

HOLY ONE

You think so! Our ancestors failed us in this land, decades ago. For the moment, while we are occupied, we are as deceased.

KHAN

I am a good Muslim. Give me another go at terrorism.

HOLY ONE

We are guerillas, not terrorists. We have a cause, and you were appointed a high position in the Jihad.

The Holy One is caressing the beads.

HOLY ONE (cont'd)

You must embrace conflict. Conflict is LIFE. Jihad liberates, it is the "Sixth" Pillar of Islam. It is moral, it is God's perfect will.

Khan breaks down in utter defeat and failure.

KHAN

And my performance is problematic.

HOLY ONE

Unlike your brother Mohammed, a warrior of the faith. You know where HE is. "Peace be upon him."

KHAN

(stutters)

My hand re . . .

HOLY ONE

Allah knows.

KHAN

. . . refused to do my will.

HOLY ONE

If you fear death, you have no life.

KHAN

I will work to build a Palestinian state side-by-side with Isr--

HOLY ONE

No! Someday, Israel will cease to exist. All Jews and Christians will simply believe in Islam.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A bearded PHYSICIAN, wearing antiseptic green, is standing by a curtain that separates him from a tumultuous hospital emergency room.

Looking at a very wrinkled and soiled ID card, he wrings his hair.

The physician looks across the room at the wall clock.

We see now, there's a body concealed under a sheet on a gurney.

He sighs, puts his face in his hands.

Pulling the wall-phone receiver to his ear, he dials a number off the card.

When someone answers on the other end, the physician stiffens and becomes astutely professional.

PHYSICIAN

Hello. Is this the home of . . .

He finds the name on the card and is about to say it.

VOICE ON PHONE

Very garbled.

PHYSICIAN

This is Dr. Singer.

(pauses)

SINGER.

VOICE ON PHONE

Very garbled.

DR. SINGER

Your son has been involved in an accident.

The doctor leans against the wall. He makes a fist while he listens.

DR. SINGER (cont'd)

No, it was not his fault. More like an incident really.

The doctor looks over at the covered body on the gurney.

VOICE ON PHONE

Very garbled.

DR. SINGER

HE didn't do anything.

(head to wall)

Of course I am not one hundred percent sure that it is your son. Though, we did find his wallet about seven . . . more like eight meters, from his body.

There is a muffled SCREAM over the phone, then crying.

Dr. Singer slaps his head.

DR. SINGER (cont'd)
 Sorry, I wanted to tell you that he
 is deceased, but yes, he IS dead.
 As I said, there are cases where we
 might be wrong. Not mistaken that
 he is dead. About who he is, that
 is. There is perhaps a ten percent
 chance of error involving mistaken
 identification. Your son is not
 home, is he?

The crying goes quiet.

DR. SINGER (cont'd)
 This is not a prank. I'm sorry.
 No, this is not the radio.

Sobs coming out the phone.

VOICE ON PHONE
Very garbled.

DR. SINGER
 The incident? He was involved in a
 suicide. He did not kill himself.
 Actually, he was murdered. By
 suicide.

Extreme crying coming out the phone.

DR. SINGER (cont'd)
 But, be assured, we have all his
 parts together for burial.
 (awkward after-thought)
 And he will live on in our
 memories.

INT. MOSQUE OFFICE - DAY

The Holy One clutches his knife handle inside his robe.

HOLY ONE
 It is a joy to kill, and be killed,
 for *Allah*.

HOLY ONE AND KHAN
 (by rote)
 "There is no God but *Allah*, and
 Mohammed is his son. Peace be upon
 him."

The Holy One kisses the beads, then slowly releases them coiling to the desk.

HOLY ONE

(viciously)

It says, "Fight! Slay the pagans wherever you find them."

(shaking upraised fist)

Execute them! Muslims will rule, the earth our Caliphate.

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - IN SEMI-DARKNESS

Mohammed looks ruined.

VOICE (O.S.)

I give you time to recall your life.

MOHAMMED

Where is Khan?

VOICE (O.S.)

You deceived yourself. You, are responsible for YOU.

Mohammed's hands press his temples.

SEQUENCE OF
FLASHBACKS:

(SEQUENCE 1) MUSLIM CLASSROOM

At the front of the room, the teacher is encouraging the students. The children repeatedly chant, "*Id' bach el Yihud!*" (Death to Jews!)

(SEQUENCE 2) FAMILY AT A KITCHEN TABLE

A father punches his wife, while a small boy watches wide-eyed. Now the father kicks her.

(SEQUENCE 3) A WAR PARADE

Hooded terrorists goose-stepping at before a large crowd and a seated General.

(SEQUENCE 4) MOHAMMED AT A PC

The screen shows how to assemble an explosive vest. Mohammed scrolls down the PC screen.

INT. MOSQUE OFFICE - DAY

The Holy One strokes the knife.

HOLY ONE
You see, you make it troublesome
for many agencies that sponsored
your visit.

KHAN
I have a wife; small children.
Please . . .

The Holy One pats Khan's shoulder.

HOLY ONE
(fatherly)
I give you your last hope for
immortality, my brother.

KHAN
I pulled the detonator.

HOLY ONE
You disgraced the faith, Khan!
Allah knows.

KHAN
(head bowed)
It malfunctioned.

HOLY ONE
"Peace be upon him."

The Holy One pats the head of Khan, who looks relieved.

Now, he grabs Khan's scalp with a fist.

KHAN
Don't.

Rapid movements behind Khan, and a plastic bag is over his head.

The men of the Council restrain the bug-eyed Khan as he struggles and he sucks for oxygen.

The bag is tightened.

Khan's face contorts. He makes gurgling sounds through the bag.

HOLY ONE (O.S.)
NOW we have a martyr.

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - IN SEMI-DARKNESS

Mohammed watches a wide screen as Khan's murder dissolves and goes dark. Mohammed's hands cover his frightened eyes.

MOHAMMED
Nooooooo!

The low rumble of thunder.

VOICE (O.S.)
I am sorry.

Mohammed looks broken and contrite.

MOHAMMED
I am guilty. Unthinkable, I shed
innocent blood.

More thunder.

VOICE (O.S.)
Yes, Mohammed. Now you may leave
My presence.

The Voice weeps.

Two young, BEAUTIFUL WOMEN take Mohammed by each arm.

Instantly, his face changes from sickly-scared to hopeful.

MOHAMMED
Take me, maidens.

He looks relieved, then beams with anticipation.

Mohammed is swept up, and gladly follows the women, relieved to depart from the presence of the Voice.

EXT. MEDITERRANEAN SEA, NEAR JAFFA - DAY

Three HOODED MEN drag a heavy body-bag to a high place overlooking the Mediterranean.

They unzip the bag.

They remove what looks like Khan's body.

They hurl it over the cliff.

The body flips and twists, down toward the Sea.

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - IN SEMI-DARKNESS

The two beautiful women pull Mohammed forward. Mohammed's clothes have become a white robe.

They drag him through the darkness.

The three seem to float toward funnels of black smoke that spew from the floor.

They break through the threshold of the columns of smoke into

INT. ROOM - IN BRIGHT LIGHT

. . . into a room of brilliant light.

MOHAMMED

They were right, I AM in Heaven.

One of the women turns her beautiful head and looks him full in the face.

Mohammed is in rapture, his arms outstretched, his eyelids winking.

The two women morph into CREATURES of hideous ugliness.

The creature in Mohammed's face, issues a long scalding hiss, like escaping steam.

Flames consume the screen to black and Mohammed's SCREAMS go silent.

INT. CAVERNOUS ROOM - IN SEMI-DARKNESS

Khan has replaced Mohammed. Now, it's Khan who sits on the invisible stool.

VOICE (O.S.)
Khan, you have chosen well . . . to
run from murder.

INSERT:

This film was inspired by the terrorist bombing at a Tel Aviv bar in April 2003.

INSERT:

A first in Israel that, two bombers were involved, and were foreign.

British citizens of Pakistani origin.

INSERT:

Three people were murdered that early morning, with over fifty wounded.

INSERT:

One of the writers, in Israel for the first time, was visiting his daughter in Tel Aviv, the night of this incident.

She, a contemporary folk singer, that same night they were to attend the Wednesday "Open Mic" at the club, but plans changed when it was blown up.

FADE OUT.