

THE QUEEN OF JERUSALEM: Episode 1

EXT. STREET IN BEIT HANINA - OUTSIDE NUR'S HOUSE - MORNING

NUR MANZUR (35) her dark hair tied back, sunglasses, wearing a dark skirt suit, leaves her house.

TAMMY LUDMIR (35), with very short blonde hair, cargo trousers, T-shirt and vest, waits for her outside leaning against the door of a large jeep that has a foreign license plate. She's holding a takeaway holder with two cups of coffee.

TAMMY

Good morning.

(Nur blows two kisses and takes the cup from her)

Twenty minutes ago it was still hot.

Tammy gets into the driver's seat. Nur walks around the car and gets into the passenger's seat. Tammy starts the engine and they leave.

EXT. TAMMY'S JEEP - DAY

NUR

Sorry. Such a mess – I've already packed half of my stuff and the jacket I wanted to wear was in the box at the bottom. Never mind.

TAMMY

When did you go to sleep?

NUR

Doesn't the make-up help?

TAMMY

Not really.

NUR

I took half a pill. Couldn't fall asleep.

TAMMY

Because of the interview?

NUR

Probably. Not just that.

TAMMY

Relax, just do your best not to get angry or clever or over-witty and don't argue with them. It's not a court of law. You've got nothing to hide. Just answer their questions, no explaining. And don't volunteer answers about anything they don't ask you about.

NUR

I'll try.

TAMMY

They're clerks. It's their job to ask questions.

NUR

Okay.

TAMMY

Be nice and pleasant and look them straight in the eye.
No sunglasses.

NUR

Got it. What are they so worried about? What can I
possibly do to them?

TAMMY

You want a visa to enter the USA - they want to see who
you are. Everyone has to go through it. It's a technical
thing. Nothing more.

NUR

Okay.

TAMMY

So I'll drop you off at the consulate and then we'll meet
up at the town hall ceremony.

(seeing that Nur looks disappointed)

What?

NUR

Nothing. I just thought you'd be there with me.

TAMMY

They won't let me in with you anyhow. And I've got to
stop by at the news desk before the ceremony.

NUR

You can't come to the ceremony.

TAMMY

I can and I will and I'll bring the camera. You're wasting
your breath – I got permission from the spokesperson to
video the ceremony.

NUR

I don't want you to come.

TAMMY

I'll open the door by mistake. Oops, sorry, where can I find the municipal tax department?

NUR

Stop it, please...

Tammy softens her attitude.

TAMMY

Nur -

NUR

What?

TAMMY

Everything is going to be okay. We're leaving in a week.

NUR

Okay.

INT. SHARIF'S STUDIO - BEIT SAFAFA – DAY

Sharif Manzur, Architecture & Building Projects is a light, pleasant and spacious studio. On the walls, photographs of previous projects built by the office owner and founder Sharif Manzur (Abu Ramsi). There are sketching tables, computers and a large photocopy machine. In the center of the room, a model of the new “Almond Hill” residential building project in Jabel Mukaber. Two young apprentices, **AKRAM** and **ZIYA** are working at the sketching tables. **SHARIF MANSUR** (42) with smooth brown hair, tall and handsome, describes the project to **ABU NABIL**, a short man with a moustache in a leather jacket, and **HASSAN**, a large bald guy. Sharif is uptight and worried.

SHARIF

It's simple math, Abu Nabil: 63 apartments, half a million each. A penthouse - one million. 7 penthouses altogether. The whole project is worth 40 million.

ABU NABIL

How much have you sold so far?

SHARIF

Everything. It's a buying group. It's all been sold out already – the minute we get the permit they transfer the first payment and you get your money.

ABU NABIL

When is the permit coming through?

SHARIF

Today at town hall. Here, I'm on my way there right now to collect the written permit myself. In the evening, we're holding the buyers meeting, having a raffle to see who gets which apartment, people are coming with checks ready.

(to the apprentice)

Akram, take the plans and put them in my briefcase -

Abu Nabil signals to Hassan and he pulls a large computer screen off the table and it shatters on the floor.

SHARIF

What are you doing? Are you crazy? What is he doing?
Abu Nabil!

Hassan picks the computer up and smashes it on the floor then turns to the second table and turns it over with everything on it. Ziya screams, Akram is numb with fear. Sharif charges Hassan and tries to get his hands on him, but Abu Nabil himself stops him on the way and bends his arm behind his back. Now Hassan turns to smash the family photographs on Sharif's desk.

SHARIF

Abu Nabil, why? Abu Nabil?! What good will this do?!

The employees freeze.

ABU NABIL

Listen well, you son of a bitch, I'm not your friend or your employee, and you're one year late with your debt. One year. No other son of a bitch has ever gotten so many postponements. A different story each time...

SHARIF

It's no story - today I get my permit. I paid a shitload of money in bribes! Why break? Why destroy? For God's sake, the children's photographs? Is there no God in your heart?

At the entrance to the studio appears **YUSRA** (42), Sharif's wife, a full-bodied, blonde accountant. She is carrying a tray with dozens of *ma'amuls* (round date pastries) stacked in a fine pyramid-shaped pile. She looks at the devastation with eyes open wide with fear.

ABU NABIL

Thanks, Um Ramsi. You shouldn't have...

The bald Hassan walks up to take a pastry. Yusra cringes.

YUSRA

No... It's...

SHARIF

Sorry, it's for today, for the apartment raffle.

ABU NABIL

The ma'amul?

SHARIF

There are notes in the ma'amul with the apartment numbers. If he takes one, we have to start over.

ABU NABIL

You've got one week. All the money with interest. How much is it now, Hassan? How much has his debt come to?

HASSAN

One million two hundred.

ABU NABIL

Was one million two hundred. Now it's one million three. A week from now. Excuse us for the mess, ma'am.

Hassan pulls two buildings off the modal and smashes them together.

ABU NABIL

(to Hassan)

Enough, he got it.

(to Sharif)

He's angry – you offended him with the ma'amul.

The two leave and pick up two pastries on their way out. Sharif tries to keep his cool.

YUSRA

I'll make a new batch.

SHARIF

Everything will be okay. Don't worry. Akram, you and Ziya, like we said - the Ambassador Hotel, 6 o'clock. Set the table nicely: a tablecloth, flowers, this sign hanging

behind the stage while I'm speaking. Ziya, do what you can to fix everything he wrecked and bring the whole model over there.

AKRAM

How will we get everything done in time?

SHARIF

You're good - you'll manage.

He puts his jacket on and leaves.

EXT. PARKING OUTSIDE SHARIF'S HOUSE - DAY

Sharif walks toward his car carrying a big bag. The windscreen is shattered. The two date pastries are on the engine hood, bitten and empty. He gets in and drives off.

INT. AMERICAN CONSULATE IN JERUSALEM - VISA DEPARTMENT - DAY

An immigration clerk is sitting behind a glass partition and asking Nur questions. Hanging on the wall behind the clerk are various symbols of the American government and the US flag. It looks as if the clerk might pull a muscle if she tried smiling.

CLERK

Nur Manzur.

NUR

Yes.

CLERK

You're a lawyer.

NUR

Yes.

CLERK

You're a Muslim.

NUR

What? Yes.

CLERK

You're requesting a student visa.

NUR

Yes. I'm doing my MA in Law at NYU.
At the Center for Human Rights and
Global Justice.

CLERK

That will take two years, at least.

NUR

Yes.

CLERK

And then a PHD?

NUR

No. Back home. To Jerusalem. I live here. I work here.
I'm the head of a large women's organization.

CLERK

Muslim women.

NUR

Not only. But mostly women from East Jerusalem.

CLERK

But now you're leaving.

NUR

Temporarily. To study.

CLERK

Where will you live in New York?

NUR

With a friend. She has an apartment
in New York. Her parents have an
apartment, to be exact.

CLERK

Muslim?

NUR

Muslim? She's... Israeli. Tammy Ludmir. She has
American citizenship. I've written down all the details.

CLERK

Just answer the question, please. What kind of a friend?

NUR

Excuse me?

CLERK

Are you a couple?

NUR

What? No.

CLERK

Why is Mrs. Ludmir willing to let you stay at her apartment for two years?

NUR

Stay? I'll pay her. We'll be splitting the costs. Excuse me, is this an interview or an interrogation?

CLERK

Ma'am, please just answer the question.

NUR

We're friends. Just friends.

CLERK

Your friend is an Israeli-Jew, an ex-army officer, a local producer for an American news channel, why would she have anything to do with a Muslim woman who is a human rights activist in East Jerusalem?

EXT. AMERICAN CONSULATE IN JERUSALEM - STREET - DAY

Nur quickly leaves the consulate and is about to stop a taxi. She hears a whistle. Tammy waves to her from the jeep. Nur gets into the car.

EXT. TAMMY'S JEEP (STREETS OF JERUSALEM) - DAY

NUR

They're totally crazy. I wanted to get up and leave.

TAMMY

I warned you. The president promised his voters to keep Arabs out of America. Town hall?

NUR

No, the office. We're leaving from there. And she kept asking me: "Muslim? Muslim? Muslim?" I felt as if I was growing a hijab throughout the interview.

TAMMY

And the visa?

NUR

I don't know. They'll let me know, send it to me.
I don't know. Thanks for waiting for me.

TAMMY

(smiling)

I'm always waiting for you.

NUR

Oh, and she asked if we were a couple.

TAMMY

What?! And what did you say?

NUR

That we Muslims – we're terrorists not Lesbians.
And that you're not my type.

Tammy smiles.

INT. BANK IN THE CENTER OF JERUSALEM - DAY

The bank manager **REUVEN ZACHARIA** (50), a black yarmulke on his head, unshaven because of the Jewish rite associated with the counting of the Omer, sits on one side of the table. Opposite him sit Sharif and **NAAMA MUSAYOF** (35) the business clients' manager. She's wearing glasses, a headscarf and has braces on her teeth. There is a desperately poignant atmosphere in the room. Reuven looks over Sharif's building project plans.

REUVEN ZACHARIA

Well, this is unexciting, to say the least. What else can he mortgage?

NAAMA

Not much.

REUVEN ZACHARIA

The house?

NAAMA

He's taken two mortgages already.

REUVEN ZACHARIA

Savings accounts? Foreign currency? Pension fund?

NAAMA

All mortgaged.

REUVEN ZACHARIA

What brand of car have you got?

SHARIF

Toyota Camry 2011.

NAAMA

After an accident.

SHARIF

I just need 50 grand. In cash.

REUVEN ZACHARIA

On top of the 2 million you've already taken. How are you paying that back?

SHARIF

Look, Reuven, this is a 70 million dollar project. It was stuck in a committee but now, thank God, I've passed the objections phase - everything's loosened up now - I'm getting the permit today and then the payments are coming in. Phase one.

REUVEN ZACHARIA

So what do you need the 50 grand for?

SHARIF

A little grease to make sure everything goes smoothly, to make sure there aren't any surprises. I want to know I did everything that needed to do, and then some.

REUVEN ZACHARIA

What's his car worth?

NAAMA

About 50, give or take.

REUVEN ZACHARIA

Haven't you got anything else? A lot, a grove, anything? Doesn't your family have something in the West Bank?

SHARIF

Are you working with the settlers now?

REUVEN ZACHARIA

Just trying to help you out.

NAAMA

Reuven, if he buys a luxury car you can mortgage it for a loan.

SHARIF

What's that?

REUVEN ZACHARIA

Wait a minute.

(looks at his computer)

Here - you take a 100 thousand loan. 50 you take for your bribes, 50 you use as a down-payment for a BMW or Mercedes and all the rest is paid in monthly installments over a period of three years. We've got an arrangement with them. Naama will take care of the details.

SHARIF

What's the interest rate?

REUVEN ZACHARIA

That's your problem? The interest rate? You came here begging for 50. Now you leave with 100 and a Mercedes - what's there to think about?

INT. *YALLA TAGHYIR* (ARABIC FOR "ON WITH CHANGE") OFFICES IN JERUSALEM - DAY

There is a secretary sitting in the lobby. The walls are covered with the organization's posters and a large logo which depicts two women holding hands which is in fact a mosaic of hundreds' of the organization members' passport photographs. Women are walking around, all wearing head-covers. Nur, the CEO, comes in.

NUR

Good morning. Are you ready to go?

Next to the wall, behind the secretary is Nur's deputy, **SURAYA AWIDA** (35) who is wearing a hijab that accentuates her big eyes.

SURAYA

Nur, what do you think?

She places a photograph of the Al-Aqsa Mosque in the middle of the organization's logo. Silence in the lobby. They all wait for Nur to say something.

NUR

That again? No way.

She heads to her office. Suraya follows her.

SURAYA

It's because you're thinking like a secular person, but try to see the...

INT. *YALLA TAGHYIR* (ARABIC FOR "ON WITH CHANGE") OFFICES – NUR'S OFFICE - DAY

Nur walks in and sits down. Suraya follows her inside.

NUR

Suddenly you have a problem with the fact that I'm secular?

SURAYA

Did I say that?

NUR

When I got your brother out of prison, did you also mind then that I don't wear a hijab?

SURAYA

Nur, why are you making this personal? We could be an organization of 20 thousand women instead of just 2000.

NUR

Fine. 20 thousand.

The door opens and **URI DAVIS** (50), a Anglo-Saxon religious nerd peeps in.

URI DAVIS

Yalla Taghyir! Oops, sorry. Am I interrupting?

NUR

It's okay. Come in. *Yalla Taghyir*. Look, Suraya, I'm leaving in one week, you're taking my place and you can do as you please. Join the Hamas for all I care – they're very supportive of women.

URI DAVIS

What's the argument about?

SURAYA

I only suggested making a small change in our logo.

NUR

A small change? You want to stick Al-Aqsa right in the middle of it!

(hands her the photograph)

Go ahead, show him.

SURAYA

(to Davis)

Every Palestinian house has the symbol of Al-Aqsa on it. It's like a *mezuzah*.

NUR

Okay, let's not be coy about it, Suraya. This is a civil organization. I'm not sending them back to the mosques.

SURAYA

Listen, talk to the women, the kids are driving us crazy about Al Aqsa. You can't ignore it.

The door opens. The secretary peeps in.

SECRETARY

Nur, we have someone who wants to come in for a moment, to say goodbye.

SURAYA

Not now. We have to leave for the ceremony at town hall.

SECRETARY

I told them.

NUR

Send them in.

Two women in hijabs and a child with braces on her teeth come in. They're a little embarrassed. One of them walks up to Nur with a plate of sweets she prepared.

AMAL

The child wanted to say thank you before you leave. For the teeth. They treated her very nicely.

NUR

It's your right. That's what you pay your municipal taxes for. Did they fix the sewage on your street yet?

AMAL

They said they would tomorrow, *inshallah*.

NUR

Good. Don't give up. Call them every five minutes starting first thing in the morning.

Nur takes the plate and hugs the girl. It's very conspicuous that she is the only woman in the room who isn't wearing a hijab.

NUR

(To the girl)

Don't worry sweetie, I also had one of those when I was your age. *Yalla Taghyir!*

(The women reply *Yalla Taghyir!*)

Thank you, Amal. And don't worry. Suraya will take my place.

The women leave.

NUR

Maybe I missed it – did they say anything about Al-Aqsa?

URI DAVIS

(in bad Arabic)

Suraya, I'm not sure that the people who are funding us will agree to fund a religious organization.

NUR

Uri, speak Hebrew, come on. We don't have time for...

URI DAVIS

(in Hebrew)

Fine, Hebrew. If we overstep just an inch – they'll finish us off.

SURAYA

Because of the logo?

NUR

Because of the logo.

(pointing to the logo)

This is our face. Here I am, here you are, here's Rim, Amal, Fatmah, here's Zaynab - here we are. When Al-Aqsa helps me get one girl into university, fix one pavement in Sur Baher, get the garbage collected from Ras Shehadah, I'll put it on the logo. Until then, this is us.

URI DAVIS

Well, the mayor's waiting for us.

(they get up to leave)

I'd just like to ask that we leave our differences at home. At the ceremony, let's do our best to put on a harmonious front.

NUR

Sure, sure, Uri. We don't need a Jewish, Ashkenazi man to teach us about Palestinian Women's solidarity.

URI DAVIS

(mortified)

What?!

SURAYA

She's kidding with you.
(leaves)

URI DAVIS

I'm going to need plenty of help from *Allah* when you leave for New York.

NUR

Take it easy. She'll be an excellent CEO.

URI DAVIS

This is Jerusalem - one mistake and this entire beautiful initiative crashes to the ground.

EXT. SHARIF'S CAR (BMW) - DAY

Sharif is driving a luxurious BMW and talking to his wife on the phone. On the seat next to him is a bag with the cash.

YUSRA

Are you crazy? A 350 thousand shekel car?

SHARIF

Did I have a choice? Yusra, it's a drop in the sea in comparison to...

YUSRA

We'll end up drowning in that drop.

SHARIF

Okay, give me a break. Did you make another batch of *ma'amul* pastries?

YUSRA

Yes. Just like a child. You and your games.

On his left, Sharif notices a young guy on a moped driving near him. He's wearing a red helmet. Sharif takes the cash bag and hides it under the seat. The moped driver signals something to him and smiles.

SHARIF

Wish me luck, Yusra.

YUSRA

Good luck, Husband.

SHARIF

And make something special tonight, we'll celebrate later.

YUSRA

Sure, I'll just stand around in the kitchen all day long and make food. When will you be back? I've got a management meeting at the college in the afternoon.

Sharif and the moped driver reach the traffic lights, which are changing from green to yellow. Both vehicles slow down. Sharif waits until the yellow ends and then goes through the red light, leaving the moped behind.

SHARIF

I'm going to pick the permit up, then head to the Ambassador Hotel for the buyers meeting and then home. I'll be back at ten at the latest.

YUSRA

God be with you, Sharif.

INT. TOWN HALL - SAFRA PARKING LOT - DAY

Sharif carefully parks the new BMW, takes the cash bag, steps out, locks the car with the fancy remote and looks around. Then he walks to the elevator.

EXT/INT. TOWN HALL - LOBBY - DAY

The queue to the magnometer at the entrance to the lobby. Sharif comes out of the elevator, holding the money bag close, and joins the line of people waiting. A guy wearing a red motorcycle helmet stands behind him and turns to him.

ADHAM

Good morning, Abu Ramsi.

SHARIF

(aggravated)

Excuse me, but what do you want from me?

ADHAM

It's Adham. Ramsi's computer teacher?

ADHAM SANDUKA (22) takes his helmet off. He's a handsome, curly guy with green eyes.

SHARIF

Adham, *habibi*. You really had me there. I couldn't understand what you... What are you doing here?

ADHAM

I work here. At the call center.

SHARIF

Listen, Adham, I owe you a few months' pay, but don't worry. We were a little tight on money.

ADHAM

No worries, Abu Ramsi. Congrats on the new car.

Sharif reluctantly lets go of the cash bag, placing it in the tray along with his cell and wallet and walking through the magnometer.

In the meantime, Nur, Suraya and Uri Davis, who is busy standing between the two women, have joined the queue.

Someone waves to Sharif and signals him to follow him - that's **LAZER "GOMBA"** (30), an energetic ultra-orthodox man with a pointy chin, beard, hat, and light blue eyes hiding under sunglasses.

Adham, with his red helmet, walks in after Sharif and turns left toward the elevator.

INT. TOWN HALL CALL CENTER - DAY

Adham, the young man with the helmet, steps into the call center, which has numerous work stations, and turns to one of the phone receptionists.

ADHAM

Got two more minutes, bro?

RECEPTIONIST

Make it quick.

Adham, still holding the helmet, goes into the **SHIFT MANAGER's** room.

ADHAM

Akivah, have you got a sec?

AKIVAH

Yes, come in.

(on the phone)

One sec, Bro.

(to Adham)
Is it going to take long?

ADHAM
How long have I been here?

AKIVAH
Two years?

ADHAM
Am I a good worker? Have there been any complaints?
Problems?

AKIVAH
Adham, what's this all about? You need a stroke?

ADHAM
I need a letter of recommendation.

AKIVAH
You're leaving?

ADHAM
No, I've applied for an Israeli citizenship. A letter from the
boss would go a long way.

AKIVAH
You're not a citizen?

ADHAM
I'm a resident. In East Jerusalem we have residency, not
citizenship.

AKIVAH
What's the difference?

ADHAM
We can't vote in the national elections – only in the
municipal elections.

AKIVAH
You don't say. And you want to vote in the national
elections?

ADHAM

I want a passport. I haven't got a passport.

AKIVAH

Are you emigrating?

ADHAM

Might be.

AKIVAH

Good idea. I sure like you, but the best thing would be to go our separate ways, your people and my people.

ADHAM

Will you write me a letter of recommendation?

AKIVAH

Buddy, when they read what I have to write about you you'll become an honorary citizen. Adham Sanduka, Worthy Citizen of Jerusalem.

ADHAM

Thanks, bro.

AKIVAH

Cousin, not bro. Just kidding. Get to work.

Adham leaves. Akivah follows him with his gaze and then makes a call. Adham got to his work station and puts his headphones on. **HODAYA BUCHRIS** (18) a relatively liberal ultra-orthodox in a long jeans skirt with a long honey-colored thick braid, raises her eyes to him from her work station and discreetly blows him a kiss.

HODAYA

Good morning, Terrorist.

ADHAM

(smiles)

Good morning, Racist.

The light in his station flickers and he answers in Arabic.

ADHAM

Municipal Call Center, how may I help you, Ma'am?

INT.TOWN HALL - SYNAGOGUE - DAY

Gomba opens Sharif's bag and takes the cash out. Sharif looks around.

SHARIF

Why the synagogue?

GOMBA

No cameras here. Is it all here?

SHARIF

Like we agreed. You don't need to count it.

(Gomba counts the money anyhow)

It's final? There won't be any more objections?

GOMBA

God willing.

SHARIF

No, not God willing. Tell me if it's a done deal or not.

GOMBA

It's a done deal, Sharif. The decision was made this morning. Rabbi Hollander, the head of the committee, will announce it at the end of the meeting. You'll have it in writing. Go ahead, I'll join you.

SHARIF

We'll go up together.

GOMBA

Why don't we just hang a sign on your back saying we helped you out? Say, how much do your apartments cost? Is it worth investing?

SHARIF

No, *habibi*. It's a buying group - it's all sold out.

GOMBA

Yalla, good luck. Give us a hug. Break a leg. *Mazal tov*.

SHARIF

Who's the money going to? Rabbi Hollander?

GOMBA

God forbid. Charities. We don't touch a penny, Sharif. You are partaking is a great *mitzvah*.

Sharif leaves.

INT.TOWN HALL - 4TH FLOOR RECEPTION HALL – DAY

The ceremony in honor of Nur Manzur, the founder and manager of the East Jerusalem women's organization *Yalla Taghyir!* (Arabic for "On with Change!"). Next to the panel table are Mayor **AROD STRAUSS**, who is very preoccupied with his cellphone, and, next to him **TIRAN KOCHAVI**, the mayor's East Jerusalem advisor. By the table is a sign saying: "'On with Change!' Jerusalem salutes Nur Manzur - Blessed is the match that lights up and kindles hearts".

In the audience are Nur Manzur, Suraya Awidah and six members of the organization, Muslim women in hijabs and ultra-orthodox Jewish women in headdresses. The mayor's spokeswoman, **SHAKED NUSSBAUM** (30), a blonde woman with librarian glasses, stands by the window engrossed in her phone. The municipality's photographer is shooting the ceremony. Next to the speakers' podium stand Uri Davis from the Center for Equality.

URI DAVIS

Everyone feels that we need a change. But how do you create that change? Nur came along and said - a big change starts with a small change, a tiny one. And if there are enough people who make a small difference - a big change will come. This is *Yalla Taghyir!* And this is Nur -

AROD STRAUSS

(to Tiran)

Who's Nur?

TIRAN

(sniggering)

She's the woman who founded this organization and runs it.

AROD STRAUSS

Why are you laughing?

TIRAN

(gasping)

This whole ceremony is in her honor. You're about to give her a plaque...

NUR

(to Suraya)

The guy next to Strauss? That's Tiran Kokhavi, the mayor's advisor on Arab matters. Used to be a Captain in the *Shabak*. A viper with a heart of gold. He's our man in town hall.

INT. TOWN HALL - PLANNING COMMITTEE HALL ON THE 7TH FLOOR - DAY

Outside the hall is **SHAAYA PARIZKY** (60), a heavily-built *macher* who specializes in “fixing” bureaucratic problems. He's got his glasses on his head and he's going over a notepad filled with notes while whispering to two unshaven clients. Sharif comes out of the elevator and passes by two security guards before going into the hall. Parizky follows him with one eye and then looks questioningly at Lazer Gomba who is just coming out of the elevator.

GOMBA

What's your problem, Parizky?

PARIZKY

It's a waste of time. The redhead settler will mess it up.

GOMBA

Fine. Mind your own business. You don't know everything, you know.

PARIZKY

I know that you got your share. If I were you, I'd get the hell out of here before it gets messy.

GOMBA

(turns to Parizky's clients)

You know that he's been to prison on account of fraud. Google it - Parizky. A certified thief.

(takes his cell out and texts)

INT. TOWN HALL - PLANNING COMMITTEE HALL ON THE 7TH FLOOR - DAY

Sharif steps in and remains standing at the back of the room, although there are free seats. On the stage, a discussion about the objection to expand a building in Nachlaot neighborhood is taking place. On stage are various members of the committee, among them chairperson **RABBI HOLLANDER** (50) – he is just reading the text Gomba sent him – a handsome ultra-orthodox man with a short beard, and next to him **N.T. RUBIN** (40) a balding redhead with a knitted skullcap and had bulging teeth. When Rubin the Redhead sees Sharif step in he leans over to Hollander.

RUBIN THE REDHEAD

Hollander, isn't that the Arab architect from the Jabel Muckaber project? Did you give him the permit?

HOLLANDER

Yes, Mr. Rubin, this morning, before you arrived. I'm just about to announce it.

RUBIN THE REDHEAD

Over my dead body.

HOLLANDER

Fine, over your dead body. Next time come to meetings instead of picking fights with Arabs in Silwan.

Rubin starts texting fervently. Sharif is worried. Lazer Gomba comes in now and talks to Sharif.

GOMBA

You're up next. Rabbi Hollander will announce this morning's decision.

RUBIN THE REDHEAD

(to Hollander)

Rabbi Hollander, you're about to see a magic trick. "And it was turned upside-down," just like in the Purim holiday. Abracadabra.

INT. TOWN HALL - 4TH FLOOR RECEPTION HALL – DAY

Suraya, who is going to take Nur's place as head of the organization, is speaking. Tiran translates for Mayor Strauss.

SURAYA

Nur taught us that there is no such thing as "none of my business". It's my house? My street? My neighborhood? My child? It is my business. Because a burnt out streetlamp means darkness, and darkness means crime. A crooked tile means a broken leg. A dripping tap - mosquitos. Garbage means rats, diseases. A bad teacher - a whole class of illiterates. So there is no more "it's none of my business". It is my business and I'll take care of it, because if I don't, who will?

STRAUSS

Wow... Impressive woman.

While she speaks, Shaked Nussbaum, the mayor's spokesperson, walks up to the mayor and shows him her cell.

STRAUSS

What's that?

SHAKED

The Redhead is threatening to leave the coalition with Ir David party because Hollander has authorized the Jabel Mukhaber project.

STRAUSS

Hollander again? That son of a bitch is destroying my coalition. Tiran, Jabel Mukaber...

The mayor passes his cell over to Tiran, then whispers something in Shaked's ear and she quickly leaves the ceremony.

INT. TOWN HALL - PLANNING COMMITTEE'S HALL - DAY

Sharif and Gomba stand at the back of the hall while an old man explains his objections to the planned extension of the Nachlaot building. Sharif is nervous, keeps looking at his watch. Rubin the Redhead smiles and signals 'just you wait'. The door opens and Shaked Nussbaum storms in, walks up to Hollander and whispers something in his ear.

RUBIN THE REDHEAD

Here, in the blink of an eye, the lord offers salvation!
(to Hollander who is exchanging whispers with Shaked)
Rabbi Hollander, as our forefathers said: "He who converses excessively with a woman injures himself and resigns from the word of the Torah and eventually inherits Hell."

Hollander beckons Gomba to approach him. Sharif looks at them whispering with worry. Shaked leaves and Shaaya Parizky rolls into the room with his clients. Gomba gets back to Sharif. Hollander turns to Parizky.

HOLLANDER

Parizky, we won't be hearing you right now - I've got to stop now - I have a funeral, my wife's cousin. I have to leave.

SHARIF

What's that? What did he say?

GOMBA

They won't... He won't be making the announcement today.

SHARIF

You said that they made their decision.

GOMBA

They did. As far as they're concerned, you've got a permit. Problem is that the mayor has put the whole thing on hold.

SHARIF

What do you mean on hold?

GOMBA

Just now. Rabbi Hollander passed the decision. But the Redhead vetoed it – he said that if they authorized a project for Arabs he would resign from the coalition. So that's what happened.

SHARIF

What do you mean? You assured me.

GOMBA

Well, Rabbi Hollander kept his word. He isn't the one responsible for cancelling it... putting it on hold, that is.

Sharif loses it. Hollander stands up to leave.

GOMBA

It will work out Sharif, don't worry. A month or two. You have my word...

SHARIF

Give back the money.

GOMBA

Why, what's that got to do with giving back the money?

SHARIF

(loudly)

Give back my money, you son of a bitch. Give it back right now.

General embarrassment. Hollander stands still. Rubin the Redhead looks at Sharif with mock pity. Gomba comes close to Sharif and talks to him quietly. The old man who his speaking goes on talking and going through his notes.

GOMBA

(embarrassed)

No, that's not how it works. It's not... What money are you talking about?

Sharif goes crazy.

SHARIF

Give the money back, you son of a bitch, the 50 grand, give it back now! *Ibn el kaleb*, you playing games with me? Do I look like a child to play games with? I'll smash your face in.

He wraps his hands around Gomba's throat who shouts 'Prove it! Prove it!' And pins him to the wall. Hollander turns to leave through the back exit. The two security guards are called in. They release Gomba from Sharif's grip and drag him out. He passes by Shaaya Parizky.

PARIZKY

(to Sharif)

Next time come to me, Abu Ramsi. It'll cost you less...

INT. TOWN HALL - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Mayor Strauss is texting like mad. Suraya is still talking.

SURAYA

...because even though you don't wear a hijab, you have God in your heart. And if you want to come back to us - you'll find your organization exactly as you left it.

Applause. AROD Strauss gets up to speak. Because of all the texts and calls he has no idea who Nur actually is and all the women in the hijabs look the same to him, so he addresses Suraya.

STRAUSS

Nur Manzur, before you founded your organization, Nur, we had only one Arab speaking receptionist in our call center and he too had nothing to do most of the time.

The residents of East Jerusalem didn't call because they didn't believe it would help. Today, because of you, thanks to you, on account of you, we employ eight Arab speaking workers at our call center around the clock.

Nur texts Tammy: "*That idiot Strauss has no idea who I am. He's talking to my deputy. It's lucky you didn't come.*"

INT/EXT. TOWN HALL LOBBY - DAY

A security guard is checking the camera Tammy brought with. She texts Nur: "*I'm here. I'm being detained.*"

Tammy

So, what's going on, *tzadik*? Are we going to wrap it up here any time soon?

INT. TOWN HALL - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Nur reads the text and smiles. The audience whisper among themselves about the mayor's mistake. Nur signals that they stay quiet about it.

STRAUSS

You nag us, pester us, cost us, and we love you and salute you. You're changing the face of Jerusalem with your bare hands. Nur Manzur, before you leave your position, I would like to offer you this token of appreciation on behalf of the municipality of the united city of Jerusalem.

Strauss hands the plaque over to Suraya who, to his amazement, points to Nur. Shaked Nussbaum who has just got back, realizes the mayor's mistake and whispers in his ear.

SHAKED

That's Nur Manzur.

STRAUSS

(to Tiran Kochavi)

I'll kill you.

While Nur stands up and walks to Strauss, Shaked whispers in his ear.

SHAKED

Hollander put the permit on hold. The Redhead is having a ball. It's a total mess.

INT. TOWN HALL - STAIRWELL - DAY

The two security guards are dragging Shariff Manzur down the stairs.

INT. TOWN HALL - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

Nur is standing by the podium with the plaque in her hand.

NUR

Mayor Strauss and all the other men in Jerusalem, if I were you I'd be very worried. Because these women who have learned to make a small change are on their way to making the big change. So beware!

Laughter. Tiran Kokhavi leans over to Strauss.

TIRAN

The architect whose project you've just put on hold...

STAUSS

Yeah?

TIRAN

It's Sharif Manzur. Nur's brother.

STRAUSS

What?!

NUR

After five years, I place the organization in the able hands of Suraya and I promise that if she behaves well, I won't return that soon. *Yalla Taghyir!*

WOMEN

Yalla Taghyir!

STRAUSS

Why is she leaving?

TIRAN

Travelling abroad for two year with her girlfriend, Tammy,
a new producer.

Strauss is impressed with the extent of his assistant's knowledge.

STRAUSS

Not bad... You know the color of Tammy's underpants too?

TIRAN

Yours too.

INT. TOWN HALL - STAIRWELL - DAY

The guards drag Sharif down the stairs.

INT. TOWN HALL - RECEPTION HALL - DAY

The mayor and his people step into the lobby just as the two guards pass through with Sharif. When Sharif notices the mayor he stops, turns around, walks into the lobby and shouts at Strauss.

SHARIF

You're corrupt! You'll pay for this! I'm going to bring the
whole world down on your heads.

The two guards force him down to the floor, but he carries on.

SHARIF

Where are we going to live, you sons of bitches? Where
do we have left to live?

STRAUSS

(to the guards)

Hang on a second. Let him go. What happened?

SHARIF

What happened?! The settlers made you their bitch and
you ask "what happened"? When the next intifada breaks
out - will you ask "what happened" then too?

Nur Manzur and the rest of the audience step out of the reception hall and stop to see what all the commotion is about. The elevator door opens and Tammy steps into the lobby and stops to see what's going on. She puts the camera on her shoulder and starts shooting. Shaked whispers into Strauss' ear.

SHAKED

Shit, I asked them to detain her. Let's get out of here.

The mayor and his people quickly make their exit.

SHARIF

(to Nur)

What are you doing with them?

NUR

Sharif, what's the matter? What do they want from you?

What are you doing here?

SHARIF

What do you care.

NUR

(to the guard)

Give me your details please.

GUARD

What's that?!

NUR

And get your hands off of him or we'll issue a complaint.

It's all being videoed.

GUARD

Missy, talk nice or we'll kick you out too. We're not in the
Hamass here, not taking orders from any Arab woman.

Come on buddy, let's get going.

Shariff gets up. He sees his sister's plaque.

SHARIF

What's that?

He read the inscription: "To Nur Manzur, blessed is the match that lights up and kindles hearts."

SHARIF

Match? What match?

He hands the plaque back to her without a word and leaves with the guards. Nur is left standing with the plaque stuck in her hand.

EXT. TOWN HALL - SAFRA SQUARE - DAY

Sharif leaves with the guards.

SHARIF

It's okay, thanks, I know the way from here.

GUARD

Come, buddy, get into the elevator. We'll walk you to your car.

They get into the elevator and stop an ultra-religious couple from getting in.

GUARD

Sorry, you'll have to wait for the next one.

Sharif presses P2 when one of the guards suddenly grabs hold of him and the other punches him in the stomach. Sharif doubles over.

GUARD

You'll watch your mouth with your seniors, you piece of shit.

INT. TOWN HALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The elevator door opens. Sharif is kicked out.

GUARD

Go, go to your car and get the hell out of here. I'm waiting here to see you leave.

Sharif stands up, in pain and humiliated, and steps over to his new BMW. He gets in and starts the engine.

GUARD

Son of a bitch, look at the car he's got! All they do is bitch...

INT. TOWN HALL - RABBI HOLLANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hollander is standing next to the window. Lazer Gomba enters the room.

HOLLANDER

What money was he talking about?

GOMBA

Avram Itzhak , he spent a lot of money on this project.

HOLLANDER

He said 50 thousand. Did you take 50 thousand from him?

GOMBA

God forbid. Am I crazy?

HOLLANDER

You're lying to me. You'll end up in jail like Shaaya Parizky.

GOMBA

Avram Itzhak, I swear on my life. He just lost it because the project was put on hold, you saw it yourself.

HOLLANDER

I'm going to ask you once more - this is an election year. If you took money from him it's on me and I go down.

GOMBA

Avram Itzhak, I didn't take a penny from him. Let him prove it. He's got no proof.

Hollander gaze at him intently. Lazer Gomba looks back at him with his innocent blue eyes.

HOLLANDER

God have mercy on him. Thank God for not making me an Arab in this city. Have you got any news about Shlomi, what I asked you for?

GOMBA

Maybe this evening. I've got someone tailing him day and night.

EXT.SHARIF'S CAR - DAY

Sharif is parked on the side of the road under a large tree. His head is leaning against the wheel, motionless. The phone in his car rings but he doesn't answer.

EXT. TAMMY'S CAR - DAY

Tammy is driving. Nur is on her cell, worried.

NUR

He's not answering.

TAMMY

Say, are there any other things that you're hiding from me?

NUR

What? What am I hiding from you?

TAMMY

How come I didn't know you have a brother?

NUR

Because we're not in touch.

TAMMY

Why?

NUR

Because... It's an old story. Never mind. It's better this way. I don't feel like talking about it. Where are you going?

TAMMY

Why aren't you in touch?

NUR

God... He studied in Germany. Architecture. He worked there. And then he came back to Israel and he started a partnership with this contractor Dabakh, from Ramallah, a widower and he tried to set him up with his sister. Me, that is. Thought I was the little sister he'd left behind...

TAMMY

That was when you were still straight?

NUR

I still am straight.

TAMMY

So why didn't you marry Dabakh?

NUR

Because he was a blockhead from the previous century.
(the GPS says "In 200 meters, turn left")
Where are we going? What did you set the GPS on?

TAMMY

It's a surprise. Go on with the Dabakh story.

The jeep drives into the narrow streets of an Arab village.

NUR

On the first date, he announced that after the wedding I would stop working and sit at home and raise children, that he would provide for us.

TAMMY

Not bad.

NUR

I told him, Mr. Dabakh, if you want to lay eggs and raise chicks - go ahead. I didn't kill myself through a law degree to make your little Dabakhs. I'd just opened my own office – I was working twenty hours a day. So he went to my brother and told him that his sister is too old and that she talks like a man.

TAMMY

How old?

NUR

25! He also told everyone that I'd slept with him and my father almost killed himself. Tell me, are you insane? Where have you taken me?

TAMMY

Did you sleep with him?

NUR

No, honey. We don't sleep with just anyone where I come from. Anyhow, there was a crazy mess, the partnership broke up and my brother lost money. And since then, he hasn't spoken to me. Instead of just smashing that idiot's face in.

The GPS announces "You have reached your destination".

NUR

What is this? Where are we?

TAMMY

Ein Rafa. You've never been here before? Secular
Jerusalemites escape here on Saturdays. I booked a place.
Thought it would be nice to celebrate after the ceremony.

NUR

Are you crazy? I've got one hundred women waiting for
me in the office. And I've still got half a house to pack.
The movers are coming this evening.

Tammy stops the car.

NUR

God, why can't the flight be tonight...

TAMMY

(after a moment's silence)

Okay, why the long face? It's only a week away.

NUR

They're not going to give me a visa. She asked too many
questions and I gave too many answers. Let's go.

EXT. SHIEK JARAH – SHARIF'S CAR - DAY

The sound of the muezzin announcing it is time for prayer. Sharif gets out of his car, cleans his suit, washes his face and hands. Takes a towel out of the back seat, lays it on the ground and then kneels to pray.

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL (SHEIKH JARRAH) - CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

White plastic chairs are arranged in the conference hall of the hotel. Opposite them, a small stage with a long table covered in green velvet. There's an expensive flower arrangement on it, a microphone, a jug of orange juice and a tray with the 70 date pastries prepared by Yusra. There are two chairs by the table. **SHEIKH ZIAD TOUFIQ**, the mosque's Imam, is sitting on one of them wearing his traditional white dress. Behind the stage is a large sign reading: "*In the name of Allah - the*

Almond Hill luxury housing projects is underway!" And next to it are the logos of the architects' office and the construction company.

In front of the stage, on a table with a dark blue cloth, is a glass case with the model of the project's 7 buildings (including the 2 that had been destroyed that morning), gardens, tiled paths and a fountain.

Akram, Sharif's assistant, is standing by the model surrounded by middle-aged men in their best clothes - these are the members of the buying group. He explains about the project and does his best to curb the general excitement.

AKRAM

Help yourselves to food and drink in the meantime. Sharif is on his way. There is coffee, cakes, please, help yourselves. We'll be starting in a few minutes. And please don't smoke. We gave our word to the hotel - it's a 5000 shekel fine. Abu Khamadah, there's no point in putting the pressure on. There will be a raffle today - you'll know which apartment will be yours. Don't worry. You see the *ma'amuls* on the table over there? Each one has a note in it with the number of the building and the apartment. Each buyer will take one, take a little bite and discover the apartment God has sent him.

ABU KHAMADAH

What's the point of all these games?

AKRAM

If you don't like the apartment you get, at least you'll have a good taste in your mouth. Sharif's wife was busy making these all morning.

(to an older man who whispers something in his ear)

No, no, hang on. Abu Tahmer – now's not the time for the checks. We'll do it properly.

AMU TAHMER

(apologetically)

The check's burning in my pocket. Please take it.

AKRAM

Sharif will get here, we'll take everyone's checks, write everything down – it all has to be in order. Don't worry.

(Old Sheik Ziad Toufiq is tired of sitting alone of the stage. He approaches Akram)

Sir, I asked you, please stay seated on the stage.

SHEIKH TOUFIQ

When will Abu Ramsi be here?

AKRAM

Any minute, Sheikh Toufiq. Abu Ramsi will be here any minute and we'll get started. Is the greeting ready, Sir, do you have it written down?

SHEIKH TOUFIQ

It's all up here in the head. Tell Abu Ramsi I want a lower apartment, not a high one.

AKRAM

He'll come, sit next to you and you can tell him everything on your heart. Pray. Maybe, in the meantime, you could read one or two *surahs* from the Qur'an to us in your fine voice?

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL PARKING - DAY

Sharif arrives in his shiny BMW, parks opposite the entrance, takes his briefcase and leaves the car. People standing on the stairs outside look at him. A man in a suit walks up to him and smiles.

MAN IN SUIT

Hello, Abu Ramzi. A fine new car.

SHARIF

Thanks.

MAN IN SUIT

About the raffle, can I ask something? My wife, living on the lower floors doesn't suit her...

SHARIF

Not now. Inside. With everyone.

MAN IN SUIT

Is everything alright?

SHARIF

Fine, fine. Let's go in.

INT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL - CONFERENCE HALL - DAY

Sharif steps in and quickly walks to the stage. Akram catches up with him.

SHARIF

Hey.

AKRAM

Look how I fixed the model. You can't see a thing.

SHARIF

Okay. Later. Thanks.

AKRAM

People are excited. They've come with the checks in their hands and they can't wait for the raffle.

SHARIF

They can put their checks back in their pockets. There's not going to be any raffle.

AKRAM

What?!

SHARIF

There's no permit. We didn't get the permit.

(knocks on the mic)

Is this working?

(shakes Sheikh Toufiq's hand)

Salaam-alaikum.

Everyone turns silent, excited. Some of them are videoing the event with their cell phones.

SHARIF

Okay, good evening everyone, thank you for coming.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Don't wind us up. I've got a bad heart.

(the audience laughs)

AKRAM

Guys, no cameras please.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

This is history. We'll make a movie.

SHARIF

I've just come from town hall. This morning our project got the final okay from the municipal building and planning committee and we got the permit we've been waiting for for the last four years.

(applause)

Immediately after that, the Settlers' representative on the city council told the mayor that if he didn't revoke the decision, his party would leave the coalition. So the mayor put the permit on hold. That's where things stand now. We haven't got the permit for the project. That's where things stand. Thank you.

Everyone is in shock. Sharif gets up to leave.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Where is he going? Come here, wait a sec.

He stops.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

So what now? What do we do now?

SHARIF

I don't know.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

What do you mean you don't know?

SHARIF

I don't know. I've done everything I could.

Sharif sits down. Dozens of cigarettes are lit in the hall.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

No raffle?

SHARIF

No raffle. You can eat the *ma'amuls*.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

And what about the money that we put up for the lot?

SHARIF

I put up much more. My whole life, I put everything I have in there.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

What do I care what you put up? People here went into debt, took money from under the tiles, from the bank to pay for the project.

SHARIF

Me too. My house, my office, my pension, everything I saved my whole life and five years of work.

MAN IN SUIT

(this is the man Sharif saw on his way in)

Your new BMW is parked here in the parking lot, 350 grand! What money did you use to buy that? Poor guy, we should feel sorry for you. Let's collect some money to help you out.

Sharif is lost for words – he forgot all about that car. He tries to explain but the storm is already raging.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Son of a bitch, where is our money?

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

I knew it. I knew from the start that you couldn't be trusted. You're a collaborator from Beit Safafa. You and the Jews are in this together.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Crook, who sent you?

Dr. Khader Al Kader, a silver-haired man in a dark suit, stands up on the third row.

DR. AL KADER

Abu Ramsi -

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Quiet, let the doctor speak.

The audience is silent. They hope the doctor will sound their frustration. Sharif sits with his head bowed, helpless.

DR. AL KADER

Esteemed Sharif, Abu Ramsi, you came to us four years ago with this fine idea. We told you - it won't work. There is no chance whatsoever that they will allow us to build a new neighborhood. You said that there is a rule of law here, you said you had connections. You said, in two-three years you and your children will be living like human beings live in the 21st century. You convinced us. We took loans, sold houses. We said Abu Ramsi is a respectable man, he knows what he's talking about. We came to the raffle today excited - Abu Rami has kept his word, he promised and has delivered. And now you come in your new car, get onto the stage and pour oil over us, throw a match and get up to run? I'm a doctor, as you all know. They used to say - the mistakes that doctors make are buried deep underground. They acted and they erred and there's nothing you can do about it - the patient died and that's that. That time is over. Today, if I make a mistake they drag me by my ears to court. They call it professional responsibility. A contractor builds a veranda and it collapses - the contractor gets punished. You didn't just bring down a veranda, Abu Ramsi, you buried a whole project. So, with all the sorrow, you will have to answer for that in court, Abu Ramsi, answer me and all the people here.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

He's right.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

He's right.

MAN IN SUIT

First we'll burn his car and then we'll take him to court.

MAN IN THE AUDIENCE

Quiet, let the lawyer speak. Atalla...

A man on the first row with a moustache, glasses a white shirt and tie stands up. This is the lawyer ATALLA MAQDESI. He addresses the audience.

ATALLA

I'll take this lawsuit upon myself.

SHARIF

What are you going to sue me for?

ATALLA

Fraud, embezzlement - don't worry, we'll do a thorough check. We'll find something. Don't you worry.

A shoe flies at the stage missing Sharif by a couple of millimeters. There is shouting. Sharif raises his head, looks straight ahead and takes the microphone.

SHARIF

Sue me. I'm not afraid of you. You're weak. You have no power. If you had any power, would I get thrown out of town hall like a stray dog? If you had power, would the mayor belittle me? Would the security guards beat me? You have no power and this is how you send me out to battle, empty-handed. I kiss their ass and pay their bribes – today I handed over 50 thousand of my own money, but it doesn't help. They piss all over me. Why? Because I'm not holding a baton in my hand. We have no representative in the municipality.

350 thousand Arabs in this town, 40% of the population, and not one representative, a mouth that will speak for us. Mute. We have no mouth.

The Jews tell me, what are you, idiots? Why don't you vote in the municipal elections?

"God forbid!" I say, "We don't acknowledge the state, object to the occupation, object to the annexation. We are not playing along."

Not playing along.

(while Sharif speaks people start raising their smartphones to video him)

They're happy, celebrating, going to festivals, we're busy not playing along, holding funeral parades.

They're making money, making a living, sending their children to university, we're busy not playing along and

our kids are hungry and poor, breathing asthma because of the gas they shoot at them, sick because of the garbage that burns on the streets.

"We're not playing along. We don't recognize the occupation. We don't vote."

We're idiots.

And working for them, isn't that recognizing the occupation? Paying their taxes, isn't that recognizing the occupation? Collecting social insurance each month, isn't that recognizing the state? What do we pay for in Al Aqsa? That God watches over our blue Israeli IDs. Isn't that recognizing the state?

No. We're not playing along. We're the ass - come ride us. The settler in town hall stopped my project. How many settlers are there in Jerusalem? For every one of them, there are ten of us! But no, we're the ass and they ride us. Settlers invade our neighborhoods and we pay for the security guards who protect them. We pay for the tractor that builds their houses and destroys our houses. We're the ass and they ride us.

Until we wake up.

Until you realize that there are 350 thousand of us, that we have the power to elect not only one mayor but two! Al-Quds can be ours without a fight. Without stones. Without knives. Without prisoners, without casualties, without demonstrations and without terror attacks - just a ballot! We will quietly take over the city with nothing but a ballot in the box.

But no, we're not playing along.

I'm not humiliating myself for you anymore. You want your apartments? Go vote!

You want education? Health? Culture? Go vote!

Playgrounds without garbage, without teargas, without a separation barrier, without demolishing houses? Go vote!

Go vote or go to hell.

I'm an architect, not a politician. But I tell you now, if you help me, I'll run for the municipal elections. If you come with me without fear, I'll overcome my own fear.

Go home, think, talk it over and come back here next week with an answer. Same place, same time. Say yes - we'll win. Say no, and neither Allah nor Al-Aqsa will help us. That's it.

Sharif collects his papers and gets off the stage. There's silence in the room. Sheikh Toufiq looks at him, not fully understanding what just happened, but suddenly he starts clapping. One clap, then another, then a thunder of claps that stops all at once.

Akram runs after Sharif but he has already gotten into his car and driven off.

EXT. MANDELBAUM GATE AREA – NIGHT

Shocked by what has just happened, Sharif drives in silence, concentrating on the road. A moped with two riders drives behind him. Sharif notices them and panics. He accelerates and drives off. The Moped doesn't follow but turns right instead and stops on the corner of the Mandelbaum Gate. The passenger removes the helmet and her long hair glides down on her shoulders. It's Hodaya, the receptionist from the municipality's call center. She hugs the driver, Adham, who is still wearing his red helmet, and kisses the nape of his neck. He silences the engine, turns his head to her and they kiss.

HODAYA

That's enough for you.

She pulls away and places her helmet in the under-seat compartment.

ADHAM

Maybe later?

HODAYA

I can't today. We're preparing my sister's *hinah* party.

ADHAM

So tomorrow.

HODAYA

Tomorrow we have the *hinah*, silly. Don't be sad. Go home. Good night.

ADHAM

Good night. Think about me at the *hinah*.

HODAYA

I think about you all the time. Bye.

She walks away. He make a call on his cell.

ADHAM

(in Arabic)

Hi, Dad. Is Mom awake? Can she talk? But how is she feeling? I got it for her. I'll come in the morning before class. Okay. I'm on my way.

He starts the engine and drives off.

INT. SHARIF'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sharif is sitting on the sofa in the living room, down and out of strength. Yusra is standing in front of him.

YUSRA

Are you mad? What were you thinking?

SHARIF

I had no choice. They were ganging up against me. They were about to kill me. I had to silence them somehow

YUSRA

But how will this help?

SHARIF

I don't know, Yusra, it gives me a week to find a solution.

YUSRA

A week? In one hour everyone is going to be up against you, Jews and Arabs! Have you ever heard anyone talk like that, in public?

He looks at her, helpless.

YUSRA

Call it off.

SHARIF

Okay, I'll call it off. Next week I'll announce that it's cancelled. Don't worry.

From the other room, they hear the voice of Ramsi, Sharif and Yusra's son.

RAMSI

Dad, come a sec.

SHARIF

What does he want? Tell him to let me be.

YUSRA

Not now, Ramsi.

RAMSI (16) emerges from his room. He's a handsome boy in a wheelchair.

RAMSI

Dad, are you running for mayor?

SHARIF

What?!

RAMSI

Come, look.

INT. RAMSI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sharif and Yusra walk into their son's room, the image of Sharif speaking at the Ambassador Hotel is frozen on the screen. Ramsi presses play. Sharif and Yusra watch Sharif's speech in silence.

YUSRA

What is this? How did you get it?

RAMSI

It's on Facebook, WhatsApp - everywhere.

SHARIF

Delete it.

RAMSI

Are you kidding me?

YUSRA

You can't delete it?

RAMSI

How? That's it - it's out there. People are sharing, liking, disliking, people are commenting.

SHARIF

Commenting and saying what?

RAMSI

Some are saying you should be finished off, a lot are saying that you're right.

SHARIF

Right? I'm right?

YUSRA

What have you done, Sharif...

SHARIF

(sits down, as pale as a ghost)

What have I done...? I've made the mistake of my life.

THE END