

UNTITLED SCREENPLAY

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT

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Based ON A True Family Story From 1942 In Alexandria

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Alexandria / Egypt

Copyright Deposit

No.:1737

+73

RACHEL 1942
Movie script

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FADE IN

BLACK SCREEN

As the opening titles appear, we hear a song sung by a group

(VOICES OS)
"Pray, pray, pray, and whoever does
not pray—
his mother is Jewish and his father
is widowed"

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CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM'S ALLEY - NIGHT

A slow FADE IN reveals an empty alley with ancient Ottoman-
style houses

The basalt-paved ground resembles the old streets of London

Thick fog blankets the alley

An old, flickering lamppost struggles to pierce the darkness

ON SCREEN TITLE

"Alexandria - El-Kabbari District - 1942"

From nearby, the call to prayer begins

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(MUEZZIN VO)
Allahu Akbar, Allahu Akbar
Ashhadu alla ilaha illa Allah
Ashhadu anna Muhammadan rasul Allah

*

HASSANEIN (30s), in his Azhar robe, exits his house

He crosses the alley, murmuring a prayer as he heads into a
small zawiya (mosque)

HASSANEIN
(softly)
O Savior of the fearful, deliver us
from what we fear
We rely upon the Living who never
dies

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Simple furniture A buffet holds a Jewish candelabrum

In the corner, a sewing machine with a pile of children's clothes and fabric ready for tailoring

On the couch, DAN, an infant, cries

The sound of DAN'S CRY fills the room

RACHEL (mid-20s), European features but plain, prepares food on a small table, placing it into a food warmer

ELIAS (30s), thin, hollow cheeks, sunken eyes, enters, wiping his face and hands

ELIAS

Good morning, Rachel Why is Dan crying?

RACHEL

He's hungry I'll finish your meal, then feed him

Elias goes to DAN, picks him up, and soothes him

Meanwhile, Rachel gathers the fabric and clothes into a large cloth bag

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

A large wooden cross hangs on the wall above the bed

LINDA (20s), a beautiful European-featured woman, lies in bed nursing her baby JACK

Beside her, WILSON (30s), a large, handsome man with a ruddy face, wakes and smiles at her, then looks at Jack

WILSON

What time is it? Has the call for dawn prayer begun?

LINDA

Yes, Wilson It's four o'clock

Wilson looks at Jack in amazement

WILSON
Strange how Jack always wakes
hungry at the same time

LINDA
I think he loves the voice of the
muezzin

He smiles whenever he hears it

WILSON
I love it too That man's voice is
deep eternal

Wilson rises from bed and heads toward the door

CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM ALLEY - NIGHT

ELIAS steps out of his house, carrying a cloth bag his wife
RACHEL prepared for him on one shoulder and a small case on
the other.

HASSANIN emerges from the corner. They meet in the middle of
the alley.

HASSANIN
Traveling north or south?

ELIAS
East... Port Said.

HASSANIN
May God bless you, guide you, and
soften hearts toward you.

Elias continues out of the alley.

Hassanin enters the house Elias just left.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

RACHEL sits at a sewing machine, stitching children's
clothes.

LINDA and FATMA sit on a couch, each rocking her baby.

DAN, Rachel's child, sleeps on the opposite couch.

The sewing machine rattles.

RACHEL

What are you feeding us today,
Fatma?

FATMA

It's Sunday... Linda's turn.

Linda glances at Fatma with a smile, then at Rachel with mischief.

LINDA

Wilson says the Germans reached El
Alamein.
Just a few days and they'll enter
Alexandria.

RACHEL

Don't scare me, Linda... That madman
Hitler,
if he enters Alexandria, he'll burn
us in gas chambers.

FATMA

God protect us... Every day I die of
fear from the air raids.
I keep thinking—if we die, who will
raise the kids?
We're alone... no family, no support.
You must swear to me... if one of us
dies,
the others will raise her children
as their own.
And I'll start: I swear to God, if
one of you dies,
I'll be a mother to her child—raise
him,
grow him, and make him like my own
Omar.

RACHEL

And I swear to God I'll care for
your children if anything happens
to you.

LINDA

I swear to God I'll raise Dan and
Omar if harm comes to either of
you.

CUT TO:

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INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

WILSON sits at the head of the dining table.

Across from him is LINDA.

HASSANIN sits beside his wife FATMA.

ELIAS sits opposite them, with RACHEL by his side.

They all share dinner.

WILSON

I've decided to move to a
neighborhood far from the port.
I spoke to a broker to find me a
place in Moharram Bey.

HASSANIN

And your job at the school?
You'll come every day from Moharram
Bey to El-Kabari?

ELIAS

The tram is there.
Find me something too, Wilson... but
in the same building.

RACHEL

And what about my customers?
And Linda's work? She works in Ras
El-Tin hospital.
She'll need the tram every day.

LINDA

Your customers can come to you by
tram.
And I'll take the tram every day
for my work.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S APARTMENT - SALON - NIGHT

WILSON, ELIAS, and HASSANIN sit in the salon, sipping coffee.

WILSON smokes his pipe, while Elias and Hassanin smoke
cigarettes.

WILSON

Egypt is paying the price for a war
that isn't hers.

HASSANIN
Tell that to Churchill.

ELIAS
They're all thieves,
their eyes set on the wealth of the
East.

Wilson looks at them, then at the smoke rising from his pipe.

WILSON
Germany and Japan will lose the
war.
The sun will set on Britain...
and America will replace it.
America is the new colonizer,
and the world map will change.

ELIAS
And us?

WILSON
Who do you mean by "us"?
The Egyptians, or the Jews?

HASSANIN
Elias is Egyptian.

WILSON
He has a choice—
either to stay in Egypt, or...

HASSANIN (INTERRUPTING)
But what if Hitler enters
Alexandria?
He's in El-Alamein now.

WILSON
He will do to the Jews
what he did in Germany and every
land he entered.

ELIAS
And the solution?

WILSON
A homeland will be established for
you in Palestine.

ELIAS (ANGRILY)
Wilson, don't say "for you."
Yes, I'm a Jew—
but a devout one.
(MORE)

ELIAS (CONT'D)
I don't believe in the creation of
the State of Israel.

Hassanin looks at Elias with gratitude.

HASSANIN
So what will you do if Hitler
enters Alexandria?

ELIAS
I'll emigrate to Poland.

WILSON (CONFIDENTLY)
But Hitler will never enter it.

CUT TO:

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INT. FATMA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

HASSANIN sleeps in bed.

FATMA sits on a chair by the window, nursing OMAR.

Air raid sirens wail.

Hassanin wakes up in terror, jumping out of bed.

HASSANIN
O Merciful One, save us from what
we fear, O God... O Fatma!

CUT TO:

INT. STAIRCASE (OUTSIDE FATMA'S APARTMENT) - NIGHT

Fatma comes out carrying OMAR on her shoulder, followed by HASSANEIN holding a flashlight to light their way. At the same moment, RACHEL emerges from the next apartment holding DAN, with ELIAS behind her. LINDA appears clutching JACK in fear, followed by WILSON.

They all rush down the stairs in panic as the sound of explosions gets closer.

SOUND OF EXPLOSIONS

CUT TO:

INT. SHELTER - NIGHT

A large number of residents are gathered with their children, fear clear on the children's faces

Rachel holds DAN. Elias, Linda with JACK, Wilson, Fatma holding OMAR, and Hassanein are huddled together, as if protecting one another

SOUND OF EXPLOSIONS

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

The corridor is completely empty

LOUD SCHOOL BELL RINGS

Suddenly, students rush out of the classrooms, running through the corridor

HASSANEIN comes out of one classroom wearing his Azharite attire. He meets WILSON, who exits the neighboring classroom in a full suit with an English hat on his head

WILSON

There's a whole empty house. I spoke to the owners - we can take three apartments

HASSANEIN

Then we move as soon as Fatma gets back on her feet

WILSON

What's wrong with Madam Fatma?

HASSANEIN

She's very weak

WILSON

Linda must take leave from the hospital and dedicate herself to her

CUT TO:

INT. FATMA'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM) - DAY

Fatma lies in bed. LINDA, in her nurse uniform, places a cold compress on her forehead.

Next to them, RACHEL sits with DAN on one knee, JACK on the other, while OMAR nurses at her chest.

LINDA

I can't leave Fatma and go with you
to vaccinate the children

FATMA

Wait for one of the men to go with
you, Rachel

RACHEL (CONFIDENTLY))

All the men are at work. I won't
struggle - I'll take little Susan
with me

CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM'S ALLEY - DAY

RACHEL exits the house door accompanied by SUSAN, a young woman in her twenties, who is carrying JACK, while RACHEL carries DAN and OMAR. They cross the alley.

CUT TO:

INT. FATIMA'S HOUSE (BEDROOM - LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

FATIMA is in her bed. LINDA hands her medicine, then takes her temperature. In a reassuring tone,

LINDA (TO FATIMA)

You're much better every day. Keep
up the good work.

HASSANEIN and WILSON are sitting in the living room.

SOUND of knocking on the apartment door.

HASSANEIN goes to open the door. We see ELIAS at the door, carrying a cloth bag.

ELIAS

Is Rachel here?

HASSANEIN

Come in. She's probably feeding the kids.

ELIAS enters and sits in the living room.

ELIAS

She went alone. It's no use, she's stubborn.

WILSON

Rachel is a strong, struggling woman.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM'S ALLEY - NIGHT

FROM a sign reading (ADAM'S ALLEY) above a wall at the entrance of the alley TO RACHEL, carrying DAN and OMAR, and beside her SUSAN, carrying JACK, entering the alley. Before they reach the house, air raid sirens blare, and they freeze in place, looking at the house, waiting for LINDA and FATIMA to come out.

SOUND of air raid sirens.

A BOMB falls on the house, turning it into rubble.

RACHEL stares at the house in shock while SUSAN hands her JACK and runs towards a nearby house.

RACHEL hugs the three children tightly, tears welling in her eyes.

The residents of the alley emerge from their homes, gathering around her, looking at the collapsed house, then at the three children in her arms.

RACHEL leaves the alley, carrying the three children, passing under the (ADAM'S ALLEY) sign.

CUT TO:

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE of destroyed Alexandria homes and citizens migrating, carrying their belongings on carts pulled by donkeys and mules as they leave the city.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY TRACK (FREIGHT TRAIN) - DAWN

We see from above a freight train with its open cars filled with displaced people, moving through the fog.

SOUND of the train moving.

RACHEL, with DAN, JACK, and OMAR, inside an open freight train car amidst dozens of displaced people with their belongings and possessions.

The freight train with its open cars filled with displaced people moves through the fog.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT SAID CITY - VARIOUS STREETS - DAY

A montage of the Suez Canal leading to Port Said City.

ON SCREEN TITLE: (PORT SAID CITY)

A montage of the city streets leading to an old house with a small garden. We approach the basement window of the house and enter through it.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM - BEDROOM) - DAY

Rachel's apartment is a basement underground.

RACHEL is in the living room, setting up a sewing machine that appears used and dilapidated.

DAN, JACK, and OMAR (O.S.)

Their crying is heard.

RACHEL leaves the machine and rushes to the bedroom.

She enters the bedroom where DAN, JACK, and OMAR are in her bed. She picks them up and offers her breast to nurse them alternately, crying, then wipes her tears, encouraging herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF RAYMOND THE CLOTHIER'S SHOP - DAY

FROM a wooden sign above the shop door reading (RAYMOND THE CLOTHIER)

TO RACHEL, wearing a traditional wrap, looking up at the shop sign, then entering.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND THE CLOTHIER'S SHOP - DAY

RACHEL stands before RAYMOND, a handsome man in his forties, who looks at her with desire and malice.

RACHEL

I need three bolts of fabric, but I won't pay you for them now.

RAYMOND

When then? In the afterlife? Are you crazy? Madam, who sells on credit, especially in these dark days, and to someone they don't even know?

RACHEL

Listen, I'm taking care of three orphans, and I won't cheat you. I'm the best seamstress in all of Egypt. I'll sew them, sell them, and bring you their money.

RAYMOND

I'll give you one bolt, on one condition: you come home with me.

RACHEL

May you be ruined, you distant one! What if I were beautiful? You're a man, and prettier than me!

RAYMOND

Then get out of here before I file a case against you. You look strange, and your accent is strange. You're not from Port Said.

RACHEL

I'm Alexandrian and Jewish, just like you, you lowlife! I'm the wife of Khawaja Elias, who was your customer.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

May God have mercy on him. He used to call you a money-hungry dog.

RAYMOND

Elias is dead, may God have mercy on him. I'm owed money by him, and I won't forgive him if you don't pay for the fabric he took.

RACHEL

Listen, I know what I'm owed by the merchants and what I owe. What I was owed, I collected and bought a sewing machine with it. I need fabric to sew and sell, and I'll pay you and others what I owe.

RAYMOND

I'll give you one bolt.

RACHEL

Three bolts, three colors. I'm not sewing overalls for the army. I sew children's and women's clothing.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY - NIGHT

RACHEL works at her sewing machine. Beside her on the floor are three bolts of fabric. Behind her, a small, high window at ground level outside lets in daylight. In front of her, on a long sofa, DAN, JACK, and OMAR are sleeping.

SOUND of the sewing machine.

RACHEL is still working. The daylight from the window behind her has turned to darkness. Beside the machine on the floor, there are now only two bolts of fabric.

SOUND of the sewing machine.

RACHEL is still working. Daylight enters from the small window behind her. The floor is now empty of fabric bolts, and in front of her is a large pile of children's clothes, sewn and ready for sale.

RACHEL places the clothes ready for sale into bags of the type her husband ELIAS used to carry.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIOUS CLOTHING STORES - DAY

PHOTO MONTAGE

RACHEL delivers the sewn clothing bags and receives money at several stores.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND THE CLOTHIER'S SHOP - DAY

RACHEL hands RAYMOND the money.

RAYMOND
Keep it, madam.

RACHEL
I don't like to owe anyone,
especially a money-hungry dog like
you, Khawaja.

RAYMOND
Don't you want more fabric then?

RACHEL
Of course I do. Why else would I
give you this extra money?

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

RACHEL works at her sewing machine. On the floor are bolts of fabric. In front of her, on the sofa, DAN, JACK, and OMAR are sleeping, still infants.

Rachel's foot on the pedal of the sewing machine works with vigor and activity.

The machine wheel spins very fast.

FADE OUT

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

FADE IN

FROM RACHEL'S foot on the sewing machine pedal, working with vigor and activity, the machine wheel spinning very fast.

TO DAN, JACK, and OMAR, now thirteen-year-old children, sitting on the sofa in front of her in school uniforms.

DAN
You haven't slept since yesterday?

RACHEL
I'll sleep after you go to school.

JACK
You're killing yourself.

RACHEL
I'm used to it now.

OMAR
I'll quit school and help you.

RACHEL (ANGRILY)
Don't let me hear any of you say
you'll quit school again. If I need
help, I'll tell you. And in the
summer, when you're on vacation,
I'll let you help me. You're grown
up now, you're men.

They exit while she collapses onto the machine, crying.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT SAID PREPARATORY SCHOOL (COURTYARD) - DAY

Students play in the schoolyard.

A student harasses the thin DAN, trying to hit him. OMAR and JACK rush towards him and beat the harassing student and anyone who sides with him.

MARIA, a student their age, watches them admiringly from a distance.

A TEACHER witnesses the fight, intervenes, and separates them.

TEACHER
All of you, to the principal's
office, you rascals!

They walk behind the teacher, and MARIA walks behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. PORT SAID PREPARATORY SCHOOL (PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE) - DAY

DAN, JACK, OMAR, the HARASSING STUDENT, and three of his friends stand respectfully and fearfully before the PRINCIPAL.

PRINCIPAL

This time, I'll just summon your guardians. If it happens again, you'll be expelled. Are you students or rascals?

SOUND of knocking on the door.

PRINCIPAL

Come in.

MARIA enters and, with great respect, approaches the PRINCIPAL.

MARIA (CONFIDENTLY)

May I tell you what happened?

PRINCIPAL

Tell me, Maria.

MARIA

This boy

(She points to the
HARASSING STUDENT)

MARIA (CONT'D)

kept bothering Dan and tried to hit him. So these two boys --

(She points to OMAR and
JACK)

MARIA (CONT'D)

went to defend him without hitting them. They were defending Dan and themselves.

The PRINCIPAL looks at her gratefully.

PRINCIPAL

Thank you, Maria. You may go, and thank you for your testimony.

MARIA exits while the PRINCIPAL looks at DAN, OMAR, JACK, and the other students with a warning gaze.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL - DAY

FROM a sign above the school gate reading (PORT SAID
PREPARATORY JOINT SCHOOL)

TO DAN, JACK, and OMAR exiting the school gate. A few steps away, MARIA stands waiting. Her FATHER, a man in his thirties with European features, picks her up in his luxurious car. She looks towards them and waves goodbye.

DAN

That girl likes me. Did you see how
she waved at me?

JACK

Impossible.

DAN

Why, Jack?

JACK

Because you're weak. She saw you
getting beaten up.

OMAR

Dan isn't weak. Dan is the smartest
and most clever one among us. And
the kids who bothered him are known
troublemakers.

JACK

She definitely saw me beating them
up, so she was impressed with me.
And her admiration will surely turn
into love when I play hard to get.

OMAR

You're going to play hard to get
with her too?

JACK

Of course, son. I'll make her beg
you to let me talk to her.

Sadness appears on DAN's face. OMAR notices this and gives
JACK a warning look, nodding his eye towards DAN. JACK
catches on.

JACK

You're upset, Dan? I'm just
kidding. She probably just felt
sorry for us, nothing more.

OMAR

Forget about it. Did you see her father's car?

DAN

How do you know it's her father?
Maybe it's her boyfriend.

JACK

If it were her boyfriend, he would have waited away from the school.

The three laugh, then race each other.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

RACHEL works at her sewing machine. Beside her are bolts of fabric and some sewn clothes ready for sale.

SOUND of the sewing machine.

DAN, OMAR, and JACK enter, placing their bags on the floor.

DAN

I'm hungry.

RACHEL

Change your clothes and wash up.
And OMAR, pray Dhuhr until I prepare the food.

JACK

Mama, why don't we pray with Omar?

RACHEL

You pray on Sunday at church, and Dan prays on Saturday at the synagogue.

DAN

Why don't we all pray on Friday at the mosque, Saturday at the synagogue, and Sunday at church?

RACHEL

It doesn't matter where or how we pray. The important thing is that we all pray to one God.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE (BEDROOM) - NIGHT

DAN, JACK, and OMAR are in bed. RACHEL is at the edge of the bed, trying to encourage herself but failing, so she cries, but then composes herself.

RACHEL

You must know one thing: Rachel is your mother. I have never differentiated between you in treatment, and a day will come when you will understand. But may God prolong my life until I get you on your feet and make you men who honor me and raise my head. Now, go to sleep for school.

She leaves them and exits quickly, trying to hold back her tears.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

RACHEL sits at the sewing machine, trying to resume her work, but she breaks down in continuous tears. She raises her hands in prayer.

RACHEL

Oh God, strengthen me and help me pay off Fatima and Linda's debt. If they were in my place, they wouldn't have abandoned Dan. Oh God, these children, I breastfed them more than their mothers did. I am their mother, even if I am not of their religion.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT SAID SCHOOL (PLAYGROUND) - DAY

Two teams play football. DAN and JACK are teammates and appear to be skilled players, while OMAR sits on a small wooden bleacher amidst a few scattered spectators. MARIA approaches him and sits beside him.

MARIA

Why aren't you playing with them?

OMAR
If I played with them, I wouldn't
enjoy their game as much as I do
watching.

MARIA
I'm Maria Martin.

Omar shakes her hand politely.

OMAR
Omar Hassanin... Are you Egyptian?

MARIA
My dad is from France. He works as
a guide in the Suez Canal, and I
was born here, so I'm Egyptian.

JACK notices the conversation between OMAR and MARIA and
approaches DAN, nodding his head towards them.

JACK
She's definitely asking him about
me.

DAN
Oh, come on, play!

The opposing team scores a goal against DAN and JACK's team.

DAN pushes JACK away after the goal, while OMAR stands up to
cheer and motivate them.

OMAR
Play and make up for it!

MARIA
Have you been friends for a long
time?

Without looking at her, OMAR follows JACK, who is running
with the ball.

OMAR
Brothers.

JACK scores a magnificent goal. OMAR jumps in place while DAN
rushes to hug JACK.

OMAR (SHOUTING)
You're a skilled player!

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND THE CLOTHIER'S SHOP - DAY

RAYMOND is behind his desk. RACHEL, in her traditional wrap, sits before him. She pulls a wad of cash from her bosom and hands it to him. He looks at her with desire, then sniffs the money with pleasure.

RACHEL

I swear you're a dirty, pathetic man.

She tries to get up and leave, angry. He grabs her hand, but she pulls it away.

RAYMOND

Sit down. I'm just kidding. I love to see you angry. Your anger increases my desire for you.

RACHEL

What do you think if I took off my shoe and hit you with it?

She tries to take off her slipper to hit him. He grabs her hand again, but she pulls it away.

RAYMOND

Alright, I swear I won't joke with you. You're very feisty.

RACHEL

By God, if your fabric wasn't unique in the market, I would have stopped dealing with you a long time ago.

RAYMOND (LAUGHING)

How many bolts do you want? Three again?

RACHEL

Six, you pathetic man.

He laughs as he gets up to get her the bolts.

RAYMOND

Six? So our business has expanded, and things are looking up for you.

RACHEL

So, pathetic, dirty, and envious too.

RAYMOND places the bolts of fabric in front of her.

RAYMOND

Madam, may God bless you. As long as you're paying, I'll even send you customers... From today, I'll take a commission on every customer I send you, alright?

RACHEL

I don't want them. Let them disappear from your sight. They're trash like you.

RAYMOND

Okay, fine. I want another favor from you, Madam Rachel.

RAYMOND gets up from his desk and goes to the shop door. He looks suspiciously and cautiously at the street outside, then quietly closes the door. RACHEL stands in terror and rushes towards the door.

RACHEL

What are you doing, you animal? Is there no hope for you?

RAYMOND returns to his desk while RACHEL reaches the shop door, stops, and turns to look at RAYMOND, who smiles at her kindly.

RAYMOND

Just come and sit down. It's not what you're thinking, I swear.

RACHEL hesitantly returns to sit before him, while RAYMOND turns to open a cash safe behind his desk. He takes out several wads of banknotes and a collection of gold pounds and places them on the desk.

RACHEL

What's this?

RAYMOND

This is all I own. I want to leave them with you as a trust.

RACHEL

But you have them in your safe. Why leave them with me?

RAYMOND

Firstly, for fear of nationalization and confiscation.
(MORE)

RAYMOND (CONT'D)

You don't know what Nasser is doing with nationalizations and confiscations of merchants' money, especially Jews and foreigners. Secondly, because I feel like I'm being watched.

RACHEL

But you're Egyptian, Raymond.

RAYMOND

But Jewish, and Nasser especially hates Jews after the increase in immigrants to Israel.

RACHEL

And why did you choose me specifically?

RAYMOND

Firstly, because you're a humble seamstress. No one would ever think you'd keep such an amount.

She makes to get up, but he grabs her hand and makes her sit.

RAYMOND

Just sit down. I'm joking with you. I chose you because I know you're an honest and honorable woman, just like your husband Elias, may God have mercy on him. I've been dealing with him for more than ten years. Secondly, I have no wife or children. And these will only stay for a short while until I find someone to smuggle them to Israel for me.

RACHEL

You're going to smuggle them to Israel too?

RAYMOND

Otherwise, I'll emigrate and leave them here.

RACHEL

How much is this?

RAYMOND

One hundred thousand pounds.

RACHEL

And where did you get all this money? You must be a usurer.

RAYMOND (PLEADINGLY)

By El

RAYMOND pushes them towards her. She unties her headscarf, wraps them in it, then tucks them into a bolt of fabric.

CUT TO:

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INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY - MONTAGE

Music plays over the sequence.

Dan and Jack sit on the floor of a mosque, watching Omar finish his prayer.

Dan, Jack, and Omar sit together on a wooden pew in a church, listening attentively as the priest delivers his sermon.

Dan, Jack, and Omar walk through a synagogue. A rabbi greets them warmly, shakes their hands, and gently pats their heads.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUEZ CANAL CORNICHE - DAY

Omar and Maria stroll along the Corniche. Behind them, ships pass majestically through the canal.

OMAR

You know Dan's in love with you.

MARIA

How are you even brothers? One's Omar, one's Dan, the other Jack-Muslim, Jewish, Christian.

OMAR

My mother's Jewish. I never asked. I'm waiting for her to tell me.

MARIA

Then she must be the mother of one of you. Maybe Dan's. You and Jack could be adopted.

OMAR

All I know is, I opened my eyes to this world and found her as my mother-mine, Jack's, and Dan's.

MARIA

Papa wants to return to France this summer.

OMAR (SADDENED)

And your school?

MARIA

He says a big war is coming to Egypt.

OMAR

Do you want to leave?

MARIA

Of course not, Omar. I love you so much, and I love Egypt. If we do leave, we must write each other.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S FABRIC SHOP - DAY

Rachel hands Raymond a sum of money.

RAYMOND

Listen, Rachel. You need to bring the rest of the payment soon. I'm preparing to emigrate to Israel.

RACHEL

What will you even do there? You're doing well here.

RAYMOND

Nasser isn't good for us. He pressures the Jews. Many have already left.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel works at her sewing machine. On the floor beside her are rolls of fabric and neatly tailored clothes ready for sale.

An old radio on the buffet plays the voice of President Gamal Abdel Nasser.

NASSER (V.O.)
We shall erase the past by
reclaiming our rights over the Suez
Canal... This wealth is ours.

Rachel's feet press harder on the sewing machine pedal,
increasing the pace.

NASSER (V.O.)
This canal belongs to Egypt. It is
an Egyptian joint-stock company.
One hundred and twenty thousand
Egyptians died digging it.

Rachel pauses, listening intently to the radio.

NASSER (V.O.)
We were negligent in our rights,
but now we are reclaiming them,
step by step.

Rachel resumes working, her feet pressing the pedal again.

NASSER (V.O.)
We will achieve everything. We will
build a strong, proud Egypt. That
is why today I signed and the
government has approved the
following law—

The sewing machine whirs faster, its wheel spinning rapidly.

NASSER (V.O.)
A decree from the President of the
Republic: the nationalization of
the Suez Canal Company.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS - DAY

MONTAGE - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

Explosions rock Port Said during the 1956 invasion.

Bombs rain down on residential neighborhoods.

British, French, and Israeli warplanes roar overhead,
unleashing destruction.

CUT TO:

INT. RAYMOND'S FABRIC SHOP - DAY

Raymond hurriedly grabs stacks of money from his desk drawer, panic on his face.

He rushes toward the exit.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RAYMOND'S SHOP - DAY

Raymond slams his shop door shut.

Bombs explode in the distance as fighter planes roar overhead.

Terrified, he darts through the streets, weaving frantically from one alley to another.

CUT TO:

EXT. PORT SAID SCHOOL - COURTYARD - DAY

Chaos erupts. Students, teachers, and the principal scatter as planes drop bombs nearby.

Dan, Jack, and Omar run among the panicked crowd.

Omar grips Maria's hand, pulling her toward the gate.

Behind them, Jack clutches Dan's hand as they sprint out of the school.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE SCHOOL - DAY

Omar bursts out of the school, clutching Maria's hand.

Behind them, Jack drags Dan, each pair running in opposite directions.

OMAR (TO JACK)
Go home! I'll take Maria and come
back for you!

JACK
You're crazy! The safest place is
our house—it's like a bunker
underground!

Omar tugs Maria toward Jack's direction. She resists, yanking her hand free, trying to run the other way.

OMAR
Jack's right. Come with us—to our
house!

MARIA
I need to check on my mother and
father!

Maria bolts in the opposite direction.

Omar races after her, while Jack and Dan dash the other way.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RACHEL'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Raymond arrives breathless in front of Rachel's house.

He slips into the garden, creeping toward a basement window.

POV - RAYMOND THROUGH WINDOW:

Rachel, visibly shaken, hurriedly removes her house dress, rummaging through a pile of laundry in search of something to wear outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Maria and Omar run hand-in-hand through the bomb-ravaged streets.

Explosions erupt around them, shaking the ground.

Suddenly, Maria yanks her hand free and darts into a side street.

A BLAST—shrapnel tears through the air, striking her.

She collapses onto the sidewalk, lifeless.

Omar drops to his knees, checking her pulse. Nothing.

He tries to lift her but another round of bombs crash nearby. Tears in his eyes, he abandons her body and runs the other way.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Raymond steps toward Rachel, who's dressed to leave. His eyes burn with desire.

RACHEL
What do you want?

RAYMOND
To hide. Bombs are tearing the city apart... your basement's like a trench.

Rachel forces calm, trying to placate him.

RACHEL
Fine, brother... the house is yours.

RAYMOND
Brother?

He smirks, moving closer, blocking her path.

RACHEL
Let me get the children.

He seizes her, clutching her tight. She pushes him off, but he lunges again—this time vicious, tearing her dress. Her shoulders and chest are exposed as he forces her down.

Jack and Dan rush in, trying to pull him away. He shoves them hard to the floor.

Rachel, frantic, fights free and throws herself around her boys, shielding them.

Raymond, now like a raging bull, strikes at them—hitting Dan, Jack, and Rachel.

Omar bursts in, stunned at the sight of Raymond's assault and Rachel's torn clothes. His eyes blaze.

Omar grabs the RADIO from the cabinet and SMASHES it against Raymond's head.

Raymond collapses—dead.

Rachel kneels, feeling his neck, then steadies herself.

RACHEL
The dog's dead.

She turns, fierce and determined.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Pack your clothes—quickly! We must
leave this house.

DAN (TERRIFIED)
Where will we go, Rachel?

RACHEL
Doesn't matter. We can't stay here.

Rachel pulls another dress from the laundry pile, slipping it
on over her torn one.

CUT TO:

EXT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Rachel emerges with Dan, Jack, and Omar.

Dan carries a suitcase. Jack also carries one.

Omar holds the cloth bag packed with finished garments for
sale.

Rachel struggles under the weight of a wooden box containing
her sewing machine.

They walk side by side, backs to the house, moving farther
away.

A PLANE ROARS overhead.

A BOMB drops, striking the house—

The home EXPLODES into rubble, burying Raymond's corpse
beneath the ruins.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAILWAY TRACKS - FREIGHT TRAIN - DAWN

A freight train with open cars rumbles down the tracks,
cutting through thick fog.

SFX: The clattering rhythm of the train.

Inside one of the open cars, crammed with hundreds of displaced families—

Rachel sits with Dan, Jack, and Omar.

Dan rests his head on a suitcase, asleep.

Jack lies on the other suitcase, also asleep.

Omar leans against Rachel's thigh, tears streaming down his face.

OMAR

Maria's dead, Rachel...

Rachel stares blankly into the void, her voice distant, reflective.

RACHEL

Several yaer ago ... I fled with you from Alexandria to Port Said, on a freight train just like this one—because of war.

That day your father, your mother, Jack's parents, Dan's parents... they all died in one instant.

I was outside, finding food for you. If we had been home, we would've died with them.

And today, if it weren't for that dog Raymond, we would've stayed in the house... and died too.

But God willed us to live. So we must live. We must go on. Life has to continue.

Fatma, Hassanein, Linda, Wilson, Elias... all gone.

And today Maria dies—innocent, like the rest.

Muslim. Jew. Christian. Egyptian.

Polish. English. French.

Bombs don't choose. They don't distinguish.

Omar drifts into deep sleep. Rachel looks down at him, stroking his hair, smiling through her sorrow.

SFX: The steady roar of the train.

The freight train pushes forward, vanishing into the dense fog.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MARCEL'S BOARDING HOUSE - DAY

TITLE ON SCREEN : CAIRO

A horse-drawn carriage (hantour) pulls up in front of a modest boarding house.

Rachel steps down first, carrying the wooden box with her sewing machine.

Dan follows, lugging a suitcase.

Behind him, Jack climbs down with another suitcase.

Finally, Omar hops off, clutching a sack of neatly folded clothes.

The COACHMAN tips his hat.

COACHMAN

Here it is--the cheapest boarding
house in cairo town.
Just tell Madame Marcel you're from
Sayed El-'Aggan...
that's me.

He extends his hand casually for the fare.

Rachel pays him with gratitude.

RACHEL

Thank you, Sayed.

CUT TO:

INT. MARCEL'S BOARDING HOUSE - PARLOR - NIGHT

Rachel and Marcel sit in a small parlor. They sip coffee. Marcel watches Rachel with a thinly veiled suspicion.

RACHEL

Isn't there a middle school near
the boarding house?

MARCEL

(first, blunt)
From your name, I gather you're
Jewish, right?

RACHEL

Yes. Why?

MARCEL
(leaning in)
Why? Do you plan to stay in Egypt?

RACHEL
I don't understand.

MARCEL
Don't you know most Jews are
leaving because of the war and the
harassment?

RACHEL
What's that got to do with us? It's
the war.

MARCEL
(angry, low)
What do you mean "us"? Who's been
bombing Suez, Ismailia and Port
Said - was it Israel?

RACHEL
I have nothing to do with Israel.
I'm Egyptian. Born here. Of Polish
roots, yes - but I live here and
I'll die here.

MARCEL
(cold)
Me? I'm Egyptian, too. But ever
since the Israel war, the police
keep asking me about the boarding
house guests - especially the Jews.
Who's talking about going to
Israel, who's sympathetic...

RACHEL
I'm a woman on my own. Tomorrow
I'll look for an apartment and a
school for the boys. I can't afford
the rent here. Everything I had was
lost in Port Said. All I managed to
carry from the house was my sewing
machine and a few garments I'd
stitched. Tomorrow I'll try to sell
them and, God willing, rent a room
or a basement.

MARCEL
(firm, warning)
Trust me-the police won't leave you
alone. The war turned them against
the Jews.

(MORE)

MARCEL (CONT'D)
They're watching. Tomorrow you'll
see.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A small wooden sign reads: Chief Detective Adel El-Qadi.

Across the desk, Marcel sits nervously, handing him a folded
piece of paper.

MARCEL
These are the names of the people
who checked into the boarding house
yesterday.

Adel takes the paper but doesn't open it yet.

ADEL EL-QADI
Any Jews among them?

MARCEL
A woman... with her children.

ADEL EL-QADI
What's her story?

MARCEL
Came from Port Said. She's a
seamstress.

ADEL EL-QADI
Escaping the war?

MARCEL
Yes. Her house was bombed...
destroyed.

ADEL EL-QADI
(nods)
Alright, Marcel. Thank you.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF MAJESTIC SHOP - DAY

Rachel carries a bag of ready-made clothes, her head lifted
as she gazes at the wooden sign above the shop: Majestic
Ready-Made Clothing.

She steps inside the shop.

CUT TO:

INT. MAJESTIC SHOP - DAY

Rachel takes the tailored clothes out of the bag and shows them to Ibrahim Majestic, the shop owner, who is visibly impressed. Shelves around are filled with ready-made clothes and bolts of fabric.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
Excellent work! Bless your hands.
How much do you want?

RACHEL
I don't want money. I want the
fabric in exchange.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
You'll get the fabric on account.
I'll deduct the cost from your next
batch. Just don't give this work to
other shops, no matter the
quantity. Whatever you tailor, I'll
cover the cost in full. I won't
argue or negotiate with you, and
I'll even send you clients who
don't like ready-made. I'm your
brother, Ibrahim Majestic. Ask
anyone in the market.

RACHEL
I asked--everyone praised you. I'm
your sister, Rachel.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
Where are you from, Ms. Rachel?
Want something to drink first?

A shop boy rushes in.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
Or is this for the lady... You didn't
say where you're from?

RACHEL
Alexandria. I lived and worked in
Port Said. Most of my clients were
foreigners, and they all left
because of the war.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
I thought this was European
work—but your hands work wonders
with silk. God bless you.

The shop boy brings a bottle of soda and sets it on the
counter. As he turns to leave, Ibrahim stops him.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
Where are you going, donkey? Bring
the fabric Rachel pointed to and
the horse cart—deliver it!

RACHEL
Wait, I'm not taking the fabric
now. I'm moving into a pension and
still looking for an apartment.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
No need to fuss, tell the broker:
Mr. Ibrahim Majestic says she wants
a known apartment.

He turns back to her.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
Of course, you have no furniture...
Do you have kids?

RACHEL
Three.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
May God keep them for you. By
tomorrow evening, the apartment
will be ready and furnished. God
willing.

RACHEL
Used furniture—can't afford new.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - CAIRO - DAY

Rachel is working at her sewing machine. Bolts of fabric are
scattered on the floor next to her. The doorbell rings. She
gets up to answer.

DOORBELL RINGS

Marcel enters and sits on the couch near the sewing machine.

MARCEL
Have you thought about it yet?

RACHEL
Forget it. I'm not going to Israel.

MARCEL
Poland then?

RACHEL
Why would I go? I'm fine here, on my own, minding my business. Politics aren't my concern—my children and this machine are enough.

MARCEL (ANGRILY)
Finished the dress?

Rachel gets a dress from the wardrobe and hands it to Marcel. Marcel takes it and begins to leave, but Rachel stops her.

RACHEL
Wait... aren't you going to do a fitting?

MARCEL
Your work doesn't need a fitting.

CUT TO:

INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

PHOTO MONTAGE
Accompanied by appropriate music.

RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Rachel works diligently at her sewing machine. Dan, Jack, and Omar enter in their school uniforms. Rachel sets food on an old, worn table.

Rachel lifts a heavy bag of tailored clothes for Dan. He can't carry it, so Jack takes it and heads out.

MAGISTEK SHOP

Jack hands the bag of tailored clothes to Ibrahim Magistek, who gives him a sum of money in exchange.

RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Rachel lifts the bag for Dan again. He can't carry it, so Omar takes it this time and goes out.

MAGISTEK SHOP

Omar delivers the bag to Ibrahim Magistek and receives payment.

RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Rachel lifts the bag for Dan once more. He struggles to carry it; Jack and Omar attempt to help, but Rachel stops them, encouraging Dan with a gesture. He carries it out successfully.

MAGISTEK SHOP

Dan hands the bag to Ibrahim Magistek and receives money.

RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Rachel's feet pump the sewing machine pedals tirelessly. The wheel spins faster and faster.

Rachel carries the three—Dan, Jack, and Omar—with a bag of tailored clothes out of the apartment.

MAGISTEK SHOP

The three children hand over the bags to Ibrahim Magistek. Jack receives the payment.

As they prepare to leave, Omar stops at a dress in the shop window. He whispers to Dan and Jack. They nod in agreement. Each child takes money from their pocket and insists on giving it to Ibrahim Magistek. He initially refuses but they persist.

Ibrahim finally accepts the money, wraps the dress in decorated paper, and hands it to them. They leave joyfully.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM / BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel walks out of the kitchen, wiping her hands on a towel tied around her waist.

The furniture in the living room has changed - now newer, nicer pieces.

She notices a DRESS hanging on the wall. She smiles with joy, takes it, and heads to the bedroom.

Inside, DAN, JACK, and OMAR are busy studying.

RACHEL

Where did you get this fancy dress?

DAN

Majestic.

RACHEL

With what money?

OMAR

From our allowance.

RACHEL

Your allowance doesn't even cover a button on it.

JACK

We saved up, Rachel.

RACHEL

You've grown up, turned into men...
and you're giving Mama gifts.
God bless you. This summer
vacation, I'll take you to
Alexandria to have fun and swim in
the sea-on one condition: good
grades, like every year.

Happiness spreads across their faces.

CUT TO:

EXT. ADAM'S ALLEY - DAY

Rachel, Dan, Jack, and Omar stand in the middle of Adam's Alley, in front of the spot where her old house once stood. A new building now takes its place.

Rachel slowly turns around, taking in the alley, then gazes at where her house used to be, her eyes filled with longing.

RACHEL (V.O.)

What are you cooking for us today,
Fatima?

FATIMA (O.S.)
It's Sunday... it's Linda's turn.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Well, Linda?

LINDA (O.S.)
Chicken and potatoes in the oven.

A tear escapes Rachel's eye.

DAN
Rachel, why are we standing here?

She quickly wipes her tears before anyone notices.

RACHEL
I had friends... sisters here.
(She gestures toward the
spot of her old home.)

OMAR
Are we going to visit them?

Rachel looks at them sadly.

RACHEL
Of course... but not here.

JACK
Then why are we standing here?

RACHEL
Nostalgia... for beautiful days I
lived with them.

CUT TO:

INT. MUSLIM CEMETERY - AL-MANARA - DAY

Rachel, Dan, Jack, and Omar stand solemnly in front of a grave.

On the tombstone, it reads:

"Here lies the late, by God's mercy, the martyr Hassanien Manna (1907-1942)."

Beneath it:

"Here lies the late, by God's mercy, the martyr Fatima Raheel (1920-1942)."

Rachel places her hand gently on the grave, lips moving in a silent prayer we cannot hear.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHRISTIAN CEMETERY - EL-SHATBY - DAY

Rachel, Dan, Jack, and Omar stand before a marble headstone engraved with a cross.

The inscription reads in English:

"Mr. Wilson Smith (1905-1942)"

Beneath it:

"Mrs. Linda Johnson (1915-1942)"

Rachel places her hand gently on the grave, whispering words of prayer we cannot hear.

CUT TO:

EXT. JEWISH CEMETERY - EL-AZARITA - DAY

Rachel, Dan, Jack, and Omar stand before a marble headstone engraved with the Star of David.

The inscription is written in Hebrew:

"Mr. Elias Salama (1907-1942)"

Rachel places her hand on the grave, whispering words we cannot hear.

She then turns to the others.

RACHEL

Each of you, tell me what you noticed in the cemeteries we visited.

OMAR

The first grave belonged to two Muslims.
The second to two Christians.
And this one... to a single Jew.

JACK

They were born in different years...
but all died in the same year.

RACHEL

On the same day,
in the house we were standing
before...
back in Haret Adam.

JACK

In the end, all graves look the
same...
if you erase the names and the
symbols—
the cross, the star.

DAN

The first grave holds two... a man
and a woman.
The second, the same.
But this one... only one man lies
here.

RACHEL

It should have been me in this
grave.
And if I die... bury me next to him.

CUT TO:

INT. TATTOO PARLOR - NIGHT

Rachel sits with Dan, Jack, and Omar across from the TATTOO
ARTIST.

He studies a sketch in his hand: a crescent moon encircling
the Star of David, with a cross inside the star.

RACHEL

This tattoo—
you ink it on the three boys only.
It must be permanent...
and you never do it for anyone
else.

TATTOO ARTIST

It won't fade—
only acid could erase it.
Strange design...

CUT TO:

EXT. SEASHORE - DAY

Rachel sits beneath a large beach umbrella, surrounded by vacationers under their own umbrellas.

She watches with tender eyes as Dan, Jack, and Omar swim and play joyfully in the sea among friends and other children.

The sun glints off the water.

On each boy's arm—right at the shoulder—the unique tattoo is visible.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

MONTAGE - with lighthearted music

- Rachel, Dan, Jack, and Omar sit on the Corniche wall, eating ice cream.

- They stroll past the El-Morsi Abu El-Abbas Mosque, then stop to buy roasted corn from a street vendor.

- They sit inside a small local restaurant, sharing dinner together.

- On the beach, a photographer captures a group photo: Rachel in the middle, the three boys in swim shorts beside her.

They turn their shoulders toward the camera, proudly showing their tattoos, laughing in pure happiness.

FREEZE FRAME on their smiling faces.

CUT TO:

INT. MAJESTIC SHOP - DAY

Rachel points to several bolts of fabric. The shop boy pulls them down from the shelves. She then walks over and sits in front of IBRAHIM MAJESTIC's desk.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC
Partner with me.

RACHEL
I don't understand.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC

A clothing factory. I'll bring the money, you'll bring those golden hands.

I'll even hire girls for you to train and assist you.

RACHEL

Will the market handle it?

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC

We'll export to Syria, Iraq, Gaza, Libya, Sudan—everywhere around us. Be bold. It's something to leave your children after a long life.

RACHEL

I'll think about it.

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC

Think? Don't box yourself into a few pieces here and there.

You're an artist, not just a seamstress.

I've never seen work like yours, not even from Europe.

You deserve your own brand.

RACHEL

A brand?

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC

Yes, like Chicoril, Ades, Hannaux, Bontrimoli—all Jews, like you.

We'll make a brand and call it Rachel.

RACHEL

Wow, Haj...

IBRAHIM MAJESTIC (CUTTING HER OFF)

Wow what? Get yourself ready, I'm ready.

You know your work is a blessing to me.

Through it, I was able to open two more shops next to this one in just two years.

All thanks to my work with you.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE MAJESTIC SHOP - DAY

Rachel exits the shop, followed by the shop boy carrying several bolts of fabric.

A horse-drawn carriage (hantour) stops for her. Rachel climbs in as the shop boy loads the fabric beside her.

Nearby, a car is parked.

Inside, a man sits next to the driver, his eyes fixed on Rachel.

The horse-drawn carriage moves off.

The car slowly pulls out, following behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE RACHEL'S HOUSE - DAY

The horse-drawn carriage stops in front of Rachel's house.

Rachel steps down as the driver quickly unloads the bolts of fabric and carries them toward her apartment entrance.

A surveillance car pulls up nearby.

Inside, the man beside the driver keeps his eyes fixed on Rachel.

Rachel slips some money into the driver's hand as he passes by on his way back.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Rachel, standing at the open door, drags the heavy bolts of fabric inside. Exhaustion shows on her face, but she steels herself with determination.

She stops in front of a large mirror, speaking out loud to her reflection.

RACHEL

Rachel Fashion House... R-A-C-H-E-L.

A tear escapes down her cheek. She wipes it quickly, then moves to the sewing machine.

She sets it running, pressing hard on the pedal with both feet.

The needle moves rapidly—but there is no fabric under it, only the sound of stitching nothing.

FADE OUT

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE "MAJESTIC" SHOP - DAY

FADE IN:

A horse-drawn carriage (hantour) pulls up in front of the Majestic shop. Rachel steps down, the coachman quickly unloads a large bag of finished garments for her.

Rachel freezes—

The shop is closed, sealed with red wax on its locks.

The shop boy sits on the curb, crying.

RACHEL

What's wrong, boy? Why are you crying?

SHOP BOY

The government seized the shops... and Mr. Ibrahim is dead.

RACHEL

(shocked)

Oh God... dead? When? How?

SHOP BOY

Yesterday, ma'am... the moment he heard about the nationalization.

RACHEL

I don't understand...

SHOP BOY

The government took everything from him.

RACHEL

But why? He was a good man, kept to himself.

SHOP BOY

They say he was partners with Jews... helping them smuggle their money out.

Fear flashes across Rachel's face. She hails the first passing hantour, throws the garment bag inside, and jumps in hurriedly--

as if fleeing her fate.

Across the street, the same surveillance car idles. The man inside signals the driver, and the car pulls out, following Rachel's carriage.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

Rachel sits in the corner of the room, on the floor, knees pulled tight to her chest, head buried between them.

KNOCKING on the door.

She slowly lifts her head, terror in her eyes, staring at the door.

MORE KNOCKING.

Rachel rises, trembling, and opens the door.

Standing there is the man from the surveillance car--a stocky, rough-looking police informant.

INFORMANT

Miss Rachel... would you please come with me?

Rachel shivers, voice breaking.

RACHEL

I haven't done anything. I'm just a woman... I keep to myself.

INFORMANT

Why so scared? Officer Adel, head of investigations, just wants a quick word with you at the station.

RACHEL

(pleading)

Why? Did I do something wrong?

INFORMANT

(chuckling)

No, ma'am. They're just calling in Jews a lot these days.

(MORE)

INFORMANT (CONT'D)
He'll ask you a couple of
questions, then you'll be back
home.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - CHIEF DETECTIVE'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel sits nervously before ADEL EL-KADI, Chief Investigator. His face is calm, almost reassuring, while Rachel's is pale with fear.

ADEL EL-QADI
Do you know Marcel?

RACHEL
Yes... she was one of my clients.

ADEL EL-QADI
Do you know she emigrated to
Israel?

RACHEL
No, I swear I didn't. She just
disappeared one day.

Adel pulls out a folded letter, opens it, and begins to read aloud.

ADEL EL-QADI (READING)
"Dear Officer Adel El-Qadi,

In your district there is a Jewish woman named Rachel Maalouf, a seamstress. She helps the remaining Jews of Egypt smuggle their money abroad through a man named Ibrahim Majestic. She encourages Jews to emigrate to Israel, and may be involved in the Lavon bombings, the Rivo-li cinema explosion in Cairo, the American Cultural Center, and Roxy Cinema in Alexandria.

In addition, she only gave birth to one child-Dan-but you will find her raising three children, claiming they are hers. One of them, Jack, is a Christian of English descent; the other, Omar, a Muslim Egyptian. They may well be abducted from their real families."

Adel lowers the letter, watching her closely.

ADEL EL-QADI
What do you say to that?

RACHEL (TEARS IN HER VOICE)
It's lies. All of it.

ADEL EL-QADI
Jack and Omar—are they lies too?

RACHEL
No. They're the truth. They are my children... by nursing. Their parents were my neighbors, my family, more than family. They all died in the '42 war in Alexandria. There was no one left for them. Should I have left them in the streets? I took them, raised them, gave them school, gave them life. I never made a difference between them.

ADEL EL-QADI
If Omar and Jack aren't truly yours... then everything in this letter could stand as truth. That would make you guilty of smuggling funds, financing terror, and kidnapping children outside your faith.

Rachel breaks down, crying.

RACHEL
Is it because I'm Jewish? Is that why you're doing this to me?

ADEL EL-QADI
You're Egyptian. And I believe none of this is true—except that Omar and Jack aren't your blood. The rest is a spiteful complaint, meant to have you deported to Israel—along with Dan—once we remove Omar and Jack from you.

RACHEL (THROUGH SOBS)
No one will take them from me.
They're my sons!

ADEL (SOFTLY, ALMOST KINDLY)
I pity you. You're a good woman. But the law... the law has no mercy, no recognition of motherhood by nursing. We will take them. You may leave Egypt, to any country you choose—with Dan. Otherwise, you'll face prison.

(MORE)

ADEL (CONT'D)
And even then, they'll be taken.
You'll lose all three.

RACHEL
And what will you do with them?

ADEL EL-QADI
Jack will go to his country's
embassy. Omar... if no family is
found, he'll be placed in an
orphanage.

RACHEL
No! Not an orphanage. Put him in a
boarding school. I'll send money
for his education... from wherever I
end up.

ADEL EL-QADI
You love them that much?

RACHEL
They are my children.

Adel studies her face in silence, moved but restrained.

ADEL EL-QADI
Then... hand Jack over yourself, to
the British Embassy. Explain to
them what you explained to me.

And Omar... you must surrender him here.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel, wearing the elegant dress her children once gave her,
stands ready to leave.

Dan, Jack, and Omar are dressed as well.

Her face fights to stay strong as she speaks to them.

RACHEL
This isn't my choice, my loves. If
I could, I'd never let go of you.
But I can't stay here... and I can't
take you with me.
Nasser says I don't belong, that I
have no country.
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

But Egypt is my home. I was born
here, raised here.
I know no other place.

(she looks at them with fire in her eyes)

RACHEL

But hear me—no war, no border, no
man's law
will keep me from you forever.
Peace will come.
And when it does, I'll hold you
again.

She turns to Omar.

RACHEL

Do you remember, Omar? On that
train from Port Said...
what did I tell you?

OMAR

"No matter what happens, we live.
We keep going."

RACHEL

Exactly. Fate brought us together—
and if fate can separate us, fate
can bring us back again.

JACK

Then why only Dan? Why does he
stay?

RACHEL

Because he and I... we're Jews.

JACK

So what? Aren't we all your
children?

RACHEL

You are. With every heartbeat.
And I promise you—I will not leave
this world
until you are back in my arms.

OMAR

But Rachel... death isn't ours to
choose.

RACHEL

No... but life is.
(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)
We live as long as we have
something worth living for.

JACK
And if it's us who die first?

RACHEL (FIRMLY, PULLING HIM CLOSE)
Don't say that. Don't even think
it.

(she holds Jack tight
against her chest)
You'll live—because you must.
You'll live if you want to find me
again.
You'll live if you want to see each
other again.

OMAR
But the world is so big...
What are the chances it will ever
bring us back?

RACHEL
Fate brought us once.
And our love—our will—
will bring us back again.

CUT TO:

EXT- STREET OUTSIDE THE BRITISH EMBASSY - DAY

A horse-drawn carriage stops at the embassy gate.

RACHEL steps down, wearing the same dress from the previous
scene. Behind her are DAN, JACK, and OMAR.

RACHEL
Wait for me five minutes.

CARRIAGE DRIVER
Take your time, madam.

They walk toward the embassy gate. JACK lingers behind,
trying to hold back his tears.

CUT TO:

INT. BRITISH EMBASSY - WAITING ROOM / AMBASSADOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel, still wearing the same dress from the previous scene, sits across from the AMBASSADOR at his desk. Behind him, the British flag. He listens intently.

Their conversation is unheard - only music plays.

Rachel exits to the waiting room where the three boys sit. She gestures to Jack with her hand, summoning him.

Jack rises, embraces Omar in farewell, then hugs Dan.

At the Ambassador's office door, Rachel holds Jack's hand, leading him inside. She hugs him tightly. He kisses her hand.

Rachel takes a small handbag, pulls out a copy of the seaside photo of the three boys with her, and gives it to Jack.

The Ambassador stands, shakes Jack's hand, and points him to a chair. Jack sits.

The Ambassador then walks with Rachel to the waiting room, shaking hands with Dan and Omar before shaking Rachel's hand in farewell.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - ADEL EL-QADI'S OFFICE - DAY

Rachel, still in the same dress from the previous scene, sits across from ADEL EL-QADI at his desk. Dan and Omar wait in a side salon, far enough not to hear the conversation.

RACHEL

I have one request. Omar should go to a boarding school and I'll cover the expenses.

ADEL EL-QADI

Don't worry about Omar. He'll be under my personal care. I'll leave you with him.

Adel steps out of the office. Rachel rises, goes to Omar, and embraces him. He rests his head on her shoulder. She pulls a copy of the seaside photo of the three boys with her from her handbag and hands it to him.

RACHEL

Uncle Adel promised me you'll be
under his care... until God allows us
to reunite.

She hugs him tightly. Omar kisses her hand, then shakes Dan's
hand and embraces him.

Rachel and Dan hurry out. Omar tries to follow, but Adel
enters, blocking his way.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rachel pulls out a stack of photographs from a drawer -
pictures of Dan, Jack, and Omar at different ages, along with
another copy of the seaside photo of the three with her. She
places them into a small travel bag.

Workers move the furniture out of the house. Their foreman
hands Rachel a sum of money.

A merchant collects rolls of fabric and a large pile of
tailored clothes, then hands Rachel money as well.

Rachel, still in the same dress from the previous scene,
carries a wooden box containing the sewing machine. Dan
carries a small travel bag.

Rachel glances around the living room - at the empty spot
where the sewing machine used to stand, and at the vacant
space where the fabric once was.

DAN

Rachel... are we coming back here?

RACHEL

Of course.

DAN

When? I miss Jack and Omar.

RACHEL

When the world is ruled by decent
people.

DAN

Then we're not coming back, Rachel.

FADE OUT.

INT. ADEL EL-QADI'S HOUSE - OMAR'S ROOM / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

FADE IN:

Adel El-Qadi, now in his mid-fifties, his hair white, enters Omar's room.

He switches on the light — Omar Hassanein sleeps in his bed, wearing a short-sleeved undershirt that reveals his arms and shoulder.

On the wall hangs an enlarged photo of Rachel with Dan, Jack, and Omar on the beach.

Adel looks at the tattoo on Omar's shoulder (a crescent enclosing the Star of David, and within the star a cross). He gently shakes him awake.

ADEL EL-QADI

Omar... Omar, wake up, it's time for suhoor.

Omar stirs, turning toward Adel. He is now a young man in his early thirties.

OMAR

What time is it?

ADEL EL-QADI

Half past two.

OMAR

Alright, General... I'm up.

Omar gets out of bed. Adel glances again at the tattoo, then teases him.

ADEL EL-QADI

Tell me honestly, have you ever seen a doctor—
a surgeon, no less—inked up like this?

OMAR

I didn't put it there. My mother did, God rest her soul.
Anyway, what's for suhoor?

*
*

ADEL EL-QADI

The food's already on the table, sir. Freshen up and join me.

Adel exits. Omar walks to the dressing mirror, stares at the tattoo with longing, touches it softly, then heads out.

In the living room, Adel sits at the table set with dishes of suhoor. Omar joins him. They begin to eat.

Omar glances at a framed portrait of a woman in her late forties, adorned with a black ribbon. He stops eating. Adel notices.

ADEL EL-QADI
You miss her?

OMAR
First Ramadan without her.

ADEL EL-QADI
Who knows... maybe next Ramadan I'll
be with you—
or with her.

OMAR
God grant you long life.

ADEL EL-QADI
And that tattoo on your arm... won't
you ever take it off?

OMAR
It only comes off with acid. Would
you really want me
to pour acid on myself?

ADEL EL-QADI
That Star of David—if anyone sees
it, it could cause you trouble.
I'm an officer; I know what I'm
saying. Especially with this war
between us and them.

OMAR
No one sees it but you.

ADEL EL-QADI
Don't you change at the hospital?

OMAR
Never in front of anyone.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - STREET OUTSIDE RACHEL'S FASHION HOUSE - DAY

From the Statue of Liberty... to sweeping aerial views of Manhattan's skyline... down to street level in front of Rachel's Fashion House.

A large sign atop the building reads in English:

"Rachel's Fashion House."

A sleek early-seventies model car pulls up. The uniformed chauffeur quickly steps out, opens the rear door.

Rachel emerges - now fifty-six, her hair turned white, a slight stoop in her back. She walks slowly toward the entrance of the fashion house.

CUT TO:

INT. JACK'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jack is in the bathroom, shaving.

As he moves the razor, the tattoo on his upper arm and shoulder becomes visible.

He steps into the living room.

Stops in front of a framed photo on the wall - the enlarged and colorized picture of him, Rachel, Dan, and Omar on the beach.

Jack gazes at it for a long moment, a soft smile of nostalgia spreading across his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE FBI BUILDING - DAY

A modern car speeds down the street and stops in front of the building.

JACK WILSON, now in his early thirties, steps out quickly and heads inside.

On the wall by the entrance, a sign reads: "FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION."

CUT TO:

INT. ADEL EL-QADI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adel sits alone on the couch, reading a newspaper. Behind him, the RADIO plays an Abdel Halim Hafez song.

ABDEL HALIM (V.O.)
W'ibtada... ibtada... ibtada el-
meshwar... Ah ya khofi min akher el-
meshwar... Ah ya khofi... ganna wala
nar...

Adel hums along quietly, absorbed in both the paper and the melody.

Suddenly, the song cuts off. A RADIO ANNOUNCER breaks in.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
"This is Cairo. Communiqué No. 1
issued by the General Command of
the Armed Forces... On October 6th,
1973... In the name of God, the Most
Gracious, the Most Merciful... At
1:30 this afternoon, the enemy
attacked..."

Adel drops the newspaper, his focus sharpening as he leans toward the radio.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
"...our forces in the areas of
Zaafarana and Sukhna on the Gulf of
Suez, using formations of its air
force while some of its naval
vessels approached the western
coast of the Gulf. Our forces are
currently engaging the attacking
forces..."

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S MANSION - DAN'S ROOM - DAY

Close-up on DAN's arm, showing the tattoo: a crescent with the Star of David inside, and a cross within the star.

DAN sleeps in bed. Next to him, his wife BARBARA also sleeps.

The PHONE on the nightstand rings.

DAN stirs in bed, glances at the alarm clock - it reads 7:00. He fidgets, picks up the receiver angrily, and puts it to his ear.

CHARLES (V.O.)

Dan, are you asleep? The war has started between Egypt and Israel!

DAN

You woke me for this, Charles? Are you crazy? They've been fighting for six years already!

CHARLES (V.O.)

The Egyptians crossed the Canal, destroyed the Bar Lev Line, and might enter Tel Aviv.

DAN

Not my problem. I told you before - I'm an Egyptian Jew. If I take sides, it will be with Egypt.

CHARLES (V.O.)

Dan, if the Jewish community hears this, it won't be good for you.

DAN

Let me sleep. Today is Yom Kippur, my holiday. We'll talk at the office tonight. Shalom, Charles.

Dan gets out of bed, puts on his robe. BARBARA turns toward him, worried.

BARBARA

What's going on, Dan? Who's calling at this hour?

DAN

That fool Charles. He's telling me the war has started between Egypt and Israel.

BARBARA, indifferent, pulls the blanket over her head and goes back to sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI BUILDING - JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

JACK sits at his desk, reading through some files.

The door opens. JULIA, a beautiful woman in her early thirties, steps in.

JULIA
The Egyptians have crossed the Bar
Lev Line.

JACK
Egyptians never leave their
vengeance behind.

CUT TO:

INT. RACHEL'S BEDROOM - DAY

DAN enters quietly, approaching RACHEL's bed. She turns
toward him

DAN
The war has started between Egypt
and Israel

RACHEL startles, then sits up in bed

RACHEL
Who started it this time?

DAN
Egypt

A hint of happiness appears on her face

RACHEL
'egypt win this time

DAN
Because they started it?

RACHEL
No, because justice is on their
side

DAN
Justice wasn't on their side in 67'

RACHEL
It was... but there was also Nasser

DAN
I'don't understand

RACHEL
Nasser was unjust, not just to the
Jews, but to his own people. He was
cruel. No ignorant dictator can
ever win

DAN
Are you happy?

RACHEL
No sane person rejoices in war

CUT TO:

INT. ADEL EL-KADI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ADEL EL-KADI listens intently to the radio, which plays a song by WARDA AL-JAZAIRIA

*

WARDA) & CHOIR (V.O)
Hilwa biladi el-samra, biladi el-
hurra... biladi el-samra, biladi...

*

OMAR bursts in through the apartment door, runs to ADEL, lifts him off the ground, and spins him around joyfully

MONTAGE - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE

- Egyptian forces crossing the Suez Canal
- Soldiers storming Bar Lev Line defenses
- The flag of Egypt raised high

WARDA) & CHOIR (V.O)
Leeki ya Masr... Hilwa biladi el-
samra, biladi el-hurra... biladi el-
samra, biladi...

CUT TO:

INT. ADEL EL-KADI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ADEL stands near the radio, listening intently.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
This is Cairo. We have received the following statement from the General Command of the Armed Forces: First, at approximately 1:30 PM on the 10th of Ramadan, 1393 AH, corresponding to October 6, 1973 AD, the Israeli enemy launched a treacherous attack on both Egypt and Syria. Second, our forces successfully repelled this attack with some personnel losses.
(MORE)

RADIO ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Third, after the enemy's intentions became clear, the Supreme Commander of the Armed Forces decided to respond forcefully to these repeated aggressions. Our forces launched a comprehensive offensive along the battlefronts, crossing the Suez Canal under aerial and artillery bombardment, supported by naval and air defense units. Fourth, our armed forces successfully crossed the canal and secured most of the eastern bank.

OMAR exits his room, carrying a small bag of clothes. He looks hurried, eager to leave.

OMAR

If I get tired or need anything, call me... I don't know when I'll be back.

ADEL EL-KADI

Go ahead, donate blood.

OMAR

Let them help you, you're the one who's tired.

ADEL EL-KADI

No, you're the one exhausted.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTORS' ROOM - NIGHT

A group of doctors are gathered in the room.

The HEAD DOCTOR, a man in his fifties wearing a white lab coat, enters.

HEAD DOCTOR

Who's willing to volunteer to treat the wounded prisoners?

All the doctors hesitate to answer.

OMAR

I will, Doctor.

HEAD DOCTOR (ANGRILY)
 What's this? Only Omar? You're
 doctors, not soldiers in a war.
 Your duty is to treat the injured —
 whether they're Israeli or not.
 Who else besides Omar?

One by one, several doctors raise their hands.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - PRISONERS' WARD - NIGHT

OMAR, wearing a white lab coat, walks slowly between the rows
 of hospital beds, scanning the faces of the wounded prisoners
 — as if searching for Dan among them.

He stops by one bed where a PRISONER smiles politely at him.

OMAR
 Do you know someone named Dan Elias
 Salama?

PRISONER 1 (IN HEBREW)
 I don't understand what you're
 saying. I don't speak Arabic, and I
 won't give you any information.

Omar steps into the middle of the ward and raises his voice
 so everyone can hear.

OMAR
 Is there anyone here who speaks
 Arabic?

One of the prisoners slowly raises his hand. Omar approaches
 him.

OMAR
 Do you know a man named Dan Elias
 Salama? I mean — a soldier who
 served with you?

PRISONER 2
 No.

OMAR
 You're probably not all from the
 same unit or regiment.
 Maybe you could ask around and let
 me know tomorrow.
 Don't worry — he's my bro— I mean,
 we grew up together.
 (MORE)

OMAR (CONT'D)

He was born in Alexandria, and we
went to the same school in Port
Said.

His name's Dan Elias Salama.

PRISONER 2

Alright, I'll ask and tell you
tomorrow.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

JULIA enters Jack's office holding a sheet of paper. She
hands it to JACK.

JACK

What's this?

JULIA

Your new assignment - securing the
weapons shipments heading to Sinai.

JACK (TRYING TO DODGE THE TASK)

I'm on leave starting tomorrow. I'm
really exhausted.

JULIA

Tell that to the director.

JACK

You think he'll believe me?

JULIA

Of course not.

CUT TO:

*

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTORS' ROOM - NIGHT

OMAR is changing clothes. His colleague HASSAN enters
quietly, unnoticed.

Omar is wearing a sleeveless undershirt, revealing a tattoo
on his shoulder. Hassan's eyes narrow with disapproval.

HASSAN (SARCASTICALLY)

No one told you tattoos are
forbidden?

OMAR (MATCHING THE SARCASM)
If I'd done it myself, maybe.

HASSAN
Then who did it?

OMAR
I was born with it. Don't worry
yourself.

RIFAAT, another doctor, bursts in happily.

RIFAAT
My wedding's next Thursday in
Alexandria! You're all invited – no
excuses!

OMAR
Why Alexandria? You just want to
make us travel, huh?

RIFAAT
The bride's from Alexandria.

HASSAN
If there's dancing and nonsense,
let us know so we can skip it.

RIFAAT
Dancing? I can barely afford food!
It's a small thing – just family,
her friends, and you guys.

OMAR
Didn't know you even had a family.

HASSAN
Yeah – hard to tell these days
who's really got a family... and
who's the one without a name.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROOFTOP IN A WORKING-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD – NIGHT

Omar, Hassan, and several colleagues sit among wedding guests
on a decorated rooftop – colorful string lights and banners
flutter in the air.

A group of young men lead the Alexandrian-style zaffa
(wedding procession) as RIFAAT, the groom, enters with his
bride to the rhythm of drums.

A young singer chants joyfully:

SINGER (CHANTING)
 Pray! Pray for the Prophet, pray!
 And whoever doesn't pray – his
 mother's Jewish and his father's a
 widower!

*
 *

Omar's smile fades; the words "his mother's Jewish" strike a chord. He drifts into thought.

Rifaat and his bride take their seats on the wedding dais(kousha) as the singer hands over to a folk performer with a tabla rhythm starting up.

POPULAR SINGER
 Oh Arabawi, oh Arabawi,
 Throw your white scarf, strike the
 qanawi!
 If you're a man, oh Adham, prove
 your worth –
 Your dowry's a boat, crossing the
 earth!

The crowd cheers. Faten, a stunning woman in her late twenties with a beauty reminiscent of Hind Rostom, is urged by women and girls to dance. She rises gracefully and begins to dance to the folk tune, swaying with natural allure.

POPULAR SINGER
 Arabawi, Arabawi,
 That pretty young lady, that sweet
 señorita –
 With her curvy shape and teasing
 fringe,
 She dances to the ring of her
 anklets!

*

Faten glances repeatedly toward Omar, her eyes full of interest. He returns her gaze, mesmerized.

*

Faten begins to sway slower – her smile fading. Her steps falter; she's dizzy.

*

Suddenly, Faten collapses. The singer stops mid-verse. Guests gasp.

Omar rushes forward, catching her before she hits the ground. He lays her gently on a nearby chair, trying to revive her.

A woman offers him a bottle of perfume; he holds it to Faten's nose.

She stirs — awakening between his arms.

CUT TO:

INT. FATEN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Faten lies in bed, her face pale. Omar sits beside her, checking her pulse. Her father and mother stand nearby, anxiety written on their faces.

FATEN'S FATHER

I told you not to overexert yourself.

OMAR

Every time she does any effort, this happens again.

FATEN'S MOTHER

Yes, son, that's true.

OMAR

May I have some paper and a pen?

Faten's mother opens a dresser drawer, takes out a notebook and pen, and hands them to Omar.

He writes something quickly, tears out the page, and gives it to Faten's father.

OMAR

These are the tests she needs — blood work, an ECG, and a chest X-ray. Tomorrow, not the day after.

Faten's father glances at his wife, discouraged.

FATEN'S FATHER

Will you be able to take her yourself? Or should I postpone my trip?

OMAR

Is something wrong, sir?

FATEN'S FATHER

No, son. It's just... I'm supposed to travel at dawn for work, and her mother can't manage alone.

OMAR

Go ahead, sir. I'll take her myself tomorrow.

FATEN'S FATHER

No, son... I'll delay my trip a day.

OMAR

You're afraid to leave her with me, aren't you, sir?

FATEN'S FATHER

Not at all, son - I just don't want to burden you.

OMAR

I'm from Cairo. I was planning to go back in two days anyway, after seeing the test results. So I'll stay here in Alexandria a couple of days - we'll make sure she's fine.

FATEN (PLAYFULLY, WITH A SOFT SMILE)

My name's Faten.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

PHOTO MONTAGE

(Appropriate music plays)

A nurse draws a blood sample from Faten's arm, while she gazes dreamily at Omar standing nearby.

Faten lies connected to an ECG machine, watching the monitor lights flicker.

Faten inside the X-ray machine, undergoing a chest scan.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - DAY

Omar and Faten sit at a small table tucked away in a quiet corner. In front of Omar, a cup of coffee steams as he sips it. Faten has a bottle of soda in front of her. Beside her, on an empty chair, lies a large sealed envelope.

OMAR

Tell me then... what's your story?

FATEN

I graduated from Commerce, I'm single, and an only child—

OMAR (CUTTING HER OFF)

No, I'm not asking about your personal life. I'm asking about this thing where you get sick when you exert yourself.

FATEN

I don't get tired doing chores at home. I get tired when I dance.

OMAR

You dance at home too? What, do you want to be a dancer?

FATEN

My mom is exaggerating. It only happened once at home — I was dancing, got dizzy, and fell. This was the second time.

OMAR

We'll see once the test results come out.

FATEN

And the ECG and the X-ray?

OMAR

They're fine. Nothing wrong there.

FATEN

Can I see them?

OMAR

Are you a doctor or a dancer?

He picks up the envelope, takes out the ECG, and hands it to her. She studies it intently, pointing at the lines.

FATEN

Look here... doesn't it say "Omar, Omar, Omar"?

OMAR

You're completely lost.

FATEN

Okay, show me the X-ray and I'll prove it.

He takes out the X-ray image and hands it to her. She looks at it, pointing to the spot near the heart.

FATEN

Isn't that your picture right there? ... Look, I'll tell you the truth, and whatever happens happens — I can't keep it up. I knew you were a doctor, so I staged all of this to get your attention.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

PHOTO MONTAGE — accompanied by a romantic song.

Alexandria Corniche: Omar and Faten walk side by side along the seashore under the rain, laughing like children.

Same Café Table: They sit together, this time closer, sharing smiles and quiet glances instead of words.

At a Wedding: Surrounded by lights and music, they clap and laugh together, blending into the joy of the crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. ADEL EL-KADI'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Omar enters through the door to find Adel sitting, watching TV.

ADEL EL-KADI

All that time in Alexandria? Were you at your friend's wedding, or getting married yourself, you rascal?

OMAR

I'm going back again.

ADEL EL-KADI

Then why did you come back, you slacker?

OMAR

I came to take you with me to propose — I can't get engaged without you.

ADEL EL-KADI
She's pretty, I bet.

OMAR
A dancer.

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING HALL - NIGHT

Omar and Faten sit on the bridal stage. Omar's colleagues and Faten's friends dance joyfully to the music. As the song ends, a traditional Alexandrian wedding procession begins. Omar and Faten step down from the stage and head toward the exit, followed by the lively parade.

WEDDING SINGER
(singing)
Pray, pray - and whoever doesn't
pray,
His mother's a Jew and his father's
a widower!

*

*

Omar glances back at the wedding singers, smiling subtly a smile filled with meaning.

*

CUT TO:

*

INT. ADEL EL-QADI'S HOUSE - OMAR'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room's furniture has changed - it's now a newly furnished bedroom. Omar and Faten lie in bed, almost naked under the sheets, only their bare shoulders visible.

Faten notices the tattoo on Omar's shoulder and asks softly:

FATEN
What's that tattoo?

OMAR
Ah, that's a long story - not the time for it now. Let's not waste the night on stories.

FATEN
There's something else... when we signed the marriage papers, I noticed your name was Omar Hassanein Manaa.
(MORE)

FATEN (CONT'D)

But the man at the wedding – the
one you call “Dad” – his name’s
Adel El-Qadi.
Are you a con man or do you have
two fathers?

OMAR

I’m a decent man, Faten.
If I had two fathers, then I’d be a
bastard.
I’ve got one father – one real one.
And two mothers: Fatma and Rachel.
One Muslim, one Jewish... but both
braver than your whole family.

Omar takes a strip of pills from the nightstand, pops one
out, and offers it to Faten. She looks at him, shocked.

FATEN

No, no – I don’t take drugs.

OMAR

Are you silly? I’m a doctor, you
think I’d do drugs?
It’s a birth control pill.

FATEN

So... you don’t want kids with me?

OMAR

Of course I do, just not yet.
I’m still finishing my doctorate –
maybe in America or England.
You’ll come with me, of course.
I just don’t want anything to
distract us... or slow us down. Got
it?

FATEN (TEASINGLY)

You’re sure it’s not drugs?
Then take one yourself – just so I
can be sure.

He laughs, pulls her close. They sink under the sheets
together.

FADE OUT:

INT. HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

OMAR performs delicate brain surgery on a patient. Around him, a team of doctors and nurses assist with quiet precision. Among them is DR. HASSAN, his expression tense and watchful.

After a tense few moments, Omar completes the operation successfully. He removes his gloves and steps away from the table, giving calm instructions to the team.

OMAR

Close up carefully... good job,
everyone.

He exits the operating room, pulling off his mask. Behind him, DR. HASSAN watches with narrowed eyes – a flicker of envy and resentment visible on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DOCTORS' ROOM - DAY

OMAR sits opposite DR. HASSAN. HASSAN's face wears a sly, knowing smile.

HASSAN

Your friend's going to visit your
relatives.

OMAR

That a riddle?

HASSAN

Your friend Sadat... going to visit
your Jewish relatives.

OMAR

Jews aren't just my relatives,
they're my family. My mother's
Jewish.
But let me ask you a question: your
problem – is it with Jews or with
Israelis?

HASSAN

What's the difference?

OMAR

A big difference. A Jew who didn't emigrate to Israel and stayed living in France, Poland, America, Morocco, Yemen, here in Egypt or anywhere else — what harm did he do to you? Why do you hate him?

HASSAN

Even those who didn't emigrate, their hearts belong to Israel. They send donations and support to kill Arabs and Muslims. That's their creed, their religion.

OMAR

Do you know the most religious, most extreme Jewish sect the Haredim? They're against Israel.

HASSAN

And your mother is one of them?

OMAR

My mother's Egyptian. Her name is Rachel. Without her I'd have been on the streets, a pickpocket or a beggar. This surgeon standing in front of you owes everything to her.

HASSAN

So General Adel El-Qadi has no credit in your life?

OMAR

When I grew up enough to understand, do you know what Adel El-Qadi told me? Why he took me in after they forbade Rachel from taking me and Jack with her, after Nasser and his cronies expelled her from Egypt?

He said: "I was ashamed of myself in front of that woman. Her insistence on taking you, her refusal to let you end up in an orphanage..." She told him, "Put him in a boarding school. I'll send the money regularly."

She left Egypt with nothing but her sewing machine and the price of two boat tickets.

(MORE)

OMAR (CONT'D)

Hassan, if it weren't for Rachel,
I'd have grown up a donkey like
you... or hating myself like your
Nasser.

HASSAN

You're going to talk about Nasser
too?

OMAR

Nasser who never won a single war.
Nasser who wrecked the country's
economy with the Yemen war.
Nasser of "what's taken by force
can only be regained by force."
Nasser who nationalized everything
recklessly.
Nasser who exiled my mother after
he nationalized the only shop
taking her work.
Nasser who destroyed her dream of
opening a fashion house in her
name...

MIX TO:

EXT. RACHEL FASHION HOUSE - DAY

From the sign "Rachel Fashion House" to Rachel's car pulling
up in front of the entrance.

The driver quickly gets out and opens the rear door.

Rachel steps out gracefully, elegantly dressed, holding a
small handbag.

She walks slowly and confidently toward the entrance and goes
inside.

CUT TO:

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INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY/NIGHT - MONTAGE

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE -

President Sadat's plane lands at Ben Gurion Airport. Historic
images of his arrival and warm reception in Israel.

PHOTO MONTAG

INT. ADEL EL-QADI'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Adel and Omar sit in front of the TV, watching Sadat's address to the Israeli Knesset.

Faten comes from the kitchen carrying three cups of coffee. She sets them down, then sits beside Omar.

SADAT (V.O.)

In the name of God... Mr. President of the Knesset, ladies and gentlemen, I have come to you so that together we may build a lasting and just peace - so that not a single drop of blood will be shed from either side. For this, I declared myself ready to go to the end of the world.

INT. RACHEL'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel, Dan, and Dan's wife watch Sadat's speech on TV.

SADAT (V.O.)

And now I return to the great question - how do we achieve a just and lasting peace? In my view, and I declare it here to the world: the answer is neither impossible nor difficult, despite the long years of blood, hatred, and generations raised in complete enmity.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, Julia, and several colleagues stand before a TV, watching Sadat's speech in silence.

SADAT (V.O.)

You wish to live among us in this region of the world. I tell you sincerely - we welcome you, with safety and security. This is, in itself, a turning point - a historic transformation.

INT. ADEL EL-QADI'S HOUSE - DAY

Adel and Omar continue watching. Adel's face shows disapproval, while Omar appears inspired.

SADAT (V.O.)

We once rejected you — and we had our reasons. Yes, we refused to meet you anywhere. Yes, we called you "the so-called Israel."

INT. RACHEL'S MANSION - NIGHT

Rachel watches intently, tears beginning to glisten in her eyes.

SADAT (V.O.)

I bring you a message of peace — the message of the Egyptian people, who know no fanaticism, who live in love and tolerance: Muslims, Christians, and Jews alike. This is Egypt — the Egypt that entrusted me with the sacred mission to bring you this message of peace.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack, Julia, and the others continue listening, deeply moved.

SADAT (V.O.)

Tell your children that what has passed is the last of wars, the end of pain — and that what is coming is a new beginning: a life of love, goodness, freedom, and peace.

INT. RACHEL'S MANSION - NIGHT

Rachel wipes her tears, moved by the words echoing from the TV.

SADAT (V.O.)

And to every grieving mother, every widowed wife, every child who lost a father or a brother — fill the earth and the sky with the lamps of peace.

ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE -

Sadat, Begin, and Carter sign the Camp David Peace Accords.
Flashbulbs, applause, history being made.

FADE OUT.

INT. ADEL EL-QADI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

FADE IN:

Adel El-Qadi sits with Omar in front of the TV, watching the live broadcast of the October 6th celebrations and the military parade.

Faten enters, carrying a tray with three cups of tea. She places it on the coffee table in front of them, then sits down to join them in watching.

INTERCUT - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE:

Real footage of the military parade, leading up to the moment of President Sadat's assassination.

Omar's expression changes—his face fills with anger. He looks at Faten, then at Adel.

OMAR

What the hell is happening?

ADEL EL-KADI

An assassination attempt.

FATEN

Assassinating Sadat? Why? On his own day of victory? That's pure blasphemy!

CUT TO:

EXT. RACHEL'S MANSION - GARDEN - DAY

Rachel is having breakfast at a table in the lush garden of her mansion. The morning sun filters through the trees.

Dan rushes out from the house, panic on his face. He approaches quickly and collapses onto a chair beside her, shaken.

DAN

Rachel... did you see what happened in Egypt? They killed Sadat!

RACHEL

I knew they wouldn't let him live...
Some people just can't live in
peace.
War means selling weapons... making
money... dirty money, Dan.

CUT TO:

INT. ADEL EL-QADI'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

ADEL EL-QADI reads a newspaper, sipping a cup of coffee.

OMAR enters through the apartment door carrying bags of
fruit, vegetables and household supplies.

ADEL EL-QADI

You're early.

OMAR

Early? The hospital was chaotic
today - State Security and the
Intelligence were all over the
place.

ADEL EL-QADI

Why? What did you do this time?

OMAR

I'm serious, sir. Dr. Hassan - my
colleague - turned out to be a
member of the group that killed
Sadat.

ADEL EL-QADI

They caught him?

OMAR

Of course not. He's on the run.

CUT TO:

INT. ADEL EL-QADI'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM - OMAR'S BEDROOM)
- NIGHT

The living room is dimly lit and empty.

ADEL exits his bedroom, crossing toward the bathroom.

He enters for a few moments, then comes out, heading back
toward his room.

Suddenly, there's a soft knocking on the door.

ADEL stops, listening – maybe he imagined it.

Then, the knocking returns, louder this time.

SFX: SOFT KNOCKING ON DOOR

ADEL walks to the apartment door and opens it –

HASSAN stands there.

HASSAN

Good evening, Uncle. I'm Omar's
colleague at the hospital. May I
see him?

ADEL EL-QADI

Come in – I'll wake him up.

ADEL crosses the living room, glancing at the wall clock – it
shows 3:00 AM.

He stops at OMAR's bedroom door and knocks softly.

Inside the room, OMAR and FATEN wake up, startled.

OMAR switches on the bedside lamp.

FATEN turns to him, concerned.

FATEN

Uncle looks sick.

She tries to get up, but OMAR stops her.

OMAR

Stay here – I'll check.

FATEN sits up in bed as OMAR walks to the door.

OMAR

What's wrong, are you okay?

ADEL EL-QADI

Your colleague wants to see you –
he's in the living room.

OMAR walks out – he finds HASSAN sitting on the couch.

OMAR

Hassan? What are you doing here?
Are you out of your mind?

ADEL, who was about to return to his room, pauses and turns back.

HASSAN
You believed I'm part of that group?

OMAR
Doesn't matter – why are you here?

HASSAN
I need to hide here for a few days until I figure things out. They'll destroy me before I can prove I had nothing to do with the assassination.

ADEL EL-QADI
Listen, son – I was a police officer once, and I know how those people think. The best thing you can do is turn yourself in. If you're really innocent, no one will touch you. But running – that'll make you look guilty.

HASSAN (NERVOUSLY)
That was true back when you were still in service, sir – not anymore.

OMAR
You can't stay here, Hassan. Turn yourself in before they catch you in my home and drag me and my family down with you.

Suddenly, HASSAN pulls a pistol from behind his back, aiming it at OMAR and ADEL.

HASSAN
Then you're my hostages until I find a way out!

OMAR
What the hell are you doing with a gun? You're a doctor, not a terrorist!

OMAR lunges at HASSAN, trying to wrestle the gun away –

A SHOT RINGS OUT.

SFX: GUNSHOT

The bullet hits ADEL EL-KADI — he collapses, mortally wounded.

OMAR loses control, attacking HASSAN in rage.

Hearing the shot, FATEN rushes out of the bedroom — she sees the struggle.

OMAR is pinned under HASSAN, who tries to aim the gun at him.

Next to them — ADEL lies bleeding near the TV set.

FATEN grabs the television and smashes it down on HASSAN's head.

He collapses, unconscious.

Outside, neighbors bang violently on the apartment door.

SFX: LOUD KNOCKING ON DOOR

On the floor, OMAR, weakened, crawls to ADEL EL-KADI —

he cradles him in his arms as FATEN opens the door,

letting the neighbors rush in. They gather around the two men on the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY — DAY

Omar and Faten stand among the mourners attending Adel El-Qady's funeral. The crowd is a mix of civilians and uniformed officers of various ages and ranks. Some women surround Faten, comforting her. Her father stands beside Omar, who shakes hands solemnly with each mourner.

When the funeral ends, Omar and Faten walk to another corner of the cemetery, standing before the graves of Fatma and Hassanien Manaa. They bow their heads and recite Al-Fatiha in silence.

FATEN

So... does that make me a killer now?

OMAR

Be thankful, Faten. You killed someone at twenty-eight.

(MORE)

OMAR (CONT'D)

I killed someone when I was fourteen.
You hit a man with a TV... I hit one with a radio.
Both right on the head.
He was a filthy man too – just like Hassan.
But when it's self-defense, it's not a sin.

FATEN

But I wasn't defending myself.

OMAR

And me and you – aren't we one now?
I wasn't defending myself either.
I was defending my mother's honor.

FATEN

Didn't your mother die in the war when you were a baby?
Are you messing with me, Omar?

OMAR

My other mother.
Didn't I tell you... I had two mothers?

She looks at him, uncertain, her eyes filled with confusion – and fear – as if she's seeing a stranger.

FADE OUT:

INT. ADEL EL-QADY'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM - KITCHEN) - DAY

FADE IN:

The living room is empty. The TV is on, showing news footage of the Israeli invasion of Lebanon – Sharon's forces advancing through Beirut's outskirts.

In the kitchen, FATEN stands before the stove, a small coffee pot (cezve) heating on the flame. She stares blankly, lost in thought.

The coffee boils over, hissing onto the burner. Snapping out of her daze, she quickly turns off the gas and pours what's left into a small cup.

She walks into the living room, sits before the TV, and watches the scenes unfold in silence.

INSERT - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE:

Columns of Israeli tanks rolling into Lebanon. Explosions in Beirut. Civilians fleeing. Sharon surveying the advance.

FADE OUT:

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INT - CAIRO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (DEPARTURE HALL) - DAY

FADE IN:

Omar and Faten stand together with their luggage.

Faten's belly shows she's in the final month of pregnancy.

They wait near the departure gates.

A large departure board flashes: Flight 4711 - New York.

PA ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
EgyptAir announces the departure of
flight number 4711, bound for New
York City.

Omar and Faten head toward the departure counter to complete the check-in formalities.

At the passport control desk, the immigration officer studies Omar's face carefully, then stamps his passport.

CUT TO:

EXT - CAIRO AIRPORT (RUNWAY) - DAY

An EgyptAir plane taxis down the runway and takes off into the clear sky.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Omar sits beside Faten, who looks out the window pensively.

FATEN
When are we coming back?

OMAR
Coming back where? Don't be silly.

FATEN
My mother and father...

OMAR
We'll send for them to come visit
us.

CUT TO:

EXT - NEW YORK AIRPORT (RUNWAY) - NIGHT

The plane stands still on the runway. Passengers begin to disembark.

Omar and Faten step down the stairs, followed by the rest of the travelers.

They walk together through the terminal and proceed to complete the arrival formalities at immigration and customs.

CUT TO:

INT - OMAR'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Omar finishes hanging a framed photograph showing him with Dan, Jack, and Rachel on the beach in Alexandria.

On the wall, there's another photo - Adel El-Qadi - bordered with a black mourning ribbon.

FATEN
Where are my mom and dad's
pictures?

OMAR
They confiscated them at the
airport.

FATEN
Why, for heaven's sake?

OMAR
They're wanted.

Faten chases him playfully, trying to hit him. Omar laughs, catches her in his arms, and kisses her.

OMAR
Alright, alright - I'll hang them,
I promise.

CUT TO:

EXT - STREET IN FRONT OF NEW YORK CENTRAL HOSPITAL - DAY

A wide view of the bustling street - cars, ambulances, and people moving in and out.

The camera slowly pans up to reveal a sign above the main entrance reading:

"NEW YORK CENTRAL HOSPITAL"

CUT TO:

INT - NEW YORK CENTRAL HOSPITAL - OPERATING ROOM - DAY

Dr. Omar performs a brain surgery with precision and calm focus.

Around him, a team of American assistants and nurses work efficiently, passing instruments and monitoring vital signs.

The rhythmic beeping of the heart monitor fills the room as Omar continues the delicate operation.

CUT TO:

INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE OMAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Omar stands at his apartment door, taking his keys out of his pocket.

From the next door, Albert Jadovsky, a frail man in his seventies, stumbles out, leaning weakly against the wall.

Omar rushes to him, supporting him.

OMAR

Are you sick? Should I call an ambulance?

Albert looks frightened and confused.

ALBERT

Please... don't hurt me. I did nothing wrong.

OMAR

Don't be afraid. I'm your new neighbor - I'm a doctor.

From the end of the hallway, Isaac, a man in his forties, hurries toward them, tense and protective.

ISAAC
Who are you?

OMAR
I'm his neighbor. And you are...?

ISAAC
I'm his son.

Isaac supports Albert with one arm and extends his other to shake Omar's hand, but Albert suddenly tries to push Isaac away.

ISAAC
Isaac Jadovsky — and this is my
father, Albert Jadovsky.

CUT TO:

INT - ALBERT JADOVSKY'S APARTMENT (BEDROOM - LIVING ROOM) -
NIGHT

Isaac and Omar gently lay Albert down on his bed.

Isaac hands his father a glass of water and some pills,
helping him take his medication.

Then they both step quietly into the living room.

ISAAC
He's diabetic... and he also suffers
from Alzheimer's.

OMAR
That's why he tried to push you
away at the door? He's also anemic.

ISAAC
How did you know that?

OMAR
From the feel of his hand — I'm a
doctor.

ISAAC
He refuses to eat... and won't take
his supplements either.

OMAR
I'll write him a prescription —
some injections. I'll come and give
them to him myself.

ISAAC
Unfortunately... by tomorrow, he
won't even remember you.

CUT TO:

INT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - NIGHT

MUSICAL MONTAGE
Albert's bedroom: Omar gives Albert
an injection in his arm.

Albert's kitchen: Omar prepares a glass of fresh juice.

Albert's bedroom: Omar hands him the juice; Albert drinks it
slowly.

Omar's apartment: Omar comes out of the kitchen carrying a
tray with a meal - boiled chicken, steamed vegetables, an
apple, and a banana.

Albert's living room: Omar serves Albert dinner while Albert
watches a cowboy movie on TV, clearly delighted by it.

Omar's apartment: Albert dines happily with Omar and Faten,
who is now in her final month of pregnancy.

CUT TO:

INT - RESTAURANT - DAY

Omar and Albert sit together having a light meal.

At the bar, a few men drink beer and liquor noisily.

OMAR
How's Isaac doing?

ALBERT
Who's Isaac?

Omar smiles gently at him.

OMAR
No one.

At the bar, two men begin arguing, their voices rising until
a fight breaks out.

They start hitting each other with beer mugs — one throws a mug that shatters the glass behind the bartender, the other retaliates, sending a mug crashing through the restaurant's front window.

Albert stares silently at the shattered window, glass fragments scattered across the floor.

CUT TO:

EXT - VARIOUS STREETS - DAY

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INSERT - ARCHIVAL FOOTAGE:

Scenes from what became known as Kristallnacht (The Night of Broken Glass) — November 9-10, 1938, in Germany.

Crowds of enraged citizens smash shop windows, loot stores, and set others ablaze.

They move from one shop to the next, dragging out the owners, beating them in the streets, some murdered on the spot.

The mob advances down the street until they reach a store with a sign in German reading:

"Gadovsky Uhren" (Gadovsky Watches).

They smash the shopfront windows, shards of glass raining onto the pavement.

CUT TO:

INT - GADOVSKY'S SHOP - DAY

Albert, a young man in his late twenties, stands beside Mr. Gadovsky. Both are trying to hide from the raging mob outside that has just smashed their shop windows.

One of the rioters hurls a Molotov cocktail into the shop — flames erupt instantly.

GADOVSKY

Albert! Hurry — through the back door! What are you waiting for? They'll kill us!

Albert and Gadovsky dash toward the back door as the fire spreads behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Albert and Gadovsky emerge from a small back door into a narrow passage leading to the main street.

They run as fast as they can, but before reaching the end of the alley, Gestapo officers appear, blocking their escape.

They're seized violently.

END FLASHBACK

CUT TO:

INT - RESTAURANT - DAY

From the shattered glass on the restaurant floor to Albert's eye reflecting the scattered pieces on the ground.

Omar, after the fight between the two men has ended, pulls Albert by the hand to leave the restaurant.

CUT TO:

EXT - NEW YORK PARK - DAY

Omar and Albert sit on a bench in the park.

ALBERT

Yes... I remember now. We called it The Night of Broken Glass - so many shop windows shattered in just two days. Ninety-one Jews were murdered, and countless synagogues, homes, and businesses were burned or destroyed under the orders of the Nazi leaders in Germany. It was only the beginning - the prelude to the systematic persecution and extermination of six million Jews by the Nazis and their allies. Hatred and incitement are the enemies of humanity. We must reject them - in every time, in every place.

Two children play with a ball in front of them. The ball rolls toward Albert and Omar. Albert gently kicks it back to them, smiling warmly.

A bearded man wearing a Jewish cap walks by with a veiled woman and two little girls, also veiled – perhaps six and nine years old.

ALBERT

I was twenty-eight when Hitler's men arrested my parents, my brothers, and sisters. They sent us to the Nazi camps. I was the only one who survived – the rest of my family was burned alive in the gas chambers.

I was close to dying of hunger myself. Hitler's doctors performed horrifying medical experiments on us – many of my friends went insane... then were burned to death. We were nothing but lab rats. That is the one thing I'll never forget. That's why I hate war – and I hate Hitler and the Nazis more than anything in my life.

OMAR

I hate war too – it tore me away from my mother and my brothers. Do you know something? My mother was Jewish... my wet nurse. After Hitler's men bombed three families near the Alexandria port – killing my parents, Jack's, and Dan's – only Rachel survived, that young Jewish woman. There were just three infants left – me, Jack, and Dan, her own son. She lived for us... and swore she would never die until we were together again.

Albert nods toward the bearded man, the veiled woman, and the two veiled girls.

ALBERT

Do you see that man – with the veiled woman and those two little girls?
At first glance, you'd think they're devout Muslims.
Some might even call them extremists.

(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)

But they're Jewish - devout Jews.
And some call them extremists too.
We're all the same, Omar. All of us
fools - always searching for our
differences, when what we should be
searching for... are the things we
share.

Albert slowly rises from the bench, smiling softly.

ALBERT (CONTINUING)

I'm going... to those who haven't yet
been corrupted.
To those who still understand this
world.

Albert walks away toward the two children and begins playing
ball with them as Omar watches silently.

CUT TO:

INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE OMAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Omar steps out of his apartment just as Isaac arrives,
unlocking the door to Albert's flat. Omar stops him gently.

OMAR

Good evening, Isaac. How's Albert
doing?

ISAAC

He's getting better.

OMAR

You should take good care of him,
my friend - don't leave him alone
for too long.

ISAAC

I drive a truck, so I'm often away
on the road. But soon I'll take him
with me - we'll move somewhere far
away.
And... thank you for looking after
him, Mr. Omar. You're a good man.

CUT TO:

INT - NEW YORK CENTRAL HOSPITAL / OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

OMAR stands over an operating table performing a delicate brain surgery.

A team of assistants and nurses work around him with focused precision.

The heart monitor beeps steadily as Omar executes each movement with calm expertise.

CUT TO:

INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE OMAR & ALBERT'S APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Omar steps out of his apartment heading toward Albert's door. He halts in the corridor when he hears a heated exchange coming from inside.

GANGSTER (O.S.)
Where's Isaac?

ALBERT (O.S.)
Who's Isaac?

GANGSTER (O.S.)
Don't play with me - tell him to
get the money ready or we'll come
for him and you, you miserable old
man!

ALBERT (O.S.)
Get out of here - damn you!

A large, scar-faced MAN storms out of the apartment. He stops short when he finds Omar standing in the corridor.

OMAR
Who are you? What do you want from
Albert?

GANGSTER
Do you know him?

OMAR
I'm his neighbor.

GANGSTER
Then tell Isaac to return the money
to its owners - and stay out of my
way.

CUT TO:

INT- HALLWAY OUTSIDE OMAR & ALBERT'S APARTMENTS - NIGHT

Omar walks down the dimly lit corridor toward his apartment.

He stops in front of his door, hesitating – something feels off.

After a moment of uncertainty, he turns toward Albert's apartment.

The door is slightly ajar.

Omar pushes it open gently and steps inside.

Inside:

The room is eerily silent except for the sound of a Western movie playing on the TV.

Albert sits slumped in a chair, a knife lodged in his chest, his lifeless eyes fixed on the flickering screen.

The light from the TV casts shifting shadows across the room – the cowboy duel on screen reflecting in the dead man's stare.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - ALBERT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is crowded with police officers and forensic investigators.

One dusts for fingerprints, another photographs every corner of the room,

while a third carefully places the bloody knife, the murder weapon, into a clear evidence bag and seals it before handing it to another officer.

Omar sits on a chair in the middle of the living room, looking shocked and pale.

Several plainclothes detectives stand around him, taking notes and watching his every move.

From outside, the sound of Faten's screams pierces the air.

FATEN (O.S.)
(screaming)
Aaaaah!

Omar jumps to his feet, panic on his face.

OMAR
It's my wife! She's in the
apartment next door!

One of the detectives gestures to another officer.

FIRST DETECTIVE
Go with him.

Omar rushes toward the door, the officer following closely behind.

CUT TO:

INT - HALLWAY OUTSIDE OMAR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Omar steps out into the dimly lit corridor, the police officer following closely behind him.

He hurries toward his apartment door, unlocks it with trembling hands, and rushes inside - the officer right on his heels.

CUT TO:

INT - OMAR'S APARTMENT (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

Faten sits on a chair, legs spread, her pregnant belly heavy and low, screaming in pain.

A puddle of amniotic fluid spreads beneath her feet.

FATEN
(screaming)
I'm giving birth, Omar!

Omar spins toward the stunned police officer.

OMAR
Call an ambulance! She's in labor!

CUT TO:

INT - ALBERT'S APARTMENT / OMAR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jack moves carefully through Albert's apartment, where police officers and forensic investigators are still at work - dusting for prints, photographing the scene, collecting evidence.

JACK
You searched the whole apartment?
Where's the suspect?

FIRST POLICE OFFICER
He's been taken to the police
station.

Jack nods slightly, then walks next door into Omar's apartment.

He looks around quietly, taking in the surroundings.

His eyes fall on a framed photograph - himself, Omar, Dan, and Rachel smiling together on a beach.

A faint, bittersweet smile touches his lips.

Jack turns toward the door and walks out.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - POLICE STATION (INTERROGATION ROOM) - DAY

Omar sits across a detective at a metal table.

A guard stands by the door, silent and watchful.

DETECTIVE
Mr. Omar, your fingerprints are
everywhere in Albert's apartment.

OMAR
Of course - I took care of him when
his son Isaac was away. Ask Isaac!

DETECTIVE
Isaac? He's disappeared. And your
prints are also on the knife that
killed Albert.

OMAR
It might have been from his
kitchen. I used it sometimes to
prepare his meals.

CUT TO:

INT - HOSPITAL (FATEN'S ROOM) - DAY

Faten lies in her hospital bed, her newborn baby beside her.

Jack enters the room accompanied by Julia.

JACK (IN ARABIC)
You're Faten, the wife of Omar —
accused of killing your neighbor,
Mr. Albert Gadowski.

FATEN
Omar could never do such a thing.

JACK
You say that because you love him...
or because you really know him?

FATEN
Both.

JACK
What do you know about his life
before you married him?

FATEN
What does his past have to do with
the crime he's accused of?

Jack ignores the question, his gaze shifting to the newborn baby.

JACK
What's the name of this little
beauty?

FATEN
Her father will name her when he's
released.

JACK
Let me tell you a secret — that
madman will name her Rachel.

I'll bet you a dinner on it.

CUT TO:

INT - POLICE STATION / OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Jack stands with several POLICE OFFICERS behind a large one-way glass window, watching the interrogation room where OMAR sits with the DETECTIVE.

JACK
You still haven't found Isaac?

POLICE OFFICER
No, sir. He disappeared.

JACK
Wasn't he a truck driver?

POLICE OFFICER
Yes, sir. He and the truck - both
gone.

The one-way glass reflects the observation room but shows the
interrogation room on the other side.

CUT TO:

INT - POLICE STATION / INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVE
Mr. Omar, you are charged with the
murder of Albert Jadovsky. You have
the right to an attorney. If you
cannot afford one, the state will
appoint counsel to defend you.

Jack enters the interrogation room. He wears an FBI badge
which Omar does not notice.

JACK (TO THE DETECTIVE)
Let me handle this.

The Detective nods and steps out. Jack approaches Omar and
studies his face.

JACK
Take off your outer clothes.

Omar removes a heavy winter jacket, left wearing his
undershirt.

JACK
All of it - your top clothing.

Omar takes off his shirt. Underneath he's wearing a tank top;
the tattoo on his upper arm is visible. Jack notices the
tattoo and smiles subtly - Omar doesn't see Jack's reaction
as he fumbles trying to remove the tank top.

JACK
Stop. Put your clothes back on and
sit down, please.

Omar re-dresses and sits.

JACK

Your name is Omar Hassanein Manna – doctor and surgeon. Born in Alexandria, 1942. Why did you kill that poor man?

OMAR

I didn't kill him.

JACK

Your prints are all over the apartment and in the kitchen.

OMAR

He was my neighbor. I treated him. I often entered his flat to give him injections.

JACK

It seems you have a pattern – killing Jews. Didn't you kill a Jewish man twenty-three years ago named Rimon? Don't deny it. We know everything about you. We know the school you went to in Port Said. We know Maria – the French girl – and your story with her. Yes – you killed Rimon, the cloth-merchant, by striking him on the head with a radio. If it weren't for the bombing that collapsed the house on him, your crime would have been discovered. And what did running do for you – you, Rachel, Jack and Dan – you all fled.

OMAR

How did you find out this?

JACK

I was there. If you hadn't done it, I would have. He was attacking our mother Rachel – do you forget?

Omar suddenly jumps to his feet.

OMAR

You – Jack.

JACK

You're in a tight spot. You need a great lawyer to get you out. I know one.

Jack moves to leave, then stops as if remembering something.

JACK (CONTINUING)

Oh — I visited your wife in the hospital. I asked her what you'd name your beautiful newborn.

OMAR

Rachel will name her Rachel.

JACK

I bet her you'd choose that name — and I just won the bet.

CUT TO:

EXT - RACHEL'S MANSION / GARDEN - DAY

Rachel sits in the garden of her mansion, having breakfast. A car enters through the gates and stops near the main entrance.

Inside the car are JACK, JULIA beside him, and FATEN, holding her baby in the back seat.

JACK

Wait here until I signal you.

Jack steps out, walks toward Rachel, kisses her hand, and sits beside her — a sly grin forming.

JACK

Do you know who I've brought you today? You won't believe it.

RACHEL

Since when have I ever believed you, you deceitful liar?

Jack gestures for Julia and Faten to get out and come closer.

JACK

You already know Julia.

And this baby, in her mother's arms — her name is Rachel, Rachel Omar Hassanein Manna.

And the woman carrying her — Faten, Omar's wife.

RACHEL

And Omar — where is he?

JACK
 I'll tell you privately.
 Aren't you going to welcome your
 son's wife – and your
 granddaughter?

Faten and Julia approach. Rachel greets them warmly, shakes hands with Faten, then Julia. She takes the baby, kisses her gently, and sits down with the infant in her lap.

RACHEL
 Where is your husband, Omar?

Faten bursts into tears, unable to speak. Rachel quickly rises, hands the baby to Julia, and grabs Jack's arm, pulling him aside a few steps away.

RACHEL (URGENT)
 Talk. What happened to Omar? Why
 isn't he with you?

JACK
 Omar's been arrested – accused of
 killing his neighbor.

Rachel nearly collapses. Jack catches her and helps her back to her chair beside Faten and Julia.

JACK
 Stay calm, Rachel. Omar is
 innocent.

RACHEL
 I have not a single doubt about his
 innocence. You must get him out –
 or else...

JACK
 He will be released, I swear to you
 – he will.

RACHEL
 I want to see him now, Jack.

Rachel looks to Faten.

RACHEL
 You'll stay here with us until your
 husband is free. Don't cry – I
 promise, he'll return to your arms...
 and to his daughter's.
 Julia, please take Faten to Omar's
 room.

Rachel turns to Jack.

RACHEL

And you — come with me. We're going to him.

CUT TO:

INT - POLICE STATION / HOLDING CELL - DAY

DAN enters the small cell where OMAR is being held.

DAN

I'm your lawyer. Do you accept my defense?

OMAR

Are you the attorney appointed by the state — or the one sent by Jack Wilson?

DAN

Neither. I'm the greatest lawyer in New York.
The state can't afford my fee — and neither can that Jack Wilson.

OMAR

Then why defend me? I can't pay you.

DAN

You're a brilliant surgeon. Once I clear your name, you'll be back in the operating room making millions. You can pay me later — or... we can just send the bill to Mrs. Rachel. She's been looking for you for twenty-three years.

Omar freezes, staring at him.

OMAR

You're Dan...

They both stand. Omar embraces him tightly.

DAN

And you're in deep trouble, just as Jack said.

OMAR

So, he told you everything?

DAN

Of course.

OMAR

Don't tell Rachel - not until I'm cleared.

DAN

She has to know. I'm putting her on the witness stand.

OMAR

Please - don't do that to her.

DAN

She must tell the jury your story... her story.
Then I'll put Jack on the stand - and finally, you.

OMAR

I swear I'm innocent. I didn't kill that man - I was treating him!

DAN

I believe you. But that's not what matters.
What matters is that the jury believes you - and sympathizes with you.
That's how the system works here.

OMAR

Isn't there another way? Some other solution?

DAN

Only one: catching the real killer before your trial.
But that won't happen - the police have already closed the case and handed it to the district attorney. Maybe after you're acquitted we can hire a private investigator.

CUT TO:

INT - OMAR'S CELL - DAY

Omar stands praying inside his cell.

A guard opens the iron door, then walks away.

Omar finishes his prayer, seated on the floor.
He turns his head right and left to end the salaah –
Then, a familiar voice echoes softly.

RACHEL (V.O.)
Haraman, my little one...

Omar freezes.

He turns toward the cell door – Rachel stands there.
He rushes into her arms, trembling, tears falling down his cheeks.
Rachel gently signals Jack, who stands nearby, to leave.

RACHEL
Leave us alone, Jack.

Omar looks at Jack, half angry, half hurt.

OMAR
Didn't I tell you not to tell her?

Jack nods silently and exits.

Rachel strokes Omar's hair tenderly.

Omar clutches her hands, kissing them with longing.

RACHEL
You've grown, Omar...
I heard you became a doctor – a
surgeon.
And that you married... you have a
wife and a daughter.
They're both safe, with me now.
She looks into his eyes, searching.

RACHEL
Tell me...
From the day I left you at Adel EL-
KADI's office –
you were sixteen then –
until this moment...
what happened to you, my child?

CUT TO:

INT - DAN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack sits across from Dan in his office. Papers and files are scattered across the desk.

DAN

That man, Albert - he only had one person in his life: his son, Isaac. Then Omar entered the picture. He never dealt with anyone else. The murder wasn't for robbery. Omar is innocent... which leaves us with only Isaac.

JACK

You mean he's the killer?

DAN

I don't think so. He had no motive to kill his father.

JACK

Maybe he got tired of taking care of him.

DAN

And then found a replacement - Omar - who looked after his father while he was away.

JACK

So what exactly do you mean by "only Isaac remains"?

DAN

I mean... investigate him thoroughly - his circle, his connections, everything.

CUT TO:

EXT - TRUCK DEPOT - DAY

Jack stands beside a truck with one of the drivers.

JACK

I heard you're one of the drivers closest to Isaac. Where is he?

DRIVER

In Mexico.

JACK
Working?

DRIVER
He fled to Mexico.

JACK
After killing his father?

DRIVER
What are you saying? Isaac? He's weaker than a chicken, he couldn't even slaughter one.

He left a week before his father was killed.

JACK
Then why did he run?

DRIVER
Isaac is a good, compassionate man. He loved his father. If it weren't for his work circumstances, he wouldn't have left him. He often told me about him. But despite his kindness, he was addicted to gambling, got involved with a betting office, and owed them huge sums. They threatened to kill him if he didn't pay.

JACK
The name of the betting office?

DRIVER
We never met, and I didn't tell you anything. They're part of the mafia. They came to me asking about Isaac.

JACK
And what did you tell them?

DRIVER
What I'm telling you: I told them the truth — Isaac fled to Mexico and won't be coming back.

CUT TO:

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

Twelve jurors of various ages, including Black jurors, are seated. A Black female judge sits on the bench.

Omar sits beside Dan. Behind them, Jack is seated with Rachel, Julia, and Faten holding her baby. Many attendees fill the courtroom. On the other side, the district attorney and her assistant are seated.

The court bailiff stands next to the judge's bench.

The judge enters from her chambers.

BAILIFF

All rise!

Everyone stands.

JUDGE

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.

The judge turns to the bailiff.

JUDGE

Bailiff?

BAILIFF

The State vs. Omar Hassanein.

JUDGE

Is everyone present? Please be seated.

BAILIFF

Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE

Prosecuting attorney?

PROSECUTOR

The State charges prisoner Omar Hassanein with first-degree murder.

JUDGE

And your defense, counselor?

DAN

Your Honor, ladies and gentlemen,
if I may, I request some time.

Dan glances back at Jack.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY
Objection! The State has sufficient
evidence to prove the charges.

JUDGE
Objection overruled. Mr. Hassanein,
do you understand the nature of the
charges against you?

OMAR
Yes.

CUT TO:

INT - JACK'S FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Jack hands Julia a folded sheet of paper.

JACK
I want complete information on this
betting office, including photos of
all its employees.

JULIA
Regarding Omar's case?

JACK
Yes. That boy is innocent, and the
killer comes from this cursed
office.

CUT TO:

INT - DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Jack shows Omar a set of photos.

JACK
Do you remember that man you saw in
the hallway outside Albert's
apartment, the one who was arguing
with him?

OMAR
Yes, I'd recognize him if I saw
him.

JACK
Can you pick his photo from these?

Omar reviews the photos and pulls one out.

OMAR
This is him.

JACK
Good.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR - COURTROOM - DAY

The Prosecutor approaches the jury box, studying each juror carefully.

PROSECUTOR
Mr. Omar is a surgeon - a man trained in anatomy. That's why a single stab - one precise strike - was enough to kill. His fingerprints are on the knife, and the motive is hatred... hatred of Jews. Mr. Omar is a devout Muslim, and the victim - a Jew.

DAN
Objection!

JUDGE
Sustained.

PROSECUTOR
The victim, Mr. Albert, associated only with two people - his son Isaac, and Mr. Omar. Isaac left a week before his father's murder and has not returned since. The other man is Mr. Omar. His fingerprints are on the murder weapon - the knife.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - COURTROOM - NIGHT

Dan approaches the jury, examining each juror with calm intensity before turning back toward the bench.

DAN
I call Mrs. Rachel Maalouf to the stand.

JUDGE
Mrs. Rachel Maalouf.

Rachel rises from her seat, walks with composure toward the stand, and faces the bailiff.

BAILIFF

Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?

RACHEL

I do.

Rachel sits. Dan approaches her, smiling confidently.

DAN

Please state your name, age, and occupation for the record.

RACHEL

Rachel Maalouf. Sixty-eight.
Fashion designer and owner of
"Rachel's House of Fashion."

DAN

You are Jewish?

PROSECUTOR

Objection!

JUDGE

Sustained.

RACHEL

Yes, I am Jewish.

JUDGE

Strike that from the record.

DAN

What is your relationship to Mr.
Omar Hassanein?

RACHEL

He's my son.

A wave of murmurs ripples through the courtroom. The jurors glance at one another in shock.

JUDGE

Order! I'll have silence or I'll
clear the courtroom!

She looks intently at Rachel.

JUDGE

Mrs. Rachel, remember – you're under oath.

DAN

Please, explain.

RACHEL

I was his wet nurse. I raised him after his mother – my neighbor and friend – was killed when our home was bombed. His father died with her, and Omar was just a year old. I had to leave him in 1958 when we were forced to leave Egypt under President Nasser's expulsion of the Jews.

DAN

Do you believe Mr. Omar Hassanein killed Mr. Albert Gadovsky?

RACHEL

Impossible. Omar could never harm anyone. He's a kind soul, always helping others.

DAN

No further questions.

Dan turns toward the prosecutor, who steps forward, moving closer to the jury box.

PROSECUTOR

Mrs. Rachel, you said you left him in 1958 – that's twenty-two years ago. Don't you think that's time enough for a man to change?

RACHEL

His wife told me he was raised after me by a police officer named Adel El-Qady. I knew that man. I don't believe an officer who raised a boy into a doctor and surgeon would have raised a murderer. You don't understand the meaning of neighbor in Muslim culture – especially in Egypt.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - COURTROOM - NIGHT

The tension in the room is palpable. Dan steps toward the bench, papers in hand.

DAN
Your Honor, I call Mr. Jack Wilson
to the stand.

JUDGE
Mr. Jack Wilson.

Jack rises from his seat and walks steadily toward the stand. He stops before the bailiff.

BAILIFF
Do you swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth, and nothing but the
truth?

JACK
I do.

Jack takes his seat in the witness box.

DAN
Mr. Wilson, did you conduct an
investigation into Isaac Albert,
the victim's son?

JACK
Yes, I do

DAN
Would you please share your
findings with the jury?

JACK
Isaac is generally peaceful but has
a serious gambling problem. He was
deeply in debt to a betting office.
The men there threatened to kill
him if he didn't repay them. One of
them even went to his father's
apartment - where Isaac lived - and
threatened the old man, demanding
he tell Isaac to return their
money.

DAN
Were there any witnesses to that
threat?

JACK

Yes.

DAN

Who was it?

JACK

The defendant, Mr. Omar Hassanein.

DAN

And did Mr. Hassanein identify the suspect who made the threat?

JACK

Yes, he did.

DAN

How?

JACK

I showed him a series of photographs of employees from the betting office. He pointed to one of them.

DAN

And did you follow up on that suspect?

JACK

Yes.

DAN

Who is he?

JACK

A man named Lee Harvey — an ex-convict with a history of violent offenses.

DAN

Does Isaac have any permanent residence apart from his father's home?

JACK

No. He travels frequently. When not staying at his father's, he usually checks into motels.

DAN

Thank you, Mr. Wilson. Your witness.

The Prosecutor rises, walking toward the jury box without even glancing at Jack.

PROSECUTOR

Mr. Wilson, where do you work?

JACK

With the F.B.I.

PROSECUTOR

And what is your relationship to the defendant, Mr. Omar Hassanein?

JACK

He's my brother... my brother by nursing.

A loud ripple of whispers and gasps spreads through the courtroom.

PROSECUTOR

And the defense attorney, Mr. Dan Wilson - he's your brother as well, isn't he?

JACK

Yes. And Mrs. Rachel Maalouf... is our mother.

The courtroom erupts in stunned murmurs - jurors exchange glances, the spectators lean forward in disbelief.

PROSECUTOR

No further questions.

JUDGE

Mr. Wilson, you may step down.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - PARALLEL CUT -- COURTROOM / ALBERT'S APARTMENT - DAY / NIGHT

CUT TO COURTROOM:

Dan paces deliberately in front of the bench, then turns toward the jury.

*

DAN

*

It's simple. Isaac fled to Mexico. While he was away, Lee Harvey, accompanied by men from the betting office, broke into Albert's apartment.

CUT TO ALBERT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Albert sits in front of the TV, absorbed in a cowboy movie. Lee Harvey and his men restrain him, immobilizing him. Harvey moves through room after room, searching, before entering the kitchen, putting on medical gloves, grabbing a knife, and returning to the living room. He stabs Albert. The men quickly exit.

CUT BACK TO COURTROOM:

DAN

They asked him about Isaac, and because the man suffers from Alzheimer's, he asked, "Who's Isaac?" But they were too stupid to understand that an Alzheimer's patient can't even remember his own children. They thought he was playing games with them... so they killed him.

FADE OUT:

INT - COURTROOM - DAY

Omar sits with Dan beside him. Behind them, Rachel sits next to Jack and Julia, while Faten holds her infant, and Dan's wife sits nearby.

The judge emerges from her chambers and approaches the bench.

BAILIFF

All rise.

Everyone stands.

JUDGE

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.

She looks at the jury.

JUDGE

Have you reached a verdict?

JURY FOREPERSON
Yes, Your Honor.

JUDGE
Can you read it aloud?

JURY FOREPERSON
Regarding the charge against Mr.
Omar Hassanein for the murder of
Mr. Albert Gadowsky, the jury finds
the defendant not guilty.

Cheers erupt from Faten, Julia, Dan's wife, and the rest of the courtroom. Rachel weeps with joy.

Dan embraces Omar, and Jack rushes over to hug them both. Omar then moves to Rachel, kissing her hands and her head, before embracing and kissing Faten. Rachel lifts the baby, kisses her, and hugs her tightly.

CUT TO:

INT - RACHEL'S MANSION - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Rachel sits at the head of the table, wearing the dress her children gifted her. Dan sits beside her, followed by his wife. On the other side, Jack sits next to Julia. Across from Rachel sits Omar.

The servants place the dishes carefully on the table. Once finished, they step aside, standing attentively. Rachel signals to them.

RACHEL
Is this all the food?

HEAD SERVANT
Yes, madam.

RACHEL
And where is your meal?

HEAD SERVANT
The kitchen, Rachel.

RACHEL
Bring it here. We will all eat together. And call the driver, the gate guard, everyone in the mansion. We may never have another gathering like this.

Everyone looks at her in surprise.

The servants bring the rest of the food, while the driver and gate guard enter and take their seats at the table. Everyone begins to eat.

OMAR

I want to say a few words in honor of Rachel. I'll say them in English so Dan's wife and Julia can understand. Rachel, this remarkable woman fought alone for nearly forty years for three children. She overcame Hitler, then England, France, and Israel, and later Nasser. I don't know where she found all that strength and desire to live. Perhaps if we three hadn't been in her life, she would have surrendered and it would have ended. She lived for us. Yes, I know she lived for us. I will never forget her words in the freight train that carried us under the French, English, and Israeli bombardment from Port Said to Cairo.

CUT TO:

INT - RACHEL'S MANSION - OFFICE SALON - NIGHT

Rachel sits in the salon adjoining her office with Dan, Jack, and Omar.

RACHEL

Where are the contracts, Dan?

Dan walks to the desk, retrieves his briefcase, and pulls out several papers in triplicate. He keeps one copy for himself and hands the others to Jack and Omar.

RACHEL

By signing these contracts, you become partners in everything I own. And I own much, but it wouldn't exist if not for your presence in my life. I lived, struggled, and fought for you. Yes, wars separated us, and now here we are, reunited in the land of dreams, America, where no one questions your race or religion. And it was like this in Egypt too.

(MORE)

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Do you know why I invited you for dinner specifically on Saturday? Because that's my day. Friday belonged to Fatima, Omar's mother. Saturday is mine, and Sunday belongs to Linda, Jack's mother. May God bless them all. No matter your differences, do not turn into enemies. You are brothers by breastfeeding, and I am your mother. Had Fatima or Linda been in my place on the day our home was bombed, I am sure they would have done for my son Dan what I have done for you, even though they didn't breastfeed him. Beware of anyone who tries to sow discord between you; the outside world is full of evildoers.

Rachel looks at Omar.

RACHEL

Have you performed the Isha prayer?

OMAR

Not yet. I always pray it before sleep.

RACHEL

Omar, will you accompany me to my room and stay by my side until I fall asleep? I haven't had enough of you yet. Then you can go to your room; I've set up a prayer space there for you facing the Qibla. Pray and remember me in your supplications.

Then she looks at Jack and calls him over.

RACHEL

Come closer, Jack. What you did with Omar is known—I will never forget it.

Jack kisses her hand, helps her stand, and hands her over to Omar. Omar takes her hand, kisses it, and escorts her out.

CUT TO:

INT - RACHEL'S MANSION - RACHEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rachel lies in her bed. Beside her stand Dan and Jack, tense and silent. Omar is seated at her side, checking her pulse with worry etched across his face.

OMAR

Call an ambulance. Now!

Rachel opens her eyes weakly and smiles at them.

RACHEL

I don't want to die in a hospital...
let me go in peace, in my own bed.
My will to you: bury me in
Alexandria, next to my husband.

CUT TO:

EXT - CAIRO AIRPORT - DAY

Dan, Jack, and Omar stand beneath the airplane marked PAN AMERICAN as luggage is being unloaded. Among the cargo, a coffin containing Rachel's body is gently lowered to the ground.

Dan, Jack, Omar, and a fourth man lift the coffin and place it into a hearse, which then drives toward a car belonging to the U.S. Embassy. They get inside the embassy vehicle, which sets off, followed closely by the hearse.

CUT TO:

EXT - JEWISH CEMETERY, AL-SHATABI - DAY

Thick fog blankets the cemetery, shrouding the surroundings in near darkness.

Dan, Jack, and Omar stand before Rachel's grave, which bears the name Elias with an added inscription beneath: "Rachel Malouf 1917-1985".

Dan wears a Jewish prayer cap, quietly reciting prayers (inaudible), while Jack makes the sign of the cross. Omar raises his hands in a silent prayer for her.

The three then head to a U.S. Embassy vehicle, get in, and drive away from the cemetery. Gradually, the fog lifts as they reach the street, revealing the bustle of city life.

DAN
Please, drive fast—get us out of
this fog and into the light.

DRIVER
To where, Mr. Dan?

Dan glances at Jack, who looks at Omar in turn.

JACK
To where, Mr. Omar?

OMAR
To adam's alley

The car fades gradually into the distance.

FADE OUT: