

Tanit Films presents

# The Voice of Hind Rajab



Written by

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Based on recordings from The Palestine Red Crescent Society

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A black screen with a blurred line of luminosity across it horizontally, flickers in time to the sound of surf gently rolling in and out...

SUPER: *Gaza, January 29, 2024*

Through the sound of swash and back wash, we begin to hear short glitchy digital noises. The light moves exactly in time to all...

SUPER: *The Israeli Army orders the evacuation of the Tel Al-Hawa neighborhood.*

Gradually the electronic sounds come more into focus...the digital pulses and beeps of cell phone connections

SUPER: *This dramatization is based on real events*

The blurry light continues to vibrate matching the sound. Distorted glimpses of voices now...

SUPER: *and emergency calls recorded that day.*

The light starts to focus and we can see it's the graphic of a digital sound wave. It ripples to the sounds of the surf in the background, and the distorted cell phone noises, creating a dance between sound and visuals...

SUPER (fading up so the words form the shape of the undulating lines): *THE VOICE OF HIND RAJAB*

EXT. RED CRESCENT EMERGENCY CALL CENTER, RAMALLAH - DAY

People sit on a bench, smoking cigarettes and talking.

SUPER: *Palestine Red Crescent Emergency Call Center*

*Ramallah, West Bank*

*52 miles from Gaza*

INT. RED CRESCENT DISPATCH ROOM, RAMALLAH - DAY

OMAR (30s) walks down the corridor as the blurred shapes of a dozen or so people frenetically scramble to answer emergency calls.

Gradually, the scene sharpens into focus. RED CRESCENT VOLUNTEER STAFF MEMBERS are at their desks fielding calls in a large, glass-walled open space office. Another room in the background, where more type at keyboards.

The sound is chaotic: phones ringing, fragments of conversations – "You have to stop the bleeding." "Palestine Red Crescent" "This is the Palestine Red Crescent. How can I help you?" "An ambulance is on its way." "The nearest ambulance is on its way."

We move from desk to desk and then to Omar's lively, energetic face.

OMAR

I can't hear you. All right.

INT. RED CRESCENT OFFICE

MAHDI

At the end of Nazareth Street,  
there's a roundabout. Then go  
straight ahead. Straight on. Don't  
worry, I can see you. Keep going  
straight. You're in red on my map.

INT. RED CRESCENT DISPATCH ROOM

RANA (35) walks into the dispatch room.

RANA

Did you get that done for me? Ah,  
the report. Perfect, thank you.

She continues to move through the dispatch room.

RANA (CONT'D)

Are you all right? Everything OK?

She heads towards the balcony where NISREEN (40), curly hair, bohemian style, air of natural confidence is having a cup of coffee.

NISREEN

Rana.

RANA

Nisreen.

NISREEN

You're still here? Weren't you  
going home this morning?

RANA

I still have one more thing to  
finish. I'm exhausted. I can't wait  
to get home.

Omar plays Rock, Paper, Scissors with another dispatcher.

OMAR  
Rock, paper, scissors. 6-3, I'm  
kicking your ass.

The phone rings.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Hold on a second, I have an  
emergency call.

He answers the phone.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
(with a grin)  
Red Crescent emergency room,  
Ramallah. This is Omar, how can I  
help you?

His expression shifts, as he tries to parse the words.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Emergency calls from Gaza have been  
transferred here since the bombing.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Hold on... Where?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Gaza?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
(surprised)  
But you're calling me from Germany?

A furrow forms, leaning in, straining to catch every word.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
All right.

He listens, his attention locked onto the conversation.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Send me your brother's number and  
the location of his car.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
OK, thanks.

He hangs up, his gaze locked onto the computer screen.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Mahdi?

MAHDI

Yes, Omar.

OMAR

(on the phone)

I might need an ambulance in the north of Gaza.

MAHDI

(on the phone)

In the North?

OMAR

At a gas station. Let me check, stay with me.

Omar glances at his computer screen.

OMAR (CONT'D)

At the Fares gas station.

MAHDI

What's it all about?

OMAR

Bashar Hamada, his wife, and children were evacuating Tel Al-Hawa by car. They were hit 400 meters from their home, near the Fares service station at 1:00PM.

MAHDI

At 1:00PM?

OMAR

Yes.

MAHDI

It's 2:35PM. That was an hour and a half ago.

OMAR

Yes, that's right.

MAHDI

Are there any survivors?

OMAR

I spoke to his brother in Germany. He doesn't know if they're still hidden in the car or if they managed to escape on foot. He's panicked. It's not clear.

MAHDI

It's in a restricted zone. The army  
sealed it off this morning.

Omar looks at a map divided into different colored zones. The  
Fares gas station is in a red zone.

He gets a notification, "Call this number, he'll answer."  
Omar takes a deep breath and dials the number he was given.

OMAR

I have their phone number.

MAHDI

Call them.

OMAR

I'll call. Stay with me.

OMAR (CONT'D)

It's ringing.

A sound wave appears as the call begins to ring.

SUPER: *The voices on the phone are real.*

The call answers...

LAYAN (V.O.)

(her voice trembling)

Hello...

OMAR

Hello...

LAYAN (V.O.)

They're shooting at us!

OMAR

Hello...

LAYAN (V.O.)

They're shooting at us! The tank is  
right next to me!

OMAR

Are you hiding?

LAYAN (V.O.)

Yes, in the car. The tank is right  
next to us.

OMAR

Are you inside the car?

A burst of automatic gunfire, Layan screams but her cries instantly cut out. BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG! Then silence.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Hello? ... Hello?  
(stunned, faltering)  
Hello? ...  
(Beat)

MAHDI  
Omar?

Mahdi freezes. Omar too. Heavy silence in the room.

OMAR  
Hello? ...

MAHDI  
Is she still on the line?

Omar stares ahead, straining to hear any sound at all.

OMAR  
Hello?

MAHDI  
Omar?

The line goes dead. Omar's face is drained.

Mahdi, trying to stay pragmatic, speaks into his headset:

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
Omar, you need to speak with Rana.  
She's your supervisor.

But Omar doesn't move, unable to process what just happened.

Mahdi takes control. Moves over to Rana, her face, framed by a headscarf, exudes reassuring energy. She's chatting cheerfully with a YOUNG WOMAN in an adjacent office to Mahdi. He leans in and speaks to her, pointing towards Omar.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
Omar was talking to a girl in Gaza.  
There was a shooting.

Rana approaches Omar.

RANA  
Omar? Are you all right?

RANA (CONT'D)  
Do you need counseling? Shall I  
call Nisreen?

Omar shakes his head, declining.

OMAR  
No.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
They killed her...

RANA  
What's her name?

MAHDI  
I don't know... She didn't have  
time to say.

RANA  
Omar.

INT. RED CRESCENT DISPATCH ROOM, RAMALLAH  
Nisreen approaches.

NISREEN  
Hello, Omar. How do you feel?  
She points to blank silhouettes of people.

NISREEN (CONT'D)  
See these? We stick them to our  
desk when we don't have a name or  
photo or those who died during a  
call. When we receive their photos,  
we hang them over there. As a  
tribute and out of respect for  
them. And it allows you to move  
forward and be able to help others.

She hands him a silhouette.

OMAR  
Thank you.

NISREEN  
Omar, if you need to talk, I'm  
here. My door is always open to  
you. You can let off steam. Ok?  
Don't be shy.



OMAR  
I have to go back.

Omar heads back to his desk.

RANA  
I'm going home. Do you need  
anything?

NISREEN  
It's fine, go home and rest.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Omar walks back to his desk.

As Omar approaches, he notices several anonymous avatars stuck to the transparent dividers that separate his colleagues' desks. He sinks into his chair, eyes on his screen, where the recording of the girl's murder lingers.

He takes the avatar in his hand and carefully sticks it to the glass partition. Then, his gaze shifts back to his screen.

The WhatsApp conversation window pops up. Omar notices two new messages from Uncle Mohammed in response to his earlier question:

"A 6-year-old girl is alive in the car. Call her"

Omar's face hardens, and he abruptly stands up, pounding on the glass that separates the operations room from Rana's office.

OMAR  
Rana, come!

Rana, now in her coat and ready to leave, turns to him, filled with concern.

RANA  
What is it, Omar?

OMAR  
The uncle says that a 6-year-old  
girl is still hidden in the car.

RANA  
Fine, call her.

RANA (CONT'D)  
 Omar? Go ahead you're trained for  
 this. Call her.

Omar hesitates, feeling the weight of the moment. Then, he  
 takes the headset, puts it on, and takes a deep breath before  
 dialing the number again.

The phone begins to ring.

RANA (CONT'D)  
 I'm going home.

Omar grabs her arm, motioning her to stay.

The phone continues to ring. And then it's answered.

A scared voice of a little girl comes through the line:

HIND (V.O.)  
 Hello, Uncle?

OMAR  
 Hello.

HIND (V.O.)  
 Stay with me!

Omar hands Rana the auxiliary headset.

OMAR  
 Listen, sweetheart, concentrate.  
 Tell me what happened. Hello?

HIND (V.O.)  
 There's no time!

OMAR  
 What? Are you hiding?

HIND (V.O.)  
 Quick!

OMAR  
 Hello?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
 Hello? What's your name?

HIND (V.O.)  
 There's no one with me.

OMAR  
 What's your name?

HIND (V.O.)  
There's no one with me.

OMAR  
I can't hear your name. I'm Omar,  
what's your name?

Note to reader: Hanood is a nickname for Hind in Arabic.

HIND (V.O.)  
My name is Hanood.

RANA  
Hanood?

OMAR  
What's your name?

HIND (V.O.)  
Hanood.

OMAR  
Hanood?

OMAR (CONT'D)	HIND (V.O.)
And your sister's name?	Come get me.

OMAR (CONT'D)	HIND (V.O.)
And your sister's name?	Come get me!

OMAR (CONT'D)  
I will, but where's your sister?

HIND (V.O.)  
I don't have one.

Omar notices Mahdi has returned. He holds the line with Hind  
and calls Mahdi.

OMAR  
Mahdi.

MAHDI  
Omar.

OMAR  
A 6-year-old girl is still hidden  
in the car.

MAHDI  
A 6-year-old girl in the car? And  
the others?

OMAR

The others, I don't know. She says she's alone. She's on the line with me.

MAHDI

Who's on the line with you?

OMAR

The girl.

MAHDI

Is she a member of the Hamada family?

RANA

Ask her.

Omar returns to the conversation with Hind.

OMAR

Hanood? What's your full name?

HIND (V.O.)

Hind Rajab Hamada.

OMAR

Hind Rajab Hamada?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

OMAR

Ok.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Hide under the seats. Don't let anyone see you.

Rana takes off her headset and stands up.

RANA

Stay with her.

Omar returns to the conversation with Hind, his voice softening.

OMAR

Ok?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

OMAR  
Where are your parents?

HIND (V.O.)  
They're not here.

OMAR  
Hold on, ok? I'll call you back  
right now.

HIND (V.O.)  
No. Come get me.

HIND (V.O.)  
They're shooting.

OMAR  
Mahdi.

MAHDI  
Omar.

OMAR  
Have you made any progress?

MAHDI  
I'm waiting to find out which of  
our rescuers are available.

OMAR  
She doesn't have time. Call them  
back quickly, please.

MAHDI  
Omar, there's no point in calling  
back. They need to collect the  
information and get back to me.

Omar rejoins the line with Hind.

OMAR  
Hanood?

Hind makes a sound.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Don't hang up, I'll be right back

HIND (V.O.)  
Ok.

Omar takes off his headset gently places it on the desk, then  
strides over to Mahdi's office.

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

OMAR

We've only got one team left in the north. Call them directly.

Mahdi takes off his headset.

MAHDI

(frustrated, firmly)

Omar, go back to talking to the little one and let me do my job.

OMAR

Call Zaïno directly.

MAHDI

Ibrahim is in charge of rescuers in Gaza. He decides whether we call them or not.

OMAR

They're shooting at her. They will kill her, just like the other girl.

Mahdi scans for Rana. He motions to another volunteer.

MAHDI

Ask Rana to come and get Omar.

OMAR

(increasingly impatient)

Mahdi. They're shooting at her.

Suddenly Mahdi's phone rings.

MAHDI

Here he is.

He answers.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Hello, Ibrahim?

MAHDI (CONT'D)

Go on.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

One moment.

OMAR

I'll take note. Just a second.

Omar quickly types into his phone.

MAHDI  
Rescuers, Youssef Zaïno.

OMAR  
Youssef Zaïno, my buddy.

MAHDI  
Driver.

OMAR  
Madhoun, who else?

MAHDI  
Ahmed Madhoun. Type of ambulance.  
Savana.

OMAR  
Savana.

MAHDI  
3-1074-55...

OMAR  
(repeating, typing)  
3-1074-55...

MAHDI  
Ok

Omar finishes and turns to Mahdi, sharply

OMAR  
Call Zaïno.

MAHDI  
(still on the phone)  
Okay, thanks. I'll start the  
coordination.

OMAR  
The coordination? She doesn't have  
time!

Mahdi hangs up, irritated as he glares at Omar. Omar, in  
disbelief, can't fathom the delay.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
I'll call Zaïno to see if there's  
another solution.

MAHDI  
There isn't.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

Why would you call Zaïno? Why would you talk to him? Are you his supervisor?

OMAR

No, but I want to save the girl!

MAHDI

It's not your job to save the girl. It's mine. Your job is to maintain contact with her while we coordinate to save her. And from now on, wear your Red Crescent jacket!

RANA

What's going on here?

MAHDI

I'm trying to start the coordination but Omar won't take it easy.

RANA

The coordination? Let's hope this time it won't take nine hours. Come on, Omar.

OMAR

Let's hope so.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM OMAR'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Omar stares at the profile picture of YUSEF ZAÏNO (30) on his phone. He's grinning, standing proudly by an ambulance.

Omar dials, but gets an automated message saying the person he's trying to reach is out of coverage. Frustration.

Meanwhile, Rana calls Hind back. The call picks up..

RANA

Hind?

HIND (V.O.)

Who is it?

RANA

My name is Rana. And you're Hanood, right?



HIND (V.O.)  
(faintly)  
Yes

The line falters and the call ends. Rana calls again.

RANA  
Hello?

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

OMAR  
Zaïno isn't answering.

MAHDI  
Omar, I told you, it's my job to  
call Zaïno.

OMAR  
I'm just telling you he has no  
reception.

MAHDI  
The army is jamming all the phone  
lines in Gaza.

Mahdi speaks into the phone in English.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
Hello the Red Cross? Vanessa? Yes,  
we need a secure route for our  
ambulance from Saint Porphyrius  
Church to the Fares gas station in  
Tel al-Hawa, northern Gaza.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
(in English)  
Yes. Okay, thank you.

Omar's phone vibrates.

OMAR  
It's Zaïno.

Omar answers the call.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Hello? Zaïno?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
What's up, buddy?

A slight smile on Omar's otherwise tense face as he listens.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Where are you? At the Baptist  
Hospital?

Mahdi shoots a dark, irritated look at Omar. Mahdi extends his hand, wanting to speak to Zaïno himself.

MAHDI  
Give it to me, Omar.

OMAR  
Are you at the Baptist Hospital?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
I'll put you on to the head of  
coordination, the chief negotiator,  
the martyr, the hero, Mahdi  
Aljamal. Here you go.

He takes Omar's sarcasm without a flinch and grabs the phone.

MAHDI  
Hello, Zaïno. Is everything OK? Are  
you with Madhoun at the Baptist  
Hospital, not at Saint Porphyrius  
Church?

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
Fine.

The Google Maps route from the Baptist Hospital to the Fares gas station is projected onto the wall: 8 minutes by car.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
You're 8 minutes from the mission.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
Please Zaïno, just listen to my  
instructions. Ok?

Omar takes his phone back from Mahdi.

OMAR  
(to phone, renewed energy)  
Yes, my friend. We've got an  
impossible mission for you.

His tone lightens, bantering with Zaïno and Madhoun, the other paramedic.

MAHDI

(on phone)

Hello, Ibrahim. I've started the coordination. Don't worry, I'm not going to sacrifice our last team in the north. I'm going to guarantee them a safe route before sending them on their mission.

Omar writes "8" with two lines under it on the glass partition.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM OMAR'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

RANA

Hello, Hind.

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

OMAR

We've been talking to Hind for 8 minutes. The ambulance could have picked her up by now.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM OMAR'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

RANA

Hind?

Omar sits besides Rana and puts on the auxiliary headset.

Rana continues her gentle questioning.

RANA (CONT'D)

Hello.

RANA (CONT'D)

My darling, Hanood.

HIND (V.O.)

Mommy?

RANA

Sweetheart, I'm staying with you until someone comes to get you. All right?

HIND (V.O.)

All right.

RANA

Where are you hiding now? Have you found a safe spot?

HIND (V.O.)

I'm in the car.

RANA

You're inside the car, not outside, right?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

RANA

Is anyone near you? Who can see you, or can speak to you?

HIND (V.O.)

No.

RANA

Well, my darling. Who were you with?

HIND (V.O.)

My whole family.

RANA

Who in your family? How many of them are there? Do you know their names? Can you tell me their names?

HIND (V.O.)

No.

RANA

Were Mommy and Daddy with you?

HIND (V.O.)

No.

RANA

The army shot at you, right, darling? Hanood, sweetheart?

HIND (V.O.)

Come!

RANA

(holding it together)

Okay sweetie, calm down. Listen to me.

RANA (CONT'D)  
I'd like to ask you a few  
questions. OK?

Silence follows.

RANA (CONT'D)  
Hanood?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes...

RANA  
Ok, listen to me. When you were  
shot at, who was with you? Your  
dad...

HIND (V.O.)  
My whole family...

RANA  
Your mother and father were with  
you inside the car? Or just outside  
the car?

HIND (V.O.)  
No.

HIND (V.O.)  
My mom isn't dead.

RANA  
How many siblings do you have?

HIND (V.O.)  
I just have one brother.

RANA  
How old is he?

HIND (V.O.)  
Three years old. My brother is at  
home with my mom.

OMAR  
(into Rana's mic)  
What's your brother's name?

HIND (V.O.)  
Iyad...

OMAR  
Iyad?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes...

OMAR

Iyad... And what's your sister's name?

HIND (V.O.)

I don't have a sister.

OMAR

Who's with you in the car?

HIND (V.O.)

Nobody.

OMAR

You're alone?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

OMAR

There isn't anyone with you? Are you alone in the car right now?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes. I'm here with no family, no mother, no father, no brother. There's only us and Sarah.

RANA

Sarah? Where is Sarah?

HIND (V.O.)

Sarah is next to me.

RANA

Is Sarah with you now?

Rana looks at the avatar taped to Omar's desk.

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

RANA

Hanood, sweetheart. Sarah, she's the one who spoke with Uncle? Right? The one who was talking to you before?

HIND (V.O.)

No.

RANA  
Can Sarah talk?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

RANA  
Is Sarah hurt? Does she have blood  
on her?

HIND (V.O.)  
She has blood on her, yes.

RANA  
Is she next to you, or in the front  
seat?

HIND (V.O.)  
What?

RANA  
Is Sarah next to you?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

RANA  
Sarah can talk? Talk to her.

HIND (V.O.)  
But Sarah is sleeping.

RANA  
Is Sarah sleeping?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

HIND (V.O.)  
Someone's calling me.

The line with Hind suddenly cuts out.

RANA  
Hanood? Hanood?

Rana, puzzled, glances at Omar.

OMAR  
It's her uncle. He's calling me.

Omar, unsure of what to do, looks around for Mahdi. He spots  
him in his office, arguing with a volunteer.

Omar calls out to Mahdi, who answers the call while trying to dismiss the volunteer.

MAHDI  
(to phone, a beat)  
Don't ask me if I've made any  
progress. I'll let you know as soon  
as I have an answer.

Mahdi, clearly irate, hangs up and goes back to the speaking to the volunteer.

Omar musters his courage and picks up the Uncle's call:

OMAR  
(to phone)  
Hello?

Mahdi yells from his office door.

MAHDI  
Go back to your office. I haven't  
been home or seen my children in  
two months. And you can't put up  
with this for 24 hours?

From Omar's expression the Uncle seems to be shouting on the line (we don't hear him).

OMAR  
We are sending an ambulance.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Yes, we're sending an ambulance.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
I wanted to ask you: Who's Sarah?

Omar listens closely to the Uncle's response

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Do you have a photo of her?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
All right. I will stay in touch.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Thank you.

Omar hangs up and takes off the headset.

RANA  
What did he say?



OMAR

(to Rana)

Someone in the family had Layan and Hind on the phone before me. Only Layan and Hind were alive.

RANA

Who's Layan?

OMAR

The girl I spoke to on the phone first. She's Hind's cousin.

Omar recites the information in a tone that's almost clinical, just hiding his emotion.

OMAR (CONT'D)

In the car there's her aunt, uncle and four cousins.

Omar and Rana listen to a recording of their conversation with Hind from earlier.

HIND (V.O.)

I'm alone, I'm on my own.

RANA

So you're the only one who's awake? No one else is moving, covered in blood?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes, they're covered in blood. Please, don't leave me.

Rana gets back on the line with Hind.

RANA

So if I'm not mistaken, in the car, there's your uncle, your aunt, and their four children, and they're asleep. So they're with you?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

RANA

Hanood, then let them sleep. At home, when the others are asleep, we shouldn't make any noise, right? Let them rest a while. The trip must have tired them out.

Omar, stands up and heads over to Mahdi...

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE

OMAR

The girl is in there with six  
corpses. Call the Red Cross.

Mahdi stares at him.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Mahdi, she thinks they're asleep.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM OMAR'S DESK

Rana continues in the same soothing tone:

RANA

It's true that they were hit by  
gunfire, and it's true that they  
are bleeding. But right now, they  
need to sleep. You can say they're  
sleeping, right?

HIND (V.O.)

I said they are dead! They're all  
dead.

RANA

What, darling?

HIND (V.O.)

They're dead.

RANA

They're dead?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes. They're dead. There are only  
dead bodies. My whole family.  
They're all dead!

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE

Omar listens to the Rana's call with Hind. He takes off the  
headset.

OMAR

(to Mahdi)

Send the rescuers! What's your  
problem? They just need 8 minutes  
to save the girl!

MAHDI

Without coordination, those 8 minutes can cost them their lives, Omar.

OMAR

Mahdi, those guys are skilled, and have saved a lot of lives. Please call them, it's not their first rescue.

MAHDI

Omar, you're going to finish me off today.

Mahdi points to a poster titled "Humanitarian work Martyrs" with images of more than a dozen people.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

See all these people? Take a good look at them.

Mahdi points to a man.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

He had two children.

He points to another.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

He had four. Three girls and one boy.

He points to a woman.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

She'd just gotten engaged. I knew them well. They had families, children, stories, dreams, and ambitions, like you and me. Bombed. We've lost them all. They were our best rescuers. I promised myself I'd stop, if one more photo was added to this wall. We need to guarantee a safe route, approved by the army, so they can carry out the rescue.

OMAR

How can you coordinate with the army who killed them and all those people?

MAHDI

Are you kidding me? Are you kidding? I never coordinate directly with the army. We go through the Red Cross or the West Bank Ministry of Health.

Omar nods.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM

Rana listens to a recording of her conversation with Hind.

RANA

How did they hit you?

HIND (V.O.)

They shot at us.

RANA

They shot at you from a house? Or were they on foot? Or from an airplane?

HIND (V.O.)

No, from a tank.

RANA

They fired from a tank.

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

Rana is on the line with Hind again.

RANA

What do you like? How were you like, at school?

HIND (V.O.)

A school kid.

OMAR

Do you have any water in the car?

HIND (V.O.)

No.

OMAR

Any food?

HIND (V.O.)  
No. Nothing at all.

Rana leans toward Omar and whispers.

RANA  
Talk to her about something else.

Omar racks his brain, trying to distract the little girl.

OMAR  
What grade are you in?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Hanood?

HIND (V.O.)  
I'm in the Butterfly class.

OMAR  
What?

HIND (V.O.)  
The Butterfly class.

OMAR  
You're in preschool? Hanood?

HIND (V.O.)  
I can't hear you.

OMAR  
I said, are you in preschool?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

OMAR  
What's the name of your school?

HIND (V.O.)  
A Happy Childhood.

OMAR  
A Happy Childhood?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

OMAR  
Are you very good at school?

Omar persists, trying to keep the little girl engaged.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
What color do you like?

HIND (V.O.)  
I don't like anything!

OMAR  
What color?

HIND (V.O.)  
I don't like anything!

OMAR  
What color clothes are you wearing?

HIND (V.O.)  
I can't hear you.

OMAR  
I can hear you. Talk to me.

Rana makes an authoritative gesture, demanding the headset.

RANA  
I'll talk to her. She's more comfortable with me.

OMAR  
(to Hind)  
Wait, Hanood.

HIND (V.O.)  
I'm all alone.

RANA  
I know you're alone. But God is with us.

HIND (V.O.)  
Stay with me.

RANA  
I'm with you. I'm with you sweetheart until someone comes to get you. I won't leave you on your own.

HIND (V.O.)  
When they come, will you hang up?

RANA  
No, I'm staying with you. I'm with you.

(MORE)

RANA (CONT'D)  
If someone from the army arrives,  
don't hang up, stay on the phone.

Rana removes her jacket.

RANA (CONT'D)  
I'm with you.

HIND (V.O.)  
Ok.

Omar looks at Rana with admiration. She's beyond exhausted but has just made a promise to the little girl.

RANA  
Hanood, darling. Let's talk, but  
I'm going to ask you to look out  
the window. If you can, of course.  
But if you prefer to see nothing  
and hide, do that. Can you see from  
the window what's going on out  
there?

RANA (CONT'D)  
What, darling?

HIND (V.O.)  
They're shooting at me.

Rana removes her headset and rushes into Mahdi's office.

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE

RANA  
They're shooting at her, Mahdi.

Mahdi puts on his headset and begins to make a phone call.

RANA (CONT'D)  
Tell me, what do you like?

HIND (V.O.)  
Please, come get me!

Tears well up in Rana's eyes. She struggles to steady herself.

HIND (V.O.)  
I'm scared.

RANA  
Repeat: Dear God...

HIND (V.O.)  
Dear God...

RANA  
Protect us...

HIND (V.O.)  
Protect us...

RANA  
Do you want us to recite the Koran?

HIND (V.O.)  
Ok.

RANA  
Let's pray, OK?

HIND  
Yes.

RANA  
In the name of God, the Beneficent,  
the Merciful.

HIND (V.O.)  
In the name of God, the Beneficent,  
the Merciful.

RANA  
All praise is due to God, the Lord  
of the Worlds.

HIND (V.O.)  
All praise is due to God, the Lord  
of the Worlds.

RANA  
The Beneficent, the Merciful.

HIND (V.O.)  
The Beneficent, the Merciful.

RANA  
Master of the Day of Judgment.

HIND (V.O.)  
Master of the Day of Judgment.

RANA  
Thee do we serve and Thee do we  
beseech for help.



HIND (V.O.)  
Thee do we serve and thee do we  
beseech for help.

RANA  
Keep us on the right path.

HIND (V.O.)  
Keep us on the right path.

RANA  
The path of those upon whom Thou  
hast bestowed favors.

HIND (V.O.)  
The path of those upon whom thou  
hast bestowed favors.

RANA  
Not of those upon whom they wrath  
is brought down.

HIND (V.O.)  
Not of those upon whom thy wrath is  
brought down.

RANA  
nor of those who go astray.

HIND (V.O.)  
nor of those who go astray.

RANA  
Amen.

HIND (V.O.)  
Amen.

RANA  
God has spoken the truth.

HIND (V.O.)  
God has spoken the truth.

RANA  
Well done, you recite so well!

HIND (V.O.)  
(crying)  
Come and get me, please.

RANA  
Don't cry, do you want more  
prayers?

HIND (V.O.)  
The tank is next to me.

RANA  
Where is the tank?

HIND (V.O.)  
Next to me.

RANA  
Is the tank next to you?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

RANA  
Is it moving or did it stop? Did anyone get out?

HIND (V.O.)  
No, it's moving forward.

RANA  
It's moving?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

RANA  
Is it coming from the side, from behind or from in front?

HIND (V.O.)  
From the front.

RANA  
It's coming from the front of the car?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

RANA  
Is it close?

HIND (V.O.)  
Very, very close.

RANA  
Is it coming towards you?

HIND (V.O.)  
The tanks are here! Please, come.  
The tanks are coming!

RANA

Hanood?

Rana's face drains as the connection with Hind abruptly cuts off. Panic floods her. She redials frantically, but the line is dead.

Rana keeps redialing.

Mahdi approaches from his office.

RANA (CONT'D)

The line is bad, I'll call her back.

Omar approaches her, eyes brimming. Rana, fighting to control her own panic, tries to reassure him.

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mahdi speaks in English on the phone.

MAHDI

No please, you have to do something. You have to push them.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

I know, I know.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

Please, please.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM

Rana listens to the recording of her most recent call with Hind.

HIND (V.O)

The tanks are coming!

HIND (V.O) (CONT'D)

Very, very close!

RANA

Is it coming towards you?

HIND (V.O)

The tanks are here! Please, come.  
The tanks are coming!

She replays the recording.

3 photos appear in the WhatsApp chat - a little girl, Hind, with wide, innocent eyes. An angelic smile.

Rana's heart races. Omar arrives.

OMAR  
What happened?

RANA  
I'm trying to call her back.

Omar writes "60 + 8 minutes" on Mahdi's window and walks into his office.

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE

OMAR  
We've been on the phone with her  
for an hour.

Mahdi glances over at the operations room, where Rana is.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
We only needed 8 minutes to save her!

A volunteer rushes in.

VOLUNTEER 3  
Excuse me. A man named Mohamed  
Hamada keeps calling. He wants to  
speak to the head of coordination.  
On line two.

OMAR  
It's her uncle. Talk to him.

Exhausted, Mahdi hesitates, before picking up the call.

MAHDI  
(into phone)  
Hello.

Omar lights a cigarette. Mahdi without hesitation snatches the it from his lips while covering the phone.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
You can't smoke in here.

Omar rolls his eyes. Mahdi's intently trying to field the uncle, Mohamed Hamada's barrage of questions.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 I know it's long.

Mahdi grabs a pen and approaches the glass that separates his office from the main room.

Mahdi begins drawing lines and circles on the glass as he speaks, like a professor mid-lecture.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Our ambulance is 8 minutes away  
 from the girl, but to send it, we  
 have to call the Red Cross.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 Not in Geneva. They have an office  
 in Jerusalem.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 Then they call the COGAT...

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 COGAT? It's a unit of the Israeli  
 Ministry of Defense that  
 coordinates activities in the  
 occupied territories.

On his mobile, Omar searches "Ahmed Madhoun". A number pops up with ID photo — a handsome young man in Red Crescent paramedic uniform.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 No, it's not the soldiers on the  
 ground. This is another  
 intermediary.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 The soldiers on the ground send us  
 a secure route so that our  
 ambulance can move without being  
 targeted.

Mahdi's anger is boiling, sickened by the bureaucracy.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 (on phone)  
 But they don't send us the route  
 directly. It goes through COGAT,  
 then to the Red Cross. The Red  
 Cross sends us the route.  
 (MORE)

MAHDI (CONT'D)

But receiving the route doesn't mean we have the green light. The green light to deploy the ambulances is another step from A to Z.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

I have to follow this procedure to the letter, because if we don't, they could shoot at our ambulances, and say it's our fault.

Omar stands and moves behind Mahdi's computer. He searches Google Maps for walking directions from the Baptist Hospital to Fares gas station: 40 minutes.

Omar takes a picture of his map on his mobile and makes another phone call.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

(on phone)

I know, everywhere else, they send an ambulance immediately.

Mahdi notices the walking route displayed on the computer screen and concludes his call...

EXT. TERRACE - CONTINUOUS

...and follows Omar, who is whispering into the phone.

OMAR

The only way is to jump from building to building. You stick to the walls.

(beat)

Yes, like Spider-Man. It's 40 minutes away, maximum an hour. You can do it, Madhoun.

Mahdi yanks the phone from Omar and speaks into it..

MAHDI

Madhoun, you're not going anywhere until I tell you!

OMAR

What are you doing?

MAHDI

And you?

OMAR

What are you doing? The guy can save a lot of lives. Why are you acting like this?

MAHDI

It's the right thing to do.

Omar and Mahdi shout at each other...

OMAR

What you are talking about. They'll save her, they're real heroes. Not like you, a coward hiding behind your desk!

MAHDI

I'm a coward?

OMAR

Fuck your green light! Fuck your coordination!

MAHDI

People die every second!

MAHDI (CONT'D)

Every second!

OMAR

Do you want them to die too?

OMAR (CONT'D)

It's because of people like you that we're occupied!

Rana approaches the windows from the inside and holds up the printed photos of Hind.

INT. RED CRESCENT OFFICE

Rana walks to her desk, pastes Hind's photo among the other portraits of the killed, and begins to write "Hind Rajab" beneath it.

Omar shakes his head in denial, refusing to accept the reality. He grabs the photo from her hand.

OMAR

She's not dead.

He rushes back to his desk, trying to call Hind again.

MAHDI

Nisreen, please come.

INT. RED CRESCENT DISPATCH ROOM

Nisreen holds Rana, choking on her tears.

NISREEN  
Take a deep breath.

RANA  
I couldn't save her.

NISREEN  
I understand. Drink some water.  
Drink.

Rana takes a sip of water.

NISREEN (CONT'D)  
Take a deep breath. Look at me. You  
did the best you could. Take a deep  
breath.

Rana breathes deeply, holding in sobs.

NISREEN (CONT'D)  
Rana, You did the best you could.  
Let's go outside and catch our  
breath.

Nisreen leads her to the terrace.

NISREEN (CONT'D)  
Come on, darling

INT. DISPATCH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MAHDI  
(to Omar)  
Cigarette?

OMAR  
You can't smoke in here.

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mahdi answers his phone and speaks in English

MAHDI  
Hello? Yes.  
(beat)  
Not yet.  
(beat)  
(MORE)



MAHDI (CONT'D)

Thank you for calling me, but this is no longer necessary. We lost the girl.

He hangs up the phone.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACE - DAY

Nisreen drapes Rana's coat over her shoulders.

RANA

A woman who was about to give birth called. She was alone and under siege with her 10-year-old sister. We called an obstetrician who helped us over the phone. He guided the little sister on what she had to do. Step by step. I was on the phone. It took five hours. She gave birth. It was magical hearing that baby's cry. I felt so useful! I can't describe the feeling. I did my makeup!

Rana bursts into laughter through her tears.

RANA (CONT'D)

I don't know what came over me.

CUT TO :

INT. DISPATCH ROOM OMAR DESK - DAY

Omar looks at a photo of Hind on the computer.

He messages the WhatsApp chain, 'Can you send me her mother's number?'

INT. DISPATCH HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

OMAR

(to phone)

Hello, are you Hind's mother? I'm calling from the Red Crescent.

Omar pulls the phone away from his ear, the panic in her voice almost overwhelming.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
May I ask a question?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Please listen, don't shout at me. I  
just have one question. When was  
the last time you spoke to Hind?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Right now, before I called you?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
All right!

Omar hastily finishes the call with Hind's mother to find  
Rana.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
(to Rana)  
The child is alive! Come with me.

RANA  
She's alive!

OMAR  
She's alive!

Rana is stunned. Stops in her tracks and races back toward  
the operations room. In her haste, her coat slips off her  
shoulders and falls to the floor.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM OMAR DESK

OMAR  
Hanood?

A small whimper comes from the other end.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Hello? Don't hang up. Stay on the  
line.

Omar hands his headset to Rana. Then he then rushes over to  
Mahdi's desk, eager to share the news.

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Mahdi is on the landline with the Red Cross, Omar by him.

MAHDI  
 (to phone, in *English*)  
*Hey Vanessa, how are you? The girl  
 is alive!*

Omar presses in close to Mahdi, eager to listen in.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
*No! Please, re-establish  
 coordination!*

Mahdi's face darkens. Omar can't believe what he's hearing.

OMAR  
 Did she just say she's sorry?!

MAHDI  
 (to phone, *English*)  
*Why not?!*

OMAR  
 Why?!

CUT TO:

INT. DISPATCH ROOM OMAR DESK

Rana is on the line with Hind. Nisreen listens on the auxiliary headset.

HIND (V.O.)  
 It will be dark soon.

RANA  
 What?

HIND (V.O.)  
 It's getting dark soon. I'm scared.

RANA  
 Can you speak a little louder?

Hind cries softly in the background.

CUT TO:

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE

Mahdi tries to step away from Omar, who's literally breathing down his neck.

MAHDI  
 (to phone, *English*)  
*Yes, I know, all of Gaza needs help!*

Omar, boiling over, snatches the phone from Mahdi.

OMAR  
 (to phone, *English*)  
*Call the army back!!*

OMAR (CONT'D)  
 Pass her to me, Mahdi.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
 (to phone, *English*)  
*Hello? No, no, no. Listen. They're shooting at a car with a little girl inside, surrounded by dead bodies. Can you imagine that? Who talks to these people? You do, right?! So do fucking something!*

Mahdi tries to get the phone back, not wanting to escalate things with the Red Cross.

Omar listens intently, then explodes with anger, dodging Mahdi's hand as he tries to grab the phone.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
 (in *English*)  
*THEN FUCK YOU!*

His contact has clearly hung up. He furiously throws down the receiver and explodes in a fit of rage.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
*SHE SAYS 'SORRY'! THEN SHUT THE FUCK UP!*

NISREEN  
 What's happening?

OMAR  
 I WON'T ACCEPT THIS!

NISREEN  
 Omar. Omar. What's going on?

Nisreen turns towards Madi.

NISREEN (CONT'D)  
 What's going on?

MAHDI

The Red Cross doesn't want to coordinate anymore.

NISREEN

So what? It's not a big deal. Call our Ministry of Health. You still have options.

Mahdi picks up the phone.

Omar writes "+ 120" on Mahdi's window.

MAHDI

(on the phone)

Mahdi speaking, from the Red Crescent. Please may I ask you to coordinate with the army and send an ambulance? The little girl is trapped in a car with the corpses of her family, surrounded by tanks and bombing. The place is under siege. We need coordination.

(beat)

Thank you, Doctor. I'll wait to hear from you. I'll send the details. Our rescuers are ready.

Mahdi hangs up the phone.

NISREEN

What's happening?

MAHDI

We're on again.

NISREEN

What?

MAHDI

Back to square one.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM

HIND (V.O.)

Do you hear?

RANA

Yes, my dear.

HIND (V.O.)

They're shooting at me!

RANA  
I hear that they're shooting at  
you.

HIND (V.O.)  
Come get me.

HIND (V.O.)  
Please, come!

RANA  
Sweetheart...

HIND (V.O.)  
I'm all on my own!

RANA  
I swear, I wish I could come.

HIND (V.O.)  
Ask your husband to bring you here.

The child's request brings a faint smile to Rana's face.

RANA  
Ask my husband to take me to you?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

Rana invents an answer.

RANA  
My husband is at work. He can't  
take me.

HIND (V.O.)  
Call him.

RANA  
You want me to call him?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

RANA  
Ok, I'll call him.

Rana removes her headset and heads toward Mahdi's office,  
where Mahdi is on the phone.

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RANA  
Still nothing?

NISREEN  
We're talking to the Ministry of  
Health.

RANA  
And?

Mahdi covers the phone with his hand, addresses her..

MAHDI  
We're waiting.

Rana, exhausted, trudges back to her desk.

INT. DISPATCH ROOM, OMAR'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

After a deep breath, Rana picks up the call again with renewed determination.

RANA  
My husband is far away.  
We won't be able to come straight  
away. We live far away.

HIND (V.O.)  
What time is it?

RANA  
What?

HIND (V.O.)  
What time is it? I'm afraid of the  
dark.

Rana looks out the window. The sun is setting. She tries to sound optimistic..

RANA  
You said it's getting dark, right?  
But there's still some light left.  
We still have some time.

CUT TO:

EXT. TERRACE - EVENING

Mahdi and Omar lean over the terrace ledge. Omar smokes a cigarette and offers one to Mahdi.

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Night has fallen. Mahdi walks into this office. Omar has pasted photos of Hind on his office windows.

Omar erases "120 + 8 minutes" and replaces it with "150 + 8. minutes"

MAHDI  
*(in English on the phone)*  
*I have already contacted several*  
*people. I even contacted the*  
*ambassador. I need your help.*

Mahdi, clearly having received a flat refusal, shakes his head.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 I need an influential contact.

Mahdi glances at his watch.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 I know that the offices are closed.  
 I need a personal contact.

INT. OPEN SPACE - CONTINUOUS

Omar speaks frantically on the phone. It's clear he's talking to Hind's mother, Wesam.

OMAR  
 I understand ma'am, I swear I do,  
 but...I really understand.

He gestures for Nisreen to come over to help.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
 Very well, ma'am. My colleague is  
 trying to reassure her.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
*(to Nisreen)*  
 It's Hind's mother. Talk to her, I  
 can't take it anymore.



NISREEN  
 (to phone)  
 Hello.  
 (beat)  
 Is your son next to you?  
 (beat)  
 Thank goodness for that! We hope to  
 bring Hind back to you. May you be  
 together again.

CUT TO:

INT. DISPATCH ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HIND (V.O.)  
 Please, I'm scared. Please come.  
 It's dark. Come!

Nisreen sits next to Rana and listens through the 2nd earpiece.

NISREEN  
 (to Rana)  
 Calm down. You're stressing her  
 out.

HIND (V.O.)  
 Take me away!

RANA  
 We'll come, sweetie, but it won't  
 be me.

HIND (V.O.)  
 Come!

RANA  
 If only I could come... I don't  
 have that power. But like I said,  
 we're organizing the coordination.  
 I hope it works out.

HIND (V.O.)  
 What?

RANA  
 What is coordination?

Rana exchanges a helpless look with Nisreen, unsure how to explain. Nisreen leans in and whispers:

NISREEN  
 Explain it to her as if it were a  
 family.

Rana catches on..

RANA

Here, at the Red Crescent, me, my brothers and sisters, we have a father, OK? And the soldiers in the tanks also have a father, OK? Our father has to talk to their father, so we can send our brother to save you and his sons don't shoot at him.

HIND (V.O.)

But now they're shooting.

RANA

Yes, I can hear that they're shooting.

Hind speaks indistinctly through her tears. Rana wipes her own:

HIND (V.O.)

Call someone to pick me up.

HIND (V.O.)

Call my uncles... Call them...and tell them to come get me.

Rana is drained, the emotion taking its toll.

RANA

Who?

The line goes dead.

RANA (CONT'D)

Hanood?

Mahdi, determined, steps forward.

MAHDI

One moment please. Leila needs to get the recordings. We'll post them on social media, and send them to the press.

NISREEN

Yes, sure.

Nisreen takes off her headset.

NISREEN (CONT'D)

(to Rana)

Come and take a breather.

Rana doesn't remove her headset and watches as Leila retrieves the recordings.

RANA  
(frantically)  
Leila, hurry, I have to call her  
back.

Rana angrily rips off her headset.

RANA (CONT'D)  
Can I have another headset?

NISREEN  
The headset works fine.

RANA  
No, it doesn't.

NISREEN  
It's because she is far from the  
phone.

Rana grabs back the headset.

RANA  
I want to talk to her. Nisreen, let  
me talk to her.

NISREEN RANA (CONT'D)  
You'll break the earpiece! Let me talk to her!

RANA (CONT'D) NISREEN (CONT'D)  
Give it to me! Rana, calm down.

RANA (CONT'D)  
Leave me alone, Nisreen!

NISREEN  
You're going to stress the kid out.

RANA  
The important thing is to save her.

NISREEN  
You must calm down.

RANA  
I don't care what happens to me! I  
can die!

NISREEN  
Rana, you have to recenter  
yourself.

RANA  
(to phone)  
Why are you screaming? What  
happened to you?

HIND (V.O.)  
(inaudible)  
... help...

RANA  
Your eye?

Hind's response is muffled, the speaker seems to be distant.

RANA (CONT'D)  
Hanood, sweetheart. Oh, my darling.  
Speak with me, my love, but calmly.  
Because I can't hear you. And don't  
hang up. Stay on the line.

HIND (V.O.)  
Ok.

Nisreen, who's listening closely, tries to whispers to Rana

RANA  
Darling.

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes?

RANA  
I just want to ask you a question.  
Does your eye hurt?

Hind's anxiety spikes again, and fragmented words tumble out..

RANA (CONT'D)  
What happened? Your voice isn't  
always clear. Talk to me slowly so  
I can hear you.

Hind continues to scream, but the sound is distant.

CUT TO:

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE

Mahdi stands over Leila, listening to the recording

MAHDI  
Will you put it in English too?

The recording continues to play. Omar listens in horror.

CUT TO:

INT - DISPATCH ROOM

RANA  
She says she's scared.

RANA (CONT'D)  
(to phone)  
Hanood?

HIND (V.O.)  
I'm hurt.

RANA  
Who's hurt?

HIND (V.O.)  
Come get me.

Her screams escalate, then the line goes dead.

NISREEN  
She said she was hurt?

NISREEN (CONT'D)  
Hurt?

Rana gets up and rushes towards Mahdi's desk

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

RANA  
She's bleeding! She's hurt, do something!

MAHDI  
Publish that she's hurt and she's bleeding.

OMAR  
(sarcastic)  
That's great idea. And don't forget to write it in English.  
(in English)  
'She's bleeding. She's hurt.'

Omar becomes serious.

MAHDI  
 Seriously? Check out social media.

Omar pulls out his phone and angrily scrolls through his X feed.

OMAR  
 Take a good look. Children's bodies  
 ripped apart on the side of the  
 road. Do you really think the voice  
 of a terrified little girl will  
 spark their empathy? She needs an  
 ambulance.  
 (rising loudly)  
 The rescue team!

Nisreen tries to deescalate the situation.

NISREEN  
 Omar, I beg you. We're all on edge.

He presses a number on his mobile. Hind answers.

OMAR  
 (to phone)  
 Hind, sweetie?

They all surround him.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
 Are you hurt?

NISREEN  
 (to Omar)  
 Put her on speaker.

Omar puts the call on speaker.

OMAR  
 Hanood? Hanood?

HIND (V.O.)  
 (inaudible)  
 ...the ...the doctor.

RANA  
 A doctor?

OMAR  
 You want to see a doctor?

HIND (V.O.)  
 The doctor has to come.

OMAR

My dear, I spoke with a doctor.  
He'll come and get you. Stay where  
you are, OK?

RANA

(to Nisreen)  
She's hurt!

NISREEN

She doesn't sound like she's  
wounded. She must have blood on her  
from the bodies around her.

Omar tries to brainstorm a way out of this nightmare.

OMAR

Hanood, you know the way home?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes, I know where my house is.

OMAR

What?

HIND (V.O.)

But come get me.

Rana, panicking, leans into Omar to speak directly to Hind:

RANA

Don't move, darling. Stay in the  
car.

Leila records the conversation on a phone.

HIND (V.O.)

(inaudible)  
It's hard to breathe.

RANA

What, sweetheart?

HIND (V.O.)

I'm stuck, I can't get out. Come  
get me.

RANA

They're all around you. If you go  
now, we don't know what might  
happen.

The line abruptly cuts off. Leila stops recording.

RANA (CONT'D)  
It cut off. Get up, Omar.

Omar frantically tries to call Hind back.

Mahdi receives a call on his mobile.

MAHDI  
Hello? Doctor. Do you have any news?

Mahdi looks uncomfortable, clearly taking heat from the person on the other end of the line. Nisreen walks over to looking for an update.

NISREEN  
Is that the Ministry of Health?

MAHDI  
(on phone)  
Yes, I'm the one who called the ambassador.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
(on the phone)  
Yeah, I know the protocol. One intermediary at a time. It was just an informal call. The little girl is bleeding. We don't really know what to do.

NISREEN  
Do we have the green light?

Mahdi shakes his head, signaling no.

Omar grabs Mahdi's phone to speak to the Ministry of Health official. Mahdi doesn't want to hand the call over.

OMAR  
Give it to me.

Omar addresses the official directly, trying to sound diplomatic.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Doctor, the coordination will obviously take all night. I've got a better idea. Can you call the army and tell them there's a little girl asking for help?  
(MORE)



OMAR (CONT'D)

All they need to do is get her out of there and take some pictures for their propaganda. Tell them to let her live. She knows her way home.

The caller hangs up.

NISREEN

If I were an Israeli soldier, I'd do that.

MAHDI

Where do you think we live? Do you really think that they haven't spotted her? Their tanks are equipped with infrared sensors. A red light that detects heat sources. Corpses don't show up. She'll show up in red on their detector. They can probably hear her.

Rana has the receiver pressed to her ear, focused and tense.

RANA

The sound is gone. I can't hear her.

Omar takes the receiver, pressing it hard to his ear.

OMAR

She's breathing! She can hear you.

He hands the receiver back to Rana. Rana, reassured by Omar's certainty, leans into it.

RANA

(to Hind)

You know, I've been trying to call you with the phone, to make sure you were ok, but Uncle Omar beat me to it. Uncle Omar is always one step ahead of me. He's always on the ball.

MAHDI

Did we lose her?

OMAR

Wouldn't that be convenient for you.

MAHDI

Shut up.

Omar puts the line on speaker.

Suddenly, a route between the Baptist Church and the Fares gas station appears on the wall projection.

A serious expression forms on Mahdi's face. He remains still for a moment then steps in front of the projector to block the map projected on the wall.

In the background, Rana struggles to get a response from Hind..

RANA

You know, when I have a daughter,  
I'll call her Hanood. Can you hear  
me?

OMAR

She hears you.

Omar lifts his head and locks eyes with Mahdi. He glances at the empty screen and approaches Mahdi, who pretends to look away.

RANA

Hanood, could you have muted the  
mic?

Omar tries to look at the assistant's screen.

MAHDI

What do you want?

OMAR

What are you hiding?

Panicked, Mahdi slams his laptop shut. Omar stares, incredulous.

OMAR (CONT'D)

Open the laptop.

MAHDI

No.

OMAR

Then move over.

MAHDI

I'm not moving. It doesn't concern  
you.

Mahdi's phone rings. He answers, his voice strained.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 Good evening, Doctor. I've just  
 received it. Thank you very much.

Mahdi hangs up. Omar, in disbelief, stares at him.

OMAR  
 Open your laptop. Move over.

MAHDI  
 Omar, enough.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 Move over!

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
 No.

OMAR  
 You're going to move.

MAHDI  
 No chance.

OMAR  
 Open the laptop.

MAHDI  
 No.

OMAR  
 What are you hiding?

OMAR (CONT'D)  
 (to the assistant)  
 Open the laptop please.

Finally, Mahdi gives in. He opens his laptop and shows them  
 the map he received.

Nisreen lets out a sigh of relief.

NISREEN  
 At last!

Omar points at the map urgently.

OMAR  
 Call the rescuers.

MAHDI  
 No. The girl isn't speaking.

OMAR  
(in denial)  
She's alive.

Mahdi tries to ground them in reality.

MAHDI  
She was bleeding, and now she's  
silent.

NISREEN  
She can hear us. We keep promising  
that we're on our way. She doesn't  
believe us anymore.

OMAR  
The girl is still breathing and  
she's alive. Please, talk to them!

MAHDI  
Even if she's alive. We need the  
green light.

OMAR  
Ah, the green light.

Omar pulls out his phone and takes a photo of the map  
displayed on Mahdi's screen.

But Mahdi, anticipating the move, snatches the phone from  
Omar's hands.

MAHDI  
Give me that.

OMAR  
My phone!

A scuffle, with the two men. Almost ridiculous.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Mahdi give me my phone!

Rana, distraught, watches them grapple, powerless. She turns  
her back on them, searching for a way to stay focused despite  
the chaos swirling around her.

Their fight erupts in a loud crash - a broken lamp. The two  
men back away from each other.

RANA

(into phone)

Did I tell you my brothers and sister at the Red Crescent are coordinating? I swear, we are doing what we can. We need to coordinate to get there.

Still nothing on the line.

Rana is at breaking point. Nisreen gestures to take the phone.

NISREEN

Rana, honey, let me talk to her. Let me try. It'll be fine. Get some rest. Give it to me.

Rana finally gives in, and Nisreen takes over.

NISREEN (CONT'D)

I know your spirit is strong. The spirit of a warrior who loves life. I'm going to ask you to take a breath. A deep breath. Imagine you're smelling a flower. Smell the flower, hold the air you've breathed in.

Nisreen takes a deep breath.

In the background, Rana, Omar, and Mahdi follow Nisreen's instructions themselves.

NISREEN (CONT'D)

Hold the air for a moment. Hold it for a moment. Then imagine blowing out a candle. And we'll be able to inhale and exhale. Inhale, exhale. A long exhale. Take a deep breath, like we said. We smell the flower then blow out the candle. Close your eyes.

Omar, Rana, and Mahdi close their eyes.

Nisreen's calming voice seems to ease the atmosphere, but still no sign of life on the line.

NISREEN (CONT'D)

Close your eyes and remember the sea. The sun shining on the sea.

NISREEN (CONT'D)

Remember how you swam in the sea.  
How you played in the water and the  
sand. All of those scenes. Remember  
that and imagine them in front of  
you. Imagine the sea of Gaza. The  
sand of Gaza. The beach, soft and  
pleasant. How soothing it is when  
you walk barefoot on the sand.

Suddenly, a trembling voice emerges from the nothing.

HIND (V.O.)

Hello?

Omar's eyes snaps open, he rushes toward Mahdi, heart racing.

NISREEN

Ah, my darling.

OMAR

(to Mahdi)

She's there!

NISREEN

Hanood, my dear. I hear you  
darling?

Rana moves closer to Nisreen, eyes wide, seeking the voice  
they had been waiting for.

HIND (V.O.)

Hello?

NISREEN

Yes, Hanood.

HIND (V.O.)

Who are you?

NISREEN

I'm Nisreen, sweetie. I'm Rana's  
sister. I'm Nisreen.

Mahdi rushes to his desk and dials.

Hind interrupts indistinctly.

NISREEN (CONT'D)

What, Hanood?

HIND (V.O.)

Save me.

NISREEN

I'll stay on the line with you until you see someone from the Red Crescent by your side. We're going to save you, sweetheart. Ok, darling?

MAHDI

(to phone)

Doctor, the girl's still on the line, she's begging us. Any news about the green light?

Mahdi hangs up. Sinks into his office armchair. He and Omar, are frozen. Nisreen speaks into the phone in the background.

NISREEN

I'm so happy to finally hear your voice.

Nisreen turns to Mahdi.

NISREEN (CONT'D)

So?

MAHDI

Still no green light.

NISREEN

What are they waiting for?

MAHDI

What do you want me to say? I don't make the rules. I've told you a thousand times. No green light, no ambulance.

A VOLUNTEER rushes in, adding to the palpable tension.

VOLUNTEER 1

Mahdi, Hind's mother is screaming on the phone. Will you talk with her?

Mahdi struggles to breathe, overwhelmed by all this pressure directed at him.

RANA

We have to save her. I'm begging you.

OMAR  
We only need 8 minutes to save her.  
We've been talking about it for  
hours! Mahdi give me the phone.

MAHDI  
Leave me alone.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
I'm going to speak to them.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Mahdi, give me my phone.

Mahdi stands and exits. Omar, Rana, and Nisreen follow.

INT. RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mahdi takes refuge in the restroom, slamming the door shut behind him. Omar, Nisreen, and Rana exchange worried glances.

MAHDI  
I'm not coming out until we get the  
green light.

Mahdi slides to the ground.

Omar taps gently on the door.

OMAR  
Give me my phone, please.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Mahdi?

Omar's phone slides under the restroom door.

Omar retrieves it, sits on the floor with his back to the door and starts playing a video game.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
Come on, Mahdi. Go on then, play.  
Come on.

Mahdi pulls out his phone and begins playing. Tears stream down Mahdi's face as he plays.

CUT TO:

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Nisreen and Rana sit together, talking with Hind on speaker.



HIND (V.O.)  
Come get me quickly.

NISREEN  
We'll be there soon.

HIND (V.O.)  
Save me.

NISREEN  
Of course, my treasure. Yes,  
sweetheart. Just like I promised.

Hind interrupts.

HIND (V.O.)  
I'm dying.

NISREEN  
My darling, you're fine. You're  
alive, you're breathing and you're  
talking to me.

HIND (V.O.)  
I'm dying.

Rana, pale as a ghost, stands up and then stumbles and faints. Nisreen rushes to her, calling out. In the background, Mahdi's empty desk phone starts ringing.

Nisreen suddenly realizes the phone is ringing. She leaves Rana and rushes to Mahdi's desk and answers it.

Suddenly, her face lights up. She rushes out to share the news with Rana, who is leaning on the paramedic's arm.

NISREEN  
We've got the green light. WE'VE  
GOT THE GREEN LIGHT! Mahdi, we've  
got the green light.

CUT TO:

INT. MAHDI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

On his screen, a red dot marks Zaïno's ambulance, moving slowly along a blue line drawn on a map of Gaza. The ambulance has just begun its journey.

OMAR  
Hind? Hanood?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes...

OMAR

We're coming to get you.

MAHDI

(to phone)

Yes, Zaïno, I got you!

ZAÏNO

OK. The street I'm on is...

AHMED

(to phone)

Jamal Abdel Nasser Street. Exactly.  
Then turn left. You'll be there in  
no time. You and Madhoun will do  
great.

Omar speaks to Hind's mother, Wesam on his mobile phone.

OMAR

(to phone)

Yes, ma'am. The ambulance is on its  
way. I'll put you on speaker. Your  
daughter can hear you.

Omar places the two phones next to each other.

OMAR (CONT'D)

You can talk to her, she can hear  
you.

WESAM (V.O.)

Hanood?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

WESAM (V.O.)

I love you. Mommy loves you. We all  
love you, sweetheart. Are you  
alright?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

WESAM (V.O.)

Be careful.

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

WESAM (V.O.)  
Don't be scared, be as brave as a  
lioness. OK, darling?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

WESAM (V.O.)  
They are on their way, don't be  
afraid.

NISREEN  
We are on our way, very close.

WESAM (V.O.)  
They are almost there darling. OK?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

On the interactive map, the ambulance is stuck at a turn.  
Mahdi hangs up his mobile phone.

MAHDI  
We got cut off.

WESAM (V.O.)  
What's happening?

RANA  
Mahdi, why are they stopping?

Omar points to the screen.

OMAR  
They're not moving now.

MAHDI  
There's no network, the connection  
is down.

OMAR  
Call back. Try Madhoun, if Zaïno  
doesn't respond.

Mahdi dials Madhoun. It goes to voicemail.

MAHDI  
Madhoun isn't answering. There's no  
network.

RANA  
Maybe he...

OMAR

No.

Mahdi gets a hold of Zaïno.

MAHDI

(to phone)

Zaïno, why aren't you moving?

Omar is stressed. Mahdi shakes his head in frustration.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

(to phone)

Don't move. Wait for my call, OK?

Mahdi hangs up and dials another number.

RANA

What's going on?

MAHDI

The road is blocked. A bombed-out building has collapsed. They must be changing route.

Rana points to the screen.

RANA

They're very close.

MAHDI

It doesn't look like that anymore. The map hasn't be updated. It's all been destroyed.

OMAR

(to phone)

Hanood, darling? The car will arrive soon, in ten minutes. The road is a bit difficult.

Mahdi takes a call on his mobile.

MAHDI

(to phone)

Hello, Doctor. The ambulance is stuck at the crossroads of Dahchane Street and Al-Seena Street. Or what's left of it.

Rana listens over Mahdi's shoulder.

MAHDI (CONT'D)

Our guys are... we need to correct the route.

Hind's mother continues to talk over speaker.

WESAM (V.O.)

May God soften the hard hearts towards you.

Mahdi continues to speak with the doctor.

MAHDI

(to phone)

Yes, doctor. They won't move without the army's approval.

NISREEN

(to Wesam)

Don't hang up. I'm here.

MAHDI

(to phone)

Za'ino? I've got a change of route. Yes, it's from the army. You turn left and go five meters, no more. Stop after no more than five meters. Then go left, and you're back on the original route.

OMAR

Thank God for that.

RANA

Come on.

OMAR

(to Hind)

Hanood, darling. One minute to go. The car is moving slowly.

Nisreen, joyful, immediately leans over the phone.

NISREEN

Great news from Uncle Omar!

ZA'INO (V.O.)

I'm on... I'm not sure. I took a right from...

MAHDI

That's the Arab League Street, right?

ZAÏNO (V.O.)

Exactly.

MAHDI

Turn right. It's 400 or 500 meters away, maximum.

NISREEN

(to Wesam)

Ma'am, they're near her. A quarter of a mile away. Just 400 meters. They're behind her.

WESAM (V.O.)

I'm with you, darling. They are on their way.

Mahdi is on the with the ambulance crew on his cell phone.

MAHDI

(to Zaïno)

They pointed a green laser at you?

(beat)

All right, that means they've identified you.

Omar and Rana let out a sighs of relief and gratitude.

Wesam's voice comes through the speakerphone.

WESAM (V.O.)

Have you coordinated?

MAHDI

There's been a coordination, ma'am.

Mahdi joins, switching his phone to speaker too.

ZAÏNO (V.O.)

What?

MAHDI

I'm speaking to the family.

NISREEN

(to Wesam)

We've coordinated. We've been working on it for three hours. Don't worry.

ZAÏNO (V.O.)

It's Fares station?

MAHDI  
Yes, are you close?

ZAÏNO (V.O.)  
I'm nearly there. Is the little girl there?

MAHDI  
The little girl is in the car with bullet holes.

ZAÏNO (V.O.)  
There's a red light in the distance.

WESAM (V.O.)  
Can you hear the ambulance sirens?

ZAÏNO (V.O.)  
Should I go and see the little girl?

MAHDI  
Can you see the car?

ZAÏNO (V.O.)  
No, I can't see a thing.

MAHDI  
Did you turn on the sirens and lights?

ZAÏNO (V.O.)  
Not the sirens. But I turned on the lights. There she is!

BOOOOM! The sound of an explosion through the speakerphone.

MAHDI  
Hello?

Everyone is frozen, eyes locked on Mahdi's computer screen.

The sound of the explosion down the phone line still lingers, echoing in their ears.

An automated "Out of coverage" message begins to play.

MAHDI (CONT'D)  
We lost them.

OMAR

No. The line went dead. Call them back, please.

MAHDI

Ask her if there's been any shooting.

Nisreen leans over the landline

NISREEN

Was there a shot fired, Hind?

WESAM (V.O.)

Hanood, was there a shot fired?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.

The real Nisreen, struggling to stay calm, asks:

REAL NISREEN

Was there a shot fired or not?

WESAM (V.O.)

She said yes.

REAL NISREEN

I think she said yes automatically. Please check with her. This information is really important.

WESAM (V.O.)

My darling.

HIND (V.O.)

Yes?

WESAM (V.O.)

Was there a shot fired?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes?

The real Omar leans in closer to the phone, seeking clarity:

REAL OMAR

Hanood, darling, it's Uncle Omar talking. Hanood, darling?

HIND (V.O.)

Yes.



REAL OMAR  
Can you concentrate a little like  
you did this afternoon?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

REAL OMAR  
OK, let's go. Did you hear a shot  
fired like before?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

REAL OMAR  
Are you sure?

HIND (V.O.)  
Yes.

Omar steps away from the phone, while Nisreen, seeks  
definitive confirmation:

NISREEN  
So, she heard a shot?

WESAM (V.O.)  
Yes, she heard it.

Nisreen nods, exchanging a look filled with fear with her  
colleagues, silently acknowledging the seriousness of the  
situation.

REAL MAHDI (O.S.)  
Has anyone come to see her?

The real Nisreen asks the question again:

REAL NISREEN  
Can I ask you something? Can you  
ask Hanood if anyone came to see  
her? Did our rescuers come to see  
her?

WESAM (V.O.)  
Hanood, did someone come to see  
you?

HIND (V.O.)  
No.

WESAM (V.O.)  
Did somebody come looking for you?

HIND (V.O.)

No.

Real Nisreen is disappointed. She shakes her head at her colleagues.

The real Mahdi, riddled with worry, runs his hand over his head, eyes locked on his computer.

WESAM (V.O.)

The ambulance is there?

HIND (V.O.)

No.

WESAM (V.O.)

Don't you have any information?

REAL NISREEN (O.S.)

They're very close.

REAL MAHDI

We know that...

REAL NISREEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The ambulance is very close to her,  
but it looks like...

REAL MAHDI

We've lost contact.

REAL NISREEN (O.S.)

Maybe they're waiting for approval  
to go through, they're really  
close. We can see them on the  
computer.

The real Mahdi keeps redialing.

REAL NISREEN(O.S.) (CONT'D)

We're trying to reach them, but the  
line is...

REAL NISREEN (CONT'D)

Let's hope that... She'll see them  
any minute.

Mahdi, visibly frustrated, joins Omar, who's pacing behind real Nisreen. He asks for a cigarette while dialing a number on his phone.

MAHDI

(on the phone)

Do you have any news, Doctor?

Omar hands Mahdi a cigarette...lights one for himself.

REAL MAHDI  
(on the phone)  
The little girl is waiting for  
them. They're close by.

Mahdi steps away to continue the conversation, leaving real Nisreen in the foreground, trying to maintain a reassuring tone despite the tension.

REAL MAHDI (CONT'D)  
They got onto Arab League Street.

WESAM (V.O.)  
May God protect you, my darling.

NISREEN  
Don't worry, it will be ok. But she  
has to hide, like Uncle Omar told  
her.

WESAM(V.O.)  
Hide between the seats and cover  
your head.

REAL NISREEN  
She's clever, she knows what she  
has to do.

FADE TO BLACK.

WESAM (V.O.)  
I'll be waiting for you sweetie. My  
love, my darling. Mommy's love.

CARD:

Hind's voice disappeared at 7:30PM.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM, GAZA - DAY (ARCHIVE)

Archive interview with Hind's mother, Wesam.

WESAM  
Then, contact with Hind was lost.  
Everyday, I would go to the Baptist  
hospital to wait for my daughter. I  
was convinced that my daughter was  
alive. Maybe she was with the  
rescuers, maybe the army had taken  
her. There were so many  
possibilities. I kept saying that  
my daughter was alive and well.

CARD:

The fate of Hind, Zaïno & Madhoun remained unknown for 12 days under siege, until the Israeli army withdrew.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF ARCHIVE FOOTAGE

A mangled white vehicle panel marked "AMBULANCE", in front of its charred, exploded metal frame.

Red Crescent workers wearing disposable face masks sift through the mangled wreckage.

Their gloved hands carefully gather fragments of bone, placing them into a white sheet.

The human remains of the paramedics Youssef Zaïno and Ahmed Madhoun, being collected from the wreck of their ambulance.

CUT TO:

Archive photograph of a young man standing in front of an ambulance

SUPER: *Ahmed Madhoun*

CUT TO:

Archive photograph of another young man leaning against the ambulance

SUPER: *Youssef Zaïno*

CARD: 355 bullets hit the Hamada family's car

Archive photo of the wreckage of the bullet-riddled Hamada Kia Picanto car, crushed, twisted and shot to pieces.

CUT TO:

Handheld archive footage reveals the twisted, bullet-riddled black Kia Picanto car in which Hind, Layan, her other cousins Sarah, Mohammad, Raghad, and her aunt Ana'am and uncle Bashar were killed.

Through the windows, blurred figures are barely discernible inside, but hundreds of bullet holes are clear.

Hands gently lower bodies from a trunk, lifting the covers just enough to check their identities.

Seven bodies, wrapped in shrouds, are lined up on the ground.

CUT TO:

Archive photo of Bashar, Ana'am, Layan, Sarah, Mohammed and Raghada Hamada, the family killed in the car

SUPER: *Hamada Family*

CUT TO:

Archive of Wesam, being led by men to an area where the bodies are, wrapped in white shrouds. They indicate Hind's, and she kneels and then gently strokes where her face would be through the shroud.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM, GAZA - DAY (ARCHIVE)

Wesam sits with her three-year-old son Iyad by her side. She sighs heavily.

CUT TO:

Archive video from Wesam's phone of Hind singing lying on her bed.

WESAM (V.O.)

Hind loved the sea. The sea was like a friend to her. She used to say: "I just want the war to end, to go to the sea and play in the sand."

Archive phone video of Hind playing in the sand with her brother, Iyad.

CUT TO BLACK.

END