

No Time For Love

written by

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INT. A MOTORWAY TUNNEL - LIT

Sporting black leathers JOSH 22 carelessly weaves in and out of the traffic riding his 550cc motorcycle.

CAR HORN!

Through the flash of headlights he swerves oncoming traffic and narrowly misses a head-on collision, before he regains control.

EXT. HOUSING ESTATE - EVENING

Josh stops his motorbike outside a block of housing trust flats where a POLICE CAR is stationed next to an AMBULANCE. Blue lights flash as a CROWD gathers nearby.

He pulls off his helmet and turns off his ignition then climbs off his motorbike and races towards the opened door of his brother's flat.

His big brown eyes show concern as PARAMEDICS exit the flat with a body inside a body bag.

He leans over and unzips the bag to look at the cadaver.

A uniformed CONSTABLE steps in and pulls him to one side.

CONSTABLE

Stop that.

JOSH

He's my brother.

CONSTABLE

And your name is?

JOSH

Josh. Joshua Gold.

CONSTABLE

And the deceased?

JOSH

Nicholas.

The Constable makes notes as Josh watches the ambulance drive off with his brother's body inside.

CONSTABLE

In case you were wondering how he ended up in that body bag, he OD'd. The needle was sticking out of his neck when that lot arrived.

JOSH

(sighs)

It's alright. I'm not surprised. It was only a matter of time. We all tried to tell him, but it was impossible. He wouldn't listen to anyone.

CONSTABLE

D' you want us to inform your parents? We can do it... it's no problem. No problem at all.

JOSH

Na, you're alright. I'll do it. It'll be better coming from me.

CONSTABLE

Sorry, we had to break in. He'd locked himself inside.

JOSH

Oh, that's okay.

CONSTABLE

We've called a locksmith. He should be here within the hour, that's what he said anyway, if you want to stick around.

JOSH

Yeah, yeah, I wait.
(sighs)
Who called the ambo?

CONSTABLE

A neighbour.

He looks at his notebook.

CONSTABLE (CONT'D)

Brian Tierney - number fourteen.

JOSH

Cheers.

CONSTABLE

Is there anything else I can do?

JOSH
Not really. Thanks.

The Constable climbs back inside his vehicle.

Josh stares through the open door and wipes a solitary tear from his face.

INT. KINGS ARMS P.H - NIGHT

Josh leans over the bar, deep in thought. He picks up his beer and sinks a mouthful, before he is joined by SARAH 20 - a brunette with wild grey eyes and a mouth that won't close.

SARAH
Josh, where the hell have you been?
It's half-past ten for god sake.
Why didn't you message me to let me know where you were?

JOSH
I needed some space.

SARAH
What, to drown your sorrows?
(pauses)
Anyway, where've you been? Why are you here on your own like Billy No Mates?

He ignores her and sinks another mouthful of beer.

JOSH
D' you wanna drink?

SARAH
Well, yeah.

Young BARMAN approaches. She passes him a friendly smile.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(to Barman)
Can I just have a Bombay gin and slimline tonic, please?

BARMAN
Single, or double?

SARAH
Double. Thanks.

BARMAN
Sure.

JOSH
She's paying.

SARAH
(snarls)
Fine.

Barman turns his back and prepares the drink.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(to Josh)
So, what's going on, then?

JOSH
(sighs)
Nicky.

Barman completes her drink.

BARMAN
Nine-sixty.

Josh taps his card before they walk towards a cubicle and sit down.

SARAH
What's happened?

JOSH
I went to see him after work.

SARAH
Yeah. And?

JOSH
The police were there, and an ambulance. I watched them bring him out in a body bag.
(cries)
He OD'd.

SARAH
Oh my god! Why didn't you call me and let me know? I would have come straight there.

A protracted silence. She gazes into his teary eyes.

JOSH
(solemnly)
I knew it would happen to him sooner or later. We kept warning him.

SARAH
(reflects)
OD'd?

JOSH
Yeah.

SARAH
I never knew.

JOSH
I know.

SARAH
What was he taking?

JOSH
Smack. And anything he could lay
his hands on.

SARAH
Your parents must be distraught.
Shouldn't you be with them right
now, instead of burying your head
in a pint of beer?

JOSH
I can't do that sort of thing.

SARAH
He was your brother, Josh... their
son.

JOSH
(irked)
I know, I know.

SARAH
Why did you need to see him?

JOSH
He knew someone who wanted to buy
the bike.

She knocks her drink back and gets to her feet.

SARAH
I'm going. You coming, or staying
here?

JOSH
Nah, I'm coming

He drinks up and they exit together.

ONE MONTH LATER

EXT. CEMETERY - RAINY DAY

Josh kneels down and places flowers at his brother's grave.

JOSH

Mum says nobody gets out of this world alive, doesn't she?

(muted chuckle)

You should've listened to her, bruv.

(thoughtful pause)

We miss you. If only you would've listened to the people who care about you, you'd still be here, bruv.

(tearfully)

I know you can hear me. The dead have ears too, you know?

(pauses)

Just remember we all love you, no matter what you did with your life.

He climbs to his feet and brushes himself down.

JOSH (CONT'D)

See you on the moon, brother.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

An alarm plays a deafening sound as Josh stirs beneath the quilt. He finally awakens and checks his watch.

CU: TIME 8.35

JOSH (ASIDE)

Shit!

He jumps out of bed in just his underwear and exits.

INT. LIFT - DAY

Josh stands with a cappuccino in one hand, his crash helmet in the other.

DING. The lift door opens.

He is immediately confronted by a short, stocky, and bespectacled JACK 60. He checks his wristwatch and shakes his head in annoyance.

JACK

Late again, I see. That's the third time this month.

JOSH

I know, I know, and I'm really sorry. I overslept. It won't happen again, I promise.

JACK

You're absolutely right it won't happen again, you're fired!

JOSH

Oh c'mon, Jack! It wasn't entirely my fault. I overslept. My brother's just died.

JACK

I don't want to hear your excuses. You're fired! You'll be paid what you're owed at the end of the month. Get lost.

Jack rushes off to deal with another issue.

Josh's shoulders sink into his body, before he presses the button to go back down in the lift.

INT. APARTMENT - MORNING

Josh opens the door and steps inside. He is immediately met by Sarah, dressed in a black peignoir. Her hair dishevelled, her mascara smudged, and shock written all over her pale face.

SARAH

Josh, what are you doing back?

JOSH

I've been sacked.

SARAH

(angrily)

Sacked! What for?

JOSH

Being late again.

SARAH

(shrugs annoyance)

Oh no. Not again.

JOSH

Yeah, I know, I know. I'll get another job, don't worry.

SARAH

It's the fourth fucking time in as many months, Josh.

JOSH

(dejectedly)

I know. Don't worry about it. It's my problem, not yours

SARAH

Well, I can't take it anymore, Josh. We can't go on like this. We're just going around in flipping circles. Quite frankly, I've had enough. I want you out, now! You can get your things later. I've gotta go out.

He stares at her in dismay.

JOSH

(furrowed brow)

Why are you still dressed like that, then?

SARAH

What?

JOSH

You heard. What's going on? Who have you got up there?

He races up the stairs. She chases after him.

SARAH

No! Don't go up there, Josh!

INT. BEDROOM

He steams inside and spots biracial friend SONNY 22. He jumps out of bed naked and crouches down by the window.

JOSH

Sonny! What the fuck are you doing in my bed, you dirty backstabbing cunt!

Sarah blocks him off as he steps forward in a threatening manner.

SONNY
 (fearfully)
 I'm sorry, mate. I never-

SARAH
 (furiously)
 Leave him out of this! It's not his doing, it's mine! I invited him here, because you're a fucking waste of space!

JOSH
 (to Sonny)
 You've got five seconds to get the fuck out of my flat, before I fucking nail you to that wall, you dirty cunt!

SARAH
 No! Sonny, stay. He can't do anything to you. I'll call the police if he lays one hand on you.

JOSH
 You what?

SARAH
 You heard. Now just go, will you?

He focuses his eyes upon her as she trembles and shakes with fear.

JOSH
 What are you saying... I should be the fucking one to leave?

SARAH
 That's right. I want you to get your things and get out, now. This is my flat, not yours. So get out, or I'll call the police. I mean it, Josh. I'm not messing about. We're finished. It's over.

JOSH
 (reflects torment)
 Fair enough. If that's what you want, I will.
 (pauses)
 I always thought you were a cheap shag anyway!
 (to Sonny)
 Actually mate, you can fucking have her.

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

She's only good for one thing, and she ain't even good at that either.

SARAH

At least I'm not a useless tosser, like you!

JOSH

A lovely girl you've turned out to be. I'll collect me things sometime after you've finished sucking his dick.

(knowingly)

By the way, she's got chlamydia.

SONNY

I'm sorry, Josh. I never knew mate, I swear to ya.

JOSH

Bollocks, you lying cunt!

SARAH

They'll be outside in plastic bags within fifteen minutes.

Josh slams the door shut behind him. She sighs with relief.

SONNY

I better go.

SARAH

No, don't go. Stay.

He looks at her and shakes his head.

SONNY

No thanks. I've caused enough shit as it is. I've lost a mate.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Josh revs his accelerator then races off with a stuffed backpack.

INT. ARMY CAREERS HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Josh enters and approaches the bench. He's met by a tall, well-built SERGEANT in uniform.

SERGEANT

How can I help?

JOSH
(nervously)
Oh. Hi.

SERGEANT
What can I do for you?

JOSH
I was thinking about signing up.
What do I have to do?

SERGEANT
(grins inwardly)
Are you?

JOSH
Yeah.

SERGEANT
What made you decide to join the
army?

JOSH
I'm just at a loose end, really. I
want a change of direction.

SERGEANT
Are you sure this is for you?

JOSH
I think so.

The Sergeant notices an abstinence in his demeanour.

SERGEANT
Things not going too well?

JOSH
Not really.

A short silence as the Sergeant studies him further.

SERGEANT
I'll give you some good advice,
shall I?

JOSH
Yeah.

SERGEANT
If you're really serious about
signing up, come back next week and
we'll go through the necessary
procedures. How does that sound?

JOSH
Yeah, good. OK.

He turns around and marches out.

SERGEANT (ASIDE)
(under breath)
Twat.

The Sergeant shakes his head knowingly.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bleached blonde MRS GOLD 48 sits at the table with a hot drink and cigarette in hand.

Fed up Josh appears and kisses her upon the cheek, before he sits down at the table.

MRS GOLD
(dispassionately)
Where've you been?

JOSH
Up town. I went to sign up today.

MRS GOLD
What for?

JOSH
The army.

MRS GOLD
(aback)
I've lost one son, Josh. Please don't let me lose the only one I've got left... fighting somebody else's wars.

JOSH
They didn't want me, anyway. I'm no good to anyone, so don't worry, it's not going to happen.

MRS GOLD
Don't be so silly, of course you are. We're just all down at the moment, what with Nicky's overdose. Your father won't even talk to me. For all he cares I could be dead, as well. He wouldn't even notice. He thinks it's my fault for what happened.

JOSH

Well, maybe he should take some of the blame himself while he's at it.

MRS GOLD

That's right.

JOSH

All he's ever does is sit on his backside watching the racing.

MRS GOLD

That's right.

She stares at him with great sadness in her eyes. He gets up and gives her a hug.

JOSH

I love you, mum, but I've gotta get away from here, otherwise I'm gonna go fucking mad.

He sits back down at the table.

MRS GOLD

I wish I could join ya, son. We're just rotting away.

JOSH

I was thinking of joining the Foreign Legion.

MRS GOLD

Now that's just stupid. You don't wanna be doing that. You'll get yourself killed fighting other people's wars.

(pauses)

Why not a kibbutz?

JOSH

(aback)

A Kibbutz? What's that?

MRS GOLD

Fruit picking. Jill's boy did it... said he had a fantastic time out there. He said he met lots of lovely people from all over the place. Jill said it changed him for the better. He came back a different person to the one that left.

(pauses)

(MORE)

MRS GOLD (CONT'D)
I'll ask her for the name of the
website, if you want me to.

JOSH
No need. I'll find it on the
computer.

MRS GOLD
Fair enough.

He gets up and exits. She lights another cigarette.

EXT. CENTRAL LONDON STREET - DAY

The sun shines brightly as Josh walks along and looks over
his black shades at the door numbers.

CU: A wide open black door with gold numbers states the
number 67.

He enters and climbs the narrow staircase.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Josh takes a seat among six other PEOPLE of his approximate
age and sexes.

Agency rep, ELOISE 20s enters through a door that leads to a
small office. She has a friendly round face and purple, pixie
hair style.

CU: Her name tag - ELOISE

ELOISE
(accented)
Joshua Gold?

He gets to his feet.

JOSH
That's me.

She smiles warmly at him.

ELOISE
Come this way, please, Joshua.

He follows her.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Tall climbing plants are situated beneath a large sash cord window. Photographs and prints of Kibbutzim life scattered about the walls.

POV: A photo of a group of young volunteers of different nationalities sit around a campfire, among a number of cabins. They look happy to be there.

ELOISE

Take a seat, Joshua. Or would you prefer I call you Josh?

JOSH

My friends call me Josh.

He sits down.

ELOISE

So let me introduce myself. I'm Eloise, and I represent Project Sixty-Six.

(taps her name tag)

So, where did you hear about us, Josh?

JOSH

Your website. It looks really interesting.

ELOISE

So, you know what we do, then?

JOSH

Yes.

ELOISE

So, tell me what attracted you to the kibbutz in the first place?

JOSH

Oh well, the outdoor life, I s'pose. It looks like a great opportunity for me to get away and learn about another culture.

ELOISE

Only if you put the effort in, Josh, will you get something out of it.

JOSH

I think it'd be a really good experience for someone like me.

ELOISE

Are you on a gap year, or something?

JOSH

No, no. I'm not a student. Far from it. I'm actually a graphic designer. I'm just at a loose end, that's it really. I need a change of scenery.

ELOISE

So do you think you'll be able to get up at five every morning and pick fruit six days a week?

JOSH

Yeah. I can't see why not.

ELOISE

You might be asked to do other work around the kibbutz. Would that be a problem for you?

JOSH

No. That'll be fine.

ELOISE

So, let me tell you something about kibbutzim: Kibbutzniks are very hard working people and they expect the same from volunteers. You might be asked to work in the gardens, or with poultry, for example. This'll sound awful, but have you ever rung a chicken's neck?

JOSH

(chuckles)

No, I haven't, but I can think of a few humans I wouldn't mind doing that to.

ELOISE

(aback)

That's a joke, right?

JOSH

Yeah, sorry, it came out a bit wrong.

ELOISE

I'm sorry I have to ask you this, Josh, but are you running away from anything, or someone?

JOSH

I s'pose I am if you include relationships.

ELOISE

It's none of my business, but do you want to tell me about it?

He puffs out his cheeks and exhales.

JOSH

So my brother died a couple of months ago.

ELOISE

Oh, I am sorry to hear that, Josh. That must be awful for you and your family.

JOSH

Oh, that's okay. He overdosed on heroin. He was an addict.

ELOISE

Oh, that's so sad. I knew someone that happened to as well - Gothenburg, back home where I'm from in Sweden.

JOSH

It was terrible.
(reflects)
And then I went and lost my job.

ELOISE

Oh no!

JOSH

And to top that off, I caught my girlfriend in bed with my best mate.

ELOISE

Oh god! That is so hard to digest.

JOSH

I know. You could say that.
(pauses)

(MORE)

JOSH (CONT'D)

So I need to sort my head out, really. That's why I need the opportunity to get away and clear my head.

ELOISE

Well, you might be pleased to hear there's no time for love on a kibbutz, Josh. But that doesn't mean to say there isn't plenty of time for fun and games.

JOSH

Ah, I'm done with all that stuff to be honest.

ELOISE

Well, just as long as you promise that you will behave yourself while you're out there. Remember you are in someone else's country. Respect them, and they will respect you back.

JOSH

I will. I really need to do this. I need to prove to myself I'm capable of knuckling down.

ELOISE

Well, if you are willing to work hard there shouldn't be any problems. But always remember that you will be judged upon how hard you are prepared to work, Josh.

JOSH

Yeah, yeah, I will, I will.

ELOISE

Just to check, you are sure this is something that will inspire you? Because there is no way we will be able to help you find another kibbutz once you are out there. Some volunteers find themselves drifting around on moshavs, and we wouldn't want to feel responsible if something happened while you were out there, you understand?

JOSH

Yeah, no, it's all good.
 (thoughtful pause)
 By the way, what's a moshav?

ELOISE

(smiles knowingly)
 It's a co-operative farm, similar to kibbutz, but unlike kibbutzim you get paid in cash. But you do have to support yourself. And it can be very exhausting. I know that some of our volunteers have ended up on a moshav just to earn the fare home.

JOSH

It's fine. I won't let that happen.

ELOISE

Just one other thing I should mention - Try and avoid political discussion with kibbutzniks, regarding people who live outside kibbutzim. They have their own opinions on that, so best not get into it with them.

JOSH

No fear of that. I'm not political, or religious.

ELOISE

Great! Consider yourself a volunteer, Josh.

She gets to her feet and walks around the table.

ELOISE (CONT'D)

Welcome to Project Sixty-Six. We will be in touch with you soon.

JOSH

(aback)
 Is that it?

ELOISE

(pleasantly)
 That's it. You can go and tell everyone you are going to work on a kibbutz.

JOSH

Right, I will. And thank you.

He gets to his feet.

ELOISE
You do have a valid passport, I
take it?

JOSH
Yeah, yeah.

ELOISE
Bye then, Josh.

He bears a huge grin as she ushers him out into the waiting room.

ELOISE (CONT'D)
(calls out)
Julia Stonehouse.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT/EXT. BEN GURIAN AIRPORT - DAY

Josh wheels his trolley case as he marches towards the busy exit, along with a mixed group of eight other British VOLUNTEERS.

His POV: ARMED SOLDIERS in uniform of both sexes mingle with travellers while some observe as they guard exits.

Thick set laughing Irishman JERRY 20. He has short cropped hair and a thin moustache. He carries a GUITAR HARD CASE and a large rucksack strapped over his shoulders.

JOSH
(to Jerry)
What's going on here? There's
soldiers everywhere, man.

JERRY
(grins)
Yeah, like Belfast back in the day,
man.

JOSH
By the way, I'm Josh. Good to meet
ya, bro.

JERRY
Jerry.
(pauses)
Where are you from?

JOSH
East London.

JERRY
Cockney boy, eh?

JOSH
Actually, my mum's Irish, from
Dublin. I carry two passports, just
in case.

JERRY
Nice one. I've only got one -
British.

JOSH
So you're not Irish, then?

JERRY
Northern Ireland - British.

JOSH
OK. Ignore my ignorance. But
whatever it is, it's cool.

JERRY
You're alright, man. It's all
bollocks anyway.

They chuckle as they walk towards a bus packed with
commuters.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Mrs Gold sits at the table and nervously smokes a cigarette.

DOORBELL.

She quickly stubbs out the butt end, then gets to her feet
and exits.

INT/EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Mrs Gold opens the street door to Sarah.

MRS GOLD
(hostile tone)
What do you want?

SARAH
Hello, Mrs Gold. Can I speak to
Josh?

MRS GOLD
He's not here.

SARAH
Oh. D'you know where he is?

MRS GOLD
You're too late, he's gone.

SARAH
Gone where?

MRS GOLD
Israel, if you must know.

SARAH
(aback)
Israel?!

MRS GOLD
That's right, cloth ears.

SARAH
What's he doing there?

MRS GOLD
Work.

SARAH
Doing what?

MRS GOLD
I don't know. You'll just have to
ask him when he gets back.

SARAH
Can you give him a message if he
calls?

MRS GOLD
What for? You're not together
anymore, as far as I'm aware.

SARAH
He's not replying to my messages,
or calls.

MRS GOLD
Well maybe you should take the
hint and leave him alone.

An awkward silence.

SARAH

Well, just let him know I came to see him? I just want him to know I'm really sorry about what happened.

MRS GOLD

Tell him yourself, slag!

Mrs Gold slams the door in her face.

EXT/INT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

A hot sunny afternoon as the group of Volunteers exit the bus and walk towards-

VOLUNTEERS QUARTERS

A small patch of grass surrounded by twenty-four concrete built CABINS, some covered in artistic colourful graffiti Each numbered 1-30 - Many occupied.

Perpendicular, a small outside kitchen diner where VOLUNTEERS make pancakes and drink beer, or fruit juice.

A FEMALE group from Norway sunbathe on the lawn wearing skimpy bikinis as Coldplay rings out from one of the cabins.

Josh and Jerry appear. They drop their luggage in unison and stand awestruck from the tantalising aesthetics.

JOSH

(smirks)

Wow! I think we've hit the jackpot mate.

JERRY

(exhales)

Welcome to paradise, man.

They share a knowing grin.

They are quickly met by friendly volunteer leader RENATE 27. She's a cuddly Dutch girl with pouting lips and big brown eyes.

RENATE

Hi there! Welcome to the kibbutz. I'm your volunteer leader, Renate.

JOSH

Hi. I'm Josh from England.

Shakes her outstretched hand.

JERRY

I'm Jerry from Northern Ireland.

Shakes her hand.

RENATE

I'll take you to your cabin.

CABIN

They place their bags upon one of the two beds situated side by side. Each of the 18X18 cabins has a window and a large wardrobe.

RENATE / (CONT'D)

We have volunteers from Finland, Norway and Sweden with us at the moment. We're expecting a group from my country later today - Holland. I'll introduce you to the rest of the volunteers after dinner. And if there's anything you need, you'll find me in the cabin next to the kitchen.

JOSH

Excellent. Thanks.

JERRY

Great.

She steps outside the cabin.

JOSH

What time's dinner? I'm starving.

RENATE

Dinner starts from seven till nine. But if you're really hungry and nice you can ask one of the volunteers in the kitchen to make you a pancake. I'm sure they won't mind.

JOSH

Lovely. Thanks.

CU: Guitar case.

RENATE

I look forward to hearing some live music around the campfire later. Can you play something for us later, Jerry?

JERRY

(sheepishly)
I'm learning, but I'll try.

RENATE

Well, we have plenty of volunteers who play, so you'll be in good company. No pressure.

JERRY

Sure.

She heads off towards the kitchen.

Josh stands inside the door frame and soaks up the sunshine on his pale face.

A Norwegian Volunteer smiles and offers a friendly wave.

JOSH

(waves back)
Hi.

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

KIBBUTZNIKS sit at the far end of the spacious hall.

Josh and Jerry share a long dining table with Volunteers.

Norwegian volunteer TOVA 19. She has cropped hair and watery blue eyes. She stares across the table at them as they eat.

TOVA

(to Josh)
Hi. What's your name?

JOSH

Josh.

TOVA

I'm Tova. Most of us are from Norway.

JOSH

Right.

TOVA
And where are you guys from?

JOSH
London.

JERRY
(interjects)
I'm from Belfast - Northern
Ireland.

She side eyes big busted UNNI 19, seated next to her. She's a green eyed girl with long brown hair and a pale complexion.

TOVA
Unni's from Sweden.

They exchange friendly smiles.

JOSH
Unni.

UNNI
Hello.

TOVA
(grins at Josh)
I think she likes you.

UNNI
(coyly)
Take no notice of Tova, she's
playing with you.

JOSH
(embarrassed)
That's fine. I get it.

TOVA
I'm pulling your leg. Nice
to meet you, guys.

JERRY
And you.

TOVA -
(knowingly)
Oops.

EXT. OPEN TRUCK - DAY

Josh, Jerry and eight Volunteers climb onto the back before they're driven off.

EXT. PARDES - DAY

Oranges are the order of the day as the Volunteers set to work whilst on CHERRY PICKERS. They load the oranges onto the back of one of the many crates connected to a RED TRACTOR.

A curly black haired KIBBUTZNIK 40 waves Josh down from his cherry picker. Josh descends and exits the cage.

KIBBUTZNIK
(accented)
Have you driven a tractor before?

JOSH
No.

KIBBUTZNIK
OK. It's very simple. Let me show you.

He shows Josh how to put the tractor into gear and then brake.

KIBBUTZNIK (CONT'D)
So you will drive tractor to cold store at kibbutz. Do you know way?

JOSH
(shakes head)
Not really.

KIBBUTZNIK
(points direction)
OK. So follow road and you will see kibbutz. Just continue to far end. You will see tall- high building with gate. Please, drive slowly, otherwise crates will come away from tractor. Take your time.

JOSH
OK.

Josh jumps onto the tractor and turns the ignition.

KIBBUTZNIK
And if someone wants to take some oranges for themselves, let them... but don't stop, keep moving.

JOSH
OK.

KIBBUTZNIK

Good.

Josh sets off and drives a long line of crates filled with oranges towards the cold store. He bears a huge grin, since he is in a happy place.

His POV: A clear blue sky above the trees that furnish a clear country lane.

JOSH -
(tearfully)
Heaven.

INT. MEN'S SHOWERS - NIGHT

Josh and Jerry stand under the sprinkle of hot water and wash themselves when black haired volunteers BAMBI 20 and JULIA 21 enter with just a towel wrapped around their petite bodies.

BAMBI
(excitedly)
Hey! Woah!

Josh and Jerry stand agape as they drop their towels and join them in the showers.

JERRY
(guffaws)
Fuck me! What's going on?

JOSH
(flushed)
Hi there!

BAMBI
Don't get ideas boys. We're only here because our showers are broken. We need to share until they're fixed.

JOSH
Yeah, we believe you, don't we, Jerry?

JERRY
Oh yeah.

JULIA
We've got no hot water. It's fucking freezing in there.

JOSH
 (to Julia)
 Get under here, then. You can share
 mine with me.

JULIA
 Really?

She steps under the shower. Bambi joins Jerry.

JERRY
 Whoa! Play time!

They begin splashing one another, during some soapy play
 time.

INT. BUNKER - NIGHT

The bomb shelter serves the Volunteers and where bottled
 beers and alcohol can be purchased and consumed.

Ibiza dance classics ring out as Volunteers chill on bean
 bags while others let their hair down and dance.

Kibbutzniks DAHLIA 18 and IRIS 18. Illegally enter and join
 the Volunteers.

Dahlia is bespectacled and has thick black, curly hair, and a
 large round face.

Iris is shorter and slimmer with long straight hair and a
 smaller face.

Portuguese, MARCO 27 - dark pigmented volunteer introduces
 the girls to Josh and Jerry as they stand against the wall
 with a beer in hand.

MARCO
 So, this is Josh from England. And
 this is Jerry from Northern
 Ireland.

JERRY
 I think my accent gives it away.
 But Belfast, actually.

Dahlia fixes her eyes upon Josh.

DAHLIA
 Hello, Josh. Good to meet you.

JOSH
 Yeah. You alright?

DAHLIA
I am actually. It's my birthday
today. I'm eighteen.

JOSH
(casually)
Happy birthday, then.

DAHLIA
Dahlia.

JOSH
That's a nice name. I like it.

DAHLIA
Have you bought me a present?

JOSH
(aback)
What? No! How could I? I didn't
know it was your birthday, did I?

DAHLIA
(grins)
It's okay. I'm just joking.

JOSH
(reflects)
OK. Close your eyes.

DAHLIA
What?

JOSH
Go on, close your eyes before I
change my mind.

She glances at Iris suspiciously, then complies by closing
her eyes.

He leans forward and pecks her softly upon the lips.

She opens her eyes, dumbstruck and wide mouthed. Iris and
Jerry look at her and burst into laughter.

IRIS
Oh my...

JOSH
Happy birthday, Dahlia.

DAHLIA
(lovestruck)
Oh...

JERRY

Magic.

JOSH

(to all)

I'll get the beers to celebrate.

He walks off and grabs some beers from the crate. Dahlia's eyes follow him with complete adoration.

EXT. VOLUNTEERS QUARTERS - NIGHT

Josh and Dahlia sit around a lit campfire, among other Volunteers. Unni plays guitar and sings "Oh Daddy" by Fleetwood Mac.

DAHLIA

She has a nice voice, doesn't she?

JOSH

Amazing. I could listen to her sing all night.

DAHLIA

I wish I could sound like her. We have a band on the kibbutz.

JOSH

That's cool.

DAHLIA

They're looking for someone to sing... who can sing in English. They play English songs.

JOSH

Tell them I'll do it. I used to be in a band years ago.

DAHLIA

I will speak to Elan. It's his band.

JOSH

Cool.

Unni finishes the song to a round of applause.

White haired AKI (22) from Finland is handed the guitar. He plays "Blowing In The Wind" by Bob Dylan.

DAHLIA

Do you want to see where I live?

JOSH

Sure.

DAHLIA

OK. I'll show you after you sing something.

JOSH

Cool.

Aki gets a round of applause before he hands the guitar to Josh.

UNNI

So what are you going to sing for us, Josh?

His POV: A cluster of coruscating stars set within a clear blue sky.

JOSH.

OK. This is called Yellow - it's by Coldplay.

He plays and sings the song. When he finishes he gets a huge round of applause.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Cheers guys.

DAHLIA

That was so beautiful. You have an amazing voice, Josh.

JOSH

Thanks.

He hands the guitar to Jerry and he quickly passes it to Renate.

Josh gets to his feet then walks Dahlia through the kibbutz towards a pretty bungalow with a front garden.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

They stop outside and hold hands. Dahlia gazes into his eyes.

DAHLIA

So, here we are.

Josh grins knowingly.

JOSH

Nice house. Shall we go in?

DAHLIA

I don't know you well enough to invite you into my house yet.

JOSH

Oh. I'll show you my party trick, then.

DAHLIA

(aback)

What? Sure. But what is it?

JOSH

Just watch closely.

He puts his hands behind his back and locks them together, then brings them over his head whilst still locked together.

DAHLIA

Oh my God! How did you do that? I've never seen anyone do that before.

JOSH

I'm hypermobile.

DAHLIA

But how come?

JOSH

I was born like it.

DAHLIA

You really are different from anyone I have ever met before, Josh.

JOSH

That's a good thing, then.

DAHLIA

It's just really sad that you will leave one day. Everybody who comes here leaves eventually. No one ever stays. It's difficult to like people too much.

JOSH

Well, that's not gonna happen. I have no desire to leave just yet, Dahlia.

DAHLIA

I'm scared if I like you too much.
You will go home and forget all
about me.

JOSH

My mum always says Carpe Diem -
Live for the moment. Worrying about
the future is a wasted worry.

DAHLIA

That doesn't make any sense.

JOSH

Ha! To her it does.

He kisses her upon the lips. She gazes into his eyes with
love.

DAHLIA

Again. I want you to kiss me again.

He repeats the action. She devours him and squeezes him
tightly in her grasp.

DAHLIA (CONT'D)

Your kisses are so-

JOSH

(chuckles)
What?

DAHLIA

Passionate.

JOSH

Passionate? No one's ever said that
before.

DAHLIA

Well don't forget about tomorrow.

JOSH

My bag's already packed. I'm ready
to go. I can't wait.

DAHLIA

(smiles warmly)
Me too.

JOSH

Well, I s'pose we better get an
early night, then.

DAHLIA

Yes. See you at the gate at eight.
We need to catch the early bus. It
will be a long day.

JOSH

I know.

DAHLIA

Kiss me once more, before you go.

They kiss. She's putty in his arms.

JOSH

Night night, flower.

DAHLIA

Goodnight, my handsome Englishman.

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

EXT. DOME ON THE ROCK - DAY

They gaze into each other's eyes as she takes selfies.

EXT. OLD TOWN MARKET - DAY

They stand at a busy market stall. Josh tries on hats while she dresses up in different scarves. She takes more selfies of them laughing and joking.

EXT. MOUNT OF OLIVES - DAY

They gaze at the views over Jerusalem while they eat falafel in pitta bread.

EXT. DEAD SEA - DAY

They take the plunge and soak on the water.

JOSH

This is so incredible. From now on
this is my happy place. I love
Israel.

Dahlia cackles.

DAHLIA
My happy place, always.

EXT. NEGEV - DAY

They ride on a CAMEL as a BEDOUIN leads them through the sandy terrain.

END MONTAGE.

INT. HOSTEL - NIGHT

They share a double sleeping bag. He leans over her and kisses her lips.

 JOSH
What an unbelievable day. I can't believe we did that much in one day. I will never forget this day as long as I live.

 DAHLIA
But there is much more to see. Next time I take you to Hot Springs in Tiberias and Bethlehem.

 JOSH
I'm gonna hold you to that.

 DAHLIA
Good. I want you to.

He strokes her hair and studies her face.

 JOSH
It's just a shame that everyone has to be in the army.

 DAHLIA
I know. Tell me about it?

 JOSH
Will you have to go?

 DAHLIA
Yes. For one year, at least.

 JOSH
I'll miss you.

DAHLIA
 (chuckles)
 Don't be silly. You probably won't
 even be here when that happens.

JOSH
 I will. I'm not leaving, ever. I
 will sign up too if I have to.

They kiss, before they close their eyes to sleep.

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

They exit the bus and walk hand in hand towards the gate. Two
 armed SOLDIERS guard the entrance.

DAHLIA
 (to Soldier#1)
 Why are you here? What is wrong?

SOLDIER#2
 We cannot let you in without ID
 card. There has been a security
 breach.

DAHLIA
 (tearfully)
 But why not? What happened? Where
 are my parents?

SOLDIER#1
 The kibbutz was struck by a missile
 this morning.

DAHLIA
 (shaking)
 What?! But where are my parents?
 Oh God! Where are they? Are they
 safe?

SOLDIER#2
 Please calm down. No one has been
 killed... or hurt, even. But we
 need to see ID before we can let
 you inside.

JOSH
 I'm a British volunteer. I have my
 passport.

SOLDIER#2
 You have passport?

JOSH
Yes.

SOLDIER#1
Show.

Josh shows passport.

JOSH
My cabin is at the volunteer
quarters. I'm a volunteer.

DAHLIA
I'm a kibbutznik. I need to find my
parents.

SOLDIER#1
OK. Please calm down. I will let
you pass in just a moment.

JOSH
(to Soldier#1)
What about the other volunteers?

SOLDIER#2
They are at the pardes. Some are
here.

JOSH
This is terrible. How can this
happen? I thought we were protected
on the kibbutz.

SOLDIER#2
This is Israel, not your country.
Shit happens every day. We live
with it.

DAHLIA
It's true. It's scary living here
sometimes.

SOLDIER#1
OK. Go through.

Dahlia runs straight towards her bungalow.

He runs towards-

VOLUNTEERS QUARTERS

Josh's iPhone rings. He answers the call.

MRS GOLD V.O
Josh, is that you? Can you hear me?

JOSH
 (on phone)
 Yes, mum. What's wrong?

MRS GOLD V.O
That's better.

JOSH
 Mum, why are you calling me?

MRS GOLD V.O
Josh, I want you to come home, now.

JOSH
 What for? What's wrong? I'm fine.

MRS GOLD V.O
Haven't you heard what's going on?

JOSH
 Yeah, I just heard something.

MRS GOLD V.O
It's all over the news.

JOSH
 What is?

MRS GOLD V.O
There's fighting near where you are. Oh, Josh, I'm begging you to please come home, right away.

JOSH
 But I haven't seen anything, apart from a wayward missile. They're exaggerating. It's probably fake news, mum.

MRS GOLD V.O
No, it's not, Josh. A kibbutz was attacked and people were murdered and taken hostage this morning.

JOSH
 Not where I am, no one hasn't.

MRS GOLD V.O
They're killing anyone. I'm watching it on the tele now.

JOSH

OK. I'll find out what's happening and let you know what I'm going to do, alright?

MRS GOLD V.O

Oh, please come home, please, Josh. I don't want anything bad to happen to you. I love you, Josh. You're my only son.

JOSH

OK. OK. I'll call you when I find out a bit more, I promise.

MRS GOLD V.O

Alright. But phone me. I'm worried sick for you.

JOSH

I will, I will. I promise.

MRS GOLD V.O

I love you, Josh. Please be careful.

JOSH

I love you too, mum. And don't worry, I'm a big boy. I'll be fine.

He ends the call and marches towards the kitchen area where he sits down at the table and ruminates.

INT. DINING ROOM - DAY

Chief Kibbutznik JACQUE 50s, a slightly built man with long curly black hair. He carries a heavy beard and has weathered skin.

The Volunteers remain seated at the tables as he approaches with a highly disturbed look upon his face.

JACQUE

I apologise for the short notice, but it is with great sadness that I have to tell you some terribly bad news. I am afraid we are going to have to close the volunteer quarters on the kibbutz immediately, and for the foreseeable future. You will all have to leave with immediate effect.

(MORE)

JACQUE (CONT'D)

A coach will be ready to take you to your chosen embassies in Tel Aviv, or to the airport if that is your choice, so that you can buy a ticket and return home.

Collection of groans.

JACQUE (CONT'D)

As you know this kibbutz was the target of a missile strike from the West Bank earlier today, fortunately nobody was injured.

(deliberate pause)

We will, of course, help you to find alternative accommodation if you so wish, but I would advise you to suspend your working holiday and return home to your countries, until we end this violent attack upon our people, and country.

Josh throws his head in his hands.

JOSH

Oh no.

JERRY

Shit, man. What's going on?

JACQUE

As you have probably heard, our country has entered a dark phase in our history. It is not safe for you to remain in the South of Israel. We are only three kilometres from the West Bank. We have been attacked in the past, so it would not be a shock if they try again.

(sad pause)

If you have any questions, I'll try to answer them as best I can.

JERRY

Would you be able to write me a reference so I can work on another kibbutz in the north?

JACQUE

Of course. But you must remember the north is also under attack from across the border. I personally would follow my strict advice.

(MORE)

JACQUE (CONT'D)

The war will spread to the north also. We are surrounded by our enemies and they want to destroy us.

JOSH

Is there any way I can stay here and help? I really don't want to leave. I like it here.

JACQUE

No. We cannot guarantee your safety, and we would not want to be responsible should you suffer terrible injury. I'm very sorry, but you will all have to leave immediately.

JOSH

But my girlfriend is a kibbutznik. I can't just leave her.

JACQUE

If you give me her name I will speak with her. She will understand, believe me. Kibbutzniks are used to volunteers coming and leaving. Volunteers rarely stay for longer than three months.

JOSH

Dahlia.

JACQUE

Ah. Dahlia. I will speak to her, I promise. She will understand. Now please take all your possessions and wait by the gate for the coaches to arrive.

The Volunteers exit the building.

EXT. KIBBUTZ GATES - DAY

Dahlia clings to Josh's flailing arm.

DAHLIA

(tearfully)

Promise, you will come back one day, Josh.

JOSH

I'm not going home, Dahlia. Me and Jerry are going to get a bus down to Eilat. I hear they're looking for people to work at the coach station.

DAHLIA

I can come.

JOSH

No. It's safer for you to stay here with your people. Anyway, your parents need you to protect them.

DAHLIA

I love you, Josh. Please promise you will come back one day.

JOSH

I will. Let me know when they're allowing volunteers back. I'll be here like a shot, I promise.

DAHLIA

OK.

JOSH

Keep asking when I can come back so I can live here forever.

They hug.

DAHLIA

We speak on phone, yes?

JOSH

You bet. I'll send you photos from Eilat, after I get a job.

The coach arrives and the Volunteers begin to board the bus.

DAHLIA

Kiss me.

They kiss passionately. She falls into a daze before he boards the bus.

She waves him off with a call me sign.

INT. COACH - DAY

Josh stares quietly out of the window as they drive through the Negev. Jerry sits next to him. Josh's iPhone rings. He answers the call.

JOSH
(to Jerry)
Mum.

Jerry acknowledges with a smile.

JOSH (CONT'D)
(on phone)
Mum- I know, I know. I'm travelling to Eilat- For work- Well if that happens I'll find a Moshav- No, everything is fine- I will, i promise- Love you too, mum- Stop worrying, I'm fine.

He ends the call then leans back and closes his eyes.

JERRY
She's worried for you, yeah?

JOSHUA
Yeah. She's seeing things on the tv, that we're not.

JERRY
At least you have a mum who cares. My mum died when I was three.

JOSH
Oh shit, Jerry, I'm sorry to hear that mate. What happened to her?

JERRY
She was killed in a car bomb.

JOSH
(aback)
What! Fuck me mate! That's terrible, man.

JERRY
Yep. She was just in the wrong place at the wrong time.

JOSH
But still...

JERRY

I was too young to understand any of it.

JOSH

I fucking hate politics.

JERRY

Yeah, me too.

A protracted silence.

JOSH

So what happened to going north?

JERRY

I liked your idea better.

They share a chuckle.

JOSH

Well, let's hope we can find some work, otherwise we'll both be looking for a moshav.

JERRY

We could busk.

JOSH

You mean I can busk. You can't even play that thing.

JERRY

I can play Scarborough Fair.

JOSH

Everyone can play Scarborough Fair, mate.

JERRY

Once, there were three of us all playing Scarborough fair at the train station back home. It was hilarious.

They high five.

JOSH

(chuckles)

You nutcase.

EXT. COACH - DAY

Scarborough Fair rings out as they travel towards Eilat.

POV: A topographical view of the coach driving through the dry terrain.

A convoy of scarved MILITANTS on MOTORBIKES race towards the coach. They wave their weapons in the air and fire off bullets.

The coach is finally forced to a stop by the Militants.

INT. COACH - CONT'D

The Militants enter the coach with their Kalashnikovs aimed at the passengers on board. Some female Passengers scream in fear.

MILITANT#1
SHUT UP AND BE QUIET, OR I WILL
SHOOT ALL OF YOU DEAD!

Josh turns to Jerry with a terrified look upon his face.

JOSH
This is it. I should've listened to
her. We're gonna be killed.

JERRY
(trembles)
Time to pray.

MILITANT#1
Right! If there are any Israelis,
or Americans on this coach, stand
up!

Eerie silence. No one stands up.

MILITANT#1 (CONT'D)
OK. So everybody off bus now! Put
hands above your heads!

Josh and Jerry follow everyone off the coach with their hands raised.

EXT. COACH - DAY

MILITANT#2
Everybody put hands up against bus!

They comply with their arms raised against the side of the coach.

One by one the Militants search them and empty the contents of their luggage onto the sand.

A small group of Israeli PASSENGERS are taken aside, along with the DRIVER, then frogmarched behind the coach.

CU: The rattle of machine gun fire as one by one they fall down dead upon the sand, bloodied and riddled with bullet holes.

BACK TO SCENE

The Militants begin to tie the hands of each Passenger behind their backs then blindfold them.

MILITANT#2 (CONT'D)
Get back on bus, now! Move!

INT. COACH - CONT'D

Militant#3 climbs into the driver's seat before the remaining Passengers are ushered back onto the coach.

EXT. RAMALLAH - NIGHT

Josh, Jerry and the rest of the Passengers are manhandled off the coach at gunpoint, then led towards a baying MOB who kick, punch and spit at them as they're forced down into a dimly lit tunnel.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

Mrs Gold sits in front of the TV and watches the news channel as she nervously smokes a cigarette.

The images show a number of Militants attacking a kibbutz and firing off their weapons jubilantly.

NEWSREADER V.0
News just coming through to us from Reuters says that a coach carrying western tourists has been hijacked in the south of Israel by armed militants, and that there has been casualties found dead at the scene by IDF soldiers. We'll bring you more on that story as we get it.

MRS GOLD (ASIDE)
 Oh no, not my Joshua, please don't
 let it be him... please God, don't
 let it be him.

She bursts into uncontrollable tears and sobs.

INT. RAMALLAH TUNNEL - NIGHT

Torches light up the darkness beneath the ground as Josh and Jerry lie with their hands tied behind their back and their head bowed. Other hostages are moved further along.

A MILITANT appears and lifts Josh's chin up with the butt of his AK47. He stares coldly into his eyes.

MILITANT
 So you are Joshua Gold, yes?

He nods his head nervously.

MILITANT (CONT'D)
 And I see by your passport that
 you are Irish, yes?

JOSH
 Yes.

MILITANT
 So why did you come to my country?
 Are you a Jew?

He shakes his head and sobs.

MILITANT (CONT'D)
 Speak while you still have your
 tongue, you Irish pig!

JOSH
 I came to work on a kibbutz.

The Militant searches him further and finds his British passport as he rifles through his bag. He holds the passport up for him to see.

MILITANT
 Ah! To help the Jews.

JOSH
 Well-

MILITANT

But you travelled to my country to help them prosper, yes?

JOSH

I-.

MILITANT

So why you bring English passport as well?

JOSH

In case I lost the other one.

MILITANT

You claim you are Irish, but really you are English, yes?

JOSH

I'm half.

MILITANT

So tell me why your government is supporting Israelis? Why not Palestinians? This is our country. They stole the land from us with the help of your country and those fucking bastard Americans.

Josh shakes his head in dismay as the Militant produces his phone and shows him a screenshot of Dahlia.

MILITANT (CONT'D)

Who is this Jew?

Josh covers his face and whimpers.

MILITANT (CONT'D)

I will kill you after I find her and torture her. I will even let you watch me do it first.

He laughs hysterically as he empties a bottle of water over Josh's head.

MILITANT / (CONT'D)

I will come back later to kill you - both of you.

Josh sits dripping wet as he does the same to Jerry.

Arabic voices shout further down the tunnel and he disappears.

INT. ISRAELI EMBASSY - DAY

INTERCUT:

A bespectacled grey haired OFFICIAL 60s sits behind a desk with phone to ear.

Mrs Gold speaks at the other end of the phone line.

OFFICIAL

I am very sorry to bring you this horrible news, Mrs Gold. As soon as we hear anything - anything at all, I promise to let you know straight away.

MRS GOLD

But you must have some idea where he is? I haven't heard from him in almost a week now. He said he'd call me as soon as he found work in Eilat.

OFFICIAL

Which Kibbutz did you say your son was volunteering?

MRS GOLD

Oh, I don't know the name, do I? The last thing he said when we spoke was that he was going to Eilat to find work, and that was five days ago.

OFFICIAL

Five days ago?

MRS GOLD

Yes. It was the thirteenth - a Wednesday, I think it was.

OFFICIAL

OK. I will try to find out, and let you know if I receive any news of your son's whereabouts.

MRS GOLD

Oh, will you?

OFFICIAL

Of course, Mrs Gold. In the meantime, please try to remain calm. We will do our best to find out what's happened to him.

MRS GOLD

I've already lost one son. And I know what's happening over there you know. I warned him. I told him to come home straight away when I saw that kibbutz being attacked on the news.

OFFICIAL

I know. Believe me, we are doing our very best. And if anyone has taken your son we will find them.

MRS GOLD

It was lucky he wasn't at that other kibbutz.

OFFICIAL

Yes, it was. But leave it with me and I will try and find out exactly where he is. It's not uncommon for volunteers to leave their kibbutz and go off travelling to other countries. I know of many volunteers that have done that.

MRS GOLD

Is it?

OFFICIAL

Yes, it is.

MRS GOLD

But what if he's been kidnapped by those people I saw on the television?

OFFICIAL

It is quite unlikely as you spoke to him after you saw that, didn't you?

MRS GOLD

Sorry to be a pain, but he's my only son. We lost his brother.

OFFICIAL

Think nothing of it, Mrs Gold.

END INTERCUT.

INT. GAZA TUNNEL - NIGHT

Josh and Jerry remain slumped up against the wall. Their exhaustion and pain evident by their groans.

Josh turns to look at Jerry.

JOSH
(quietly)
Jerry, you awake?

Jerry turns his head towards him.

JERRY
Yeah.

JOSH
D' you think they'll kill us?

JERRY
Yeah.

JOSH
We've gotta get outta here. I
don't wanna die under here like an
animal.

JERRY
I know. Me neither.

CRACK!

Jerry yelps as he suffers a boot to the side of the head.

MILITANT
SHUT UP!

He whacks Josh over the head with the butt of a rifle.

MILITANT (CONT'D)
Fuck! English! Irish! American!
Jew!

He marches off as they lie slumped over one another.

INT/EXT. HOUSE - DAY

DOORBELL

Mrs Gold gets to her feet and opens the street door to a smartly dressed middle-aged WOMAN 40s, and a greasy haired MAN 30s. He clutches a soft briefcase.

MAN
(pleasantly)
Mrs Gold?

MRS GOLD
(aback)
Yes?

MAN
We're from Prisoners Abroad. We understand your son is Joshua Gold. Is that correct?

MRS GOLD
Yes, that's right. Have you heard anything?

WOMAN
Yes, we have.
(pauses)
May we come in and talk to you about what we know about Joshua?

MRS GOLD
Yes. Please come in.

They enter-

LOUNGE

MAN
Can we sit down for a minute?

MRS GOLD
Yes, do.

They all take a seat.

WOMAN
I'm afraid it's not good news. Joshua has been taken hostage inside the Gaza Strip.

MRS GOLD
(tearfully)
Oh no, not my Josh. But are you sure it's him?

WOMAN
Yes. A coach he was travelling on was hijacked by militants.
(MORE)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

The Israeli embassy notified us that he was definitely a passenger on that bus, along with other western tourists. We're just letting everyone know that we are doing our best to negotiate with their kidnappers for their immediate release.

MRS GOLD

But what do they want with my Josh? He isn't political. We're not even Jewish. I've spoken to the embassy and they told me that they didn't know anything. Oh, not my Josh! He is alive I hope, d' you know?

WOMAN

We believe so. They use westerners as a bargaining chip. A prisoner exchange will most likely be the outcome, if we can negotiate with them directly on our government's behalf.

MRS GOLD

He's my only son now my Nicky's dead.

The Reps glance at one another knowingly.

MAN

We don't want you to get despondent, Mrs Gold. We will do our best to get Josh out of there.

WOMAN

We know the Red Cross are also working to secure their release. So we want to keep you up-to-date with how that goes also.

MRS GOLD

I don't know what to do. D' you think I should go out there and talk to them myself?

MAN

No, there's nothing you can do, I'm afraid. Best to let us speak on your behalf.

MRS GOLD

But I've spoken to someone from the embassy. I think they're not telling me everything, are they?

WOMAN

Well, that's probably because they have their reasons. But we won't hold anything back from you, I promise.

MRS GOLD

Thank you. I'm at my wits end with worry. I don't know what to do.

He hands her a business card.

MAN

Feel free to call us whenever you need to ask us anything concerning our progress.

MRS GOLD

I will.

They get up and exit. She stands in reverie.

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - NIGHT

Dahlia and a large group of younger Kibbutzniks are dressed in full army combat uniform as an OFFICER 50s from the IDF addresses them as they stand around the campfire.

They each have an automatic weapon strapped over their shoulder.

OFFICER

Boys and girls you have a duty to protect your kibbutz, and your country. So tonight we are going to show you how to fire your weapons.

DAHLIA

Will we have to leave the kibbutz?

OFFICER

Not immediately. First, you will learn how to secure your kibbutz from invaders. And then, if we need volunteers further along the line, you will be notified in due course.

DAHLIA

What about our parents?

ELAN

My parents are old.

DAHLIA

What if they attack us in our beds?
They will kill us for sure.

ELAN

I know.

OFFICER

You will have to learn quickly. We
don't have time before they tear up
our whole country.

(pauses)

Now follow me.

They head off to a remote area behind the kibbutz.

SFX: RAT-A-TAT TAT.

INT. RAMALLAH TUNNEL - NIGHT

Josh uses his party trick to bring his tied-up hands over his
head and down in front of himself.

He then unties his feet, before he uses his teeth to untie
the knots of string around his wrists.

Once this is achieved, he leans over to Jerry and unties him.

After a light slap across the face, Jerry opens his eyes
wide.

JOSH

C'mon, man, let's get outta here.
It's our only chance to escape.

JERRY

What? No! They'll kill us.

JOSH

They'll kill us anyway, c'mon.

JERRY

I don't want to die, Josh.

JOSH

I'm not leaving without you, Jerry.
Please, c'mon, man, let's go.

JERRY
How did you-?

SFX: BOOM!!!

A cataclysmic explosion occurs above ground, followed by shrilling screams and sounds of extreme pandemonium.

Josh and Jerry are thrown back against the wall before they lie buried under the shattered concrete.

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - NIGHT

ARMED MILITANTS breach security and enter through the gate. They scatter and take up positions inside the huge complex.

KIBBUTZNIKS take up positions and return fire as they take cover behind outbuildings, houses and trenches.

EXT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Dahlia clutches her automatic gun and stealthily secures her position beneath a window sill.

DAHLIA (BASTARDS)
Bastards.

INT. TUNNEL - NIGHT

Beneath the darkness of broken concrete, Josh shifts his body, then sweeps the rubble away from body.

Next to him, Jerry lies in a twisted mess of broken bones. Josh removes the rubble that covers his face.

JOSH
(cries)
Jerry, are you alive?
(shakes him)
Jerry, wake up, man. Jerry, c'mon,
wake up!

The tears stream down his face as he stands over him and drastically attempts to wake him.

CU: Jerry's kibbutz ID card lies beside him. Josh grabs it then searches for an exit.

Covered head to toe in dust, Josh manages to crawl through a huge hole above.

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - NIGHT

The fighting rages with huge explosions and rapid gunfire throughout the complex.

A bearded Militant creeps around Dahlia's bungalow with his automatic weapon at the ready.

INT. DAHLIA'S BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Dahlia spots the Militant through the window and quietly releases the catch on her automatic weapon.

SFX: BANG!

The Militant hits the deck with half his skull missing.

She climbs through the window and grabs his weapon, then climbs back inside the house.

She leads her Parents to the safe room inside the house.

DAHLIA
Lock the door.

She closes them inside and climbs back out through the window.

EXT. GAZA STRIP - SUNRISE

The aftermath of a rocket attack upon the infrastructure that surrounds a hospital shows the devastation caused.

With his eyes suffused and strained in the daylight, Josh appears heavily wounded.

He drags his shattered leg along the cratered road as he crawls towards the fog of war.

His POV:

Heavily bombed out buildings. An open graveyard for the dusty DEAD, strewn across the rubble - mainly WOMEN, CHILDREN, BABIES.

The cadavers of MILITANT FIGHTERS lie without limbs, many decapitated. Their broken, muddied boots lie separated from their legs.

An eerie zephyros amidst the silence of death and destruction everywhere the eye can see.

BACK TO SCENE

Josh can crawl no more and is dragged by the scruff by an IDF SOLDIER who dodges the sound of intermittent sniper fire.

INT. MEDICAL UNIT - DAY

Josh lies upon a trolley bed, barely conscious. A FEMALE MEDIC gently wipes the blood and dust from his face.

Another IDF MEDIC cuts away at his clothing to fully gauge the extent of his grotesque injuries.

He discovers a KIBBUTZ ID CARD in Josh's ripped trouser pocket. He stares at it closely.

IDF MEDIC
(to Medic)
Kibbutz Mag Sheeva. He must be a
volunteer.

FEMALE MEDIC
(concerned)
He needs to go to the hospital
quickly, or he will die for sure.
He only has a faint pulse.

IDF MEDIC
OK. You go. I will stay with the
unit. There must be more hostages
injured where I found him.

She immediately straps Josh to the trolley bed and exits.

INT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - SUNRISE

Dozens of IDF SOLDIERS enter through the gates and immediately begin firing their automatic weapons at the retreating Militants. One by one they are exterminated.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

SLO-MO - A SURGEON frantically pumps Josh's chest to resuscitate him.

EXT. SAFE ROOM - DAY

Dahlia and her Parents cautiously exit the bungalow.

EXT. BUNGALOW - DAY

They stand on the patio and are soon joined by other war tired Kibbutzniks.

KIBBUTZNIK #1
(to Dahlia)
Are you hurt?

DAHLIA
No. I killed one. I spotted him through the window.

KIBBUTZNIK #2
Good. They are all dead now, we think.

KIBBUTZNIK #3
God saved us this time. Next time we might not be so lucky.

Jacque approaches. He shows a serious look of concern upon his face.

JACQUE
Dahlia, I have just received some very bad news.

DAHLIA
(concerned)
What is it?

JACQUE
I'm afraid it is Josh. They say he died. He lost his life due to his injuries.

Her legs give way. She faints.

Kibbutzniks quickly lift her back to her feet and help her inside the bungalow. She is consoled by her parents as she laments.

EXT. BEN GURION AIRPORT RUNWAY - DAY

With his head bandaged, Josh limps with a stick as he boards the aircraft.

INT. IDF BARRACKS - DAY

Dahlia stands alongside other NEW RECRUITS. An automatic weapon over her shoulder.

In turn they climb aboard a bus, before it drives off.

SUPER: London - England

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING.

Mrs Gold sleeps peacefully in her bed. The door opens, and with his head still bandaged Josh quietly enters.

He sits upon the bed and watches her sleep before he taps her on the shoulder.

She opens her eyes and bursts into tears as they hug one another.

MRS GOLD
Oh Josh, you're back.

JOSH
Yeah, I'm back, mum.

MRS GOLD
Oh darling! You're safe. You're home.

JOSH
Yeah, I am.

MRS GOLD
Oh Josh, I've been worried sick. I thought I'd never see you again. Thank God you're home. What happened to your head?

JOSH
I had an accident.

MRS GOLD
I'm just so glad you're home.

She looks into his tearful eyes.

MRS GOLD (CONT'D)
You look tired. I bet you haven't slept.

JOSH
Where's the old man?

MRS GOLD
I kicked him out.

JOSH

What for?

MRS GOLD

I'll tell you over a cuppa. Let me get up. You put the kettle on.

JOSH

OK.

He exits. She sighs with relief.

EXT. BELFAST INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A COFFIN is lifted off a PLANE and slid onto a waiting unmarked ambo.

On the tarmac Jerry's FAMILY are tearful as they watch it driven off.

THREE MONTHS LATER:

EXT. KIBBUTZ MAG SHEEVA - DAY

Josh observes Dahlia from a distance as she plants flowers in the gardens.

Her phone rings. She gets to her feet, wipes her hands, then answers the call.

JOSH

(on phone)

Close your eyes.

Dahlia gasps before her face lights up when she turns around.

Her POV:

Josh grins as he waves his phone at her. She cries with happiness as she runs towards him.

DAHLIA

Josh!

JOSH

My flower.

DAHLIA

I don't understand. They said you were dead. They said you died at the hospital.

She tearfully falls into his arms.

DAHLIA / (CONT'D)
Oh Josh, I thought you were dead.

JOSH
Sadly, it was Jerry. He had no ID card. I had his.

DAHLIA
But where have you been, then? And why didn't you call to tell me you were alive?

JOSH
They sent me home to recover from my injuries. Besides, I thought I'd surprise you when I was better.

DAHLIA
I was so sad when they told me that.

JOSH
I'm really sorry, but they sent me home to recuperate.

DAHLIA
Oh, Josh, I'm so glad you came back. Will you stay?

JOSH
Yes, if they'll have me.

DAHLIA
What, forever?

JOSH
Let's just say, for the foreseeable.

She falls into his arms and cries.

DAHLIA
But you know we are still at war, right?

JOSH
Yes, I know. That's another reason why I came back - to take you home with me.

DAHLIA
But why? I can't!

JOSH

What if I ask you to marry me? To get married.

DAHLIA

Oh Josh, I cannot go to England. I have to save my country from the people who hate us, and want to kill us.

JOSH

Then I'll stay with you until the end.

They embrace as Jacque and other Kibbutzniks approach with huge grins upon their tired faces.

Dahlia lets go of him and turns around to smile back at them.

DAHLIA

Can he stay with us?

The Kibbutzniks share her joy.

JACQUE

Will you help us?

JOSH

I want to.

JACQUE

Then you can stay for as long as you wish. But remember, there is no time for love.

EXT. LEBANON BORDER - DAY

Drones and missiles fly through the smoke filled skyline.

Josh dressed in full army regalia peers through binoculars as he looks across the rough terrain from a vantage point.

Bomb blasts in the distance.

Dahlia looks through a telescopic rifle as she lies face down upon a hilltop.

Her POV:

She spots a MILITANT as he loads a missile into a ROCKET LAUNCHER.

SFX: BANG!

A direct hit. He falls down before he has a chance to fire off the missile.

She turns to Josh and grins as they are joined by a small group of IDF.

IDF SOLDIER

It's time to go in. Orders!

They get to their feet and jump into a waiting army vehicle.

EXT. BEIRUT CITY - DAY

House to house combat ensues between IDF and MILITANTS.

Josh and Dahlia stay close as they pursue FOUR MILITANTS with automatic weapons inside a bombed out building.

Dahlia lobs a GRENADE inside the building and steps back.

As the smoke disperses Josh rushes inside with his weapon at the ready.

SFX: RAT-A-TAT-TAT

A protracted silence as Dahlia waits nervously to see if Josh returns.

He finally appears victorious and shows her a thumbs up. She smiles gladly before they hug and look into each other's eyes.

JOSH

Now will you marry me?

DAHLIA

Yes, I will! Yes! Yes! Yes!

SFX: BANG! BANG!

SLO-MO: Entangled in one another's arms, they take a direct hit to the skull. They fall down on top of one another with their eyes wide open. Blood runs away from their head wounds to create a jagged line in the earth:

FADE OUT:

END

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