

A TALE OF LOVE AND DARKNESS

BY

NATALIE PORTMAN

BASED ON THE MEMOIR

BY AMOS OZ

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2. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. AFTERNOON. 1945.

We walk with the back of adult AMOS, 70 years old, in dress that doesn't show whether it's from today or 1945.

Amos, 6 years old, and his parents, Fania and ArieH walk hurriedly, feet pounding the pavement. We stay with them for an extended, frantic moment.

They pass the little boy and his mother. The woman, 31, traces the letter "aleph" in honey with her son, 6. He licks his finger.

They pass a couple, lovingly touching each other's faces.

Amos, Fania and ArieH's feet pounding the Jerusalem pavement.

We see Amos' point of view of their shadows getting larger and smaller on the street and the walls. His mother's reflection in a window they pass. The light and darkness as they pass in and out of shade.

Three teenage girls gossip together on a bench.

Amos looks to his father:

2p1. A still life moving image: photo 1: a Rabbi hunched over books by candlelight,

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

My father was the descendant of the great Rav Alexander Ziskind, an ascetic cabbalist.

2p2 Another still life: photo 2: Yehuda Leib poses with his horse cart

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

His great granddaughter married Yehuda Leib Klausner, a tenant farmer.

2p3 Photo 3: Alexander and Joseph at school as youths, ears sticking out of caps.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

Their son, Joseph was a prodigy,
and became a renowned professor.
Their younger son, Alexander, was
unruly and emotional, and became my
grandfather.

3. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. DAY. 1945.

We see 60 year old Grandpa Alexander Klausner, speaking toward the camera as if to Amos:

GRANDPA KLAUSNER

Women are all very beautiful. All
of them without exception. Only men
are blind. They see themselves, and
not even themselves.

3p1.Photo 4: Alex and Shlomit on a boat as youths. (more photos here- of boat/love story)

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

Alexander fell in love with
my grandmother Shlomit,
his first cousin. The
family objected, so they
took a boat to America.

3p2. Photo 5: Alex and Shlomit unhappy on the boat. (Alex/Shlomit in Odessa Also?)

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

But Grandpa Alexander fell in love with another girl on the boat, so Grandma Shlomit dragged him by the ear back to Odessa. They must have been the only Jews who left America to go back to Eastern Europe.

4. INT. AMOS' KITCHEN. MORNING. 1945.

Grandma Shlomit Klausner, 60 years old, speaks to the child as she sorts lentils:

GRANDMA KLAUSNER

What? Nu? America was too crowded.

ALT 3p1-2:

Photo: Shlomit Klausner presides over a salon, hosting.

Photo: professors talking

Photo: Uncle Joseph getting a doctorate

MATURE AMOS (V.O)

Grandpa Alexander married my grandmother Shlomit. Shlomit presided over an illustrious salon with guests

including Tchernikovsky, Bialik and grandpa's genius brother, Joseph. Uncle Joseph contributed many words to the Hebrew language, in dire need of an update from biblical times. Among others, he invented the words for pencil, toast, and shirt.

We see Grandma Shlomit in the kitchen

GRANDMA SHLOMIT

If Uncle Joseph hadn't given us the word for shirt, what would you put on every morning- your coat of many colors?

4p1. Photo 6: Alexander and Shlomit with young David and Arie, though Arie looks like a girl.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

My grandparents had two sons, David and my father, Arie. My grandmother always wanted a girl so she put my father in dresses.

5.EXT. MONTAGE PHOTO SEQUENCE. DAY.

5p1. Photo 7: Arie in a boat with girls (5p1-4: Or a sequence of photos of David and Arie together)

5p2. Photo 8: A group of children in a forest

5p3. Photo 9: a graduation class

5p4. Photo 10: immigration papers denied: France/
Switzerland/Sweden/England/Germany

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

My grandparents had an
unrequited love affair with
Europe. As the situation
worsened for Jews in Vilna,
they applied for immigration to
every country they could,
including Germany in 1933.
Luckily, they were rejected.

5p5. Photo 11: Alexander Shlomit and Arie with a captain of a ship

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

So my grandparents and my
father sailed from Trieste to
Haifa.

5p6. Photo 12: David with wife and son.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

My Uncle David, already an
assistant-professor in Vilna,
with his young bride and son,
Daniel, who was a year and
a half older than I, refused to
run away and stayed at his

enlightened university. To the
end.

5p7. Black.

6. Ext. Jerusalem street. day. 1945.

We see their feet pounding the sidewalk- Amos trying to keep up.

ARIEH

Can you please hurry?

FANIA

The child, ArieH.

He looks up at his mother, she is angelic. He will try harder for her.

10. EXT. FLOUR MILL. DAY.1928

Naphtali Herz feeling the texture of flour through his fingers.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

Their firstborn, my
grandfather, became manager
of the flour mill on the
Vilkhov estate under the
engineer and alcoholic,
Steletsky.

11. INT. MUSSMAN HOUSE ROVNO. NIGHT.1928

Steletsky, crying and red-nosed, playing cards with his drunk friends.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

Steletsky sometimes wagered
his wife, Ira at cards, until
one day she ran off with the
coachman's son, Anton.

12. EXT. ROVNO MEADOW. DUSK.1928

Ira Steletsky and Anton kissing passionately as he lifts her in the air. They
fall, laughing and in love.

13. EXT. STELETSKY HOUSE. DUSK.1928

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

Ira could see her children
from the house she lived in
with Anton.

Children playing in the distance.

14. EXT. STELETSKY HOUSE. DUSK.1928

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

One day she waited for her
daughter Kira on her way
home from school, but Kira
refused to see her.

Ira hides behind a tree as her three children play hide and go seek,
supervised by two servants. As Kira gets near, Ira reveals herself to her.

Kira pushes her mother away. Ira is taken away by the servants, sobbing:
Kiruchka!

15. EXT. ANTON'S HOUSE. ROVNO. EVENING.1928

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

That night she took a can of
petrol and went into the little
hut Anton had built himself in
the pasture, and lit a match.

Ira walks into the hut.

15P1. INT. ANTON'S HOUSE. ROVNO. EVENING.1928

From darkness, a match is lit and we see Ira's face.

15P2. EXT. ANTON'S HOUSE. ROVNO. EVENING.1928

Ext.-The hut roofed with tar paper in flames.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

Steletsky sold my grandfather
Herz his share of the mill and
Herz extended his business.

15A. INT. FLOWER MILL. ROVNO. DAY.1928

Steletsky and Herz shake hands.

15p3.Postcards: Kiev, Moscow, St. Petersburg

16. EXT. ROVNO -MUSSMAN HOUSE. DAY.1928

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

Herz married my grandmother in 1909 and they had three daughters together: Haya, Fania and Sonia. Fania became my mother. All three girls were in love with their father, and less so with their mother.

The three girls on a bench under a chestnut tree, kicking their legs. They whisper together and laugh. Herz comes and swings the girls around. They climb on him and hug him.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

Knowing there was no future for the Jews in Eastern Europe, the girls went to the Tarbuth School where they dreamed of Palestine.

Grandpa Mussman is joining the girls and playing with them.

16p1. INT.ROVNO -CLASS .DAY.1928

Detail shots of life: Theodor Herzl poster on a wall, a Jewish star armband on an arm beating drums, a map of Palestine, a handsome school teacher, DR. REISS.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

They had horses, crystal, and chandeliers in Rovno. But when they went to Israel, Grandpa carried sacks of flour and delivered bread with his horse and cart.

17. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. DUSK. 1945.

Amos sits with his Grandpa Mussman on a horse-drawn cart, eating bread.

GRANDPA MUSSMAN

You can find hell and paradise in every room. A little wickedness, and people are hell to each other. A little compassion, a little generosity, and people find paradise in each other.

18. EXT. ROVNO FOREST. DAY.

The forest is empty, We move from the sky through the leaves, to the dark ground, to black:

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

By 1943, back in the Sosenki Forest, where my mother and her sisters had loved to sing songs around campfires, pick berries and mushrooms, sleep in sleeping bags under starry skies,

Germans, Lithuanians and
 Ukrainians, armed with
 submachine guns, opened fire
 and in two days killed everyone
 my mother had ever known.

19.EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. DAY. 1945.

Fania, ArieH and Amos still racing, urgently. They turn left at Mr. Auster's grocery shop, right on Zechariah street. The faces of people they pass are pale, morose, Chekhovian. A man lying in a hole-in-the-wall on a rolled up dirty mattress, Mr. Licht, cries as a curse:

MR. LICHT

A million kinder! A million Kinder
 they killed! Kinder like you!
 Slaughtered!

Amos looks back at him as the three make a turn into the pharmacy.

20. INT. JERUSALEM PHARMACY. DAY. 1945.

ArieH on the phone. Fania and Amos gather nearby to hear. They sit in silence for several seconds while they wait to be put through. Mature Amos watches them through the window, makes eye contact with Fania.

ARIEH

Good afternoon, Madam. Tel
 Aviv 648, please.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Would you please wait a few
 minutes, Sir, Mr. Nashabibi is
 on the line.

He hangs up the phone. We see Amos waiting on the bench. Watching the clock. A few minutes pass. ArieH picks up again.

ARIEH

Excuse me, Madam, but I believe I asked to be put through to Tel Aviv 648.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

I've got it written down, Sir.
Please be patient.

ARIEH

I am waiting, Madam, naturally
I am waiting, but there are
people waiting at the other end
too.

Amos sees his mother's reflection distorted in the glass of the phone booth.

FANIA

It's too soon, ArieH. There's
still a few minutes to go.

ARIEH

Yes, but they have to put it through.

FANIA

Yes, but what if for once we
are put through right away, and
they're not there yet?

ARIEH

Hallo, Tsvi?

21. INT. TEL AVIV PHARMACY. DAY. 1945.

A parallel family: Haya, Fania's sister, and little Yigal, sit in the Tel Aviv pharmacy staring as Tsvi answers the phone.

TSVI

Speaking.

22. INT. JERUSALEM PHARMACY. DAY. 1945.

ARIEH

It's ArieH here, in Jerusalem.

TSVI (V.O.)

Yes, ArieH, hallo, it's Tsvi here, how are you?

ARIEH

Everything is fine here. We're speaking from the pharmacy.

FANIA

Ask my sister how she is.

TSVI (V.O.)

As always. So are we. What's new?

ArieH shushes her so he can hear.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

Nothing new here. How about at your end Tsvi? Tell us how it's going in Tel Aviv.

TSVI (V.O.)

Everything is OK. Nothing
special to report. Tel Aviv is
Tel Aviv.

Amos looks at his mother. She is staring into space. We see what she
sees:

23. EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH. DAY.

Out of a sparkling sea, a clothed man emerges from the water. Bronzed, dark
haired, exuding enlightened manhood, he is THE PIONEER, Fania's fantasy
embodiment of Israel.

24. INT. JERUSALEM PHARMACY. DAY. 1945.

ARIEH

No news is good news.

TSVI

We'll write and set a time for
the next call. Look after
yourselves.

ARIEH

You too.

25. EXT. STREET NEXT TO JERUSALEM PHARMACY. DUSK. 1945.

Amos, ArieH and Fania walk back home though the Jerusalem streets. They
pass Mr. Licht again.

MR. LICHT

A million kinder! A million!

Amos stares as they walk past. Amos looks up at Fania as they walk. She smiles at him, brushes hair off his forehead.

ARIEH

It's almost curfew.

26. EXT. AMOS' COURTYARD. DUSK. 1945.

Amos' family comes home, the neighbors are sitting in the courtyard. A boy, Yoni, 8, hugs his mother and runs in the house.

27. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. DUSK. 1945.

Blue metal windows are shut as British police patrol the otherwise empty street. It's curfew.

28. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. NIGHT. 1945.

Fania plays a game with Amos where she is asleep and he has to kiss her to wake the sleeping princess. Fania puts on Amos' socks and kisses him good-night. She sings to him in Russian. She tickles the inside of his arm. They make their hands talk to each other like puppets.

118. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1945.

Fania, 35, tucks her son, Amos, 6, into bed.

FANIA

Let's make up a story! Shall I
start?

A beat.

FANIA (CONT'D)

Once upon a time there was a village that had been abandoned by all its inhabitants.

AMOS

Even the rats left.

FANIA

Even the rats left. Even the birds had left. So the village stood silent and abandoned for years upon years. The thatched roofs were lashed by the rain and the wind. The walls of the cottages were cracked by hail and snow--

AMOS

But why was it abandoned?

FANIA

What do you think?

AMOS

Because monsters chased them away?

FANIA

Maybe they thought they'd be happier in another village? Well, one evening in autumn, a traveler

who had lost his way arrived in the abandoned village. Hesitantly he knocked on the door of the first cottage--

We end on Amos' face, challenged.

AMOS

A little boy answered the door.
He had been left behind.

29. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. MORNING. 1945.

We see the spine of an Agnon book of short stories: *At the Handles of the Lock* and pan out to find Fania reading it on the couch.

FANIA (V.O.)

"In the prime of her life my mother died. Some one and thirty years of age my mother was at her death. Few and evil were the days and years of her life. All the day she sat at home, and she never went out of the house...Silent stood our house in its sorrow; its doors opened not to a stranger. Upon her bed my mother lay, and her words were few."

Amos, opposite her, watches her read. He watches as she shifts her legs underneath her. First sitting on one leg, then on both.

He goes back to playing war games, when Ariele runs in, breathless with a package.

ARIEH

It's arrived, it's arrived!

He undoes the knots of strings on the package carefully and slowly unwraps his five copies of his book; *The Novella in Hebrew Literature*. He touches it 'like a shy lover' and smells the glue of the bindings. He opens the book and it reads;

TO MY FIRST TEACHER OF LITERARY HISTORY-- MY ONLY BROTHER
DAVID WHOM I LOST IN THE DARKNESS OF EXILE. WHERE ART THOU?

Fania catches his adoration of the book, and ArieH explains.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

A new book fresh from the
press, a first book, it's like
having another baby.

FANIA

If you need a diaper changed, you know
where to find me.

Fania's, eyes lit with new passion, kisses her newly successful husband. He
kisses her like a romantic hero.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

Ahhh, some affection!

He enjoys her newfound admiration.

30. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - KITCHEN. DAY. 1945.

We see Fania's hands in the process of making borscht: beets peeled, water boiled, onions chopped, etc.

31. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. EVENING. 1945.

Arieh and Grandpa Klausner drink sweet wine in the salon while Fania ladles borscht in the kitchen with Grandma Klausner garnishing with sour cream. Amos carries soup back and forth.

GRANDPA ALEXANDER

Who said your Uncle Klausner
would be the only important
academic in the family? Pfff!

ARIEH

Well, it's only my first publication.

Fania shouts to them from the kitchen,
they can hear one another.

FANIA

And may it not be your last.

Grandma Klausner tastes the borscht
with a spoon from the pot as Amos
comes in for another bowl.

GRANDMA KLAUSNER

This is very nice borscht. *Almost*
tasty, but everyone knows, even
Gentile women who cook in Jewish
homes, that borscht should be sour
and just slightly sweet, not sweet

and just slightly sour, like the Poles
do, because they sweeten
everything. They'll put salt herring in
jam.

The men outside hear and know better
than to intervene.

FANIA

Let's toast the published author!

She raises a glass. Amos watches her carefully.

32. INT. AMOS' BEDROOM, EVENING. 1945.

Fania lies in bed with Amos. Amos studies her.

She pauses for a beat, deciding how to explain to him.

FANIA

If you have to choose between
telling a lie and hurting someone's
feelings, choose kindness.

AMOS

I could lie?

FANIA

In certain cases, yes. You should
choose sensitivity over truthfulness.

1. EXT. WALLS AROUND THE OLD CITY. DAY. 1945.

Fania, 35, walks through the walls, the sky shaped by its turrets. As she walks the winding path, the sky becomes a narrower and narrower strip until the walls engulf her and our screen.

34. EXT. AMOS' GARDEN. DAY. 1945.

Arieh is gardening with Amos. Amos rubs the leaves of a pepper tree between his fingers and smells them. He takes an unripe pomegranate bud off the tree, inserts a stick and fake-smokes it. Arieh pulls out three packets of seeds and hands them to Amos.

ARIEH

We'll make a little kibbutz and
bring forth bread from the earth
by our own efforts.

Pale, and dressed in khaki shorts and hats, they begin their gardening. Arieh takes a letter opener and draws lines in the ground. Amos holds a peg as Arieh hammers. But the earth is hard and resists. Arieh removes his glasses, sweats profusely, and is practically flattening the pegs with his furious hammering.

AMOS

(like a soldier)
Kadima! (onward!)

ARIEH

You know, "Kadima", means
frontward or forward, but it derives
from the word "Kedem," which

means ancient times. So the
Hebrew speaker looks forward to
the past.

Fania peeks out from the kitchen, having returned from the market. Over Arie's shoulder, she sees the PIONEER, plowing the ground while laughing, handsome and sweaty, eyes twinkling at her as ever, helping them break the earth. He is invisible to Arie and Amos.

Arie looks up and thinks she is looking at him.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

Do you recognize me under all
this sweat? Look at this.

He shows off for her and hammers hard. The earth suddenly, miraculously opens up. Fania smiles at him and returns inside. Amos removes dirt with the letter opener, taking out stones and sticks. Arie takes out a pan of composted food.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

That's it.

AMOS

That's it.

Arie pours water on the earth and begins to hammer at it.

ARIEH

Think about these words and how
they connect; earth-red-man-blood-
silence [in Hebrew-- adama, adam,
adam, dam, dom]

Over the words: FLASH-FORWARD

35. EXT. GRAVESITE. DAY. 1952.

A stylized shot of ArieH shoveling earth, unshaven, shirt torn, from the ground looking up at him. Disorienting, because we only see sky behind him. Are we still in the garden? The Jewish ritual of the family helping bury the dead.

POV from the grave, the dirt covering the screen to black.

END FLASH-FORWARD

36. EXT. AMOS' GARDEN. DAY. 1945.

ARIEH

Ach.

ArieH has hammered his foot by mistake.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

This will enrich our poor soil.
Manure isn't garbage. It's a
hidden treasure. Tolstoy himself
speaks

ARIEH (CONT'D)

somewhere of the mystical
alchemy that is constantly taking
place within the womb of the
earth.

37. EXT.DAY. AMOS' GARDEN. LATER. 1945.

The garden is beautifully lined, raked and sown. Divided into three hillocks with labels prematurely calling what will grow. Amos puts the final touch (a moustache?) on A Hitler scarecrow who watches over the beds.

38. EXT.DAY. JERUSALEM STREET MORNING. 1945.

Arieh walks with Israel Zarchi. He approaches the bookstore window. His books are firmly lined up, none have been sold.

ARIEH

You write a new novel every six months and instantly all the pretty girls snatch you off the shelves and take you straight to bed with them,

ZARCHI

At least my books get to have some fun.

ARIEH

--while we scholars, we wear ourselves out for years on end spending a week on a footnote and who bothers to read us? If we're lucky, two or three fellow prisoners of our own discipline read us before they tear us to shreds. Sometimes not even that.

ZARCHI

Well maybe you should consider writing romance novels, Arieh, if you're trying to get the girls.

He puts his arm around him warmly as they continue down the street.

39. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BATHROOM. MORNING. 1945.

Amos peers out the window at the garden, with kerosene on his hair as Fania sits by the tub ready to comb his hair. There is no progress in the garden.

AMOS

Still nothing. Not even a little cauliflower.

FANIA

Come sit.

He goes to the bath, she starts combing dead lice out of his hair.

FANIA

You know, If you open up someone's head and take out the brains, you see that our brains are nothing but cauliflower.

She shows Amos the size of the cauliflower in her hands.

FANIA (CONT'D)

Nothing but a cauliflower. And what a miracle it is that into this cauliflower, you can get heaven and earth, Plato's ideas, Beethoven's music, and Chekhov's plays,

She soaps his hair, the screen goes dark as he shuts his eyes, while she pours water over his head. Then we see white as she scrubs his hair dry with a towel. We see Fania as young Amos sees her through the moving towel.

FANIA (CONT'D)

--and all the deserts and the oceans and the dinosaurs and whales and the hopes, and the desires, and the mistakes and the fantasies...and you're clean, child.

40. EXT.AMOS' GARDEN. DUSK. 1945.

Amos brings the bathwater in a pail and waters the garden. He drops eardrops onto the withering shoot-- the only remaining hope in the failed garden. The Hitler scarecrow stares out.

Arieh returns home to find Amos in the yard. He scoops him up and whispers in his ear:

ARIEH

We'll see what else can be done.

43.INT. AMOS' SALON. DAY

Amos plays alone with his toys under the salon table, covered by the tent of a long tablecloth. Suddenly we hear the voices of his mother, Hayya, Sonia, Lilenka and Pola coming from the kitchen with coffee and cakes to sit at the table. As they walk and settle, we see only their legs. They advise Sonia.

POLA

All I'm saying is take your time. Ask your sisters. Your life is only your own from when you leave your parents' house to your first pregnancy.

LILENKA

When your child grows up—even THEN you can't go back to being yourself-- then you go from being a mother to grandmother.

HAYA

Don't scare my little sister. That's mine and Fania's jobs.

SONIA

But everyone says that having a child is the best thing that will ever happen to you.

POLA

I love my girls- I do but it feels like there's n a conspiracy to spread this propaganda to women that having a child is the most wonderful thing that will ever happen to them—but why didn't anyone--

LILENKA

Why didn't anyone warn you?

Haya

What you want a
warning in fine print?

That when it comes down to it, you're just
food, you are what the chick eats so as to
grow big and strong.

Fania feels something under her feet like
a cat crawling under the table. She
peeks down quietly and meets Amos'
eyes.

HAYYA

Piruchka, Nobody warns you
because every mother thinks only
she feels this way, and so each
one cries alone into her pillow at
night. Except our mother, who
curses us.

They laugh again.

44. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BEDROOM, EVENING. 1945.

Amos is in bed. Fania tells him a story as she irons.

FANIA

When my family moved into the
house on Dubinska street, we
inherited various lodgers.

45. INT. MUSSMAN SALON. ROVNO. EVENING.

45 p1. Jan plays cards with two friends.
They drink and smoke. The black
smoke twirls in the air. A servant girl
serves more alcohol. Makes flirtatious
eyes with Jan as she does so.

FANIA (V.O.)

A Polish colonel named Jan lived
in the spacious room at the front
of the house. Every Friday, my
grandmother would send one of
her daughters with poppy cakes
straight from the oven. She would
curtsey and wish him a good
Sabbath. He would lean forward
and stroke her hair, call her
cyganka, a gypsy, and promised
he would marry them when they
were old enough.

45p2. Young Fania walks down a hallway with a cake and reaches the
handsome colonel. She presents him with the cake, curtsies and wishes a
good Sabbath. The colonel kisses the young girl's hand as she blushes. In
parentheses below, maybe cut.

FANIA (V.O.)

Once, early on a Sunday morning,
before the first light, Colonel Jan
tried out his pistol.

45p3. Young Fania spies on Jan through the keyhole on another day. From her point of view we see:

A series of images:

45 P4. TWO SHOTS IN THE WOODEN WINDOW LET BEAMS OF SUNLIGHT INTO THE ROOM

45p5.-wounded pigeon in hands

45p6.-wine bottle shot

45p7.-swinging chandelier

FANIA (V.O.)

He fired into the garden through the closed window and managed to hit a pigeon in the dark. It was found wounded but still alive in the morning. He shot the wine bottle on the table, fired twice at the chandelier and then—

Fania cuts herself off from telling the rest.

45p8. (for use later) He aims at his forehead and Amos at 12 knocks the gun out of his hand

FANIA (V.O.)

I once found a note tucked into a crack in the wardrobe in female handwriting. It read: "To my very

precious little wolf cub: in all my days I have never met a better or more generous man. I am not worthy to kiss your feet." There were two spelling mistakes. It was signed with an N and drawn lips.

45p9. We see Young Fania's hands opening the note, color rising to her cheeks.

46. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BEDROOM. EVENING. 1945.

We are back from the enactment of the story to Fania and Amos in the apartment. She explains to him:

FANIA

Nobody knows anything about anyone else. Not even about the person you are married to. Or even about ourselves. We know nothing. And if we sometimes imagine for an instant that we do know something after all, that's even worse, because it's better to live without knowing anything than to live in error.

47. INT. AMOS' BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1945.

Amos sleeps.

51. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. MORNING. 1945.

Three 10-year-old girls play hopscotch on the street.

GIRLS

(singing)

Shirley Temple dances like this...

White laundry hangs on lines in the street from window to window: bras, pillowcases, towels, sheets. Different shades of white. Blank canvases.

A fistful of mud hits a sheet and we hear boys laughing.

A group of boys, YONI, 8, among them, grab handfuls of mud from a bucket and throw at the white sheets. Amos observes as he walks home from school.

YONI

Come play with us!

AMOS

I can't, My grandma's visiting!.

He continues walking.

53. INT. AMOS' KITCHEN. DAY. 1945.

Amos sneaks in through the back door. He hears screaming. It his grandmother, Fania's mother, just arrived. She hasn't taken off her coat yet and is already screaming in Russian and Yiddish. Fania is sitting on a hard-backed chair staring at her knees, silent.

GRANDMA MUSSMAN

(in Russian)

You never visit me in that awful place! You spit on the only one who cares for you and the only one who will ever care for you! Look at you. This place is disgusting.

Fania is silent. Still staring at her knees. Amos watches, secretly from behind a curtain.

GRANDMA MUSSMAN (CONT'D)

(even more outraged by the silence)

I'm not good enough for your words? I could've left you in Rovno and I would've been better off.

She furiously, storms out of the apartment.

Fania, left alone, starts punishing herself. She hits herself relentlessly. Amos watches silently, biting his arm until he gives himself "a watch" of teethmarks.

She hears ArieH from the other room.

ARIEH (O.s. maybe)

They've all been sold! All in one day!

Fania escapes to the bathroom. Amos greets his father.

54. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT- BATHROOM. EVENING. 1945.

Fania fixes her mussed hair and red eyes in the mirror. She returns to the salon through the kitchen.

55. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. EVENING. 1945.

Fania returns with sweet wine for herself and ArieH

ARIEH

All three! My book is sold out-- they're ordering new copies as we speak! Another five! And they think that won't be the end of the story!

Fania, in a daze, gives him a strange hug and kiss. Amos watches her.

FANIA

Let's go to the Edison and see a film.

56. INT/EXT. ZARCHI'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 1945.

Fania and ArieH drop Amos off at Zarchi's place so they can have their movie night. Amos walks through the room as the adults linger with niceties at the door.

ZARCHI

Congratulations again.

ARIEH

It doesn't seem possible!

Amos explores the bachelor's apartment- a record player, popular books, posters, until he notices something on the shelf: the five copies of his father's book. Zarchi laughs as they turn to leave.

ZARCHI

Give my love to Ms. Garbo!

Amos understands that Zarchi has bought them. Zarchi catches Amos' eyes. He takes the books and put them in a drawer.

58. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1945.

Fania tucks Amos in. He has absorbed the shame for his father and cannot make eye contact with her.

49. EXT. AMOS' BUILDING. EARLY MORNING. 1945.

Arieh surreptitiously sneaks potted vegetable plants, already blooming, into the house.

59.INT. AMOS' KITCHEN. MORNING. 1945.

Arieh boils orange juice and places it before Amos and Fania. He says nonchalantly:

ARIEH

I have the impression that the
medicine from yesterday has done
some good for our ailing plants.
Why don't you go and have a look
for yourself, doc,

Amos races out.

60. EXT. AMOS' GARDEN. DAY . 1945.

Arieh and Amos stand in the now blooming garden.

Arieh beams at the improvement.

ARIEH

(I guess those eardrops did the
trick.)

Amos marvels at the miracle. But also has a lurking suspicion that his father was kind to him the same way Zarchi had been kind to his father.

61. EXT. BUS. DAY. 2 YEARS LATER. 1947.

AMOS, now 9, and his mother, sit on the bus. The PIONEER boards the bus as a handsome uniformed volunteer and sits several rows in front of them. Amos reads a book.

FANIA

(watching)

Books can change with the years
just as much as people can. The
difference is that people will drop
you when they can no longer get
any advantage or pleasure or
interest from you. A book will
never abandon you.

AMOS

I hope I grow up to be a book.
People can be killed like ants, but

books can always survive
somewhere on a shelf.

Fania smiles at him as the bus continues out of frame.

62. EXT. RUDNICKI COURTYARD. DAY. 1947.

Malka and Staszek Rudnicki sit in the courtyard. They sit with two other neighbors.

Fania arrives with Amos. She whispers to Amos:

FANIA

Stay out of their way. Just be
good.

Amos watches his mother walk away.

63. EXT. WALKING TO AL-HALWANI HOUSE. SHEIK JARRAH. DAY. 1947.

Amos, Aunt Malka, and Uncle Staszek walk in their finest clothes.

MALKA

When visiting an Arab home, it is
especially important to remember
your manners. Children and
teenagers must not join in adult
conversation.

STASZEK

If, and only if, you have been
spoken to directly, may you
answer briefly as possible and
politely, of course.

MALKA

If refreshments are served, choose only things that will not spill or make crumbs.

STASZEK

And if you're offered a second helping, refuse politely, even if you're dying for it.

64. EXT. TEL AVIV BEACH. DAY. 1947.

Fania walks on the beach with her sister, Haya. They are deep in serious talk. Haya puts her arm around her. (Also try this with Fania alone).

65. EXT. WALKING TO AL-HALWANI HOUSE. SHEIK JARRAH. DAY .1947.

Amos walk with Staszek and Malka.

MALKA

We were only invited because your Uncle Staszek took care of Al-Halwani's son.

STASZEK

Inappropriate behavior is not only impolite, but also might exacerbate hostility between our two nations at a tenuous time.

Amos is weighted by the burden of their task and they have arrived.

66. INT. AL-HALWANI HOUSE. SHEIK JARRAH. DAY. 1947.

A maid opens the door to the house. The furniture is carved with leaves and flowers, matching the orchards and gardens outside the house. Embroidered cushions, fine carpets, chandeliers, metal trays with Arab inscriptions abound. On one wall- swords, rifles, scimitars. The other wall: porcelains, crystal, silver and brass. Fans swirl smoke in the sunlit air. Two caged parrots greet them. One in a voice of a smoker says:

PARROT 1

Tfaddal! S'il vous plait! Enjoy!

Quranic verse swirls in the plastered walls and family portraits of mustached men line the walls.

Twenty guests are already mingling among the smoke and drinking.

A large woman in a flowery dress that camouflages into a vase with peacock feathers, her fleshy arms jangling with silver bracelets as she gesticulates, talking to a man in tennis shorts.

Twin pot-bellied men, sleepy-eyed, one fingering worry beads, the other chain-smoking, sit on a bench.

Two women almost collide with those serving drinks on trays.

The drinks come to Amos. He politely declines.

A tray of seeds and nuts. He declines.

Finger foods. Again he declines.

Ammi is attached to his mother by the hip.

A group of elegant women- Arab and British--have the following conversation in Arabic:

BRITISH WOMAN 1

All mothers love their children: It's nature. Even cats and goats.

BRITISH WOMAN 2

Even mothers of criminals and murderers.

ARABIC WOMAN

We have a saying in Arabic:
"Kullu qirdin bi-'ayni ummihi ghazulun!--"every monkey is a gazelle to its mother."

JUMP FORWARD

67. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. DAY. 1952.

A shriek of grief. It is the shiva for Amos' mother. We see the legs of people dressed in black sitting in a demi-circle- some crossed, others with hands holding cups of coffee. Lilenka, Zarchi, Staszek and Malka are all there. Mirrors are covered. A pile of coats on a bed. Grandpa Alexander crying. Grandma Shlomit furiously doing dishes. ArieH unshaven, nodding sadly. On the other side of the room. Grandma and Grandpa Mussman, Haya and Sonya, huddle together separately.

The sound of the parrot takes us out of the flash forward.

PARROT 2

Oh how very very sweet! How lovely!

END FLASH FORWARD

68. INT. AL-HALWANI HOUSE. SHEIK JARRAH. DAY. 1947.

PARROT 2 (OVERLAP)

Oh how very very sweet! How lovely!

Al Halwani sees the awkward trio and greets them. (THEY SPEAK IN ENGLISH)

AL-HALWANI

Ahh! My dear Stanislav! Come, come.

He ushers them to a cluster of friends.

AL-HALWANI (CONT'D)

Please meet my great friend, Mr. Stav and his family. Mr. Stav helped clear my son, Edward, from that unfortunate incident at the beginning of the summer.

PARROT 2

Who will be my destiny?

PARROT 1

Kalamat, ya sheik! Kalamat, ya sheik! Kalamat!

Al-Halwani kisses the hand of a buxom woman who passes, in a dress decorated with fruit. She kisses him three times on the cheek: right, left, right.

Amos looks out the window and sees young girls playing outside. Al Halwani notices:

AL HALWANI

If the young sir would like to go
out in the garden, there are some
children there.

Amos takes his task seriously, and "like a lion confronting other lions," exits
to the garden.

69. EXT. AL HALWANI GARDEN. DAY. 1947.

In the arbor there are 5-6 teenaged girls. Rowdy boys run past Amos as he
walks. A young couple whisper to each other beneath a tree, not touching.
Near the wall, on a bench, a pale, beautiful girl Amos' age sits, knees
together, AISHA, 10. She looks at Amos with "un-childlike curiosity" and also
warning. At her feet is a three-year old boy, AWWAD her brother. Picking
up fallen leaves and arranging them.

Amos approaches the girl until he stands in front of her, mustering his
complete courage and diplomatic skill.

AMOS

Sabbah al-hir, Miss. Ana ismi
Amos. ya bint?

She doesn't respond or smile. He looks at her bare legs and blushes. Amos
averts his gaze to her brother, who also stares at him.

A very long, awkward silence. Finally she responds. And in Hebrew.

AISHA

My name is Aisha. That little one
is my brother, Awwad.
(beat)

You're the son of the guests from the post office?

AMOS

I'm not their son. I am the son of their friends. Mr. Halwani, your honored father, suggested that I come to play with the children of the garden.

AISHA

He's not my father. He's my mother's uncle. I don't live here. I live in Talbieh.

AMOS

You speak Hebrew?

AISHA

I've been studying piano in Rehavia for the past three years. I learned from the teacher and the other students. It's a beautiful language. And a beautiful area- Rehavia. Well kept. Quiet.

AMOS

Talbieh is also well kept and quiet.

A silence.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Would you mind if we talked for a little while?

AISHA

(with a smile)

Aren't we talking already?

70. EXT. AL HALWANI GARDEN. LATER. 1947.

Aisha sits properly on the bench. Amos sits next to her. He glances at her knees occasionally as he speaks in formal, polished Hebrew.

AMOS

There's enough room in this country for both peoples, if they only had the sense to live together in peace and mutual respect.

She either doesn't understand what he is saying or doesn't want to.

AISHA

My older brother is in London studying to be a solicitor and barrister.

AMOS

What are you thinking of studying when you're older?

She looks into his eyes, and he goes white. He looks down. Awwad has made four circles of leaves at his feet.

AISHA

How about you?

AMOS

Well, you see. Well, you see, it's like--

AISHA

You'll be a lawyer too. From the way you speak.

AMOS

What makes you think that exactly?

AISHA

I'm going to write a book.

AMOS

You? What kind of book will you write?

AISHA

Poetry.

AMOS

Poetry?

AISHA

In French and English.

I also write in Arabic. But I never show it to anyone. Is there nice Hebrew poetry?

AMOS

Levin Kipnes! Rachel! Vladimir
Jabotinsky! Tchernikowsky.

As he passionately recites, closing his eyes and gesturing wildly. She looks on amused, and young Awwad interrupts from the leaves on the floor, in his only Hebrew words:

AWWAD

Jest a minute! Rest a minute!

AISHA

Can you climb trees?

71. EXT. AL HALWANI GARDEN. LATER. 1947

Amos has removed his sandals, climbing the tree furiously oblivious to difficulty or danger. He reaches the uppermost part of the tree and rests on his stomach on a sloping branch. Aisha and Awwad watch from below.

Amos finds a rusty iron chain with a heavy metal ball.

AWWAD

Jest a minute! Rest a minute!

Amos, crying war cries, swings the iron ball in circles, showing off his muscular Judaism to Aisha. He lassoes the air with the iron ball as Aisha smirks at him from below, unimpressed.

Awwad chases a white butterfly. a girl's voice is heard.

AISHA (O.S.)

(in Arabic)

Awwad! Awwad! Run!

Awwad looks up toward Amos as the rusty iron ball thuds past his head and on his foot. Blood is everywhere, as we hear a heart-rending scream.

72. EXT. UNDERWATER.

Fania is underwater, fully clothed and hair splayed, a drowning Ophelia. Opposite her, a group of jellyfish.

73. EXT. AL HALWANI GARDEN. LATER. 1947.

Amos' recollections of the horror that ensues:

Unconscious Awwad's eyes shut as he is carried away.

Blood dripping from Amos' chin on his shirt.

Two coal black eyes shining with hatred at Amos: they belong to Aisha.

A hairy arm grabbing Amos' shirt and dragging him out of the house.

As Amos looks back, he sees another man furiously screaming at Aisha.

74. INT. JERUSALEM PHARMACY- HEINEMANN'S. MORNING. 1947.

Amos sits with his mother, cleaned up and chin bandaged. They sit silently while from the telephone stall, we hear his father on the phone speaking in English.

ARIEH (O.S.)

Hello, this is ArieH, I am the father
of Amos. May I please speak to
Mr. Al Halwani?

(a beat)

ARIEH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well, please tell him how very truly sorry we are about what happened. We are anxious for the health of the dear child. We will pay any of the child's medical expenses, of course, in full. And we sincerely wish to effect a meeting at an early date to clarify and try to right the wrong.

Fania looks at Amos.

75. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1947.

Fania tells Amos a bedtime story. He's distracted by his guilt.

FANIA

Once there were two monks who imposed all sorts of disciplines and afflictions on themselves. Among other things, they resolved to cross the whole Indian subcontinent on foot. They also determined to make the journey in complete silence: they were not to utter a single word, even in their sleep.

76. EXT. BY A RIVER. DAY.

We see Amos and his mother walking by a river playing the two monks.

FANIA (V.O.)

Once, however, when they were walking on the bank of a river, they

heard a drowning woman crying for help. Without a word the younger monk leapt into the water, carried the woman to the bank on his back, and laid her down wordlessly on the sand.

Amos does as his mother describes with an anonymous woman.

76A.EXT. DESERT. DAY.

Fania and Amos, as the two monks, continue walking.

FANIA (V.O.)

The two ascetics continued their journey in silence. Six months or a year passed, and suddenly the younger monk asked his companion: Tell me, do you think I sinned in carrying that woman on my back? His friend answered with a question: What, are you still carrying her?

We are back in the bedroom with Fania and Amos as themselves, looking at one another.

76P1. EXT. RIVER. DAY.

Fania is drowning, Amos is trying to save her

77. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. LATER THAT NIGHT. 1947.

Amos sneaks out of his bedroom, sneaks past his father who is furiously writing at his desk, looking much like the Rabbi from the opening history. He finds his mother and her friends, POLA and LILENKA, both 35, in the sitting room. They whisper together animatedly yet sadly about Rovno in Russian.

POLA

Remember Dr. Reiss, our Tarbuth teacher?

FANIA

The way we were in love when we were thirteen, we don't get to feel again.

LILENKA

Of course we do. What about the way you feel for Amos?

FANIA

That's mother's love. It doesn't make me ache or long.

LILENKA

Who wants to ache? You've always liked what wasn't there more than what was there.

FANIA

(emotionally)

They're all gone now. It's like Rovno was just a dream.

POLA
(comforting her)
Shhh....shhhh.

78. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. MORNING. 1947.

Fania, in a complete shift from the night before, enters the room in a starched red dress.

FANIA
Let's go to the Tel Arza woods!

79. EXT. HILL. DAY. 1947.

Arieh and Fania buoyantly walk down the street with linked arms, eyes sparkling. Amos runs ahead of them out of sheer joy. They walk past the Ratisbonne monastery and Bezalel.

FANIA
When I was a student, I loved to go
read here among the flowers.

ARIEH
And after class one day, over a cup
of coffee she met your future father!
I explained the root of the word
flower, you remember, Fania?

They share an extended moment of
flirtatious silence. Arieh breaks the
silence and explains to Amos.

ARIEH

The word flower
comes from a combination of
fertility and smell- the bees
fertilize the flowers and are
drawn to them by smell.

She touches his face gently.

FANIA

He took advantage of my weakness for
words.

ARIEH

What could I do? All the students were
chasing after her. I had to distinguish
myself.

80. EXT. TEL ARZA FOREST. DAY. 1947.

Fania, in a red dress, and ArieH sit on a blanket surrounded by cheese sandwiches and fresh juice, hard-boiled eggs and sliced vegetables. They are surrounded by pines.

ArieH lays his head on her knee and chews a blade of grass. Amos follows suit on her other knee. She, sitting upright leaning against a tree, strokes their faces and their hair with her elegant hands as birds coo above in the leaf-filtered light. She smiles to Amos: his happiest image of her. Shots ring out nearby/ maybe sounds from the Sosenki Forest here. We move to black.

81. INT. JERUSALEM PHARMACY - MR. HEINEMANN'S. DAY. 1947.

Fania, ArieH and Amos are hold sandbags and paraffin. They wait as the pharmacist mixes a wartime supply of drugs for other customers. Heinemann sees ARieh.

MR. HEINEMANN

How's the research, ArieH?

ARIEH

You steal from one book, you're a plagiarist. Steal from fifty, you're a great scholar!

Amos And Fania overhear other customers.

CUSTOMER 1

I heard that young Arabs are going around to Jewish houses with paint at night and marking which ones they want ahead of time.

Customer 2

I don't believe them anymore. I don't believe anyone anymore. It's just a big intrigue.

CUSTOMER 1

What-- you think our young heroes are going to go fight for you, and you say it's just an intrigue?

Amos looks at his mother. She's watching someone. It's the PIONEER, making a mail delivery. The Pioneer turns his back to her and walks away.

CUSTOMER 2

IT'S ALL AN INTRIGUE, I TELL YOU! THEATER! BEN GURION ALREADY
SIGNED JERUSALEM AWAY QUIETLY TO KING ABDALLAH SO THAT
THEY LEAVE HIM HIS KIBBUTZES. THEY DON'T CARE IF THEY BURN
AND SLAUGHTER US ALL.CUSTOMER 1

What's wrong with you?Amos looks to his mother. The customers leave with
their vials as Fania gets to the front of the line.

FANIA

Can I please have some A.P.C? I
have a headache that wont go
away.

82. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. DAY. 1947.

Fania, ArieH and Amos walk down the street with their grocery bags. They
pass Mr. Licht.

MR. LICHT

Million kinder! Million Kinder!

Amos, Fania and ArieH walk. ArieH reassures
Amos.

ARIEH

If there's a war, we'll win and the
state is literally standing at the gate.

FANIA

It's not standing and there's is no
gate. There's an abyss.

ARIEH

(in Russian, sharply)
Not in front of the child!

83. INT. AMOS' SALON. Night.

Arieh, Fania and Zarchi sit in the salon.
Amos is doing impressions for them.

Amos is dressed as Golda Meir:

AMOS:

There is no Zionism except the
rescue of Jews.

The adults gu'ss: Golda Myerson and Amos
runs out to get a new costume.

ARIEH

Our brothers are being sent back to concentration camps?

ZARCHI

They're not concentration camps

ARIEH

They're camps surrounded by barbed wire in
Germany—what do you call that?

Amos enters dressed as Ben Gurion. He does an impression.

AMOS

We will fight the war as if there were no white paper

and the white paper as if there was no war.

The adults guess Ben Gurion and laugh. Amos leaves to redress.

ZARCHI

Well is England supposed to want to turn Palestine
into a refugee camp?

ARIEH

We don't need to pity the Anglo-Nazis-
they're the Amalek of our time.

FANIA

Amalek or not, one day we may miss them.

Amos enters as Sharett:

AMOS

(with barely concealed joy)
There's going to be a war soon in
Jerusalem!
And we'll beat them all!

84. EXT. AL SILWAN GARDEN, THROUGH A WINDOW. DAY. 1947.

An olive grove. We see the trees, ancient and eternal. We hear young Awwad's voice.

AWWAD (O.S.)

Jest a minute rest a minute jest a
rest a jesta resta

86. EXT. BIRD MIGRATION. DUSK.

Fania walks among swarms of birds flying overhead, the impending war weighing on her.

87. EXT. AMOS STREET - JERUSALEM. NIGHT. 1947.

Amos and his father walk. The whole neighborhood has gathered on the street and the balconies surrounding, to hear the Lembergs' radio, which is out on the balcony with extension cords and at full volume. Ariele tests the child prodigy:

ARIEH

Tonight, November 29, at Lake Success near New York, the General Assembly of the United Nations will vote on what?

AMOS

Adopting the UNSCOP plan.

ARIEH

And what's that?

AMOS

It recommends the creation of two states- one Jewish and one Arab.

ARIEH

Who's against it?

AMOS

The Muslim bloc and Britain.

ARIEH

But why?

AMOS

They want it all to be Arab under British protection, like Egypt and Trans-Jordan and Iraq.

ARIEH

And who's for it?

AMOS

The United States. Probably Stalin?

ARIEH

Who's undecided?

AMOS

Chile- but they'll go for the Arabs. Haiti? They keep changing their mind. The Phillipines might abstain. Paraguay? There's a coup d'etat in Siam. Liberia probably for.

ARIEH

Well done! You know, the name Lake Success is the opposite of the Sea of Tears that symbolizes the fate of our people in Bialik.

88. EXT. SCHNELLER STREET. NIGHT.1947.

They arrive to see hundreds of people standing like the dead, silently, unmovingly, a tableau in half-light, listening to the radio in the balcony. Fania

turns to greet them, she is already there listening. It's a still photograph practically, held breath to the American announcer on full volume. An old couple sits on chairs. Three young sisters grip each other. A man checks off countries as they are announced, using a friend's back as a table. YONI is there with his parents. He turns and looks to Amos with wide eyes.

RADIO (V.O.)

...United Kingdom: abstains. Union of
Soviet Socialist Republic: yes.
United States: yes. Uruguay: yes.
Venezuela: yes. Yemen: no.
Yugoslavia: abstains.

An otherworldly silence. Time slows. The man counts the checks on his list.

RADIO (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Thirty-three for. Thirteen against.
Ten abstentions and one country
absent from the vote. The resolution
is approved.

Disbelief and shock. The words hang in the air.

"A scream of horror and bewilderment, a cataclysmic shout, a shout that could shift rocks, could freeze your blood, as though all the dead that had ever died here and all those still to die had received a brief window to shout." Then roars of joy, "The Jewish People Lives!" The people start to revolve.

His parents embrace tightly. Amos is between them.

The crowds are now singing. Amos and his father just join in: ahhhh. A shot up towards Amos, lifted above his father. Fania strokes their necks. Amos takes it all in.

90. INT. AL HALWANI HOUSE. NIGHT. 1947.

The parrots, in the cage, are silent.

92. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT -BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1947.

Amos lies in bed, still fully clothed. His eyes shine, awake still, electrified by the eventful evening. After a few moments alone, his father comes in and gets in bed next to him.

They say nothing. ArieH strokes Amos' hair. It is the first time they have been silent together. After some time:

ARIEH

(whispering)

In my school in Vilna, you can't imagine what the gentile boys did to me. And then, when my father came to complain at the school, they pushed him to the ground in front of me and took off his pants and beat him too. And they laughed. And the teachers watched and were quiet. Some of them laughed too.

A beat. Then, in the darkness:

ARIEH (CONT'D)

Bullies may well bother you in the street or at school someday. They may do it precisely because you are

a bit like me. But from now on,
from the moment we have our
own state, you will never be bullied
just because you are a Jew. Never
again.

Amos sleepily reaches out and touches his father's face. He feels his tears.
It is the first time he experiences his father crying.

The screen goes to black. A silence. We infer sleep. Suddenly shots ring
out and it's a full-on war.

93. EXT. MONTAGE- WAR FOOTAGE+FIELD. DAY. 1948.

Old war footage/photos from the War of Independence.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

(In the lives of individuals and of
peoples, too, the worst conflicts are
often those that break out between
those who are persecuted. It is
mere wishful thinking to imagine that
the persecuted and the oppressed
will unite out of solidarity and man
the barricades together against a
ruthless oppressor.

In reality, two children of the same
oppressive father will not necessarily
make a common cause. Often each
sees in the other not a partner in
misfortune, but the image of the
common oppressor. The Europe that
abused the Arabs by means of

colonialism, is the same Europe that persecuted the Jews, and helped murder almost all of them. But when the Arabs look at us, they see not a bunch of half-hysterical survivors but a new offshoot of Europe, with its colonialism, technical sophistication, and exploitation. And when we look at them, we do not see fellow victims either; we see not brothers in adversity but bloodthirsty anti-Semites, Nazis in disguise.)

93. EXT. FIELD. DAY

HANDHELD CLOSEUP: The pioneer, in army fatigues, runs, sweaty, breathless, determined, at war.

94. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. DAY. 1948.

The apartment shakes with the shelling outside. The apartment has become a sort of war shelter for the neighbors. A woman, 55, brushes her 80 year-old mother's hair. A 60 year-old man wails about his books. Grandpa and Grandma Klausner are in the apartment as well. A woman comes in with two pails of water she has brought from her ration. Fania reads a book and pays no notice. Ariele fiddles with his typewriter, opposite, the gulf between him and Fania widening. The room shakes again with another bomb outside.

**95. INT. WARTIME CLASSROOM-EMPTY APARTMENT ON MALACHI STREET.
DAY. 1948.**

The kids from Amos' school sit in a classroom, YONI among them. A suntanned youth, Garibaldi, smokes a hand-rolled cigarette as he instructs the kids. Their eyes shine at the seriousness with which he talks to them.

GARIBALDI

My code name is Garibaldi. And I'll be instructing you in your patriotic wartime efforts. You will search the storage yards and sheds for empty sacks to fill them with sand. And for bottles-- to fill with a cocktail that the enemy will find very tasty. You will gather Khubeizeh to help relieve the hunger, and you will serve on watch duty-- tell us what the Tommies are up to, whether there are any preparations for departure.

The boys run out, eager with their missions.

96. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. DAY. 1948.

Amos collects bottles and khubeizeh- the Arabic name for wild mallow.

97. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. DAY. 1948.

Amos rushes in, glowing from the excitement of his mission. Fania is writing in a journal-- we will never see what she writes in it, but she has an introspective, sad air.

Amos hands her the

khubeizeh from behind his back like a bouquet. She can't help but smile back.

FANIA

I'll cook this now-- you must be
hungry after your foraging.

Arieh enters, weary. Amos goes to wash the greens.

ARIEH

I enlisted with the national guard,
Fanitchka.

She stirs the khubeizeh.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

Don't you have anything to say to
that?

FANIA

What do you want me to say?
You're very brave.

98. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET-POLA'S STREET. DUSK. 1948.

Fania waits on line for a chicken ration. Families go by with their quarter chicken. The woman in front of Fania on line says to her friend:

WAITING WOMAN 1

A hundred Jews were burned alive
yesterday in Sheik Jarrah. They
were a convoy going up to
Hadassah and the university. A
hundred people! Doctors, nurses,
students.

WAITING WOMAN 2

Why didn't we save them?

WAITING WOMAN 3

The British wouldn't let us.

WAITING WOMAN 1

What is the point of a quarter of a chicken if horrors like this happen in front of your own eyes?

WAITING WOMAN 2

The children haven't tasted meat for months.

99. INT. AMOS' KITCHEN APARTMENT. EVENING. 1948.

Arieh, in uniform hands Amos a pet tortoise as the radio plays in the background. Fania is mopping the floor. Three neighbors reading/ sleeping/ washing.

RADIO (V.O.)

At midnight last night, between Friday, May 13, 1948 and Saturday, May 15, at the end of thirty years of the British mandate, the state whose birth David Ben Gurion announced in Tel Aviv few hours ago, came into being. At one past midnight, without war being declared, the infantry columns, artillery, and armor of the regular Arab armies poured

into the country, from Egypt to the south, Trans-Jordan and Iraq to the east, and Syria and Lebanon to the north. This morning Tel Aviv was bombed by Egyptian planes. The Arab forces have been invited in by the British to seize key points around the country before the formal end of the mandate.

ARIEH

I found him at the foot of an amazing Roman stone arch. His name is Abdullah Gershon—the king of Jordan.

He laughs at his own joke. He is the only one. Amos leans down and whispers to the tortoise:

AMOS

Faster, Mimi!

MIMI MOVES SLOWLY THROUGH THE DOORWAY

100. INT. AMOS SALON. EVENING. 1948.

Fania and ArieH lie by Amos' mat, trying to recreate the semblance of normalcy for him. Amos and Fania run their fingers across Mimi's shell.

FANIA

It's not enough to know the names of objects-- —You have to listen, to

pay attention. What sound do they make when you tap on them?

Amos plays along with her.

FANIA (CONT'D)

...that is their response or their "resistance." Every material, every shirt or chair, has a different resistance. It's not fixed, though, they can change according to season or time of day, or the person who's touching or smelling them.

ARIEH

You know, we use the same word for inanimate object and desire

FANIA

Yes, and to understand an object's desires, you have to listen in an un-greedy way.

ARIEH

Mommy is a step ahead of King Solomon. He could understand the language of every animal and every bird, but your mommy understands shirts and chairs too!

She silently gets up and leaves. Ariele kisses Amos on the forehead and goes after her.

101. EXT. JERUSALEM HILL. MORNING. 1948.

Amos is on his morning bottle-collecting expedition. A shot rings out. Then another. And a third. He is frozen.

103. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET-POLA'S STREET. DAY. 1948.

Fania's friend Pola hangs laundry on her balcony and bang!

102. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. DAY. 1948.

Amos' friend, YONI, kicks a ball on the street. As we move off him, we hear a deadly shot.

104. EXT. AMOS' GARDEN. DAY. 1948.

Mimi meanders near the pomegranate bush. The screen goes black as the third explosion is heard.

105. INT. AMOS' SALON APARTMENT. NIGHT. 1948.

Fania is weeping. Amos awakens with a start. He runs to his sleeping mother. She is sleeping in her clothes, like the other tenants. He holds her. She is inconsolable as he tries to comfort her.

FANIA

(whispering despairingly)

Pola, Polaaa...

Amos strokes her hair and kisses her. They hold each other. A shell falls. The apartment shudders.

106. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. DAY. 1948.

Amos wakes in his mother's arms to the sound of machine gun fire over the muezzin's prayer over the city. He races Outside to the garden

107. EXT. AMOS' GARDEN. MORNING. 1948.

Amos exits his house to the garden. He is blinded by the light.

FLASH FORWRAD

108A. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT- SALON. 1953.

Arieh and Amos wander through the house like strangers. It's a mess, with laundry littering the floor and dishes scattered throughout.

108. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-AMOS BEDROOM. DUSTY MORNING. 1953.

Arieh clears away Fania's things after her death:

-pillboxes

-jewelry

-powder compact

-an eyeshade

-toothbrush

-her red dress

-her nightgown

Amos watches helplessly.

AMOS

Aba.

Arieh looks up.

AMOS (CONT'D)

I want to move to a kibbutz.

END FLASH FORWARD

109. INT. AMOS'BUILDING STAIRS. DAY. 1948.

ARIEH

There's an armistice agreement with Egypt!

Amos descends the stairs to find a crowd around his father. Arieh, in his national guard uniform, tells the neighbors of the end of the war.

ARIEH

Next will be Trans-Jordan, Syria, Lebanon. They claim they'll start a second round of the war and they also won't recognize us. They claim our very existence is an act of aggression.

Amos sees Fania. She's barely moved.

110. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. DAY. 1948.

The neighbors who have been staying with them, move out.

110A

ESTABLISHING SHOTS- TRANSITION TO POST WAR: VISIBLE GUNSHOTS
IN WALL? SEPARATION BARRIER WITH EAST SIDE OF JERUSALEM?
ISRAELI FLAGS RAISED?

111. EXT. JERUSALEM STREETS-POLA'S STREET. DAY. 1952.

Everything seems gray, including Fania. Amos, now 12, and his mother join another ration line.

112. INT. TACHKEMONI SCHOOL. DAY. 1952.

ALTERNATIVE:

AMOS

On three things the world stands...Say
little and do much...I have found nothing
better for a body than silence...Know is
above thee...

AMOS

When I rose up from my bed after my illness, I went out for a stroll and what did my eyes see: A three year- old child, standing in the middle of the street, and a military car rushing toward him and all the passer-by are shouting at him: Child! Child! – and he does not hear. I took courage and with my still -aching throat I yelled too: Child! And it seems as if my shouting reached him because he soon moved aside. When he got close to us it was found out that he lost his way so we took him to the police station and started to go back home,

but the child started to following us, as if we were his parents. We barely got to sneak away from him and leave him at the police station, where his parents or relatives will surely come to look for him. On the way home I was occupied with passing thoughts about the child's destiny: who knows? Maybe his mother left him alone, maybe his family is poor and the mother didn't have enough money to support him and she could not see him starving, or he his an orphan. Yes, there are also children like this in our world,
By Amos Klausner, grade 4

113. EXT. TACHKEMONI SCHOOL YARD. DAY.1952.

The boys run outside and play. They gather around the water fountains and splash Amos.

BOY 1

Give me your sandwich!

BOY 2

Then you can give it to Tali- the halfwit- and she'll do it with you!

They laugh and push Amos around and run away.

Amos attacks himself violently like he saw his mother do.

114. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. AFTERNOON.1952.

Amos walks home from school past signs: "Help for Transit Camps."
"Abandoned property." "Our blood will no longer be shed with impunity."

115. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. AFTERNOON. 1952.

Amos walks in. His mother is reading in a chair. She looks up as he enters.

FANIA

There's milk.

He goes to get some milk from the ice box and pours himself a glass. He takes a book from his bag and pretends to read while drinking. He's actually watching his mother.

She's reading the book resting on her knees, with her neck and back hunched over it. It's Anna Karenina. We hear what she is reading:

FANIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

"Woman, you see, it's such a subject that, however much you study her, there'll always be something new."

"Женщина, видишь ли, это такой предмет, что, сколько ты ни изучай ее, все будет совершенно новое"

She rises and walks to the window, staring out silently.

Suddenly she starts to put on her coat and smooths her skirt.

FANIA (CONT'D)

I'll be back in 15 minutes.

AMOS

Can I go with you?

FANIA

I need to be on my own for a bit.
 Why don't you do something on
 your own too? I'll be back in a
 quarter of an hour.

She leaves. Amos sips his milk.

116. EXT. JERUSALEM STREETS + AMOS' COURTYARD , DUSK. 1952.

(16p1+16p2+16p3 + 16p4- separate
 streets)

Amos follows Fania surreptitiously out of the apartment and onto the street.
 She walks briskly, as if she's late. She arrives at the mailbox on Zephaniah
 Street and hesitates. She stands there, lost in thought, puts her hand to her
 forehead and heads back home. Amos races to get back before she does.
 He takes a shortcut through the neighbors' yard.

117. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. DUSK. 1952.

The door opens and Fania enters, red-cheeked and beautiful from the cool
 air.

Amos sits, hiding how out of breath he is. He sits on the couch exactly
 where he had been, sipping his milk.

Fania kneels by him.

FANIA

Of all my children, you're the one
 I love best. Can you tell me once
 and for all what it is about you
 that makes me love you the most?

Amos laughs nervously.

FANIA (CONT'D)

It's especially your innocence. I've never encountered innocence like yours in all my life. Even when you've lived for many long years and had all sorts of experiences, your innocence will never leave you. Ever.

Now Amos looks a bit worried.

Amos doesn't know what to say. Fania doesn't seem to notice.

FANIA (CONT'D)

I think you will grow up to be a sort of eager puppy dog like daddy, and you'll also be a man who is quiet and full and closed like a well in a village that's been abandoned by all its inhabitants. Like me. You can be both, yes.

119. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT.MORNING. 1952.

Amos folds laundry. Fania sits by the window, book upside down on her lap, drumming its cover as she looks out the window, somewhere else. After a few moments, Ariele comes in, humming and overly cheerful. He sidles up to Amos, whispering in his ear:

ARIEH

You're being a very good boy.
Your mother's suffering a terrible

headache. Just keep your voice
down-- no running around, alright?

Amos keeps folding, looks at his mother who is still elsewhere. Suddenly her attention is caught by the opening door: it is Grandma Shlomit and Grandpa Alexander Klausner.

She talks to Fania as she inspects the icebox, the floors, the sills for dirt.
She poorly hides her disgust for what she finds.

GRANDMA KLAUSNER
Do you need anything, my dear?

FANIA
No, thank you.

GRANDMA KLAUSNER
Then why don't you lie down?

FANIA
I'm fine like this, thank you.

GRANDMA KLAUSNER
What about the doctor? Did he
call?

FANIA
I don't need a doctor.

ARIEH
Mother- leave her alone.

GRANDMA KLAUSNER
Don't interfere, ArieH. What an
example she's setting for the child.

Amos, hearing his cue, takes his now completed salad and scoots out of the room. On the way he hears:

GRANDMA KLAUSNER (CONT'D)

(whispered, to ArieH)

She's play-acting. As if she deserves the moon.

GRANDPA KLAUSNER

Nu, what? Mental state. Melancholia. It's a sign that the heart is still young.

GRANDMA KLAUSNER

You'd think she was the only one having a hard time here. The rest of us are living in the lap of luxury!

Fania is looking out the window again.

120. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. EVENING. 1952.

Fania sits in the dark. Amos brings her a tea.

FANIA

Please don't be angry with me, Amos. I'm not having an easy time now. You can see how hard I'm trying to make everything alright.

ArieH interrupts their moment, noisily dragging a chair to sit alongside Fania. As Amos leaves, he watches his father try valiantly to join Fania in her silence, but he cannot. From Amos' POV, we see the quiet conversation

between his parents that ensues. Fania finally laughs at Arie's inability to sit still. She speaks in a soft, babying voice to Arie.

FANIA (CONT'D)

Go and play outside for a bit.

A beat.

FANIA (CONT'D)

Only take care. There are all sorts of people out there. They're not all as kindhearted and straightforward as you are.

ARIE

Shto ty ponimayesh? Ty ne normalnaya? Vidish Malchik!

FANIA

Sorry.

A long silence. Arie gets up and starts washing the dishes, Fania is looking out the window again. Amos watches from the doorway. (maybe mature Amos instead?)

ARIE

May I go out?

121. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BATHROOM. NIGHT. 1952.

Again from Amos' POV, we see Arie:

-Polish his shoes

-Splash aftershave

-put on a tie

122. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. NIGHT. 1952.

Arieh is at the door. It is already half open. He puts on his jacket and checks himself in the mirror.

ARIEH

You're really sure you don't mind if
I go out to see some friends?

Fania is still by the window.

FANIA

Don't tell me where you're going.

ARIEH

I won't stay out late.

FANIA

You can come home whenever
you like.

ARIEH

You need anything?

FANIA

Amos is here.

A silence.

He adjusts his jacket and tie and leaves, sheepishly.

123. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1952.

Amos lies awake, having overheard the whole conversation. We hear his father singing a popular song as he walks away:

ARIEH (O.S.)

Behold
 , thou
 art fair,
 my
 love;
 behold,
 thou
 art fair;
 thine
 eyes
 are as
 doves

He climbs out of bed when his father's voice gets far enough away.

124. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-PARENTS BEDROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT. 1952.

Fania lies awake, plagued by insomnia. She hears wailing street cats, the Muezzin's early morning wail, distant gunfire: the nighttime song of Jerusalem, 1952. Amos climbs into bed with her. After a few beats of silence:

FANIA

When you grow up, you'll discover

that almost everything your ears
hear at night can be interpreted in
more than one way. What your
eyes see too, even in broad
daylight, can almost always be
understood in various ways.

They pause in silence together for a moment.

129. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. MORNING. 1952.

We follow Amos from his room past Fania's where she is still sleeping.
Lilenka waits for him in the kitchen with orange juice.

LILENKA

You're a ray of sunshine. That's
what your mother says: You're a
ray of sunshine in her life.

Amos drinks the juice.

LILENKA (CONT'D)

Not like someone who's childish
selfishness allows him to go and
gather rosebuds at such a time.

Silence.

LILENKA (CONT'D)

You're such a bright, sensitive child.
I have a feeling you'll be a writer
one day.

AMOS

I'll never be a writer. Feelings
disgust me. I'm going to be a
farmer. Or maybe a dog poisoner
with a syringe full of arsenic.

Amos grabs his school bag and runs out the door to school.

130. EXT. TACHKEMONI SCHOOL YARD. DAY. 1952.

The boys run outside from their classrooms for recess, rowdily. Again, they quickly swarm around Amos, shoving him and calling him names. Amos starts telling a story amid the torture:

AMOS

Do you know what happened when
Tarzan met the cowboys and
Indians?

The boys look curiously as others still push and laugh at him.

AMOS (CONT'D)

Tarzan watched from a tree as the
cowboys and Indians fought below.

The boys become more and more curious.

AMOS (CONT'D)

A cowboy caught a snake slithering
underfoot by the throat and poured
its venom into a savage's mouth.
An Indian grabbed a thorny cactus
and stabbed the cowboy in his sky-
blue eye. Tarzan watched what

was happening below as he
contemplated what to do...

He takes a dramatic silence.

BOY 1

Then what?

AMOS

I'll tell you tomorrow.

He walks away, confidently, having extricated himself from the situation.

131. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. DAY. 1952.

Amos and his friend, Lolik, walk joyously down the street. Amos examines his bruises and scrapes as Lolik congratulates him.

LOLIK

That was amazing! Where did you
hear that story?

They pass a cafe as Amos is still consumed by his new wounds.

LOLIK (CONT'D)

Hey, isn't that your dad?

He points to a man in the cafe window with his back to them. Amos looks, and he sees a woman opposite a man who could be his father, but we do not see his face. Her mouth is like a rosebud. The man takes her braceleted wrist, leans down and kisses it.

Amos takes off, running. Lolik follows him.

LOLIK (CONT'D)

Hey, wait!

Amos keeps running, faster than ever before. We stay with him for some time. It starts again to rain.

FLASH-FORWARD

132. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT.DAY. 1953.

Arieh assembles sandwiches and puts them in a bag. He cuts himself, bleeds. He applies a towel compress.

133. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT - BATHROOM. DAY. LATER. 1953.

Amos bandages Arieh's hand, in silence.

134. EXT. BUS STATION. JERUSALEM. DAY. LATER 1953.

Amos and Arieh walk toward the bus stop, each carrying a bag, and his father, the sandwiches.

ARIEH

The word kibbutz, is Related to the word for beggar-kabtzan. A beggar collects money in his hand- charity (tzedaka), and the kibbutz gathers communally and shares money as well out of righteousness (tzedek).

Amos, doesn't reply. They arrive at the bus. Arieh gives him a hesitant hug.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

If I have hurt you in any way, I
apologize. I haven't had an easy
time of it either.

Amos gets on the bus. ArieH goes to get the paper.

135. INT. BUS. DAY. 1953.

Amos sits on the bus, looking out the window. He watches his father buy the paper, then turn around and wave at the wrong bus leaving.

136. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. 1952.

Amos runs as fast as he can. It is raining outside.

137. EXT. AMOS' GARDEN. LATE AFTERNOON. 1952.

Amos enters the garden. He is soaked. Fania is sitting in the garden in her blue flannel dressing gown, a book on her lap, something like a smile, but not quite, on her face. She sits there in the pouring rain, unmoving, under the pomegranate tree.

We see what she sees: the PIONEER, looking at her directly, lonely and thoughtful, drenched in the rain.

Amos goes to her gently, stands her up and takes her inside.

138. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-PARENTS' BEDROOM. EARLY EVENING.1952.

Amos wraps Fania in a towel and rubs her hair dry with another towel.

AMOS

You know better than that. You'll
catch a cold!

Amos tucks Fania in, wordlessly. She is still smiling the non-smile.

139. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. MORNING. 1952.

Amos watches as Fania, applies light makeup in her vanity mirror. He's in pajamas.

Arieh comes in holding a beautiful standard lamp with a bow on it. Fania sees him in the mirror and glows.

FANIA

Arieh! It's exactly like the one I had
as a student in Prague.

ARIEH

That's what I was thinking.

He unplugs her lamp, the room goes
dark as he plugs in the new lamp.

FANIA

It must've cost a week's salary!

ARIEH

For you, my dear, anything.

The light goes back on.

Fania kisses both Ariele and Amos on their foreheads and resumes her strange smile.

FANIA

This lamp will give light long after
I'm gone.

She resumes her makeup application. Amos watches as he plays with the light switch.

Fania's face in the mirror.

140. EXT. KIBBUTZ HULDA. COWSHED. MORNING. 1956.

Amos is 16 now, living alone on Kibbutz Hulda. He is tanned and muscular, wearing dusty blue work clothes and heavy boots. He looks strikingly like the PIONEER. He is working with EPHRAIM, a founder of the kibbutz in his mid-40s originally from Galicia.

They clean the cowsheds. Ephraim has a gun in the holster of his belt.

AMOS

In the War of Independence did you
kill any of those murderers?

EPHRAIM

Murderers? What do you want?
You want them to hand us the key
because our ancestors once lived
here?

AMOS

Then why are you here with your gun? Why don't you take it and go and fight on their side?

EPHRAIM

THEIR SIDE DOESN'T WANT ME. NO ONE IN THE WORLD WANTS ME.
THAT'S WHY I CARRY A GUN- SO THEY WON'T KICK ME OUT OF HERE
LIKE THEY DID EVERYWHERE ELSE.AMOS

But you're saying we kicked them out.

EPHRAIM

There was a terrible war- and if they had won, there wouldn't be a single Jew left, so it's a good thing we won. But now that we have what we have, if we take anything else from them, it will be a very big sin.

AMOS

And what if they show up now in our kibbutz and try to kill us?

EPHRAIM

We'll have to try and shoot faster and better at them. But we won't shoot at them because they're a nation of murderers, but for the simple reason that we also have a right to live and we also have a

right to a land of our own. I need
a smoke.

He takes off for the cowshed as Amos CHECKS HIS WATCH.

Amos runs to get the keys from warehouse. He fumbles with them.

142. EXT. KIBBUTZ HULDA - ENTRANCE. MORNING CONTINUOUS. 1956.

He drives the tractor along a corridor of palms up to his father, Arie, older, more defeated, standing small and alone like a child waiting for his mother after school. A cloud of dust as the tractor arrives Arie wears khaki trousers and a short-sleeved shirt, a kibbutz hat, shielding his eyes from the sun. Amos takes a moment to take him in.

Amos drives the tractor right up to him, braking dangerously close to him.

AMOS

Shalom.

Arie looks at him. Frightened almost.

ARIE

Is that you?

A beat.

ARIE (CONT'D)

You've grown so much. You look
so healthy!

Amos helps his father with his bag.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

If I may say so, that stampede of
yours wasn't very safe.

Amos smiles.

145.EXT. KIBBUTZ HULDA DAY.BETWEEN THE HOUSES.

AMOS TAKES HIS FATHER ON A TOUR OF THE KIBBUTZ LIKE A
SERGEANT-MAJOR. ARIEH IS PANTING, RED-FACED, MOPPING HIS BROW
AS THEY WALK THROUGH TREES. .

AMOS

The children all sleep here so that
the men and women alike can
work.

146. EXT. KIBBUTZ HULDA AUDITORIUM.

A GROUP OF CHILDREN PRACTICE MUSIC OUTSIDE FOR AN UPCOMING
CELEBRATION.

AMOS

The adults share the labor—in the olive
groves, with the cows, in the dining hall, (and
they also share in the fruits of that labor.)

143. INT. KIBBUTZ HULDA - COWSHED.NOON. 1956.

Amos walks his tiny father by the haystacks.

ARIEH

Look we're the same size now.

He laughs. Musing to himself.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

And you're as dark as a
Yemenite! With your new skin and
your new name, No one would
even guess you're my son!

They see Ephraim stacking hay bales from a wagon.

AMOS

This is my father. Aba, this is
Ephraim.

EPHRAIM

Ahh, Aba Oz!

ARIEH

(laughing uncomfortable)
Klausner. ArieH Klausner. Amos
chose Oz for his new life here.

ArieH offers his hand. Ephraim smiles at his formality, but obliges him.

There is an uncomfortable silence.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

Where are you from, Ephraim?

EPHRAIM

Galicia.

ARIEH

(in Galician dialect)

Oh the beautiful Galicia!

Ephraim doesn't seem to understand.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

How are you enjoying having Amos here?

Amos is embarrassed, Ephraim is amused.

EPHRAIM

Very well!

ARIEH

Well for that I am most grateful to you all.

(as if Amos wasn't there)

He was rather out of condition when he came (after his mother passed) and now he seems to be in tip-top form.

148. EXT. KIBUTZ HULDA-UNDER A TREE. DAY.1956.

AmoS(whis
perThis is
my school
now.

Itzik HaMoreh lectures a group of the kibbutz teenagers, Amos and his Ariele sit among them in the grass.

ITZIK HA MOREH

Nothing ever disappears. The word "disappears" implies that the universe is finite and that it is possible to leave it. But no-thing can ever leave the universe. And nothing can enter it Matter is transformed into energy and energy into matter--everything changes and is transformed- but no-thing can ever change from being to not-being. Are our souls the only exception?

A pause. As Itzik speaks, we see Amos' view out the window of trees, sky, birds.

150. EXT. KIBBUTZ HULDA-BENCH DUSK. 1956.

Amos and his father sit together on the bench, a space between them, looking out at the view.

We feel the missing person between them.

The silence is pregnant.

Amos looks down at the blond hairs on the tan skin on his own forearm to the black hairs on the white skin of his father's. He then looks at his father's face which is immeasurably sad and awkward.

After a long moment, Ariele looks up and speaks.

ARIEH

Well then.

A beat.

AMOS

Well.

We close on their backs facing the beautiful sunset.

150A. INT. KIBBUTZ BEDROOM

AMOS AND ARIEH sleep back to back in the bed.

END FLASH-FORWARD

151. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT. MORNING. BACK TO 1952.

(We fade to Fania's back, looking out the window, back when Amos was 12. She is sitting in what was the space between the two men in the previous shot,) We are on Fania's back as she sits, watching black birds against a colorless sky (Sis birds?). The birds pass and now it is just still, grey sky and barren trees. A desolate scene.

Fania looks through the window dispassionately.

Amos pretends to write in a notebook, looking at her. He is surrounded by laundry hanging dry clipped to a clothesline.

Fania gets up and begins to walk absentmindedly along the laundry, barefoot.

Arieh comes in and starts to take down the laundry. He is now taking care of everything.

Arieh hands Amos a card in a handwriting that matches Amos' own in the notebook. It reads: 18h, two yellow.

152. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-KITCHEN. MORNING. MOMENTS LATER. 1952.

Amos pours a glass of water and chooses from a vast array of medicine bottles. He pours out two yellow pills and brings them to Fania, who is now sitting at the dining table. He sits next to her and hands her the pills.

Arieh joins them, sitting too, with a plate of food.

Fania smiles feebly and pats them both on the head at the same time.

153. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1952.

Amos lies in bed as his father tucks him in. We hear Fania singing mournfully in Russian as she pads up and down the hallway.

ARIEH

Thank you Amos. I know I can
rely on you completely.

Amos feels a rush of pride and pity for his father as he kisses him on the head, turns out the lights and walks out.

Amos lies there a few moments. Suddenly a figure snuggles in bed with him.

AMOS

Aba?

It is Fania. Amos feigns sleep. She pulls the cover over their heads in the dark and whispers.

FANIA

Don't wake up.

A MONTAGE:

157. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-PARENTS' BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1952.

Arieh returns home from his jaunt, loosening his tie. Fania is sleeping in her chair. Arieh falls into the sofa and is immediately asleep. Amos is in his bed.

158. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1952.

Fania joins Amos in his single bed. We see Arieh alone in the double bed.

159A.

We move to Amos' room where Amos is now sleeping on the bed and Fania is on a mattress at Amos' feet.

*option to split the locations.

160. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1952.

Now Amos and Fania have switched-- she is in the single bed, he on the mattress by her feet. She starts coughing violently in her sleep, but it's not quite a cough. Amos awakes with a start in a sleepy daze. He gets up and walks to his father's room, gets in bed with him and falls asleep *option to split the locations.

161. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1952.

In Amos' bedroom, Fania sleeps on her chair, which has been moved. Her dozens of bottles of pills surround her.

END MONTAGE

162+163. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-KITCHEN. MORNING. 1952.

The morning routine: ArieH is boiling fresh- squeezed orange juice. Amos is rushing, gathering his books for school. Suddenly, Fania enters, hair combed and well put-together. They haven't seen her like this in a while. Both Amos and ArieH are stopped in their tracks.

ARIEH

Fania! How'd you sleep?

FANIA

Well, for the first time in ages.

ARIEH

The new pills must be working.

She starts to take out eggs and vegetables and bread and a pan.

Amos and ArieH exchange looks of shock.

The three sit on wicker stool at the counter, eating Fania's deluxe breakfast: fried eggs, toast, salad, little pots of yogurt.

FANIA

There was a furrier in Rovno who enticed visitors from Paris and Rome because of the rare silver fox furs he had that sparkled like frost on a moonlit night.

Amos is rapt. He has his mother back.

FANIA (CONT'D)

One day this furrier foreswore meat and became a vegetarian. He put the whole business into his father-

in-law's hands. Later he built a little hut and went to live there because he felt sorry for the thousands of foxes trappers had killed on his behalf. Eventually he vanished and was never seen again.

Arieh is smiling at her drama.

FANIA (CONT'D)

When my sisters and I wanted to frighten each other, we used to lie on the floor in the dark and take turns telling how the formerly rich furrier now roamed naked through the forest, possibly ill with rabies, uttering bloodcurdling fox howls in the undergrowth, and if anyone was unfortunate enough to encounter the fox-man in the forest, his hair turned instantly white with terror.

Arieh makes a face.

ARIEH

I'm sorry, what was that supposed to be?

An allegory? A superstition?

He thinks better of it, waves his hand.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

Sorry. Never mind.

She's quieted.

FANIA

Now let's not be late for school or
work, boys.

She ushers them to the door. Ariele puts galoshes on over his boots. Amos puts on boots as well and suddenly lets out a long, bloodcurdling howl. Ariele jumps alarmed and goes to hit Amos.

Fania inserts herself between them quickly to protect Amos.

FANIA (CONT'D)

That was all because of me. I'm
sorry.

She hugs Amos long and hard: this is the last time they will ever hug.

164. EXT JERUSALEM STREET. MORNING. 1952.

Ariele and Amos leave together. They don't speak a word- they go down the street where Amos turns left to go to school and Ariele keep going straight.

164A. Fania puts on makeup.

165. INT. TACHKEMONI SCHOOL. DAY. 1952.

Amos sits in class, his mind elsewhere as the teacher drones.

TEACHER (in English)

I do, I did, I have done, I have been doing, I would have done, I should have done.

The class repeats

166. EXT. LIFTA. DAY./ALT. MAMILLA POOL

Fania walks through trees and old Arab ruins. She sees a religious man's clothes hanging from a tree. In an ancient pool, the PIONEER takes mikveh, as a religious man. He chants softly from Deuteronomy:

PIONEER

"I have set before you life and death, the blessing and the curse, therefore choose life, that you may live, you and your seeds.

ALT/ Fania walks through the empty
Mamilla pool

167. EXT. TACHKEMONI SCHOOL. DAY. 1952.

Fania is waiting for him at the end of the school day, looking girlish and beautiful.

FANIA

I've decided to take the two men in my life to a restaurant for lunch.

AMOS

Does Aba know?

FANIA

We'll surprise him. Let's go for a walk to his office and drag him out of there by force, like a blinking moth out of a heap of book dust.

He is alarmed by her louder than usual voice-- she speaks as if she were in a play.

AMOS

Where are we going to eat?

FANIA

I'm not telling. You need some suspense, too!

168. EXT. JERUSALEM STREET. DAY. 1952.

Amos and his mother walk arm in arm, her coat slung over her shoulder. Men turn to stare at her stockings with the seam up the back.

FANIA

You'll be my cavalier today.

He pulls her tighter.

FANIA (CONT'D)

A cavalier is a knight. Cheval is a horse in French, and chevalier is a horseman or knight.

He looks at her as she keeps her gaze straight ahead, as if performing. Suddenly, she turns to face him: she has an urgent message to impart.

FANIA (CONT'D)

Amos: There are lots of women who are attracted to tyrannical men. And there are some women who do not need a hero or even a stormy lover but a friend. Just remember that when you grow up. Steer clear of the tyrant lovers, and try to locate

FANIA (CONT'D)

the ones who are looking for a man as a friend, not because they are feeling empty themselves but because they enjoy making you full too.

She takes his face in her hands.

FANIA (CONT'D)

And remember that friendship between a man and a woman is something much more precious and rare than love: love is actually something quite gross and clumsy compared to friendship. Friendship includes a measure of sensitivity, attentiveness, generosity, and a finely tuned sense of moderation.

He wants to stop talking. He takes her by the arm and they walk again in silence. As they reach the city center, she lets out a little laugh.

FANIA (CONT'D)

What would you say to a little brother? Or a sister?

Before he can answer:

FANIA (CONT'D)

One day when you get married and have a family of your own, I very much hope you won't take me and your father as an example of what married life ought to be.

Amos and Fania continue arm in arm to the Terra Sancta building.

171+172. INT. TERRA SANCTA LIBRARY. LATER. 1952.

Arieh is atop a step-ladder, wearing a long gray overcoat covered in book dust, filing books. He turns around in surprise when Amos and Fania enter.

Three other librarians watch in amusement as if the family is enacting a play for them.

ARIEH

What a surprise! What a surprise!

He looks anxious and strained as he gets of the ladder and walks quickly toward them.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

(to his colleagues)

Excuse me a minute.

ARIEH

What happened? Are my parents alright? And your parents?

Fania smiles, calming him.

FANIA

No, everything's fine. We wanted to surprise you: we're going for lunch.

ARIEH

It's not someone's birthday, is it?

A beat.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

Why not? You're feeling better and that is certainly something to celebrate.

173. EXT. JERUSALEM RESTAURANT. AFTERNOON. 1952.

Arieh and Amos sit opposite Fania. We see her between them, over their shoulders.

The waitress arrives.

FANIA

You two order first because it's my treat today. And I'll be very pleased if you order the most expensive things on the menu.

ARIEH

Vegetable soup. Chicken with
mashed potatoes for me.

AMOS

I'll have the same please.

Fania still stares at the menu.

ARIEH

Fania?

She places the menu down but still doesn't speak.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

Fania?

FANIA

Just some boiled rice for me
please.

The waitress nods.

FANIA (CONT'D)

And a cup of black coffee.

She nods again and leaves.

AMOS

Are you alright, mommy?

**174. INT. RESTAURANT. LATER. 1952. (THIS IS THE REALLY THE
CONTINUATION OF SC 173)**

They finish their meals. Fania only pecks at hers, there is barely a dent in
the bowl of rice. The waitress comes and ArieH takes out his wallet.

FANIA

Put it right back. Today you are
my guests.

Arieh obeys.

ARIEH

Apparently, you inherited an oil well.

They hear a noise from the table next to them

MRS. MAGDA

(in German)

Everything that ever happened to you, you
deserve!

She pronounces the word with venom and throws her cup against the wall.
Amos studies the two women: two refined German women with low voices
and perfect manners. Birdlike features and prominent Adam's apples.
The older woman cries soundlessly. The waitress picks up the shards of the
cup. The younger woman silently and mercilessly hands her a handkerchief.
The two women stare at each other without speaking.
Amos remembers his mother.

AMOS

Are you alright, mommy?

When we turn to see Amos' POV of Fania: she has moved out her chair like
an audience seat and is staring at the women with a pale face.

175. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-AMOS BEDROOM/HALLWAY. NIGHT. 1952.

Amos watches as the doctor consults with Arieh at Fania's bedside.

DOCTOR

She needs complete rest.

ARIEH

I will see to it.

176. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-AMOS BEDROOM/HALLWAY. NIGHT. 1952.

Arieh brings Fania warm milk and honey and tucks her into bed as Amos watches from the doorway.

ARIEH

Please take a sip with the new pills.

He hands her two pills and the glass.

ARIEH (CONT'D)

They'll help you sleep.

She sits up a bit and swallows them.

177. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT- AMOS BEDROOM/HALLWAY. LATER THT NIGHT. 1952.

Amos peers in the corner of the room. Fania sleeps soundly.

Amos watches from the crack in the door and from his POV we see Fania taking three more sleeping pills. She lies down. A long pause. She cannot sleep. She gets up. Sits in her chair by the window and stares out.

178. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-AMOS ROOM. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT. 1952.

Amos sleeps on a mattress. The lights goes on, he cracks open his eyes. Fania enters, fully dressed with an ironing board. She irons every sock and napkin in the house. Amos watches horrified, not wanting her to catch him

awake. She burns a napkin. He runs to her. The burning smell alerts ArieH too, who rushes in.

ArieH takes the burning napkin to put it out.

Amos seats his mother in a chair. When ArieH returns, they both take off Fania's shoes.

ARIEH

Please leave us alone for a moment, Amos.

Amos leaves ArieH to tend to Fania alone.

179. INT. AMOS' APARTMENTHALLWAY. NIGHT. MOMENTS LATER. 1952.

Amos exits the room and shuts the door, pressing his ear against it. He hears his parents speaking in Russian.

ARIEH (O.S.)

I don't know how to help anymore.

FANIA (O.S.)

I'm not your responsibility.

ARIEH (O.S.)

I just make everything worse.

FANIA (O.S.)

I'm sorry to be such a burden to you.

ARIEH (O.S.)

You're not a burden. The way we are crying now, soon we'll be laughing.

I'll take you to Tel Aviv to be with
your sisters and get some fresh air.

FANIA (O.S)

Yes, some fresh air.

A beat.

181. INT. BUS-JERUSALEM TO TEL AVIV. DAY. 1952.

Fania and ArieH sit silently on the bus from Jerusalem to Tel Aviv. He gently takes her hand. The people behind them talk politics. We only see the bus riders out of focus, behind them.

BUS RIDER ONE

Those murderers can't just keep
what they stole from us!

BUS RIDER TWO

And we need the money to help
absorbing survivors.

BUS RIDER THREE

It's blood money. we can't sell them
forgiveness.

Fania and ArieH are consumed by their own thoughts.

187. INT. HAYA'S HOUSE-TEL AVIV. EVENING. 1952.

The sisters--SONIA, HAYA, and FANIA-- sit at the table and drink tea together. There are pickles, cheese and bread out, as well as cookies.

SONIA:

Of course you're miserable. You live in Jerusalem!

(They laugh)

HAYA:

Well, even in your worst state you still look beautiful.

SONIA:

We're going to pamper you and let you rest, and you don't do a thing.

(Fania takes a pickle out of the jar with her fingers. Haya slaps her hand gently).

HAYA:

Still with the fingers in the jar! The forks are here. But even that- if you must—whatever makes you happy.

SONIA

You can always stay with me, if Haya's tired.

HAYA

That's absurd! Why would you say such a thing?

FANIA

You don't need to fight over me. I won't be able to stay humble!

182. EXT JERUSALEM STREET. DUSK. 1952.

Amos and ArieH walk through Jerusalem's streets. The city prepares for the Sabbath. Its raining.

184. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT-PARENTS BEDROOM/ARIEH'S STUDY. NIGHT. 1952.

ArieH works at his desk, his glasses down his nose. Amos does schoolwork by his feet.

188. INT. HAYA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT. 1952.

Fania, dressed, joins Sonia and Haya in the kitchen.

FANIA

I'm going to take a walk and look
at the handsome young men.
Doctor's orders!

Before Haya and Sonia can stop her,
she's left.

189. EXT. TEL AVIV STREET. NIGHT. 1952

Fania walks in the rain in her rain gear. She passes the unlit window of the Tnuva dairy where a greenish poster for milk is fixed to the inside of glass with brown tape, showing a plump girl in a meadow. It reads: "Milk every morning and every night will give you a life of full health and delight."

The 6 year old boy and his mother from the opening scene of the film jumps in a puddle, delighted to splash. He smiles up at his mother.

183. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT- SALON. NIGHT. 1952.

It pours outside while Amos and ArieH stick stamps into his album. They compare each stamp with the picture in the British catalogue.

190. EXT. TEL AVIV STREET. NIGHT. 1952.

FANIA, 38, passes vacant lots, remains of sand dunes, thistles, snails and trash between buildings. Dilapidated new buildings: peeling paint and crumbling mildewing plaster, rusty railings, boarded up balconies like refugee camps. Shop signs off their hinges, dying trees, run down storage sheds.

She passes a young couple kissing passionately in the street.

185. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT- SALON. NIGHT. 1952.

Amos and ArieH play checkers. Amos wins.

191. EXT. TEL AVIV STREET. NIGHT 1952.

Fania walks through an alley full of overturned trash cans and cats everywhere. Washing lines with stained clothes, underwear whirling in the windy rain.

A group of teenage girls runs in the rain, laughing hysterically, as young girls do when they are together, trying to stay under a single umbrella.

192. EXT. TEL AVIV STREETS. NIGHT.

FANIA walks like a sleepwalker. The rain gets harder. She forgets about her umbrella and lets herself get soaked. She is seemingly alone on the street.

Mature Amos passes and looks her in the eye.

193. EXT. THE BANKS OF THE AYALON. 1952.

The Ayalon bursts its banks from the rain.

194. INT. BLACK ROOM-STUDIO.

THE PIONEER, dressed in a black cape as death. He dances with Fania as a soothing lover, finally enshrouding her with darkness

186. INT. AMOS' BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1952.

Amos and Arie lie in Fania's bed.

194A. INT. HAYA'S APARTMENT- YIGALS ROOM. NIGHT.

Fania takes pills. She lies down. She cannot sleep. She stirs. Sits up. We see her hands open another bottle of pills. Takes more pills. Gets more water from the kitchen to wash them down. She swallows more and more until the bottle is empty. The empty pill bottle returns to the table.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

My mother was 38 when she died:
younger than my elder daughter on
the day these lines were written.
Ten years after she and her friends
completed their studies, they
experienced a Jerusalem of heat
waves, poverty and malicious
gossip. When those emotional
Rovno schoolgirls suddenly
found themselves in the rough
terrain of everyday life, diapers,
husbands, migraines, queues, smells

of mothballs and kitchen sinks, it transpired apparently that the curriculum of the school in Rovno in the 20s was of no use to them. It only made things worse.

She falls asleep. A light passes over her face until she is gone.

195 NEW. EXT. ANTON'S BURNING HUT. ROVNO. NIGHT.

p.1: the burning house in the field.
Amos, in a fireman's outfit runs toward the house. He carries out a woman, who could be Fania, though her face is obscured (from sc 48)

p.2 Amos knocks the gun out of Fania as Col. Jan's hand (45p8)

p. 3 Amos as a monk drags his mother from the river.(76p1)

194A1. Back to Fania in her sister's Tel Aviv apartment, unmoving in the bed.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

My mother grew up surrounded by an angelic cultural vision of misty beauty whose wings were finally dashed in a hot, dusty pavement of Jerusalem stone. Her childhood promise was inevitably frustrated, trampled underfoot, and even

ridiculed by the monotony of life itself. She might have been able to grit her teeth and endure hardship and loss, poverty, or the cruelty of married life. But what she couldn't stand, it seems to me, was the tawdriness.

Fania's eyes closed. Her neck. Her hands. Still.

194B. INT. HAYA'S APARTMENT.MORNING

Outside the window: morning birds begin to stir.

196. INT. AMOS' APARTMENT- SALON MORNING. 1952.

Amos gathers his things. There's a knock at the door. Amos goes to open it. It's the pharmacist, Mr. Heinemann.

Arieh arrives with boiled orange juice.

MR. HEINEMANN

There's a phone call from Tel Aviv.
It's urgent. Please.

Arieh and Amos grab their coats and run out.

197A. INT. HAYA'S APARTMENT. FANIA'S ROOM

Two men carry Fania out of the room on a stretcher: close on their hands as we hear Haya crying. As they pass we see a still life of her bedside table: pillboxes, a book, an eye mask.

198.EXT. TEL AVIV STREET. MORNING. 1952.

An Ambulance drives down the street in the lashing rain, moving away from us.

MATURE AMOS (V.O.)

Countries and nations are born out of geography. Out of history. Out of politics. Out of demography. Israel was born out of a dream. And everything that is born out of a dream is destined to feel like a slight disappointment. The only way to keep a dream perfect and rosy and unspoiled is never to try to live it out. A fulfilled dream is a disappointing dream. This is true of writing a novel. It is true of building a house. It is true of living out a sexual fantasy. This disappointment is not in the nature of Israel, It is in the nature of dreams

The POV of the ambulance shows the sky and sea, half white half black- the horizon slowly drifting down until it's all sky.

199new. INT. MATURE AMOS' STUDY, DAY.

On his father's desk, covered with glass, under which are family photographs, Mature Amos writes on paper: Mother, my mother, mother

Alt/ Mature Amos types: the voiceovers we have heard.

We see his reflection in the glass as we look at the photos on the desk.

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