

MEDIA EDUCATION FOUNDATION

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Arna's Children *A Film by Juliano Mer Khamis*

Transcript

Group of People chanting: Down with the Occupation

Arna: Go on, honk your horns!

Narrator: This is my mother, Arna. She was born to a Jewish family in a little village in the Galilee, Rosh-Pina. Her head is covered with the keffiyeh because she lost her hair as a result of chemotherapy treatment for terminal cancer. A few days ago she left the hospital despite her doctor's orders and organized this demonstration against the closure of the refugee camp of Jenin.

Arna: Keep moving. Don't stop. Go on, go on! Don't stop, go on! Honk your horn!

Soldier: Can you move aside?

Arna: You're just torturing them. You're the face of the occupation. Hundreds of cars are waiting. You're not even checking them so let them pass. Stop torturing them. Go on, ignore them.

Narrator: In 1989, my mother started a project in the refugee camp of Jenin. The aim of this project was to educate and support the children of the camp. Today's festival is an anniversary of 5 years of activity.

Arna: If the children make a mistake, please don't be angry. And please don't correct them.

Arna: Hello, how are you? Don't worry, love. You can still go in.

Arna: (To young man) Are you taking care of things? Can I trust you? You'll sit in the first row. Don't let anyone lean over. Can you handle it?

Children singing: Why are all the children of the world free and I am not? The army took me and put me in jail. The tortured me and killed me in the cell. I will go on resisting until I get my homeland back. Green fields of my beloved Palestine. Why are all the children free and I am not? Why are all the children free and I am not?

Arna: The intifada, for us and for our children, is a struggle for freedom. We call our children's project, "Learning & Freedom." These are not just words. These are not just words. They are the basis of the struggle. There is no freedom without knowledge. There is no peace without freedom. Peace and freedom are bound together! Bound together!

Crowd: Freedom, freedom!

Woman: Arna, how long will you go on?

Arna: Let me tell you something. A child said to me: "You look like an old lady." I said: Well, I am old. You know my age. "No, you only look old." I said: It's not only my looks. "No, you're young, you only look old. I said: It's OK, I am old. The real question is: How much strength will I have? You must understand: I enjoy this work. If I stop doing it, it will be for two reasons only: Either the project finishes me or I'll die before the project is finished. And now I have to help clean up.

Narrator: In 1948, at the age of 18, my mother joined the PALMACH, the Jewish brigade that fought for the creating of the Israeli state. Later she joined the Communist Party. This is where she met my father, Saliba, a Palestinian born in Nazareth. Two years before my mother was diagnosed for cancer, she received in the Swedish Parliament the alternative Nobel Prize for her work with the children in Jenin. With the prize money sum of \$50,000, we built this small theater in the middle of the camp. I joined my mother, and, being an actor, I took care of the theater activities.

Man: I can't hear you. What's the matter with you? Now raise them! Louder! And now silence.

Narrator: This is Nidal. He is the youngest one in the group. In six years time, during the al-Aqsa Intifada, Nidal will join the Islamic Jihad movement and will be killed during the fighting against the Israeli army. This is his brother Yussef. Yussef is the joker in the group. And this is Ashraf. Ashraf is Yussef's best friend. We used to call Ashraf "shorty with the big smile." During the al-Aqsa Intifada, Ashraf will lead the group of fighters in the battle of Jenin. I met Ashraf for the first time when he was nine years old, in the ruins of his house. His house was destroyed when the house next door was blown up by the Israeli army. This is where his friend, Ala, was living.

Arna: Did you know that Ala slept at his aunt's last night? That he didn't sleep at home? Did you know? Can you go back to your home, Ala?

Ala: No.

Arna: What will you do now?

Ala: Our house has been destroyed.

Arna: Ashraf, let him talk. Are you angry?

Ala: Yes.

Arna: What did you do with your anger? Did you shout? So tell us what happened. What happened?

Ashraf: They destroyed it. Go on, tell her.

Arna: Let him speak for himself.

Ala: We were told to leave the house. Then they blew it up.

Arna: Ashraf, why are you angry?

Ashraf: My house has been destroyed.

Arna: Tell us about it.

Ashraf: First they blew up Ala's house. That damaged our house.

Arna: Who did it?

Ashraf: The army.

Arna: Which army?

Ashraf: The Israeli army.

Arna: What would you like to do to them?

Ashraf: Kill them.

Arna: OK, get up, I'm the army. What do you do? Come on!

Ashraf: I'd curse them.

Arna: Go on, curse me! Very good! All right, this is anger. And when we are angry, we have to express it. You react like this because your anger is deep. Very deep. Now, take paint and paper, take anything you want, and use this place and these tables to express your feelings.

Narrator: In eight years time, Ala will become the leader of al-Aqsa Brigade in Jenin.

Ala (older): You see, we shoot the army with this. We were lucky to find it. Can I get some bullets?

Narrator: I asked Ala to join us in the theater activities, but he preferred to go on with the painting classes. Ashraf, on the other hand, was pushing me to include him in the theater group. As part of a psychodrama activity, I asked the boys to imitate their English schoolteacher.

Male teacher: Enough now, let's start. I said, let's start. There he comes.

Boy (as teacher): Good morning, boys.

Group of boys: Good morning.

Boy (as teacher): Get up. Next time, you stand up when I come in. What letter is this?

Male teacher: OK, that's enough.

Boy (as teacher): Wait, I'm not done yet.

Male teacher: OK, that's enough.

Boy (as teacher): No, wait.

Male teacher: OK, sit down.

Theater teacher: OK, lights out. Lights out on stage. Music.

Boy 1: I'll bring the sun.

Boy 2: No, let me!

Theater teacher: Careful, the floor is slippery. Watch out.

Boy 1: If the princess brings in the sun, she'll be the Queen. If I bring the sun... I will be King.

Yousef: I met Arna on the street. I wanted to understand why she'd come here.

Boy 2: What her aim was. She got some kids together and we went along. She gave us some paint. We started learning. We loved it. We had a great time. Later we found out her name was Arna. We told her our names and we became friends. That was seven years ago. After a while she opened a children's home. Nidal and I helped her paint. She gave us clay to work with. We were kids.

Male interviewer: What did you think of her?

Boy 2: That she was Jewish.

Boy 4: We thought she wasn't good. When we got to know her, we saw she was very good to us. I still go to the children's home every day to learn.

Yousef: We were already playing theater games...but it wasn't serious. We had nobody to guide us. Then Arna's son, Jule, came. He taught me a lot. Things I could use in the future.

Boy 3: We thought: he's Jewish, he's come to spy on us...to spy for the occupation.

Juliano: Are you talking about me? You thought I was a spy for the occupation?

Boy 3: Say it again? I thought Jule...

Juliano: Why do you say "Jule"? Say "you".

Boy 3: We thought you were spying for the occupation. But then we got to know you. And as the years went by, we connected.

Juliano: Is that what you thought of me, you dirty sons of... Is that right, Kaniri?

Kaniri: Yeah. But we realized you were on our side.

Juliano: Why did you suspect me?

Yousef: I thought: Why isn't there an Arab who would do this for us? Why would Jews, who are enemies of the Arabs... why would they do all this for us? I really wondered. But when I had a chance to check you out...I'm not exaggerating. I love Arna like my own mother even more, and you are like a brother to me. You and Spartac, Abir, and Samer. All of you.

Narrator: In five years time, in October 2001, Yousef and his friend, Nidal will commit a suicide attack in Israel.

Yousef: To my brothers, my family, my dear mother, my loved ones, I greet you and say goodbye. My brothers, my parents, don't be sad. It's a sacrifice. Please pray for me and all Muslims. May God help us defeat the oppressors. Heaven is precious and Jihad is the way. Your beloved brother and son, Yousef Switat.

Arna: Who dares to change his clothes in front of us?

Man: Who is this for?

Arna: For Mahmoud. We spray the shoes black.

Children: The King is dead!

King: Dear Daughter, I order you to bring the sun into the palace. If you don't fulfill my wish, you cannot become Queen.

Daughter: How can I bring the sun into the palace? That's impossible. Impossible!

Boy 1: Let me be the King. I know how to do the job.

King: Little Princess...

Daughter: I don't want to be Queen.

Boy 2: I told you she couldn't be Queen. I still insist that I...

Boy 1: If the princess can bring the sun into the palace... she will be Queen. So if I manage to bring the sun into the palace...then I'll be the King.

Juliano: Hi, kids. Say hello, you. Come down.

Boys on roof: Coming.

Narrator: The success of the theater drew the attention of the Israeli media and soon a TV crew came with me to the camp to make an item about the theater and its actors.

Juliano: Do you speak Hebrew?

Boys: A little bit.

Juliano: Who's translating? Shall I take him outside?

Boy: Watch it. I'm very dangerous!

TV Crew: Is he an actor? Is he the leading actor?

Boy: I'm good.

Crowd: He's very good.

Juliano: This is the King, Abu Amar (ARAFAT). Sorry, that's forbidden.

Crowd: He's Rabin.

TV Crew: Does he want to be an actor?

Boy: Yes, that's my dream.

Juliano: When did you start thinking of becoming an actor?

Boy: When I met you at the children's home. I started dreaming of acting and playing with my friends.

TV Crew: Does he use his acting talents to mock the soldiers?

Boy: No, not the soldiers.

Juliano: I saw you doing that.

Boy: When?

Juliano: When they came in the jeep.

Boy: I just shouted.

TV Crew: Can he play a soldier?

Juliano: Chase Nidal.

Boy: Like he's running away?

TV Crew: Tell him to be tough.

Boy: You maniac, why do you throw stones and bottles? Come with me! Talk or I'll shoot you! Hands up. I'll shoot you! Talk! What's your name? You don't want to talk? I'll make you talk!

Juliano: OK, that's enough!

TV Crew: What's your name? Yousef?

Yousef: Yossi.

TV Crew: Is it Yossi or Yousef?

Yousef: Yossi.

TV Crew: Where did you get the coat?

Yousef: This? In Jenin.

TV Crew: You look like a soldier.

Juliano: Yousef wants to be a soldier. Don't you? In what army? Israeli, Palestinian or Jordanian?

Yousef: In the Syrian army.

Juliano: Why?

Yousef: I love Syria.

TV Crew: Does he think theater is a better way to protest...than violence?

Yousef: My protest.... Sorry, what did he say?

TV Crew: Can you express your anger through theater? Your protest?

Yousef: I oppose the Israeli occupation.

TV Crew: Through theater?

Yousef: Yeah. I can tell people what I feel. What I want and don't want. Whether I love life or not. That sort of thing.

Juliano: Be natural, boys. Don't be shy.

Ashraf: Don't worry. Just explain what the TV guy wants.

TV Crew: Does he think theater has any influence? Can it make people see their own situation?

Ashraf: When I am on stage, I don't think about the audience.

TV Crew: Ask him to look at the camera.

Ashraf: When I'm on stage, I don't notice the audience. I give myself totally, the way Juliano taught us. That's how you capture people's attention.

Juliano: He's asking about the role of theater in the Intifada.

Ashraf: When I'm on stage, I feel like I'm throwing stones. We won't let the occupation keep us in the gutter. To me, acting is like throwing a Molotov cocktail. On stage I feel strong, alive, proud. I hope to become a famous actor and to become better in the children's home.

TV Crew: Has he been to the theater before? Had he seen plays?

Ashraf: I've never seen them, but I've heard.

TV Crew: What are his dreams as an actor? What's your dream? – Tell him to say he wants to be Romeo.

Juliano: He doesn't know Romeo.

TV Crew: Never mind. He can do it ten times. I don't care.

Juliano: Say: "I want to be the Palestinian Romeo."

TV Crew: Ashraf, what role do you want to play?

Ashraf: I want to play the Palestinian Romeo. I guess you mean Romeo and Juliet. That's what I understand.

TV Crew: Say it again, but now straight.

Ashraf: I want to be the Palestinian Romeo.

TV Crew: Who will be Juliet?

Ashraf: Hopefully someone from Jenin, maybe a cousin.

Narrator: In six years time, during the Battle of Jenin, Ashraf will be killed.

Juliano: Hi, how are you?

Arna: Let's go.

Juliano: Take it easy.

Arna: Let's go.

Juliano: Careful.

Narrator: The doctors told me my mother's condition was getting worse and she would die soon. Her friends in Jenin asked me if I could drive her to the camp so they could see her for the last time.

Arna: I hate winter. Damn it, they didn't even check us.

Juliano: Mom, you've had this scarf since 1948, when you were in the Jewish Brigade.

Arna: I don't remember how I started wearing it. But at the time we were young and beautiful. We were 18, 19 years old. It was an age thing. At that age everything was beautiful. Even the most horrible things. Things you see in their context thirty, forty years later, Those years were full of youth and excitement. You remember only courage, pride, beauty, power. Just imagine, driving an army jeep barefoot, wearing this scarf, feeling on top of the world, driving from place to place. So this scarf was an age thing. The scarf went with driving a jeep in Tel Aviv on the sidewalks chasing people onto the street and nobody could stop you. Did they think I was crazy? No way! We were the Jewish fighters. On the jeep it said: Tel Aviv- Cairo. They stepped aside and even saluted us. But we were young and crazy. That was something else. It's all about age. If you missed it, you've lost it.

Juliano: But you enjoyed it.

Arna: Very much. A wild life. A great life.

Cameraman: Do you regret it?

Arna: Not at all. Only one thing: helping to drive the Bedouins away. Yes, I did that. That's the only really bad thing I did. Otherwise, I was just wild. I was adventurous, that's all. I did no harm. Hello. Hello. How are you?

Man 1: How are you, Arna?

Man 2: Welcome back.

Arna: Thank you, my dear. So nice to see all of you. Do I have to climb up? Hello everybody. Please, no applause. Hello guys.

Woman: When is the funeral?

Juliano: This afternoon, in the kibbutz.

Woman: Why the kibbutz?

Juliano: It's the only place that agreed to bury her. Is no one else here?

Woman: There's somebody inside.

Juliano: Should we get the coffin?

Man: He'll tell you what to do. Maybe he'll take her straight to the car.

Juliano: The coffin is in the car.

Man: Should they bring the coffin? Just a minute.

Juliano: Say... never mind.

Narrator: In April 2002, during the al-Aqsa Intifada, the Israeli army invaded Jenin. For 12 days the refugee camp struggled to resist. The battle ended when the army bulldozers flattened the last stronghold of the fighters. Five years ago, after the death of my mother, the theater was closed down. All those years, I had not been to Jenin. A few days after the Israeli army lifted the siege, I came to the camp to see what happened to the children of the theater.

Woman 1: Please come in, Jule.

Juliano: Thank you, but we want to see the theater. Remember the theater?

Women: Yes.

Juliano: Sorry, I'm dizzy. How can you still laugh?

Women: Morale is high. We're strong.

Juliano: You're holding on.

Women: God has mercy on the dead.

Woman 2: We don't want this life. It's awful. Every child is filled with rage.

Juliano: Don't worry. Be strong.

Woman 3: This is Jule, Arna's son.

Juliano: A lady told me. Sorry. I don't remember her name. She told me about the death of Yousef and Ashraf. When she saw my tears she said: No tears, we're still fighting.

Woman 4: We've just come back from the burial. We buried him there, with the others. We made a grave. One grave for 50 men.

Juliano: And Yousef?

Child: He died in Israel. You kept coming after Arna died.

Juliano: You remember Arna? But you were so small.

Woman 2: We loved her dearly. She was my friend.

Juliano: You remember her?

Woman 2: Of course. Bless her soul. We say only good things about her.

Woman 3: This is Uncle Jule. He's a Jew.

Juliano: This was ... the rehearsal room. This is where we used to sleep. This was the bedroom.

Narrator: Of all the children of the theater, Ala was the first one I met. Yousef and Ashraf used to be his best friends.

Ala: Ashraf stood here. We made these holes. We sprinkled water around to avoid dust while shooting. From here we could cover the whole neighborhood. We waited patiently for them to approach us... and when they came into range, we opened fire because we couldn't hit them from a distance. When they were close enough, we opened fire and three of them fell.

Juliano: Who was here?

Ala: Ashraf, Abed and me. Ashraf lived next door to me. We went to school together.

Juliano: Do you remember when we met?

Ala: The first time we met was when they destroyed my house. The Jews destroyed my house in '92. You came and I knew Arna too. She used to visit us. She brought games with her. Once she gave Ashraf and me a game of dominoes. Ashraf, Yousef, and I were together until 7th grade.

Juliano: Remember the painting you did then?

Ala: Yes, of a ruined house.

Juliano: And what's on it?

Ala: A flag.

Juliano: You still remember?

Ala: I have a good memory. You too. That was ten years ago.

Juliano: I remember you painted a ruined house with a flag on it.

Ala: Exactly. Well, during the battle I was told to move back to another part of the camp. Ashraf decided to stay and keep on fighting from here. I told him: "OK, I trust your decision." I knew I could trust Ashraf. I went down, he stayed here with two friends. On the sixth day, my friend came and told me that Ashraf has been killed.

Juliano: And you weren't with him?

Ala: No, I just heard. Then I went to see him. We brought him into the room and I kissed him and left. As we left the room, two soldiers jumped us. We shot them dead.

Ala (on phone): Did he say how many there were?

Man on phone: Repeat.

Ala: How many tanks came from Jamoun?

Man on phone: I don't know exactly.

Ala: OK, listen. If you see them coming, stay there.

Man on phone: If it gets too dangerous, get out of there.

Ala: OK, OK.

Narrator: Ala had to go back to his hiding place and I went to Ashraf's house to meet his parents. I asked Majdi and Mahmoud, the two boys from the old theater group, to meet me there.

Juliano: Good day, where are your mom and dad?

Children: Please come in.

Juliano: Is this Ashraf's house? Are you his sister?

Girl: No, his niece.

Juliano: Are his parents inside?

Girl: Yes, please come in.

Juliano: How are you, Abu Ashraf?

Ashraf's father: I saw you looking for the house. Come in.

Juliano: Please come in. How many grandchildren do you have?

Ashraf's mother: These two are my other daughters. This one has four children and Ashraf's brother has three.

Juliano: So it's nine altogether.

Ashraf's mother: My daughter in Birkin has two.

Juliano: That's eleven.

Ashraf's father: There are more coming.

Juliano: There's Majdi. Is that you, Majdi? I heard your voices.

Majdi: Five years! Where've you been? You got older.

Juliano: And you got taller.

Majdi: What's this beard? Look at you!

Juliano: You used to come up to here.

Majdi: I'm already a father?

Juliano: Really?

Majdi: Where's your wife Mishmish?

Juliano: She was afraid to come. She'll come next time.

Majdi: Aren't you afraid?

Juliano: Why should I be? Are you married too?

Mahmoud: No.

Juliano: Should we do something about it? He's still the same.

Mahmoud: How are you?

Juliano: I'm fine.

Mahmoud: Still acting?

Juliano: Yes, I heard about Yousef and Ashraf.

Majdi: Have you seen the camp?

Juliano: Yes, I have.

Mahmoud: There's only Majdi and me now. They're all dead. Ashraf, Nidal, and Yousef. Daoud is in jail.

Juliano: Did you take part in the fighting?

Mahmoud: No, I was at home.

Juliano: Were you armed?

Mahmoud: No, I was with my family. Ashraf was armed. I heard about his death on the radio. I couldn't believe it. I was shocked. He was a close friend. A friend can be closer than a brother. I didn't believe it until I saw his body. I didn't recognize him, but people told me it was Ashraf. Because they were with him when it happened. I wanted to bury him, but I couldn't because the army was still in the camp. It was too dangerous. When the army went away, we buried him near our house. The death of Yousef and Ashraf upset us very badly. God help us.

Majdi: The day Yousef was killed, Ashraf was still alive. We watched a video tape. Ashraf said: It was a good life. It was the tape of the play we did together. Ashraf used to say: Look how much fun we had. We had a great time together. There is a nice scene with Yousef and Ashraf on

the ladder where Yousef laughs and says: “You asshole... You asshole, if we’d only cooperate we could bring in the sun.”

Juliano: And Ashraf said: Oh, so you want to bring the sun too?

Majdi: That day Ashraf said: Where’s Yousef?

Mahmoud: Before going out on the suicide attack he came to say goodbye. A final goodbye.

Majdi: Yousef said goodbye in his own special way. Nobody was aware of it. He talked to each of us, he laughed with us, all very naturally. He didn’t tell anyone where he was going.

Juliano: He was your best friend. Didn’t you feel that he’s going to conduct a suicide attack?

Majdi: No, but we felt a change. Something was happening to him. But sacrifice himself? No. We felt he was up to something, but we didn’t know what. You’d talk to him, but he seemed to be somewhere else. His mind wasn’t here.

Mahmoud: The army invaded Jenin. There was some shooting near the school. One of the tanks fired a shell. A little girl in the school was hit by the shell. Everyone ran, the teachers too. Yousef was the only one who went in and saw what had happened. When he got to the classroom, he found the girl bleeding on the floor, her head thrown back. He was shocked. He took her to hospital, but she died in his arms on the way. He was deeply shaken by this. A little girl dying in his arms.

Majdi: From then on he never stopped talking about her. Something inside him was hardened. There was no more laughing. Who’d have thought? He was always the one who made us laugh. After the girl was killed, he changed. One day we heard he’d done it.

Yousef: My brothers, my parents, don’t be sad. It is a sacrifice. Please pray for me and all Muslims. Your beloved brother and son, Yousef Switat.

Narrator: Yousef and his friend, Nidal, drove a stolen jeep to Hadera in Israel. When they reached a city center, they opened fire on the people around them. Four women were killed and many others were severely wounded. A few minutes after the shooting started, a nearby police patrol arrived at the scene. They shot Nidal dead while he was driving. Yousef jumped out of the jeep and was shot a few meters away.

Yousef’s mother: I woke him up for prayers. He asked for hot water to wash with. I used to sing to him. Wedding songs. Can you imagine? I had a feeling he was going away and never coming back. I kissed him when he went to wash. He asked me to kiss him again. I said: Child, when will you marry? Your father saved 250 dinar. You have 200. That’s already 450. Thank God, he said. Will you find me a pretty bride, Mother? I used to tell him: She should be tall and slim. He kept saying: I wish. He looked around in a strange way. At the time, I didn’t even notice. He paced back and forth, looking at me in a strange way. But I didn’t notice. I closed the door so he wouldn’t catch a cold. He said: Mother, why don’t you sit down with me for breakfast. I said:

“My dear, I’ve already eaten.” But he insisted. He said: I’m going to work. Do you need anything? I said: No, nothing. I used to ask him to bring potatoes, chicken, or a kilo of liver. But that day I said: Your father will buy it for me. Then he left with his friend like he was going to work. Then we heard about it. The news came that afternoon.

Majdi: How many posters left? One? There’s no more glue. Now the poster of Yousef and Nidal.

Juliano: Mahmoud, what do think about Yousef’s attack? Say it, don’t be afraid.

Mahmoud: Everyone is entitled to his own opinion. I didn’t do it. I also didn’t send him. People are under pressure. Yousef loved freedom. The last two years he felt imprisoned. Me too. He couldn’t take it anymore. He felt like he was going to explode. He felt dead. His brother was killed at home. He said: I’m dead anyway. So if I have to die, I’ll choose the way. We’re like prisoners.

Juliano: What do you think of the suicides? Don’t hide behind Yousef.

Mahmoud: What do I think?

Mahmoud’s mother: Tell him you’re sad. Because your brother was killed and you’re all alone. Tell him you have no friends left. You have to film this. All his friends were killed. He’s the only one left. In Arna’s day, they were acting in the theater. They were kids, 8, 9, 10 years old. He was always close to Arna, Jule’s mother. She loved him very much. All his friends were killed and he’s still alive. Wouldn’t it be better if he was killed with them? Yes, it would be better. When tragedy strikes everyone, it’s easier to bear. This is Mahmoud the Hero.

Mahmoud: No, I’m not.

Mahmoud’s mother: He’s the only one I have left. All my sons are gone. My eldest son was killed, the other’s wanted, one ran away. May God keep him for me.

Juliano: I wish him a long life.

Narrator: That evening, the army posts curfew. I had to spend the night with Ala’s friends. Yousef and Ashraf used to belong to this group. Among the fighters, I met a friend from the old theater times, Zacharia. His face was burned from an explosion two years ago. Zacharia’s family contributed the top floor of their house for our theater. His mother and his brother were shot dead in the battle of Jenin.

Juliano: Is anybody guarding the camp now?

Ala: Yes, everyone’s in place. In most areas, we have booby traps. We’ll keep watch all night. When they enter the camp we activate the booby traps... at the spots where the Jews enter.

Narrator: Ala and Zacharia each led a group of fighters in the battle of Jenin. When the army bulldozers flattened the houses around them, Ala had to give himself up. Zacharia, for the last five days of the fighting, had managed to survive under the ruins.

Zacharia: The battle of Jenin has become a myth. Now they say the Jews massacred us. That's not true.

Ala: What did you do during the battle of Jenin, Zacharia? You were hiding.

Zacharia: And you surrendered!

Ala: And what did you do after I surrendered? Did you shoot even once?

Zacharia: At least I didn't surrender.

Ala: When we surrendered, the resistance ended. He was hiding there with his group. When I surrendered the resistance ended.

Zacharia: Ala the Big Guy surrendered with his pants down. What a man! I'd never give myself up. Never!

Ala: Giving myself up saved your life.

Zacharia: I'd rather die!

Ala: If you wanted to die why didn't you shoot the soldiers? You pretended to be dead.

Zacharia: You risked prison! How many years?

Ala: A life sentence.

Zacharia: You prefer that?

Ala: Better than dying under a bulldozer.

Zacharia: No, no, I'd rather die.

Juliano: Ala, where are you going?

Ala: To pick up the booby traps. Where are the weapons? Where are the car keys?

Woman 1: Don't film me smoking.

Woman 2: I don't mind. Ala knows I smoke.

Woman 3: I keep these for Ala.

Juliano: When did you see him last?

Woman 3: Today.

Juliano: Are you his little sister?

Woman 3: No, I'm older.

Woman 2: She's my oldest.

Woman 3: Really, I saw him today.

Woman 2: Even if they destroy the whole camp, my son won't surrender. I won't let him.

Juliano: Do you encourage him, or do you want him to surrender?

Woman 2: I won't tell him to surrender. Even if they put a gun to my head and force me, I won't say it.

Juliano: What do you mean?

Woman 2: Even if the Jews shoot me, I won't tell him to give himself up. I'd say: You can kill me, but I won't tell him to give himself up.

Juliano: Why not?

Woman 2: Surrender is cowardice. Mind you, if he was overpowered or caught by accident, that's another thing. But to go up with his hands up? No! To go to them voluntarily? No!

Juliano: What if they destroy your house?

Woman 2: They are welcome. A house is just a house. I can live in a tent.

Man 1: My gun jammed for the second time.

Man 2: If it jams, pull out the clip and put it back.

Zakaria: Thank God. Call the boys, tell them to hide the car.

Man 1: The army says it will destroy your parents' house if you don't surrender.

Ala: What you want me to surrender?

Man: I'm asking you.

Ala: Let them destroy it. They've done it to us before. They've destroyed 300 houses in the camp. Ours is no better.

Juliano: What about your parents?

Ala: We'll find them another house.

Man: What about the other houses that were destroyed! They destroyed 300 houses in one week. Besides, a house is not worth more than a martyr's life. We say: Better to lose property than a family member.

Juliano: What will happen if you're caught?

Ala: I won't get caught. It's death or freedom.

Narrator: Two weeks before Ala was killed, his son, Ziad, was born.

Children: (singing) Answer the call from the Aqsa mosque. Call out against those who oppress us. For your sake, my steadfast people. Together we will fight and struggle. Raise your voice and say: God is great. God is great. Every mother's tear and every drop of blood takes its toll. For every martyr that falls, a new one will rise. For your sake, my steadfast people...

[END]