

FROM TEL AVIV TO RAMALLAH: A Beatbox Journey
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I. The Wall

Yuri walks on stage and establishes the wall that separates Israel and the West Bank. He tells the audience: **This is a wall.**

He steps to the side of the wall that is Palestine: **Palestine.** The introductory Palestine beatbox includes Muslim prostration, the dabka to a traditional Palestinian tune, little kids running through lots filled with rubble playing soccer. Their mother opens a door: **Y'alla, Y'alla, Y'alla, it's time to eat.** The family sits and eats hummus and pita: **Zaki.**¹ As they eat, a plane slowly approaches overhead and the father of the family cowers: **Israeli planes.**² Militants participate in a rally. They shoot rifles in the air and chant: **Free Palestine!**



Khalid emerges from Palestine with three rhythmic steps: **I am Khalid.** Khalid's beatbox (boom, boom, boom – tcha, boom, boom) is a Middle Eastern riff that features hand clapping and the refrain: **Habibi, Habibi, ah, la, la, la.**

In the midst of his self-confident introduction Khalid encounters the wall, a symbol of the ways in which the occupation permeates all aspects of Palestinian life. With a tone of disapproval, Khalid articulates: **Wall?!** He decides to make an alternative statement and spray paints **S-a-l-a-a-m** on the Palestinian side of the wall. He paints his message to the tune of **Shalom/Salaam.**



A soldier stands at center stage and announces in a stern tone: **Get Away From the Security Fence. This is a military zone.**

The soldier then turns to the Israeli side of the fence. Yuri announces: **Israel.** The Israel soundtrack begins with shofar blowing, then goes to rapid Orthodox praying at the Wailing Wall and continues with a beatbox *Hava Nagilah*. While the prayer, the *Shma*, is beatboxed, an orthodox woman moves quickly down the street saying: **It's almost time for Shabbas.** Two falafel vendors argue: **I am the king of Falafel. You are the king of Falafel? I am the king of Falafel!** Three beeps announce impending news and a reporter asks a soldier: **As an Israeli soldier, do you have any comment about the recent incursion into Gaza.** The soldier responds: **Lo.**³



With a vocal scratch, Amir emerges from the Israel soundscape: **I'm Amir.** Amir's beatbox is the melody to the Seals & Crofts song, *Summer Breeze*, with the words: **Tel Aviv makes me feel fine, going through the memories of my mind.**

He discovers the security fence and looks at it with disapproval: **Fence?** Amir spraypaints the peace sign to the beat of **Shalom/Salaam.**

II. From Tel Aviv to Ramallah

Yuri returns to a spotlight at center stage and, as if spinning the two cities like records on a turntable, beatboxes:

¹ "Zaki" in the Palestinian dialect of Arabic means "delicious."

² In Arabic "Israeli" is pronounced "Israili."

³ "Lo" in Hebrew means "no."

**Tel Aviv to Ramallah.
Tel Aviv to Ramallah.
Tel Aviv to Ramallah.
(vocal scratch)
This is a Journey.**

**Tel Aviv to Ramallah.
Tel Aviv to Ramallah.
Tel Aviv to Ramallah.
(beat fades)
Th-Th-This is a Journey (vocal scratch).**

Slow motion animation sound of crossing the border.

Yuri crosses into Tel Aviv (snare beat, T-T-T-Ts-Ts-Ts): **Tel Aviv.** Thumping Rave beat. Someone cut off in traffic shouts: **Hey, hey, hey, hey.** **The beach:** Drum circle at the beach, makeout session. **The religious: Mashiach, mashiach, mashiach, ay yay ay yay ay** theme beat.⁴ **The foreign workers:** African beat and dialect, Singapore nanny beat, rapid Filipino worker beat. Sound montage of cell phones.

Yuri crosses into Ramallah with an Arabic pop beat: **Ramallah.** A beatbox tour of Ramallah ensues. **El-Manara square,** cars circling the square in the center of Ramallah. Falafel stands with the vendors calling out to customers: **Falafel, falafel, falafel.** Taxi lineup with drivers calling out for fares. Spice market where spices are weighed and declared: **Very, very fresh.** Cell phone rings, a business man picks up and negotiates in Arabic. People enjoying Ramallah's famous **Rukab ice cream.** **Foreign aid workers: Hello, Palestinians! We're here to help you end the occupation (echo) ...pation, pation.** **Palestinian Authority headquarters:** Sound of building being blasted, PA officials peer out of the windows with a gasp.

Yuri crosses back to the checkpoint and stands center stage as if he is a DJ in a booth. He signals to the Tel Aviv side of the stage and generates Tel Aviv's thumping techno beat. He signals to the Ramallah side of the stage and generates Ramallah's Arabic pop beat. Like a DJ, he spins the soundtracks and scratches the names of the cities.

**Tel Aviv to Ramallah (added beatbox)
Tel Aviv to Ramallah
This is a journey.
This is a journey (fades out with staccato beat).**

III. Club Aviv

T-T-T-Ts-Ts-Ts Tel Aviv. (Vocal Scratch) **I'm Amir and tonight I'm a superstar DJ.** He sings: **Tel Aviv makes me feel fine, going through the memories of mind** to the tune of *Summer Breeze*. The lyric is repeated with simultaneous beatbox and singing. Then *Summer Breeze* is only beatboxed. Amir strolls through the Tel Aviv streets promoting his show and giving props with the Hebrew phrases, *beseder, ahlah, sababa, yofi*, while beatboxing: **Come to Club Aviv tonight!**



⁴ "Mashiach" is the Hebrew word for "Messiah." It is the hope of religious Jews that the Messiah come and redeem the world.

The beat slows down as he spots his best buddy, Gil. Amir pokes Gil as he talks on a cellphone.

Gil: You're late again! Are you ready to party tonight?
Gil's soundtrack plays, an electronica break beat interspersed with the imperative to **PARTY**. Gil's cellphone rings: **Mom. Allo. It's a rave. A Rave!!! A disco. I'll be home late, bye.** Picks up the other line: **Dana. Amir is DJing tonight.** Amir nudges him. **DJ Goa is DJing tonight. Bye.** Turns to Amir: **Are you ready to DJ?**

Amir: **Am I ready? The question is, is Club Aviv ready for me?** Mimes a scratch.

Gil: **Let's go.**

Hip-Hop beat as they walk in the door. They are stopped by a security guard.

Guard: **Stop. I need to check your bags.**

Gil: **What? He's the DJ? You don't need to check his bags. He's the DJ!**

Guard flips through the records with the attendant sound effect: I check everyone's bags.

Gil and Amir enter the club to the hip-hop beat.

Amir: **Amir, live at Club Aviv.**

The thumping sound of electronic music pulsates. The dancers are already animated, someone shouts out: **Amir!** Another dancer combines Hasidic chants and wacky freeform dance. Liat appears on the scene dancing to a beatbox based on the Israeli band *Sheva's* famous *Shalom/Salaam* song.

Liat points to Gil: **Gil**, then points to Amir: **Amir**, she strikes a pose: **Liat is here. Amir, are you ready to make me dance?**

Amir steps into the DJ booth and says: **I'm ready. Shalom, I'm DJ Goa. Welcome to Club Aviv. I know that we have lots of problems in our city, but tonight we're going to forget about our troubles and dance, and dance, and dance!!**

Sound of the initial cracking of a record fades into his DJ routine, which begins with Tel Aviv's beat then transitions into his signature Goa set. The Goa set is multiphonic and combines melody, scratches and bass.

Yuri morphs into the ecstatic dancers.

Dancers: **GO GOA! GO GOA! ECSTASY.**

Gil, identified by his soundtrack, catches Liat's attention: **Liat, do you want to make love with me tonight?**

Liat in the midst of a body roll: **Gil, I like Amir.**

Gil: **Oh, he's lucky.** Turns to many, many other women: **Do you want to make love? Do YOU want to make love?**



Amir finishes his set & puts on a slow record.

Amir motions to Liat then puts his arm on her shoulder. He then snaps at Gil.

Amir: **Gil, let's smoke a joint.**

Gil passes joint to Liat.

Liat: **Dancing is my religion.** She does a jazz turn.

Gil taking a hit and coughing: **Tel Aviv is the greatest party city in the world** ("world" is drawn out in slow motion). **I'm so-oo-oo high.**

Amir hitting the joint: **This is great.**

Amir's *Tel Aviv makes me feel fine* beatbox hits an easy pace. Amir lifts up the joint as if to pass it. His hand reaches up with the slow motion border crossing sound. He stretches out over the divide. On the other side an Arabic chant sounds. Khalid grabs the joint.



IV. Ramallah

Khalid: **This is great.** He inhales then exhales. **Khalid, live at night in Ramallah!** Khalid dances to his *Habibi* beatbox: **George?**

George taking the joint: **Thank you very much. Yes, yes, yes. Look what my cousin Rand sent me all the way from New York -- new Nike hat, new Nike shirt, new Nike shoes. I love America!** George's soundtrack plays, a beatbox version of Nelly's *So Hot*. While doing the *Running Man*, George sings: **I want to take my clothes off.**

Look, he also sent me an American rap tape, 50 cent.

Khalid: **50 cents? That's how much it cost?**

George: **No, 50 cent the rapper. I'll play it for you. It's nice, very, very nice.** Plays the tape, beatbox of *Up in the Club*.

Tape: **Up in the club, gimme love...**

George sings over the tape while shaking his shoulders: **Habibi!** He sees his friend, Ibrahim, and motions to pass the joint: **Ibrahim?**

Ibrahim is introduced with the march-like beatbox, *Filastin Islamiya*.⁵

Ibrahim halts George: **George, turn off the American music,** puts his hand on his chest with pride, **put on Palestinian music.**

George: **OK, you don't like American rap, I'll put on Palestinian music.** With George beatbox, he stops the



⁵ "*Filastin Islamiya*" means "an Islamic Palestine." This is a chant associated with the group Hamas.

tape. Ibrahim takes the joint, hits it and lifts his hands in a *Dabka* gesture.

Traditional *Dabka* (Palestinian dance) beatbox. Ibrahim begins dancing the *Dabka*.

Ibrahim bringing George into the dance: **George!** George enters the circle with his beatbox and the *Running Man* dance. Bringing Khalid into the dance **Khalid!** Khalid jumps in with his *Habibi* beatbox and dance. All three friends dance the *Dabka* together with linked arms. It unites their individual rhythms.

George: **It's Uncle Majdi! Majdi, Majdi, Yallah, yallah, yallah.**

Majdi approaches with his baritone beatbox and a laugh.

Majdi: **Hmmm...Nargila.** Takes a pull from the hookah, blows rings: **Hamdulilah! Let's play cards.**

George: **Cards, I love cards, let's play for money.**

Majdi: **George, you don't have any money.**

George: **O.K. let's just play. Khalid?**

Khalid: **George, I'm not giving you any money.**

George: **Ibrahim?**

Ibrahim: **I don't play games.**

Shuffle of deck and card game begins. George deals the cards and the game progresses with card sound effects and beat. George gets the winning card and slaps it down.

George: **I win again! Running Man** dance. He offers the join to Majdi: **Majdi?**

Majdi accepts it: **Walla, walla, walla.**

Ibrahim: **Majdi, don't you have to work tomorrow?**

Majdi: **Work? How can I work with this wall around us?**

Ibrahim: **This is what is wrong. You see over there? That is our land.**

George: **Oh, here he goes again.**

Ibrahim: **No, George, Khalid, Majdi. I won't play games. I don't have time to play games. I have a job to do. Look at the settlements. The Israilis steal our land. We have no freedom. We have nothing. When you're living under occupation, you have to be prepared to fight.** The last part of this line is articulated with an emphasizing beatbox: **Fight for freedom, kill for freedom, die** vocal scratch **for freedom.**

Khalid: **Ibrahim, I have a job at my internet café, Palestine.net. Come help me close up.**



Khalid and Ibrahim walk to Palestine.net to the sound of a trumpet. Once in Palestine.net, Khalid shuts down all of the computers for the night. He wipes down the counter where coffee and drinks are sold. He looks out at his café.

Khalid: **Look, everything's brand new.** Sees Ibrahim working at a computer: **Ibrahim, what are you doing?**

Ibrahim: **Getting in touch with some people.**

Khalid: **What people?**

Ibrahim: **People who care about freedom.** Vocal Scratch: **Send.** The email goes out with a soft chant.

Animation border crossing sound as the email is sent out.



V. *A Day in the Life of Amir*

T-T-T-Ts-Ts-Ts Tel Aviv announced in a whisper.

Amir sleeps, snores and dreams of his set at the club. His alarm clock rings followed by the three beeps that announce the hourly news on Israeli radio. The news begins: **Hineh ha-hadashot mi kol Israel. There is a high warning of a suicide attack in the heart of Tel Aviv.**

Amir looks out with a pronounced heartbeat. His heartbeat accelerates.

Amir: **Mom, Ima. I have to tell you about last night. It was amazing.**

Ruti: **Amir, it's time to go to work.**

Amir: **Ima, it can wait. Bring some Nescafé.**

Ruti prepares coffee to a beatbox of *Hatikvah*, the Israeli national anthem. She comes into Amir's room, tussles his hair and hands him a cup of coffee.

Amir: **Ima, I was a DJ for hundreds of people. They loved me!! I met this girl, Liat, we danced.** He gets up and replays dancing with Liat: **Oh, shit. What did I do with her number?** Takes out his cellphone, scrolls through his numbers and sees that her digits have been entered. Breathes a sigh of relief: **Ima, this is the life for me. The life of a superstar DJ. Picture it. Amir vocal scratch in London London Bridge beatbox, Amsterdam pretending to be moving down the canals by boat with an upbeat beatbox, New York New York, New York beatbox with a Can-can dance move.**

Ruti: **Amir, when you get famous, don't forget your mother.**

Amir: **A Jewish boy never forgets his mother.**

Ruti: **He only forgets to go to work. Amir, it's time to go to work.**

Amir: **Superstar DJ** motions upward, **delivery boy** motions downward. **Time to deliver some packages.**

Amir gets on his moped. Beatbox sound effects display his powering up the bike and driving down the street. As he negotiates Tel Aviv traffic, someone cuts him off and he



yells out: **Hey!** As he continues, he sees a glamorous woman walking down the street and calls: **Hey...** Amir gets off the moped and scratches his destination: **THE SHUK, MARKETPLACE.**

Mizrachi beatbox sets the scene for the bustling open-air market.⁶

Vendor #1 with *Mizrachi* music sounding: **Sweet dates, sweet sweet dates.**

Vendor #2: **Get your seeds, get your seeds!** Sound of people spitting out the shells.

Vendor #3: **Cucumbers, cucumbers!**

Vendor #4: **What? You have cucumbers. I have cucumbers blessed by the most famous Rabbi in Israel, Ovadiah Yosef.**

Vendor #5: **Kosher chicken!** Sound of chickens.

Amir approaches the kiosk of a Russian cellphone vendor: **Boris. Boris.**

Boris is in the midst of wheeling and dealing on the phone in Russian. A beat undergirds his conversation.

Boris: **Amir, you're late again. Do you have package?**
Opens the package: **Finally, cellphone part. Very bad about warning, bad for business, bad for everyone.** His phone rings with the ringtone of *Flight of the Bumblebee*. *Selicha* turns to his phone and speaks in Russian. **Amir, your father came by today. He wants to see you. He's waiting for you at Shmueli's.**

Amir: **My father can drink coffee all day at Shmueli's, but I have to work.**

Boris: **Amir, he's your father and he wants to see you.**

Amir gets on his moped and goes to Shmueli's restaurant where Shmueli and his father are talking and drinking coffee.

Yitzhak: **Look who's here! Shmueli and I were just talking about you. We hear that you're a big deal DJ.**

Amir: **Abba, I'm not a big enough deal that I don't have to have a job. I have to deliver some packages.**

Yitzhak: **Why the rush? Can't the big deal drink coffee with his father? Anyways, I need to talk to you. I'm starting a business, whisper, a restaurant, and maybe you can help me find some people to...invest.**

Amir: **Abba, I can't get involved, I'm focusing on my own things now. Why not ask one of your girlfriends, or are they too young to have jobs?**



⁶ *Mizrachi* in Hebrew indicates a Jew with ethnic origins in a Middle Eastern or North African country. It is also a cultural designation for certain types of music, cuisine, celebrations, etc.

Yitzhak: **They're not too young to see you DJ. Bye, big deal.**

Amir rides on to *Shenkin Street*.

Shenkin Street montage begins with a vocal scratch and continues with the following elements: Sample from The O'Jays' *For the Love of Money* (Money, money, money); a model walking down the street with a cigarette – beat of fashion & getting a light; a painter approaching a canvas – art; Hip-Hop, breakdance to Grandmaster Flash's *The Message* & the Israeli Hip-Hop group, *Ha-dag Nahash*; a Green Party activist gathering legalization signatures to a reggae beat: **Dj Goa! Sign for the Green Party**. Amir signs the petition with pen sound effect.

Amir enters Yossi's hair salon.

Amir: **Hi, Yossi.**

Yossi cutting a client's hair to the beat of Pseudo Echo's *Funky Town*: **Amir, I got lost in your music last night. Reenacts his night of clubbing. Tel Aviv is the world's gayest city!** Comes back to the present: **Do you have a package for me? I wouldn't take a package from anyone else but you today.**

Amir: **These warnings don't mean anything.**

Yossi: **Well Amir, since we all might die today, maybe it's time for you to explore another side of your sexuality.**

Amir assumes the position of a DJ in a booth and simulates his set from the night before while smiling suggestively: **See you next week at Club Aviv.**

Yossi perceiving Amir the superstar DJ, not Amir the delivery boy: **Wy, wy, wy, wy.**⁷

Amir exits the salon back onto Shenkin and sees an anti-Occupation protest facing off with a pro-settler protest. To Amir's left, protesters call out: **No Occupation!** To his right, they call out: **No Negotiation!**

With the protests continuing in the background, Amir departs on his motorbike. He spots his childhood friend, Dovid, dancing ecstatically with the ultra-religious *Mashiach* bunch.

Amir spots Dovid, looks in more closely and says with surprise: **Dovid?**

Dovid spots Amir with newly converted glee. He grabs Amir's hand and pulls him into the bizarre hilarity of the dance. Amir eventually wrests himself from the dancing and pulls Dovid out.

Amir: **Dovid, what happened to you?**

Dovid: **The greatest thing of my life. I've become religious, I've found God.**

Amir: **Oh, Dovid, I don't have time for this.**



⁷ *Wy* is “wow” in Hebrew.

Dovid: **Time? Time. This is the most important time. This is a historic moment for the Jewish people. Why do you think the State of Israel was created? We weren't brought here to stay out all night at discos and build malls, no!! We were brought here to return. Return to God. Return to the Land. Amir, I'm going to a pure place, I'm going to go live in the settlements.**

Amir: **The Settlements are pure? Dovid, you never served in the army, you haven't seen blood spilled. I would give back all of the West Bank if I never had to go near another settlement.**

Dovid: **We have to defend ourselves, the Arabs want to drive us into the sea. The most important thing is to protect our land. This is our land, all of it. The land that God gave us in the Torah. The land we fought and died for, the only place on earth where we belong.**

Dovid returns to the circle of dancing with a two-legged kick Russian dance move.

Amir, gazing at the dancing while reflecting on his history with Dovid as well as the implications of the West Bank settlements: **Ay, yay, ay.**

Slow motion animation border crossing sound.

VI. A Day in the Life of Khalid

Khalid's mother, Amina, fashions her veil and prepares breakfast for her family to the tune of Natacha Atlas' *Kidda*. This is her soundtrack, the *Habibi Lesh* beatbox.

Amina: **Leila, I hear that Bir Zeit University is open today, get prepared for class! Khalid. Khalid? Breakfast is ready.**

Khalid enters and kisses his mother three times.

Amina to her husband Musa: **Look at your son the businessman.**

Musa: **My son, the only person who opens a business as they're building a wall around Ramallah. Don't you hear the helicopters? Helicopter sound effect: You think they won't stop you?**

Khalid: **Listen father, Computers are the future. It's the only way to communicate with people all over the world. Just yesterday, I got an e-mail from an American named Max, he wants to invest in my café.**

Musa: **Be careful of Americans and their promises.**

Amina: **Be nice to your son. He's a good boy. You could have another one of these Intifada kids.**

Musa: **The Israilis want all of our sons locked up.**

Khalid: **I have to go to work. Ma Salaam.**

Khalid walks out into Ramallah marked by its Arabic pop beatbox. Khalid sticks to the sidewalk as the roads become increasingly congested.



Kids: **Khalid, Khalid, we want to play video games.**

Khalid kicking their soccer ball as if to join the game: **It's better to play soccer.**

Khalid walks down Ramallah's main drag, passing a jewelry store.

Woman at jewelry store: **Khalid, when you're finally ready to get married, come to us for gold bracelets.**
Sound of jewelry clanging.

Khalid: **Give me time.**

Khalid enters the Palestine coffee shop where men drink coffee and fresh squeezed juice, puff on nargilas, play backgammon and shake their heads at the bad news reported in the newspapers.

Khalid breathing in the smell of fresh ground and brewed coffee: **Palestine coffee.**

Khalid: *Sabah al-Hir*, Hani, an Arabic coffee.

Hani: *Sabah al-Noor*,⁸ Khalid. With a tone of warning: **There is a closure today, the soldiers are in Ramallah.**

Khalid with the sound of a watch ticking: **They don't care about computers, I'll be fine.**

Khalid exits with the Ramallah soundtrack and continues on his route to Palestine.net.

Israeli Soldier: **Stop, this street is closed.**

Khalid steps away and indicates that he doesn't want any trouble. He runs into George at his kiosk selling tapes.

George with his Nelly *So Hot* soundtrack: **American tapes, American tapes, Jay-Z! Jay-Z's *Dirt Off Your Shoulder*, Usher! Usher's *Yeah*, Kanye West! Beatbox of *Good Life*. **That was very nice last night. I'll see you later at the café.****

Khalid: **Ok!**

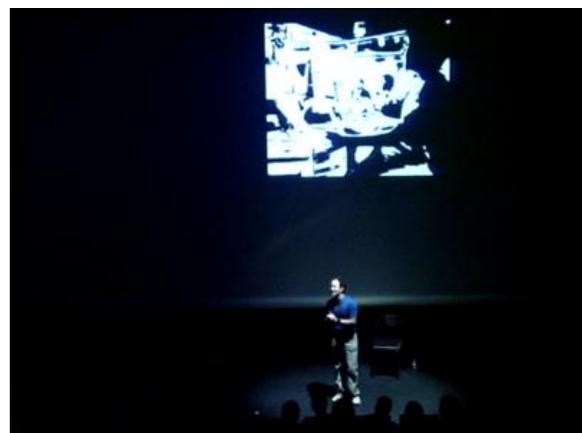
Khalid runs into Ibrahim hanging posters of martyrs fallen in attacks.

Ibrahim putting up a poster: **Martyr.** Turns to Khalid: **Khalid, I have something to show you. I'll see you later at the café.**

Khalid: **Later, Ibrahim.**

Khalid enters Palestine.net, a place represented through a beatbox montage. Patrons sit at computers with a point-click beatbox; someone pulls up an Egyptian soap-opera which is then reenacted with high melodrama.

Palestine.net patron: **Khalid, should I start selling my**



⁸ *Sabah al-Hir* means “good morning” in Arabic. *Sabah al-Noor*, also “good morning,” is the response to the greeter.

rugs on E-Bay?

Khalid: **It's very good to do business on the internet.**

Khalid with a beat, ecstatically running his café: **Coffee for you, Coca-cola, cigarettes.** Sounds of coughing.

Techie: **How much for another hour?**

Khalid: **For you, five shekels.**

Another patron: **I'm chatting with people from all over the world who support peace in Palestine!** Jumps up for joy and does a little dance.

Ibrahim enters Palestine.net with his *Filastin Islamiya* beatbox: **Khalid, I have a new game.** Holds the disc. **Everyone gather around and watch me play.**

Ibrahim inserts the game. With elaborate sounds the game downloads. A computerized voice announces: **Intifada II: The Palestinians Fight Back!**

The virtual reality envelops Palestine.net.

The game voice commands: **Select your liberator.**

Each potential liberator is presented through beatbox and mime.

1. *Sheikh the Assassin.* Sheikh rides on a galloping horse, engages in a sword fight and says, **Habibi**, as a woman faints into his arms.

2. *Slingshot Samir.* Robotic beatbox to Wu-Tang's *Aint Nothing to F*ck With* followed by the sound effect of a slingshot.

3. *Mustafa Martyr.* Sound of an explosion.

Game voice: **You have selected Mustafa Martyr. Please select your operation.** The beat intensifies.

1. **Attack soldiers.**

2. **Infiltrate settlement.**

3. **Detonate disco in Tel Abib.**

Game voice: **You have selected Tel Abib. Meet your operation coordinator.** The coordinator motions to him to approach with a trumpet beatbox. **Put on your explosive belt. Put on your disguise.** Mustafa Martyr assumes a club kid disguise to the beat of Gil's rave soundtrack. **Climb the wall.** Mustafa looks up to see how tall it is. He jumps, loses his grip and slides down the wall with a screech. **Put on jumping boots.** Mustafa clicks on the boots with a space-age sound and bounces up and down with a kind of *Donkey Kong* sound. He takes a giant leap and flies through the air.

On the other side of the wall, Mustafa Martyr engages in hand-to-hand combat and jabs his opponent with a knife.



Game voice: **Enter Tel Abib. Blend in.** Tel Aviv's beatbox sounds.

Mustafa walks up to the line outside of Club Aviv with a beatbox echoing blend in, blend in. Sounds of a DJ Goa set at Club Aviv emanate. Mustafa approaches the door.

Guard: **Stop, I need to check your bags.**

Mustapha: **Allahu Akbar.** Mustapha blows himself up and those in line for the disco contort in the chaos and pain of an explosion.

The border is crossed with the echo of an ambulance siren.

Ibrahim back at Palestine.net: **Intifada II! The Palestinians fight back, the Palestinians fight back!**

Khaild: **Ibrahim, I thought you don't play games.**

Ibrahim: **I play this game.**

Slow motion sound of crossing the border.



VII. The News Hits Tel Aviv

Amir continues down Shenkin with his *Summer Breeze* beatbox.

Gil sitting at an outdoor café: **Amir, you're late again. What happened to you?**

Amir: **It's so weird. I saw Dovid. He's become religious. He's found God. He's moving to the territories.**

Gil: **You never can tell what these Americans are going to do. It's a phase. Don't worry, look at all of the beautiful women on Shenkin street. Nescafé?!** After calling out his order, Gil lights a cigarette and clicks at women passing by.

Amir and Gil drink coffee and laugh.

Cell phone rings. Amir looks at Gil as if asking, "Is it yours?" Gil shrugs as if asking, "Is it yours?" Amir checks his pocket.

Amir: **Hey, cousin Max. Did you get the disc I sent you. I really think that I could DJ in New York. What? His body collapses as he leans back in his chair: A suicide attack? In Tel Aviv? You know before I do. Listen, Max I have to go. Maybe I'll see you...in New York.** Amir's heart thumps.

Amir and Gil give each other a pound handshake. Amir gets on his bike and hears sirens as he rides home.

Amir opening the door of his house: **Ima, Ima.**

Ruti emerges with *Hatikvah* beatbox.



Ruti: **Amir!** Hugs him: **I tried to call you on your cell phone, but I couldn't get through. I'm glad you're safe.** After a concerned pause: **The army called, you have to report to Ramallah checkpoint immediately.**

Amir with the sound of his heartbeat: **Ramallah checkpoint?**

Ruti: **Amir, be safe.** She reaches out to grab him.

Amir evading his mother's reach: **Ima, I'll be fine.**

Amir transforms into a soldier as his heart pounds. He puts on his helmet, grabs his gun and looks out with dread.

Amir takes a deep breath: **Ramallah.**

Slow motion animation border crossing sound.



VIII. The News Hits Palestine.Net

Ibrahim: **Khalid, I need to check my e-mail.**

Point click beatbox of Ibrahim and others working on their computers.

Three knocks on the door.

Palestine.net patron: **The Israilis! The Israilis!**

Ibrahim opens a window and dashes out of the building on the fire escape.

The soldiers on the other side silently count to three, break down the door and enter by pointing their guns at Khalid and his customers.

Soldiers: **Nobody move.** To Khalid: **Do you know Ibrahim El-Qutz?**

Khalid looks around for Ibrahim: **Yes.**

Soldier: **Where is he?**

Khalid: **I don't know.**

Soldier: **Well, maybe your computers can tell us.** He motions with his head to the other soldiers to check the computers.

Khalid: **What? Listen, this is a business, an internet café. I have nothing to do with politics. This has nothing to do with me.**

Soldier pushes him: **We're taking your computers to Jerusalem headquarters.**

Khalid: **Jerusalem? What do you mean? What are doing?** He sees them lifting his computers. **Stop! stop! stop!**



Soldier hits Khalid in the gut. Khalid takes the blow in the stomach. Soldier slams Khalid in the face: **As for Ibrahim, El-Qutz, we'll find him.** Final kick of Khalid and Khalid falls to the ground.

Khalid on his knees reaching out towards his computers: **You can't do this to me.**

An injured Khalid gets up and runs home with an accelerated soundtrack. Opening the door, he sees his mother.

Amina: **Khalid, what's wrong, what happened to you?**

Khalid: **The Israilis came, they were looking for Ibrahim, they took everything. They took my computers. To Jerusalem. I have to get them back.**

Amina: **Khalid, stop, this is crazy. They've closed the border. They're not letting anyone through. You can't go to Jerusalem.**

Khalid: **This is my life. I have to go.**

Amina: **No, Khalid!** Trying to restrain Khalid from going back out of the door: **My son!!** Trills her voice as if already mourning a horrible outcome.

As he runs back toward downtown Ramallah, Khalid's beatbox becomes increasingly frenetic. He goes to George's kiosk. George's *So Hot* beatbox takes on a new level of intensity and the two friends hug one another.

George grasps his friend's arm: **Khalid, I went to Palestine.net and everything was gone. They arrested Ibrahim. They're bulldozing his house.**

Khalid begins to put together all that has transpired.

Khalid: **Ibrahim...**

George: **There's nothing you can do.**

Khalid: **I know what to do. I'm going to Jerusalem to get my computers back.**

George: **Khalid, stop!!!** Tries to hold onto Khalid to prevent him from going.

IX. Ramallah Checkpoint

Amir in uniform and on duty as a soldier: **Ramallah Checkpoint.**

Officer: **Amir, the border is closed, do not let anyone through.**

Amir paces and patrols with gun in hand. His heartbeat beatbox sounds. He stops someone approaching the checkpoint and shakes his head that the border is closed and they cannot gain passage.

Khalid runs doggedly toward the checkpoint. He reaches an



initial screening area, goes through a metal detector and a turnstile. About a mile away from the actual checkpoint, he stops to speak to a man in line.

Khalid: **What's going on here?**

Man: **There was a bombing in Tel Abib. The border is closed. They're not letting anyone through.**

Khalid: **Then what are you doing standing here?**

Man: **Waiting for the border to open.**

Amir stands duty and turns away all of the cars while Khalid paces, stares at his watch, gazes at the heavens and eventually cannot stand the waiting game any more. Amir's heart beats as he paces. Khalid's watch ticks. Heart beat and tick. Khalid's beatbox becomes faster and faster. Amir's beatbox intensifies. Khalid's beatbox kicks into a faster pace. Khalid approaches Amir.

Khalid: **I just need to know, when will the border be open? When can we get through?**

Amir slowly shakes his head as he clutches his gun. His heart beat gains momentum.

Khalid backs up while looking at Amir and thinking of all he has lost so quickly without any recourse. He sees a stone lying on the ground. At first the thought of throwing a stone is humorous, but he picks it up anyway.

As Khalid throws the stone, Amir raises his gun. Amir's heart thumps and then the tension gives way to the chase. Khalid takes off and runs to a panicked version of his *Habibi* beatbox. As Amir pursues him, *Summer Breeze* has become sharp and militaristic. As Khalid runs away and Amir runs after Khalid, their beatboxes morph into one. Amir chases Khalid down a road that leads to the wall.

Khalid is backed up against the wall with Amir aiming his gun at him. They regard one another and there is a flicker of recognition. As Amir raises his gun to shoot Khalid his heart races. The recognition deepens, Amir motions to Khalid to walk away, which he does as his body quivers. Amir puts down the gun and Khalid backs up completely then closes his eyes.

X. *Shalom/Salaam*

A final song, *Shalom/Salaam*, begins as a beatbox-whisper and builds to a climax. The song incorporates melodies from Muslim and Jewish religious music and addresses "brothers, sisters, sons, daughters, friends" with *Shalom/Salaam*. It is sung from center stage, the position of the border.

