

Glimpsed Through a Narrow Scope

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**EXT. JENIN - WEST BANK - DAY**

**POV SCOPE OF M4 RIFLE**

The circle swings across a sand swept, desolate terrain. Not much to see here - until a RAM SHACKLE SHED slides into view.

Suddenly: the door of the shed flies open.

The scope's journey abruptly STOPS.

And zeroes in on: OMAR (30s) - lanky from malnutrition. His dusky Palestinian features handsome in a haggard way.

Unaware of the danger, Omar steps clear of the shelter, heads with no great urgency to his right.

The scope focuses on his head. A clear, rudimentary shot. An unseen gunman breathes deep, steadies his hand, until...

A nearby male voice barks out:

                                ETHAN (O.S.)  
Not yet. Stop!

The scope veers down, as if rebuked.

**EXT. SNIPER PERCH - DAY - CONTINUOUS**

LEVI (20s) swings towards ETHAN (30s) - a startled and almost hurt expression on his face.

The insignia on their IDF uniforms - and Ethan's sharp tone - make it clear who the "superior" officer is here.

Thirty feet away, Omar keeps walking. Seems he didn't hear.

Levi stares after him. Looks to Ethan again. Torn.

                                LEVI  
I had him. You ruined the shot!

                                ETHAN  
I ruined nothing. You'll have your turn.

He shrugs, points towards Omar's destination: a MODEST HOUSE.

                                ETHAN  
Think, Levi. *Then* shoot. If you kill him here, you'll scare the rest away.

The two soldiers watch as Omar enters the hovel, disappears.

Ethan grabs the back of Levi's head and shoves it against the scope of the weapon... guiding both towards the house.

#### **POV RIFLE**

Resulting in a quick, jerky sweep of the building's perimeter. Ethan's voice narrates what Levi sees.

ETHAN (O.S.)

Observe. No back entrance. They're all trapped in one place now. We are the smartest army in history. Don't waste bullets or energy chasing rats!

#### **EXT. SNIPER PERCH - CONTINUOUS**

Ethan sheds his BACKPACK, shoulders his RIFLE... Begins an awkward climb down the rock.

Levi moves to follow. Ethan holds up a hand: Stop.

ETHAN

Stay here, use that scope you love so dearly to guard the door. If any seeds of Amalek flow out before I return, you have your orders what to do.

Levi watches Ethan skip-jump down to the basin. Temporarily, the younger soldier's rifle sags, disappointment on his face.

LEVI

You don't want me to go with you?

ETHAN

I'll give you the next one. But some things are best done alone.

#### **EXT. PALESTINIAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER**

Nearing a window, Ethan ducks. As he passes, he attempts to peek in past curtains - can't see much.

Through the glass, he ID's Omar's back. But little else.

Ethan tiptoes to the door. Raises his rifle. Then his boot.

He kicks the flimsy frame in - SMASH!!

**INT. PALESTINIAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM**

The door explodes inward. Splinters fly!

Across the room, Omar stands over a table with RANA (30s).

Ethan storms in, barks in broken Arabic.

ETHAN

(captioned)

Omar Al-Shariff - is it you?!?

Omar and Rana spin around.

Spotting a KNIFE in Omar's hand, Ethan FIRES... A point blank hit to the chest.

Omar crumbles. The table crashes to one side.

Rana falls, as well - from shock and terror, not injury. She crawls to Omar. Hands shaking, she tries to figure out where to hold him... her clothes already soaked in blood.

Omar stares up at her, eyes glazing.

OMAR

Rana, where are you? Why can't I see?  
What happened?

Sobbing, Rana strokes his cheek.

RANA

Omar, my love - I'm right here.

Omar gurgles, gasps - breathes his last. Rana reaches out to gather him in her arms.

Causing Ethan to advance. He aims at Rana's head, screams.

ETHAN

Do not take the weapon, woman! If you  
do... you have been warned!

Rana gapes up at him.

RANA

What warning? There was no weapon!

ETHAN

Don't try to lie. I saw the knife!

RANA

We were setting the table for dinner-

Ethan kicks the fallen knife out of Rana's reach. Glancing down at Omar's body, he chuckles darkly.

ETHAN

Then you need one less plate now.

Rana hugs/rocks Omar, eyes ablaze.

RANA

Look what you've done!

ETHAN

(shrugs)

I've freed the world of one more terrorist.

RANA

Terrorist? We are innocent. You are not!

Distracted, Ethan scans the room for other signs of life...

Almost instantly, his attention's drawn to a CLOSED DOOR in back. A CHILD'S DRAWING is taped to it.

ETHAN

A child is there?

RANA

(stammers)

No. Not now. Zahid is at school.

ETHAN

Then you wouldn't mind if I investigate the empty room?

One step towards the door, and Rana shrieks. She scrambles to her feet, nearly slip-slides in Omar's blood.

RANA

Don't!

Evoking a sly smile from Ethan.

ETHAN

What are you hiding from me? Weapons?  
Bombs, perhaps?

Rana chokes on words, attempts to avert her eyes.

RANA

Please don't hurt him. He's a child.

She waves panicked arms around at paltry furnishings.

RANA

Take what you please. I won't try to stop you. They're only things.

ETHAN

I could say the same of you.

Rana freezes, horrified.

Ethan takes the offer, prowls the room. CLOSETS. DRAWERS. He roots out minor pockets of JEWELRY and MONEY. Stuffing those in pockets, he explores on.

ETHAN

There's not much here. Why would you think my price so low?

Stopping in front of Rana, the soldier smirks.

ETHAN

Give me a few names, and your Zahid will be left alone.

RANA

N...names?

ETHAN

Your terrorist associates. Any members of Hamas for a start-

RANA

Hamas? Do you not know this is Jenin?!?

ETHAN

(shrugs)

Insects travel. And burrow into small places. Why not?

Rana's hand twitches. The urge to strike Ethan's almost too much to endure.

Noticing, Ethan adjusts his utility belt - emphasizing his LARGE KNIFE and GRENADE.

ETHAN

Striking me *might* bring satisfaction, temporarily. But you would be responsible for whatever happens next.

Rana droops. Then gasps when Ethan -

Drags Omar's body across the floor. Away from her.

RANA

What are you doing?!?

ETHAN

Searching. Like you invited me to.

Appalled, Rana watches Ethan rifle Omar's corpse. He wipes bloody hands off on the fallen tablecloth.

RANA

My husband is dead. Leave his dignity untouched.

ETHAN

I'm just checking for contraband. Is there a reason I should not?

Reaching into Omar's pocket, Ethan extracts...

A GOLD POCKET WATCH. Antique, and preserved with care.

He flips it over, eyeballs an inscription in Arabic (captioned):

"From my grandfather, to my father. Now to me. Keep this in the family, and very dear to your heart."

Ethan shakes the watch.

RANA

Careful!  
(beat, terrified)  
Please?

Opening the watch, Ethan listens. Smiles as he hears it tick.

ETHAN

It's working.

RANA

But it's not valuable. On the market, I mean.

ETHAN

Then you won't mind if I take this?

RANA

No! That watch... it was a gift from Omar's family. To him, it means the world.

Ethan walks the watch over to Rana, holds it out. Her face lights up. Is this a minor, yet profound truce?

ETHAN

These inscriptions can be polished  
off, don't you think?

Chuckling, he yanks the watch out of Rana's reach. Strides  
with dark humor towards the door.

Rana stumbles after him.

RANA

Omar was going to give it to Zahir!

ETHAN

You keep the son. I keep the watch. A  
fair exchange, don't you think?

Ethan reaches for the exit...

Hearing a DIFFERENT door creak, he whips around. Raising his  
rifle, Ethan prepares to shoot.

Across the room: ZAHIR (6) opens the door to his bedroom.  
Then shivers in frozen horror at the nightmare he sees.

Rana slips between Ethan's rifle and her son - barks.

RANA

Zahir, your room is calling. Go back.  
Your mother orders you - do it now!

Zahir flinches, but silently obeys. His door closes. Then  
locks. Rana whirls towards Ethan, eyes wild in fear and rage.

RANA

You should feel for a moment what you  
do to us. Imagine if someone invaded  
*your* home. Threatened *your* son!

ETHAN

That will never happen.  
(shrugs)  
That's why I have this gun.

RANA

You monsters never have enough. You  
take our land, kill our people. Now  
you take our memories, too?

Ethan pauses at the door. Rana's words mean nothing to him.  
But her defiance does. Anger swelling, he turns around.

ETHAN

You DON'T want to give me the watch  
after all?



Rana seethes through gritted teeth.

RANA  
No, keep it. Justice must have  
balance. You have robbed me of my  
life and love. So it's right you take  
EVERYTHING Omar was!

Under her breath, Rana CHANTS: a flow of words in Arabic.

Ethan blinks. Doesn't understand.

ETHAN  
Your Animal words are so ugly. Who  
cares what they mean?

Rana squats down, dips her hand in Omar's blood. Holding it  
to her chest, she continues her chant.

RANA  
(captioned)  
He who takes a life, must take his  
place. The blood of innocence must be  
repaid.

To Ethan, it's gibberish. With a sigh, he turns his back.  
Steps out the door.

#### **EXT. SNIPER PERCH - DAY**

A bored Levi plays a CELL PHONE GAME. He's just about to  
score, when...

The sound of a SHOUT intrudes.

Leaping to his feet, Levi raises his rifle towards the house.  
Then blinks through the scope. At -

#### **POV - SNIPER SCOPE**

Omar in the doorway?!?

#### **INTERCUT BETWEEN HOUSE, SNIPER'S PERCH AND SCOPE**

Ethan lingers in the entrance. Grinning, he pulls out the  
pocket watch, examines it.

Then waves towards Levi in his Sniper's Perch.

Through his scope, Levi sees Omar step out, Ethan's rifle  
slung over one shoulder.

LEVI  
(gasps to himself)  
Ethan is dead? I should have come  
along!

Ethan/Omar calls out, to wherever Levi is.

ETHAN/OMAR  
The terrorist is dead. Some vipers  
remain. Levi, summon artillery for a  
strike. After I'm clear, of course!

From this distance, Levi doesn't hear. Yet, he remembers his  
orders. A gleam glints in his eye.

LEVI  
Ethan will be avenged. Don't think  
you can escape.

Levi raises his rifle. Aims. Shoots!

A hit to the chest. Ethan falls, gravely wounded. Both his  
rifle and the watch tumble to the dirt.

No dead - and determined - Ethan crawls. Spitting out dust,  
he yells blindly towards the Sniper Perch:

ETHAN/OMAR  
Levi, we're under attack. Give me  
cover. Call for back-up!

Through his scope, Levi sees Omar crawling forward... towards  
the fallen gun.

LEVI  
(hisses)  
Ethan promised I would have my time.  
That time is now. Arab, you will die!

Levi releases another TWO SHOTS to Ethan/Omar's torso. On his  
belly, Ethan shudders - twitches. Reaches for the watch.

He stares back at his reflection in the gold casing:

OMAR'S FACE inexplicably stares back at him!

ETHAN/OMAR  
(gasps)  
Justice must balance. And take  
EVERYTHING he was? Woman, I take it  
back...

From a distance, a glint of metal is all Levi sees.

LEVI

A weapon!

Levi fires again - goes for a head shot this time.

In his last moment of consciousness, Ethan stares as blood drips from his wounds onto the watch. The reflection of Omar drowns in red. Then the bullet finds Ethan's skull.

Black out.

A triumphant Levi shoulders his rifle, starts his journey down the cliff - and, unknowing, towards his first ever kill.

Protected by the house's bulk, Rana and Zahir shimmy out a back window. They run from the IDF danger; unseen and safe.

As the world fades to black, statistics flash:

"For Palestinians in the West Bank, 2023 was the deadliest year on record. Even before October 7, Israeli forces had already killed 234 Palestinians in the West Bank, while settlers were responsible for nine more killings. Of these deaths, 52 occurred in Jenin alone, including in its refugee camp. The war Israel wages against the Palestinians was never about terrorists, but against the people themselves."