

## EXT. PRISON YARD RINGED BY SMALL CELLS

Birds flying in the sky. The sun is shining. Walid looks up and is holding his hand in front of his eyes, trying to see the birds without burning his eyes by the sun. He manages to see them. Calmness arrives in his eyes. Another prisoner taps his shoulder. Both, Walid and the other Prisoner are handcuffed.

الطيور تحلق في السما والشمس تسطع. وليد ينظر للاعلى وهو يغطي عيناه بيديه. يحاول النظر الى الطيور من دون ان تحرق اشعة الشمس عيناه. ينجح في التنظر اليهم فتنتاب عيناه شعور بالهدوء.

### PRISONER 1

Don't you dream, my Comrad.

Walid looks in the direction the comrad showed him while he hears the jangling of two sets of handcuffs.

A prison guard holds those handcuffs in his hands and while he approaches Walid and the other 7 Prisoners, he throws the handcuffs on the ground right in front of them.

There is a bundle with longer chains, to tie the legs. The 8 Prisoners are standing in line next to each other. The guard throws each pair in front of each one of the Prisoners.

The guard starts chaining handcuffs at the prisoners feet.

Looking at the Handcuffs in front of him, Walid leans on the wall behind him while waiting to be the last in line.

ساعة صباح، وصوت صكيك صادر عن حزمتي الأصفاد التي يحملها السجن المقترب منا، يرميها على الأرض عند أقدامنا، ينطفئ الصوت الذي امتصته أرضية الباطون، فيسود الهدوء الذي لف المكان. حزمة واحدة لتقييد الأيدي، وأخرى بسلاسل أطول لتقييد الأرجل، ثمانية أصفاد من كل نوع ونحن سبعة أسرى

### WALID VOICE OVER

I was tired of being moved between prisons since we started the open hunger strike.

قد أنهكني الترحال بين السجون منذ أن بدأنا الإضراب المفتوح عن الطعام

He gathers his energy and tries to take in as much air as possible. While he breaths in and out, he, again, looks to the sky, trying to see the birds. The sun is burning.

استجمع قواه و حاول استنشاق اكبر كمية من الهواء. شهيق ، من ثمة زفير وهو ينظرالى السماء مجددايحاول رؤية الطيور. الشمس حارقة.

### WALID VOICE OVER

I did this all the time, trying to take in as much air as possible in preparation for a journey that will last hours,

inside an iron box that in this heat quickly turns into an unbearable furnace.

كل مرة استجمع طاقتي وأحاول استنشاق أكبر كمية من الهواء تهيئة لسفر سيدوم ساعات داخل علبة من الحديد التي سرعان ما تتحول في هذا الحر الى فرن لا يطاق.

Footsteps getting louder when the guard finished handcuffing the other prisoners feet and is standing now in front of Walid.

يعلو صوت الخطوات بعد ان انهى السجنان تكبيل السجناء الاخرين > وهو الان يقف امام وليد

**GUARD**

*grimmy*

Stay straight will you!

The Guard kicks Walids legs to make more space.

He chains his feet now.

يركل السجنان ساقى وليد ليفسح الطريق لنفس ثم يقوم بتكبيلمهم

**GUARD**

*smiling*

Now look again at the birds and dream of flying.

The guard leaves the yard to get more handcuffs.

Walid closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

يغادر السجنان الساحة ليجلب المزيد من الاكبال >

يغمض وليد عيناه و يأخذ نفسا عميقا

**EXT/INT. DARK CELL BEHIND WALID**

**LITTLE BOY**

Uncle, give me a cigarette.

"عمي أعطيني سيجارة"

Walid opens his eyes. He asks himself if he was dreaming and turns around to see who called him. Looking into the dark, he cannot see anyone and for a moment he thinks he is delirious.

أطل في ظلمة الزنزانة فلم يرى أحداً، وأحسب نفسه للحظة بأنه يهذي.

**LITTLE BOY**

*louder and more desperate*

Uncle, my uncle! Give me a cigarette.

"يأتي الصوت مرة أخرى أعلى وأكثر رجاء.. "عمي.. عمي أعطيني سيجارة"

Walid stares into the cell again and calls to the voice.

..أطل في الزنزانة مرة أخرى ونادى الصوت

**WALID**

Where are you?

ولك وينك إنت"

**LITTLE BOY**

Im here, down here!

.."أنا هون تحت"

Walid looks down to a slot in the bottom of a door.  
نظر من فتحة الباب السفلي

**WALID VOICE OVER**

After 26 years in prison, I asked myself if I was getting crazy.  
Was there really a boy talking to me through that slot we  
received our food and have our hands tied before let out of the  
cell?

بعد 26 عاما في السجن هل يعقل اني بدأت افقد عقلي؟ هل حقا هناك طفل  
يكلمني من فتحة الباب السفلي المخصصة لإدخال الطعام وتقييد الأسرى

Hunching down, he peers through the slot and sees a child, not  
older than twelve years old. A child asking for a cigarette.

**WALID VOICE OVER**

I didn't know how to respond to him. Should I give him a  
cigarette, I wondered, or should I educate him about the dangers  
of smoking in the way that adults do with children outside  
prison?

احترت التصرف معه، هل أستجيب لطلبه وأمنحه سيجارة، أم أرفض ذلك وأنهى عن التدخين كما يفعل الكبار  
خارج زمان السجن تجاه الصغار؟

Walid looks in disbelief while he sees the young kid all alone  
in this cell.

ينظر وليد بذهول الى طفل وحيد في زنزانة

**WALID VOICE OVER**

Adults, adults...and then I am struck by the fact I am including myself in this category. By the fact that he called me "uncle".  
الكبار!!.. آه الكبار".. ألهذا الحد تقدمت في السن وأبدو كبيراً حتى يناديني بعمي؟"

Walid turns away from the door.

يدير وليد عن الباب

**WALID**

*to himself*

Am I so old already?

هالقد كبرت انا؟

Walid is terrified by the fact being addressed in this manner. He looks at the other prisoners, which are standing in line, handcuffed and waiting to get transported.

أذعرتني مناداته لي بهذه الصفة

**WALID VOICE OVER**

It was the first time during my imprisonment that I have met someone speaking to me across such a distance of age. In Prisons we are used to not addressing each other in this way, with social honorofics marking our age. Regardless of what our age differences may be, we all address each other as "my brother" or "comrade" and, more recently, "fighter".

هذه هي المرة الأولى خلال سنوات اعتقالني الـ ٢٦ التي ألتقي فيها بأحد يخاطبني بهذه المسافة العمرية، فنحن في السجون اعتدنا أن لا نخاطب بعضنا بهذه التسميات الإجتماعية ذات المعنى العمري مهما كان فارق السن، وإنما نخاطب بعضنا البعض بـ "أخ" أو بـ "رفيق ومؤخراً بـ "يا مجاهد".

Walid looks at his hands before he holds them in front of his eyes again to look up to the sky.

**WALID VOICE OVER**

I considered the child, empathizing with his craving for the cigarette. The craving is not for the rush of the nicotine but for what the cigarette connotes.

نظرت إليه وأحسست بحاجته للسيجارة لا لكي يمتص نيكوتينها وإنما ليرتدي معناها

Walid turns again to the door and reaches for his cigarettes.

The little boy notes that and comes closer to the door.

Frightened, a mere child in the harsh world of the prison, Walid thinks.

The Boys hands reach outside the slot of the bottom of the door. Walid handles him the cigarette. The fingertips of the boy almost touch the cigarette.

**WALID**

Wait..

استنى

Walid takes the cigarette back.  
He puts the cigarette in his mouth.

**WALID VOICE OVER**

This boy wanted to become a man quickly.

يريد أن يكون رجلاً وبسرعة

Walid lights it up and handles it back to the boy.

**WALID VOICE OVER**

Meanwhile, it is now my desire to turn back time so that I can become a child, at least a young man, the way I was when I entered prison more than a quarter of a century ago.

هي رغبتي الآن بأن يعود بي الزمن الى الوراء حتى أغدو طفلاً، أو على الأقل شاباً كما دخلت السجن قبل أكثر من ربع قرن.

Walid lightens up his own cigarette and enjoys the smoke while he tries to comprehend.

**WALID VOICE OVER**

Both of us were fearful. I was fearful for the time that has passed and he was fearful of what had not yet passed. I was afraid of the past and he was afraid of the future. I was afraid of having lived a life that had burnt out in prison, and he was afraid of what the cigarette that was now lodged between his lips could not burn away.

كلانا كان خائفاً، أنا مما انقضى من الزمن وهو مما لم ينقض.. أنا من الماضي وهو من المستقبل.. أنا مما أحرقه السجن من عمري وهو مما لا ينجح بحرقه بسيجارة أصبحت الآن بين شفتيه

The boy standing tall now on his toes, appearing now older than his age, exhales the smoke of the cigarette. The ember glow now becomes a lantern in his hand, chasing away the darkness of the cell, dispelling his fear and loneliness.

**WALID VOICE OVER**

He was to face years of imprisonment, he was seeking to rid himself of his vulnerability and innocence, Childhood is a burden for which he clearly had no further use-it having made no difference to the judge that had sentenced him to four years.

لم يكن يدخن بل كان يحاول حرق صورة الطفل التي كان يبدو، فالطفولة عبء عليه في عالم السجن وقسوة السجن. كان يسعى للتخلص من براءته وهو يقدم على مواجهة سنوات السجن، براءة لم تشفع له حين حكم لأربع سنوات.

**EXT. PRISON YARD RINGED BY SMALL CELLS**

The guard comes back with a new set of handcuffs. He pushes Walid to the side, away from the cell door.

سار السجن باتجاهنا، التقط من الأرض القيد الثامن

**GUARD**

Move, will you?!

Now he is talking louder, towards the child inside the door..

**GUARD**

*Barking*

Push your hands through the slot!

The boy is pushing his hands through the slot, still holding the cigarette in his fingers.

**GUARD**

*Shouting*

Drop the cigarette!

The boy obeys, letting the cigarette fall in front of the guard.

**GUARD**

*Muttering to himself*

*bemoaning the sight of a child smoking*

*Taking care of children now?!*

Nevertheless he proceeded with the handcuffing, remaining unmoved by the sight of those small hands in handcuffs. Because the child's wrists are too small, however, he struggles several times to secure the handcuffs.

## GUARD

Fuck it! Stay straight, put your feet right here!

The guard points behind the slot on the bottom of the door. The boy obeys and stays straight, with his feet right in front of the slot. The guard uses the handcuffs to chain the boy's legs.

He opens the door now to move the boy out of the cell.  
The guard leaves them.

Walid looks at the boy and imagines him being his own son while he stays next to him, in line with the other prisoners.

## WALID VOICE OVER

I imagined that he was my own son, such as fate has not yet wanted to bring into the world. I wanted with every strain of my being to hug him.

ظرت إليه وتخيلته ابني الذي لم يشأ القدر أن يأتي إلى الحياة بعد. أردت معانقته بشدة

As these paternal feelings are surging through Walid, he feels an overwhelming desire to cry. Tears are starting to come in Walids eyes, but he decides to hide his feelings.

.. اجتاحتني مشاعر الأبوة ورغبة شديدة بالبكاء

## WALID VOICE OVER

I did not want to shatter the image of the man that he wanted now to become.

أخفيت مشاعري حتى لا أفسد عليه صورة الرجل الذي أراد أن يبدوه

Walid walks over to him, so as to shake his hand as a comrade and a rival, asking,

... تقدمت نحوه لأصافحه كندّ وكمناضل من أجل حرية شعبه مخاطباً إياه

## WALID

How are you, fighter?

".... كيفك يا مناضل"

They both look at each other.

The End.

ينظران كلاهما للآخر

النهاية