

JIHAD JOE:
(The Gaza Strip's Most Lovable Suicide Bomber)

by
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JIHAD JOE

THE GAZA STRIP'S MOST LOVABLE SUICIDE BOMBER

FADE IN:

EXT. THE GAZA STRIP - DAY

A row of war-torn cement houses. Zoom in on a tenement with an entire corner of the building blown off.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Joe's DAD relaxes on the couch watching television. MOM is preparing an important feast. It's strange, but mom has a five o'clock shadow. (Note: Mom is played by a man in drag, ala Monty Python.) Joe's SISTER, DORI, helps out. Dori is completely covered in a black burkha from head to toe. She communicates only by nodding or snickering at her brother when he's in trouble; other than that she never speaks.

A PICTURE OF JOE sits in the center of the table with flowers around it. On the mantle are pictures of Joe's five dead brothers with a lit, white candle in front of each one.

MOM

(proud)

Your brother, Dori, was a very brave and courageous warrior for our people. You should only hope one day to have a son like him who you can raise and nurture and, who one day, God-willing, will blow himself up for a good cause.

The black sheet nods.

The front door opens and JOE walks in wearing a knapsack, baseball cap, and a sweat shirt that reads "HWU" on the front and "HOLY WAR UNIVERSITY" on the back. Joe's a thin, good-looking kid who resembles a Palestinian version of The Karate Kid. The family is stunned.

MOM (CONT'D)

Juslam?! You're Alive!

(beat)

Why the heck aren't you dead yet?!

THE ACTORS FREEZE. VOICE OVER.

ANNC'R (V.O.)

It's time for another episode of Jihad Joe! The Gaza Strip's most lovable suicide bomber!

ANNC'R (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Brought to you by a grant from Hamas Industries. Makers of new and improved Martyr-in-a-can! Just Jihad Joe and Go!

BACK TO SCENE.

MOM

I asked you a question, Juslam. Why aren't you dead yet?

JOE

Mom, please don't call me that. I asked you to call me, Joe!

MOM

Ha! That'll be the day!

(to husband)

Hamir, why is our son still alive? We send him off to be a martyr and he comes home alive. Why must I live with this shame?

Dad shrugs and continues to watch his program.

MOM (CONT'D)

For God's sakes, Hamir, what the heck could you be watching right now that's so important?

DAD

(riveted)

It's called Honor Killings. A new reality show where the women who've disgraced their families are executed in front of the Olive Garden. I love that Mark Burnett Guy.

JOE

Mom, ya gotta believe me! I tried to kill myself. Honest, I did. I did the best I could, but they gave the job to-

MOM

-let me guess. Achmed.

JOE

Yes.

MOM

Achmed! Always Achmed. That boy does everything right, and my son, the screw-up, does everything the opposite of right!

(looking up)

Oh, Allah, why couldn't you have given Achmed to me for a son? What did I ever do to deserve this?

SOUND EFFECT: MASSIVE EXPLOSION

People scream. People cheer. Sirens wail. Mom and Joe fall to the ground as debris covers them. Dad, unaffected by the blast, continues watching T.V. Mom lifts her head out of the rubble.

MOM (CONT'D)

That was Achmed wasn't it?

JOE

(coughing)

Yes, mom. I believe it was.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN - WHITE ROOM - DAY

Smoke and fog dissipate to reveal a YOUNG MAN (ACHMED), on his knees, immersed in a beam of blinding, white light. His t-shirt says "Don't Worry, Be Happy." A nearby sign reads WELCOME TO HEAVEN; IT'S A BLAST. Another sign reads THINK SMARTYR. BE A MARTYR.

The young man is ecstatic to realize he's made it to the other side! Suddenly...

Three JEWISH YENTA's appear and proceed to hang all over ACHMED.

YENTA 1

Dant-Dant-Da! Welcome to heaven big boy.

ACHMED

(confused)

Who are you?

YENTA 2

We're your three eternal virgins.
Devoted to pleasing you and only you
until the end of forever.

ACHMED
You are my virgins?

YENTA 3
We happen to be card-carrying members of
the P.L.O. The Palestinian Lubrication
Organization!

She squeezes a tube of KY Jelly and the gook POPS out
with a loud SQUELCH!

ACHMED
(freaked out)
This can't be happening. This can't be
heaven!
(beat)
It looked so different in the brochure.

YENTA 3
Doesn't it always?

ACHMED
(pushes them aside)
I want to speak to the manager!

The Yentas laugh an incredibly annoying laugh.

YENTA 3
Right this way my Palestinian love
machine.

INT. HEAVEN - MANAGER'S OFFICE

With his three Yenta's hanging all over him, ACHMED
approaches THE MANAGER. The prophet sits behind his desk
in a white, fluffy, cloud chair. He's wearing a Ranger's
Jersey with the number "1" on the back. The Yenta's,
waving various sex toys and lubricants, make sure he's
comfortable, then vanish into thin air.

MANAGER
(in Rasta accent)
Ah. You must be our newest martyr,
Achmed. How are you finding tings so fa?

ACHMED
Honestly, your Holiness, I'm not too
thrilled at the present moment.

MANAGER
Oh? What seems to be da prob-lem?

ACHMED

(reads from pamphlet)

Well, in the brochure they gave me at Marty's House of Martyrs, it says I'll spend the rest of my days in paradise with seventy-two, beautiful, virgins... What happened?

MANAGER

(taking the pamphlet)

Let me see that. Ah, yes, of course. Dis brochure was printed in July of '99. It's out of date.

ACHMED

Are you serious?

MANAGER

Tink about it from my side, mon. I'm a single Prophet. I get five, sometimes ten, new martyrs a day from all over da world, and I'm expected to provide each and every one of you wid SEVENTY-TWO, BEAUTIFUL, VIRGINS?! Do you have any idea how many virgins dat ees? I'm afraid dat offer expired years ago, my son. Dese days you get tree Jewish, Yenta virgins each. It's the best we can do!

ACHMED

Why do they have to be Jewish, Yenta Virgins?

MANAGER

Dey don't. Just stop blowing up da Jewish Disco, mon. Instead, try blowing up da French. You'd have seventy-two super-models, and be doing the rest of da world a beeg favor.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Joe and his mom, still recovering from the blast, stand and brush themselves off.

MOM

Achmed's parents must be so proud.

Mom turns to see dad staring, unmoved, at the T.V.

MOM (CONT'D)

Hamir! Are you going to say anything to that boy of yours?

DAD

(still watching t.v.)

You should be ashamed of yourself, Joe.

(he finally looks up)

Is that a report card in your hand?

Joe walks over to dad on the couch.

JOE

(pulls out a piece of paper)

Yes, Pop. They want you sign it before they'll let me back in.

Hamir reads it and is disgusted.

DAD

What are we going to do with you, Joe?

Look at these grades.

(reads from report card)

Dynamite suit construction...F.

Vehicular hijacking...F.

Kidnapping and beheading...F. Oy, vey.

They want to expell you. Me, I've a good mind to let you go on living.