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# Eshtebak

By Unknown

- Catch him!  
- Easy. Easy.  
Don't make a move.  
We've done nothing.  
Shove them in there.  
Stop pushing me.  
- Get your hands off me.  
- Not a move.  
Let go.  
Don't move.  
We're reporters.  
- Who do you work for?  
- Associated Press.  
I'm a journalist.  
He's a photographer.  
Get me that camera.  
- They took photos of us.  
- We're doing our job.  
Give me that, Eweis.  
He's American.  
I'm Egyptian American.  
You can google me,  
Adam A. Ramzy.  
I work for Associated Press.  
- Take them in.  
- Take us in where?  
- Get inside.  
- No, call the embassy.  
- Throw him inside.  
- Get in.  
Enough.  
Open the door.  
Officer!  
Call the last number on my phone.  
It's our editor.  
He'll confirm that we're reporters.  
Sir! Sir!  
Are you all right?  
Officer.  
Is there a doctor?  
He can't breathe.  
Help.  
Ambulance, please!  
Breathe slowly.

Inhale, exhale.  
Slowly.  
Help.  
Slowly.  
We got arrested while  
covering the protests.  
They took our camera  
and phones.  
Zein had a panic attack.  
I think he's claustrophobic.  
Zein.  
Don't be foolish.  
Relax.  
They won't notice.  
No one's guarding the truck now.  
Guys.  
Guys.  
Over here.  
Folks.  
The people and  
the army united!  
In here.  
It won't break.  
There's another rally, Zein.  
Guys.  
Look here.  
Inside the truck.  
- We need a phone.  
- Why are you there?  
- Were you arrested?  
- An error, I swear.  
They must be from the MB.  
No, I swear we're not.  
One call can clarify everything.  
- What's the number?  
- Wait, Nagwa.  
What's the other guy doing?  
What's that?  
Are you insane?  
Who the hell are you with?  
We're journalists.  
- Spies.  
- Bastards.  
- Traitors.

- Damn you.  
We're on your side.  
IDs and phones.  
We're rallying for the police.  
Funny, every MB we  
arrest says that.  
The police and  
the people united!  
The police and  
the people united!  
My son went missing a week ago.  
I'm looking for him.  
- Look for him inside.  
- But my ID?  
Get in.  
My son is with me.  
- I saw you throwing stones.  
- No, we didn't.  
Did you throw stones?  
We did.  
Get in!  
Easy, easy.  
Close the door.  
We didn't throw stones, officer.  
We did nothing.  
I see Mum.  
Go home, Nagwa.  
Excuse me, who's in charge?  
Why?  
My husband and son  
are locked inside.  
They are MB,  
Muslim Brotherhood.  
They're not MB.  
Go home, ma'am.  
- I'm not leaving my son.  
- I said go home.  
No, I won't.  
Nagwa, just go home.  
No, Hossam.  
I know you were with them.  
Yes, I was. I also threw stones.  
Arrest me.  
We need you on the outside.

I'll smash your head with this!  
Take her in.  
Hands off!  
Why, Nagwa?  
I saw you point something at us.  
No, we didn't.  
- You're both MB?  
- No, journalists.  
All journalists support the MB.  
Why did you throw  
stones at us?  
Journalists are liars  
and traitors.  
Why did you get arrested?  
You did, too.  
Why do you have beards?  
They have beards.  
Are they MB?  
Who are you calling MB?  
Don't make me get in there.  
Stay away from the American.  
Stop it, please.  
Enough trouble.  
It says he's a journalist.  
You think it would say "spy"?  
Lieutenant,  
we have a child with us.  
Show your face.  
Uncle, we have a child with us.  
The boy has done nothing.  
Attia!  
Get everyone in the trucks.  
Yes, sir.  
Where are we going, Dad?  
An activist in the revolution  
should be used to this.  
An activist dies for a cause,  
not a photo.  
A photo can be a cause.  
Today, I'm out to cover news,  
not to be news.  
I see.  
Maybe because this is  
our first job together.

Hopefully the last.  
Is that a phone?  
Move away from the officer.  
Hello?  
Yes, Reda.  
Fisho and I got arrested.  
We did nothing.  
They think we're MB.  
Tell Dad to do something.  
Reda, call my family  
and tell them I'm OK.  
- Lower your voice.  
- Reda, help us.  
You're too loud.  
Can I use the phone?  
Can Haj Salah and  
I make one call?  
His wife just gave birth.  
We want to tell our  
families that we're OK.  
Sorry, the battery is low.  
If Adam calls the US embassy,  
they can get us out.  
I don't want to be  
saved by Americans.  
It's official?  
America endorses the MB?  
Let him call the embassy.  
Even if I did,  
they would only help me.  
My uncle's a general.  
I also have a friend  
who can get us out.  
No, let him call his uncle,  
the general.  
Who would your  
dad call anyway?  
Generals have power.  
What about the officer?  
I'll cover.  
- Make it quick.  
- Hello, Mum.  
Listen to me. I was mistakingly  
arrested at a protest.

Doesn't matter how.  
Listen.  
Call Uncle to get me out.  
You mean get "us" out.  
All of us, Auntie!  
There are others.  
I'm using their phone.  
Tell Uncle about them, too.  
I'm all right.  
Yes, I ate.  
I swear.  
The phone's broken.  
- You can't hold a phone.  
- Sorry.  
Damn you, Fisho,  
and your damn protests.  
Your first protest and this happens?  
You're bad luck.  
Shut up.  
It's not you,  
Egypt is bad luck.  
It's none of your  
damn business.  
It's not working.  
I can fix it.  
- Can you?  
- It's my job.  
He works at my mobile shop.  
He can fix it.  
Will your uncle get us out?  
Yes, yes.  
God bless you.  
It's your mum.  
Tell her to call once  
she has news.  
Call only if you manage something.  
Thank you.  
- Get down, Fares.  
- I got him.  
One of us has to be responsible.  
You could have got help.  
You dragged him into this mess.  
We took him to the revolution.  
- Now isn't the same.

- Enough, Mum.
- Then why did you come?
- I won't leave my son alone.
- Alone? He's with his father.
- Fares come here.

Calm down.

This is between me and my wife.

It's none of your damn business.

Whatever.

Islam will prevail!

Move it!

Let's go!

Kill them all the MB!

Don't spare any of them.

Islam will prevail!

The police are thugs.

God is great!

My phone!

Islam will prevail!

Get him.

The MB kidnapped my son.

I didn't hit anyone.

I didn't do anything!

Father! Father!

Don't separate us.

Take care, son.

Lock us up together.

Father!

Bastards.

You're the bastard.

Enough.

Don't just stand there.

Get them off of us.

Hossam.

Dad!

Help!

Help!

Stop it!

Stop it!

Shoot!

You want to frame us for  
killing each other, like always?

We're not MB, sir.

Yeah, right.

There are kids here.  
Release them.  
My daughter's 14.  
Happy birthday.  
Think being American shields you?  
America's behind this mess.  
I'm Egyptian.  
Really?  
Let me treat you like one.  
Leave the door open.  
They'll hurt each other  
and claim we tortured them.  
If they try it again, shoot them.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Move.  
Let's move!  
Down with the tyrants!  
Ibrahim was here 6/9/2009  
- It's OK.  
- No, it's not.  
Who paid you, thug?  
Your mother!  
Calm down.  
You'll get us shot.  
Calm down.  
- Hey.  
- What?  
How does my hair look?  
Your hair?  
- It's beautiful, Mans.  
- Damn you.  
Fancy boy.  
You brought your  
child to a protest?  
I'm not a child.  
She's twice the man you are.  
Don't talk to us.  
Stop, I'm not a child.  
Guys!  
We need a doctor.  
Is there a doctor here?  
Mum's a nurse.  
Shut up.  
Go ahead.

Move aside, people.  
No, it's forbidden to be  
touched by a woman.  
Give me this.  
Press hard...  
so the bleeding stops.  
God bless you.  
You like being stuck here, right?  
Of course not.  
This can make you a star reporter,  
but you might not live to enjoy it.  
37 people died in a truck  
like this a few days ago.  
You don't know me.  
Look! There's a truck  
over there, Huzaifa.  
Guys! Brothers!  
- Is my father with you?  
- Haj Hamza.  
- Huzaifa, are you OK?  
- Father!  
Yes, what about you?  
I'm all right.  
It's not the first time.  
Is that your brother?  
No, I'm Tamer.  
Where is your brother, Malek?  
- I thought he was with you.  
- No.  
He'll be fine.  
God bless you, brothers.  
I hear a truck from  
the other side.  
Excuse me.  
Brothers,  
is Malek El Qaffas with you?  
- No, he's not.  
- Has anyone seen him?  
Who's in charge there?  
I'm Dr. Suhaib.  
Dr. Suhaib.  
Is he your Michael Jackson?  
How are you, Doc?  
Are you all right, sir?

Yes.

Have you organised yourselves?

- Not yet.

- Do it now.

I want the names of  
all the detained MBs.

Right away, sir.

OK.

All you MB gather round.

Let's get organised.

- Are you MB?

- Yes.

Are you an MB member?

I've always voted for MB.

Official members are  
registered and pay fees.

No, he's a supporter.

I'm an official member.

He's my brother.

Excuse us,

this side is for official members.

Just give us a second.

Any official members left,  
raise your hands!

Excuse me,

can you please move?

What difference does it make?

It's OK, Dad.

God be with you.

Thank you.

Name, district, and seniority!

Tamer Noaman, Minya district.

Ahmed Hashem, Matrouh district.

Huzaiifa Al Qaffas, Matariya district.

No.

Then you're with them.

So everybody's

either with you or them?

Would you kindly move over?

All right.

Come on, Zein.

Sorry...

you see how it is.

Free me, and I'll go

wherever you want.  
Let's move back here.  
Let's continue.  
Moaz Sabbet,  
Chief of the Imbaba district.  
Omar Mansour,  
Nasr City district.  
You could blind someone with that.  
How old are you?  
Older than you.  
We play army and MB at school.  
We do, too.  
When we play,  
we execute the MB.  
When we play,  
we slaughter the army.  
Mr. Moaz has the most seniority.  
He'll be our leader.  
Of course. Go ahead.  
I'll speak on behalf  
of MB members here.  
MB supporters,  
may I speak on your behalf?  
Of course, go ahead.  
OK, supporters,  
flip your armbands over to red  
to distinguish you  
from official members.  
Thank you.  
Can we please set some rules?  
Screw you and your rules!  
Don't be disrespectful.  
What rules?  
You stick to your side,  
we'll stick to ours.  
We want nothing to do with you.  
That guy needs  
to get rid of the razor.  
- I dare you to take it.  
- Control him.  
We don't operate by remote control  
like you guys do.  
Show some respect.  
You show some respect.

- He said remote control.  
- Right.  
Stop it.  
I find this division thing odd.  
We agreed  
that I'd speak on our behalf.  
No, we didn't.  
I'm speaking on behalf of our side,  
members and supporters.  
Are you with us?  
Can you please move over there?  
- Let's go.  
- Sit down.  
Hey, soldier!  
This guy's trying to pick a fight.  
No, I'm not.  
We don't want trouble.  
Get back.  
He's making obscene gestures  
in front of the women.  
No, I swear, he's a liar.  
Back off each other.  
Shut up!  
What's wrong?  
I can't hold it anymore.  
Officer, sir?  
Go back inside.  
Someone needs to pee badly.  
He'll die if he doesn't.  
He can hold it.  
He's diabetic.  
Now you're all crippled.  
Are these the terrorists you catch,  
you criminals?  
You're the criminal.  
Don't insult my father.  
- Screw your dad!  
- Enough!  
You're impolite.  
- Shut up!  
- I said enough!  
Off you go.  
You'll get us in trouble.  
Step back.

Please, son.  
We're waiting for the officer.  
Tell him to use this.  
As for your daughter, wait.  
You savages.  
Shut up.  
I'll release her soon.  
Only because I have kids.  
And my son, sir?  
Your son and wife, too.  
Use this for now, Radwan.  
- It's very dirty.  
- Don't be picky, Radwan.  
How can I pee in this?  
Let me show you how it's done.  
Follow me.  
You unzip your pants.  
Then you aim like this.  
There you go.  
- May I speak with you?  
- Certainly.  
What's the matter, Ahmed?  
Mr. Omar, can the President  
return to power?  
- Of course, he will.  
- But the odds are against us.  
How can we win?  
We don't believe in odds,  
we believe in God.  
That's the devil  
messing with your head.  
Think positive.  
What's that?  
Are you filming?  
Is that a camera?  
It's a watch.  
Do you have a camera?  
He said it's a watch.  
You have a camera?  
It's a tiny camera  
that I use for work.  
- No cameras allowed.  
- Get rid of it, or I'll break it.  
Break what?

Form a chain.  
Officer?  
The American has a camera.  
What's not on camera never happened.  
The camera can help us.  
Give it to us. We'll use it.  
So you can tamper with the footage?  
No way!  
The lieutenant got shot.  
Ambulance!  
Ambulance!  
There's the shooter!  
Up on the roof.  
Where?  
There.  
Up there on the left.  
There he is.  
I see him.  
Look.  
Up there.  
There he is.  
There!  
Look out!  
- Watch out!  
- Shut up!  
Help!  
Move the truck.  
Help!  
Move the truck!  
Huzaifa,  
are you all right?  
I'm fine.  
Take care of yourself.  
- Are the brothers all right?  
- We're OK.  
That shooter's not MB.  
They want to frame us.  
We know.  
He must be with the police.  
Is he also with the police?  
Not everyone with a beard is MB.  
Pass the camera!  
- Hand me the camera.  
- No.

Stop the truck.  
Stop it.  
Farghali.  
Get up.  
Is it my mum?  
No.  
- Your father?  
- No, Fisho.  
Uncuff me!  
Where's the officer who was here?  
He promised to release us.  
Help him!  
His head is bleeding.  
He'll die.  
We have a nurse here.  
No, we don't.  
Tamer, get down.  
- Why?  
- I'm in charge and I said so.  
So they kill us,  
but we can't defend ourselves?  
Stop acting.  
You're all the same: killers.  
You worried they'd call you terrorists?  
You don't deserve the honour.  
Tamer.  
Get off the window.  
Is this the wife of the lieutenant?  
Ma'am, I'm sorry.  
We lost him.  
Ambulance!  
He's bleeding to death.  
Shut the hell up.  
Or I'll fire tear gas in there  
and close the door.  
Move that truck.  
- It won't start, sir.  
- Move all the trucks!  
Push it.  
Move!  
Take turns by the windows.  
We all need to breathe.  
Soldier,  
please get us water.

For us too!  
Here's a 100.  
Even if it's just one bottle.  
Get some for yourselves, too.  
Take your money.  
We're not your servants.  
Don't take anything from anyone.  
Dude, where are you from?  
A gated community.  
If you have a wedding or party,  
I'm DJ Mans.  
DJ Mans in the house, everyone!  
- Are you famous?  
- Sort of.  
DJ?  
You have no equipment.  
Cards and a LED belt don't make  
you a DJ.  
It's better than watching  
football all day.  
Team Ahly forever!  
Team Ahly is the best.  
It was.  
- Team Zamalek is better.  
- Better at losing.  
Football means Team Zamalek!  
My dad used to say  
football means Ahly.  
Your dad's a wise man.  
It smells awful.  
What smell?  
You call that smell  
peaceful protesting?  
It's from your side.  
This is inappropriate.  
There are women here.  
It's not from the MB side.  
So the MB don't fart?  
Huzaifa!  
Dad!  
I'm worried about your brother Malek.  
He'll be fine.  
You sound exhausted, Dad.  
Try to rest.

There are over 50 people  
crammed in here.  
We can barely stand.  
You'll be all right, God willing.  
Guys!  
Please take care of my dad.  
He doesn't look well.  
Dad, try to find a place to sit.  
You'll be fine.  
Well done, drive on!  
Great job!  
Let's get moving.  
Where are you going?  
Where are you going?  
Start the truck.  
Start the truck.  
- Start it.  
- Go back inside now.  
Go back inside now.  
- No, I won't! People are dying.  
- Nagwa.  
I said go back.  
- Who's in charge?  
- The prisons are full.  
It's too damn hot.  
We'll move once we find  
a prison with capacity.  
Get a bottle of water, quickly.  
Quickly!  
Get back in, lady!  
Drink up, Fares.  
Pass the water around.  
Each person gets one sip.  
Can we have some water, please?  
Don't finish it.  
Some water, please.  
Refreshing?  
Yes.  
You'll feel it now.  
Someone just died.  
Help.  
We need some air.  
Haj Hamza.  
Haj Hamza!

Answer me, Father!  
Open the door.  
Open the damn door!  
Father!  
He needs air.  
That's Sameh's voice,  
your son's best friend.  
Sameh.  
I'm Salah, Tarek's dad.  
Is my son with you?  
How did you end up here?  
Help us, Uncle Salah.  
- What?  
- We can't breathe.  
Open the door.  
Open their door.  
- Go back.  
- They're dying in there.  
Get back, old man.  
Get back!  
Open their damn door!  
Try taking turns at the windows.  
Take turns at the windows!  
Help, we need air!  
Open the door.  
Open the door.  
People are dying inside.  
Take turns by the windows.  
Get back.  
You'll get court-martialed for this.  
They need to breathe.  
Open the door now.  
Back to your position!  
People are dying, sir.  
Are you disobeying orders?  
He's new, sir.  
Hey chick, give me a kiss.  
I need that kiss.  
I want that kiss.  
- Sameh!  
- Haj Hamza!  
Father!  
Answer me.  
Please answer me.

Sameh.

Sameh.

Guys! Are you OK?

Say something. Anything!

Haj Hamza.

What happened to your back?

Torture?

How old is your son?

May God bless him.

My son Talha is in college.

What grade is your boy in?

Eleventh grade.

I didn't see my son

when he was

in middle school or high school.

Why?

What do you think?

He was detained, of course.

Don't worry.

God will protect your son.

He's on the right path.

But my son is not with you.

Not with us.

And I'm not fat!

Sameh.

You're bleeding.

- A lot?

- Yeah.

- Open your mouth.

- It's OK.

Just open your mouth.

Oh God,

your mouth is all cut up.

- Did you just learn this razor trick?

- No, I'm a pro.

- Why pretend to be a thug?

- I'm a thug.

No, you're not.

Lower your voice.

I want to intimidate them.

What are you then?

I clean cars on the streets.

So what's a guy like you doing

in this mess?

There was an MB protest on my street.  
There was a big fight.  
And...  
my dog got killed.  
What was your dog protesting?  
Don't make fun of my dog.  
He was my only friend.  
My late father got him for me.  
I can't imagine losing him.  
His name is Rocky.  
And yours?  
Filthy.  
Filthy.  
Was your dog filthy?  
- Do you want it?  
- Can I?  
A'isha?  
A'isha.  
Are you all right?  
A'isha, what's wrong?  
She needs to use the bathroom.  
Soldier?  
Soldier!  
Yes?  
She needs to go to the bathroom.  
It's not possible.  
She can't use the bottle.  
She's a girl.  
There's nothing I can do.  
What do you mean she can't?  
She will use the bathroom!  
I'm following orders.  
That's nonsense!  
You're all men here.  
Don't you have sisters?  
These are the orders.  
Get back,  
or I'll lock the door.  
Are you serious?  
Let her out.  
Do it now!  
Just let her out.  
Consider her your sister.  
Come back, Awad.

Get up.  
You're going home.  
- And my boy?  
- Him, too.  
Awad!  
Open the door.  
No, I won't.  
Just open it.  
You've lost your mind!  
Open the damn door.  
Eweis.  
Hey guys,  
why don't we all turn our backs  
and give her some privacy.  
- You mean form a wall?  
- Yes.  
Come on.  
Let them through.  
Did you do it?  
Come here.  
Bring her out.  
Islam will prevail!  
- What are you doing?  
- Taking you home!  
Come back. You'll get killed.  
We'll die if we stay here.  
Come back!  
Let us out.  
Stay away from me.  
Dad!  
No! Dad!  
We're going to die, Awad!  
Get in!  
- Don't leave me here!  
- I'll come back for you.  
Dad!  
Excuse me!  
Leave him.  
We'll take care of him.  
I said leave him.  
You'll be fine, brother.  
Dad.  
An eye for an eye! Raise your guns!  
An eye for an eye! Raise your guns!

An eye for an eye! Raise your guns!  
You have a fractured rib.  
Cover your cross.  
Your soldier friend!  
He's trapped! He could die!  
Soldier!  
Awad!  
Come this way.  
Hide in the driver's cab.  
Over here!  
This way, here, Awad!  
Use the laser to signal him.  
Don't you have a laser pointer?  
Where is it?  
Here!  
Over here.  
Get in the truck!  
Run, soldier!  
Hide in the driver's cab.  
Quickly, Awad.  
Hop in and drive away!  
I don't know how to drive.  
Lay low.  
Oh, help me God!  
Tear gas!  
Close the windows!  
We have to block the window,  
or we'll all die.  
Let go of the window.  
Help him, please.  
I can't reach him.  
Zein!  
What does this America look like?  
Is it all buildings?  
There are trees everywhere.  
Lots of greenery.  
Is there a sea like ours?  
Only oceans...  
on the east and on the west.  
Have you seen any skyscrapers?  
Yes, a lot.  
- What about the chicks?  
- Lots of them.  
And how can we go there?

Yes, how?  
He's American.  
He doesn't need a visa like us.  
Exactly.  
What brought you back to this dump?  
Growing up,  
my dad would get mad  
at the mere mention of Egypt.  
He'd say it's hell on earth.  
He'd talk about being tortured  
in the Nasser era,  
and rant about the chaos  
and corruption.  
Despite all that,  
his dying wish was to be buried here.  
His wish came true.  
May he rest in peace.  
Thank you.  
Zein,  
are you all right?  
I'm better.  
This feels like a bad hangover.  
They imported new tear gas  
that gets you high.  
You missed out on a lot of fun.  
This wound has to be closed.  
I have to staple it shut.  
Please bear with me.  
Do you have any pins?  
You'll be OK.  
Don't worry.  
Don't, you'll get it infected.  
My hair is falling out.  
How long do I have left?  
I don't know.  
I remember  
you started going bald at 27 or 28.  
The barber told me about a cream  
that stops hair loss.  
Who? Saad?  
No, another barber.  
An MB barber?  
Yes.  
You'll be bald like me.

- But he said...  
- Let him say what he wants.  
That's genetics.  
No one can change that.  
Tear gas again or what?  
- See anything?  
- Don't open the windows.  
Let him call his mum.  
You think she got help?  
I'm sure she did.  
Give it to him.  
OK, let's cover him.  
Make it fast.  
Yes, Mum.  
Still in the truck.  
What do you mean you can't do anything?  
Then, who can?  
Call the minister.  
- We're dying here, Mum.  
- Enough, this is useless.  
Another call, please.  
You had your chance.  
I'll call my uncle this time.  
My sister's number...  
- What are these messages?  
- Give me that.  
- Wait, Mans.  
- You won't understand.  
- You won't understand.  
- What are these messages?  
We're in love.  
In love?  
You're fooling around with my sister!  
No one touches me!  
I meant to tell you.  
My sister!  
Damn you!  
Calm down!  
Calm down.  
Enough.  
Thank you.  
What's this?  
This isn't my shirt.  
This is a fat man's shirt.

Are you implying I'm fat?  
- No, I didn't mean that.  
- I'm just kidding.  
But you believed me, right?  
I'm quite convincing.  
Are you a videographer?  
- A videographer, right?  
- I suppose so.  
Do you tape actors?  
I used to.  
Now I cover news.  
I did an audition before.  
What audition?  
It was for Sherif Arafa's latest film.  
Do you act?  
Yes, I do.  
I also sang that day.  
The audition was  
for a part as a singer.  
I have a good voice.  
I can sing you something.  
We answer the call of Islam  
and sacrifice our lives for it  
With our skulls,  
we build a stairway to glory  
Our skulls, our skulls, our skulls  
- This skull song was your audition?  
- No.  
I sang a pop song by Nancy.  
But now my voice is affected  
by tear gas.  
Of course.  
I remember you now.  
In the revolution,  
he was "the tear gas singer".  
Come on. Stop joking.  
You know Ramy Essam,  
the revolution singer?  
They'd get him off stage  
so I can go on.  
- They loved me.  
- They loved laughing at you.  
Stop it, Omar.  
So you're the "tear gas singer"?

You've heard of me?  
Once, we found the square empty.  
We thought the revolution ended.  
They told us everyone would return,  
once the tear gas singer left.  
Those were the days.  
Love is the best feeling  
Love is the best feeling  
On my mind day and night  
Sweet passionate love  
I'm overwhelmed by your sweet love  
Sorry for dragging you here,  
good old friend.  
I wanted to come.  
No, you didn't. You're a mess.  
God knows  
if we'll get out of here.  
There's something I need to tell you.  
My son Tarek is with the MB.  
Now I know.  
I didn't want to tell you.  
I was worried about you.  
- Whose shirt is this?  
- Mine.  
Why did you stop acting?  
The casting agency never called back.  
- Mr. Moaz?  
- Yes.  
Why did you let them chant,  
"Raise your guns"?  
If we don't contain them,  
there won't be an MB.  
Once we regain power,  
all will return to normal.  
Could we regain power?  
Realistically?  
I feel it's impossible.  
"God will empower  
the true believers  
and He will lead them to... "  
"... victory".  
The Quran says.  
Hey, pal.  
Where are you going?

Why are you driving like this?  
Stop driving like a maniac!  
Hey.  
I'm a soldier like you.  
It's me Eweis.  
Open the door.  
Did you read the messages?  
I didn't want to tell you  
since I'm unemployed.  
I wasn't planning to hide it for long.  
That's what the DJ thing is for.  
For her.  
The only reason you came today  
is because she asked you to babysit me.  
No, read the next message.  
It says I'm going to ask you  
to marry her today.  
I'd rather marry her off  
to one of those traitors  
than to a jerk like you.  
I'm Mans, your best friend.  
My best friend?  
Take him with you.  
He's like you.  
By the way,  
we want your address  
to return the pins you lent to us.  
Don't worry.  
Your dad will be OK.  
What's your name?  
It was my idea to go to the protest.  
He said no.  
I told him I'd go anyways.  
He shouldn't have listened to you.  
It's not your fault.  
Now tell me,  
what's your name?  
A'isha.  
We should exchange numbers, Aisha.  
You're mispronouncing it.  
I'll call you Aisha.  
I'm not into ancient Islamic names.  
Where are we going?  
This isn't the way to the precinct.

Who are you?  
No way. It's Malek.  
Did you think I'd leave you?  
- Who's Malek?  
- My brother.  
Huzaifa, are you OK?  
- Yes, and you?  
- Is Father with you?  
Father...  
He's in another truck.  
Try to get us out.  
Open the door, Malek.  
Escaping is a felony.  
You'll get us in more trouble.  
The police have our IDs.  
- Screw it!  
- Open up!  
No, don't.  
It's a felony. Prison time.  
Ignore him.  
Open the door.  
Whoever wants to stay, can stay.  
Make it fast!  
- I have the IDs.  
- Really?  
- Sherif...  
- Sherif Farghali Elish.  
- Mohamed Hashem.  
- No, Ahmed Hashem.  
- It won't open.  
- Why?  
It's locked with handcuffs.  
Look for the keys in the cabin.  
The cabin, Malek.  
Did you find it?  
No.  
Our protests are close by.  
Call for help.  
I lost my phone.  
There's one here.  
- Where's the phone?  
- The battery is dead.  
Liar! It's not.  
Give it to me and I'll check.

- Give me the phone.

- No!

Then call from any other phone.

Ask the people there.

- Radwan Abu Bakr?

- Yes.

The MB is just a phase.

You're ready to move on.

When I get out of here,

I'll head to Syria.

- Badr.

- Yes.

If you want, you can join me.

Thank you, good soldier.

Once we get out,

you have to leave the police.

How can I?

This is mandatory conscription.

I'd go to jail.

Jail or death?

I'll leave that to God.

We're not scaring you,

but you're naive.

You realise you're helping

Jews and Christians?

He's coming back.

- Do you think we'll go home?

- Yes, we will.

I hope we find transportation.

There's a bus stop nearby.

I'm sure it'll be in service.

I'd gladly walk home.

Where are we now?

Doesn't matter.

Let's get out first.

I'm so sleepy.

We'll get Dad to the hospital first,

then go home.

We're going home.

I can take you anywhere.

Where do you live?

On the street.

It won't open.

- You go.

- I won't leave you.

- I'll be fine.

- You'll die.

- Take the camera.

- Work isn't everything.

This isn't about work.

The real moments you shot here  
can influence people.

You have to leave.

- So?

- No one's answering.

They're all in the protests.

Drive to one of our protests.

They'll get us out.

No way.

Don't worry.

We'll protect you.

- Are you insane?

- They'll kill us.

Start driving.

What protest, you morons?

Are you crazy?

Don't go, you jerk.

Back the truck into a wall.

Maybe it'll break the door open.

Ignore them, Malek.

Any bloodshed is your responsibility.

Are you with them?

- No, but I won't let them die.

- The MB are peaceful.

We're not killers.

No one can control protests today.

Just try.

Yes, back the truck in a wall.

Let him try.

Malek, wait.

Try backing up the truck.

No.

Drive on Malek.

- Why.

- Why wait?

- You won't understand.

- Screw that!

Malek, I'm in charge.

Obey if you're still MB!  
It didn't open, Malek.  
One more time.  
Again, Malek.  
The truck is stuck.  
Rock it.  
If we rock it hard enough,  
we can free it.  
Rock it harder!  
Almost.  
Harder!  
Malek,  
once the truck is free, drive away.  
- Where to?  
- Our protests. The police are coming.  
No way.  
The truck's going nowhere.  
This truck won't budge!  
Stop it.  
You stop it.  
Stop the truck, or We'll kill him.  
What are you doing, Nagwa?  
Huzaifa.  
Back off.  
Don't stop, Malek.  
We'll protect you.  
I'll kill whoever comes near.  
If he dies, he'll be a martyr.  
Get ready to be a martyr.  
Stop the truck.  
No, we won't stop.  
If we get arrested,  
they'll kill us.  
Everyone calm down!  
Tell your brother to stop the truck.  
Your father is dead, Malek.  
He died with others in another truck.  
Listen to no one. Just go!  
God have mercy on my soul.  
Let him go.  
It's no use.  
They're bastards.  
They must die.  
Enough.

Calm down.  
You don't want to kill him.  
Malek, stop.  
Stop.  
Stop please, Malek.  
Mohamed, we won't let anyone hurt them.  
Leave me alone.  
Stop.  
What are you looking at, Haj?  
It's over.  
I'm looking for my son Tarek.  
Maybe he's among them.  
Put this on,  
so they won't know you're a soldier.  
Malek, stop the car.  
Omar.  
No one's going to hurt them.  
I swear.  
Stop, Malek.  
Please stop the truck.  
Please stop.  
Is that our protest?  
No, it's one of theirs.  
No, it's ours.  
Malek, stop.  
Keep driving, Malek.  
Keep driving!  
No, Nagwa,  
they'll kill us.  
I hear MB chants.  
It's our protest.  
Islam will prevail!  
- Keep driving.  
- No, this is suicide.  
If we go to the protest, we'll die.  
We'll die.  
Enough Radwan.  
They can't tell who's who.  
Traitors! Traitors!  
- We're with you.  
- It's an MB protest, I swear.  
We're with you!  
God bless the army!  
God bless the army!

Malek.

We're with you.

Islam will prevail!

Leave him alone!

Leave him alone, he's my brother!

We're on your side!

God bless the army!

Sing for your life.

God bless the army.

Traitors! Traitors!

Traitors! Traitors!

Hossam!

Zein!

Mohamed!

Fisho!

Mans!

My friend!

Close the door!