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# Lemon Tree

By Suha Arraf

Where the hell is this town Zur-HaSharon?  
Any further and we'll reach Nablus  
(the West Bank).  
Ah! There! There it is.  
Like I said,  
on the border with the Arabs.  
As long as we get paid, Sasha.  
Come on, move your butts.  
I haven't got all day,  
we must finish by 2pm.  
Easy with the drawer chest!  
Don't worry, Mrs. Navon.  
She's a pain...  
Quiet,  
she's our Defense Minister's wife.  
Careful with the sofa!  
Gilad, Arabs by the security fence, copy?  
Copy that, coming.  
Keep an eye, ok?  
Where? There.  
I'm on it. Heading back.  
I'd like to thank the PM,  
the Cabinet and you all  
for your vote of confidence.  
My late father used to say  
that goals are achieved  
only if you draw boundaries.  
I promise all Israelis to do just that,  
to continue the successful  
policy of my predecessors:  
hunting and eliminating  
terror wherever it is.  
The new Israeli Defense Minister  
today as he begins his term...  
When you look at Minister Navon's  
record over the years...  
I'm done for the day.  
Welcome...  
When are Laila and the kids coming?  
They should be here any minute.  
I miss them so much.  
Me too.  
Excuse me.  
Hello?

Hi, Mom.  
Hi, where are you?  
We won't make it.  
Ali is not well.  
Does he have a fever?  
Sorry, Mom.  
It's ok.  
We'll come another time, ok?  
God willing.  
Bye, Mom.  
Ok, bye.  
Don't be upset. Maybe next week.  
That's how it is with children...  
Well, let's eat anyway.  
Thanks. I'll just go home.  
At least take food with you.  
It's ok, some other time.  
Let's see what's happening.  
Good morning, what's up?  
The north of Israel is under high alert  
after last night's  
Hezbollah rocket attacks.  
No injuries and only  
minor damages were reported,  
but the North Region Commander  
stated we must be prepared  
in case the Hezbollah  
renew their attacks...  
Good morning.  
Defence Minister Navon says...  
Your friend, Tamar Gera,  
interviewed President Assad's wife.  
Pretty good article, worth reading.  
Where did she meet her? Not in Syria?  
No... in London.  
She's British, calls herself Esma,  
but in fact it's Emma.  
Good looking, huh?  
Yes.  
Don't forget to invite her  
to our housewarming party.  
Gera, I mean...  
Got it.  
When will you be back?

Two days, if there are  
no surprises up north...  
A bit scary sleeping here alone.  
Scary? Why?  
Both the army and  
Secret Service are here.  
Today they're installing  
the best technology to protect you.  
Us.  
Us.  
I keep thinking of all the nights  
I'll spend on my own...  
There are worse things than being  
the Defense Minister's wife.  
Good morning, Mrs. Navon.  
Good morning.  
Sir, we really must get going.  
I'm coming...  
You're doing a fine job, guys.  
I'm coming.  
Yeah, Jackie, talk to me. What's up?  
Move it! Step on it, guys!  
Careful with the fence, easy!  
Hi, you've reached Sigi's phone  
but I'm busy  
'cause my parents forced me to study at  
Georgetown University in Washington DC.  
So leave a message after the...  
Sweetheart, this is your mother.  
Remember her?  
Call me, it won't hurt you...  
Kisses, take care, bye.  
Dear student,  
welcome to  
the self-testing Psychometric Test.

### **Chapter 1:**

Footballers don't believe in Confucius.  
Some footballers are bald headed...  
I remember the day your father  
planted these trees.  
His hands were blessed.  
Once we ate apricots,  
he spat out the pit,

and within a week it grew  
into a huge tree.  
Come on, Abu Hussam...  
Pity, he died too young.  
God rest his soul.  
God rest his soul.  
What can I say, Jacob,  
I don't like this grove.  
I told you, this grove's  
over 50 years old  
and nothing ever happened.  
I know the owner, a poor, lonely woman  
who hardly lives off her lemons.  
What about a husband?  
I knew him well actually,  
but he died years ago.  
But what will keep a terrorist  
from entering the grove,  
gathering intelligence,  
throwing a grenade, whatever.  
Before we respond,  
he'll be asleep in Nablus.  
Gilad, security fences, watch towers,  
sensors, soldiers, the Secret Service.  
Not enough? What else can we do?  
Do not turn the page  
until you are instructed to do so.  
Easy, Gilad, easy.  
Listen, I don't take the decisions here,  
but you see how easy it is.  
Everything ok?  
Can't complain, Mrs. Navon.  
Why do they always give me  
the worst jobs?  
Stop whining.  
Give her the letter and let's go.  
I'm starving.  
Move it!  
Open the door!  
Come here! Quick!  
Give this letter to Mrs. Salma Zidane.  
It's urgent and important. Got it?  
Hello, Abu Camal.  
Hello, Um Nasser.

How are your wife and kids?  
Fine. They kiss your hand.  
I came because I received this letter.  
You know I can't read Hebrew.  
And I have a feeling it's important.  
It's from the Central Region Commander,  
the son of a bitch,  
informing you  
they will cut down your lemon grove,  
because the trees pose a threat  
to the safety  
of the Defense Minister  
who lives across from you.  
"An immediate and absolute  
military necessity."  
What's wrong, Um Nasser?  
Why are you crying?  
Do you know how much land they  
confiscated to build prisons for us?  
And how many houses they demolished?  
It says here you are  
eligible for compensation.  
The Israelis are so generous...  
Thank you.  
But we don't take their money.  
You understand that, right?  
You're listening to DC Radio 99.9 FM,  
in the nation's capital.  
The only station that brings you  
jazz to sooth your ears.

**It's 1 1 :**

and it's another sunny day here in the capital...  
Nasser, phone call for you,  
I think it's your mother.  
Thank you, boss.  
Nasser, make it quick!  
Hi, Mom, how are you?  
What?  
What do you mean? Why?  
Damn them,  
but who needs this grove anyway?  
It's not worth the effort since Dad died.  
I wish I could send you more than \$150,

but life in America is expensive.  
You understand, right?  
Mom, I can't talk now.  
Forget the trees and come to America!  
You'll be a queen!  
Life is much better here!

**Complete:**

of atomic catastrophe...  
When can you design my house?  
I've got some things to finish here first,  
the house warming next month  
that the PM is attending,  
and then I'll be free to take new work.  
Can we look upstairs?  
Sure.  
Thanks, Mira.  
What a nice place.  
How do you manage?  
With what?  
Don't these women get on your nerves?  
Not at all.  
We have a lot in common.  
Want some?  
Really? Like what?  
Army wives may be considered  
desperate housewives,  
but we're an active part of the  
political and social scene, Tamar,  
I wouldn't dismiss that so easily.  
What?  
Would you rather hear I'm unhappy?  
I'm not unhappy, not at all.  
And how is it to live so close to the border?  
Aren't you afraid?  
Afraid? Why afraid?  
Look at this grove.  
Isn't it charming?  
Show me your ID.  
Salma Zidane?  
Listen, there's nothing for you here.  
It's the General's decision.  
Why complain?  
We offered you compensation, right?

Look around,  
these people have real problems.  
Your problem is small.  
You hear?  
Don't go to Ramallah via the checkpoint,  
it's closed.  
Closed?  
Curfew! Even an ant can't get through.  
God help us!  
I hope the soldiers aren't lurking  
in the hills,  
blocking our detour.  
Are you painting?  
So what do we do?  
There's a lawyer at the Jelazoon Camp,  
a relative of my mom.  
He might be able to help.  
He'll charge a fortune.  
How will I pay him?  
I have no idea, Mom.  
Mussa hardly makes ends meet.  
Maybe Suha can help?  
Suha?  
She has enough trouble in Gaza.  
What does Nasser say?  
Hello. Hello.  
Can you direct me  
to Ziad Daud's law office?  
Sure. Next corner turn right.  
Thank you.  
You're welcome.  
Come in.  
Good day. Hello.  
I'm Um Nasser, Mussa's mother in law.  
Hello, Um Nasser.  
Mussa told me about you.  
Take a seat, please.  
Give me those things.  
Two years since I returned from Russia,  
and I'm still addicted to them.  
Want some?  
No, thanks.  
What's the problem?  
It's not easy being their



Defense Minister's neighbor, huh?  
I live only off this grove.  
They offered you compensation,  
you know that, right?  
I know,  
I inherited the grove from my late father,  
no money can compensate for that.  
Sure...  
Look, we can appeal to the Military Court,  
but it won't be easy.  
Have you ever handled such cases?  
Sure.  
Mussa said I should make sure you did.  
Look, it's not easy for one of us  
to go against the Israeli army.  
Truth is that since I came back,  
I only had divorce cases,  
and even those are hard to  
get these days...  
It's your decision...  
Salma...  
Salma...  
Daddy!  
Higher, Salma. Reach higher...  
Dad...  
Hello, Mrs. Zidane.  
Hello.  
Please, come in.  
Come in...  
Thank you.  
We've... I've appealed  
to the Military Court.  
We should be summoned soon.  
This is your copy.  
Thank you.  
You're welcome.  
Here you go.  
Thanks.  
From your grove, yes?  
Yes.  
Very tasty, bless your hands.  
Hello, Abu Hussam.  
Hello.  
Abu Hussam's been working for us

for 50 years now.  
Attorney Ziad Daud.  
Pleased to meet you.  
You look just like my father...  
Pleased to meet you.  
Don't you want to show him the grove?  
Why not...?

**Abraham says:**

Like all Namibians,  
Christopher, too, breeds fish,  
which is why I was surprised  
to see he had a beard.  
Which of the following cannot be  
concluded from Abraham's saying:  
do not normally grow beards.  
This is their Minister's house.  
Your neighbor is good looking.  
I mean, Jewish women  
know how to take care of themselves.  
You have 10 seconds left.  
Shut up, stupid...  
Time's up. Go to the next question.  
Did you choose a caterer?  
I thought about authentic Arabic food.  
Shall I check the Arab restaurant we know?  
Samir's place?  
Yes.  
Won't we have kosher problems?  
I don't want trouble  
with the Orthodox parties.  
But why go so far?  
Ask our Palestinian neighbor  
to cater for us.  
She does catering? I had no idea.  
What? Why?  
She's suing me.  
Really? What did we do to her?  
Nothing yet, but we will.  
We are cutting down all her trees.  
Why?  
Because terrorists might infiltrate  
Israel through her grove.  
Makes sense, no?

Why are you looking at me like that?  
I have nothing against her.  
So who does?  
The Secret Service do,  
and I trust their judgment.  
Fine, I didn't say anything.  
Now the whole world will think  
I have something against Arabs.  
Know what? Go for Samir.  
The PM loves his food.  
Just make sure he keeps the food kosher.  
Your Honor, I'm sure the army thanks  
the learned attorney  
for his advise on lsrael's security,  
but as I've already stated,  
the grove poses a real and imminent  
threat to the Minister's household  
and to the State, so...  
How can you claim my client's grove  
poses a threat to the state's security?  
It's been there for over 50 years,  
and not a single shot was fired from it.  
Only since September 2000,  
more than 20,000 terror attacks  
were perpetrated by terror organizations  
on the lives, bodies and property  
of Jewish civilians.  
Terrorists will use the appellant's  
grove to gather intelligence,  
throw grenades or bombs at the house,  
shoot at it, etc.  
while taking cover among the trees,  
unseen by the army.  
Your Honor...  
And just as an example, if I may...  
No need, I've made my decision.  
Please be seated.

**For the record:**

decision to uproot the grove  
was taken after contemplating  
various alternatives to minimize  
the damage caused to the proprietress.  
The security authorities are willing

to compensate her  
if only as a token of the State's  
good faith and generosity,  
although the Intifadah Act  
authorizes the Defense Minister  
to proclaim  
the grove a hostile territory,  
thereby exempting the State from any  
kind of compensation.  
Therefore, the court rejects the appeal  
and orders the uprooting  
of the trees ASAP.  
Until then, the grove is to be fenced in,  
and Mrs. Zidane or her proxies are  
banned from entering the parameter.  
I won't let them touch my trees.  
It's the court's decision,  
nothing we can do.  
Um Nasser?  
Salma?  
Salma...  
We'll go to their Supreme Court.  
Is that what you want to do?  
Are you sure?  
I'm sure.  
Do you know what it means?  
No.  
But I do know one thing...  
I've had my share of grief in life.  
Your Honor, my client says she does not  
accept the honorable court's decision.  
We're taking it to the Supreme Court.  
"Accepted"  
She's going to the Supreme Court.  
I'm not surprised.  
I'd have done the same.  
She's protecting her home, Israel,  
what did you expect?  
It happens all the time,  
it's part of the history of this place.  
Only this time it's because of us.  
Because of me, you mean. What can I do?  
Go against the system  
because of a few lemon trees?

You're the Defense Minister,  
you can revoke the order.  
Supposing I do that, what then?  
Somebody will come up here and shoot you?  
Really, Mira, what do you want?  
Want us to move out?  
There must be another solution.  
So maybe it's about time.  
Tighten the security.  
Why not bring all the army?  
Leave Lebanon and the territories,  
just to watch over you?  
Great, very mature, lsrael.  
Mira, I have a million  
things to deal with.  
I don't need your attitude too.  
Fine, no problem. Cut the trees.  
Ignore reality, as usual.  
Thanks a lot.  
Come on, guys, I don't have all day.  
Move it.  
Come on.  
Yeah, Jackie, what's up?  
Easy with the fences.  
Yes, I hear you.  
I'm coming today. I give you my word.  
You don't trust me?  
My word is worth a million dollars.  
Ask anyone.  
Move it!  
Here we are planning the new segment  
of the Separation Wall, with a promenade,  
as a treat for the locals.  
If it was up to me  
the wall wouldn't be delayed.  
There are many problems  
but we know how to deal with them.  
Suzie? Tamar. Tamar Gera.  
I have to cancel.  
I won't make the editorial meeting.  
Hello, lsrael...  
Suzie, I'll call you back.  
How are you, Minister?  
Very well, Gera.

And Mira?  
When I see her, perfectly fine.  
What are you doing about the appeal  
filed by your Palestinian neighbor?  
It reached the press already?  
Off the record?  
To be honest,  
I was opposed to the idea  
of uprooting the grove.  
But who can oppose the Secret Service?  
But you're in charge of them.  
Gera, I don't know this lady,  
I've never even seen her.  
Mira says she seems very nice.  
You know what my father used to say:  
We will sleep quietly only  
when the Palestinians will have hope.  
At any case, the trees must be uprooted.  
On the record.  
Moving out...  
Did I miss something interesting?  
On or off the record?  
I repeat the question:  
Does knowing the end of a movie  
spoil the fun of watching it?  
You have 10 seconds to mark the  
correct response in the answer sheet.  
Time's up.  
Do not turn the page  
before you are instructed to do so.  
Stop!  
Time's up.  
Go home.  
You're not allowed in here.  
Me no Hebrew.  
You're not allowed in here,  
don't you understand?  
You'll get in trouble.  
No Hebrew.  
What's your name?  
Name? What is your name?  
Salma.  
Salma, I'm ltamar  
but they call me "Quickie" 'cause...

never mind.  
You must go now.  
My father...  
Long time ago,  
take me along to sell lemons at market,  
in Israel.  
Really? Yes.  
Why did you let her in?  
She's not allowed here!  
I didn't! What do you want?  
And who gave you permission to come down?  
Go back to your post!  
Why are you making trouble?  
You're not allowed here!  
Go home!  
But my trees are dying.  
Go home, or I'll arrest you.  
Come on, get up there!  
Hello, Ziad.  
Hi, Mussa, how are you?  
Welcome.  
Mrs. Salma Zidane.  
Pleased to meet you.  
So, are we going in?  
I've got a letter explaining everything...  
Sorry, no,  
the President had to go to Cairo.  
Didn't Minister Abu Labda's  
daughter talk to you?  
She did, and so did her father.  
But the President is always busy.  
Thank you, Mr. President,  
it was a pleasure meeting you.  
I'm sorry, Ziad.  
Believe me, he has no time at all.  
Give me the file, I'll see to it.  
Trust me, I'm your brother.  
With your permission.  
Do we have a chance?  
We're going against all odds  
and no one will help us.  
Not even Minister Abu Labda's daughter?  
Not even her.  
Do you really know her?

Yes, she studied with me in Russia.  
Excuse me, I've got loads  
of work on your case.  
Sorry to interrupt,  
but we've never discussed it.  
How much will it cost?  
Well, the expert witnesses and  
the paperwork will cost a bit and...  
How much?  
As far as my fee's concerned,  
I can put it on hold. Really.  
Ziad! How much?  
We'll work it out.  
It will be alright.  
How are you?  
Hello, Abu Hussam, good timing,  
I need to prep you for court.  
Mr. Ziad,  
Listen to me carefully.  
I never got married  
and have no children, except Salma.  
Her mother died when she was 5 years old,  
and I raised her with her father.  
She's all I've got in the world.  
Remember that well... all I've got.  
Ok, now we can begin.  
There are wolves in Malaysia,

**ergo:**

live in woods,  
then Malaysia doesn't necessarily  
have woods...Following the uprooting  
of 2,000 Palestinian-owned olive trees  
in the West Bank,  
over the past three months,  
Defense Minister Navon  
ordered a special inquiry.  
Look, what really bothers me now  
is the Iranian nuclear threat  
and the Hezbollah attacks.  
However, this business with the trees  
is an outrage.  
My father was a warrior and farmer  
all his life.



He taught me that a tree is like  
a human being,  
not a hair of his is to be touched.  
Our sages have asserted that  
"Man is like a tree".  
A hotdog and fries in pita-bread  
costs 3 shekels.  
A hotdog and salad in pita-bread  
costs 2.5 shekels.  
Assuming the fries cost double the salad,  
the pita-bread costs  
as much as the hotdog...  
Who is it?  
Ziad, attorney Ziad.  
The area is under curfew,  
and I can't get home.  
I thought I might...  
Just a minute.  
Sure.  
I'm sorry to bother you...  
You scared me.  
It's good for your blood circulation.  
Tea?  
Please.  
On second thought, no thanks,  
but you have some.  
I don't want any either.  
Hear that?  
There's a pack of wolves in the ravine.  
Sometimes they sound so close,  
as if they were in my grove.  
When I don't hear them I feel lonesome,  
and when I do,  
I feel like joining their howling.  
You're a lone wolf, too.  
Unlike most young men.  
How did your husband die?  
The grove wasn't enough to live on,  
so he left to look for work.  
But he had a weak heart and it gave in.  
Sorry, I didn't mean to...  
It's ok.  
It was 10 years ago,  
he left me with 3 kids...

He died young, poor man.  
But that's life.  
Every man has his fate.  
Did you love him?  
I never knew other men.  
And you?  
I have a little girl. Her name is Luna.  
I left her behind in Moscow,  
with her mother.  
I was young and foolish.  
I thought life would be much easier.  
I try not to think about it,  
I run away from the thoughts.  
Run away all the time...  
What a pity.  
You're still young,  
your whole life is ahead of you.  
Unlike me. I'm done.  
Why do you say that?  
You're still very beautiful.  
People with a cold can't distinguish  
an orange scent from a lemon.  
Yossi can't tell the difference  
between these scents,  
hence, Yossi has a cold.  
Which of the following deduction methods  
is most similar to the one above?  
Itamar! Want a cold drink?  
No, thanks, Mrs. Navon,  
They take care of me here.  
And please call me Quickie.  
Quickie? Why Quickie?  
Because I was the slowest guy  
at basic training.  
I see.  
Ziad?  
You've reached Ziad Daud's Law offices.  
Leave a message. Thanks.  
Hello, Salma, I'm tied up in court,  
submitting papers for your case.  
I'll be a bit late. Wait for me, ok?  
See you.  
Salma?  
She's very pretty, takes after you.

God bless her.

Thanks.

When the trial's over I should go see her.

Well, we have lots of work.

How can I find anything now?

Construction of the Separation Wall was suspended in several places.

When do you reckon the wall will be completed?

I'm told the construction of the wall is to be completed within 3 months.

Actually, the last part of the wall is going to be in my hometown, so they better be quick...

Minister! Yes, Avraham.

The Supreme Court convenes tomorrow over your Palestinian neighbor's appeal.

How will you respond if she wins?

This thing reached even the USA?

Really, there's a limit...

or maybe there isn't.

Israel's mere existence is under threat, and you're dealing with lemons?

Now, listen, dear friends.

There's a very nice young lady who's been waiting for a long time.

So if you'll excuse me,

I'll stop here and take my daughter to dinner. Thank you.

Thank you, Minister Navon.

No second thoughts?

No second thoughts.

Let's go?

Let's go.

This is not just a violation of my client's proprietary rights, it also undermines the deep emotional bond

she has with these trees that her late father planted.

Furthermore, the uprooting order is unlawful, unreasonable and does not comply with the regional

military commander's powers  
under International Law,  
let alone humanitarian values.  
Article 53 of the Geneva Convention  
prohibits the destruction of  
any personal property,  
land or possessions  
by the occupying force.  
Too bad my learned colleague did not  
continue Article 53 that states:  
"Unless so required by imperative  
military necessity".  
But we'll forgive the oversight.  
day in, day out,  
Salma and I cultivated the land  
and the trees.  
It's not just watering and fertilizing.  
Trees are like people.  
Trees are like people.  
They have souls,  
they have feelings.  
They need to be talked to,  
need tender loving care.  
I don't use a tractor,  
I only use my own hands.  
This soil is the best in the land.  
No, not only in the land,  
but in the whole wide world.  
This is a soil sample taken  
from Mrs. Zidane's grove.  
Lab tests show it has not been  
properly tended to for long time.  
Most trees bear no fruit at all,  
others bear foul fruit,  
because they all have diseases  
that went untreated.  
And why, if I may ask,  
are the trees in such bad shape?  
No need to reply, Mr. Ziegler,  
we all know the answer.  
Because this order bans Mrs. Zidane  
from entering the grove,  
and when she ignored it,  
she was chased out at gun point

by the soldiers and Secret Service.  
So, as agreed, we meet Tuesday.  
Don't worry about the case...  
I'm not worried.  
Mr. Braverman, I'm honored.  
My name is Ziad Daud...  
I know who you are.  
Tell me, what do you think you're doing?  
Do you really think you can  
fight this country?  
Look, I've handled many cases of  
land expropriation and house demolitions  
but when it comes to state security...  
you don't stand a chance.  
And your case is even more complicated.  
Lemon trees, a Defense Minister.  
A lethal combination.  
Good luck.  
Thanks.  
Um Nasser?  
Hello.  
Welcome, Abu Camal,  
what an honor. Come in.  
Come in.  
How's Nasser?  
Isn't he coming back?  
What's he doing in America?  
He works there, and he'll study computers.  
If your late husband were still alive...  
he'd never let him go to America.  
God rest his soul...  
May you live long.  
Please.  
Um Nasser, I hear bad things, you hear?  
People say bad things about you.  
You are a respectable woman,  
and you raised very respectable daughters.  
So what happened?  
What's the story with the lawyer?  
I hear he's your son's age.  
Um Nasser,  
I won't let anyone desecrate the  
memory and honor of your late husband.  
Not even you.

Don't make me come here again.  
Tasty, thank you.  
Take it to the yard  
and you'll be shown where to put it.  
What?  
Is everything going well? Yeah.  
Amazing tree. Where did you get it?  
Thanks.  
Can I help with anything?  
No thanks dear.  
Today you're a guest,  
and guests don't work.  
Hello, Mrs. Navon.  
Hello, Samir, how are you?  
Fine. Just fine. Good.  
Amin, give some humus for the bodyguards.  
Eat up, guys, you'll be busy later.  
Amin, Amin, come here.  
What's the matter?  
Excuse me, ma'am.  
You idiots! You forgot the lemons?  
Stop yelling! There's a lemon grove here.  
My idiots forgot to bring lemons.  
So what's the problem?

**Restatements:**

This part consists of several sentences,  
What are you doing here?!  
Who let you into my grove?  
Why are you picking my lemons?!  
Get out of here! Get out, I said!  
And leave those behind!  
Hey, go home,  
you're not allowed in here,  
go before we arrest you.  
Get out of here! Out!  
Hey, stop it!  
Out! Out! Stop it and go home!  
Out with all of you! Out!  
Leave me alone!  
Come on, leave her alone! That's enough!  
Soldier!  
We just wanted a few lemons.  
I'm sorry.

Hello?

How are you?

Fine. Something wrong?

No, nothing's wrong.

What's all that racket? A wedding?

No, a big party over  
at the Minister's house.

They're playing Farid el-Atrash,  
as if they understand his music.

How are you?

Me? Fine.

We'll talk again tomorrow?

Yeah, ok. Tomorrow.

Good night.

Good night.

Great party, Mira. Fantastic.

Thank you.

Hey, Mira'le, a little attention  
over here, please.

Have you forgotten me?

Since she's Mrs. Defense Minister,  
you can't talk to her.

Dear friends,

I'm so happy to see  
all of you here today.

Housewarmings are always heart-warming,  
and this house is all Mira's doing.

And even if at times  
I feel like a guest here,  
I'd like to thank her,  
and I'm sure you do too.

How are you doing?

Ok, I guess. - As long as Israel  
puts up with me being here...

The PM sends his best and apologizes  
for not being able to attend.

The coalition is in a crisis again...

Well, I don't want to take up your time,  
so I'll just tell you  
that as a lad in Beer-Sheba,  
my parents were famous  
for their garden parties  
that always ended with  
deafening sing-alongs.

My father was always off tune,  
but with a lot of charm,  
so I have a surprise for you all:  
The next person on the podium,  
and maybe my successor in the cabinet,  
will sweep you off your feet.  
But first a toast to us  
and the State of Israel.  
Cheers.

Cheers.

And now, the surprise I promised you...

Einat Saruf!

First, here's a kiss  
for always being so nice to me.  
And a toast to your gorgeous  
new house, your new job,  
to you, dear friends,  
and to the State of Israel,  
let's sing.

"I watched the Sea of Galilee glisten  
in bluish-green"

"and a purple wave swooshing in,"

"and I thought to myself: all is possible,"

"as long as we sing"

**Everybody:**

"All's open, it's not too late"

"tomorrow will be better,"

"it's possible, it's doable"

"as long as we sing"

"I've been to Afula,

I've been to Eilat..." Shelly!

"and in Hahula Reservation"

"I found refuge"

"and I thought to myself:

all is possible"

"as long as we sing."

The Defence Minister! Hurray!

What was that? A suicide bomb?

Mrs. Navon, come with me, please.

Reports coming in from Israel

of an attack

near the Defence Minister's house,

possibly carried out



by our brave Fatah fighters...  
Anybody been here over the past hour?  
Are you hiding anyone?  
I'm sure you're hiding somebody in here.  
Tequila Head from Tequila 2, over.  
Found anything in there?  
No, all clear.  
Come on, guys, let's move.  
Mrs. Zidane?  
Mrs. Zidane?  
Sorry, I didn't mean to startle you.  
I'm Tamar Gera from "Yediot Ahronot".  
I'd like a few words with you.  
Me no speak Hebrew.  
It's ok. I speak Arabic.  
I'm a reporter for "Yediot Ahronot".  
May I sit down?  
Be my guest.  
Sorry about the mess.  
The soldiers were here last night  
after the attack near  
the Minister's house.  
Have a seat.  
Tasty...  
So, being the Defense Minister's  
neighbor isn't easy, is it?  
Ever since they moved in,  
my life has turned into hell.  
And yesterday the Minister himself stole  
some of my lemons.  
The Minister?  
How so?  
He sent his soldiers into my grove  
to pick lemons for his party,  
didn't even bother to ask my permission.  
What are you writing?  
You really think he would ask?  
I wish he'd leave my trees alone.  
Yesterday his wife said she was sorry.  
Do you know her?  
Mira?  
Yes, I've known her for a long time.  
This grove seems so harmless, doesn't it?  
Yet from this very grove came the bullet

intended to kill me.  
We'll compensate the lady  
for all her losses,  
but we don't have a choice in the matter.  
Do you have any contact with her?  
No, we don't have contact with her,  
which is a shame  
because she strikes us as  
a very nice lady.  
Mrs. Navon, what do you think about it?  
Well, I wish I could be a better  
neighbor to her.  
A normal neighbor.  
But I suppose it's a bit too much  
to hope for.  
There's too much blood and  
too much politics.  
And there's the lemon grove between us.  
That's why it's so important to  
cut it down,  
so it no longer be a problem.  
Just kidding, of course, Maria...  
Well, Gunar, let's go inside  
and have something to drink.  
Sir, will the attack effect  
the court's decision?  
You know I don't interfere with  
the Supreme Court, but I'm sure...  
Sometimes our country has no limits.  
And I can tell you,  
more than once the guards chased her  
out at gun point,  
when she tried tending to her trees.  
So what do they want?  
For her to admit the terrorists came  
through her grove?  
What does Israel say about all this?  
Israel killed many Arabs  
but whatever he did,  
everything he ever did,  
was to protect us.  
And he really wants to make peace  
with them, you know that.  
Yes.

What else is going on, Mira'le?  
What else is going on...  
How's Sigi? Fine.  
I wish I had another Sigi at home with me,  
but lsrael never wanted to  
adopt another child.  
Yes, I remember.  
Sometimes I think,  
that all these years I've been grieving  
for a child I never knew.  
But you can still...  
No, it's too late.  
Israel had a hard time with Sigi  
as it is, so...  
My mother always said  
Israel needs to sort out his problems  
with his father  
before he becomes one himself.  
She wasn't much of a psychologist,  
but perhaps she was right.  
On the other hand,  
I remember when you couldn't  
keep your hands off him.  
Yeah...  
But these things pass,  
and you're left with just a hole  
in your heart.

**"Mira Navon:**

Our state has no limits!"  
"Does Minister Navon fear Salma Zidane?"  
"Lemon War 1"  
Coffee, lsrael?  
No, just get lost, ok?  
Hello, this is the Navon family.  
Please leave a message.  
Mira? I know you're home.  
Mira, pick up the phone.  
Are you out of your mind?  
Are you stupid or what?!  
You want to ruin me?  
Will it make you feel better?  
Listen to me, you call Tamar Gera  
this very instant and retract it all! Got it?

Now! Stupid...  
Mira never said all that,  
she's a smart woman.  
They distorted what she said.  
We are going to sue the paper.  
Shelly, hold my calls.  
Say I'm in a meeting or out, whatever,  
and draft a harsh letter to  
"Yediot Ahronot".  
Get Mira to sign it, and send it.  
Inform them that their military  
correspondent isn't allowed  
into the Territories.  
And as for Gera...  
Good news!  
The Defense Minister's wife has done all  
the work for us!  
We might even use it in court.  
We must seize the day and  
contact the media.  
"AlJazeera",  
"ElArbiya", "MBC"...  
How about it?  
Great.  
See?  
You look very beautiful in the picture,  
but you look even better in real life...  
much better.  
Sorry... I didn't...  
They like you.  
Why not? I like them.  
Ok. I want to ask you about  
these lemon trees...  
Come on, Yair, aren't you fed up already?  
As a matter of fact, we are, but still.  
The minister in-charge of  
Israel's security  
is afraid of some lemons?  
I'm not afraid of anything.  
Don't you read the papers?  
Seriously now, I won't go against  
the Secret Service.  
They decided it's risky - I'm with them.  
And I try my best not to

over-work my bodyguards.  
Last Saturday I wanted to  
go to the synagogue near my house, so I...  
Mira, I'm so sorry for what I said,  
I didn't mean it.  
Yes, I'm sorry too.  
Your friend Gera caused all this mess.  
No.  
Everything she wrote, I said.  
Yes...  
Mira, it's Shelly again.  
Please return my call ASAP.  
You must sign the letter.  
You have it, read it again and sign it.  
Mira, you wouldn't believe the stress  
Israel is under.  
I've never seen him like this.  
The phones haven't stopped ringing  
and the PM is furious.  
I'm really worried about him.  
It could harm him. And you.  
Well, sign the letter and get back to me.  
Thanks.  
Stupid cow...  
"Sincerely, Mira Navon"  
The Norwegian people wish to extend  
their support to Mrs. Zidane,  
and tell her that if she ever  
needs anything,  
anything at all,  
she can call us in Oslo  
and we will do whatever is needed.  
From Oslo to Madrid,  
Salma Zidane's lemon grove is now  
a political issue.  
This grove is used as a hiding place  
for Palestinian snipers.  
but we don't have a choice in the matter.  
Situated next to the Israeli  
Defense Minister's house, the grove  
has become a legal battlefield  
which will be resolved  
next week in Israel's  
Supreme Court.

Look, my trees are dying,  
All because of the  
Israeli Defense Minister.  
That's my mom!  
Your mom? Are you serious?  
She's a good looker.  
Mrs. Zidane's case represents  
the Palestinian struggle.  
I'm sure we're going to win.  
Here's to your mother, old boy.  
Cheers, boss.  
Good day, Um Nasser, how are you?  
And your daughters?  
Is Nasser still sending you \$100,  
or is it \$150 a month?  
If your late husband were still alive,  
he wouldn't go head-to-head  
with the State, like you're doing.  
He was a good man and a good father.  
You must miss him a lot.  
You're a beautiful, smart woman.  
You don't want the State of Israel  
all over you,  
and certainly not this Ziad.  
How is your wise guy lawyer anyway?  
I hear he's dating  
Minister Abu Labda's daughter.  
Take care.  
Don't let him break your heart.  
Mrs. Navon!  
Madam's with me.  
What's come over you?  
You know you can't be here,  
it's dangerous.  
Come, I'll walk you home.  
I give the orders here,  
and I say it's alright.  
Mrs. Navon, I take my orders only  
from my superiors,  
and they are crystal clear:  
No one enters this grove.  
Ever thought why?  
It's not my place to think.  
Won't harm to do it sometimes.

Perhaps, but right now I'm asking you to  
come back to the house,  
or they'll kick my ass.  
So, please...  
Who's there?  
Leave a message after the beep-de-beep...  
Hi, Sigi,  
talk to me.  
Miss you.  
Hi, Mom. How are you?  
Hi, sweetie, I'm so happy you called.  
I'm fine.  
What happened?  
Why do you look so miserable?  
Miserable? Not at all.  
I'm fine. How was the exam yesterday?  
Mom, I can see you've been crying,  
don't bull me.  
I don't know, I don't know what's with me.  
Maybe I snapped.  
Does Dad know what you're going through?  
You know tomorrow is  
the Supreme Court hearing  
over the Palestinian woman and her lemons?  
Well, you're not planning to go, are you?  
Mom, you shouldn't!  
Do you know what it'll do to Dad?  
It's just a phase and it'll pass.  
It's all because of these stupid lemons.  
These stupid lemons turned  
my life upside down.  
Mom, you seem really depressed.  
Take care.  
I love you.  
It'll be ok. You'll see.  
Yes, it'll be ok.  
You have completed the Psychometric  
preparation tests.  
To calculate your score,  
please refer to the last page.  
We wish you great success  
in the real test...  
Why aren't you ready? What's wrong?  
Nothing, I didn't sleep very well.

Well, get dressed, we don't want to be late for court.  
You're not getting cold feet...  
No...  
Maybe I'm a bit afraid...  
And you?  
Me? No. No!  
Well, maybe just a little bit.  
But I'm tough. You'll be impressed.  
Come in.  
Salma?  
Almost done!  
Wow! You look stunning.  
Enough to drive a guy crazy.  
In a few hours we'll  
celebrate our victory.  
And then I'll never see you again.  
You're a very courageous woman.  
I wish I had half your courage.  
Courageous...  
Salma...  
Don't say anything we'll regret later.  
Drive on, go, go.  
Driver, turn the cab around and go back.  
Jerusalem is blocked off.  
Soldier, we're going to the Supreme Court,  
we have a permit.  
Jerusalem is blocked off, don't you  
understand Hebrew? Curfew!  
Go on, driver.  
I understand Hebrew,  
but I have to get through!  
Don't move!  
What, are you thick?! Curfew!  
Soldier, what's going on?  
Big mess, that's what.  
Um Nasser, how are you?  
Hello, Ziad. Where are you heading?  
We have a permit but they won't  
let us through.  
They have a permit. I know them.  
But there's a curfew.  
A curfew is a curfew.  
There's a curfew...



I must get to court.  
Justice must be served.  
We win,  
the entire Palestinian nation wins.  
We fail, it's the failure of us all.  
In your Jewish Bible  
David fought Goliath and won.  
Mrs. Zidane, I'm from Arab News World.  
What have you got to say to  
Defense Minister Navon?  
I've got nothing to say to him.  
Attorney Daud, what do you expect will  
happen in there?  
We have no expectations.  
We'll do our job, then wait and see.  
Mrs. Navon, Mrs. Navon...  
We believe the individual right  
to a dwelling  
providing adequate protection  
for life and body,  
supersedes the right of possession of  
land and its ingrained,  
provided the breach of this right  
is kept most minimal  
in attaining the required purpose.  
In order to give sufficient response  
to the security demands, we decided  
that it would suffice to prune,  
not uproot,  
This would allow a clear view  
into the grove  
neighboring with the  
Defense Minister's house.  
Your proposal dishonors me,  
my late father and my late husband.  
My trees are real.  
My life is real.  
You're already building a wall around us.  
Isn't that enough?  
Mrs. Zidane, please sit down.  
Now. In the event that having taken  
the above actions the respondent  
will conclude that the security demands  
are not being met,

and the full measure,  
i.e. uprooting the trees, is required,  
the respondent may appeal to the court  
and the court will re-deliberate  
the matter.

As for reparations -  
the Intifadah Act recently passed...

Ladies and gentlemen  
it appears that only American movies  
have a happy end.

It's not the decision we hoped for,  
but we definitely have a precedent.  
Instead of uprooting all the trees,  
they will now prune 150 of them,  
and this is the Palestinian  
people's triumph  
over the Israeli system and establishment.

Attorney Daud, Arabic, in Arabic please.

The decision is not completely  
in our favor,

but for the first time

in Israeli history

the Supreme Court decided not to

uproot all the trees

but merely prune half of them.

This is just the beginning of the struggle,  
and the first step of the road to victory.

Mr. Daud, will you appeal  
the decision of the court?

Hello.

Hello.

"The Palestinian Authority  
congratulates legal advisor Ziad Daud  
upon his engagement to Lara Abu Labda"

Don't worry about me. I'm ok.

It's better this way.

Yes...

It's better this way.

Everything ok, Mrs. Navon?

Everything's ok.

Thank you, Gilad.

Thank you, Mira.