

FADE IN TO EXT. DARON BAKERY, BNEI BRAK, ISRAEL. MORNING.

It is a crowded street. On the sidewalk, businessmen are rushing to work, groups of children on their way to school are laughing and teasing each other. In the street, buses and cars have clogged the narrow street and are inching along. A chubby, dark-haired boy of 12 or so, wearing a red sweatshirt and jeans walks into frame and stops at the window of the Daron Bakery. He presses his face against the glass, looking at the display of sweet pastries. He goes inside.

INT. DARON BAKERY IMMEDIATELY LATER

The boy walks through the door. The only other occupant of the store is ZVI DARON, the owner of the bakery. He is a balding man in his early fifties and carries weariness about his features. He is sipping coffee behind the countertop and looks up as he hears the door open.

ZVI
Good morning.

The boy says nothing but crosses to the display of sweet pastries. He remains there looking at them.

ZVI:
Sweets for breakfast? Now what would your mother say?

The boy jerks his head up and he stammers

BOY:
I'm not allowed to...

Zvi looks the boy over, noticing the sweatshirt and dusty jeans.

ZVI:

Boy? Did you have breakfast this morning?

The boy shakes his head. Zvi reaches into the display case and hands the boy a pastry, wrapped in a paper napkin.

ZVI:

Go on. A pastry can't hurt. Go ahead, no charge.

The boy hesitantly takes the pastry and sits at a small table in the store. He eats the pastry slowly, savoring each bite.

Zvi stands behind the counter looking at the boy.

ZVI:

I have a son who loves to eat those. Sometimes even for breakfast. He's older than you. In fact he's in the army now but whenever he comes home I make sure he has sweets.

BOY:

It's good.

ZVI:

Eat. You want coffee?

The boy shakes his head side to side, his mouth full.

ZVI:

Yeah, coffee is no good for a boy. No good for an old man, either. But someday when you grow up, coffee will be the only thing you think of every morning.

There is a long pause and Zvi resumes sipping his coffee.

BOY:

My father drank coffee every morning.

ZVI:

When my son was little, we sat at the table every morning and I had my coffee and he had juice. One day, he asked me for a sip of my coffee. And when he tasted it, he made a face like this...

Zvi makes a grimace and the boy laughs.

ZVI:

But the next day, he had two sips...and he made two faces
like this...

Zvi makes two grimaces. The boy laughs again and Zvi joins
him.

ZVI:

Avram could always make me laugh when he was little.
But he always paid attention to his studies. Always
made us proud of him. That's important, boy.
Always listen to your parents and make them proud of you.

The boy lowers his eyes and bows his head. Zvi senses that
he has said the wrong thing.

ZVI:

Ah, listen to me talk like a grandfather. I'm sure
you're a good boy. Now go on, go off to school.

The boy crosses to the door.

BOY:

Thank you, Mister.

ZVI:

Come back tomorrow and I'll give you a sip of my coffee.

The boy exits the store but remains standing outside, look-
ing back through the windows. Zvi waves him away with a
laugh. After the boy has left, Zvi crosses to the table to
pick up the discarded napkin. He lifts it off the table
and sees that the boy has placed a number of coins under
it.

ZVI

(to himself)

Hmm. Good kid. Avram would have done the same thing.

Zvi turns back to the interior of the store and we enter...

A FLASHBACK (seven years before)

INT. A SYNAGOGUE DAY

It is the beginning of a Bar Mitzvah and the synagogue is crowded. AVRAM DARON, a handsome boy of twelve, is at the lectern. He points to a passage in the Torah with a hand-marker. In a thin adolescent voice, Avram begins to read the Shmona-Esra or eighteen benedictions. The congregational response is heard at appropriate times in the background. He is joined at the lectern by his father. ZVI DARON is not a rich man in a monetary sense, but at this moment of pride, he has wealth beyond belief. He touches the Torah with his prayer shawl, and then kisses the shawl. As Avram finishes his passage and begins to read aloud from the Torah, Zvi's eyes swell with tears; his son is becoming a man.

End of FLASHBACK

INT. THE DARON BAKERY SHOP MORNING

A moment later. Zvi stands behind the counter of his bakery shop; his eyes are filled with tears. A customer's voice brings him out of his reverie. It is MRS. EFRON, an old friend who frequents the Daron Bakery.

MRS. EFRON

Zvi...Zvi! You are a million miles away.

ZVI

(startled)

Oh, I'm so sorry, Mrs. Efron. I was just thinking..

MRS. EFRON

Who has time to think nowadays with all the fighting and so much going on...give me a half dozen rolls.

ZVI

Yes, yes, there's no time to think anymore.

MRS. EFRON

My sister, Abra, said she saw you at the hospital last night...you were working there?

ZVI

(handing a bag of rolls to her)

Yes, both Sarah and I were there. We must do something to help. I...we just can't sit around waiting.

MRS. EFRON
 And your son, Avram? Has there been any word?
 A letter perhaps?

ZVI
 No...no word.

MRS. EFRON
 He's a good strong boy, Zvi. I'm sure he is well.
 He's a tank commander, isn't he?

ZVI
 Yes, tank commander.

MRS. EFRON
 Do you think he was in Hebron at the...

She is interrupted by a tremendous explosion outside, just down the street from the bakery. The front window shatters and Mrs. Efron crumples to the floor and begins screaming.

ZVI:
 Oh, no! No!

He runs around the counter to Mrs. Efron.

ZVI:
 Ida! Ida, are you hurt?

Mrs. Efron continues to scream.

ZVI:
 Ida! Stop it! Answer me! Are you hurt?

MRS. EFRON:
 No..no, I don't think so. Oh, God, Zvi. Was it a bomb?
 Another bombing?

ZVI:
 Yes, of course it was a...oh, no! The boy!

Zvi gets to his feet and rushes to the door.

ZVI:
 Ida, go home. Go home now. You'll be all right.

EXTERIOR. STREET OUTSIDE BAKERY. IMMEDIATELY LATER

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