

**EPISODE FIVE**  
**THE FINALE 暢**  
**FOLANIYA AND ALANIYA**

What are towns without the stories and voices of their people?

My name is Faten and I am this story's narrator, the story of Folaniya and Alaniya. Like the rest of this story's characters, I am a daughter of Folaniya and a daughter of my dreams. My biggest dream has always been to present people's life details and stories on the big screen that enchanted me since I was a child. But when the war broke out, I became surrounded by screens that are different from the ones I wanted to appear on as an actress... These screens show us as lifeless, featureless numbers. Numbers with no voice or narrative...

When I became displaced in Alaniya, I met this story's characters. I memorized their stories till the day I got to tell the details and voices of our lives on a cinema screen of our own, a screen big enough for the "before" and the "within", a screen big enough for us.



Years passed and Amr came back to the country with questions occupying his head...

Did I find what I was looking for when I traveled?!!

Has life passed me by?!!



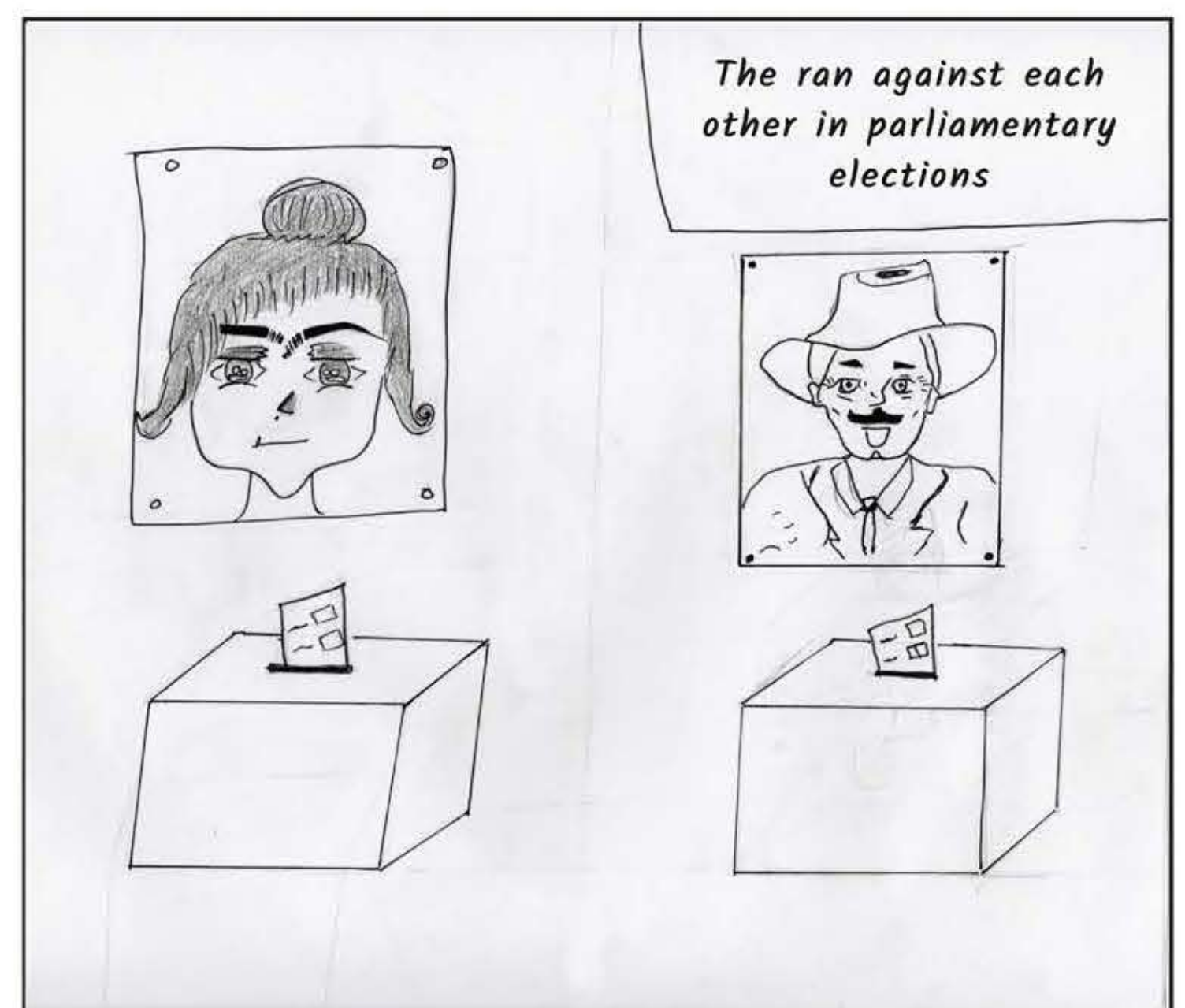
When he went back to his tribe, he found Deeqa leading the tribe.



Kamal, however...

And Leila...

The ran against each other in parliamentary elections

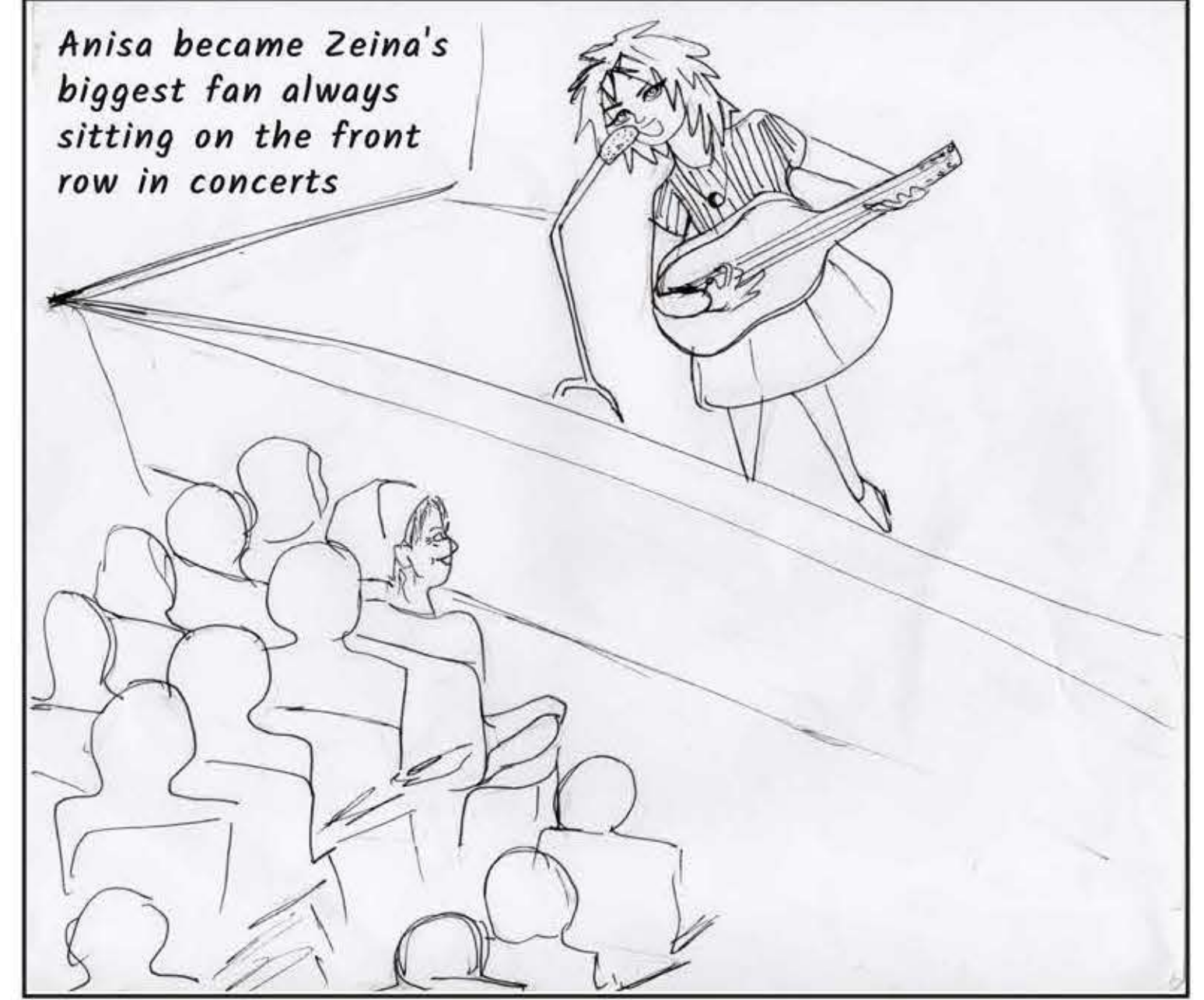
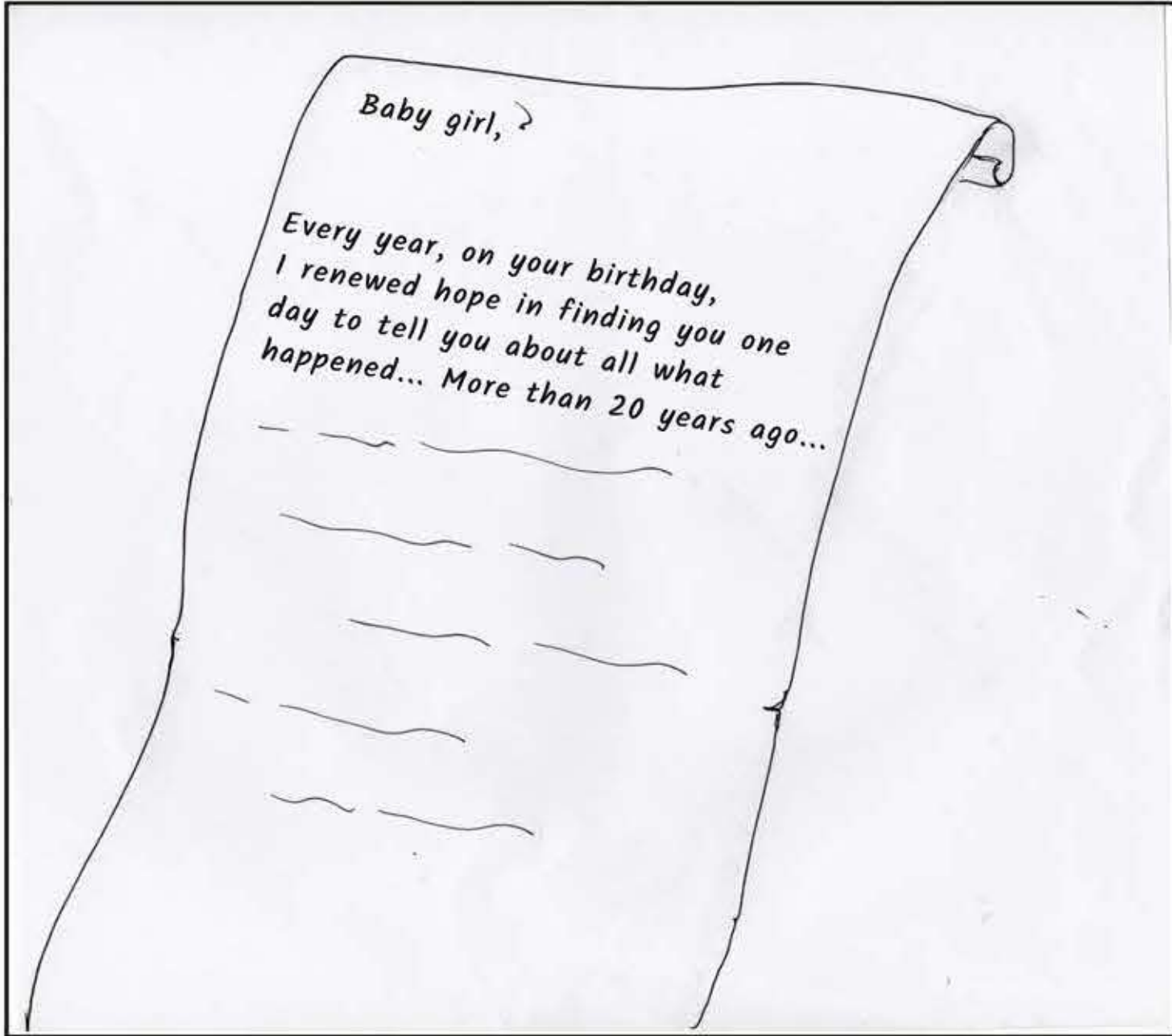


Anger failed to haunt Zeina for too long... After she broke her guitar and deserted her music, her mother showed up on her birthday holding a new guitar and a letter...

Baby girl, >

Every year, on your birthday, I renewed hope in finding you one day to tell you about all what happened... More than 20 years ago...

Anisa became Zeina's biggest fan always sitting on the front row in concerts



Zeina was very grateful for this closeness and wanted to make it up for her mother for all her years of struggles. Zeina used all her savings to buy her mother her own salon.



Anisa's Salon

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