

THE BAD, BAD GUY

"A Day In The Life Of A Suicide Bomber"

by

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INT. HOUSE -- DAY

TERRORIST wakes up in a small efficiency apartment. He says morning prayers. In the background you hear the sounds of gun fire as he trims off his beard and shaves.

TERRORIST (O.S.)

Get back!
(pause)
Get back in the house.

You hear the sound of a baby crying.

TERRORIST'S WIFE (O.S.)

(pleading)
But you won't be safe. Come with us.

TERRORIST (O.S.)

Get back in the house. I'll be fine.

He performs ritual ablution. He ties his boots, pulls up and secures his pants, he straps on a bomb.

You hear the door close and the baby's muffled crying. You hear an explosion and the baby's crying has stopped.

TERRORIST (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No! God no!

The sounds of gunfire faded out.

He arms the bomb, zips up his coat, depresses the trigger and holds it. He looks at an army recruitment poster hanging on the wall. His reflection is on top of the soldier's in the poster.

He walks out the door. As he walks down the front steps, he trips and falls. You see his thumb come off the button. Cut to black. You hear an explosion.

Terrorist wakes up in bed with a start. Repeat the starting sequence, this time showing the Terrorist's clumsiness and reluctance. When he goes to shave, he is out of shaving cream. He pulls his boots out of the closet, he puts them back. The poster on his wall is of an Arab comedy "Some Like It Hot!". His reflection is on top of a guy in a dress.

As he walks out the door, he takes extra care not to trip. He missteps, but catches himself.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Our Terrorist walks down the street forthrightly.

A WOMAN PASSING OUT FLIERS tries to talk to him and hand him a flier. She speaks quickly and with a southern accent.

WOMAN PASSING OUT FLIERS
 How ya doin' hon? God sent me up here from Plain View, Arkansas to ask you one question - Have you given any thought to what will happen when you die?

This surprises the Terrorist and he stops.

WOMAN PASSING OUT FLIERS (CONT'D)
 Well, God told me you would live a much happier, much longer life with Jesus Christ as your savior. I can't believe how many people he has saved today. Are you going to let Jesus Christ save you today?

TERRORIST
 Well...

She hands him a flier - "Christians for the War".

WOMAN PASSING OUT FLIERS
 And to be a good Christian, you have to support the War. If they weren't fighting over there, they'd be fighting over here. And we wouldn't want that. What's right is right. That's what I always say!

TERRORIST
 What about killing innocent women and children?

WOMAN PASSING OUT FLIERS
 If you're gonna make an omlette, ya gotta break some eggs. That's what I always say! As long as they get some bad guys mixed in there, it makes the world a better place!

TERRORIST
 You've got a point. Excuse me but God told me to go break some eggs.

The Woman looks confused.

WOMAN PASSING OUT FLIERS
 God bless America.

TERRORIST
 (monotone)
 Yes. God bless America.

Our Terrorist continues on. He comes upon a large crowd of people. As he approaches the crowd, he is stopped by a MAN PASSING OUT FLIERS.

MAN PASSING OUT FLIERS
We're forming a new Jihad group. Our first meeting is next week. We're looking for a leader if you're interested.

Our Terrorist looks at the flier.

TERRORIST
I could do this.

Then he looks at the button he is holding in his hand. He hears giggles. Two women in burgas are eyeing our Terrorist, pointing and giggling.

MAN PASSING OUT FLIERS
I think they like you.

TERRORIST
Really?

Our Terrorist smiles. Then he looks down at the button. The Man passing out fliers sees the button.

MAN PASSING OUT FLIERS
Look dude, don't involve me.

The Man runs off.

TERRORIST
Wait... Actually... Fuck!

Our Terrorist looks at the crowd ahead.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)
(to himself)
I want to live.

He turns to go back. Four other terrorist looking guys in identical military dress are standing together in his way. He turns back around and starts walking toward the crowd.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)
Fuck!

Our Terrorist walks up to a MAN ON A CELL PHONE.

MAN ON A CELL PHONE
(into cell phone)
Look, life is short and them's the breaks.

(MORE)

MAN ON A CELL PHONE (CONT'D)
 (listens for a second)
 Don't come crying to me with your
 problems. I've got enough of my own.

TERRORIST
 Excuse me.

Our Terrorist tries to show the Man the button.

MAN ON A CELL PHONE
 Excuse me buddy, but can't you see
 I'm on the phone. I think my wife is
 a little higher priority than you
 right now.

The Man turns and faces the wall.

MAN ON A CELL PHONE (CONT'D)
 (into cell phone)
 Sorry, I'm back. Just some towel
 head looking for more help. Like we
 aren't doing enough already.

Our Terrorist looks at the Man, then at the button.

TERRORIST
 Almost worth it.

Our Terrorist turns and the four military guys are right
 behind him - LEADER, LIEUTENANT, 2ND LIEUTENANT and 3RD
 LIEUTENANT.

LEADER
 Is there a problem?

TERRORIST
 No, I was just going to ask for the
 time. I forgot my watch and I want
 everything to go off just right.

3RD LIEUTENANT
 I heard you got an Abdullah 227.

Terrorist unzips his coat just enough to show the detonator.
 You can read the words "Abdullah 227" engraved on it.

2ND LIEUTENANT
 It's just like in the magazine.

3rd Lieutenant pulls out a copy of "Bomber's Life" magazine,
 opens it up and points to a page. There is some oohing and
 ahing and a wow.

LEADER
 You have two minutes. You better get
 out there. Now!

TERRORIST

Yes sir.

LEADER

If you're thinking of chickening out, my Lieutenant will come and help you get that thumb off the button.

Lieutenant nods in agreement, then looks at Leader questioningly.

TERRORIST

Yes sir.

Our Terrorist zips up his coat, turns and starts walking toward the crowd. As he walks he sees a WOMAN WITH BAGS of things that she has bought at the store, who is walking down an otherwise empty alley. He runs down the alley and up to her. The four military guys pursue but keep their distance.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

I have something I have to show you.

He starts unzipping his coat. The Woman is shocked.

WOMAN WITH BAGS

(yelling)

FLASHER!

She turns and kicks him in the crotch. She swings a bag around and smacks him upside the head. He is disabled.

WOMAN WITH BAGS (CONT'D)

HELP!

Our Terrorist sees his buddies are behind him and runs as best he can to the other end of the alley. His buddies continue pursuit.

Once on the street, our Terrorist sees a POLICEMAN and runs up to him all winded.

POLICEMAN

What seems to be the problem?

While catching his breath, our Terrorist puts his hand with the button on the Policeman's shoulder.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

What's this?

Just as the Policeman starts to examine what our Terrorist is holding, the bank alarm goes off.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

That's the bank. Stay here.

The Policeman runs to the bank. Our Terrorist sees that his buddies are following him. Lieutenant is a couple steps ahead of the others, tentatively reaching out as if for something and begging for his life.

LIEUTENANT

Please don't make me do this.

Our Terrorist chases after the Policeman.

As he runs up to the bank, no one is outside. Shots can be heard inside. The ROBBER, wearing a ski mask, carrying a gun and a bag, runs out of the bank and up to our Terrorist. The Robber points the gun at our Terrorist.

TERRORIST

NO! DON'T SHOOT! I'VE GOT A...

BANG!!!! The Robber shoots our Terrorist, who falls to his knees. But to both of their amazements, our Terrorist is okay. Our Terrorist unzips his coat to reveal the bullet lodged in the detonator mechanism of the bomb.

The Robber is so shocked at the sight of the bomb, he drops his gun. Two Policemen run up and capture the Robber.

A crowd starts to form around our Terrorist gets up. The Man on the cell phone approaches with a hand extended.

MAN ON A CELL PHONE

I just want to shake your...

His cell phone rings. He looks at it.

MAN ON A CELL PHONE (CONT'D)

Just a minute. I've gotta take this.

The Woman passing out fliers approaches.

WOMAN PASSING OUT FLIERS

Didn't I tell you Jesus Christ would save you?

She turns to address the crowd. Our Terrorist runs his hand across his chest feeling the detonator through his jacket.

WOMAN PASSING OUT FLIERS (CONT'D)

Because of Jesus Christ, and me of course, this man's life was spared. Now how many more people can I get to support our troops?

She starts passing out fliers. Our Terrorist realizes what is going on and goes to say something.

The Woman carrying bags in the alley comes up and cuts him off.

WOMAN WITH BAGS

The flasher is a hero!

TERRORIST

I am not a hero.

WOMAN WITH BAGS

You're one of the good guys.

TERRORIST

No, I'm not. I'm a bad guy. I'm a bad, bad guy.

Our Terrorist turns and sees Lieutenant slowly approaching in tears. Terrorist looks around at all the people congratulating him.

TERRORIST (CONT'D)

In fact...

Our Terrorist raises his hand with the button defiantly in the air. Lieutenant dives for cover. The crowd all raises their fists in the air in support and cheers. Our Terrorist looks confused. Then he takes his thumb off the button.

Nothing happens. The crowd, thinking he is giving a thumbs up, all put their thumbs up also. Then they give a big cheer. Our Terrorist smacks the button trying to get it to go off, but no luck.

EXT. DIRT ROAD -- LATER

Our Terrorist is sitting on the side of the road looking at the bomb. Then he tries lighting the wicks of the dynamite with a lighter, only to watch them fizz out. He tosses the bomb out in the road in frustration, gets up and starts walking.

Up drives a mid-seventies car with four guys wearing ski masks. You can see some are holding machine guns.

DRIVER

Hey, we're going to assault the embassy. You want to come?

TERRORIST

Naw. You go ahead. This isn't my day. You wouldn't want me along anyway. I'd just screw up.

DRIVER

All right. Catch you later.

The car drives off. The car runs over the bomb and it explodes. Our Terrorist gets wind and dusts from the explosion blown at him as you hear metal pieces clanking in the background.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN

Text - "Somedays it is hard to be a bad guy."

FADE TO BLACK