

# **BLANK BULLET**

by

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**WRITERS NOTE:**

The CORE of this story is about a solitary man that seeks revenge on the man that killed his family, together with 22 other innocent people. Not the "tooth for a tooth" revenge.. But, to completely emotionally shatter him!

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**INT. NYC, UNDERGROUND TRAIN STATION - DAY**

[NO SOUND - TOTAL SILENCE]

Busy. People standing around on the platform waiting for the next train. Of all the bustling suited men and woman, hippies and the like. Stands-out - stands an attractive young woman wearing a floral dress. She's holding and swaying the hand of her happy giggling 4 year old girl. By her other side an equally happy 6 year old boy.

**CCTV FOOTAGE OF THE PLATFORM.**

[NO SOUND - TOTAL SILENCE]

Same busy platform. Walking along we see a tall skinny man wearing jeans, grey jumper and hoody. On his back, a bulky rucksack.

He comes to sit on a row of bench's lined against the back wall of the platform. He carefully yet discretely removes his HEAVY rucksack that he places before him on the ground, by his feet. Surveying the crowd he discretely slides it under the bench with his feet.

He stands and calmly walks away, towards the platform stairs.

**CCTV FOOTAGE OF THE PLATFORM STAIRS.**

[NO SOUND - TOTAL SILENCE]

Same man viewed as he exits. Approaching the camera it shows a clear facial of him. Arab man, 30's, full beard. We pause on his face for a second.

**INT. NYC, UNDERGROUND TRAIN STATION - CONTINUED**

[NO SOUND - TOTAL SILENCE]

Back on the young attractive woman and her two children. The tranquil of their carefree joyful love in the back ground of seemingly unemotional people. The woman kneels down to her children's height, her arm around each one as she gives them

a loving hug. Their backs to us, we close in on her pretty face that illuminates joy of life. We close in on her stunning blue eyes.

JUMP CUT:

- A BRIGHT blinding white light.

- [SOUND] DEAFENING LOUD EXPLOSION.

The light fades to grey - light grey - light smoky haze clears to show disorientated blood drenched people wander aimlessly over scattered mangled bodies.

The WOMAN in her blood soaked floral dress lies next to her two dead children. Her eyes are slightly open.

**WOMAN**

*(Faint voice)*

David.. David..

Her eyes slowly close.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**INT. IRAN, HOUSE - NIGHT**

INSERT: 6 MONTHS LATER

A single light bulb hanging from a ceiling cord lights the room. A simple kitchen of an average Iran family house. In a corner sits a man wearing a traditional Islam white garment Shalvar. He is bound in a wooden chair. His ankles, wrists, arms and chest duck-tapped to it. He is the bomb terrorist we'd seen on the paused CCTV footage.

His head hung down. A medical swob of modafinal (Counter active drug to Chloroform) is placed under his nose. He's quick to come around, raising his head he looks around the blurry room. He shutters his eyes to focus clearly.. On his abductor that's standing before him, staring back at him.

He vigorously strains in an attempt to free himself as he stares his abductor with angry evil eyes.

His angry evil eyes are quick to turn to fear and panic as he sees his two young daughters of 4 and 6 years tide-up, sitting together on the floor, far corner from him. Their mouths duck tapped. Their eyes too are filled with fear and panic.

His abductor stands complacent. Staring at him with disparagement. He is DAVID, 30's, tall, blond, athletic, dressed in all black. He's here for the man before him, ARASH. The man that killed his wife and two young children together with 22 other's.

David slides a chair from the kitchen table and seats facing him.

**ARASH**

*(In Arabic)*

Who are you.. What do you want..  
Let my children go. What is this  
about!

Arash again attempting to free himself - his chair pounding the floor.

**DAVID**

*(Composed and calm)*

...ENGLISH! English.. Speak  
English. I know you fluent in  
English. --I know a lot about you  
ARASH SHAHZAD NAVEED.

Arash is taken back.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

Born 1990 October 3rd.

2010 - 2014 You spent four years in  
the Islamic Republic Army.

2005 May 14th. Both your parents  
are killed, shot by militants of  
the then left wing Hezbollah  
regime.

2016 June. Actual date is unknown.  
Your two brothers, ISLAM and ASHI  
are killed in battle by American  
troops.

Twenty Months ago, 2018 January  
16th. Your wife, ANAHITA ASHI and 2  
year old son, RASHIN MOHAMMED are  
shot down in a hail of American  
bullets, here in this very house of  
yours. Of cause the army covered up  
that they got the wrong address to  
a terrorist hide-out location.

So I get that you pissed-off with  
Americans.

David turns to look at the two terrified children. Then back to Arash.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

And here I am, an American in your kitchen. Your last two family members, yourself, and I.

Arash contains his anger and fear. Yet, it runs down his face in sweat. He looks at his two children as he puts on a false calm face.

**ARASH**

*(In Arabic)*

It's alright my girls.. This man is just upset with daddy. He won't harm us.

He turns looking up to David with dagger eyes.

**ARASH (CONT'D)**

*(In English)*

Who are you..  
What do you want?

**DAVID**

WANT? The same as you.. REVENGE!  
On the man that killed my wife and two young children.

WHO? I am the man that lost them by your hand. Your bomb that took 22 innocent lives and scarred many more.

Arash stares at him with fear and disbelief to have been identified and tracked down.

**ARASH**

I do not know what you are talking about.. I done no such thing, you are mistaken. I have never been to Americ...

**DAVID**

...Do not insult my intelligents Arash. I'm C.I.A. Not the operative kind, but the INTELLIGENT kind that sits behind a computer finding bad people like you.

--And you a real bad one.

Arash comes to terms with the bad situation he and his two children are in. He turns to stare at them with a sad worried face.

**ARASH**

*(In Arabic)*

It's alright my girls.. Everything will be fine.

He looks up to David.

*(To David)*

As you said.. I got my revenge. Now take yours on me.

**DAVID**

--You got your revenge? On who?

**ARASH**

You Americans!

**DAVID**

Those 22 Americans you killed on the train platform..

THEY came here and killed your wife and son!

**ARASH**

AMERICA! American army killed my wife and son.. My brothers too.

**DAVID**

Then why not take it up with them?

**ARASH**

THE AMERICAN ARMY!?

**DAVID**

YES! They the ones that killed your family.. One or more of the around one million U.S Soldiers. Fuck, why not bomb the American embassy here in Iran?

**ARASH**

AMERICANS took my family.. I take their family.

**DAVID**

Arash.. Arash.. You don't get my point, do you? NO!

(MORE)

DAVID (cont'd)

Did I come here to your country to kill innocent Iranian's in revenge to ONE of theirs, that killed my family? NO!

I stand here, before the ONE. The ONE that's responsible. YOU!

**ARASH**

By God. By Prophet Mu. Hummed I wil...

**DAVID**

...Your God - My God - Prophet - East..West. They not at play here. We are. This is me and you Arash!

Arash turns to look at his children.

**ARASH**

*(In Arabic)*

Everything is going to be alright my babies.. Don't be scared. This bad man is just angry with daddy.

**DAVID**

Now.. Back on the 22. You killed 22 innocent people.

Americans - Brit's - Australian.. They were PEOPLE! And I'm here on their behalf, as much as my family's.

Arash emotionally breaks down.

**ARASH**

I'M SORRY! I'm sorry.. Okay, I'm sorry.

**DAVID**

Save your sorry. Give it to your God when you meet him.

**ARASH**

Then get it over with.. KILL ME! Please, just not here in front of my children.

**DAVID**

Kill YOU!?!.. No Arash. You never killed me - I'll not kill you.

Save for your wife that's no more.. I'm here to take only what you took from me. That's only fair, right?

Arash is wet in sweat. He's sensing he's abductors climax to the reason why his here. He looks at his helpless children.

**ARASH (V.O)**

My God what have I done! That he's going to do to me.. Kill my children.

Arash drops his emotionally tired head as he pleads..

**ARASH**

No.. No.. PLEASE. I beg off you.. My children have nothing to do with what I did.

**DAVID**

Arash.. Your children have everything to do with what you did.

Arash looks up to him.

**ARASH**

What.. What do my children have to do with what I did?

**DAVID**

THEY DIE!

**ARASH**

PLEASE! I BEG YOU.. Take my life. Not theirs. They children for God's sake. Have mercy.

**DAVID**

NO!

David un-clips a side knife holster and pulls out a nasty looking hunting knife. He walks over to the children.

The petrified children scream behind their taped mouths. Their fear drenched wide eyes stare at him in horror.



**DAVID (CONT'D)**

I'm going to slit their throat's.  
And you get to watch as the blood  
drains from their eyes.

It's all taken a heavy toll on Arash. He's emotionally  
beaten - broken - drained - exhausted, his all messed-up.

**ARASH**

Please.. I beg of you.

David grips the hair of one of the girls, Aashi, and pulls  
her head back revealing her neck that he place the knife to.  
Her body shivers with fear. The other girl screams in  
hysterics.

Arash can't look. He has his head bowed down. He's softly  
praying in Arabic.

David pauses in thought. Holsters his knife and removes a  
revolver from under his shirt.

**DAVID**

You know what? I'm not really the  
killing kind.. Not like you that  
is.

Arash looks up to his children. Then at David that's holding  
a gun.

**ARASH**

What is this?

David removes all the 6 bullets. Shows Arash ONE bullet that  
he loads.

**ARASH**

What.. What you going to do?

David comes to stand beside him, attempting to place the gun  
in Arash's right hand. Arash makes a fist. David fists him  
hard behind his head.

**DAVID**

Don't fuck with me Arash. Take it,  
hold it properly. Finger on the  
trigger, pointed forward.

Arash hesitantly takes hold of the gun, and tries to point  
the gun in all directions but straight. His bound wrist does  
not allow for this.

**DAVID**

So.. You going to do it. One bullet  
- one child. And I want a head  
shot! I don't want to have to clean  
up after you.

David slides him in his chair, closer to his two children, 5  
meters. The children scamper against the wall in fear.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

You getting off lightly here,  
Arash. You get to keep one.

**ARASH**

JESUS.. No. I can't.. I can never  
kill one of my own children.

**DAVID**

You ungrateful shit.. You know  
that. I grant you the opportunity  
for one to live, on condition you  
kill one.

Oo.. come on Arash. Your good at  
killing young children. What's  
another one.

So which ones brain are you going  
spray all over the other ones face.

Arash is an emotional reck.

**ARASH**

Please.. I cannot take any more of  
this. Kill me instead. I can't do  
it.. I can't kill my own child.

**DAVID**

You will! Or I kill them BOTH! You  
decide, and you decide now. You got  
60 SECONDS ARASH!

**ARASH**

Please stop this.. I can't do it.

**DAVID**

40.  
Which one is the naughty one? The  
one that does not brush her teeth  
at night? Mmmm...

Arash is breathing hard. He grips tight on the gun to stop it from shaking.

**DAVID (CONT'D)**

20.  
Calm your breathing.. You going to want to get a clean head shot. You don't want her to suffer now do you?

David un-holsters his hunting knife, holding it by his side.

**DAVID**

10.  
On zero I remove the gun and slit BOTH their throat's!

Arash straightens the gun forward, aiming at the one on the right, Aashi. His finger closing in on the trigger.

**ARASH**

*(In Arabic)*

God forgive me for what I'm about to do.

**DAVID**

5.. 4..

Arash gives out a loud grieving cry as he pulls the trigger.

The deafening sound of the gunshot echoes the room.

Arash beaks down with an emotional scream as he lowers his head in not wanting to see what he has done.

David holsters his knife as he comes around to plie Arash's fingers off the gun, that he takes and sticks behind his back.

He walks over to the girls. They crouch in fear as he approaches them. He unties the girls and removes the duck-tape from their mouth. They both whimper in battered breath.

Arash, his head still hung down in sorrow. David unties him and removes the duck-tape from his mouth. Arash freed, he just sits there motionlessly drained and in shock.

The continual whimpering of the two girls. Arash looks up in dismay, shock, as he sees both his daughters are alive, no gunshot wound, no blood.

**DAVID (O.S)**

BLANK!  
The bullet was a blank.

**ARASH**

*(In Arabic)*

My God.. I didn't kill her. My girls.. Daddy loves you both so much. daddy's sorry..

Shock and emotionally shaken he stands. He takes two steps towards them. They scurry their backs hard against the wall in utter fear to his approach. He stops, stares at them with sorrow.

**ARASH (CONT'D)**

*(In Arabic)*

Irania.. Aashi.. My girls. Daddy is sorry.. It's going to be alright now, it's all over. Daddy loves you.

He approaches a few steps more. Irania, the 4 year old screams in shock as she tucks herself into her elder sister for protection. Both trembling in fear.

Arash stops. Turns and stares at David. David stares him back, complacent.

He's tired eyes are blood shot from his traumatised ordeal.

Arash goes to sit back in his chair. Where he just stairs at his children that are crouched, crying in the corner. He stairs long and hard to what he has done to them.

**ARASH**

*(Tired sad voice)*

I'm as good as dead to them.

**DAVID**

Worse.

**ARASH**

I've lost them. I have nothing left to live for.

David takes out his gun. Arash looks at this.

He places the gun on the kitchen table. Next to it he places a single real bullet.

**DAVID**

This one is a real bullet.

Arash looks up and stares at him with content in his eyes. Then looks back down at the gun and bullet laying on the table.

David turns and casually walks out the kitchen, down the passage to the..

FRONT DOOR

Walking out he closes the door behind him. He stands there for a moment in anticipation to the sound of a..

GUN SHOT.

**FADE TO BLACK.**

- END -