

SUB-MISSION

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

A doctor named ZACHARY AZARI (34), Middle Eastern, tall and pudgy, medium-length black hair, with a bushy beard, sits by himself in one of the break rooms of the hospital.

He watches a small screen TV in the corner of the room, mounted high up on the wall.

It is tuned to a cartoon for mature audiences, when suddenly an urgent message interrupts the broadcast. The PM of Canada stands behind a podium and delivers an announcement.

PM

Today is a tragic day for all. It has been reported to me that one of our own citizens is now responsible for an attempted terrorist attack on U.S. soil. To the potential victims, I sincerely apologize for myself, and on behalf of the citizen's of Canada, for the depraved actions of a radicalized citizen who was living among us and was not able to get the help he so desperately needed. I'm sorry it has come to this, and I'm sorry we were unable to prevent the escalation of this one misguided civilian's immoral actions and beliefs. Thank you for listening, and God bless.

Zachary gets up off his chair, goes and changes out of his hospital scrubs, and exits the complex long before his shift has ended.

INT. ZANDER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Zachary knocks on the door first, then he uses his spare key to unlock and open the door. He peeks his head inside the apartment.

ZACHARY

Zander? Zander you in there?!

Zachary enters the one-bedroom living space. He goes to the living room, turns on the TV, and changes the channel to the NEWS.

NEWS

Canada's first ever terrorist is named Zander Azari.

A photo of Zander pops on screen.

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

Height: six foot one. Age: twenty-seven. Born: June 12, 1991. Mother and father both deceased. The attempted terrorist is brother to Dr. Zachary Azari, famous surgical practitioner.

A photo of Zachary pops up on the TV screen now, beside the picture of Zander for a moment, before the anchorman returns to screen.

NEWS (CONT'D)

The two brothers have no other living relatives to speak of. A question I often ask myself, especially during trying times like these, is what would drive someone to such an extremely low place, that they are forced to turn to terrorism for answers? Perhaps the parents are to blame. Or maybe it's the brother who influenced the change for the worst, in young Zander Azari. The culprit this time around was thankfully infiltrated by S.W.A.T. and police forces the day before he planned on following through with his attack, which it is said had the capacity to level up to ten city blocks based on the home-made bomb vest that officers had found in his apartment building. A first of its kind, the bomb-vest--

Zachary presses the off button on the TV remote. He looks around the tiny apartment, until he locates a crawl space entrance in the roof of one of the closets in Zander's bedroom.

Zachary turns on the light on his cell phone, then opens up and then climbs into the dark crawlspace.

Inside there are many unopened boxes. Zachary picks one at random and opens it up to see if there is any valuables inside. Zachary has located a large sheet of blueprints, that he unrolls and tries his best to decipher.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Zachary sits in his office behind his desk, and he reviews someone's records on his computer.

There's a knock at the door.

ZACHARY

Enter.

It's his SUPERVISOR. He enters and takes a seat across from Zachary.

SUPERVISOR

Hey, Zach. How are you feeling?

ZACHARY

Fine.

SUPERVISOR

That's good. You know I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but I just got word from the higher ups.

(beat)

You're being let go.

Zachary sits frozen in place.

ZACHARY

This damn well better not be for the reason I think it is.

SUPERVISOR

I assure yo, it's not because of-- Well, you know. Truth is, this is a long time coming.

ZACHARY

That's bullshit and you know it! Firing me now, because of what my deadbeat brother did, would be prejudice. Worse yet, it would be a hate crime. I could sue the so called higher ups if I had half-a-mind.

SUPERVISOR

Now, now. There's no need for threats.

ZACHARY

Don't you throw your accusations at me. You may think I'm threatening you.

(MORE)

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Though trust me, you'd know if I was threatening you. You'd be shaking in your fucking boots.

SUPERVISOR

Zach, you've never spoken this way before, and to be honest you are scaring me. I'm slightly worried you might be too unstable at the moment to exit the building without causing any damages, to yourself or others.

ZACHARY

The reason I'm speaking this way is because you just told me I've been fired from my fucking job! You'd be angry too! And stop calling me Zach! The name's Zachary, got it?!

Zachary's supervisor appears terrified. He stands up and walks to the door. Before he exits he turns to Zachary one last time.

SUPERVISOR

I'm sorry, Zacaahary. Please believe me when I say that, I wish things could of been different.

The supervisor opens the door and exits the office, and seconds later, three SECURITY guards enter.

SECURITY

Please, sir. Pack up your belongings, and then we will escort you off the premises. If you are seen within even one-hundred meters of this facility, the police will be called, and you will be incarcerated.

Zachary flashes them a fake smile.

ZACHARY

I for one, am glad to be finally through with doing this shit job. Working in this shit-hole is worse than fucking tortures, and if you think that I--

SECURITY

Please, sir. Comply with our instructions, or you will be forced off the premises.

Zachary has a look of devastation plastered on his face.

EXT. ZACHARY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Zachary walks towards the building's entrance-way, his office supplies packed into a small box, that he carries with him.

Zachary enters the high-rise.

INT. ZACHARY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Zachary rides up the elevator, until he reaches his floor.

Zachary pulls out his keys to his loft apartment, tries to put it in the keyhole, except it does not fit.

Zachary stares blankly at his door, then at his keys, then he shoves his key into the keyhole, and breaks the end of it off on purpose,

Zachary approaches the FRONT DESK to speak with a receptionist.

ZACHARY

Excuse me. There seems to be a problem with the lock on my door. Please send someone up to fix it, immediately.

FRONT DESK

Absolutely, sir. What is your room number.

ZACHARY

Fifteen-o-nine.

FRONT DESK

Thank you, sir.

The receptionist types quickly into her computer.

FRONT DESK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, mister Azari. It says here that management has had you recently evicted.

ZACHARY

On what grounds!?

FRONT DESK

I'm sorry, it does not say.

ZACHARY

You tell management, that they are
fucking scum. And if they think
they're going to take away my
living quarters, they're wrong!
There's about a thousand other
places I could go. It's no sweat
off my back!

Zachary tosses aside his box of office supplies in a huff,
then he stomps towards the exit.

He turns back around towards the receptionist for one final
comment.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

You'll see! You fucking cowards!

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Zachary lies down on a park bench, and he shivers intensely,
unable to fall asleep. Rage covers his face.

INT. BANK - DAY

Zachary is next in line, and the BANK TELLER calls him over.

BANK TELLER

Next, please.

ZACHARY

Hello, I'd like to withdraw some
cash from my chequing account,
please.

BANK TELLER

Okay we can do that. Please insert
your card into the keypad. How much
would you like to withdraw?

ZACHARY

One-thousand, and can I get that
all in twenty dollar bills?

Concern crosses the teller's face after he reads something on
his computer monitor.

BANK TELLER

I'm sorry, one moment, sir.

The bank teller goes to speak with his manager, while Zachary
waits impatiently for his return.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Zachary's clothes are now dirty and ragged. His facial hair and the hair on his head wild and unkempt.

He holds out a cup that jangles with change, and he approaches people he has seen many times before on the street, and he gestures for them to please put their money in his cup.

A STRANGER spots Zachary, and she walks over to speak with him.

STRANGER

Hi. I am sorry for your loss.

ZACHARY

(beat)

Thank you.

STRANGER

I have something I want to share with you.

The young woman opens her satchel to retrieve a small paperback book. She hands it to Zachary, who looks it over the front and back cover.

ZACHARY

A book. I was sort of hoping it would be money. Or food.

STRANGER

(beat)

This book helped me get through many difficult parts of my life time and time again. I just thought, maybe, it could help you too.

ZACHARY

I doubt it.

The stranger looks down at the ground, sadly.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

I will peruse through it. Who knows, maybe there's a chapter on how to make people less judgemental towards other?

STRANGER

Enjoy.

The stranger hugs Zachary lightly.

STRANGER (CONT'D)
I hope it helps.

The woman lets him go, then she departs from his life forever.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Zachary lies down inside a closed bank inside the still open bank machine portion.

A couple of police officers enter to wake him up and to tell him to go somewhere else.

INT. PARK - NIGHT

Zachary now tries to sleep on a bench with his valuables around him, but it is far too cold to sleep. So he sits back up and then rummages through some of his bags, until he finds the book he was given many days ago. He starts to read it.

He reads it all night.

INT. PARK - DAY

Then he reads it for most of the next day, until he is finished. His eyes start to water after he finishes the final page of the book. He closes the book and stares at the front cover, which features a photo of Martin Luther King Jr. and the title 'The Life and Times of M.L.K.'.

INT. BOOK STORE - DAY

A book written by Zachary rests on a stand among many more piles of the same book that rest on a table, and they all feature on the cover a photo of Zachary.

Zachary sits behind the table full of books, and in front of the table is a very long line of his fans, who are there to receive a signed copy of his latest philosophy book.

One FAN reaches the front of the line, and he gushes about meeting his hero.

FAN
I cannot believe I am actually
meeting you in person.
(MORE)

FAN (CONT'D)

This is a dream come true for me.
Might I ask you something about
your writing?

ZACHARY

Of course.

FAN

In your latest book, you stated
that we must do everything in our
power to bring about about positive
change to this world, no matter how
frightened we are of the seemingly
insurmountable strength that it
will require. What is that quote
supposed to represent exactly? I
have my theories, although I would
like to know your true intentions
when you wrote those specific
words.

ZACHARY

My friend, the words I write are to
be interpreted by whoever is
reading them. Whatever those words
stand for for you, that is the
intention of those words.

FAN

Thank you. So much.

INT. OUTDOOR COMMUNE - DAY

There are hundreds of tents set up that rest atop a vast
meadow surrounded by trees.

A MESSENGER from town, runs past many tents, until he reaches
their leader Zachary's tent.

The messenger knocks lightly on the fabric, and Zachary
quickly opens the flap and then exits his tent.

ZACHARY

What is it, Moby?

MESSENGER

Zachary, there's been reports. On
the television and in the
newspaper. It's about your
followers. The news states that
many of your readers have joined
together, and bombed the United
States.

Zachary stands there blank-faced.

ZACHARY

If that is what they felt was their path to righteousness, then we shall let it be, and so be it.

MESSENGER

Zachary. The media will be expecting answers from you.

ZACHARY

Then I will tell them the same thing I'm telling you now.

INT. NEWS STATION - DAY

A REPORTER sits in a comfortable-looking chair, and he interviews Zachary who sits across from the newscaster in an identical chair.

REPORTER

Do you feel any remorse, for writing a book that has caused so many murders?

ZACHARY

My writing is and always has been open to the reader's own interpretation. There is no way of controlling individuals, once they have set their sights on something much greater than themselves.

REPORTER

Are you aware of how many fatalities have been perpetrated by your followers within the U.S.?

ZACHARY

Yes. There have been five-hundred-and-forty-seven.

REPORTER

That was last weeks total. To this day, there have been over six-hundred-and-fifty-six terrorist attacks, caused by your so called supporters of peace. Over two-thousand-five-hundred dead American citizens, and even some political figures have lost their lives.

(MORE)

REPORTER (CONT'D)

All because of the confusing, some might say impossible to decipher, beliefs you implanted in the minds of susceptible young people.

ZACHARY

If it is regret you wish me to feel, I'm telling you this now and to all other detractors of my philosophy, the only thing my readers and I have inside our heart, mind, and soul, is love for all of Earth and its creatures.

REPORTER

I find that hard to believe, and do you know who else agrees with me? Every single person living in America, even the President of the United States. In fact, I have a message from the president, that he recorded for you to hear first, only on CBC News. Take a listen.

A large screen turns on behind Zachary and the reporter. The image on-screen is of the President of the United States, who sits behind his desk inside the oval office.

The POTUS speaks live, as though he addresses Zachary, and only Zachary.

POTUS

Is my mic on? Okay, let's begin. Zachary Marth Azari. You have officially written your final hate-filled, violence inciting line of what you call your philosophy. Too many radicals have been bred by your evil words. It is time for the United States to retaliate, by bringing an end to all terrorist attacks, by ending your kind. Today is the beginning of a soon to be peaceful planet, once the race of people you belong to is eradicated off the face of this Earth. An elite group of enforcers will begin rounding up all Middle Eastern people, for them to be sent back to their own territory, where they will soon meet their demise, by dropping bombs on all who reside there.

(MORE)

POTUS (CONT'D)

I hope that maybe now, you feel a tiny shred of remorse, and remember the blood of every murdered American citizen, and now the blood of your own people, lies solely on your hands. May the Devil take you, and all who you converted to your path of evil. So long will be the fear you feel, waiting for doomsday.

(beat)

You now have eight-thousand-seven-hundred-and-sixty minutes until you cause the deaths of every Middle Eastern, every potential terrorist, on Earth. I pray you take that time to prepare your apology to every living person and to all you have killed.

The video cuts out, and Zachary sits there mouth agape.

ZACHARY

Is he serious?

REPORTER

He's serious alright.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The Middle Eastern city is now jam-packed with people, so many that one can hardly move around.

Zachary pushes his way through the enormous crowd of people with a piece of rolled up blue paper in his hand, until he reaches a small building.

Zachary enters the terrorist hideout.

INT. HIDEOUT - DAY

A group of radicals surround a table covered with many pieces of paper, detailing their mission options.

They turn and spot Zachary, who stands there at the doorway.

The LEAD RADICAL walks over to Zachary, then he bows down on one knee to him.

LEAD RADICAL

Master, what is it we should do? We just don't know which path is the most righteous to take, in these darkest of times.

ZACHARY

Have no fear. I have with me a design that will bring each and every person on Earth peace finally. I need you to gather all who are capable of building whatever it is these blueprints lead to.

Zachary hands the radical the blueprint that he first found inside his brother's attic. The lead radical read the blueprints.

LEAD RADICAL

This-- This is-- Are you sure, master?

ZACHARY

I am sure.

LEAD RADICAL

Very well. How many of these do you require?

ZACHARY

Fifty-million.

LEAD RADICAL

It shall be done.

ZACHARY

Soon, those who judged us, will learn what it is like for us. Judgement day nears, hurry now.

The radicals hurry out the building to recruit others to fulfill Zachary's request.

EXT. MILITARY ZONE - DAY

dozens of rows of bomber jets enter the sky, one row consisting of a dozen jets at a time.

EXT. SKY - DAY

The jets near the Middle Eastern country housing the various Middle Eastern races.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Every citizen who stands in the extremely crowded street of the Middle Eastern country now wear a bomb-vest, designed by the now-deceased Zander Azari.

The citizens hear the jets approaching.

The jets now fly above the country filled with people.

The first row of jets drop their bombs. Then the next row, then the row after that, and so on.

Before the bombs reach the Middle Eastern people, their own bombs attached to their vests explode all at once. A massive Hell-fire engulfs the entire Middle Eastern region of Earth.

EXT. OUTER SPACE - DAY

A massive flare of blazing fire rises from the Middle East, and is visible from space.

Seconds later, the entire Middle East breaks away and crumbles off the face of the Earth.

The pieces of land now float in space, and there is a massive crater on the planet.

SUPER: 8760 MINUTES LATER

The Earth is now a giant ball on fire, with many enormous cracks on its surface, and all its water now evaporated, and with no human or animal life to speak of.

The Earth suddenly explodes into trillions and trillions of pieces.

FADE OUT.