

RETIRED ASSASSIN

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EXT. VÅRBERG - DAY

HELEN (45), an african woman, walks along the exterior corridor of her building carrying grocery bags, while speaking on her cellphone.

HELEN
(into the phone)
Yes, sir.
(pause)
No, I understand that.

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

She closes the door, kicks off her shoes while still on the phone.

HELEN
(into the phone)
Yes, tried to tell them that but--
(pause)

KITCHEN (CONTINUOUSLY)

She places the groceries on the sink.

HELEN
(into the phone)
Yes, it won't happen--
(pause)
Hello? Hello?
(to self)
Damn it.

Helen turns and discovers the disorderly state of the kitchen, draws a sigh.

REBECCA (O.S)
Hi, mommy.

Rebecca (17) enters, carrying dishes with one hand while texting on her phone with the other.

HELEN
Hi, babe.

Rebecca drops the dishes in the sink and is on her way back to her room.

HELEN
Would you please clean up after yourself?

Rebecca turns around, comes back.

REBECCA
(rolling her eyes)
Sure.

Rebecca attends to dishes, while Helen takes care of the groceries.

HELEN
How was school, babe?

REBECCA
Good.

HELEN
Don't leave the kitchen like this.
It's not so nice when--

REBECCA
--relax, I'm doing it now, ain't I?

Helen takes out a pack of candy from the grocery bag, throws it on the sink.

HELEN
I got your favorites. Maybe we could
watch something later.

Helen folds the grocery bag and continues to help Rebecca with the dishes.

HELEN
Look what a mess.

REBECCA
I just ate. I'm trying to finish up
homework.

HELEN
Every day, you do this.

Rebecca drops the dishes, walks out.

HELEN
Hey! You're not going anywhere!

DING DONG, THE DOORBELL RINGS.

REBECCA
Would you chill with the nagging!

HELEN
You think I like to nag?! I bust my
ass all day. You think I'm asking
for too much?

REBECCA
I was gonna do it!!! Why you gotta
rush me!

HELEN
You watch your tone!

REBECCA
Why you gotta get so crazy. Why
can't be more like other moms?

Helen is speechless. Rebecca walks out.

DING DONG.

HELEN
(shouting)
And get the door!

REBECCA (O.S)
(shouting)
It's not for me.

WE HEAR REBECCA SLAMMING HER BEDROOM DOOR.

DING DONG.

Helen draws a sigh.

FRONT DOOR

Helen opens the door, and sees a crippled, AFRICAN MAN
(60), with his crutch and briefcase, walking away. He
turns and sees her.

MAN
Oh, you're home!

He limps back towards her.

MAN
Thought I heard something in there.

HELEN
Sorry, I was... busy.

MAN
You're Helen, right?

HELEN
Yes?

MAN
Hope I'm not disturbing.

HELEN
Well, it depends.

MAN
My name is Isaak.

HELEN
Yes?

ISAAK
I work as an translator for the
immigration service. A woman just
arrived. She had a message from your
sister.

We slowly move in on Helen's face.

!MUSIC RISES AND WE CUT TO:

KITCHEN (MOMENTS LATER)

Isaak is seated by the kitchen table while Helen serves
him a cup of coffee.

ISAAK
Thank you.

He takes a sip.

ISAAK
Ah, taste of home.

HELEN
So you must be busy.

ISAAK
At work? Ah, yes. Many young people
are fleeing from back home, many,
many.

He takes another sip, thinks.

ISAAK
I'm doing some other work there as
well, collecting information for the
PYFC. About the army, the country
and so on.

HELEN
PYFC? Are you with the resistance?

Isaak shrugs, guilty.

ISAAK
I try to do my part. You know, the
little I can.

HELEN

Does the authorities here know
you're doing this?

ISAAK

The authorities? Here?

He chuckles and she rolls her eyes, in shared
understanding.

ISAAK

So there was a young girl that had
just arrived here with her brother.
She asked for you. Said she had
promised to bring you something.

He opens his briefcase, takes out a folder and browses
through it.

ISAAK

(to self)

Let's see, let's see. Where did I
put it? Ah! Here it is!

He pulls an envelope and slides it over to Helen. She
looks at it, hesitantly.

ISAAK

Well? Open it.

Helen opens the envelope and takes out a photograph. She
gasps, palms her mouth, trying to hold back the tears.
Isaak puts on his reading glasses and leans over the
table.

ISAAK

Surely you recognize your sister.
From what the woman told me, this
fellow is her husband, this is their
son, that is their oldest son and
the little girl is their youngest.

HELEN

I can't believe this!

ISAAK

Beautiful, picture isn't it?

HELEN

Yes!

The joy settles as she looks closer at the picture. Her
smile turns into a frown. He notices. She looks up at him,
dead serious.

HELEN

You're not with the PYFC.

He looks at here for a moment, confused.

ISAAK
What do you mean?

HELEN
Where did you get this picture?

ISAAK
I just told you, your sister--

HELEN
--this looks staged.

He looks at her in disbelief.

HELEN
They are smiling, but I can see fear
in my sister's eyes.

ISAAK
Miss... you can't be serious?

They look at each other for a moment, until his surprised
expression turns into a smirk.

HELEN
You're with the regime.

He chuckles.

HELEN
This is a christian home and liars
aren't welcome.

ISAAK
I'm not the only one telling lies
here am I, *Helen*?

HELEN
I don't know what you're talking
about.

ISAAK
Sarah Abrahm of the 271th corps.
Graduated at the Defence Training
Center. Highly decorated from the
great struggle as combatant and
later on as a assassin. Youngest
female to be promoted to the secret
service. Lead targeted killings
domestically and behind enemy lines.
Until you deserted.

HELEN
You got the wrong person.

ISAAK

I've come to give you an offer.

HELEN

An offer?

ISAAK

This is from the highest place.
First off, full pardon for deserting
and illegally leaving the country.
Exemption from what you owe the
government back home, from the money
you have made here since you set
your foot in this country, whether
it'll be wages or social welfare
benefits.

HELEN

I don't know you want from me.

ISAAK

The opposition in this country is
getting too comfortable. We would
like to send them a message. Enough
is enough.

Helen looks at him, perplexed.

HELEN

Mr, I don't know who you are or what
you've heard but what you say is not
true.

Isaak looks at her, cynically.

ISAAK

Don't you want to serve your
country?

HELEN

I know nothing of this. I live here
now, this is my country.

ISAAK

Oh, really? You believe that?

Helen glares at him.

ISAAK

You are an immigrant. For them you
will always be an immigrant.

HELEN

Please, I want you to leave now.

ISAAK
You would be allowed visit your
home. Your sister.

HELEN
Please.

ISAAK
Be reasonable, miss. This is a one
time offer.

Helen is unmoved by his pleading. He changes strategy.

ISAAK
Can ask you something? Do you feel
safe in this country?

Helen is taken back when she hears the threat. In marches
Rebecca, opens the fridge, pours herself a glass of juice,
leaves the bottle on the sink. Isaak looks at Rebecca as
she walks out.

ISAAK
Well, well. That must be your
daughter that I've heard so much
about.

HELEN
I have nothing more to say to you.
Now please leave.

Helen stands up, puts the bottle of juice back into the
fridge, grabs a rag, wipes the sink and continues the
cleaning.

ISAAK
You were one of the best. The
general told me he was your
superior. Heard some things about
you. Tender age, those teenage
years.

Helen puts down the dishes, standing still, head bowed.

ISAAK
A woman that age is like a fruit.
Just ripe.

He lights a cigarette, takes a drag.

ISAAK
You been through a lot already. I
know all about it.

He blows some smoke and smiles.

TEENAGE BEDROOM - SIMULTANIOUSLY

Rebecca is sitting her bed, crying on the phone.

REBECCA
(into the phone)
I know, it's just, she so difficult
to deal with when she gets upset.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
(filtered, through the
phone)
Your mother has been through a lot,
it's not that easy.

REBECCA
(into the phone)
Yes, but does she have to take it
out on me.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)
(filtered, through the
phone)
You're getting older now, things are
different.

REBECCA
(into the phone)
She is so nuts, I can't take it
anymore. I have to move out or
something. I have to run away.

KITCHEN - SIMULTANIOUSLY

Helen is still standing by the sink, while Isaak is
sitting by the table.

ISAAK
You want your daughter to go through
the same thing as you?

He grins, pleased.

We see Helen from the back as she raises her bowed head.

HELEN
Can ask you something?

He slowly looks up at her.

HELEN
Do you feel safe in this country?

His contempt smile is replaced with a confused expression.

Top KITCHEN DRAWER is pulled out and she whips out a 9MM RUGER SR22 WITH A SILENCER. Sarah points at Isaak.

SHOTS ARE FIRED: PAH! PAH!

Isaak gape at her, motionless, with the TWO BULLET HOLES on his forehead.

She glares at him with eyes burning with rage, still aiming at him.

He begins to tilt forward, eventually tipping over the kitchen table, revealing the BLOOD STAINS on the back wall.

Everything is perfectly still for a moment except the gun smoke coming out of the barrel of her silencer and the puddle of blood that is forming around Isaak's punctured head on the table.

Suddenly, Rebecca walks into the kitchen but stops in her tracks, gasped.

Sarah still has her arm reached out, aiming with a slight tremble.

Rebecca approach Sarah, who is still stands static. She looks at her mother, confused. Rebecca turns to look toward the kitchen table.

REBECCA POV: THE KITCHEN TABLE IS EMPTY. NO ISAAK. NO GORE. NO BLOOD.

We see that where Sarah WAS holding THE GUN, she is now holding a KITCHEN HAND MIXER.

A tear runs down Sarah's face.

Rebecca opens her arms and embrace her mother.

Sarah lowers her hand with the hand mixer.

Rebecca holds her mom tight.

The hand mixer slips out of Sarah's hand and IN SLOW MOTION sails down to the kitchen floor.

They hold each other.

THE END.

ALTERNATIVE ENDING

We are back when Sarah and Isaak are sitting by the table.

ISAAK

Would be unfortunate your daughter
would go through something like
that? Wouldn't it?

He grins, pleased.

Sarah lifts her head and looks over at him, embittered.

ISAAK

I'll let you think about it. Give me
a call before the end of the week.

He slides a business card across the table.

Sarah just looks at it.

Isak stands up.

ISAAK

I'll help myself out. Hope you don't
mind if I just use the bathroom.

Sarah is still silent.

Isaak leaves the kitchen.

BATHROOM

Isak closes the bathroom door.

KITCHEN

We slowly move in on Sarah as she notices a kitchen knife
in the sink.

BATHROOM DOOR

WE HEAR ISAAK HUMMING A TUNE.

We move in on the door, slowly.

KITCHEN

Sarah takes the kitchen knife out of the sink. We follow
her as she walks toward the bathroom. Slowly.

BATHROOM

Sarah approaches the door, knife in hand.

She looks at the door, looks at the knife, looks at the door again.

WE HEAR THE TOILET FLUSH.

Door opens and out comes-

Rebecca, shocked to see her mother waiting with a knife.

REBECCA

Oh my god, you scared me.

Sarah looks at her daughter, looks at the knife, then drops it. She is confused.

REBECCA

It's OK, nobody is here. Just you and me.

Sarah starts crying. Rebecca comforts her

THE END(2)