

RETIRED ASSASSIN

Story by Ruben Sznajderman

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<https://github.com/rubensz>
www.rubensznajderman.com

INT. APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

HELEN (45), enters the front door, carrying grocery bags, while speaking on her cellphone.

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

KITCHEN (CONTINUOUSLY)

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

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 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
Would you please not 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 are you always on my case!?

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)
I'm not expecting anybody

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.

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 interpreter 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 and while Helen serves him a cup of coffee.

ISAAK

Thank you.

He takes a sip.

ISAAK

Ah, perfect! Two things I never gotten over here. The cold and their coffee. But this. A taste of home.

He raises the cup, smiles, takes another sip. Helen stares at him, unmoved.

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.

HELEN
Oh, god.

She 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 Abraham, this
is their son David, that is their
oldest son Senay and the little girl
is their youngest, Selam.

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 her 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.

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

His surprised facial expression turns into a cunning smile.

HELEN
You're with the embassy.

He smiles, connivingly.

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
Senait Abram of the 271th corps.
Graduated at the Sawa Defence
Training Center. Highly decorated
from the great struggle as combatant
and later on as a sniper.

HELEN
Sorry, mister. I...

ISAAK

Youngest female to be promoted to the secret service. Lead targeted killings domestically and behind enemy until you decided to betray your country by deserting.

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 The Defence Forces and illegally exiting 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

And what do you want in return?

ISAAK

The opposition in this country is getting too comfortable. We would like to send them a message. Enough is enough, you know. They need to be taken care off.

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.

She rises and opens the door to the hallway.

HELEN

Please leave.

ISAAK

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

Helen gestures towards the door. He looks at her, up and
down, pondering.

ISAAK

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

She meekly lowers her arm that has been pointing towards
the door. The two look at each other.

In marches Rebecca, opens the fridge, pours herself a
glass of juice. Isaak looks at the young girl with a
conniving smile. Rebecca walks out. Helen grabs a rag and
wipes the sink.

HELEN

I don't know anything. Now please
go.

ISAAK

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

ISAAK

From what I heard, you were one of
the best. I spoke with the general
and heard a thing of two. Told me
that he was your sergeant when you
were a cadett. Tender age, those
teenage years, ey?

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

ISAAK

A woman that age is like a fruit.
Just ripe, ey.

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.

ISAAK

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

He grins, pleased.

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

HELEN

Can ask you something? 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. Senait points at Isaak.

PUI! PUI!

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.

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

Rebecca approach Senait, 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 Senait WAS holding THE GUN, she is now holding a KITCHEN HAND MIXER.

A tear runs down Senait's face.

Rebecca opens her arms and embrace her mother.

Senait comes to life and lowers her hand with the hand mixer.

Rebecca holds her mom tight.

The hand mixer slips out of Senait's hand, sails down to the kitchen floor.

THE END.