

## **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.