

RETIRED ASSASSIN

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INT. HUSBY APARTMENT - TEENAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

WENDY (14) is on the bed, swiping on her phone.

WENDY
He got those cute dimples when he
smiles.

STINA (13) sits on the floor while REBECCA (14), is
braiding her hair.

STINA
Aoh!

REBECCA
Sorry.

HALLWAY

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.

TEENAGE BEDROOM

Wendy, Stina and Rebecca are lounging when-

HELEN (O.S)
(from the hallway)
Rebecca?

Rebecca gets up and opens the door ajar.

HELEN (O.S)
(from the hallway)
Can I talk to you for a minute?

Wendy and Stina look at each other with unease.

KITCHEN

CRASH!!!

Dirty dishes tumbles after being thrown in the sink.

HELEN
What have I told you about leaving
the kitchen like this!!

REBECCA
Relax, we were just--

HELEN
--What do you think it's like to
come home to this?

DING DONG, THE DOORBELL RINGS.

REBECCA
We just ate, I was going to--

HELEN
--stop! I don't want to hear your
excuses!

REBECCA
It's not an excuse, it's just--

TEENAGE BEDROOM (SIMOUNTAINSLY)

Wendy and Stina gaze with empty eyes as they hear shouting from the kitchen.

HELEN (O.S)
(from the kitchen)
I've had it with this, you hear me!

KITCHEN

HELEN
Who pays for the food?! Who pays for
your phone?! Is it too much to ask?

DING DONG.

REBECCA
We were gonna do it!!!

Helen looks at Rebecca, surprised.

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

Helen is speechless. Rebecca walks out.

HELEN
(shouting)
And get the door!

Rebecca slams the door to her room.

DING DONG.

Helen draws a sigh.

FRONT DOOR

Helen opens the door and is met by a friendly faced,
AFRICAN MAN (59) with cheap suit and a briefcase.

MAN
Helen?

HELEN
Yes?

MAN
Hello, hope I'm not disturbing.

HELEN
Well, it depends.

MAN
My name is Isaak.

HELEN
Yes?

He cast a glance over his shoulder, then at Helen.

MAN
I'm with the PFAC.

HELEN
The resistance?

He gives her a cautious smile.

HELEN
I don't care for politics.
She reaches for the door knob.

ISAAK
I have a message from back home.
She looks at him, contemplating.

HELEN
Message?

ISAAK
Yes, from your sister.
We slowly move in on Helen's face.

MUSIC RICES 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 get used to in this country. The winters and coffee. But this.

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

ISAAK
So. I work as an interpreter for the immigration services.

HELEN
You must be busy.

ISAAK
Yes, many young people are fleeing from back home, many, many. But we are also collecting information for the PFAC, about the army, the country and so on.

HELEN

Does the authorities here know
you're doing this?

ISAAK

The authorities?

He chuckles.

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

So, I'm sure 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? Very
good photographer.

HELEN

Yes!

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

HELEN
You're not with the PFAC.

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
--no family in these rags could afford such a photo.

He looks at her in disbelief.

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

HELEN
Only one that could afford something like this would be the--

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. 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.

She glares at him for a momentent.

TEENAGE BEDROOM (SIMOUNTAINSLY).

Stina looks at her new braids in the mirror, Rebecca takes
out some school books from here backpack and Wendy is on
the bed with her phone.

WENDY

Oh, shit it is going down.

REBECCA

What?

WENDY

Ahmed says he wants to meet Jessica
now by the train.

STINA

That guy is an idiot.

WENDY

She wants us to go with her.

REBECCA

I'm good.

STINA

Damon will probably be there.

WENDY

Please, let's go.

KITCHEN

Isaak and Senait sit by the kitchen table, facing each
other.

SENAIT (Helen)

Arlight. What do you want?

ISAAK

I've come to give you an offer.

SENAIT

You can't offer anything I need.

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.

SENAIT

And what do you want in return?

ISAAK

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

Senait looks at him, perplexed.

ISAAK

Perhaps there could be some
accident.

SENAIT

I want you to leave. Now.

ISAAK

Please, miss. You should at least
consider.

SENAIT

I've forgotten everything that I
learned in the army. I just want to
live my life here in peace.

ISAAK

We could also have your army pension
restored.

She rises and opens the door to the hallway.

SENAIT

I'm afraid I'm not interested. Now
please leave.

Isaak smirks as she points to the door.

SENAIT

Please be reasonable, miss. This is
a generous one time offer.

Senait looks at him, unpersuaded. He looks her up and down, pondering.

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

She lowers the pointing arm, meekly. Isaak notices a picture frame and reaches for it.

ISAAC
Well, this has to be your daughter
that I've heard so much about?

TEENAGE BEDROOM (SIMOUNTAINSLY).

Rebecca sit by her desk while Stina and Wendy are putting on their jackets.

WENDY
Come on, you can do it later.

REBECCA
This has to be handed in tomorrow
morning.

Stina and Wendy head for the door.

KITCHEN

Senait stands by the door, Isaak is sitting by the kitchen table, glancing at the framed photo of Rebecca.

ISAAC
Really adorable, just to bad there
is no man in the house?

WENDY (O.S)
(from the hallway)
Text us when you're done, OK.

HALLWAY

Stina and Wendy close the door to Rebecca's room and walk towards the front door.

As they pass the kitchen they see Senait standing by the door, but she ignored the girls, eyes locked on Isaak.

Isaak breaks eye-contact with Senait, glance at the girls passing by in the hallway, smiles and then looks back at Senait.

MUSIC RISES AND UNTIL:

WE HEAR THE FRONT DOOR BEING SLAMMED SHUT.

STAIRWELL (OUTSIDE THE APARTMENT)

Stina takes her hand off the front door and walks away with Wendy.

WENDY

I love her mom but... she's is so weird.

STINA

Yeah, I know.

And we cut back to:

KITCHEN

Senait snatches the framed photo out of Isaak's hands, puts it in a kitchen cabinet and attends to the dishes in the sink.

SENAIT

I don't remember anything from my time in the army. I can't help you, now please go.

Isaak looks at her, undeterred.

TEENAGE BEDROOM (SIMULTANEOUSLY)

Rebecca sitting by her desk doing homework. She stops writing, raises her gaze and thinks.

KITCHEN

ISAAK

You don't remember anything? Really? I find that hard to believe. 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?

Senait 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.

ISAAC
Don't be foolish.

He takes a drag on the cigarette.

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

He blows some smoke and smiles.

ISAAC
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 Isaac.

PUI! PUI!

Isaac 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 Isaac'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.

REBECCA
It's OK mom. It's OK.

They hold each other.

REBECCA
It's all in the past now.

THE END.