

## **RETIRED ASSASSIN**

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**INT. HUSBY APARTMENT - NIGHT**

HELEN (45), an african woman, 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 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.

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?

ISAAC  
The authorities? Here?

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

ISAAC  
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.

ISAAC  
(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.

ISAAC  
Well? Open it.

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

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

HELEN  
I can't believe this!

ISAAC  
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?

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

HELEN  
You're with the embassy.

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  
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 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 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.

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 Rebecca as she walks out.  
Helen grabs a rag, wipes the sink, continues the cleaning.

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.

**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.

**KITCHEN - SIMULTANIOUSLY**

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

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?

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. Senait 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.

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 lowers her hand with the hand mixer.

Rebecca holds her mom tight.

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

They hold each other.

THE END.