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11/09/2018

INT. HUSBY APARTMENT - TEENAGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

WENDY (14) is on the bed, swiping on 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 GEBREMARIAM (45), an Eritrean woman, enters the
front door, carrying grocery bags, while on her telephone.

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 kitchen in a state of
disarray.

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 min?

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!

TEENAGE BEDROOM (SIMULTANEOUSLY)

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 is baffled by Rebeccas sudden eruption of anger.

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 (O.S)
(from the hallway)
I'm not expecting anyone!

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,
scrawny, ERITREAN 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 Berhane.

HELEN
Yes?

He looks over his shoulder, then at Helen.
*Titta på om han behöver säga mer för att vinna hennes
 förtroende*

MAN
 I m with the PFDJ.

HELEN
 The resistance?

He gives her a cautious smile.

HELEN
 I know nothing of politics.

She reaches for the door knob.

ISAAK
 I have a message from Eritrea.

She looks at him, contemplating.

KITCHEN (MOMENTS LATER)

Isaak is seated by the kitchen table and looks on as Helen
 pours him a hot cup of coffee and takes a seat.

ISAAK
 Thank you.

He takes a sip.

HELEN
 Be careful.

ISAAK
 Ah, perfect! Two things I've never
 been able to get used to in this
 country; the winters and how they
 make their coffee.

He smiles, 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
 Eritrea, many, many. But we are also
 collecting information for the PFDJ,
 about the army, the country and so
 on.

Här kan du eventuellt skriva in mer information om Eritrea

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, what are you waiting for? 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

Amazing, isn't it?

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 PFDJ. Where did you get this picture?

ISAAK

What do you mean? I just told you that I got it-

HELEN

-no family in rags like this could afford such a photo.

He looks at her in disbelief.

ISAAK

Miss, you can t be serious?

HELEN

The 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

I don t know who you are but this is a christian home and liars aren't welcome.

ISAAK

So, am I the only one telling lies here, Helen ?

HELEN

I don t know what you re talking about.

FACTCHECK

ISAAK

Senait Girma 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
and deserted.

SENAIT (Helen)

So 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 Eritrean Defence Forces and
illegally exiting the country.
Exemption from what you owe the
Eritrean government in taxes, which
is 2% of all your income in this
country since you arrived, wether
it'll be wages or social welfare
benefits.

SENAIT

What do you want from me?

ISAAK

The opposition is getting too
comfortable here. The president
would like to send them a message.
Perhaps there could be some
accident.

SENAIT

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

ISAAK

I should also say that we could have
your army pension restored.

She rises and opens the door to the hallway.

SENAIT

I appreciate the offer, you can tell the general that. But 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.

ISAAK

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.

ISAAK

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

TEENAGE BEDROOM (SIMOUNTAINSLY).

Stina and Wendy are putting on their jackets.

WENDY

Come on, you can do it later.

REBECCA

I m tired and I gotta finish homework.

Stina and Wendy head for the door.

KITCHEN

Isaak places the framed photo on the table.

ISAAK

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

WENDY (O.S)

(from the hallway)

Text us when you re done, aight?

SLOW MOTION: Senait turns to the hallway and sees Wendy and Stina pass by the kitchen door, the girls see Senait, Isaak sees the girls and smile, the girls look away.

SLOW MOTION ENDS.

THE FRONT DOOR IS 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 sometimes she s a
bit too psycho sometimes.

STINA

Yeah, I know.

KITCHEN

Senait snatches the framed photo off the table, puts it in a kitchen cabinet and attend to the dishes.

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 is bent over homework, 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 a fine
specimen. I spoke with the general
and heard a thing of two. Told me
that he was your sergeant when you
were a cadett.

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

ISAAK

Told me about how they took turns
with you.

He lights a cigarette, takes a drag.

ISAAK

First time you screamed and tried to resist, as if that would help you. The next couple of times there was only crying. Eventually that stopped too.

He takes a drag on the cigarette.

ISAAK

When woman stops crying, you know she has been broken forever.

He blows some smoke and smiles.

ISAAK

Would be unfortunate if you had to witness your daughter go through something like that? Wouldn't it?

He chuckles, pleased. Helen raises her head.

HELEN

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

His contempt grin is replaced by utter bafflement, his head turning like a confused dog.

Suddenly, with lightning speed, Senait pulls out top KITCHEN DRAWER, retrieves a 9MM RUGER SR22 WITH A SILENCER and aims it at him.

PUI! PUI!

Isaak gape at 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.

The door opens and Rebecca walks into the kitchen but stops in her tracks when she sees Senait standing motionlessly glaring, still with her arm reached out, aiming.

A PUDDLE OF BLOOD forms around his head over the kitchen table.

Rebecca approach Senait, who still stands static. Rebecca opens her arms and embrace her mother.

A tear runs down Senait's face.

Where Senait WAS holding THE GUN, she is now holding a KITCHEN HAND MIXER. We see the the kitchen table and THE BLOOD AND ISAAK'S BODY IS GONE.

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

Senait comes alive and clinches to her daughter.

REBECCA

It s OK mom. It s OK.

THE END.