

## **RETIRED ASSASIN**

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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 undertand 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 dissorderly 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, suprised.

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  
Messege?

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 want 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, wether 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 off Isaak's hands, puts it in a kitchen cabinet and attends to the dishes on 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 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 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 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.