

The Kill

By

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INT. LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

The balcony door opens from outside. A WOMAN slides inside and pulls the door shut behind her.

In the faint light she finds herself an armchair where she sinks down as she brings out a gun, a well known silhouette.

Alone in the gloomy room she leans back, waiting.

A voice in the dark:

MAN (O.S.)

I've always wondered what it
would feel like to be a target.

A dimmer is turned and light fills the room.

A MAN sits in an opposite corner of the room, relaxed, watching her.

One man, one woman; she with a gun traced on him.

MAN

I was hoping it would be you.

WOMAN

Why?

MAN

Because you're a pro.

WOMAN

As you are.

MAN

Right now you are the one with a
gun. What kind of person would
like to have his brain splatted
on the wall by an amateur?

WOMAN

That would be dreadful indeed.

A moment passes.

MAN

You haven't pulled the trigger.

She lowers the gun.

MAN

You can't kill me?

WOMAN

Why are you in such hurry?

MAN

We both play the game. Maybe I just admire you. Maybe I've done many bad things in my life and like to pay for it.

WOMAN

Then join a monastery. Death isn't payment for anything.

She leaves the gun on the armchair and turns her back to the room watching the night's sky from the window.

MAN

You are still paid to do the job.

He rises, advances towards her; and picks up her gun on the way.

Standing behind her, he strokes her back with a gentle hand.

MAN

Remember Pizza Hut?

She nods, faces him, her hand follows his cheek down to the chin.

Their left hands express tenderness and fondness.

She brings out a second pistol with her other hand.

He has her gun.

Their eyes meet.

Both of them now hold a lethal weapon, aiming it at the other. They step back, away from each other.

WOMAN

You took a great risk with that play.

MAN

Who was playing who? You had a spare.

WOMAN

You said you wanted a pro.

MAN

It feels like I didn't exist for real before you turned up in my life.

WOMAN
I feel so alive.

MAN
Me too.

WOMAN
I'm a professional killer.

MAN
So am I.

They both FIRE their guns.

THE END