

THE MOMENT

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dressed in a sharp black suit, with pristine trousers and gleaming shoes is a HITMAN. Completing his outfit, is a jet black pistol with a silencer.

The pistol is aimed at THOMAS. Mid thirties, casually dressed, with his recently dropped shopping bags at his feet.

The two stare at each other. The Hitman without remorse, Thomas resigned to death.

The Hitmans fingers wrap round the trigger instigating a glint in his eyes; he loves killing.

Thomas spots the twinkle.

THOMAS
Did we just have a moment?

Thrown off his game for a beat, the Hitman looks confused.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I think we did.

The Hitman half laugh's, uncertain of the seriousness of the comment. Shaking his head, he reaffirms the grip on his gun.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
It's just, a saw a sparkle in your eye when you looked at me.

The Hitman realizes he is serious. Lowers his gun.

HITMAN
Because I was about to kill you. I love killing. It's my thing.

THOMAS
Are you sure?

HITMAN
Of course I'm sure, I'm a Hitman.

THOMAS
No... Are you sure about us. About what we just had. Because, I'd be interested.

The Hitman replants his feet. Raises the gun a little higher, aims it with more force, more power. He's not impressed.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You can't deny we had a moment.

The irritated Hitman half lowers his gun. He's still very much in control but frustration is kicking in.

HITMAN

There was no moment. You're my hit. I've followed you for a week, found the best time to kill you, and now I'm going to complete my contract. If there was a glint in my eye that's why, cos I get to kill you.

THOMAS

So you've been stalking me for a week and then turn up to my house late at night on valentines day, and you're saying there isn't something between us.

HITMAN

That's not what I said.

He raises his gun, enough of this.

THOMAS

So there is something.

HITMAN

There is not!

Thomas shakes his head, completely and utterly unconvinced.

THOMAS

I still think we had a moment.

HITMAN

Oh for fuck sake.

The Hitman leans over to Thomas. The two share a brief kiss before the Hitman pulls back and re-aims his pistol at him.

HITMAN (CONT'D)

See, nothing...

THOMAS

... Are you sure about that.

The Hitman lowers his gun.

HITMAN

Damn it. (BEAT)
We did have a moment.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END