

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.

Thomas's eyes drift over his ransacked apartment. They stop briefly on an open case sitting atop his table. Within the padded foam case sits a small computer chip.

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

Thomas spots the twinkle. A smile graces his lips.

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 laughs, uncertain of the seriousness of the comment. He reaffirms the grip on his gun.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I saw a sparkle in your eye when
you looked at me.

The Hitman realizes he is serious. Lowers his gun.

HITMAN
Because I am about to kill you.

THOMAS
Are you sure?

HITMAN
Of course I'm sure.

THOMAS
No... Are you sure about us...

Thomas surveys the Hitman, gleaming shoes to now baffled eyes, and everything in between.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
... Because, I'd be interested.

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

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

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.

THOMAS
And you choose to complete your hit on valentines day.

Hitman goes to reply. He's speechless. Is this guy for real. Thomas's eyes creep to the shopping bags.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
I could make us a romantic meal.

Bemused the Hitman wags his finger at Thomas.

HITMAN
You're quite something.

He purposefully moves the gun closer. Point blank.

Thomas shakes his head, completely and utterly unperturbed.

THOMAS
I still think we had a moment.

Hitman pulls the gun right away. Clearly past amusement.

HITMAN
Oh for fuck sake!

Taking Thomas's head he plants a firm kiss on his lips.

HITMAN (CONT'D)
See (BEAT) nothing...

He brings his gun back towards Thomas. Thomas affectionately smiles at him. It's undeniable.

The Hitman lowers his gun. Defenses down. Aggression gone.

HITMAN (CONT'D)
Damn it. (BEAT)
We did have a moment.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END