Restricted

By

Mitchel Taylor

mdtdaylor3395@gmail.com
FADE IN:

INT. ASSASSIN’S CAR - DAY

An unnamed ASSASSIN pulls up to a house in the middle of nowhere. He stops the car and turns it off.

He looks at his phone and sees a message from a restricted number. He looks at it and reads "WE’VE BEEN GIVEN THE GO AHEAD. COMPLETE THE TASK."

He puts the phone down and gets out of the car. The assassin walks up to the back door and pull out a Berretta m9, cocks it, and enters the home.

INT. TARGET’S HOUSE - DAY

He walks into the house, looking around, he closes the door quietly and goes to his right.

He sees his target in the living room and raises the barrel of the gun. The assassin enters the room and stops, surprised at what he finds.

The man he has been sent here to kill is his best friend ADAM.

ASSASSIN
(Shocked)
Adam? No...

The assassin lowers his gun and looks down. The target puts his arms down and glances to the table. On the table sits a small folding knife. The assassin doesn’t notice.

ASSASSIN
Leave, and don’t come back.

He turns to go and walks back to the door. He feels a vibration and looks at his phone seeing he is receiving a call from the restricted number.

He looks down at the gun and closes his eyes. He turns back around to go finish the job when a knife goes into his neck. The assassin, with everything he has left, pushes the target off and shoots him four times.

The target falls dead with the bloody knife in his hand. The assassin slides down the door and coughs out blood.

(CONTINUED)
Holding his neck, he looks down to his phone laying a few feet from him. Its vibrating, receiving a call from the restricted number. He dies.

FADE TO BLACK