

STP. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

CHIN reaches into his jacket and pulls out a pistol, snub
nosed, short, stubble. He cracks the gun open and begins
loading, one cylinder at a time.

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

One Shot

By

Zach Garrigus

GLASSES and Chin stand side by side in a single shaft of
streetlights beside the backdoor to a bar. Loud music THUDS
inside a nearby club. CITY TRAFFIC rolls by mutely a block or
two away. Chin returns the loaded weapon to his pocket and
adjusts his posture, his arms crossed. He glances down the
alley to his left.

A clear view down to the street. Cars drive by. The dark
silhouette of a ~~XXXXXXXX~~ hurries across the mouth of the
alley, on the way to somewhere else.

Chin looks the other way, down the alley to his right.

The alley seems to go on forever, a string of dumpsters and
backdoors, occasionally interrupted by streaks of
streetlight.

Chin looks forward again. He sniffs, shrugs his shoulders,
settles, almost forcefully casual.

Beat.

Behind Chin, leaned up against the wall, Glasses exhales
heavily, clearly bored, his hands in his pockets. He cranes
forward.

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Chin glances at his watch.

1 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

1

CHIN reaches into his jacket and pulls out a pistol, snub nosed, short, subtle. He cracks the gun open and begins loading, one cylinder at a time.

- 1

DOLLY OUT/
PEDESTAL
UP

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

SLIDE, CLICK

- 2

GLASSES and Chin stand side by side in a single shaft of streetlight beside the backdoor to a bar. Loud music THUDS inside a nearby club. CITY TRAFFIC rolls by mutely a block or two away. Chin returns the loaded weapon to his pocket and adjusts his posture, his arms crossed. He glances down the alley to his left.

PAN RIGHT

A clear view down to the street. Cars drive by. The dark silhouette of a **PASSERBY** hurries across the mouth of the alley, on the way to somewhere else.

- 3

PAN LEFT

Chin looks the other way, down the alley to his right.

- 4

PAN LEFT

The alley seems to go on forever, a string of dumpsters and backdoors, occasionally interrupted by streaks of streetlight.

- 5

PAN RIGHT

Chin looks forward again. He sniffs, shrugs his shoulders, settles, almost forcefully casual.

- 6

Beat.

Behind Chin, leaned up against the wall, Glasses exhales heavily, clearly bored, his hands in his pockets. He cranes forward.

GLASSES

So, uh...when are we expecting this guy?

TRUCK
AROUND
RIGHT

Chin glances at his watch.

CHIN(No nonsense) *Want to talk about*11:30 *What the fuck are you doing?*

Glasses nods, leaning back, looking away.

Beat.

Glasses leans forward again.

GLASSESAnd, uh...what time is it now? *are you*

Chin rolls his eyes. He checks his watch again.

CHIN(Getting impatient) *at night.*

11:26

Glasses leans back, nodding. *Just my lunch***GLASSES**

Got it, got it...

Glasses looks away again.

Beat.

Glasses reaches into his jacket pocket and pulls out a Fruit Rollup. He unwraps the snack, the foil wrapper CRINKLING loudly, and takes a bite before tossing the wrapper to the ground. Chin looks back at him incredulously, finally shocked out of his tough guy act.

Beat.

Glasses does not react. *(he argument)***CHIN**

(Terse)

Excuse me. *leaves again.*

Glasses turns to Chin.

GLASSES

(Through a mouthful of Fruit Rollup)

...Yeah?

CHIN

(Do we really need to talk about this?)

What the fuck are you doing?

Glasses swallows. He gestures to his Fruit Rollup.

GLASSES

I'm eating.

CHIN

I can see you're eating. Why are you eating?

GLASSES

(Isn't it obvious?)

I'm hungry. I get hungry at night.

CHIN

Jesus fucking Christ. Just my luck. I'm on a job, and I get partnered with Lou fucking Costello.

He leans down at snatches Glasses' wrapper from the ground.

CHIN (CONT'D)

Evidence, man! What are you? Scooby Doo?

Chin turns forward again, shoving Glasses' wrapper into his pocket. He crosses his arms, clearly still seething. Behind him, Glasses shrugs, sarcastically apologetic.

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Beat.

GLASSES

(Braving the argument)

I brought a snack. I don't see what's so unprofessional about that.

Chin turns back to Glasses again.

CHIN

You brought a fucking Fruit by the Foot to a job! What are you, nine years old? Just finish your fucking gelatin, for God's sake!

Chin turns forward again.

Beat.

DOLLY OUT

Glasses leans back in.

GLASSES

Well...actually...this is a Fruit Rollup.

CHIN

(Back into it)
I said that.

GLASSES

No, you didn't. You said this was a Fruit by the Foot.

CHIN

Well, Fruit Rollup, Fruit by the Foot, same thing.

GLASSES

Well, no, wait a minute, I do not know if I can successfully work a job with a man who thinks that a Fruit Rollup and a Fruit by the Foot are the same thing.

CHIN

They're the same fucking thing. It's candy coloured...gummy shit, I don't know!

GLASSES

The same thing? They're not even the same fucking ballpark! One is a goddamned foot long.

He brandishes what remains of his Fruit Rollup.

GLASSES (CONT'D)

Does this look like a foot to you?

CHIN

(Sullen)
Yeah, more or less.

GLASSES

(Reeling)
You're telling me this is a foot?
You're telling me this is 12 inches?

Chin shuffles.

DOLLY IN/
AROUND
LEFT

CHIN

(He might be wrong about this)
Yeah, yeah, I'm telling you that's 12 inches...more or less.

Glasses is speechless.

GLASSES

(Dead serious)
Measure it.

CHIN

Do what?

GLASSES

You heard me. Measure this and tell me it's 12 fucking inches.

CHIN

(Taken aback)
What...do you think I brought my fucking protractor? I'm eyeballing it!

GLASSES

Oh, you're eyeballing it? Yeah, that's very professional.

CHIN

Look, it's a piece of candy. I'm telling you to finish it...

Hinges CREAK as the backdoor to the bar swings open and closes. Glasses and Chin turn.

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WHIPPAN LEFT

A HEAVYSET MAN stands on the stoop, his hand still on the doorknob. He stares at Glasses and Chin, eyes wide, a little dumbfounded.

- 10

WHIPPAN RIGHT

Beat.

- 11

The tension breaks. Hurriedly, Chin reaches into his jacket, pulls out his pistol and fires a shot. Two MEATY FOOTSTEPS sound against the pavement, then the Heavysset Man hits the ground.

PAN LEFT

Beat.

Glasses takes another bite out of his Fruit Rollup while Chin reholsters his pistol. The two step forward, looking down at the Heavysset Man.

- 12

Beat.

Glasses shoves the last of his Fruit Rollup into his mouth.

GLASSES

(Chewing)

That him?

CHIN

Yeah.

Beat.

GLASSES

Alright, come on, let's get dinner.
I'm starving.

Glasses tosses aside the last of his wrapper and strides out of the alley, away from the Heavysset Man. After a beat, Chin follows.

PAN RIGHT/ [
DOLLY OUT

Glasses' wrapper CRINKLES and rolls away with a slight breeze.

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