

Parting Shot
By
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An Original Screenplay

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INT.BAR-MORNING

10:00am. Small local bar, dim interior, oldies song playing softly in the background. The bartender (30's) slender, black tank top and jeans is standing behind the bar talking to an older man (50's) Italian, average height, paunchy, dressed in baggy black sport shirt and slacks.

The only other customer newspaper columnist PHIL Randall(40's) sits alone at a booth, one empty drink in front of him.

The entry door opens letting in the unwelcome light and sounds of the city.

A women JOAN Randall(30's) Blond, curvy and pretty stands in the open doorway. She see's Phil and scowls slightly. Phil raises his hand and waves.

Joan walks across the room and stops at the booth where Phil is sitting.

JOAN

Why didn't you just have me meet
you in a damn back alley?

Joan shakes her head as she surveys the surrounding.

JOAN CONT.

(Sarcastically)

Nice place. It suits you. I'll have
to bring my girl friends here
sometime.

PHIL

I find it quite charming actually.
And the company stellar.

JOAN

Let's cut the crap, shall we. What
did you want to see me about?

PHIL

A simple hello from my wife would
be nice start.

JOAN

Ex-wife.

PHIL

Not yet.

JOAN
Well it won't be soon enough for
me.

PHIL
A bit testy this morning, aren't
we?

JOAN
Just spit it out. I have things to
do today.

PHIL
Sit, please.

Phil pats the seat next to him.

Joan narrows her eyes and slides into the booth across from
Phil.

PHIL CONT.
That's better.

JOAN
For who?

PHIL
Drink?

JOAN
No I don't want a friggin drink.
It's ten o'clock in the morning.

PHIL
Suit yourself.

Phil raises his glass to the bartender. He nods and begins
mixing a drink.

JOAN
Tell me you're not driving.

Phil shakes his head and smiles.

PHIL
Celebrating actually.

JOAN
I don't even want to know.

PHIL
Pitty. You of all people
would appreciate it.

JOAN
Look, Phil, I'm kind of in a hurry.
Frank is outside waiting in the
car.

PHIL
Ah, the doctor. I hear he has quite
the bedside manor.

Joan shakes her head and sighs.

JOAN
You really want to go there?

Phil smiles.

The bartender walks over and places a new drink on the table
and leaves.

Phil raises the glass.

PHIL
Cheers.

Phil takes a sip, closes his eyes, savoring the alcohol, and
places the glass on the table.

JOAN
Did you get the letter from my
attorney?

PHIL
Yes I did. It came in yesterday's
mail.

JOAN
And?

PHIL
Well, let me see. The plot is
virtually nonexistent. The dialog
is flat, uninteresting and
pedestrian. It lacks any real
emotion and the ending where our
protagonist is left penniless and
alone left me quite cold.

Phil grins.

Joan scowls.

JOAN

You just love to hear yourself talk, don't you? Save it for your newspaper column. I'll bet Sandy worships the holy ground you walk on. By the way, how is the little tramp? Oh, excuse me, stripper.

Phil takes another sip of his drink and closes his eyes.

PHIL

I prefer the term exotic dancer. It conjures up such delicious images.

Joan laughs.

JOAN

You prefer anything with two legs that will hop in the sack with you and leave before you wake up.

PHIL

Touche. You know me too well.

JOAN

So really, Phil. What is this all about? My lawyer told me we shouldn't be meeting alone.

PHIL

We're not alone. It a public place. And besides, I just wanted to say good-bye.

JOAN

I can't believe it. The great Phil Randall finally takes a vacation after all these years.

PHIL

Me? No. Much too busy.

Joan looks puzzled.

Phil produces a gun from under the table and gently lays it on the table.

Joan's eyes go wide.

JOAN

Oh my God! You're going to shoot yourself in front of me, aren't you? That's sick, Phil. You need to get some professional help.

Phil laughs.

PHIL
I believe I already have.

JOAN CONT.
Put that damn thing away before you
get hurt.

Joan nervously looks towards the bar.

JOAN CONT.
Someone's going call the police.

PHIL
Don't be so melodramatic, Joan.
Those gentleman are friends of
mine, as is the owner of this fine
establishment.

Joan laughs softly.

JOAN
You don't have any friends. I would
know. I was married to you for five
years and I wasn't even your
friend.

PHIL
Oh, but you're wrong. You remember
the young man who I took to the
hospital? The one that was hit by
the taxi?

JOAN
(Dead pan)
Yes, Phil. You're a real hero. A
credit to society. Everybody in
this city loves you.

PHIL
Well, as it turns out his
grandfather is very well connected
in this city.

Joan smirks.

JOAN
I'm sure he gave you a big fat
reward.

PHIL
Reward? Hmmm. Perhaps you could say
that. But I'd call it more like a
wish.

JOAN
Fairy godmother, eh?

Phil laughs.

PHIL
Something to that effect.

JOAN
Look, I don't know what kind of
sick game you're playing here, but
I'm leaving.

Joan slides out of the booth and stands up.

PHIL
I don't think so.

Phil picks up the gun and points it at her.

She freezes; look of panic on her face for a brief moment.
Then her eyes narrow.

JOAN
I knew it would happen. You've
finally lost your mind.

She smiles.

JOAN CONT.
You're not going to shoot me.
You're crazy, but not that crazy.
And in front of witnesses? I don't
think so. Too much to lose. Can't
write a column from prison, can
you? And I told you, Frank's right
outside.

Phil smiles and looks at his watch.

PHIL
I beg to differ, my dear. Right
about now your doctor friend is on
a boat two miles out to sea having
the time of his life.

JOAN
What?

PHIL
I'm sorry, but I don't think he'll
be coming back.

JOAN
You lying bastard. He's right
outside.

Phil, lips pursed, shakes his head.

JOAN CONT.
You're friggin' crazy. You come
near me and I'll scream.

The volume of the jukebox gets louder.

Phil's eyes are cold.

Joan's eyes are wide and terrified.

The sound of a gunshot fills the room.

Phil's eyes look puzzled.

Phil slumps to the table.

The Italian MAN (50's) that was seated at the bar is now
standing behind Phil's body, a gun in his hand.

MAN
Tell the doc that my boss
appreciates all he did to save his
grandson's life.

FADE