

ONE LAST SHOT

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EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

Overlooking a busy street.

CLOSE UP ON:

Owen looking down the sight of a sniper rifle as he cocks it, looking deadpan-cool and composed.

A moment then...

BANG

Screaming on the streets below.

Owen takes the rifle away and leaves the frame.

A beat of just sky.

Owen re-enters the frame with a photo in his hand, he looks through the scope, then back at the photo. He's killed the wrong person.

OWEN

Whoops.

He looks through the scope again, cocks the sniper and shoots.

More screaming from the streets below.

Owen's cool look returns on his face and he leaves the frame with the sniper.

Beat of just sky.

Owen re-enters the frame with the photo and a pair of binoculars.

He looks at the photo and then through the binoculars. He's killed the wrong person again.

OWEN (CONT'D)

(tuts)

Ah jeez.

He leaves the frame again.

TITLE CARD: One Last Shot

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Owen sits at a bar looking deflated.

BARMAN
Hey, man. What can I get you?

Owen perks up.

OWEN
I'll have yi ge big pijiu, please,
good sir.

BARMAN
Wow, your Chinese is very good.

OWEN
(smiling)
Thanks. I'm HSK 2.

Owen does a little proud head wobble.

BARMAN
Wow, great. How long have you been
here?

OWEN
(nodding sincerely)
About 10 years.

BARMAN
(silent while raising
eyebrows)
Ah.

OWEN
Your English is pretty darn good
too, my friend.

BARMAN
(bashful)
No, no, no.

OWEN
Honestly, it is!

BARMAN
(shaking head)
No, no.
(sincere eye contact)
Actually I only ever learned to the
end of this sentence.

Owen open-mouth computes that.

OWEN
So - you mean you don't know...
anything else, apart from what you
just said?

BARMAN
(utter confusion)
Sha?

Owen is lightly dumbstruck.

Phil suddenly sits down beside Owen.

PHIL
One feichang big pijiu, please,
barkeep.

BARMAN
Hao de.

The barman gets to work.

Owen is looking a tad socially awkward upon the arrival of
Phil.

PHIL
(to Owen)
Hello, mate. I'm Phil.

He offers his hand out for a shake.

OWEN
(smiling)
Owen.

They shake hands.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Pleasure to meet a fellow, laowai.
Nice to waggle the ol' native
tongue every once in a while.

Phil and Owen's beers land in front of them - they pick them
up.

PHIL
Cheers to that.

They clink then drink.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Drowning our sorrows are we?

OWEN

Oh you said it, man. I can't catch a break!

PHIL

What's the matter?

OWEN

Well, here's the thing, I've got this new job and I keep (whisper) [fucking] it up.

PHIL

Give yourself a break, mate. Takes a while to get in the swing of things.

OWEN

Nooo, I've goofed up every job I've ever had. Starting to feel like a bit of a... failure.

Owen laughs with a hint of desperation.

PHIL

Aw, don't say that, mate.

OWEN

Well it's kinda true, and if I keep messing up my boss is gonna **kill** me... literally.

PHIL

My boss has got it in for me as well, mate. Maybe if they weren't breathing down our bloody necks we'd be able to do a better job.

OWEN

Oh don't get me started! When he pokes his piece into my back and I can feel his hot breath on my neck... ugh... totally gives me the creeps.

PHIL

(confused)

What are you working as?

OWEN

Erm...

(hushed tone)

I'm worried that you'll lose respect for me if I tell you.

PHIL
English teacher?

Slight beat.

OWEN
(nodding 75% convincingly)
Yeah.

PHIL
Don't worry, mate, we all are.

Owen awkward smiles.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Listen, you could give it one more
shot and then, if it's still not
working out, just quit and find
something better for you. There are
loads of opportunities in Shanghai.

Owen thinks for a moment.

OWEN
(adamant)
Yeah! Yeah, you're right. I'll give
it one more shot and if it's not
working out I'll just move onto
something else.

PHIL
That's the spirit, mate.

Phil checks his watch.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Oop. Gotta dash.

Phil drinks his whole beer in one go.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Got class in 5 minutes.

OWEN
(Silently, in
understanding)
Oh.

PHIL
(warmly)
Nice meeting you, mate.

Reaches out to shake hand.

OWEN
(smiling happily)
The pleasure was all mine, good
sir.

They shake.

Phil goes to pay. But Owen puts his hand out in 'stop'-
fashion.

OWEN (CONT'D)
This one's on me.

PHIL
You sure, mate?

OWEN
Happy to.

PHIL
Cheers, pal. Hope to see you again.

Then Phil puts in his earphones and walks off.

Owen salutes.

OWEN
See you around.

Owen turns around with a giddy look on his face - then he
suddenly becomes inquisitive.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out the photo from
earlier. He looks at it and sees that it's the same guy.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Oh shoot!

Owen gets up quickly while taking a last sip of beer, turns
around and withdraws a handgun gun.

Phil is walking along in a jolly fashion towards the door.

Owen shoots but accidentally hits someone by the door
instead.

OWEN (CONT'D)
(cringing)
Oops. Sorry!

Phil exits the door. Owen rushes after him.

EXT. BAR - A MOMENT LATER

Phil is turning into another building.

Owen fires but just misses Phil and instead hits the guy behind him having a cigarette.

Phil enters the building. Owen grabs the door before it closes but then looks to the guy on the ground holding his gut.

OWEN
(cordial)
Apologies - I wasn't aiming for
you.

He follows Phil into the building...

INT. CORRIDOR - A MOMENT LATER

Phil is walking down the corridor with a spring in his step.

Two other people are walking up from the other direction and they begin to flank Phil.

Owen closes one eye and shoots at Phil two times... but just hits the people either side of him.

OWEN
Dammit.

INT. CORRIDOR - OUTSIDE OF RESTROOM

Phil is stepping into the restroom.

INT. RESTROOM - A COUPLE OF SECONDS LATER

Owen bursts through the restroom door and, with a cool deadpan expression, indiscriminately shoots through each of the cubicle doors.

He opens the first - no one in there.

The second - no one.

The third (the guy from the first movie who was doing lots of stuff while poopin')

OWEN
(slightly out of breath -
confused as to where Phil
is)
What?

Phil emerges from behind him - he was pissing at the urinal.

PHIL
Ello again, mate.

Owen is taken aback.

OWEN
Oh, hi.

Hides the gun behind his back.

PHIL
I haven't got the flexibility for
them.

Phil walks away.

Owen goes to shoot him but he's out of ammo and so CLICK.

We hear the door close behind Phil.

OWEN
(with gun hand to mouth)
You forgot to wash your haaands!

Tuts and huffs in disapproval.

INT. COFFEE SHOP (OR SOMEWHERE) - THE NEXT DAY

Owen is sitting having a drink with his laptop on the table
in front of him. He cracks his fingers - 'time to get busy'
style.

OWEN
Time for a change.

He types in echinacities.com

OWEN (CONT'D)
What else do I know how to do?
(realization)
Oh!

He types 'ENGLISH TEACHER'.

Owen squints at the laptop.

OWEN (CONT'D)
'Native' speakers only?

He thinks.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Well I think my Grandfather was
part Cherokee, so...
(mumbles)
...apply.

Click.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Fingers crossed.

He looks around smiling.

BADING.

The sound gets Owen's attention.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Hm?

He looks at his laptop.

OWEN (CONT'D)
(mumbling to himself)
Oh... email.

He leans forward. The email reads:

"You've got the job. When can you start?"

OWEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Oh! That was easy.

Owen is smiling, but has a look of slight disappointment in having to accept his failure as an assassin.

OWEN (CONT'D)
Well, that's that then.

He sighs, slaps the laptop closed and goes outside.

EXT. BALCONY

Owen lights up a cigarette on a balcony. He notices something below him.

OWEN
Oh, hey there, good sir!

Phil is on the street beneath him. He looks up, smiles and takes out his earphones.

PHIL
Hello, mate! How you doing today?

OWEN
Not too shabby. I took your advice.
Changing paths.
(shaking head)
Last job wasn't for me.

PHIL
That's exciting news, mate! And if you don't like your new job, no worries, just find something else instead.

OWEN
You know, that's what I love about Shanghai. Meeting optimistic, inspiring people like you.

PHIL
Aw, stop it.

OWEN
I'm serious! We should hang out sometime...
(little bit shy)
I mean, if you wanna.

PHIL
Let's do it, mate. What do you have in mind?

OWEN
Awesome. I know a **great** massage place-- hey did I get your WeChat by the way?

Phil thinks.

PHIL
Err...

OWEN
I didn't, did I? Gimme a sec, I left my phone inside.

Owen turns to go back in and as he does he knocks a plant pot off the balcony.

SMASH

Owen peers over the balcony, mouth agape in fearful anticipation.

Phil is lying dead on the floor. With the smashed plant pot around him.

Owen turns away from the balcony with a stunned look on his face - he looks like he's about to cry, but then he jumps into the air with glee like a high-school girl.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Yeah!

FREEZEFRAME - Upbeat inspiring music plays.