

(excerpt from) WOODEN KIMONO

a screenplay by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET (1947) - NIGHT - ESTABLISHING

Midnight. Light rain from a dark sky.

SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS SHOT

A yellow cab pulls up - HARRY GLASS, late-thirties, gets out donning a nice suit/fedora.

INTERROGATED MAN (V.O.)
(IRISH BROGUE)
Harry Glass was a son of a bitch.
Always was.

He goes to enter a coffee shop, when he suddenly looks behind to see:

A BUTTON MAN coming up fast behind him.

Harry turns to run, but BLAM! Too late - he is shot from behind. BLAM! BLAM! Two more just to make sure. The Button Man *am-scra*ys.

The CAMERA ADJUSTS to an AERIAL VIEW of Harry's dead body.

INTERROGATED MAN (V.O.)
I was aware of him even before I
was brought aboard.

INT. SMALL ROOM - NIGHT - EXTREME CLOSEUP - INTERROGATOR

who is young, handsome. The CAMERA PULLS BACK EXTREMELY SLOW, we STAY on the INTERROGATOR, who looks down intermittently to jot down notes.

(NOTE: Think "THE GODFATHER" opening slowness)

Smoke is drifting on-screen from the INTERROGATED MAN'S cigarette.

INTERROGATOR
(uninterrupted)
How so?

INTERROGATED MAN (O.S.)
By reputation, and from - you know -
a little leg work on my part. I
never walk into a job cold.

INTERROGATOR

That's the word on the street about you.

INTERROGATED MAN (O.S.)

You don't say.

INTERROGATOR

So tell me something about him I don't already know.

INTERROGATED MAN (O.S.)

(beat)

Let's see. He had already made a name for himself as a premier *dip* by the age of fifteen.

INTERROGATOR

Dip?

INTERROGATED MAN (O.S.)

Pickpocket.

INTERROGATOR

(nodding)

Please, go on.

INTERROGATED MAN (O.S.)

Supposedly, he learned from mom and da. Came from a *flimflam* family. *Nick-men* and grafters.

(beat)

What else? He was superstitious as hell... and that's comin' from a fuckin' mick!

The Interrogator smiles.