

(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 him 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 a AERIAL VIEW of Harry's dead body

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

CUT TO:

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 from previous  
scene)  
How so?

(CONTINUED)

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.