

Jack Flatfoot  
in  
"The Roscoe Rumble"

Joe Thompson  
v. 1.1  
(C) 2010

EXT. - JACK'S APARTMENT / URBAN STREET - DUSK

*A man in his mid- to late- twenties exits the door of an apartment building. He is wearing a nice suit and tie, partially concealed by a heavy trench coat. He is clean shaven, with slicked back hair topped by a fine-looking fedora. He is JACK FLATFOOT, PRIVATE EYE. He stops for a moment on the front steps, lights up a cigarette, and sets out onto the sidewalk.*

JACK  
(VO)

The sun was just barely clocked out of its shift when I started mine. Woke up at the crack of dusk, bad decisions and even worse whiskies still echoing inside my eardrums. Three scotch-on-the-rocks later, and I was ready to hit the town.

*As JACK walks the streets, random passersby, dressed in contemporary 2000s clothing, keep glancing furtively at him, wondering why he's so oddly dressed.*

JACK  
(VO)

The streets were lively. Just the right mix of adventure and risk where anything can happen, and more often than not, probably will. An hour passed, as I wandered her streets. Then another, so close behind it it was breathing down its neck. My stomach growled in protest. I was dangerously close to sober. This was no way for a man to live. I needed work. I needed a case.

INT. - BAR - NIGHT

*JACK walks into an urban bar. It is modestly decorated and only a handful of people are there, enjoying their drinks and chatting idly. There is an overweight woman singing bad karaoke in the far corner.*

JACK  
(VO)

I found my way into a dive in the bad side of town. The kind of place where if you take the high hat with the wrong customer you'll find yourself dressed in a Chicago overcoat before you knew what hit you. There were a couple joes keeping to themselves in the far side of the room, and a real sweet canary singing some scat in the corner.

*JACK sits at a barstool and lights another cigarette. The man seated next to him grimaces in disgust, and moves over a stool. JACK doesn't notice. He motions for the bartender and slaps a five-dollar bill on the countertop.*

JACK  
(VO)

I sidled up to the bartender and dropped a Lincoln on the counter, told him to give me a double of the good stuff and the lowdown. I don't know if he was playing dumb or just plain dumb, but he wouldn't give me the time of day. So I took my medicine and took in the sights for a while.

*A normal-looking AVERAGE GUY at the end of the counter leans over, looks briefly at JACK, raises his eyebrows in bemusement, and then, losing interest, looks away.*

JACK  
(VO)

There was a real greaser giving me the hairy eyeball from across the bar, and I could just tell he was wearing iron by the look he was throwing my way. Now I didn't know if I had picked up a tail from that ugly business in Fairport couple nights back, or if he was just a goon who fancied himself a hard-boiled bruno, but I was gonna end this wingding 'fore it had a chance to pick up the tempo.

JACK, with immediacy, strides with purpose towards the AVERAGE GUY, and grabs his lapel.

JACK  
(VO)

I walked right up to him, and before he could even put up his meathooks I had him by the collar. I said, (*mouthing in perfect sync with the narration*) Listen here, pally. You don't uproot yourself and make tracks outta here in a New York minute, you're gonna get yourself a real serious case of lead poisoning, see?

AVERAGE GUY squirms out of JACK's grip and makes for the exit. The bartender picks up a phone under the bar and begins talking in hushed tones into it. JACK, again, is oblivious.

JACK  
(VO)

That must've got through his genius head, 'cause he turned every shade of cabbage and ran his gams outta there before his very next thought could pull into the station.

JACK turns and finally notices that everyone in the bar is staring wordlessly at him. JACK is visibly uncomfortable.

JACK  
(VO)

It was around this time that I realized all the blinkers in the joint were turned on me. I must've been behind the grind. Had this place turned into a Louie Strompenatto gin mill overnight? I could see myself getting the kiss off with a pair of cement loafers before the night was out for gumming up a back alley cadillac deal. Or worse.

JACK begins backing away, and turns for the exit door but a COP is waiting for him, having just entered.

JACK  
(VO)

The jig was up. I made a beeline for the exit but blocking the doorway was a trigger man. He flashed his buzzer that must've been sourdough 'cause he sure didn't look like no copper. He must've taken me as a real wheat from the sticks, 'cause the next thing I know he's running his gums about battery and disturbing the peace. I said to him, (*again, in sync with narration*) Look fella, I know you think you're some big shot torpedo, but you're makin' a real brodie if you think you can pull one over on me. Now there's no reason for you to blow your wig, we can keep booshwashin' or I can slip you five and we can part from this business all aces.

*This does not go over well with the COP. He immediately grabs him and puts him in handcuffs while reading him his rights. The COP marches JACK out onto the sidewalk and toward his cruiser, while inside, the bar patrons begin to relax.*

JACK  
(VO)

I guess that was the wrong thing to say to this wannabe G-man, 'cause before I could say Mickey Finn I was wearing a brand new pair of bracelets. He hustled me outta there and pushed me into the back of his tin can.

JACK is loaded into the cruiser. As the police car starts off down the sidewalk JACK's narration brings our episode to an end.

JACK  
(VO)

There was no doubt about it, I was behind the 8-ball. I didn't know who this pill thought he was or where we were making for, but one thing I knew for sure... My night was finally about to get interesting.

ANNOUNCER  
(VO)  
Jack Flatfoot will return in.... "The Big Hello!"

End

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