

FADE IN:

CUE MUSIC: 1930'S STYLE SLOW JAZZ

INT. BAR - NIGHT

JACK FLATFOOT sits at the bar nursing a drink.

JACK (V.O.)

The night was as dark as the
inside of a gunsel's heart. I was
sitting alone ... Dizzy with the
dame. A real tomato with peepers
so deep you could lose yourself
and gams that went on forever.

Jack picks up his glass and drains it and replaces it on
the bar.

JACK (V.O.)

The booze burned so good on the
way down, but not good enough to
burn away the image of the doll's
face in my mind.

Jack signals for another. The BARTENDER comes over and
pours.

JACK (V.O.)

I was trying to get drunk enough
to forget her, but there's not
enough hooch in every gin mill in
the Apple to do that. If only I
had a case.

Jack takes another drink. The door opens and in walks a
rabbi.

JACK (V.O.)

I was about to make tracks when
the door opened and in walked a
Sheeny mook who ran the God con.
He had a schnozzle like a garden
hose. Local boyo - worked the
neighborhood.

The Rabbi and the bartender are in deep conversation.

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JACK (V.O.)

Something was hinky. It was hiding around the dark edges of my mind like some bindle stiff on a gooseberry lay.

Jack takes a moment to think. Then another.

JACK (V.O.)

Then it hit me like a cinder dick on a boxcar Benny. Oh, yeah. This particular mook ran with a couple of other chiselers, a Mick priest and another bible thumper known only as Reverend Smalls. But they always traveled together - covering all the bases. Especially here - trying to save some boozehound from blowing all his dough on giggle juice and chippys.

Jack takes another drink.

JACK (V.O.)

Why is he solo? Maybe they had a falling out over their split. The mook put some daylight in them or fitted them with cement overshoes. Yeah, this could be it. The case.

The Rabbi stops talking to the bartender and leaves. Jack motions the bartender over.

BARTENDER

Yes, sir? Another?

Jack takes out a five dollar bill, folds it and slides it on the bar toward the bartender.

JACK

There's a Lincoln in it for you if you can give me the lowdown on the rabbi? Where are his pals?

BARTENDER

That's really not necessary, sir. Rabbi Goldman was just asking me if he could rent the bar for a fund raiser. To help defray the costs of the accident.

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Jack perks up.

JACK

Accident?

BARTENDER

Yes. It seems that he, Father O'Brien and Reverend Smalls were on their weekly fishing trip when, in plain sight of everyone and for no discernible reason, first the Reverend stands, steps out of the boat and tries to walk on water, and then the Father. Needless to say, they both sank immediately.

JACK

Oh yeah?

BARTENDER

The Rabbi said that when the paramedics pulled them out they were mumbling something about the rocks being moved. They're at County General recovering, but the church won't cover the costs because of the circumstances.

The bartender looks up and see another customer.

BARTENDER

Excuse me. Would you like another?

Jack looks at the bartender.

JACK

Yeah ... make it a double.

The bartender leaves.

JACK (V.O.)

Case closed. The city is right again. All that's left is the dull ache where my pumper used to be. And the memory of the sweet patootie with the blue blinkers. She's gone now. But if I try ... I can still smell her perfume ...

FADE TO BLACK.