

Fingering The Mob

Written by

Leland Scoggins

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Detective Scott BURNS (33) young, waspy, and driven, stands in front of a whiteboard. Next to him, Detective Norman OLDMAN (55) jaded, unkempt, and rotund, sits at a conference table.

Burns anxiously GNAWS on a ballpoint pen. Oldman casually SIPS a cup of coffee. One side of the board is filled with a list of names. The other side is filled with several surveillance photos of shady individuals.

One photo, which sits above the rest, depicts a burly mobster, and reads, "Donald "The Don" Giancana". Burns points to a name at the bottom of the list.

BURNS

Let's start here. Young Pussy. He's got to be one of the young guys. Right?

OLDMAN

Nah. We've been hearing Young Pussy's name in these streets for at least a decade. He'd have to be one of the old heads.

Burns rolls his eyes.

BURNS

Of course he is. What self respecting, grown ass man, wouldn't want to be called Young Pussy?

Oldman shrugs.

OLDMAN

He sounds like a pretty tough guy, if you ask me.

Burns CHUCKLES.

BURNS

How about Pretty Boy Pauly? Do any of these fellas strike you as a pretty Paul?

OLDMAN

The only pretty Paul that I know is DJ Pauly D, and I don't see him up there.

Burns' eyes widen, expressing astonishment at Oldman's confession.

OLDMAN (CONT'D)

What? You think I'm too old to watch MTV?

BURNS

No. That's not what I'm saying at all. I'm just surprised.

OLDMAN

Let's not get side tracked. Just know I'm very current. Very hip. Throw out some more names.

BURNS

Right. Alright.

Burns examines the list of names.

BURNS (CONT'D)

We got a Hammy the Hands, The Jersey Florida Man, Bootleg Bradley, and a Big Caesar's Pizza. Any of those mean anything to you?

OLDMAN

Not ringing any bells.

BURNS

Fuck. How about Raccoon Face?

OLDMAN

Raccoon Face?

Burns points to the name "Raccoon Face" on the whiteboard.

OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Nah. I don't know nothing about a Raccoon Face.

Burns points at an image on the other side of the board.

BURNS

How about that guy? He looks like a Raccoon Face to me.

INSERT - SURVEILLANCE PHOTO

An UNKNOWN man (30s) skeletal, in a black suit, with prominent dark circles around his eyes, stands outside a diner smoking a cigarette. He clearly resembles a raccoon.

BACK TO SCENE

Oldman shakes his head, unconvinced.

OLDMAN
We can't say for sure.

BURNS
Really? Let's just call him Raccoon
Face for now. For the sake of
progress.

OLDMAN
There's no room for guess work
here. We're fucking this crossword
with a pen not a pencil.

Burns throws down his pen. It RATTLES upon impact with the linoleum floor. Oldman calmly SLURPS his coffee.

INT. POLICE STATION/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Burns paces around the room. Oldman reaches for his coffee. Upon grabbing it off the conference table, he looks confused. The old detective turns the cup over, and the smallest droplet of coffee falls out. Oldman sinks into his seat.

BURNS
I can't believe you are fighting me
on this one. That man is clearly
Speedy Diamonds.

Oldman stares blankly at his young colleague. Burns SLAPS the whiteboard with one hand, and rips a photo off with the other. He shoves the photo in Oldman's face.

INSERT - SURVEILLANCE PHOTO

The blurry image depicts a MASKED man (age unknown) fleeing a storefront, with a stuffed canvas bag in one hand and a pistol in the other. A sign above the store reads, "Jack's Pre Owned Engagement Rings".

BACK TO SCENE

Oldman pushes the photo out of his face. Burns recoils, and tosses aside the photo.

OLDMAN
Listen to me son. I understand your
frustration. I really do.
(MORE)

OLDMAN (CONT'D)

I've been trying to bring down the Giancana Crime Family long before you got here. I'd love to get these matches, and start busting these bozos, but we don't get the privilege of making mistakes.

Burns takes a deep BREATH.

BURNS

Alright. I'm sorry. I just get so worked up knowing that these guys are on the streets, and we can't do anything about it.

OLDMAN

I completely understand. Just know that you are making a difference. This is important work.

Burns nods, and seems content with Oldman's pep talk.

OLDMAN (CONT'D)

Let's try one more, and then break for lunch. What's that one at the bottom say? Titty Ball?

Oldman points and squints. Burns looks at the name.

BURNS

Titty Boy.

OLDMAN

I should've worn my glasses. Any of these look like a Titty Boy?

Burns examines the photos for a moment.

BURNS

I don't know. Honestly, I thought Titty Boy was a rapper.

Oldman lets out a GIGGLE that turns into a smoker's cough.

BURNS (CONT'D)

Let's break for lunch. There's a new burger joint down the road. If you want to come, I'll buy.

OLDMAN

Yeah. Frumpy Burgers. I've been meaning to give that place a try.

(MORE)

OLDMAN (CONT'D)

I just have to make a phone call real quick. You want to head over there and grab a table? I'll catch up.

BURNS

Sure thing.

Burns exits the room. Oldman stretches, and pulls a cell phone from his jacket pocket. He dials a number, and holds the phone to his ear. A DIAL TONE emanates from the device.

OLDMAN

Hey. Can you hear me?

(Beat.)

Yeah everything went well. The dumb son of a bitch couldn't tell the decoys from the real ones.

(Beat.)

You too brother. Tell Speedy that I'll be over his way later.

(Beat.)

Alright. I'll see you then.

Oldman ends the call, and places the phone back in his pocket. He stands, and reaches to adjust his shirt collar. As he pulls the fabric down his neck, a faded tattoo is uncovered. The tattoo reads, "Young Pussy".

Oldman finishes the adjustment, hiding the tattoo. He stands, and exits the room.

FADE TO BLACK.