

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Two cops, FOWLER and MEANS are in full on black and white noir get ups like they just walked off a 30's movie set. Sitting in a chair is TROY CUNNINGHAM, the suspect who is in modern clothes and by all appearances, normal.

FOWLER

I'm detective Fowler. This is Means. So Mr. Troy Cunningham-- A.K.A. "Crazy Eyes" do you know why you're here?

TROY

Lemme guess, good cop--bad cop? Amirite? Whatever this is, you got the wrong guy. I am not "crazy eyes."

MEANS

Yeah, we have witnesses that put you at Mom and Pop's joe joint on March 25th! Says here that you threatened Mom and Pop --if they didn't bootleg for Big Al?

Fowler comes over to Troy's side of the table. Slides a confession statement.

FOWLER

What kind of a no-good-dirty-rotten-sorry sap- threatens Mom and Pop? Why I oughtaaa!

Fowler moves aggressively towards Troy. Giving him a noogie. Means has to pull Fowler off.

TROY

Ouch! What the hell? I'm not signin' that. Y'all got it all wrong.

MEANS

You're lucky to still have hair...last joker got a permanent fly rink.

Means puts a confession in front of Troy.

TROY

"I did it." Signed "Crazy Eyes."

TROY (CONT'D)  
 I'm not signing anything. I told  
 you I was there to EAT-- nothing  
 else.

He crumples up the paper. Fowler is enraged.

FOWLER  
 Ohhh I see, a real wiseguy huh?  
 Just "happened to be hungry"?

Fowler goes at him, grabbing at him while Means holds him  
 back.

FOWLER (CONT'D)  
 Let me att'im!

MEANS  
 No Fowler, no!

Troy guards his head.

TROY  
 I want my phone call. Noogies have  
 GOT TO BE illegal!

In the corner of the room is a phone. Both detectives look  
 over at it.

MEANS  
 Oh you mean you wanna get on the  
 horn eh? Call your goons to bust ya  
 out of the Big House?

TROY  
 I have no idea what you're talking  
 about I'm not in jail. Goons? My  
 lawyer--ugh! The only reason I was  
 even at Mom and Pops  
 was to try their new sandwich  
 special.

MEANS  
 Well we'll let ya get on the horn  
 all right--to tell the chief you're  
 guilty --as soon as you admit you  
 attempted to rob the diner ya see?  
 We have a composite. Looks just  
 like you ya see?

Means finishes his sketch--its ridiculous looking. Big nose  
 crooked mouth and big crazy eyes.

TROY

Are you serious? THAT is not me!  
You just sketched that right here.

FOWLER

Okay Crazy Eyes, we know it's you  
Look at itttt! Same hair same crazy  
eyes, same hook nose and boozey  
grin.

Troy feels his nose and mouth.

TROY

Dang you guys are mean. That wasn't  
me. I was just in the right place  
at the wrong time...kind of like...  
You two...now.

Both detectives look at each other.

MEANS

So If this ain't you--you tellin'  
us you were skipping along merrily  
singing a tune, mindin' your own  
business... when you happened to be  
in the area...cause you wanted to  
try their "sandwich special"?

Means exaggerates skipping around the room, then singing a  
merry tune. Until he gets up close and personal.

MEANS (CONT'D)

...and you weren't runnin' gin for  
Big Al?

TROY

Runnin' gin? Big Al? You guys  
definitely got the wrong man. I am  
not this so called "Crazy Eyes"!  
And no one's bootlegging anymore  
guys!

Fowler has had enough. He grabs him by the shirt.

FOWLER

I've had enough outta your sauce  
box! Listen wisenheimer----  
We... 1) placed you at the scene of  
the crime...2) got a positive ID on  
your ugly mug, and we now know  
where the weapon is.

Means pulls his partner off.

MEANS

He's the meannest dick on the beat.  
You're lucky I'm here sonny boy.

Means slides a glass of water on the table. He slides it away as soon as Troy reaches for it.

MEANS (CONT'D)

Feelin' the heat eh? I bet you'd  
love to wet your whistle...

TROY

If that means have some water, yes  
I am actually thirsty.

Troy reaches for it, drinks it. Fowler and Means look at each other and stare intensely as if they were expecting something other than a quenching of thirst from their perp.

TROY (CONT'D)

Whut? What are you guys--lookin--  
at?

FOWLER

Does that taste as good as the  
giggle juice you've been jerkin'  
around all over town?

TROY

Giggle juice?! You're kidding  
right? You keep talking about --and  
no one by the way uses that term  
giggle juice! If you're asking me  
if I'm selling alcohol--this is not  
a dry county--we don't have  
prohibition any more...you guys are  
whack.

Means tickles Troy.

TROY (CONT'D)

Giggling. Stop it! Stop! Ha ha ha!

Fowler splashes him in the face with the glass.

FOWLER

There it is! Got a bad case of the  
the giggles...Lick it up you wet  
scoundrel. I bet you're hungry too  
aren't ya? Yeah you (in a mocking  
voice) "really just wanted a  
sandwich..."

Fowler produces two slices of bread.

TROY

Are you kidding me? What am I supposed to do with two slices of bread? I'm hungry...

MEANS

Now we have the weapon you used to scare Mom and pop--ya see?

Fowler grabs Troy's hand, flanks his balled up fist with both slices of bread.

MEANS (CONT'D)

A knuckle sandwich ya see?! We have recorded testimony from Mom and Pop that you threatened them with a knuckle sandwich! Just like the one we have here. Case closed.

Phone rings.

FOWLER

Uhh huhh. Okay, got it chief.

MEANS

What is it?

FOWLER

Big Al's springin' him.

MEANS

What a bunch of malarkey.