

FADE IN:

Int. Private investigators office - NIGHT

A man leans over his desk, examining files, photos, and evidence. This is MITCH, mid 30s, a private investigator. A yellow logo of a cartoon alligator with a magnifying glass and detectives hat looms in the middle of the office. It says "Mitch's Mysteries". Mitch paces around his messy office. He has a bottle of scotch with two glasses on his desk. Papers are lined all across the floor. A large cork board stands on the right side of the room; red twine connecting various pictures of vaguely Italian items. A stock photo of spaghetti. A picture of the 1950's pope. A map of Rome next to a framed picture of an alligator. All of these items connect to a silhouetted man wearing a fedora holding a cigarette. Mitch walks up to the board.

MITCH

(Faint New York accent)

Come on. Talk to me.

He turns around, looking at the audience.

MITCH

(Breaking the 4th wall)

Ive been working the Riccatone case for months now. And absolutely nothing is adding up. The only thing that is...is This man right here.

He points to the silhouette.

MITCH (coNT'D)

Tony Riccatone. Leader of the Bronx chapter of the Italian mob. The mafia. The **Family**. Heard of him? He's the boss of all bosses. The made man.

(beat)

This over here?

He points to a picture of a blonde woman, mid 30's.

MITCH

This is his wife, Roxy Riccatone. Her sweet looks may deceive you but she had a tight grasp on the man's gonads. Until her grip loosened.

It took 7 stab wounds to take her down. Fought through it all.

Beat.

MITCH

The Killer? Well he got away and all he left behind was his right molar

He pulls a ziplock bag out of his pocket holding a single tooth.

MITCH (CONT'D)

hasn't been invented yet so the killer is still on the loose.

(beat)

Much like this tooth.

He shoves the bag and tooth back in his pocket.

MITCH

Let me walk you through it.

Mitch walks to the left side of the stage. Roxy Riccatone steps out. She's dressed in a scarlet blazer over a black turtleneck and a pencil skirt. Her lipstick was as saturated and bright as her jacket. His body transforms. His head sinks and shoulders rise giving him a hunchback stature. His voice turns way more Italian. Think Silvio from The Sopranos. He's more intimidating than he is loud.

MITCH

(As the killer)

You got a lot of nerve woman!

ROXY

(Chewing Gum)

You got that right.

MITCH

(Back to audience)

At this point she turns to walk away.

Roxy turns to walk away

MITCH

(Killer voice)

You're not gettin away from me!

Mitch grabs Roxy's arm and turns her back around.

ROXY

Let go of me!

Mitch takes out a knife and stabs Roxy's gut. She gasps. He stabs again.

MITCH

I'll let you go! Go to hell!

(Back to audience)

I'm taking some creative liberty here.

He stabs again.

MITCH

Now. Around the third stab wound is when she throws the sucker punch.

Roxy punches him.

MITCH

OW! Jesus Marie! We're just pretending

!

He stabs her again and Roxy falls to the ground. While on the ground, Mitch stabs her three more times. She really hams up the dying. Super exaggerated with lots of screams and groans... then silence. Roxy is dead. Mitch stands over her lifeless body, heaving.

MITCH

(Snapping out of it)

Thanks Marie.

She gets up and walks off.

MITCH

Now. Right after her death, Tony Riccatone skipped town. Never heard from since. Now my job? It's to me to catch this puttana and build up a case against him. It's been 3 months and I got nothin.

Mitch walks back over to his desk. He opens his bottle of scotch and pours a glass.

MITCH

Tony Riccatone. Tony...ric...catone. Ya know. It's guys like this that make me ashamed to be Italian. No one wants to vibe with the Italians no more...I had to change my name even. Wanna know what it was?

(Beat.)

Nah you don't wanna hear it.

He takes a sip

MITCH

It was Mitch Vincento. Everyone assumes just because you got a vowel at the end of your name that you're in the mafia. Thats why I got my PI license. To catch these fellas tainting my culture.

He slams the rest of the glass.

MITCH

MARIE! Let's run it through again!

Marie/Roxy walks back out.

MITCH

Ok so you're right ther-

He looks at the ground. He gets closer to the floor.

MITCH

Those scuff marks. That's from a chair.

He looks a bit further.

MITCH

AND THESE! THESE ARE ROPE FIBERS! Mamma mia... she was tied up.

A person dressed in all black, stage manager, pushes out a chair with a rope on it. Mitch grabs it and Marie sits down.

MITCH

(Tying her up)

This was a premeditated kill. He wanted this.

He pulls out the tooth.

MITCH

And this isn't Tony's tooth.

He looks in Maries mouth.

MITCH

It's yours.

(Killer voice)

WHAT WERE YA DOIN WITH PAULIE?!

ROXY  
(Sobbing)  
Nothin! I swear!

MITCH  
STOP LYING TO ME!

He slaps Roxy.

MITCH  
You'll pay for what you've done..

He pulls out a knife

MITCH  
Stab stab stab stab stab.. you get it. Thanks Marie.

Marie stays down. Motionless. Breathless. Something feels off but Mitch pays no attention to it. He sits down on the edge of his desk.

MITCH  
Well. We're a step closer to the truth. But two steps away from catchin' Tony...I needa smoke.

Mitch puts on a fedora from the edge of his desk. And grabs a cigarette. Holding it the same way the silhouette does. He pauses for a second. A cold wash spills over his face. He's cracked the case.

MITCH  
Hold it.

He walks over to the cork board. He pins his logo to the picture of the alligator. He takes off the picture of Roxy and it's Marie. He runs over to the trash to see a take-out bowl of spaghetti that he pins to the picture. He rubs the picture of Tony to reveal it's actually a picture of Mitch in the same hat and cigarette.

MITCH  
Mamma mia...it's a-me.

FADE TO BLACK.