

DID THEY DO IT?

Written by

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FADE IN:

An introductory montage is shown. It includes clips of notorious criminals and killers from the past. Our host, REGINALD SIMPSON, is spotted in all the clips. A title card appears: "Did They Do It?"

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE FROM BLACK:

INT. STUDIO - EVENING

Reginald, wearing a suit and tie, looks into the camera, introducing the episode.

REGINALD
Good evening, and welcome to
another episode of "Did They Do
It?," I'm your host, Reginald
Simpson.

The audience cheers loudly. Reginald is flattered.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Please, please. Tonight, we have an
exclusive interview with the prime
suspect in the Clappersville night
murders, in which four people were
tragically killed.

The audience gasps.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Witnesses say the assailant roamed
the streets of Edwardsville,
offering free cigarettes, luring
people into alleyways, and then...

He gestures, imitating a cutting of the throat. The audience
ooohs and ahhs. There is a silence.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
I guess you could say it will be a
killer episode.

The audience laughs. Reginald laughs too.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Thank you, thank you. We'll get to
that in a moment, but first, a
short advertisement, starring a
familiar face.

He winks at the camera.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

An advertisement appears on the screen. Reginald is wearing a hat and holding a cigarette.

REGINALD
Have you heard the rumors about
cigarettes?

He addressees the camera while inspecting the cigarette.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
Some people say that these little
things are "dangerous." Some people
say that these little things are
gonna kill you.

CUT TO:

American flag in the background with eagle noises.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
WRONG!! If you're a TRUE American,
you need to smoke cigarettes now!
EVERYDAY! ALL THE TIME! ALL AGES.
EVEN CHILDREN. KIDS, DO YOU WANT TO
RUIN A CLASSIC AMERICAN TRADITION?
I DON'T THINK SO! DON'T START
CRYING, START BUYING! CIGARETTES
NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW!!

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. STUDIO - EVENING

The show is back. Reginald is smiling innocently at the camera in his chair.

REGINALD
Welcome back. We're joined by the
prime suspect in the Clappersville
murders. Sir, welcome to the show.

The suspect does not respond.

REGINALD (CONT'D)
I hope you don't plan on staying
this quiet.
(MORE)

REGINALD (CONT'D)

This is a good chance to tell
America your story, to correct the
record. To really tell what
happened that night.

SUSPECT

Thank you for having me.

REGINALD

(smiling)

You're very welcome. So, why do the
authorities believe that you did
this horrible crime.

SUSPECT

Because I did it.

The crowd gasps. Reginald is visibly confused, and looks
toward his producers. He looks back at the suspect.

REGINALD

Did we hear that right? You're
saying you *did* commit the murders?
You're confessing?

SUSPECT

Yeah, that's right.

The crowd murmurs to themselves. Reginald looks around.

REGINALD

Why?

SUSPECT

I don't know. I just felt like it.
The real question is: Why are YOU
dressed like you're in the 2003 NBA
Draft?

A photo of the 2003 NBA draft class appears on screen in a
news style. The players have large suits and large, long
pants.

REGINALD

Take the f***ing photo off the
screen.

Reginald is growing angry.

REGINALD (CONT'D)

Matter of fact, let's get a light
on him.

A light shines onto the suspect. He has a grey beard, sunglasses, and looks just like our host, Reginald. He takes off his beard. Reginald is confused. He takes off his sunglasses. Reginald is astonished. He gasps.

	REGINALD (CONT'D)	SUSPECT
What?		What?

	REGINALD (CONT'D)
Are you,	

	REGINALD (CONT'D)	SUSPECT
Me?		Me?

Reginald gasps. Suspect smiles.

	REGINALD (CONT'D)
This can't be real. If you're	
really me, what am I thinking about	
right now? On the count of three.	
One, two, three...	

	REGINALD (CONT'D)	SUSPECT
Papa John's spicy buffalo		Papa John's spicy buffalo
wings and jalapeño poppers		wings and jalapeño poppers
with lots of ranch.		with lots of ranch.

	REGINALD (CONT'D)
Oh my god. How are you, me?	

	SUSPECT
Me, you? No. It's just you. I am	
you, we all are. We're not even in	
a studio, we're just in your	
apartment.	

It is just the apartment. Reginald looks confused, and then looks off screen at his producers.

	REGINALD
What is he talking about?	

Reginald's producer, ANDREW, is also him. He waves and smiles at Reginald.

	SUSPECT (V.O.)
Yeah, he's you too.	

	ANDREW
My name is Andrew, actually-	

	REGINALD	SUSPECT
Shut up loser, I'm thinking.		Shut up loser, he's thinking.

Andrew cowers back awkwardly, waiving his hand apologetically. Reginald is staring into the distance. He sees flashes of the fake TV show he has imagined. Reginald realizes he is all alone. There is a beat. He grabs a cigarette and smokes it.

FADE TO BLACK.

CREDITS ROLL.