

Murder Appeal: A Sketch

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INT. FRONT ROOM OF HOUSE

A couple (MAN & WOMAN) sits at a table in front of a microphone and TV camera.

There is a murmur of a REPORTER voice along with a CREW MEMBER, but it dies down as the MAN begins to talk.

MAN

I can't begin to describe how we feel.

WOMAN

It's been awful.

MAN

The late nights.

WOMAN

The waiting up. (beat) The not knowing when or where.

The MAN holds up a photo of a sweet Old Man.

MAN

We'll pay for any and all information. This is him.

REPORTER (OS)

What's his name?

WOMAN

His name's Arthur -

The WOMAN begins to sob and can't finish the name.

The Man consoles the woman as:

MAN

Arthur Smedley. His name is Arthur Smedley.

The Woman composes herself.

REPORTER (OS)

How long has your grandfather been missing?

WOMAN

Oh, he isn't our grandfather.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

He's our neighbour.

REPORTER (OS)

You don't often see that these days. Neighbours looking out for each other. How long has he been missing?

MAN

He isn't missing.

WOMAN

No, we want him to disappear.

MAN

And we'll pay for information on how to make it look like an accident.

The man winks at the reporter.

MAN

Accident.

WOMAN

He's always asking for things. Can we get him a bit of shopping.

MAN

Can we do a bit with his garden.

WOMAN

Would we pick his granddaughter up from school?

MAN

(mimics old man)

Oh! I've fallen and I can't get up.

WOMAN

The miserable old fuck.

The Woman takes the photo from the Man and then spits on it.

END SCENE.