

WITNESS

Written by

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EXT. STREET - DAY

A gawking CROWD is gathered behind police tape. A POLICEMAN approaches the Crowd.

POLICEMAN  
Did anyone see anything?

The Crowd looks everywhere but at the Policeman.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Anything at all. Any little thing  
will be helpful.

Still nothing. Suddenly a DRUNK GUY pushes through the Crowd. He waves to get the Policeman's attention as the Crowd moves away from this obviously smelly guy.

The Policeman rolls his eyes but approaches the Drunk Guy.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
You think you saw something?

The Drunk Guy nods and begins to speak totally unintelligibly. He's waving and pointing and making absolutely no sense.

The Policeman shakes his head. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pen and piece of paper. He holds them out to the Drunk Guy.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)  
Very good. Here, take this and  
write down what you saw.

The Drunk Guy takes the paper and walks back to the storefront. He sits down, takes out a bottle, takes a swig then begins writing. The Crowd fills in the space as we

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET - LATER

A smaller Crowd with some, if not all, different people is still watching the proceedings. The Drunk Guy pushes his way through the Crowd. He's mumbling unintelligibly while waving the paper. It takes a few tries but he gets the attention of the Policeman.

The Policeman rolls his eyes knowing this is a waste of time but he also knows it's the only way to get the Drunk Guy out of his hair. He walks over to the Drunk Guy.

The Drunk Guy continues his unintelligible rap while holding the paper out to the Policeman. The Policeman takes the paper but doesn't look at it.

POLICEMAN

Thank you. I'll get this right to the detectives.

The Drunk Guy, now filled with civic pride, pulls the bottle from his pocket and takes another big hit. The Policeman shakes his head.

POLICEMAN (CONT'D)

You know public drinking is against the law, right?

The Drunk Guy nods his head, finishes his sip and puts it back into his pocket. He begins to speak (must I once again remind you it is a language of his own creation?) while gesturing at the paper. He backs away from the police tape and fades into the crowd.

The Crowd once again fills in the vacancy. The Policeman watches the Crowd for a moment before finally looking at the paper. He pauses as a shocked expression crosses his face.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A shot of the paper where we see words in perfect cursive explaining in detail the crime.

"At 2:36PM the perpetrator, heading south on Main Street, approached the victim. The perpetrator, white with a fair complexion, 5' 11", 165-170 pounds, wearing a blue t-shirt, dungarees, and black sneakers having light brown hair shoved the victim into a wall and proceeded to rob him at knife point.

The victim handed his backpack over to the perpetrator who then punched the victim in the face with his right hand. The victim began bleeding and slid to the ground.

The perpetrator continued proceeding south on Main Street until he arrived at the Belly Ache Diner at 196 Main Street. He entered the diner and, as of this writing, has not exited the front door of the diner.

Being very familiar with the crotchety owner of said diner, unless he was an employee, he would not have been allowed to exit through the back door.

This is my full and complete statement about this crime as I recall it. If you need to speak with me further I can be found at any one of our vibrant cafes or drinking establishments in the Main and Pleasant Street area most afternoons to early evenings.

Reginald Dwight Howard, III

The Policeman looks up totally blown away. He looks around but can't see the Drunk Guy. He looks toward the crime scene.

POLICEMAN

Hey, Sarge, I think we have a break  
in this case.

The Policeman walks away as we

FADE OUT.