

JURY SERVICE

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - DAY

DAVID, (30's) clearly just out of bed shuffles sleepily over to the front door. There's a letter sticking out the letterbox.

DAVID  
(yawning)  
What's this?

He snaps the letter free, holding it in both hands. It's addressed to him. He rips it open.

Unfolding the letter, his eyes quickly scanning the paper.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(reading aloud)  
Dear MR. Swift. You have been  
selected for jury service.

There's a beat of silence.

David then burst out laughing. A full-blown belly laugh. Tears of laughter stream down his face.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Dishes piled up in the sink. Food left out. It needs a good clean.

David walks in, still laughing.

KYLE, (19) dishevelled and looking like he's not slept in days sits at the table with a large cup of coffee in between his hands.

David waves the letter at him.

DAVID  
Look at this.

KYLE  
What is it?

DAVID  
You're not going to believe it.

KYLE  
Just tell me.

DAVID  
All our prayers have been answered.

KYLE  
Jesus Christ David, just tell me.

David slaps the letter down onto the table in front of Kyle.

DAVID  
I've been selected for jury  
service.

KYLE  
What?

DAVID  
(grinning)  
For the murder of Barry Crouch.  
They've been arrested and charged  
and now have a trial. Isn't that  
wild?

KYLE  
Don't.

DAVID  
Don't what?

KYLE  
Don't say his name.

DAVID  
Barry Crouch, Barry Crouch, Barry  
Crouch.

Kyle jumps up out of his chair.

KYLE  
(screaming)  
Don't!

DAVID  
What the fuck is wrong with you?  
This is going to solve everything.

KYLE  
No.

DAVID  
I'm now on the jury. I just need to  
get a guilty verdict. And I will.  
And then bang. We're done.

KYLE  
I want to move my body.

David's whole face changes.

DAVID  
Don't be fucking stupid.

Kyle puts his head in his hands. He looks like he's on the verge of a mental breakdown.

KYLE  
I can't eat. I can't sleep.

DAVID  
I'm going to get a guilty verdict.  
Will you fucking relax.

KYLE  
We need to move the body.

DAVID  
Don't be fucking stupid.

KYLE  
If we leave it where it is, it's  
going to get found.

DAVID  
Knock it off.

KYLE  
We need to move the body...

SLAP!!!

David hits him hard across the face, leaving a large red mark.

DAVID  
You touch that body, I'll kill you  
next. Do you understand?

Kyle lowers his head. His whole body becomes stiff with fear.

INT. JURY ROOM - DAY

A group of jurors, men and women of all different ages and races sit around a large table inside a windowless room.

The air is relaxed, chatting lightly and joking around with each other.

David watches them closely with narrowed eyes.

FOREPERSON

(standing)

Alright, I think it's time for a vote. And I don't mean to try and sway anyone but this seems pretty open and shut.

The other jurors all nod and murmur in agreement. All expect David.

FOREPERSON (CONT'D)

All in favour of not guilty, raise your hand.

Lots of hands shoot up confidently. But then all eyes turn to David. The only one not to raise a hand.

FOREPERSON (CONT'D)

(surprised)

And guilty?

David now raises his hand, smiling.

DAVID

That's got my vote.

The other jurors groan in dismay.

FOREPERSON

You can't be serious?

JUROR 1

The police messed up everything.

JUROR 2

This guy isn't guilty.

JUROR 3

He didn't kill him.

JUROR 4

The cops don't even have a body.

DAVID

You're all going to be voting guilty too.

JUROR 5

Fat chance.

FOREPERSON  
(to David)  
What do you think you're doing?

DAVID  
I'm going to convince you all to  
vote guilty.

FOREPERSON  
And how are you going to do that?

David then bursts forwards, leaping out of his chair.

He tackles the foreperson onto the table. Wrapping his hands around his throat, squeezing as hard as he can.

The foreperson tries to wriggle free but David is just too heavy and strong for him.

The other jurors watch on in horror.

David looks around at them.

DAVID  
If you don't vote guilty. I'm going  
to kill you.

The foreperson's face is bright red, he's losing the fight.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I know your names. I can find out  
where you live. I'm going to give  
you time to think. You vote guilty,  
you live. You vote not guilty, you  
die.

He lets go of the foreperson. He gasps, desperately getting air back into his lungs.

David rolls off and with a smile he sits back in his chair.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

A dense canopy of trees.

A group of TEENAGE HIKERS make their way down a trail, laughing and joking.

Suddenly coming to a halt. Off to the side they see someone digging out a deep hole. It's KYLE.

The hikers all see him. They watch, not understanding.

Kyle pops his head up. He's knee deep inside the freshly dug hole. He's exhausted and covered in dirt.

He sees the kids staring back at him.

KYLE

Oh God.

The hikers approach.

HIKER 1

Hey buddy, you OK?

KYLE

(hyperventilating)  
Oh God.

HIKER 2

What are you doing?

KYLE

(goes back to digging)  
Just... call the cops.

The hikers get closer, gathering around. They see a dead body in the hole. Face down.

Kyle deep digging, exposing everything.

The hikers are in shock. Kyle looks up at them smiling with tears in his eyes.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Call the cops. Please.

INT. JURY ROOM - DAY

The room is tense. None of the jurors know where to look.

David leans back in his chair, hands behind his head with the biggest smile.

The foreman stands, he's shaking.

FOREPERSON

(quietly)  
Alright. Let's try this again.

DAVID

(interrupting)  
Are all those voting not guilty?

David has to stop himself from laughing. He stands up.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(scanning the room)  
And those voting guilty?

Everyone now raises a hand, signifying their vote. David included.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Good. Now I don't have to kill any  
of you.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

David jogs up to the front door of his house, still grinning from ear to ear. And even spinning his keys around in his hand.

As he finally gets home, opening the front door he's met by several police officers already inside.

DAVID  
Oh shit.

Kyle is with them, in handcuffs. Looking defeated.

KYLE  
(to David)  
It's over.

David looks like he could explode.

DAVID  
You fucking idiot. We won.

Before he can say anything else two of the police officers rush him and take hold. There's no escape. He too has handcuffs slapped onto him.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**