

The Accuser's Pants

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM - DAY

A sleek, sterile conference room. A long mahogany table.

Fifteen BOARD MEMBERS, in their 50s, 60s, 70s, sit in silence, their faces unreadable.

At the head, MARK, 40s, sharp, loud, slams a report down.

MARK

This loss is on you, Danny. It's  
you!

At the far end, DANNY, 58, calm, worn, folds his hands,  
doesn't flinch.

MARK (CONT'D)

You sat there, silent, while  
everything fell apart. Everyone  
here knows it.

Murmurs ripple among the board members.

Danny stares at the table, saying nothing.

A Board member bangs the table.

BOARD MEMBER #1

Talk, damn it!

A chair squeaks high, metallic, sharp. Danny's head tilts.  
His eyes glaze. Tension lifts.

The sound grows, echoes, stretches--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING VENUE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Music, chatter, a hundred GUESTS packed into a decorated hall  
sipping drinks.

Younger Danny, 20s, sips his drink by the bar.

Across the room, JOHN, 20s, smug, loud, wrinkles his nose.

JOHN

Oh my God. I smell poop. Danny shit  
his pants!

Laughter explodes. Guests turn, whisper, recoil.

Fifty people cluster around John, egging him on.

Twenty edge away from Danny.

A handful ten stay beside Danny.

JOHN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Look at him! Just standing there,  
stinking up the place.

The LOYAL FRIEND leans close to Danny, sniffs, eyes at Danny's pants, looks at John and others.

LOYAL FRIEND  
No no, it's not him, he's fine for  
me.

JOHN  
Nah, he stink, you standing there  
with him, you're a dirty dude.

The few friends move away from Danny. Loyal friend sighs.

LOYAL FRIEND  
(To Danny)  
Just say it, man. Say you didn't.

Danny shakes his head. Silent.

JOHN  
See? He won't deny it! He knows  
it's true! He pooped!

The guests around John roar with laughter.

LOYAL FRIEND  
He didn't poop! He's clean!

JOHN  
He didn't poop? Take of his pants,  
prove it!

All guests goes- Yeah!

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Prove it!

Laughter echoes...

The loyal friend snaps.

LOYAL FRIEND  
 (To John)  
 You son of--

Danny raises a hand, calming him. Then he walks to the center of the hall.

The BAND strikes up music. Danny DANCES.

Graceful, free, his pants spotless.

His loyal group joins in, laughing, dances with him.

GUEST #1  
 He seems fine. How can he even  
 dance with his turd?

Danny does a spin, moonwalks, twerks. He sits on a chair, breathes, he gets back up, dances again.

GUEST #2  
 Yeah, no poop, no stain. Shut up  
 John.

Danny dancing happily, twirls, take turns with the girls.

One by one, people drift from John to Danny. Until only John's diehards remain.

John, red-faced, shouts over the music.

JOHN  
 Don't believe it! He stinks! He's  
 rotten!

But then, a new, sharper STENCH drifts.

John's own group winces, covering noses.

GUEST #3  
 (whisper)  
 What the... it's here...

They look down. John's pants are soaked. Wet stain.

JOHN'S FOLLOWER  
 Dude! It's you!

Now John's followers pinch their nose, stench is high, they leave John alone, he panics.

John watches the dance floor.

The music swells. Danny and his dancers clap, united.

John eyes out, rage.

JOHN  
Danny pooped his pants, he is the  
one. You Stink, Danny!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CORPORATE BOARDROOM - DAY

Mark, shouting the same words.

MARK  
You stink, Danny! You ruined this!

Danny blinks, back in reality. The BOARD MEMBERS watch.

BOARD MEMBER #2  
(To Danny)  
Move your lips. We need answers.

A well dressed COLLEAGUE near Danny nudges him.

Danny finally leans forward, voice steady.

DANNY  
It's a pattern. It repeats.

The room stills.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
This happened before. Different  
place, same story. Someone lies.  
People laugh. People follow with  
one side of the story. And the  
truth... waits

The board members exchange looks, unsettled.

MARK  
What the hell are you talking  
about? You're the reason for this  
loss!

BOARD MEMBER #2  
Speak clearly. Defend yourself.

Danny meets their eyes, calm, breathes out.

DANNY  
Actions matter, more than words...  
It's not me.

MARK

Then prove it.

Danny glares at Mark, calm.

DANNY

Blame works for a while. It  
distracts, it divides. But it never  
lasts. Sooner or later... people  
smell where it's really coming  
from.

BOARD MEMBER #1

What?!

MARK

He can't prove, that's why he's  
talking shit.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna prove my innocence by  
pulling my pants down, Mark. Lies  
are loud. But truth...

Silence. The boardroom heavy with tension.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Gentlemen, I need time.

Mark's hands tremble, fingers taps nervously. His breath  
quickens. He meets Danny's eyes.

Danny smirks.

Text over black:

"Never lower your standards to prove your innocence. Lies  
shout. Truth waits. Focus on yourself. The stink always finds  
its way out."

THE END

FADE OUT.