

SMOKE & MIRRORS

Written by

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For ShowReel ShootOut.

Please feel free to edit, change, adjust this script. Use it in its entirety, or simply as inspiration. Just work your magic.

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A DIMLY LIT POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM -- NIGHT

The suspect exhales slowly, gaze unwavering.

SUSPECT

You want to talk about guilt? Fine.
It's your dime. A clever trick,
isn't it? Guilt. A mirror you hold
up, waiting to see if there's a
flinch. If a face you recognize
stares back. But let me tell you
something: the truth's the shadow
play. All smoke and mirrors my
friend, all smoke and mirrors. A
story someone else decided to
write.

They shift slightly, leaning forward as if revealing a
secret.

SUSPECT

So, let's say I did it. Let's say I
didn't. What changes? The facts?
Not a chance. The narrative?
Absolutely. Because truth isn't
some hard little nugget buried in
the ground. It's a story we
collectively agree on, a costume we
wrap around chaos, a mask we put on
reality to make it palatable.
Republican- Democrat, Christian-
muslim, or the little boy in
Texhoma who says the moon's
watching him sleep - and it likes
to wave back.

They let out a dry laugh, almost mocking the idea.

SUSPECT

You want a monster? Join the line.
Everyone does. A villain's easier
than the mirror. Because the
scariest thing in this room isn't
me. It's that I'm not special. That
anyone could do what was done and
we're all guilty. That maybe, just
maybe, ordinary people are capable
of extraordinary things--both
terrible and good. You see, I don't
believe in monsters - no other
living breathing organism on this
planet does - I just believe in
choices. And every choice draws a
new line. Some clean. Some messy.

(MORE)

SUSPECT (CONT'D)

Most of them made while looking the other way. No one's batting a hundred here. How society judges you? Comes down to one thing: Does your action hurt the guy down the street — or the kid in India working the sweet shop for fifty cents a day, just for the privilege of making sure you don't show up to brunch in last season's linen. Every choice is taking something from someone else.

A glint of defiance in their eyes.

SUSPECT

So you want a confession? Fine. I confess that I understand exactly how fragile your little world is. I confess I know truth bends, reality folds, and whoever holds the pen decides what the story says. So who's holding it now? You? Or me?

A final note of calm settling in.

SUSPECT

Truth is a fairy tale we tell ourselves to sleep. And guilt? Guilt's the monster under the bed. But once you learn the monster's name, you stop being afraid of the dark. Am I guilty? Only of knowing the game. Only of understanding that, in the end, the truth belongs to the one who best tells it.

THE END