

Total Investigation Television

By

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BLACK SCREEN

The "Total Investigation Television" logo BLASTS out of an EXPLOSION.

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAFFITIED WALL - DAY

JAY and his partner, SAZ, both 30, face the camera, wearing t-shirts with the "T.I.T." logo on them.

JAY  
(down with the kids  
posturing)  
Yo! I'm Jay. This is my partner,  
Saz!

SAZ  
(waves less  
enthusiastically)  
Hey!

JAY  
That's Greg on camera!

GREG (O.S.)  
Yo!

JAY  
And this is Total. Investigation.  
Television!  
(beat)  
Today, we're gonna be  
investigating domestic abuse.  
(beat)  
I'm gonna abuse Saz, and we're  
gonna see if anyone intervenes.  
(down with the kids pose)  
Let's do it!

Saz poses less enthusiastically.

MONTAGE - THE PARK

-- A parkgoer throws a Frisbee to a friend.

-- A cyclist speeds past.

-- Rugby players amid an exciting game.

EXT. PARK - DAY

People are playing games and sat on benches. Jay and Saz walk along a path.

JAY  
(angry)  
Why were you talking to that guy  
again last night?

SAZ  
We're just friends.

JAY  
(shouting)  
Don't lie to me!

SAZ  
I'm not.

JAY  
(shouting/shoving Saz)  
You are, I've seen the texts!

SAZ  
Stop it, I'm not lying.

JAY  
(shouting/grabbing Saz and  
raising his fist)  
Don't lie to me, bitch!

Two muscle-bound JOCKS rush in.

JOCK #1  
(pulling Jay off Saz and  
headbutting him)  
Oi!

The camera approaches swiftly. JOCK #2 goes to comfort Saz while JOCK #1 grips Jay as blood drips from his mouth.

JOCK #1  
What you playing at!

JAY  
We're filming! We're filming!

JOCK #2  
You what?

SAZ  
(pointing/looking at camera)  
It's true, there's the camera.

(CONTINUED)

GREG (O.S.)

Hello.

The Jocks stare at the camera, angrily bewildered.

JAY

It's just a social experiment.

JOCK #1

(letting go of Jay)

I didn't ask to be part of your  
experiment, mate.

Jock #2 pushes the camera away as both Jocks angrily  
leave. A flustered Jay catches his breath. Saz looks on,  
concerned.

JAY

(to Jocks)

Thanks for raising awareness,  
guys!

The Jocks look threateningly back and start walking over.

JAY

(starts running away)

Let's go. Go, go, go!

Saz and the camera pursue.

GREG (O.S.)

Aren't we gonna try again?

JAY

No, Greg.

GREG (O.S.)

Where are we going?

JAY

Back to the studio, Greg.

GREG (O.S.)

You mean your flat?

JAY

Yes, Greg!

INT. JAY AND SAZ'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

There are boxes and piles of "T.I.T." t-shirts everywhere.  
Saz is sat at the table looking despondent. Jay emerges  
from a utility room, holding a bloody tissue to his lip  
and a bag of frozen peas to his head.

(CONTINUED)

JAY  
(to camera)  
Do you have to do that, Greg?

GREG (O.S.)  
It's behind the scenes.

Jay huffs in frustration.

JAY  
(to Saz)  
How many t-shirts we got left?

SAZ  
Ninety-seven.

JAY  
Cool, we sold three.

SAZ  
No. You, me and Greg are wearing  
the three.

JAY  
(frustrated/sits at table)  
We need a new idea.

Jay and Saz's daughter, MAISEY, 10, enters. She picks up a Tupperware box that's been dumped on the side with the filming equipment, POPS it open and pulls out a sandwich.

JAY  
Maisey!

MAISEY  
What?

JAY  
That's Greg's sandwich!

MAISEY  
I'm starving!

JAY  
You're stealing!

MAISEY  
(puts sandwich back/exits)  
God's sake! I should report you  
for child neglect.

Jay and Saz sit in silent, despondent thought.

JAY  
(excited)  
I've got it!  
(turns to camera)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JAY (CONT'D)  
Are you thinking what I'm  
thinking, Greg?

GREG (O.S.)  
(confident)  
I think so.

JAY  
Stealing!

GREG (O.S.)  
Oh...

BLACK SCREEN

Jay's floating head BLASTS out of an EXPLOSION.

JAY  
(to camera)  
Stealing!

A robber's mask SLAPS onto Jay's face. He is panicked. He looks to his left as a BLARING police siren appears, to his right as another does, then back at camera.

JAY  
(to camera)  
No!

The screen EXPLODES.

EXT. DERELICT STREET - DAY

A HOMELESS MAN is sat on the pavement with a blanket and a begging bowl. Jay walks past wearing large headphones and flicking through cash in his wallet.

HOMELESS MAN  
Spare change?

Jay shakes his head. He goes to put his wallet in his back pocket but deliberately drops it in front of the Homeless Man, making it look like an accident.

The Homeless Man stares at it in turmoil. He looks in the direction Jay left, then back at the wallet. Agonising over the decision, he finally decides to pick it up and hides it under his blanket.

LATER

Jay and the camera are hidden, the Homeless Man in the background.

JAY  
 (to camera)  
 Now it's time to totally  
 investigate the truth.

Jay approaches the Homeless Man; the camera stays hidden.

JAY  
 Excuse me, have you seen a wallet  
 round here?

HOMELESS MAN  
 (nervous)  
 No, sorry.

JAY  
 Well, I've lost mine. I must've  
 dropped it here. Are you sure?

HOMELESS MAN  
 I haven't seen anything.

JAY  
 (unzipping hoody and  
 revealing "T.I.T." t-shirt)  
 Well, I know that's not true.  
 This is a social experiment.  
 We've had you on camera the whole  
 time.

The camera rushes over with Saz, who's holding a boom mic,  
 and the Homeless Man looks up in panic.

JAY  
 What do you have to say now?

HOMELESS MAN  
 (ashamed)  
 I'm sorry.

JAY  
 (haughtily)  
 You're sorry. Can I have my  
 wallet back, please?

HOMELESS MAN  
 (passes wallet)  
 Yeah.

JAY  
 And are you ever gonna steal  
 again?

(CONTINUED)

HOMELESS MAN  
(under breath)

No.

JAY  
(loudly)  
What was that?

Saz shoves the boom mic in the Homeless Man's face.

HOMELESS MAN  
No.

JAY  
Good.  
(to camera)  
Well, guys, I think we've done  
good today. That's a wrap.

The camera lingers on the Homeless Man, who looks utterly  
ashamed, miserable and embarrassed.

INT. JAY AND SAZ'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

At the table, looking at his laptop, Jay slams the screen  
down in frustration.

JAY  
Damn it! Only thirty views.

Saz is at the table, looking miserable.

JAY  
How many t-shirts left?

SAZ  
Ninety-six.

Jay nods his head, highly agitated but slightly encouraged  
that they've sold one. Maisey enters, and Jay sees she's  
wearing an oversized "T.I.T." t-shirt.

JAY  
Maisey, why're you wearing that!

MAISEY  
Mum made me!

Jay stares critically at Saz.

SAZ  
She needs new clothes!

MAISEY  
(to Jay)  
You said you'd get me new clothes  
for my birthday!

(CONTINUED)

JAY  
We can't afford clothes!

Exasperated, Maisey gestures to the piles of t-shirts covering the room.

SAZ  
Maybe we shouldn't be doing this.

JAY  
What do you mean?

SAZ  
Maybe it's wrong.

Jay looks contemplative.

JAY  
(to camera)  
What do you think, Greg?

GREG (O.S.)  
I think maybe she's right.

JAY  
Maybe you're both right.

SAZ  
We are?

GREG (O.S.)  
We are?

JAY  
You're completely right. People don't wanna see the homeless being criticised for stealing.

Saz smiles with relief.

JAY  
They're stinky, horrible, and ugly.

Saz holds her head in disappointment and frustration.

JAY  
We need someone cute. Someone with commercial appeal. Maisey, get over here!

Maisey, who is about to bite into Greg's sandwich, looks at Jay in surprise, then directly at camera.

BLACK SCREEN

Jay's floating head BLASTS out of an EXPLOSION.

JAY  
(to camera)  
Total!

A CLUNK as a "T" appears on Jay's forehead.

JAY  
(to camera)  
Investigation!

A CLUNK as an "I" appears after the "T".

JAY  
(to camera)  
Television!

A CLUNK as a "T" appears after the "I", spelling "TIT". Jay SQUEALS as his head flies around the screen like a deflating balloon, then towards it as it EXPLODES.

MONTAGE - MAISEY LOST IN THE CITY

-- Maisey is sat on a bench, looking sad as people walk past.

-- Maisey is sat in a shop doorway, looking lost as people walk past.

-- Maisey walks sadly past people sat outside a restaurant. They take no notice.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Maisey, looking lost, nervously tries to approach people as they walk past. A STRANGER walks past, and she pursues.

MAISEY  
Excuse me. I'm lost, can you help me?

STRANGER  
(pushing Maisey away)  
Leave me alone!

Stumbling backwards, Maisey looks hurt and helpless. She looks towards the camera in confusion.

JAY (O.S.)  
That's brilliant!

Jay and Saz rush to Maisey's side.

(CONTINUED)

SAZ  
(concerned)  
Are you alright?

JAY  
Of course she is. It was just a  
little shove.

MAISEY  
I'm fine.

JAY  
See, she's fine.

SAZ  
Jay! I think we should stop.

JAY  
What? Don't be ridiculous, this  
is great material! What do you  
wanna do, Maisey?

MAISEY  
I wanna do it.

JAY  
(to Saz)  
See.

SAZ  
(to Maisey)  
Are you sure?

Maisey nods.

JAY  
Good girl.

SAZ  
(reluctantly complying)  
Okay.

Saz heads back behind the camera, and Jay comfortingly  
puts his hand on Maisey's shoulder.

JAY  
Remember, do it just like we  
said.

Maisey nods.

EXT. CITY WALKWAY - DAY

Maisey looks lost as people walk past. A man walks past and disappears down some steps at the end of the walkway. Maisey looks at camera with uncertainty.

JAY (O.S.)  
(hushed)  
Go on, after him.

Maisey follows the man, disappearing down the steps. The camera follows to the top of the steps. It gets there and pans around, but Maisey is gone.

GREG (O.S.)  
Where's she gone?

JAY (O.S.)  
What?

GREG (O.S.)  
Where is she?

SAZ (O.S.)  
(distressed)  
Maisey!

Jay and Saz run into shot, down the steps, looking around in confusion. The camera follows.

SAZ  
Maisey! Maisey!

JAY  
Maisey!

At the bottom of the steps, there is no sign of Maisey, and Saz becomes hysterical, frantically looking around.

SAZ  
Maisey!  
(to Jay)  
What've you done!

JAY  
Me?

SAZ  
This is all your fault!  
(running off screen)  
Maisey! Maisey!

The camera lingers on Jay, who looks devastated.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. CITY WALKWAY - DAY

Jay, dressed smartly, looking sad and sincere, faces camera.

JAY

This is where my daughter was  
last seen. She's been missing two  
weeks now. If you have any  
information that could help us  
find her, please contact us.

Jay looks genuinely heartbroken as he stares at camera.

SUPER: A picture of Maisey and "07700 900 901".

MATCH CUT:

INT. JAY AND SAZ'S FLAT - KITCHEN - DAY

The appeal is being watched on a laptop. Jay is sat at the table watching it.

JAY

Yes! A million views!  
(to Saz)  
How many t-shirts we got?

Saz is ironing an image onto a t-shirt. She lifts it up. It has Maisey's face on it, "MISSING" and "07700 900 901".

SAZ

(fed up)  
This is the hundredth.

JAY

Excellent!  
(turning to face chair  
opposite)  
You're the best.

Opposite Jay, wearing an extravagant new party dress, a variety of snacks in front of her, including a triple-decker sandwich, is Maisey.

MAISEY

(smiling)  
I know.

FADE OUT.

THE END