

SNITCH

Written by

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INT. LIBRARY - DAY

TOM, 17, tall and skinny. Everything about him screams nerdy bookworm. He quietly makes his way around the already silent library. Picking up as many books as he can carry, history and geography books. Studying for school.

INT. LIBRARY - STUDY AREA - DAY

Tom carries his stack of books over towards the seats and tables. The study area. Several long tables with lots of comfortable looking chairs. It's empty. Tom makes his way over to the nearest empty seat. He puts his books down on top of the table and sits down.

Right at this moment a large WOMAN, 40, with thick glasses and crooked teeth marches over to him. Looking furious. She snatches out one of the books in the middle of the stack, causing all the others to topple over.

LARGE WOMAN

That's the book I wanted. I'm having it.

Tom looks too scared to argue.

TOM

Alright.

The large woman now points at the seat that Tom's sitting in.

LARGE WOMAN

And that's where I wanted to sit too.

TOM

(confused)
Here?

LARGE WOMAN

Move!

Tom nervously gets up, gathering up his fallen books as quickly as he can. She still feels the need to shove him out of the way.

LARGE WOMAN (CONT'D)

(shouting)
I said move!

Tom does as she barks, getting out of her way. Gathering up his books he moves over to another table and sits.

The large woman grabs hold of the book she snatched from Tom and simply holds onto it. Not even bothering to open it.

Tom tries his best to do what he came here to do, study. But he's clearly unnerved by the exchange, but also doesn't know how to handle it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Tom walks along an empty street, wrestling to try and get his school backpack closed. Stuffed fat with his school books, the zip at the top keeps opening no matter how hard he tries.

Tom takes a turn down into an alleyway in between two large buildings.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Tom walks through the narrow dirty alleyway, still struggling with his bag.

Out from the back door of one of the buildings that leads into the alleyway an old WOMAN, 70, is dragged out by her legs by a group of ski-mask wearing teens.

The old woman is screaming, powerless to stop them.

She's dressed in fine, expensive clothes and dripping in jewellery. Gold rings covered in diamonds on all of her fingers. The gang of teens get to work stripping them from her, then empty out her handbag.

One of the gang members delivers a hard kick to her stomach.

TEEN

(deep voice)

You got anything else you old
bitch?

A deep booming voice, very unique. Tom pulls a face when he hears it.

TOM

Daniel?

The gang snap their heads over to look at him, started Tom drops his bag, a loud thud as all the book spill out. The gang splits up, running away as fast as they can.

But the deed is done. The old woman laying on the floor, hurt and sobbing. Everything of value that she did have on her is now gone.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Tom stands with the alleyway behind him. He's been spoken to by two uniformed MALE POLICE OFFICERS.

One of the police officers has a notepad and pen. Writing down everything that is being said.

The other officer leans into Tom, softly jabbing a finger into the middle of Tom's chest.

POLICE OFFICER

So you know one of the attackers at least?

Tom shrugs.

TOM

I mean he had his face covered. But he's got this crazy deep voice. It makes him stand out. He's my age and he sounds way older.

POLICE OFFICER

Goes to your school?

TOM

Yes.

POLICE OFFICER

And he reacted when you said his name?

TOM

He turned to look at me.

POLICE OFFICER

And you'd be happy to testify all this in court. If it got that far?

TOM

Look, what they did to that old woman was so wrong. They took everything from her. She got dragged.

POLICE OFFICER

You're doing the right thing speaking to us.

Tom smiles, pleased to hear it.

EXT. TOM'S FAMILY HOUSE - DAY

The two uniformed police officers walk Tom up to his front door. A three bedroom house, tucked away in a quiet neighbourhood.

Tom and the two cops share a smile and a wave, Tom enters the house.

INT. TOM'S FAMILY HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Tom's MOM, RUTH, 44. Tom's DAD, JOHN, 50, and TOM'S Brother, OLLY, 13, are all around the table, finishing off what was their dinner.

Tom stands away from the table, arms crossed and leaning against the door.

RUTH

So the police didn't do nothing to you?

TOM

No, they were nice.

JOHN

The police aren't nice Tom. What did they want from you?

TOM

I saw something and they wanted me to speak about it.

RUTH

Speak about it how?

TOM

Tell them what I saw.

OLLY

So you're a snitch?

TOM

You didn't see what happed to this old woman.

OLLY

You're a snitch. Confirmed.

JOHN

The police are going to fuck you over Tom, it's what they do.

TOM

Dad, it's not like that.

JOHN

Bullshit. You're Uncle Vinny is now in prison because of those fucking pig bastards.

TOM

Uncle Vinny is in prison for sexing under aged girls.

JOHN

No, no, no. You're fucking out of your mind. It wasn't an underage girl at all.

TOM

He thought it was.

JOHN

You don't know what the fuck you're talking about. Taking the side of the cops over your own family. Aren't you embarrassed?

TOM

I did what I thought was right.

RUTH

You shouldn't have told them anything.

TOM

She was just like Grandma.

RUTH

Bullshit. Grandma would never get herself in a situation like that.

TOM

They dragged her across the ground, beat her and stole everything she had. What was I supposed to do?

RUTH

Come home.

OLLY

You're a snitch.

TOM

(to Olly)

And what would you have done?

OLLY

Acted like I hadn't seen anything
and left.

TOM

Brave.

OLLY

At least I'm not a snitch.

TOM

This is crazy.

JOHN

You're the one who's crazy.

RUTH

I think you should just go to bed.

TOM

So I don't get any food?

John stands up, pointing at Tom.

JOHN

You're hungry? Well, too bad. You
should have thought about that
before you started running your
mouth against your own fucking
family.

TOM

Dad...

JOHN

Your Uncle, my brother mind. Was
set up by the cops. They set him
up. Just to make themselves look
good. And now he's in prison. How
the fuck is that fair? Fucking
pigs. You can't trust them. You
can't trust any of them.

RUTH

(to Tom)

Just go.

Tom's shocked, doesn't understand this reaction at all. He
turns to leave. Olly watches him go, smirking.

OLLY

(smirking)

Snitch.

EXT. TOM'S FAMILY HOUSE - NIGHT

The ski-mask wearing gang that had attacked the old woman and been scared off by Tom gather together in front of the house. One of them armed with a crowbar.

The armed gang member approaches the front door, using the crowbar to force it open.

INT. TOM'S FAMILY HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The front room looks like it's been ransacked. The furniture turned over and wrecked. Nothing of value to be found.

Ruth and John stand together in the middle of the room. They're both in a state of shock.

RUTH
I could be sick.

JOHN
They took everything. The fucking
TV. It was seventy five inches.

Ruth buries her face into John's chest. Letting out a scream.

A few seconds later Olly enters.

OLLY
What the hell?

Next, Tom comes in.

TOM
What happened?

John looks across at him and scowls.

JOHN
We were robbed, and it's all
because of you.

TOM
Me?

JOHN
You just had to get involved.

Tom shakes his head, taking out his phone.

TOM
I can't believe this.

OLLY
What are you doing now?

TOM
I'm calling the police. Have you
not noticed that all our stuff is
gone?

John goes to lunge himself at Tom, but he's held back by Ruth
who's still sobbing into his chest.

JOHN
(to Tom)
I want you to get the fuck out of
this house.

TOM
Dad, we've been robbed.

JOHN
It's because you're a god damn
snitch. This is god damn revenge,
this is what this is.

Olly tries to wrestle Tom's phone free from him. But Tom
stands up for himself, pushing Olly away.

TOM
(to Olly)
I'm calling the cops. And you're
not going to stop me.

Ruth pulls herself together just enough to be able to look
over at Tom and let out a shout.

MOM
Just leave.

John points to the door behind him.

DAD
(to Tom)
Get out of my house.

Tom gives up, putting his phone away he leaves. As he exits,
Olly joins Ruth and John. All hugging and grieving together
for their loss. But it's clear who they blame for all of
this, it's Tom.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Tom walks alone, looking lost and emotional.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

Tom returns to the scene of the crime. This time there's no one here with him. He heads over to the very spot where the old woman was attacked and robbed.

TOM
(muttering)
Why did I have to get involved?

He shakes his head, he's filled with regret.

A beat.

He ponders, his mind racing.

TOM (CONT'D)
Daniel?

Tom collects himself.

TOM (CONT'D)
He's just a kid in my class.
Robbing old ladies and now he's
taken my fucking TV.

He shakes his head, his thoughts still racing but his mind made up.

TOM (CONT'D)
No, I'm not letting this happen.

Tom turns on his heels and marches back out through the alleyway. He's on a mission.

EXT. SKATE PARK - DAY

The gang, no long wearing their ski-masks, are all gathered at the top of the largest ramp inside this small skate park. They're all drinking and smoking. All teenagers.

Tom approaches them, his phone in his top pocket. He stands at the base of the ramp, hands down by his sides, looking up at them.

TOM
(calling up)
Daniel?

The gang members all stand up, turning their focus onto Tom. DANIEL, 17, is in the middle.

DANIEL
You must be out of your fucking
mind coming here?

TOM
I want my TV back.

The gang bursts out laughing.

DANIEL
(nodding)
And in about thirty seconds you're
going to be asking for your teeth
back after I knock them out of your
fucking head.

TOM
I'm not scared of you.

DANIEL
Well, you should be.

TOM
I'm not some old woman.

DANIEL
You think you're better than me?

TOM
Well, I don't go around mugging old
women, so yeah. I think maybe I am.

DANIEL
You're a fucking snitch.

TOM
You say that like it's a bad thing?

The gang again bursts out laughing.

DANIEL
That's because it is, bitch.
There's nothing worse in this
mother fucking world than a fucking
snitch. And that's you.

TOM
How about a kid who robs old
ladies? Is that worse?

DANIEL
(shouting)
Fuck you. I took what that old
bitch had.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

I took her jewellery and I sold it because I know how to spend money. She just wore it. Showed it to the world. You think I feel bad about robbing that old bitch? About dragging her and kicking her? Fuck no. Do you have any idea what I'm going to do to you?

TOM

I'm not scared of you.

DANIEL

Snitch.

TOM

I'm not a snitch.

DANIEL

Then what the fuck are you?

TOM

Someone willing to stand up to bullies. So, if that's what a snitch is, standing up for what's right. Then fine, call me a snitch. I guess that's what I really am. But do you want to hear something? I'm proud to be one.

DANIEL

Embarrassing.

TOM

Give me back my TV.

DANIEL

No fucking chance. In fact, I'm going back to your house tonight and I'm taking everything else. You're going to learn today.

Daniel climbs down from the top of the ramp, he's quickly joined by the other gang members.

Tom now removes the phone from his top pocket, he shows Daniel and the gang that he had been filming them secretly this whole time. He hovers a finger over a share button.

TOM

I press this and your confession gets broadcast to the world.

Daniel's confidence leaves him, now looking scared. The other gang members on edge too.

DANIEL

You don't know what you're doing.

TOM

That's where you're wrong. Now give me back my TV.

INT. TOM'S FAMILY HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY

The furniture has all been returned. The front room is back to normal.

Tom relaxes into the sofa, turning on the television he can't help but smile. Proud of himself.

TOM

Right, lets see what's on.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END