

THE SNITCH, THE THIEF AND THE CHEAT

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Version (1.1)
09.06.2020

INT. EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - COUNCIL ESTATE/BAR/OUTSIDE BAR - DAY

[The story is told via revolving split screens - we continue to see what the other characters are doing but the focus moves between the frames. It typically settles on who is talking]

J is stood against the railings - he takes a drag from his e-cigarette. A hood covers most of his face - he is agitated. His phone starts ringing. He answers it quickly.

J

Boss?

THE BOSS

Talk to me.

J

(panicked)

Yeah- like, Little Nat got arrested, they took the stash! The fuzz were on him as soon as the shipment got here. They appeared outta nowhere, just like before!

THE BOSS

...Be here in ten minutes.

THE BOSS hangs up the phone. J looks down at his phone.

J

(to himself, mouthing)

Ah, fuck!

J hurries off across the COUNCIL ESTATE.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

THE BOSS is sat hidden away in the corner of the room - he carefully places his phone down.

He returns his attention to counting the money but then abruptly stops. Thinking.

THE BOSS

(calling)

Samantha?... Samantha?!

SAMANTHA (O.S.)

(calling)

...What?

THE BOSS
(calling)
There's two-grand missing from the
count again!

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(calling)
Are you sure you've counted it
properly?

THE BOSS rolls his eyes - frustrated. He starts recounting.

THE BOSS
(calling, frustrated)
Yes! Of course I've counted it
properly!

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(calling)
Sounds like someone's been thieving
from you then.

THE BOSS
(under his breath)
Well, dur.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Two undercover police officers, CALLUM and his partner, EMILY, are sat inside an unmarked car, attaching a wire to CALLUM's chest.

CALLUM
What about interference?

EMILY
What do you mean?

CALLUM
If it makes a noise, or something?

EMILY
Nah, that only happens in shitty
movies from the 80s. Just don't
grab it or do anything stupid, and
you'll be fine.

CALLUM
That's easy for you to say! Next
time, you're going undercover, and
I'll monitor the headphones.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

THE BOSS finishes counting the money for the second time - but it's still two-grand down. Frustrated, he takes a sip from a small tea cup - but it's cold. He spits it out.

THE BOSS
(calling)
Eurgh. Samantha?... Samantha?!

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(calling)
...What?

THE BOSS
(calling)
Can I get a fresh brew? This one's gone cold.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
(calling)
Get it yourself!

THE BOSS eyes widen, somewhat in admiration - no one else would dare talk to him like that.

EXT. COUNCIL ESTATE - CONTINUOUS

We see J walking across the council estate - hood up, music blaring from his headphones. He is in a hurry.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

CALLUM takes a deep breath. EMILY pats the microphone down under his shirt - it's well hidden.

EMILY
...Just relax, okay? All you need to do is get him on record talking about the shipment last night, and we'll both get a promotion and a nice, wet, sloppy blow job from the chief-of-police at the next Christmas-do...

CALLUM is noticeably confused by the sentiment.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(awkward)
Sorry, I thought you needed a pep talk.

CALLUM
(to himself)
God, I'm so not ready for this!

EMILY
Cal! Get a grip! This might be the last opportunity we've got to put *him* on tape and behind bars! We just need him to admit that he's the one in charge of arranging the shipments, and that's it... You can do this. I believe in you!

EMILY rests a hand on CALLUM's shoulder who in turn looks away and checks himself in the overhead mirror.

CALLUM
Yeah, you're right! I *can* do this!
... I can... I can... (unsure)
Can't I?

EMILY pulls on her headphones and hits record on the audio device.

EMILY
I'll be listening.

CALLUM takes a deep breath and gets out of the car - EMILY watches as he heads towards the bar.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
...He's definitely going to fuck this up.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

The BAR door swings opens - CALLUM appears.

CALLUM sheepishly looks around and spots THE BOSS sitting at the back of the bar. Hidden away. He tentatively walks towards him - the bar door shuts.

CALLUM stands in front of THE BOSS - who is slowly counting each note, carefully and deliberately.

THE BOSS
(to himself)
Six... Seven... Eight thousand...
Fuck!

CALLUM
Something wrong, boss?

THE BOSS
(distracted)
Mm? Oh, Cal. Good. Take a seat.

CALLUM repositions his shirt - making sure the microphone is still there. He pulls out a chair and sits down.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

EMILY is listening intently.

EMILY
(to herself)
Argh, this is so fucking tense!

She throws the headphones off.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
No, I can't.

She pulls them back on.

EMILY (CONT'D)
(to herself)
No, I've got to!

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

THE BOSS waits for CALLUM to speak.

CALLUM
...I umm- I heard the shipment got
busted again last night.

THE BOSS
What shipment?

CALLUM
You know?

THE BOSS changes his demeanour. He slowly looks up at CALLUM.

THE BOSS
...Do I?

CALLUM
(nervous)
Yeah, the one with Little Nat.

CALLUM shuffles, feeling some discomfort at the awkwardness.

The silence is tense.

THE BOSS

(suspicious)

Just for the *record*, I have no idea what you're talking about. But I do know one thing...

THE BOSS leans in - directly into the microphone without realising.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)

(whispering)

We've got a *snitch*.

CALLUM immediately grabs his chest.

CALLUM

What?

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

EMILY in turn pulls off her headphones as there is a loud distorted noise caused by CALLUM grabbing the microphone.

EMILY

Argh, f-fuck sake, Cal! What did I say? Don't grab the mic-

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

CALLUM looks panicked.

THE BOSS stands up from the table and positions himself behind CALLUM - he rests his hands on his shoulders and leans in close.

THE BOSS

Is everything okay, Cal? You seem a tad nervous.

CALLUM

(extremely nervous)

Erm, no- no, it's not me, if that's what you're thinking? I would never- no, no- I'm not the snitch! Ha-ha

THE BOSS lets go of CALLUM's shoulders and sits back down.

THE BOSS

I never said it was...

CALLUM stops talking and is left speechless - frozen with fear.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR

EMILY looks increasingly concerned.

EMILY
(to herself)
Come on, Cal! Stop fucking
mumbling! Just get him on tape!

She looks up and her expression drops.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Oh, no.

EXT. OUTSIDE BAR - CONTINUOUS

We see J walking towards the bar - he takes his headphones down and opens the bar door.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

EMILY watches as J enters the bar.

EMILY
(to herself, frantic)
Cal, you're so fuck-er-di-fuck-
fucked!

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

CALLUM
...I don't know what to say? How-
how can I prove it? I'm not, I know
I'm not the *snitch*.

J enters the bar - THE BOSS immediately notices him.

THE BOSS
Ah, speak of the devil and he shall
appear!

J walks over - the door slams closed. J is surprised to see CALLUM seating there. CALLUM sheepishly smiles at J.

J
What's goin' on?

THE BOSS
(calling)
Samantha?... Samantha?! Any chance
of a fresh pot of your finest
British-chai? We've got guests.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)
Fuck off. I'm busy.

THE BOSS
(to J)
Take a seat, J. This won't take long.

J sits down.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
Young Callum and I were just discussing the probability of you being a snitch, weren't we Callum?

CALLUM
Err-

J
(aggressively towards CALLUM)
Snitch? You what?!

THE BOSS
It doesn't take a genius to work out that something's not quite ticker-ti-boo when eight of our last nine shipments have been either jacked, lost on route or busted by the fuzz, does it?

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

EMILY punches the air with excitement.

EMILY
(to herself)
Yes!! He said it. He said it! Great work Cal. We've got him!

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

THE BOSS
So, because I'm full of *good ideas*, I figured I would keep last night's drop a secret in an attempt to flush out the snitch - smart, eh?

CALLUM's eyes widen.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

EMILY drops her arms as the excitement turns into fear.

EMILY
(to herself)
Oh, fuck.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

THE BOSS
Which means the only people who
knew about last night's drop are
now in this room or in jail.

J stands up abruptly from the table.

J
Boss, *he's* the snitch! I've known
it since day one. I asked around,
no one is that squeaky clean
without being-

CALLUM in turn stands up abruptly from the table too.

CALLUM
No, I'm not the snitch! He is! I've
known it since day one, too. I
would have asked around but-

THE BOSS raises a hand to stop the squabbling.

There is a tense silence. J and CALLUM stare at each other -
THE BOSS thinks for a moment.

THE BOSS
(to both of them)
...Someone is lying. So *whomever's*
not the snitch, needs to prove it
to me now, and quick. Otherwise-

THE BOSS pulls out a gun and aims it up between them both -
moving it from one to the other, slowly.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
You both lose.

CALLUM's eye line shoots back and forth between THE BOSS and
J. He notices J slowly reaching for his back pocket - who is
staring daggers with so much pent up anger towards CALLUM.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
Tick, tock. Tick tock!

J suddenly reaches for his back pocket - and without
hesitation, CALLUM pulls out his gun and shoots J dead.

J falls backwards and to the floor.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

EMILY throws off the headphones and abruptly opens the car door - she rushes towards the bar.

EMILY
(to herself)
That can't be good!

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Shocked with himself, CALLUM stares down at J. THE BOSS claps at CALLUM sarcastically.

THE BOSS
Well, well, well. He *was* the snitch after all... Actually, I suspected as much. But now I have a second problem to content with... once again the stash-count was down and apart from me, only two people knew the code to the safe. Him... And you. So Callum, that must make you the *thief* in this little tale.

CALLUM slowly turns to face THE BOSS - whose gun is now pointing at him. CALLUM raises his hands in surrender.

CALLUM
(genuinely confused)
Uh? What? No, I-

THE BOSS fires at CALLUM - hitting him in the chest. The bar doors swing open and EMILY appears just as CALLUM falls backwards - hitting the ground. EMILY looks at the two dead bodies, and then at THE BOSS - who checks his wristwatch.

THE BOSS
Sorry, we're not open for another hour or so-

EMILY
You just shot an under cover police officer!

THE BOSS
Who, him?! I didn't do that, *he* did.

THE BOSS points down at J.

EMILY
Not him, *him!*

EMILY points down at CALLUM.

THE BOSS
(disbelief)
Ohhh, shit *really*? Yeah, I did do
that, actually. Wait. So if he's
the snitch, that must make him
the... but (laughs) god, I'm so
confused!

EMILY raises her gun and aims it at THE BOSS.

EMILY
You're under arrested for-

THE BOSS
(to himself)
Nah, fuck that.

THE BOSS raises his gun but EMILY manages to shoot first -
hitting him in the stomach. THE BOSS falls back against his
chair. EMILY eventually lowers her gun and walks towards THE
BOSS.

THE BOSS (CONT'D)
(calling, groggy)
Samantha... Samantha...?!

EMILY
(80s cop style, deep and
gruffly)
There's no Samantha here. Just the
barrel of my gun and the darkness
it brings.

EMILY raises her gun towards THE BOSS again.

THE BOSS
(groggy)
...That was really corny. You know
that, right?

EMILY
Yeah, well, you'll be eating corn
soon enough!

THE BOSS
(confused, groggy)
...What? That doesn't make any
sense.

EMILY
Stop talking, or I will-

A shot fires - THE BOSS winces. But he hasn't been shot. He
opens his eyes and sees that EMILY has been shot instead -
she too is surprised.

EMILY falls to the floor and reveals SAMANTHA standing behind her - holding a cup of tea and a smoking gun.

SAMANTHA
What happened in here?

THE BOSS points at CALLUM and J in turn.

THE BOSS
(groggy)
I'm still not 100% clear on that.

SAMANTHA walks over to THE BOSS - stepping over the bodies.

SAMANTHA
(to THE BOSS)
I bought you a fresh cuppa, where do you want it?

SAMANTHA holds the mug up to him.

THE BOSS
(groggy)
It's a little late for that now.

THE BOSS gestures towards his gunshot wound.

SAMANTHA
Oh yeahhhhh, now that you mention it. Oh, and just so you know, I'm the one skimming off the top. Not that it matters now.

THE BOSS
(confused, groggy)
So you're the thief and J was innocent?

SAMANTHA
(matter of fact)
No, we were *fucking* behind your back, so...

THE BOSS
(groggy)
Oh... That's alright then.

THE BOSS closes his eyes and his head falls backwards.
SAMANTHA takes a deep breath and looks around once more - impressed with the carnage. She grabs the cash and leaves.

THE END