

STITCHES

By

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An empty room.

The screech of tyres can be heard, followed by the opening of a door and running footsteps, getting louder and louder until the door bursts open and three men run in, each carrying duffel bags and a mask.

Two of the men off-load their bags and sit down, breathing heavily.

The other man, DAVY (a scrawny, nervous teen, 19) shuts the door before leaning against it.

DAVY  
(to himself)  
Oh fuck. Oh fuck oh fuck.

TITLE: STITCHES

Reveal SYCAMORE (a well-dressed old man, 60), is staring out the window. He turns around and observes.

SYCAMORE  
Where's Mickey?

DAVY looks up.

DAVY  
He's gone.

SYCAMORE frowns.

SYCAMORE  
Gone?

BADGER (a muscular hothead, 39) quickly stands as KELLY (cool and collected, 25) looks on.

BADGER  
He's fuckin' dead!

KELLY  
Badger..

BADGER  
A fuckin' cop shot him! A fuckin' cop..

SYCAMORE  
What happened?

(CONTINUED)

DAVY looks nervously at KELLY before looking at the floor.  
KELLY sighs.

KELLY

We were headed for the car when the sirens showed up. Mickey went mad, started firing.

SYCAMORE

Idiot should have run, not stay for some god-forsaken shoot-out.

(beat)

Did they follow you?

DAVY

Nah it's okay Mister, Kelly got us away real quick, real clean too.

BADGER

You know what I think? I think there's only one way the police could've got there that fast.

BADGER stops pacing the room, just in front of DAVY, who is leaning against a chair.

BADGER

(cont.)

Someone snitched.

BADGER grabs DAVY and throws him against the wall, pinning him there.

BADGER

I know it was you, you fuckin' traitor. I KNOW it was you.

DAVY

No Badger no it wasn't me I swear to God Badger it wasn't me.

BADGER

Don't fuckin' lie to me.

DAVY

Please Badger it wasn't me oh Christ oh fuck it wasn't me.

BADGER throws DAVY to the floor, drawing a gun and pointing it at his head.

DAVY  
(cont.)  
(screaming and crying)  
Please, you have to believe me.

SYCAMORE  
That's enough!

BADGER pauses and turns to look at SYCAMORE.

SYCAMORE  
(cont.)  
Lay off him Badger.

BADGER  
He killed my brother, he fuckin'  
snitched and got him killed!

SYCAMORE  
I said that's enough. You don't  
know it was him, or even if there  
was a snitch at all. Besides, you  
knew the risks when you agreed to  
undertake this work on my behalf.

BADGER strides over to SYCAMORE, red-faced and breathing heavily.

BADGER  
Yeah, your job, and yet we pay the  
price for your fuckin' money.

SYCAMORE  
Don't try that with me Badger,  
we're all getting a share, as  
agreed upon before we started upon  
this little endeavour.

BADGER  
And Mickey's share?

SYCAMORE  
Is forfeited to me.

BADGER  
(increasingly angry)  
Like HELL it is!

KELLY  
Badger, calm down.

BADGER

Back off Kelly this don't concern  
you, this is between me and  
Sycamore.

KELLY moves towards BADGER.

KELLY

Badger, I really thin-

BADGER

I said back off Kelly!

BADGER shoves KELLY backwards before turning back to face  
SYCAMORE.

BADGER

I'm taking his share, his and mine  
both, and then I'm fuckin' gone.  
You understand old man?

SYCAMORE smiles and nods.

SYCAMORE

I understand.

(as an afterthought)

You know if your brother wasn't  
such a fuck-up he might have been  
able to claim his money for  
himself.

Silence.

BADGER

What did you call my brother?

SYCAMORE

A fucki-

BADGER shoots SYCAMORE, who collapses.

KELLY

NO!

DAVY

Jesus fucking Christ Badger what  
did you do!

KELLY rushes around and grabs BADGER's outstretched arm,  
wrestling the gun from his grip as another shot fires.  
BADGER throws him off and stands looking at KELLY, who is  
left holding the gun.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY  
You fucking idiot no!

BADGER  
No.. NO? Kelly, this fucker was  
gunna take EVERYTHING from us. I  
had to do it, I had to!

BADGER sighs before abruptly turning and shouldering a  
duffel bag. He steps towards the door.

BADGER  
(cont.)  
I'm done here, you coming?

KELLY points the gun at BADGER.

KELLY  
I can't do that Badger.  
(authoritatively)  
You're under arrest for robbery  
with a firearm murder of the second  
degree. Do not move.

BADGER freezes, dumbfounded. Realisation slowly dawning.

DAVY  
Kelly.. what?

KELLY turns around to look at DAVY.

KELLY  
You too kid. Don't move, don't spe-

BADGER moves and punches KELLY who is knocked to the floor  
as the gun slides away. BADGER climbs on top of KELLY and  
begins choking him.

BADGER  
This is for my brother you fuckin'  
pig! You fuckin' betrayed us!

KELLY  
(struggling to breathe)  
N..no...oo, ss.t..o..p.. I..

KELLY is struggling for air, desperately trying to prise  
BADGER's hands off of his neck, but failing.

BADGER  
(hissing)  
It's all. Your. Fault.

(CONTINUED)

KELLY struggles but eventually falls still, dead. BADGER rolls off KELLY's body with a satisfied sigh and gets to his knees. He looks up and sees DAVY, hands shaking, pointing the gun at his head.

DAVY

S-stay there B-Badger. Don't  
m-move.

BADGER

(soft, but frustrated)  
What the fuck are you doing Davy?  
Put it down before someone gets  
hurt.

DAVY

Badger please.

BADGER

(mimicking)  
Badger please.

DAVY

Sh-shut up.

BADGER

Sh-shut up. Jesus, do you even know  
how to use that thing?

DAVY

Shut up!

BADGER

Whatcha wanna go point that thing  
at me anyway?

DAVY

S-stop it. You're sc-caring me.

BADGER smiles and slowly begins standing.

DAVY

(cont.)  
(increasingly desperate)  
I said don't move!

BADGER

Why not? We both know you're not  
gunna shoot me kid.

The gun lowers slightly as BADGER stands.

(CONTINUED)

BADGER

You fuckin' spineless cu-

As BADGER reaches his full height DAVY shoots him, and he crashes down. After a moment of shock, DAVY drops the gun, his hands shaking.

DAVY

Oh my God oh my God oh my God. Oh  
fuck no.

DAVY stumbles around the room, and at the sound of screeching tyres he turns to face the window, which become illuminated by police sirens.