

LOOTER'S LAMENT

by

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London Screenwriters' Festival One Page Scriptwriting Competition

1

INT. TEENAGER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

A poky room, where a scratched stereo plays urban music. MIKEY, 17, surveys his sparse possessions, then taps the keys of a battered laptop.

Mikey's blog post clicks up on the laptop's screen:

"WANT STUFF. NEED STUFF. *DESERVE* STUFF. NOT LIKE ALL THEM OTHER BASTARDS. RICH BASTARDS. *BANKER* BASTARDS. **WHY THEM, EH? WHY NOT ME?"**

Mikey pauses to turn up the volume on the stereo, then hunches close to the screen and resumes typing, pounding the keys in the music's rhythm.

"MUST GET STUFF..... **HOW?**

2

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

2

Full-on riot: flames, sirens, breaking glass, screams and shouts. Kids pour from a smashed shop window, carrying whatever they can hold. There's an extra noise: loud typing.

SUPERIMPOSED Computer text:

"MCJOB? FUCK THAT. LOSER JOB. BETTER JOB? NEED GRADES. GOT NONE. LOSER SCHOOL. GET GRADES? FUCK THAT. TAKE FOREVER. RACK UP DEBT. MCJOB AT END."

The last kid out is Mikey, laden with boxes, a pair of trainers around his neck. A police van roars up, cops pile out. Mikey drops the boxes to run: but he's easily caught.

3

INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

3

Mikey's lead into a cell - arranged much like his bedroom - by two prison officers, SMITH and JONES. He turns to them.

MIKEY

For fuck's sake! It was only trainers.

SMITH

Two years each foot, then, mate.

JONES.

Nah! They didn't even match. You got one year for the Adidas, three for the Nike.

They leave, laughing. Mikey calls after them.

MIKEY

What about all them other bastards, taking TVs, taking laptops?  
(shouting)  
WHY NOT THEM, EH? WHY ME?