

STAND UP

Written by

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EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A quiet empty street. ERIC, 13, tall, skinny and dressed in his school uniform. He's faced by three other BOYS all the same age as him and all wearing the same uniform.

Eric tries to get past them, but they block his path.

ERIC

I just want to get home. That's all.

Again he tries to get past but again he's blocked.

A deep breath.

ERIC (CONT'D)

I not doing it, because I can't. It wasn't my decision anyway. It's not up to me. There's nothing I can do.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Coming around a corner Eric walks away but is followed by them.

He's trying to get away but they chase after him and get in front of him. Again blocking him from going the way he wants to.

ERIC

It's not up to me. But I'm not quitting the team either.

The three boys say nothing back, just stare at him furious.

Eric again tries to step past them but this time he's shoved. The three boys all together slamming their hands into his chest.

Eric backs away, scared. Doesn't know what to do.

Those three boys come up to him and again slam their hands into his chest. Knocking him backwards.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Their footsteps echoing out around them. Breathing heavy and drenched in sweat Eric is running as fast as he can. Those three boys chasing after him.

All of them are fast.

ERIC

Please. Don't!

One of the boys kicks out at Eric and catching his trailing leg knocks him down to the ground.

All three encircle him and yell out as they start kicking out at his, legs, arms and body.

THREE BOYS

(one after another)

Leave the team. Knock him out. Put him down. Quit the team. Just quit it!

JONATHAN, 30, big, dirty with long shoulder length hair comes over screaming and yelling. He slaps two of the attacks across the back of the head whilst kicking the third across the bum.

JONATHAN

You little savages, leave him alone.

Eric slowly lifts his head up, watching happily as all three are running away.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

A perfect lawn, a suburban home.

Eric steps inside, pushing the front door open. Jonathan obviously homeless is right behind him.

Eric glances over his shoulder at him.

ERIC

You didn't have to walk me home, thanks for what you did though.

Jonathan pushes past him and comes inside. Looking up at the ceiling and at the walls before settling back onto Eric.

JONATHAN

This is a really nice home. Are you rich?

(Eric shakes his head)

I bet you are.

ERIC

I don't think my parents would want you in here.

JONATHAN

I don't really care. Are they even here?

ERIC

No, but they will be tonight.  
(Jonathan moves deeper  
inside the house)  
You can't stay. I'm serious.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The floor, walls and ceiling all the same bright white.

Jonathan makes his way over to the fridge, filled with food and drinks he pulls out a carton of orange juice and everything he needs to make a sandwich. Carries it over to the table.

Eric stands by the door, watching. Crosses his arms out in front of his chest.

ERIC

What is it that you want? Do you  
want money or something? Is that  
why you helped me?

Jonathan starts making himself a sandwich.

JONATHAN

I haven't asked for money have I?  
(drinks some of the orange  
juice)  
This is a really nice home.

Eric can't help but laugh.

ERIC

When was the last time you were  
even in a house?

Jonathan shrugs.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

Sliced tomatoes spill from Jonathan's messily made sandwich and fall to the floor as he makes his way over towards the staircase.

Eric chases after him.

ERIC

No, you can't go up there.

Jonathan keeps going, glances over his shoulder.

JONATHAN

Do your parents know you get  
bullied at school?

ERIC

I don't get bullied! You don't know that.

JONATHAN

Yes I do. That's not the first time they've done that to you is it? They were way too confident.

ERIC

I'm not telling you anything. I want you out of my house.

JONATHAN

I blame your parents. When I see a bad kid, I always blame the parents.

ERIC

I'm not a bad kid. They attacked me. I've done nothing wrong. The coach made me captain of the school soccer team. The old captain wants me to step down. I don't want to.

JONATHAN

You just let them do it to you?

ERIC

I've told them I don't want to fight. I've told them.

Jonathan interrupts him.

JONATHAN

I thought so. It's your parents fault. They just raised you wrong. And you're too much of a bad kid to change.

Eric forces out a laugh as they both make their way upstairs.

ERIC

You're crazy. You really are aren't you?

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - DAY

A huge kings sized bed, two oak wardrobes on either side of the room.

Jonathan goes through Eric's dad's wardrobe. Pulling out clothes and trying on a shirt, tie and jacket.

Eric watches from the open door, laughing.

ERIC

You're about the same size as my dad. So they should fit.

JONATHAN

Get me some more clothes. Nice ones.

ERIC

No. You're a freak. You shouldn't be wearing any of his clothes period.

JONATHAN

Well did you even try and stop me?

ERIC

Yes. How many times do I have to tell you. I want you to leave. Get out of my house.

JONATHAN

Thought so. If that's the best you can do, no wonder you're getting bullied.

Eric's face turns red.

ERIC

I'm not getting bullied.

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - DAY

On the edge of the bed, with Eric's dad's suit over the top of his other clothes Jonathan stares hard at Eric who's still at the door.

JONATHAN

What is it that you want to be?

ERIC

I'm not talking to you anymore. You don't make any sense anyway.

JONATHAN

You think you're good a soccer?

ERIC

I wasn't made the captain of the team for any other reason.

JONATHAN

But those boys attacked you, even though your so good?

ERIC

One of them, he use to be old captain. He got it taken off of him and it got given to me. That's why.

JONATHAN

So what are you going to do about it?

ERIC

There's nothing I can do. I want you to stop talking to me now. I want you to go. When my parents get back they're just going to call the cops.

JONATHAN

Are they going to save you from your school too?

CUT TO:

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - PARENT'S BEDROOM - DAY

Over to Eric's mom's side of the room. Jonathan goes through her wardrobe, opening up a drawer and pulling out her underwear.

Eric takes a step away from the door and closer to him.

ERIC

No, that's enough now. Don't even think about touching my mom's things.

Jonathan holds a pair of her underwear in his hand, reaching down with them into the front of his jeans he simulates masturbating with them.

JONATHAN

I haven't even got started yet.

Eric snaps, he rushes over to him. Wrestling with Jonathan's arm he yanks the underwear from him, throwing them down to the floor.

ERIC

You're sick. You've got five seconds to get out or I'm calling the police.

Jonathan's face changes. He moves over to Eric and shoves a hand hard into his chest. Sending him back against the closed door behind him.

JONATHAN

You're not calling anybody. Because  
I'm not going to let you.

Eric rolls his shoulders back.

ERIC

This is my home. I want you out.

JONATHAN

I'm not going anywhere.  
(shoves him again)  
Understand?

Eric's shoulder drop, his voice shakes a little.

ERIC

I don't get what this is? Why wont  
you go?

JONATHAN

Because I don't want to. I like  
this home. I might stay. Meet your  
parents.

ERIC

You can't. I was the one who let  
you in. You can't be here when they  
get back.

(looks around the room.  
Sees and picks up a golf  
club in both hands)

I telling you. You've leaving now.

JONATHAN

Put it down.  
(eyes the golf club with  
disdain)  
We both know that you don't have it  
in you to use it.

Eric swings the golf club and smashes a vase resting on side  
table.

This catches them both off guard.

ERIC

I'm not going to ask you again. Get  
out of my house. This is your last  
chance.

A beat.

Jonathan nods. Moves over towards the door.

INT. ERIC'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

The front door is open. Jonathan looks back and smiles at Eric, still with the golf club in his hand.

JONATHAN

I'm proud of you.

(smiles)

I used to be just like you when I was a kid. But before I had learnt to stand up for myself I had already lost everything. Don't let that happen to you too. You know what to do now. Those boys will try again, it's up to you to stand up to them. Just like you did with me.

Eric lowers the golf club to the floor. Shakes his head, confused.

ERIC

Who are you?

JONATHAN

It doesn't matter does it?

ERIC

No. I guess it doesn't.

Jonathan exits out through the front door, it closes shut behind him.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Thank you.

**FADE TO BLACK**

**THE END**