

Screenplay

SNITCH

FADE IN

EXT: Police Station, Belfast. Morning.

Rain bounces off the pavement bordering the main road opposite the station. Several cars race past, creating trails of mist behind them. Grey clouds are low in the sky which leave little room for any light. The old building on the other side of the road is rundown, its exterior walls a dull brown colour and the white writing that spells out "Musgrave Police Station" is stained from years of neglect.

A man appears SL, his back to the camera. His oversized coat is wet, he has no hood nor an umbrella to hide from the rain. The figure waits for a break in the traffic and proceeds to cross the road. His footsteps are heavy. The trousers he wears are mud stained and soaked through.

CUT TO:

INT: Police Station.

The interior of the station mirrors its bland exterior. Several officers come in and out of shot as they go about their business.

Chatting can be heard as well as some telephone rings.

Camera follows behind the man as he approaches the front desk. His shoes leave mud prints as he walks, his head hanging low.

A police officer behind the desk looks up to greet the man with a smile. His expression soon becomes concerned.

POLICE OFFICER
Hello...can I help?

MAN
Hello. I want to report a murder.

POLICE OFFICER looks stunned.

POLICE OFFICER
Are the emergency services
required?

MAN
No no. He died last night.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER

Who?

MAN

Senior Officer Iain Agnew. Bullet to the chest. He died at his mother's house, 172 Drummore Road. The body is still there.

The POLICE OFFICER is speechless. He picks up a phone behind the desk and begins to dial a number.

CUT TO: FLASHBACK, 2 DAYS EARLIER.

INT: Kitchen. Night-time.

Camera zooms out slowly from a close up of a burning cigarette. The cigarette dangles between two dirty fingers, glowing a warm red colour as smoke streams delicately from its end.

Camera continues to zoom out to display the rest of the dimly lit kitchen. An empty bottle of wine, crumbs from stale bread scattered in random patterns and several unwashed dishes lie on the table.

MIKE and his wife JANET sit at opposite sides of the table. MIKE takes a drag on the cigarette. He sports a week old stubble that matches his tired eyes. JANET clasps at her wine glass, staring distantly into it. She looks anxious. Her hand trembles.

MIKE

It's not going to refill just by looking at it.

JANET

Is that all you have to say? Really?

MIKE

What?

JANET

What?....What?!

MIKE

Yes what! What do you want me to say?

JANET

Explain Mike! I-

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

I've told you.

JANET

Are you not even bothered?!

MIKE

Of course I'm fucking bothered.

JANET

You're sitting there puffing away... not saying anything!

MIKE

I'm scared to death. Is that good enough. Is that what-

JANET

That makes two of us then! I just don't understand. How did they know it was you?

MIKE

Someone squealed.

JANET

But how?

MIKE

They saw me at Iain's house. It doesn't take much digging to find out we were old friends, we had a history.

JANET

What did you tell him?

MIKE

I told him what I knew!

JANET

Which was...

MIKE

That there was a hit out on him and to disappear as fast as he could. The badge wouldn't protect him.

JANET

Do you know where he is now?

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Yes...that's why they're making me finish the job.

MIKE puts his cigarette out in an ashtray on the table. He goes to a cupboard behind the table and pulls out another bottle of wine. Janet has her head in her hands.

MIKE

Look, I don't want you or Ellie to stick around here. You have to leave, take her to your parents or your sisters. Its not safe Janet, I've got myself into a situation here, it's not like the other times.

JANET

I can't just leave you!

MIKE

Don't worry about me-

JANET (ANGRILY)

Christ I told you to get out when we had Ellie. You've got a child now for god's sake-

MIKE

You don't just 'get out.'

JANET

What so you just wait until you're killed then? Is that the alternative?

MIKE

You don't understand the people I'm dealing with.

JANET

Paramilitaries you mean. The fucking IRA!

PAUSE

MIKE

I had to tell Iain.

JANET

But look where you are now-

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

The protestant bastard was going to die for God's sake, for doing nothing! It was a move to start things up again. Kill a copper, rile up the prods, let them know we're still out there.

PAUSE

JANET

What are you going to do?

MIKE

I don't know.

JANET

It doesn't look like you have a choice.

MIKE

What?

(cont'd)

It's you or Iain, Mike. That's it.

MIKE

No there's-

JANET

Mike! It's you or Iain. How can you not see that?

MIKE

I can't kill him Janet...I'm not a murderer for god's sake!

JANET

Then they're going to kill you!

Janet gets up from her seat, she paces the kitchen as she starts to cry. Mike is slumped over the table, he speaks slowly with little emotion.

(cont'd)

Janet I'm sorry.

PAUSE

I've got myself into this. I'll get myself out of it.

CUT TO: ONE DAY LATER

EXT: Large country house. Afternoon.

(CONTINUED)

The house stands alone, only fields and trees in the surrounding landscape.

A close up of the house shows several lights are on downstairs and smoke bellows from the chimney. The number 172 is visible on a plaque beside the front door.

Camera pans to SL to show a car approaching in the distance.

MIKE pulls up slowly in his car, the lane leading to the house is a narrow and muddy.

Getting out of the car and approaching the door, MIKE looks agitated. His fists are clenched tight by his side, a bead of sweat runs down his forehead.

MIKE hesitantly knocks at the wooden door. After several seconds, the door half opens. Realizing it is MIKE, IAIN opens the door fully.

IAIN is smartly dressed. He wears a fitted white shirt and grey suit trousers. His hair is combed back, he is clean shaven.

IAIN
Mike...hi.

MIKE
Hello.

IAIN
What are you doing here?

MIKE
Can I come in?

IAIN
Yes but quickly. I thought we agreed we wouldn't see each other again, its too dangerous.

MIKE
Just let me come in.

IAIN
Mike...what's this about?

IAIN's expression turns to one of worry.

MIKE remains silent. He puts his hand into his jacket pocket.

IAIN

Mike...what are you doing?

CUT TO: POLICE STATION, PRESENT DAY

Camera slowly pans up from the muddy boots on the floor to reveal MIKE. His eyes are strained and bloodshot, his hair flat to his head with rain.

POLICE OFFICER

Can I ask your name sir?

MIKE

Michael O'Donnelly...Im the one that did it.

DISSOLVE TO: MIKE AND JANET'S KITCHEN

Gentle music is heard as scene changes to JANET sitting at the kitchen table once more. She has a letter in one hand and uses the other to cover her mouth. Camera pans over to read the letter from behind her shoulder.

MIKE (V.O)

Ellie. I'm going to be away for a long time. Daddy has had a bit of trouble with some bad men and is going to be kept safe by the police for a while. The police are going to keep you safe too. I'll see you soon, I love you very much. Janet, I'm sorry. It's all taken care of. Mike.

As the letter is read, an image appears of MIKE and IAIN.

MIKE takes a pistol out of his pocket.

As the letter is finished, a loud gunshot is heard as the camera zooms in to JANET's face.

FADE TO BLACK.