

Mossy, Snowflake & The Fox

written by

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Stoneyscript

FADE IN:

EXT. PARK BENCH - DAY

A middle aged Man- Codename SNOWFLAKE and a maturer Woman- Codename MOSSY sit like they don't know each other.

She is fair and dressed in a long blue cashmere coat. He wears a wax cap and coat, and is tall and thin.

She stealthily slides a PRE-PACKED CHEESE SANDWICH towards him. He opens the sandwich and looks inside.

His POV: The face of the SNAKE 63 (Foreign Secretary) He has short curly white hair and thin facial features.

BACK TO SCENE

He begins to eat the sandwich.

MOSSY

(quietly)

We need him gone.

SNOWFLAKE

(casually)

Any particular urgency?

MOSSY

Just as long as it's done within the time frame of the peace conference in Jordan.

SNOWFLAKE

I'll get The Fox straight onto it.

MOSSY

He's been stirring the pot in the Middle East. If we don't get rid of him, he'll be a sticky thorn in our side when it comes to the peace talks.

SNOWFLAKE

Some people just don't know when to shut up and slither away, do they?

MOSSY

Nope. He certainly doesn't. A supporter of the Hassad regime and a good friend of the late Saddam Hussein. He's having tea with the Ayatollah on Tuesday, so we'd prefer it done before he has a chance to spout his shit about our country's stance on the war in the Middle-East.

She picks up her handbag and gets to her feet.

SNOWFLAKE

We haven't discussed the fee.

MOSSY

Three-hundred K will reach an offshore account in your pet dog's name on the British Virgin Islands as soon as it's done.

SNOWFLAKE

How do you know my pet dog's name? I've never mentioned it before.

MOSSY

How many people call their pet dog Snowflake?

SNOWFLAKE

Right. I see. So do you have any pets to mention?

MOSSY

Yes, my cat is called Mossy.

SNOWFLAKE

I see.

They go their separate ways.

EXT. TV STUDIOS - NIGHT

A CHAUFFEUR sits behind the wheel of a BLACK 4X4. He stares down at his iPHONE and reads messages.

CU: A black glove lightly taps on his offside window. Obliviously, he looks up and lets his window down.

Pff.

He slumps forwards with a GAPING HOLE where his right eye should be, before he is dragged out then bundled into the boot.

INT. 4X4 - NIGHT

Snake sits in the rear. He reads a journal.

The caucasian driver Codename- THE FOX 43 sits behind the wheel. He wears the chauffeur's hat and a wig.

With his wild brown eyes he stares through his rear view mirror at the otherwise engaged politician.

His POV: The sports headlines on the back page of the newspaper reads:

CU: LIVERPOOL CROWNED EUROPEAN CHAMPIONS ONCE AGAIN.

BACK TO SCENE

The Fox snarls and shakes his head in irritation before he utters.

THE FOX

So, are you still spying for the Iranian's?

Snake lowers his journal and looks up in dismay.

SNAKE

Sorry... did you just say something?

THE FOX

Yeah. How's the Ayatollah these days?

SNAKE

(irked)

You what?

THE FOX

What's your objection to the Government's policy on the Middle-East?

SNAKE

Oh, you're not one of them, are you?

THE FOX

A British tax payer, you mean?

SNAKE

Little Englander.

THE FOX

Oh no, I'm not a Little Englander. I'm somebody who cares about our country... unlike you and the conspirators who plot to bring us down.

SNAKE

That's not true. I care about all forms of life... not just the lucky ones. Anyway, just take me to the airport like you're supposed to do and stop harassing me, or I'll report you to your Governing body.

THE FOX

You've been labelled a traitor.

SNAKE

(concerned)

What's your name? You're not my regular driver. Where's Omar Sharif, my driver?

THE FOX

He's resting?

Snake looks through the side window in dismay.

His POV: Woodlands.

SNAKE

Where the hell are you taking me? This isn't the way to Gatwick airport.

The Fox abruptly stops the vehicle. He clutches a FIREARM with silencer attached.

THE FOX

I never said it was. And I'm the
Fox that you forgot to notice
when you climbed in the back.

Pff! Pff! Pff! Pff!

Snake lies slumped on the back seat covered in blood.

EXT. WOODLANDS - NIGHT

The Fox jumps out of the vehicle and legs it through the trees.

Beat.

He reaches a MOTORBIKE hidden inside a broken down shed.

He wheels it outside, then slips out of the chauffeur's jacket to reveal a leather bomber. He then rips off his bushy toupee to reveal a shaven head.

He opens the parcel box attached to the motorbike and grabs a black helmet. He puts it on then rides off.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Fox lies upon the bed with a bottled beer in hand and the TV NEWS CHANNEL switched on.

NEWSREADER OS

Shadow home secretary Jude Chapel has been found shot dead by a dog walker in Redhill Surrey. Police were called shortly after eight a.m this morning to Frien Park. It is understood that the body of his driver was also found inside the trunk of the vehicle when police attended the scene. There will be a news update shortly, but it is thought that Jude Chapel was meant to be in Dubai to discuss the rising tensions in the Middle-East.

BACK TO SCENE

His POV: A BROWN ENVELOPE slides under his door.

He turns off the phone, then climbs off the bed and picks up the envelope.

He walks towards the window and opens the envelope which contains a message:

Dear Fox

We'd like to thank you for your assistance in making the world a much safer place for all. An account has been set up in your name at the World Traders Bank- Account- 54148676- Sort-code- 433216. To access this account you will need to register with the app.

On behalf of:

Mossy & Snowflake.

FADE OUT.

THE END