

## Film review

**Title:** Snatch

**Director and writer:** Guy Ritchie

**Cast:** Benicio Del Toro, Dennis Farina, Vinnie Jones, Brad Pitt, Rade Serbedzija, Jason Statham, Alan Ford

**The bottom line:** Pulp Fiction, gipsies and a large diamond – a recipe for catastrophe

It should be a mess. There is too much going on. Similarly to Pulp Fiction, there are about four or five different plots concurrently disentangling before our eyes. But before the “happy end” is reached a Gordian knot is formed. Plots become increasingly knotted and halfway through the film there is a worrying suspicion that the story will never work itself out. It is great to be so absolutely wrong.

From the snatch of a very lovely diamond landing in very un-lovely hands, to the bare-knuckle fight, which is the astonishing finale, nothing is wasted and virtually every performance simply shines.

For an illegal fight promoter Turkish (Statham) it all starts simply enough but gets dangerously complicated. He has had enough of working out of a beat-up caravan and wants a new one to act as his office. Expecting a bit of a bother with the “pikies” (gipsies) who he wants to buy a caravan from, he sends his employer who takes his boss’s prize-fighter with him for protection. But Turkish’s thug has not considered Mickey’s (Pitt) power, which can floor anyone with a single punch.

Suddenly without a fighter, Turkish is in a bit of a trouble with big-time “organizer” Brick-Top (Ford), as they had scheduled a fight in only a few days time. So Turkish has the unenviable position of persuading Mickey not only to fight, but also to pay back Brick-Top for the hassle, he also has to make him take a dive in the fourth round.

As if that was not enough, you will also have to cope with the plot(s) about the missing eighty-six carat diamond that gets eaten by a seriously mental mutt, the pawnbroker who, with a couple of useless mates, holds up bookmakers, and a killer-for-hire after anyone with information on the diamond. Adding a half-crazed Uzbekistani called Boris “The Blade” a.k.a “The Bullet Dodger” (Serbedzija) to this spaghetti of a plot, an ex-KGB agent who would not die even after getting shot about six times, should give you a pretty complete picture of what to expect.

The film is funny, but in its own sick-and-twisted way. If you’re expecting Cockney jokes and wisecracks for all occasions, then you are in for a disappointment. Sure there is humour, but it is sometimes hard to laugh at. And that’s what this film is: hard. It is a mean movie that shows no respect to anyone (while thankfully acknowledging audience’s intelligence).

Central to the plot is our ‘hero’ Turkish but opposite to him is Brick-Top, a creation so evil you worry for the sanity of the scriptwriter. Alan Ford’s psychopathic gangster gives a new definition to criminally insane. Forget Hannibal Lecter (Silence of the Lambs) and Jack Torrance (The Shining), because Brick-Top beats them all, probably with an army of thugs, massive knives and some very hungry pigs. But every cast member has his chance to shine.

It’s a hard and an unfair film. Not everyone gets what they deserve and it is sometimes not an easy film to watch, especially when Brick-Top goes full throttle or Boris “The Blade” starts hacking. But Ritchie’s story grips the viewer and, with a style that is sometimes reminiscent of Trainspotting and performances that are as perfect as it gets. Still, Snatch is not for the faint of heart, and watching it right after a big meal is also not recommended.