

CHETA BALKANICA

A project by

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THE DRAGON

Written by

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EXT. RIVER BANK - EVENING

A boat, barely holding together, glides down the river and crashes into the shore. Grabbing on to some wooden planks out of the waters appear two of cheta's brave-hearts, **GJERGJ (50)** and **MARKO (55)**.

GJERGJ

God in Heaven, I can't wait to meet them in the shores, I'll kill them all! With my bare hands I'll drown all of them!

MARKO

Absolutely. Even in the open seas!

MOMENTS LATER, a exhausted **MIRZO (19)** washes ashore dragging **GOCE (35)** behind.

MIRZO

Damned be whoever invented boats and cursed those that fight on them. Holding your GROUND that's a manly deed.

GJERGJ

Stana? Where did Stana and the horses land?

MARKO

Here! That's where they should be.

GOCE

I don't hear any horses. I'am gonna check around.

MIRZO

Wait! I am coming with you.

Goce heads towards the forest unbuttoning his pants. Mirzo, doing the same, follows him.

MARKO

Look Gjergj, making it out of that sea-battle alive, even with a wrecked boat, that's what I call "an honorable loss". Hmm, scrap that! I'd actually call it a "victory". After all, we are alive. So we will have more chances of winning big time. Get it?

GJERGJ

Humm... Yes sure. Of course! A
fighter with no war is senseless!

A terrified Goce comes out of woods running, drenched in
sweat.

GOCE

Run! Run, It's all gone on fire.
Over there!

Swirling flames can be seen up in the sky.

Barley holding up his wet pants, a panicked Mirzo also runs
out of the woods...

He keeps running down the road, the others follow.

MIRZO

What was thaaat!

GOCE

A Dragon! A fire vomiting Dragon.
With I don't know how many heads. I
swear on my eyes!

MIRZO

So many heads. And that horrendous
Da-da-da-DUM Da-da-da-DUM sound?

GOCE

The fiery Dragon heart... beating
like crazy!

MARKO

If only I'd been there. I would
have cut of all his heads. There
and then.

Marko waves his mace in the air and, eyes covered by his
helmet, blindly runs in the wrong direction.

MIRZO

Sure, run!

GJERGJ

Yes, a fighter with no war is
senseless... But, so is a war with
no fighters.

MIRZO

Come on...

Mirzo grab him by the arm and pushes him forward until Gjergj joins the rest running.

MOMENTS LATER...

STANA (30) approaches, leading a horse which is dragging its feet. The gang are about to disappear over the horizon. She calls to them.

STANA

Where are you going brothers? Hold on! Breath! We got to go the other way. By the circus.

FROM THE DISTANCE, through the smoke and flames, she can see snippets of the battered band on the run.

EXT. DOWN THE UNKNOWN ROAD - DARK

The band, barely keeping pace, are in a blind alley bumping into each-other.

MIRZO

(out of breath/clinging to a rock)
Go on, brave hearts! I will cover your backs!

GJERGJ

(plummets on the ground)
I'll stay with you brother.

MARKO

(holds on to a tree)
Better stand our ground together, like the real heroes do! And we will fall fighting like heroes if need be.

GJERGJ

No. No falling, you guys! Forward. Fighting - Yes!

MARKO

And I have a plan! Lets surround him!

GOCE

The dragon? Sure let's do it!
Where's the army?

MARKO

No need for an army - a hundred of us is enough!

MIRZO

A hundred? Even fifty of us can do the job.

GJERGJ

Well, you go forward and confront the dragon. I'll come slyly from behind, very carefully, and I'll wait for the right moment to -

MIRZO

(freaked out)

Go Gjergj! Go! What are we waiting for!? Stab the beast before it kills us all.

GJERGJ

Right. I will. I'll jump on him. And BRAM I'll stab the dragon in the neck, and voila; He falls down. And I stab him again and again, until I've cut off every head. That's it!

GOCE

That's it?

GJERGJ

Yes, that's it! All you got to do is trap him under that rock. Not a step forward nor a step back. Right there. Leave the rest to me. And it's done.

GOCE

No wait. I have an even better plan. You stand here, and I'll come carefully from behind.

GJERGJ

This was my plan. I thought of it first.

GOCE

Well... Maybe, but I am better from behind!

MIRZO

Guys, guys... Both of you can distract the dragon and keep him cornered while **I** and I alone jump on him from the rock.

MARKO

Why you? **I** have the better weapon for that. And much more experience.

GJERGJ

Are you guys scared to get in the dragon's way or what?

MIRZO

Well I'm from the North and I don't cope well with fire.

GOCE

And I am good at climbing trees. I can be very fast.

MARKO

Look, brave-hearts, let's not fall out with each other. We need to focus on the enemy, the Dragon!

GOCE

Right! Calm down you guys, I'm sure we can come up with a different plan. An inclusive plan.

MARKO

Why one plan, when we can have any number or plans. As many plans as this dragon has heads. Hmmm?

GOCE

Oh bravo! That is so deep! Say, can we grab a bite while we plan this out? We can't kiss victory in battle on an empty stomach!

MARKO

After you!

(Pause)

Or, after me!

Marko leads and the rest follow, passing Stana, leading her horse.

STANA

Where are you running to, brave hearts?

She joins them and they head off.

INT. LOCAL INN- NIGHT.

Amidst the loud sound of people feasting and drinking, the cheta's brave-hearts are digging into their food. Nearby, a bard is playing his traditional highland lute.

GJERGJ

That's what I call A MASTERPLAN.
Let's raise a toast to our victory!

He can barely stand up as he raises his glass. It spills over.

MIRZO

Yeah. A toast to many more
victories like this to come.

MARKO

I drink to my mace. One swipe and
two enemies go down!

Gjergj grabs Marko into a bear hug.

GOCE

(can't hold the balance)
Oh you guys, the best of brothers.
You're breaking my heart.

Goce joins in the hug in tears.

GOCE (CONT'D)

There was something I was gonna
say? Damn it, I forgot what it was
now.

Mirzo finally is forced to joins the hug, as well.

At this moment, through the window, there is a burst of flames followed by the Da-da-da-DUM Da-da-da-DUM beat of the drum. Its the Gipsy Circus. Marko looks out the window, transfixed.

MIRZO

The Dragon!

He makes a drunken effort to pull out his sword, kicking the lamp off the table. The flames light up the other windows. A group of circus players, standing on top of each other's shoulders enter the Inn juggling with flaming torches.

GJERGJ
Stand up brave hearts. Forward!
Fight!

Marko stands up, the helmet over his eyes, swinging his mace, kicking the other lamp.

In the panic, DARK CHAOS follows. The wasted brave-hearts blindly go full blast, attacking whatever stands on their way.

As the smoke clears, the last standing hero, Marko raises his fist in victory and falls drunk on top of the rest of the cheta, piled on top of each other on the floor.

CUT TO LATER:

INT. LOCAL INN - MORNING

The Circus players are wrapping up their tools, and are well on their way, when Stana arrives at the INN.

She waves at them, exchanging greetings as she comes in, only to find the cheta members piled onto each other.

With oil and blood all over him Marko stands up, and shakes the others. They slowly wake up ...

MARKO
I killed the Dragon.

GJERGJ
(groaning)
No, I did.

MIRZO
(searching on the ground)
Seen my sword?

GOCE
Oh, what's that smell? I think I'm wounded...

GJERGJ
I think I am too. Wounded but victorious!

Stana, speechless, tries to help one at the time, holding her nose from the stench.

MARKO
Stana, you're always late. You missed our splendid victory.

GJERGJ
Yes our battle against the fire
dragon.

STANA
Dragon? What Dragon?

Stana stands up, looking toward the road where the Gypsis
circus is disappearing...

STANA (CONT'D)
Oh, that dragon!

While the lute player keeps his tune, Stana, finally gets it.

STANA (CONT'D)
Yeah, yeah, well done. I'm sure
there'll be plenty more historic
victories like this one.

Stana smiles to herself as the heroes continue to celebrate
their victory.

THE END