

**CHETA BALKANICA**

A series by

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JAIL TIME

Webisode written by

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EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

Sunset. The jail looks like Hades. The clank of an iron door locking. Under the light cutting through from a high window the Cheta members can be seen, seemingly frozen in "dying in agony" poses, on the floor.

As the sound fades, **MARKO (55)**, theatrically and lavishly dressed, drops his suffering saint pose. In his hand he clutches something that looks more like a mace than The Cross. In squat next to **MIRZO (19)**, stands weak and tired **GOCE (35)**.

MARKO

Is there's anyone else dead? Can you call in please!

**STANA (30)** stirs.

STANA

Well...

MARKO

We are the last men standing. We'll be the ones offered up as a sacrifice.

GOCE

Let's just lie low for the time being.

We hear voices in the background, but it's difficult to make out.

MARKO

Do you hear something?

GOCE

Let pretend we're asleep.

The loud sound of chains can be heard behind the iron doors.

STANA

Sshhh... Here comes new meat.

Everyone quietens and on command they lie still, striking their grotesque dying poses.

Iron doors clank open and **GJERGJ (50)**, dressed in a medieval Albanian costume, is thrown in and onto the floor.

Doors slam shut behind him.

Everybody turns to Gjergj as he lies, motionless, on the ground.

MARKO  
(to Gjergj )  
I forbid you to die!

Mirzo and Goce crawl towards Gjergj and hold him up by the chains. Gergj takes a breath. Relief all round - he's alive. All eyes are on him as he pulls a rolled up leaf from his breast pocket. He clears his throat and pretends to read.

GJERGJ  
(weak voice )  
Brothers, his highness, the King...  
bla bla bla... And announces that a  
new law ... bla bla bla...  
producing and exporting of  
Medicinal Plants for curative  
purposes. And that's it.

Gjergj, folds the paper and puts it back on his chest, then keels over as he passes out again.

MARKO  
For medicinal purposes huh?

Marko makes fun pretending his body is compulsively shaking

GOCE  
His "excellency" deems it vital for  
the curing of "THE PEOPLE"... HMM!  
Yea right - we all know he cares!  
Doesn't he?

STANA  
What people?

GJERGJ  
(exhausted voice )  
Our people.

He passes out again...

MARKO  
(doing rounds )  
Cheta people. Me, you and you and  
you... and dying Gjergj here. But  
we can take our fate in our own  
hands and take care of our own  
people.

STANA  
Hey, guys look.

She is on her tiptoes looking out of the window. The others crowd round to look - apart from Gjergj, still on the floor.

EXT. FROM THE JAIL WINDOW - DAY

From their POV only a part of the courtyard surrounded by square fair-sized stone pillars interconnected by semicircular arches, can be seen.

By a corner of the Byzantine wall stands a wooden gallows with hanging nooses swinging from it.

A few filled up black sacks lay on the floor. Guards drag **MIRZO** (18) looking like a young abused hulk, who gives the impression of a hot blooded revolutionary bandit to be exact. He is wrapped on a long purple cape reminiscent of an antique prophet.

GOCE  
(oov)  
Good Lord! Is that Mirzo?

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL.

They jump back from the window as the loud sound of chains approaches again behind the door and everyone falls silent and resume their "dying in agony" poses.

There is a loud clank as the door opens and Mirzo is thrown in. They all gasp.

INT. JAIL - LATER

Mirzo is kneeling, looking at the light coming through the window.

GOCE  
God why!? Everything was so well  
planed...

STANA  
There's something going on here.  
There is no other way... keep  
praying, Mirzo.

MARKO

Brave-hearts! Don't you get it,  
this is a massive opportunity. The  
future is in the plants. There's  
enough opportunity for five lives  
and more to leave behind us.

Stana, unsure, squats next to Goce.

Marko shrugs his shoulders with a crazed expression on his  
face, the mace slips out of his hand. He approaches Mirzo and  
whispers in his ear...

MARKO (CONT'D)

And?

GOCE

What happened with that bride of  
yours? Did you make up your mind?

MIRZO

Either too fat or too skinny. Too  
tall or too short. Pale or  
charcoal...

MARKO

(interrupts )

Do you know what you were sent for?

MIRZO

I'm still looking for a woman I can  
trust, not just any girl out there.

MARKO

(Nervously )

What about the supply? Did you  
find out anything about it?

MIRZO

Oh thaaat!

Mirzo comes and squats beside Stana and Goce while Gjergj  
groans in pain a few feet away. Marko towers above them.

MIRZO (CONT'D)

You're talking about the **weed**. A  
huge load, passing through our  
lands. Three tons of it.

MARKO

(stands up in commanding  
pose )

Tonight is the night then - we  
attack!

Goce jumps up and stands by Marko with revolutionary zest.

GOCE

We must save our country.

Mirzo jumps up and lines up on the other side with Marko.

MIRZO

And our girls.

GOCE

And dethrone the motherfuckers. We  
will tear this system down and  
create a new one.

MIRZO

And a new dimension.

GJERGJ

(weak voice )

We will take control. The whole of  
Europe is waiting for us.

MARKO

They need us as much as we need  
them. What would they smoke if it  
wasn't for us?

STANA

The weed is the reason we are  
sought after all over. It takes a  
lot of sacrifices to be the best.

Slowly but surely, they start talking animatedly over each  
other until it ends in total chaos.

MARKO

They will try to get by without us.  
But they need us.

MIRZO

They have to work with us. Get the  
benefits.

MARKO

Benefits! They will be with us if  
they gets something outa it, huh! A  
lot of "something".

MIRZO

To benefit from our struggle. No  
way. No one can benefit from  
struggle but my brothers in arms.

(MORE)

MIRZO (CONT'D)

And we can smoke the shit till the  
end of our lives. Zero benefits  
for them. Nada.

STANA

We're gonna have a shitload for  
free.

MIRZO

No government, No border controls,  
no quantitative limitations. Fuck  
all of that shit.

(swaying a bit, visibly  
high )

Our business is ours, not theirs.  
And we are gonna have such a market  
expansion. An explosion!

Gjergj comes to and tries to stand up to calm them down.

GJERGJ

Can we just calm down.

(he changes his mind)

Praised be our Cheta - one true  
band under one true God.

Then joins them with arms open like a saint.

STANA

Leave God out of this. He can  
always join later... after we  
succeed.

MARKO

When exactly is their plan to get  
the weed over the border?

MIRZO

Before midnight. Or midday.  
Something like that... what  
difference does it make?

Mirzo laughs at his own words.

MARKO

Right!

They smile contentedly, except for Goce. He has a deadpan  
expression on his face.

GOCE

So, how do we get out of here?

They look around and each other, sigh, then sit despondently on the floor. Marko suddenly jumps, a puzzled expression as he listens to something coming their way.

MARKO  
It's coming!

STANA  
What?

MARKO  
Salvation.

GJERGJ  
Are you out of your mind?

The footsteps are getting louder and closer. The doors clanks open and the guard pushes the horse inside. The door clanks shut. They are all stunned. Marko a bit less so.

MARKO  
I might've known you'd show up.

MIRZO  
Dear lord! Like this cell needed a horse.

MARKO  
(Nervously talking to the horse )  
Why are you here?

THE HORSE  
Oh, give me a break! What was I supposed to do? It's your mistake in the first place.

MARKO  
Oh! So, it's my mistake?

THE HORSE  
I am just a horse.

MIRZO  
I didn't say that!

STANA  
Stop it!

MARKO  
I am not talking to you.

In OFF we hear Goce singing.



GOCE

Can you help me? Hey you, out there  
beyond the wall, can you help me?

They all stop arguing and look at him with confused eyes.

GOCE (CONT'D)

Hey you, don't tell me there's no  
hope at all. Together we stand,  
divided we fall.

The horse nods to the window.

THE HORSE

There are four hanging ropes out  
there. Who will survive?

MARKO

No one will survive.

They look at him with strange expressions on their faces.

GOCE

(Singing)

But it was only fantasy.

The others join him, except Marko and the horse.

TOGETHER

The wall was too high, as you can  
see. No matter how he tried, he  
could not break free. And the  
worms ate into his brain.

The loud sound of chains can be heard again behind the door,  
followed by a bigger warning BANG on the door. Everyone  
rushes on command to their original "dying in agony" poses.

The sound of a horse's fart breaks the silence. A tense  
second of holding back. And a burst of hilarious laughter  
ensues.

THE END