

**CHETA BALKANICA**

A series by

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THE DISEASE IS COMING

Webisode written by

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EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

A white duffle bag sways in the air like a flag.

MARKO (O.S.)

A duffle bag a day keeps flies  
away.

(to horse)

Ha? Catchy, right?

HORSE

Like a plague.

**MARKO (55)**, skips down the dirt road. Next to him walks his **HORSE**, who looks like he had it enough with Marko. The tip of Marko's long mustache hit the saber on his belt. He trips over the saber which drags on the road. The bag falls down and hits him in the head knocking off his big metal helmet. The helmet rolls down the road and bumps into a pile of wood logs.

Mirzo's hand reaches into the pile and takes one log. The log from Mirzo's hand moves the helmet gently. As **MIRZO (19)** straightens up, he sees Marko running towards him. Marko grabs the helmet and put's it back on his head. The bag is again swaying in the air as Marko swings it.

HORSE (CONT'D)

(to Marko)

Don't say it--

MARKO

(proudly)

A duffle bag a day keeps flies  
away.

The horse rolls his eyes. Mirzo throws the log into his fire pit where the Bosnian kebabs sizzle over the grill.

MIRZO

Hey Stana, your friend is here.

Stana approaches, the sunbeam shines on her fake mustache. She walks around Marko and checks him out. Marko stumbles upon his words and flamboyantly swivels.

MARKO

The disease is coming. I am here to  
warn you--

Marko holds his bag up.

HORSE

Here is it...

Horse repeats Marko's lines at the same time as Marko says them.

|                                     |                                     |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| MARKO                               | HORSE (CONT'D)                      |
| But, I am not just a news bearer... | But, I am not just a news bearer... |

HORSE (CONT'D)  
For fucks sake man, you need a brand manager.

MARKO  
(through his teeth)  
Shut your chew-box.

It is obvious by now, that Marko is the only one who can understand the horse.

**GJERGJ (50)** and **GOCE (35)** approach. Gjergj wears an apron and Goce holds a big ladle covered in ajvar.

GJERGJ  
Stana, it seems you are not the only virgin anymore.

STANA  
I am a SWORN VIRGIN. And, SHE is a fake.

**STANA (30)** pulls Marko's mustache and he screams.

MARKO  
Heey! Heey! What kind of a place isthis? I am bringing you the cure for the disease and you're acting like savages.

Stana fixes her fake mustaches. Goce walks toward his fire pit where he cooks ajvar. Little air bubbles boil in the pot as he steers the ajvar.

GOCE  
There is no disease without health, nor health without disease, as old Macedonias would say.

The golden brown bread on the fire smokes and puffs as Gjergj turns it over.

GJERGJ  
Or vice-versa, as the old Albanians used to say!

Goce rolls his eyes. Mirzo gestures the two not to start again.

MIRZO

(to Marko)

Hey news bearer, do you have pretty ladies in your country? I am looking for a wife.

HORSE

These guys are crazier than you!  
Jesus fucking Christ!

Marko looks at the horse in disapproval.

MARKO

Back in EU, where I'm coming from, we have the most beautiful women in the world.

MIRZO

Really? I wanna go there. Where is that?

MARKO

Serbia.

The Cheta laughs hard.

HORSE

Europe, my big juicy horse a--.

Marko gives the horse a look and he stops.

STANA

Why only women, Mirzo. You can also marry a man. You should always follow your heart.

MIRZO

Wha-- What? I am following my heart. And this is a woman's job.

Mirzo points to kebabs.

MIRZO (CONT'D)

Come on, give me a helping hand.

STANA

I am not a woman! I am a sworn virgin of my family and this village. Respect the tradition or I will shorten you for the size of your head!

Stana comes to his grill and tries to take one kebab. Mirzo taps her hand.

MIRZO

Leave it, god damn it. This is for everyone. Wait your turn.

STANA

(flirtuous)

Be a gentleman. Ladies first. You won't find a nice wife if you're acting like that.

Horse, astound looks at Stana then Mirzo, then Stana then Mirzo, he is about to say something to Marko.

MARKO

(interrupts Horse's action)

Why are you cooking so much food?

GJERGJ

This is for the feast.

MARKO

What are you celebrating?

GOCE

We are opening this!

Goce points to nothing, just the river.

MARKO

What?

Stana laughs.

GJERGJ

This.

Points to nothing again.

MARKO

What?

STANA

They are celebrating nothing. And they are celebrating every day.

GJERGJ

It's not nothing you stubborn woman's head.

STANA

Hey hey hey. Watch your language. I identify as a man... right now.

Marko scratches his head over his helmet.

GOCE

My good sir, we are celebrating the plan for the cornerstone for our bridge which will call in your honour, EUROPA. Right here. Let us eat, Macedonian ajvar will be ready soon.

HORSE

(whispers)

Macedonian ajvar? Grow a pair, man!

Mirzo flips kebabs and points to the huge pile of faded, dirty ribbon peaces on the shore.

MIRZO

You wouldn't know because we're out of ribbons and the new order is late because we don't have the bridge so the delivery is a bit problematic at the moment. Logistics are to be determined, as they say.

HORSE

(whispers to Marko, while

Mirzo continues speaking)

Who says that, noone says that.

MIRZO

We used all of them when we were opening the location plans and the dimension plans, and--

Stana walks around the pile.

STANA

-- and the first meeting plans, and the first week since we started the project, and the first month since we started the project, and the Europe Day,

(counts on hir finers )

Equinox, Gjergj's birthday, Goce's sowing, Mirzo's harvest... Yup, we've been pretty busy celebrating.

MARKO

Guys, you are all crazy. Listen to me. The disease is coming.

GJERGJ

(with crazy eyes)

Yes... Crazy. But Albanians are the craziest.

MIRZO

You wish. Everyone knows how crazy Bosnians are. Double-double crazy!

Goce breaths in to say something, but he backs off.

MIRZO (CONT'D)

(yells from the fire-pit side)

Kebabs are done!

Murmur breaks through the crowd as they disperse, leaving Marko and Horse alone. The line of people forms at Gjergj's bread oven. One by one, people are taking one loaf and proceeding to Mirzo's fire-pit for kebabs. As they stuff the bread with the meat they look at Goce, who is frustrated.

GOCE

It needs to cool off. Can't be eaten the same day.

Mirzo and Gjergj laugh hard.

GJERGJ

We knew it! Bread and meat. That's all we need.

Marko holds his bag and looks at them appalled.

MARKO

Cure! Medicinum. Flee flu is coming. Stop stuffing your faces. You will die! All of you if you don't listen to me.

Horse laughs hard, but to others it sounds like it's neighing.

MARKO (CONT'D)

(to Horse)

Stop laughing and help!

Marko walks around, pushing the product into people's faces. They eat, chew, the grease is dripping down their faces. No-one pays attention to Marko and his words.

Goce blows into his ajvar pot and mixes it fast to cool it off.

GOCE

Tomorrow. Ok? You will try my speciality tomorrow.

Horse looks at him and nods with sad puppy eyes, being ironic.

STANA

Tomorrow you need to start building the bridge. No more games. No more cook offs.

EVERYONE

Ok, mother!

Stana takes her fake mustache off, throws them in the fire. Marko rubs his eyes and blinks.

MARKO

Girl, samesies.

HORSE

Oh, this'll be good!

Marko takes off his helmet and puts it in Stana's hands, then he peels off his fake eyebrows and throws them in the fire. People stop eating and look at him in shock.

MARKO

I can feel a breeze on my face again. And friend, Ajvar is Serbian not Macedonian national meal.

HORSE

Oh no, you didn't! Score!

Goce roars like a wounded lion and jumps towards Marko. The horse steps in the side allowing Goce to get to Marko.

Marko grabs the helmet from Stana and puts it back on the head.

MARKO And we shall fight!

**THE END**