

No Town Like My Town  
Crowdfunding Pitch Script

By

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EXT. FOGGY DAWN, FIELD

NARRATOR

The West Midland frontier. A cold and unforgiving land. Not a soul wanders here without reason. Here where the Coventry Confederacy holds so little sway and the great MLS bank draws in the roughest most professional of freelancers. No law runs these parts, not since Sherrif Dawkins met with the undertaker. None, until now...

Morning is breaking and a fog hangs in the air to the sound of the ringing church bell. A man dressed in a a black suit and cowboy hat with a large tripod bag slung over his shoulder walks along the horizon, his head down as he treads along the desolate field. Following behind him is a woman clutching a clapper board.

GURLEEN

Hold it right there Mr Potter, Miss Lillie

A voice calls out from the brush, Ryan and Lillie stop in their tracks, Ryan's face is obscured by the trim of his hat. Gurleen steps out from the thicket holding a small LED panel up shining in Ryan's direction.

NARRATOR

Ryan Potter, the toughest, meanest director this side of the Midlands. There wasn't a film crew or actor that hadn't heard his name. And never was his trusted companion, Lillie Cram far away. Together they had earned quite a name for themselves.

Ryan tilts his head up shooting the stern western eyes that symbolise a showdown. Gurleen shuffles out into the open standing head on with Ryan.

RYAN

It don't have to be like this Gurleen.

NARRATOR

Said Ryan, his calm demeanour making him the very definition of bad ass.

(CONTINUED)

RYAN

Nobody wants this to be their last walk in the breeze. Alone, we...

Gurleen grins confidentially and nods.

GURLEEN

Alone? Who said I was alone?

Stepping out from behind Ryan comes Matthew wearing a fine shirt and overcoat, a pair of glasses on his face and a camera mounted to a shoulder mount in his hand.

NARRATOR

The Good Doctor stepped forward, he knew his silent footwork would leave him undetectable. The Doctor was known for more than curing gang green and pus filled blisters, he was the sharpest eye in the west and everyone knew it.

MATTHEW

Mr Potter.

RYAN

Doctor.

LILLIE

I've got your back Ryan, you just say the word and i'll have this guy running for cups of coffee all day long.

MATTHEW

This don't gotta go nasty now, we can all leave from this with a share of the profits.

Ryan turns and his head shifts slowly from Gurleen to Matthew and back again as he twirls a cocktail stick between his lips.

NARRATOR

Realising the dire situation he has found himself in, Ryan decided he had no choice but to negotiate.

RYAN

I know you. I know you Doctor. I know you Gurleen.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

The director said.

RYAN

I know you want a share of the rewards, but as individuals...

Suddenly popping up out of a nearby bush is the crazed looking prospector Ciaran Dyer, headphones on a boom pole in hand.

CIARAN

Nobody make another step, not another sound you hear?!

NARRATOR

The Prospector was not sound of mind, the years of planes and cars interrupting his recordings had left him...

CIARAN

If theres anyone whos earned that reward it's me, comprende?

NARRATOR

Well it had left him crazy...

RYAN

Now just hold on a second, this is getting a bit out of...

TOM

Come on I haven't got all day to be waiting just start shooting already. I've got a stiff to pick up at three and a measurement to take at four.

Tom is dressed in a slimming suit with a tall hat on, a black camera bag placed on the ground beside him and a noose dangling in his hands. Behind him stands Tahany his assistant who mimes the act of being hung pulling a face and sticking out her tongue whilst Tom remains the picture of professionalism.

NARRATOR

The truth was the Hangman had no appointments for the remainder of the day but instead wanted to return home to continue knitting his colourful mittens.

Ryan's calm demeanour was beginning to be tested.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

Ryan struggled to keep his calm under the beating sun. All he really wanted to do was shout at them all but thought better of it.

RYAN

Can we just stop for a minute here? I'd wager that...

DEJI

Wager? Sure thing slick, whats your game? Poker? Blackjack? Snap?

Deji stands shuffling a deck of cards in his hand sat at a table that seems to have appeared from nowhere.

DEJI

How about Go Fish? I'm not so good at it...

NARRATOR

He lied.

DEJI

But I'd go so far as to play you for the reward you folks have been mentioning.

Everyone begins talking at Ryan and waving around their equipment in heated argument with one another. The Good Doctor gets up close and personal with his camera as Gurleen argues with Lillie. Tom stands behind Deji pulling open a tape measure and measuring his shoulders and head Deji who remains still but looks very confused as he shuffles his cards, Tahany line dances to music from an unknown origin. Ryan slowly spins observing the ongoing madness around him, pulling off his hat and drawing it down across his face and holding it to his chest.

NARRATOR

The noise was overwhelming, the chaos too much. Ryan could no longer hold back.

RYAN

Quiet!!!

NARRATOR

The rabble suddenly went quiet

Everyone continues their continuous arguments for a moment until the Narrator clears his throat loudly catching everyone's attention who drops what they are doing.

(CONTINUED)

NARRATOR

Thank you, Ryan took a deep breath  
and whiped his brow.

Ryan inhales and holds before slowly exhaling wiping his  
forehead and placing his hat back upon his head.

RYAN

Don't you understand? There ain't  
gunna be no reward, not unless we  
work together. We could be the best  
in our chosen fields, but if we  
wanna make the best film the  
Coventry Confederacy ever did see,  
then we, have got, to work,  
together. And yes that includes you  
Mr Narrator.

NARRATOR

The cameraman pans to the right revealing the source of the  
handsome voice narrating this film. Wearing a set of  
headphones and speaking into a microphone, he suddenly  
becomes... aware... of the camera.

As the narration takes place the camera pans to the right  
past the other characters revealing the Narrator (Grant)  
stood before a microphone with a set of headphones on, he  
suddenly became aware of the camera and looks up towards the  
cameraman, awkwardly lifting his arm and waving slowly. The  
camera turns back to Ryan.

RYAN

Together

Ryan looks straight into camera as if to address the  
audience now.

RYAN

With your help at home, we could  
make the most amazing Short Film.  
We are all Coventry University  
Media Production students who in  
February of 2016 are heading over  
to Prague to shoot a Contemporay  
Western called 'No Town Like My  
Town'.

LILLIE

A Contemporay Western, also known  
as a Neo-Western, use modern day  
settings but utilizing the themes  
of the Old West. This means

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LILLIE (cont'd)  
rebellious-heroes, deserted  
landscapes and of course gunfights  
at dawn.

TAHANY  
Now filming a Contemporary Western  
is an extremely ambitious project.  
It's going to require specific  
locations, costume designs and  
props to propel the story forward.  
So what is the story of 'No Town  
Like My Town'

MATTHEW  
Our story follows a mysterious man  
by the name Janek who comes to  
Prague in search of a drug baron  
named Tomas. Now Tomas isn't a nice  
man in fact most of the people in  
town fear the name and the stretch  
of his empire. But when a conquerer  
becomes greedy he opens up  
weaknesses and that is where our  
story becomes interesting.

NARRATOR  
Offering to support our  
crowdfunding campaign will gain you  
entry into the Brotherhood of  
Outlaws, an exclusive club of  
desperados and bandits who will  
recieve update emails as the  
project advances and will be given  
first glimpse of the finished film.  
Additional perks will also be on  
offer such as signed postcards from  
Cast and Crew, a framed photograph  
of yourself or loved one to appear  
within the film or even the chance  
to star as an extra in Prague.

RYAN  
So what are you waiting for? The  
Wild West waits for no one, so  
support us now and join the  
Brotherhood.