

"No Town Like My Town" Screenplay v1.2

By

Grant Snaith

Tel: 07783561908

Email: Snaihius@hotmail.com

grantsnaithyr2blog.wordpress.com

EXT. DUSK, QUIET COUNTRYSIDE

[sound starts first] Fade in slowly from black on a teddy bear shimmers in flames under moonlight as someone wails at the top of their lungs. A pair of distinctive looking boots walk into shot from behind the bear.

EXT. DAY, QUIET COUNTRYSIDE

A solitary building stands against a wide open expanse of country side. A car drives down a dirt track and up to the building. A man steps out from the car in rugged clothing, he observes the scene and stubs out his cigarette before walking over to the building, the whole time not revealing his face or identity.

INT. BAR

Wide shot of an empty bar with a single man stood to the right of frame. A bartender walks over and into shot wiping the bar down.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Busy night.

The bartender looks up at Janek, camera still not revealing his face, and huffs as he wipes down the surface.

BARKEEP

Ever since they opened that new hotel across town I ain't had no rest. Me and my girl, well, we will be happy for the holidays that's for sure.

The barkeep stops for a moment from his duties and studies Janek.

BARKEEP

Understand me, we are thankful for the business and the friendly custom. It's just those from overseas. Think they are invincible just because their on a stag. Err, can I get you a drink mr?

JANEK NOVOSAD

Janek, and no thanks. Don't get much trouble from the locals then?

(CONTINUED)

BARKEEP

The locals? Don't get much trouble from no locals, they all got a healthy respect. Don't be getting much trouble at all out this way.

The Barkeep turns around and starts moving bottles of alcohol off the shelves, Janek blurred from vision but seen over his shoulder.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Out this way.

The Barkeep hesitates slightly, then continues to grab the cloth to wipe down the shelf he has just taken the bottles off of.

BARKEEP

If you want to have this talk, you're gunna be wanting a drink.

The Barkeep picks up a colorful bottle and reaches for a shot glass. Janek picks up his coat which matches the same one established in the opening scene. The Barkeep slams down the shot glass on the bar.

EXT. DAY, QUIET COUNTRYSIDE

Cut to close up of the car bonnet, a man is thrown down on the car bonnet of the car. He coughs and tries to lift himself up but is shunted back down rather roughly, a cry of pain escaping his winded lungs. He is let go and slumps down in front of the car with a grin and a laugh.

MICHAL

Like I said, I don't know anybody called Tomas.

Janek stands in front of Michal with his jacket on and a black bin bag with something unknown inside, he pulls out another match and strikes it.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Think harder.

MICHAL

Doesn't matter how hard I think.

Michal itches at his neck and shakes slightly, clutching at his arms to keep warm.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAL

The imagination is a powerful tool
but bringing a whole person into
existence? That would be pretty
fucked up.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Think harder.

Janek lights his cigarette and waves out the flame of his
match.

INT. BAR

Janek walks down a neon lit corridor, the lights fading into
different colors as he walks, following behind the Barkeep.
Orchestra music plays gently in the background, elegant and
sophisticated. He follows him through and into an office
space of similar lighting. The Barkeep takes a seat at his
desk and Janek does so across from him. The Barkeep opens
his draw and places a napkin on the table, then a glass upon
that and pulls out a bottle of whiskey and begins to pour.
Janek looks at his shot glass of colorful liquid then slides
it across the desk to the Barkeep who looks at the shot
glass then back to Janek and huffs. He reaches into his desk
again and produces another napkin and glass and pours again.

BARKEEP

So...

He takes the shot glass and pours the contents out onto the
floor.

BARKEEP

What are ya? Cop? Thug? Because I
don't want to get involved. Oh go
on, go ahead. Got that in from
Romania, heavy stuff.

Janek picks up the glass and examines it, swirling the
liquid around before taking a taste.

BARKEEP

Ahh the less I know the better,
you're right. Whatever it is, don't
go bringing it to my door. I don't
go asking who you are and I shaln't
show you who I really am, alright?

JANEK NOVOSAD

I'm looking for the one they call
Tomas, heard word that he crawls
these parts.

(CONTINUED)

The Barkeep looks noticeably disturbed by the mention of the name and shuffles in his seat taking another swig of his drink. He steps up from his seat and walks over to the wall across the room, resting upon it.

BARKEEP

It's been a little over a month now
but. I used to have this patreon,
pot head, nuisance, but he never
caused no trouble my bouncers
couldn't handle.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Tomas?

The Barkeep turns around to look at Janek questioningly for a moment contemplating asking why he is so eager to find out about this guy but then thinking better of it.

BARKEEP

Err, no, no this kid ain't Tomas,
but he started working for him I
wager. My guys caught him peddling
some harder gear than usual. Stuff
matches the description of Tomas'
work.

Janek gets up from his chair with his drink and walks slowly towards the barkeep.

JANEK NOVOSAD

The produce?

BARKEEP

I gave it him back and told him to
stay clear. There's more trouble
attached to that bag than its worth
on the market.

Janek necks his drink and slowly walks back towards the desk, placing the glass down on the napkin carefully. He reaches into his pocket and produces a cigarette and a box of matches.

BARKEEP

Hey, c'mon you can't smoke in here

Janek shoots him a look that could kill before striking his match and lighting up the cigarette between his lips and waving out the flame.

(CONTINUED)

JANEK NOVOSAD
What's the kids name?

EXT. DUSK, QUIET COUNTRYSIDE

A pile of extinguished cigarettes sit on the dirt floor, one still smoldering slightly, suddenly another cigarette hits the pile. Janek is still stood in the same spot even though considerable time has obviously passed with the black bin bag beside him. Michal squirms, his arms tied to the front tire of the car, sweaty as he craves the drugs he is dependant upon.

MICHAL
You don't scare me, so come on, why don't you just do what you came here to do because fuck, I feel good man, real good.

JANEK NOVOSAD
You talk too much Michal.

MICHAL
Well maybe I just like the way my voice sounds. I know i've got a pretty boy face but you can't pull the ladies without a silver tongue.

JANEK NOVOSAD
Maybe. Or maybe you believe all this talking will make me think you've given me the answers. Thinking, you've told me who he is. Where he is.

Janek reaches into the black bin bag and produces out the teddy bear (others spilling from the bag to the floor as well) from before only this time you can see its stomach is split and a bag of cocaine can be seen inside it.

JANEK NOVOSAD
That you don't have a family.

Janek throws the teddy down on the floor in front of him, Michal goes to lunge for it but then holds himself back remembering his bounds.

MICHAL
Alright, woah woah. I know a Tomas okay, I know him.

Janek pulls out another cigarette and match and strikes it.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAL

Look just tell me what you want.
URGH! Just tell me what the fuck
you want!

Janek lights his cigarette and then tosses his match down onto the bear casually.

MICHAL

Grr! Argh! Fuck! NO! You fucking!

Janek picks up the bears and bag and walks past the burning bear, the same shot from the beginning, and walks up to Michal crouching down intimately close to him as he sobs quietly.

JANEK NOVOSAD

You're going to give Tomas a
message, pretty boy.

EXT. NIGHT, NEON PRAGUE STREET

Montage of Footage. Janek driving down a neon lit street in Prague.

EXT. NIGHT, NEON PRAGUE STREET

Montage of Footage. Janek steps out of his car beside a shop and runs his hand across the bonnet. He then steps out of the shop with a bottle and takes a swig before putting it back in a bag and heading for his car.

EXT. NIGHT, DIM PRAGUE STREET

Montage of Footage. A hooded unknown figure walks along the a forest track and then turns off into the woods.

EXT. NIGHT, CHAPEL OF GOD, BOHEMIA FOREST

Montage of Footage. He knocks on the door to the Chapel. A shot from behind as the figure pulls back his hood. A shot from inside the door as the door is opened revealing Michal with the words 'Sherwood, 5am' written on his face. He looks tired and shaken, the effects of having no drugs really showing. He goes to step into the house but the door is closed back on him.

In the black screen appears the words "5:43am" which fade back into black.

EXT. DAWN, CHAPEL OF GOD, BOHEMIA FOREST

The headlights of a car shine through the dim forest surrounding the Chapel. The car pulls up beside the Chapel with two guys sat inside, the car is switched off and the headlights go dark leaving only the inside of the car lit with a blue glow.

INT. DAWN, CAR INTERIOR

Michal sits quiet and obedient, by this point looking terrible from a lack of drugs. He stares across to the darkened figure of Tomas. The steady pounding of the radio music playing in the background as Tomas has a cigarette and exhales smoke. After a moment Michal plucks up the courage to speak, he raises his hand up.

MICHAL

Oh man, I can't even keep my hand steady anymore, this shit just ain't right.

Tomas doesn't respond or acknowledge that Michal has even spoken and just gets his phone out and starts texting instead.

MICHAL

It's been like nearly twenty four now, right? C'mon man...

Tomas continues texting regardless of what is being said by Michal, he receives a message and sniggers slightly amused by what he has received.

MICHAL

Look I know I messed up last night, alright? But, but you said if I worked for you I wouldn't have to worry, that I could get some whenever I needed okay and...

TOMAS

You ever wonder why some people just can't keep their shit in order? I mean it doesn't take a fucking tactician to keep your woman in check. Look, look at this fucker.

Tomas laughs and taps away on his phone some more.

(CONTINUED)

TOMAS

This guy wants me to have his wife followed. Ha. Thinks she's fucking away with some asshole from work. You wanna see what his wife looks like? Huh?

Michal sulks his head away, getting close to tears as he becomes increasingly upset out.

MICHAL

No, thanks.

Tomas turns to look at Michal in surprise of his answer.

TOMAS

Hey now, come on don't be like that Michal, don't be an asshole.

A tear rolls down Michal's face as he shakes his head gently.

TOMAS

Ahh come on kid. Hey, after we've moved all of the stash how about me and you we head out to the creek, alright? We'll both get fucking smacked together.

Tomas puts on a cute baby like voice

TOMAS

Come on, come on. It'll be just like old times, before all the shit.

A very hesitant smile cracks on Michal's face as he wipes his tears and nods softly. He lifts his head as Tomas leans over to show him his phone. On the phone is a picture of a guy with his brains blown out across the floor. Michal recoils in horror but Tomas lunges at him placing one hand over Michal's mouth and pressing a gun to the temple of his head with the other.

TOMAS

I had his fucking brains blown out, a bullet in his fucking head. Why? His whore of a wife is fucking me thats why, my ribs are still sore from the pounding, ha! I aint in the business of being called an asshole and letting someone get away with it. Am I an asshole Michal? Am I?!

(CONTINUED)

Michal begins to cry again as he struggles against the push of Tomas to lift his head from the car window to shake his head in answer to his question.

TOMAS

That's right Michal, thats fucking right. You know what I am?

Michal goes silent, his eyes shifting around as he searches for the answer, eventually shutting his eyes and shaking his head again.

TOMAS

I'm a fucking dick Michal, I'm a dick. I fuck the arseholes and I fuck pussys like you as well. You understand? The only reason I haven't blown your brains out is because I don't take kindly to another dick coming in and fucking with my pussy, you understand me boy?

Michal nods his head and Tomas roughly lets go of him who subsequently shakes and cries as quietly as he can. Tomas watches him for a moment as he cries and then laughs abruptly as he shows that there was no clip in the bottom of the gun.

TOMAS

I like you, your tight Michal, tight.

Tomas pulls out the clip for the gun and slams it back into the pistol.

EXT. DAWN, CHAPEL OF GOD, BOHEMIA FOREST

Tomas slams the door of the car, with pistol in hand he wipes his brow of sweat before starting to walk towards the Chapel with Michal lagging behind him slightly. Tomas takes a final drag of his cigarette then tosses it aside.

TOMAS

I mean who does this guy think he is anyway? Thinks he can come and fuck around with me, have the fucking audacity to call me out, ME. And then not even show up.

Tomas shoves the pistol back down into his belt and then wipes his nose, sniffing loudly.

(CONTINUED)

TOMAS

It's disrespectful is what it is.

Tomas stops and then so does Michal. Tomas sighs and reaches into his trouser pockets producing his car keys.

TOMAS

I left the bag in the car. Yes,
you, go grab it.

Michal reaches over and takes the keys from him and heads back to the car. Tomas continues walking and enters the Chapel.

INT. DAWN, CHAPEL OF GOD INTERIOR, BOHEMIA FOREST

As he does so he spots a man down the corridor, it's Janek (wearing black leather gloves), who reaches to his belt placing a hand on his pistol. Tomas does the same. The two stand still for a moment having an intense stare down. Montage of Footage.

Michal comes walking back from the car with a a rucksack completely unaware of what was happening around him. As he draws closer Tomas grabs for Michal and holds him at gun point. Michal drops the bag on the floor.

TOMAS

Take that hand of that pistol or
i'll paint this pretty boys face
all over this fucking door!

Janek slowly lifts his hand from his pistol and raises his hands.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Tomas, I assume.

TOMAS

Ha. I must apologise but I only
know you by the name dick.

JANEK NOVOSAD

How does detective sound?

Tomas looks on edge and shuffles his feet looking back to have a quick subtle glance for an exit plan, pulling Michal along with him. Michal looks to Janek who looks back at him and then towards the nervous Tomas and then slams his elbow into the ribs of Tomas who then lets go and shrieks in pain.

Janek quickly reaches for his pistol and draws it.

EXT. DAWN, CHAPEL OF GOD, BOHEMIA FOREST

Wide shot as Tomas' body flies out and hits the steps of the Chapel with a sickening thud the leaves silence. After a moment of still silence Janek carrying the bacpack in his hand slowly walks out from the Chapel looking down at the body of Tomas for a moment. After being sure that Tomas is dead he checks the contents of the bag before throwing the it over his shoulder and bending down to pick up Tomas' pistol.

Front on shot of Michal stands defeated and broken his eyes filled with tears and his legs bowed, over his shoulder we see the figure of Janek standing over the body of Tomas.

JANEK NOVOSAD

I didn't want it to go this way
kid.

-pause-

I wanted to be gone before you got
back.

Janek turns starts to slowly walk down the steps of the Chapel with both guns in hand. Michal slowly turns around and looks down at the corpse of Tomas and slowly starts to walk out of the Chapel as if every step is a struggle.

Janek stops at the car and places the backpack from his shoulder on the car bonnet. Michal hesitates before answering.

JANEK NOVOSAD

I can get you a good sentence, make
the judge take it easy on you. I
assume you know where he kept
things.

Janek reaches for another cigarette and places it in his mouth.

JANEK NOVOSAD

But I can't do none of that.
Without evidence.

MICHAL

How do I know if I sell him out you
won't go back on your word? Or
shoot me like you did Tomas.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Tell me. Do you think this town is
better off without your friend over
there?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAL

Yes. -pause- I never liked him.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Good, then I guess we are some way to trusting each other.

MICHAL

I just want to leave man, I just want to get out of this town.

JANEK NOVOSAD

I'm interested in justice, not homicide.

Michal's face is evident of the internal struggle taking place within him right now between the two choices and the issue of trust.

JANEK NOVOSAD

All those people who look at you sideways and think they know you. You'll be better than that. Better than them perhaps.

Janek begins to pat himself down looking for his matches. Michal clicks open his lighter. Janek turns around to see him ignite the lighter and hold it out. Janek bends over lighting his cigarette, offering a stern nod of appreciation as his way of a thanks.

JANEK NOVOSAD

So, pretty boy. Talk.

Michal hesitates and looks around clutching at his arms that are cold in the crisp morning air.

MICHAL

It's. It's in the trunk.

Janek looks at Michal, then over towards the trunk and then back to Michal. He then gestures for Michal to follow him to the car with a nod of the head. The two walk over to the trunk together. They stop, Michal keeps a distance from him. Janek turns to look at him.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Keys.

Michal looks hesitantly at him and fumbles to get the keys out of his pocket. He looks down at the keys and then back at Janek, keeping a firm grasp of them as he is unsure.

(CONTINUED)

JANEK NOVOSAD

Here.

Janek hands over his own pistol to Michal, keeping Tomas' in hand. Michal hands over the keys in response to this, feeling a sense of trust being gained through the transaction. Janek turns and opens the car trunk to reveal more bags inside. Janek begins grabbing some of the bags.

JANEK NOVOSAD

Here.

Janek hands a bag to Michal who smiles. Janek then hands him a second bag and Michal shakes with glee, clutches the bags to his chest and looks down upon them.

JANEK NOVOSAD

This everything?

MICHAL

Urgh, yeah. That's it.

A sudden bang as a bullet rips through the bags, a shot has been fired straight through and into Michal. Janek is seen holding Tomas' pistol with smoke coming from the barrel. The sound of crows cawing as they fly away in the distance. Janek stands over the body of Michal for a moment without emotion before walking off out of frame.

EXT. CREDITS: DAWN, CHAPEL OF GOD, BOHEMIA FOREST

A wide shot with the credits in one of the top corners. The car still parked and the bodies lay on the ground becoming highlighted by the rising sun's rays. Janek reverses his established car into shot and stops. He gets out of the car and pops his trunk. He begins by taking all of the bags from the body of Michal before loading those that remain in the boot of Tomas' car. He then gets back into his car and drives off down the road.

END