

Madness In The Market Place

By

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NICHOLAS (V.O)

There were no signs to pinpoint my location and I had forgotten my whereabouts a few days previously. I was lost in a strange land where they spoke in strange tongues. I had spread my wings to find adventure and adventure I had found. I cannot remember how long I'd been there before the madness took hold. I was in a hell of a place and eventually I indulged in it... gladly.

FADE IN:

EXT. DUSTY ROAD - DAY

A dusty road, busy with the citizens of a third world country. The sun is bright and the atmosphere boiling. In the distance, a market place - teeming.

NICHOLAS, thirties, wearing typical tourist type clothing (no bag), lips cracked slightly and eyes slightly red, heads towards the market place.

He walks past some YOUNG CHILDREN, and notices they are kicking a dog O.S. He alters his course slightly and APPLAUDS them.

He carries on towards the market place.

EXT. MARKET PLACE - DAY

Rows upon rows of makeshift stalls, selling meat and food.

Blood and guts are commonplace.

Nicholas makes his way down the nearest aisle, observing the consumables with an expression of madness.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Nicholas makes his way down one aisle after the next.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

Nicholas has found what he is looking for. He stops, and watches as the STALL OWNER, skinny and with black teeth in places, beheads the chickens O.S. They CLUCK IN DESPERATION as they are beheaded, one after the other.

(CONTINUED)

The Stall Owner notices Nicholas watching him and stops.

STALL OWNER
(in his native tongue -
subtitled)
Would you like to buy one? I'll
give you a good price.

Nicholas heads over to the stall, grabs the bloodied cleaver from the Stall Owner's hands, and lunges at one of the beasts.

He stops, looking down, and then starts with it's body O.S.

The Stall Owner steps back, shocked, before swallowing and shouting...

STALL OWNER
(shouting in native tongue -
subtitled)
Dead! Dead!

Nicholas returns the weapon and heads on down the aisle.

He notices a MAN IN A SUIT and follows him.

He exits the market place and watches as the Man In A Suit enters a door, then disappears behind it.

NICHOLAS' FACE - angry

NICHOLAS (V.O)
How dare he wear something so neat
and clean? I was ready to pounce
until...

A PROSTITUTE enters through the door.

Nicholas watches and an expression of realisation washes over his face.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Nicholas wanders through the aisles of the market place shouting...

NICHOLAS
(shout)
Where is my bag?!

NICHOLAS
(shout)
Have you seen my bag?!

The locals carry on, almost rolling their eyes at him.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

Nicholas falls to his knees and starts to weep.

POLICEMAN (O.S.)

Excuse me!

Nicholas stops, turns around, and looks up. POLICEMAN, uniformed, is towering over him.

POLICEMAN

I'm with the police. Would you like to come to the station? Make a report?

INT. OFFICE IN POLICE STATION - DAY

The policeman sits opposite Nicholas. There is silence until...

POLICEMAN

Would you like a coffee?

Nicholas takes a while to recover from his distantness.

NICHOLAS

Yes.

POLICEMAN

Kenco?

NICHOLAS

Kenco?

POLICEMAN

How about Nescaffe?

Nicholas looks down at the table in thought.

NICHOLAS (V.O)

The names sounded so... familiar.

NICHOLAS

Whatever.

Th Policeman leaves the office.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE IN POLICE STATION - DAY

Nicholas sips the coffee.

NICHOLAS

(shout)

England! That is where I am from!

FADE TO BLACK AND CREDITS