

The Bazaar

By

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PROLOGUE AIRPORT DAY

Cut to a woman in her 20s with her son 4 years old entering to a gate to an airplane as they are entering six Hungarian government officials rush to stop them and surround them. They are wearing 4 piece suits.

Cut to Petrie a boy scared hiding behind his mom.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

Sajnálom, de nem hagyhatod el az országot.

(sorry you can't leave the country)

SILVIA

Nos, miért ne hagyhatnánk el? Apám nincs velünk.

(Why cant we leave. My father is not with us.)

CUT TO MEDIUM SHOT OF THE GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL SHOWING HER PAPERS.

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

Apádat a magyar és a Szovjetunió keresi, feladta az állam fegyvergyártási megbízását.

(Your father is wanted by both the Hungarian and Soviet Union States, he has abandoned his commision of weapons manufacturing, a position of high importance.)

GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL

Velünk kell jönnie.

(You have to come with us now)

Cut to Silvia and Petrie sitting on a cot in a white room.

Petrie is in his mother's' arms. A night stand beside them.

Enter a government official. He motions for Silvia to follow him leaving Petrie alone. (Beat)

(Music)

Fade out on Petrie by himself.

Cut to another location a condo in the city. Then to a farmhouse. Silvia walking to go to a restaurant where she works as a waitress. Mysterious men following her.

Cut to a kitchen on another day, as Silvia is preparing vegetables she glances out the window, a government car is parked outside.

Close up of Petrie playing with a toy he picks it up and pretends to shoot like a gun.

cut to Silvia looking at her son then back to the car hesitantly, then back to preparing.

Cut to Silvia reading Budapest to Petrie, he is curled up in her arms, she begins to hum a Hungarian song.

(Full music continues)

PROLOGUE FARMHOUSE PM

(Music overlay)

WIDESHOT YARD FARM HOUSE. TWO US ARMY SIX WHEEL DUCES ENTER A ROAD TO A FARMHOUSE. A FIELD OF GRAPES SURROUNDS THEM PASSING HORSES AND MULES. THE HOUSE LAYS ON THE SIDE OF A MOUNTAIN WITH A BARN WOODWORKING SHOP.

Cut to inside the army vehicles pulling up to the house. 12 servicemen rush out with full rifle and protective gear, rushing to enter the house. They escort Silvia and Petrie into the vehicles. Cut to them rushing into the army vehicles.

Cut to Petrie looking out the back as they drive off.

(Music Fades)

1.0 NIGHT DRONE SHOT CITY

VO PETRIE

They say this is the no fun city. This

is my city, where I was brought into  
this unforgiving world escaping  
another; where I fought, fucked,

stole, made deals and became one of  
the most feared figures in the history  
of this bazaar. This man a nomadic  
Hungarian Gypsy escaping from  
oppression building an empire, based  
on corruption falling to betrayal. Was  
it because I was a criminal?

Is a starving inner city infant who's  
pipe sucking working mom sends her son  
to steal for her self loathing trauma  
and food from the local grocer's  
criminal?

This is not just my story, it's our  
cities story, all of our story, a  
story of power, greed, lust, nothing  
you haven't read in any of our many  
historians accepted religious  
scriptures or geopolitical governance  
outlines, but I'll let you be the  
judge...

## 2. ELEMENTARY PRIVATE CATHOLIC SCHOOL

Cut to Petrie, at age 9 dressed in uniform, grey slacks,  
purple sweater, grey tie.

Cut to class.

MS. CATHERINE

So who can tell me the word for truth  
in Latin. Petrie?

PETRIE

I, I (he looks down)

CHARLES

Petrie is so stupid and fat. Hey fat  
boy more fat!

The class laughs at Petrie. He runs off.

The bell to end class sounds as Charles and 3 others run out.

Petrie is sitting on the bench eating a sandwich outside as  
Charles comes up.

CHARLES

Give me that fat boy.

Charles slaps Petrie's sandwich out of his hands. Petrie looks up at the 4 boys, they grab him and continue to punch and beat him up leaving him bloody on the pavement.

Cut to Silvia pulling up to the school, Petrie gets in he pulls his arms over his knees and weeps.

SILVIA

Is this still happening Petrie?

SILVIA

Wait here I'll be right back okay hunny? Here you can choose what you like. (she points to the radio)

Cut to Silvia walking up to the school steadfast. She enters to the reception.

SILVIA

I need to speak to Mr. Oriole.

RECEPTION

He is in congregation right now.

SILVIA

Where is it

RECEPTION

You can't now.

SILVIA

Where is it?

RECEPTION

Just on the second floor hall but-

SILVIA

Tell him I'm coming.

RECEPTION

(Hesitates and then picks up a phone)

Silvia runs up the stairs to the hall where 100 people are convening in a lord's choral song. Mr. Oriole on the pedestal.

SILVIA

Stop! Stop now!

Cut to the congregation looking at Silvia alone at the stage. She looks around.

wide shot of the congregation

Close up of a woman in a seat.

Close up of a man and his family.

SILVIA

My son, has been coming to this school ever since he could read. He is a good boy, he loves to sing and prays everyday but his prayers have been whispers on deaf ears. He has been picked on, beaten until he cant speak and left on his own.

(BEAT)

He has no father, I am all he has. Someone here has to stop this because this man has hallow ears, well my sons ears bleed today. He has a heart for the church for you all.

I have written to you everyday Mr. Oreille. I have not been replied to once on this matter to speak with you or anyone who can help us so like it or not we are going to speak right now, right here!

(BEAT)

MR ORIOLE

Please come with me, Ms. Montague.

5 STUDY PRIVATE ROOM PM

Cut to a study full of books. Mr. Oriole pours a cup of tea from the tea set on the armoire.

MR ORIOLE

Tea? Ms. M

SILVIA

No, I' m fine, my son -

MR ORIOLE

- your son, Petrie is it?

SILVIA

Yes, I have written to you about this on many occasions, have you not gotten the letters.

MR ORIOLE

Perhaps, but we receive 1000s of letters every month, Ms. Montague, my time is spent on organizing this schools daily activities, time that I am afraid I have very little of.

SILVIA

My son has been the point of your students jokes, he is being bullied by a group of them.

MR ORIOLE

What are their names?

SILVIA

Charles is the leader.

MR ORIOLE

Ah, Charles Grant. His father is the head of council of this district if I am correct? (He looks over to Silvia she hesitates)

MR ORIOLE

I am afraid, we as educators cannot punish, you will have to make a formal complaint to the local district. They will investigate as needed.

SILVIA

Mr. Oriel, can you not talk to the parents? My child is not able to learn, he is falling behind.

MR ORIOLE

We are are a privately funded school, backed by the church, a world over neutral organization we do not interfere with local authorities, we would have to restructure each separate school for its place of operation, and we have had this since

the forming of it in the 800th century  
we are not government here Ms.  
Montague.

SILVIA

(angered)

My child is scared, he won't leave our  
home, he doesn't play or have friends,  
what happens in 10 years from now when  
that same scared boy turns away from  
you, like a dog cornered in the yard,  
how long until that same scared boy  
bites back, Mr. Oriole?

Mr. Oriole looks to her.

MR ORIOLE

Their office is by the bell tower next  
to the city hall. I suggest you tread  
lightly Ms. Montague. There are very  
influential guardians in this school,  
with their own how did you put it,  
bite. Now I have to get back to my  
people, Good day Ms. Montague..

Cut to Mr. Oriole leaving the room passing Silvia.

Cut to close up Silvia