

BLIZNAKOV

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## TEASER

A woman lies crumpled in the corner of a kitchen, her porcelain face bloodied. A figure seen only by his heavy COMBAT BOOTS stands over her.

Boots turns and tracks mud down the hall.

The woman releases an ANGUISHED CRY and begins to drag her body after him, her legs limp, sobbing.

The faint sound of large bronze bells JINGLING begins, gradually getting louder.

Images of MASKED KUKERI DANCERS flash across the screen.

Boots approaches a door with an ORNAMENTAL BACKPLATE.

His hand reaches out, takes hold of the knob...

A HEAVY KNOCKING stops Boots' hand.

- The JINGLING CEASES

- The woman SCREAMS FOR HELP.

Boots quickly crosses back to the woman and his arm grips around her neck, pulling her struggling body.

The front door BURSTS OPEN, HEAVY RAIN pouring in.

Wet, polished WINGTIPS step in, a revolver clasped in hand held at the hip.

WOMAN

Snowbell..!

Boots snatches a letter opener, pressing its tip against the woman's carotid artery.

Wingtips' revolver raises determinedly. Boots' knuckles whiten on the letter opener.

A SHOT RINGS OUT - The letter opener falls to the floor, covered in blood.

Boots and the woman collapse.

Wingtips hurries to the woman's side. She looks up at him, blood pouring from her neck. Her tear-filled eyes slowly roll towards the direction of the mysterious door.

The door unlocks...

The handle turns...

The door slowly swings ajar...

About to reveal something...

Wingtips slowly rises in realisation. His now shaking hand aims the revolver once more at Boots' still body.

- A SHOT FIRES OFF: The screen turns black.
- THREE MORE SHOTS FIRE OFF: BLIZ-NA-KOV appears on screen.
- A FINAL SHOT underlines the name.
- The gun clicks: One, two, three times - out of ammo.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

INT. DARIAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - SUNRISE

A man lying in bed opens his eyes, staring directly at us.

He BREATHES HEAVILY.

His hand hovers over his alarm clock. As it turns from 5:59 to 6:00 the ALARM PLAYS FOR AN INSTANT before slaps it off.

DARIAN BLIZNAKOV (45) robotically swings himself out of bed and opens his blinds, revealing a penthouse view of Sofia with Vitosha looming in the background. His morning routine plays out:

- SMOOTH JAZZ PLAYS THROUGH THE RADIO.
- BED SHEETS ARE STRAIGHTENED.
- PILLOWS ARE FLUFFED.
- THE TOILET IS USED, then FLUSHED.

The alarm clock reads 6:01.

INT. GROZDAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

An alarm clock reads 6:01. ROCK MUSIC BLARES OUT but is unable to coax a human-shaped lump out of bed.

QUICK FOOTFALLS APPROACH and CHARLOTTE BLIZNAKOV (50), a fastidiously well-put-together woman, appears disapprovingly at the bedside.

CHARLOTTE  
(shaking the lump)  
Wake up, you moron!

A grunt emerges from the sheets. Charlotte begins to smack the lump, producing flailing and disgruntled noises of protest.

She pulls the sheets back revealing GROZDAN BLIZNAKOV (44), a bestubbed man-child with blood-shot eyes.

GROZDAN  
Okay, okay!

CHARLOTTE

I'm not going to be late today, no sir-ee Bob. I laid your clothes out, I made your breakfast, I even clipped your toenails already.

GROZDAN

You are insane.

CHARLOTTE

No, I'm on time. Or at least I will be if you can drag your gut into the shower.

GROZDAN

Later, for now I sleep.

CHARLOTTE

Get up. Get up now!

Charlotte smacks Grozdan incrementally harder. He springs up.

GROZDAN

If you hit me one more time I swear I will knock you on the floor!

Charlotte is hardly even fazed, moving into the ensuite.

WATER STARTS RUNNING.

GROZDAN

I get it. You are stressed. We are all stressed. This is why I drink! If you drank a little more perhaps you would be less stressed. But you do not try it. I try origami, I try topiary, I try... the one with the flowers. But do you try drinking? Huh? Charlotte?

There is no response from the ensuite. Grozdan gets up.

GROZDAN (CONT'D)

The meeting is not until lunch time. I will sleep, then I will shit, then I will consider a shower.

The water stops. Charlotte enters the room with a bucket and dumps water over Grozdan. The two lock eyes.

CHARLOTTE

You can consider a shower now, if  
you wish.

She exits. Grozdan shouts after her.

GROZDAN

KUCHKA!

INT. DARIAN'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Darian dries himself off, then stands in front of the  
mirror. He has a solid body, and strong jaw... All without a  
single hair, save his eyebrows.

He grabs his razor and begins meticulously shaving every  
square inch of his body. He savours the motion of running the  
blade over the top of his head.

WALK-IN ROBE

Darian enters his expansive walk-in robe, filled with shirts,  
suits, shoes, ties: The works.

He dresses quickly: He shapes a perfect half Windsor and  
pulls his shoelaces into a neat bow.

KITCHEN

At a cutting board, Darian gently yet quickly dices fruit  
while sausages and eggs SIZZLE on a frying pan.

He takes a seat at the island countertop and begins  
dissecting his breakfast.

INT. SAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Bowls of cereal are hastily pushed in front of two rosy-  
cheeked girls, RABIL WHITTEN (7) and ISKRA WHITTEN (5).

MALYNA WHITTEN (42) whips around as two pieces of toast pop  
up, her long hair catching in her mouth. She butters them  
quickly, her dressing gown sleeve dragging in her breakfast.

MALYNA

(yelling upstairs)

Sam! Where's Kamen?!

SAM (O.S.)

Coming!

CHILDISH GIGGLING approaches as LOUD FOOTSTEPS descend the stairs. SAM WHITTEN (45) stands triumphantly with a sturdy physique and winning smile: A modern-day Paul Bunyan.

SAM (CONT'D)

Had to wrestle this alligator out  
of bed!

Sam's prized catch, KAMEN WHITTEN (9), hangs struggling over his broad shoulder, loving the fight. Malyna shoots Sam a glare, and Sam deposits Kamen in front of a cereal bowl.

MALYNA

You choose this morning to play  
with the kids? You'll have all day  
with them, just help me out here  
for a second.

SAM

No need to be jealous, I'd much  
rather play with you all morning.

Sam grabs Malyna by the waist.

MALYNA

Don't.

Sam pulls back.

MALYNA (CONT'D)

My files are all over the place, my  
report is iffy at best and Dad's  
always in an awful mood after  
flying.

Malyna takes the cereal bowls from the kids - they've barely been touched.

MALYNA (CONT'D)

I haven't even showered yet! Can  
you get Rosica up at least? Kids,  
upstairs, time to get dressed!