

CARTWRIGHT PILOT

Written by

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Loosely based on Cat's Cradle by Kurt Vonnegut

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PILOT

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - NIGHT

The embassy is completely dark. Words in the corner read AMERICAN EMBASSY, BOGOSIA. The glow of a flashlight appears in the window. Then many more lights appear. The muffled sounds of ransacking and yelling emanate from the building.

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

HECTOR, 38, a slovenly man enters the front door of the embassy. He is delighted by an ice cream cone, and fails to notice the damage to the building. He looks up and sees that the building is empty and has been pillaged.

HECTOR
(high pitched yell)
Ah!

He drops his ice cream cone. He stares around the room for a beat, then bends down to pick up the ice cream cone and attempt to assemble the ice cream back on its perch. He goes to lick the ice cream again and turns to see VIVA LA REVOLUTION painted on the wall in red.

HECTOR
(high pitched yell)
Ah!

INT. STATE DEPARTMENT OFFICE - DAY

SECRETARY MILLER, 45, a stern woman with short hair sits at her desk reading documents. Her phone rings.

SECRETARY MILLER
(to person on phone)
Yes, put him through.

Secretary Miller waits a beat. The person on the line speaks but only mumbling can be heard.

SECRETARY MILLER
Hello, Mr. Gonzalez. How--

The mumbling person exclaims loudly.

SECRETARY MILLER
Oh my god.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT, 55, sits behind his desk. Senator Miller enters with MICHAEL CARTWRIGHT, 28, in tow. Cartwright carries a number of files.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
What've you got for me, Teresa?

SECRETARY MILLER
It's the embassy in Bogosia, sir.
It's been attacked. Ambassador
Raleigh and a number of key staff
are missing.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
Eh, that's not good.

The President rubs his face. He stands and looks out the window.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
Where was it you said? Bulgaria?

SECRETARY MILLER
Bogosia, sir. It's an island in the
Atlantic.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
Yes. Of, course.

Cartwright hands the President a manila envelope. The President peruses the documents within.

SECRETARY MILLER
We'll need to choose an interim
ambassador for the time being.

The President fiddles with the drinking bird statue on his desk.

SECRETARY MILLER
Understand that this person is
going into a hostile political
situation. The replacement will
need to be a skilled diplo--

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
(pointing at Cartwright)
You. Who are you?

CARTWRIGHT
(surprised)
I'm Cartwright, sir. Michael
Cartwright.

SECRETARY MILLER
Mr. Cartwright is an intern with
the State Department, sir.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
Yes, yes. State Department. Very
impressive.

SECRETARY MILLER
Mr. President, Mr. Cartwright is an
intern. He is not nearly suited for
a position of this, of this..

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
(muttering to himself)
Intern, interim. Intern, interim.
Yes.

SECRETARY MILLER
Mr. President?

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
How would you like a job, son?

CARTWRIGHT
Wha..

SECRETARY MILLER
Mr. President, if you are
suggesting what I think you are
suggesting, then I must advise
against this. With all do respect
to Mr. Cartwright...

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
Madame Secretary, can you do me a
favor real quick? Can you read this
sign on my desk?

SECRETARY MILLER
Read the sign?

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
Yes, that sign right there? What
does that say?

SECRETARY MILLER
"President John Hammerschmidt."

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
Yes, that's correct. Do you know
why it says that?

He stares at Secretary Miller expectantly for a beat.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
It's because I am the President. Do
you know how I came to be
President?

He waits a beat.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
It's because I make decisions. I
stick to my guns. Do you hear that
in my voice? Listen. Do you hear
that?

He waits a beat.

SECRETARY MILLER
You aren't talking, sir.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
Authority. That's authority. You
don't get to be leader of the free
world by making bad decisions. What
do you say, son?

CARTWRIGHT
Well, I don't no sir. I don't
think...

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
Nonsense. I won't hear it. You need
to believe in yourself Mr.
Cartwright.

CARTWRIGHT
Uh...

Cartwright looks at Secretary Miller, befuddled.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT
There we have it. I knew there was
something special about you, Mr.
Cartwright.

Secretary Miller's head collapses toward the floor. She rubs
her temples.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT

From the first time I saw you I
knew you were destined for
greatness. And this is just the
first step, Mr. Cartwright. The
first step.

President Hammerschmidt sits back down at his desk.

PRESIDENT HAMMERSCHMIDT

Now get out of my office.

Cartwright and Secretary Miller leave the office. Cartwright looks back through the door as it closes. The president flicks the drinking bird statue and stares at it in deep thought.

INSERT - Map Graphic

A plane icon flies from Washington D.C. to Bogosia in the Atlantic, off the coast of Brazil.

EXT. LANDING STRIP - DAY

The door of the plane swings open and Cartwright steps out to the top of the steps. He is met by a large group of people. EMPEROR GUSTAVO, 44, sits in a litter on a golden throne. It is carried by four tired men.

Gustavo wears a military uniform with epaulets and a large, Napoleonic hat. His chest is covered in medals. He is flanked by six men, also wearing military dress. On his right stands ISAAC HEIDEGGER, 33, a sullen dwarf wearing a suit and tie.

Emperor Gustavo snaps his fingers and the men attempt to place the litter down. They lower it too quickly, and almost toss the emperor from his perch. He sways but holds his balance. He steps down from the platform.

Emperor Gustavo stands for a moment in a triumphant pose. He waits a beat, then his head falls forward, dejectedly. He turns to ANNOUNCER, who stands behind him.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

(in a loud whisper)

Go! Do it!

The man looks flustered. He points to himself and mouths the question, "me?"

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

(whisper)

Yes.

Announcer points to the man next to him. He looks confused.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

No, you! Go! Say it!

Announcer stumbles forward.

ANNOUNCER

Introduci--

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Not yet.

Emperor Gustavo assumes his pose.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Now.

ANNOUNCER

Introducing his royal highness,
Gustavo Flavio Martinez III,
Emperor of Bogosia and lord of the
Southern Atlantic.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Hello, Senor Ambassador, and
welcome to our beautiful country.
We have awaited your arrival with
great anticipation.

CARTWRIGHT

It's a great honor to meet you,
Emperor. I look forward to working
with you.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Come my friend. We will give you a
tour of the island.

EXT. STATUE GARDENS - DAY

The party arrives at a huge garden that surrounds three giant
statues.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

(to Cartwright)

Here you see our statue, built to
commemorate the founding of
Bogosia.

Emperor Gustavo raises his hand to indicate the nearest statue. The group walks forward.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

And here you see a second statue,
built to commemorate the building
of the first statue. This is my
favorite statue.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

And here is a third statue, built
to commemorate the building of the
second statue.

CARTWRIGHT

Why did you stop at three statues?

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Fours statues? Please, Mr.
Cartwright, I'm a reasonable man.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

It is easy to afford statues when
you take money from health care and
emergency food imports.

Gustavo laughs and his entourage laughs with him,
uncomfortably.

[This scene will be expanded]

EXT. FIELD - DAY

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Here you see the ample bosom of
Bogusia, our agricultural sector.
Look in amazement at our fields
which stretch onward into eternity.

Gustavo holds his arm out.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Our primary export is the Jabu
root. The Jabu plant is native only
to Bogusia. It is known for its
delicious taste and distinctive
aroma.

He closes his eyes and waves his hand in the air to mime
wafting a delicious scent.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
It is also extremely acidic and is
often used in industrial paint
thinners.

[There will be several other scenes here]

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

Cartwright arrives at the American Embassy. He carries a box with some belongings and drags a rolling suitcase. He enters to find the office in disrepair.

CARTWRIGHT
Hello?

There's no answer. Cartwright looks down a hallway and sees "Long live the PALB" painted on the wall, grimaces. He places his box down on a desk. He sticks his head into the back office and sees Hector sitting behind the desk.

CARTWRIGHT
Hello?

HECTOR
Can I help you?

CARTWRIGHT
My name is Michael Cartwright.

They pause for a beat, staring at each other.

HECTOR
Yes?

CARTWRIGHT
I'm the interim ambassador.

Realization spreads over Hector's face.

HECTOR
Yes, yes, Mr. Ambassador. Welcome.
I trust your trip was pleasant.

CARTWRIGHT
Yes, very pleasant thanks. Sorry,
they didn't give me any, uh, any
info about the staff ahead of time.

They stare at each other in silence for a beat.

CARTWRIGHT
Your name?

HECTOR
Oh, Gonzalez. Hector Gonzalez.

CARTWRIGHT
Nice to meet you, Hector.

HECTOR
Please, my friends call me Mr.
Gonzalez. But you can just call me
Dr. Mr. Gonzalez.

CARTWRIGHT
Ah, okay.

They pause for a beat again.

HECTOR
Very well. I'm sure you will want
to get set up.

Cartwright turns to walk out. Then turns back again.

CARTWRIGHT
Wouldn't this be...my office.

HECTOR
Ah, yes. About that. We sort-of
have a finders keepers system in
this office. Raleigh set it up
before...you know.

CARTWRIGHT
Ah, okay.

HECTOR
Can't blame you. You are new after
all. I'm sure you will find
something suitable out there.

Cartwright turns to walk out again.

HECTOR
The place is still pretty wrecked
as you can see. You'll probably
want to get started on the cleanup
soon.

INT. CARTWRIGHT'S LODGINGS - DAY

Cartwright peaks his head in his tiny room. In the back corner is a single bed. A naked light bulb hangs down from the ceiling. There's a small desk near the door and a dresser in the back next to the bed. A small kitchenette is crammed between the dresser and the bathroom door.

Cartwright looks into the bathroom. It's quite small, and dirty. There is a brightly colored, floral print shower curtain which stands out in sharp contrast to the yellow stained bathroom.

He opens the box on his desk and begins unpacking.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Many people in suits are gathered in a large room with a long table. Plates of sandwiches and vegetables are scattered over the table. The people mill about speaking in low voices. Cartwright grabs a sandwich and stands in the corner. Dmitri approaches him and talks to him as he takes a bite.

DMITRI

Hello, friend. You are Cartwright,
yes? The Interim American
Ambassador?

CARTWRIGHT

(covers his mouth)
Yes, that's correct. You can just
say Ambassador. No need for
conditionals.

DMITRI

Eh, I will say it my way.

CARTWRIGHT

Okay. You are?

DMITRI

Dmitri Kamenov, Russian
representative. Nice to meet you.
No hard feelings about the whole
Cold War thing, yes?

CARTWRIGHT

Oh, yeah.

DMITRI

It is water under the bridge as
they say, yes.

CARTWRIGHT

Yes, definitely. We really must be,
you know, forward looking these
days, musn't we.

DMITRI

Agreed. I was so sorry to hear
about your successor.

Dmitri assumes a confidant pose.

DMITRI

I assure you, Russia had nothing to
do with the attack on your embassy
and is not in anyway affiliated
with this rebel group.

CARTWRIGHT

I never would have--

DMITRI

After all, we are no longer
communists, you know.

He chuckles.

DMITRI

Yes. We are no longer an imperial
power that controls half of the
world.

He chuckles again.

DMITRI

We don't feel any resentment
though, of course. That isn't our
way. I very much look forward
to..dealing with you in the future.

CARTWRIGHT

Uhh, great. That's great.

DMITRI

I go get more finger sandwiches
now.

Announcer enters the room, addresses the crowd.

ANNOUNCER

All stand for Emperor Gustavo the
Wise and Powerful, Beloved Monarch
of Bogosia and destroyer of the
wicked!

Emperor Gustavo enters and stands behind the podium at the front of the room.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
Hello, everyone.

AMBASSADORS
(in unison)
Hi, Emperor.

Cartwright is surprised by the response. Emperor Gustavo smiles.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
I have gathered you here today for two reasons. First I would like to welcome Ambassador Cartwright, who will be filling in at the American Embassy for the time being.

Everyone claps.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
Secondly, I would like to address recent events.

Gustavo shifts his shoulders forward into a more aggressive stance.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
Whoever it was that has perpetrated this horrible, horrible offense on our beloved ally, the United States, has been captured and punished to the extent of the law.

Gustavo looks down at a postcard in his hand.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
Such behavior will not be tolerated within the confines of Bogosia or its territories.

Emperor Gustavo slams his fist on the podium.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
I would also like to assure you all that any rumors of this PALB revolutionary group are patently false.

Gustavo takes a step back from the podium and his shoulders relax.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

The Bogosian people are
consistently rated among the
happiest in the world, and would
never do anything to threaten the
integrity of our beloved nation.

ANNOUNCER

Emperor Gustavo, the all powerful
and wise, will now take questions!

A man near the front of the room, RODNEY, raises his hand.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

(pointing to the man)

Yes.

RODNEY

Hello, your grace. Rodney Spelling,
the Bogosia Herald.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Hello Rodney, go on.

RODNEY

Rumors have it that the
perpetrators of the attack on the
American Embassy have been captured
and dealt with to the extant of the
law.

Rodney grabs a pencil from behind his ear, prepares to write.

RODNEY

According to these rumors, they
have received a fair and just
trial. Is there any merit to these
rumors.

EMOPEROR GUSTAVO

You got me Rodney. Yes both are
true. Very well researched I must
say.

RODNEY

Thank you sir.

Rodney uses exaggerated hand movements as he speaks.

RODNEY

Rumors also say that talk of a group operating in Bogosia are patently false, and that the Bogosian people continue to rank among the happiest in the world.

He prepares to write.

RODNEY

Is this true?

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Again, Rodney, right on the money. This is a fine journalist here, people.

Another man raises his hand.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Yes, right there.

REPORTER TWO

Emperor Gustavo, you claim that rumors of the PALB are false, but many eye witnesses claim to have seen them operating in public and have shown physical evidence of--

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

This is only slander by communists who would seek to undermine the stability of our beautiful nation.

REPORTER TWO

Surely, there is some truth to these claims though.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

No, sir, there is no truth here. Do you mean to slander the government of this country yourself?

REPORTER TWO

No I didn't mean to--

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Mr. Espanoza. Show this man out.

A large man with a huge scar on the left side of his face walks forward. He grabs the reporter and drags him to the door.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
Very good. Any more questions?

Rodney raises his hand again.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
Yes?

RODNEY
Your Great and Almighty Highness,
you were recently named Most
Influential Man of the twenty first
century by the Bogosia Herald. How
do you respond?

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
It was a great honor to receive
such an award, but I must insist
that I am surely not deserving of
it.

He chuckles.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
No, I am just a simple Emperor who
loves his people dearly and wishes
for nothing but great success and
happiness for them.

His face becomes serious.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
I must say however, that the
article made many great points and
was very well written.

RODNEY
And what of claims that you have
learned to fly using only the power
of your mind as propulsion?

Emperor Gustavo laughs.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO
Let's not be ridiculous Mr.
Spelling. No human being can fly. I
was only able to hover off the
ground for thirty to forty seconds.
Anything else?

No one responds.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Very well. I will take my leave. A good day to all of you.

He stands, waiting for a beat. Everyone claps.

ANOUNCER

Emperor Gustavo the Great, Ruler of Bogosia and Scourge of the Southern Seas is now leaving the room!

Minister Heidegger approaches Cartwright.

HEIDEGGER

Hello, Mr. Cartwright. I am Issac Heidegger, the Bogosian Minister of War. I don't believe we've been properly introduced yet.

Heidegger presents his hand. Cartwright wipes his hands on his pants and shakes it.

CARTWRIGHT

Yes, very nice to meet you.

HEIDEGGER

There is much going on in Bogosia that I would like to discuss with you. After the festivities have ended, would you please come to my office. It's just down the hall.

CARTWRIGHT

Yes, of course.

HEIDEGGER

I'll be off then. Don't forget.

INT. HEIDEGGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Heidegger sits behind his desk. He reads a book entitled The History of Bogosia. Cartwright enters.

HEIDEGGER

Ah, Mr. Cartwright. Thank you for coming.

CARTWRIGHT

No problem, Minister. I'm glad to do whatever I can to ease this transition. These are, uh, turbulent times aren't they?

HEIDEGGER

Yes. Very much so, Mr. Cartwright.
Very much so. That's actually what
I meant to talk to you about.

He turns his head and narrows his eyes. He looks down at his desk then holds up his book displaying the name to Cartwright.

HEIDEGGER

The History of Bogosia. A bunch of
rubbish, honestly. A horribly
written book, but I like to go over
it every once in a while. It's
always good for a laugh.

He puts the book down and stands, walks over to the window.

HEIDEGGER

I'm sure Gustavo has given
you his spiel about Bogosia. He
does love his myths and legends.

Heidegger turns to face Cartwright.

HEIDEGGER

Let me ask you something. Had you
ever heard of Bogosia before you
were assigned this position?

CARTWRIGHT

Well, I--

HEIDEGGER

You don't have to lie, Mr.
Cartwright. I won't judge you. To
be honest, I had never heard of it
before I came here myself.

CARTWRIGHT

No, I was not aware of it, um,
previously to the--

HEIDEGGER

Yes, that makes sense. You see,
despite what Gustavo would have you
believe, Bogosia is a very young
country. In fact it was only
founded in 1998.

CARTWRIGHT

Oh.

HEIDEGGER

Bogusia is an absurd place. What you have seen so far is only the tip of the iceberg.

Heidegger pours himself a glass of scotch.

HEIDEGGER

Scotch?

CARTWRIGHT

No thank you.

Heidegger takes a drink, closes his eyes. He pauses for a beat.

HEIDEGGER

I know that you think Gustavo is an idiot. And he certainly is that. But for reasons I can't explain...

Heidegger pauses, lost for words.

HEIDEGGER

...involving the way I went about acquiring my own position here, he is a very dangerous man. Not just to you, but to the entire world.

He pours himself another drink.

HEIDEGGER

I've spent the last ten years of my life trying to appease Gustavo in all his crazy aims, managing his eccentricities...

Heidegger waves his hand in the air.

HEIDEGGER

And keeping Bogusia functional, at least enough that he can fund his many projects. If some whim pushes Gustavo into belligerence against a foreign nation...

Heidegger rubs his face, takes a drink.

HEIDEGGER

Gustavo has the means to destroy all life on the planet.

CARTWRIGHT

What?

HEIDEGGER

You heard me correctly.

CARTWRIGHT

What do you mean, "destroy all life on the planet"?

HEIDEGGER

The greatest destructive force that man has ever known is the nuclear bomb. He fears it, and it has changed the face of international relations.

Cartwright stares in discomfort.

HEIDEGGER

But there are more destructive forces in the world, and Gustavo controls one of them.

Heidegger pauses. Cartwright leans forward, looks as if he will speak, but says nothing.

HEIDEGGER

I'm asking you to work with me here, Mr. Cartwright. We stand on the tip of a needle. Caution is an imperative. Will you help me?

CARTWRIGHT

Yes, I'll do whatever I can. But what...

HEIDEGGER

Good. I'll be in touch.

Cartwright stands, walks to the door.

HEIDEGGER

And, Mr. Cartwright.

Cartwright turns.

HEIDEGGER

Don't make him angry.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

Cartwright exits the building. He sits down on a bench and watches cars drive by on the worn street. Suddenly, a white van screeches to a halt in front of him. Men in ski masks jump out of the van and throw a bag over Cartwright's head. They throw him into the van and drive off.

INT. STRAW HUT - DAY

Cartwright sits, tied to a wicker chair, in a dark room. He is gagged. The only light comes from a small lamp on a desk across from Cartwright. The lamp shines against the wall, illuminating the flag of the PALB. MARTIN VELAZQUES steps into the light.

MARTIN

Mr. Cartwright. Welcome to Bogosia.
It is a pleasure to meet you. I'm
sure you have been met with many
greetings today. Surely, that must
be tiring.

Martin paces leisurely in the light of the lamp.

MARTIN

You are younger than I expected.
Hmm.

Martin pauses to think.

MARTIN

You are in over your head. I can
tell. You have been placed in a
very difficult situation. Yes.

Concern comes over Martin's face.

MARTIN

There are many difficulties in your
future. I am sorry for you. Truly,
I am.

He pauses, looks at Cartwright.

MARTIN

You have many questions, I am sure.
"Who is this man, who has captured
me and tied me up in this dark
room?" is likely one of them.

He sits at the desk.

MARTIN

My name is Martin Velazquez. You have likely not heard of me yet, but you will. Over the past few years I have developed quite a reputation on this little island.

He smiles.

MARTIN

Gustavo would have you believe that everything is perfect in his paradise, but look closer and you see the discontent of the people.

He moves the lamp so that it casts dark shadows on his face. He speaks with great emotion

MARTIN

Walk the streets of Bogosia, Mr. Cartwright, and see the truth. Look at the people. See them starving in their homes. See them dying in the fields from exhaustion.

He leans forward. His voice grows quieter.

MARTIN

See them staring up at the royal palace, and see the pain in their eyes. I have seen it, Mr. Cartwright. Too many times to count.

His voice grows soft, then crescendos.

MARTIN

I will bring justice to this island. I will give power to its people, and I will put the imperialists and capitalists in their graves.

He stands again and runs his hand through his hair. His voice drops in volume. He becomes friendly again.

MARTIN

I am sorry about your predecessor. I'm sure you understand. He was very difficult to work with. Don't be difficult to work with, Mr. Cartwright.

He smiles.

MARTIN

You have a choice to make, Mr. Cartwright. You can do what is expected of you, continue to serve the cold, cruel men who would doom legions, or you can help me.

He begins to pace again.

MARTIN

I can offer you very little, save your soul. There is dignity in it, Mr. Cartwright. In caring for people, in working for their wellbeing.

He leans against the desk.

MARTIN

I offer you the gift of reclamation of your soul. You may do as you see fit, of course. But know this.

Martin walks to Cartwright, leans close so that their faces are only a few inches apart

MARTIN

If you choose to do your work, if you choose to aid Gustavo and his goons, and if you continue to work for American domination of this island--

He pokes Cartwright's shoulder as he speaks.

MARTIN

I will find you, I will cut off your head, and I will mail it to your mother in a box.

Men grab Cartwright and drag him toward the door.

MARTIN

Think on it.

The men put a bag over Cartwright's head.

EXT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

Cartwright is tossed out of the van. A man jumps out of the van and pulls the bag off of his head. The van speeds off. Cartwright stands and brushes himself off, visibly shaken. He walks into the Embassy

INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY - DAY

Cartwright enters. Hector sticks his head out from the back office.

HECTOR

Where have you been? Man you look like shit.

CARTWRIGHT

Nowhere. Don't worry about it.

HECTOR

Okay.

Hector pops back into his office. Cartwright begins cleaning.

INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

The representatives from many countries sit at a long table. Gustavo sits at the head of the table. He addresses the others.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

Gentleman, I would like to go over some of my plans with you, so you can spread word of my benevolence to your respective countries.

Cartwright, dazed, stares into the distance.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

First I would like to reveal my plans for the Grand Coliseum. Second we will discuss the success of ice cream Thursdays, and hear some accounts from the event.

Cartwright hangs his head, his eyes closed.

EMPEROR GUSTAVO

I would also like to hear back about my request to add an eighth day to the week.

INT. CARTWRIGHT'S LODGINGS

Cartwright sits on his bed. He puts his head in his hands.

CARTWRIGHT

Uuuuhhhhhhhrrrrrrggggg

He sits this way for a beat. The bed collapses.

End