

DICTATOR ISLAND

PILOT

by  
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additional dialogue by William Shakespeare

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ACT 1

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

A crowd from many angles, shot by many media cameras - stoic and shocked. People are weeping. Something momentous has happened.

BY A NEWS VAN for the Illyria News Network (INN) we pick up EDMUND, handsome, 30s, with a news crew and newscaster hair...running, beckoning his crew to follow.

EDMUND

Look.

Back into the crowd, as an open COFFIN draped in this country's colorful flag, is passed over the heads of the bereaved people. Behind them rises a heroic statue of JULIO CESAR, a beloved and benevolent dictator. The coffin lands at the base of this statue where stands a lone figure. He is BRUTUS, darkly handsome. Surrounding him, a plethora of heavily armed bodyguards, militia.

BRUTUS

Illyrianians, countrymen, hear me,  
be silent, hear! believe me, my  
love to Cesar was no less than  
yours. Why did Brutus rise against  
Cesar? my answer is this:  
--Not that I loved Cesar less, but  
that I loved my country more. Do  
you want Cesar alive to die all  
slaves, or Cesar dead, to live  
as free men? I weep for him;  
When he was fortunate, I rejoiced  
at it; when he was valiant, I  
honoured him: but then he was  
ambitious, so I eliminated him.  
Tears for his love; joy for his  
fortune; honour for his valour; and  
death for his ambition. Who here  
would be a slave? speak up; have I  
offended you? Who here does not  
love his country? Speak up; I am  
waiting for a reply.

Silence from the crowd. Tank turrets belonging to the Brutus faction stare down the inconsolable crowd. Soldiers with weapons surround them in intimidating numbers. It is a resentful silence.

INT. LUXURY PENTHOUSE EXECUTIVE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A SIGN SAYS "LEAR ENTERPRISES".

On the flat screen TV, Brutus continues. Beneath him, scrolling information; BREAKING NEWS; JULIO CESAR ASSASSINATED. SENATOR BRUTUS SPEAKS.

BRUTUS

I have offended none then. I have done no more to Cesar than you shall do to Brutus. Here is his body, mourned by Mark Antony: though he had no hand in his death, he shall receive a place in the commonwealth. All of you shall. I killed my best friend for the good of this land, but I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please this land to need my death.

A swelling cry from one small faction of the crowd.

ALL

Live, Brutus! Live! Live!

A scuffle breaks out between pro and anti Cesarists. The soldiers wade in and begin to beat down the pro Cesarists in brutal fashion.

In the office, watching this event are LEAR himself, an ageing American Greek, 60s, KENT, a tough English bodyguard, ex SAS, 50s, with a deeply loyal face; and GLOUCESTER, an intellectual Illyrian from Central America.

Lear's sons in law, the crass CORNWALL and the weak-kneed ALBANY, sit next to each other. By their body language they don't have much use for each other.

CORNWALL

What a phony. Look - they're carrying him on their shoulders. Jesus.

ALBANY

Not all of them. Just the soldiers. See?

LEAR, sitting far enough away not to hear, silences them with a look.

CORNWALL

Sorry dad.

ALBANY

Sorry dad.

ON THE TV, Edmund now fills the screen, giving coverage of the event. ON THE FOOTER we see the channel number and "Illyria's #1 CHOICE FOR NEWS"

EDMUND

And you can see this crowd is wild  
for Brutus, as they carry him on  
their shoulders to the Palace, With  
shouts and clamors.

BRUTUS

My countrymen,--

EDMUND

He's trying to say something. The  
crowd is roaring. Peace, silence!  
Brutus speaks.

BRUTUS

Good countrymen, let me depart  
alone, stay here with Antony.  
Antony, by our permission, is  
allowed to speak.

BRUTUS leaves the square, slipping into a stretch limo,  
surrounded by bodyguards.

EDMUND

That is Brutus, now departing  
alone, leaving the crowd. And now  
let us hear Mark Antony speak. He  
is going up to the public forum;  
we'll hear him now.

BEFORE THE CROWD a man climbs to the podium in a LONG SHOT.  
He is ANTONY, a real voice of the people, a populist.

EDMUND (O.S.) (CONT'D)

A noble Antony goes up.

LEAR

Cesar was a son of a bitch and a  
drunk.

ALBANY

That's certain.

CORNWALL

We are blessed that Illyria is rid  
of him.

LEAR

And I loved him deeply.

That shuts them up. He stares at them. They look away like ill behaved puppies.

ACROSS THE TABLE, sitting in between two empty chairs, is CORDELIA, the youngest of Lear's daughters. She's Caribbean born, beautiful, simply so. The kind of girl who knows she doesn't need to paint or improve what God gave her.

ENTER GONERIL and REGAN, LEAR's other daughters, hot tamales in head-to-toe Gucci whose neck and hands drip with jewels, both from two other mothers (a multi racial family, one Chinese, one Nordic). They are late but don't seem to care.

GONERIL

They're going to lynch him.

REGAN

At last, some real reality TV.

They sit, eyes glued to the TV screen, ignoring their father, who stares disapprovingly at them. He smiles at CORDELIA. She smiles back.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

Antony stands before the crowd. Illyrian flags wave. A huge banner carrying the face of Cesar burns - to jubilant cheering and shooting of machine guns from the soldiers. Signs proclaiming support for Brutus bounce here and there, and slurs and vitriol are thrown at Antony. The situation is deadly.

He glances around. Here and there, soldiers move, as though positioning themselves. He will risk his life by talking against BRUTUS today.

INT. LEAR ENTERPRISES - DAY

Everyone is glued to the TV. GONERIL gasps.

GONERIL

They're going to lynch him.

REGAN

Is there champagne in the fridge?

They look at their husbands, who rise quickly to serve the two headed beast.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

Antony holds up his arms to quiet the crowd, and gradually the bedlam dies down.

ANTONY

Friends, Illyrians, countrymen,  
lend me your ears;  
I come to bury Cesar, not to praise  
him.  
The evil that men do lives after  
them;  
The good is oft interred with their  
bones;  
So let it be with Cesar. The noble  
Brutus  
Has told you Cesar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous  
fault,  
And grievously has Cesar answered  
it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the  
rest--  
For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men--  
come I to speak in Cesar's funeral.

EXT. PEARL ISLAND SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

A deserted square, except for two dogs playing with each other. Two restaurants on opposite sides of the square, MONTAGUE PIZZERIA, and CAPULET PIZZERIA, are crammed with islanders watching the flat screen TVs.

INT. CAPULET PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

There is booing in here from the riveted customers, standing room only.

BENVOLIO

Then get on with it!

MERCUTIO

He's a dog of the house of Montagues. A dog of that house shall move me to stand and take the walls of any boy or bitch of Montague's.

They shout this out across the square at the MONTAGUE restaurant, for Montague customers to hear, and laugh drunkenly.

On the TV, Antony continues.

ANTONY

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He has brought many captives home  
 Whose ransoms did the general  
 coffers fill:  
 Did this in Cesar seem ambitious?  
 When that the poor have cried,  
 Cesar has wept:  
 Ambition should be made of sterner  
 stuff:  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.

EXT. PEARL ISLAND SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

This is enraging the Capulet customers, who boo more. They shout out across the square at the Montague pizzeria customers.

SAMSON

I will push Montague's boys off the wall, and thrust his bitches to the wall.

They make thrusting gestures with their hips and leer at the girls standing around the Montague Pizzeria.

GREGOR

I am a pretty piece of flesh!

He rubs his crotch at them, they all laugh.

INT. MONTAGUE PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

Antony continues his speech on the flat screen TV, and most of the crowd pays attention, though a group of the young men and distracted by the shouting over at the Capulet pizzeria aimed at them.

ANTONY

You all did see that on the square  
I thrice presented him a kingly  
crown,  
Which he did thrice refuse: was  
this ambition?

CUSTOMERS

No! It was not!

ANTONY

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;  
And, sure, he is an honourable man.

CUSTOMERS

May he burn in hell for what he has  
done today!

ANTONY

I speak not to disprove what Brutus  
spoke,  
But here I am to speak what I do  
know.  
You all did love him once, not  
without cause:  
What cause withholds you then, to  
mourn for him?  
O judgment! you are fled to brutish  
beasts,  
And men have lost their reason.  
Bear with me;  
My heart is in the coffin there  
with Cesar,  
And I must pause till it come back  
to me.

Weeping in the pizzeria, where everyone supports Antony.  
Where everyone loved Cesar.

MONTAGUE, the chef and owner, weeping too, slips a pizza into a box and yells with venom.

MONTAGUE

Pizza!

He shoves the box, so it slides down the bar, past LADY MONTAGUE, his wife, who wipes away a tear.

LADY MONTAGUE

Pizza!

She goes back to pulling a pitcher of beer from the tap for a customer. When it's full she glances: no one's picked up the pizza.

LADY MONTAGUE (CONT'D)

Abraham! Pizza!

ABRAHAM

Yes!

He's near the door, pushing back toward her now.

LADY MONTAGUE

For the Prospero residence.

INT. CAPULET PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

CAPULET, the chef and owner, closes a fresh pizza into a box and shoves it down his bar, just the same way.

CAPULET

Pizza!

LADY CAPULET is wiping down a table when it passes behind her.

LADY CAPULET

Pizza!

She too gets no answer from the distracted pizza delivery boys.

CAPULET

Samson! Pizza for the Othello residence.

Samson hurries to the counter with an apologetic...

SAMSON

Okay, okay.

AT A TABLE, two patrons sit staring at the TV.

PATRON 1  
Is he crying?

PATRON 2  
There are tears. Look.

PATRON 1  
Tear of a politician. Fake tears.  
Cesar was a tyrant. Today is a  
glorious day.

ON THE SCREEN, Antony holds his hand over his face. This is having an effect on the crowd. Men and women are openly weeping now.

EXT. PEARL ISLAND SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Benvolio and Gregor run out of their separate pizzerias, as Mercutio and Tybalt, the drivers, start up the PIZZA DELIVERY go carts, and gun their engines. Abraham and Samson start shouting back across the square at the Montague boys.

ABRAHAM  
Are you talking to me?

SAMSON  
I'm talking to you.

ABRAHAM  
Are you talking to me?

SAMSON  
You ready to dust them up?

GREGOR  
Lets drive.

SAMSON  
Are you talking to me?

GREGOR  
I'm talking but I don't see anybody there.

They laugh.

GREGOR (CONT'D)  
You looking for trouble?

ABRAHAM  
You're looking for trouble, bitch.

GREGOR  
I'll fuck you up, bitch.

ABRAHAM  
I'll fuck you up.

GREGOR  
Well?

ABRAHAM  
Fuck you.

GREGOR  
No, fuck you.

Between the two pizzerias stands a MERCHANT SHOP. The Merchant, SHYLOCK, of the Jewish persuasion, stands watching the boys taunting each other in the square.

MERCUTIO  
Romeo! Romeo! Where are you?

He shouts and the dogs playing in the square ignore them. They are having too much fun together.

TYBALT  
Juliet

For these dogs are named Romeo and Juliet, and are soul mates.

MERCUTIO  
Romeo!

Romeo finally drags himself away from Juliet and jumps into the cart.

TYBALT  
Juliet!

Juliet leaps into the other cart.

They gun their engines and squeal out of the square burning rubber. Right past the supermarket.

Next to the supermarket is the tiny one cell police station. TWO POLICEMEN sitting outside on chairs yell over to Shylock.

POLICEMAN  
Hey, Shylock. Fifty cents on the Capulets today.

SHYLOCK  
Gotcha.

POLICEMAN 2  
I'll take the Montagues.

He takes out a well worn little black book and takes the bet. Behind him on the wall, a small TV is on. Shylock turns to watch.

ANTONY  
But yesterday the word of Cesar  
might  
Have stood against the world; now  
lies he there.  
And none so poor to do him  
reverence.  
O masters, if I were disposed to  
stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and  
rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and  
Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable  
men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather  
choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself  
and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable  
men.

CUT THROUGH the faces in the crowd. His words are stirring the crowd from grief to outrage. They will remain silent for not much longer. He is giving them courage against the oppressor. The soldiers are starting to look confused. Nervous. He's turning the crowd but he's doing is so artfully they can't quite put their fingers on the trigger and pull.

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - DAY

The Capulet cart and the Montague cart scream along at top speed (which isn't that fast, say 15mph, these carts have seen better days) trying to inch each other out. The dogs, Romeo and Juliet ride in front, enjoying the breeze, barking happily to each other, with subtitles.

ROMEO (BARKING)  
O, she doth teach the torches to  
burn bright!  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek  
of night  
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiope's  
ear;  
Beauty too rich for use, for earth  
too dear!

JULIET (BARKING BACK)  
 My only love sprung from my only  
 hate!  
 Too early seen unknown, and known  
 too late!  
 Prodigious birth of love it is to  
 me,  
 That I must love a loathed enemy.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

Antony holds up a parchment. The crowd has come around;  
 they're on his side now.

ANTONY  
 But here's a parchment with the  
 seal of Cesar;  
 I found it in his closet, it is his  
 will.

A chant of "READ THE WILL" starts up, and the crowd takes to  
 it until it is so deafening Antony can't go on.

INT. LEAR ENTERPRISES - BOARD ROOM - DAY

The clamor of the crowd is audible. Edmund in the  
 foreground:

EDMUND  
 As you can hear the crowd is  
 clamoring to hear the will of  
 Cesar, which until now nobody knew  
 existed.

ALBANY  
 Burn it, Antony.

KENT  
 We'll hear the will.

INT. CAPULET PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

CROWD  
 Read the will! We will hear the  
 will!

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - DAY

The Capulet cart veers off at a fork in the road, as the  
 Montague cart screams along in a separate direction, both  
 delivery boys clinging to their boxed pizzas. Both dogs in  
 the back seats stare longingly at each other as they vanish  
 from each others' sight.

INT. MONTAGUE PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

The crowd in the Montague pizzeria jeer at Antony as he holds up the will.

LADY MONTAGUE  
Oh, liar. Liar, liar!

Agreement from the customers as, on the TV...

ANTONY  
Have patience, gentle friends, I  
must not read it;  
It is not meet you know how Cesar  
loved you.

LADY MONTAGUE  
Loved us, no!

INT. CAPULET PIZZERIA - CONTINUOUS

A much different scene here.

CAPULET CROWD  
Read the will! Read it!

ANTONY  
You are not wood, you are not  
stones, but men;  
And, being men, bearing the will of  
Cesar,  
It will inflame you, it will make  
you mad:  
It is good you know not that you  
are his heirs;  
For, if you should, O, what would  
come of it!

Some soldiers approach and attempt to take the parchment from him, they are immediately overwhelmed by the crowd.

EXT. OTHELLO RESIDENCE - DAY

The Capulet cart screeches up to the humble entrance, the pizza boy leaps from the vehicle and bangs on a door. It opens. A waft of cold air conditioned air blows from the room as a blonde haired Swedish beauty opens the door and smiles, takes the pizza, gives him twenty dollars. He peers past her to see a giant black islander lounging before his huge flat screen TV.

DESDEMONA  
Keep the change.

OTHELLO

Desdemona!

She closes the door quickly. He turns back to the cart in a hurry, but he's stopped by a strange sight.

At the neighbors' house, over the wall, an aged man (ANTONY) is trying to climb off a balcony while CLEOPATRA, his mistress, hurls objects at him while screaming at the top of her lungs.

EXT. PROSPERO RESIDENCE - DAY

A young attractive girl is standing at the gate entrance. She stares at the pizza boy, holding out the pizza. They smile at each other. A voice over the intercom barks an order.

PROSPERO (V.O.)

Miranda.

MIRANDA

Put it on our tab.

She quickly takes the pizza and closes the door. The pizza boy rushes back to the cart, which is now turned around, as they screech away.

INT. OTHELLO RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Desdemona closes her door and approaches Othello, who relaxes, ignoring her barely clad body and the silks wafting past his face.

DESDEMONA

Pizza.

Othello, glued to the events, puts his finger to her mouth. She quickly takes his finger in her mouth and suckles. He looks to her, then back to the TV.

She's undeterred. Slowly, she slides down out of frame. Othello glances down at her and with a contented smile, takes a sip of red wine. The pizza rests on the table, untouched.

Meanwhile, on the TV he watches:

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

The mob has swelled and is shouting with one voice:

MOB

Read. The. Will. Read. The.  
Will. Read. The. Will.

INT. CAPULET PIZZERIA - DAY

The chant has been taken up by the customers.

CAPULET CROWD

Read. The. Will. Read. The.  
Will.

EXT. PEARL ISLAND SQUARE - DAY

The Capulet customers shout the chant across the square...

CAPULET CROWD

Read. The. Will. Read. The.  
Will.

As the Montague customers try to shout them down.

MONTAGUE CROWD

Lies. Lies. Lies. Lies.

INT. LEAR ENTERPRISES - BOARD ROOM - DAY

ON LEAR, staring with interest at the scene playing out on the screen.

MOB

Read. The. Will. Read. The.  
Will.

Edmund appears again.

EDMUND

It appears that Antony is going to read the will to the crowd that is barely contained here in Cesar Square.

The chant continues. Antony seems to be drawing this out.

Kent leans over to Gloucester.

KENT

Your boy is doing a good job.

GLOUCESTER

He's a boy. Are any of them any good?

Cordelia breaks their aside with...

CORDELIA

Poor soul! Look, his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

GLOUCESTER

If you consider the matter,  
Cesar has had great wrong.

GONERIL

Has he?

ALBANY

Great wrong?

GONERIL

Shshshsh.

REGAN

I fear there will be worse to come  
in his place.

GLOUCESTER

Marked you his words? He would not  
take the crown;  
Therefore it is certain he was not  
ambitious.

CORDELIA

He's speaking again.

ANTONY

Will you be patient?  
I fear I wrong the honourable men  
Whose daggers have stabbed Cesar; I  
do fear it.

Some soldiers are now shouting for him to read the will.

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - DAY

At the fork in the road as the Capulet and the Montague Pizza  
Delivery cart merge back together and head for the home  
stretch, trying to run each other off the road.

MERCUTIO

They are traitors!

TYBALT

Honourable men! Cesar deserved to  
die!

GREGOR

The will! The testament!

BENVOLIO

They were villains, murderers!

ROMEO (BARKING)

But, soft! what light through  
yonder window breaks?  
It is the east, and Juliet is the  
sun.

JULIET (BARKING BACK)

Ay me!

ROMEO

She speaks:  
O, speak again, bright angel! for  
thou art  
As glorious to this night, being  
o'er my head  
As is a winged messenger of heaven.

EXT. PEARL ISLAND SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

The mood is getting violent between the Capulets and the  
Montague youth across the square.

Booing. Fury. Shouting. The policeman listens for the  
oncoming carts. Looking down the road.

INT. MERCHANT SUPERMERCADO - CONTINUOUS

Shylock watches out the door for the carts. Behind him, on  
the TV;

ANTONY

If you have tears, prepare to shed  
them now.  
Look you here,  
Here is himself, marred, as you  
see, with traitors.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

He pulls away the flag and empties Caesar's bloodied corpse  
into the crowd. The crowd goes silent.

INT. LEAR ENTERPRISES - BOARD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A collective gasp. A shocked silence. On the TV, the crowd  
is going wild now.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

MOB

Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire!  
Kill! Slay! Let not a traitor  
live!

Scuffles are breaking out, the crowd turning on the army, and though outgunned, they are not outmanned.

ANTONY  
Stay, countrymen.

Edmund shouts at the crowd.

EDMUND  
Peace there! Hear the noble  
Antony!

Around him they respond...

MOB  
We'll hear him, we'll follow him,  
we'll die with him.

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - DAY

The Pizza carts tear along the street, almost knocking over some island pedestrians, who swear at them.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

At the podium Antony savors the frenzy of the crowd.

ANTONY  
I come not, friends, to steal away  
your hearts:  
I am no orator, as Brutus is;  
But, as you know me all, a plain  
blunt man,  
That loved my friend; I only speak  
right on;  
I tell you that which you  
yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Cesar's wounds, poor  
poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: put a  
tongue  
In every wound of Cesar that should  
move  
The stones of Illyria to rise and  
mutiny.

MOB  
We'll mutiny.  
We'll burn the house of Brutus.  
Away, then! come, seek the  
conspirators.

ANTONY

Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear  
me speak.

EDMUND

Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most  
noble Antony!

ANTONY

Why, friends, you go to do you know  
not what:  
You have forgot the will I told you  
of.

MOB

Most true. The will! Let's stay and  
hear the will.

Antony opens the parchment. The wind blows, causing the  
paper to flutter.

INT. LEAR ENTERPRISES - BOARD ROOM - DAY

All eyes are on the TV as the paper flutters in the wind like  
a flag, like a voice whispering from beyond the grave.

Lear's eyes have a special intensity as he watches. An  
uncharacteristic sheen of moisture has appeared at their  
corners.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

Antony pins the will to the podium, and steps back. The  
crowd watches in rapt silence.

ANTONY

Here is the will, and under Cesar's  
seal.  
To every citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seven hundred  
dollars.

Murmurs through the crowd.

MOB

Most noble Cesar! We'll revenge his  
death.  
O royal Cesar!

ANTONY

Hear me with patience.

EDMUND

Peace, ho!

The crowd quiets down again.

ANTONY

Moreover, he has left you all his  
walks,  
His private harbors and new-planted  
orchards, he has left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever, common  
pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate  
yourselves.  
The Canal. The shining jewel of  
Illyria, with its beauty, its  
usefulness, and its income. This  
he gives to all of you.  
Here was a Cesar! When comes such  
another?

INT. LEAR ENTERPRISES - CONTINUOUS

Albany and Cornwall are up, with Goneril and Regan. Angry and  
upset.

ALBANY

The Canal?

CORNWALL

The canal is ours!

GONERIL

Its true, papa, we own that, he  
can't just take it back and give it  
to the mob. Can he?

REGAN

Can he, papi?

LEAR points at the TV.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

MOVING THROUGH THE CROWD, the seeds of anger are germinating.  
The majority are openly weeping now. The grief is  
uncontainable.

CITIZEN 1

Never, never.

CITIZEN 2

We'll be avenged.

CITIZEN 3

Come away, away!

MOB

Take up the body.  
Go fetch fire.  
Pluck down benches.  
Pluck down forms, windows, any  
thing.

The mob carries the body on high, and a terrible creature seeking vengeance moves away from the square to do bloody business.

EXT. ISLAND ROAD - DAY

As the carts tear into the square, banging into each other, dogs barking.

EXT. PEARL ISLAND SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Montague gets there by a hair. The pizza boys leap from their carts, no longer able to contain themselves and begin to beat on each other.

The Montagues and the Capulets pour into the square and begin to fight with their fists. Running skirmishes.

The policeman remains seated in his chair. They are paying SHYLOCK, who writes it down in his book.

Our canine Romeo and Juliet are mating amidst the chaos.

LADY CAPULET

Juliet! Come here right now! Bad  
girl!

The Montagues and Capulets drag the two canine lovers apart and continue to fight.

INT. MERCHANT SUPERMERCADO - CONTINUOUS

SHYLOCK, who has seen this fighting before TURNS BACK into his store to see his daughter, JESSICA, being kissed by a boy. The boy slips out of sight.

SHYLOCK

Jessica? Who's that?

JESSICA

What?

SHYLOCK

Who was that kissing you?

JESSICA

Who?

SHYLOCK  
Jessica.

JESSICA  
You don't own me.

SHYLOCK  
Jessica.

JESSICA  
You don't! You don't! I'll run  
away.

SHYLOCK  
Jessica.

JESSICA  
I will!

SHYLOCK  
Jessica.

He pulls down the iron shutter and locks them in.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

Civil War is breaking out across the city, the fury of the mob is expressing itself without restraint.

EXT. CITY SQUARE - DAY

Cesar's coffin BURNS atop a huge pile of wood that's been ripped from the surrounding buildings, and the crowd still throws fuel onto it.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Rioters torch a car and throw rocks through the windows of stores. A wild-eyed American kid, high on weed and prescription pills, HAMLET, feverishly films himself in foreground with a high end camera.

HAMLET

Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

Heavily armed SOLDIERS shout and fire rifles into the air, but to no effect. Some drop their weapons and join the rioters. Some flee.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Bedlam as people swarm the front of the terminal trying to get out of the country. Soldiers try to keep order.

EXT. PEARL ISLAND SQUARE - DAY

The crowds from the pizzerias brawl. A Policeman wakes up, looks at them, pops another can of beer from his cooler and drinks.

INT. LEAR ENTERPRISES - BOARD ROOM - DAY

Lear motions for Kent to turn off the TV, and Kent obligingly does, erasing the imagery of violence from the room. There's an expectant silence. No one wants to be the first to speak.

LEAR

Give me the map.

Kent evidently understands what he's talking about. The rest of them don't.

LEAR (CONT'D)

Let's get it over with.

Kent hits a console button and onto the flat screen appears a map of Central America, covered in stars.

LEAR (CONT'D)

I've built this company. I've made it great and strong and rich, but it's a dog's racket. You can't take it with you. It's time for me to step down.

He points at the map - which includes Central America and parts of the Caribbean, with dots on it indicating hotel and resort properties, cruise liner ports, natural gas facilities, cocoa plantations etc...

LEAR (CONT'D)

The whole empire I have divided in three, one part for each of my gorgeous girls. They are not equal. They cannot be. Some places are more beautiful than others. Some are much, much more valuable. How can I choose? I can't. I can only ask how well you love your dad and reward with my boundless wealth the boundless truth in your beating hearts.

Looks exchanged between the family members. Is this for real? Is it some kind of trick? All but Cordelia, who stares at Lear with growing concern.

LEAR (CONT'D)

Goneril. You're the eldest. You tell me first. Go on.

Goneril hesitates. If she's going to sing for her supper, she's going to summon a worthy song. She pulls a cigarette from her purse, and Albany hastens to light it for her.

GONERIL

Tell you how much I love you? Are you serious? I love you more than words can say. More than eyesight. More than space or liberty. I love you beyond what can be valued, beyond the beauty of a painting or these expensive pink diamonds on my fingers. I love you the way any little girl ever loved her daddy, enough that it makes me dumb and breathless.

Lear's gaze moves from Goneril's face to the map, and the other eyes in the room follow his. This is the payoff.

LEAR

These properties here, between these lines, all the resorts in Camino Real - Puerto Vallarta, and Riviera Maya, as well as our properties in Routan. These are for you and Cornwall. They are yours forever.

Acceptance from Goneril...and defeat. These evidently aren't the properties that she wanted.

LEAR (CONT'D)

And you, Regan? You're next in line. Give it a shot.

REGAN

You want me to tell you how much I love you?

LEAR

Yes.

REGAN

Well, I love you at least as much as my sister. I do. I have the same love for you papi. All that she said describes my love as well.

She isn't looking at him. She's looking at the map...at the two unequal shares of his estate represented on it.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Only...more. For me, there is no happiness in the world without you. I reject it all, Papi. I am an enemy to everything that gives me joy. I swear it. Because for me joy is only really joy if it comes from your special love for me?

Now she looks at him and meets his eyes. Pleading.

REGAN (CONT'D)

That's the truth.

Lear points at the lesser of the remaining portions, a cluster of hotels out in the Caribbean.

LEAR

For you and your family, Regan, now and forever, I give you this third.

(MORE)

LEAR (CONT'D)  
 Our resorts in the north, in  
 Jamaica and the Bahamas and our  
 undeveloped land in Cuba.

Regan's Pomeranian begins to bark in her lap. She grabs its muzzle and holds it shut.

REGAN  
 Shut up.

LEAR  
 As well as the interest in the  
 cruise ships that sail out of Miami  
 and through the Caribbean. It is  
 no less and no more than your older  
 sister has received.

But, from the look on their faces, it's not enough. Lear's eyes find Cordelia, and they soften. It is obvious she's his favorite.

CORNWALL  
 (under his breath)  
 Here we go.

But Cordelia is petrified.

LEAR  
 Last but not least. You are being  
 romanced and I know your heart is  
 distracted by the flowers and  
 chocolates Gunther's been giving  
 you. But tell me, what can you say  
 to your daddy to earn a share of my  
 empire that is slightly more  
 generous than the parts I gave your  
 sisters? Huh? If your sisters had  
 been as picky as you they'd still  
 be sniffing around their Swiss  
 boarding school with those Quaddafi  
 curs and their condom factories.

Cordelia's eyes moisten.

LEAR (CONT'D)  
 Speak, Cordelia. What can you tell  
 me of a youngest daughter's love?

CORDELIA  
 Nothing.

LEAR  
 Nothing?

CORDELIA

No. Nothing.

LEAR

Nothing will come of nothing.  
Speak again.

CORDELIA

I'm sorry.  
(off his look)  
I can't force my heart into my  
mouth, Papi. I love you. I love  
you the way a daughter loves her  
papi, the way I'm supposed to.

The eyes of the sisters are rolling. Lear regards her stoically. He had set the game up for her to win, but he can't keep her from losing it.

KENT

Cordelia. Think about what you're  
doing. The share you receive  
depends on the love you express.

CORDELIA

What else can I say?  
(to Lear)  
You made me, you brought me up, you  
loved me, and for that I love you.  
I obey you, honor you. Why is that  
not enough? They say they love you  
more than anything. She says  
there's no joy in the world except  
from you. But they have husbands.  
Why? When I marry, I will give my  
heart to the man I wed. I'll love  
him first and you second. Isn't  
that right? Isn't that how it's  
supposed to be? Do you want me to  
lie to you? Do you want me to say  
something pretty that isn't  
genuine?

Kent's look seems to be begging her to do just that. Lear's jaw has set in disgust.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry if it isn't what you want  
to hear. But it is the truth.

LEAR

The truth.

He rises slowly from his seat.

CORDELIA

At least I gave you that.

LEAR

Fuck your truth.

A fury burns in Lear, and as it begins to rise to the surface the room itself seems to change. Cordelia braces herself for it. Kent wears the burden of its injustice. Gloucester stays out of it. Goneril, Regan, Albany, and Cornwall stay silent, making themselves as invisible as possible so as not to share Cordelia's fate.

LEAR (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of my sight. I'd rather have the barbarous commie, Or any terrorist pig gorge his appetite at the table of my tit, he would be as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved as you my sometime daughter.

KENT

Sir...

LEAR

Shut the fuck up! I loved her most, and thought to make the brats she popped out all rich as shit. Hence, and avoid my sight! Piss on my grave if you want, I ain't giving you a fucking dime! Gloucester, go get the pricks who've been asking for her hand. Franco and Gunther. Go!

Gloucester obediently slinks from the room.

LEAR (CONT'D)

And you...

(Cornwall and Albany)

With the rest of what I've given your wives, share this third between you. Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her. I'll give everything to you.

His rage comes back to Cordelia.

LEAR (CONT'D)

Pre-eminence. All the houses and yachts and limos and private jets.

(MORE)

LEAR (CONT'D)

All the expensive shit I've collected over the years, it's all for you. This whore doesn't get shit.

He sits down heavily. Silence in the room. Goneril speaks with a little mouse voice.

GONERIL

What about the canal, papi?

LEAR

Fuck the canal. You win some, you lose some. Let the mob have it.

His various inheritors share between them a silent look of horror.

LEAR (CONT'D)

I'm keeping one hundred of my closest bodyguards though, by you to be sustained, and you will take turns in looking after me when I come to stay in your newly inherited resorts and restaurants. So I retain the name of a Empire Builder, the sway, revenue, execution of the rest is yours. The two of you love me the same, so you can care for me the same. I built this fucking empire.

Returning his attention to the map again. He built it. But for what now? In his rage he flings a chair at the screen, shattering it.

Silence reigns for a long, long moment. Cordelia, stunned and hurt beyond belief, has retreated inward. The other daughters are trying reasonably successfully to contain their joy. Lear's eyes are wet, his passion twisted high.

KENT

Lear, I have honoured you as my king, loved as a father, as my master followed, as my great patron thought on in my prayers.

LEAR

Stop licking my ass. Spit it out

KENT

I know this isn't my place, but what you're doing is madness. Don't you see what just happened?

Lear's gaze locks on Kent, and there's no backing down. It's the steady gaze of a killer.

LEAR

Watch it.

Kent has strength of his own, and he doesn't back down.

KENT

I have a duty to speak. Should I abandon that duty just because you're allowing yourself to be swayed by your daughters' flattery? Even great men do stupid things, and this is one of them. Cordelia doesn't love you the least.

Cordelia puts a hand on Kent's arm to stop him, which Lear notices in disgust.

KENT (CONT'D)

This isn't her fault. It's yours for being rash and for mistaking what they said for the truth.

LEAR

Shut up or I will kill you.

KENT

Go ahead. You know I'd die for you. It may as well be your bloody hand that does the deed.

LEAR

Get out of here!

KENT

Open your fucking eyes!

He rips a GUN from one of his bodyguards and aims it at Kent, who instinctively stands and draws his gun as well.

CORDELIA

Stop it, both of you!

The two men face off. Kent turns his pistol on himself, aiming it at his own temple without ceasing to meet Lear's gaze.

KENT

I say you do evil.

Lear tosses his own gun down.

LEAR

Whatever, you fucking moron.  
You've made your point. You've  
taken your heroic stand, and every  
hero deserves a reward. Here's  
yours.

Tension among the heirs. Is he going to change his mind?

LEAR (CONT'D)

Get out of my fucking sight.  
You're fired. I'll give you five  
days' pay. That's your severance.  
Move out of the house I bought for  
you. Stay off the boat I bought  
for you. Give back the Mercedes I  
bought for you. And if I ever see  
you here or in any of my fucking  
properties ever again I'll kill you  
myself. What I decided here today  
is my decision. It will not  
change. I will not revoke it. I  
don't need a fucking security guard  
or any of my own children telling  
me what the fuck I should do.

Silence. Kent shrugs. He lowers the gun and slides the clip  
out. He discharges the bullet from the chamber and places it  
symbolically on the board room table.

KENT

(to Cordelia)

You did the right thing. I hope  
things turn out well for you.

(to Goneril and Regan)

You she wolves may have pulled the  
wool over his eyes, but not mine.

(to Lear)

Toodleloo.

He walks out, leaving the rest of them in silence.

Gloucester enters with Franco and Gunther. Kent's gun, clip,  
and bullet still rest where he left them on the table. Lear  
stands at the window, looking out. Cordelia sits by herself  
in stoic silence, and she doesn't look up even when her two  
potential husbands enter. The other sisters and their  
husbands have been talking in hushed voices on their  
respective cell phones but they hang up quickly when the  
three newcomers appear.

Gloucester points Franco and Gunther to the empty seats on  
either side of Cordelia.

They take those seats, both looking for something from her, but she doesn't acknowledge either of them.

GLOUCESTER

Here are Franco and Gunther.

Lear doesn't face them.

LEAR

Gunther.

GUNTHER

Yes, sir.

LEAR

You've been fighting with Franco for my daughter. What's the least you would require in inheritance from me?

GUNTHER

I wouldn't ask any more than you've already offered. Nor do I think you would give less.

LEAR

I used to love her. When a father loves his daughter he will give anything for her happiness. Now her price has fallen. There she is and nothing more.

GUNTHER

What?

LEAR

Take it or leave it.

GUNTHER

That's not what we talked about.

LEAR

What we talked about is irrelevant. If you don't want her just leave her, you fucking prick. She's penniless.

Gunther turns a questioning look on Cordelia, but she's turned to stone.

LEAR (CONT'D)

Well, Franco? What about you? You don't want this stray, do you?

(MORE)

LEAR (CONT'D)

You want a worthier wife than one whom her own father is ashamed to acknowledge. Isn't that right?

No answer.

LEAR (CONT'D)

Well?

FRANCO

I'm surprised. She was your favorite thing. The argument of your praise, balm of your age, most best, most dearest. What could she have done to undo that? It must be monstrous.

LEAR

Better she had not been born.

FRANCO

Wow.

(then)

Gunther? Love's not love if it's tainted by money. You knew her first so you can speak first. Do you want her?

GUNTHER

Lear. Give me what you promised, and I will marry your daughter in an instant.

LEAR

Not a fucking cent.

GUNTHER

(to Cordelia)

I'm sorry. You've lost a father and a husband.

Cordelia meets his gaze for the first time.

CORDELIA

I could not have been your wife anyway. You love money.

Franco watches as Gunther stands without a word and goes toward the door.

FRANCO

Don't leave yet.

Gunther stops as Franco turns his attention to Cordelia.

FRANCO (CONT'D)

Cordelia.

He takes her hand, but she remains cold toward him. Inside, she loves him better, but she's bracing for the cold wind of his rejection. Relief flowers on her face as...

FRANCO (CONT'D)

You and your virtues are all I  
need. Your father casts you away?  
I pick you up.

(to Gunther)

Gunther, you're lukewarm and God  
spits you out. Love is a whore to  
you. But you can't buy love.  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia.

LEAR

You have her, I have no daughter,  
nor shall I ever see that face of  
hers again. Fuck off forever.

He walks out, not having turned to look once during this entire exchange. All but Goneril and Regan follow him out.

FRANCO

Say goodbye to your sisters.  
Whatever they had to do with this,  
put it and them behind you.

CORDELIA

I know you what you are;  
Use well our father: to your  
professed bosoms I commit him  
though I would prefer him to a  
better place. So, farewell to you  
both.

REGAN

Don't fucking tell us what to do.

GONERIL

Go on, gallop away with your knight  
in shining armor.

CORDELIA

Time shall unfold what cunning  
hides.

REGAN

Cunt.

GONERIL

Whore.

REGAN

Bitch.

Franco takes her hand. He leads her out.

Goneril and Regan stare out the window at the city below. Light each others' cigarettes. Smoke curls from their nostrils.

GONERIL

Sister, I think our father will be coming to stay with us to-night.

REGAN

Poor you; next month with us.

GONERIL

How full of changes he is; he always loved that little bitch, most. How he kicked her out was disgusting.

REGAN

He's a senile old man.

GONERIL

He's not going to get any better. Let's hit together, he offends us.

REGAN

We must do something, and in the heat.

THROUGH THE WINDOW the world is burning down below.

REGAN (CONT'D)

Starting with the canal.

GONERIL

We'll be holding onto that.

REGAN

You want a cocktail?

EXT. ILLYRIA CITY - EVENING/NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS. Violence in the streets as evening turns into night and the riots continue.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

EXT. ILLYRIA CITY - NIGHT

Smoke rises from between the glittering skyscrapers, and broken glass litters the streets. But in the midst of the chaos, dirty faced children play mock gun battles. The odd rat tat tat of gunfire over the sound of distant wailing sirens.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

KENT, CORDELIA and FRANCO sit in a shabby taxi, at a dead stop in a traffic jam on the airport highway, everyone is trying to get out. Everyone is honking. It has driven the cab driver to the edge of sanity.

TAXI DRIVER

Honk honk! Who's there, in the name of Beelzebub? (points at a tractor ahead of them) There's a farmer, hanged himself on the expectation of plenty.

FRANCO

Does your air conditioning work?

TAXI DRIVER (LAUGHS)

Have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for it. Honk honk! Who's there, in the other devil's name? Honk honk! Who's there? never quiet! What are you?

KENT

Turn the air conditioning on.

TAXI DRIVER

But this place is too cold for hell. Honk honk!

KENT

Turn it on.

TAXI DRIVER

I'll devil-porter it no further: remember me.

He abandons the taxi and disappears. KENT shrugs and climbs into the driver's seat.

CORDELIA

Where will you go?

KENT  
Nowhere. Anywhere.

CORDELIA  
There has to be some place.

KENT  
My place is here. My place is  
beside Lear. The world has grown  
tired of him. He's even grown  
tired of himself. But what we owed  
to the man we owe to his shadow,  
don't we? With him, the enemy is  
age. It is not the man. My place  
is with him, fighting like I have  
always fought against his enemy.

Outside their car, the wild haired kid called HAMLET appears, filming as he walks past them, making his way to the airport on foot.

EXT. TOCUMEN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A major traffic snarl coming into the airport. Military vehicles in highly visible locations. Soldiers at all the entrances.

KENT bids farewell to CORDELIA and FRANCO on the curbside, and drives away in his newly appropriated taxi.

INT. TOCUMEN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

Where the crowd is thick with people fleeing the country. Guards everywhere. A military lockdown.

In the crowd we find a motley crew of foreigners led by their first assistant director, PETER QUINCE. They are porn stars for hire, and they look the part.

Hamlet, the wild-haired kid we saw shooting the violence in the streets last night, meets them as they exit customs.

HAMLET  
Hi guys. Nick Bottom. My hero!  
You've grown a beard, good, I like  
the look for the part, you're  
playing the lead. Are you coming  
to beard me in Denmark, dude?

He laughs at his own joke (which they don't get) and shakes each of their hands.

PETER QUINCE

We're all a little concerned. There seems to be something going on here. Why is everyone trying to leave?

But Hamlet ignores him.

HAMLET

What, my young lady and mistress, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last. Francine Flute, I love your work, seriously, this part is going to be your crowning achievement. A queen! Where's my Ophelia?

PETER QUINCE

She's in the toilet.

As he says this the actress playing Ophelia exits the toilet and walks through the terminal towards him. Hamlet stares at her, transfixed. Her hair glitters in slow motion as she bounces, all tits and ass towards him. She arrives.

HAMLET

Robyn Starr, wow, you're even more innocent looking in the flesh. Lets have a kiss, give us a taste of your quality; come on, a passionate kiss. Just kidding.

ROBYN STARR

A kiss?

HAMLET

I saw you kiss once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, you could have fooled me; for the movie, I remember, pleased not the multitude; it was caviar to the general: but it was--an excellent movie, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning, in any case, that's exactly the quality I want from you now. I don't want to feel like you're acting, I want it real!

ROBYN STARR

I can do real.

HAMLET

"O, what a rogue and peasant slave  
am I!  
Is it not monstrous that this  
player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of  
passion,  
Could force her soul so to her own  
conceit  
That from her working all her  
visage wann'd,  
Tears in her eyes, distraction in  
her aspect,  
A broken voice, and her whole  
function suiting  
With forms to her conceit? And all  
for nothing!

ROBYN STARR (CRYING)

Oh, its real easy, honey.

HAMLET

What would she do,  
Had she the motive and the cue for  
passion  
That I have?

Hands her the script. She reads.

ROBYN STARR

I would drown the stage with tears  
And cleave the general ear with  
horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty and appal the  
free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze  
indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and  
ears.

FRANCINE

What's she on about?

HAMLET

Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal,  
peak,  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of  
my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a  
king,  
Upon whose property and most dear  
life

(MORE)

HAMLET (CONT'D)

A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a  
coward?

POLONIUS

This is too long.

Hamlet turns on Polonius, his elderly personal psychiatrist,  
and begins to beat him with the script pages.

HAMLET

Who calls me villain? breaks my  
pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it  
in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the  
lie i' the throat,  
As deep as to the lungs? who does  
me this?  
Ha!"

Silence. Everyone is confused at this young madman. POLONIUS  
applauds.

POLONIUS

Well spoken, with good accent, and  
good discretion.

Hamlet shoves the pages into Bottom's hands.

HAMLET

Words, words, words...read on.

Nick Bottom is not an actor, he is a man, with good looks and  
a well endowed penis. He reads falteringly. Badly.

BOTTOM

'Swounds, I should take it: for it  
cannot be  
But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack  
gall  
To make oppression bitter, or ere  
this  
I should have fatted all the region  
kites  
With this slave's offal: bloody,  
bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous,  
lecherous, kindless villain!

Hamlet takes over again, with an emotional flurry. The  
heavily armed police force are taking note, as is a crowd  
gathering around to watch this mad man. The cops approach.

HAMLET

O, vengeance!  
 Why, what an ass am I! This is most  
 brave,  
 That I, the son of a dear father  
 murder'd,  
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven  
 and hell,  
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart  
 with words,  
 And fall a-cursing, like a very  
 drab,  
 A scullion!  
 Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain!

Polonius whispers to Peter Quince.

POLONIUS

Its an autobiographical story, he's  
 very upset with his mother, the  
 American ambassador to Illyria. His  
 father died three months ago. She  
 married his uncle three months ago  
 and he's basically making this  
 artistic film about his state of  
 mind to keep him from going mad.

PETER QUINCE

And who are you?

POLONIUS

I'm his personal psychiatrist, his  
 mother has asked me to keep an eye  
 on him at all times.

HAMLET

I have heard  
 That guilty creatures sitting at a  
 movie  
 Have by the very cunning of the  
 scene  
 Been struck so to the soul that  
 presently  
 They have proclaim'd their  
 malefactions;  
 For murder, though it have no  
 tongue, will speak  
 With most miraculous organ.

He points at Bottom's crotch.

HAMLET (CONT'D)

I'll have these players  
 Play something like the murder of  
 my father  
 Before mine uncle: I'll observe his  
 looks;  
 I'll tent him to the quick: if he  
 but blench,  
 I know my course. The spirit that I  
 have seen  
 May be the devil: and the devil  
 hath power  
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea,  
 and perhaps  
 Out of my weakness and my  
 melancholy,  
 As he is very potent with such  
 spirits,  
 Abuses me to damn me: I'll have  
 grounds  
 More relative than this: the film's  
 the thing  
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience  
 of the king.

He stops. Everyone stands there in silence. A few applaud.

PETER QUINCE

What's the script called?

POLONIUS

Hamlet.

PETER QUINCE

Hamlet?

POLONIUS

Yes.

PETER QUINCE

You mean the play Hamlet?

POLONIUS

Yes.

PETER QUINCE

They can't do Shakespeare.

HAMLET

Before I forget. Per diem.

HAMLET holds out a large wad of cash. Quince stares at it, takes it with a shrug.

HAMLET (CONT'D)  
Read through tonight at the  
American Embassy.

BOTTOM  
The embassy?

POLONIUS  
His mother happens to be the  
American ambassador to Illyria.  
Hush hush.

PETER QUINCE  
Its chaotic around here...are we in  
physical danger?

POLONIUS  
Lord Hamlet, if I may, they want to  
know why everyone is trying to  
leave the country?

HAMLET  
Because Denmark is a prison.

INT. TOCUMEN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Cordelia and Franco move through the airport line, hand in  
their tickets, take hands and walk onto the waiting airplane  
together.

EXT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - NIGHT

A jet takes off into the night.

END OF PILOT EPISODE