

Prompter reads: The following program is based on actual events with characters from history. Scenarios may be altered for dramatic affect. But have no fear, all foreign persons will contain soothing colonizer-British accents, for the comfort of your viewing. Hope this eases the blow.

INT. SPANISH CATHEDRAL, AUGUST 1492 - EARLY AFTERNOON

CASASTER the Disastrous, a con-artist that looks a lot like Christopher Columbus, officiates a wedding for a wealthy blind family, blind GROOM, and a mysterious, veiled bride.

CASASTER

Dearly beloved, we have gathered here today to marry-

GROOM

How does my love look?

CASASTER

Beautiful. You can now kiss the--

GROOM

Wait a minute. Describe her.

CASASTER

Pretty... she looks very pretty.

BLIND 1

You can do better than that!

CASASTER

Well, let's just say, if looks could kill...

BLIND 2

More! Use your descriptive words!

CASASTER

Do I look like *The Fashion Police*?

GROOM

I don't know what anything looks like.

BLIND 2

That's why we're asking. Putz.

CASASTER

Fair point. She's wearing a slim chiffon over-the-shoulder dress.

Crowd gasps.

"The Pilot"

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Lined in lace from the top of her neck, down to her dainty ankles.

Casaster puts down Groom's hand, as he reaches out. Under CON-BRIDE's veil, made by curtain, a hairy hand emerges to scratch a hairy drunkards ass, who burps.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Excuse me. She's also mute.

Con-bride covers their mouth. Crowd celebrates.

BLIND 1

That's the most important bit.

GROOM

And... she's OK with the bit about in sickness--

CASASTER

And in wealth! Yes! She told me... telepathically.

GROOM

Say no more!

They kiss.

CASASTER

I now--Oh, who cares? No one ever lets me do this bit.

Through American sign language, Con-bride demands for pay. Casaster stuffs a fiver in Con-bride's pocket.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

(walking down aisle)

You're on your own kid.

BLIND 3

(facing wrong direction)

What's happened?

CASASTER

They've kissed!

BLIND 2

Are they married yet? Anyone?

Bride and Groom continue to make-out. Casaster grabs gold, pieces from various members on his way out, whilst unrobing. The PRIEST, down to his skivvies, cowers in a gold plated prayer candles box.

PRIEST

Seize him--

Casaster slams box lid down so hard a lit candle ricochets on the prayer ledge. Candle slowly teeters back and forth, dripping wax. Casaster looks at the candle, the blind crowd, candle, Priest, Bride, and exits, tying gold around his body.

EXT. CHURCH GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

SISTER 1 leads prayer group in a cabbage garden. The lit-candle falls loudly in the cathedral. Sisters look around.

SISTER 1

Who interrupts this moment of prayer?

CASASTER

(wrapping head in lettuce)  
Sorry sisters, excuse my wide bottoms for interrupting. Our father...

SISTERS

Who, where, when, why and how-  
llowed be thy name, child?

CASASTER

Sister Sister.

Casaster tries to snake by, but hits several Sister with wide, golden hips. A hit Sister looks up, ready to strike.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

(pointing down)  
One mustn't lose focus.

Smoke billows from the church. Screams.

SISTER 2

What is that???

CASASTER

AHHHH! AHHH! It is but screams of rejoicing... for the lord.

SISTER 3

Something smells like smoke.

An explosion from inside the church.

CASASTER

Oh, for God's sake!

"The Pilot"

All Sisters look at Casaster, furiously.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

(turning to nearest  
elderly Sister)

HOW DARE THEE TAKE THE LORDS NAME  
IN VAIN. YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF  
YOURSELF.

All Sisters argue. Three visiting Sister Mary's, adorned with visitor name-tags, hit elderly Sister with "Hail" pamphlets. Naked Priest bursts out of the church door.

PRIEST

(coughing)

Seize him--

Burning roof falls upon Priest. Sisters run in circles, screaming.

SISTER 2

It's every woman for herself!

PRIEST

(pushing off rubble)

Freedom!

Church steeple falls upon Priest. He walks through its window and is tackled by a stampede of Sisters. Sister 3 pulls him into the tower of lust.

SISTER 3

Freedom indeed.

EXT. CHURCH ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Casaster throws off disguise, closely followed by the Blind, and Sisters.

SISTER 1

Charge!

Casaster jumps into a barrel, where a HOMELESS man roams.

HOMELESS

Ay! I's here first.

(nearly trampled)

But, I reckon I's can wait.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Blind run into the street, where a parade is taking place. Sisters charge onto a float, and throw out rosary beads.

EXT. CHURCH ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Casaster pokes head out of the barrel. Flyers of "Cristoforo Colombo's new venture", plaster the wall behind him.

HOMELESS

(pointing to flyers)

AHHHHHH-I thought I spotted you before.

CASASTER

Really? Goodbye.

HOMELESS

Name's... um... oh I know it. I know it.

CASASTER

(getting out of barrel)

I sincerely doubt it.

HOMELESS

Yes! Yes, I remember's it now. But how's bout you reminds me of it?

CASASTER

Why, so I can put it down in your barrel guest-ledger?

HOMELESS

(whipping out ledger)

Precisely.

CASASTER

Oh, piss off.

HOMELESS

(writing down)

Nice to meet you O'Pissoff. Is that from the mainland?

CASASTER

Fuck off!

HOMELESS

Ay! My hometown. Shite people, but great ripe apricots. I'm barrel leaper. Formerly the barrel leper.

"The Pilot"

Homeless kicks the barrel over, water spills out onto the street, making several in the crowd to slip and fall. Homeless leaps over the barrel.

HOMELESS (CONT'D)  
See? Barrel leaper.

Casaster removes a golden candelabra from his outfit, and hits Homeless over the head with it.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

A street float bumps into fallen pedestrians. Three fall from atop the float.

EXT. CHURCH ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Homeless, bruised up, revs for more.

HOMELESS  
Is that the best you can do?

Casaster whacks Homeless man with a golden plate, several teeth fall out.

HOMELESS (CONT'D)  
Pathetic.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Celebratory banners fall onto the street, from sky. Casaster enters, then disappears into the street mayhem.

EXT. CHURCH ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Above Homeless man, a WOMAN pours bucket out her window.

HOMELESS  
(soaked)  
Ah, shit.

WOMAN  
Nah's just piss. Say, you like to come up and have a wee pint?

HOMELESS  
With you? Never!

Woman decks Homeless man with the bucket. He passes out.

WOMAN

Now 'ats a good throw.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Casaster dodges disasters on the street. Injured parade attendees are carried on stretchers, floats splinter, church fire continues to grow in the background.

CASASTER

What a beautiful sight!

Casaster throws arms out, slapping a cowardly CRISTOFORO COLOMBO off his horse.

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO

I dare say!

CASASTER

(extending hand)

Sorry chap.

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO

(taking hand)

I am Cristoforo Colombo, and I will have you locked away and fed to the Tiger's by your willies for--

CASASTER

(slams Chris back to the ground with free hand)

Oh, willy?

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO

Yes, willy! REALLY! I do not have a speech impemident. Impressionist. Innipotent. Imp--well now, now you see here, you. You, thcoundrel!

Casaster stands atop Cristoforo's chest to undress. Passerby's stare, covering children's eyes.

CASASTER

I do believe he's talking to me.

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO

You insolent bastard. This is very improper, indeed. Very improper.

CASASTER

(shaking bum)

Do you like what you see?

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO

No!

CASASTER

(taking Cris' clothes)

Well, that's too bad. How do you talk about yourself, then?

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO

I beg your pardon!

Casaster continues on Cristoforo's chest, dressing.

CASASTER

Come off it lad. Even your pea brained self must see the likeness between us?

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO

Me no likey!

CASASTER

The chin. The nose. You even have my perfect, crooked nose.

(hugging Chris)

We're like twins mate.

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO

No! There is no more likeness between this bit of rubble and these...

(picking up rosary beads)

--beads of the anus!

CASASTER

(binding Cris' with rope)

I seem to have probed a nerve.

CRISTOFORO COLOMBO

No you haven't!

CASASTER

(head-butting Cris)

How's about now?

Homeless and window Woman give a thumbs up. Casaster walks away with confidence, limping.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Oof! Ee--ee!

Casaster takes golden candelabra out, whacks Cris with it.



EXT. CITY PORT - MINUTES LATER

Ship is in final preparations. Celebratory banners of Cristoforo hang all around. Half-enthused fans, including PEDESTRIAN 1 and PEDESTRIAN 2, surround the plank.

PEDESTRIAN 1

Work every day off the year, taxed to death, and this is what it goes towards?

PEDESTRIAN 2

(coughing)

Meanwhile I can't afford the syrup to get rid of this cough.

PEDESTRIAN 1

Or clean drinking water.

PEDESTRIAN 2

(coughs, pointing to ship)

I hope it sinks.

Crowd cheers.

PEDESTRIAN 1

Down with this unnecessary expense!

Crowd pushes Pedestrian 2 into the water, and Pedestrian 1 onto the ship's entry-plank.

PEDESTRIAN 2

I can't swim!

Casaster steps onto Pedestrian 1, to get onto ship, but is stopped from boarding by a rule-abiding CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN

Halt. You are?

CASASTER

(pointing at banners)

Hello... I'm Cris.

CAPTAIN

Cris who?

CASASTER

Cris... Chloroform.

CAPTAIN

Never heard of him!

"The Pilot"

CASASTER

Do you see that face on all the banners? That's me. This is my enterprise.

Captain peers up, and shrugs.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

It's right in front of you!  
Everywhere! Step aside.

CAPTAIN

You could be anyone.

CASASTER

(pointing)  
I'm him!

Crew watches. CRITIC 1 and CRITIC 2, stand nearest.

CRITIC 1

Is it the Cris?

CREW

Oh! Cris--

Crew says the last name, with varying degrees of success.

CAPTAIN

Let me tell you how this is gonna go down. I have a checklist. You shall give me your name and identification. I shall compare the two, and if there's no match then--

Whistling. Simulated splash noise. OYVILLE, a young lad, stands inches from Captain.

CASASTER

You there!

OYVILLE

Oy!

CASASTER

What's your name, son?

OYVILLE

I'm Oyville Redunkirkblocker, sir.

CASASTER

Tell that name to him.

OYVILLE  
(to Captain)  
Oyville Redenkirkblocker.

CAPTAIN  
ID?

Oyville hands over a vast portrait. Captain checks, Oyville stuffs it back into his back pocket.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Very good indeed! Welcome aboard  
sir, nice to meet you.

CASASTER  
Indeed. Oyville, throw him  
overboard.

CAPTAIN  
Why?

CASASTER  
For starters, you're quite  
incompetent. A bit of a stickler  
for rules in the wrong way. And as  
the posters all say, this is my  
doing, so I'll do as I please,  
thank you very much. Oyville--

CRITIC 1  
Who'd he say he is?

CASASTER  
I am Cristoforo Colombo.

CRITIC 2  
What a terrible name.

CRITIC 1  
Should really consider changing it.

CRITIC 2  
Christopher... Columbus!

CRITIC 1  
(offering seeds)  
Much better! Popcorn?

Prompter reads: Teaching moment! Popcorn wasn't mainstream in the Western world until the 1800's.

EXT. NATIVE AMERICAN VILLAGE, 1492 - CONTINUOUS

Native American MAN, over fire, pops kernels, laughing with family. Mid laugh they all stop and look direct to camera. Man does an up yours arm gesture.

EXT. SHIP DECK, 1492 - CONTINUOUS

CRITIC 1

Tomato, then?

CRITIC 2

Ah! Good idea. Might need to throw it if this doesn't play out right.

CASASTER

And I am your Captain!

CAPTAIN

No. NO, I am the Captain!

CASASTER

Do it, boy! Unless you dare defy your Captain.

Oyville throws Captain off.

PEDESTRIAN 2 (O.S.)

Oh, look, someone to save me!

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

I can't swim!

Casaster drops anchor on them, they drown. Ship slowly moves.

OYVILLE

Anything else, sir?

CASASTER

No. That'll be all!

OYVILLE

Did I perform sufficiently, sir?

CASASTER

Yes. Now, could you point me to the Captain's Quarters?

OYVILLE

Right this way, sir!

CASASTER

I don't need to be walked--

"The Pilot"

OYVILLE

Here!

(at door)

Would you please take a moment of your time to fill out this survey indicating your level of happiness with my performance?

Casaster enters, slamming door behind him.

INT. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

It is a lavish Quarters. Casaster opens the drapes. Oyville hangs in window, upside down.

OYVILLE

Or simply rate me up to five stars upon me lapel.

CASASTER

There is something you could do.

OYVILLE

Anything, anything, sir.

CASASTER

It might be too difficult...

OYVILLE

Please sir, I beg of you.

Casaster weighs a favor, decides against it.

CASASTER

(pointing to sea)

See, I dropped something in there, and I need it retrieved. It is of the utmost importance.

OYVILLE

Yessir. Right away sir, no questions asked sir. What did you drop?

CASASTER

The ocean.

Oyville dives in. Casaster plucks a food basket.

EXT. SHIP DECK - CONTINUOUS

Casaster emerges with basket. Crew is lined up inches from door. Basket and food fly.

CASASTER  
AHHHHHHHHlright. Sail on!

CREW 1  
(catching grapes)  
Righto!

CREW 2  
(catching cheese)  
Certainly!

CREW 3  
(catching basket,  
replacing items)  
Soon's we know where to Captain?

CASASTER  
(pointing randomly, grabs  
basket)  
Land!

Basket is handed back. Sails pivot, wind whips up, ship runs directly back into the docks. Oyville and Captain are run over. Casaster laughs. Crew erupts into laughter, too.

CASASTER (CONT'D)  
Jokes, jokes, jokes! Now, business.  
(pointing in opposite  
direction)  
Onward to a new world!

CRITIC 1  
A whaaaat?

CRITIC 2  
Surely our Captain means India!

Casaster laughs, all laugh. Sails whip the other way, Oyville and Captain are run over, again.

CREW 3  
Jokes aside, how do we get there?

Casaster throws knife from basket.

CRITIC 2  
That's certainly ONE way of leaving  
this world, anew. I see his  
meaning now.

"The Pilot"

CRITIC 1

Witty, this one.

CRITIC 2

Gotta survive such a ridiculous name, somehow!

Casaster glares. All point swords at Critic 2.

CRITIC 2 (CONT'D)

Knife... is such a ridiculous name! S'what I meant.

Critic 2 is holding a knife to his own throat.

CRITIC 2 (CONT'D)

Could've been spoon. Or capitalism. But no, knife!

CRITIC 1

You will be a great leader! How's about three cheers for Cris! Hip-Hip--

CREW

Hooray! For Chris--

Last name is pronounced in various ways.

CREW 1

Christian Science Monitor.

CREW 2

Chili salad.

CREW 3

Child labor laws.

Crew swords are raised high. Casaster smiles.

EXT. SHIP DECK - ONE MONTH LATER

Crew is in the same pose, amid rain. Casaster drenched, not smiling. Crew pivots swords to Casaster's throat.

CREW 2

We have been stranded at sea, going in circles under your direction.

CASASTER

Where's your proof!?

"The Pilot"

CRITIC 1

We leave a trail...

SHARK discos in the center of pink circles, surrounding ship.

CASASTER

Fair! But what harm can a baby  
Shark do? Dancing fish? Not very  
threatening.

SHARK

I am not a fish you mere mortal.

CREW 1

We've not enough man-power to get  
back.

CASASTER

You didn't have enough to begin  
with.

CREW 2

(a woman in disguise)  
Oh, we've plenty of that!

CRITIC 2

(unrolling scroll of  
offences)

We've begun to drink our own piss,  
you've sodded our only bail of hay,  
our mule think it's a cow--And  
we've three days without any food.

CASASTER

I didn't eat ALL of it!

CRITIC 1

And what you didn't eat, you threw  
out.

CASASTER

I can't help that I'm lactose  
intolerant! Earl, back me up here.

An ELDERLY man nods. All swords point at him, he shakes head  
no, swords point back to Casaster. Elderly slowly backs up,  
dives off ship.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Guys. GUYS! We can come to an  
understanding.



CREW 3  
 (reveals, also a woman)  
 We have!

CREW 2  
 You're not our Captain.

CRITIC 1  
 You know nothing.

CRITIC 2  
 And you are no one.

CASASTER  
 I am Chris. Christopher Columbus!  
 Formerly, Cristoforo Colombo.

CRITIC 2  
 You're welcome for the change. Wear  
 it well on your way out.

Casaster is pushed off the deck. He catches hold of a rope.  
 All the stolen gold objects plop into the sea. Crew rejoices.

CREW 3  
 There'll be plenty of time to  
 celebrate, but first--everyone take  
 a bath.

CREW  
 Yes, New-Captain.

Shark attempts to grab Casaster, whom is now hanging by a  
 thread out of Captain's Quarters. WOMAN 1 stops knitting  
 beards for line of women-in-disguise, and grabs scissors to  
 remove Casaster.

CASASTER  
 Now, wait! Ladies! Wait!

WOMAN 1  
 For what? For you to give another  
 one of us crabs?

WOMAN 2  
 (throwing crab plush  
 pillow)  
 Cheap gift! They're supposed to  
 have 10 legs, not 5!

Prompter reads: Another teaching moment!

SQUID comes to the surface, catching crab pillow.

SQUID

Oh how I love you, oh deformed one.

Squid bubbles back below.

CASASTER

How about an I'm... sorry?

WOMAN 1

It's far too late for that!

CASASTER

But think of all the memories we've made... together.

A flashback bubble attempts to form. Woman 1 pops it with sewing needle.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

The sewing is coming in handy!  
Aren't you glad I taught you?

WOMAN 1

Yes! But soon you won't be.

Woman 1 lets go of her sewing needles. The new beard unravels, spelling "goodbye". She sheers Casaster loose. He falls slowly towards the Shark holding cutlery, when--

Flash of light. Casaster disappears. Shark lifts up ocean-line like a blanket, peeks under and above for Casaster.

SHARK

Daggers.

EXT. TIME TRAVEL VORTEX - CONTINUOUS

Casaster flies through a tie-dye ocean vortex, through hues of pink and yellow. Corn stalks hit him in the face as he runs. The yellow melts and Casaster drips onto a kite. The yellow lifts, narrows and strikes him. Lightning brings fire. Casaster is bound to the ground, staked. Fire roars.

VOICES (O.S.)

(chanting)

Witch. Witch. Witch.

"1492 problems" alternates across the screen, while:  
-From the ashes, four beetles drag prison bars, built around a shackled Casaster. The prison grows roots.  
-A tree forms, with Casaster central to its bark. Casaster grows, stretching into the branches and a singular leaf. He painfully rips and separates from the tree, falling.

"The Pilot"

-Falls into the nap-sack of a mother enslaved, tilling.  
 -Blows into a tumbleweed, billows across the trail of tears.  
 -Crashes into cages of children at the 2020 Mexican border.  
 -Children push back and forth, he pushes down past a half-built wall, un-furls. Calmly, sits in the sun.  
 -Sewing needle bursts from the ground, chasing Casaster.  
 -The thread falls into words, a hand returns with quill, chasing Casaster with John Hancock's as he runs.  
 -The picture tilts, a loud peach is un-balancing the frame. Casaster falls out. Fireworks emit from guns, blasting him.  
 -Through the sea of lights, a Viking boat emerges, smushing Casaster with its bow, squishing him against the screen.  
 -Two figures watch the screen, from their comfortable room.

CASASTER

Whoa. This is kinda meta. At least they stopped screaming witchhhhhh--

-The two figures stand, morphing into long-neck dinosaurs. They stomp on Casaster, who peels off from their footprint.  
 -A comet blasts down, but is actually a falling single-propeller plane. It scoops Casaster into its back seat.  
 -Collides and beheads the statue at Columbus Circle, NYC.  
 -The big bang occurs, it is the center of Casaster's eyes.

EXT. TIME UNKNOWN, LOCATION UNKNOWN - ISLAND - MIDDAY

Casaster blinks wildly, on an uncharted shore of floating trash. Human-like Trash figures surround him. SODA CAN prods Casaster with a spatula. CEREAL BOX takes notes.

SODA CAN

OK OKEY O.

Subtitle: This is not OK.

CEREAL BOX

Air Rare Ri.

Subtitle: Maybe it is. 'Tis rare we have new ripples.

SODA CAN

OOOOOOOOOO!

Subtitle: I am not convinced. But eating will assuage this.

CASASTER

What the f--

Dozens of Trash people fill the island, cheering.

END OF ACT ONE

"The Pilot"

"COMMERCIAL" ACT

INT. SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

ACTOR drives luxury pick-up truck, happily in front of a green screen. Animatronic cattle graze. They're run over. Actor stops, walks out of truck. Robotic cattle twitches. Actor throws it into truck bed, drives to a factory. Cattle is dragged through front door. Actor exits back door, pushing CONSUMER 1 out, carrying packaged meat. All wave. Consumer 1 walks with meat--as condiments drown them. Actor digs a hole in the background. Consumer crawls out of condiment pool, towards a shelf of giant pills, grabs an armful, gives a thumbs up. Actor hits Consumer 1 with shovel, throws them into the hole. Gives a thumbs up.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

Big Mart, we have it all, so you  
can buy it.

Actor walks off. A puppet bird, with vampire face taped to it, soars down. CONSUMER 1 crawls out of hole, and is attacked by puppet. Gun barrel appears, edging closer to puppet, carried by POLITICIAN, a balding white man.

POLITICIAN

Don't wanna be sucked dry by the  
blood of thirsty Vampires? Good.  
Vote for me.

Politician shoots. Vampire falls.

POLITICIAN (CONT'D)

That's right. I'm a Politician, and  
I approved this message.

NARRATOR (O.S.)

(quickly)

The views of this commercial are  
paid in part by many lobbyists, and  
the electoral college at large.

Swarm of puppets attack, multiple gun shots go off.

Kitchen rises. CONSUMER 2 holds pan.

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

From the company that literally  
invented the nonstick pan--

INVENTOR enters, waving patent. Consumer 2, confused, keeps smiling, because the Prompter demands her to.

"The Pilot"

INVENTOR  
 (direct to camera)  
 No, you didn't! I did!

NARRATOR (O.S.)  
 And nonstick sheets--

Kitchen lowers, bedroom swings in from the left. Consumer 2, still holding pan, slips into bed and slides off.

INVENTOR  
 (direct to camera)  
 Someone else patented that, too!

Prompter demands to "get them offscreen." Consumer 2 hits Inventor with pan. Inventor goes limp, and Consumer 2 continues to brush their hair with pan.

NARRATOR (O.S.)  
 Now comes the nonstick hairbrush!

INT. WITCH'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two figures, WITCH and FROG, turn the volume down on their TV screen, which hangs above unlit cauldron, in a cozy cottage.

FROG  
 What a long, pointless break!

WITCH  
 I'll make some maze-corn.

FROG  
 Good, I'll take a piss.

Onscreen, Actor brushes bald head, scream-smiling. HAIRBALL falls out of the screen and onto the cottage floor.

HAIRBALL  
 Help! I've fallen and I can't--

Witch flicks and the hair swoops back onto Actor's head. LAWYER puts arm around actor and pushes them out of frame.

LAWYER  
 Have you or a loved one been  
 diagnosed with mesothelioma whilst  
 using the nonstick hairbrush?

FROG (O.S.)  
 Hey! That sounds like your ex!

WITCH

He owes me lots of compensation!

LAWYER

Don't hesitate, call 1-800-IM-BALD-NOW for help. And soon, you may get some.

WITCH

(carrying bowl)

Ooh! Hurry! It's coming back!

FROG

(hopping back)

I'mma coming! I'mma coming!

Frog sits. Witch passes maze-corn.

END OF "COMMERCIAL" ACT

ACT TWO

EXT. TIME UNKNOWN, LOCATION UNKNOWN - ISLAND - MUCH LATER

Trash people are pouring sauces all over skewered Casaster, on open flame, in front of KING, a dumpster.

Prompter reads: This is why commercials suck. You missed some very important updates from the main story, like why Frosted Flakes are grrrrrrreat. But, we will rewind... just for you. Hope you can comprehend things in reverse order.

Trash people cork sauces. King throws off crown, removes cape seductively. Casaster's skewer is taken off the fire, he is unbound, gains consciousness, spits drink into RECYCLING BIN. Soda Can and Cereal Box stand above him. All bop in place.

Prompter reads: Talking, talking, talking. They talked a long time. Lots of miscommunication. OK, let's speed this up.

Soda Can lowers spatula. Poof! Casaster ceases to exist, Trash people are playing putt-putt.

Prompter reads: Now you're up to speed! You're welcome.

Trash people are whipping the bottom of the sauce bottles, getting every last drop upon a sweaty, waking Casaster.

SODA CAN

OK OK OK OK.

Subtitle: No. Do not hit! Tilt and tap the sides.

CEREAL BOX

Oooooooh.

Subtitle: Fucking know it all, next time do it yourself.

The wind becomes choppy. Some Trash people run away. AMELIA EARHART swings in on rope from a hovering plane.

AMELIA

(to Casaster)

What's say we ditch this pile of trash and get high?

Amelia's quaff hair radiates. She motions to look upon the wing pin on her collar, which she taps.

CEREAL BOX

(pointing)

BLING BLING.

"The Pilot"

Subtitle: Is that supposed to be impressive you ass-wipe with perfect hair?

Amelia tilts the wing pin, emitting an enormous amount of re-directed sunlight, blinding half of the Trash people. Amelia whips the other half with the rope, extends a hand to Casaster.

CASASTER

I have so many questions that I would like addressed... but at this time, I radically accept your advances to get the fuck off of this island.

Amelia grabs a still-skewered Casaster. As she climbs the rope one-handed, his binding falls. Trash people shake fists. Cereal Box throws a spear rope, which flies four inches off the ground, and impales Soda Can, they fight. The tiny island spells out "SOS TLC".

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Angry little buggers.

AMELIA

You would be too if you'd been lost trash for as long as they have.

INT. AMELIA'S PLANE - MOMENTS LATER

A massive space, complete with rows of books, an entire studio apartment, and sex lounge. Amelia stomps a floorboard beyond the empty pool, and a pop-up-bar rises.

AMELIA

So, what's your poison?

CASASTER

(revealing a poison vial  
from coat)  
Just a touch of Hemlock.

AMELIA

(not looking)  
Ah, somewhere between Hemmingway and wedlock. Both of those events would lead me to certainly take that. Alas, I meant gin, vodka? Perhaps a little touch of the lovely Mary Jane? Shoes off, please.

"The Pilot"



CASASTER  
 (unbalanced, taking off  
 shoes)  
 How's this in the air??

AMELIA  
 The plane? Or that cloud? Gin it  
 is.

CASASTER  
 (falls, lays down)  
 I know what a cloud is...

Casaster looks up "cloud" in Dicktionary, feet propped up.

AMELIA  
 Need to know how rudimentary to get  
 here... While I whip up a little  
 cocktail, could you show me the  
 slightest bit of respect? Seeing as  
 you're not going to shut the door  
 behind you, could you at least keep  
 your feet off my aviation journals?

Amelia stirs drink. Casaster flips onto belly, slides around  
 like a slug, snooping under the bookshelves, where many  
 weapons live. Amelia kicks door shut, a series of 64 locks  
 bolt. Casaster lies on his side, seductively. Amelia throws  
 the drink on him. Which burns his skin.

CASASTER  
 AHHHHHH! Very tasty. Thank you.

AMELIA  
 Oops. Such a klutz. I'll make a  
 fresh one.

Unable to see, Casaster feels under the bookshelf for a  
 weapon. Amelia steps on his arm, twisting hard at the elbow.

CASASTER  
 AHHHHHnybody ever tell you that you  
 have the loveliest ankles?

AMELIA  
 Cut the shit. Who sent you? How did  
 you find me?

CASASTER  
 AHHHHH-I didn't find you. You found  
 me.  
 (twisted other direction)  
 AHHHHHnd, I don't know how I got  
 here. Or where this is.

AMELIA

We'll start with a simpler question, where are you from?

CASASTER

(regaining sight, grabs sword, stabbing books)  
Hm! To answer cheekily or not?

AMELIA

(appearing behind him)  
Always love a bit of cheek!

Casaster struggles to get sword loose, Amelia stabs him in the butt, throws sword away, and drags him into the empty pool. Amelia begins to unroll the rusty pool covering.

CASASTER

Listen here, sir. I don't care who you are. Honestly. I don't.

AMELIA

Sir? I'm Amelia Earhart, mother fucker.

CASASTER

And I'm Christopher Columbus.

AMELIA

Right. So that's how we're going to play this.

CASASTER

I boarded a ship as Cristoforo Colombo, but they couldn't pronounce it and renamed me Christopher Colu--

AMELIA

I KNOW WHO HE IS.

CASASTER

I think the new name may be worse?

AMELIA

And Christopher... whatever the fuck, came here... to me, why?

CASASTER

To display my good looks, my wit.

Amelia glares, unimpressed.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

That usually works. Odd. They kicked me off of the ship I was on.

AMELIA

Obviously.

CASASTER

And that's how I found myself here, amongst the disposable, at your disposal.

AMELIA

Why do men always feel the need to one up everyone?

CASASTER

Just to be clear, you're not a man?

AMELIA

Just to be clear, you "are"?

CASASTER

Touché.

AMELIA

Considering I cannot believe a single word you say...

(yelling over loud unrolling)

I will be locking you in here indefinitely!

CASASTER

Sure you wouldn't prefer to lock me in your little sex dungeon? Oh yea, I saw that. Wouldn't you rather cuff me? Tie me up--

AMELIA

Save your breath. I'm not interested in you.

CASASTER

I'm not particularly interested in you, either. But man, or no man, I would still give it a go.

AMELIA

Disgusting.

CASASTER

(crawling up pool wall)

I can play missus. Shall we, play?

Amelia considers this, slams pool shut. Casaster begins to scream. She jumps up and down on the cover, which rattles and shakes loudly. Amelia opens a trap door in the pool cover.

CASASTER (CONT'D)  
Back for more?

AMELIA  
(slamming, repeatedly)  
Here's. The. Deal--

CASASTER  
If you're speaking, I can't hear  
you. My ears are ringing.

Prompter reads: Now would be a good time to check-in on the Trash people.

EXT. ISLAND - SIMULTANEOUSLY

Trash people are stacked atop one another, with Soda Can at the top. They topple. Soda Can falls into the dangling rope connected to the ship and takes hold.

SODA CAN  
Okie!

Subtitle: I can't believe I made that! Suck it, bitch.

Soda Can shoots the impaled spear rope out its butt. It spearheads through a sunbathing lampshade. Trash people cheer. Three Trash people climb, carrying a fishing rod, a shiv, and an electric toothbrush.

Prompter reads: SCREAM! WE'VE GOT TO WARN OUR LEADS!

The grounded Trash people begin to pull the plane down.

Prompter reads: IF ONLY THEY COULD HEAR US.

INT. AMELIA'S PLANE - SAME TIME

Plane tilts to one side. Amelia grips with grace. Casaster slams into pool wall.

AMELIA  
What in the cosmic shift is that?

Amelia swings to the window. Casaster climbs out of the tiny pool door opening.

CASASTER  
(winded)  
Let me guess, we--

AMELIA  
Have to get off of this.

CASASTER  
I thought a Captain always goes  
down with her ship?

AMELIA  
(strapping on getaway bag)  
Yes. So, I guess it's a good thing  
this isn't one.

CASASTER  
Where will you go?

Plane shifts drastically, Casaster jumps over a falling  
bookshelf, but is hit by a book, which Amelia threw.

AMELIA  
I will swim to my private little  
island. I would invite you, but you  
don't look strong enough to make  
it.

CASASTER  
Perhaps this is why you live alone.

Amelia pulls lever to "the secret escape hatch". Door opens  
at plane's left wing. Trash people bang on the windshield.

AMELIA  
Good luck.

CASASTER  
With the Trash people? Been there,  
done that!

AMELIA  
Never underestimate the lost  
colony.

Amelia jumps out. The plane tilts, displaying trash island's  
"SOS TLC" outline. Casaster covers "SOS" with hand,  
deciphering.

CASASTER  
Mmhm! Whatever that means.  
(turning to Amelia)  
No goodbye? And to think, we were  
getting along so swimmingly.

Two Trash people attack Casaster, who throws a bookshelf, flattening them. Casaster springboards to the rafters, swings and kicks a third Trash person through the windshield. A dozen angry Trash people burst through the bottom plane entrance, locks fly everywhere. Books are shredded. Casaster grabs an umbrella, pushing button.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Aha!

(umbrella opens)

Fuck.

Trash people laugh. Casaster swoops Trash people left and right with the umbrella. Several charge forward. Casaster plows through, enacting a bowling ball action. Casaster reaches the secret hatch and dives out. Umbrella is caught in door. Casaster free falls.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Bon voyage, boys!

The Trash people look up, stunned. TRASH 1 steps forward.

TRASH 1

Blech, carrot juice!

Subtitle: Sisters, charge!

Trash 1 runs toward the open door, heaving a shiv toward falling Amelia and Casaster.

EXT. FALLING THROUGH SKY - MOMENTS LATER

Casaster quickly approaches Amelia's parachute, rolls off of it, and into her arms.

AMELIA

You know, I was really looking forward to not seeing you again.

CASASTER

Call me fate, because I have a way of showing up.

Amelia lets go of Casaster. He grabs her feet. The thrown shiv rips the parachute slowly, creakily, down the middle.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Don't look up.

AMELIA

Usually people tell you the opposite. But I can see how a pervert like you would say that!

Amelia kicks him.

CASASTER

Not the way I meant it.

AMELIA

Right.

CASASTER

Want proof? You're in luck, in three... two... AHHHHH!

Casaster and Amelia free-fall, right as they hit the Ocean, they disappear. Trash 1 shrugs and shuts the plane door.

EXT. TIME TRAVEL VORTEX - CONTINUOUS

Casaster and Amelia float, weightless in a haze of swirling green tie-dye. They are without gravity, as scenes from American history play around them. Shark swims by.

SHARK

You. YOU!

AMELIA

What the fuck is going on?

CASASTER

Oh no, not again.

AMELIA

Again? This happened before?

CASASTER

Yes. The last time I touched the ocean, this happened.

SHARK

(disappearing in vortex)  
Daggers.

AMELIA

I know this may be difficult for you, but do try and use your words.

CASASTER

Suddenly, I'm of interest to you. Admit it, you need me--

"The Pilot"

AMELIA

To explain and nothing else.

CASASTER

Let's see, it all started on the night of August 23rd, 1492.

AMELIA

Not CENTURIES of context. What is going around us RIGHT NOW? And why are you OK with it?!

CASASTER

How can I put this delicately?

Shark charges into the vortex, Casaster punches it in the nose. Shark spins out, and away.

CASASTER (CONT'D)

Apparently I am a time traveler.

AMELIA

(swimming closer,  
whispers)

What?

CASASTER

APPARENTLY I AM--

AMELIA

No. DON'T GET LOUDER!

CASASTER

You're getting louder! Which is sending mixed messages!

AMELIA

Just clarify!!

CASASTER

I can't. Because I don't understand it. For fucks sake, does this mean this is going to be a regular occurrence every time I touch water? I'm never bathing again.

Casaster sniffs self. Amelia and Casaster spiral out the base of the green tie-dye funnel and are dropped abruptly into...

EXT. MANTEO, NC OUTDOOR THEATRE - NIGHTTIME

Casaster and Amelia crash-land onto QUEEN ELIZABETH I, during a performance of "The Lost Colony".

"The Pilot"



Shark shoots into the water behind the stage. KID, in audience, mid-turkey leg bite. MOM stares with wild abandon. DAD is asleep.

KID  
(hitting dad with turkey)  
Wake up! It's finally getting  
interesting.

MOM  
I don't think this is part of the  
play, honey.

Audience screams, some run. Several audience members point rifles at Amelia and Casaster. Queen Elizabeth I lifts her head and passes out.

AMELIA  
So, time traveler, how's about a  
bath... now?

CASASTER  
(running towards water)  
This is no time for innuendos!

Casaster jumps into the water, Amelia grabs his foot. They disappear.

CREDITS

OVERLAY

INT. AMELIA'S PLANE - SOME TIME LATER

Trash 1, TRASH 2, and TRASH 3 are at plane's operation board.

TRASH 1  
Squeegee squeak.

Subtitle: I don't care WHICH button you press so long as it is the right one.

TRASH 2  
Fish rat paddy whack.

Subtitle: It's in the manual... if any of you could read.

TRASH 3  
Give no dog no hope.

"The Pilot"

Subtitle: I say we do nothing, until we learn to read. Otherwise, this guessing game could lead us to our ultimate demise!

TRASH 2

I concur.

Subtitle: Yes, acting too rashly, without facts, leads to failure. Look what has happened countless times in our dismal history. It is how stigmas are made. And arguably how we became the "Lost Colony" in the first place. But we do not have time to flash back to all of that right now.

TRASH 1

HUSHY PUPPY.

Subtitle: Enough chit-chat! Action, now!

Trash 1 pulls on the lever, it breaks off. All turn to LEVER, a lever-shaped Trash person, shaking in the corner.

LEVER

Nuggets and fries!

Subtitle: If you want me, come and get me!

TRASH 1

Okie.

Subtitle: I Virginia Dare you two to get that lever.

Offscreen fight, Trash 1 polishes a button, which also falls off. Replaces it, wipes brow. Lever is plopped atop, vibrates wildly, goes limp. The plane begins to move forward. All celebrate. Trash 1 slaps Trash 2 and Trash 3. Plane nose dives. Trash 1 slaps self. Explosion.

A Witch appears, flying by on a broom, spelling out "1492 Problems" in her dust-trail. Witch cackles and leaves.

END OF EPISODE

"The Pilot"