

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Written by

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1 EXT. DOMINION QUARANTINE FOR WRETCHED ORPHANS - NIGHT 1

FADE IN:

It is snowing before a modest little sign:

"Defective Children's Quarantine."

2 INT. QUARANTINE OF WRETCHED ORPHANS - NIGHT 2

MACKENZIE KING sits at the bedside of a very sweet, pale and polluted little girl, LITTLE CHARLOTTE (8), who lies infirm with her creepy, diseased-looking doll

KING

Well go ahead and open it, Little Charlotte.

Charlotte opens a little box on her lap to reveal an flowery political macaron bearing the smiling face of King with the words: "King for PM"

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

Oh, Mr. King! You shouldn't have!

KING

Happy birthday, sweetheart.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

It's the most beautiful ribbon I've ever seen! Oh but it must have cost a fortune!

KING

Oh no they were a bargain, Little Charlotte. I had them mass-produced! But it'll be a bonafide collector's item one day. Should command a princely sum!

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

I'll treasure it always.

KING

Here, why don't I pin it right next to your heart?

He pins it to Charlotte's night gown.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

Won't you tell me again about all the sweet cheerful things we could do together if I wasn't so wretched and sick?

KING

Well, first we'd stroke the pelicans at Pallister's Knob.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

You stroke the man pelicans and I'll stroke the lady pelicans.

KING

That's right! Then I'll take you to Mr. McConkey's for maple walnut ice cream.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

Mr. King, when you become the prime minister, will you make tuberculosis against the law?

KING

You know I'll try my best, sweetheart. But you're going to pull through, I just know you will.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

Dr. Wakefield says I'm going to die in agony and nobody will come to my funeral.

KING

Well now that's a bit extreme, isn't it?

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

He says he'll throw my corpse on a Winnipeg rubbish heap with all the other defective children.

KING

You just keep that light in your heart. People can do anything when they have something to look forward to.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

Oh Mr. King. Every night I pray you're gonna win the competition. Please won't you win it? Promise me you will!

KING

As sure as a winter's day in
springtime, Little Charlotte. I'm
going to win that nomination for
you and all defective Canadians
everywhere. I'm going to---

Out of thin air, the sound of somebody playing a harp ----
sweet, beautiful, loving notes of music --- fills the
miserable hall. King is struck by the sound, scans the room
for its source, then turns back to Charlotte.

KING (CONT'D)

Little Charlotte? What is that
strange noise?

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

Isn't it such a gladness? It's
called music! Ruby makes it on her
machine!

KING

And who is Ruby?

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

She's a princess from England. She
comes to cheer us up sometimes,
just like you do. See?

Charlotte points up behind King. King turns and looks and
then stands.

REVERSE

In a triangular pulpit overlooking the hall of children, we
see RUBY ELLIOTT (22) playing on her shimmering harp.

She is luminous, radiant. Her hair is coiled into a circular
braid like Ukrainian president Yulia Tymochenko.

King is astonished. He gulps. Transfixed he begins muttering
under his breath, emotion rising in his voice.

KING

(to himself)

You're real. Darling Mother, give
me strength. Make me equal to this
moment. The Angel has descended at
last!

The moaning of the children lifts as the room is now filled
with the sound of Ruby's harp alone. As she finishes her
sweet phrase of music, the room is completely silent.

RUBY
 (whispering)
 Goodnight, children.

She blows out a candle and exits. King is struck dumb; a tear seeps from his eyeball.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE
 Mr. King!

Charlotte coughs, King turns in a daze. She is coughing up blood.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)
 I can't breathe.

TITLE: THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

TITLE: CHAPTER ONE: In Which A Great Love Befalls Mackenzie King

3 EXT. TORONTO SNOW PATHS - NIGHT

3

Ruby is moving swiftly down a sparkling path of snow. King comes lumbering after her, out of breath.

KING
 Pardon me, miss?

RUBY
 Citizen.

KING
 I just wanted to express how very
 deeply moved I was by your skill on
 the trumpet.

*
 *

RUBY
 It's a harp.

KING
 I beg your pardon?

RUBY
 The instrument. It's called a harp.
 I can't play the trumpet.

KING
 Oh. I'm sorry, it's just --- I've
 never heard music before.

RUBY
 Never once in your life?

KING

No. I've read all about it though.
In books about England.

They arrive at a chair-lift marked "Toronto Transport
Commission - BLOOR Elevator Launch."

RUBY

But what about the birds? Have you
no songbirds in this country?

*
*

KING

No. Our puffins are mute. Though
the Albatross is known to shriek in
rutting season. Have you had a
chance to see the pelicans in our
zoo? They gargle sometimes. Does
that count?

RUBY

Your story makes me sad, citizen.
Goodnight then.

*

KING

Goodnight.

The elevator lifts off.

4

EXT. ALPINE RIDGE - MOMENTS LATER

4

Ruby glides across an alpine ridge in her chair.

KING

Pardon me, miss?

King is suspended in another chair some metres away from
Ruby.

RUBY

Oh. Are you following me?

*

KING

Please just allow me to introduce
myself. My name William Lyon
Mackenzie King. My friends like to
call me Rex!

*

RUBY

Happy to greet you, Mr. King. My
name is Elliott. Ruby Elliott.

KING

I have an ear for accents! You must be English, right?

RUBY

Somewhat. I grew up in the Raj.

KING

Have you been in Canada long?

RUBY

A fortnight, perhaps. My father is a man of state.

KING

Oh how fascinating! I myself have an extreme passion for public service.

RUBY

Is that so.

KING

Why yes. As a matter of fact, Miss Elliott. What would you say if I told you that by New Winter's Day, I will be the Prime Minister of Canada?

RUBY

I think I would say...that I feel sorry for you.

KING

I beg your pardon?

RUBY

How could you live with all the Disappointment?

King looks stunned for a moment.

KING

Well allow me to say that I don't believe the Disappointment should last forever.

*
*
*
*

RUBY

Does that make you a radical?

*
*

KING

No, I'm extremely moderate! I have
devised a infallible method of
phasing it out over the next four
hundred winters.

*
*
*
*
*

RUBY

Oh but life's too short isn't it,
Mr. King?

*
*
*
*

5 OMITTED 5

6 EXT. DUNDAS ELEVATOR TERMINUS - RIDEAU HALL 6

They arrive at the DUNDAS ELEVATOR TERMINUS and exit onto a
little path. King follows after Ruby.

KING

Perhaps you'd like to attend my
victory rally, Miss Elliott. I'll
be explaining my platform in
detail.

*
*
*
*
*

RUBY

I'm afraid that's quite impossible.
May you be wise and useful now, Mr.
King. Good-night.

*
*
*

King stops and watches her go a moment.

KING

But Miss Elliott! You must be lost!

*

RUBY

No Mr. King this is where I live.

*

KING

But, that gate leads to the
Governor-General's house! There's
no civilian access.

*
*
*

Ruby turns back.

RUBY

That's right. (beat) Lord Muto is
my father.

KING

Your Excellency. I am very deeply
ashamed to have spoken so freely.
Please allow me to express my most
unquestioning inferiority.

RUBY

That's alright, Mr. King. We are
all subjects of the same Queen.
Good-night.

*
*
*

King smiles and bows. Ruby walks up the gate as the two RCMP
OPERATIVES salute her.

KING

Good-night.

7

EXT. THE ROXBOROUGH APARTMENTS - NIGHT - ESTABLISH

7

King comes waddling up a curving, snow-banked path to a tall,
wooden structure with a sign: The Roxborough Apartments.

8 INT. THE ROXBOROUGH APARTMENTS - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 8

King waddles down a narrow hallway to Apartment 17. He slips a key into the lock and opens the door. As he fiddles with the lock, he espies a pair of LADIES' BOOTS sitting in a puddle of melted snow next to his neighbour's door across the hall from him.

King looks at the boots with extreme disgust and knocks on the door. Sweet MISS CRAMP (80) answers it.

KING

Miss Cramp I believe I have
politely asked you not to leave
insanitary articles in the hallway.

MISS CRAMP

Oh but Mr. King. There was so much
snow!

KING

Thank you, Miss Cramp.

King shuts the door in her face.

9 INT. KING'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 9

King shuts the door, frazzled. His one-room apartment is ascetic, furnished with a narrow bed, a roll-top desk and a little pot-bellied stove.

King peers into one corner of his room. There, sullen and sinister in the shadows, stands a tall, potted cactus.

10 FLASHBACK - EXT. THE VANCOUVER ONANIST SANITARIUM - DAY 10

King stands facing DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD, an austere, bespectacled scientist in a starched collar and white laboratory gown. He holds in his black-gloved hands the very same potted cactus, though younger, smaller.

The two men stand before a large tree-stump with a door in it. Above the door hangs a small sign reading "Vancouver Onanist Sanitarium" and beneath that, even smaller, "Dr. Milton Wakefield, State Physician."

He hands King the cactus.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

You will put this in your room.

KING

What is it, doctor?

Wakefield shoots him a psychotic gaze.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

A warning.

Wakefield suddenly smiles broadly.

11 INT. KING'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 11

King gathers himself a moment. Locks the door, gathers himself. Only then does he turn and fix his gaze on something else, across the room, something luminous and comforting.

KING

I never stopped believing in you.

REVERSE

There, above King's bed hangs a large PAINTING OF RUBY playing the harp.

The resemblance is uncanny! The clothes and countenance and detail of her garland-wreath braid are beautifully detailed. The portrait has been painted on a slab of wood and framed by pussy-willows.

12 EXT. R.L. STANFIELD - FINE UNDERGARMENTS - MORNING 12

A little shot lodged into the ice with a display window of mannequins in fine women's undergarments. A sign reads "R.L. Stanfield Fine Undergarments."

13 INT. R.L. STANFIELD UNDERGARMENTS - DAY 13

King is in a room full of mannequins wearing Women's corsets and bloomers. King looks at one mannequin wearing some especially frilly and provocative lingerie. Stern Mr. Stanfield looks on.

KING

Why those are perfectly charming.
I'll have them gift-wrapped.

14 EXT. OSSINGTON CREVASSE - DAY 14

King marches through halls of ice with his gift-wrapped package.

14A EXT. KING FAMILY HOME - DAY

14A

King marches swiftly across a precipice towards a little house built into the side of a glacier. A little sign reads, "Mr. & Mrs. John King."

15 INT. KING FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

15

King's FATHER, a diminutive man in a frilly apron, is sitting before a tray of cakes at a little table in the corner of the room, stuffing an ornately-decorated slab of cake into his mouth as King bursts through the door.

*

King looks at his father in the corner of room that has been converted into an assembly hall full of bunting and banners. Mismatched chairs have been arranged around a little pulpit.

KING

Keeping busy, are you Father?

FATHER

Willy! I wasn't expecting you this early.

*

*

*

KING

The competition is tomorrow, Father, what have you been doing in here?

*

*

*

*

FATHER

Well now I paid for the advert in the Mail & Empire, just as you instructed. Full page in the morning edition.

KING

What about the Maple Walnut Ice Cream.

*

FATHER

400 gallons.

*

KING

Good. I expect all of Toronto will be here to cheer me on. Would you hold this a moment? It's a gift for Mother.

He hands his Father the gift-wrapped box of lingerie as he removes his gloves and overcoat, hangs it. Father shifts uncomfortably.

FATHER

Son. Uh. If you can afford to buy gifts for Mother, perhaps you could also find a few dollars for me.

King glares at his father a moment.

KING

Oh? Last time you got lonely, Father, I had to change the locks on Mother's door. Cost me quite a hefty sum as I recall.

FATHER

I told you that won't happen again, I have a bird now!

KING

And who paid for the bird?

FATHER

Yes I know. And I'm grateful. But those gilded banners you wanted cost a fortune and you wouldn't believe the price on puffin cream! And then there's that woman up there; Do you think it's easy to provide for her?

*

*

KING

Father, as soon as my candidacy is confirmed you'll get your reward. The Senate? The Supreme Court? President of the Dominion Bank?

*

*

*

FATHER

Canadian Ambassador the Bahamas? You know how I love sun-bathing.

*

*

KING

Yes, I'm aware of that. Now, I do believe I indicated that banner was to read, "Hurrah for Mr. King."

*

He points to a banner that reads "Hurrah for Willy." He collects his Mother's gift.

FATHER

Yes, yes, I'll fix it.

King notes a large and intricately-structured model of the Québec City Ice Maze with an heroic portrait of a flag-waving King at its centre.

KING

And I dare say this cartographic
diagramme of the Québec City Ice
Vortex is most handsomely drafted.
Did mother do that?

*
*

FATHER

No. That was Nurse Lapointe.

KING

Nurse Lapointe?!

FATHER

Oh she's very committed. She even
taught Giggles to congratulate you
in French! (to the bird) Isn't that
right, sweetie?

They turn to a PARROT sitting in a cage.

PARROT

Félicitations, Monsieur King!

King and Father look at the parrot, pleased.

16 INT. MOTHER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

16

NURSE LAPOINTE (35) is on the floor scrubbing a bedpan with a pail of soapy water. Her skin is splotched with the mulberry-coloured stains of psoriasis which she must compulsively scratch.

In the centre of the room is a funereal canopy bed completely obscuring its occupant behind heavy black velvet curtains.

MOTHER

(behind the curtains)
Can you see your reflection?

NURSE LAPOINTE

Non Madame King.

*

MOTHER
(behind the curtains)
Then keep scrubbing.

King unlocks the door and enters.

KING
Mother darling, Willy's here!

REVERSE

Mother draws open the curtains at the foot of her bed. She is a handsome, broad-shouldered woman with curled locks and a girlish bow in a frilly night gown.

MOTHER
Willy, my prince! Lock the door at once and come to me!

King locks the door, turns to Nurse Lapointe.

KING
Hello, Nurse Lapointe.

NURSE LAPOINTE
Bonjour, monsieur King.

King rushes to his Mother's bedside.

The room, we will slowly note, is full of paintings on slabs of wood, mainly of scenes of the actual, historical William Lyon Mackenzie King as prime minister of Canada, 1921 to 1948.

KING
Mother, I've brought you some new underthings. Diefenbaker's French lace!

*

MOTHER
How delightful. I can hardly wait to model them for you. Give your Mother a kiss.

Mother takes King's hand and pulls him in for a kiss on the mouth. King recoils.

KING
Why Mother darling your hands are chilled and nervous. Nurse Lapointe, Mother needs her puffin cream.

NURSE LAPOINTE

Oh I'm sorry, Monsieur King. Your father said he needed it.

Mother lets out a shriek of agony. King jolts up.

MOTHER

I beg your pardon?!

*

NURSE LAPOINTE

Your husband, Madame King ---

MOTHER

Willy make her stop!

KING

I'll fix it, Mother.

MOTHER

How dare she speak of that gormless worm in my presence!

Nurse Lapointe is alarmed. King scrambles to put out the fire. King gathers up Nurse Lapointe and leads her towards the door, speaking in a hushed tone.

KING

Nurse Lapointe, we put Mother's solitude above all other concerns. There is a reason we must keep her door locked. Do you understand?

*

NURSE LAPOINTE

Oui, Monsieur King.

KING

Please just fetch a fresh jug from the ice box. And Nurse Lapointe. I should like to thank you. Your cartographic skill is

*

This is the first compliment Nurse Lapointe has ever been paid in her life.

NURSE LAPOINTE

Oh thank you! I grew up in Quebec City, Monsieur King. I can show you the way. If I could help you train it would be the joy of my life.

*

*

*

*

KING

I appreciate your support, Nurse Lapointe, thank you.

King closes the door, almost in her face.

MOTHER

That idiot girl can't do anything right.

*

KING

Mother darling, listen to me. I have wonderful news.

Beat.

MOTHER

How happy can a mother be?

KING

She's real. She's here in Toronto.

MOTHER

The girl with the garland-wreath braid?

King nods.

KING

Oh Mother, she is every bit as beautiful as you imagined. And she played the most glorious music on the trumpet, just like in your dream.

MOTHER

Who is she? From whose loins?

KING

It's miraculous. Her father is Lord Muto, the new Governor-General.

Mother's eyes widen.

MOTHER

Did you recite the love charm?

KING

The euphoria made me heedless. But I shall see her again on my next charitable mission to the Quarantine. I intend to recite it then.

MOTHER

I think my bowels may explode. You know how I am unaccustomed to happiness.

KING

Shall I fetch you a horse tranquilizer?

MOTHER

Last night as I slept, for the first time in 25 winters, I could feel the migraine beginning to relax its grip. Look.

Mother opens the curtains on the other side of the canopy bed. There, hanging on the wall, we see an astonishingly accurate portrait of Ruby Elliott holding young King in a kind of pieta.

KING

Why Mother it's uncanny!

Emotions climb in Mother's throat as she speaks. She grabs her son and pulls his face into her breasts.

MOTHER

Never has the dream been more vivid. I could see you both, in the very near future. She held you tightly in her arms, just as I do when you feed at my bosoms. And in that moment, I knew that all of torments and humiliations would finally be vindicated. My dear son. The angel has descended. You shall govern this Dominion!

Nurse Lapointe is now hobbling into the room with a very full jar of puffin milk balanced on a tray. Mother gestures at the portrait of Ruby.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Look, spinster nurse! This is the woman my son is going to marry!

Shocked, Nurse Lapointe, drops the jar of puffin milk. It bursts into a thousand pieces, milk splattering everywhere. King stands, stunned.

NURSE LAPOINTE

Oh I'm so sorry, Madame King.

Mother is livid.

MOTHER

You clumsy, worthless little peasant.

Nurse Lapointe is on the verge of tears.

KING

Mother please, it was an accident.

MOTHER

Clean it up this instant. And then get out of my sight. You're fired.

A music sounds and carries over to:

17 EXT. CITY OF TORONTO - NIGHT 17

The twelve bright points of the North Star shines out from behind a translucent glacier.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE (OFF)

Oh please, Distant Star. Please oh please let dear Mr. King win the competition tomorrow. He has such a big heart and he deserves it more than the others.

18 INT. DOMINION QUARANTINE FOR WRETCHED ORPHANS - NIGHT 18

Little Charlotte is praying in her bed late at night, holding King's "King for PM" button tight to her heart. She speaks in a whisper.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

If he becomes the prime minister, he would take all the sickness away. And if I wasn't sick no more, Mr. King would wanna adopt me and we could be together forever and ever.

19 EXT. THE DOMINION SCHOOL OF NATIONHOOD - MORNING 19

King comes wobbling up the hill, takes one last look at his Mother's photo, which he keeps in a little locket, then trudges forward.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE (OFF)

Please, North Star. He's the only person in the whole world who loves me. Please let him win.

Gangs of well-groomed PUPILS file in through a passageway beneath a sign "THE DOMINION SCHOOL OF NATIONHOOD." A few can be seen smoking pipes near the entrance.

Among them we espy the sardonic visage of ARTHUR MEIGHEN (24), nonchalantly dragging on his cigarette holder, entertaining his three creepy ACOLYTES with something he is reading in the Mail & Empire. He takes note of King and cat-calls him, holding up King's campaign launch advert in the newspaper. Two of Meighen's acolytes block the door so King can't enter. *

MEIGHEN

Well if it isn't Bonnie Prince
Rexie himself!

ACOLYTE ONE

You made the morning papers, Rex!

MEIGHEN

(reads from the paper)
"All new members at tonight's
Victory Rally, will receive one
serving of Maple Walnut Ice Cream,
compliments of your future prime
minister, William Lyon Mackenzie
King."

ACOLYTE TWO

Rex, how cute!

ACOLYTE ONE

Too bad no one'll be there!

MEIGHEN

Stop by my victory rally, Rex. I've
got a member, serves you all the
cream you can swallow.

Meighen's acolytes burst out laughing as Meighen throws the newspaper in King's face. King looks back smugly.

KING

You can stock the field with your
band of scoundrels, Mr. Meighen.
But only the righteous will
prevail.

The Acolytes moan in mock gravity.

MEIGHEN

Give up now, Rex, and I won't ruin
you. I'll let you be Minister of
Maple Walnut Affairs.

KING

Those who aspire to the dignity of public office are expected to show upstanding manhood of the very highest order. And I've yet to see any of that from you.

MEIGHEN

What about your upstanding manhood, Rex? Can I see that?

One of the Acolytes knocks King's hat on the ground and he fumbles for it as a school bell rings.

TITLE: HIS EXCELLENCY'S COMPETITION

20

INT. DOMINION SCHOOL OF NATIONHOOD - ASSEMBLY

20

Ten PUPILS stand in a V formation before two monoliths of ice, on which hang propagandistic portraits of Governor-General Lord Muto and Queen Victoria. *

A public audience looks on from the viewing gallery. A frilled SARGENT-AT-ARMS makes a proclamation.

SARGENT-AT-ARMS

All rise, the Right Honourable Mr. Justice Richardson, presiding.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON, in tails and hexagon-shaped glasses, emerges to address the pupils from a small podium. As Richardson speaks, King can't help but glance at Meighen, who is already smirking at him, mockingly blowing him kisses. King also takes note of a very handsome, bright-eyed young fellow, BERT HARPER (23).

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

Thirty-three years ago, our most glittering sovereign, Her Majesty the Queen, christened this Dominion with a national sentiment.

Mr. Justice Richardson makes a strange saluting gesture in which the fist is clenched and held to the side of the head.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

"Canadians," did she proclaim, "In happy days as in sad..."

The young Pupils salute.

PUPILS

"...Disappointed shall you be!"

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
Always and forevermore!

PUPILS
May the Disappointment keep us safe
from foolish aspirations and
unreasonable longing.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
My dear young sirs. Today's
examination shall establish who
among you is best equipped with
those essential talents, aptitudes,
and bodily functions to lead our
fledgling nationality into the
twentieth century. In the name of
the Sovereign:

Mr. Justice Richardson makes his salute once more.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Do more than is your duty!

The PUPILS salute back.

PUPILS
Expect less than is your right!

Up tempo music strikes.

CUT TO:

21 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUNDS - ANOTHER SECTION 21

OPTICAL TITLE: RIBBON CUTTING

Intercut several shots of Richardson leering over a different
pupil who stands with a pair of scissors before a drooping
strand of red ribbon.

ACOLYTE #1 snips the ribbon.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
Wrong.

ACOLYTE #2 snips the ribbon, much like Pupil #1.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
Wrong.

ACOLYTE #3 snips the ribbon, much like his colleagues.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 (exasperated)
 Wrong!

PUPIL #4 snips the ribbon, but his scissors are too dull and the ribbon won't cut. After a beat, Richardson slaps him across the face.

King snips his ribbon.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 Very statesmanlike, Mr. King.

King glows with pride.

Bert snips his ribbon. Richardson stops, deeply moved by what he has seen, vaguely aroused.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 That was sublime. Simply sublime.

King looks on with mute envy. Bert looks a little perplexed.

22 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUNDS - ANOTHER SECTION 22

We see Meighen and King are positioned on the ground prepping for a bout of leg-wrestling.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
 One! Two! Three!

On "three," after a short struggle, Meighen very easily overpowers King, toppling him to the ground.

TITLE: LEG-WRESTLING

23 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUNDS - ANOTHER SECTION 23

TITLE: WAITING IN LINE

There is a line-up of pupils. At the sound of a whistle, Richardson's ASSISTANT, dressed in a bright yellow jacket, squeezes his way in front of PUPIL #2, cutting in front.

ACOLYTE #1
 Excuse me, I do believe my wife and
 I were here before you.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
 No.

24 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUNDS - ANOTHER SECTION 24

TITLE: PEACE, ORDER AND GOOD GROOMING

With deadpan erotic undertones, we witness the PUPILS combing each others' hair, doing up each others' trouser zippers, plucking each other's bow-ties.

25 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUND - ANOTHER SECTION 25

TITLE: BARK SNIFFING

We see Meighen seated at a small conveyor belt, blind-folded, as the Assistant advances a series of different logs before him and a cabbage.

MEIGHEN

Spruce....Birch...Jackpine...
cabbage.

26 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUND - ANOTHER SECTION 26

The Pupils stand in a line, urinating into a snowbank as Mr. Justice Richardson looks on.

TITLE: PENMANSHIP

27 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUND - WAITING IN LINE 27

The Pupils are still in line and PUPIL #3 is now addressing the line-cutting assistant. He taps the Assistant on the shoulder.

ACOLYTE TWO

(passive aggressive)

Excuse me, can I help you with something?

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

No.

28 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUND - ANOTHER SECTION 28

One PUPIL #4 is denuded, hands strapped together above his head, writhing with laughter. On either side of him, Richardson and his Assistant tickle the pupil's armpits with long peacock feathers.

OPTICAL TITLE: COMPETITIVE TICKLING

29 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUND - PENMANSHIP SNOW BANK 29

Richardson stands with Arthur Meighen admiring his work.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
Superb, Mr. Meighen.

REVERSE

Meighen's name is written very neatly in urine, "Arthur Meighen."

RICHARDSON & MEIGHEN

Richardson turns and is amazed to see that Bert Harper has written his name in extremely detailed calligraphy, "Bert Harper."

Richardson looks up at Harper who smiles with modest pride.

30 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL - ANOTHER SECTION 30

PUPIL #4 now sits blindfolded before the conveyor belt as a series of dead fish pass before him.

ACOLYTE THREE
Bass...carp....Bass

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
Wrong!

31 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUND - WAITING IN LINE 31

It is now King's turn to address the line-cutting Assistant who elbows in front of him.

After a beat, King, glaring at the back of the line-cutter's neck, lets out a passive-aggressive sigh.

The Line Cut looks at King who looks away as if nothing has transpired.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
Excellent, Mr. King.

Richardson spontaneously begins applauding, as do King's fellow Pupils, acknowledging his superb performance.

32 INT. DOMINION SCHOOL GROUND - ANOTHER SECTION 32

TITLE: BUTTER CHURNING

The Sargent-at-Arms hands Richardson a scroll, which he opens *
and reads. King looks on with steely resolve.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

In second place, I must announce we have a tie.

Consternation among the viewing public.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Ex aequo for second best: Arthur Meighen and William Lyon Mackenzie King.

There are polite applause as King's face drops. Meighen leaps up jauntily towards the stage, manhandling a dumbstruck King along with him, giving him a kiss.

MEIGHEN

C'mon, grandma.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

If, for any reason, the Candidate cannot fulfill his mission, one of these runners-up will take his place.

*
*

The Assistant pins little badges to each of their lapels, emblazoned with the words "Second Best."

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

And in the name of His Excellency the Viscount of Muto,

*

The Pupils stand and clap and there is much enthusiasm among the public. King, in a daze, interjects.

KING

Now hold on just a minute!

The heads turn.

KING (CONT'D)

That isn't fair! I beat him at baby seal-clubbing! You all saw me, he didn't win, I did!

*

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

Mr. King, control yourself.

KING

And not only that! I scored much better than Meighen here at ribbon-cutting.

MEIGHEN

And I beat you Leg-Wrestling, you little bitch-princess. We're even.

BERT HARPER

Gentlemen, please! There's no sense in bickering over trifles. Let's consider the greater good, shall we? Your Honour, I would like to cede my candidacy to Mr. King. He's right. He clubbed more baby seals than I. He's the better man for it.

*
*

There is a pause in the room. Mr. Justice Richardson glares at King a moment.

KING

The record will show my score was higher, so.

BEAT.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

Mr. King, you fail to grasp an elementary rule of passive-aggressive statecraft. The number of baby seals clubbed is quite beside the point. Take one look at Bert Harper and what do you see? All that could be desired in charm and intellect and masculine beauty. In his hands, clubbing baby seals isn't the vulgar bloodsport of demented inbreds, but the very noblest expression of Canadian manhood. What, on the other hand, can be said about you? Squealing like a petulant tit-mouse! Mr. King will do more than is your duty!

*
*
*
*

PUPILS

And expect less than is your right!

Richardson turns to Bert Harper as the Sargent at Arms decorates him with a glittering medal.

*

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
 Congratulations, Mr. Harper. May
 you bring pride to a disappointed
 race.

The audience cheers.

35 EXT. DOMINION SCHOOL - DUSK 35 *

King trudges away, sullen. Meighen sneaks up, mockingly
 putting his arm around King. *

MEIGHEN
 Don't be a sourpuss, Rex. Come get
 drunk with us. I'll buy you a maple
 walnut schnapps.

Meighen's friends giggle at this. King turns.

KING
 Go ahead and waste yourselves. I
 happen to be very proud of the fact
 that not a single drop of
 intoxicating liquors has ever
 passed my lips.

MEIGHEN
 What about upstanding manhood?

Meighen's acolytes laugh in King's face.

Nurse Lapointe, wearing a KING FOR PM button, holding a large
 cardboard box wrapped with string, watches from afar and sees
 that King is being tormented. Pained, she sneaks away.

36 EXT. ICE PASSAGE - DUSK - MOMENTS LATER 36

Nurse Lapointe shuffles nervously down a corridor with her
 cardboard box, surprising King as he moves down an adjacent
 passage.

NURSE LAPOINTE
 Monsieur King!

KING
 Oh. Good-evening, Nurse Lapointe. *

NURSE LAPOINTE

I know I am not welcome in your
Mother's house. But I made a cake,
to congratulate you.

*
*

She holds it out to him. King looks at it.

KING

Why don't you give it to Bert
Harper. He's the one you should be
celebrating.

*

NURSE LAPOINTE

You mean you didn't win?

KING

Haven't you seen the evening
edition? Mackenzie King, tied for
Second Best, with Arthur Meighen of
all people.

*
*

NURSE LAPOINTE

Second best is still very good,
Monsieur King. Why don't we eat the
cake together?

*

KING

I wish to be alone now, Nurse
Lapointe. I'm sorry.

King walks away, leaving the Nurse alone with her cake.

37

EXT. OSSINGTON CREVASSE - NIGHT

37

King walks lonesomely through the crevasse. Aimless,
depressed, a cold wind blows.

Suddenly, a ragged leather boot falls out of the sky and
lands squarely on a ledge of rock some distance in front of
King. An evil music begins to swell.

King glares at the boot.

The voice of a MINER calls out to him.

MINER

Hey buddy.

King looks up. He sees a young woman standing on a small
precipice some distance above him. She wears overalls, a tin-
helmet with lantern affixed to it, carries a pick-axe.

MINER (CONT'D)

Would you mind tossing up my shoe?

KING

What?

MINER

My shoe! It slipped clean out of my hand.

King looks at this woman, seemingly terrified, then back at the boot.

38 EXT. THE VANCOUVER ONANIST SANITARIUM - FLASHBACK - JOUR 38

We see Dr. Milton Wakefield's severe face.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

Stop, Mr. King! Don't do it! Run away!

39 EXT. OSSINGTON CREVASSE - SIMULTANEOUS 39

King glares at the boot.

MINER

(smiles)

C'mon buddy, I'm late for my shift in the mines.

*

KING

Um...sure.

He approaches the boot fearfully. A cold sweat has come over him.

40 EXT. BERRINGTON ICE FLOE - SIMULTANEOUS 40

Nurse Lapointe sits alone by the ice-floes on a little bench.

THE CARDBOARD BOX

Nurse Lapointe pulls a string and the box opens up. It reveals a cake with the words "Felicitations Monsieur le Candidat" written on them.

Scratching her psoriasis, gazing at the cake, Nurse Lapointe starts to cry. She begins compulsively stuffing the cake into her mouth, eating and crying.

41 EXT. OSSINGTON CREVASSE - SIMULTANEOUS 41

Just when his hand is about to make contact with the boot, he lets out a small gasp.

The Miner watches from afar, perplexed.

MINER

C'mon Buddy, that asbestos won't
drill itself.

King lets out a scream, his hand trembling, and then in one violent, uncontrollable gesture he grabs the shoe and runs.

MINER (CONT'D)

Hey!

King runs, wild with lust, through the ice corridors.

42 EXT. BERRINGTON ICE FLOES - SIMULTANEOUS 42

Nurse Lapointe is compulsively eating the cake.

43 INT. ROXBOROUGH APARTMENTS - KING'S ROOMS - NIGHT 43

King bursts in through the door.

MOTHER'S PORTRAIT

He draws a velvet curtain closed over it.

RUBY'S PORTRAIT

He draws a velvet curtain closed over it.

CHARLOTTE'S PORTRAIT

He slaps the little framed portrait on his desk face down.

THE BED

King holds the shoe up to his face and begins making out with it.

King is furiously masturbating. He is stuffing the boot into his face, breathing it in furiously. He is outside of himself.

THE CACTUS

It begins to vibrate with pressure.

44 OMITTED 44

45 EXT. KING'S APARTMENT - SIMULTANEOUS 45

A Wagnerian musical flourish reaches its apotheosis as King climaxes.

The cactus in the corner of his room EXPLODES, erupting with a hideous mess of what looks like earth-worms. King looks back and shrieks with terror.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (VOIX OFF)

You will now avert your glance from
His Excellency Lord Muto, Governor
General of Canada.

46 EXT. TORONTO HARBOURFRONT - EARLY MORNING 46

Muto stands at a kind of Benito Mussolini pulpit, speaking into an antiquated microphone connected to two giant horns. A motion film projector blasts propagandistic images into a circular window above him.

An enormous crowd of Torontonians looks on, filling the harbour, as a fleet of child soldiers board the steel warship, the S.S. Fury.

LORD MUTO

Canadians. Listen! A voice cries
out to you! Can't you hear? From
across the world! A voice is
calling your name!

PROPAGANDA FILM

A glorious ANGEL OF BRITAIN, floating amid a sea of Union Jacks, calls out.

ANGEL OF BRITAIN

Canada! Help me! Help Mother
England!

LORD MUTO

In the jungles of darkest Africa, a
sick, vulgarian army has dared to
point its canon at our Imperial
Mother.

We see deranged BOERS with elephant trunks instead of human noses, lumbering through the jungle. Heavy chains entrap the Angel as she calls out in horror.

ANGEL OF BRITAIN

Boers! Boers!

The Boers fire canons and laugh while gorging themselves on pumpkins - pulling out mounds of stringy pumpkin guts and stuffing their mouths.

We see them setting fire to the Union Jack, urinating on a portrait of the Queen, torturing the Angel of Britain with whips and chains, chanting the Afrikaans national battle-cry, "Oom Kruger!"

LORD MUTO (VOIX OFF)

Boers! The scum race of the
Transvaal! Half man, half elephant.
Commanded by a fanatical psychopath
- Field Marshal Cornelius Van
Kruger.

The terrifying face of PRESIDENT KRUGER flashes on the screen.

LORD MUTO (VOIX OFF) (CONT'D)

Kruger!!! That drunkard! That
glutton!

His elephant trunk slurps back beer after beer. He turns and joins other Boers in spraying bilious jets of beer foam all over the tortured Angel of Britain, as another BOER clips her wings with pruning sheers. Kruger aims his rifle at a baby carriage and fires.

LORD MUTO (VOIX OFF CONT.) (CONT'D)

Kruger! Waging a perverse crusade
against the cause of Good!

Kruger shouts, eyes glittering with madness.

KRUGER

Blixam! I will stop at nothing
until the Queen of England lies
dead in a Johannesburg brothel!

He lets out a manic, uncontrollable laugh.

TORONTO CROWD

We now see who is watching this film. It is a crowd of TORONTO JINGOISTS looking up in awe at the Motion Film. We see banners: "Death to the Boer!" and "Down with Tarte!"

CROWD

No! Death to the Boer!

LORD MUTO

Now I ask you: Will Canada allow
this to atrocity to continue? Shall
the Boerish filth contaminate this
virgin snow? Shall the
Disappointment overwhelm your
conviction?

CUT TO: BERT AND
RUBY

Ruby and Bert stand arm in arm upon the deck of the H.M.S.
Fury. Both wear sparkling military uniforms and answer back
to Muto through their own amplification system.

RUBY

Never papa!

The Crowd turns towards the two young lovers and gasps in
awe.

BERT HARPER

Not on my watch, Your Excellency!

RUBY & BERT

We shall fight for all that is
right! And we will not stop until
the world is perfect!

The Crowd explodes with fanatical applause.

47

INT. QUARANTINE FOR DEFECTIVE ORPHANS - SIMULTANEOUS

47

We see Ruby's harp standing alone in the pulpit where she
once played it. King hovers over Little Charlotte's bedside,
pale dark circles under his eyes.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

She was just here, Mr. King! She
came to say good-bye to us.

KING

Do you know where she went, Little
Charlotte?

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

She said she was leaving on a
steamboat.

KING

She's leaving Canada? Whatever for?
Did she say?

*
*

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

There's a mean man doing mean things far away. She said she was gonna stop him. Oh, Mr. King, will you take me on a steamboat one day?

KING

Yes, one day Charlotte. But right Mr. King has to go now.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE

Wait!

King stops a moment. He turns back.

LITTLE CHARLOTTE (CONT'D)

You didn't tell me. Did you win?

KING

Of course I did, Little Charlotte. Sure as a winter's day in springtime.

CUT TO:

48 OMITTED 48

49 EXT. TORONTO HARBOUR - SIMULTANEOUS 49

The Propaganda film continues:

PROPAGANDA FILM

We see a giant egg out of which a human being appears to be hatching. Suddenly the lean, bespectacled, amused face of J. ISRAËL TARTE emerges. We see him giving a speech from inside a nest, greeting his followers with a woodpecker-like embrace. He holds up his book, "Manifeste pour un Québec sans déception" beneath a banner, "Tarte: Celui qui espère."

LORD MUTO (VOIX OFF)

Even as we speak, there is a an evil tumour spreading in our midst! In the mirrored ice of Quebec City, a mutinous French-Canadian has dared to beat the drum of Krugerism. The fanatical ornithologist, J. Israël Tarte.

*

Tarte appears with a small bird on his shoulder. A flag is raised out of a bird's nest with a blue star upon it.

J. ISRAËL TARTE

Le Boer n'est pas votre ennemi, les
amis. Sous le signe de la
Tendresse, il n'y aura pas
d'ennemis.

*
*
*

LORD MUTO (OFF)

Blasphemy!

J. ISRAËL TARTE

Quoiqu'on dise et quoiqu'on fasse,
le Québec sera aujourd'hui et pour
toujours, une société sans
déception, libre et capable
d'exprimer sa douceur et son
amitié.

THE CROWD

As Tarte continues to speak, King jostles his way through the
writing jingoists, streamers and confetti to the edge of the
dock.

KING

Lady Ruby! Lady Ruby!

UPPER DECK OF THE H.M.S. FURY

Ruby, who is saluting a marching procession of soldiers,
hears her name, turns and identifies King.

LORD MUTO

TREASON! This nation has allowed a
poisonous viper to nurse at her
very bosom! Tarte must be stopped,
lest this great Dominion fall to
the wrath of Kruger!

LOWER DECK

Ruby joins King at the edge of the ship. King is out of
breath and very stressed out, sweating.

RUBY

Mr. King isn't it? What can I do
for you?

*
*

KING

Lady Ruby, I had no idea you were
leaving Canada!

*

RUBY

I shall return when the Boer is
defeated.

*
*

KING

Please don't go.

*
*

RUBY

It is our duty to fight for what is
right, Mr. King.

*
*
*

(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)

*

KING

But I'm supposed to be the Prime
Minister of this Dominion!

*

*

RUBY

You can serve your country in other
ways, Mr. King. You could enlist in
the---

*

*

*

KING

You don't understand, Lady Ruby.
Look!

*

King withdraws the wood-plank portrait of Ruby with her harp.

KING (CONT'D)

This hangs above my bed. I kiss it
100 times every night before I turn
out my gas!

RUBY

Mr. King, I---

*

KING

My Mother painted it. For 25
winters, she has dreamt about you
every night! All my life she has
told me that one day you would come
and make me the ruler of Canada.

*

*

RUBY

Mr. King, control yourself.

*

KING

I know it sounds mad. Even I
started to doubt. But then there
you were in the quarantine, playing
the trumpet, just as my Mother said
you would. Now do you see?

*

*

RUBY

It's a harp, Mr. King. A harp.

King shuts his eyes, assumes a strange ceremonial posture. A glorious music stirs him to the anti-climax to which he is doomed as he recites the love charm. The boat is now beginning to float away from the dock.

KING

Girl with the garland-wreath braid!
Holy vision of Female Divinity!
Redeem My Mother's Sacrifice and
Restore the Dignity of this Nation!

*

King opens his eyes and sees Bert Harper standing next to Ruby.

BERT HARPER

Rex! Jolly good of you to see us
off!

RUBY

Mr. King I believe you know my
fiance.

*

KING

What?

*

LORD MUTO

Canadians. Long have you smouldered
in disappointment. The time has
come, to unleash your Fury upon the
earth.

The Angel breaks free of her chains, drawing her glinting sword as she rises up into the night sky to chant an unholy pledge with a group of soldiers.

ANGEL OF BRITAIN & SOLDIERS

(in unison)

We pledge eternal hatred of the
Boerish race! By the point of our
bayonets shall we slash our way to
the Despot's trembling throat. And
by the extermination of
Johannesberg, shall Canada astonish
the world!

*

TITLE CARD: "END OF CHAPTER ONE"

TITLE CARD: "CHAPTER TWO: IN WHICH MACKENZIE KING VISITS
WINNIPEG & QUÉBEC CITY"

50 INT. KING FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

50

Father in his finest jewels eats maple walnut ice cream with giggles the bird. There is a firm knock at the door.

FATHER

Now who could that be?

He goes to the door and opens it. It is snowing heavily outside and there stands a strange-looking man wearing snow goggles, MR. SCHULTZ.

FATHER (CONT'D)

(alarmed)

Mr. Schultz!

Schultz points his finger at Father. He is wearing a glove made of cactus-flesh, full of prickles.

51 TORONTO GARBAGE DISPATCH - NIGHT

51

At the edge of the filthy dock, GARBAGEMAN O'MALLEY and one of his WORKERS are loading bins of toxic waste into a filthy Garbage Trawler marked "M.S. Lord Selkirk." They both wear gas-masks. King enters and waddles up to them.

KING (OFF)

Garbageman O'Mally!

O'Malley takes off his gas-mask.

GARBAGEMAN O'MALLEY

Mr. Meighen! Back already?

KING

How soon are you leaving?

GARBAGEMAN O'MALLEY

Might be late. We gotta load all
this toxic waste. Sick, sick stuff,
Mr. Meighen.

*

KING

Fine. I'll wait.

King starts handing Garbageman O'Mally some greasy dollar bills.

GARBAGEMAN O'MALLEY

Maybe you shouldn't go to Winnipeg
so much, Mr. Meighen. A good man
like you.

KING

That's none of your concern,
Garbageman O'Malley.

52 EXT. THE ARCTIC OCEAN - NIGHT 52

King stands in the Garbage Trawler, a ghastly black sea billowing behind him. He reading a newspaper proclaiming the heroism of Bert Harper.

53 EXT. PORTAGE & MAIN - WINNIPEG - NIGHT 53

King steps on wooden sidewalk as he crosses the wasteland that is Portage & Main. He passes a small grotto full of skulls marked "Human Rights Museum" out of which a bearded urchin in a Tutu emerges. He follows King down a slime-covered tunnel reading "Discount Porno."

54 EXT. WINNIPEG STREET - NIGHT 54

The URCHIN slithers up to King, who trudges swiftly along.

STREET URCHIN

Hey mister! Welcome to Winnipeg!

King ignores him.

STREET URCHIN (CONT'D)

You want heroin? Bare naked ladies?
Reasonably-priced furniture?

KING

No thank you.

STREET URCHIN

Well, fuck you then!

King continues past a smoking child and ducks down an ally.

SMOKING CHILD

Yeah fuck you!

STREET URCHIN

In your nice fuckin shoes!

SMOKING CHILD

Fuckin' asshole.

55

EXT. WINNIPEG FOOTWEAR - WINNIPEG - NIGHT

55

A SMALL, SQUARE, GREASY WINDOW.

A society man, HEPBURN, can be seen within, inside a small but brightly-lit compartment. WOMEN'S FEET in sparkly shoes step on him and he simply cannot control his hyper-ventilating arousal.

King comes striding up. Looks at the window and then knocks urgently on a door marked "Winnipeg Footwear."

Almost immediately the foot mistress, VIOLET, pulls it open. She wears a tuxedo and her shimmering dark hair is slicked back.

VIOLET

Ah, Mr. Meighen! You just can't get enough, can you?

KING

Let me in the heel.

VIOLET

Sorry, Hepburn has it booked all night. But you're in luck.

Kings eyes widen.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Your shipment arrived. The royal jelly.

She reveals a single, battered-up army boot.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

This clog woulda been on her foot
all the way through the Battle of
Bloemfontaine.

KING

Are you quite certain it's Ruby's?
I mean are you one hundred percent
sure?

VIOLET

My man in Johannesburg snatched it
right out of her tent. Still very
ripe.

King can barely control his excitement. He tries to lunge at
it. The Foot Mistress pulls it away.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Show me the money.

King digs through his pockets.

KING

Please. Put it in a box.

55A EXT. WINNIPEG STREET - MOMENTS LATER

55A

King walks swiftly down corridor with box in hand. He turns a
corner and suddenly comes face to face with Dr. Milton
Wakefield, whom we recognize from King's flashbacks.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

Mr. King.

KING

Dr. Wakefield!

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

Why am I seeing you in this place,
Mr. King. You will explain yourself
at once.

KING

It's not what it appears, Dr.
Wakefield. I'm on a charitable
mission.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

Lies!

Dr. Milton Wakefield snatches the box from him and opens it.
He holds the box up to him.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)
Mr. King you intend to fornicate
with this garment.

KING
No.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD
Yes you do.

KING
No I don't.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD
Look me in the eyes.

KING
There's been a shortage of lady's
footwear in the Daughters of the
Empire Temperance League ---

Wakefield slaps King across the face.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD
You are a disgusting back-slider.

Wakefield takes out a small pad as if writing King a parking
ticket.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)
Mr. King you will report to my
Sanitarium by Lemon Tuesday.
Otherwise, I will have no choice
but report you to the Purity
Commission at which point you shall
be formally charged with Crimes
Against National Dignity. And mark
my words, Mr. King, it will be my
pleasure to ruin you.

He tears off the ticket and stuffs it into King's breast
pocket, King starts walking away.

KING
Do your worst.

Wakefield grabs him by the arm, pulling him back.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD
What did you say?

KING

I'm already ruined! So thrash me
around all you like: everybody else
does.

King storms off. Wakefield calls after him.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

Lemon Tuesday, Mr. King!

Out of the darkness emerges Arthur Meighen with a smirk.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

I want him followed.

MEIGHEN

Yes, doctor.

56 INT. KING'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

56

THE DOOR

A small envelope addressed to King has been slid under his door. His key enters the lock and King enters, picks up the envelope and opens it.

It is a photograph of Nurse Lapointe with the words "Je t'aime" written on it. He flips it over and finds that a long letter has been written longhand on the back of the photograph.

King studies this a moment and then turns to the cactus.

THE CACTUS

The cactus is surrounded by a massive pile of ladies shoes and boots. Its tip has encrusted hideously with rot and fungus and it gushes with fermented mush and maggots. Flies encircle the rancid heap and the surrounding walls are black with filth.

57 EXT. BOAT TO QUEBEC CITY - DAY

57

King stands on a boat with skates slung over his shoulder. He looks into the distance through his binoculars.

POV BINOCULARS

There in the distance stands the mirrored island of Quebec City.

57A EXT. QUÉBEC CITY ICE VORTEX - DAY 57A

King skates along an ice passage marked "QUEBEC" and into a passage marked "Lieu historique national." *

57B INT. QUEBEC CITY ICE VORTEX - CONTINUOUS 57B

J. Israel Tarte speaks from the mirrored ice holding his blue egg. *

J. ISRAËL TARTE *

Il faut etre tendre avec les *
torontois, mes amis. Au printemps, *
des que l'oiseau national naitra, *
la tendresse sera universelle. *

King turns down a corner and comes upon a hall hung with banners of Tarte propaganda. He spies Nurse Lapointe some distance away and takes off his hat. *

KING *

Hello Nurse Lapointe. *

She turns. She is radiant and bereft of the skin ailments that once plagued her. *

NURSE LAPOINTE *

Monsieur King! You've come! *

They skate to each other, meeting before a large nest with a broken eggshell in it. They look at each other a moment, then he hands her a log. *

KING *

I brought you a fresh log from Hyde Park. *

NURSE LAPOINTE *

Oh thank you. *

KING *

What is this place? *

NURSE LAPOINTE *

It is the holiest site in all of Quebec. The place where Monsieur Joseph Israel Tarte was born. *

(MORE) *

NURSE LAPOINTE (CONT'D)

If you listen closely into the
shell, you will hear a word of
tenderness.

*
*
*

She gestures at him to lower his head and listen to the
broken egg shell. He does so.

*
*

VOICE OF TARTE

(whispered)

Il est impossible de faire des
erreurs.

*
*
*
*

NURSE LAPOINTE

You see?

*
*

KING

Nurse Lapointe, I'm sorry for how I
spoke to you last time. It was so
nice of you to bake that cake. I've
just...I've been ill.

*
*
*
*
*

NURSE LAPOINTE

I know. The Disappointment can
sometimes be too great to bear.
Come with me, Monsieur King. I wish
to show you something.

*
*
*
*
*

(MORE)

NURSE LAPOINTE (CONT'D)

*

57C INT. ICE VORTEX - CORRIDOR

57C

Nurse Lapointe and King skate down a corridor of ice, holding hands. King instinctually makes to turn left and Nurse Lapointe corrects him.

NURSE LAPOINTE

No, no. This way.

They turn a corner.

KING

You skate just like a Rupertsland ice dancer.

NURSE LAPOINTE

It's my secret power. Everywhere else in life I am clumsy, but for some reason, here on the ice I am a gazelle! Attend!

*

*

Nurse Lapointe skates ahead into a little open space and performs a remarkable triple-axis spin. King looks on amazed.

57D EXT. DISAPPOINTMENT SQUARE

57D

In the centre of the plaza is a triangular column out of which ascends the Emblem of the Disappointed People. King and Nurse Lapointe look on.

KING

The Disappointment! I thought I would never see it from such a close vantage point.

NURSE LAPOINTE

One day la Tendresse will hang above this ice. And Québec shall be free of the Disappointment forever. Won't you and I be there together on that wondrous day?

*

*

*

*

*

KING

Nurse Lapointe, I feel like every minute of my life has been wasted, worse than wasted. Like everything I ever believed in is nothing but a monstrous lie. Like I've been blind all the goodness that has been there right next to me all along.

*

*

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*

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*

NURSE LAPOINTE

La Tendresse saved my life,
Monsieur King. And it can save
yours.

*

*

*

*

*

*

KING
Nurse Lapointe. There is a sweet
tubercular child I used to visit in
the Defective Children's
Quarantine.

*
*
*
*
*

NURSE LAPOINTE
La petite Charlotte!

*

KING
Yes! We could adopt her as our own.

*

NURSE LAPOINTE
What are you saying?

KING
I'm saying, Nurse Lapointe, we
could start a new life together. We
could And conjugate French verbs
together. And go on guided tours at
the family discount rate.

*
*

NURSE LAPOINTE
I love guided tours.

KING
Oh Nurse Lapointe. Here with you
now I feel so revived!

*
*

NURSE LAPOINTE
Please, call me Ernestine.

KING
Ernestine. Would you be my goodly
wife?

*

NURSE LAPOINTE
Oh oui mon amour!

Their faces move in close together for a kiss.

NURSE LAPOINTE (CONT'D)
What about your mother?

*

The kiss stops.

KING
Nothing will stand in our way ever
again. Not Mother, not Muto, not
all the armies of Europe. I just
noticed your psoriasis has
completely vanished.

*
*
*
*
*

NURSE LAPOINTE

I am allergic to Toronto.

*

*

Their faces are very close together. Beat.

They begin passionately wood-pecking each other. The Banner of the Disappointed People flutters triumphantly in the wind.

58 EXT. BADENHORST JUNGLE - TRANSVAAL SOUTH AFRICA - DAY 58
FEET

A woman's feet creep through the hot moisture and tangled tropical flowers of the jungle. One foot is inside a black military boot - exactly like the one King purchased from the Foot Mistress. The other foot is naked and swollen with cuts, blood and filth.

It is Ruby. She is filthy and brined in glistening sweat, holding her rifle tensely, ready for combat.

Suddenly a STUFFED GORILLA HEAD emerges from behind a palm fern on the end of a stick. Hair-trigger Ruby blows it off with her rifle and suddenly she is surrounded on all sides by fire-arms. She freezes. *

BOER CAPTAIN
(OFF, in Afrikaans)
Hold your fire, Captain Elliott.
And come with us.

59 EXT. KING FAMILY HOME - EVENING 59

The evening is windy and dark. King crosses the abyss and up to the door carrying a bouquet of precious sticks.

60 INT. KING FAMILY HOME - EVENING - CONTINUOUS 60

King enters the house and finds it completely barren. All the furniture is gone. His Father is on his hands and knees cleaning up a tray of broken dishes and spilled food.

FATHER
William. How thoughtful of you to visit.

KING
Good God, Father! What happened?

FATHER
Ssssh! I've already spilled my dainties. You want that woman up there to hear you?

Father gets up.

FATHER (CONT'D)

He only took my belongings.
Mother's room is completely
untouched.

KING

Who took your belongings?

FATHER

Mr. Schultz.

KING

Who the devil is Schultz?

FATHER

He's a Winnipeg money-lender.

KING

Father, how could you be so
irresponsible? Honestly you prance
around like a gentleman at leisure
and Mother is the one to suffer for
it! Plums need to be picked,
Father, they don't just fall into
your lap!

FATHER

My dear young man, I bankrupted
this house to fund your campaign!
You promised me the most dignified
political favoritism in all of
Canada and what am I now? Less than
a pauper!

KING

Well things haven't turned out
quite as I we had planned, father.
I'll find a solution.

FATHER

Four hundred dollars by New
Winter's Day, or he'll be back for
Mother.

KING

What!?

FATHER

He's already murdered Giggles.

Father gestures at a splatter on the wall to which feathers
still cling.

61 INT. KING FAMILY HOME - MOTHER'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 61

Mother is in her bed looking somewhat agonized. King unlocks her door and enters.

KING
Mother darling?

MOTHER
Willy. Where have you been, son?
You know the migraine tightens its
grip whenever you stray from my
view.

KING
I know Mother. I --- I've brought
you a bouquet of precious sticks
from Cabbagetown Ravine.

MOTHER
Sticks cheer up a room, but not so
much as a dear and loving son. *

KING
Mother darling, I have some
wonderful news.

King approaches her bedside, setting the sticks in a little vase by her bedside. He opens the curtains of the canopy bed.

MOTHER
Bert Harper has been killed, hasn't
he? I dreamt last night he was
stabbed through the heart.

KING
No Mother. It's something better
than that.

MOTHER
How happy can a Mother be?

KING
I'm to be married.

MOTHER
....But, Willy. Lady Ruby hasn't
returned from the war yet.

KING
No. She hasn't, Mother. It's Nurse
Lapointe. She's agreed to be my
wife.

Beat. Mother stares at her boy.

MOTHER

And this you suppose is "wonderful news"?

KING

She is a sweet and kind and gentle soul, Mother, just like you. You may have been displeased with her as a Nurse but I know you'll come to cherish her as a daughter in law.

MOTHER

I will do no such thing.

KING

We're going to live in Québec City. Have you heard of J. Israël Tarte, Mother? We used to collect copies of his manifesto for the Rosedale Book Burnings, but really he's no terrorist at all----

MOTHER

Ever since the horrible night of your conception --- from the very instant that repulsive weakling downstairs filled me up with his filth! - I have been confined to this bed.

KING

I know, Mother.

MOTHER

Twenty-five winters! Gripped by a never-ending migraine!

KING

Yes Mother.

MOTHER

Do you suppose I have endured this unrelenting agony all for nothing? I have built castles without number for you! And now you would tear them all down to build an outhouse!

KING

Mother, I've been so lonely.

MOTHER

Shut up! You sound like your father! Is that what you wish to become? A failure? A coward? A fool? Without Lady Ruby you will be all of those and ten times worse!

KING

Ruby doesn't love me, Mother, and she never will.

MOTHER

Then you will be a man and improve yourself until she does!

KING

Mother I'm to plant the matrimonial sapling on the Winter Equinox at Berrington Ice Floe. We are betrothed!

*

MOTHER

Betrothal is not wedlock. Take that stupid girl out on the ice floes and leave her there.

KING

Mother don't say that!

MOTHER

And may she be knifed to pieces by every Narwhal in the Beaufort Sea!

KING

Mother!

MOTHER

She will not destroy my son!

KING

And you will not destroy our happiness!

Mother slaps her son -- HARD -- across the face.

Beat. King looks like he's about to cry. She slaps him again and points at him gravely.

MOTHER

Don't you dare. Not one drop, or I swear to God you'll wish you were never born. Bert Harper will be killed. I have dreamed it. You will do as I say.

KING

Never! Your dreams are all wrong! I will love Nurse Lapointe until my dying day! And you will live to see and to know that our love is real!

King runs out of the room in panic, but his defiant departure is thwarted by his obligation to unlock all the locks on Mother's door and to re-lock them again once he exits. Mother watches this interminable bathos.

62 EXT. KING FAMILY HOME - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 62

King bursts out of the door. A storm has come up and he runs across the abyss crying, a horrible wind howling.

63 EXT. THE ROXBOROUGH APARTMENTS - NIGHT - MOMENTS LATER 63

King runs up a narrow bridge, turns a corner and there, blocking his path stand Mr. Justice Richardson and his Sargent-At-Arms who holds up a lantern.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

Mr. King.

KING

Mr. Justice Richardson!

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

We've been looking for you. I take it you've read the evening edition?

KING

No I haven't.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

Bert Harper is dead.

The Sargent-at-Arms flings a rolled up copy of the Mail & Empire at King. He catches it with both hands, unravelling.

KING

Dead?!

A photo of Bert Harper is featured on the front page, "Bert Harper Killed in Action." "A Nation in Tears"

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

Executed by the Boer. The Disappointment flies at half-mast.

(MORE)

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 But out of the depths of a nation's
 sorrow comes an opportunity for our
 dear young Mackenzie King.

King looks up. Richardson nods.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 His Excellency requires a new
 candidate.

King looks up at Richardson who nods.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
 The rematch will be held on Lemon
 Tuesday. First light at Pallister's
 Knob. Do you accept this challenge,
 Mr. King?

King flips over the newspaper fold and is transfixed by a sub-
 article featuring Ruby's photo: "GG's Daughter to Return to
 Toronto." and in smaller letters: "Heartbroken Hero of the
 Bloemfontain"

*

64

INT. KING'S ROOMS - NIGHT - LATER

64

RUBY'S PORTRAIT IN THE DARKNESS

The door opens, bringing in light from the hallway upon
 Ruby's face. We see that it now hangs off-kilter and that the
 wreath surrounding it now looks desecrated and sick.

King enters. The room is a terrible mess, clothes everywhere,
 soiled bedclothes and the sound of flies buzzing.

King shuffles over to his desk and fishes through crumpled
 papers and rancid food to retrieve the summons Dr. Wakefield
 gave him. He looks at it.

THE SUMMONS

It features a stylized Big Brother portrait of Dr. Milton
 Wakefield, titled "Physician and Chancellor of the Dominion
 Purity Watch." Beneath this the print reads "SUMMONS." A
 blank line (into which Wakefield has written by hand "WLM
 King") leads to "has been formally summoned to the Vancouver
 Onanist Sanitarium. Report for Compulsory Treatment by
 (blank line into which Wakefield has written by hand "Lemon
 Tuesday.")

CUT TO:

TITLE: END OF CHAPTER TWO

TITLE: CHAPTER THREE: IN WHICH MACKENZIE KING SOJOURNS IN VANCOUVER AND MAKES A VERY GRAVE DECISION

65 EXT. ARCTIC OCEAN - VANCOUVER - DAY 65

King is in the Dominion Ferry wearing a paper bag over his head. The blue ocean billows behind him.

REVERSE

The green island of Vancouver, lined with tree-stumps, glares before him.

66 EXT. VANCOUVER - DAY - LATER 66

King walks among the tree-stumps, ascending a steep hill.

67 EXT. VANCOUVER ONANIST SANITORIUM - DAY 67

King arrives in front of a very large tree stump into which a small door has been implanted. A sign above the door reads, "Vancouver Onanist Sanitorium." King knocks.

Dr. Milton Wakefield appears at a small hatch in the door with his piercing glance.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD
You will stand up straighter.

King does as he is told.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)
You will remove your disguise.

King does as he is told.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)
Mr. King. Enter.

68 INT. VANCOUVER ONANIST SANITORIUM - LABORATORY 68

Dr. Wakefield and King stand across from each other. In between them is an extremely ELDERLY MASTURBATOR, visibly in his nineties. He smiles idiotically and wears cactus-skin gloves. *

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD
You will guess the age of this man.

KING

Eighty?

Wakefield stares at him.

KING (CONT'D)

Ninety?

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

He is in fact only 17 years of age. A compulsive Onanist since the onset of manhood, it is a miracle of science he is even alive. Once a bright wholesome boy, the pride of loving parents. But by his own vile hand did he sink into the driveling idiot you now see before you. This is what purity agents refer to as a Class-9 Defective. Incurable. Hopeless. And do you know what you are, Mr. King?

Wakefield stares at him a moment.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

A Class 8.

The Elderly Masturbator smiles insanely and one of his teeth falls out.

69

INT. VANCOUVER ONANIST SANITORIUM - CONDITIONING ROOM

69

Wakefield stands next to a control panel.

LONG MICROFORCE ZOOM-OUT

As Wakefield speaks, he will intermittently pull at a small lever, resulting in an electrical shock and a small, ridiculous shriek from King

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

Do you understand why the Disappointment looms above this pathetic little country? It is because of you, Mr. King, and people like you.

Wakefield pulls the lever. Zap! Shriek!

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

Whose fault is it that Bert Harper lies dead? It is your fault, Mr. King.

Lever, zap, shriek.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

You lament your Mother's
affliction, your father's laziness.
You yourself are to blame.

Lever, zap, shriek.

We have now zoomed out enough to see that King has been strapped into some evil apparatus with electrical circuits connected to his crotch.

Photographic slides are being projected before King which contain varying degrees of sexual inuendo. Photos of King's Mother, a horse, a butter churn, a jack-o-lantern, Bert Harper etc. Every so often the image of a shoe is revealed, at which point King receives a shock from Wakefield.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

The vivifying froth of man, Mr. King. It must be contained and controlled. With every nihilistic discharge, you release more lonesomeness and failure into this nation's psyche. If not swiftly blighted, the solitary fornication shall bankrupt the spermatic economy, giving rise to a defective race of snivelling, giggling, hesitating, slump-shouldered, tremble-chinned, feeble-minded weaklings.

With each successive adjective, Dr. Wakefield zaps King as a concussion of shoe images pass before King. Wakefield's eyes flash as sparks burst out of King's groin.

70

INT. VANCOUVER ONANIST SANITORIUM - ENEMA ROOM

70

King is being strapped face down and spread-eagle on some kind of proctology table.

Dr. Wakefield snaps his black rubber gloves. The Male Nurses, now positively psychotic with intensity, are filling a number of hanging glass beakers with thick puffin milk.

The Doctor rams something into King's posterior. His eyes widen.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

Release the valves!

The Male Nurses twist small dials. One by one, with a terrifying slurp, the beakers are sucked empty of their puffin milk and injected into King with the violent pressure of an industrial vacuum.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

Clench, Mr. King. The puffin milk must be retained for the next 36 hours.

71

INT. VANCOUVER ONANIST SANITARIUM - LABORATORY

71

King stands across from Wakefield. Between them stands a vaguely erotic mannequin wearing a bizarre kind of jock-strap. It is a leather garment, intricately laced on either side, replete with straps and buckles and electrical wires.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

I devised this apparatus for unbridled onanists such as yourself, Mr. King. Its electrical circuits can detect even the slightest disturbance in the loins. Look.

Wakefield nods at one of the Male Nurses who pumps on a kind of bicycle pump, inflating the mannequin's groin. As the groin inflates, the horn in the harness begins to sound a shrill and ridiculous alarm, much like an air-raid siren. Wakefield gestures at the Nurse who releases a valve; the groin deflates and the siren stops.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD (CONT'D)

While asleep, the siren will awake you in time to prevent nocturnal pollutions. While awake, it will interrupt and extinguish any abnormal thoughts. Do you understand, Mr. King?

KING

Yes, Dr. Wakefield. Thank you!

MOMENTS LATER

King stands denuded in the middle of the room as the two Male Nurses tighten the straps like a girdle. Wakefield speaks gravely.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD
 Mr. King, you have displayed a
 margin of shame appropriate to your
 disgusting crime. You are now
 dismissed.

KING
 I promise I won't let you down, Dr.
 Wakefield.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD
 But remember. One mistake, and you
 will destroy this nation.

Wakefield's severe gaze radically transforms to a mercurial
 smile.

72 EXT. TORONTO - SUNRISE - ESTABLISH 72

The dim light of winter begins to glisten through the
 glaciers. We hear the sound of a human being releasing an
 obscene cackle, a gobble echoing through the distance.

TITLE: REMATCH AT PALLISTER'S KNOB: MEIGHEN VS. KING

73 EXT. PALLISTER'S KNOB - CONTINUOUS 73

Meighen is at the bottom of an angular incline of ice, lying
 on his stomach. He is wearing a hat covered in ridiculous
 feathers and keening with a shrill bird call.

Both King and Mr. Justice Richardson stand some distance
 behind him. King is looking fresh and clean in a neatly-
 pressed suit.

They all look expectantly to the top of the incline.

TOP OF THE INCLINE

There is a small ice hole.

Mr. Justice Richardson looks at his pocket watch.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
 Alright that's enough, Mr. Meighen.
 (nodding at King) Mr. King.

Meighen hands King the feathered hat, he puts it on and lies
 flat on his belly. After a beat, he lets out a remarkably
 accurate gobble.

TOP OF THE INCLINE

After a moment, a ridiculous, feathery, sexually aroused ALBATROSS lumbers out of the ice hole, flapping its wings and gobbling frantically.

King rises to accept Richardson's extended hand.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

I underestimated you, Mr. King.
Congratulations.

MEIGHEN

Nicely done, Rex. I think you'll
make a fine candidate.

KING

Thank you, Mr. Meighen.

Richardson's Sargent-at-Arms pins the candidacy ribbon to King's lapel.

MEIGHEN

I know we've had our differences in
the past, Rex, but I just wanted to
say: It would be my honour to serve
as your second-in-command.

KING

I'm sure it would.

Two masked MOUNTIES appear.

MOUNTIES

(speaking in unison)
Your convoy is waiting, Mr. King.

KING

(to Richardson)
Is there to be a public adulation
ceremony?

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

The hour has grown late. His
Excellency wishes to see you at
once.

MOUNTIES

(speaking in unison)
Please, Mr. King, follow us.

King, a little creeped out, looks at Richardson, who nods.

MEIGHEN

Good luck, buddy!

74 EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - LATER 74

King is being steered along a sleigh-path by the two Mounties.

75 INT. RIDEAU HALL - MUTO'S STUDY - DAY - LATER 75

A shiny copper door slides open as the two Mounties, unravel King's blindfold and nudge him into the room.

MOUNTIES

(in unison)

You will stand in the centre, Mr.
King.

They point to a red square in the middle of the room.

The copper door shuts fast and King takes his place. On the wall, a towering portrait of Muto glares at King. After a moment's silence, Muto's iron voice suddenly booms through a gramophone horn.

LORD MUTO

Mr. Candidate King, I'm listening.

KING

Your Excellency. It is my most
intense jubilation to stand within
the lambent glow of your vice-regal
authority---

LORD MUTO

The call of the Boreal Albatross in
full rut. I wish to understand
exactly why you have been chosen as
my candidate instead our dear
friend Mr. Meighen. I'm listening.

KING

Oh yes, Your Excellency, it would
be my honour.

King clears his throat and begins crowing. He looks back at the portrait for a response and when he does not get one he begins crowing again, at which point Muto interrupts.

LORD MUTO

Charming, Mr. King. Really quite uncanny. Tell me, how did you learn to do that quite so well?

KING

My Mother, Your Excellency. She has been training me for leadership since birth. Allow me point out that my talents extend far beyond those you have just witnessed.

*

Without warning, a column in the centre of the red square begins to hydraulically emerge between King's legs. He recoils.

LORD MUTO

Mr. King do you see that red button?

KING

Oh, uh, yes!

LORD MUTO

Mr. King I want you to press that button. Can you do that for me?

KING

Of course.

King makes for the button and then pauses.

KING (CONT'D)

What does it do?

LORD MUTO

Mr. King I am commanding you to press that button. You will press it immediately.

KING

Ok!

King presses it, looks up.

LORD MUTO

Mr. King you have just exterminated all human life in the South African Transvaal.

KING

What?

Muto bursts out laughing, but the sound of his voice no longer booms from the gramophone horns. He is in the room with King, behind him. King spins around to see the laughing Viceroy.

LORD MUTO

It's only a joke.

King heaves a sigh of relief.

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

But I had you, didn't I?

KING

You really did have me there for a second, Your Excellency.

Muto stops laughing.

LORD MUTO

Quite seriously, Mr. King. My state scientist is in the process of building exactly such a machine. Brilliant chap by the name of Dr. Milton Wakefield. I do believe you know him, don't you.

KING

Ah, well, I'm familiar his work, yes.

LORD MUTO

Hmmmm.

Muto begins lumbering towards King, close-talking at him. King recoils, but Muto keeps lumbering into his face.

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

Dr. Wakefield's machine shall perfect human civilization. With the simple press of a button, the Boerish race will be wiped clean out of existence.

*

*

KING

Seems a little bit extreme, doesn't it?

*

LORD MUTO

Well I didn't press the button King, you did. And you were very right to do so.

*

*

*

*

(MORE)

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

The Prime Minister of Canada must have the courage to press a button when he is called upon to press it. Gobbling like an Albatross, however convincingly, is the stuff of small town parades. But the 20th Century, my dear Mr. Candidate King, shall be ruled by the fury of those who press buttons. Bert Harper would have pressed that button zealously and without hesitation and I'm delighted to see that you are fitting very snugly into his shoes. Tell me Mr. King, is there a woman in your life?

*

KING

A woman?

LORD MUTO

Yes Mr. King, a woman. There is a lonesomeness about you that I find to be undignified.

There is a sudden tapping on the window. It is a rutting Albatross, keening in hormonal overload. The two men look at it a moment.

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

As you may know, my eldest daughter is on her way back to Toronto. I should like her to spend some time with you.

KING

You would?

LORD MUTO

Yes, Mr. King, I would. On the evening of the Winter Equinox, you shall be my honoured guest at a Vice-Regal Ball I am hosting. A bit of pomp, to launch your campaign. Allow me to suggest, Mr. King, that you serve as my dear girl's companion and escort for the night. Would that be agreeable to you?

Suddenly the Albatross at the window is shot in an explosion of feathers and blood.

75A EXT. PALLISTER'S KNOB - SIMULTANEOUS 75A

Meighen, looking fierce, lowers a smoking gun held aloft, having shot the Albatross.

76 INT. KING'S ROM - NIGHT 76

NURSE LAPOINTE'S PHOTOGRAPH

King gazes at it, pronged into the frame of his mirror.

THE FLOOR

King is on his hands and knees with a bucket and sponge cleaning the floor.

THE SHOE PILE

King is picking up the shoes with tongs one by one, putting them in the bucket.

THE WALL

King is scraping off a teacup and teapot which have been stuck to the wall. He opens the curtains on his Mother's portrait.

THE STOVE

He using the tongs, he feeds the rancid shoes into the mouth of the furnace.

THE COURT UNIFORM

We see King brushing the brocade shoulders of his court uniform. We see him adjusting his cufflinks, primping his white ascot etc.

THE MIRROR

We see King looking in the mirror, immaculately dressed. Ruby's portrait - now decorated with fresh willows - looms in the background. He turns and looks at the cactus.

WIDE ON THE CACTUS

The cactus stands tall and proud in the corner of the now very clean and orderly room, no longer rancid and rotting.

77 EXT. THE BERRINGTON ICE FLOE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS 77

King and Nurse Lapointe stand on opposite sides of a ravine, through which ice plates floe at a steady pace. King is dressed very finely and carries a cylindrical wooden box.

Nurse Lapointe, on the other side, wears a white bridal gown and a ritualistic blindfold. She smiles sweetly and scratches her psoriasis.

TITLE: THE MATRIMONIAL SAPLING

King places the box on the ice, unlatches a hook, and lifts the lid. Therein is a glass dome which appears to be full of a strange green smoke.

He lifts the lid of the glass cylinder and the pungent smoke gushes out to reveal a small cedar plant.

Nurse Lapointe, still on shore. Sniffs into the air.

King inserts the sapling into a hole in the ice.

KING

By this matrimonial sapling, shall
you find your way across the ice.

He looks up at Nurse Lapointe who, sniffing into the air, steps into the treacherous ice.

NURSE LAPOINTE

Tender Nostrils, guide me to my
true love.

King watches Nurse Lapointe for a moment moving towards him. After a moments hesitation he begins running away. Anguished, he runs back across the ice and into the folds of the ravine.

78 OMITTED 78

79 OSSINGTON CREVASSE - SIMULTANEOUS 79

Surrounded by his earnest FOLLOWERS, all of whom wear the glinting blue étoile de la Douceur, J. Israël Tarte stands in a nest at the top mast of a sailing vessel, gliding between the crevasse walls. .

He is addressing an angry mob on shore. They hoist banners reading "Death to Tarte" and "Feel the WRATH of Toronto!" and "Fuck you!" and Tarte's likeness is hung and burned in effigy.

Nurse Lapointe, comes running down the same narrow ridge as King moments ago. She too nearly loses her balance. Suddenly she catches sight of something horrible.

Mr. Schultz raises a musket and aims it at Tarte.

Nurse Lapointe's eyes open wide.

NURSE LAPOINTE
Monsieur Tarte!

ON SCHULTZ, MEIGHEN & WAKEFIELD

Schultz fires.

ON TARTE

The bullet hits the egg which explodes with phlegm. Tarte's followers scream. They have scarcely reacted before Schultz fires another bullet, hitting Tarte in the leg. Blood spurts and Tarte topples over.

The Torontonians cheer in the bliss of vengeance. *

NURSE LAPOINTE (CONT'D)
Monsieur King! Help!

82	OMITTED	82
83	EXT. RIDEAU HALL - NIGHT - ESTABLISH It snows outside the grand estate.	83
84	INT. RIDEAU HALL - ENTRANCE TO BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS The two MOUNTIES stand on either side of a curtained passage.	84

MOUNTIES
(in unison)
His Excellency's Candidate For
Prime Minister, Mr. William Lyon
Mackenzie King.

No one seems to take any notice as King strolls in. Justice Richardson approaches with a GIANTESS, some 3 feet taller than him.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
Ah Mr. Candidate, Happy Equinox!

KING

Your Honour, same to you!

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

Have you met my wife, the Giantess
of Strathcona.

GIANTESS

Charmed I'm sure.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

We're all very proud of your
achievement, Mr. King. I'm quite
certain you will astonish us in the
ice maze.

KING

Thanks, Your Honour. I won't let
you down.

A burst of applause draws their attention over to a small
group in the corner of the room.

THE CORNER

The melancholy notes of a harp begin to sound and the crowd
parts to reveal Ruby.

King gazes as the spectacle, listening.

After a moment he becomes agitated. On the verge of tears, he
shuffles out of the room.

85

RIDEAU HALL - MINIATURE LABYRINTH - MOMENTS LATER

85

A little court yard containing a child's ice labyrinth,
glowing blue in the moonlight. The Disappointment wafts full
mast in the centre.

King, now whimpering, enters and winds his way through the
maze as Ruby's sad music echoes through the night air.

KING

Mackenzie King. At last you are
guided by the hand of destiny. Oh
Mother, forgive me. Make me equal
to this moment. Reach out to Lady
Ruby and allow her behold all of my
worthiness.

Reaching the back end of the maze, he blubbers.

LORD MUTO

Mr. King, you're crying? Has someone insulted you?

King spins around, trying to shield his tears from the Great Sovereign.

KING

Your Excellency! I'm become so happy. Lady Ruby plays the trumpet so beautifully.

LORD MUTO

The instrument is called a harp, Mr. King.

KING

I want you to know, I will exceed all expectations where Lady Ruby is concerned. You can count on my most earnest and everlasting devotion.

LORD MUTO

You are a loyal subject, Mr. King. Now, if you're ready, I'll introduce you to Violet.

KING

Violet?

LORD MUTO

Lady Violet. My eldest daughter.

KING

I'm confused, Your Excellency.

LORD MUTO

Mr. King, I do believe you accepted my personal invitation to escort Violet this evening. Am I to believe you would forget such a thing?

LADY VIOLET(OFF)

Well, well, well. If it isn't Mr. Meighen!

Muto and King turn down the corridor and there stands VIOLET (30). We recognize her immediately as the Foot Mistress from King's masturbatory days in Winnipeg. She is looking sharp in a tuxedo and slicked back hair and smoking a cigarette.

LORD MUTO

No darling, this is Mackenzie King.
Vice-Regal Candidate, allow me to
present Lady Violet, Baroness of
Mississauga.

LADY VIOLET

Charmed, Mr. King, charmed.

KING

(stifling his shock)
Your Excellency.

LORD MUTO

Darling, do you know how King here
managed to win my nomination? By
imitating an Albatross! Isn't that
right, Mr. King?

KING

Yes it is.

LORD MUTO

Well go on, Mr. King, show Violet
how it's done.

LADY VIOLET

Oh yes, please do that!

LORD MUTO

Right now, King.

King looks like he can scarcely breathe.

86 OMITTED 86

87 INT. RIDEAU HALL - BALLROOM - SIMULTANEOUS 87

The monstrous keening of King's tortured albatross echoes
into the ballroom. All heads turn.

88 INT. RIDEAU HALL - MINIATURE LABYRINTH - SIMULTANEOUS 88

Muto looks on at King unsmilingly.

LORD MUTO

Mmmm. Well. I'll leave you to get
acquainted.

89

INT. RIDEAU HALL - BALLROOM - LATER

89

King and Violet are on the ballroom floor dancing amid many other couples.

King gazes into a corner of the room where numerous admirers are smothering a radiant Lady Ruby with wreathes and flowers. Their eyes lock for a moment and she looks away.

LADY VIOLET

Toronto is so stupid, Bill. Look at all these normals. I hate normals. It's why I live in Winnipeg.

KING

You have a strange loyalty for the daughter of our Vice-Roy, Lady Violet.

LADY VIOLET

Please, you sound like my sister.

King winces.

KING

I'm sure she would be quite astonished to learn the truth about your obscene vocation.

LADY VIOLET

Bill, did you happen know Ruby crossed the Badenhorst Jungle wearing only one boot? She might also be astonished to find out why.

King spies Dr. Milton Wakefield shaking hands with Muto and introducing him to Schultz, whom Muto pats on the head.

*
*

KING

I am worth more than the sum of my mistakes.

LADY VIOLET

Maybe Muto should be the judge of that.

KING

Please don't ruin this for me. I have been preparing my whole life for the dignity of this night.

LADY VIOLET

But it's all hogwash, Bill! Canada
is just one failed orgasm after
another. All these normals are
clueless!

KING

Well to me it happens to be sacred,
Lady Violet. I was born to serve
this nation.

LADY VIOLET

I thought you were born for boot-
sucking. But I guess that'll come
in handy, won't it Bill? I wonder
what else you were put on this
earth to do. You wanna try on
Ruby's underwear? I could get that
for you.

She lowers her hand down to King's buttock.

KING

Please, Your Excellency, I'm
begging you.

LADY VIOLET

I like it when you beg. You want my
trap shut, Bill? Then you just do
what I say. After dinner, Muto will
sing patriotic songs in the
parlour. But you won't be there.
You'll sneak away to the Vice-Regal
Bedroom. And I'm going to do very
weird things to you in there.

She leans in close to King's ear.

LADY VIOLET (CONT'D)

You can call me Ruby if you want.

Lady Violet turns and snaps her fingers at a HOUSEBOY.

LADY VIOLET (CONT'D)

Boy!

The Houseboy turns.

We see that it is King's Father, wearing the obsequious
uniform and apron of a servant.

He carries a tray of drinks. Father and son exchange glances.
King looks mortified.

LADY VIOLET (CONT'D)

(to Father)

We need a couple more of those
little mothers over here, pronto!

FATHER

Of course, Lady Violet. I have
French champagne and vodka
martinis.

He offers his tray of glasses, trying not to look at his son.
Lady Violet takes two glasses off the tray.

LADY VIOLET

Those'll do fine.

Lady Violet puts a glass into King's hand.

LADY VIOLET (CONT'D)

There you go, Bill. Down the hatch!

King looks frozen.

He downs his martini as a dinner bell rings.

90

INT. RIDEAU HALL - DINING ROOM - LATER

90

The guests begin taking their seats at a very long, narrow
and elaborately-decorated table. King stumbles in, now
looking rather drunk.

King finds his name card at a place setting and takes his
seat.

He notices that Lady Ruby's name card is situated at the seat
immediately to his right. Before he can even process this
information, Lady Ruby's hand moves in to remove it. She
places it one seat further away from King, next to Lord Muto
at the head of the table.

She takes her new place.

RUBY

Good evening, Mr. King.

KING

Your Excellency.

LADY RUBY

How are the children, Mr. King?

KING

Sorry?

LADY RUBY

In the Quarantine. How is Little
Charlotte?

There is a long, drunk, awkward beat.

KING

Oh! Oh yes, she's fine. Cured, in fact!

Lady Ruby is surprised.

LADY RUBY

Oh! Well. That's wonderful news. Please say hello to her from me.

Violet arrives at the table and sits immediately across from King, stuffing a dinner roll into her mouth.

LADY VIOLET

That one's mine sis, back off.

*

A trumpet sounds, Ruby turns as Muto makes his entrance.

King looks somewhat wistfully at the one seat that now separates him from Lady Ruby.

Dr. Wakefield takes his seat, glares at King. Lord Muto takes his place at the head of the table and taps his wine-glass with his butter knife and hushes the mellow din of arriving dinner guests.

*

LORD MUTO

(continued)

We are here tonight to introduce a young man in whom I have taken a great deal of interest.

*

*

*

Lord Muto turns and glares at King.

King tries to take possession of himself. He takes deep breaths, smiling piously back at the Governor-General.

Lord Muto continues to fix his unblinking stare upon King.

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

A young man of state who, by his own excellence, has risen to the rank of Vice Regal Candidate for Dominion Prime Minister. A leader of tomorrow who shall guide this nation to its rightful glory in the new century. A young man I would be proud to welcome into my family as a son.

*
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*

King is now going into shock.

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

Ladies & Gentlemen, please join me in welcoming -

King prepares to stand. At the last moment, Muto turns from King and gestures towards the Dining Room's grand entrance.

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

(continued)

- Lieutenant Bert Harper!

The room exhales with stunned dinner guests. Horns sound the entrance of the heroic young man.

Bert Harper into the room, standing the entrance at the top of a short staircase.

All dinner guests rise to the their feet. King, struggling to regain his composure, lifts himself to his feet.

Bert Harper is a valiant site in his military uniform. A masculine Adonis with a smart, serious face he stands before the adulating crowd with only one arm.

He walks down the table, past the awe-struck dinner guests. Lord Muto gives him a warm embrace. He passes to Ruby and they give each other an adoring kiss, and he takes his seat between Ruby and King.

He looks at King with great warmth.

BERT HARPER

Hello Rex.

KING

You're not dead!

*

BERT HARPER

We have much to discuss, Rex.

*

Bart Harper shakes King's hand with his left hand and gives King a hug.

The room settles and takes their seats. The Maids, including Father, serve glasses of wine.

LORD MUTO

As you can all see with your own eyes, our national hero is very much alive and well. Taken prisoner in the Battle of Badenhorst, he withstood unspeakable tortures in a Boerish slave camp. And there he might have perished, were it not for the valiant exploits none other than Lady Ruby Elliott. Practically barefoot, my beloved Ruby crossed a savage jungle, fighting Boer, cactus and Wildebeest to save Bert Harper for the glory of the British race. I am delighted to announce that once the Fury has been proclaimed, these two are to be conjoined in wedlock.

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The dinner guests applaud with adulation.

As Muto speaks, Lady Violet begins to brush her foot against King's ankle King under the table. King instinctively moves his foot away, almost in a panic. But Violet is persistent. She begins stroking her foot up King's thigh and into his loins.

Suddenly, the sound of a muffled but no less shrill, shrieking siren begins to sound. Confused, Lord Muto looks around.

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

What the devil is that?

King starts to panic.

Dr. Wakefield, sitting several seats away perks up, smiles.

King grabs his crotch to try to muffle the sound of his anti-erection harness. In the process he clenches Violet's shoe.

He drinks his ice-water and munches on the ice-cubes.

But the alarm only continues to shriek uncontrollably. Lord Muto speaks to one of his Mounties who, perplexed, points in the direction of King.

Father, distracted by the sound, lets a glass of wine he is pouring overflow then, reacting jerkily to this, knocks over a tray of glasses which shatter on the floor.

King is getting dizzy. Violet is a bit weirded out.

RUBY

Mr. King, are you unwell?

Immediately one of the BUTLERS has zipped over to Father and slaps him harshly across the face. Father keels over.

Suddenly the high-pitched gobble of a rutting ALBATROSS penetrates the acoustics of the Dining Room. The ridiculous beast stands at the entrance to the room, gobbling moronically at the guests.

King can hardly breathe. The alarm continues wailing nightmarishly.

King is hyper-ventilating. The alarm sirens out of control.

Dr. Wakefield bursts out laughing.

King vomits; thick puke blurts across the table.

The dinner guests are repulsed, Lady Violet is impressed.

LORD MUTO

Mr. King!

BERT HARPER

Easy Rex!

Suddenly Dr. Wakefield stops laughing, stands, points at King and screams.

DR. MILTON WAKEFIELD

The solitary vice is an unmanliness
detested by God!

Helpless, out of control, King grabs Lady Violet's shoe off her foot and runs out of the room.

91 KING'S ROOMS - SIMUTANEOUSLY 91

The cactus positively explodes like a deranged fire-hydrant of filth.

CUT TO:

TITLE: CHAPTER FOUR: IN WHICH MACKENZIE KING CONTESTS THE ICE
VORTEX AND THE FILM ENDS

92 OMITTED 92

93 INT. DOMINION QUARANTINE FOR WRETCHED CHILDREN - DAY 93

King stumbles into the infirmary looking very rough. Pale and polluted. *

The Quarantine seems abandoned and a hollow cold rings through the emptiness. King comes to Charlotte's bed and finds its vacant. All that remains is King's button "King for PM" wilted amongst the sour bedclothes.

KING
(calling out)
Little Charlotte? Did they move
you?

No answer.

KING (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I haven't come to visit
you in so long. I've been ill.
(beat) Charlotte? Please answer!

A child's voice from some unseen bed echoes out.

CHILD'S VOICE
She's dead.

KING
What?

CHILD'S VOICE
She died last night. Almost all of
us did. The pipes froze. Could I
have your jacket, Mister?

MOUNTIES
(off)
Mr. King.

King turns. There are the two Mounties, speaking in unison.

MOUNTIES (CONT'D)
His Excellency wishes to speak with
you. At once. *

King stares at them a moment, wan and desolate in the shivering emptiness.

94 EXT. MOUNTAIN PATH - JOUR - LATER 94

Once again, King scales the treacherous mountain paths blind-folded, the two Mounties prodding him along.

King is now in his vest and shirt-sleeves and we can presume he gave his jacket to the shivering child.

95 INT. RIDEAU HALL - LORD MUTO'S STUDY - JOUR - LATER 95

King enters the room. Lord Muto is standing anxiously at his stained-glass window, smoking his pipe. Without turning to King, he begins barking.

LORD MUTO

King.

KING

Excellency.

LORD MUTO

Your spectacle the other night was most repulsive. Lady Violet found you utterly disgusting.

KING

Forgive me, your excellency. The memory of it shall bring me everlasting shame.

LORD MUTO

As well it should.

Lord Muto spins around and glares at him.

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

But believe it or not, Mr. King, yours was the lesser outrage.

KING

I'm sorry?

LORD MUTO

Bert Harper. He has joined the enemy. And he has taken my beloved Ruby down with him.

TRANSITION TO:

96 INT. RIDEAU HALL - DINING ROOM - FLASH BACK - NUIT 96

The Albatross is dead in a puddle of blood.

LORD MUTO

And so it is I bestow once more the title of Vice-Regal Candidate upon Lieutenant Harper, that he may hoist the Fury above the Quebec City Ice and there shall it reign everlasting.

*

The black banner of the Fury falls from the ceiling at the end of the table. The dinner guests applaud.

MUTO

Rise, Lieutenant Harper, that I may decorate you.

Bert rises.

BERT HARPER

Do I have permission to speak, Your Excellency?

LORD MUTO

Please, Candidate Harper. Address your subjects.

BERT HARPER

Ladies and gentlemen this man is a liar!

The dinner guests are shocked. Harper continues only in French.

LORD MUTO

Have you lost your mind?

BERT HARPER

The Boer is not your enemy! The Boer yearns only to be free! Free from a vile empire that would seek to enslave and destroy the world. And I would sooner go to HELL than hang that sick banner above the Quebec City Ice!

*

*

Ruby rises and stands on the table. The Mountie guarding Muto pulls off her mask and throws a pie into his face.

RUBY

Longue vie à notre vrai défenseur!

BERT HARPER

Celui qui espère!

RUBY
Celui qui aime le monde entier!

RUBY & BERT
Joseph Israel Tarte!

The dinner guests gasp with consternation. A banner of Tarte's Douceur falls in front of the Fury.

RUBY AND BERT AND TARTISTES
Nous nous proclamons citoyens d'un Québec sans déception! Et n'arrêterons pas jusqu'à ce que la Douceur soit déployé haute et fière au-dessus du monde!

96A INT. RIDEAU HALL - LORD MUTO 'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

96A

Lord Muto turns back to King.

LORD MUTO
Tarte! That inveterate scumbag! Has them both brainwashed. They have sworn to carry Tarte's wretched banner into the Quebec City Ice. And so the Fury falls back to you, Mr. Candidate.

KING
You want me to race against Ruby and Bert?

LORD MUTO
I've taken the liberty of appointing Mr. Meighen as your second-in-command.

KING
Meighen!

LORD MUTO
Who else, Mr. King?

KING
Your Excellency, I only ever wanted to be moderate and inoffensive, I'm not meant to carry a banner of war.

LORD MUTO
Precisely what makes you the perfect Trojan horse, Mr. King.
(MORE)

*

LORD MUTO (CONT'D)

Tarte has turned all of French Canada against us. Who better to lead them into the Fury than a harmless milksop.

KING

And what if Tarte is right?

LORD MUTO

Please, Mr. King. Give people something to hope for and there shall be no end to the Disappointment. Fill them with nightmares and they'll follow you straight into Hell.

KING

I happen to believe that politics is about building a better world.

LORD MUTO

There is no better world! Mr. King you just don't get it do you! The Fury is your final chance! There will not be another one for you. I'll see to it that you rot in Dr. Wakefield's Sanitarium forever. And your Mother's pathetic little dreams for you will be crushed like an insect underfoot. You shall either carry the Fury of this nation or be consumed by it.

KING

You think I'm that weak? You think I'm such a scurvy cad that I would throw away all my principles for some loathsome place in the sun?

LORD MUTO

Yes Mr. King I do.

KING

You do.

LORD MUTO

Yes I do.

The two men look at each other a moment.

97 EXT. QUÉBEC CITY ICE VORTEX - NIGHT

97

Richardson speaks into a horn inside a little observation pulpit. Beneath him are two starting lines leading into the Ice Vortex.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON
Skating for the Opposition banner
on behalf of J. Israël Tarte and
his Douceur nationale, Bert Harper
and Ruby Elliott.

Bert and Ruby skate up to the starting line and wave at the crowd which surges with adoration.

King looks on from the other starting line.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)
And representing the Fury, His
Excellency's Vice-Regal Candidate,
William Lyon Mackenzie King and
second-in-command, Arthur Meighen!

King skates up to the starting line alone. Meighen is not with him. He waves at the crowd which is significantly less enthusiastic for him.

THE CROWD

Some distance away, near the wall of ice, Nurse Lapointe is looking wistfully at King.

After a moment, she is nearly knocked over by a masked Mountie.

MOUNTIE
Can you get out of my way please?
Thank you!

Nurse Lapointe watches the Mountie march down a crevasse in the mirrored ice and sees his face reflected as he takes off his mask and blouse. It is Arthur Meighen.

Richardson continues to speak in the background.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (OFF)
By Royal Proclamation of Her
Imperial Highness Queen Victoria,
Whosoever should raise his banner
to full mast above Disappointment
Square, shall lead his fellows as
Dominion Prime Minister.

Nurse Lapointe's eyes widen as Dr. Milton Wakefield emerges out of the shadows. She sees the doctor give Meighen a vial of clear liquid. He chuckles and slips it into his pocket. He takes his Court Uniform from the doctor and returns the way he came, passing Nurse Lapointe without noticing her.

THE HUT

King watches wanly as Tarte engages in unmistakably sensuous frenching with both Bert and Ruby. Meighen sneaks up on him.

MEIGHEN

Don't worry, old boy. We're gonna beat those traitors.

KING

You're late.

MEIGHEN

Had to sharpen my skates.

The Sargent-at-Arms raises a canon in the air.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

The Candidates will now assume the position.

Bert and Ruby ready themselves at the starting line, Ruby carrying the banner of hope coiled around a brass pole. King and Meighen gather do the same, Meighen carrying the banner of fury, likewise coiled around a brass pole.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (CONT'D)

Ten! Nine! Eight!

98 INT. ICE VORTEX - CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS

98

The sound of the Richardson's count-down echoes through the ice as Mr. Schultz places a stack of dynamite onto the ice.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (OFF)

Seven! Six! Five!

99 EXT. QUÉBEC CITY ICE VORTEX - SIMULTANEOUS

99

Meighen stuffs a handkerchief into his breast pocket. King sneaks a gaze at Ruby who is in very deep concentration.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (OFF)

Four! Three! Two!

100 INT. ICE VORTEX - CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS 100

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON (OFF)

One!

Schultz pushes down on the dynamite detonator in perfect synchronicity with:

101 EXT. QUÉBEC CITY ICE VORTEX - SIMULTANEOUS 101

The canon fires as the clock strikes midnight: BOOM!

Bert and Ruby and King burst off across the starting line; the two lovers are immediately in the lead.

The crowd roars as the combatants whiz down the glistening ice path towards the enchanting crystalline labyrinth.

They come to the fork in the path. Bert and Ruby swerve left towards the Franklin Gate while King swerves right moving in towards the Dufferin Gate.

They pass throngs of cheering crowds. Bert and Ruby hold hands, zooming along past orgaistic admirers.

Meighen tries to take King's hand and is sternly thrust away.

102 INT. THE FRANKLIN GATE 102

Bert and Ruby dart right in at high speed.

103 INT. THE DUFFERIN GATE 103

King, not as graceful on the ice as Bert and Ruby, glides through the gate. Meighen is much better on his skates than King.

104 INT. ICE VORTEX - CORRIDORS - SIMULTANEOUS 104

The corridors are narrow and brilliantly white.

The two teams whisk around corners, guided by instinct and wit.

Bert and Ruby move at very high speeds. It is as if they know the path by heart. Their every turn is sure-footed and precise, navigating the labyrinth with mathematic precision.

King does not have the same confidence and hesitates between options. He is not moving as quickly. Meighen grows irritable.

105 INT. ICE MAZE - IMPASSE 105

King and Meighen comes to a dead end.

MEIGHEN
Which way now champ?

KING
It must be this way.

King heads off right.

106 INT. ICE MAZE - CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS 106

King and Meighen clamour along through a corridor, turning corners.

107 INT. ICE MAZE - IMPASSE - MOMENTS LATER 107

King and Meighen come before yet another dead end.

MEIGHEN
Nothing but dead ends with you,
right buddy?

KING
I'm quite certain it's this---

Suddenly Meighen King hard across the face, throws down the Banner of the fury, spins him around into an arm lock and stuffs hanky into his face.

MEIGHEN
Not so easy to lead the way, is it
Rex? When you wake up, you'll tell
the world you couldn't go through
with it. Tell 'em you lost your
nerve, ducked out in favour of me!
Understand? That's how Muto wants
it!

*

King, shocked and stunned, chokes on the cloth.

Suddenly, the banner of the fury is spun around Meighen's face and he is pulled away from King, spun around and knocked on the head with the flag pole. He collapses, unconscious.

King reels, coughs and looks up. There stands Nurse Lapointe towering over Meighen. She smiles at him, radiant.

NURSE LAPOINTE

Mr. King! Follow me!

108 INT. ICE VORTEX - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS 108

Bert and Ruby skate along, holding hands, shooting looks of love at each other as they zoom across the ice.

RUBY

Right!

They turn right.

BERT HARPER

Left!

They turn left.

109 INT. ICE VORTEX - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER 109

King and NURSE LAPOINTE skate along. King brings her to a stop.

KING

Nurse Lapointe, you have to let me fail.

NURSE LAPOINTE

Monsieur King there isn't time!

KING

But Nurse Lapointe, I dishonoured you. I sacrificed my most cherished beliefs, I don't deserve another chance, I should be punished! I---

*

NURSE LAPOINTE

Monsieur King, this isn't about you. It is about humanity. You don't realize it yet but you are a puppet in a terrible game to destroy the future! I know there is goodness inside you. So take all your goodness, by both hands, and follow me!

*
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*

She takes him by the hand and they dash off down the corridor.

110 INT. ICE VORTEX - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS 110

Bert and Ruby speed along. They swerve around corners, cunningly avoid the traps and trip-ups of the maze until at last they pass through the EAST entrance to arrive in a little white plaza.

111 INT. ICE VORTEX - THE CENTRE - DISAPPOINTMENT SQUARE - 111
CONTINUOUS

In the middle of the plaza stands the tall flagpole bearing the banner of the Disappointment. Bert and Ruby look at it a moment.

They skate up to the column.

Ruby unties the rope and begins drawing the flag down as Bert unravels his green banner of hope.

112 EXT. QUÉBEC CITY ICE VORTEX - SIMULTANEOUS 112

Mr. Justice Richardson watches the Disappointment being lowered over the citadel wall.

MR. JUSTICE RICHARDSON

The Disappointment has been
lowered! For the first moment in
our history, the spell is broken!

A burst of ecstatic cheers resounds, Muto watches.

113 INT. ICE VORTEX - THE CENTRE - DISAPPOINTMENT SQUARE - 113
CONTINUOUS

Ruby finishes lowering the flag and unclips it.

SCHULTZ

(off)

What the fuck!

Ruby and Bert look across Disappointment Square to see the grimy figure of Schultz, emerging out of the opposite entrance with his pick-axe.

SCHULTZ (CONT'D)

How the fuck you two get here from
Franklin gate without comin' down
this corridor right here?!

He gestures to the entrance way from which he has just emerged.

BERT

We know a short cut.

RUBY

Who are you!? What are you doing here?

Schultz takes out his pick-axe, threatening.

SCHULTZ

You know how many taxpayer dollars you just wasted on dynamite?

RUBY

Muto!

114 INT. ICE MAZE - A CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS 114

Nurse Lapointe charges along holding onto King's hand.

NURSE LAPOINTE

This way! Hurry!

115 INT. ICE MAZE - CENTRE - DISAPPOINTMENT SQUARE - SIMULTANEOUS

Bert and Ruby and Schultz encircle each other. Schultz angrily rips the Banner of Douceur off of the flagpole rope.

SCHULTZ

If there's one thing I fuckin' hate
it's wasting fuckin' taxpayer
dollars on fuckin' milksop whiners
like you two assholes!

*

116 INT. ICE MAZE - A CORRIDOR - SIMULTANEOUS 116

Nurse Lapointe and King swerve around a sharp corner which leads directly into the Passage of Dufferin to the Centre court.

PASSAGE OF FRANKLIN

As they reach the arc of the corner, Nurse Lapointe spots a gaping hole of open water in the ice. Nurse Lapointe tries to stop.

NURSE LAPOINTE

Arrête!

Her skates dig into the ice, shredding it like a snow-blower, but she is moving too fast to stop in time. King fumbles and they both fall into the frigid water. Nurse Lapointe goes right under while King manages to remerge and grab onto the edge of the hole.

KING

Help!

117 INT. ICE MAZE - DISAPPOINTMENT SQUARE - CONTINUOUS 117

Bert and Ruby react to King. *

RUBY *

Vas-y! *

Bert throws Ruby the flag pole and darts off as Ruby attacks Schultz. *

118 INT. ICE MAZE - PASSAGE OF FRANKLIN - CONTINUOUS 118

King is floundering hopelessly. Bert deftly stops before the open water and heaves out a delirious and hypothermic King. *

119 INT. ICE MAZE - DISAPPOINTMENT SQUARE - CONTINUOUS 119

Schultz and Ruby roll on the ground. He tries to bring the point of the axe down on Ruby's face as she grabs his wrist and spins him onto the ground.

120 INT. ICE MAZE - PASSAGE OF FRANKLIN - SIMULTANEOUS 120

Harper drags the rest of King's drenched, shivering body onto solid ice. Harper strips off his jacket and puts it over King.

KING

Nurse Lapointe!

BERT HARPER

I got her, Rex!

Harper dives straight into the open water like an Olympic diver. King is quaking with hyperthermic shivers, delirious.

121 INT. ICE MAZE - DISAPPOINTMENT SQUARE - CONTINUOUS 121

Schultz attacks Ruby with the axe, she ducks and Schultz hits the wall. Ruby grabs at the axe, fighting with Schultz to pry it out of the ice wall.

They both topple to the ground, rolling over each other until the axe is cast out of reach. Schultz begins strangling Ruby with his cactus-skin glove as he reaches for the axe.

Ruby, summoning all her might, pushes Schultz up, spins him around and stomps hard on his neck, chopping off his head with her skate.

Schultz's head pops off, tumbles fast across the ice like a soccer ball.

122

INT. ICE MAZE - PASSAGE OF FRANKLIN - CONTINUOUS

122

The head rolls right past the shivering, hypothermic King and splashes into the open water, sinking like a stone.

Ruby runs to the hole in the ice.

Suddenly Bert Harper bursts out of the water, heaving for breath.

RUBY

Bert!

BERT HARPER

Comfort him, Ruby! I'm going back to save the nurse. I spotted her writhing in a forest of plankton.

RUBY

But Bert! She's doomed!

BERT HARPER

What else can I do?

Bert takes a big breath and goes back under. Ruby turns to King. He is shivering monstrously.

KING

Please hold me.

RUBY

You're going to be alright, Mr. King. You've made a terrible mistake joining Muto, but it's not too late. There's still time.

She takes him in her arms and holds him tight. King shivers uncontrollably, swooning in hypothermic delirium. She strokes his head.

The shivering pieta looks EXACTLY like Mother's log-art painting.

KING

Please, Nurse Lapointe. Will you
play the harp for me?

Ruby looks non-plussed a moment, then reacts to what she sees
in the water.

There is Schultz's demented head slowly emerging out of the
frigid ice hole.

Suddenly with a terrifying thrust, the head bursts upward. We
see that the severed head is spiked on the sharp tip of the
long, twisted harpoon of a marauding NARWHAL.

As the ivory tusk continues to ascend, we espy Burt Harper
dead, skewered right through the heart.

King and Ruby look on in horror.

The NARWHAL raises its massive, blubbery head up from out of
the hole in the ice, until at last its grotesque, glistening
blow-hole is exposed to the open air.

Like some baneful contracting orifice, the blow-hole bursts
open, belching forth with a wheezing, gurgling blurt of
discoloured water.

It heaves in an immense, desperate, sucking breath of oxygen,
sputtering with fluid like a congested nostril. Lungs full,
the blow-hole shuts close and the beast disappears back into
the water with its human cargo.

In the silence that follows, Ruby is stoic. She begins to
strip off her winter garments.

King continues to shiver down on the ground.

KING (CONT'D)

Nurse Lapointe.

RUBY

Be quiet.

KING

Nurse Lapointe I'm so sorry for
everything. Please don't leave me
here.

*
*
*

Ruby dives into the ice with the precision of an Olympiad.
She disappears beneath the black surface of the frigid water,
joining Bert Harper in death.

123 INT. CENTRE - DISAPPOINTMENT SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER 123

A cold wind sweeps through the empty plaza. King shuffles, soaking wet, teeth a-chatter.

King looks over at Schultz's decapitated corpse and sees blood flowing steadily out of his severed neck.

A triumphant music begins to swell.

THE FLAG POLE

King goes to the flagpole. He clips a banner to it, but we cannot yet see what it is. He begins hoisting it up.

124 EXT. QUÉBEC CITY ICE VORTEX 124

Mr. Justice Richardson looks on incredulous, his jaw dropping as he watches the flag rising over the labyrinth walls.

Muto, in his pulpit, rises in his seat, outraged by what he sees.

Tartistes and Furiosos look on, united in disappointment.

125 INT. CENTRE - DISAPPOINTMENT SQUARE - MOMENTS LATER 125

THE FLAG

King gazes up at the Disappointment, flying glorious in the Arctic wind as all of the nation is heard to groan with bitterness.

The triumphant theme reaches its zenith.

King looks up upon it in reverence and salutes.

MOTHER

(off)

Willy darling. Did you win, my son?

King turns and there, at one end of the ice, is Mother's canopy bed with the curtains drawn.

KING

Yes Mother. Sure as a winter's day
in springtime.

The triumphant swelling begins to echo into the cold, shivering emptiness until it vanishes completely.

END