

THE DOLPHIN KING

Written by

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EXT. OUTDOOR THRONE OF THE DOLPHIN KING

The DOLPHIN KING, a talking dolphin, is sitting slumped in a large and opulent throne. GERALD, the king's butler, walks over.

GERALD

You called, sir?

DOLPHIN KING

Yes Gerald. It would appear as if someone has moved my throne several inches to the left.

GERALD

It's cemented to the ground, sir.

DOLPHIN KING

None-the-less, it has been moved. I require the utmost in regularity and order, Gerald.

GERALD

Of course, but I must point out that...

DOLPHIN KING

I am convinced of this and I shall not be dissuaded. Tell me... are YOU a talking dolphin?

GERALD

No, sir, I am not.

DOLPHIN KING

Are YOU foretold to be the savior and grand leader of all of Earth?

GERALD

And who was it that foretold that, sir?

DOLPHIN KING

It was I. I foretold myself. Which means on top of being a courageous leader I am also a mystical seer. My wisdom is unequalled.

GERALD

Was there anything else you needed, sir?

DOLPHIN KING

Yes, I want you to sing for me,
Gerald. Sing of my great deeds and
adventures.

GERALD

I'm sorry, sir, but in the time
I've known you I've only ever seen
you in that chair.

DOLPHIN KING

Do you doubt my greatness? Do you
question my inimitable dolphin
power?

GERALD

Of course not sir, I merely suggest
that one day you might get off your
throne and actually *do something*.

DOLPHIN KING

You insult me, Gerald. I demand
that you throw yourself into the
sea. I have no more use for you.

GERALD

If it's all the same to you I'll
just be heading home, sir.

DOLPHIN KING

Fine. But tomorrow, first thing in
the morning, I want you in the sea.
To drown.

GERALD

See you tomorrow, sir.

Gerald begins to walk away.

DOLPHIN KING

Before you go, Gerald...

GERALD

Yes, sir?

DOLPHIN KING

The prayer. Bow your head.

GERALD

Of course, sir.

Gerald closes his eyes and bows his head slightly.

DOLPHIN KING

And as the twilight of man
approached, the few remaining souls
looked upon the crumbling utopia
they had so tirelessly labored to
destroy, and saw that it was shit.
All the brilliance, the mad sparks
of genius that had once offered
such radiant glows of promise for
the times ahead, now only glowed in
the fires of their own destruction.
"Let there be automobiles", cried
man, and so there were automobiles,
and they were good. "Let there be
microwaves, and pancakes in a box,
and fucking disposable Styrofoam
cups, and so there were, and man
saw that they were good. Then on
the fourth day man rested and took
a three day weekend, because fuck,
work is shit and Mondays are shit
and everything is shit except for
pancakes in a box which are pretty
fucking good even if they taste
like shit because really, who has
the time for anything else. Nobody
has the time for anything else, the
time for anything has passed, all
that is left is rest, and death,
and shit. One thousand empires,
all crumbling under the weight of
their good shit. And thus the
people and their earth were
finished, gone, with all of their
vast arrays of boxed pancakes
decaying beside them. Fuck. Amen.