

## **'VIVE L'EMPEREUR'**

Sketch

(INT. DAY)

OPEN ON A PSYCHIATRIST'S OFFICE - USUAL PROPS, ETC.

TOBY (EARLY THIRTIES, A BIT NERDY, GLASSES PRINGLE SWEATER ETC) TALKS TO A BEARDED PSYCH WHO LEANS ACROSS THE DESK TAKING NOTES.

TOBY: I can tell you now I'm not delusional and I certainly don't think I'm Napoleon.

PSYCH: (Gently) So what is the problem here, Toby?

TOBY GESTURES BEHIND HIM.

TOBY: Them. They think I'm Napoleon.

SHOT WIDENS TO REVEAL A GROUP OF MEN SITTING BEHIND TOBY. THEY LOOK BATTLE-SCARRED AND WEARY, THEY'RE ARMED WITH MUSKETS AND WEAR THE UNIFORM OF THE NAPOLEONIC IMPERIAL GUARD. THEY NOW LEAP TO THEIR FEET. THE DRUMMER RAPS OUT THE 'PAS DE CHARGE'.

IMPERIAL GUARD: Vive L'Empereur!

THEY SIT AGAIN.

TOBY: They're making my life a bloody misery.

PSYCH: Yes, I can see how that could be an issue.

TOBY: They follow me everywhere. It's beginning to affect my work.

PSYCH: How's that, Toby?

TOBY: I had a bit of a run-in with my boss last week. So while I was at lunch they arrested him, put him up against a wall and shot him.

THE IMPERIAL GUARD LEAP TO THEIR FEET.

IMPERIAL GUARD: Vive L'Empereur!

PSYCH MAKES A FEW MORE NOTES.

PSYCH: And your sex-life? How has that been affected?

TOBY: How do you think? They won't let my wife come near me any more – (Mimicking French accent) 'Not tonight Josephine,' 'Not tonight.' She's terrified of them.

PSYCH: Your wife is called Josephine? How interesting.

TOBY: Valerie actually.

PSYCH: And have you made any attempt to get away from them at all?

TOBY: We booked a week in the Isle of Wight but they tracked me down to a B&B in Shanklin, overpowered the landlady and spirited us off the island at night in a stolen fishing smack.

THE PSYCH BRISKLY WRITES A PRESCRIPTION, TEARS IT OFF AND HANDS IT OVER.

PSYCH: Well, Toby, nothing to worry about. Just make sure you take at least two of these a week.

TOBY READS PRESCRIPTION WITH INCREASING DISBELIEF.

TOBY: Spain, Austria, Portugal, Italy, the Two Scililies, Russia...what the hell is this?

THE PSYCH COMES ROUND FROM HIS DESK AND EMBRACES TOBY.

PSYCH: If not for me, then do it for France, Toby; for your people and the glory of the empire...

THE IMPERIAL GUARD LEAP TO THEIR FEET. DRUMMER RAPS OUT THE 'PAS DE CHARGE'.

IMPPERIAL GUARD: Vive L'empereur!

TOBY: (To camera) ...merde.

END.