

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. PETER'S QUARTERS

Peter and Catherine are dining. Catherine has a knife in her hand, hiding it from Peter.

PETER

I have something to say...Catherine, I look at you at your birthday, a woman of substance, a woman *par exemple*, of wise thought and deed, dedicated to the pursuit of a better Russia. A better world. Your lips that speak so wisely, your eyes that see the world in a way no one else does. Your head fizzing with original ideas. Your heart filled with a powerful love for life. And hopefully for me... Happy birthday, my darling wife.

CATHERINE

You wrote that?

PETER

Volti helped me a little. But mostly me.

CATHERINE

Thank you. It was actually very touching.

PETER

Huzzah. Volti is a wonderful fellow. Can fucking talk though. Couldn't follow most of it. But did you like it?

CATHERINE

I loved it. It was thrilling. My mind was on fire.

PETER

He has a lot of answers. Sometimes I think I could be smarter, running a country. Might be helpful. That is the thing about you. You're un-womanly smart. It is intriguing to me.

CATHERINE

You're the oddest of creatures. Cruel, and thoughtless. Tender, entertaining and bizarre.

(MORE)

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm found of you. In some ways, you break my heart.

PETER

Are you about to say I love you?

CATHERINE

No.

PETER

It sounded like a declaration of sorts. You were close to a point, I feel.

CATHERINE

No, I'm pretty sure I'm not.

Catherine walks up to Peter, ready to stab him.

PETER

Oh, I actually have a letter for you.

CATHERINE

You're too generous.

PETER

Leo entrusted it to me before he left.

CATHERINE

What?

Peter reads from a letter:

PETER

"Hello, Catherine. It has been fund and I have liked you a small portion, and enjoyed fucking you, despite being unable to eat pussy well. Apologies, I return to my estate or Venice. I have not decided, but it makes it pointless seeking me, so probably Venice. We're done. Move on. The noble emperor's love is pure. He's a noble soul, who can eat pussy, as you well know. From Leo." Hm..."PS. I was sticking it in Maria's ass most days."

Peter destroys the letter.

CATHERINE

What have you done with him?

PETER

Me? Nothing. He's gone to Venice. I said he should face you, but he could not. Coward.

CATHERINE

Have you killed him?

PETER

No. I promise you, he is alive and well. He does not love you. That is all...We just need some clear air together, and you will love me and forget him. Probably in a...week?

Catherine attacks him, Peter blocks her. They fight and Peter locks her in his arms.

PETER (CONT'D)

Let us talk when you calm down. You will one day look at this as a funny story to tell our children.

Peter pushes her away from him.

PETER (CONT'D)

He does not love you, and it hurts, but you do not love him. You love me.

CATHERINE

NEVER!

PETER

Huh?

CATHERINE

You're a fucking madman!

She launches at him again, he tackles her to the floor.

PETER

My father used to say, when a woman wants to kill you, you're in business. Huh.

Peter walks away chuckling.