

# Mesotao

## Pilot Episode Treatment

As our camera slowly tracks back, Huaca inserts and turns a key. He then quietly enters into an unobtrusive door labeled ‘staff’ at the base of a truncated, step pyramid. The door closes slowly behind him. Continuing, tracking back more rapidly, we see an overview of a vast city. In the far distance is a volcano.

The camera tracks back a little more and suddenly pops through a tautly stretched, jellyfish, telescreen. Continuing back this screen comes into focus and we see a ‘fish-eye’ camera view of a small procession. Led by Wooten and Twocan in robes and fancy hats, amidst clouds of incense whirled up by their assistant, Fat Rabid, who is swinging chain censers, the procession has several plain people following along behind. All are slowly working their way up a primary staircase. The camera view is taken from the top of Twocan’s staff.

Finally, the camera pans around and we see that the King and his attendants are the audience watching the telescreen. He comments, “I love these festivities.”

Cut back to Huaca walking down a corridor, stopping before an elevator, pushing the “Push for Service” button. He checks his calendar clock wrist watch and the overhead, elevator floor indicator which only goes up several numbers and then writes the rest onto one line.

Cut back to the procession. The outside stairs are now starting to elongate as the pyramid telescopes slowly towards its full height.

Cut back to the elevator, it arrives, the door opens, Huaca enters and selects the next to top floor. Now watching from the outside looking into the elevator, the door closes, we see it rise up behind the door, and our view goes up and rests on the elevator’s floor counter as it winds up to the next to top floor – the numbers that were in a straight line before are now moving slowly towards their normal fully extended positions.

Cut to a view of an angry sky over the volcano; now puffing like a steam engine in synchronization to the soundtrack’s hip hop back beat. Pan around to Twocan who is out of breath and wheezing in rhythm.

The King, watching the festivities on a giant telescreen made from a stretched open jellyfish, is seated upon the apex of another shorter pyramid in a shaded patio. His comforts are attended to by retainers. Currently he is watching a fish-eyed lens view of the winded Twocan transmitted from the eye at the top of Twocan’s staff.

Cut to the ‘ready room’, Pilo, and Yrallih getting ready and wondering where is Huaca.

In the background the elevator arrives, its door opens and Huaca enters. They say, “it’s about time, hurry up and get ready – and Why are you so late...” Huaca responds, to their shock, that he didn’t want to come.

Cut to the procession arriving at the top. Wooten, followed by a now exhausted Twocan and the “volunteers”, has a ‘Rocky’ like moment with his arms outstretched as the top of the telescoping pyramid clicks into its fully extended position.

As the camera once again tracks out to the grand vista, the soundtrack rises in an ecstatic crescendo; stopping suddenly, even the volcano is still. A moment of calm...

Closeups: “Places everybody”. Wooten enjoying the theater of it all, intones a lengthy invocation. Twocan secures his staff in a stand and points it towards the center of the ritual as if it is a video camera. He finally catches his breath and angrily commands Wooten to cut the magic words short and get on with the spectacle.

The Scene is now set: a sacrificial victim is being held by four characters as a fifth raises his knife about to strike. An expectant volcano is quiet.

Huaca tells the volunteer to, “hold still, this will only take a moment”. Pilo, with eyes tightly shut and face averted in horror, suggests, “ think happy thoughts”.

Closeup on Wooten with the volcano behind. His eyes dart from the knife in his hand to the volcano, to the victim and back again. Twocan annoyed spits out, “Get on with it”.

As the knife strikes a drop of blood splashes up onto Wooten’s nose, the volcano lightly shoots out a drop of lava in response. At the next strike more blood spurts and the volcano echoes with a significant amount of lava. At the third thrust a deluge of blood is released and the volcano responds in kind.

A throbbing heart is lifted up and passed to Fat Rabid who returns a pulsating, snail like prosthetic that is then inserted and stitched into the sacrificial volunteers chest. After a few moments have elapsed, the volunteer is allowed to sit up. Pilo assists him post op, and eventually escorts him from the stage.

Huaca, just doing his job, is completely disgusted. After mumbling to himself, “I am never going to do this again”, he cynically points out that ripping hearts out in service to their religion, to appease and pacify the local volcano, is ineffectual. Gesturing towards the erupting mountain, “I thought these sacrifices would stop that”.

The volcano stops and hunkers down.

“Well there, - it’s done.” responds Wooten. He does a double take as the now violently shaking mountain belches out a , demon, dog-faced, serpent. Flying around the top of the pyramid spouting flame and smoke, it obscures the top of the pyramid and shuts down the

King's telescreen; then vanishes in a spectacular explosion.

Huaca, "That was really effective.

Wooten, "Well it was once upon a time. Suppose you can do better?"

Twocan hisses at Wooten, "disburse the crowd you idiot".

Wooten starts shouting "Show's over, you can all go home now, nothin' left to see here..."

This is taken up by the armadillo guards to move what is left of the crowd; most having already run away in fear. "Don't forget to come back, same time next week..."

Twocan Pushes a big button on the podium's control panel and the pyramid starts to collapse back into itself. The sky is starting to clear.

The platform descends, forming a room that automatically roofs itself over. It is the ready room from earlier. The crew proceed to clean up. Trying to get the blood off their hands, we notice that Twocan's are permanently stained red and Wooten's pink.

Huaca expresses his disgust. He preferred when the sacrificial offerings were flowers, food and music. Now it is hearts, maybe minds tomorrow, increasingly militarized and the magic no longer works.