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The Crimson Permanent Assurance

By Terry Gilliam

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Our Short.

Carmesn Permanent
Insurance Company.

"London England".

The Very Large Corporation of America.

On the dark days of 1983...

when England fell to the stalemate

of a ruinous money policy...

the good and loyal men of the

Permanent Insurance Company...

a previously remarkable family business

that recently fell into disgrace...

under the yoke of oppression of

their new corporate management.

Terrible. Really terrible.

Remen!

It's over, Ev a n s. He's fired.

Ye heard me. Outside.

Did you hear that? He was fired.

He was fired?

He was fired? Let's go guys.

Let's attack them.

Come on!

Let me out!

I demand to see my lawyer!

OoTooley! Come on.

Silence!

We have to mobilize, boys.

T and t, seize the weapons.

T and t, bring the gear.

- And t, put water for tea.

- Yes, sir.

That's it, Charles!

I'm sorry!

Come on, Tooley. By here!

Come on!

Leven anchors!

And so, the Permanent Carmesn
Insurance Company...

was launched to the high seas
of international finance.

Come on boy. Say it!

- A cup of tea, dear?

- Capitbn!

Look! To starboard!

There is the prize they were looking for.

Starboard!

A financial district crowded with
multinationals, conglomerates...

and fat and bloated
mercantile banks.

Very good, boys!

To your battle stations!

- Come on!

- Hurry!

Well, it's enough. Take cover.

Down! Get up!

Down.

To starboard!

Fire!

Eric! My balance sheets!

Ross!

The sheets with the figures!

- Stop it!

- Eric!

- Thanks!

- To the load!

- No! Let me do it!

- It's okay, Kane.

Captured!

We gave you!

Take this.

Taking. Archnvalo.

Carajo!

And so, encouraged by
his initial success...

The desperate and reasonably
violent men of the company...
of insurance, they fought until...

when the sun goes down
slowly in the west.

The magnificent results
of his daring actions...

they became apparent.

The financial giants
before imposing...

They were in ruins...

stripped of their goods...
and with its crumbling policies.
At full speed, Mr. Cohen!
Go up, go up, go up your cousin.
- Garabatea.
- But balance the books.
- Garabatea.
- But balance the books.
It is fun to gather the
mercantile experts.
And navigate the ocean
of the countable.
Find and explore offshore funds.
And to surround the
shoals of bankruptcy.
You can be courageous in insurance.
We will increase your
premium semiannually.
Everything is tax deductible.
We are totally incorruptible.
Navigating the ocean
of the contadura.
- Browsing...
- And so, they sailed...
towards the ledgers...
one by one, while the financial
capitals of the world...
they collapsed under the power
of their commercial acuity.
Or so it would have been...
if certain modern theories related
to the shape of the world...
They would not have been
disastrously wrong.