

SCION

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FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

A grotesque tribal mask snarls out of a glass cabinet.

Beneath it a dozen bizarre carved images occupy shelves. Whether of some esoteric gods or monstrous, primeval beings, is impossible to tell.

Fetishes hang on the wall.

Stone images of Babylonian deities occupy each corner of the office.

Smoke swirls in the air.

MAKIL VALEK (late 40's, perhaps 50's) a well groomed snake in an expensive, tailored suit, draws deeply on a Cuban cigar.

His eyes flit to the door.

VALEK
Come in, Langly.

The door open.

LANGLY (40), a big man but getting flabby, stands in the entranceway.

LANGLY
I hadn't knocked.

VALEK
I know.

Serpent eyes regard the other man.

VALEK (CONT'D)
Come in.

The lawyer enters.

The room clearly makes him nervous.

He runs a tongue over dry lips as anxious eyes flit between the disturbing objects.

The Babylonian statues seem to frighten him especially.

VALEK (CONT'D)
They won't hurt you.

A grin splits the thin mouth.

VALEK (CONT'D)
Unless I want them to.

He takes another draw on the cigar.

VALEK (CONT'D)
Did you bring him?

LANGLY
It wasn't easy, getting a release,
especially on such, short notice.

Valek's expression darkens.

VALEK
I didn't ask if it was easy.

He takes a deep breath.

VALEK (CONT'D)
(Soft, calm voice but all
the more menacing for it)
Is he *here*?

LANGLY
Waiting in the car below. Clay and
Adams are with him.

Valek nods.

LANGLY (CONT'D)
Did you want me to bring him up?

VALEK
Not yet. Close the door, sit down.

The big man sits down, fidgeting nervously.

VALEK (CONT'D)
I know it's late.

LANGLY
Almost midnight.

VALEK
Almost.

Valek slides what seems like an antique, papyrus scroll
across the desk.

The bemused lawyer glances at it.

VALEK (CONT'D)
Take a look.

Langton unrolls it.

LANGLY
A will?

VALEK
One inheritor.

He pulls an old faded photograph from his jacket pocket. It shows a young boy, no more than ten, maybe eleven, smiling back at us.

VALEK (CONT'D)
You never knew Tom when he was a boy. Smart as a whip, good at sports too.

He sighs.

VALEK (CONT'D)
But something went wrong. Maybe it was his mother that made him soft, weak. Maybe it was her that ruined him.

His nose wrinkles in disgust.

VALEK (CONT'D)
I tried. I tried to put him right, straighten him out.

He clenches a fist.

VALEK (CONT'D)
Toughen him up. Little shit had some type of break down.

He snorts.

VALEK (CONT'D)
God damn disgrace, hiding away in that sanatorium.

He gives a soft grunt.

VALEK (CONT'D)
But now (beat) he's all I've got, my only blood.

Langly looks up.

LANGLY

Should I ask why it's written on papyrus.

VALEK

You've been with me a long time, haven't you, Langly?

LANGLY

Fifteen years almost.

VALEK

You've seen things.

He waves a hand.

VALEK (CONT'D)

I don't mean the normal shit, murder, torture, you know, business. I'm talking about the kind of thing that if you ever breathed a word of, I'd send something in the night to come and rip out your soul.

The lawyer swallows hard.

VALEK (CONT'D)

So maybe you don't need to ask me why it's written on papyrus.

Lampton nods.

VALEK (CONT'D)

What I do need is you to witness this.

He takes an a primitive looking knife laying next to him, slices his thumb and presses it against his name at the bottom of the scroll.

Another name, Tomasz Valek is written underneath.

VALEK (CONT'D)

You're wondering what the hell all this is about. The truth of it is, my time's up.

He leaves the cigar in the ashtray.

VALEK (CONT'D)

Lung cancer , advanced. Doctors diagnosed it last month. This body's dying, Langly.

(MORE)

VALEK (CONT'D)

They expect me to spend my last days sipping carrot juice in a hospital ward.

He stands up, goes over to some dark curtains at the back of the office. He pulls a cord.

They part, revealing a large bronze framed steel mirror. The reflective metallic surface is scratched and pitted with centuries upon centuries of damage.

The frame is decorated with elaborate, exotic symbols.

WEXLER

That isn't going to happen.

He studies his reflection.

LANGTON

Of course not.

Valek sucks his bloodied thumb.

VALEK

Modern culture has no understanding of death. To find it one must look elsewhere.

He snatches the tribal mask from the wall.

VALEK (CONT'D)

Take our friend from Malawi here. In his country they believe people can live on in the land of magic.

LANGTON

That's an interesting notion.

VALEK

It is.

He runs a finger down the mask.

WEXLER

But the land of magic can wait. Things are just too damn interesting down here. You know what I mean?

He watches his guest through the mirror.

LANGTON

I (beat) well...

Valek replaced the mask in the glass cabinet.

VALEK

It doesn't matter. You just need to do exactly what I tell you.

He runs his bloodied thumb down the middle of his reflection, then he pulls the curtains shut once more.

VALEK (CONT'D)

Bring Tomasz up here exactly on the first stroke of midnight. Don't enter, no matter what you hear. Not until the last chime.

He indicates the thumb print on the papyrus.

VALEK (CONT'D)

Then I want you to put his blood print set down, the same as mine. It has to be done immediately, understood?

LANGLY

Understood. And then?

VALEK

He's the new head of the table.

The lawyer blinks in astonishment.

LANGLY

You're serious?

VALEK

Very.

LANGLY

And yourself?

VALEK

You'll know what to do.

He takes the lawyer by the arm and helps him to his feet.

LANGLY

The twelfth chime.

He claps Langly on the back, ushering him out.

Alone in the office, he goes back to the desk and finishes his whisky.

He opens a drawer and pulls out a pistol.

He glances at the grandfather clock. Five minutes to midnight.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

The clock strikes midnight.

A gunshot.

Makil Valek lays slumped dead at his desk. His arm falls to the side. The pistol falls from lifeless fingers.

The chimes continue to ring out. Finally, the twelfth chime strikes.

The door flies open.

Langly enters with a youth, somewhere in his early twenties. This is TOMASZ VALEK. The youth is vacant eyed, muttering to himself as he shambles in, helped by the lawyer.

Langly freezes as he sees Valek.

LANGLY

Jesus!

It takes him a moment to gather his wits.

Then he sees the scroll.

LANGLY (CONT'D)

Come on, kid.

He pulls him over to the desk.

TOMASZ

What's going on?

Langly picks up the ancient blade and slits the youth's thumb open.

Tomasz yells, starts to pull away.

Langly holds him, forcing the thumb down onto the papyrus.

LANGLY

Done.

He lets his captive go.

Tomasz pulls away.

TOMASZ

You crazy? What's wrong with you?

He stares at the his father's dead body.

He turns a questioning look on the lawyer.

LANGLY

You heard the shot. He did it himself.

The youth scowls.

TOMASZ

He's a monster.

LANGLY

A dead monster now.

Tomasz sucks his bleeding thumb.

TOMASZ

What the hell's going on?

LANGLY

I have no idea. But he left all this to you.

The youth looks around, regarding the objects.

TOMASZ

This?

LANGLY

No, I mean everything. Your his sole inheritor.

It takes a moment for him to understand.

TOMASZ

Why?

Langly shakes his head.

He pulls a cell phone his pocket.

LANGLY

It's Langly. I'm coming down. I'm setting up a meeting of the table.

He glances at Tomasz.

LANGLY (CONT'D)
You stay here, okay?

The youth shrugs.

The lawyer hurries out.

Tomasz is like a child left all alone, not knowing quite what to do.

He picks up the ancient blade and prods his father's body, as if checking he's really dead.

He drops the weapon.

His attention falls on the decanter of whiskey. He pours a large measure and takes a gulp.

Drink in hand, he starts inspecting all the artefacts.

He goes over to the stone statues. He makes faces at them. Then, getting bored, he pats the heads and turns away.

He looks the wall fetishes over then notices the discarded tribal mask.

He tries it on and starts doing a ridiculous dance.

He puts it aside.

A whisper makes him turn.

The black curtains sway as if catching a breeze. He walks over to it. He notices the cord and pulls.

The curtains part, revealing the metallic mirror.

Tomasz notices the blood smear. He glances at his own cut thumb.

He studies himself in the mirror, regarding his profile from either side.

A figure steps up behind him, Makil Valek.

VALEK
Hey, kid.

Tomasz drops the whisky, spins round. No-one's there.

He turns back to the mirror - and finds himself looking directly into the face of his father.

We're now looking at Tomasz looking side on at the mirror, so we no longer see the mirror or the figure inside.

Hands reach out from the side-on mirror, grabbing Tomasz by the throat.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Langly hurries through the door.

Valek's body slumped on the floor.

Tomasz is sitting in the boss's chair, holding a fresh, unlit cigar.

He looks back at the lawyer, calm, confident, composed.

LANGLY

Hey.

The youth gives an imperious nod of his head.

The lawyer hooks a thumb behind him.

LANGLY (CONT'D)

Some friends of your father's would like to talk to you. There's a limo waiting downstairs.

Tomasz listens calmly.

TOMASZ

I don't think so, do you Langly?

The answer takes the lawyer by surprise.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)

Let me run a scenario by you. Word reaches the table that Makil Valek is dead. He's left his entire fortune and criminal empire to his only son. Someone they've never heard of until this moment. That isn't going to play well with the captains is it? My guess is that Ruby is running things, at least for now. Saul wouldn't challenge him, not yet anyway. Am I right?

Langly's jaw drops.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)
And the first order of business is
to take care of the boss's punk
kid. What's the plan? Cut my
throat, dump my body at the docks?

He studies the man's reaction.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)
Predictable.

LANGLY
How could you possibly...

TOMASZ
I told you, I wasn't ready for the
land of magic, things were too
interesting down here.

Langly looks from Valek's corpse then to the youth.

LANGLY
But the table. It doesn't matter
if...

TOMASZ
Remember those things I told you
would come to rip out your soul
Well, by morning there won't be a
table to worry about.

He strikes a match and puts it to the cigar.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)
Set up a meeting with the sub
captains for noon. We'll hold it
here. Any problems (looking at the
stone statues) can be handled.

He lights the cigar, drawing heavily on it.

He frowns.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)
You know what?

He grinds the cigar out in the ashtray.

TOMASZ (CONT'D)
I think it's time I quit. These
things will kill you.

FADE OUT

