

Heirloom

By

Winter Maza

FADE IN:

EXT. FEDERAL PENITENTARY

INSERT: SIGN: "United States Federal Penitentiary - High Security - Colorado"

A black sedan parks in front of the sign, door opens.

A tall thin man in a Black long coat exits car, puts on his Homburg hat.

INT. FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - WARDENS OFFICE

Prison Warden 50, sitting at his desk doing paper work.

A knock at his office door.

WARDEN (O.S.)

Enter.

The door opens, the Man in long coat and Homburg enter with a trustee.

WARDEN'S DESK -

A Legal document is placed before the Warden.

INSERT: RELEASE TITLED "FUNERAL RELEASE - MARCOS ZARIUS"

INT. FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - BULL PEN

A large crowd of inmates are gathered around, screaming, whistling, applause, agitating.

CENTER OF CROWD -

Two Blooded men, a large burly man, 30, and small wiry man, 30, with shivs, circle each other.

OUTSIDE THE BULL PEN -

The Warden, two guards enter, see the chaos.

Warden nods, a guard raises his shotgun in the air and fires.

Inmates drop to the floor, the two combatants remain standing.

The small man runs at the burly man.

The Burly man grabs his throat, tries to stop the blood, he falls to the floor.

WARDEN

Zarius!

The small man toss his shiv to the floor.

ZARIUS

Self defense.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The funeral service had ended. Zarius, handcuffed and chained with Police escort, stand by the grave.

A picture of a man 70, in the center of a wreath, is set at head of the grave.

The man in the Black long coat and Homburg walks up the trio, removes his hat.

MIFUNE

Mr. Zarius, I am Mifune. Your father's counselor, you have my condolences.

ZARIUS

Just Zarius...Sorry, I didn't know the man.

MIFUNE

You shall.

Mifune raises his hand, handcuffs and chains drop, police fall to the ground.

EXT. ZARIUS MANSION - EVENING

An old Victorian Mansion. wrought Iron fence, intertwined with dead bush branches, long driveway to the front.

INT. DEN - EVENING

Zarius and Mifune in den. Zarius sits, Mifune is also seated behind the desk reading the Will.

MIFUNE

The house and fortunes of Zarius are yours.

ZARIUS
To do...what?

MIFUNE
As you please. Benefits of the
keeper of the Heirloom.

ZARIUS
(getting up from his chair)
You be the keeper, I'm fucking
leaving.

Mifune raises his hand, Zarius folds from the pain and drops
to the ground.

Mifune walks over to Zarius, kneels down.

MIFUNE
For centuries, the honor as the
keeper of the Heirloom has been a
proud tradition of the house of
Zarius...To defy...is to die.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A dimly lit room, the door opens, Zarius and Mifune enter.

The room is a ruin, walls crumbling, water on floor, cobwebs
everywhere. In the center of it is a small, old and battered
wooden box on the floor, under a light.

ZARIUS
You have this...Heirloom in a shit
hole like this?

MIFUNE
(extends his arm)
Please.

Zarius walks toward the box, Mifune exits, closing the door
behind him.

CENTER OF ROOM -

Zarius nears the box, Light beams rise out holes and slats.

Zarius lifts the box up, his eyes squint from the rays.

He opens the box. a fiery orb rises from the box, Zarius
let's the box fall to the floor.

The fiery orb thrust itself into Zarius' chest, he fights
against it, the orb overpowers him.

Paralyzed, smoke rises from his body, his skin color changes, from red to an intense white light.

Zarius releases a blood curdling scream, he disintegrates into a blinding light.

The room returns to Normal, box remains on the floor.

Animal growls echoes in the room, a monstrous claw reaches for the box.

CREATURE
Shall we begin.

BLACK OUT: