

The Lion Throne

written by

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Satan's Throne (c) 2023

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

1

It's a beautiful sunny day in London's famous Portobello antique market.

As he peruses shop windows, keen eyed PETER DREYFUS (40's) spots a hand carved mahogany, solid wood Baroque THRONE, set in velvet burgundy with crystal buttons, characterised by LION HEADS.

The old bespectacled PROPRIETOR approaches from inside the dimly lit shop and offers a friendly smile.

PROPRIETOR

A lovely morning for it, isn't it?

PETER DREYFUS

Yes, it is.

(scratches head in wonder)

I was curious about this chair - The one with the lion heads. D'you know how old it is by any chance?

PROPRIETOR

That's a very good question you ask, friend.

(pauses)

Come inside and I'll have a look for the certificate.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

2 EXT. COLOSSEUM - NIGHT

2

A gargantuan FIGURE dons a LION HEAD and wears a long black robe as he stands in front of the LION THRONE aflame.

Hundreds of Aztecian FOLLOWERS kneel before him, dressed in long red robes and Aztecian masks.

He raises his arms and prompts them to rise as he looks up and across the huge volcanic mountains as GREEN and ORANGE LASERS light up the night sky. He addresses his Followers with a tremendous-

ROAR!!

The Lions Throne sets ablaze and a FIREBALL engulfs the colosseum. Everything in its wake is burned to the ground.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE

3 INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - CONT'D

3

The Proprietor leads Peter through to the rear of the shop where there are more Mexican artefacts.

INT. SMALL KITCHEN.

A small table with two chairs set aside. A carafe of coffee sits on the table, along with two mugs.

PROPRIETOR

Sit down friend.

PETER

Thanks.

During his awkwardness Peter takes a seat. The Proprietor sits down opposite him and searches his gaze for clarity.

PETER /

Do you have the paperwork?

PROPRIETOR

I do, in fact.

(knowing pause)

The problem is that you may not understand a word of it.

PETER

(aback)

Oh.

PROPRIETOR

It is written in Nahautl - the language of the Aztecs.

PETER

(interestedly)

Oh really?

(pauses)

So how did you come by it, then?

PROPRIETOR

I purchased it at an antique exhibition many years ago in Monterray. I remember the seller telling me it belonged to one of his ancestors in Monterrey.

PETER

In Monterrey?

PROPRIETOR

Yes. He said it was kept at the Palacio Del Obispado before it burned down during the last century. They rebuilt it.

PETER

Does it have proof of provenance?

PROPRIETOR

Yes it does.

PETER

Can I see it?

PROPRIETOR

Just give me a moment. I'll see if I can find it. I put it somewhere, but my memory is not as sharp as it used to be.

(gets to his feet)

I'm sure I put it away inside a drawer in the basement. The problem is which one.

He disappears out back.

INTERCUT:

BASEMENT

The Proprietor searches for proof of origin.

SHOP FRONT

Peter begins a full inspection of the Lion Throne as he turns it every which way.

END INTERCUT.

The Proprietor returns with the official authenticity mark stamped upon a headed piece of paper.

PROPRIETOR

Here. I have it.

He hands it to Peter who studies it carefully.

PETER

Looks good.

(pauses)

So, what's your price?

PROPRIETOR

Make me an offer and we will see.

PETER

(aback)

I see.

(ruminates)

Well, you must have some idea of its value.

PROPRIETOR

OK. Two-thousand.

PETER

(clears throat)

One-thousand.

PROPRIETOR

Eighteen-hundred, and we'll say no more about it.

PETER

Twelve hundred and we have a deal.

PROPRIETOR

OK. Fifteen... and that's my final price.

PETER

OK. Done.

They shake on it.

PROPRIETOR

Come back inside and I'll write you a receipt.

PETER

Great.

They walk out back.

PROPRIETOR

There is something you should know about what you are buying, first.

PETER

What is it?

PROPRIETOR

I'm not sure if it were true, but I remember the seller saying to me that he discovered his pet dog burned to death after he saw him sleeping on the seat.

PETER

That's some story.

PROPRIETOR

I didn't believe him really. I think he was attempting to add intrigue so I would purchase the thing.

PETER

Well, it sounds to me like you're doing your best for me to withdraw my offer.

PROPRIETOR

You can still change your mind. I'm not trying to force your hand in any way.

PETER

Just write me a receipt and I will have it collected later today if that's okay?

PROPRIETOR

That's fine.

They do the transaction, then Peter exits the shop with a huge grin across his face.

4 INT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

4

DELIVERY MEN in brown coats enter the spacious tiled hallway as they carry the Lion Throne. Peter watches over them.

PETER

Careful with it. It's an antique.

HEAD DELIVERY MAN

Where'd ya wannit, Chief?

PETER

Bring it to my study. It's at the end of the hall. The last door on the left.

They follow him towards-

STUDY.

Wall to wall book cases fill the classically furnished room.

They enter and place the Lion Throne down in the centre of the room.

PETER /

Thank you.

Delivery men exit.

A dim light emits from a tall lamp situated behind a worn leather armchair.

Peter gazes at the Lion Throne and rubs his hands together with glee.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

5 INT. STUDY - CONT'D

5

As a young boy, Peter (10) sits upon the lap of his creepy, bearded, overweight STEPFATHER.

His sultry MOTHER (30's) enters with a glass of white wine in hand. She cackles as his Stepfather slides his hand down the front of Peter's pants and plays with his genitals.

END FLASHBACK.

BACK TO SCENE

Peter grits his teeth in anger as he exits the room.

CU: The two Lion Heads glow brightly to become lightly aflame, before they die down.

6 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY

6

A black Bentley pulls on to the driveway. Peters climbs out and opens the rear door for his mutton dressed as lamb, ageing MOTHER.

They enter the house.

7 INT. LIBRARY - DAY

7

She enters and removes her fur coat to reveal a purple dress and pearl necklace.

Peter enters and sits down on the Lion Throne. He crosses his legs and stares at her coldly as she sits down on a leather winged armchair.

MOTHER

What's wrong with you now?

PETER

Nothing. I'm fine.

MOTHER

You look like a little boy in that chair.

PETER

I know - that's why I bought it.

(taps arm rests)

So what d'you think, then?

MOTHER

It's a bit old. And a bit too ornate for my liking.

PETER

That's because it's antique. Hand carved - Genuine mahogany.

He caresses the Lion Heads as he continues to stare coldly at her.

PETER /

It's lacquered - look.

MOTHER

I'd say more like knackered. It looks like it belongs in a museum.

PETER

It's Mexican.

MOTHER

(disinterested)

I can see that.

PETER

It comes from the Palacio Del Obispado in Monterrey.

MOTHER

And I bet you paid a small fortune for it as well.

PETER

Not really. Actually I've seen one very similar in Antique Monthly. The price tag on that one is 5K, and this is in better condition.

MOTHER

You remind me of your father sitting there like that.

PETER

(snarls)

Interesting you should say that.

MOTHER

He used to cross his legs like that.

He jumps to his feet and pours himself a brandy from the drinks trolley.

PETER

Sherry?

MOTHER

Oh, go on then... as you're having one.

He pours her a glass of sherry.

PETER

D' you want to hear who you remind me of?

MOTHER

No but I'm sure you're going to tell me anyway.

He hands her the sherry then sits back down.

PETER

Mutton. You look like a wrinkly old hag.

MOTHER

Oh don't flatter yourself, Peter.

PETER

You agree, then.

MOTHER

You've never shown me any respect, so I wouldn't expect you to start now, would I?

PETER

That's right.

MOTHER

Is that why you brought me here, to insult me?

PETER

No, it isn't actually. I wanted you to see my new throne before you pop your clogs.

MOTHER

Wishful thinking. I'm not going anywhere.

PETER

I don't remember you ever once attempting to protect me from that fucking paedo.

MOTHER

I'm not sure what you're talking about. Explain?

PETER

Oh don't give me that!

MOTHER

I beg your pardon?!

PETER

That's right. You were too busy having a good time to see what was going on right under your nose.

MOTHER

Your father's the one you should be blaming for what happened, not me.

PETER

Stepfather!
(sighs angrily)
You turned a blind eye to him.

MOTHER

Rubbish!

PETER

You knew all along, didn't you?

MOTHER

Not until you mentioned it, I never.

PETER

You didn't care.

MOTHER

Absurd!

PETER

I saw you doing it on that chair. At it like fucking animals, the pair of you!

MOTHER

(bitterly)
He never truly loved me.

PETER

Well, that was obvious.

MOTHER

He was a bigamist, you know. Why'd you think he kept going off to Africa. He had wife in Nairobi.

PETER

Did she have a son as well?

MOTHER

Come to think of it, she did actually.

PETER

Why didn't you shop him?

MOTHER

You're exaggerating.

PETER

I was ten years old!

MOTHER

He thought he idolised me, that's why.

PETER

What about me?!

His eyes become suffused and begin to bulge, as his face contorts with rage.

She spots the change in him and nervously climbs to her feet.

MOTHER

Take me home. I want to go home.

The Lion Throne screeches as it slides across the floor and blocks her exit.

His crazy eyes roll around inside his head.

MOTHER

(frantically)

PETER, LET ME OUT AT ONCE!

PETER

Hahaha...Hahahahaha...

The Lion Heads become active and glow as she screams in terror and retreats.

MOTHER

PETER, PLEASE STOP THIS! YOU'RE FRIGHTENING ME! NOW LET ME OUT OF HERE AT ONCE!

PETER

(amplified voice)

YOU HAVE TO PAY! AND YOU WILL PAY!

He becomes completely deranged as the Lion Heads glow and -
ROAR!

The Lion Throne ignites to become aflame as it shifts from side to side and crashes in to the walls and the furniture with Peter completely lost in its ferocious contempt as it sets everything it touches alight.

She screams and stumbles before she hits her head upon the table and falls to the floor to become unconscious.

The Lion Throne becomes a fireball. Peter dons a LIONS HEAD as he roars.

8 EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

8

CU: The Lion Throne appears completely in tact as the house burns to the ground around it.

FADE OUT.

THE END