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Father and Son

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INT. FENYX'S CHAMBERS. MOREILIA - DAY

Sun hanging over the horizon. Rays shining through open balcony doors. Silk drapes lightly fluttering in the wind. The light dancing on the clean marble floors.

KING FENYX (74) and his eldest son LAZAR (34) stand on the balcony.

Fenyx has a devilish red hue to his scales. His right eye has been scarred to such a degree that it was shut tight, permanently. Three white scars run down his eye. He has a mohawk of snow white feathers running down the top of his head to the tip of his tail. Of which is half as short as it should be due to more additional battle scars.

He wears fine green silk morning robes.

Fenyx's eldest son - Lazar - Lord Commander of the king's guard wears his full set of golden king's guard armor. Red scales and no feathers. His helmet in his arms. A long cloak running down to his ankles. A sword is strapped to his back, and a large hand gun holstered on his thigh.

Lazar
Are you sure about this?

Fenyx
I am.

Lazar
But he's just a boy.

Fenyx
He won't be for very long.

Lazar
I just don't think he's ready for this kind of responsibility. He's executing prisoners.

Fenyx
The goal isn't for him to pull the trigger. What does he have to worry about?

Lazar
I worry that he will not be able to handle the pressure of three lives in his hands.

Then
Let alone the pressures of his own father and his counsel.

Fenyx
Leave the council to me. No matter what decision Tacoma makes, whether to cut their throats or set them free.

Fenyx places a hand on Lazar's shoulder
We will be at his side.

Fenyx marches back into his wardrobe, changing into a purple overcoat with golden stitches. Lazar follows.

Lazar

What if Tacoma doesn't have the stomach?

Fenyx

You were next in line to take my throne. But you gave it up to be a- uh- a bodyguard. If your little brother doesn't have the stomach to be ruler, then I will know all I need to know.

(then)

Now go fetch him, will you? And bring him to the throne room. I believe he is sleeping in, once again.

Fenyx leaves the room.

Lazar looks down, SIGHING, and rubbing his eyes.

Smash cut to: INT. TACOMA'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Young Prince TACOMA (15) lays in his bed drooling onto his pillow. Red scales just like his father and thinner than his brother- less muscular. He also has gray feathers, though they are ruffled by the bedhead. Suddenly the light in his room springs to life.

Lazar

Wake up!

A pair of Tacoma's ceremonial robes strike his face; waking him up.

Tacoma

Wha...

Lazar

Father is waiting for you in the throne room.

Tacoma

What? Why?

Lazar

I'll explain to you on the way, just get dressed! We are very late!

Tacoma

Can I at least stop for some breakfast on the way?

Lazar raises an eyebrow.

Tacoma

Alright, alright. Breakfast after, then?

Lazar sighs.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tacoma had gotten fully dressed. His robes are a dark green with a golden sash wrapped around his waist. His right sleeve is a bright red.

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The two brothers now walk down the hallway towards the throne room.

Lazar

I knew you'd be hungry, so I snagged you some ham and bread. Here.

He hands Tacoma the food.

Tacoma

Blood orchid seasoned?

Lazar

Just the way you like it.

Tacoma

Thanks

(eating)

So what does father want from me today? Weapons training? Council meeting sit-ins? Oh- is it more classroom lectures? I hate those!

Lazar

It's something different this time, Tacoma. He has a test for you.

Tacoma

What kind of test?

Lazar

A trial. We caught several pirates. Most of them are dead, except for a few stragglers. And now we have them in chains.

Tacoma

Am I sitting in on the trial?

Lazar

Not exactly.

Tacoma

What do you mean?

Lazar

I mean, you are going to do Father's job.

Tacoma

I - what? What are you talking about?

Lazar

You have to play judge, jury, and executioner. Or you may set them free. That's for you to decide.

Tacoma

But why me? Why can't you do it?

Lazar

Because you're the prince.

Tacoma

But you're the oldest-

Lazar

I'm also the Lord Commander of the king's guard. I gave up my birthright to the throne. Let alone my say in criminal trials.

Tacoma

But why now? I'm nowhere near- you know- all this!

Tacoma motions to Lazar's muscle build.

Lazar

(snickering)

Yeah. I know.

*They stop just outside the towering throne room doors.
Lazar pulls out a large knife.*

Tacoma

I-I don't know, Lazar, I don't think- this is a lot of pressure.

Lazar

Look, I know you're nervous, but this is just a test. There are no wrong answers here. Father just wants to know for sure what kind of ruler you want to be. This is your chance to show him.

Lazar extends the knife's handle to Tacoma.

Tacoma embraces his brother.

Lazar lightly wraps his arms around Tacoma.

Upon letting go, Tacoma takes the knife.

Tacoma

Alright, I'm ready.

Lazar nods then opens the doors.

INT. THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dark brown room. The walls reaching into the clouds. Various pits of fire dimly illuminating the room. The white marble floor has small flakes of gold mixed into it.

The room is filled to the brim with citizens coming to watch the trial. Guards line the room. Tacoma notices three people on their knees at the center of the room, tattered bags over their heads. They reach Fenyx, who is standing by his throne.

Rodriguez: Father and Son

Fenyx
I trust Lazar filled you in?

Tacoma
Yes, father.

Fenyx
Are you ready?

Tacoma nods.

Fenyx
(grinning)
Then let's get started.

Fenyx motions for the bags to be removed. Each face is bloodied and beaten.

GREYTAIL (45) wears a bloodied and tattered red trench coat. His scales are white, except for a large gray splotch on his tail.

The pirate in the middle - CROW (35) - has blue scales and blue feathers. He wears worn out cloth leggings and no shirt. His chest is bloodied and bruised.

The third pirate - YLUS (24) - has dark yellow scales and no feathers. She wears a small red coat over a snow white undershirt. One eye is bruised shut and a bullet wound on her neck has been poorly stitched together.

Fenyx places a hand on Tacoma's shoulder, instantly easing his stress. Tacoma swallows and closes his eyes. He takes a deep breath-then exhales.

Tacoma
What is his name?

Guard
Captain Greytail, my lord.

Tacoma
What are their charges?

Guard
(clearing his throat)
Piracy, murder, conspiracy against the crown, hijacking, smuggling, and arson.

Tacoma
What do they say in their defense?

Guard
Nothing, my lord. They have remained silent since their arrest.

Tacoma marches to the captain. Tacoma kneels down.

Tacoma
(to Greytail)

I believe this is where you come in. Giving me names to any conspirators would be a nice start.

BEAT

Tacoma

Hmph. Maybe a guilty-not guilty? That would suffice.

*Greytail chuckles to himself for a moment.
Tacoma narrows his eyes.*

Greytail

You're clever, boy. But you won't get anything out of us.

Fenyx places a hand under his chin.

Tacoma

We shall see.

(then)

I know neither of you are traders by day, so you can start by explaining to me why your vessel was found having crates filled with weapons. Weapons with Moreilian sigils on it. My sigil. I don't remember selling you guns and ammo.

Greytail

I'm just a middle man, young prince.

Tacoma

So then who stole the weapons and who were you smuggling them to?

Fenyx and Greytail's eyes meet. Fenyx narrows his eyes. Greytail begins to slowly lose his cool composure.

Greytail

You seem to care more about these weapons than this trial.

Tacoma

Two birds, one stone. Surely you, as a middle man, understand the value of that.

Greytail

You won't get anything from me-

Tacoma

Yes, of course you've made that quite clear.

(then)

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But if you can't give me the slightest bit of information-well, you know how we do things here.

(pulls out knife in front of Greytail)

To people like you. I don't want to kill you. Truly.

But give me something I can work with, and I promise you mercy.

LONG BEAT.

Greytail

I'm calling your bluff, young lord.

After another beat, Tacoma stands up and slowly makes his way over to Ylus. Lowering himself down to her level.

Ylus raises her head to meet Tacoma's glaring eyes.

Ylus opens her mouth as if to expose the truth. But as she darts her sight around the room, she sees Greytail scowling at her.

Ylus shakily lowers her head.

Tacoma presses one finger under her chin, raising her head back up.

Fenyx lets out a grim smile.

Tacoma

Then you are no use to me

Tacoma swiftly thrusts the knife into Ylus's throat. She falls to the floor.

Blood pooling unto the white marble.

Greytail watches with a frustrated expression.

Tacoma

(to Crow)

Should I even waste my time with you?

Crow keeps his head lowered. Tacoma cuts his throat, too.

Tacoma

(to Greytail)

You, however, are still of use.

(to the guards)

Take him to the dungeons. And toss the bodies into the ocean, where they belong.

The guards carry out Tacoma's orders, Lazar being among them. Tacoma and Fenyx's eyes meet.

Fenyx nods to his son proudly.

Tacoma has a beaming smile on his face.