

# BURN TEST SCENE

by

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EXT. AIRPORT PRIVATE HANGAR - DAY

It's a cold morning, no cloud in the blue sky. An Airbus A-340 makes its final approach and lands safely in a distant runway.

TILT DOWN TO REVEAL - A smaller private jet rests in a different airstrip, ready to take off. The ground is wet from recent rain.

Five persons are standing near the plane, waiting. Three of them, JIAN, QIANG and LI, wear dark clothes, they look tough. The other two, LUKE and SUSIE, are wearing white waiters uniforms and holding silver trays. She has some caviar on toasts. He has a single long glass filled with champagne.

Qiang checks his watch, impatient. Jian, clearly the leader, doesn't take his eyes off Susie. He approaches her, takes one of the toasts with caviar and puts it slowly in his mouth, staring at her. She looks uncomfortable. Luke keeps standing still, looking forward. Jian licks his fingers. He looks at the glass of champagne, maybe nobody will notice a little sip.

Luke covers the glass with his gloved hand and looks at him.

LUKE

Boss.

Jian looks at him. He notices a nasty burn that goes from one of his ears to the back of his neck. He's going to say something when--

A limousine arrives.

All three men straighten up. The car comes to a halt and from the driver's seat emerges GANG, wearing similar clothes as the other three. He opens the rear door and SEBASTIAN gets out of the car. He's European, big, powerful, with a thin beard and a look that you wouldn't like set on you for more than one second. He's wearing luxurious and brightly coloured clothes. Gang walks behind Sebastian.

JIAN

All is ready, Sir.

Sebastian gives Jian his gloves and a small suitcase. He approaches Susie and is going to take a toast with caviar when he notices the crumbs that Jian left behind. Disgusted, he gestures Susie away. He takes the glass from Luke's tray and starts walking towards the plane staircase. Luke stares at his back.

CLOSE ON - Luke's forehead, a bead of sweat sliding down.

CLOSE ON - the drop falling on the ground.

Sebastian walks up a couple of steps. He is going to sip from his glass when he stops suddenly. He looks at his glass. Then he turns around and walks down slowly towards Luke. All the others draw their weapons, not knowing what's happening.

Sebastian steps in front of Luke, inches from his nose. Luke can feel his breath, his smell of perfume. He keeps looking forward, looking beyond Sebastian, knowing he's in trouble. Sebastian examines Luke. He grabs his face with his gloved hand and turns it.

SEBASTIAN

Nasty burn.

Luke says nothing.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

You know... I never forget a man's face.

Sebastian makes a sign and Qiang and Li hold Luke, his tray falling to the ground. He tries to resist but he can do nothing. Susie is frozen in place, holding her tray.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Specially if I have killed him already... Luke.

Luke clenches his teeth but says nothing. Sebastian steps back smelling the scent of his glass of champagne. Luke glares at him, waiting for his move.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

How is Emily?

Luke's face turns red with rage, the veins in her neck about to burst. He tries to free himself and nearly manages but he's hold back again.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

(snorting, then smiling)  
Oh, so sorry. I forgot.

Sebastian puts the glass near his lips. He looks at the golden liquid. He smells again.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Were you trying to poison me with the recipe I taught you? How ironic. Romantic, in a way.

Luke closes his eyes for a bit. All is lost.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)

Just a few drops. Dead in three days. No traces. This is good shit.  
(a pause, to the others)  
Hold his head.

Sebastian's men hold Luke's head tight. He groans but he cannot move.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
(lecturing)  
Luke, you never learn that I can  
take everything I want from you:  
your family, your life...

Sebastian puts the glass near Luke's mouth. Luke looks at the glass, terrified. Sebastian nods at Jian and he understands the order. He forces Luke's mouth open with a violent grasp. Sebastian pours half of the glass down his throat, despite his efforts and grunts to stop it.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)  
And now I take your life again. I  
take everything. You have nothing.

LUKE  
(a whisper)  
Nothing.

Those words sink deep in Luke. Sebastian throws the glass away, turns around and starts climbing the stairs to the plane.

LUKE (CONT'D)  
(a whisper)  
Nothing.

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --