

THE SUCCESSOR

by

Jesus Diez Perez

SCREENPLAY

(C) 2016 Pictures Plus Productions
jesus@picturesplusproductions.com
jdiezperez@gmail.com
Registered LOC: 1-4442137201

INT. LUXURIOUS HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

TYRON (54) checks himself in the wall mirror. Elegant white shirt, black satin trousers, shiny expensive shoes. He buttons up his cuff links and takes a red tie from the ornamental chair.

The room is richly decorated and gold shines everywhere. CLASSIC MUSIC plays softly in the background.

TYRON

What do you think he looks like?

LAURA (O.S.)

What makes you think it's a "he"?

TYRON

I beg your pardon?

LAURA (O.S.)

Very few have ever seen the Supreme Leader in person. It could be a woman.

TYRON

The Supreme Leader is a man, darling.

A beautiful woman walks to the mirror. She's wearing a long silver dress with the back open. This is LAURA (42). She turns her back to him and pulls up her hair.

LAURA

Mind?

Tyron pinches the zip handle and starts pulling it up all along the slender back. As he does, he kisses her shoulder.

TYRON

Seriously, what do you think he looks like?

Laura turns around and throws her arms over his shoulders.

LAURA

I don't know. I guess powerful.

TYRON

You are not helping.

Laura takes the tie over Tyron's shoulders and starts knotting it skillfully.

LAURA

Does it matter? I guess he's tall, handsome, strong, with an army of ladies around him.

Tyron half smiles. That's not funny. Laura realizes and backs off.

LAURA (CONT'D)
And do you know what I look like?

Tyron looks at her beautiful brown eyes.

TYRON
I can make some suggestions.

She kisses him on the neck, then whispers in his ear.

LAURA
I look like the wife of the next
Supreme Leader.

Tyron looks deeply into Laura's eyes. That's what he wanted to hear. He kisses her softly. And then sighs and looks away. Laura tries to read her husband's mind.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Are you worried? Everybody say you
are the best candidate.

TYRON
(something on his mind)
I know. It's not that. It's...

Laura makes him look into her eyes.

LAURA
Is it the Assistant?

TYRON
You mean the clown.

LAURA
You shouldn't call him that. He's
the closest person to the Supreme
Leader.

Tyron undoes her embrace and helps himself to a glass of wine.

TYRON
But that's what he is, with his
dumb pranks and bad jokes. He makes
me edgy. I hate that guy.

Laura walks slowly to his side and hugs him from behind.

LAURA
Don't worry, dear. What are the
chances that we will sit at the
same table?

INT. BANQUET HALL - NIGHT

A huge hall as big as a football stadium. Marble columns rise to the high ceiling and converge together in a stone flower with an opening to the starry night. Enormous lamps with thousands of small crystals glitter in the heights.

As a full orchestra plays in the center of the hall, dozens of waiters dressed in black and white attend the multiple round tables, each of them overflowed with succulent delicacies of multiple colors and flavors.

Tyron and Laura sit at one of the tables. He looks unhappy and his shirt has a big stain of wine. Laura holds his hand.

Two old men approach the table and shake Tyron's hand.

OLD MAN

Good luck, Tyron. Our eyes are on you.

TYRON

(quick smile)
Thank you, Sir.

OLD MAN

(re: the other side of the table)
Sorry for that.

Tyron half smiles as the men leave. He looks at the other side of the table.

Meet THE ASSISTANT (25), messy hair, short, a bit overweight, dressed with a psychedelic multicolored t-shirt.

ASSISTANT

So they bring two buckets of water and they say "we put the heads inside, and the first one to pull out pays the bill". And both drowned! Haaaahaha!

The Assistant laughs at his own joke. It's a sick hissing laugh, unpleasant to the ears. He sobs and tries to put himself together but fails, heaving with more laughter.

TYRON

(low voice, to Laura)
What are the chances, eh?

Laura looks at him and shrugs. What can we do?

The other guests laugh politely at the Assistant's joke, more because of who is telling it than for what it is.

ASSISTANT

You get it? eh? you get it? They
drown because nobody wanted to pay,
hahaha!

Another laughter attack. Tyron takes another sip from his
glass just to distract himself for a few seconds. He's having
a really bad time.

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

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

UNAPPROVED