

Legacy

written by

Cool Hand Luke's Egg

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

In a bright modern office, behind an out of place oak desk, sits TOMAS SCHULLER, 60, dressed in a tailor made suit, looking every inch the smart-ass lawyer.

On the opposite side sits HAROLD and CHARLES WINSTON, 30, almost identical twins except for a differing hairstyle. Tall and handsome, they reek of wealth and disdain.

Schuller is studying papers carefully laid out in front of him. The twins sit impassively staring at him.

Sighing, Schuller eventually looks at the twins.

SCHULLER

Gentlemen, I was your father's friend for nearly forty years, his lawyer for the past twenty. Today is a formality.

CHARLES

Formalities are formalities.

HAROLD

And this one should be the final hurdle in releasing our endowment.

Schuller stares hard at both men then rises and walks to his bookcase. Removing some books he opens a hidden safe and removes a money clip.

He sits as he places the money clip on the desk.

SCHULLER

This money clip is the key to your heirloom. It belonged to your father and grandfather before him.

Harold and Charles are obviously irritated by this statement.

HAROLD

We know.

CHARLES

We know.

SCHULLER

Of course. In the event of his passing, this was to be given to the eldest of you, Harold, as a keepsake to be handed down to your son, should you be fortunate enough to have one.

Harold stands and walks towards the desk, he reaches for the money clip but Schuller moves it away from his out-reached hand.

HAROLD
What are you doing?

SCHULLER
When your grandfather escaped
from Europe at the end of the
war, this money clip was all he
had to remind him of his family
back home. It was a parting gift
from his sister. Sit down.

Harold hesitantly sits down and quickly glances at Charles.

CHARLES
We are aware of the history of
the money clip Mr Schuller.

SCHULLER
But are you aware of the
significance of it?

Harold and Charles throw a confused look at each other.

Schuller lifts a phone from his desk and calls his
receptionist, MRS COLLINS, 45.

SCHULLER (CONT'D)
Mrs Collins, has our guest
arrived?

MRS COLLINS (O.S.)
Yes Mr Schuller, should I send
him through?

SCHULLER
Yes, thank you.

Schuller hangs up, moments later the door opens. SILAS
MILLER, 65, a tall, willowy, pale man wearing a trilby
enters.

Both Harold and Charles eye him with suspicion.

SCHULLER (CONT'D)
This is Mr Silas Miller, he is a
forensic mortician amongst other
things.

Miller lifts his trilby and bows slightly to the Winstons.

SCHULLER (CONT'D)
He is the very fine gentleman who
prepared your father's body for
the funeral. He also performed
the autopsy. Tell them what you
found please Mr Miller.

Miller steps forward.

MILLER

After extensive inspection of Mr Winston senior's body, taking samples of various tissues for virology, bacteriology and toxicology, it was discovered he died from an overdose of a substance called Humalog, a type of insulin. Was your father diabetic?

Both Harold and Charles look dumbfounded.

HAROLD

No. He was the epitome of health.

CHARLES

He never even took aspirin.

SCHULLER

How well do you know your grandfather?

The Winston's are side-swiped by the question. They shift uncomfortably in their chairs.

HAROLD

We know very little of him.

CHARLES

Father rarely spoke of him, no photographs or memorabilia.

HAROLD

Except the money clip.

Schuller looks at Miller and nods.

MILLER

You don't know me, but I know you both extremely well. I was scientific advisor to you father, among many other roles, I guided him on how to raise you both in a certain fashion.

The Winston's are now stunned at this revelation. Harold stands to confront Miller.

HAROLD

What are you talking about?

Charles sits studying both Schuller and Miller, he suddenly jumps to his feet angrily accusing them.

CHARLES

What's going on here?

Schuller rises from behind his desk and walks towards the Winstons.

SCHULLER
Please, gentleman, have a seat.
All will be explained.

Harold and Charles exchange a glance then reluctantly sit back down.

MILLER
As part of an experiment, your father wanted you raised slightly differently from each other, to see if any of you would show the inherent traits of your grandfather.

SCHULLER
Nature versus nurture in other words.

Miller takes a seat close to Schuller.

The Winston's are now intrigued and sit intently listening.

MILLER
Your grandfather was an exceptional man, flawed, but brilliant.

SCHULLER
Your father wanted his successor to be more like his father, he wanted to know who should be the rightful heir to the Winston family fortune.

MILLER
A question. Who do you think your father loved the most?

Harold and Charles exchange a look.

CHARLES
Harold, he got everything and I got nothing.

MILLER
Yes, Harold was nurtured and you, Charles, left as nature intended.

SCHULLER
And you finally showed your true self. You killed your father.

Harold jumps from the chair shocked while Charles just sits.

HAROLD

How dare you accuse my brother of murder, that's absurd.

Charles looks over at Harold and takes a deep breath.

CHARLES

Sit down Harold, he's right.

Harold spins to glare at Charles.

HAROLD

What's going on here? Charles, you didn't.

CHARLES

I did, I hated the old bastard for everything he made me go through, the neglect, the lack of love, you got it all, I got nothing.

Harold sits, stunned into silence.

SCHULLER

Not quite true Charles. You got your grandfather's homicidal streak.

Now it's Charles turn to be stunned into silence.

SCHULLER (CONT'D)

And because of that and your father's wishes, you are the true heir to your family's legacy and fortune. Congratulations.

Schuller hands the money clip to Charles who inspects it and finds a swastika.

Schuller returns to his desk and opens a drawer.

SCHULLER (CONT'D)

This desk belonged to your grandfather. Your father gifted it to me many years ago.

Schuller removes a swastika flag, a Luger gun and a small bust of Adolf Hitler.

SCHULLER (CONT'D)

This is your grandfather. What is your first command, Mein Fuhrer?

FADE OUT.