

SATAN'S CHAIR

written by

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The Lion Throne

FADE IN:

EXT/INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

It's a beautiful sunny day in London's famous Portobello Road Market as blue eyed PETER (Late 40's) gazes at a wooden chair.

CU: A hand carved mahogany solid wood Baroque THRONE, set in velvet burgundy with crystal buttons and characterised by LION HEADS.

The grey haired PROPRIETOR (70) approaches him from inside the shop and offers a friendly smile as he looks up to the blue sky.

PROPRIETOR

A lovely morning, isn't it?

PETER

Yes it is. Morning.

(Scratches chin)

I was looking at this chair.

D'you know how old it is by any chance?

PROPRIETOR

Aw. Now that's a good question.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. COLOSSEUM - NIGHT

A huge FIGURE with a LIONS HEAD wears a long black robe as he stands in front of the Lion Throne.

Hundreds of his FOLLOWERS kneel before him, dressed in black robes, except they wear the head of the sacrificial LAMB.

He gestures to them to rise and look up across the mountains at the GREEN LASERS in the sky.

As they stand and gaze up, he addresses them with a tremendous roar, before the throne catches fire and a FIREBALL erupts from his breath, setting himself and everything in its wake ablaze.

END FLASHBACK.

PETER

What's its origin?

PROPRIETOR

I believe it dates back to the Aztecs.

PETER

Really?

(Pauses)

Where'd you get it?

PROPRIETOR

I purchased it at an antique auction in Barcelona some time ago. Its owner informed me that it belonged to his ancestor in Monterrey.

PETER

Monterrey?

PROPRIETOR

Yes. Apparently it was housed at the Palacio Del Obispado before it burned down in the last century. They rebuilt it, of course.

PETER

D'you have proof of provenance, then?

PROPRIETOR

Surprisingly I do.

PETER

May I see it?

PROPRIETOR

Just give me a moment and I'll see if I can find it.

He walks back inside the shop and begins hunting around for the proof of origin.

Peter begins a full inspection as he turns the chair every which way.

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

Peter studies it carefully.

PETER

So, what's your price?

PROPRIETOR

Make an offer.

PETER

You must have some idea what you want for it.

PROPRIETOR

Five-hundred.

PETER

(Nearly chokes)

Three-twenty?

PROPRIETOR

Four-fifty.

PETER

Three-fifty?

PROPRIETOR

Four. And that's my lowest price.

PETER

Three-eight-five.

PROPRIETOR

If that's the value it holds for you, then deal. Come inside.

INT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

Two DELIVERY MEN enter the spacious hallway carrying the chair.

HEAD DELIVERY MAN

Where'd ya wannus to put it, chief?

PETER

In the library.

They follow him through a door on the left

LIBRARY

PETER /
Put it in front of the window.

They place it down in front of the arch shaped window.

PETER /
Thank you, gentlemen.

They exit.

The opulent room is furnished with wall to wall bookcases. A dim light emits from a tall lamp situated behind a leather armchair.

Peter gazes at the chair.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

PETER as a boy (11) sits upon his GODFATHER'S knee.

His MOTHER (30's) stands clutching a glass of white wine and laughs as his Godfather slides his hand down the front of his trousers and plays with him.

END FLASHBACK.

Peter shakes his head and grimaces as he exits.

CU: The LION HEADS on the throne glow.

FADE TO:

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - DAY

Peter pulls up outside on the gravel driveway in his BLACK BENTLEY.

He climbs out and opens the rear door for his glamorous, ageing MOTHER, with her jet black wig, black sunglasses and stiletto heels.

LIBRARY

She enters and removes her coat, then sits down upon the winged ox blood leather armchair. she wears a purple dress and a pearl necklace.

Peter enters and sits down opposite her in the Lion Throne. He folds his legs and stares at her coldly as he becomes transfixed.

MOTHER

Peter, are you all right?

PETER

I'm fine.

MOTHER

You look lost in that chair

PETER

So what d'you think, then?

MOTHER

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

PETER

That's because it's an antique.
Real mahogany. Hand carved.

He caresses the wooden arms as he continues to stare at her.

PETER /

It's lacquered, look.

MOTHER

Knackered more like. It looks to me like it belongs in a museum.

PETER

It's Mexican.

MOTHER

(Disinterested)

Really?

PETER

It was in the Palacio Del Obispado in Monterrey.

MOTHER

And I bet you paid a small fortune for it.

PETER

Not really. It was cheap at the price.

MOTHER

You remind me of your Godfather
sitting there like that.

PETER

That's interesting you should say
that.

(Sneers)

Do I?

MOTHER

Very much so. He used to cross
his legs.

He gets to his feet and pours himself a brandy.

PETER

Sherry?

MOTHER

Go on then, as you're having one.

He pours her a sherry.

PETER

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

MOTHER

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

He hands her the sherry and sits back down.

PETER

Mutton. You look like mutton
dressed as lamb.

MOTHER

I thought you might say something
like that.

PETER

You agree with me, then.

MOTHER

You've never shown me any
respect, have you?

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 throne before you
pop your clogs.

MOTHER

That's wishful thinking.

PETER

I don't remember you ever once
showing me any love.

MOTHER

We never had time for all that
back then. We had to get on with
it you know.

PETER

Get on with fucking, you mean?

MOTHER

I beg your pardon?!

PETER

That's right. You were too busy
fucking to see what was going on
right under your nose.

MOTHER

It was your father's fault. He's
the one you should be blaming for
what happened, not me.

PETER

You were both to blame. You
turned a blind eye.

MOTHER

That's rubbish!

PETER

You knew, didn't you?

MOTHER

Only after you told me, years
later.

PETER

You were fucking him.

MOTHER

That's absurd!

PETER

I saw you on that very chair. At
it like farm animals.

MOTHER

(Bitterly)

Your father never loved me. He
was a bigamist. That's why he
kept going to off to Africa. He
had another wife in Nairobi. It
was nothing to do with business.
He was a bigamist, Peter.

PETER

Why didn't you stop me being
sexually abused?

MOTHER

He never did that. You're
exaggerating.

PETER

I was eleven years old.

MOTHER

He wasn't gay, your Godfather. He
idolised me.

PETER

And me.

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

she spots the change and gets to her feet.

MOTHER

Take me home at once.

The Lion Chair slides across the floor and stops her path,
blocking her way out.

He's fused to the throne as he roars in uncontrollable
laughter.

MOTHER
(Frantically)
I SAID LET ME OUT!

PETER
Hahaha....

The Lion heads become active and roar at her as she screams and cowers behind her chair.

MOTHER
PETER, PLEASE STOP! LET ME OUT OF
HERE!

PETER
(Amplified)
YOU WILL PAY! YOU WILL PAY!

He becomes completely deranged. His eyes now completely black.

The throne becomes aflame as it shifts from side to side and crashes into the furniture.

She gets to her feet and stumbles, before she hits her head upon the table and falls down.

He amplifies his roars until the throne ignites and bursts into flames, setting him and everything into a fireball.

EXT. MANOR HOUSE - NIGHT

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

FADE OUT.

THE END