

THE FAMILY ARGUMENT

Written by

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Address
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FADE IN:

INT. SYLVESTER AVAIL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

The large oaken doors burst open as Ikara angrily storms in shouting

IKARA

You arranged a secret marriage
without my knowing?!

Sylvester quietly puts down the documents he was reading, takes off his glasses, then sighs as he looks up and addresses his daughter.

SYLVESTER

I take it the meeting with the
Roy'Leone boy didn't go as planned.

IKARA

Oh, it went quite swimmingly,
actually! We had a riveting
conversation about the current
political climate, then I stabbed
him in the leg with a salad fork!

Sylvester shoots up with an angry expression. His voice raises.

SYLVESTER

You stabbed him?! Why in the bloody
hell would you stab him?! Is he
ok?!

Ikara then stomps forward, leans over, and slams her hands on the desk. She's right in her father's face.

IKARA

Because he was making very unwanted
advances! Only after conveniently
mentioning that he was my fiancée.
But this isn't about him!! I'm here
because I'm owed an explanation!

Sylvester rubs his eyes frustrated. He pinches his nose trying to calm himself. After another sigh, his words come out slow with a condescending tone.

SYLVESTER

Because I'm trying to push this family forward! Efforts you're clearly wasting. The Roy'Leones weren't my first choice by a long shot! They were simply the first family to get back to respond. They are a major noble house, Ikara! We also have good working relations with them! How could you be so blind to this golden opportunity?

Ikara steps back with a huff. She stubbornly folds her arms.

IKARA

All I'm hearing is that you had quite the task of whoring me out! And you simply settled on the highest bidder!

SYLVESTER

See the bigger picture, Daughter of Mine! If you haven't noticed by now, we are incredibly low on options at the moment! And I didn't 'whore you out'! (Uses air quotes) I simply did business! And this is why I didn't tell you, by the way! I knew you'd pull some stunt!

Sylvester leans back in his chair rubbing his temples.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

I just didn't account for you being this dramatic... (Under his breath) A mistake I shall not make again, I assure you...

Harshly, Ikara kicks the desk. Her face fuming with anger. There is also a hint of pain laced in her words.

IKARA

I can't believe you would do this to me! I thought you were leaving the fate of the future of House Avail to me!

She then turns her back on her father.

IKARA (CONT'D)

I see now that you're ruled by your selfishness!

At that, Sylvester raised his head and gazes at Ikara with an offended expression. He shoots to his feet.

SYLVESTER

Stay your tongue! I'll have you know that **EVERYTHING** I do for is for this family! **OUR** family! With Ricardo and your mother gone, we have no viable heir!

Sylvester stands and walks to the doors of his office and gently closes them. Once closed, he pauses and presses his forehead against them. He sighs softly.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

Just go along with the plan, Ikara. It will hurt in the beginning, and I truly apologize for it. However, if you do this for me, we will move higher and faster than we could possibly dream!

Suddenly, there's the sound of glass shattering behind Sylvester. He turns around to see Ikara had thrown the inkwell on his desk at a nearby wall.

IKARA

That is not good enough! I refuse to go along with a plan where I take the fall! Besides, I already have a plan!

Ikara reaches into her vest and pulls out a small journal. She slams it down onto her father's desk.

IKARA (CONT'D)

Our ancestor's travel journal! If we retrace his steps, we can possibly find the lost city of Paxious! Don't you see? This is our ticket-

SYLVESTER

(Interrupts)

No, no, no! See, **THAT** is not good enough, Ikara! I have already lost my wife and son to foolish dreams! I refuse to entertain yours and lose my only daughter too!

Ikara's posture sinks her head tilts downward. Her father returns to his desk.

IKARA

But...the Avails have always been a family of dreamers...

Sylvester puts his glasses back on resumes reading his papers.

SYLVESTER

Well then I suppose its high time we wake up.

Ikara, being in a state of defeat, takes the seat across from her father and sinks into it. She covers her look of shame with a hand.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

Now. Hopefully, you didn't turn this into a complete cock-up. In a few days, the yearly masquerade will be held. This will actually be a good chance for you to apologize to the Roy'Leones for the utterly incompetent mistake you made. Hell, you may even learn some humility in the process...

IKARA

You can't be serious, father! I'm telling you, That journal holds everything we need!

SYLVESTER

There will be no more talk of this silly golden city! It's ruined this family enough! Do I make myself clear, Daughter of Mine?

There's a pause as Ikara folds her arms and turns away, averting her father's gaze.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

I believed I asked you a question! Do I make myself clear, Ikara Cleo Avail?

IKARA

(Grumbles)

Yes, father...I understand.

For the first time, Sylvester smiles. Though, its unclear if its genuine.

SYLVESTER

Good! Any who, I won't be attending this year. I need to work on a few...contingency plans in case things go wrong. And seeing the events of today...there appears to be a not zero percent chance of that happening. I'll have Geeves to escort you as well as keep an eye on you to ensure that you do apologize to the Roy'Leones.

Ikara finally turns back to her back to her father and meets his stern gaze. She picks up the journal and pushes it back into her vest. As she does, her eyes light up with sudden inspiration. She's gotten one of her world famous ideas. That's when she gets up and hurries to the doors.

SYLVESTER (CONT'D)

Oh, call Geeves and have him clean (trails off) up this ink... (Under his breath) And she's gone...

FADE TO BLACK.