

Primordial Deep
Epilogue - "The Personal Touch"

by

Jordan Cobb

No Such Thing Production

SCENE ONE

INT. Kiran's Office, Vis Headquarters - NIGHT

Kiran sits at his desk, facing a monitor, watching Loire and Asherah (filtered) through the screen.

LOIRE
... understood sir.

KIRAN
And you're sure you have nothing else
you'd like to tell me?

LOIRE
... like what, sir?

KIRAN
I'm not sure, you tell me.

beat.

LOIRE
No, sir. Nothing I can think of.

KIRAN
Then I'd say we're done here. You and
your people have done good work today!
And you've more than earned yourself a
rest. Take a break. Once you're all
fit and ready to work again, I suggest
you start working on getting those
repairs to your comms room finished
up. I'll be staying in touch.

LOIRE
We look forward to it, sir.

KIRAN
I look forward to reading your
findings, captain. ... Happy sailing.

He cuts the line of communication, and leans back in his
chair. Beside him, MME. URSULA SYNTYCHE and DR. FABIAN BULLER
shift in their seats.

URSULA
Do you believe them?

KIRAN
Not even a little bit.

BULLER

They've found something then?

KIRAN

It's only a question of what. (to himself) Or who.

BULLER

So what are you going to do about it?

KIRAN

My dear doctor, hasn't anyone ever taught you about the virtue of patience? Or is that how you wound up with your last name -- Buller the Bull-Headed, rushing headlong into the fray.

BULLER

(snorts) So nothing, then. Typical.

KIRAN

Fabian, it must be wonderful to have so very little on your plate that you can find the endless time to micromanage my affairs, but I think I have this under control!

URSULA

Are you done?

Both men fall instantly silent.

URSULA

(pushing herself up) Thinking things are under control isn't enough, Mr. Flint. This project of yours affects the entirety of the Syndicate. Can you handle this or can't you?

KIRAN

I-... (mastering himself, smooth, with more confidence than he feels) I can. Consider it handled.

URSULA

I will. And you, Buller, stop needling the boy. If you're looking to be useful, then I suggest you turn your thoughts towards E.D.E.N. Until you can pull your own weight, let those of

us with an actual stake in the game
have a seat at the table. Am I
understood?

BULLER
(tightly) Yes, Madame.

URSULA
Good. **Behave.** The both of you. I don't
have the time to babysit, so if you
insist on squabbling like rats, tell
me now so I can replace you. I can
think of three dozen people who'd slit
their grandmother's throats, not to
mention yours, to be sitting on this
Council. I will not have this thing
fall apart because you two over-
bloated bile sacks can't play nice. I
will bury you first. That is a
promise. Am I clear?

BULLER
... yes.

KIRAN
As crystal.

URSULA
You're kings, not gutter-snipes. Act
like it. We have been waiting for this
from the beginning, we cannot afford
to slip up now. Every eye in the
Syndicate is on you. On us. Give them
something worth watching.

... Mr. Flint? What are you going to
do?

beat.

Kiran considers his options. We hear him stand and cross the
room. He opens the door and calls out to his secretary,
ATALANTA CONNATE.

KIRAN
Atalanta... Be a good little bunny,
and get me a private line to The
Twins. I'll take the call in my
office.

ATALANTA
(nervously) The... The Twins, sir?

KIRAN
That's right.

ATALANTA
They're on assignment... they're not going to like being interrupted.

KIRAN
(sinister sweet) I know they're on assignment, I put them there. Get me the private line.

ATALANTA
Yes, sir.

KIRAN
That's my good girl.

He closes the door and moves back to his desk.

BULLER
(uneasily) Is that... really necessary?

KIRAN
You wanted action, Dr. Buller, you'll have it. Like The Madame says, we can't afford a slip up, and The Twins always provide... definitive results.

BULLER
Lighting a nuclear bomb produces a definitive result as well. It's also easier to predict, cheaper, and there's less cleanup.

KIRAN
(grinning) My way's more fun.

There's a beep from the computer. Over the intercom we hear Atalanta's voice.

ATALANTA
Dabria and Lorelei Oswin on line one for you, Kiran.

KIRAN
Thank you, Atalanta. Put them through.

And... hold my calls.

ATALANTA

Yes, Kiran.

The computer monitor flickers to life. DABRIA OSWIN and LORELEI OSWIN grin back at the Triumvirate through the screen. In the background, we hear the muffled sound of someone screaming. The screams devolve into terrified whimpering and soft sobs.

DABRIA

Well, well, well...

LORELEI

...if it isn't the big man upstairs!

KIRAN

My favorite little monsters.

DABRIA

Good evening, Mr. Flint.

LORELEI

We were beginning to think you'd forgotten about us.

BULLER

(under his breath, unnerved) As if anyone could.

KIRAN

Dabria. Lorelei. Enjoying yourselves are we?

LORELEI

Very much.

DABRIA

You know we always do.

KIRAN

Is this a bad time? I have a new assignment, but I would hate to pull you away from something important... You're not too busy, are you?

DABRIA

For you? Never.

LORELEI

We were just finishing up.

There is a horrible sound. The sounds in the background abruptly stop. Buller makes a noise of intense discomfort.

LORELEI

(gasps in excitement) Is that Buller?
Bully, you little snake, it's been
such a long time...

BULLER

(deeply uncomfortable) Hello, Lorelei.

DABRIA

And is that The Madame, I see?

URSULA

It is. Good evening, Mr. Dabria.

DABRIA

The full Triumvirate. This MUST be
important.

KIRAN

It is. This assignment is coming
straight from the top, and you'll be
working with me directly on this.
We're going on a little trip. We'll be
meeting with a few friends of mine, at
the bottom of the ocean... be sure to
pack the essentials.

LORELEI

Oh goody!

KIRAN

How soon can you make it back to
Syndicate Headquarters?

DABRIA

We'll leave tonight.

KIRAN

Excellent. See you soon.

He severs the connection.

URSULA

We?

KIRAN

If they've found what I think they have, we'll need to start making preparations for Stage Three. Now. The Twins can keep a handle on our burgeoning personnel issues, and I didn't claw my way out from the muck not to be there when the fireworks start. If this is going to work, if we are going to get what we want, then we need a firm hand on the controls... And I've always been a fan of the personal touch.

He smiles.

FADE OUT.

END.