

LAST DRINK AT THE URBIS CLUB

Written by

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INT. URBIS CLUB - NIGHT

The Urbis club is the kind of grand old club one might think of whenever grand old clubs are mentioned, deep leather armchairs, expensive wooden furniture and a thin layer of smoke in the air. The few patrons speaking in low tones.

The door opens and MR. MELVILLE steps in. He wipes the rain of his black suit and bowler hat and strides confidently through the room.

Mr. Melville (visibly 30ish) is a pale gentleman with a seemingly permanent smile. He positions himself at the bar next to OKUMA (50s, Japanese, dressed like a farmer in a cheap suit) and motions silently to the BARTENDER. A neat whiskey is promptly placed before him.

He takes his hat off and places it gently on the bar before drinking.

MELVILLE

Quiet in here this evening.

OKUMA

Hmm? Oh.. Yes, everyone's busy I suppose.

MELVILLE

Of course, times bein' what they are. Mr. Melville, pleasure to meet you.

OKUMA

Okuma, Okuma Fukushima... I don't think I have seen you here before, are you a member?

MELVILLE

I am indeed but I certainly don't get to visit as often as I'd like. You wouldn't know to look at me but I'm one of the oldest members left, I wasn't 'ere at the beginning but I was soon after.

OKUMA

It must have been quite a place back then.

MELVILLE

Oh, it was indeed, sir.

He turns and leans back on the bar, taking in the room.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

Good to see so many old faces still here of course.

He motions towards an area where LONDON (very old, dressed in a ragged royal gown, silk cravat and handlebar moustache) sits arguing with PARIS (an older woman, still beautiful, dressed in bohemian robes with a damp red ribbon around her throat).

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

London and Paris over there, they pretend to hate each other but they're really in love. And I mean what's not to love, look at her, more beautiful than ever.

He motions towards a booth table where ROME (a very old man in a laurel wreath and layers of cloth) is holding court with MILAN and NAPLES (younger, dressed in sharp suits).

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

Old Rome, trying desperately to hold on to any power he once had. And of course the younger ones...

NEW YORK (big suit, big cigar, big voice)

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

... Claiming that they are the new kings of the world. Not that that's a bad thing mind you, just the way things go. Have always gone. Not my job to judge.

He turns back around and looks morose for a moment.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

Some will grow, some will change but they'll all have their time with Mr. Melville. Just like Babylon and Ubar and Xanadu.

He looks up to Okuma.

MELVILLE (CONT'D)

Just like you, Okuma.

OKUMA

What? What do you-

He stops and falls onto the floor, blood pooling beneath him. Melville thumbs a stray hair out of his eyes, giving no effort to concealing the thin, bloody knife in his hand.

Melville places his hat carefully back on his head and strides back to the door, the strange patrons do their best to avoid his gaze.