

Night Falls on Olympus

by  
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EXT. THE STONE ROSE (1948) - NIGHT

A quiet cocktail lounge crouches on a lonely city street.

A restless breeze carries with it the drone of urban life.

Footfalls echo in the darkness.

PHINEAS ZANE, early 30s, world-weary in an off-the-rack suit, steps out of the shadows.

He lights a cigarette, and then descends the stairway to the entrance.

INT. THE STONE ROSE

The interior is a shadowy cavern populated with empty tables. A bar stretches along one wall.

EURYALE, late 30s, icy demeanor and alabaster skin, sits at the far end. She wears sunglasses and a wide-brimmed hat, and smokes from a cigarette holder.

A BURLY FIGURE looms in the shadows behind her.

Phineas orders a drink from an ill-tempered BARTENDER, and addresses Euryale's reflection in the wall mirror behind the bar.

PHINEAS

Is he really necessary?

EURYALE

A girl can never be too cautious.

PHINEAS

You don't strike me as the cautious type, Euryale.

He takes a seat next to her.

EURYALE

You have found my sister.

PHINEAS

Yeah.

He takes a drink.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)

She's dead.

EURYALE

As I assumed. Who killed her?

PHINEAS

I didn't say-

EURYALE

Let's not play this game.

Phineas takes another drink.

PHINEAS

This is a matter for the cops now.

EURYALE

The police are useless.

She takes a drag from her cigarette holder and exhales a cloud of smoke.

EURYALE (CONT'D)

You know why I hired you.

PHINEAS

I have reasonable rates.

EURYALE

Your unique heritage grants you certain... access.

PHINEAS

Whatever squabble you have with Olympus doesn't involve me.

EURYALE

It involves you now.

PHINEAS

Sorry, sweetheart. This was a missing persons job.

He finishes his drink.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)

And now the job is over.

He stands and gestures for the bartender.

PHINEAS (CONT'D)

One more for the road.

The bartender reaches for a bottle of bourbon. He scowls at Euryale.

BARTENDER

Look, lady. If you're gonna sit at my bar, you need to order something.

The bartender's eyes go wide and he freezes. Mottled patches a gray spread over his body until he is a statue of solid stone.

Phineas looks at Euryale's reflection.

She has removed her hat and sunglasses. Her eyes are blood red and her hair is a writhing nest of hissing black vipers.

PHINEAS

You could have at least waited until he poured my drink.

EURYALE

It is important that you take me seriously.

(over her shoulder)

Polyphemus?

The burly figure shambles out of the shadows. He is revealed to be POLYPHEMUS THE CYCLOPS, a one-eyed thug in a gray suit.

EURYALE (CONT'D)

Please take my latest work of art to the car. We shall add it to our garden.

Polyphemus lumbers behind the bar and drags the statue away.

Euryale replaces her hat and sunglasses, and rises.

EURYALE (CONT'D)

You will bring me the name of Medusa's murderer.

She walks towards the rear exit.

EURYALE (CONT'D)

You have twenty-four hours, son of Zeus. Do not disappoint me.

She leaves.

Phineas is alone.

He reaches over the bar for the bottle and pours himself a drink.

PHINEAS

To the good life.

He toasts himself in the mirror and downs the bourbon.