

INT. A DAMP VAULT BENEATH A MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

LUCIUS IS IN A GENTLY SWINGING IRON CAGE. A SCEPTER RESTS ON THE FLOOR.

LUCIUS

(sighs)

Come here to gloat? Well
congratulations, you beat me to it.

Lucius' arms hang apathetically between the bars as he gently swings to and fro. Seraphina picks up the scepter but barely glances at it. Her eyes are glued to Lucius. She smiles gently.

SERAPHINA

Are you that surprised?

LUCIUS

And there it is.

SERAPHINA

(shaking her head)

Still not gloating.

LUCIUS

Yet somehow there's still salt in my
wounds.

SERAPHINA

You can have it.

Seraphina lifts the scepter to Lucius. He cocks his eyebrow and tilts his head in surprise.

LUCIUS

I don't need your pity. Felt enough of
that wafting from you since you got
here. Like old rich lady perfume.

Lucius waves his hand in front of his nose as if waving away a bad stench.

SERAPHINA

It's not pity. It's just not what I
came here for.

LUCIUS

Don't tell me you're here for me. You
growing soft on me, Fifi?

Lucius winks at Seraphina. Seraphina turns away, clenching

her fists, her cheeks flushed.

SERAPHINA

(ice-cold)

You can stay in the cage.

LUCIUS

No, no! I think I heard rats. I'm
good.