

INT. SMALL COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

SUPER: 25 YEARS LATER

INARA, now 30 and Queen, sits at the head of a long table. Green eyed and raven-haired, she wears an elegant gown with expensive jewels hanging from her neck.

Three large portraits loom behind Inara of King Lucien, Queen Rosalind and an older Prince Evander. Inara is dwarfed by their presence behind her.

In front of Inara, sits SIX COUNCIL MEMBERS. LORD TYRAK (70s), stocky and balding, sits closest to her. He gives Inara a disapproving glare at her silence. She continues to stare ahead, face emotionless.

LORD TYRAK

We must act now, to do nothing is pure cowardice. Inaction will only show weakness.

A few of the councilmen nod.

COUNCIL MEMBER 1

Drazhan is still recovering. If we act too quickly, too rashly, we put a greater target on our backs.

Inara gives an undignified SNORT, the first sign that she has been an active listener in the conversation.

LORD TYRAK

Your majesty?

INARA

I find it a little absurd, that's all. You say "our" backs, like he is coming after you, after all of us. Gideon's target, as you so aptly named it, is on one back, one name - mine and mine alone.

The council members exchange worried glances.

LORD TYRAK

Your Majesty, I understand you may need more time to grieve, but the situation is dire. He will return.

INARA

Let him.

She stands. The council members all follow suit.

INARA (CONT'D)

This has been absolutely riveting,  
Gentlemen. Until next time.

LORD TYRAK

There is much to discuss. We are  
not done here.

Inara smiles, too sickly sweet to be genuine, and backs away  
towards the door.

INARA

Oh, but we are. We all know why I'm  
here, Tyrak, let us not pretend  
otherwise. I'm sure you can do  
(waves between the council members)  
that without me.

She turns and walks quickly out the door, slamming it behind  
her.

LORD TYRAK

(shouting after her)  
Please, take your guards with you,  
Your Majesty!