

OPENING BUMPER

FADE IN

The screen is pitch black. In blazing white letters the screen reveals:

TEXT

*"Judex ergo cum sedebit
Quidquid latet apparebit.
Nil inultum remanebit."*

DISSOLVE TO:

SECOND BUMPER

TEXT

"When therefore the Judge takes His seat
Whatever is hidden will reveal itself.
Nothing will remain unavenged."
-- Requiem by Mozart

FADE OUT.

PHILADELPHIA SKYLINE - DUSK

TEXT

15 Years ago...

DISSOLVE TO:

TEXT (cont'd)

Tomorrow night.

A storm prepares to rage in the distance. Thunder roars announcing its arrival, sirens wail, and the wind howls as lightning bolts rape the pre-evening sky. Somewhere in the distance a church bell begins to toll.

The camera opens with a close up on a rose. We hold here then pull back slightly to reveal that the rose is part of a bouquet. We then pull back slightly to see that the bouquet is laying in front of a grave. With a slight pull back we then see the grave is in the middle of a cemetery. We have various slow dollies through the cemetery finally showing in the distance the city behind it. Philadelphia. Moving forward, the camera explores streets of the inner city, making its way to the heart of the city. All the while, showing the people, the lifeblood of the city, illustrating the good and bad in man, as it makes it' way to a magnificent building. It then begins a slow pan up this structure of steel and glass.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING

The camera slowly travels down a long corridor of a dark and closed office. The people that normally would be at work are now at home or play as their day is done, leaving their desks and cubicles empty. The camera continues until it reaches the office it seeks.

WILLIAM TREMEUSE'S OFFICE – INTERIOR VIEW

The office is elegant, obviously the domain of a successful person. The trappings of success are about the room. As the camera moves across the room from right to left, we see a man at his desk.

Standing before the desk is another man. A man, who would be imposing no matter how large and towering, stands tall, dominating the other. Both men are seen in the shadows as the room is dimly lit. They each are wearing expensive suits, very professionally attired.

One man, the larger, RICHARD FAVRAUX, is enjoying his victory, the pleasure shown through his confident, almost arrogant posturing. The other man, WILLIAM TREMEUSE, is a man who is not used to defeat. He has suffered his first, a horrible, humiliating defeat and is broken. He is hunched over his desk, not looking directly at the man who broke him, not sure if it is over, praying inside himself that it is not.

Behind the seated large man are two women. They are stunning and attractive. We never learn their names. The large man is standing tall before the desk, looming over the man in the chair.

FAVRAUX

It's over.

The man behind the desk says nothing and looks up with dead eyes at the large man. A symbol of all that he worked for is represented by the office and the company that his family founded. It is lost now. Lost to the man before him.

FAVRAUX (cont'd)

I will replace your board with mine and my man will assume your position.

WILLIAM TREMEUSE

What will you do with my company?

While talking to the man in the chair, the larger man removes a cigar from his pocket and goes through the motions of opening the wrap about it, slowly and carefully with an expensive clipper, cutting off the end, then twirling the cigar under his nose, to breathe in the aroma of the leaf.

FAVRAUX

Break it up, sell off the pieces.

WILLIAM TREMEUSE

But I have employees, Favraux. People that have been with my family for years. Doesn't that mean anything to you?

FAVRAUX

They are casualties, Tremeuse. It is that simple. There are always casualties.

One of the two women behind the large man, steps forward with a lighter and lights the cigar, the flame from the expensive lighter illuminating his face. An evil smile crosses his mouth, as he slowly draws in on the imported cigar.

FAVRAUX(cont'd)

You, my friend, are now a casualty.

He has no compassion, no feelings of sympathy for the people that will lose their jobs. He only feels a perverse pleasure at his victory.

FAVRAUX(cont'd)

Enjoy tonight. It is your last in this office.

The large man exhales a cloud of smoke and turns and walks to the door without looking back. The two women follow him silently. What is behind him physically is behind him in life. He gives it no more thought. Tremeuse's company is now his and his mind is off to his next conquest.

Tremeuse sits behind the desk simply watching the large man and his entourage, as he opens the door, steps through it and closes it behind them. The man behind the desk rises shakily, then goes over to a radio and turns it on.

Classical music fills the room, the sounds from Mozarts's *Requiem, Rex tremendae*, playing in the background as the thunder and church bells in the distance accompany it. The music has rolling themes and cascading voices that Tremeuse reacts to. He closes his eyes, his hands gently swaying in the air as if conducting an invisible orchestra.

Tremeuse then moves across the room to the bar he keeps in his office and takes out a short glass, then reaches into an ice tub. He takes out a handful of ice, dropping the ice in a short glass, one cube at a time, each clinking and tinkling when they hit.

To complete the action, Tremeuse then reaches for a crystal decanter filled with scotch and pours deliberately and methodically into his glass. He slowly rolls the scotch around the glass in his hand, the ice cracking from the warmth of the liquid, as he walks about his office.

He turns to return to his desk, this the first time we see his face clearly. Sweat covers his body as he sits behind the desk. He straightens up the items on his desk, removes a sheet of personal stationary, uses his fountain pen to methodically write a short note. He folds the note, puts it in an envelope that he places in his inside breast pocket of his jacket, then puts the pen back in place.

He looks about the room taking in the sights of his family and his accomplishments. He reaches into a brief case and places a revolver on the desk. Looking at the gun, he sips his drinks twice, then in one last gulp, finishes the drink. He slowly runs his hand along the gun, his fingers gently sweeping across the cold metal. His eyes close in a silent meditation as he makes a final decision.

WILLIAM TREMEUSE

Forgive me...

We have begun the FADE TO BLACK as the explosion roars, ending with the screen fully black.

IRIS OUT.

ROLL CREDITS.

The credits flicker as if a silent movie. Each individual credit listed on a silent movie title card.

FADE OUT.