

**ACADEMIA UNVEILED**

(Previously "The Murderers of all murderers")

by

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2. DRAFT

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**1. EXT. STREETS. DAY**

1

TITLE TEXT: ACADEMIA UNVEILED, on black, with borders.  
B/W:

A woman and a gentleman, dressed in an expensive gown and a tuxedo, both with stylish hats, exit a barber shop and enter the busy street.

They move up the street, people, poor and rich, pushing past them. A police constable greets them, as they pass a horse and wagon. On a corner a newspaper boy is shouting, today's edition high above his head. The main article reading: "COMMITTEE REJECTS THEORY AGAIN". The man in the tuxedo buys one.

**2. INT. FRIEDRICH'S OFFICE. DAY.**

2

The daylight is dimming outside. Heavy clouds are slowly overwhelming the cold sun. From the ceiling the lamp is giving a warm touch to the desk and the nearby floor. The walls remain dark.

On the desk there is another lamp, shining its light on a newspaper, reading "COMMITTEE REJECTS THEORY AGAIN", next to it is a pen and a scrabble pad with the sloppy scriblings "TELEGRAM AZAL - EFFECTIVE".

SUPERTITLE TEXT (bottom): 1881 A.D.

FRIEDRICH sits on the edge of his chair, grabbing the newspaper and throwing it in the trash next to the desk. He crosses his arms, leans back and gazes into the grey and old roof, his moustache shaking from his heavy nasal breathing.

**3. INT. A.'S HALLWAY. DAY.**

3

AZAL looks at the NOTE, signed "Friedrich", and sticks it in his pocket on the long dark coat. He corrects the collar and the sleeves as he watches himself in the mirror. Then takes the hat from the hat rack, and puts it on his head, down close to his eyebrows. And last he makes sure his WEAPON is loaded... CLICK... CLICK, and puts it in the holster beneath his coat. A final glance in the mirror, and he heads for the door.

**4. EXT. STREET. DAY.**

4

The air is getting humid with heavy clouds in the sky. The houses and trees stand as grey silhouettes, bereft of colour and joy. AZAL stops next to a trash can, takes out

the note and a matchbox from his coat and sets the note on fire. Just before the flame reaches his fingers he lets what's left of the note fall into the can and walks off.

**5. INT. OUTSIDE FRIEDRICH'S OFFICE. DAY.**

5

AZAL closes the door behind him. The light is poor, yet it manages to cast sharp shadows down from the railing of the stairs on the left side of the room. He shudders off some of the raindrops that are clinging on to his coat, before walking over to the stairs leading up to the office door.

For each STEP the hollow stairs SIGH, and finally on top of the stairs, just to the left, he takes the wet hat under his arm, turns the worn doornob and enters the office.

**6. INT. FRIEDRICH'S OFFICE. DAY.**

6

FRIEDRICH hands AZAL a BIG ENVELOPE, giving him a firm look, before walkin over to the window. The rain is painting the outside world blurry. He seems lost in thought. Hands folded on his back on his old square-patterned jacket. Motionless.

AZAL opens the ENVELOPE and slides the PHOTO inside half way out, before sliding it back in again. A picture of GOD. He takes his hand inside the envelope and finds the cash and sticks them in his inner pocket. FRIEDRICH turns around with a sly smile, his moustache bending upwards on one side, and nods. AZAL hides the ENVELOPE inside his coat, puts his hat on and gives FRIEDRICH an acknowledging gesture, tipping the hat brim with his fingers. FRIEDRICH turns to the painting rain again, as AZAL exits the office.

**7. EXT. STREET. NIGHT.**

7

The firm THUDS from the boot heels are softened by the wet pavement stone. Rain is still in the air, yet declining in heaviness, moistening the clothes and skin. AZAL's big coat is barely elevated from the wet ground, its bottom rim soaked with the water from the puddles scattered in the streets.

The street lights have been lit, and are giving a dim light to the dark street ahead. The park on the right side is all covered in the darkness of night.

He stops and checks the street name on the corner. Haven Av. It is the right one. A dimly lit window on the third floor grabs his attention. A newspaper is stuck to the street by the rain and the wet brickroad. "COMMITTEE REJECTS THEORY AGAIN". AZAL sends it a short glance, looks up at the window again. He grins, barely noticeable, before he heads for the main door...

**8. INT. GOD'S OFFICE. NIGHT**

8

With just the reading lamp switched on, the dark interior of the office is gloomy. The carvings on the mahogany surfaces cast creepy shadows, and the wooden gargoyles on the huge desk stares into the air with a desire to come alive.

On top of the desk, on the front right is a model of Noah's Ark, a world globe stands on the other side, next to the reading lamp. The bulb's LOW HIZZ of electricity fills the huge room. GOD is deep into an OLD BIBLE, with a ink-dipped feather, ready to do adjustments. Unaware of the dark figure sliding in through the door, silently. The figure stares a few seconds at him, but GOD's still deeply focused with the book.

A short firm movement of the hand. With great speed the door seeks its frame. SLAM!

With a startle GOD looks up... and sees the intruder...

BLAM... BLAM BLAM!

AZAL fires one shot, and taking a step forward fires two more within a second. GOD is slumped back, gazing up, with three dark crimson bulletholes, one in the head, two in the chest.

AZAL puts his WEAPON, still smoking, into its holster beneath the coat, sniffs the air of the kill and walks slowly over to the desk. He flips the BIBLE pages to the beginning of the Genesis and scratches out "LIGHT" from the sentence: "LET THERE BE LIGHT", and writes with a steady hand "NIGHT" instead. Then he kills the reading lamp and slides out the door in a hurrying elegance.

**9. INT. FRIEDRICH'S OFFICE. NIGHT.**

9

The office seems bright from the other side of the door window. The silhouette of FRIEDRICH feverously shakes the

silhouette of AZAL's hand, while pushing a bunch of money into AZAL's other hand.

FRIEDRICH skims his moustache with his left hand, relieved, and threads lightly over to his chair, smiling. He nods deep, almost to himself as he picks up some papers from his right-hand drawer.

The silhouette of AZAL nods back, and heads towards the door. His silhouette frame growing for each step towards the door, covered in the letters "FRIEDRICH W. NIETZSCHE'S OFFICE" on the door window.