

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

**EXT. COURTYARD - DAY**

A black-hooded INQUISITOR kneels facing a large Cypress. Three smaller Cypress surround them.

**INQUISITOR**

The Crown Cypress.

He puts a hand on its gnarled trunk, studies it for a moment, then glances over his shoulder.

**INQUISITOR (cont'd)**

Know how it got the name?

No reply.

**INQUISITOR (cont'd)**

See, it drops these little seeds...

The Inquisitor picks one up between his thumb and forefinger.

**INQUISITOR (cont'd)**

Seeds that blossom into Cypress all their own. But...

He drops the seed.

**INQUISITOR (cont'd)**

Then their roots surface.

The roots of each of the smaller trees weave above ground and latch on to the central cypress.

**INQUISITOR (cont'd)**

They return to the Crown. Like fealty paid to a prince.

The Inquisitor stands, turns and sighs.

**INQUISITOR (cont'd)**

And those that don't pay...

He faces one of a half dozen swaying pale faces, nooses around their necks, hanging from branches.

**INQUISITOR (cont'd)**

Well.

Blood trickles from one of the lifeless men, dripping onto the thick roots of the cypress, seeping into the wrinkled wood.

**This is a sample from a larger work.**