

**Sinstalker**

(Sample: The first 15 pages)

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- Full Screenplay available -

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EXT. COTTAGE - FRANCE, 1790 - NIGHT

A young BOY in tattered clothing walks with an empty wooden pail. Around his neck hang various religious charms and a NECKLACE OF GARLIC. As he walks, hesitantly, we see that he is scared of something...out there. He looks around, occasionally glancing back at the doorway to the COTTAGE where he lives.

In the door we see his FATHER, just as nervous. He sweats and crosses himself holding a LARGE CRUCIFIX. He too wears the garlic necklace.

They speak in French, subtitled.

FATHER

Fear not my son, God watches over  
this house.

BOY

(to himself)  
Yes, but who is watching over me?

As he starts to pump the water into the bucket, we hear a faint rumbling noise.

He stops pumping.

The noise grows louder.

The Father freezes in his place, eyes wide. The boy freezes too, staring out into the forest as the noise approaches.

We cut back and forth from Father to son, as the sound builds, pushing in closer each time until...

A giant BLACK HORSE explodes out of the forest carrying a cloaked RIDER, also dressed in black!

The wind from the horse's passing blows the boy's hat off, causing him to drop the water bucket.

As the Rider disappears onto a road heading away from the cottage, a worn wooden road sign hanging from chains, twists in the wake of the steed's passing and settles. It reads:

PARIS 28 KM

The boy runs into the cottage. His Father embraces him praising God that he is safe.

The boy, crying, pummels his Father, cursing him for putting him in danger.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST TRAIL - NIGHT - SAME

The RIDER races along the dirt road at blistering speed. His journey lit by the full moon above him.

His face is obscured by a BLACK LINEN MASK and he wears the garb of a French revolutionary soldier.

As he comes to a small clearing he pulls his horse up short coming to an abrupt halt.

He dismounts, sending the horse away with a slap. The horse is reluctant, loyal. A DEMONIC WOLF's howl is heard with a crash of lightning. The horse gallops away.

Rain begins to fall.

The Rider unhooks his cape tossing it to the ground, reaching for the two ornate FLINTLOCK PISTOLS at his waist. He cocks them.

From the surrounding tree line we see he is being watched.

Two glowing yellow eyes are visible through the night fog. Their owner's animal origins revealed by the low growl that accompanies their stare.

The Rider circles the clearing, eyes searching, ready.

The animal circles too, still hidden by the forest, watching its prey.

The Rider calls out into the night.

MORGANNA

(in French)

Unholy beast. I am Pierre Gaston  
Morganna of the Brotherhood of the  
Light. Reveal yourself and grant me  
the pleasure of sending you back to  
hell.

The thunder crashes.

With a FLASH of lightning a LION-SIZED CREATURE leaps from the brush, lunging at Morganna, allowing him time to get only one double-round off before he is knocked to the ground. His weapons are sent sliding into the darkness.

The scene is lit only by the lightning strikes that hit.

They square off. Morganna's clothing, torn by the attack.

The animal is revealed to be a seven foot tall WOLF-BEAST!

Morganna reaches behind his back and into his belt to retrieve two SILVER S-SHAPED BLADES.

As the Wolf-Beast races at him, he races forward too, flipping over the hell spawn, slicing at its back, inflicting two giant BLOODY WOUNDS.

The animal crumples to the ground wailing in pain. Stunned but only momentarily.

Morganna wastes no time, turns, and sends the two blades flying into the creature. One lands in the matted wet hair of its chest, the other, between his giant yellow eyes.

As the beast falls to the ground dead, it reverts back to its human form. The transition being helped/masked by the lightning flashes. Morganna approaches, crossing himself, kneeling.

Close up on the now-human, wolf-beast's head. The lighting reveals a DISTINCT INSIGNIA carved into the handle of the blade lodged there.

MORGANNA  
(in French  
May God have mercy on your soul.

He reaches up, grabbing hold of the blade lodged in the dead man's skull, pulling it out at the screen with a squishing/metallic sound, wiping us to...

TITLE CARD: SINSTALKER

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - PRESENT DAY - DAY

A thumping techno beat accompanies the camera as it moves backwards down a busy city sidewalk.

The frame, filled with downtown worker drones, is soon joined by one, then two, sexy women. They're wearing clothing that is a combination of Street Punk and High Fashion Model. One is a REDHEAD, the other a BLONDE. They walk in time with each other, (coincidentally they are also in time with the music). They both are wearing sunglasses.

The ladies stop across the street from a large glass and steel OFFICE TOWER. We see what they see: A long BLACK LIMO pulling up in front.

Two LARGE MEN in suits exit the vehicle, opening the street side door to allow the exit of a dapper, slick, third man in a pinstripe suit holding a briefcase. His name is VITO CALPUTO, Mobster on the rise. The three head into the building's front door.

The two girls walk across the street never looking for traffic. They nod at each other and split off. The camera follows the Blonde as she reaches a side door, punches a code for entry and bounds up the stairs.

WHIP PAN TO: Red following the three goons into the lobby.

As she does, ANOTHER MAN's legs step into frame. He stands, watching. Following?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - DAY - SAME

The three mobsters walk towards the elevators. They are greeted by PETEY, the "front desk information center guy".

PETEY

'Morning Mr. Calputo. Beautiful day  
huh?

VITO

Any day I'm still breathin's a  
beautiful day Petey.

As they wait for the elevator. Red slides behind a pillar and out of sight.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - ELEVATOR - DAY - SAME

The threesome enter the elevator inserting a special KEY for the Penthouse.

A BUSINESSMAN tries to step on too but is booted off by Calputo's boys.

As the doors start to close, Red slips in at the last minute. The Goons start to stop her...until they see her.

Yum. They look to their boss. Vito gives them a nod and the doors close. She pushes the 7th floor button.

The Soundtrack switches abruptly to the elevator's cheesy Muzak. The Goons trade glances, each daring the other to say something to the hot little Redhead.

GOON #2  
Hey Red. Nice Boots.

GOON #1  
Yeah. You can walk all over me any time baby.

She stands with her back to them, silent as they laugh. Vito intervenes.

VITO  
Zip it. Please let me apologize for my associates. They are, how do I put it? Lacking in proper etiquette and social skills.

RED  
Forget about it.

Vito steps up to her and leans in, whispering in her ear.

VITO  
Thanks for being so understanding honey. The name's Vito. And if I can ever do *anything* for you...

Red smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - 7TH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY - SAME

The Blonde runs up to the elevator door, out of breath.

BLONDE  
(to herself)  
Next time Charlie, you take the stairs and I take the elevator.

The elevator's bell goes off signaling its arrival.

Nothing happens.

As Blondie starts to say something, the doors open and she is greeted by the FLYING BODY of Goon #1 sending the two of them INTO THE WALL and sprawling onto the floor.

Inside the elevator, Red is in a knockdown drag out with Goon #2 while Vito lies motionless on the floor, the BRIEFCASE at his feet. Her moves are swift and accurate. She's done this before.

Goon #1 starts to rise, but Blondie has other plans. She JUMPS UP first and pounds him in the chin, slapping his ears with both her hands sending him TO HIS KNEES. She finishes him off with a KNEE TO THE FACE.

Now in the hall, Red has her hands full, TAKING SHOTS from Goon #2, a much tougher customer, and giving them back equally.

He reaches for his gun and gets a SHOT OFF before Red ELBOWS HIM IN THE FACE causing him to drop the weapon. The wayward bullet SHATTERS the ceiling lights, turning the hallway into a flickering, fluorescent nightmare.

BLONDE

Charlie!

As Red spins around, Blondie has taken Goon #1's gun and has it trained on Red's Goon. He lowers his hands in defeat as Red walks up to him.

RED

You said you liked my boots tough  
guy? Well how about a closer...

She jumps up and takes him out with a KICK to the face.

RED

...look.

Nighty-night.

Red, aka CHARLIE, turns to her golden haired partner, KELLY.

RED/CHARLIE

You okay Kel?

BLONDE/KELLY

Nothing the hundred grand Calputo's  
carrying can't fix.

Charlie smiles, steps into the elevator and grabs the case.

She opens it and sees it's filled with cash.

CHARLIE

Bingo.

Charlie heads down the hallway towards the stairwell.

She turns to look for Kelly.

She is still by the elevator kneeling in front of Goon #1, taking his wallet.

CHARLIE

Kelly, c'mon. Leave it.

As Kelly looks up smiling to show Charlie all his cash, the Goon SITS UP behind her. His face now that of a SNARLING DEMON!!

He bites down HARD on Kelly's shoulder tearing at her flesh!

As she screams in pain and horror, Charlie drops the case in disbelief.

Goon #2, now also a Demon, stands up and shakes off his injuries.

A low guttural voice is heard. It is Vito. As he steps into the hall we see that he's a Demon too!

DEMON VITO

Ladies, ladies. I think you've bitten off more than you can chew.

He barks a command sending the two Goons racing at Charlie, BOUNCING OFF THE WALLS to gather speed. Kelly's limp body lies bleeding on the floor.

Charlie stands motionless, stunned at the death of her friend. From behind her, a MAN steps between her and the approaching evil. The same Man from the street.

Pushing her back, he reaches into his JACKET. He pulls out two SILVER CRUCIFIX BLADES and hurls them at the Demon-Goons.

The blades hit their mark and send them to the ground WRITHING IN TORTURED PAIN until they DISINTEGRATE.

Vito laments his fallen comrades with a PIERCING CRY! He FLIES down the hall, pushing past the Man, knocking Charlie down, her head hitting the floor, HARD!

Demon Vito CRASHES through and out the SEVENTH FLOOR WINDOW!

The Man races to it but Vito is gone. He returns to Charlie's side, his face still hidden. She is delirious and tries to sit up.

MAN

You have been hurt. Rest my child.

Charlie tries to make out the blurry face in front of her. She struggles with the strange figure, trying to fight, then passes out. We see his face. Older, handsome, but hardened, tough.

MAN

Rest.

The camera drops down and dissolves into the floor taking us to...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT - SAME

In a dark, wet basement, steam spits out of rusty pipes as a sea of heads and pumping fists full of cash push and shove each other for a better view. As the camera parts the crowd, we see what they see: Two men in a fierce sword battle! We are guests at an underground fight club where swords replace fists and death decides the winner.

T. RAY

That's my boy D. Take him out!

T. RAY is the head of his well armed crew. If they had a motto it would be "Bigger, Badder and Blacker". Their swordsman, D, has the upper hand. He's huge and knows how to swing a blade. But his opponent is the undefeated man to beat. His name is CASSHIAN. White, handsome and lean. A cross between a slick, Miami gangster and a male model. CASSHIAN'S CREW look just like him. Cool and quietly dangerous.

CASSHIAN

Pretty confident this week aren't we Terrance. Interesting, since I've bested every blade you've ever brought down here.

D slams his sword down onto Casshian's with a loud KLANG shutting him up for a moment.

T. RAY

The name's T-Ray motherfucker and you're goin' down tonight pretty boy!

The two trade blows violently, the action, raw and unbridled. The contest appears even. The crowd eats it up.

In the back of the room stand two pale, WELL DRESSED GENTLEMEN. They watch, emotionless.

Casshian switches hands, jumps, careens off a concrete pillar and SLICES D ACROSS THE SHOULDER landing dramatically. He's been playing possum. The crowd begins to switch loyalties and the money changes hands again.

He looks at his opponent.

CASSHIAN  
Ooh. Stings...

Then to T. Ray.

CASSHIAN  
...don't it.

T has murder in his eyes.

Casshian, cocky, steals a kiss from a BEAUTIFUL GIRL in T. Ray's corner sending their crew into a frenzy!

D, his wounded arm hanging limp at his side, looks at his leader, who returns a look meaning, "You quit, you die".

D spins around and LUNGES at Casshian, enraged!

Casshian flips elegantly over D's head, slicing as he does, landing in a crouching position.

D stands motionless and then, his head slowly SPLITS APART down to his chin. His giant frame crumbling to the hard, wet floor.

The crowd goes wild! All except T. Ray of course.

Casshian tosses his sword to one of his boys and throws his jacket on as if his win was just another day at the office. As the congratulations begin, T. Ray pushes his way through the crowd, his crew in tow.

T. RAY  
Move! No motherfuckin' way your  
lily white ass takes down my best  
man.

CASSHIAN  
Well, you might want to take a look  
again cuz I'm pretty sure he's  
dead. Yup. He's dead alright.

T. RAY  
Fuck you Casshian.

CASSHIAN  
Maybe some other time. As always,  
it's been a pleasure doing business  
with you. But I've got  
reservations so if we could just  
settle now, we'll be on our way.

T. RAY  
I got a better idea.

T. Ray and his boys pull every kind of gun imaginable on Casshian and his crew, catching them off guard. Casshian's crew rise up, but Casshian signals them to stand down. The crowd breaks for the exits.

The two WELL DRESSED GENTLEMEN make a slightly slower retreat.

T. RAY  
You move the fuck on and maybe I  
let you live another motherfuckin'  
day. We come back next week, do it  
double or nothin'.

CASSHIAN  
I'll pass.

T. RAY  
I ain't askin' Motherfucker, I'm  
tellin'!

CASSHIAN  
T, T.

Casshian starts to walk towards T. Ray, his empty hands out at his sides, palms up. T's men raise their weapons higher.

CASSHIAN  
Are you sure this is what you want?

T. RAY  
Stay back.

CASSHIAN  
I thought we had something real,  
something special.

T. RAY  
I told you I ain't playin' man.

Casshian continues to move forward.

T blasts him three times in the chest, sending Casshian crumbling to the floor.

T. RAY  
 Shit! See. I told you  
 motherfucker's I was for real. I'm  
 the man. I'm the...

In a flash, Casshian is up, knocking the gun out of T's bewildered hand and grabbing him by the neck.

A DOUBLE ROW of razor sharp FANGS erupt in Casshian's mouth as he bites down on T's throat, tearing it out!

T's men, stunned, realize that they are now knee deep in a ROOM FULL OF VAMPIRES! All of Casshian's crew have fully turned, FANGS BARED. T's crew panics, shooting anywhere, everywhere as the Vamps attack!

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - SAME

From across the street, we see the basement windows of the Boiler Room light up with flashes of gunfire as the Vamps dispose of T's boys. The sounds of their demise, drowned out by the HEAVY RAIN falling outside.

Two sets of well dressed legs watch, unmoving.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT BOILER ROOM - NIGHT - MINUTES LATER

The bloody bodies litter the floor of the gunsmoke-filled basement. Casshian surveys the destruction as the others wipe the aftermath from their chins. Casshian picks at his wounds, then bellows at T's corpse.

CASSHIAN  
 Is there no honor anymore?!

KYUSS  
 I told you we couldn't trust these  
 mouth breathing fucks.

CASSHIAN

Your hatred for the humans is well documented Kyuss. But a man without sport is no man at all.

LEXA

You fought beautifully tonight my love.

Casshian walks back to T's dead body. Reaching down off screen and easily lifting the massacred fool up into the air by his shirt as if he weighed nothing. His Vamp "Posse" looks on.

CASSHIAN

Thanks sugar. Wrap it up boys, the night is still young.

(To T. Ray)

Cattle.

He tosses T. Ray's limp body at the screen.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT - SAME

The camera pans away from an open window to a BED as the wind twists a SHEER WHITE CURTAIN into the room. Rain falls.

Charlie is asleep, lying on her back, covered in sweat, twisting under the covers. She's in the middle of a NIGHTMARE. The same one she has had every night for as long as she can remember. We hear what she sees:

The clang of STEEL BLADES in battle.

A dark, SNARL-HISS.

A CHILD'S cry.

A FATHER screams for his daughter.

FATHER

(VO)

Charlemagne! No!

A LITTLE GIRL'S voice cries out!

LITTLE GIRL

(VO)

Mommy, Daddy!

Charlie awakens with a violent exhale, her eyes snapping open. She begins to cry, but quickly stops, stuffing it down deep inside. Something she's gotten quite good at over the years.

She stares at the unfamiliar, plain ceiling above her. Not a hospital. Not a jail cell. She starts to sit up and her head reels, turning her glimpse of the sparsely furnished room into a twisted jumble, sending her back to the mattress grasping at her skull.

The door at the far end of the room opens. An older, distinguished man carrying a tray with a bowl of soup and some crackers enters.

His name is MILTON GREEVES. The man who saved her life earlier today. He approaches her bedside turning on the bedside light.

MILTON

Ah. The princess awakens. Just in time for a little something to help soothe what I'm assuming must be one hell of a headache.

CHARLIE

Where am I?

MILTON

It's a little Greeves family recipe. Nothing too extravagant.

CHARLIE

Are you listening to me?

MILTON

Quite tasty actually, and guaranteed to do the trick.

CHARLIE

I said...

Charlie swipes at the tray, sending it FLYING TO THE FLOOR.

CHARLIE

Where the hell am I?!

Milton pauses, smiles, and begins to pick up the mess.

Charlie falls back to the bed, her head splitting from the effort.

MILTON

Well, there goes any doubt your veins carried the blood of a Morganna. Please forgive me. My name is Milton Thaddeus Greeves and this is my, home. Welcome.

CHARLIE

How did I get here? Wait. Scratch that.

(focusing)

Today, Calputo. What..?

Then, she remembers.

CHARLIE

Kelly. Oh God, Kelly. Those things...

MILTON

Slow down. There's no rush. We're safe here.

CHARLIE

Safe? Jesus, I'm losing my mind.

MILTON

You need rest. In the morning I will begin to explain everything.

Charlie tries to get up again, almost making it to her feet this time, but falls to the floor. Milton helps her back into bed.

MILTON

You must stop doing that, I'm not as strong as I used to be you know. Your head, hard as it is, will heal but it needs time.

Charlie grabs Milton's arm, squeezing it. Emotional.

CHARLIE

Kelly and I were just small timers you know. She was the only family I had. Why are you helping me anyway?

MILTON

I've been looking for you for a very long time.

CHARLIE

You act like you know me?

MILTON

Of course I do, Miss Charlemagne  
Morganna.

Charlie can't believe what she's hearing, the name from her dream. It echoes in her head as she tries to make sense of it all. She falls back to the bed half conscious. Milton holds her hand, pushing the hair gently away from her face.

MILTON

Soon you will know the meaning of  
the dreams that haunt you and your  
true destiny will be realized. Such  
strength. You are truly the  
daughter of warriors.

(End of sample, full screenplay available)