

BRIMSTONE
"Godflesh"
By Derek Saul

TEASER

FADE IN:

THE SKY

Grey. Menacing. RAIN pours down from dark clouds brewing ominously. A crash of THUNDER erupts. O.S. we slowly begin to hear the sounds of MEDIEVAL COMBAT -- swords clashing, armor clinking, the screams and agonizing cries of men. Slowly we PAN DOWN to

GROUND LEVEL

where we find ourselves smack in the middle of a RAGING MEDIEVAL BATTLE. TITLE appears on screen:

JERUSALEM, 1264 A.D.

As we move over the combatants, we begin to distinguish between the two armies. The first are armored knights in white robes, crosses of crimson-red emblazoned on their chests. The opposing army are dark-skinned and heavily-bearded, wearing darker robes. The scene is typically bloody and gory.

CUT TO:

An armored KNIGHT falls flat on his back amid the chaos. He seems to have lost his sword and his helmet. His hair is dirty blond, and his face is young and boyish. He struggles to his feet and dashes off, trying to escape the carnage.

CLOSE ON the Knight, sprinting with conviction, when he's suddenly CLOTHESLINED viciously to the ground. SPLASH! Mud cakes his armor and his face. Dazed, he looks up to see

A SOLDIER

standing over him, wearing a long dark cloak and a large hood draped over his head, his face underneath concealed in shadow. He's brandishing a long, blood-soaked sword.

KNIGHT

Coward! You prey on the weak and defenseless. The Lord will see you damned this day!

The Cloaked Soldier steps closer, pointing his sword at the Fallen Knight, then throws back his hood, revealing his face. His hair is dark and long, shoulder-length, and he's wearing a full, thick beard, but beneath it all we recognize him -- it's LUKAS.

LUKAS

He has already damned me...

He raises his sword for the deathblow.

LUKAS

...and you are next.

He's about to bring the blade down when TSSAK! A sword plunges into his back and out his stomach!

LUKAS

AAAARRRGGGHHHHH!!!

FALLEN KNIGHT'S POV

Lukas drops his sword and falls to his knees, revealing ANOTHER ARMORED KNIGHT behind him. His hair is brown and shoulder-length, and his face is spattered with droplets of Lukas's blood. This is BERNARD LAROSE. He pulls the sword out from Lukas's back.

BACK TO SCENE

Lukas collapses onto his back, grimacing in pain, the rain spattering on his lips as he speaks.

LUKAS

You've no idea what you've done...

LAROSE

I am sworn to protect the lives of the Templars.

Lukas nods his head toward the Fallen Knight.

LUKAS

That man is no Templar.

LAROSE

His breastplate bears the mark of the Order.

LUKAS

You've no idea who he is.

The Fallen Knight, deciding the threat has been removed, pushes himself off the mud-soaked ground and sidles up beside Larose.

KNIGHT
 (pointing to Lukas)
 That man is a heretic. He
 conspired with the Israelites to
 slaughter the Christian
 pilgrimmage to Jerusalem.

Still keeping a watchful eye on Lukas:

LAROSE
 (to the Knight)
 Go. Reclaim your weapons. This
 barbarian is mine.

The Knight places a warm hand on Larose's shoulder, prompting Larose to turn his head and look him in the eye.

KNIGHT
 I will remember this.

They exchange a knowing glance, and the Knight races off, leaving Lukas to the judgment of Larose.

LAROSE
 Have you any last words,
 barbarian, that you may perish
 with the honor of a soldier in
 battle?

LUKAS
 (solemnly)
 The Devil has claimed your soul,
 Templar...

Larose steps closer to Lukas, raising his sword for the final strike.

LAROSE
 I fear no devil.

LUKAS
 You will.

LUKAS'S POV

Larose looms menacingly above us, holding the handle of his sword with both hands. THWAP! He swings it down at us with full force.

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

We're at a murder scene. The usual NYPD cast is here -- uniforms, forensics, detectives, doing their thing. TITLE appears on screen:

NEW YORK CITY, 2000 A.D.

DETECTIVE KANE is standing over the victim's body, flung against a pile of trash cans. He's instructing one of the uniformed cops when something catches his eye O.S.

KANE'S POV

At the mouth of the alley, we see a tall figure in shadow approaching, wearing a trenchcoat, his silhouette framed by the street lights.

BACK TO SCENE

Kane nods, recognizing the newcomer. He pats the Uniform on the arm, sending him on his way, and addresses the approaching man.

KANE

Stone. Thanks for making it here so quickly.

STONE nods, stepping up at Kane's side.

STONE

Yeah.
(re: the body)
What have we got here?

KANE

Akeem Asad. Twenty-six years old. Looks like he was stabbed by a very long object, judging from the size of the wound on his chest.

STONE

So what makes this one of my cases?

KANE

(points)
That.

Stone leans in closer to the body, trying to see what Kane is pointing to.

On the victim's forehead, mixed in with blood and sweat, is some sort of dark powder, forming a familiar shape.

STONE

Ashes.

KANE

In the shape of a cross.

STONE

Are those human ashes?

KANE

Don't know yet. A team took a sample to the lab. They're looking at it.

STONE

(a little skeptical)

So you think Ash is involved in this?

KANE

I'm not ruling anything out.