

Sinner

A Screenplay By Michel Louie Danton.

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FADE IN:

NOTE:

This film was designed to be made to a single piece of masking music. I recommend "Sinner" by Neil Finn

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

DEVI a young man in his mid 20's, despite looking decidedly pale and anemic, he is sleeping peacefully in his bed. The digital clock that comes into focus in the foreground reads 5:59. It soon clicks over to 6:00. His eyes open in time with the first beat of the music. He turns off the inaudible alarm. His clock also shares the bedside table with a "Get well soon" card signed "Katherine".

INT. BATHROOM. MORNING.

He shaves his face in front of the mirror with a razor, his hand jumps after snagging himself.

FLASH TO:

Devi's figure is briefly seen showering through the misted glass door.

CLOSE UP.

Hand turns off tap.

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Devi enters the room with a towel around his waist. He finds his bed has been made and his clothes have been neatly set out for him. A white shirt, black pants, a red clip on tie and a small name tag. Under the tag, there is a small piece of paper and the words "Good luck!" Devi smiles.

STEADY SHOT:

He drops the paper, it glides down to the floor.

DISSOLVE CUT TO:

The paper comes to rest against his black polished dress shoes.

He stands in front of a full length mirror fully dressed in a white dress shirt and dark trousers. He winces slightly, struggling with his illness. He finds some strength looking at the framed certificate on his wall nearby.

It reads: "This is to certify that" "on (date)" Devi Di'Rosso Has attended Computer Barn's three week training workshop" etc.

CLOSE UP.

He clips the tie to his collar and sets the name tag on his chest. It reads: "Computer Barn" and "Devi."

INT. KITCHEN. MORNING

An older lady whom we assume to be his mother, is in a dressing gown sitting at a small table set for one, eating breakfast in the centre of the modest kitchen. She immediately abandons her knife and fork, rising as Devi walks briskly through the room to the front door on the other side, his hand is on the doorknob.

She comes up and gives him a hug from behind. He pauses for a moment and accepts it, holding her hands to his chest before opening the door and stepping outside. It's painful to tear himself away, but he does.

EXT. STREET. MORNING

He steps onto the busy city street, the lady waves at him past a sad but brave face, and he waves back before he carries on his way down the street, his sickness contorts his movements. On his way, he pauses for a moment to flip some coins onto the counter of a small newsstand, picking up a paper. The older newsman nods and waves, he looks happy to see Devi; but a concerned look for Devi grows on the newsman's face on his departure.

INT. DINER. DAY

A young lady KATHERINE, also mid 20's sits in the small 60's diner, booths around the walls, stools at the bar, chrome strips, checkered floor. She's sat at a booth next to a large picture window with a backwards "Rico's" written on it.

She has a cup of steaming Joe in one hand, her attention is upon a newspaper sprawled out in front of her. A marker pen sits on top. On her chest is an identical name tag to the one Devi has. It reads: "Computer Barn" "Katherine"

Devi passes by the window and she waves, watching him come around the diner to the doors at the front. The rolled newspaper is in his hand, he's not wearing his name tag. They greet each other with embarrassed tight faces and say very little else.

The feeling is a little awkward as he sits down in the booth opposite her and immediately unfolds his paper. She immediately comments upon his malaise and puts the back of her hand to his forehead.

Note: All dialogue will be lipsynced only, the accompanying actions should make all conversation elementary.

KATHERINE

Devi! You look awful!

He turns his head, waving her off.

DEVI

I'm fine.

Devi returns to his paper.

She wants to talk with him and looks as though she's about to speak; but he's too nervous to look up from his paper. Awkwardly she goes back to her own paper. He scans the "Barricade City Justice." The headline reads: "Third week of rumors! Has the killing ended?"

He folds the paper to the part he's most interested in. The "Most wanted" A dozen cruel faces line the page with their assorted details next to them. He takes a red marker from his pocket and begins to mark the page, putting x's over some faces, circling others.

One man labeled as "Francisco "The Gentleman" Gambrell" puzzles Devi and writes a question mark next to his face with the red marker. After a few moments of thought, Devi suddenly becomes frustrated and tosses the folded paper face down onto

the table, Devi sighs and puts his fingers through his hair.

But his frustration ends in a heartbeat as "The gentleman" just happens to walk right into the diner. Devi's eyes go wide as he nonchalantly reclaims his paper, and confirmedly flick from the paper to the man as he briefly orders some food.

The waitress behind the counter jots it down on a pad, tears it off and clips the order to the metal wheel, turning it toward the kitchen. The man walks straight into the bathroom.

He lowers his paper slightly and finds that Katherine is also circling sections in her paper under the Classifieds. This disturbs Devi.

DEVI
(worried)
What are you doing?

Devi point's at the newspaper

KATHERINE
New job.

Katherine smiles as she lifts up the paper. The words "Career Classifieds" clearly shown. A few ads have been circled.

DEVI
(worried)
What about Computer barn?

Devi points to her name tag.

KATHERINE
Oh, this?
(she pulls the name tag)
I quit.

She takes off her pin and tosses it across the table. He catches it as it falls off the table on his side, he has two plastic pins in his hand now, her's and his own. He crushes them in his fist they fall out of his hand in pieces onto the floor.

He's devastated but doesn't want to show it. He lifts his paper in front of his eyes, as he wipes away a single tear that winds it's way down his face.

Suddenly his right hand holding the paper up from the side is caressed by her hand. She pulls his hand and the paper away to the side so she can see him. He tries to fortify himself as best he can. Katherine has turned her paper around for him and smiles as she taps an employment ad for a legal

secretary.

KATHERINE
Legal Secretary?

She looks hopeful, Devi just smiles, afraid to show his true emotions, there's pain in his face. She interprets that to mean she's not cut out for it, her smile fades.

KATHERINE
No?
(beat)
What have you got?

She says playfully, regaining her cute little smile as she slowly twists his hand so she can see what he's been circling. There's tension as she can almost see; but suddenly, he pulls his hand and paper away violently. without a word, he painfully stands-

KATHERINE
What's wrong? Devi?

-and stumbles into the bathroom through the swinging door.

INT. BATHROOM. MORNING.

The room is a rather clean bathroom lined with tiles, there are stalls along one wall and a row of sinks below a long glass mirror flanked with standard strip lights. Devi falls into the room, the swinging door slaps against the wall. He dives for a sink kneeling in front of it. His paper comes to rest on the porcelain.

CLOSE UP:

With his chest resting against the sink, He looks at his pallored, gaunt face in the mirror as tears well up in his eyes. Wondering where it all went wrong. A bead of blood appears and trickles from his nostril. He tuns on the tap and wipes his face with trembling hands.

Suddenly he turns his head to the side, as if he hears something. The camera shifts slightly to expose a pair of shuffling feet with a pair of trousers draped over them visible underneath the closed stall behind him. Devi slowly reaches to the paper and turns it over, so the "most wanted" is on the bottom.

The trousers rise and the door opens revealing the criminal from the earlier scene. He's built like a gorilla, with his fine pin-striped suit rippling over his muscles.

The powerful looking man steps out of the stall, he looms menacingly out of the darkness with a cold merciless look on his rough craggy face, the look of a remorseless killer. He closes on Devi, who remains kneeling on the floor motionless. There's tension as he comes up alongside him and you would expect violence, but instead his huge hand enters the shot and pats Devi on his shoulder and begins to wash his huge hands in the neighboring sink.

He finishes, and moves to the blowing hand dryer next to him he thumps the chrome button, and briefly puts his hands under. He takes his hands away and thumps the button again and again, once on the side. It clearly isn't working.

Frustrated, he looks around for something to dry his hands when he sees Devi's newspaper cast aside and unattended. He takes the paper and pulls off a sheet.

CLOSE UP:

Beads of sweat are clearly visible on Devi's forehead, "the gentleman" behind him is wiping his hands on the sheet. Tension builds as he pauses with the sheet open for a moment, before continuing to dry his hands with it.

Nonchalantly, he balls the paper and tosses it into the bin as he leaves. Devi breathes a sigh of relief as he picks up his paper and begins to leave when the Gentleman suddenly bursts in through the door and slams a gloved fist right into Devi's face, knocking him to the ground.

"The gentleman" kicks him viciously in his ribs before placing a heavy foot square onto Devi's back, holding him down. He takes out a vial of liquid from his coat and a syringe, he fills the syringe.

CLOSE UP:

Devi has a thousand yard stare as his face is firmly pressed against the tiles. He doesn't seem to be in any pain but more like coming to a painful conclusion.

ENTER MONTAGE:

Scenes from earlier in the film flash through his mind, the newsman who was happy to see him, the old lady holding him tenderly, Kathryn lovingly caressing his hand.

A tear rolls down his face. The syringe enters the shot and is just about to enter his neck when-

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DINER. DAY.

Devi nonchalantly emerges from the bathroom as if nothing happened, he's looking happier and healthier too. He casually strolls over to Katherine's table.

DEVI
I have to go.
(he thumbs behind him)

He turns his back and heads for the door. Katherine thinks this is the time to tell him she loves him. She shoots out a hand.

KATHERINE
Wait!

He stops and turns around.

DEVI
What?

Devi takes Katherine's hands in his own

DEVI
What is it?

He looks hopeful; she looks pained as she tries to find the words. Outside of the diner, a car pulls into view and the occupant, a handsome young man, waves at Katherine. She's saved by the bell.

KATHERINE
Need a lift?
(pointing to the car)

DEVI
No, I've got to run.

Devi taps at his watch, upturned palms sign (meaning: Sorry but what else can I do?)

EXT. STREET. DAY

Devi waves goodbye as the car pulls away from the curb. Katherine leans out of the window with that cute smile again and waves until they turn the corner. He stands there, slowly lowering his arm, his attention is quickly taken by something off camera.

INT. DINER. DAY

The waitress rapidly emerges from the kitchen with a breakfast in her hand, looking expectantly out onto the street to the source of an unheard sound. Skid-marks lead up to Plumes of smoke as they peel away from a sports car's wheels as it sits motionless at the zebra crossing. Devi is on the crossing in front of it, standing between the car and an old lady trying to cross the road.

Devi stands there with two hands on the bonnet. Soon after, he begins to safely escort the old lady across the road.

EXT. STREET. DAY

The nervous sports car driver gets out and watches the pair slowly cross the road. He wipes the sweat of his brow and thinks himself lucky, until he see's his bonnet. He's stupefied as it's clear there are two deep indentations of huge, clawed, three fingered hands clearly pressed into the metal.

INT. DINER. DAY.

The waitress who is oblivious to the hand marks has had her bit of excitement for the day and turns back toward the restaurant with the steaming plate in her hand. She puts the breakfast down on the counter and knocks on the men's room door.

WAITRESS

Sir, Your breakfast is ready.

WAITRESS

Sir?

She slowly pushes through a crack in the door and walks into the bathroom.

WAITRESS

Sir?

CLOSE UP:

The waitress holds her face in horror as the shade shifts to a blood red.

EXT. STREET. DAY

Devi and the old woman walk down the street with her arm on his, smiling talking, pointing at things. Laughing...

FADE OUT.