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Sins Of the Fathers

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In the woods, outside Charleston, South Carolina.

June, 1693

THE VILLAGE ELDERS GATHER AT THE SITE OF A BRUTAL, RITUALISTIC MURDER.

"WHAT SAYEST THOU,
MAYOR CRODWELL?"

ALL EYES TURN TO A
SHORT, SQUARE MAN.

"NOT AGAIN!"

"THIS IS THE SIXTH..."

"I SAY... DEVILS FROM
HELL ARE AMONG US!"

"TIS WORSE THAN THE
TROUBLE THEY HAD UP NORTH."

"...MOTHER OF GOD PROTECT US!"

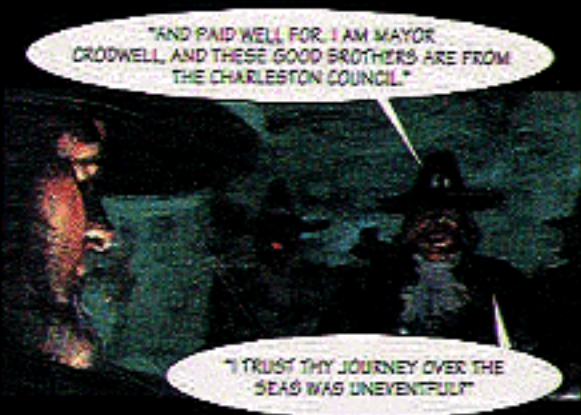
THE GRIM VIGIL IS BROKEN BY THE
SOUND OF A HORSEMAN'S
GALLOPING APPROACH.

AN ODDLY DRESSED STRANGER
DISMOUNTS...



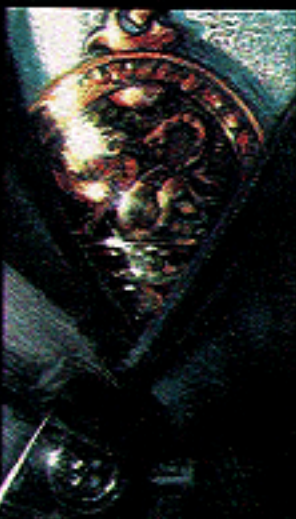
"THOU ART THE WITCH-HUNTER?"

"JA, HERR RITTER. AS THOU REQUESTED."



"AND PAID WELL FOR. I AM MAYOR
CRODWELL, AND THESE GOOD BROTHERS ARE FROM
THE CHARLESTON COUNCIL."

"I TRUST THY JOURNEY OVER THE
SEAS WAS UNEVENTFUL"



"I WAS WELL PROTECTED."



"SO SHALL WE BE, NOW
THAT THOU ART WITH US."

THE WITCH-HUNTER REJECTS FURTHER FORMALITIES, TURNING INSTEAD TO THE ISORY SCENE SPEAKING OUT BEFORE HIM...

"IT'S THE WORK OF WITCHES...
IF NOT THE DEVIL HIMSELF!"

"WELL?"

WHEN THE WITCH-HUNTER FINALLY ANSWERS, HIS VOICE IS GRIM...

"I MUST MAKE THAT DETERMINATION,
HERR CRODWELL."

"JA. IT IS WITCHCRAFT..."

"...THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT."

"THE WITCH-HUNTER WILL
FIND THE GUILTY ONE!"

"THANK, JEHOVAH!"

THE SOUND OF A DELICATE FOOTFALL
QUIETS THE ANGRY MEN, INTO THEIR
MIDST COMES ONE WHO SHINES LIKE
COPPER IN THE BRIGHT MOONLIGHT NIGHT.



"ELIZA, WHY ART THOU HERE?"



"A LETTER FOR THE WITCH-
HUNTER, MASTER."

"GIVE IT TO ME, CHILD."




AS THEIR EYES MEET, SOMETHING PASSES
BETWEEN THE WITCH-HUNTER AND THE SLAVE--
SOMETHING LIKE...



...RECOGNITION.





Dear Father,

I recieved thy missive - I
know thou art angry - but my
journey here was not in Vain.

The colonists here have stumbled
upon a true Evil - magic dark &
olde - It is unlike anything I
have seen on the continent -

Please write me more about
thy work in St. Dominique -
there is a pattern around the

bodies that recalls thy stories
of those killings, I shall begin
to question the local slaves. Do
not fear - the Talisman will
protect me. I only do my best to
fill thy shoes as Schattenjäger -
beloved father. As thou has oft
told me - We must prepare to
sacrifice all - Your son

Hunter



AT THE END OF A SCORCHING SUMMER DAY SPENT INVESTIGATING, GUNTER RITTER FINDS HIMSELF AT THE SLAVE QUARTERS OF MAYOR CRODWELL. THE SIGHT OF A FAMILIAR FIGURE IS A WELCOME RELIEF...



"MISTRESS ELIZA, MIGHT I TROUBLE THEE?"



"IT IS VERY HOT IN THY COLONY. WOULDST THOU HAVE SOME WATER?"



"IT IS NOT MY COLONY. COME INSIDE BEFORE YOU FALL DOWN."



"SO, YOU ARE THE FAMOUS WITCH-HUNTER?"

"THAT IS WHY I AM HERE."

"WHY DO YOU DO THAT—HUNT WITCHES?"

"THERE ARE THINGS THAT... SHOULD NOT BE."




"HAH! YES, WITCH-HUNTER, THERE ARE MANY THINGS WHICH SHOULD NOT BE."



"TELL ME ABOUT THYSELF, ELIZA."

THE WOMAN STARES AT HER QUESTIONER, UNABLE TO FATHOM HIS INTEREST. BUT WHEN HIS FACE REMAINS SINCERE, SHE FINDS HERSELF SPEAKING. THE BITTERNESS IN HER VOICE SURPRISES HER.



"WHAT IS THERE TO TELL?
MY REAL NAME IS TETELO."




"MY PEOPLE WERE STRONG
AND BEAUTIFUL. MY FATHER LED
THEM TO PROSPERITY, UNTIL..."



"FEW SURVIVED THE SLAVERS."




"I WAS TAKEN TO THE WEST INDIES
LATER, WHEN MY FIRST MASTER DIED..."



"I WAS BOUGHT BY CROOKWELL
THE BROUGHT ME HERE."


"IS HE GOOD TO THEE?"

"GOOD? ARE YOU MAD,
WITCH-HUNTERS?"




THE DOOR BURSTS
OPENING, BREAKING
THE MOMENT...


"HERR RITTER,
I DID NOT EXPECT TO FIND
THEE STILL ABOUT."



"TEUZAI MY PRETTY ONE..."



GUNTER FINDS
HIMSELF
STRANGELY
EMBARRASSED.



"IT IS LONG
PAST SUNSET."

"I WAS JUST LEAVING.
GOOD NIGHT, MAYOR."

THE NEXT DAY GUNTER FOLLOWS A LEAD TO THE CROW'S NEST—A SEAMAN'S TAVERN.

"DO THE VICTIMS HAVE ALL SEEN SEAMEN?"

"SWAT I SAID,
MEN AROUND HERE ARE GETTIN'
AINFUL JUMPY. LAST MAN WHAT
WENT DOWN'S A CAPTAIN."

"NAY,
E'D BEEN A SLAYER ONCT,
BUT GAVE IT UP,
YA KNOW."

"FROM
THE MERCHANT'S
PRIDE?"

"TOO MUCH BLOOD IN IT FOR 'EM."

"SOME 'R EQUAMISH 'BOUT
SUCH THINGS."

AS HE HEADS THROUGH TOWN, GUNTER SEES A DISTANT FLASH
OF SKIRT AND HURRIES TO CATCH UP.

"MISTRESS TETELD, GOOD
DAY, MIGHT I AID THEE WITH
THOSE PACKAGES?"

"I AM SORRY... ELIZA."

"THERE ARE
NO SLAVES WHERE I COME FROM.
I AM NOT FAMILIAR WITH THE
PROPER... PROCEDURE."

"WE ARE NOT
IN YOUR HOMELAND,
NOR MINE. IF YOU OWNED ME,
I WOULD HAVE TO ACCEPT
YOUR 'ATTENTIONS'."

"DON'T CALL ME THAT!
ELIZA IS MY NAME! DO YOU
WANT TO GET US BOTH IN
TROUBLE? I AM A SLAVE!"

"FORGIVE ME."

"SINCE YOU DO NOT,
LEAVE ME ALONE!"

THAT NIGHT GUNTER CANNOT SLEEP. HE STRUGGLES WITH AN OPPRESSIVE RESTLESSNESS-- AN ANXIETY HE CANNOT NAME. THE LIGHT TAPPING AT THE DOOR TAKES A MOMENT TO REGISTER.



"VAST"



"TETELO"

"YES. I WANT YOU TO TELL ME ABOUT IT."



"ABOUT WHAT?"

"YOUR HOMETLAND."

"JAI CERTAINLY. PLEASE, TAKE A SEAT."


GUNTER FINDS HIMSELF TELLING THE BEAUTIFUL SLAVE ABOUT HIS FATHER, ABOUT THEIR FAMILY ROLE OF SHATTENJÄGER-- SHADOW HUNTER-- DESTROYERS OF EVIL, ABOUT THE TALISMAN THAT GOES WITH THE TITLE...



"YES. I CAN FEEL THE TOTEM'S POWER... AND YOURS."




"I AM TORMENTED BY THOUGHTS OF THEE, TETELO. I WANT SUCH... THINGS."



"A WHITE MAN WOULD NOT UNDERSTAND. IT IS CALLED ZINSTGI- THE UNSIDDEN."



"YES. I CAN SEE THAT."



"YOU WOULD NOT HAVE COME TO ME."

"I DID NOT WANT TO BE LIKE THE OTHERS."

"WHEN A MAN AND A WOMAN ARE BROUGHT TOGETHER BY THE UNIVERSE THEY HAVE NO CHOICE. THERE IS ALWAYS A REASON— A CHILD MUST BE BORN, A VILLAGE SAVED... TO FIGHT IT IS A LIVING DEATH."


"GOOD. IT IS BETTER THAT I CHOSE FOR MYSELF."



"YOU UNDERSTAND?"

"YES."

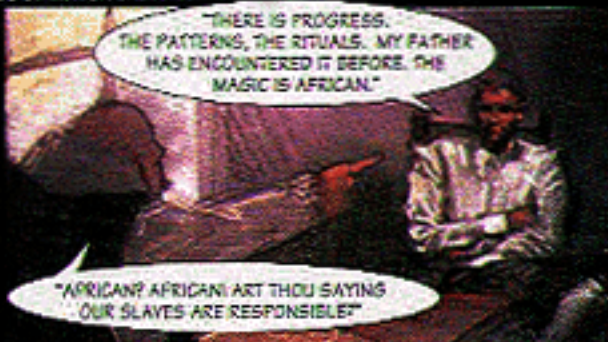
LATER...



"THIS WILL BE VERY... CHALLENGING. I HOPE THE UNIVERSE KNOWS WHAT IT IS DOING."

"SO, MY LOVE, DO I?"

SEVERAL WEEKS LATER IN THE OFFICE OF MAYOR CROWWELL...



"THERE IS PROGRESS. THE PATTERNS, THE RITUALS. MY FATHER HAS ENCOUNTERED IT BEFORE. THE MAGIC IS AFRICAN."

"AFRICAN? AFRICAN! ART THOU SAYING OUR SLAVES ARE RESPONSIBLE?"



"I SHALL KILL EVERY NIGGER IN THE STATE, BY GOD! INSOLENT BASTARDS!"

"BE CALM! A MASSACRE IS NOT THE ANSWER! I AM SURE THERE ARE NO MORE THAN FIVE OR SIX INVOLVED. THESE COVENS WORK IN SECRET."

"ART THOU SURE THIS IS NOT SIMPLY AN EXCUSE FOR SPENDING SO MUCH TIME IN MY SLAVE QUARTERS?"

THE WORDS, NOW SPOKEN, HANG BETWEEN THE TWO MEN.



"NO. GIVE ME ONE MORE NIGHT."



"IT HAD BETTER BE SO. THE EXAMPLE WE MAKE OF THIS COVEN SHALL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN."

"I HAVE SET A TRAP. BY TOMORROW, THOU WILT HAVE THY WITCH."



"AND THEN THOU, HERR RITTER..."



"...CAN GO HOME."

THAT SAME NIGHT...

"OH THE SHEA. SHE
ISSA TERRIBLE MISTRESS.
HEIGH (HIC) HOOO!!!"

"(HIC)"

"WHERE ARE
MY MEN?"


"WHERE ARE
MY..."

CRACK!



HE FIGHTS THE DARKNESS TO THE
THRABBING OF DRUMS.

THE WITCH-HUNTER THOUGHT OF THE
PERFECT TRAP...



AND INTO IT HAD FALLEN THE ONE
PERSON HE HAD LEAST EXPECTED...



HIMSELF.

WHEN CONSCIOUSNESS
RETURNS, HE FINDS IT
STRANGER THAN ANY DREAM!


"DAMBALLAH OUEDDO, OUI COULEURKE MOINS!"

"OGOUN DADAGRIS,
VINI GIDEK NOUS!"





"DAMBALLAH, OUR GREAT SERPENT GOD, COME AND AID YOUR PEOPLE!"



"OSOUN BADA GRIE VENGANCE IS TAKEN,
POWER RECALLED, BLOOD FOR BLOOD, AS
YOUR THIRSTY LAWS...ZAVANG"



AS THE DAGGER PLUNGES TOWARD HIM, GUNTER CALLS ON HIS MASTER.



GOTT!



THE TALISMAN CRACKLES WITH ENERGY...



"GASP!"



...AND SUDDENLY, THE WITCH SEES THE MAN BENEATH HER.

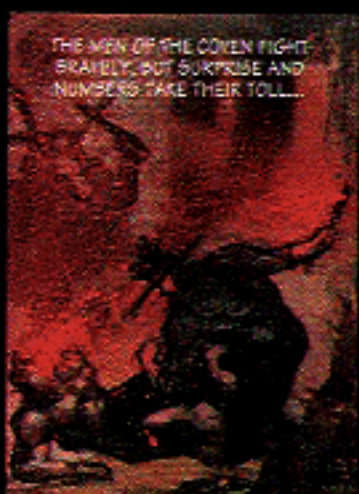
THE LOVERS STARE AT EACH OTHER IN HORROR...



BEFORE THE TWO CAN RECOVER, GUNTER'S
MEN MAKE THEIR BELATED ATTACK.




THE MEN OF THE COVEN FIGHT
BRAVELY, BUT SURPRISE AND
NUMBERS TAKE THEIR TOLL...



"A TRAP!"




IN A HORRIFIED DAZE, GUNTER WATCHES HIS MEN CAPTURE THE COVEN.
THEN, WITHOUT A WORD, HE SLIPS AWAY TO CONFRONT THE WITCH HERSELF!



"I KNOW YOU DO NOT
UNDERSTAND. I BEG YOU,
HEAR ME SPEAK!"




"I AM WAITING."



"MY FATHER WAS NOT
JUST A CHIEF. HE WAS
A BLACK DOCTOR..."

"...SHAMAN TO THE DARK
GODS THAT GAVE OUR
TRIBE POWER."



"THERE CAME A TERRIBLE
DROUGHT. NOTHING MY FATHER
DID APPEASED THE GODS."



"AFTER MANY DIED,
OGGUN BADAGRIS
FINALLY ANSWERED."

"HE NAMED THE
PRICE OF RAIN..."

"MY FATHER THOUGHT HE COULD TRICK OGOUN
BADAGRIS. HE TRANSFERRED MY SOUL
TEMPORARILY INTO THE BODY OF ANOTHER GIRL..."



"...AND THEN HE
KILLED HER."



"BUT OGOUN BADAGRIS WAS NOT FOOLED."



"ANGRY AT MY FATHER'S
BETRAYAL, OGOUN SENT
THE WHITE MEN..."




"OUR PEOPLE FOUGHT
HARD..."



"...AND WERE SLAUGHTERED."



"EVERYONE STILL LIVING
WAS TAKEN. MANY MORE
DIED ON THE VOYAGE."




"BUT WHY KILL THESE MEN NOW? WHAT GOOD CAN IT DO?"

"OSGON IS WILLING TO FORGIVE, BUT TO REGAIN POWER OUR CAPTIVES MUST DIE, OUR HUMILIATION BE REVENGED."



"I CANNOT LET THEE CONTINUE..."

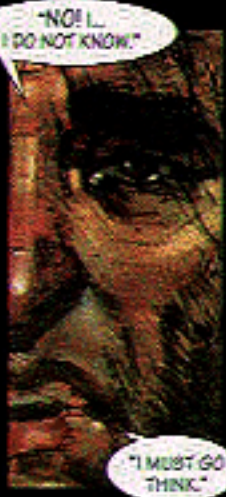
"...I CANNOT FORGET."




"HAST THOU KNEW IT WAS THEE I SOUGHT ALL THIS TIME, AND THOU LET ME LOVE THEE!"

"OF COURSE YOU CANNOT. I HAVE BEEN LIVING FOR THE PAST, BUT SINCE YOU CAME I HAVE SEEN OTHER PATHS FOR ME. TOGETHER, YOU AND I..."

"LET YOUR I HAD NO CHOICE!"



"NO! I DO NOT KNOW!"



"HOW DO YOU THINK I FELT, IN LOVE WITH MY OWN HUNTER? THIS WAS DESTINED! YOU AND I MUST MAKE A NEW WAY, TOGETHER."


"I MUST GO THINK."



"GUNTER!"




"DO NOT BETRAY ME."





"MAYOR CROWDELL, ALL WERE CAPTURED BUT THE LEADER-- A FEMALE."

"THE WITCH-HUNTER MUST STILL BE ON HER TRAIL."



"GOD HAS DELIVERED THIS MURDEROUS COVYIN OF SATAN UNTO US, SO HE WILL THE WITCH."

"YES, BUT WHO BROUGHT THIS WITCH AMONG US?"



"THOU SPEAKETH NOT, AND YET... THY FACE IS FAMILIAR..."

"THOU SLAVE! SPEAK THOU HER NAME!"

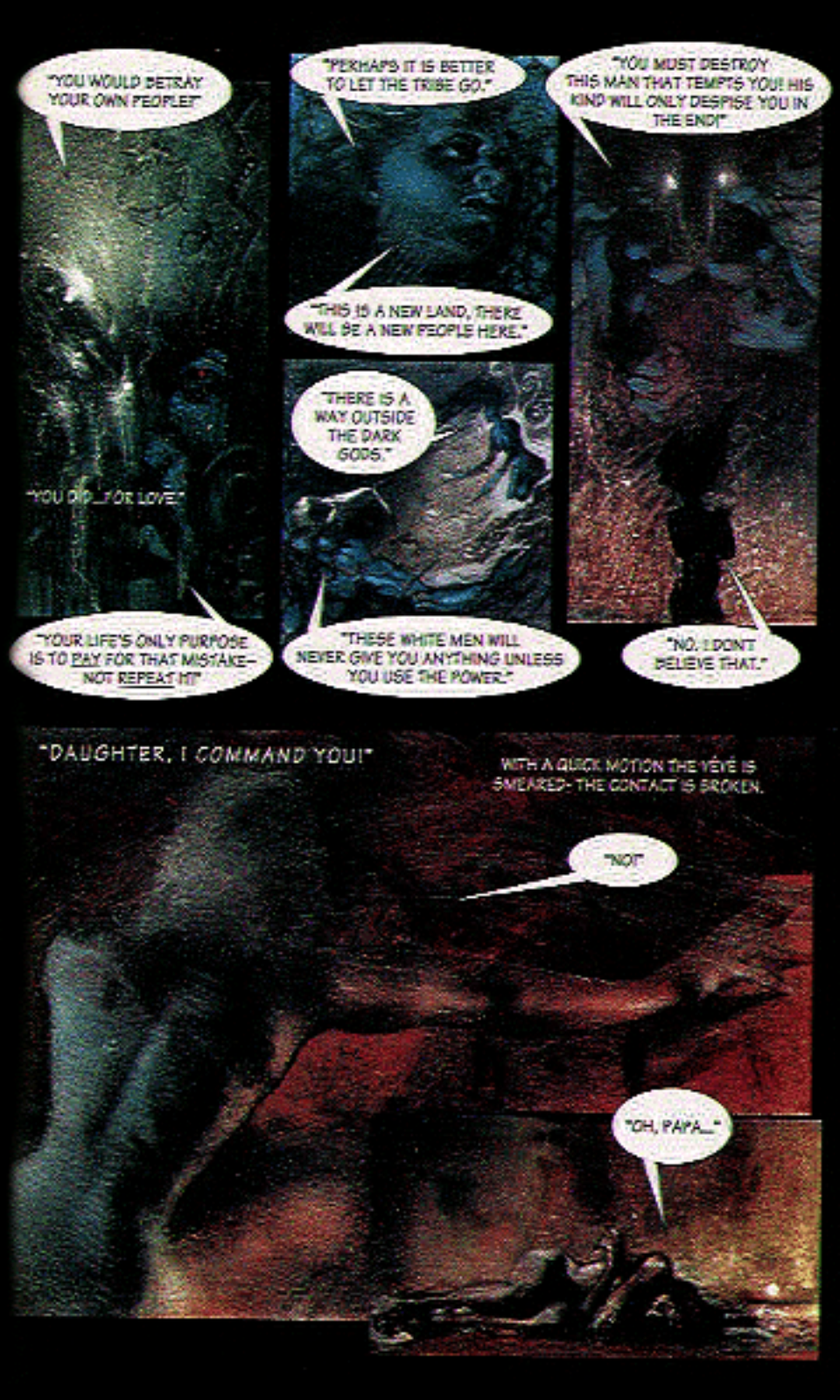
LOOKING INTO THE COVEN MEMBER'S BLOODY, COPPER-COLORED FACE, A HORRIBLE REALIZATION COMES TO CROWDELL.

"I KNOW WHERE TO FIND HER! AND THE WITCH-HUNTERS FOLLOW ME!"

MEANWHILE, ALONE IN HER CHAMBER, TETELO PREPARES A RITUAL CIRCLE - HER TRIBE'S VEVE - AND ENTERS THE SPIRIT WORLD.

"FATHER, I CALL YOU. COME SPEAK WITH YOUR DAUGHTER."

"FATHER, I HAVE COME TO ASK YOU... PLEASE RELEASE ME FROM MY DUTY TO THE TRIBE."



"YOU WOULD BETRAY
YOUR OWN PEOPLE!"

"PERHAPS IT IS BETTER
TO LET THE TRIBE GO."

"YOU MUST DESTROY
THIS MAN THAT TEMPTS YOU! HIS
KIND WILL ONLY DESPISE YOU IN
THE END!"

"THIS IS A NEW LAND, THERE
WILL BE A NEW PEOPLE HERE."

"THERE IS A
WAY OUTSIDE
THE DARK
GODS."

"YOU DID... FOR LOVE?"

"YOUR LIFE'S ONLY PURPOSE
IS TO PAY FOR THAT MISTAKE—
NOT REPEAT IT!"

"THESE WHITE MEN WILL
NEVER GIVE YOU ANYTHING UNLESS
YOU USE THE POWER."

"NO, I DON'T
BELIEVE THAT."

"DAUGHTER, I COMMAND YOU!"

WITH A QUICK MOTION THE YÉVÉ IS
SMEARED— THE CONTACT IS BROKEN.

"NOT"

"OH, PAPA..."

IN A CLEARING
NEARBY, GUNTER
WRESTLES WITH
DEMONS OF HIS
OWN...



"GOD, GIVE ME AN ANSWER!"



THE ANSWER IS NOT ONE HE EXPECTED.

HISSESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

HIS REVULSION AND FEAR ARE INSTANT,
HIS DAGGER IS IN THE AIR BEFORE HE'S CONSCIOUS OF THE DECISION TO THROW IT...



OR SEND CLEARLY ITS DESTINATION.



THUD!



"NO!"

"BROTHER
RITTER!"

"FINALLY,
I FIND THEE!"

"THEY HAVE FOUND THE WITCH SHE
WAS TAKEN TO THE TOWN SQUARE!"

"THEY FOUND WHO?"

"CRODWELL'S SLAVE WOMAN, ELIZA. SHE
MUST HAVE THOUGHT THE DEVIL WOULD PROTECT HER,
FOR SHE WAS STILL IN HER CASIN..."

"...NEVER
EVEN TRIED TO
ESCAPE."

"WHAT!
CAME TO WARN
THEE! BROTHER
RITTER!"

GUNTER REACHES THE TOWN SQUARE, WHERE THE SOFT GLOW OF FIRELIGHT FILLS HIM WITH TERROR.

"CRODWELL
STOP!"

"WHAT IS IT,
WITCH-HUNTER?
OR SHOULD I SAY...
WITCH-LOVER?"

"WHAT DOST THOU IMPLY?
I ASK FOR A FAIR TRIAL, THAT IS ALL!
THIS IS MURDER!"

"OH! AND WHAT IS IT CALLED
WHEN TOWN MONEY IS SPENT FOR A WITCH-HUNTER
AND HE PROTECTS THE WITCH? LAYS WITH HER IN UTTER BLASPHEMY?
PERHAPS THE GOOD TOWNFOLK WOULD BE INTERESTED IN
HEARING THIS STORY?"

THE CROWD QUIETS AND
TURNS TOWARD THE TWO MEN,
SENSING A CONFRONTATION.

"... BUT THIS..."

"WELL, ARE YOU
STILL UNDER THE POWER OF
HER SEDUCTIVE WAYS?"

"NO! I MERELY
WISHED TO QUESTION THE
WITCH, BUT IF THOU WISHES TO BURN
HER SECRETS WITH HER, THEN DO
SO-- AND QUICKLY!"

"GUNTER!"

THE WITCH-HUNTER PUSHES
HIS WAY WITH PRETENDED
COLDNESS TO THE EDGE OF
THE ANGRY CROWD...

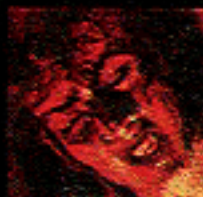
BUT CANNOT MAKE
HIMSELF GO FURTHER.

"GUNTER!"

HE WATCHES, TRANSFIXED, AS THE FLAMES GROW HIGHER,
AND TETELO, ABANDONED ONCE MORE, BEGS HER OLD GODS FOR VENGEANCE.



"DAMBALLAH, OGGUN
BADAGRIE, HEAR YOUR
WICKED DAUGHTER!"



"I CALL UPON YOU TO REVENGE
YOUR PEOPLE! DESTROY THIS
TOWN AND ALL WITHIN IT!"



"DAMBALLAH! GREAT SERPENT --STRIKE!"

BUT THE ONLY REPLY IS THE TAUNTS OF THE HATE-FILLED MOB.



"SPEAK
WITCH,
STEAD!"

"HAI HAI
HAI!"



"TINY DEVILS
CANNOT
SAVE THEE!"

"GUENE
DEVIL'S
WHORE!"



AAAIIEPPPE!!!

HER AGONY AND HUMILIATION TWIST IN GUNTER'S MIND--SHE, THE MARTYR,
THE CROWD, THE HOWLING DEMONS, IT CAN NOT, GO, ON.



"NO!"



"TETELO!
I EMPOWER
THEE!"



"GOD FORGIVE ME."

THE POWER OF THE
TALISMAN AND THE POWER
OF TETELO'S DARK GODS
CONJOIN IN A TERRIBLE
SYNERGY.

THE HEAVENS BOIL OVER,
BLEED ELECTRICITY...

AND HURLE THEIR DESTRUCTION WITH DEADLY ACCURACY...



AT THE SAINTS AND SINNERS IN THE SQUARE BELOW.



"NOW, MY BROTHERS."


TETELO'S HANDFUL, FREED FROM THEIR BONDS, ATTACK. THEY ARE JOINED BY CHARLESTON'S OTHER SLAVES— THE OLD GODS FANING A SPARK THEY HAD FORGOTTEN WAS THERE...



"DAMBALLAH."



A HATE THEY HAD SWALLOWED FOR TOO LONG...



MERCY HAD BEEN LEFT IN THE FIELDS OF AFRICA AND THE HOLDS OF STINKING SLAVE SHIPS...



AND IT IS CHARLESTON THAT WILL PAY THIS NIGHT.

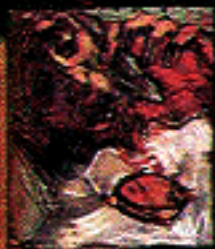
QUINTER SITS IN THE EYE OF THE STORM, WHILE SOME PART OF HIS BRAIN HEARS THE SOUNDS OF THE MASSACRE, HIS EYES REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE IT. HE STARES AT THE TALISMAN IN HIS HANDS AS THOUGH FOCUSING ON A LIGHT...



UNTIL EVEN THE LIGHT IS POLLUTED.



AND HE CAN NO LONGER DENY...



"LOOK AT ME."

HE WILL NOT, HE CANNOT.

"I
SAVED
THEE."

"YOUR GUILT
SAVED ME, AND
THIS..."

"BUT YOU
BETRAYED ME."

"YOU
BETRAYED
ME."

"I COULD HAVE
LOVED YOU. I WOULD HAVE
LEFT EVERYTHING."

"WHAT
HAVE I DONE?"

"YOU HAVE
MADE ME MY FATHER'S
DAUGHTER."

"GOOD-BYE, WITCH-HUNTER."



GABRIEL KNIGHT

SINS
OF THE
FATHERS

Suggested
for mature
audiences.