

HELLBOUND

"WHISPERS IN THE DARK"

STARRING

SAM WITWER

AS "JAMES"

AND **EMILY ROSE**

AS "ALYSON"

WRITTEN BY

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CREATED BY

CHRIS DAVIS AND JACK MALONE

FADE IN:

ON A BLOODY HANDPRINT --

It drags endlessly across the wall, thinning out the further along it spreads. Ragged breaths and a faint panting leads us to find a MAN. JEREMY WEATHERS.

His back is turned. But as the wind howls towards him, he looks over his shoulder with fear in his piercing, blue, crystal eyes.

His long brown trench coat WHIPS against the frame, as he carries on - a CRACK of thunder, followed by a large white glow from the harrowing lightning that paves his way to safety.

ANGLE: PAVEMENT

A set of feet SLAM against a wide puddle of water. It splashes, almost violently. They are followed by another. And another. And another.

JEREMY limps steadily off, out of the narrow entrapment he's confined in, and into the --

EXT. STREETS, CITY - NIGHT.

JEREMY, almost collapsing, steps out into the empty streets now feeling the sharp blade that pierced his waist earlier. He clutches his wound and stares down at his bloody hand in disbelief, and horror.

The pain grows heavier. Worse.

In a matter of seconds, Jeremy is across the other side of the street, and disappears into the shadows that encapsule the alleyway - blends within its scope.

ANGLE: GUTTER

Several sets of boots slam into the stream of water that rushes along the sides of the gutter. As we RISE UP from the drenched shoes, we find FOUR angry, determined men, dressed like mobsters out to complete a hit. Their target: JEREMY.

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT.

A hand clutches the edge of the rooftop, and grips it tightly with the intention of *not* letting go. Then comes another, equally gripping the edge as JEREMY rises up from the ladder.

He ascends onto the rooftop, and collapses onto his hands and knees as he finally reaches the ground. His head eases up, as the wind turns colder. Heavier.

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Four quick blurs of BLACK FIGURES shoot up into the sky, high above Jeremy's vision, and hastily descend onto the rooftop. Its those four men. They've found him.

JEREMY jolts back from the shock, and seemingly attempts to crawl back to the edge with the intention to escape.

JEREMY

Please. You've got the wrong guy.

Jeremy rests his hand underneath his arm, and applies pressure to his aching wound. The blood drips beside his feet, and as it does, the growl of the approaching men grows louder. More obvious.

A faint HEARTBEAT sets in.

Jeremy rises up onto the edge, his legs trembling.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I - I know who you're looking for.
I can help you. Just, please --

He takes in a deep breath, his eye trailing along the edge he now stands on as the view down below sends a shiver down his spine. Scared.

His eyes shoot back to the four men. His expression, changed. Its almost as if he's turned into a completely different man.

A smile frames his face, from one ear to the other.

Jeremy THROWS his jacket off and reveals an arsenal of weaponry under his clothes. Despite the set of guns attached to his sides, there are no ammunition clips around his chest. Instead, he pulls an oddly shaped ORB out from behind his back and presents it to them.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Didn't think he'd let his best
friend go down without a fight, did
you?

Now the fear grows in *their* eyes. One of the men SWINGS their arms out to another, and knocks the all-in-black man to the ground, just as --

A piercing light extends out of the orb, and rushes straight towards the other THREE, who stay, risen on their feet.

The light tears through their bodies, and they all erupt in a bright, beautiful white glow. Their withering screams, simply the icing on the cake. They're gone.

As the light fades, Jeremy discovers there's one left. They look up at him, and just as Jeremy steps off the ledge, it *blurs* into the night.

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CONTINUED: (2)

A gasp tears from Jeremy's lung as the figure reforms behind him, and wraps its scrawny arms around his body.

We PULL BACK --

Its teeth are extended, its mouth, wide open with thirst.

The beat of Jeremy's heart grows louder. And louder. His neck pumps with blood. He struggles under the intense lock he's forced in, and belts into the night -- no use.

Like blades, the man's teeth pierce through Jeremy's neck and welcomes long, crimson streams of blood into his mouth.

Its a VAMPIRE.

An echoing scream RIPS through the skies, and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK, CITY - NIGHT.

TIGHT on a WINDOW FRAME. The withering scream rushes past in the cold, harsh breeze, and catches the attention of a young, blonde woman. The cries would make anyone cringe with fear, but its an all too familiar sound for ALYSON FAYE.

Her blonde, shoulder-length hair and her *girl-next door* vibe is incredibly misleading. But the look in her eye says it all. There's a hunger for knowledge, a rich intelligence behind those sapphire eyes.

INT. ALYSON'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT.

ALYSON turns away from the window, sad. She takes in a breath, and approaches her desk that sits a few feet away from her bed.

On the desk sits a laptop, already opened, with a glow that illuminates Alyson's features. She sits in front of it. And begins to type.

CHIEF (PRELAP)

You're too close to the case, Faye.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE, POLICE STATION - DAY (FLASHBACK).

FOCUS IN on ALYSON's frustration, as she sits in front of a desk. We catch focus on a nameplate that reads 'CHIEF.'

The CHIEF sits behind the desk, an unhappy look across his face. He's a rather large, African-American man, with an intimidating moustache that adds a fierce punch to his words.

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CHIEF

When your emotions get involved with your work, Detective, your case becomes jeopardized.

ALYSON

You've seen my work, Chief. You know how I handle these assignments. If anything, its my emotions that help solve these cases.

The CHIEF rises from his seat, and slams his fist onto the desk with an echoing THUD.

CHIEF

Its your emotions that landed two of my best men in hospital!

The CHIEF calms himself down, and returns to his seat. He takes in a deep breath. Alyson does the same.

ALYSON

Please. You have to let me finish this. I'm willing to take a sabbatical once I close the case, but I need to finish this.

ANGLE: THE CHIEF'S P.O.V

Alyson's hands tremble in her lap. She wants this. Bad.

CHIEF

There's no need for a sabbatical.

A sigh of relief escapes Alyson.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

(with regret)

... because I'm going to have to let you go.

ALYSON

No. Chief, you can't --

CHIEF

I'm sorry. Despite your success, your methods prove to be a liability. And after everything that's happened, I can't allow you to throw anyone else in harm's way.

ALYSON

Please don't do this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHIEF

You have till the end of the day to
clean out your desk.

ALYSON

Chief, *please!* Its my mother ...

A pause. The CHIEF understands, clearly. A internal struggle with himself, with his morals, with what's right -- he simply shakes his head.

CHIEF

(sympathetic)

I'm sorry.

OFF the CHIEF's sympathy, we ...

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. ALYSON'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT.

TIGHT on Alyson's EYES. They OPEN. Blinks.

Alyson reaches over to the drawer at her desk, and pulls it out. Inside rests a large, thick folder with the words 'MELANIE FAYE' written on it.

She wraps her hands around the entirety of the folder, and places it on top of the desk, out in front of her. She begins to flick through the pages.

Alyson returns to the keyboard, and looks at the document open on her screen. She hits *PRINT*, and collects the sheet of paper that slides out of the printer. As she pulls the paper into her hands, she places it into the back of the folder, and then closes it.

As Alyson pulls the folder in view, and proceeds to place it back inside her drawer, we find a *HANDGUN* resting where the folder sat. Blink, and you'll miss it.

The folder covers the gun, and Alyson closes the drawer.

A voice chimes in from the distance. Almost robotic. As Alyson looks over towards its projection, we find the source of the noise -- a *POLICE SCANNER*.

OFFICER

(over scanner)

We've got a 187 - homicide.

Location: Michigan Avenue. Male

victim. Unusual marks on the neck.

Appears to have been stabbed.

Alyson rises from he seat, and moves over towards the scanner. She answers the call --

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ALYSON
(into radio)
This is badge number 4873.

Next to the scanner rests a police badge, and identification that fits a 'DETECTIVE HANNAH MILLER.'

ALYSON (CONT'D)
(into radio)
I'm on my way.

Alyson snatches the badge into her hands, as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY, STREETS - NIGHT.

The shadows creep in, and bounce off the walls as if they have a life of their own. A figure sets in, their shadow tall and elongated. It glides, slowly, across the wall, and soon, we discover ALYSON.

Her movement is slow. Cautious.

Alyson slowly creeps her hand behind her back, and we find the gun rested in the back of her jeans. She slowly pulls the weapon out, and holds it out in front.

ANGLE: ALYSON'S P.O.V

A set of legs hang out from behind a dumpster, lifeless, dead. Their shadow is sprawled across the waves of a puddle out in front, and seemingly move to its rhythm.

Alyson begins to lower the weapon, until --

The wind picks up movement behind her. She SNAPS around, and aims carefully at the distant howl of the night. Her hands tremble as she attempts to steady her weapon. She can't.

As she takes in a deep, much needed breath, we --

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - NIGHT. (FLASHBACK.)

ALYSON, dressed in a bulletproof vest, aims her gun out at the threatening figure in front of her. This is ALEX RYDER.

ALEX is a fit man, with a long scar across his face and a weapon of his own, loaded, and aimed in his hand. He's in a hood-y, and wears baggy clothes, but doesn't come off as the typical gangster. More tormented. Dark.

He shakes his weapon, but doesn't lose his aim on the OFFICER that stands in the distance with his arms raised.

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Two other officers are in the room. One lays on the ground with a bloody wound, and the other is surrounded by broken wood from crates. Unconscious.

Alyson tightens her grip on the gun, and directs it more towards Alex. He meets with her eyes.

ALYSON

Put the gun down, Ryder!

Alex looks to her with a tormented smile.

ALEX

I won't go down for this.

(beat)

I can't.

ALYSON

Lower the weapon, and we can talk.

This doesn't have to end badly.

SIRENS go off in the background, and more police officers flood into the room. The CHIEF stands in front of them, a gun in his own hand. Alyson acknowledges him, but doesn't lose focus of Alex.

ALYSON (CONT'D)

Listen. You don't want to do this.

CHIEF (O.S.)

Take the shot, Detective!

The officers behind the CHIEF raise their weapons. Alyson looks over to them, disapproving.

ALYSON

No! He knows about my mother.

She returns her focus back to Alex.

ALYSON (CONT'D)

Stand down.

The CHIEF shakes his head.

CHIEF

I'm ordering you to take the shot,
Detective!

ALEX shakes his head with tears filling his eyes. He mimes the words "I'm sorry". Alex then pulls the gun in towards himself, and places it against his temple.

Alyson lunges forward --

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CONTINUED: (2)

ALYSON
(exploding)

No!

BANG!

TIGHT on the gun as it drops to the ground. As it bounces, ALEX too, falls to ground, *dead*.

Alyson's eyes widen in disbelief and horror. The officers push past her on their way to the wounded, and she seems to disappear among the crowd.

TIGHT on Alyson. Her jaw is agape, and her breaths seem to end. Her heartbeat slowly grows softer, and slower, and suddenly all the sirens, and all the noise seems to fade.

As her heartbeat ticks in like a clock, we --

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY, STREETS - NIGHT.

Alyson lowers her weapon to the shadows. Nothing in sight. She turns slowly to face the body, only to find a man in her path. JAMES BRYSON.

A gasp escapes her lips, and she raises the weapon up to meet him. But as she does, he clutches the gun, and pulls it out of her hold.

He tosses it.

Silence. The two stare into each other's eyes. A pause, between them. Alyson doesn't feel threatened as she stares into his big, brown eyes. She studies him. The spiked hair, the long, black, leather jacket. Its almost familiar --

ALYSON

Do I --

SIRENS blare, and a spotlight pierces them. Alyson SNAPS around to face it, and suddenly, several police vehicles pull up in front of the alley entrance.

Out of the vehicles, police MEN, and WOMEN, reveal themselves. They are locked and loaded.

The CHIEF steps out of the closest vehicle, and approaches the alley. He is not happy.

Alyson looks over her shoulder, and JAMES is suddenly gone. It was as if he was a ghost. A shadow, himself.

She looks back to the CHIEF.

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CHIEF

You made a dumb move, Alyson.

Alyson bites her lip, and grows nervous.

CHIEF (CONT'D)

You're facing up to 5 years in a federal state prison.

(beat)

Hand over the badge.

Alyson shuffles into her jeans pocket, and pulls out a police badge. She throws it down in front of the CHIEF. He leans down, and collects it. Still leaned over, he looks up at Alyson who seems to hover over him.

ALYSON

You know I can't let you stop me.

CHIEF takes in a deep, worried breath, with knowledge of what's going to happen next.

CHIEF

You want to add assault to these charges? Don't be an idiot, Faye.

ALYSON

Don't worry. I'll be back to do my time. Right now, I have a case to solve.

Alyson FLICKS out her leg and kicks the Chief across the side of his face. The force behind it almost tears his moustache straight from his upper lip, and his robust body collapses into a puddle of water that splashes up in his face.

The officers raise their weapons.

POLICE OFFICER

(into megaphone)

Alyson Faye, you are under arrest.
Don't move.

Alyson raises her hands at the sight of all the weapons.

ALYSON

(shouting)

The only way you're going to stop me, officer --

(long pause)

... is if you kill me.

Its obvious where the officers stand on the subject as they keep their weapons aimed. The shadows seems to move over Alyson, as a voice calls from within --

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CONTINUED: (2)

JAMES (O.S.)

Come with me.

The voice echoes around her, and Alyson is drawn into it. She slowly turns. James stands in its epicenter.

Alyson meets eyes with him, and a sense of familiarity washes over her. She doesn't know why, or how, but she feels as though she can trust him. As if she knows him already.

He extends out his arm, and Alyson focuses on it. She looks over her shoulder at the officers, as they begin to flood through towards her -- approaching.

Alyson looks back to James, and grabs his hand. His fingers grip her hand tightly, and she is pulled into the unknown presence, fading into nothing but a shadow herself as the two disappear.

The darkness that shadows the alley caves in, until we completely succumb to its intrigue.

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE.