

HELLBOUND

**"A PICTURE PAINTS A THOUSAND  
WORDS"**

STARRING

**SAM WITWER**

AS "JAMES"

AND **EMILY ROSE**

AS "ALYSON"

WRITTEN BY

**JACK D. MALONE**

CREATED BY

**CHRIS DAVIS AND JACK MALONE**

FADE IN:

ON A LARGE PAINTING --

It rests on the wall, hung up, for all to see. Its colours have faded, old, unkept. Its an image of an old man, wearing his age for all to study, judge, and examine.

He wears a torn sweater, and behind him sits a photograph of a younger woman with a man who shares similar features, only in youth, with her. Look close enough, the tears in the old man's face are visible.

PULL BACK slowly from its intrigue as we find ALYSON. Her head tilts at the sight of the painting, and she scans it up and down with her eyes.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS brings her around to find JAMES. He slowly walks up behind her, and both their attention is drawn back to the painting.

JAMES

This was painted in 1932. "*Shell*", they called it.

(beat)

There's something so painful about the way he just glares out at you.

Alyson takes in a deep, jagged breath as James' voice soothingly washing over her.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The spark in his eyes are gone. Faded. Whoever was taken from him, it took his world with it.

Affected by the words, the painting takes on a whole new meaning for Alyson. She lifts her chin, higher, and looks over to James with a little bite in her buck.

ALYSON

You always kidnap young women and put on a show?

James looks to her with a small grin.

JAMES

I'd hardly call it kidnapping.

He turns away, and retreats through a massive entryway that leads into another room. Gone from sight. Alyson shakes her head, and FOLLOWS, into --

**INT. ABANDONED ART GALLERY, DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT.**

Through the wide entrance of the room, ALYSON trances in, dazed and caught in the beauty of all the old paintings and sculptures that are displayed in the room. Her eyes dance across the ceilings, the windows, the walls, even the floor, which is covered in a large, oval rug -- dusty and old.

ALYSON

What are we doing? Why did you bring me here?

James shares a quick glance with her, before he kneels down by the rug. He looks back up to her. Remains eye contact.

JAMES

It seemed like a better option for you than prison.

ALYSON

And that man? The one that died ...  
(pause)  
Who was that?

Pain grows in James' eyes, and he bows his head. He takes in a breath before he THROWS the rug off, and across the room to reveal a HATCH, hidden underneath it. He stands.

Alyson is too drawn in by it to remember her question.

JAMES

That man was my friend.

Alyson finds his eyes, but she can't see past them. He doesn't give her the chance to crack his code.

James leans down, and grips his hand around the bars on the hatch, and as he uses his strength to pull it open, we --

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. HIDEOUT, BELOW GALLERY - NIGHT.**

TIGHT on JAMES as we slowly retract away from him as he moves forward, closer and closer towards us - through the large hallway. We move past him, as we find ALYSON. Her eyes dart around as she blindly follows him through the darkness.

They ENTER a large room. Almost a kind of safe-house. There are weapon cabinets standing against the walls, a wooden table at the far end where a shelf sits -- it contains food supplies, stacked, as if it were prepped for World War III.

Alyson's eyes drift off towards the weapons that hang on the wall. A large BROAD SWORD, a BATTLEAXE, and even a CROSSBOW.

(CONTINUED)

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ALYSON

So if this is your Bat Cave, where  
is your Butler?

James chuckles. He moves over towards the table, and pulls up  
a seat. Alyson soon follows.

JAMES

How come you've got the entire  
Chicago police force after you?

ALYSON

I'm a detective - was a detective.

(beat)

They fired me for being too  
emotionally attached to my cases.  
I'm trying to find my mother,  
actually. They let me go just as I  
was beginning to get somewhere.

(long pause)

What about you? What's got you  
hiding out under an art gallery  
with an arsenal of medieval  
weaponry?

Alyson holds her head up to the side, tilted, interested.

JAMES

There are people after me. People I  
betrayed. People who want me dead.

Alyson suddenly lifts her head up, shocked.

ALYSON

You don't seem like the kind of guy  
someone would want dead.

JAMES

Looks can be deceiving.

James stares off into the distance, but more questions  
circulate in Alyson's mind. She squints her eyes, struggling  
to find the right questions to ask.

ALYSON

That man -- your friend ...

(pause)

The people who are after you. Did  
they kill him?

James's eyes drift towards the table he sits in front of. He  
stares long, and hard into it. He meets back with her eyes,  
and as he opens his mouth, loud FOOTSTEPS echo through the  
room. His eyes jolt up to the ceiling.

JAMES

Someone's inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A BEAT. Fear grows in Alyson's eyes.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Must have followed us.

James rises from the table, but as he does, Alyson jumps up and grabs his arm. STOPS him.

ALYSON  
Where are you going?

JAMES  
Don't worry. You'll be safe here.

James moves towards a cabinet that rests on the floor. He opens it, and more weapons are revealed. He pulls out a gun, and places it in the back of his pocket.

James disappears into the shadows, and Alyson is left, abandoned. She stares on. Scared.

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. ABANDONED ART GALLERY, DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT.**

A set of hands claw up from the open-hatch, and JAMES rises from the floor. He slowly moves through the room, passing the art displayed in front of him.

Behind him, he clutches the gun resting in the back of his pants, prepared for anything.

**INT. HIDEOUT, BELOW GALLERY - NIGHT.**

ALYSON paces the room. She runs her fingers through her hair as the stress drips off her in the form of sweat. Slowly, she drifts backwards against the wall, and as she does, her back hits something -- a SWITCH.

The entire hallway she came through lights up, illuminating several other doors that lead to more and more rooms.

Alyson grows curious ...

**INT. ABANDONED ART GALLERY, LOBBY - NIGHT.**

CLOSE ON: JAMES as he examines the room with more close attention than he's ever given it before. His eyes glide across every corner, every floorboard, every crack in the old walls, as he makes sure he doesn't miss anything.

He pulls the gun from behind him, and holds it, tight, in the palm of his hands.

**INT. HIDEOUT, BELOW GALLERY - NIGHT.**

Slowly, and cautiously, ALYSON moves through the illuminated hallway, and approaches the first door on her right. Her hand creeps over towards the handle, and she turns it.

The door CREAKS open.

ANGLE: ALYSON'S P.O.V

Its a bedroom. A large bed rests in the center, with a wardrobe, but surprisingly no lights. Dark. Dank.

Alyson pulls the door shut, and looks further down the hallway, towards the next door. Its almost as if she is compelled to it.

**INT. ABANDONED ART GALLERY, SECOND FLOOR - NIGHT.**

JAMES moves up the stairs with the gun sharply aimed out in front of him. He STOPS mid-way, and listens in, closely, on the sound of FOOTSTEPS that resonate nearby on the second floor. He continues up the stairs, quietly.

As James reaches the top, he stares down the long corridor of office rooms, and raises his gun towards the sound of footsteps, out at the shadows.

**INT. HIDEOUT, BELOW GALLERY - NIGHT.**

TIGHT on a hand as it clenches the door knob.

ALYSON opens the door, again, very slowly, as it creaks wider and wider apart. Her eyes begin to widen at the sight, and she enters. The door closes behind her, and as it does, we --

CUT TO:

**INT. ABANDONED ART GALLERY, SECOND FLOOR - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.**

JAMES moves through the corridor, his body consumed by the darkness that seems to envelope the entire corridor.

He STOPS.

The FOOTSTEPS have faded, very faintly. James raises his weapon, but as he does, a large gust of wind SLAMS against him, and pushes past fiercely.

James collapses to the floor, and his gun spirals down the opposite corridor. He looks up from the floor, instantly.

ANGLE: JAMES' P.O.V

A dark, blurred BLACK FIGURE disappears down the stairs, and out of sight. Like a ghost.

**INT. HIDEOUT, SECRET ROOM - NIGHT.**

A string dangles from the ceiling, and swings back and forth in our faces. A hand reaches out, and TUGS on it.

LIGHT explodes through the room, and ALYSON is revealed inside. Her hand slowly peels away from the string, trembling, as we finally see what has caught her eye.

IMAGES stuck to the wall. People. Maps. Locations. Across the ceiling are strings which have images hanging down from them. In the center, right at our focus point, is an image of a woman. She is blonde. Wears a few wrinkles on her face that doesn't tarnish her beauty. Tells a story.

PUSH IN on Alyson as tears fill her eyes.

ALYSON  
(trembling)  
Mum?

Alyson covers her mouth as a small yelp escapes her, and we --

CUT TO:

**INT. ABANDONED ART GALLERY, LOBBY - NIGHT.**

In a blur, a black figure ZOOMS down the stairs at a rapid pace, and as it reaches the bottom, it forms into JAMES. His fangs are out, wearing his anger for all to see.

JAMES  
We can only play this game of cat  
and mouse for so long before I rip  
you to shreds.

Suddenly, the figure SLAMS against James again, and rushes him into the wall. The wall CRACKS upon impact, and James is momentarily lifted off his feet. He slides back down, and lands on his hands and knees.

He looks up with a growl. Suddenly, his fangs retract, and his mouth stays agape. He doesn't fight back.

**INT. HIDEOUT, BELOW GALLERY - NIGHT.**

ALYSON stumbles out from the room in a sweat, and rushes towards the larger room that stores all the weapons. Her heart races, and fear consumes her.

PAN ALONG the set of weapons that hang on the wall, as Alyson reaches for them. Her hand wraps around the BROAD SWORD, but as she struggles to take it out, the hinges break on what holds it up, and all the weapons collapse. She jolts back.

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CONTINUED:

Alyson collects herself, and breaths in deep. She moves over to the weapons cabinet where James had earlier pulled a gun from. She scatters through the weapons --

ANGLE: ALYSON'S P.O.V

A lot of ammunition packets that hold tiny wooden bullets inside. She moves them across only to find wooden stakes, and sharp blades.

Alyson steps back from the cabinet. She takes in a deep breath, and pulls out one of the blades. Her hand is trembling.

ALYSON

Come on, Alyson. Keep it together.

She SLAMS the cabinet shut, and proceeds towards the hallway.

JUMP CUT TO:

**INT. ABANDONED ART GALLERY, DISPLAY ROOM - NIGHT.**

A hand springs from the open-hatch, and places a knife onto the floor beside it. Another hand shoots up, and clings onto the hatch door, as ALYSON pulls herself up and out from the hideout and back into the gallery.

She collects the knife, and slowly moves towards the entrance, in hopes of escaping.

Soft mumbling brings Alyson to a STOP. She tries not to breathe. Tries not to draw any attention to herself. Slowly, she moves back towards the hatch, and looks around the room.

Her eyes find the window she saw in her first viewing of the room, and a sigh of relief escapes her. Quietly.

Alyson pulls the window up - fast, to avoid any slow and painful creaks the old window could produce. Its OPEN.

Alyson looks back, over her shoulder. She hasn't alarmed anyone. She first puts one leg through, ducks under the window, and then pulls her other leg out -- gone.

**EXT. ABANDONED ART GALLERY - NIGHT.**

As Alyson drifts off into the darkness, pushing through the bushes and trees that stand in her way, we PULL BACK onto the road to find the VAMPIRE responsible for Jeremy's death.

He SNIFFS, and with a growl, disappears into a blur that zooms off into the bushes --

JUMP CUT TO:

**EXT. MILLENIUM PARK, CHICAGO - NIGHT.**

Alyson RUSHES out from the trees, and enters a lonely, empty park. She constantly looks back, over her shoulder, and prays that James doesn't find her.

By her side, she still carries the knife, and tightly clenches it in her hand. She continues on, and disappears from the frame as she further travels along the park.

In the distance we see the VAMPIRE. He stands. Watching. Waiting. Patiently.

ALYSON moves passed a children's playground, and approaches the sidewalk where wooden seats are all lined up. Where older men and women come to feed the pigeons. As she calms her pace, far away from the gallery, a hand suddenly creeps up onto her shoulder.

Alyson GASPS, and spins around to find -- the VAMPIRE.

She sighs a breath of relief. Its NOT James.

ALYSON  
Oh. You startled me.

Alyson rubs her eyes.

ALYSON (CONT'D)  
Are you okay, sir?

The VAMPIRE looks disgusted at her.

VAMPIRE  
I can smell him on you.

The vampire grabs Alyson by her arms, and closes in on her.

VAMPIRE (CONT'D)  
Filthy.

He begins to lick his lips.

VAMPIRE (CONT'D)  
I'm going to enjoy draining your every last drop.

His fangs are withdrawn, and he almost barks at her, whilst a loud shriek bursts from Alyson's lungs. As he closes in, still holding her arms, Alyson FLICKS her knife-wielding hand up, and stabs the VAMPIRE in the side of his waist.

The VAMPIRE jolts back from the sharp pain, and releases her. As he does, Alyson swings up her arm and clobbers him across the side of the jaw. He grunts as he collapses into the wooden seat -- it CRUSHES on impact.

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CONTINUED:

Alyson stumbles a few steps back, before she turns, and RUNS.

SHOOTING down the sidewalk, Alyson sprints like an Olympic athlete, desperate to escape the VAMPIRE. She looks over her shoulder as she does --

ANGLE: ALYSON'S P.O.V

The VAMPIRE lays against the broken pieces of wood, sprawled out, on his back.

Alyson looks back in front, and continues to run. The breeze feels sharp as she fights against it. Paranoia sets in, and she looks back over her shoulder again --

ANGLE: ALYSON'S P.O.V

Broken pieces of wood lay all across the pavement where the seat once was -- and where the vampire did too.

With fear taking over, Alyson looks back in front, only to see the VAMPIRE standing before her. She STOPS. Yelps.

Alyson takes hopeless steps back, away from him, in fear.

ALYSON  
What are you?

VAMPIRE  
I think you know.

Alyson shakes her head, scared.

ALYSON  
I'm not with *him*. I'm not -- I  
swear, please, just ...

He PUSHES Alyson to the ground, and her back slams against it from force. The knife slides out from her hand and she gasps.

The VAMPIRE closes in on her with a growl, until --

ALYSON (CONT'D)  
No, no -- wait!  
(desperate)  
I know where he is!

He STOPS. Smiles.

ALYSON (CONT'D)  
I can show you!

Alyson takes in a deep breath, and leans up from off the ground. They meet eyes.

ALYSON (CONT'D)  
I can show you ...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The VAMPIRE begins to chuckles, and shakes his head.

VAMPIRE

You don't have to show me,  
sweetheart.

(beat)

You're about to tell me.

The VAMPIRE forces himself on top of Alyson, and pins her to the ground, as he growls violently down on her. His teeth tear into her neck, and as Alyson screams into the night, the blood running from her neck, we --

**BLACKOUT:**

END OF EPISODE