

HELLBOUND

"BRINGER OF LIGHT"

WRITTEN BY
CHRIS DAVIS

CREATED BY
CHRIS DAVIS & JACK MALONE

STARRING

SAM WITWER

AS "JAMES"

EMILY ROSE

AS "ALYSON"

GUEST STARRING

DEVON SAWA

AS "NEIL"

FADE IN:

EXT. CHICAGO, CITY - NIGHT.

TIGHT on a rusted lamp post. One, among many, illuminating the city streets of Downtown Chicago. The light above begins to flicker, ominously, as we slowly move forward, towards a well lit diner. An orange, neon light sign sits at the top of the building, and reads; **SALT & PEPPER DINER.**

A swift burst of lightning, strikes in the stretch behind the diner, succeeded by a COLD, and ROARING thunder clap.

Drifting even farther toward the diner, we focus on the first of three large windows. Behind it, sits JAMES BRYSON, alone, with a pale white coffee mug on the table in front of him. His head faces downward.

Now, so close to the glass, we can almost reach out and touch it, we phase through the window and come to a complete STOP on JAMES.

INT. SALT & PEPPER DINER - NIGHT.

ANGLE: JAMES' EYES.

A set of big, BROWN eyes, plainly focused downward. The notion that a person lives behind these eyes, is almost unknown, as they peer, lifelessly, into the blackness of the seemingly motionless beverage.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
(Pleasant)
Can I get you a refill, hun?

James almost jumps at the sudden voice. His eyes BLINK rapidly, then shift toward the source of the question. He looks up, and to his right to see a FEMALE WAITRESS, standing there with an affectionate smile, almost permanently attached to her face.

JAMES
(Politely, with a grin)
No, thanks.

WAITRESS
Well, if you're looking for some
entertainment later...

BEAT. The woman takes a small, ripped sheet of notebook paper out of the pencil holder on her uniform shirt, and places it on the table in front of James.

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WAITRESS (CONT'D)

...I get off at nine.

James plays it cool, but it's obvious that her advances make him uncomfortable, as he smirks, timidly. He simply nods at the woman, as she struts away.

He releases a long sighs, then gazes back down at the black void of liquid inside the mug. He picks it up and chugs the remainder of the drink. With discomfort, he cocks his head, quickly, shaking off the bitter taste of cold coffee.

The door in front of James' table, abruptly, swings open, revealing JEREMY WEATHERS as he enters the diner. He wears a buttoned, brown trench coat, which covers the rest of his clothing. Jeremy walks the short distance to James' table, and takes a seat directly across from him.

JAMES

You're late.

Short pause.

JEREMY

(Defensive)

Well, in case you hadn't noticed, I can't speed across town in all but ten seconds, like you can.

JAMES

(Irritated)

You know I hate excuses. Just buck up, apologize, and be done with it.

Jeremy's squints his eyes at James' remark. Then realizes that he's only giving him a hard time. James' mouth widens in a grin.

JEREMY

I can never tell when you're joking.

JAMES

Good. That's how I like it. Now, let's get this over with. It's not exactly safe for you to be seen with me.

JEREMY

(Troubled)

Then why am I here?

(CONTINUED)

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James raises an eyebrow, before Jeremy rolls his eyes.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Right.

Jeremy lets a soft sigh slip from his lips, while shaking his head.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

I don't know what to tell you. I tracked down the leads you gave me and all of em' came up blank. Whoever, or... whatever's behind all this knows how to cover their ass.

JAMES

Come on Jeremy, there has to be something you can tell me.

Jeremy bites his lip, in disappointment.

JEREMY

I'm sorry. But I'm getting nowhere on this front, and I don't admit to failure very often.

(Beat)

It's above my radar, man.

James folds his hands, gazes down at the now empty mug, then huffs.

JEREMY

Look... I'm sorry about what happened, but it went down a long time ago. Whoever was behind it could be long dead.

JAMES

I can't accept that.

(Beat)

No, she's still out there.

JEREMY

And how long are you gonna search for her?

Beat.

JAMES

For as long as it takes.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

Jeremy's lips tighten, as the diner door behind the duo, opens again, letting in two men, dressed in solid black from head-to-toe. Both share similar, dark features. Gloomy eyes, and faces that never smile.

ANGLE: ON JAMES.

The new customers instantly gain James' attention, as his eyes sharply follow them to the bar before they take their seats.

One of the men shifts his head back, directly to James, who quickly turns from his view, avoiding eye contact. Jeremy notices him tense up.

JEREMY

You're not freakin' out, are you?

JAMES

The two guys that just walked in --
vampires.

Jeremy's eyes widen in terror. James turns his head toward the window, and spots three men across the parking lot, dressed in all black, and facing the diner.

JAMES

Three more out front.

JEREMY

You think they came to party?

JAMES

They came for me.
(Long pause)
Stay here.

JEREMY

I don't think so. Just like you said, I shouldn't be seen with you. They'd rip my heart out, just as fast as they would yours.

JAMES

You're right. Only they'd tear you apart, limb from limb, as you watch...

(Beat)

Then rip your heart out for dessert.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

JEREMY

I don't peg this as a time for jokes, James.

JAMES

Well, it's a good thing I'm not a kidder. Come on!

James springs up from his seat, grabbing Jeremy's shoulder in the process. The two dart for the back door, as the men at the bar rustle after them.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO, CITY - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT.

TWO SETS OF RAPIDLY MOVING LEGS - Running violently down the darkly paved alleyway behind the diner.

WE FLOAT upward to see James and Jeremy dashing down the alley's stretch, with critical haste. Not far behind, are the men chasing them. The original two are joined by the other three, and they've got their heads set to kill.

As the two turn a corner, out of the alley, and onto the corner of Madison Street, Jeremy struggles to keep up with James. They stop, and conceal themselves behind an uninhabited, CTA (*Chicago Transit Authority*) BUS STOP SHELTER.

Jeremy is breathing so heavily, it might threaten to reveal their location to their pursuers.

JEREMY

You don't happen to have an extra stake handy...

James reaches into his leather coat pocket and brings out a small, spheric orb. Graphic markings circle around the orb, and they appear to be ancient, and tribal in design and nature. He hands it to his partner.

JEREMY

What the hell should I do with this? Last time I checked, vampires were allergic to wood, not glass.

JAMES

They don't take too kindly to sunshine either. It's a Light Bringer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

An ancient orb crafted by some of the most powerful magic in the entire Old-World.

JEREMY

Well, that's very historic of you. So, what's the plan?

JAMES

We split up. I'll make a break for the red line. You head for your apartment. They can't get in, uninvited.

JEREMY

That's if I make it there.

JAMES

You will... I'll come find you when I've lost them.

JEREMY

Where did they go, anyway?

James slowly peeks his head from around the cover to see the five men, spreading out through the streets, in search for them.

JAMES

Right behind us. If we're gonna move, we gotta do it now.

JEREMY

Well, it was nice knowing you.

JAMES

(Nods)

Go!

They both run off in opposite directions. James rushes down the stairs to his right, leading to the subway stations, while Jeremy darts down MADISON street. Unfortunately, the men after them spot the two and resume the chase.

The one in front, average build, with dark features and dirty blonde hair, smirks. His name is Neil.

NEIL

I've got the target... the rest of you, head for the lackey --

(BEAT)

-- and save me a plate.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

Neil treads toward the subway station, while the four remaining men run after Jeremy.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDERGROUND, SUBWAY - NIGHT.

The subway is almost desolate. Only a handful of travelers occupy the ICE COLD space. Neil reaches the end of the stairs, and slowly makes his way across the subway floor.

NEIL

(Tauntingly)

Oh, James!

(Beat)

I know you're down here.

We move across the subway to reveal JAMES BRYSON, standing behind a cement pillar on the far side of the vacant place. His face, struck with a violent anxiousness, becomes unfocused and we see NEIL, slowly making his way toward him.

James' features are seen clearly again, then he quickly peers around the pillar to face his enemy. But, Neil is nowhere in sight. Perplexed, James goes to turn back behind the pillar when -- BAM!!

A hard fist meets his chest, pushing him back toward the ledge above the train tracks. The few people in the station gasp, in shock, at the act of violence. James glances up at NEIL, who simply grins before going for a second attack, as he shoots his foot up toward James' gut.

He isn't so lucky this time, as James catches his foot, then pushes it upward, flipping Neil backward and sending him crashing onto the cement ground.

SUDDENLY, a civilian man grabs James' shoulder, trying to break up the fight. James turns to him, mouth wide, revealing a pair of two razor-like fangs amongst his teeth. The man's eyes widen in fear, as he stumbles away from the wicked sight. James speedily shuts his mouth, shameful.

Then, being caught off guard, is smacked across the head by a vindictive Neil. James falls to the ground, then receives a dirty kick to the stomach.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Really... stay down.

James struggles to regain his ground.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

NEIL (CONT'D)

You know, I've gotta give credit where it's due. You've been clever, Mr. Bryson. We've been trying to find you for months.

He stomps James's head into the ground, ferociously.

NEIL (CONT'D)

But, you just had to send your errand boy to throw that girl's name around.

James finally stands to his feet, gazing at Neil with anger.

JAMES

(Demanding)

Where is she!?

NEIL

Rotting in hell, just like you're gonna be in a few seconds.

Neil pulls out a wooden stake from his coat.

NEIL

You ever wonder why the entire vampire community hates you so much?

(BEAT)

It's not because you stopped checking in.

(Beat)

You're unnatural. An abomination.

JAMES

We're ALL abominations! One day, you'll all realize that our kind doesn't belong here anymore! But by then, it'll be too late.

NEIL

It's good you won't be alive to see that day then.

Neil plunges forward to James, swinging his arm and balled fist, but James effortlessly dodges the punch. Neil steps forward, bringing the stake up to James' chest, but he grabs his wrist and twists it with so much aggression, the stake falls to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

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James uses his weight to bring his opponent down. Neil shoots a devilish look at James, hissing as he reveal his fangs, then James grabs the wooden stake and plunges it into Neil's heart. Violent screams escape him before he withers into black dust and ash.

James sluggishly elevates to his feet, looking down at the remnants of his enemy. Breathing heavily, yet hardly content, he barrels off screen to abet Jeremy. Off that image, we --

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITY - ALLEYWAY, STREETS - NIGHT.

James strides, swiftly, down a back alleyway, heading toward Jeremy's apartment. Moments pass before he hears a sudden shuffling noise. He stops, and turns quickly.

JAMES
(Softly)
Jeremy?

James reveals the stake from behind his back.

JAMES
(Hopeful)
Jeremy, is that you?

James gradually turns down the next alley way, where he spots a blonde female, aiming a hand gun in front of her. He sticks to the shadows, while approaching her.

ANGLE: The woman, who we reveal to be ALYSON FAYE.

She moves down the alley, unhurriedly. Her hands, shaking from the cold wisp of the wind, and the dreadful darkness that seems to be closing in on her very being.

As James closes in on Alyson, she quickly faces him, with her gun aimed at his chest. As a reflex, James clutches the gun and releases it from her grasp, then tosses it to the ground.

Alyson stands there, in disbelief, but not in fear. James peers into her crystal-like, blue eyes and gets lost in them. The two remain silent for a few moments.

ALYSON
Do I --

Suddenly, POLICE SIRENS blare in the distance, causing Alyson to turn toward them.

(CONTINUED)

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CONTINUED:

James backs away from the shadows, but peers off into the distance to see a death stricken corpse next to their dumpster on the other side of the alley.

His mouth widens, realizing he did not get to Jeremy in time.

He closes his eyes, as muffled voices echo from the distant. They get lower and lower, as he drifts away. Taking a few moments to mourn his friends death, he looks up -- a patch of light from the swirling police lights reveal a single tear run down his face.

When he opens his eyes, it's as if the emotions disappear, or become hidden, at least.

The sounds of the world around him are heard clearly again, as he comes back down to Earth.

ALYSON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

The only way you're gonna stop me,
officer --
(long pause)
...is if you kill me!

James steps forward, out of the shadows, toward Alyson.

JAMES

(Enthralling)
Come with me.

Short pause.

Alyson faces him. Her eyes directly on his, as they sparkle like the deep blue. They're welcoming to him, as if he's seen them before.

James reaches for her. After looking over her shoulder to the cops behind her, she willingly grabs his hand. He slowly pulls her into the darkness.

Light flashes in the distance, but with each passing second, become more and more faint, as Alyson falls closer to us. The two of them, fade into black, leaving behind nothing but the vast shadows of the alley, which eventually comes to a complete --

BLACKOUT.

END OF EPISODE