

BLOODHOUND

PILOT: "Red Clay"

ACT ONE

INT. PRISON GREENHOUSE - DAY

Tight on a bed of tulips - beautiful, tended with loving care. In their midst - a root-hole waiting for a new flower.

BIG, ROUGH HANDS - scarred, powerful, the mitts of a brawler - place the new tulip. Gently. *CLINK - CLANK* - CHAINS RATTLE as the hands carefully scoop soil around it.

The hands' owner - TRAVIS "CLEV" CLEVENGER, 35 - sits back, critically eyeing his work. A BEAST of a man - a tower of CONTROLLED FEROCITY and PIERCING INTELLECT.

An ugly SCAR runs from one cheekbone to the other - straight across the bridge of his nose.

Clev wears a PRISON JUMPSUIT. SHACKLES bind his WRISTS and ANKLES - both chained to a heavy leather BELT around his waist. Chains *CLINK* as he wipes sweat from his brow.

CHYRON: RED CLAY FEDERAL PENITENTIARY. RINGGOLD, GEORGIA.

TATE (O.S.)
Clevenger. Hour's up.

Clev moves to stand - but STOPS - as a LADYBUG lands on one finger. Gently, Clev holds his hand near a flower - watches as the ladybug clambers off his finger onto a leaf.

FOUR GUARDS surround him - each armed with a SHOTGUN. Keeping a careful distance - watching him as if he were a savage animal that could go berserk at any moment.

Now Clev stands. Leisurely. The Guards DON'T FAZE HIM at all.

The lead Guard - TATE, 40 - tilts his head toward the greenhouse door. Wordless, Clev cooperates - shuffles out.

Clev peers at Tate - *just the tiniest trace of humor showing--*

CLEV
Sheila take you back yet, Tate?

Tate glances sharply at Clev - but snaps back to eyes-forward. *Can't give anything away.* But it's too late--

CLEV (CONT'D)

Didn't think so. You got the look
of a man still sleeping on the
couch.

TATE

Shut the fuck up.

EXT. PRISON GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

RED CLAY FEDERAL PENITENTIARY opens up around them - a great red-brick spider sprawling in the BOILING HOT Southern forest. Bound by 30-foot brick walls topped with razor wire.

The guards herd Clev toward the nearest block house. Shotguns never wavering. Except for--

One guard - LEHRER, 25 - ahead of Clev and to his right. Lehrer TREMBLES. Only for a second.

CLEV SEES IT. Studies the man with icy eyes.

INT. BLOCK HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The heavy outer door BUZZES. CLANKS open. Clev and his escorts enter. Once the outer door shuts and *K-CHANK!* loudly LOCKS again, an INNER DOOR BUZZES.

The formation of guards and prisoner TIGHTENS as they enter a long ROW OF CELLS.

Clev passes close to Lehrer.

CLEV

UGA man, right, newbie? You do your
time as a campus cop before you
came here?

Lehrer SCOWLS at this - but it's Tate who speaks up--

TATE

Shut your fuckin' mouth, inmate.

The Guards take Clev down the row of cells - all of which have SOLID STEEL DOORS instead of bars - unbroken metal except for narrow food-tray slots. MAXIMUM SECURITY.

A FIFTH GUARD waits at Clev's cell. As the formation approaches, the cell door BUZZES and CLANKS open.

Clev shuffles in - it's SINGLE OCCUPANCY. The only decor a CRAMMED BOOKSHELF - PLATO. NIETZSCHE. HAWKING and BILL BRYSON next to LOUIS L'AMOUR and LARRY NIVEN. All thoroughly worn.

Lehrer keeps his shotgun on Clev as Tate kneels to unlock Clev's shackles.

Lehrer's eyes flick down to the COLLEGE RING on his finger - then, filled with DISDAIN, back to Clev.

LEHRER

It don't mean fuck-all to recognize a college ring, you fake-ass piece o' shit. "Mind-reader." Fuck off.

Tate scowls - the key's stuck.

TATE

You shut your mouth too, Lehrer.
(grumbling re: lock)
Motherfucker.

Clev's stare never wavers from Lehrer. Low-key TAUNTING.

CLEV

I don't really give a shit where you got your degree - or what your kids' names are - or how old you were when you finally quit wetting the bed.

Lehrer's face tightens with horrible violation - *Clev's right about the bed-wetting.*

CLEV (CONT'D)

What I do give a shit about is how bad you want to pull that trigger right now.

Tate's head whips up - looking first at Clev, then over his shoulder at Lehrer--

Who's shaking. Neck straining. FINGER ON THE TRIGGER.

CLEV (CONT'D)

And you're just dying to, aren't you? Didn't get a chance to kill anybody on the campus force, but now you're here. Yeah? Who'd care if you blew one of us away?

Tate gives up on the lock - surges to his feet - *trying to watch Lehrer and Clev both--*

TATE
Goddammit, Clevenger, shut your
fuckin' hole!

Still zeroed in on Lehrer--

CLEV
You know you shouldn't. Because you
need this job. But it's just eating
you alive, isn't it?

Lehrer's SHAKING GETS WORSE - until Tate GRABS LEHRER'S
SHOTGUN barrel and jerks the weapon up and out of his hands.

TATE
The fuck, Lehrer?

LEHRER
I - I--

Tate SHOVES Lehrer out of the cell. Following Lehrer out,
Tate glares at Clev--

TATE
Can't fuckin' help yourself, can
you?

CLANG! The door slams and locks. Leaving Clev UNBOTHERED.

EXT. PRISON VISITORS' ENTRANCE - THAT MOMENT

Bleak-faced VISITORS queued up outside another locked door.
BZZZT! The door opens - another GUARD motions the visitors
forward. Checks names off a list on a clipboard.

Among the Visitors - ALFIE COLE, 18 - beanpole-thin in thrift
store clothes. Eyes like a whipped dog's.

INT. PRISON VISITING AREA - MINUTES LATER

A long row of booths - Plexiglass barriers with a chair and a
phone handset on each side. Alfie sits at one of the chairs -
handset gripped tight. Waiting.

BZZZT! Another door opens. PRISONERS file in. Among them -
GEORGE COLE, 52 - massive, covered in ARYAN NATION TATTOOS.

George eyeballs his son as if Alfie were a possum caught in a
trap. The chair creaks under George's weight.

INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - THAT MOMENT

An INMATE - BRIGGS, 30 - sits on one side of a table, WRISTS SHACKLED to a BRACKET bolted to the tabletop. He SNEERS at--

SAFFRON BELL, 28. Picture-perfect pantsuit-clad FBI AGENT - Saffron has a dancer's grace - but a fighter's scarred knuckles. *Looking for chances to prove herself.*

SAFFRON

Just give me the name.

Briggs lets his gaze rake over her.

BRIGGS

This ain't my first conversation with the Bureau.

SAFFRON

(impatient)

Then you should know we don't like having our time wasted.

BRIGGS

I just say that so you know I'm sincere when I ask - how many bosses you piss off to get sent way out here alone?

Off Saffron's eyeroll--

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

I mean, I know I'm pretty an' all. Can't fault you for wantin' to snuggle up.

SAFFRON

All I need is the name.

BRIGGS

An' all I need is a couple thousand in my account. You can make that happen, right?

SAFFRON

How about if I shut your account down?

Briggs sits back. Sucks his teeth. Dismissive.

BRIGGS

You do whatever you gotta do, sugar-tits. I ain't sayin' shit.

Saffron leans forward. Ghost of a smile on her lips.

SAFFRON

Then let's talk about Nicole.

Briggs freezes.

INT. PRISON VISITING AREA - THAT MOMENT

George presses his handset to his ear. GLARING at Alfie.

GEORGE

The fuck're you sayin'?

Alfie's whole body is a clenched fist of anxiety.

ALFIE

I-I-I got the money! Everything's done! I t-took care of it!

GEORGE

How?

ALFIE

I s-signed up for a, a, a test, like a trial - for M-Morgenstern. They was payin' a thousand dollars.

GEORGE

Bullshit. Bullshit. You got the cash off Ricky, didn't you? What'd you have to do? Suck his cock?

Alfie STUTTERS - WHIMPERS - trying to get the words out.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

You did, didn't you? I fuckin' knew it. Second I land in here, you can't wait to start takin' it up the ass. Little faggot.

ALFIE

N-n-no, Dad, it was a trial, like a clinical trial, I--

GEORGE

You what? What?

ALFIE

I - I--

Alfie CRIES OUT in pain - HUNCHES FORWARD - and THE AIR AROUND HIM SHIMMERS AND VIBRATES.

INT. CLEV'S CELL - THAT MOMENT

Clev's lying on his bunk - shackles still in place - when a FAINT SOUND enters the cell - a pulsing, BUILDING RUMBLE - VMMM VMMM VMMM - building up to--

SKREEEEEE!

The WALLS AND FLOOR TREMBLE.

Clev shoots to his feet. *The hell was that?*

INT. PRISON INTERVIEW ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Briggs' cockiness has vanished. He SNARLS at Saffron--

BRIGGS

You keep my daughter's name out
your goddamn mouth.

Saffron's the picture of nonchalance.

SAFFRON

She's trying to get into
Northwestern, right? So listen. One
phone call to the Dean of
Admissions, and her chances go way
up. A different kind of phone call,
though, and, well...

BRIGGS

Fuck you.

SAFFRON

Like I said. All I need's a name.

VMMM VMMM VMMM - Briggs and Saffron look around, puzzled--

SKREEEEEE!

The WALLS CRACK as the BUILDING SHAKES.

INT. CLEV'S CELL - THAT MOMENT

Clev POUNDS on the door.

CLEV

Hey! Hey!

The sound comes again - louder - VMMM VMMM VMMM - *SKREEEEEE!*

A SHOCKWAVE rocks the building - CRACKS shoot through the walls - a RRRRUMBLE grinds out as the BACK HALF of Clev's cell COLLAPSES into rubble.

Clev's pounding turns to hammering--

CLEV (CONT'D)

Hey! Guard!

SCREAMS reach him from the other side of the door. CRACKS crawl across the CEILING - down the wall to the DOORFRAME.

Clev eyes the crumbling wall - takes a step back - WHAMM! RAMS THE DOOR out of its frame with his shoulder.

INT. BLOCK HOUSE CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Emerging from his cell - Clev sees cell doors hanging in their frames - escaped INMATES SCRAMBLING, PANICKING, as the building FALLS APART.

A few feet away - CRUSHED under a chunk of fallen concrete - TATE lies, very dead.

Clev hears the awful sound - VMMM VMMM VMMM - SKREEEE! Louder now as the far end of the building BLOWS APART. He scrambles to Tate's body - GRABS HIS SHACKLE KEYS.

EXT. PRISON HALLWAY - THAT MOMENT

Saffron joins a FRANTIC CROWD of GUARDS, CIVILIAN PRISON EMPLOYEES, and TRUSTEE INMATES scrambling toward an EXIT--

VMMM VMMM VMMM - SKREEEEE!

Saffron claps her hands over her ears - it's DEAFENING - as BOOM! a wall ahead of her EXPLODES in a concussive cloud of dust and mortar shrapnel.

Figures emerge from the dust - INMATES. An entire cell block's worth, pouring through the breached wall--

VIOLENCE ERUPTS as the Inmates and Guards ATTACK EACH OTHER.

A HUGE INMATE blocks Saffron's path--

KRACK! Saffron lays him out with a ROUNDHOUSE KICK to the HEAD. Saffron clammers over him - headed for a door. A FALLEN GUARD has a RING OF KEYS on his belt - Saffron GRABS IT.

EXT. THE PRISON - CONTINUOUS

AERIAL SHOT, looking down at the prison as a whole--

Radiating out from the VISITORS BUILDING, long, narrow sections of the complex lie in RUINS - the result of SHOCKWAVES blasting out, like spokes in a wheel--

VMMM VMMM VMMM - SKREEEE!

ANOTHER SHOCKWAVE lances out from the same building, laying waste in a straight line all the way to the prison wall.

EXT. PRISON YARD - CONTINUOUS

Out of his shackles now - Clev climbs over a pile of rubble and INTO THE SUNLIGHT. Thirty yards to his left--

A SECTION OF PRISON WALL has COLLAPSED. Clev watches as a few terrified INMATES struggle through it - ESCAPING.

Fifty yards to Clev's right - peering through CLOUDS OF DUST toward the Visitors' Building - Clev sees a HUMAN SHAPE surrounded by MIRAGE-LIKE WAVES amid the rubble.

Dust billows again, obscuring his view.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Saffron pushes through a door into the KITCHEN--

Where THREE GUARDS in RIOT GEAR sprawl LIFELESS on the floor. Standing over them - a knot of THREE INMATES - SMITH, JONES, and BOWEN. They have the Guards' SHOTGUNS--

Smith whirls, shotgun trained on Saffron - eyeing her as well as the RING OF KEYS.

SMITH

Well hey there! Mighty nice of you to bring us all those keys!

The SOUND charges up - VMMM VMMM VMM - SKREEEE! - piercing, DEAFENING. From somewhere outside - another EXPLOSION, more brick and mortar getting disintegrated.

SAFFRON

Look, I don't know what's going on, but--

SMITH

It's real simple. Give us the keys
or we'll blow holes in you and take
them.

BOWEN

Fuck that. We don't got time to
argue.

Bowen raises his shotgun - barrel leveled at Saffron's chest -
his FINGER TIGHTENS on the trigger--

WHAMM! A swinging door BURSTS OPEN - SMASHES into Jones - as
CLEV comes through it, SNARLING - and *attacks*.

This is what the four shotgun-carrying Guards were there for.
It's not one man against three armed opponents.

It's three men getting *mauled by a bear*.

CLEV FIGHTS DIRTY - throat-punching - eye-gouging - ball-
smashing - and fast. Terrifyingly fast.

He rips his way through the three men - blood spraying -
bodies thudding to the ground before they can even scream.

They might be dead.

Clev pauses - PANTING - SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD. He turns to
see Saffron GAPING AT HIM.

CLEV

You're FBI, right? Can you call in
backup?

The SOUND comes again - *VMMM VMMM VMMM* - *SKREEEE!* The
BUILDING SHAKES.

SAFFRON

You some kind of trustee?

CLEV

Hardly.

Saffron weighs the situation. Eyeballs Clev - and the men
he's just savaged. *Needs must*.

SAFFRON

Can you get me to a landline?