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BLOOD HOUND™ BLOOD HOUND™ BLOOD

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BRASS KNUCKLE PSYCHOLOGY

“Four-color
crime and
punishment
like they just
don’t make
anymore.
It’s good for
the blood.”

—WARREN ELLIS



DAN JOLLEY
LEONARD KIRK
ROBIN RIGGS

FOREWORD BY KURT BUSIEK

BLOODHOUND originated as a comic book series from DC Comics, created and written by Yours Truly. It stars Travis Clevenger, a huge, brutal profiler who tracks down superhuman criminals - the kind who don't wear conspicuous costumes or call themselves by theatrical code names. This sample is from a TV pilot based on the comic book series.

BLOODHOUND

"PILOT"

COLD OPEN

INT. DOWNTOWN BANK LOBBY - DAY

Punishing Atlanta sunlight hammers the marble floor through picture windows. CUSTOMERS shuffle their feet in line for the tellers, grateful for a break from the blistering heat.

INT. DOWNTOWN BANK LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

KEN BURK, 26, eyes manic and painfully bloodshot, pushes through the front doors. His skin glistens with sweat, muscles tensing in unnatural spasms.

CHYRON: ATLANTA, GEORGIA
AUGUST, 2013

Burk's breath comes out ragged, like a bull about to charge. His gaze rakes over the bank's interior.

It settles on the VAULT DOOR, huge and crouching in a far corner beyond the tellers' counters, half-hidden behind a glass-and-wood partition.

Burk's fists tremble. Knuckles white as bone.

FLASH! Chilling BLUE LIGHT flares from his eyes, harsh electric radiance. A rictus grin stretches his mouth wide.

Waiting in line, a BOY, 7, drops his action figure and GASPS at Burk's otherworldly appearance.

His MOTHER looks down, sees the boy's fear, and suddenly feels Burk's presence over her shoulder. She turns, pulse racing, and pulls her son away.

Burk ignores the crowd. Attention focused on the vault door.

Motes of dust dance in the air around him as WAVES OF POWER like heat from a summer highway cascade off his body.

The waves THUMP into a nearby BUSINESSMAN, spinning him almost off his feet. He whirls to confront Burk - instead drops his cell phone and STUTTERS as he backs away.

The dominoes fall. Every head turns until all eyes, wide and baffled, rest on Burk. His rough breathing the only sound.

BUSINESSMAN
God Almighty...

The delicately balanced crowd tips: Danger. Panic. *Run!* They scatter, SCREAMING, stampeding over each other.

A TELLER stabs a panic button before she flees.

Burk's fingers curl. Waves of his TELEKINETIC POWER crimp and warp the metal of the vault door.

KRAKOOOM! The door RIPS LOOSE from the wall.

Demolished concrete flies out like deadly shrapnel, slicing through the thick billowing dust.

MOMENTS LATER

Burk walks through the devastation, hauling sacks stuffed with cash. He focuses his telekinesis on the main entrance.

The doors SHATTER into glass fragments and sawdust.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

A dozen patrol cars form a half-circle barricade around the entrance. Twenty COPS use them as cover, weapons trained on Burk as he strides out into the blinding sun.

Burk pauses. Drinks in the scene. The corners of his mouth twist into a bloodthirsty grin.

COP 1
(through bullhorn)
Drop the bags, lie face-down on the ground, and lace your fingers behind your head! If you do not cooperate we will open fire!

Burk drops the bags. Slowly raises his hands... and moves one in a wide sweeping gesture.

One of the patrol cars LIFTS off the ground and ROLLS into the cops. Metal and glass SHRIEK and GRIND as it crushes half of them to death.

The remaining cops OPEN FIRE--

--Burk wrenches his hand toward himself--

--another patrol car skids across the pavement. It flips on its side in front of Burk like a SHIELD.

BLAM BLAM BLAM BLAM! Round after round drills into the car. One punches through the GAS TANK--

BOOOM!! The car EXPLODES into a massive fireball as Burk throws it straight into the police.

Unhurt, still grinning, Burk picks up his bank bags.

Leaving behind the screams and fiery carnage, he casually strolls away from the rapidly approaching sirens.

The glowing blue logo of a Power Chip quivers and pulses under the skin at the top of his spine.

MAIN TITLES

END TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. RED CLAY FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - DAY**

The prison sprawls like a great red spider amid north Georgia forest. Brick blockhouses radiate from a central hub. Contained by 30-foot razor-wire walls.

PSYCHOLOGIST (O.S.)

Dr. Morgenstern went missing four years ago.

INT. PRISON INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Harsh lights buzz like a hornet's nest. A huge mirror looms on one wall. A PSYCHOLOGIST, 50, sits at one end of a table, files fanned open in front of him.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Right after he invented the "Power Chip."

Opposite him sits inmate TRAVIS "CLEV" CLEVINGER, 35. Huge. Ferocious. Chained to the table. A nasty SCAR slices across the bridge of his nose, under both eyes.

Clev embodies apathy. Dormant power. Like a sleeping tiger.

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Right before the first of his clients succumbed to the effects of his device. The press calls them "parapsycho." For "paranormal psychopaths."

(pause)

How did you refer to them, Travis?

CLEVINGER

By their case numbers.

The Psychologist shuffles through his files. Finds one.

PSYCHOLOGIST

You and your late partner. Vince Crosby. The two of you racked up quite the impressive record, didn't you? Best in the Atlanta PD. Some say best in the country.

CLEVINGER

That was the job.

PSYCHOLOGIST

But you displayed quite a, shall we say, an aptitude for it, didn't you, Travis?

(pause)

Wasn't your partner, Mr. Crosby, a bit left out in that regard?

CLEVINGER

Everything cops are trained for applies to humans. Parapsycho's aren't human anymore.

PSYCHOLOGIST

And yet you tracked them down. One after another. More successfully than... well, anyone else. How is that? There are rumors. Rumors that you could find the parapsycho's because you are a parapsycho.

Clev casually tests the chain shackling him to the table.

CLEVINGER

People can say what they want.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Three PEOPLE stand on the other side of the mirror.

SPECIAL AGENT JERRY PRICE, 45 - wound tight as a steel spring and dangerous because of it.

WARDEN AUBREY BILLINGS, 40 - jaded and worn by the prison system's unfeeling machinery.

SPECIAL AGENT SAFFRON BELL, 30 - sharp-eyed, sharp-tongued, with a dancer's grace and a fighter's scarred knuckles.

BILLINGS

I don't understand how this would even work.

PRICE

There were mitigating circumstances, Warden. He was never charged with murder.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Psychologist pushes a glossy photo across the table.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Travis, I'd like to take a few moments to discuss the, ah, the altercations you've had since you've been incarcerated here.

Clev eyes the photo dispassionately.

CLEVENGER

Hank Barrett. Looks like his "after" picture. Hey, you know if he's been getting my get-well cards?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Of the six assaults you're suspected of in Red Clay, that was the most vicious. How do you feel about it now? How do you feel, knowing you're the most hated man in this prison?

CLEVENGER

First, I've never been charged with anything in here. Second... I've got no sympathy for those assholes whatsoever. They're too stupid to understand what "leave me alone" means, they can deal with the consequences.

The Psychologist opens his mouth to speak. Thinks better of it. He collects his papers.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Thank you, Travis. I think we're done here.

CLEVENGER

Whatever. This is cutting into my workout time.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Psychologist joins Price, Billings, and Saffron.

PRICE

Well? Is he stable?

PSYCHOLOGIST

Travis Clevenger exhibits characteristics common to borderline personality disorder, intermittent explosive disorder, and is concealing symptoms of post-traumatic stress. After what he went through, I wouldn't be surprised. He's frustrating, is what he is. He's also extremely intelligent.

(pause)

But is he stable? In my professional opinion, I have no choice but to say yes. Warden Billings?

BILLINGS

Thanks, Doc. Come on, I'll show you out.

Billings looks in at Clev again, as if looking at a trapped wild bear: what's best? Run away from it? Kill it?

BILLINGS (CONT'D)

These fools want to talk to Clevenger? It's their funeral.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Price enters, followed by Saffron. Clev GROANS.

CLEVINGER

Oh, good Christ, Jerry. This was you?

PRICE

Good to see you, too, Clev. Wouldn't have recognized you if not for the scar. How much weight've you lost? One-fifty?

CLEVINGER

One-thirty-five. The hell're you doing here?

PRICE

Travis Clevenger, this is Special Agent Saffron Bell. Agent Bell, this is Travis Clevenger, formerly of the Atlanta Police Department's Detective Bureau.

SAFFRON

Mr. Clevenger. Agent Price has told me a lot about you.

CLEVENGER

Agent Price has a habit of wearing rose-colored glasses.

Price sits. Saffron stands - calm, but out of Clev's reach.

PRICE

Clev, we've come to offer you a deal. A deal that could get you out of here for a while.

Price pushes a case file toward Clev.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Last year, women in Cincinnati started dying. All of them young, attractive, and brunette. Seven, total.

Clev sizes Saffron up. Not leering, just analyzing.

PRICE (CONT'D)

It always started with a break-in - a home invasion, but never when anyone was there. And the guy never took anything, never damaged anything. Just made his presence known. Then the stalking started.

Saffron tries to return Clev's stare--

PRICE (CONT'D)

E-mails to begin with, first raunchy, soon shifting to threats. Followed by phone calls. Each time the letters and calls last three weeks.

--but can't, quite, and lowers her eyes.

PRICE (CONT'D)

Then the victim turns up dead. Tortured, raped, and murdered. Give the file a look. The e-mails and phone calls were completely, utterly untraceable. They just came out of nowhere. Then Cincinnati stopped, and now the guy's in Atlanta.

(MORE)

PRICE (CONT'D)

We've got one woman dead already,
and another getting the calls.

(pause)

It feels like your kind of case,
Clev. And we've got authorization
to have you released into our
custody.

INT. COMMON ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Under GUARDS' watchful eyes, INMATES lounge. Chat. Stare at the TV. Play table tennis. But an undercurrent of tension sizzles through the air--

A huge, grizzled WHITE MAN with an axe-wielding NORSEMAN TATTOO approaches a group of Hispanic inmates. He whispers to a big, hard-looking LATINO with ONE EAR.

NORSEMAN

Hacks're paid. We've got greenlight
on Clevenger. You ready?

ONE-EAR

Vamos a hacerlo.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Clev hovers between neutrality and outright boredom.

PRICE

You'd be working with Agent Bell
and me, officially as a consultant.
Cooperate, everything goes well,
you help us nail this bastard...
and we talk to the parole board.
See if we can't get your sentence
reduced. Maybe even commuted.

CLEVENGER

Forget it.

INT. COMMON ROOM - THAT MOMENT

VIOLENCE ERUPTS between the whites and Hispanics. Chaos sweeps through the room as inmates attack each other. Guards SHOUT into their radios.

GUARD 1

Riot in TV room 3! We've got a riot
in TV room 3!

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - THAT MOMENT

Clev's refusal takes Price off-guard.

PRICE

Excuse me?

Clev bats aside Price's paperwork.

CLEVINGER

No disrespect, Jerry, but you can tell your bosses to piss off. Now get the guard in here. I'd like to go back to my cell.