

PREVIEW.

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. ROOFTOP, CITY - TWILIGHT.

CLOSE on the horizon. The darkness is thick, and consuming, but a bright light pierces through its core, and scratches its way to the surface. *Twilight*.

Slowly PULL BACK from the radiant colours that burst through a black abyss to find --

JAMES BRYSON.

A well-built man, on the edge of a rooftop. He closes his big, brown eyes, and tilts his head back ever so slightly to welcome the rush of sunlight -- the morning sun.

His hair blows back in the harrowing wind, and so does his long leather jacket as he throws his arms out like wings of an angel. The sunlight creeps up towards his face.

He takes in an empty breath. Calm.

Suddenly, the sunlight consumes him. His face begins to crack, and his skin deteriorates. As his body lights up in a blaze of fire, James sighs a breath of relief.

He leans over, and descends into darkness, his body engrossed with flames - he SOARS into a separation of dust that almost appears to evaporate. Gone.

The light of day finally arrives, in all its glory, and the rush of its magnificence bursts at the frame - now, we're all consumed by its power.

INT. APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING.

TIGHT on a set of closed eyes. They SHOOT OPEN, and we are thrown back to find --

JAMES.

He JOLTS from his slumber in a gasp of absolute horror. He tears the covers off to reveal his naked body, and proceeds to the edge of his bed. He holds himself up, hands on his knees, and exhales heavily from his lungs at an attempt to catch his breath.

A pause. Calm.

James RISES from the bed. In front of him are a set of closed blinds - explains the shabby, dark setting. His hands reach out towards where the blinds meet, and he claws at them. He gets a hold.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A deep breath, and James suddenly TEARS them apart. The sun bursts through the windows and illuminates him. He embraces the sunlight. It doesn't affect him.

CUT TO BLACK.

HELLBOUND