

1/4

TVD711 SIDES: HANNAH

GO CASTING

SC#
1

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Damon regains consciousness, realizing that he's STRUNG UP by his wrists, heavy chains binding him to a ventilation pipe. His captor steps out of shadow: HANNAH. Her eyes blaze with purpose -- but she carries herself with a loose, playful confidence. Heavily armed. This is not a woman to trifle with.

Start → DAMON
You.

HANNAH
Hey handsome. Miss me?

DAMON
I thought you were dead.

HANNAH
Yeah, I tried it for a couple of months. Decided I liked living better.

Damon struggles against his chains. No use.

DAMON
If you wanted something kinky, you could've just asked.

HANNAH
Careful what you wish for. You wouldn't survive one night with me.

DAMON
Well if it's all the same result, cut me loose and let's have some fun.

HANNAH
Eh. You're less attractive when you're desperate.
(beat)
Speaking of desperate. Where is your brother?

DAMON
If you think I'm gonna tell you...

HANNAH
I don't. Not even sure why I ask. Something's gotta pass the time while I wait for him to come here.

Hannah

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DAMON

Ah. So I'm the bait.

HANNAH

They do call me the Huntress.

DAMON

Among other, less flattering things.

Hannah laughs. Enjoying the barb.

HANNAH

When you spend three lifetimes murdering vampires, you tend to earn yourself some nicknames.

(then)

One time a guy in Montana called me The Sword Whore. *Sword whore*, can you believe that?

(beat)

To be fair, I did end up shoving a sword through his throat.

DAMON

Maybe you'd have more friends in another line of work.

HANNAH

But way less fun.

DAMON

Lemme tell you the fatal flaw in your little trap. My brother and I are currently on the outs. So I doubt he'll come searching for me.

HANNAH

That *is* a fatal flaw in my plan.

She draws a blade, traces it over Damon's face.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Emphasis *fatal*. See what I did there?

DAMON

You need a hobby.

HANNAH

Oh, Damon. You're my hobby now.

End

SC#
2

3. 3/4

EXT. MYSTIC GRILL - ALLEY - NIGHT

Matt hears a noise behind him -- spins, gun drawn, to find HANNAH, hands raised.

Start →

MATT

Hannah. What do you want?

HANNAH

For you to pull that trigger.

MATT

(thrown)
... why?

HANNAH

Because I wanna see the look on your face when I dodge the bullet and land my fist in your mouth.

Matt lowers his gun, on guard.

HANNAH (CONT'D)

Aw. Now you'll never know if I was kidding.

MATT

Seriously. What do you want.

HANNAH

Help.

MATT

You've slaughtered half the vampires in Virginia. Something tells me you don't need my help.

HANNAH

But you have something I don't.
(off his look)
Vampire friends! Lots of them. Some of whom I'm willing to believe are good people.

MATT

Some. Not all.

HANNAH

I need you to convince the good ones to get the hell out of town. Tonight. Appeal to their humanity, or whatever.

MATT

I don't think that's gonna work.

Hannah sighs, restless. Frustrated he can't get on her level.

HANNAH

Look, tomorrow the sun's gonna come up over Mystic Falls and I am going to get to work. It's messy, bloody work. You seem nice. So I don't wanna kill your friends.

(beat)

But I will. Oh, I will. Because once I start, I don't stop.

MATT

Why are you so obsessed with killing vampires?

HANNAH

What else? Revenge.

(then)

I'm not the first person to lose their parents to a vampire. I'm not the first to watch acres of their village burn to ash. Hell, I'm probably not even the first person to watch all three of her sisters beheaded by a monster. One by one. For sport.

A beat as Hannah gets lost in her memories. A flicker of humanity, quickly extinguished --

HANNAH (CONT'D)

But I was the first person to unite my tribes. The first to receive the gift of our shaman. I didn't get a trophy for my trouble. I simply got turned into the stab-happy badass I am today.

(beat)

And you know what really sucks? Once you take up the mantle of the Huntress, you can't put it down. Even if you want to.

End.