

**FAITH**

"Club Fever"

by  
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## TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

1

The club is empty. The dark blue of the low lights glints off glitter and glasses left on the tables and floor. A GOSSAMER RED CURTAIN flaps in front of a deep partition in the wall. The kind of place one imagines private parties to be held.

In SILHOUETTE, the undulating curves and lines of WOMEN dancing to the sensual MUSIC wafting through the club. The curtain draws back.

A well-dressed, well-fed MAN, late thirties, leans back in the couch, smiles at the beauties performing in front of him. The women come dangerously close to being censored as they use each other to stir the man further. Hungry eyes leer over him. Thirsty lips lick themselves.

The man looks like his ship just came in. Our boy is getting mighty turned on. He squirms in the couch.

One woman, REDHEAD, moves forward, away from the communal dance. She leans low as she approaches the man, giving him ample view, as well as allowing her to slide her hand up his thigh.

Her onslaught is the first wave. Each woman turns and makes their way over to him. Through lidded eyes, they use their hands to explore.

MAN

(nodding with a Cheshire grin)

Now *this* is more like it!

He smiles widely. Redhead returns the smile with a feral grin. She moves over and starts to nibble his neck. He leans back and enjoys the feeling; moans under his breath in sweet ecstasy.

The women CRAWL all over him, pushing against him.

The man winces as their attentions become less enjoyable. He opens his eyes.

MAN (cont'd)

Wait. Not like that. Wait...

He begins to struggle under their weight. He chuckles at first, but his panic soon sets in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (cont'd)  
Hey! Get off me! This isn't funny!

Redhead looks up, and grins.

MAN (cont'd)  
Stop it. Stop it!

The bodies RISE upward like a wave of locusts, hiding the man from view.

As the man starts to SCREAM in terror, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

2

The club looks decidedly less disturbing under sickly yellow lighting and bashing out the latest radio-friendly overplayed DANCE MUSIC. PARTYERS shuffle and wiggle in time to the music. Bevvies of DANCING GIRLS shake their grove thangs on the raised platforms.

The curtains from the partitions are drawn back. COUPLES are making out on the couches. Here and there WAITRESSES try to get their attention.

Standing near the entrance, looking distinctly unimpressed and maybe a little afraid, is FAITH. She looks back to NOA, GRINNING like a mad thing.

NOA

Isn't this great?

Faith sneaks a look to the side where some STUD sashays his hips and impressing the pop-influenced, sheep-molded GIRLS around him. Faith glances back at Noa, still wearing her crazy, white smile.

FAITH

(sarcastic)

If by 'great', you mean being able to make the Bronze seem like a good night out, then sure... It's just great....

NOA

See? I *knew* you'd like it.

The SONG changes. It's 'What You Waiting For' by Gwen Stefani, even more poppy and radio-friendly. The PARTYERS let out a collective WHOOP. Faith chokes on a moan.

Noa gives Faith the thumbs up and bobs to the music. The girl can disco. Faith frantically scans all her choices. She makes a break for it.

Noa dances on for a few beats before she realises Faith has vamoosed. She looks around, then quickly follows.

Faith has negotiated through the crowds over to the bar, where she stands in front of the butch BARMAN.

FAITH

Beer.

(CONTINUED)

BARMAN

Will that be light, stout, fruity,  
non-alcoholic...

(off her look)

Beer. Right.

He goes over to the fridge and takes out a beer. He places it on the counter and is about to take the top off for her, but she reaches over and grabs it before he can. She tosses him some money and turns her back to him. He shrugs and pockets the money.

He raises his eyebrows at Noa as she leans over the bar.

NOA

Aqua minerale, please.

He promptly returns with her BOTTLED WATER and takes her money. She smiles and goes to sit next to Faith, who slugs back some beer.

NOA (cont'd)

They're really creepy, don't you  
think?

Faith follows her line of vision. Along the perimeter of the club, above the heads of the dancers on the platforms, large, gold SNAKES with DARK, RED JEWELS for eyes dot the wall at sporadic intervals. Faith shrugs.

FAITH

Actually, they're the only bite  
this place seems to have.

Noa frowns at the slight, but Faith doesn't notice. Noa visibly braces her shoulders and puts a bright smile on her face.

NOA

So... um. We should do this more  
often. You know. Me and you. Out  
doing the girly thing. Dancing,  
making new friends... celebrating.

(she's fishing)

So how about it? Wanna come here  
again. Say... tomorrow night?

Faith snaps out of visually dismissing everything there.

FAITH

What? Uh... I don't think so. This  
isn't really my thing.

She takes a large gulp of her beer.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)  
My thing is out there. With teeth.  
Fluid movement.

Faith winces at another dancer's moves.

FAITH (cont'd)  
And probably... *definitely* better  
taste in music.

She finishes her beer and dumps it on the counter.

FAITH (cont'd)  
You coming?

Noa looks up from her water, doing her best to hide her disappointment.

NOA  
No, I'm good. I think I'll hang  
around here for a while.  
(holds up her bottle)  
I'm not finished.

Faith shakes her shoulder and turns from Noa. She weaves through the crowd and is soon lost in it. Noa turns in her chair and faces the bar. She plops her water in front of her and ruefully pouts.

Faith walks through nameless, unknown streets, alone, but with a purpose. She pauses and LISTENS.

There is a small WHIMPER. Faith heads toward it. She pulls a STAKE out of her jacket pocket.

FAITH  
You know, I've been listening to  
pop music all night.

She's disturbed a VAMPIRE, about to plunge its teeth into a WOMAN'S neck. It is startled by Faith's appearance, and glances between Faith and the girl, seemingly unable to make up its mind.

FAITH (cont'd)  
And I wasn't even on a plane.

Faith waits with a sly grin on her face. The vampire decides and LUNGES for Faith. She side steps easily and brings her arm around, whacking the bright spark into the alley wall.

The Woman gets up and runs past Faith and the vampire. Faith watches her go, perhaps a little stung by the lack of thanks.

The momentary distraction allows the vampire to charge and grab Faith around the midriff. Rather than fight it, she goes with it and allows him to rush her backwards. They near the wall of the alley on the other side.

She pushes back her legs and ramps back into the wall, using it as a spring to somersault over the vampire's head, bringing it crashing to the ground instead.

She STAKES it. It DUSTS, leaving her kneeling in the alley.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

That was cold.

Faith, still kneeling, turns to glare at him.

FAITH

I'd have offered him a hop in the sack, but I think they only like blonde slayers.

She gets up as GABRIEL walks out from the shadows.

GABRIEL

I wasn't talking about him. Do you always blow off people trying to be your friends?

FAITH

(folds her arms)

You're not my friend. You're my stalker.

GABRIEL

I was talking about Noa.

He lets the name sink in. Faith frowns, a little unsure, but quickly recovers.

FAITH

You know, I thought you'd just lo-jacked me. Now I know.

(she gets up in his face)

You really do follow me everywhere, don't you?

GABRIEL

(smirks)

I don't need to follow you, I just follow your trail of destruction.

He turns around and walks away. Faith stares at his back for a moment, fighting herself.

Clenching her fists, she follows him.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL (cont'd)

It's not easy making friends in a world this big. It's especially hard when someone won't give you a chance.

Faith doesn't get what he's shooting at.

FAITH

I haven't blown any chances if that's what you're saying.

Gabriel stops and looks at her.

GABRIEL

Hmm. But have you *given* any?

FAITH

What are you talking about?

GABRIEL

It's not always easy to reach out and try to share a person's life. People who do are brave, but when the other person thoughtlessly dismisses them... well, makes me wonder if the other person is worth the effort.

FAITH

What has this got to do with Noa?  
(figures it out)  
Wait. You're saying *I'm* the asshole in this? Because I don't like her taste in music?  
(rushed defensive)  
I'm not the stuck-up slayer. I'm party girl. I'm fun. I cut loose. I make friends. Granted, the friendships end pretty soon...  
(deflated)  
I'm the judgmental one now?

Gabriel smiles, not unkindly.

GABRIEL

Small steps, Faith. Small steps.

Faith stares at her hands, not entirely happy.

FAITH

Okay. Fine. Whatever. So what impending doom have you come to warn me about?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: (3)

3

She looks up. He's gone. Her eyes flicker against her frustration. She storms out of the alley, not seeing the activity to the side.

4 EXT. SIDE ALLEY - SAME

4

A BUM lies beside a cardboard box. He cradles an empty bottle of some cheap, barely branded whiskey. His clothes are as filthy as the litter scattered around him, perhaps more so.

A GLINT of GOLD shimmers to the side. The GOLD CANE looms closer. The bum squints up at- ARKWRIGHT JONAS, early forties, dressed in a holy-white suit, in stark contrast to the dingy dark around him.

Arkwright crouches beside the bum, who stares at him like he's a trip. Arkwright seems charming and sympathetic.

ARKWRIGHT

Come, friend. I know a place where  
all manner of men are accepted. You  
don't have to spend tonight out  
here, it looks like it might rain.  
Let me buy you a drink.

The bum beams up at the man, trusting and full of hope. Arkwright uses his cane to lift himself up. The GOLD SNAKE HEAD with the red eyes adorns the top.

5 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

5

Noa still sits at the bar. Her eyes have moved from the water bottle to the snake above her. She bobs her head from side to side, studying it.

BARMAN (O.S)

No. They *don't* actually follow you  
around the room.

Busted. Noa grins sheepishly at the man.

NOA

How do you know? Have you been  
keeping your eyes on them?

BARMAN

All the time.

Noa nods her shoulders and gives him a small grin, thankful for the company but not seeming to know what to do with it.

BARMAN (cont'd)

Do you need another drink?

Noa stares down at her half-empty water bottle.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

No, I'm good.

BARMAN

I meant a *real* drink.

NOA

Oh. As in alcoholic beverage? Um...  
er, no. I don't really respond well  
to things that make me more hyper  
than I should be. Or rather, people  
don't respond well to me being  
hyper because of things that I  
shouldn't respond well to.

(stops)

I'm babbling. Sorry.

(holds up her water)

See? Good thing.

BARMAN

(smiling)

You don't seem that bad to me.

NOA

Yeah, well. This is a bad night.

The barman leans over, and places his elbow on the bar.

BARMAN

I'm all ears.

NOA

(blinks)

Oh, I couldn't... isn't sharing  
your problems with a bartender such  
a stereotype?

BARMAN

I don't mind playing it. For you.

Ego fluffed, Noa straightens in her chair, back to a  
reasonable facsimile of herself.

NOA

There's nothing much to tell,  
really.

Her eyes wander for a moment, striving to appear aloof. It  
doesn't work.

NOA (cont'd)

(fountain release)

I tried, you know. And it wasn't  
just about me, I wanted to make *her*  
feel welcome.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)  
Which is stupid, she already is,  
but I wanted it to be like... a  
girl power thing. No boys, no hairy  
trolls or rampaging demons...  
(catches herself)  
You know, guys who only want that  
one thing? Devilish and um...  
that's why we girls need to stick  
together. To bond in holy misery.  
But no, I guess I'm not powerpuff  
material.

Her shoulders droop again.

NOA (cont'd)  
I think I want that real drink now.

BARMAN  
Coming up.

He starts mixing drinks.

NOA  
You think I'm really shallow, don't  
you?

He puts a sparkling red drink in front of her. She takes it  
and sniffs it, wincing at the smell.

BARMAN  
That's the farthest thing from my  
mind.

Noa takes a sip, grimaces, takes another.

BARMAN (cont'd)  
In fact, I think you must be a  
special kind of person to want to  
welcome someone into your life.  
(looks at a door alongside  
the bar)  
A gentle, caring, sensitive person  
who cares about the welfare of  
others. You couldn't hurt a fly,  
could you?

Noa curls her lip into an amazed question mark.

NOA  
You get all that from one rant?  
Damn. You're *good*. I don't think I  
could ever be a bar-person.

BARMAN  
I have a natural talent. I'm good  
at reading people.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BARMAN (cont'd)  
(eyes the space behind  
her)  
And I know how else to make you  
feel like your worries don't exist.

NOA  
(holding her booze)  
Ooh, I don't think I can take  
anything stronger than this.

BARMAN  
(shakes his head)  
The DJ is a personal friend, and  
uh... those ladies up there don't  
mind sharing some girl power.

Noa swirls in her seat and looks up at the podium. Cheerful  
WOMEN, the same from the teaser, smile and beckon to her.

NOA  
(frowns)  
I'm straight.

BARMAN  
So are they. They're friends.  
Mostly. That's what you want,  
right? Look. You feel better for  
talking?  
(off her nod)  
I made a good drink?  
(again the nod)  
Then trust me. I'll get my man to  
play you a special song. You'll  
never look back. Kiss all your  
troubles goodbye.

Noa downs her drink, shivers, and puts the glass back on the  
bar.

NOA  
Okay. Just one dance. Then I'm  
outey.  
(smiles widely)  
Thanks. You've salvaged my bad  
night.

BARMAN  
I aim to please. Have fun.

Noa zigzags through the crowd. As she nears the steps to the  
podium, the crowds part without seeing her. The women dancing  
wave her up. She joins them and nervously waves back when she  
is there. They greet her like she is an old friend.

The MUSIC changes. Faith would approve. The tribal beats pump  
out. The women surrender themselves to it.

(CONTINUED)

Noa watches them for a moment before her own body responds. She moves her hips first, slowly in time to the heavy bass. The music builds and as it does, her body increases its tempo.

Redhead smiles at Noa. She smiles right back, it's almost feral and wicked. She closes her eyes and lets the music take her.

No one else in the club comes close to the passion the women display as they dip and grind to the rhythm.

The barman stares at the podium, smiling at Noa's abandon. He looks at the side door for a long moment, then up at the snake above his head. Its eyes GLOW bright RED.

We're back with Noa, her eyes closed to the feelings. Her hands move up her hair. Her eyelids shutter open. RED EYES burn beneath.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6

INT. LAB - DAY

6

Faith wanders in. She takes notice of an unmade COT in the corner. Pryor stumbles into the room from the back. He looks like crap.

FAITH

Uh, is there some red demon alert  
that I don't know about?

Pryor is slow on the uptake. He staggers over to one of the counters. A small CAGE stands there next to a couple of EMPTY BABIES BOTTLES.

PRYOR

Hmm?

(registers)

Oh, no, no. My friend in Armenia  
sent me an Exykris egg. It hatched  
last night. The first few days are  
crucial. Regular feedings every  
hour, on the hour.

Faith leans over the cage and looks inside. A tiny, cute marmot-like creature with scales sleeps in a nest rigged like a hammock. There is a perch from the hammock across the width of the cage. A fine wire mesh covers the bottom of the cage which is sloped at an angle, leading into a TUBE connected to a HALF-FULL BOTTLE of neon green liquid under the cage. Faith raises an eyebrow at this.

PRYOR (cont'd)

The Exykris demon secretes a  
powerful curative agent. When taken  
orally, it cures scurvy, the common  
head cold and demonic possessions.  
Very good at preventing them too,  
which is always a good measure  
considering the history.

FAITH

And by 'secretions' you mean...

PRYOR

(smirks)

Urine.

Faith grimaces and turns away.

FAITH

Right. Well, excuse me while I make  
sure I take my vitamin C. Seen Noa?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Kitchen. It looks like her night  
was worse than mine.

Faith walks past Pryor as he snaps on a rubber glove and  
opens a jar of fish heads.

INT. LAB - KITCHEN. NEXT.

Noa nurses a glass of Alka Seltzer and flips through a  
tabloid. She looks like she's partied much too hard. Faith  
leans on the doorway. She's uncomfortable, but takes a deep  
breath and puts on a happy face.

FAITH

You know, no good ever comes from  
reading about freaky two-headed  
cows.

NOA

Pryor watched 'Men In Black' once,  
now he says this is the best place  
to find good leads.

Faith walks over and reads over Noa's shoulder.

FAITH

'My boyfriend was melted by  
aliens'?  
(pulls a face)  
Now what's 'good' about that?

NOA

(plainly)  
He was cheating on her.

Faith and Noa shrug at the same time.

FAITH

So... we still on for tonight?

NOA

(confused)  
Tonight?

FAITH

Club creepy snake?

NOA

You really want...  
(shrugs)  
Yeah, yeah. It's still on.

Noa smiles widely. It's a little too much for Faith, who is  
trying to match the smile.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
Right. Later then.

She turns and goes. Noa is much more cheery. She resumes reading.

INSERT: The picture in the tabloid that goes with the alien story is of an opaque, red jello-like goo.

QUINN scans the alley. Behind him, COPS tape off the area. It's now a police crime scene.

At the far end of the alley, ONLOOKERS try to peer past the police officers keeping them back.

Quinn shakes his head and moves down to the MEDICAL EXAMINER, LESLEY, who stands up, perplexed.

QUINN  
What we got?

LESLEY  
Wish to God I knew.

Quinn frowns. Lesley explains. Lesley points down at the COVERED BODY. Quinn bends down and zips open the cover.

The face, though appearing grossly distorted and slimy, is definitely the face of the bum.

LESLEY (cont'd)  
First glance, I'd say an animal attack, but there's some problems with that theory.

QUINN  
(stands up)  
Why's that?

LESLEY  
Because it looks like that crazy jilted lover we had ranting in the station a few weeks ago might not have been as off the wall as we'd like.

QUINN  
(laughs)  
The redhead with the melted boyfriend story?

LESLEY

Yeah, that's the one. Another vagrant found a plain foot and got him to call this in. No ident on the vic, and no personal effects. The poor schmuck was dumped here in his birthday suit. By all accounts, he should have nothing in common with that missing banker - except, it seems, this.

Lesley holds up an EVIDENCE BOTTLE with LIGHT RED GOO in it. Quinn leans in to peer at it.

QUINN

What is it?

LESLEY

I don't know. Some industrial strength acid, I'm guessing, though it doesn't seem to be affecting anything except the victim's body.

The body is lifted and carried away on a STRETCHER by a couple of CORONERS in PROTECTIVE GEAR. Quinn and Lesley walk after it. Police and forensics work around the scene.

QUINN

In what way?

LESLEY

Complete disintegration. We'll be lucky we still have a body in a few hours, much less any evidence. We found some of this stuff where the girl claimed her boyfriend had melted. There was traces of protein in it, but nothing acidic. If I wasn't seeing this with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it.

The BODY BAG is lifted into the CORONER'S VAN. Lesley and Quinn watch it. Some red goo seeps out from the zipper and SPLATTERS on the alley floor. Quinn grimaces.

LESLEY (cont'd)

Whoever did this sure as hell didn't want to leave any clues for us.

(shakes head)

I'll know more once I run some tests on this stuff. God I hope there's a way to trace it. Something like this, it's gotta be hard to come by.

(CONTINUED)

Quinn nods and glances at the spatter of red goo again.

LESLEY (cont'd)

Hey, you heard from Lehto yet? I heard he hasn't showed up for work for over a week or so now.

QUINN

Uh, no, we called round his place but he wasn't there, we're gonna contact his family, see if they know anything.

LESLEY

Damn strange, is what it is. Lehto's a lot of things, but he ain't the type to just up and leave like that, you know?

QUINN

(thoughtful)

Yeah... I'd better get out of here. See you later, Lesley.

Lesley nods as Quinn walks away, but we follow Quinn for a moment, the look on his face showing his concern as he thinks about where his partner could be.

The light red GOO sloshes across the floor. A MOP swirls it around, making it sudsy. Faith and Noa step to the side, and walk into the club.

Noa smiles at the JANITOR as he continues to clean the front steps. Behind them, a GUY holds up A FRIEND who is very, very drunk, and holding a hand to his mouth.

GUY

(to the Janitor)

Sorry man, just sorry.

The Janitor shrugs and continues to clean.

Faith and Noa stand on the landing and look around. Two powerful and dolled-up women, MEN turn and notice. Faith either doesn't care or doesn't notice.

Noa smiles wickedly at them all as the two move through the fray. As though driven by some sort of instinct, the crowds part as Noa makes her way across the room. Faith hasn't noticed yet.

FAITH

Hey, I'll go get us some...

She looks around and sees Noa is gone, already climbing up the stairs to the podium to join the other women there.

FAITH (cont'd)

(surprised)

Drinks.

Faith watches Noa for a moment, dancing like she's possessed.

Over at the bar, Faith pays the barman and takes the two drinks. She looks up at the podium and sees Noa dancing closely with the other women. She is understandably puzzled by Noa's "Faith-like" behavior.

Noa turns to Faith and beckons with her finger. Faith frowns, but makes her way over to her. She climbs up and tries to hand her a drink, but Noa takes them both and sets them on a ledge next to the podium.

A) They dance to an upbeat pop song. Faith smiles right along with Noa.

B) Faith has stopped and finishes her drink while Noa keeps dancing.

C) They dance to a sexy song, Noa perhaps getting a little too close. Faith goes along with it, but she is looking over Noa like she has a two-headed cow as a pet.

D) Faith has stopped again and finishes Noa's drink. Noa shows no signs of stopping.

E) They dance to a raucous alternative song; Faith is only half-way enthusiastic. Noa is still dancing like it's the first time.

BACK TO SCENE:

Faith stops dancing, she even seems a little tired.

FAITH

(over the music)

You wanna stop for a second?

NOA

(still dancing, eyes  
closed)

Nuh-uh.

FAITH

Mind if I stop?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Noa just waves in answer and casually turns away from Faith. She slithers up closer to the other women.

Faith blinks and bites out a laugh, trying not to take offense. Shaking her head, she turns and goes.

12 INT. CLUB, BATHROOM CORRIDOR - NIGHT

12

A few DRUNK PARTYGOERS are spread about. One COUPLE can't wait for the ride home, and, slumped by the wall, pet heavily.

Faith walks past them, smirking slightly to herself. She looks kinda lost. She keeps walking along, sizing the place up. Her mind is buzzing. She senses something.

Faith stops by a wall. A painting next to a RED LEATHER DOOR catches her eye. The art is a grotesque slice of post-modern insanity.

FAITH  
(to herself)  
Nice slice of the surreal.

She snorts, and runs her hand along the frame. Its gold-plated, very extravagant looking. After another glance at it, she moves on.

13 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

13

Faith closes the passage door behind her. The barman looks at her for a moment, as though waiting for something. She stares right on back at him until he looks away. She dismisses his behavior and checks out the podium.

Noa is still energizer-bunny frisky. Faith walks to the bar and leans over.

While waiting for the barman, she glances around the room and sees someone on the landing. She's on full alert almost immediately - it's Gabriel.

He ignores Faith and stares above her head. She leans to the side and follows his gaze.

Faith's attention is brought to one of the creepy snake statues. It's eyes GLOW RED.

Faith quickly looks back to where Gabriel was. He is gone. Faith slumps her shoulders and puts a resigned scowl on her face.

FAITH  
(to herself)  
Great. Just great.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

As Faith gets up and starts shoving through the crowd, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14 INT. CLUB - NIGHT

14

Faith quickly makes her way to Noa. She taps the dancing queen on her shoulder. Noa looks questioning at Faith. The other women watch closely.

FAITH  
We've got to go.

NOA  
Why?

Faith stares over Noa's shoulder and sees another snake head.

FAITH  
(uncomfortable)  
Call it a hunch.

NOA  
Well... I don't want to go  
anywhere. I'm perfectly happy right  
here.

Faith notices the other women watching them. She leans closer and drops her voice into a whisper.

FAITH  
That's what I'm getting afraid of.  
I think something's going on.  
Something to do with this place.

Noa sighs exasperated. She doesn't share Faith's concern about listening ears.

NOA  
Like what? People having a good  
time?

FAITH  
I don't know. Yet. I think it has  
something to do with these snakes.

NOA  
(raises eyebrow)  
Riiiggght.

Noa steps back, very angry.

NOA (cont'd)  
Because it couldn't have anything  
to do with you not wanting to be  
here, could it?  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)  
You know what, Faith, if you didn't  
want to be here, you didn't have to  
come!

Faith double-takes at Noa's reaction.

FAITH  
What are you-

NOA  
I mean, it's not exactly  
surprising. This little play of  
yours? "It's too normal. I'm too  
normal. Not enough blood. Not  
enough violence."  
(leans close)  
Would that make this interesting  
for you?

FAITH  
I don't know what you're-

Noa SLAPS Faith. Faith stands stock-still. Not exactly angry,  
but not entirely closed off either. She's putting two and two  
together.

NOA  
Feel better?

FAITH  
I'll get back to you on that.

She goes. With a smile, Noa turns back to the others and  
continues to dance.

Pryor sleeps with his head in front of the Exykris cage.  
There's even some drool action going on.

Faith SLAMS her hand against the counter. Pryor jumps.

PRYOR  
(almost incoherent)  
'kay Morty...

He reaches for the jar of fish heads.

FAITH  
Pryor!

He finally wakes up; she's a bit of a shock to his system.

PRYOR  
Shh. Morty is very delicate.

He looks over the tiny demon worriedly. It is still fast asleep. Faith doesn't care either way. She grabs his face and makes him look at her.

FAITH

Noa. Dancing all night. Glowing snake eyes. Heinous bitch. Fix it.

Pryor blinks at her. She means business.

PRYOR

(slowly)

Okay.

Faith heads into her smaller office as Pryor YAWNS< trying to wake himself up.

Quinn backs into the room and shuts the door quietly behind him. The room is empty. He looks around, giving off every signal that he's not meant to be there. He spots what he's looking for and quickly hurries to one of the counters.

A few TEST TUBES of the light red goo are sitting in a test-tube tray. He reaches for one...

The office door to the side opens. Quinn pulls his hand back and acts casual, like he was just waiting around.

LESLEY

Detective Quinn?

QUINN

Hey. I heard you were also burning the midnight oil. Any leads?

Lesley walks over to the counter and stares at the vials.

LESLEY

Not a one. I can't figure out what the hell this stuff is.

Quinn sees an opportunity.

QUINN

I might be able to help there.

LESLEY

Oh, it's all right. I'm sending a sample up to a FBI textiles expert in Maryland.

Quinn drops his voice into a whisper and leans down as though imparting some major secret.

QUINN

What if... this is something the FBI has never seen before? What if they take this from you and some guy builds his career out of your find? It's happened before.

(really laying it on thick)

I don't like seeing it happen to good men.

LESLEY

What exactly are you proposing?

QUINN

I know a guy who knows a guy. He would be able to access some... sources the FBI can't. And, guys like that have no need for glory. If he found anything... the credit would go to the right person. You.

LESLEY

Don't you mean *us*?

Quinn cocks an eyebrow.

LESLEY (cont'd)

Any credit of mine, is a credit to the whole department...

QUINN

Yeah. Yeah it would be.

He smiles. Lesley hands him a vial.

Faith paces. Pryor types away at the computer.

PRYOR

You know, if you want to be helpful...

FAITH

I'm not sticking my hands in fish guts.

PRYOR

Morty is a very relaxing companion.

FAITH

I don't *want* to be relaxed. I want you to point me at something and let me kill it a lot.

Pryor sighs and keeps on reading.

PRYOR

Do you have any idea how many snake, or snake-based entities there are? I really think we need more information before we leap to conclusions.

FAITH

Noa is acting like the return of the Sunnydale bimbo. What else do you need?

PRYOR

So she's acting a little out of character. Many people do when it's their- huh, that's interesting.

Faith rushes over and reads over his shoulder. It's all French to her.

FAITH

(prodding)

What's interesting?

PRYOR

Well, as you are probably already aware, animal totems are most often used to...

(searches for the word)

... imbue the possessor of the totem with the characteristics of the animal in question.

Faith spurs him on with her hands. She didn't know that, and right now, doesn't care.

PRYOR (cont'd)

(points at screen)

This demonic tribe here took it a step further. They reversed the course, allowing them to feel the emotions of the animal as it was on the hunt. This in itself isn't that surprising. I mean, that's why humans make such good hosts. We feel a range of emotions that some demons can't.

(off Faith's look)

Yes, well, what makes this unique is that they were able to possess the animals itself, thus increasing the emotional high.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)

I guess we should be thankful Noa isn't a snake. I really don't think we'll see her hunting in the bush.

FAITH

Not yet.

PRYOR

I don't think it's anything to worry about. Firstly, the snake is an odd choice as a totem. I can't imagine anyone wanting to possess a snake.

(laughs)

Well, besides You-Know-Who.

Again, she doesn't display a great affinity for knowing what the heck he is talking about.

FAITH

Pryor! A little focus.

PRYOR

Okay. Just give me a few more hours, and I'll have narrowed down some more theories.

FAITH

We don't *have* hours!

Faith is becoming increasingly agitated.

PRYOR

I'm sure that's an exaggeration.

FAITH

No. I know all about sudden switches of personalities. We need to get her out of there before she does something nasty. Something she can't live with.

PRYOR

You really think it's that serious based on one slap?

FAITH

It's more than that. I just *know*. I mean, you should have seen her. She didn't even need a drink!

One could almost imagine that Faith is really not getting across to Pryor. He is regarding her with a healthy dose of skepticism, though he does seem to be trying.

PRYOR

(resigned)

All right. I'll come with you to this club. It would probably help if I can see these snakes for myself, so that I can tell whether it really is a demonic possession.

FAITH

And if it is?

Pryor bites his lip and considers something to the side. Faith looks. A FULL BOTTLE of Morty's 'secretions' sits on the counter beside his cage.

Faith grimaces at Pryor, who just smiles excitedly like a boy about to play with a new toy.

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Noa dances with some GUY. She runs her fingers up his chest. He smirks back like he thinks he's hot and she's putty in his hands.

Over his shoulder, she sees Redhead staring at them. The two women smile at each other. Redhead makes her way over to the couple and snakes her arms around his arms.

From his point of view, it would come across as incredibly sexy and his face shows it.

From Noa's point of view, it looks more like Redhead is holding him for her. Noa licks her lips. She unbuttons the top of his shirt and stares at his neck. She runs her nail down his throat.

In her ears, all she can hear is the loud drum of a HEART BEAT. Her hands begin to curl into a clawed fist.

FAITH (O.S.)

Hey. Sorry to be a killjoy, but my girl here is a heartbreaker.

Faith wraps an arm around Noa and pulls the guy away from Redhead, who curls an angry lip up at Faith.

Faith pushes the guy to the side, but keeps her eyes on Redhead and her grip on Noa.

FAITH (cont'd)

Beat it.

The guy shakes his head and mutters expletives under his breath, but goes and joins the throng of the crowd.

Faith steers Noa forcefully away from the other women.

(CONTINUED)

The women all stop dancing and gang up, staring angrily at Faith as she drags a protesting Noa down the stairs and through the club.

Pryor waits near the door. He watches the girls on the podium. They watch Faith and Noa for a few moments, then begin dancing again, dragging up more males.

All kinds of raunchy begins to take place. Girls dancing with girls in wicked ways. Girls ganging up on the boys and making them smile.

It seems to be something Pryor expects. He turns and leaves before Faith and Noa get near the door.

Pryor waits anxiously in a side alley next to the club. He looks around the corner and sees partygoers lingering outside, some going in, some leaving. He looks at his watch. Faith drags Noa around the corner.

PRYOR

Oh, hello, Noa. How are you feeling?

NOA

What the hell is this?

FAITH

Call it an intervention.

Faith holds Noa as she continues to struggle to get away.

NOA

For what?

PRYOR

(playing it calm)

Nothing too serious. Demonic possession. That sort of thing.

(studies Noa's face)

Do you feel like anything out of the ordinary is... inside you?

FAITH

(rolls eyes)

Real smooth, Pry.

NOA

(ceases struggling)

*Inside me?* God, where the hell would you get an idea like *that*? Can't I just have a bad day and not get mistaken for evil from beyond the darkest reaches?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

What the hell are you going to do to me when I have PMS? Put me in a straitjacket and make me watch daytime talk shows?

PRYOR

All good questions. And ones I'm sure we can clear up, if you promise not to go back into that club.

NOA

God, if that's all it's going to take for you two to stop acting like you've been given a concussion by a giant marshmallow man, then yeah, I promise not to move from this spot!

Pryor believes her. He nods meaningfully to Faith. She doesn't buy it.

FAITH

You sure?

PRYOR

Yes, I believe this is a case of localized influence. Now that she's out of the line of sight of those totems, she does seem her usual self.

Faith still doesn't let go. Pryor waves a hand at her. Gritting her teeth, Faith lets go of Noa.

Noa doesn't take a step, she just turns her head and smiles reassuringly at Faith.

Faith is still suspicious. Pryor takes Faith by the shoulder and leads her a few steps from Noa, talking quietly.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I know, that as a slayer it is your duty to react to all perceived mystical threats, but... I don't think anything malicious or all that disturbing is going on here.

FAITH

What?

PRYOR

You said Noa was only dancing, and, no offense, but most demonic entities act a lot more violently to being manhandled by a slayer.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Are you saying I made this up?

PRYOR

No, of course not. I do think someone is living through those girls there, but I don't think it is for anything more than pleasure. After all, the snake is the symbol of temptation. And what greater temptation is there than to do anyone you want.

Faith glares at him.

PRYOR (cont'd)

That came out wrong. The point is, this is harmless. I bet there's some little old totem master in there just... having a good time.

FAITH

Right, so someone's getting his jollies by making girls dance to crappy music. I don't think so. And thanks so much for believing me. Why that hell did you bring the demon pee along if you were just going to diss my theory?

Pryor pulls out the bottle of purple pee.

PRYOR

Fine, if it makes you feel better, we can go in there now and dose the affected people.

(dry sarcasm)

They're all those people dancing, aren't they?

Before Faith can retort, Noa rushes Pryor and SLAMS him out of frame. Faith's eyes follow them.

FAITH

Told you.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

20

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

20

Faith yanks Noa from Pryor. She KICKS and CONVULSES, trying to get loose. Faith holds her easily.

Pryor scrambles to his feet, clutching his throat and holding the bottle of purple pee.

PRYOR

Okay. She's possessed.

FAITH

(smirking)

You think?

He approaches Noa.

PRYOR

Sorry about this.

He brings up the bottle of pee and Noa CLAMPS her mouth shut. Pryor awkwardly waves the bottle in front of Noa's closed mouth. She turns her head from side to side avoiding the bottle.

Faith loses her patience. She pinches Noa, hard, on the side. Noa OPENS HER MOUTH in pain. Pryor squirts some of the purple pee. Both Noa and Faith grimace. Noa stops struggling.

NOA

*My God, that is rancid!!*

Pryor watches Noa closely.

PRYOR

Are you, er, you?

NOA

You made me drink a demon's number one. Any answer I give right now, won't exactly prove anything.

Pryor silently confers with Faith. She shrugs and lets Noa go. Noa promptly leaps forward and attacks Pryor again. There is a CRASH.

Faith had been expecting the attack. She tightens her grip on Noa's wrist, spins her back and KNOCKS HER OUT with her free fist. Pryor catches her as she collapses.

PRYOR

(looking at the ground)

She broke the bottle.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Who cares? It didn't work.

PRYOR

Good point.

FAITH

Okay. You take her home and embrace  
bondage. I'm going to poop the  
party.

Pryor lifts Noa.

PRYOR

Alright. Spells like this are  
proximity based. The person in  
control should be easy to identify.  
They have something related to the  
snakes. When you see them-

FAITH

Give into temptation and whack them  
with the apple tree.

PRYOR

That should also work. Good luck.

FAITH

(smiles)

This is my kind of thing.

Faith heads back inside as Pryor heads off with Noa.

The snake eyes GLOW. No patron of the club notices. The  
barman watches the dancers on the podium. They are dancing  
with a couple GUYS they've dragged up. The guys don't seem to  
be dancing all that much.

Over with the dancers, some hold the guys while others nip,  
bite and scratch at them. The guys SHOUT FOR HELP, but no one  
can hear them over the music. BLOOD trails down their faces  
and chests.

The barman smiles and looks around the club. Everyone dances,  
oblivious.

BANG! The MUSIC STOPS.

Faith stands on top of the DJ's sound system. The DJ slumps,  
unconscious on the turntable. All eyes turn to her, including  
the women on the podium who hold the guys silent.

Seeing she has their full attention, Faith momentarily  
suffers a bout of self-consciousness.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Um, hey. I'm from the emergency room. You know, the ER. And, there's been a breakout of... of... mommogorard disease! The cases all came from here. So you should leave. Now!

The crowd just stare at her.

FAITH (cont'd)

It's a bad disease. Not pretty. Uh, symptoms are...  
(studies the crowd, gets an idea)  
Lightheadedness, deafness, numb hands and legs...

The people in the crowd look at each other and start to get worried.

FAITH (cont'd)

...blurred vision, puking, bloated stomachs, acne, and, um, piles. Bad piles.  
(looks at the women on the podium, a little surprised)  
And freaky red eyes.

The guys the women on the podium were holding use the distraction to fight and get away. People finally see them and the blood. Everyone is now convinced. People rush from the club in a panic.

The women on the podium remain behind, staring at Faith angrily. Their eyes are RED. When the club is empty, the women hiss at Faith.

She just smiles and jumps down from the DJ booth. Some women leap right off the podium to join her. Others rush down the steps. Faith takes them all on.

She gets rushed by at least four at a time. When she knocks one away, another takes the place.

The women coordinate their attack, but Faith is still the better fighter. They are feral and angry, Faith is the seasoned fighter in control. One woman gets in a lucky shot.

FAITH (cont'd)

Well, someone's been eating their spinach.

She knocks the woman out.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

FAITH (cont'd)  
Still won't help.

Faith continues to knock the others out. Through the fray, she sees the barman. He knows he is in trouble, and rushes through the side door.

Faith knocks out two girls at the same time. She rushes for the door, and sidekicks the last girl. TKO.

22 INT. CLUB, BATHROOM CORRIDOR - SAME 22

It's empty. Faith sees the door next to the painting.

23 INT. CLUB, OFFICE - NIGHT 23

Faith barges in. The office is a paradox. Austere and uncompromising chic meets an opium den. There is another snake totem on the wall.

The barman kneels beside Arkwright, who lies against his red leather chair in obvious ecstasy. To the side, he holds the cane with the snake head. Its eyes glow too.

Arkwright waves the barman up. The barman stands beside the chair and watches Faith warily.

ARKWRIGHT  
Welcome, friend.

FAITH  
I don't make friends with snakes.

ARKWRIGHT  
You should. They're so giving.

FAITH  
Yeah, I can see that.  
(looks him over)  
I'd give you some time to get  
yourself in order, but I'd be too  
afraid some girl would fill your  
dance card.

ARKWRIGHT  
(undresses her with his  
eyes)  
No, I think you'll do nicely.

He makes a subtle flick of his eyes to the barman, who rushes forward and attempts to strike Faith. She ducks and brings her elbow against the back of his head as he careens forward.

He hits the floor, out cold. Arkwright squeezes his eyes shut in pleasure.

(CONTINUED)

ARKWRIGHT (cont'd)  
Too quick, dear. You really should  
learn to savor it!

He stands up, fists raised defensively.

FAITH  
You gonna teach me?

Arkwright smiles.

He ATTACKS, using his cane expertly. Faith fights back, defending herself from the weapon as best she can. She can tell this guy has more bite to him. He gives as good as he gets. His skill makes them evenly matched. They chat as they spar.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Not bad for an old man getting his  
rocks stoned from making little  
girls dance.

ARKWRIGHT  
They couldn't be tempted if they  
didn't really want to taste it.

FAITH  
To get on stage? That's...

He gives her an infernally annoying smile again. She sees the Snake over his shoulder as they fight. Its eyes are glowing. The cane snake is glowing too. She puts it together.

FAITH (cont'd)  
It has nothing to do with it.  
(remembering)  
Blood. Violence. This is about  
violence. You were making those  
girls want to hurt people.

ARKWRIGHT  
Aah, not just a pretty face.

FAITH  
But not just any girls... you chose  
girls who would never hurt anyone.

ARKWRIGHT  
They're so much sweeter that way.

FAITH  
I think I'd rather be bitter.

She punches at him again, but he whirls around and traps her against him, pulling the cane up under her neck.

She braces her hands against it. He whispers in her ear; it's all very intimate.

ARKWRIGHT

I think you're very sweet.

(pulls the cane closer)

You're sweet all the time, aren't you?

(leans in closer)

Sweet and sticky with it. I know a killer when I see one.

Faith throws him off, and attacks him with a new passion. He continues to taunt her.

ARKWRIGHT (cont'd)

Blood tastes good doesn't it? I can see it in your face. Give into me. Let it all out.

The snake's eyes GLOW brighter. Arkwright sees them and smiles at her. She makes his nose bleed.

FAITH

Is that how it works? I'm meant to get all snake-eyed and get violent urges for you to lube up on?

She kicks his leg and brings him to his knee, grabs him by the collar.

FAITH (cont'd)

Here's my secret. I don't *need* your little spell to work up a healthy blood fever. I got my own illness. I have it every damn day.

He begins to laugh. It angers her. She punches him. Again and again, until he collapses to the floor.

ARKWRIGHT

Is that all?

He keeps laughing and doesn't even try to stop her. She climbs on top of him to get a better vantage to hit him. He looks like he's blissing out each time she hits him. His face is getting bloodier by the moment.

The red light from his cane throws a red hue on his face. The light throbs on Faith's face too.

All she can hear is the sound of her HEART BEAT. It's getting faster, louder. It's building to a crescendo. She SCREAMS.

SMASH! The snake head shatters as she crashes the cane against the floor.

(CONTINUED)

She leans back and stares down at Arkwright, bloody but still laughing. She looks at her own hands, covered in his blood. She looks frightened.

ARKWRIGHT (cont'd)  
Now, now. Don't be afraid. It feels good, doesn't it?

FAITH  
(whispers)  
Shut up.

She pushes herself away from him, freaked out.

ARKWRIGHT  
You cant escape it, you know. Once you have the taste, you have to have more.

He opens his shirt and exposes his chest. Faith stares at him with wide eyes.

ARKWRIGHT (cont'd)  
You can kill me if you want. Go on. You'll feel better.

Faith squeezes her eyes shut. When she begins to talk, she is calm again.

FAITH  
Maybe. But maybe it's not who I want to be.

She turns and steadily walks toward the door.

ARKWRIGHT  
(trying to sit up)  
This is who you are!

She turns a fraction as she reaches the door, as though she is about to say something. She stands for a moment in quiet reflection, then opens the door and walks through.

Arkwright stares at the door, then looks down at his cane. He laughs and lies on the floor again.

TAP TAP TAP. Noa, with a black eye, moves over to her window. She opens it. Faith stands on the other side.

FAITH  
Hi.

NOA

Hi.

(smiles ruefully)

You know, I'm not evil now. You don't have to stay on the outside.

FAITH

(shrugs uncomfortably)

Uh, no, it's not that. I guess... I owe you an apology.

NOA

Me? For what? I'm the one who apparently went Xena on everyone.

FAITH

(smiles)

Apparently?

NOA

I'm really foggy on the whole possession thing. I remember dancing, and that's about it.

Faith sits on the window ledge, with her legs outside the apartment. Noa does the same, with her body still inside.

FAITH

Pryor told me the emergency room had an influx of people last night asking about measures to prevent piles.

They laugh, but it isn't genuine.

NOA

What about the other girls?

FAITH

Docs are checking up on viruses that can cause black outs. The girls don't remember anything and the cops are hardly about to arrest some guy for demonic activity. The health inspectors are closing the place down though until they can sort it all out. Guess all is well that ends well.

NOA

Yeah.

They sit in silence.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

Uh, what did you want to apologise for? According to Pryor, I deserved the black eye.

FAITH

Yeah, you did, but, uh... here.

Faith shuffles and retrieves something from her jacket.

FAITH (cont'd)

It's crappy.

She hands Noa a crudely wrapped parcel. The paper is bright and colourful and has little birthday cakes on it. Noa is genuinely touched.

FAITH (cont'd)

(thinking)

But maybe not as crappy as some of the others I've given, considering the short notice. I'm sorry your birthday was ruined by a creep with a snake.

(beat)

And a grouchy slayer that should have been there.

(stands)

For her friend.

Noa smiles at Faith, but she has turned to go, obviously uncomfortable.

NOA

Hey, Faith!

Faith looks back.

NOA (cont'd)

Thanks...

(clutches the present)

For the black eye.

FAITH

(smiles)

Beats demon pee any day.

NOA

(grimaces)

Yeah.

Faith heads off, and Noa watches her leave before looking back down at the present, starting to unwrap it.

25 EXT. NOA'S PLACE - DAY

25

Faith walks down the alley. She's smiling. A shadow falls in beside her.

FAITH

Tell me something, is your sole purpose in life to throw vague hints my way, resulting in cheesy hallmark moments?

Gabriel merely grins at her without answering.

FAITH (cont'd)

'Cause, I think I can live with that.

They walk down the alley side by side.

FAITH (cont'd)

Long as you promise not to ruin the moment by talking.

Gabriel holds up a hand - he'll stay quiet. They walk on.

26 INT. CLUB, OFFICE - DAY

26

The barman stands before Arkwright, who sits on his red leather chair. Arkwright is staring at a wad of papers in his hands.

BARMAN

So, we're finished, right?

ARKWRIGHT

(chuckles)

Hardly.

(tosses the papers aside)

This place means nothing. Let them shut it down and rip it apart. I have much more important matters now.

He reaches down and picks up the shattered pieces of his cane from his lap.

ARKWRIGHT (cont'd)

Get that warlock on the phone, will you? I need a replacement.

(smiles)

And something extra. That girl was strong. It shouldn't be too hard to track someone like that down.

BARMAN (O.S.)

You mean for revenge?

(CONTINUED)

ARKWRIGHT  
(laughing)  
Revenge? God, no. A jewel like  
that...

He holds up the snake head and stares into its eyes.

ARKWRIGHT (cont'd)  
I bet she glitters.

A hand passes him the phone over his shoulder.

ARKWRIGHT (cont'd)  
Hello? Hello?  
(brings the phone down)  
There's no one there.

An unseen someone stands behind his chair, looking down at him.

ARKWRIGHT (O.S.) (cont'd)  
I said, there's no one-

There is the SOUND of STRUGGLE. Then SILENCE. The PHONE  
dangles off the edge of the EMPTY red leather chair, beeping  
quietly to itself.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**