

FAITH

"Twilight"

by

J. Alan Shelton

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. UNKNOWN DARK ROOM - NIGHT. 1

In the center of the darkness before us rests a large curtained square. Cables and wires leak out from beneath the curtains, running into clusters of large, bulky medical equipment on both sides.

A heart monitor BEEPS steadily, accompanied by the sound of shallow breathing, as we cut to:

2 EXT. STREET. NIGHT. 2

Your good old New York city street. Evening traffic rolls past as the moon starts to make its presence known in the dark skies overhead.

Strolling along the sidewalk, lost in her thoughts, is FAITH. Her hands are in her jacket pockets, and the frown and faraway look on her face tell us she's in Faith World and they're all out of guest passes.

This isn't deterring NOA, walking alongside Faith and nattering away as she sips from a takeaway coffee, not really noticing or registering that Faith isn't listening.

NOA

So anyway, then, I heard that Debbie Kinsey is going to take over as manageress of that new Bloomingdale's they just opened up! I mean, can you believe it?

Noa takes Faith's silence as a 'yes.'

NOA (cont'd)

I mean, back when I knew her, she was nothing but a little brown-noser anyway, wouldn't surprise me if she'd slept with half the management staff to get her hands on that little job! She's the kind of girl who takes the word 'new position' a bit too literally, if you know what I mean...

Noa glances at Faith, finally noticing that she's a million miles away.

NOA (cont'd)

Uh, Faith?

Faith blinks and turns to Noa at last, almost looking surprised to see her there.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

What?

NOA

(grins)

Oh, so you are in there! I was starting to wonder! Have you heard a word I've said in the last ten minutes?

FAITH

(covering)

Sure, you were talking about...

(beat; grins)

Alright, busted. You got me.

NOA

Where were you? Anywhere nice?

FAITH

Thinking about some stuff, that's all.

NOA

(mischievous)

Stuff that involves a guy? For example, a certain tall, dark and handsome bringer of information, shares his name with one of the angels?

Faith glares at Noa, but the look bounces straight off her. Faith rolls her eyes, grinning again despite herself.

FAITH

Maybe. We had a pretty intense talk the other day, made me think about a few things.

NOA

Like what?

FAITH

(shrugs)

You know, this and that.

NOA

Don't try to pull a voidy on me, missy! I can tell when you're-

WHAM! Noa is knocked backwards, spilling coffee over herself, as a MAN races past the two girls, barging into Noa and disappearing down a side street.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (2)

2

Noa, open mouthed in shock, tries to shake away some of the coffee splashed over her, but as a second FIGURE rushes past them, little more than a black blur, Faith looks up sharply.

Frowning, she looks all round but there's no sign of either person by now. As she goes back to helping Noa dry off, we cut into:

3 EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS.

3

BRILL RAND races through an uncharacteristically abandoned New York side street. His expression reads of a paranoid junkie, but he is neither of those things. He's clean, sober and someone (or something) really is after him.

He turns a corner, finding himself in a:

4 EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS.

4

Brill tumbles past a HOMELESS WOMAN. She yelps, but it falls on deaf ears. He just continues on.

HOMELESS WOMAN

Damn punk, watch where ya's going!
Got civilized peoples walking here!

The Homeless Woman starts to settle herself back down, muttering to herself - when the BLACK BLUR whips a nasty slash with a STRAIGHT RAZOR, opening her jugular.

Crimson spills out.

She stumbles backward, falling into the wall. Gravity pulls her to the earth.

She is dead within seconds.

Brill throws a glance over his shoulder, his eyes bulging as he sees the dead woman sliding to the floor, and he increases the speed of his stride.

He launches himself into the air, latching onto a fire escape with both hands.

He scales it like a spider would its web; climbing higher and higher, muscles pulling tight, toward heaven, finally reaching:

5 EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS.

5

Brill pushes himself up and over the ledge, crawling then falling onto the concrete. It only takes a moment before he is on his feet.

His breathing becomes steady; the panting depreciates.

(CONTINUED)

It is a tranquil moment, but one that doesn't last. The sound of faint CHATTERING stirs the air.

Brill slings his head back over his shoulder, eyeing the edge of the rooftop. The cold wave running up his spine brings about a pale complexion upon his face.

He takes a cautious step, followed by another. The pattern repeats itself as he moves closer to the edge.

The CHATTERING fades to nothing as a guarded Brill peers over the edge.

His mouth starts to drop as a FLASH OF BLACK pulls Brill Rand over the edge.

The sound of CHATTERING resumes.

And intensifies.

We hear Brill let out a brief, strangled SCREAM, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6

EXT. CRIME SCENE - DAY

6

POLICE TAPE lines the entrances to the alley. The scene is crowded with officers, both uniformed and not.

At the eye of the storm, stands an authoritative DETECTIVE SING. His long black coat swirls around him as he turns, explaining to officer after officer exactly how to do their jobs.

SING
(to random cop)
You! What the hell are you doing?

The RANDOM stops in mid-stride, his eyes go doughy and he points a finger to his chest.

SING (cont'd)
(exhaling)
Yeah, you. Where the hell do you think you're going?

RANDOM
Uh, I was taking this coffee over to Johnson...

Sing rolls his eyes, shakes his head then looks the young Random in the eye.

SING
Johnson can't get his own damn coffee?

RANDOM
N-no sir, I mean yes, I mean-

SING
(gestures behind him)
Go help secure the line back there and keep the shutters out. Last thing we need is the...

A NEWS CREW infiltrate the crime scene, tearing past a weakly supported line.

SING (cont'd)
...press.
(to himself)
Damn it.
(to Random)
Get over there.

(CONTINUED)

The Random starts to move but realizes he still has Johnson's coffee.

SING (cont'd)
(sighs)
Just give me the damn coffee.

The Random complies before shuffling off.

SING (cont'd)
And next time, tell Johnson to
organise his refreshments himself!

Sing takes a sip; his face goes sour and he pours it to the ground, dropping the cup mid-pour.

SING (cont'd)
(mutters)
Jesus Christ. Guy can't even get a
rookie to bring him a decent
drink...

He sucks it up. Regains his composure; straightening his tie, checking his hair before finally taking the first step toward the influx of reporters and cameramen.

Only a few steps in, he catches a glimpse of someone coming up behind him:

JON QUINN, who is hastily dressed and looks about as thrilled as Sing to be there.

SING (cont'd)
Well, well, well, look what the cat
finally dragged in. Welcome back to
active duty, Detective.

QUINN
(sarcastic)
Yeah, thanks.
(then)
Why am I here, Sing?

SING
(sarcastic)
Isn't it obvious? Some detective.
There was a crime here, Jon. You
know, those things we solve. You
have had a glance at the job
description, right?

QUINN
Have you?

SING
Save it.

(CONTINUED)

Quinn looks at all the commotion about them.

QUINN

Alright, what the sitch?

Sing leads him over to the nexus of traffic where the pavement is splattered red with a dark lumpy thing in the center; the corpse of Brill Rand.

QUINN(cont'd)

Jumper?

SING

No, not a jumper. Not suicide.
Homicide.

Quinn scrunches up his face as he gets a better look at the twisted corpse before them.

QUINN

You sure?

SING

Absolutely.

QUINN

We got any witnesses saw the perp?
Any evidence? Any anything?

A smile breaks on Sing's face.

SING

That's the interesting bit. They
didn't leave anything, but...

QUINN

But?

As Sing puts on some plastic gloves, he kneels next to the corpse. Take's the head and twists it back for Quinn to see - Quinn grimaces.

Its lower jaw is missing and there is virtually nothing left of the mouth.

Quinn looks away.

QUINN (cont'd)

Aw, damn, man! I don't need to see
this kind of stuff first thing in
the morning.

SING

No teeth. Nor anything left of the
gums for that matter.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SING (cont'd)

Lower jaw has been removed with almost surgical precision. Like they just tore it out of his head then used a knife to scoop out the upper portions.

QUINN

Ugh. Possible motive?

SING

Hell if I know. Could be an incredibly pissed off dentist.

(off his look)

You tell me, Detective. It's your case.

QUINN

And how exactly did I luck into such good fortune?

SING

In a minute. First...

Sing gestures Quinn to once again follow him. They travel to the most secluded area they can find and continue.

SING (cont'd)

You and I don't need to have another talk, do we?

Quinn folds his arms, looking away.

SING (cont'd)

Listen Jon, you've got a job to do. Don't let the small stuff keep you from doing.

(off his look)

No matter how distasteful it may be at times.

QUINN

I would hardly consider the murder of Mike Lehto "small stuff".

(then)

And I consider this whole job 'distasteful.'

He gets right up in Sing's face.

SING

Hey, I didn't do it. Until twelve hours ago, I wasn't even myself.

(then)

Hell, for all I know, I could have done it.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Not really winning me over here.

SING

I'll deal. Don't forget why you're here. We need that murdering Slayer brought down.

(then)

Do your job, Jon.

QUINN

My job is about stopping evil. My assignment is the Slayer. The latter doesn't seem important now that I have to consider that I'm working for the former.

SING

Jon... Omelets. Eggs.

(then)

We're doing good work. Dangerous work. Work that requires extreme measures to insure the good of the whole.

QUINN

(sarcastic)

Oh, it's all better now.

SING

Hey, Lehto was killed to protect your mission. If you stop now, his death will have been in vain.

QUINN

Seeing as how I can't get a beat on the Slayer here in New York, I'm leaning toward the idea that his death was in vain as well as unnecessary.

There is a long pause between the two.

QUINN (cont'd)

Forget it.

(then)

What the hell am I, specifically, doing here?

SING

Pryor Webb.

Quinn snaps his head back in the direction of the corpse.

QUINN

That's not...

(CONTINUED)

SING

No. That is one Brill Rand who was recently "misplaced" from an asylum downtown. His legal guardian, however, is Mr. Webb.

QUINN

Okay. And?

SING

You have a relationship with Mr. Webb, I believe?

QUINN

Not really, no.

SING

You used our server to research Mr. Webb over the last 48 hours. Don't bother to deny it. It's all been logged and well documented.

QUINN

(sighs)

Of course it has.

SING

Relax, man. We don't care. You have some familiarity with the subject and we would like you to simply gain his confidence.

QUINN

I thought it was imperative for me to get back on the Slayer's trail. Why Pryor?

SING

You are, don't forget it, and as to the 'why,' that's classified.

QUINN

That's not going to fly.

SING

It had better grow wings, cause it has too.

(off his look)

It's all you're getting.

Quinn looks back to the body, almost sickened, coming to a realization.

QUINN

I get it. So that's what this is all about? A means to an end?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)
A way to properly introduce me into
Webb's life?

SING
No. This was just a happy
coincidence for the cause. We have
no idea what the hell happened here
more than you do.
(pause)
You should probably get to work.
Press are waiting for a statement
and seeing as you're now the
officer in charge, you get the
honors.

Quinn starts to leave.

SING (cont'd)
Talk to Webb, close this case and
find the Slayer.
(then)
Get it done, Quinn. Get it done.

Quinn keeps walking without looking back.

QUINN
I'll do my job. You can forget
about the Slayer, trail's cold.

The PRESS spot Quinn flashing his badge and instantly swarm
all over him.

PRYOR WEBB is wearing huge bug-like goggles while prodding a
long black instrument against a small SILVER SPHERE making a
sharp CLACKING sound.

Pryor's large black electrical glove grasps the silver
sphere, giving it a sharp squeeze - it folds like a sponge.

PRYOR
(grins)
Brilliant...

Noa and Faith enter, munching on bagels.

NOA
Heya, boss!
(holds up bag)
We've brought bagels!

Noa foolishly tosses the bag of bready goodness through the
air toward Pryor.

One by one, the bagels spill out as the bag circles through
the air.

Pryor leaps forward to stop the mess from spreading, dropping the Silver Sphere onto the ground causing an eruption of linoleum, but still managing to catch the nearly emptied bag.

Stunned silence by all. Faith and Noa exchange a look, glancing back at the huge crater the silver sphere has left in the lab's floor.

Pryor reaches into the bag, pulling out a bagel, taking a huge bite, eyes on Noa.

NOA (cont'd)
(re: bagels)
Uh, I'll just pick these up.
(re: linoleum rubble)
Probably need a dustpan for that.

PRYOR
(seething)
Probably.

Pryor picks the sphere up off the floor. Faith joins him.

FAITH
Whatcha got?
(re: ball)
I'm guessing it's not made by nerf.

Pryor gives it a squeeze.

FAITH (cont'd)
Or maybe it is...

PRYOR
I've been here all night, running every test I know, and I haven't learned a thing.

FAITH
Well, I'm sure-

PRYOR
It's awesome.

FAITH
Oh. Okay, cool. I'm guessing that's a good thing.

PRYOR
Not only is it a challenge to deconstruct its properties, but it can be harnessed into some formidable weaponry for our cause.

FAITH

Still, if you've been at it all night, and by the smell of things, you have, you might want to head to your office and take a nap, or vicodin, or something.

Pryor snaps the bug-eyed goggles from off his head.

PRYOR

You're probably right.

FAITH

Probably? Don't you mean "always"?

Playfully thinks on it.

PRYOR

No.

Pryor leaves the room. Faith stoops down next to Noa, helping her to clean up the rubble.

INT. PRYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Pryor enters.

Drops back in his big chair and stretches. He reclines, spinning his chair in a perfect circle.

He arches forward. Taps his hands on the armrests. Too fidgety to relax. Something catches his eye - the FLASHING RED LIGHT on his answering machine. He leans clicks "Playback".

INT. THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Faith and Noa carry chunks of linoleum and bagels to the trash.

NOA

Sorry about this, Faith. Sure this isn't how you wanted to start your day.

FAITH

And here I was, all ready to peel scales off whatever Pryor's got stored in the freezer today.

NOA

Sorry.

FAITH

Read the sarcasm, kid.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Sorry.

Faith turns to face Noa and places her hands on her shoulders.

FAITH

Okay, what's up?

NOA

What?

FAITH

You're a big sappy spaz this morning.

NOA

I thought the bag was sealed.

FAITH

I'm serious, you didn't act like this last night.

(then)

Spill.

Noa flops on the hall sofa.

NOA

Okay. You remember the guy I told you about?

FAITH

Several actually.

NOA

The latest. Jon.

FAITH

(no idea)

Right.

NOA

I called his work this morning.

Noa balls up.

NOA (cont'd)

They asked if I was his wife.

FAITH

Ouch.

NOA

Yeah, "ouch".

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Sorry, but c'mon, its not like you
have problems finding guys.

NOA

Just good ones.

FAITH

(shakes head)

No such creature.

Noa grabs the remote from the seat next to her and clicks on
the hall television. It's a news report about a homicide.

Pryor comes barreling down the hall.

PRYOR

Noa, did you take any calls or see
anyone come here looking for me
last night?

NOA

Nope.

FAITH

Something wrong?

PRYOR

I don't know. Maybe. Maybe not.

Pryor sees the news report on the television. The scene is of
the earlier crime scene. Quinn is visible off to the side,
but Noa doesn't notice.

Pryor zeroes in on the covered body being wheeled off. An arm
slips down from underneath the blanket, revealing a tattoo
similar to the one Pryor has on the back of his wrist. He
looks at his own upon the recognition.

PRYOR (cont'd)

(to himself)

Then again, maybe...

A slim figure catches his eye on the screen, MR. ROBIN of the
SECOND CIRCLE looms within the crowd of bystanders before
easing himself away from the camera's prying eye.

FAITH

(to get his attention)

Pryor? As in earth to?

He's lost in thought and doesn't hear her. Faith shrugs it
off.

Noa's cell ROARS to life with some tragic eighties pop ring-
tone. She takes the call.

10

INT. WEBB RESEARCHING/CRIME SCENE - INTERCUT

10

NOA

Hello?

QUINN

Hey doll, how's your day?

NOA

(cold)

Married.

QUINN

Excuse me?

NOA

What the hell, Jon?

QUINN

(beat)

I assure you, I really, really
don't know.

NOA

I called your office to wish you
luck on your first day back. They
asked if I was your wife.

QUINN

What?

(then)

Oh, wow. I forgot.

NOA

You forgot?

Quinn looks down to his ring finger, and is nearly knocked
out by the platinum band that adorns it.

QUINN

(quickly)

Forgot to mention the fact that I
was recently separated.

NOA

(suddenly beaming)

Oh!

Quinn wiggles the ring off his finger and tosses it through
the air.

NOA (cont'd)

But you guys are over and done now,
right? No hope of reconciliation?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

That is not likely to happen.

NOA

How long?

QUINN

Well, uh, I'm not going to lie,
it's fairly recent, but it's pretty
much over. That relationship....

Quinn spies Sing lingering about.

QUINN(cont'd)

... is dead and done.

NOA

So you're single?

QUINN

(smirks)

You tell me.

NOA

(bubbly)

So, we still going out tonight,
then?

QUINN

Afraid not. Work stuff.

NOA

Oh.

(catches up)

You were calling to cancel.

QUINN

Well, yeah, but not just that.

NOA

Then what?

QUINN

Is your boss in today?

Noa watches as Pryor enters his office from the end of the
hall.

NOA

Pryor? Yeah... why?

An officer comes up with some papers for Quinn to sign.

QUINN

I'm sorry, babe, I've gotta go.
I'll get a hold of you later.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

NOA

That sounds like a plan.

They both clasp their phones shut.

BACK TO SCENE:

Noa looks around and notices she's been deserted. She changes the channel to some music videos and, we cut to:

11 INT. PRYOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER 11

Pryor reaches under his desk and detaches a SILVER METAL BRIEFCASE from a hidden compartment.

He grabs a long coat off the rack, and heads out his door and into:

12 INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - HALLWAY. CONTINUOUS. 12

And on to the elevator, past Noa who jumps to attention at his appearance.

NOA

I'm working! I mean, I was just taking a break! I mean-

PRYOR

I'll be out for a while, Noa. You may have to lock up tonight.

Pryor disappears into the elevator doors, leaving a somewhat dazed Noa.

NOA

Okay, sure...

She ponders on his sudden departure, before shrugging it off and going back to her magazine.

13 INT. ABANDONED BASEMENT - LATER 13

A rickety old wooden table sits beneath a flickering light. Upon the table, a tuxedo is neatly spread out. Below the cuffs rests a black leather glove on each side, likewise below the legs rest two shiny black shoes.

The door CREAKS open, illuminating the room with a brief flash of light.

Steps bounce off the walls; a long, tall silhouette tears across the table.

An elegantly dressed arm reaches outward, the fist clinched tight. It stops above the neckline of the tuxedo. The hand drops a set of bloody teeth into place.

(CONTINUED)

The arm withdraws from the table.

Blood drips from the gums over the teeth, soaking in to the table, leaving a small puddle.

Suddenly, they begin to VIBRATE lightly.

The vibration becomes more intense, the teeth CHATTERING against each other, spitting blood like a clumpy mist, covering the white dress shirt resting underneath the elegant jacket.

The breast of which erupts and deflates in quick, repetitive bursts as the suit slowly inflates around it.

Gloved fingers twitch and come alive.

The newly born creature sits erect like a Karloff Dracula might. It resembles the invisible man with the exception of blood dripping, chattering teeth suspended several inches above the collar.

A second identical creature steps forward, having birthed its brother.

Its arm stretches out, containing a long straight razor.

The newborn takes the weapon, and on that chiller we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 INT. SUGARWATER APARTMENT COMPLEX - LATER 14

A determined Pryor storms down the long corridor, stopping in front of a rather nondescript door and bangs three hard knocks.

A moment or two and the door pivots open. Pryor juts a foot in the fresh opening and violently pries it open knocking MR. RAVEN tumbling back.

PRYOR

Hello, Mr. Raven. Sorry to interrupt, but it has become apparent to me that we desperately need to have a bit of a "sit-down".

Pryor steps across the barrier, entering:

15 INT. THE EPICENTER - CONTINUOUS. 15

The chamber is aglow with energy. A small fleet of Circle MEMBERS sweep forward; encircling Pryor like vultures, MR. ROBIN included.

PRYOR

I wish to speak to Mr. Owl. Now.

Mr. Raven, having regained his composure breaches the circle, coming face to face with Pryor.

MR. RAVEN

I'm afraid Mr. Owl is otherwise indisposed, Mr. Webb. How may we be of service?

PRYOR

I wish to speak to Mr. Owl.

RAVEN

I have already told you he is not available. Please, Mr. Webb, you really must go.

Pryor eyes the circle, gauging the odds; but also noticing the expressions they wear upon their faces.

PRYOR

What exactly is going on here?

RAVEN

I'm afraid that is none of your business, Mr. Webb.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAVEN (cont'd)
I'll tell Mr. Owl you stopped by.
Now, please go.

PRYOR
You're awfully anxious for me to
leave, why is that?

RAVEN
At the risk of sounding redundant,
you did interrupt us, Mr. Webb.

PRYOR
You're right. This is getting
redundant.

Pryor SMASHES the silver briefcase in his hand into Raven's long crook nose, sending him to the ground.

Mr. Swallow rushes Pryor along with three others trailing at his side.

Pryor spins, deflecting their advances but dropping the silver case. Everyone stops.

SWALLOW
And just what is in the case, Mr.
Webb?

Swallow takes the case, his eyes hardly leaving Pryor's. The latches flip upward, the case opens revealing nothing.

Pryor pulls two SILVER HANDGUNS out of his pockets, taking aim at Swallow's freckled forehead.

PRYOR
Surprise.

One shot is all it takes to put Swallow down. The other members shift and distort, swarming like banshees around him.

Pryor spreads his arms taking aim at two separate targets. He moves with them, spinning in place.

Noa tosses her magazine aside and paces the hall to Pryor's office. She's incredibly fidgety; biting her lip and fiddling with her hands.

She raises her shoulder and marches to Pryor's door.

A curious Noa enters as discreet as she's able.

She searches Pryor's desk; flips through some papers, checks a few drawers and checks his shelves. Nothing.

She plops into his chair. She walks the chair, spinning it in circles, no idea what to do next.

She stops and lets the chair coast, finishing its rotation, when she spies Pryor's ANSWERING MACHINE.

Meanwhile, over in:

Faith is taking notes on some samples that are lined up before her. Behind her, on the slab from which the room takes its name, rests the body of a furry humanoid DEMON.

It GARBLES and chokes on a lime green fluid seeping from its mouth. Faith spins around.

FAITH
(weary)
Not again...

She sprints over to it, pulling a machine with a large blue canister and plastic line of tubing with her.

FAITH (cont'd)
(to creature)
You're dead, act it!

She slips the tubing down the creature's throat and turns a knob on the canister. It immediately begins sucking the gunk from the creature's throat.

Faith grabs some paper towels and wipes the gunk off the creature's chin and chest.

GABRIEL (O.S.)
Grocken?

Faith barely bothers to crane her head back to see GABRIEL. She manages to cover being pleased to see him pretty well.

FAITH
What it says on the tag.

GABRIEL
Yeah, that's where I read it from.

She tosses the towels in the trash.

FAITH
I feel it's my duty to tell you
that you're starting to get
seriously stalker-y.

Faith goes back to taking notes.

FAITH (cont'd)
My apartment is one thing, but I
work here, and I have a hard enough
time concentrating as is.

GABRIEL
Something on your mind?

She flashes a smile to Gabe.

FAITH
Wouldn't you like to know.
(then)
You'll be glad to hear I'm staying
in New York a bit longer. You know
why?

GABRIEL
Haven't the faintest.

FAITH
I decided I want to know what the
hell you are, and what kind of game
you're playing.

Faith steps up and goes nose to nose.

FAITH (cont'd)
Feel free to spill at any time.

GABRIEL
(grins)
We've both got our secrets, Faith.

FAITH
I hope that's not a threat!

GABRIEL
Hardly. It's an appeal.
(steps back)
You've got your reasons, as I've
got mine.

FAITH
The difference being, you seem to
know mine.

GABRIEL
Yeah, sorry, but that's just a by-
product of the ones I keep.

FAITH
You could always even the odds
between us a little.

GABRIEL

No, I really can't.

FAITH

Alright, whatever. You here for a reason? Anything cryptic you're here to tell me? Something that won't make sense till after the fact?

Gabe looks away from her. His expression darkens.

GABRIEL

You're going to lose one.

Faith's look immediately darkens, as we cut to:

EXT. CRIME SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

A skeleton crew remains, guarding the perimeter of the police line from civilians. Quinn holds a clipboard in his hand, filling in a few notes.

The Random Officer arrives with a coffee.

QUINN

(taking coffee)

Thanks.

Quinn hands a clipboard to the Random.

QUINN(cont'd)

That should be the big stuff. Get that over to Barclay, asap.

RANDOM

On my way now, Detective!

The Random dashes off.

Quinn checks his watch then walks past the police line and across the street, getting into:

INT. QUINN'S CAR. CONTINUOUS.

He crashes into the comfort of his seat. Puts the key in the ignition, and with a couple sputters the engine roars to life.

He starts to shift into gear when he notices a LARGE YELLOW ENVELOPE in the passenger's seat.

Quinn checks his back seat and looks out his window to see if anybody is watching him. He sees nothing.

(CONTINUED)

He takes the envelope in hand and tears the edge open, emptying the contents: X-RAYS of a human skull.

A small tag attached, reads: QUINN, JON.

He carefully slides them back into the envelope and lays it next to him.

He gets lost in thought for a moment, then shifts into gear and pulls out onto the street.

Faith paces before Gabriel.

FAITH

A hand? An eye? A Foot? What? What
am I going to lose one of?

Gabriel remains silent.

FAITH (cont'd)

Oh, no, no, no. Don't give me that
look. You had better not be talking
about what I think you're talking
about, or this relationship of ours
is about to get real messy.

NOA (O.S.)

Faith!

FAITH

Noa?

Faith turns round, heading outside and into:

Faith leaves the room, practically running into Noa in the hall. She registers Noa's panicked expression.

FAITH

What's wrong?

NOA

It's Pryor! Something's seriously
wrong!

Faith opens her mouth to reply, but before she gets any words out, the power to the building cuts out. It goes dark.

Soft CHATTERING fills the hall.

FAITH

(wary)

Noa, get behind me.

22 CONTINUED:

22

Noa steps closer to Faith.

23 INT. THE EPICENTER - CONTINUOUS

23

The room is littered with black lumps strewn about like garbage bags. Each one bleeds a trail of dark blood. A group of four stand huddled around the defeated Pryor.

Mr. Raven's BLACK BOOT presses hard on Pryor's throat, his face cut and bloody.

RAVEN

I believe you have done more than
enough damage for one lifetime, Mr.
Webb. It ends here.

As Pryor glares defiantly back up at Raven, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 INT. THE EPICENTER - CONTINUOUS

24

Pryor gasps for air as Raven's boot presses harder into his throat.

RAVEN

Mr. Robin, please check Mr. Webb's pockets for the sphere.

Mr. Robin complies, digging through Pryor's clothing.

MR. ROBIN

It doesn't seem to be on his person.

RAVEN

Even better.

Pryor chortles and rasps.

RAVEN (cont'd)

You have something you'd like to add, Mr. Webb?

Raven lets his boot off Pryor, who immediately sucks in air; choking himself.

Pryor emits a low raspy whisper that is inaudible. Raven leans down to him.

RAVEN (cont'd)

What is it, Mr. Webb?

PRYOR

(raspy)

You idiot. You really think I'd come here without an ace?

Before Raven can react, Pryor tugs on his cufflink, triggering the sliver briefcase to EXPLODE, blasting everyone to the ground.

Pryor forces himself back to his feet, grabs one of his handguns from the ground and shoves it in Raven's neck.

PRYOR(cont'd)

Now. I think it's important you answer my questions to the best of your ability. I'm not one for torture, but I am certainly not above it.

Raven nods.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor removes the gun from his neck. Then lands a hard PUNCH square in Raven's face, breaking his nose.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Just so we understand each other.
I've just lost my oldest and
dearest friend tonight. I believe
it imperative you understand the
gravity of the situation you now
find yourself in.

Pryor removes a rag from his pocket and cleans the blood off his fist, still keeping his gun trained on Raven.

Another member of the circle starts to wake up. Without looking, Pryor aims his gun behind him and EXPLODES the member's head with a single shot.

PRYOR (cont'd)
No interruptions.

His gun trained back on Raven.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Why did Mr. Owl have Brill released
from the asylum?

RAVEN
I don't know-

PRYOR
Stop and think if that's really the
answer you want to give. I had
called to schedule my annual visit.
I received a message later than Mr.
Owl had signed him out. Not twenty
minutes later, I saw his corpse on
my television. Why did you kill
him?

RAVEN
We didn't. You did, when you
brought him here seeking our aid in
your schemes of petty revenge. You
signed both your own death warrants
when you were branded with our
signature.

PRYOR
(frowns)
But that was nearly twenty years
ago. Why kill us now?

RAVEN

Your research in demonology allowed us a readily accessible means to dispose of evidence of our activities. And, again, we didn't kill Brill.

PRYOR

Who did?

RAVEN

The same man who is going to kill you. A warlock. Name of Silas Murdock.

PRYOR

Why?

RAVEN

That's the best bit. He believes you're the leaders of the Circle.

PRYOR

And why would he think that?

RAVEN

The mark on your wrist is the sigil of our leaders. The sphere we gave you and the toxin we injected into Brill's bloodstream act as cloaking agents for the Second Circle's power signature.

PRYOR

You were using us as decoys...
(then)
How do I stop Murdock?

RANDOM

Ha! You can't. However, Mr. Owl and Mr. Sparrow, along with two of our best assassins, are more than likely sending that old bastard to his grave as we speak.

PRYOR

So, it's already over?

RAVEN

Hardly. Murdock's old. He doesn't have the power to take out our leaders himself. He sent his own assassins who are, by design, attracted to our own specific power signature.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RAVEN (cont'd)

We had to wait for him to make his move before we could get a beat on his location.

PRYOR

So there is something out there still hunting me?

RAVEN

No. Not hunting you. The mark on your wrist is only the identifier, they are drawn to the power signature of the sphere. Wherever it is, the assassins will most assuredly be as well.

PRYOR

(pales)

My god, it's back at the lab...
Faith! Noa!

We cut from Pryor's shocked expression to:

Faith leads Noa down the corridor. They stop outside the Slab, and Faith peeks a look inside.

FAITH

Gabe?

(off Noa's look)

I had company. Guess he bailed.

(to herself)

Big surprise.

NOA

Probably the smart move.

FAITH

At least the back up generators are on. Not much for light, but it'll do 'till we get the lights working again.

They continue on through the hall, the chattering sound, once faint, growing steadily louder.

As they reach the end of the hall, the elevator door opens, revealing a CHATTERING ASSASSIN.

Faith quickly ushers a wide-eyed Noa behind her as the Assassin steps forward, revealing his long razor.

Faith fires a punch toward the Assassin, but its reflexes are surprisingly swift, and it catches her by the wrist.

She struggles to regain control, but can't.

(CONTINUED)

The Assassin turns her arm over and then SLASHES it open - just missing her vein.

NOA
(shocked)
Faith!

Faith HOWLS in pain. Clutching her arm, she fires a kick off but the Assassin simply deflects it, knocking her off her balance.

The Assassin grabs her by her hair, tilts her head to the side, exposing her neck and prepares to slash again.

FAITH
(to Noa)
Run!

Noa hesitates, but only for a second, and takes off down the hall.

Faith tries to sweep the Assassin's leg out from under it, but its rooted solidly in place.

The Assassin SLASHES, but Faith jerks away letting out a shrill CRY as she leaves a clump of hair in the Assassin's hand.

Faith manages a safe distance before turning to stand her ground. She clutches her arm, a thick trail of blood running down it. She just took a bad cut.

The Assassin takes a step forward.

Faith's eyes scan her attacker, looking for a weakness to exploit. Finding none, she turns and runs.

Pryor SMASHES his gun against Raven's head, tearing the skin.

PRYOR
What are the assassins? Tell me
everything. Now.

Raven hacks and coughs, starting to slip out of consciousness. Pryor sticks his thumb on the recently induced head wound, pressing hard.

PRYOR (cont'd)
No, no. You're not going anywhere
yet.

Raven SCREAMS in agony.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Talk.

RAVEN

Aurebellos! That's what Murdock summoned! A demon troika. Three separate entities, governed by one Omniscient life force. Its nature is that of ritual, a series of sacrifices until all three entities exist on one specific plane. Murdock summoned the first then it, in turn, used Mr. Rand's death to summon the second. Your death will bring about the third, and the cycle will be complete.

PRYOR

How does the ritual work?

RAVEN

It is a ritual of bone. Teeth, to be exact. They take their victim's teeth and feed upon the fear and nervous energy of their death, using it to shock the newborn into this version of creation.

PRYOR

How do I kill it?

Raven laughs so hard he spits up blood.

RAVEN

You don't, you fool! They cannot be harmed or destroyed until the cycle has been completed. They won't stop coming until you are dead.

(wicked grin)

And they'll kill everyone in their way.

PRYOR

Both Owl and Sparrow bear the mark as well. I'll just let them have one of them.

RAVEN

To paraphrase, you don't think we would have an ace up our sleeve in case of such an event? We've already taken precautions for if such a situation were to arise.

Raven starts laughing uncontrollably.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
What's so funny?

RAVEN
You, Mr. Webb. You. Your friends
are most assuredly dead by now, by
an enemy that cannot be defeated.

PRYOR
I'll find a way.

RAVEN
Like you did with that Perisiph
demon that tortured you, Mr. Rand
and Mr. Svenson when you were
younger?

PRYOR
What do you know of it?

RAVEN
I know a Perisiph's life cycle is
only one earth year.

Pryor's eyes grow wide.

PRYOR
You're lying. I've studied up on
the creature, read every book on
the-

RAVEN
Books you obtained from where?

Pryor doesn't say a word. He doesn't have to, his eyes do all
the talking.

RAVEN (cont'd)
That's right, Mr. Webb, your
friends are all dead now. You have
nothing left worth fighting for.
Just surrender to destiny; be on
your merry way to hell.

Pryor empties both weapons into Mr. Raven.

PRYOR
After you.

He reloads his weapons and walks around the devastation of
his bomb's attack and puts a bullet into any member of the
Circle that still has a pulse.

27

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY - CONTINUOUS

27

Detective Sing smokes a cigarette, perched up against a column.

A loud BUZZING HUM disrupts the silence. The form of a WOMAN bleeds into existence.

She stands looking like a post apocalyptic guerilla soldier from some desolate third world country.

SING

Hello, Thornn. Long time, never see, eh?

THORNN

What is your progress with the subject?

Sing tosses the butt of his cigarette to the ground.

SING

Right to business then. Well, he seems to have a problem with being jerked around, but he'll get over it.

THORNN

And the hunt for the rogue slayer?

SING

Not a priority at this point. He's still too pissed about his old partner.

THORNN

The Slayer takes priority.

SING

He'll get there. Right now, we have him burrowing into Webb Researching.

THORNN

That is not his mission.

SING

Hey, not my call. This came from much higher up than either of us.
(off her look)

It won't interfere with him finding the Slayer. It's just going to be a while before he's in to it, and our boy's shining at what he does best.

(CONTINUED)

THORNN

You'll have to do your best to re-attract his interest in the Slayer.

SING

And how do you propose I do that?

THORNN makes a sudden striking motion, jabbing a WOODEN STAKE into Sing's heart. His body plummets to the ground.

THORNN

Did you really need to ask?

His mouth motions, but no sound escapes. His eyes glass over, and we cut from his unblinking stare to:

EXT. WEBB RESEARCHING - CONTINUOUS

Quinn crosses the street and strolls down the sidewalk to the building.

The front door BURST open, and a disheveled Noa appears. Quinn spots her and run to her aid.

QUINN

Noa? Noa! What's wrong?

NOA

Faith! She's still in there!

Quinn takes her shoulders and steadies her.

QUINN

Breathe. What happened?

Noa still short of breath, answers.

NOA

It came for us, I think it has something to do with Pryor-

QUINN

Pryor?

NOA

-but I don't know for sure. It just appeared and...

She starts to lose it.

NOA (cont'd)

It cut her, and there was so much blood! She told me to run, I didn't want to, but... I did.

QUINN

Come on, let's get you out of here.

NOA

No! Faith may still be alive up there! We have to go back and help her!

QUINN

Noa...

NOA

(insistent)

We need to get help!

QUINN

You want me to call the force?
Tell them what? 'A demon just attacked Webb Researching, please send S.W.A.T.?'

She stares at him with large and doughy eyes.

NOA

(pleading)

My friend's still in there...

QUINN

(beat; sighs)

Alright.

Quinn withdraws a handgun from his jacket, and then a smaller one from a holster on his ankle. He hands the latter to Noa.

QUINN (cont'd)

Take this, and find someplace safe.

NOA

(shakes head)

Uh-uh.

QUINN

(frowns)

Noa, I'm not going to argue with you.

NOA

Good!

She heads back into the building. Quinn ponders how he lost control of the situation, before following her in.

Faith bolts up the stairs, weak from blood loss but running on plenty of adrenaline.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

(mutters)

Way to go, Lehane. Run up the stairs. That always works...
Stupid!

She circles around up to the next floor.

INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - ELEVENTH FLOOR. CONTINUOUS.

Faith enters, still clutching her arm. She drops back and slides down against the wall, giving herself a moment to rest.

She reaches up and feels where the hair had been ripped from her head. She flinches from the sting. Her hand is splotched red.

Faith tears off part of her shirt and wraps it around her arm, pulling it tight.

The all too familiar CLICKING fills the hall.

Faith shoots up, still using the wall as a crutch. She adopts a stance; ready for battle, as we cut to:

INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - FIRST FLOOR. CONTINUOUS.

Quinn heads to the elevator followed by Noa.

QUINN

These operate off the back up?

NOA

Yeah, but how smart is it to give it warning we're coming?

She points to the numbers above the elevator door, the numeral for one, lit up.

QUINN

Right. Where's the stairs?

Noa takes a hard right, with Quinn following behind.

The door to the stairway blasts open, a CHATTERING ASSASSIN emerging from inside.

Quinn skids to a halt, staring in disbelief at the skeletal assassin before him.

NOA

Then again, elevator may not be so bad...

The two run.

(CONTINUED)

The Assassin flicks his razor through the air.

Like a bullet, it rips into, and then out of Quinn's shoulder. He CRIES OUT in pain and drops.

Noa turns, sees that Quinn is down, and empties her gun into the approaching Assassin, as Quinn recovers.

The bullets have no affect. It keeps coming.

QUINN

Move!!

Quinn and Noa make it to the elevator, but the controls have been smashed. Quinn immediately takes action and twists some wires together.

The doors slide together clasping tight, cutting off their view of the Assassin stooping and picking up his blood soaked weapon from the floor, as we quickly:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

32 INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - FIRST FLOOR. MOMENTS LATER 32

Pryor arrives, bursting through the front door, immediately noticing the main power is off and that the building is running on back up.

He withdraws one of his guns and stealths through the floor, sneaking into the stairway.

INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - ELEVENTH FLOOR. CONTINUOUS.

Faith SLAMS into a wall, leaving a trail of blood as she slithers down. She spits blood. A clump of it.

She grabs a chair and tosses it over her head at the Assassin.

The chair CRASHES into the Assassins body and nearly explodes on impact, but the creature doesn't slow down.

Faith grits her teeth, anger overtaking her adrenaline as she turns to face the Assassin.

FAITH
(enraged)
You think you're the big bad? You
ain't nothing. Nothing! I can beat
you. I can beat you!

She charges at the Assassin.

It smashes its fists over its head, crushing them down on Faith's shoulders, driving her to the floor. It kicks her in the gut, knocking her back several feet.

Faith wills herself back on her feet. The side of her face is huge and blue, her bottom lip ripped open.

The Assassin just keeps coming.

Faith staggers away from the monstrous creature, which follows behind at its own moderate pace - it's savouring the impending kill, as we cut back to:

33 INT. ELEVATOR. NEXT. 33

Quinn paces in the tiny space he has, while Noa looks on.

NOA
Okay, so maybe the elevator wasn't
the best form of escape.
(then)
How's the shoulder?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

The word I'd use is 'searing.'

NOA

(bites lip)

Sorry.

(beat)

You think it's still out there?

QUINN

Given my luck as of late, I'd say
it's more than likely.

Noa places her head against the doors.

NOA

No chattering teeth. No... nothing.
I think it's gone.

Quinn leans in, listens hard.

QUINN

I can't tell. I don't hear
anything.

NOA

That's good, right?

QUINN

I don't know. I don't want to
chance it with you.

Noa starts to speak, but is abruptly cut off by a loud THUNK
atop the carriage.

Both Quinn and Noa squat.

QUINN(cont'd)

You've got to be kidding...

The metal bubbles outward in sporadic bursts as the Assassin
beats in to it.

QUINN (cont'd)

Think you can double fist it?

NOA

What?!?

He hands her his gun.

NOA (cont'd)

(to herself)

Oh, thank god.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

I'm going to try to get the doors back open, which is a trickier feat than you'd expect. Meanwhile, I need you to channel Chow Yun Fat and keep both of those guns raised to the sky. You get a clear shot, you take it.

(then)

A lot.

NOA

Got it.

She raises the weapons to the sky as Quinn goes to work on the wiring.

The metal continues to twist and bolt outward from the repeated hits, as we cut back to:

INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - LABORATORY. NEXT.

Pryor sneaks his way in, quietly shutting the door behind him. He takes a moment and breathes a sigh of relief.

He then skims over a tray of surgical tools, grabbing an odd assortment. He lifts the tray and places it on a small table, and pulls up a chair.

Pryor reaches into his back pocket and removes his wallet and takes out an OLD PHOTOGRAPH. Smiling up at him from the photo is a younger version of himself, as well as a much younger variant of Brill Rand and one other boy.

Pryor takes a beat to remember, a nostalgic smile creeping across his face.

PRYOR

I'm just sorry I couldn't save either of you... I hope you can forgive me.

He places the photo back on the table and reaches into another pocket, removing a BROWN PILL BOTTLE.

Pryor dumps a pile of pills into his hands, staring down at them, gathering his willpower.

PRYOR (cont'd)

(darkly)

I can beat these bastards.

He scoops the pills into his mouth, gulping them down. His eyes blink repeatedly a few times. He begins to arrange the instruments on the tray.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

Pryor holds a pair of scissors in the air, his eye fixated on the shiny metal.

PRYOR (cont'd)
You can't make an omelet without
the eggs.

We cut from Pryor's steely gaze back up to:

35 INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - ELEVENTH FLOOR. NEXT.

35

Faith drags herself across the floor, leaving a smear of blood in her wake. The Assassin's blade sticks out of her thigh. She manages to pull herself into a corner.

With a swift action, she tears the blade out of her, spurting red on the wall and her face.

The Assassin stands before her, unmoving.

Propping herself against the wall, she picks herself up. Her hand is shaking enough, the razor slips from it; dropping to the floor.

The Assassin moves in on her, as we cut back to:

36 INT. ELEVATOR. NEXT.

36

Metal twists and tears, revealing the second Assassin.

QUINN
Noa! Start shooting already!

Noa starts firing the guns one at a time, each kicking her back a step.

Quinn continues to fumble with the wiring.

37 INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - ELEVENTH FLOOR. NEXT.

37

Faith doubles her fist, pulling it back; readying it for launch.

She snarls.

FAITH
Fu-

We SMASH CUT back across to:

38 INT. ELEVATOR. NEXT.

38

CLICK. CLICK. CLICK.

Noa pulls the trigger in vain; it's empty. Quickly cut from her desperate look to:

39 INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - ELEVENTH FLOOR. NEXT. 39

With rapid force, Faith roars a fist into the Assassin's teeth.

FAITH

-k you!

They SHATTER and hail across the floor.

40 INT. ELEVATOR. NEXT 40

A set of TEETH fall through the newly opened elevator ceiling and smash apart on impact.

With a spark and flash, the elevator door opens, but it goes unnoticed as Quinn and Noa try to figure out what just happened.

Noa crouches and scoops up a handful of the teeth, looking back up at Quinn, confused as all hell as we cut back to:

41 INT. WEBB RESEARCHING - ELEVENTH FLOOR. NEXT. 41

Faith nudges the deflated tuxedo with her foot. It's lifeless and vacant, as if someone had let the air out of a balloon.

FAITH

Damn straight!

Faith's system finally catches up with her, and she falls to the ground, eyes rolling back in her head and consciousness a thing of the recent past.

42 INT. UNKNOWN DARK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 42

The HEART MONITOR beats steadily.

A beam of light sprays the room as the door is opened and TWO WELL DRESSED GENTLEMEN step in, each stepping to the side to allow the entrance of:

MR. OWL & MR. SPARROW.

Mr. Sparrow draws back the curtain surrounding the bed to reveal A WITHERED OLD MAN. His face riddled with caverns made of skin, his cheeks and mouth sunken, missing teeth. He would appear to be at death's door.

MR. OWL

(scowls)

Murdock. You old bastard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MR. OWL (cont'd)
You thought if you could cut the
head from the serpent, the body
would wither and die, but you, you
silly old bastard, were chopping on
the wrong beast's head.

Owl inspects the faint, yet steady monitor.

MR. OWL (cont'd)
This is pathetic. Our battle ends
here? Not a bang nor a whimper,
just the sound of me unplugging
your life support. Some great
warlock you turned out to be.

A smile unfurls across the old man's face.

MR. OWL (cont'd)
(frowns)
Does the thought of your imminent
death amuse you?

With a strained, scratchy chortle, Murdock replies.

MURDOCK
Not as much as the two of yours.

MR. SPARROW
That is something of which you will
not bear witness.

MURDOCK
(venomous)
You dim witted spectacles of
incompetence. Did you ever wonder
how my plan to invoke the Aurbellos
"leaked" to you? Have you learned
nothing from our past encounters? I
knew you'd use this opportunity to
track my power signature.
(then)
Gentlemen, I'm afraid you've been
baited into a trap.

A RED BEAM raises from the floor, then joined by another,
circling around the two men.

MR. SPARROW
What's this?

Sparrow tries to exit the circle but is struck back by the
red beam. His eyes glow and fingernails turn black. He plows
his hands into the beam, but to the same result.

MURDOCK

The ragnarokan emission will
neither let you leave its embrace,
nor call upon outside elemental
forces. Specifically, those used by
your group.

(then)

I used your decoys against you. By
taking such drastic measures as
invoking a troika demon, you'd
never even considered they wouldn't
be my "A" plan.

Owl turns to the bodyguards at the door.

MR. OWL

Kill him!

They don't move.

MURDOCK

Like I said, how do you think my
plans were able to be leaked to you
so easily?

(then)

Kill them.

The old man nearly chokes on his own laughter as the
bodyguards withdraw their weapons and GUN DOWN Owl and
Sparrow. The room fills with smoke from the shots.

MURDOCK (cont'd)

And once again, the world is saved.
I've done my job as geo-mancer, now
it's time for my reward.

(pointing to a guard)

You! Finish this.

(then)

The money has already been
transferred.

One of the men raises his weapon to the old man's head.

MURDOCK (cont'd)

Gaia thanks you for your service.

A SHOT fires. After a few sporadic beats, the heart monitor
hums a flatline. We cut back to:

As Noa runs over to a semi-conscious Faith, her eyes water
and tear.

NOA

Oh God, oh no, oh no, oh no...

(CONTINUED)

She places her hand behind Faith head and tilts it up. She notices her hand is wet with Faith's blood. She surveys the damage done, tears streaming, lips trembling.

NOA (cont'd)
Faith, can you hear me? Faith!
Faith!

FAITH
(faintly)
Go away, I'm tired.

Noa beams a smile.

NOA
(relieved)
Thank God! You need to stay awake,
you're hurt pretty bad.
(then)
How did this happen?

She notices the remains of the tuxedo, strewn about next to them, and the teeth scattered across the floor.

NOA (cont'd)
There was two of them? How did you
stop them?

FAITH
I knocked his teeth out.

NOA
How did you stop the other one?

FAITH
(still not quite with it)
Other one?

NOA
You didn't stop it, did you?
(then)
Oh, god, Pryor! He was in some kind
of trouble, and then these guys
showed up!

FAITH
(trying to focus)
There may be more... get safe.

NOA
It's alright, we are safe. Quinn is
walking the perimeter.

FAITH
(frowns)
Quinn?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Hold on.

Noa runs over to a phone and starts dialing.

NOA (cont'd)

I'm calling Pryor's cell to make
sure he's okay.

Noa waits for a second and then hears it: Pryor's cell
ringing from a lab at the end of the hall, next to the
stairway.

Her face goes dark. She takes some steps in the direction of
the ringing, dropping the phone in her hand.

Faith tries to see what's going on, but one eye is swelled
shut and the other is covered in blood.

FAITH

What's going on?

Noa's pace quickens. Her steps hard enough to echo. She stops
in the doorway.

She stares into the room for a moment and then HOWLS like
mad, running in.

Hearing Noa's cries, Faith snaps back to fuller attention.

FAITH (cont'd)

Noa? Noa! What's wrong? What's
going on?

Faith tries to stand but the wound in her thigh won't let
her. She does the only thing she can think of, starting to
drags herself down the hallway.

She moves like a slug, a few inches at a time, leaving a
trail of sticky red behind her.

NOA (O.S.)

(raspy; crying)

Pryor! Oh, God! Pryor!

More words erupt, but they are inaudible.

FAITH

Noa, what's going on? Noa!

NOA (O.S.)

Oh my God, your face, what did they
do to your face?! Faith! Help,
Faith!

(more inaudible screams)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NOA (O.S.) (cont'd)
He doesn't have a mouth, they took
his mouth!
(more inaudibles)
You did this?!? Why would you do
this? Pryor!?!

Faith lies unconscious on the floor, a pool of her own blood
gathering around her.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW