

FAITH

"Made Of Glass"

by

Lee A. Chrimes

(c) 2005 Monster Zero Productions

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - NIGHT.

1

A busy gathering of media types - a row of cameramen line the rear of the small conference room, with several rows of seated journalists stood before them.

They're all facing a long table, behind which sits JERRY HEAL, the media-friendly face of the Church of Hession, flanked by two considerably plainer advisors.

A forest of microphones is pointed towards Jerry, with sporadic camera flashes adding to the general volume of chatter coming from the reporters.

Behind Jerry, large placards and photographs illustrate the renovated NYC church that Jerry's religion calls its home.

JERRY

Alright, let's take some more questions from the floor.

A sea of hands raise as the eager journalists try to catch his attention, and Jerry selects one.

JERRY (cont'd)

(points)

Yes, lady in the cream jacket.

JOURNO #1

Ally Hackett, New York Post. Mr. Heal, how do you answer claims that the church you represent is nothing more than a front for something less media friendly moving into this city?

JERRY

I'd answer by saying those claims were totally ridiculous. We take a very laid back approach to things in Hessionism, the very nature of its teachings is about sitting back and letting people come to us. We're not using an aggressive marketing campaign, we're not buying a cable TV channel and trying to brainwash you within your own homes - all we're doing is saying 'here we are, this is what we do.' It's up to you people out there to make your minds up if you want to come and join us or not.

(CONTINUED)

JOURNO #1

That didn't exactly answer my question.

JERRY

No. Hessionism is a modern religion, a new way of thinking, and that's that. That's why our church doors are always open we have no secrets.

The journo sits down and a fresh wave of hands rises to get Jerry's attention.

JERRY (cont'd)

(points)

Gentleman with the glasses.

JOURNO #2

Drew Lohman, Gazette. What plans do you and your church have long term for New York?

JERRY

If we raise enough money, we're looking to open a homeless shelter, as I've said in other interviews. We're also looking into funding the renovation of some of the poorer districts of this fine city.

The journalist sits, and Jerry selects another question.

JOURNO #3

Aku Hideka, NYC Today. What message do you hope your church can give to the famously cynical people of NYC?

JERRY

(beat)

This religion helped me find the light. I'd hit rock bottom in my life, I'd lost my family, my career, every cent I had, and these people took me in, showed me there was still so much I could do with my life, and sent me on my way again. I think it's important that New York sees that no matter what situation you're in, how bad or good things are, you'll always be welcome through our doors. You just need to have a little faith.

Jerry flashes a dazzling smile as a new flurry of questions is launched at him, as we smash cut to:

2

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT.

2

SMACK! FAITH reels back into frame, looking like she's taken a beating. She dabs some blood from her split lip.

FAITH

Come on, man. I know you can hit harder than that.

She's fighting a VAMPIRE, a young, terrified looking street punk who knows very well who Faith is, and more importantly what she is.

The Vamp circles her, making a few nervous feigned attacks, before leaping in with a swinging punch. Faith manages to dodge it, SLAMMING her forearm into the Vamp's nose.

The Vamp staggers back, YELLING in pain, but the blow looks to have hurt Faith just as much as she clutches her arm.

VAMP

Look, Slayer, can't we work something out? I mean... look at me!

FAITH

I'm looking. Am I supposed to see anything other than another soon to be ex-vampire?

VAMP

I'm new! I mean, like, really new. I just got sired, like, last week, I ain't even killed anybody yet!

(beat)

Apart from that one guy, but-

POW! Faith takes advantage of the Vamp's hesitation to nail it again, but it's retaliatory KICK knocks her off her feet.

The Vamp pounces on her, pinning her to the floor, HISSING and baring its fangs.

VAMP (cont'd)

Although... killing a Slayer first time out would make a pretty cool story to tell the others!

FAITH

Keep dreaming.

She manages to shrug the Vamp off, but before she can grab her stake it lunges again, pinning her back to the floor.

VAMP

What's the matter with you, anyway?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

What'd you mean?

VAMP

Are you off your game or something?
I thought you Slayers were meant to
be, you know, tough! Merciless!
You're just like... a girl.

Faith's look darkens several shades at that remark, and with a SHOUT of exertion she throws the Vamp off her, drawing her stake and DUSTING it before it can recover.

FAITH

Yeah, I'll be sure to tell your
friends those were your last words
for ya.

Faith drops the stake, putting her hands on her thighs and sucking in mouthfuls of air. She's exhausted.

She stands stiffly, wincing as she tests her body for injuries - looks like she's got a bruised side, several cuts and a stiff neck from her fight.

She starts to leave the alley and finds she has a limp as well. She grits her teeth and keeps walking, pausing to look back into the alley.

She's left her stake behind.

Faith hobbles back over and scoops it up. She stares down at it for a beat, then rears back as if to throw it away - but catches herself.

With a weary sigh, she tucks the stake back into her jacket, and from that we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - MORNING. 3

Faith walks through the sliding doors of the Asylum entrance, sports bag slung over one shoulder and jacket hanging over her arm. She's bruised but tries to act casual about it, ignoring the questioning look HILARY the receptionist gives her.

HILARY
You okay there, Faith?

FAITH
Five by five.

Hilary watches her as she walks on, taking a left and heading deeper into the Asylum, before Hilary picks up her phone.

HILARY
Dr. Salus? It's Hilary, down at reception. Yeah, your new girl just walked in, but you may want to go have a word with her.

Hilary puts the phone back down, as we cut to:

4 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - MORNING. 4

Faith has her own little room in the staff wing now. It's quite spartan, with a bed, a small cabinet, a chair and a few shelves, with a few of Faith's things dotted around.

Faith is unpacking her overnight bag as there's a KNOCK at the door. Faith turns to see ALEX step inside, and Alex instantly looks shocked at Faith's bruises.

ALEX
Good morning, Faith.

FAITH
Morning.

ALEX
So are you going to tell me what happened, or should I just put it down to you walking into a lot of doors, several times?

FAITH
(evasive)
Huh? Oh, this.
(points to bruises)
Mugger.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

You were mugged?

FAITH

Almost mugged. You should see the other guy.

ALEX

God, Faith! You could have taken the day off, you know.

FAITH

On my first day? Not a great way to start.

ALEX

Have you notified the police?

FAITH

Not much point, they wouldn't know what to do about it. They've got enough to deal with without me filing another crime report to get lost in their filing system.

ALEX

Are you always this cynical in the morning?

FAITH

Guess I've been living in New York too long.

Alex watches her for a few moments, but when she senses she isn't going to get any more of an explanation out of Faith, she closes the door and steps over.

ALEX

Well, once we've got you looking a little more respectable, I've got your first assignment all sorted out. Meet me in my office when you've changed, we'll do something about those bruises and then I'll take you to meet her.

FAITH

Her?

ALEX

Josephine Maldewicz, severe case of osteogenesis imperfecta, accompanied by strong agoraphobia and an unfortunate leaning towards occasional self harm.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Osteo-what?

ALEX
(grins)
Sorry. I keep forgetting not everyone's read all the same textbooks I have. Basically, she has brittle bones. I'll fill you in on the specifics when you get to my office.

Faith nods and Alex leaves her to unpack. Faith's gaze falls on a small photo thumb-tacked to the wall - it's a group shot of Quinn, Noa, Faith and Pryor, taken in better days. Faith stares at it for a few beats until we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - ALEX'S OFFICE - MORNING.

Faith knocks at the door and steps inside. Alex is behind her desk, going over the night shift's reports as Faith takes a seat. Alex hands her a thick case file.

ALEX
That's everything you need to know about your patient. Full medical analysis of her condition, medical history, previous admittances, the works. I suggest you spend an hour getting to know her on paper before you meet her in person.

FAITH
Okay, I can handle that. What do you want me to do with her?

ALEX
Josephine's a special case.

FAITH
You say that about a lot of the people here.

ALEX
Well, with her, I mean it. I've never seen brittle bones as severe as hers before, and the associated trauma she's picked up from years of breaks and fractures has left her in one heck of a shell. All I want you to do with her is spend your day with her. Get to know her, get used to her needs.

FAITH

Can you give me any idea about what to expect?

ALEX

I wouldn't want to bias you, it's best if you meet her yourself. Josephine's a very smart girl. She's a talented artist, but she's too scared to even pick up a pen at the moment. I think you can help her overcome that.

FAITH

Any particular reason you're giving me this case?

ALEX

Curious, aren't you?

FAITH

I just like to know all the facts first.

Alex leans forward, choosing her words carefully.

ALEX

She was beaten by her father. It's one of the reasons her condition is so pronounced. She's a fragile girl in more ways than one, and I wanted someone with a strong spirit but who'd taken a few knocks themselves to really connect with her. I was stuck for options, and then you came along.

FAITH

Alright. I'll go take a look at this stuff. Where can I find her?

ALEX

It's all in the file. Go see her when you're ready, she doesn't leave her room much.

(beat)

Now are you going to let me do something about those bruises?

FAITH

Like what?

ALEX

Nothing major, just a little powder and concealer.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

ALEX (cont'd)
You don't strike me as the sort of
girl who goes in for a lot of make
up.

FAITH
I used to... but that was a real
long time ago. Let's say I saw the
error of my ways and moved on.

Alex reaches into her bag and takes out a small compact and a
jar of foundation cream.

ALEX
Well, either way, use some of this
to hide what that mugger did to
you. You're sure you don't want me
to call the police and report it?

FAITH
No point. He didn't steal anything,
and I kicked his ass anyway.

ALEX
(grins)
Good to know. Well, you'd better
get to work, there's a lot to get
through in that file.

Faith nods, stands and exits the room. Alex watches her leave
before we cut to:

6

EXT. COLLEGE GROUNDS - MORNING.

6

A modern inner city campus, all plain brickwork and muted
colours. There's a steady stream of people in and out of the
front entrance, and out of this we pick up NOA, just leaving
with a group of other young men and women.

They're chatting and joking, and the folder tucked under
Noa's arm indicates she's just left a class here. She waves
her good-byes to them and walks away, hailing a cab as she
reaches the street.

7

INT. TAXI - NEXT.

7

Noa leafs through her folder as the cab crawls through the
morning traffic, scribbling a few notes down.

8

EXT. THE LAB - NEXT.

8

The cab pulls to a stop outside of the Webb Researching
building, and Noa hops out, pays the driver and heads towards
the front entrance.

9 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT. 9

Noa pushes through the swing doors and walks into the lab itself. She looks over towards Pryor's office - blinds down, lights off as usual.

She heads for one of the desks and finds a note there from Vi, and she picks it up and reads: 'Shopping, back later. We needed stuff. Vi.'

Noa puts the note back down and pulls up one of the chairs to sit. She's by herself, and after a few glances round the empty exam room, she suddenly starts to CRY.

Noa puts her head in her hands and sobs uncontrollably, the strain of recent weeks still heavy on her mind.

She doesn't notice a section of the blinds hiding Pryor's office slide open - PRYOR can dimly be seen inside, watching her. After a beat, the blinds slide back down again.

10 INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT. 10

Pryor stands by the windows, one hand on the blinds. The faint sound of Noa's sobs filters into the darkened room, and Pryor hangs his head, saddened.

He turns back to his work, and as he sits down before his computer again, we cut to:

11 INT. THE ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - MORNING. 11

Faith has Josephine's file spread out across the small desk in the room, trying to make her way through the mass of long, complicated scientific terms and baffling charts and diagrams.

After a few moments of trying and failing to decipher the technobabble, she flips the folder closed again.

FAITH

Screw it.

She stands, grabs her standard issue white coat from the back of her chair and heads for the door.

12 INT. THE ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - MORNING. 12

Faith and Alex walk side by side down one of the Asylum's long corridors, passing the open plan recreation rooms on the way and seeing more of the building's residents pottering around.

Faith's managed to cover up the worst of her bruises with Alex's make up.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I'm sure you'll like her. She hasn't been here all that long, but all the staff love her.

FAITH

Yeah, I read she's gone through something like eight different institutions already. Why didn't she stay with any of those?

ALEX

They didn't know how to deal with her. Someone with her condition on its own, no problem. Someone with her condition as bad as it is and additional psychological trauma, well... that's as good as painting a black cross on her door.

Faith blinks, missing the reference.

ALEX (cont'd)

Sorry. Crude Black Death metaphor.

FAITH

Oh.

They come to a stop outside one of the rooms, and Alex opens the door and steps through.

Faith follows Alex inside, and takes a moment to glance around the room.

Every available surface has been wrapped in protective foam or sheets, so that there isn't a single sharp edge anywhere in sight.

Sitting on the bed, her hands and feet wrapped in thick bandages, sits JOSEPHINE, a pretty girl with a dash of Eastern Europe in her features, and long, trailing blonde hair.

ALEX

Good morning, Josephine.

JOSEPHINE

Hello, Dr. Salus.

ALEX

Josie, this is Faith. She's one of our new orderlies, she's going to be taking care of you today.

FAITH

Hey.

JOSEPHINE

Hello.

ALEX

(to Faith)

Okay, I'm going to go finish my rounds, I'll be back along to catch up with you two later. See you.

She steps out, and Faith heads over to sit on the end of Josephine's bed.

FAITH

Alright, let's do a proper introduction. I'm Faith, and like the doc said I'm new round here.

JOSEPHINE

I haven't been here long either. Seems like nobody really knows what to do with me any more.

FAITH

I know how that feels.

JOSEPHINE

What happened to your face?

Faith unconsciously reaches for her bruises, before smirking and shaking her head.

FAITH

Long story. Let's just say I can see why staying in here seems like a better option for you.

JOSEPHINE

(shrugs)

It has its good and bad points. Part of me wants to go outside again, but part of me, well...

FAITH

Is scared of what's gonna happen if you step outside.

JOSEPHINE

Yeah. Is that crazy?

(chuckles)

'Course it's crazy, that's why I'm in the loony bin, huh?

FAITH
(grins)
Guess so.

Josephine seems visibly more relaxed around Faith already, and Faith takes a moment to stand and look at some of the drawings stuck to the wall.

FAITH (cont'd)
Did you do all these?

JOSEPHINE
Oh, yeah, you know, here and there.

Faith takes one down - a heavily stylised picture of an armour-plated warrior, holding a heavy broadsword.

FAITH
They're good. Alex mentioned you
were a talented kid.

JOSEPHINE
I used to be. I'm not much of an
artist these days, I freak out when
I hold anything with edges. I did
most of those a few weeks ago,
before my last... accident.

FAITH
Guess it's part of my job to help
you get past that then, huh?

JOSEPHINE
I don't see how you can. It's not
like you're gonna be able to make
my bones magically toughen up
again, is it?

Faith glances at her, then scans the drawings on the wall again.

She pales when she focuses on one of them - it's of a large, Roman style coliseum that looks uncannily like the Arena!

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)
You like that one?

Faith turns to look at her, thrown by the image.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)
I saw it in a dream. I've seen most
of those pictures in dreams,
actually. I started having them a
few weeks back, really strong,
vivid ones.

(MORE)

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)
When I wake up from them, first
thing I do is grab a pencil and try
to draw whatever I just saw before
I forget it.

She holds up her bandaged hands.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)
That's how I got these.

FAITH
What happened?

JOSEPHINE
I dropped a pencil and leaned out
of bed to pick it up, but I slid
straight out and landed on the
floor. I put my hands up to break
my fall, but...

FAITH
The fall wasn't what got broken.

JOSEPHINE
Nope. Guess I should learn to be
more careful, right?

Faith walks back over, glancing at the drawings again before
pulling up a padded chair to sit by the bed.

FAITH
I gotta be honest with you about
something straight away.

JOSEPHINE
Oo, this sound suspicious. What?

FAITH
I haven't exactly read your file.

JOSEPHINE
So?

FAITH
So... I skipped all the technical
detail on what's wrong with you.
Heck, I'm not even sure I could
pronounce what's wrong with you.

JOSEPHINE
(quickly)
Osteogenesis imperfecta.
(smiles)
You get used to it.

Faith grins - she's starting to see why the staff seem to
like this girl so much!

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

So, in other words, you know my name, and the fact that my bones break, and that's it.

FAITH

Pretty much.

JOSEPHINE

Was your cunning plan to get me to talk to you all day long, so you can sound like you know all about me when you write your report without having to have read through the whole of my file?

FAITH

(beat)

I have to write reports now?

JOSEPHINE

(giggles)

Oh, I can tell we're gonna have a good time together. A girl made of glass and a newbie who skips her homework.

FAITH

(grins)

Oh, so now you're the psychologist?

JOSEPHINE

When you've been through as many of these places as I have, you start to pick up a few things.

Faith chuckles and looks at her watch.

FAITH

Cafeteria's still open. I'm gonna go grab me a cup of coffee and some breakfast, do you want anything?

JOSEPHINE

Bagels. Toasted. Coffee, make sure it's in a styrofoam cup. Oh, and plastic cutlery, too. Wouldn't want to have any more accidents.

FAITH

You got it. I'll be right back, okay?

JOSEPHINE

Okay.

(CONTINUED)

Josie nods as Faith stands and exits the room. Josephine waits for Faith's footsteps to echo away down the corridor, then she reaches for the bandages round her feet and slowly starts to unwrap them.

Her happy expression is gone, replaced by one of dread, as though she knows what she's going to see when the bandages come off but still can't quite believe it.

She tugs away the last strip of bandage - and her feet are revealed. They're pale, shiny, reflective - and see through.

Josephine's feet are literally made of GLASS.

She sighs - part of her was hoping things would have changed, but with a grim look she starts to wrap the bandages carefully back round her feet again, and as she stares down at them, able to see the bedclothes underneath through her feet, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON. 14

Faith is pushing Josie along in a wheelchair, Josie wrapped up tightly in a white dressing gown with her hands pulled close to her chest and thick socks and slippers covering her feet.

She flinches at every squeak the wheelchair makes, and Faith keeps glancing down at her as the duo make their way towards one of the recreation rooms.

15 INT. ASYLUM - REC ROOM - CONTINUOUS. 15

Faith pushes Josie to a stop next to one of the sofas, taking a seat herself as Josie shifts nervously in the chair.

FAITH

There. See? Wasn't so hard to come out after all, was it?

JOSEPHINE

Says you. Look, getting wrapped up and taking a walk twenty feet down the corridor is a big step away from going into the big, bad outside world again, Faith.

FAITH

I know that. We're building up to it. I'm figuring I'll have you out there makin' daisy chains by the end of the week.

JOSEPHINE

(raises eyebrow)

You don't strike me as the kind of girl who uses the phrase 'daisy chains' too often.

FAITH

Actually, I think that was the first time.

They share a chuckle as Faith stretches out, wincing as she pulls a sore muscle in her side.

JOSEPHINE

Are you hurt?

FAITH

Not really. Just a sprain or something.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPHINE

How'd it happen?

FAITH

(evasive)

Uh, I don't remember. Why'd you ask?

JOSEPHINE

Hey, I can barely risk going to the bathroom without potentially snapping both my femurs, any injury anyone else has is a welcome distraction for me.

FAITH

Well, since you asked, I got it from a fight.

JOSEPHINE

The same one that gave you that black eye?

FAITH

(nods)

Mugger. Jumped me on my way back home.

JOSEPHINE

Yikes! Are you okay?

FAITH

Yeah, I'm good. He didn't get anything from me except a good old fashioned beating.

JOSEPHINE

(smiles)

Good. We need more people like you out there.

FAITH

Like me how?

JOSEPHINE

Tough. You know, people who don't just sit back and take whatever life throws at them, they get out there and they kick it in the sack before it can steal their wallet.

Faith flops back on the couch, wishing she could believe in what Josie's saying.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

You don't look like you believe me.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I used to.

JOSEPHINE

So what changed?

Faith looks at her - but sees that Josie's just asking out of friendly curiosity. Faith takes a beat to put the details together and then sits back up.

FAITH

I fell out with some friends of mine a few weeks back. Pretty much my only friends in town, actually.

JOSEPHINE

Why?

FAITH

They found some things out about me that I'd rather no-one else knew, and it kinda changed the way they look at me.

JOSEPHINE

Oh.

(beat)

What kinds of things?

Faith can't help but smile at Josie's interest in her.

FAITH

Can we just say I'm no angel and leave it at that?

JOSEPHINE

Hey, 'course we can. You're the one in charge here.

FAITH

Yeah? 'Cause, you know, not feeling that way so far.

JOSEPHINE

(grins)

Oh, get out. Like I'm the first person to ever want to know all about you?

FAITH

Actually, no, you're not. You remind me of one of those friends I just mentioned. Real sweet kid called Noa.

JOSEPHINE

Is she not talking to you right now?

FAITH

(shakes head)

She couldn't deal with what she found out, I guess. Can't say I blame her.

JOSEPHINE

Maybe you should have told her sooner? I mean, you said she's one of your only friends round here, so she probably felt more hurt that you hadn't told her than over what she found out.

Faith looks up at Josephine, who shrugs.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

That's just an opinion.

FAITH

Actually, that's not a bad one.

JOSEPHINE

Everyone says I can always see right through people here. 'Little Miss Looking Glass,' one of the residents calls me. You know Mrs. Babadomakarki?

FAITH

Nope.

JOSEPHINE

Oh, she's really cool. I mean, you know, she's kinda...

Josephine leans forward and whispers conspiratorially.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

C-r-a-z-y...

(leans back)

... but in a harmless way.

FAITH

Is there another kind?

JOSEPHINE

Well, yeah! I mean, you could be crazy like my dad.

Faith watches her, waiting for her to continue the story, but Josie suddenly looks very uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

Sorry, I shouldn't have mentioned him...

FAITH

No, it's cool, my own dad's not much to write home about either. What was the story with yours? Alex told me he used to hit you.

(shakes head)

Man, I can't get my head round someone who does that. Especially to a girl like you.

JOSEPHINE

He was just frustrated.

FAITH

You're defending him?

JOSEPHINE

He couldn't keep a job, and not always through his own fault. Looking after me took a lot of cash that my parents didn't have, so he had to keep taking crappy jobs to get the money, and sometimes the anger he felt at that would just spill out onto me and mom...

Josephine trails off, looking a little emotional all of a sudden, and Faith shuffles closer, laying a comforting hand on her arm. Josephine manages a bitter chuckle.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

Aren't you supposed to start telling me it's healthy to let my emotions out now or something?

FAITH

Maybe. Like I said, I'm not a doctor. I'm just a girl who's here to help take care of you.

JOSEPHINE

Yeah... yeah, you are.

Josephine smiles, already feeling a little better, and as Faith digs out a tissue from her white coat and passes it over, we cut to:

VI pushes open the Lab doors and heads inside, looking like it's been a long night's patrol for her. She spots Noa, dozing at one of the desks, and heads over.

(CONTINUED)

VI

Hey, Noa.

Noa stirs and sits up, blinking her bleary eyes - her face clearly shows the telltale signs that she's been crying recently, and Vi spots them straight away.

VI (cont'd)

Everything alright?

NOA

Huh? Oh, yeah, uh, everything's fine.

VI

(not buying it)

Uh-huh. So how come that report you fell asleep on is all smudged now?

Noa looks down - the written report that was beneath her head is wet and smudged from her tears.

NOA

Oh, that? Uh, well, funny story, I was making myself a drink after class, and I-

VI

(interrupts)

You don't have to pretend you're not hurting about all of this, Noa. I mean, I can't even start to imagine how you're feeling about all this, but... well, you know.

Vi pulls up a chair next to Noa, wrapping an arm round her as Noa SIGHS heavily.

NOA

Why does everybody always lie to me, Vi?

VI

I don't lie to you. Except about that time I got blood all over your 'Star Wars' t-shirt.

NOA

(ignores it)

First, it was Pryor. He didn't tell us about those men he was mixed up with, and he had to do that... he had to smash his own teeth out to save us.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

Then, Faith goes missing, and when she comes back we find out she's a wanted killer, and after that I find out my boyfriend's been trying to find her for the past few years, and almost turns her over to somebody!

VI

(beat)

Yeah, that is a lot to take in, huh? But I'm still here, right? And Pryor and Faith haven't gone anywhere as such. Pryor's probably still in his office.

NOA

Yeah, I know.

VI

Look, I know you haven't known me all that long, but I can tell you right now, my record's clean. I'm not trying to hunt anybody down, I don't have a criminal record and I'm not mixed up in some secret society. I'm just Vi. The Vampire Slayer.

She grins, and Noa manages half a grin back. Vi takes away the ruined report and heads over to the kettle and coffee mugs by the exam room sink.

VI (cont'd)

Your next class starts in an hour, right?

NOA

Yeah, I do two today.

VI

So why don't you go freshen up while I make you a drink, then you just go out and see if those people you met on your course want to go grab a beer afterwards or something?

NOA

I don't know if I feel like-

VI

You don't have to mean it. Just switch off your higher brain functions for a few hours and stay out of this place. Can you do that for me?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

(nods)

Yeah, I'll give it a shot. Thanks.

VI

Hey, no problem.

Noa slides off the stool and heads out of the Lab as Vi fills the kettle. She waits for Noa to exit before digging her cell phone out of her pocket and dialling in a number.

VI (cont'd)

(into phone)

Oh, hello, uh, I'm a friend of
Faith Lehane's, I understand she
just started working at your
institution?

(listens)

Great. Listen, can you get a
message to her for me?

Vi glances round to make sure nobody's listening, as we cut back across to:

Faith still sits with Josie, a TV now on in the background as the girls continue to talk.

JOSEPHINE

So what about your family?

FAITH

Not much to tell.

JOSEPHINE

Well, you've heard all about mine,
so return the favour. Call it
patient-carer relations or
something.

FAITH

My dad left us when I was about
four, I think. I don't remember him
at all. He was never around that
much anyway. After that, me and mom
struggled on as best we could, then
one day I...

She trails off there's only so much detail she can go into here.

JOSEPHINE

(prompts)

One day you what?

FAITH

It's not important. My mom died when I was sixteen but I was already living away from home by then. I moved out of Boston and ended up in Sunnydale, California, and that's about it.

JOSEPHINE

(eyes her)

There's a lot of detail I'm not getting here, isn't there?

FAITH

(changes subject)

Doesn't matter - tell me some more about those dreams you had.

JOSEPHINE

The ones I drew the pictures from? It's weird. I started getting them about three weeks ago, really powerful visions with smells and sounds and everything.

FAITH

What were they like?

JOSEPHINE

I'd be in all different places, but I always kept ending up in this big coliseum, like something out of 'Gladiator,' only the people in there, well... they weren't really people.

Faith looks troubled to hear this, but for once Josie doesn't spot it straight away.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

There were all these young girls in the middle of the arena floor, and the crowd of whatever they were kept cheering them on, but then other creatures started showing up, big, ugly things, and then there was this one really tall guy, who-

ALEX (O.S.)

How are you two getting on?

The girls are startled out of the story, and look up to see Alex has wandered over. Faith quickly tries to shake off her worried expression.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Oh, we're good. Josie here's just telling me about her art stuff.

ALEX

Oh, all those pictures you've been doing lately? Have you done any more since your accident last week?

JOSEPHINE

(shakes head)

No, sorry. Somehow picking anything up with straight lines feels like a bad idea at the moment.

ALEX

Well, I'm sure Faith can help you out with that. But before she does, I've got a message for you.

FAITH

Who from?

Alex holds out a sheet of paper to Faith.

ALEX

Somebody named Vi. That was one of your friends from the research lab you used to work at, right?

FAITH

Uh... yeah, yeah, that's right.

Alex smiles and walks away, leaving a puzzled Faith to study the note. Josephine watches her reaction carefully - Faith seems pretty surprised by what she's reading.

JOSEPHINE

So what does it say?

FAITH

(distracted)

Huh?

JOSEPHINE

The message, what does it say? I mean, is Vi another of those friends you fell out with?

FAITH

Kind of. Vi and me go way back, so she's cool with everything, but she still works with the others so it's kinda hard for her to stay in touch with me.

(CONTINUED)

Faith reads the note again, and Josephine's curiosity is piqued by Faith's silence.

JOSEPHINE

C'mon, don't keep it all to yourself!

FAITH

She says Noa wants to meet up with me tonight, after she finishes her classes.

JOSEPHINE

Hey, that's great!

Faith doesn't look so sure as she tucks the note away.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

So are you gonna go see her?

Faith looks up at Josie, and from her indecisive expression we match cut to:

The sun is setting behind the tech college building as Noa steps out through the doors, talking with the same group of students she was with earlier in the day.

She stops dead when she sees someone waiting for her at the bottom of the steps - it's Faith.

STUDENT

Hey, Noa, are you okay? You look like you just saw a ghost or something.

NOA

Huh? Oh, uh, no, I'm good. You guys go on without me, alright?

They wave their goodbyes and head away, leaving an awkward Noa as an equally awkward Faith climbs the few steps to stand before her.

FAITH

Hey.

NOA

Hi.

FAITH

Uh, Vi said you wanted to hook up, so I-

NOA
(confused)
Vi? But I didn't...
(penny drops)
Oh, right.

Faith works out they've been set up too, and steps back.

FAITH
Look, if this is too weird, I can
just-

NOA
No, no.

Faith stops, and Noa manages to take a step towards her.

NOA (cont'd)
No, it's alright.

A beat of silence passes as the girls try to work out what the heck to say to each other.

FAITH
How've you been?

NOA
How's the new job?

A chuckle. Faith lets Noa speak first this time.

NOA (cont'd)
I'm... I'm okay. The Lab's pretty
quiet with just me, Vi and Pryor
there.

FAITH
Quinn still AWOL, huh?

NOA
Yeah.
(beat)
Look, this is going to sound weird,
but...

She trails off, and Faith motions for her to carry on.

FAITH
But what?

NOA
D'you want to, maybe... come back
to the Lab? Just for tonight, I
mean. Vi's there, and I think
Pryor'd like to see you again too.
You know, only if you want to, I
don't want to make you feel like
you have to or anything, so-

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

You sure?

NOA

(beat; nods)

I'm sure. I realise that this is never going to get sorted out if I keep avoiding you.

FAITH

Yeah, you're right. Ditto for me.

(beat)

Look, Noa, you know I'm sorry about-

NOA

(interrupts)

Can we not... can we not have that conversation yet?

FAITH

Sure. Okay. Whatever you want.

Another beat passes before Noa starts to move towards the street and a waiting taxi.

NOA

Let's go.

Faith follows, and as the duo step into the nearest cab, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

19

Night has fallen by the time the girls arrive at the Lab itself, and Vi is just gearing up to head out for the night when Faith and Noa head through the swing doors.

Vi brightens up immediately when she sees Faith, and tries not to notice the dark look Noa is giving her.

VI

Faith! You're back!

FAITH

(glances at Noa)

Just for tonight.

Vi bounds over and HUGS her, something Faith is still a long way from getting used to. She pats Vi awkwardly on the back until Vi lets her go.

VI

Wow. You're here! This is so cool!

It's just like-

NOA

(wry)

It's just like somebody tricked us into bumping into each other, huh?

Vi bites her lip and steps back, finally meeting Noa's glare.

VI

(guilty)

Uh, yeah, sorry about that. But come on, you guys! You two kept dancing round each other, avoiding things when you should be here, now, working this out.

NOA

This isn't the kind of thing we can 'work out' just because you want us to, Vi!

VI

Yeah, but-

FAITH

It's cool. Vi, you off on patrol?

VI

Uh, yeah, usual sweep.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I'll come catch up with you later,
alright?

VI

(beams)

Yeah! That'd be cool. So, uh, see
you later?

FAITH

It's on.

Vi looks overjoyed as she hops out of the Lab - dashing back
in a second later to grab the jacket she'd forgotten before
leaving for good.

Noa rolls her eyes and dumps her college bag down on one of
the desks. Faith looks round the Lab.

FAITH (cont'd)

Place hasn't changed much.

NOA

It's quieter now.

Faith gets the hint. She glances towards Pryor's office,
frowning as she sees all the blinds down.

FAITH

Pryor working on something in
there?

NOA

(beat)

It's complicated. He still hasn't
fully recovered, you know, after...
after what happened.

FAITH

Can't say I blame him. That was
some pretty hardcore stuff he did
for us.

NOA

Yeah, well... Look, wait here, I'll
go see if he's free, okay?

FAITH

Sure.

Faith watches Noa as she makes her way over to Pryor's
office, knocking on the door.

(CONTINUED)

NOA
Pryor? It's Noa.
(beat)
Faith's here.

A beat - and then with a CLICK, the door is unlocked. Noa looks back across to Faith.

NOA (cont'd)
I guess that means you can go in.

Faith looks puzzled as she heads over.

FAITH
What's with all the secrecy?

NOA
It's easier if you just go in and see for yourself.

Faith walks over to the door, glancing at Noa one last time before she pushes the office door open and steps inside.

INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS.

Faith closes the door behind her, surprised by the near total darkness the office is in.

FAITH
Pryor? You in here?

Faith hears a RUSTLE as someone moves nearby, and she spins round, her nerves still sharp.

PRYOR
Faith... I thought we'd never see you again.

Faith follows the sound of the voice as Pryor finally steps into view, half illuminated by the glow of his PC monitor. Faiths quints as she tries to get a good look at him.

FAITH
What's with all the darkness? You listen to too many Marilyn Manson CDs or something?

PRYOR
It's easier for everyone this way.

FAITH
Yeah, well, not for me. Unless you've got a few kilos of carrots handy for me to munch through, I'm not gonna be able to see much in here.

PRYOR

That's the idea.

FAITH

Oh.

(beat)

So what'd I miss? You know, while I was off fighting for my life.

PRYOR

Not a great deal. Noa and Quinn are an item now - or, at least, they were.

FAITH

Yeah, I know. Noa tell you about Quinn's Maniac Cop moment last week?

PRYOR

Sadly, yes. I just wish we'd seen it coming.

FAITH

Can't be helped. I'm just glad he didn't turn me in. And yes, I know how selfish that makes me sound.

PRYOR

You broke Noa's heart, you know.

FAITH

(taken aback)

What?

PRYOR

You didn't see what she was like when she came back here, after they revived you.

FAITH

I got a pretty good idea, actually. Listen, Pryor, I didn't come here so you could try to make me feel any worse than I already do about all this. I figured you of all people oughtta know what it's like to keep secrets from people you care about, and then see the look in their eyes when they find out you've been lying to them.

PRYOR

Believe me, I know.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor switches on a lamp next to him - and Faith GASPS as she finally sees him in full.

Pryor has two long scars running from either end of his mouth, tracing back along his cheek. They're not straight, with ugly scar tissue forming over them.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I know better than you might think.

FAITH

(quietly)

God, Pryor...

(shakes head)

You shouldn't have had to have done that to yourself, you know.

PRYOR

I know.

FAITH

Noa and me, we coulda helped you. You didn't have to face whatever it was alone.

PRYOR

Again, I know.

(beat)

What happened to Gabriel?

Faith pauses again, caught out by the change to such a difficult subject.

FAITH

He... he's not coming back.

PRYOR

I guessed as much. What happened to him?

FAITH

I'm not sure. All I know is... look, he's gone, alright? End of discussion.

Pryor nods and flicks the light back off.

PRYOR

Alright. For what it's worth, I'm glad you're back.

FAITH

Wish everyone else shared your point of view.

PRYOR

They do. They're just not ready to deal with the new information they've learned about you yet.

FAITH

Took some getting used to about it myself.

PRYOR

I hope you and Noa can still reconcile your differences.

FAITH

Yeah... me too. But I know if I was her, I'd want to keep the hell away from me.

PRYOR

But Noa isn't you. That's why you both need each other.

FAITH

Seems like everyone's trying to tell me what to think just lately...

PRYOR

What do you mean?

FAITH

Doesn't matter.

(beat)

So when are you coming out of this place and back into the light?

PRYOR

I'm going to wait until the time is right.

(grins)

Just like you did.

Faith stares back at him, still struggling to get her head round what's going on, as we cut back to:

Faith is back in Josie's room now, carefully tucking her into bed for the night.

JOSEPHINE

So then what did your friend Noa say?

FAITH

Not much. You know, I'm not great with people at the best of times.

JOSEPHINE

You're doing okay with me so far.

FAITH

(grins)

You're different.

JOSEPHINE

Why?

FAITH

You don't know what I did that made them all dump me.

JOSEPHINE

Wouldn't matter.

Faith frowns, missing Josie's point as she sits down by her bedside.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

I know what you're like now, and that's what matters. Who you used to be is always gonna be a part of you, no getting away from that, but I think deep down, Noa realises that the person she's known for the past year hasn't gone away. She'll come to see it soon.

FAITH

You're pretty sure of that, aren't you?

JOSEPHINE

Like I said, I'm good at seeing through people.

Faith nods, then stands and heads for the door.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

Faith?

FAITH

(turns round)

Yeah?

JOSEPHINE

If... if I told you something about me, something really weird, would it... would it change the way you felt about me?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Don't see why it should.

JOSEPHINE

(beat)

It's the dreams I told you about.
They're getting worse.

Faith heads back over, intrigued.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

At first, they were just snatches
of images, blurs almost, but as I
kept having them, I started seeing
some in more detail, hearing voices
to go with them. Before too long, I
started remembering them well
enough to start drawing what I saw.

Josie takes a deep breath, clearly struggling with difficult
memories as she continues.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

I keep seeing these... things, up
close, in detail.

FAITH

The things in the coliseum? Yeah,
you said.

JOSEPHINE

No, not just those. I keep seeing
this other world, this freaky place
where everything's, like... it's
all like our world, only backwards.
Like, good and evil just swapped
places, and we got the good side. I
keep seeing what's on the other
side.

FAITH

What kinds of things do you see?

JOSEPHINE

(getting emotional)

Horrible, terrible things. Death.
Monsters, butchering people in the
street, creatures tearing each
other apart, feeding on each other,
and the blood... there's just so
much blood, and I...

She starts to SOB, and Faith reaches a hand forward to lay on
her shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

Josie shrinks back from the touch, and a concerned Faith withdraws her hand as Josie continues.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)
They keep banging on the walls.

FAITH
What walls?

JOSEPHINE
Between our world and this one.
Like they're looking for a way out,
and... and they think I'm it.

Faith sits back, processing what she's being told.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)
(tearful)
Am I going insane, Faith? I mean,
these things I keep seeing...
they're not real, are they?

Faith sits in silence for a long beat, before sitting forward and looking Josie dead in the eye.

FAITH
(quietly)
They're real, Josie.

Josie GASPS, and grabs Faith's hand between both of hers as Faith continues.

FAITH (cont'd)
You're not going crazy. I see them
too.

JOSEPHINE
But... but I don't understand, how
can they be out there?

FAITH
It's a long story. As far as I
understand it, a long time ago they
were the only things that lived
here, but over time they nearly
wiped each other out, so that when
we came along, we got to take the
planet over for ourselves.

JOSEPHINE
How do you know all this?

FAITH

It's... it's what I do. I can't tell you everything, but I can tell you that there are things living out there in the shadows that just want to kill and feed off us. And there are people like me here to stop them.

Tears are rolling down Josie's cheeks - she looks half terrified to hear that her fears are real, but half relieved that somebody believes her.

FAITH (cont'd)

Demons, vampires, werewolves... they're all real. And they're all out there. But you're safe.

JOSEPHINE

How can you be sure?

FAITH

Because I'm here. And I'm going to protect you. Nothing's going to hurt you.

JOSEPHINE

Do you promise?

FAITH

I promise.

Josie manages a smile at last, and with her hands still clutching Faith's tightly, we dissolve to:

22 INT. ASYLUM - JOSEPHINE'S ROOM - LATER.

22

Faith is asleep in the chair, still sitting by Josie's bed. Josie lies peacefully in bed, perfectly still.

But then she flinches. And again. We push in on her as she screws her face up, obviously in the middle of some terrible nightmare, before we SMASH CUT to:

23 EXT. NIGHTMARE LANDSCAPE - NIGHT.

23

Josie is on her knees in the middle of a chaotic world - she seems to be in the middle of a huge, ruined city, as buildings burn all around her and hordes of baying MONSTERS rampage up and down the paths around her.

She CRIES with fear, her arms up over her head to protect herself as the smoke, flames, noise and mayhem starts to build to deafening levels.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPHINE

No... no! Please! I want to wake
up! I want to wake up!

Something GRABS Josie, and she SCREAMS as a figure drags her
to her feet.

It's Faith! At least, it looks like Faith - her hair is wild
and flowing out behind her, and her eyes blaze with murderous
fury. She grins, a sickeningly evil display of glee.

FAITH

Can't wake up yet, sweetheart! We
need to get outta here first!

Josie tries to push Faith away from her, but with one SWIPE
of her hand, Faith strikes Josie's arm.

We hear a CRACK as her fragile bones break, and Josie SCREAMS
again, falling to the floor.

Josie looks up as Faith raises her fists high above her head,
ready to smash them down on her.

JOSEPHINE

Nooo!!

Faith's fists streak down towards her, and we SMASH CUT to:

INT. ASYLUM - JOSEPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

Josie jumps up in bed with another SCREAM!

JOSEPHINE

Nooo!!

Faith is startled back to life and almost falls out of her
chair, shaking her head and diving to Josie's side.

FAITH

Hey, hey! Josie! It's okay! You're
safe! You're safe!

Josie looks up and sees Faith - and SCREAMS again! She pushes
herself back along the bed away from her.

Josie is still SOBBING desperately, wrapping her arms tightly
round her knees as Faith tries to calm her down.

FAITH (cont'd)

Come on, it's alright. It's
alright. Nothing's gonna hurt you
now. You're safe.

Faith reaches slowly out for her, and despite flinching Josie
lets Faith wrap her arms round her.

(CONTINUED)

JOSEPHINE
(shakes head)
No... no, I'm not.

Josie pushes away from Faith, and as Faith watches she starts to unwrap the bandages round her hands.

FAITH
Hey, what are you doing? Josie,
that's too dangerous.

JOSEPHINE
You have to see this.

FAITH
See what? Josie, please, put those
back on before you...

Faith trails off as Josie lets the last of the bandages fall to the floor.

Faith stares down at Josie's arm - and her forearm from wrist to elbow is as clear as GLASS.

Faith is dumbfounded as she looks back up to Josie, who SNIFFS and wipes her eyes with her free hand.

JOSEPHINE
Something's happening to me... and
I don't know how to stop it.

FAITH
But...

JOSEPHINE
And those things I keep seeing in
my dreams... they're the ones doing
it to me.

Josie grabs Faith's shoulder with her free hand, her eyes pleading with her.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)
Please, Faith... help me!

Faith doesn't know what to say, and as her jaw hangs open in shock, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25 INT. ASYLUM - JOSEPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

25

With Faith as she carefully holds Josie's arm, staring down at it - and seeing straight through it.

FAITH

When... I mean, how did this happen?

JOSEPHINE

I don't know. It started the same time as my dreams, three weeks ago.

The pieces start to fall into place in Faith's mind as she scoops to retrieve Josie's bandages.

JOSEPHINE (cont'd)

It's happening faster than it was at first. My arm wasn't like this a few days ago, and now...

FAITH

Is it like this anywhere else?

JOSEPHINE

(nods)

Both my feet. I mean, it may be happening other places I haven't seen yet, but...

(tearful)

Faith, I'm so scared...

FAITH

We'll fix this. Alright?

She takes Josie carefully by the shoulders, looking into her eyes and sounding as sincere as she can.

FAITH (cont'd)

I know people who can help. I'll go talk to them, find out what we can do, then I'll come right back. Okay?

JOSEPHINE

(nods)

Okay.

Faith stands, heading for the door. Josie settles back down in the bed as best she can, watching Faith leave.

26

EXT. NY STREET - NIGHT.

26

Faith hurries along the dark, empty streets, making her way back to the Lab.

She pauses as she hears sounds of a struggle coming from up ahead, before picking up speed and rushing towards the source of the sounds.

She turns a corner to see Vi in mid-fight against two vampires - one of which is the same cocky vampire that killed a woman before Faith's eyes last week.

Vi isn't doing too well - one vamp CLOTHESLINES her to the ground as the second lifts her up, throwing her bodily against the steel shutter over a shop front window.

Faith rushes over as Vi clatters to the ground, her hand automatically drawing her stake.

FAITH

Hey!

VI

(groggy)

Faith?

VAMP #1

Oh, great, another one! How many Slayers are there in this damn town?

COCKY VAMP

There's about to be two less, once we...

He trails off as he recognises Faith, a grin starting to spread across his features.

COCKY VAMP (cont'd)

Oh, it's you again! I was wondering when you'd show up. Now we can-

THWACK! The Vamp is caught off guard as Vi launches a KICK back at him, and the distraction gives Faith all the time she needs to close in.

COCKY VAMP (cont'd)

Ow! God damn it, you little Slayer bitch! Soon as I kill your friend, I'm gonna-

SLAM! The Vamp GULPS as Faith drives her stake into his chest - getting through to the heart this time. Faith leans in close and whispers in the vamp's ear.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

So did I get through to you this time?

The Vamp DUSTS, and Faith steps back as Vi starts landing some good hits on the second one.

FAITH (cont'd)

You got it covered, Vi?

VI

(between punches)

Yeah... I got it!

She FLOORS the Vamp, draws her stake and POW! It's dust. She stands, catching her breath as Faith walks over.

FAITH

Nice moves. You been running the streets by yourself all this time?

VI

Oh, yeah, you know, just doing what you taught me. But now you're back, we can be a team together again, right?

Vi slaps Faith enthusiastically on the arm, and Faith's grin drops for just a second.

FAITH

(hesitant)

Yeah... a team.

VI

So come on! Let's go look for some more. I'm all juiced up with nowhere to go!

FAITH

Uh, sorry, no can do.

VI

(crestfallen)

What? Why?

FAITH

I've gotta get to Pryor. One of my residents - well, actually, my only resident - she's in big trouble. I need some help, the kind only Pryor knows how to deal with.

VI

Gotcha. Lab stuff, right?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Yeah, something like that.

VI
Don't sweat it, I got the streets
covered tonight.

FAITH
Yeah, I noticed.

VI
You go, I'll finish up and maybe
see you back at the Lab later?

FAITH
Maybe.

Vi grins again and bounds off down the street, still running high on the rush of a successful Slay, leaving Faith alone on the street.

Faith suddenly feels very surplus to requirements as she looks down at the stake in her hands. She pushes the thoughts to the back of her mind and jogs off screen, and we cut to:

27 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

27

Noa is sitting at her computer terminal, talking on her cell phone.

NOA
Yeah, I know it's late, Lesley, and
I'm sorry, but I just had a thought
and didn't want to waste any time
on it.
(listens)
Yeah, it is. So have you seen Jon
lately? I mean, since we met up for
drinks a few weeks ago?

She listens - but her face falls as she gets the answer she was dreading.

NOA (cont'd)
Oh, okay. No, no, that's alright.
It's nothing major. I'll let you
get back to sleep.

Noa clicks her phone off and leans back in her chair, sighing heavily.

PRYOR (O.S.)
He'll be found when he wants to be
found. You do know that, don't you?

(CONTINUED)

Noa spins round, startled - and Pryor is standing in the doorway of his office. He's still inside the office and half-covered by the darkness within, but it's still the first time he's opened the door of his own accord for a long time.

NOA

Uh... what?

PRYOR

Quinn. You're trying to find him,
aren't you?

Noa gets over her initial shock at Pryor's appearance, quickly returning to her sullen look.

NOA

Yeah. Searching for people who've
gone missing seems to be a
recurring theme around here.

PRYOR

You can't rush him.

NOA

I don't care about that, Pryor! I
want him to come home. I can't...
(beat)
I can't keep doing this by myself.
You just stay locked in that damn
office all day and night, Vi's
always out on patrol, and Faith-

FAITH (O.S.)

Is right here.

Noa whips back round to see Faith standing by the Lab's doorway.

NOA

Faith? What're you-

FAITH

I need your help. Both of you.

Noa and Pryor exchange a glance, but Pryor stays put so Noa is the one who heads over.

NOA

With what?

FAITH

A resident at the asylum.
Something's happening to her,
something weird, and I figured you
two could help me figure out how to
stop it.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Oh... okay, I guess we can see what we can do.

PRYOR

What's the exact problem?

FAITH

Well, leap of faith here, I know, but... she's turning into glass.

NOA

(beat)

Glass?

FAITH

Glass. Her whole body. Her hands and feet first, she says it's spreading. Been going on ever since...

(beat)

For about three weeks.

NOA

Woah. That's... that's a new one. Pryor, any ideas?

PRYOR

I'll check my databases.

He slips back into his office and closes the door. A quick wave of sadness washes over Noa as he disappears from view again, before she snaps back into business mode.

NOA

Alright. She's turning into glass, so, first theory is that she's infected with something. Any demon attacks, spells, hexes, that kind of thing that could have gotten to her?

FAITH

Not that I know of. She's been under strict supervision for a long time now. She has brittle bones disease anyway, she doesn't exactly get out much.

NOA

Huh.

FAITH

She's mentioned some dreams, though.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (3)

27

FAITH (cont'd)

More nightmares than anything -
says she keeps seeing these demons
coming for her. She says they're
causing what's happening to her,
and that they're trying to break
through into our world.

NOA

What do you think?

FAITH

I think we need to help her.

NOA

Well, yeah, that goes without
saying. I mean, what do you think
is happening to her?

FAITH

Girl says demons are jinxing her,
and I believe her.

Noa turns to her computer and starts rapidly typing into it,
and Faith watches her as we cut to:

28

INT. ASYLUM - JOSEPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

28

Josie is asleep again, but as she moves fitfully from side to
side, we see the bad dreams are back.

Push in close on her troubled face before we SMASH CUT back
into:

29

EXT. NIGHTMARE LANDSCAPE - NIGHT.

29

Josie is running down the chaotic street now, yelling in fear
as huge chunks of burning building drop from the sky all
around her, SLAMMING into the street.

Josie runs straight into someone standing in her path, and
tumbles back to the floor.

The Nightmare Faith is standing over her again, that same
sinister grin in place as she reaches down to pick Josie up.

JOSEPHINE

(struggling)

No... no! Let go of me! Please!

FAITH

Ssh! Quiet. This'll all be over
soon, and then you can go back to
sleep. For good!

Josephine's wide, horrified eyes watch as Faith starts to
CACKLE, and we cut back to:

30

INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

30

Noa looks up as one of the printers further along her desk starts to CHATTER, spewing out a long roll of paper.

FAITH

What's that?

NOA

Message from Pryor.

She steps over to tear the printout off.

NOA (cont'd)

Saves him leaving the office, you know?

FAITH

Not really, no.

NOA

Yeah... it took some getting used to.

FAITH

What does it say?

NOA

(reads)

It's two possible explanations for what's happening to her. She's either been bitten by a kind of parasite that turns its victims bodies into a glass-like substance in order to lay its eggs...

FAITH

(grimaces)

Aw, man.

NOA

... or she's being attacked by a ghestri spirit, which literally sucks the living tissue out of her body and leaves the victim a hollow, transparent husk.

FAITH

Could be either of those things. Her arm just looked like it was made out of ordinary glass, never seen anything like it!

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Well, this is what we've got.
Pryor's working on antidotes for
each one.

FAITH

How long will that take?

NOA

He's not sure. May take him a day
or so, according to this.

FAITH

I don't think she's got that long?

NOA

What are we going to do?

Faith blinks - Noa said 'we' without realising it.

FAITH

I'm going back. Someone's gotta be
with her in case she gets any
worse. Call me soon as you know
something, alright?

NOA

Alright.

Faith dashes back out of the Lab, and Noa turns back to her
computer as we cut to:

Josie is still in Faith's grip, but now dozens of shadowy
creatures have formed a circle round her. She's trapped.

JOSEPHINE

What do you want with me?

FAITH

What do you think we want? We need
a way out of here, and you're it!

JOSEPHINE

But... but I'm just a girl, I don't
know how to...

FAITH

Oh, waah waah! Quiet already!
You've already started to do the
work for us. All I need to do now
is finish the job.

Faith raises Josie's shirt to reveal a patch of her belly,
and Josie continues to struggle.

31 CONTINUED:

31

JOSEPHINE
What are you doing?

FAITH
Sealing the deal.

Faith raises her hand, then presses her palm against Josie's belly. Josie SCREAMS - and we see the skin round her belly start to darken, then become translucent.

Faith grins, and Josie continues to howl in pain, writhing and trying to get free, as the shadowy beings surrounding her start to hoot and chatter excitedly.

FAITH (cont'd)
(to shadows)
Not long now!

Josie SCREAMS again, and we SMASH CUT back to:

32 INT. ASYLUM - JOSEPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

32

Josie is writhing frantically in her bed, and she finally wakes with a GASP, throwing back the covers and lifting her shirt...

... and a patch of skin on her torso has turned to glass! Josie watches, horrified, as the patch starts to spread.

JOSEPHINE
(quietly)
No...
(yells)
Somebody help me!!

Breathing quickly, Josie stares back down at the growing patch of glass on her stomach as we cut back to:

33 EXT. NY STREET - NIGHT.

33

Faith is sprinting back towards the Asylum as fast as she can, racing past the busy nightlife on the streets.

Time seems to slow down, her heartbeat pounding in her ears as a THUNDERSTORM starts overhead, heavy rain starting to lash down across the city.

34 INT. ASYLUM - JOSEPHINE'S ROOM - NIGHT.

34

Josie is lying on her back now, her eyes bulging and her breath coming in short bursts - over half her body has been taken over by the spreading glass now.

Keys RATTLE in her door as several voices start to shout urgently at each other outside.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (O.S.)
What's going on?

ORDERLY (O.S.)
It's Josephine, she's screaming the
whole place down!

ALEX (O.S.)
So why is her door still closed?
Get in there, now! She could have
hurt herself again!

ORDERLY (O.S.)
I'm trying! The door won't open!

Josie's eyes flick from side to side as the glass reaches her neck, and her breathing speeds up as the first edges of glass get to her throat.

35 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NIGHT.

35

Faith barges through the doors, soaking wet, almost skidding to the ground as she barrels past Hilary.

HILARY
Miss Lehane? Miss Lehane!

Faith doesn't stop, tearing down the corridor towards:

36 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

36

Faith charges towards Alex and the other orderlies outside Josephine's room.

ALEX
Faith? What are you doing here?

FAITH
(breathless)
Josie... she's in trouble...

ALEX
Her door's jammed, we can't get in.
Jack here says she was screaming,
but-

FAITH
But now she's stopped.

Alex realises this must mean something bad, as Faith SHOVES the orderly at the door out of the way.

ALEX
Faith, what are you-

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

SLAM! Faith barges into the door. It buckles a little but doesn't budge. Alex's jaw drops in disbelief.

WHAM! Faith breaks the door open on her second attempt, and stumbles into the room:

37 INT. ASYLUM - JOSEPHINE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

37

Faith stares in utter shock down at the bed as Alex and the orderly follow her inside.

Josie's bed is empty. There's nothing in it but several large fragments of broken glass.

A flash of LIGHTNING makes Faith look over to the one window in the room - it's open, the shutters banging in the storm winds. The bars over it have been bent out of shape - something got out this way.

ALEX

What in the world... Faith, what happened in here?

Faith just stares at the window, lost for words, and as we push towards it, we switch round to:

38 EXT. ASYLUM GROUNDS - NIGHT.

38

Looking back in on Josie's room as Alex and the orderly step over to the bed. Faith stays staring out through the window as we pull away, back into the thick trees lining the grounds.

Someone is standing there, watching what's happening inside the room. Another FLASH of lightning shows us who it is.

It's another FAITH.

And she's wearing that same sick grin as the one from Josie's nightmare.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW