

FAITH

"Shiver"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT. 1

Subdued evening lighting does what it can to keep the gloomy corridors lit up as ALEX walks into frame, scribbling some notes on her clipboard as she strolls along.

The residents are quiet tonight, and Alex pauses to look in on a few of them, happy to see that they're all bedded down for the night.

Satisfied, she ticks off another sheet on her report and folds the paper over to the next page - but then her smile drops.

She looks towards the end of the corridor, where a room has been cordoned off by plastic barriers and rolls of tape, and with a downcast look Alex heads towards it.

2 INT. ASYLUM - JOSIE'S ROOM - NEXT. 2

Alex ducks under the barriers and steps towards the half-open door, pausing at the entrance as if to gather her thoughts before stepping through.

The room has been tidied up - the bed is stripped and bare, the broken window has been boarded up and there's no evidence of the remains of the unfortunate Josephine who died in here.

Alex scans the room, still not understanding what happened in here, when:

FAITH (O.S.)
Couldn't sleep either, huh?

Alex YELPS, startled, and turns to see FAITH huddled in one dark corner of the room. A small orange glow illuminates her tired features as she takes a drag on her cigarette.

ALEX
You know, that's against
regulations.

FAITH
I know. Figured you'd make an
exception.

Alex stares at her for a beat - then puts her clipboard down on Josie's now clean desk, stepping over to Faith.

Alex reaches a hand out, and Faith offers her the cigarette. Alex takes one drag and passes it back.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX
Filthy habit.

FAITH
Sure is.

ALEX
So you never saw me do that.

FAITH
Nope.

ALEX
(sighs)
This is still all so crazy. I
mean... I've never seen anything
like what happened in here before,
and I've seen a lot of strange
things in this place.

FAITH
You and me both.

Alex looks down at Faith, then crouches on the floor next to
her. Faith doesn't look up.

ALEX
How are you holding up?

FAITH
I'm not important. Finding out what
did this to her is what matters.

ALEX
You can't take care of anybody if
you can't take care of yourself,
Faith.

FAITH
Hey, spare me the psyche talk,
okay?

ALEX
I'm just saying-

FAITH
(snaps)
I don't care! She didn't deserve to
die, Alex. She had a good soul, and
something just wiped her out and
left us flapping our hands. We need
to find out what did this to her.

ALEX
I think it's a little beyond our
normal spectrum of enquiry.

(CONTINUED)

Faith throws her a look, and Alex reluctantly nods.

ALEX (cont'd)
I'll see what I can do.

FAITH
Good.

ALEX
What about your friends at the Lab?
Would they be more used to this
kind of situation? I mean, they
managed to wake you up, after all.

FAITH
I dunno. Maybe.

ALEX
Well, don't you think you should
ask them?

Faith looks over to Alex, then stands, taking one last glance
at Josie's empty bed before striding over to the door. She
pauses in the doorway.

FAITH
We owe it to her to find out what
happened.

ALEX
(nods)
Yes. Yes, we do.

FAITH
And you need to stop lying to me.

ALEX
(confused)
Lying? I-

FAITH
Look, Alex, I'm not stupid. You
know more about what's going on
here than you want to tell me, but
you don't want to fill me in on the
blanks yet. That's cool, you've got
to know you can trust me first.
Believe me, I respect that. But if
someone else dies because you
weren't straight with me... then
we're gonna have a problem.

ALEX
Faith, I swear, I didn't know what
was causing Alex's condition.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

But you knew it wasn't normal.

A long beat. Alex sighs and lowers her head.

ALEX

Yes, I did.

FAITH

Good. So when you feel like telling
me the truth, you know where to
find me.

Faith exits, and Alex waits for her footsteps to echo away
before standing again. She looks troubled as she heads for
the door, collecting her clipboard and leaving the room.

3 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT.

3

Alex locks the door to Josie's room, ducks under the barriers
and starts to walk away.

What she doesn't see, however, is whatever's starting to form
out of the air behind her!

Small balls of white energy start to materialise out of thin
air, grouping together to form a larger, human-sized mass...

... and as the oblivious Alex turns a corner out of sight,
the mass opens a pair of eyes!

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. ASYLUM - REC ROOM - MORNING.

4

Faith walks into frame, dressed in the plain white outfit of the other orderlies, although her black t-shirt can be seen beneath it, and her chunky boots are clearly not regulation.

She nods a few hellos to the other orderlies as she strolls by, casting a glance over the various residents sitting in the couches or watching TV.

Faith makes it to the drinks dispenser in one corner of the rec room to find TODD, one of the other orderlies, sipping a coffee.

TODD

Hey, Faith.

FAITH

Mornin.'

TODD

Hey, uh...

He steps forward and Faith tenses up, already sensing he's going to ask about something delicate.

TODD (cont'd)

Look, I know it's not my place to ask or anything, but...

FAITH

Spit it out, Todd. I got a coffee on its way here and it ain't gonna wait all day!

TODD

It's about Josephine.

Faith looks away, then lowers her head and nods.

TODD (cont'd)

I mean, we've heard the official story, which is that she fell and hurt herself, and with her condition it meant she just hurt herself too bad to survive, but...

Todd trails off, watching Faith as she scoops up her coffee from the machine.

TODD (cont'd)

I know one of the guys who got into that room first.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TODD (cont'd)
He said that's not what happened,
but that Alex made him sign
something to keep quiet about it.

FAITH
Nothing I can really say, Todd.

She starts to walk away, but Todd won't give up that easily,
following her.

TODD
Come on, Faith! I've been here
longer than you, I know the kinds
of freaky things that happen in
this place. Last night was pretty
freaky by anyone's standards, so I
just know there's more-

FAITH
Todd!

She spins round, halting him in his tracks. She fixes him
with a cold stare.

FAITH (cont'd)
Drop it.

She holds the stare, and Todd is the first to look away,
nodding his head as he backs down.

TODD
Okay. I get it.

Faith turns and starts to head back out into the corridor,
but as she leaves Todd looks back up, and he seems far from
finished with this line of inquiry.

Alex is at her desk, going through a pile of reports from
last night's shift when there is a KNOCK at her door.

ALEX
Come in.

Faith steps through the door, heads over to the desk and
drops another report onto the pile. She's halfway out again
when Alex calls to her.

ALEX (cont'd)
Faith, sit down. Please.

Faith pauses, then turns and slowly heads back for one of the
chairs, taking a seat. Alex leans back in her chair, fixing
Faith with a stare until Faith shrugs.

FAITH

What?

ALEX

Just trying to work out how long you're going to be mad at me for.

FAITH

Well, let me see, how about... a long fricken time.

ALEX

Faith, even if I'd told you about the more unusual aspect of Josephine's condition, her death a few nights ago wasn't something either of us could have prevented.

FAITH

Says you.

ALEX

Yes, says me. Look, whether you like it or not, I'm in charge here, and my calls are the ones we follow.

(beat)

That does not, however, mean that they are always the right ones. I have to live with that, and I hope you can too.

FAITH

And if I don't?

ALEX

Then you know where the door is.

(beat)

But I would really hope it never comes to that.

Alex leans across her desk, trying to seem more casual.

ALEX (cont'd)

We need you here, Faith. Josie opened up to you in a way I've never seen her do with anyone else. She saw something in you she could relate to, and I don't think she'll be the only person who thinks that.

FAITH

My first official 'job' died while I was meant to be taking care of her. That doesn't look good on the CV where I'm sitting.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

It's not about that and you know
it, Faith.

(sighs)

Alright, let me put it another way.
What if something like that happens
again?

FAITH

That's pretty unlikely. I'd say
people turning into glass is what
you'd class as a one off.

ALEX

Humour me. Say we get another
resident with an equally bizarre
problem. I can't think of anyone
else who I'd want to take charge of
that case.

FAITH

You're showing a lot of faith in a
girl with my record.

ALEX

No pun intended.

(beat)

You didn't 'fail' Josephine. You
did more than was needed to take
care of her. What happened wasn't
your fault.

Alex continues to speak, but her voice suddenly fades away,
and Faith frowns, wondering why she can't hear her anymore,
when:

WHISPER

She died because of you...

FAITH

What?

Faith looks round, and Alex pauses mid-sentence.

ALEX

I said 'and furthermore, I'-

FAITH

No, not you. Didn't you hear that?

ALEX

Hear what?

Faith stands and looks round the room - but the duo are
definitely the only people in there. Faith sits back down
with a frown.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (cont'd)
Is everything alright?

FAITH
I dunno...
(shakes head)
Lack of sleep. Anyway. Are we done?

ALEX
(beat)
Yes, I suppose we are. Thanks for
filling out your reports.

FAITH
(shrugs)
No problem.

Faith stands and heads for the door, when she hears:

WHISPER
They'll never trust you again...

Faith spins round - but Alex already has her head down and is
back to work. With a confused look, Faith exits the office.

INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - MORNING.

Pan across the messy, disorganised shop floor of the Lab to
pick up NOA, fast asleep, her head resting against her
computer's keyboard as she snores softly.

A shadow falls across her, and a hand reaches out to touch
her shoulder, gently shaking her.

VOICE
Noa...

She's shaken for another beat - then she JUMPS UP with a
start, jerking back in alarm at the figure standing over her.

NOA
What?

She blinks, focusing - and sees that PRYOR is standing next
to her. The Lab's blinds are drawn and the lights are dimmed,
and Pryor is wearing an old sports hoodie to conceal his
features.

PRYOR
It's just after nine, I thought you
could use a drink.

She looks down - Pryor has a fresh mug of coffee in his
hands. Noa looks a little bemused as he hands it to her.

NOA

Uh... thanks.

She looks round the Lab as Pryor moves away, back towards one of the desks, to start clearing away some of the piles of notes and folders there.

NOA (cont'd)

Where's Vi? She's normally the one waking me up with a coffee.

PRYOR

She didn't come back after patrol last night.

NOA

Ah, right. Probably went straight home, she does that if it's an all-nighter.

Noa registers that Pryor is looking oddly at her.

NOA (cont'd)

What?

Pryor points towards his cheek.

PRYOR

Sorry, you've just got a slight case of, ah, qwertyitis.

NOA

(beat)

Huh?

PRYOR

You fell asleep on your keyboard, the keys have left an imprint on your cheek.

Noa touches her cheek and finds the indents Pryor was talking about. She manages a half smile, shaking her head.

NOA

Figures.

PRYOR

Why were you up all night? Are you still...

NOA

Still looking for Jon, yeah. I keep thinking he'll send me a coded message in a junk e-mail or something, you know?

(off Pryor's look)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

We saw it in 'Alias' once and
thought it was a cool idea.

PRYOR

He'll be back when he wants to be.
I always got the impression Quinn
wasn't the type of man to be found
easily when he wanted to stay
hidden.

NOA

So people keep telling me. That
doesn't mean I'm going to stop
looking. Besides, makes a change
from looking for Faith every night,
right?

She sips her coffee and keeps her eyes on Pryor.

NOA (cont'd)

That was a joke, Pryor. Remember?
Humour? Something people who
actually open their blinds of a
morning do?

PRYOR

Oh, sorry about that, it's just...
well, the light hurts my eyes.

NOA

That's because you keep avoiding
it.

PRYOR

It's for the best.

NOA

Says you.

Pryor turns and heads back towards his office, and Noa
quickly hops off her stool when she sees where he's headed.

NOA (cont'd)

Woah! Uh, hang on!

PRYOR

(pauses)

What is it?

NOA

Well... isn't it a shame to waste
such a beautiful day now we're both
up and about?

PRYOR

Probably, but I have work to do,
and-

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Why don't we go see Faith?

PRYOR

Faith?

NOA

Yeah, remember, dark hair, cranky attitude, slays vampires. Hard to miss.

PRYOR

So you two have...

NOA

Not exactly. But, it's like Vi said. We're not going to get anywhere just waiting for things to be any different. We've got to make the effort.

PRYOR

That's very noble of you.

NOA

(sarcastic)

Gee, thanks.

(beat)

So are you coming out or not?

PRYOR

I'm not sure that's such a good idea, Noa, I-

NOA

Come on, Pryor. You've started coming out of your office for the first time in, like, four months, almost. The front door isn't that much further away.

Pryor looks over towards the Lab doors, then back to Noa.

PRYOR

(shakes head)

I can't.

NOA

Yes, you can, Pryor.

PRYOR

Noa, it's too soon.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Pryor Webb, don't you make me come over there and drag your sorry ass outside!

PRYOR

(beat)

I'd advise against that.

Pryor turns and walks back to his office door, and before Noa can think of anything else to say he's opened the door and stepped inside - and locked it.

Defeated, Noa SIGHS heavily, slurps down another mouthful of coffee and then steps back over to her computer, starting to tap things into internet search engines again.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - SUBURB - MORNING.

A wealthy end of town, with a row of designer-built houses overlooking the Hudson River, each looking like they cost the average worker's annual salary just to rent each month.

One house in particular looks like it was the scene of a great party last night - empty bottles and glasses litter the front lawn, with overflowing bins stacked up against one wall of the house.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - MORNING.

Inside the house now, and the signs of mayhem outside continue to the inside - lop-sided paintings, scattered clothes and shoes, more empty bottles and the odd spatter of food line the plush interior of the roomy house.

Passing an open archway looking into the front room, the fireplace is the scene of an impromptu sleepover as three thirtysomething couples lie spread out across the room, some dozing on the couch, others bundled up on the floor.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS.

Carrying on into the kitchen, the host of the party and owner of the house, MADELINE RICHARDS, is humming along to the radio as she cleans up a sinkful of dirty dishes, the apron and yellow rubber gloves a contrast to the rumpled evening gown she's still wearing.

A tall, handsome man, her husband JACK, steps into frame and wraps his arms round her, giving her a lazy kiss on the cheek. She sighs happily, leaning against him.

JACK

I'd ask why you're cleaning up, but I think I know the answer.

(CONTINUED)

MADELINE
Because nobody else will.

JACK
Because nobody else will.

JACK (cont'd)
(chuckles)
You're crazy, you know that?

MADELINE
(sly)
No crazier than the guys who went
skinny dipping in next door's pool
at about three this morning...

JACK
Hey, extenuating circumstances.

MADELINE
Which were?

JACK
I look too good naked for other
people not to share in the joy. At
least, that's what you told me!

They share a chuckle, Jack kisses her on the lips and then
slinks away towards the hallway.

JACK (cont'd)
I'm going to go wake up the rest of
these reprobates, alright honey?

MADELINE
Okay.

Madeline gets back to her scrubbing, but frowns as she tries
to scrape off a particularly stubborn piece of dirt.

She lifts up the plate she was cleaning - and shakes her head
as she sees a large heart and the letters 'J 4 M' have been
as good as scorched onto it in dried food.

10 EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NEXT.

10

Madeline slides open the back patio door and steps out into
the morning air, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath.

She has a black garbage bag in her hands, and after a moment
to soak up the sun she steps round to the bins at the side.

She dumps the bag in the nearest already overflowing bin and
starts to head back inside, when she hears a RUSTLE from the
large, imported bushes lining the bottom of the garden.

MADELINE
Jack? Is that you?

(CONTINUED)

There's no answer. Madeline glances back towards the house, but turns back as she hears the RUSTLE again.

She heads towards the bottom of the garden, squinting as she tries to peer into the bushes to see what's making the noise.

MADELINE (cont'd)
Hello? Is someone there?
(grins)
Did you forget your pants again,
Roger?

Madeline lifts up a thick branch of greenery, hearing the RUSTLING again, much closer this time.

MADELINE (cont'd)
(less confident)
Hello?

Madeline is starting to look a little spooked when she suddenly hears:

MEOW! She looks down and sees a small, stray cat poke its head out of the bushes. Madeline smiles and kneels down.

MADELINE (cont'd)
Well, hey there, little guy! Come
to see what all the noise was about
last night, huh?

The cat stays where it is, watching her carefully. Madeline slips off one of her gloves and reaches a hand out towards the cat, cooing softly.

MADELINE (cont'd)
Come on out, I'm not going to hurt
you. In fact, there's a whole tray
of leftovers here with your name on
it if you want to-

ROAR!

Madeline FALLS backwards as something big BURSTS through the bushes, scooping up the cat which lets out a terrified HISS, before both cat and figure disappear back into the bushes.

Shocked, Madeline scrambles to her feet, looking into the bushes but seeing nothing. She calls back towards the house.

MADELINE (cont'd)
Jack! Jack! I think there's
something out here!
(beat)
Jack? Are you-

ROAR! Madeline SCREAMS as something ERUPTS from the bushes next to her. It's humanoid and dark green, but that's all she has time to see as it SLAMS into her, knocking her to the ground.

Madeline hits the deck with a THUMP, an open cut across the side of her head as something heavy lumbers past her off screen.

The frantic HISSES and YOWLS of the cat can be heard for a few beats as it struggles against whatever's gotten hold of it, until there is a final YELP and the animal falls silent.

A shadow falls across Madeline, and deep, heavy breathing can be heard as the mystery figure peers down at her, and on that, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - AFTERNOON. 11

Noa is on her cell phone, listening to the call ring out at the other end.

NOA

Come on, Vi! Where are you?

She looks down at the display, and then with a grimace disconnects the call, tucking her phone away.

The Lab's phone RINGS, and Noa hops over to answer it, putting on her best Office Girl voice.

NOA (cont'd)

Webb Researching, Noa DeRubria speaking. How may we help you?

(listens)

Yes, that does sound like something we'd be interested in.

Noa reaches out and grabs a notepad and pen and starts to scribble some information down.

NOA (cont'd)

So what's the address?

(impressed)

That's a nice neighbourhood! Say, what are the house prices like round there at the moment?

(listens)

Really... sorry, back on topic.

I'll get some of my people over to you right away, sir.

She hangs up, beaming happily at the notepad.

NOA (cont'd)

We got a case!

She looks round the Lab - the very quiet, very empty Lab. Noa deflates a little, then turns to look at Pryor's office. She bites her lip, not sure what to do next, before:

12 INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT. 12

With an angled lamp giving him enough light to see, Pryor watches a row of test tubes as they rattle along inside a clunky piece of lab equipment, making notes as he watches.

Noa KNOCKS at the door, and Pryor pauses for a moment before getting back to work.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
What is it?

NOA
(through door)
We've got a job.

PRYOR
Oh. Good.

NOA
Don't you want to know what it is?

PRYOR
I'm sure you and...

Pryor trails off as he realises it's just him and Noa. He sighs, then stands, heading over to the door.

INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT.

Noa steps back as Pryor unlocks the door and opens it a fraction, peering out at her.

PRYOR
It's just you and me, isn't it?

NOA
Yup.

She holds out the notepad to him.

NOA (cont'd)
Rich couple over in Lower
Manhattan, wife got attacked by
something this morning. Claims it
ate a cat.

PRYOR
(reading note)
A cat?

NOA
So she says.

PRYOR
I see...

Pryor starts to push the door closed, still looking at the note, but Noa wedges her foot in the door frame.

NOA
Hey! Aren't you forgetting
something?

PRYOR

What?

NOA

I'm not doing this by myself.

She folds her arms and fixes him with her best tough girl stare.

NOA (cont'd)

Say it's a demon. Say it's dangerous, and I go out there alone. Who's got my back if there's more than one of these things? Who's uniquely qualified to help figure out what kind of demon it is, and how to kill it?

Pryor stays inside the office, not looking at Noa.

NOA (cont'd)

Pryor... it's time you came out of the Lab. I need your help.

(beat)

We both know I can't do this without you.

Pryor slowly looks up, and as Noa flashes him a hopeful smile, we cut to:

Relaxing in her little oasis of calm, Alex has shrugged off her white coat and is currently lounging back on one of the large, squashy-pillowed wicker chairs, idly painting her nails as she talks on her cordless phone.

ALEX

(into phone)

No, mom, everything's still fine here. We took on someone new, somebody I think you'd like.

(listens)

No, not another crazy person. Mom, we've spoken about this - they're not crazy, they just need some help!

Alex continues the conversation - not noticing the same white balls of energy that appeared earlier starting to form out of the air behind her!

ALEX (cont'd)

Anyway, this new girl. Her name's Faith.

(listens; smiles)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (cont'd)
Yeah, it is a nice name. She's a
bit of a mystery, but I can tell
there's a lot of good in her. You
know me and reading people.

The white, misty energy starts to gather together and form
into a larger shape - humanoid, with arms and legs starting
to extend from it.

ALEX (cont'd)
We lost somebody the other day,
though. A young girl named Josie.
She had osteogenesis imperfecta.
(beat)
Brittle bones.
(listens)
No, nothing like that. It was just
an accident. She never-

WHACK! Two of Alex's picture frames suddenly drop from the
wall and clatter to the floor. She turns round - the room is
empty behind her.

ALEX (cont'd)
(into phone)
Huh? Oh, yeah, I'm still here.
Sorry, some things just fell down.

Alex gets out of her chair and heads over to the pictures,
picking them back up and peering at the spots on the wall
they fell from.

ALEX (cont'd)
Which ones? You and Dad on one of
your many trips to Latin America.
(listens; smiles)
No, before I was born. You remember-

CRASH! Alex turns round - a vase full of flowers has just
SHATTERED, spilling water and soil onto the floor.

Alex frowns, now a little spooked. She heads over to the vase
- and doesn't see the ghostly form standing right behind her!

ALEX (cont'd)
Mom, I'm going to have to call you
back, something else just broke and
I need to clean it up.
(listens)
Okay, in the morning, then. Love
you too. Bye.

She hangs up and puts the phone down on the floor, scooping
up the broken chunks of vase and placing them carefully back
on the shelf. She reaches back for the phone - but it's gone!

ALEX (cont'd)
(confused)
What the...

She stands, looking round for the handset - and hears a faint FWIP sound from behind her.

She turns - and dodges back on reflex as the phone's handset streaks through the air towards her!

It misses her face by an inch, SMASHING into the opposite wall and clattering in pieces to the ground.

Definitely weirded out now, Alex starts backing towards the door, reaching out for the handle, when:

WHISPER
This is my room!

Alex FREEZES as she hears the raspy, distant voice. She looks round the room, trying to keep cool.

ALEX
Who... who's there?

No answer. Then a ghostly LAUGHTER rings round the room, and Alex grabs the door handle.

It rattles - but doesn't open! Alex struggles with it, banging her fist on the door.

ALEX (cont'd)
Hey! Anybody out there? I'm stuck!

The LAUGHTER continues, growing in volume - and the room starts to DARKEN.

Within moments, despite the daylight trying to get through the windows, the entire room is plunged into inky black darkness, and Alex presses herself against the door, her breathing rapid as her nerves get the better of her.

WHISPER
You don't belong here...

The voice is right next to her ear.

Alex YELLS in fear and dives to the side - and finally sees the white apparition standing before her!

She SCREAMS as it takes a step towards her, a head starting to form on its shoulders as it reaches a hand out towards her...

FAITH (O.S.)
Alex?

(CONTINUED)

Alex quickly looks to the door - and it opens. In an instant, the ghost is gone and the room returns to normal.

Faith steps inside, raising an eyebrow at Alex on the ground and noticing the damage to the room.

FAITH (cont'd)
Uh... I was walking past and heard
you shouting, so...

Faith looks closer, and sees how petrified Alex is. She steps inside and starts to close the door - and the room starts to darken once again!

FAITH (cont'd)
What's-

ALEX
(panicked)
Don't let the door close!

Faith snaps a hand out and grabs the door, just stopping it from closing. The room lightens - but Faith catches it as she looks back round.

FAITH
(frowns)
What's going on?

Alex sits up, putting her head in her hands as she breathes deeply, waiting for her heart to stop pounding, and we cut back over to:

Noa steps up to the front of Jack and Madeline's house and RINGS the doorbell, taking a moment to check out the high-rent property.

She's peering in through the windows, cupping her hands round her eyes, when Jack opens the door. Noa quickly jumps to attention.

JACK
Can I help you?

NOA
(offers hand)
Oh, hi! I'm-

JACK
Thanks, we're not buying anything
today.

Noa starts to reply, but a weary-looking Jack shuts the door in her face before she can get anything out.

15

CONTINUED:

15

RING. Jack opens the door again, frowning as he sees a less-happy looking Noa on his doorstep.

JACK (cont'd)
Is there a problem, Miss...

NOA
DeRubria. Noa DeRubria.
(beat)
The people you called?

Jack looks somewhat sheepish as he steps back and motions for Noa to head inside.

JACK
Oh, God, sorry... things have just
been kinda crazy round here.

16

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS.

16

Noa raises an eyebrow at the still-messy house as she steps into the hallway.

NOA
Yeah, so I see...

JACK
Oh, that. We, uh, had a bit of a
party last night, and, well...

NOA
You were too hungover to feel like
cleaning.

JACK
(grins)
Yeah. I mean, Maddy was fine, but
then she never gets a hangover.
She's got the constitution of a
Terminator.

Noa flashes a disarming smile at Jack as she walks past him, heading into:

17

INT. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

17

The guests from earlier have all cleared out now, but they've left their mess behind. Madeline sits on the sofa, a bandage pressed to the cut in her head as she shivers, clearly still shaken by what happened.

NOA
Is this your wife.

(CONTINUED)

JACK

Yeah, that's her.

(to Madeline)

Maddy, this is that girl I told you about, Miss DeRubria.

MADELINE

The one from that... laboratory?

NOA

We're more of a research firm. How did you guys hear about us, just out of interest?

JACK

You, uh, helped out a friend of mine a while back when he had a similarly... unusual problem. Said you were the guys to call if anything else weird ever happened. I mean, this isn't exactly a police type of thing.

NOA

Well, you did the right thing. Uh, is it alright if I let my colleague through here? If the attack took place out back, he'll need to look around.

JACK

(nods)

Yeah, sure.

Noa smiles again and heads out of the front room. The door opens, and a few moments later Pryor heads past, hood up. He doesn't acknowledge Jack or Madeline, who look a little puzzled as Noa re-enters.

MADELINE

Who was that?

NOA

That's my boss, Pryor. He's, uh, not much of a people person. Likes to stay focused, keep his head down and do the job.

(quickly)

Which he's the best at, I mean. Otherwise, why would we be so highly recommended, right?

She tries the smile again, but Madeline doesn't look in the mood to play nicey-nice. Noa coughs once and sits down next to her, taking out a notepad from her record bag.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
So... tell me what happened. And
try to remember every detail you
can. Every little helps.

As Madeline starts to recount her story, we cut to:

18 EXT. HOUSE - BACK GARDEN - NEXT.

18

Pryor, his hood still up, makes his way over to the bushes, carrying a small metal box which he lays on the ground next to him. Opening it up, it contains an array of scientific tools and devices, and he takes out a digital camera.

There are footprints and tracks, left behind by Madeline's attacker, and Pryor takes some shots of them before taking out another device, some kind of electronic counter attached to a pencil-shaped instrument.

He prods the pencil into the soil and checks the readings, nodding as Noa heads over.

NOA
Anything?

PRYOR
I'm checking the residues, seeing
if I can find a match for anything.

NOA
Oh.
(beat)
What's that you've got?

PRYOR
(off device)
This? Just something I threw
together. It analyses demonic
residue and skin cells and sees if
it can match it to any of the known
species in my databases.

NOA
Wow. That's, uh... really geeky,
Pryor. I mean, useful, too, but...

PRYOR
I haven't been sitting in the dark
doing nothing the past few months,
Noa. I've been busy.

NOA
So I see!

Noa takes a quick scan of the area before taking out her notebook and flipping to Madeline's info.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

All the wife reported seeing was something 'big and green' that first grabbed and ate a cat she saw, then knocked into her as it ran away.

(grimaces)

What kinds of demons eat cats?

PRYOR

More than you'd like to think.

NOA

Gross. Anyway, she doesn't remember anything else, so I think she's given us all the info she can.

Pryor stands, holding up the device and aiming the pencil towards the Hudson in the near distance.

NOA (cont'd)

Found something?

PRYOR

I think so... If I'm reading this right, there were traces of river water mixed in with the skin cells. Suggests that our demons came from somewhere down by the riverside.

NOA

We're quite a way back from the Hudson, though. Why would they come so far ashore?

Pryor packs his equipment away, closing and picking up his case as he turns to Noa.

PRYOR

That's what we need to find out.

Pryor heads towards a footpath that leads down towards the riverside, and Noa follows as we cut to:

Pryor sticks to the cover of the trees lining the park that leads out towards the edge of the river, barriers separating the grass from the water.

There are a few people dotted around soaking up the afternoon sun, and Pryor and Noa get a few odd looks as they walk along.

NOA

Uh, Pryor? We're kind of out in the open here, don't you think?

Pryor pauses, looking from side to side before pointing towards a path running along the concrete riverbank.

PRYOR

That way.

She follows him as he strides on, conscious of the looks the duo are getting off all the nearby New Yorkers, as we cut to:

EXT. RIVERBANK/UNDERPASS - NEXT.

Pryor is squatting by the edge of the river itself, peering into a long, wide underpass where the path he's on dips down closer to the water.

The underpass forms a kind of tunnel over the path itself, which is swallowed by darkness after only a few feet.

Pryor breaks out a torch and sweeps it round the underpass as Noa clambers down the grassy bank next to him.

NOA

(stumbles)

Ow! Damn it! Pryor, I swear, if we get arrested for being down here, I'm going to-

PRYOR

Down there.

NOA

Down where?

PRYOR

This underpass. The trail we've been following goes cold around here, so my bet is that somewhere under here, we'll find our demon lair.

Noa peers along the underpass - it stretches on for a long way, the light on the other side a long way off.

NOA

And here was me trying to get you back into the light, huh?

Pryor hands her the torch as he roots through his case again, this time handing Noa a plastic gun-shaped device.

PRYOR

Taser. Should do the trick on anything human-sized.

NOA

O-kay...

Pryor carefully drops down into the tunnel and reaches up to help Noa clamber down. With Pryor taking the torch back and shining it ahead, the duo head on into the tunnel.

Pryor finally slips back his hood as the darkness wraps round them both, and Noa looks a little sad in the gloom.

NOA (cont'd)

Some big step back into the outside world, huh?

PRYOR

I appreciate you trying, Noa. But this is just a one off while Vi's not available.

Pryor squints as he tries to make out something up ahead, keeping the torch fixed on it as he heads over.

PRYOR (cont'd)

That's strange...

He focuses the torch beam on the object - it's a toxic waste drum, corroded and rusty. It's sprung a leak, but whatever was inside is long gone.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Best not get too close to that.

(beat)

Noa?

Pryor turns round, swinging the torch beam - but there's no sign of Noa!

PRYOR (cont'd)

(shouts)

Noa? Noa!

As his voice echoes back round the tunnel, Pryor looks suitably panicked as we push in on him.

PRYOR (cont'd)

(quietly)

Oh, no...

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - AFTERNOON.

21

Alex sits on the bed in Faith's room, holding a mug of coffee tightly as Faith steps back inside, carefully closing the door behind her. Alex lets out a bitter chuckle.

ALEX

Look at me, hiding away from everyone else because I'm too scared to go back out. It's like fourth grade all over again.

Faith pulls up a chair and sits opposite Alex, her expression serious.

FAITH

You want to tell me what happened in there?

ALEX

I'd love to. Soon as I understand it myself.

FAITH

You said you saw something. What? Like, a ghost?

ALEX

Maybe. I don't know.

(frustrated)

Look, I can't explain what I saw, I just-

TODD (O.S.)

Uh, Dr. Salus?

Alex looks up to see Todd at the door. Alex tries to act like everything is normal.

ALEX

Yes?

TODD

Is everything okay? I went by your back room to see if I could find you, and it looked like there'd been a fight in there or something...

ALEX

It's a long story. I'm here now, what did you want me for?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Well... maybe you'd better come
take a look for yourself.

Faith and Alex exchange a worried look, as we cut to:

INT. UNDERPASS TUNNEL - AFTERNOON.

Back with Pryor, still frantically searching for the missing Noa, his torch beam slicing through the darkness.

PRYOR

Noa? Noa! Where are you?

Pryor tries to stay calm but isn't doing a great job. He dashes back towards the tunnel entrance where he stashed his silver case, flipping the top open and searching through it.

He takes out three objects that look like grenades, as well as another taser gun, and with a determined look he turns back towards the tunnel and marches into the gloom, the torch held high, as we cut back to:

INT. ASYLUM - CONTROL OFFICE - AFTERNOON.

Todd, Alex and Faith hurry into the main security control booth for the Asylum, where GRAHAM is watching the assembled CCTV monitors with an expression of pure bewilderment.

ALEX

Graham? What's going on?

GRAHAM

You tell me, Dr. Salus, you tell me...

She looks at the screens - and all across the Asylum, things are going haywire! On some screens, the corridor lights are flickering, several of them EXPLODING in a shower of sparks.

Elsewhere, doors swing open and slam closed by themselves, furniture drags across the floor and tables and chairs tip over and crash to the ground.

Amongst all this, there are several orderlies doing their best to herd the petrified residents back to their rooms, battling against the disturbances every step of the way.

FAITH

Looks like we're watching a damn
'Poltergeist' marathon!

ALEX

Graham, make sure everyone's on
alert level three, and-

GRAHAM

(finishing)

And make sure all residents are
taken to their rooms immediately. I
know the drill.

FAITH

You have a drill for this kind of
thing?

ALEX

Be prepared.

Faith opens her mouth to reply to that comment, when:

GRAHAM

Uh... it's stopped.

Alex and Faith turn back to the monitors - and everything in
the Asylum is still again. The rooms and corridors are in a
mess, and several burst light fittings still spit sparks.

ALEX

What the hell...

FAITH

Maybe now's a good time to figure
out what just caused all of that.

ALEX

Yes... I think you're right.

She turns to see Faith throwing her a look, as if to say
'you'd better tell me what you know.'

ALEX (cont'd)

Come with me, Faith.

She heads out of the office, as we cut to:

Up close on Noa's unconscious face as she's carried by unseen
hands down a dim corridor. Water DRIPS all round us, and the
only light is given by occasional rusty fittings screwed into
the tunnel walls.

Noa's eyelids flutter as she comes to, and she groggily tilts
her head to see what's going on - and her eyes go wide with
shock!

She's being carried by two DEMONS, humanoid and green skinned
like the one that attacked Madeline earlier. Their head have
wide, flat heads and big ears, and their hands have thick
webbing between the fingers.

(CONTINUED)

One of them notices that she's awake and gestures to its comrade, and with a nod they turn into another section of the tunnels.

NOA

Uh, listen, I don't know if you can understand me or not, but I'm an American citizen, and I have every right to be down in these tunnels if I choose. So if this is a territorial thing, I just want you to know that-

DEMON #1

Ssh.

Noa blinks, surprised by the soft voice the creature has.

DEMON #2

We are here.

The two demons stop and carefully help Noa to her feet. She dusts herself down, eyeing them, not sure what to make of all this. One of them motions for her to turn round.

Noa turns to see that she's in a large cavern, a settlement adapted out of a disused part of the tunnel, where dozens more of the demons are waiting.

Some young, some old, some big, some small - an entire community pressed into a space too small to hold them, with shacks built out of crates and other trash.

Campfires burn to provide more light, and several of the demons rise to their feet as they see Noa, narrowing their eyes suspiciously.

NOA

(gulps)

Uh... hi.

The two closest demons exchange a puzzled look, as we cut back to:

Inside a dark and dusty room filled with desks and filing cabinets, all covered by thick, filthy dust sheets.

Shadows appear on the other side of the frosted glass window, and after a rattle of keys the door swings open. Alex reaches her hand in to search for the lights.

She locates it and flips them on, stepping in with Faith right behind her as the lights overhead flicker to life.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Welcome to the archives.

Faith looks round - the room stretches off for some way in either direction, with more desks and cabinets alongside tall bookshelves.

FAITH

What's all this?

ALEX

This is as complete a record as we can get of every case that ever passed through the Asylum's doors, past and present.

FAITH

Woah. How far back does it go?

ALEX

A long way.

Alex drags back one of the sheets, coughing in the dust that it dislodges, and sits down behind a clunky old computer terminal.

FAITH

This is all very...

ALEX

Weird?

FAITH

I was gonna say 'comprehensive.'
But that isn't a word I normally find myself having to say.

ALEX

I suppose you're wondering why I brought you down here.

FAITH

That idea did pop into my head.

ALEX

Whenever something... strange happens here, this is the first place I come to.

FAITH

To take notes?

ALEX

To see if it's happened before, or
if there's something in the
Asylum's history that can help me
figure it all out.

Faith starts to walk past the bookshelves, her eyes reading
off the various titles typed onto the folders in the racks.

ALEX (cont'd)

Feels like I'm spending more and
more time down here these days...

Faith walks back over as Alex gets the computer terminal
online, her fingers clacking across the keyboard.

FAITH

When were you gonna tell me about
all this?

ALEX

When I had to. Which would be about
now. Faith, there are people who've
worked here for years who don't
even know this room is here. I only
tell the people I trust.

FAITH

Guess I should be honoured. Once I
get past being pissed off that you
weren't straight with me.

ALEX

How so?

FAITH

(beat)

Look, I just hate being the last to
know about stuff, okay?

ALEX

No more secrets, Faith. Do you want
me to break it down for you?

FAITH

Go ahead.

ALEX

I know a lot of strange things
happen here, and have done for a
long time before I got here. I
don't understand a lot of it, but I
want to. I mean, you're a good
example of something unexplainable
that I want to figure out!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Trust me, not a subject you want to get into.

Alex gets the hint and turns back to the computer.

ALEX

Here we are...

(reads off screen)

'Electrical disturbances.' Seems there was a series of these things about forty years ago, just like what we saw happening a minute ago.

Faith walks round to look over Alex's shoulder at the screen.

FAITH

Says that some of the residents claimed to have seen a 'ghostly man' walking through their rooms.

ALEX

That's what I saw.

FAITH

A ghost?

ALEX

Something. I'm hesitant to use the word 'ghost,' being a woman of science, but...

FAITH

But you've seen too many scary movies to have a better explanation right now.

ALEX

Something like that.

FAITH

Okay, let's go crazy here. Say we're dealing with a ghost. Anyone die around the time the disturbances started? Somebody pissed off enough to want to come back for a second crack at this place?

Alex scrolls through several old reports, finally seeing something promising. She hits 'Print' and an ancient printer rattles into life.

ALEX

Here's a likely suspect - Doctor Nathaniel O'Kane.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

(reads)

He ran this place back in the late Fifties, early Sixties... and died a few weeks before things started going all 'House On Haunted Hill.'

Alex tears off the printout and studies it.

ALEX

There isn't much information about him, but by all accounts he worked here until the day he died - literally.

She hands Faith the printout, and she looks it over herself.

FAITH

He dropped dead at his desk.

ALEX

Which is where my office is now.

FAITH

Reckon the Doc needs a helping hand to cross over?

Alex sits back in her chair, looking thoughtful, and Faith cracks into a grin.

FAITH (cont'd)

Oh, now you start getting skeptical?

ALEX

It's not that, it's just...
(shakes head)
Never mind. Just don't start calling me Fox Mulder just yet.

She stands, switching the terminal off, and as she and Faith head back towards the exit, we cut to:

Noa is led through the settlement by the two demons that brought her here, but one thing strikes her about the assembled creatures - they're all sick.

Several are coughing, huddled up against one another, some have sores and scars over their exposed skin, other have crudely-amputated limbs.

Noa pauses as an elderly demon with long, trailing grey hair hobbles past on a home-made crutch, and she turns to the demons behind her.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

What's wrong with all of these...
people?

DEMON #2

Sickness. No medicine.

NOA

Do you know what's causing it?

DEMON #1

No. But we are dying. All of us.

DEMON #2

We need help. Brought you here to
show you.

DEMON #1

Not much time left now.

Noa looks round the village again before turning back to the
demons.

NOA

Okay, just clear something up for
me. Why did one of your guys attack
that woman up on the surface?

DEMON #2

I was hungry.

NOA

Hungry?

DEMON #2

I meant only to scare her. I meant
no harm.

NOA

(grimaces)

But... you ate a cat!

The demon cocks his head to one side - he doesn't see
anything wrong with that!

NOA (cont'd)

(gets the hint)

Okay! Moving on... I think I know
someone who may be able to help
you. All of you. But, uh... we have
to find him first.

The demons exchange a glance, as we cut to:

27

INT. ASYLUM - ALEX'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON.

27

The door creaks open slowly and Alex peers inside. She checks the room over then steps in, Faith right behind her. Alex closes and locks the door behind them.

ALEX

Okay. So what do we do?

FAITH

Hey, I'm no expert.

ALEX

No, but you already seem to know a hell of a lot more about ghosts than I do, so I was hoping you had a few ideas!

FAITH

(shrugs)

I picked up a few things here and there, that's about it.

ALEX

Well, it appeared in my room first, but this is where the report said Doctor O'Kane died, if that's who we're dealing with. So... maybe we should just call out for him?

Faith waits a beat, then shrugs again.

FAITH

Worth a shot.

(calls out)

Hey! Doctor O'Kane? You there?

A beat. Nothing.

ALEX

(calls out)

We need to talk to you! We want to help!

Another beat. Still nothing.

FAITH

Okay, I'm kinda running out of options already.

ALEX

Me too.

(shivers)

Brr! Did it just get colder in here?

(CONTINUED)

Faith frowns - and sees her breath start to mist in the air before her. The room's temperature is dropping sharply.

FAITH
(tenses up)
I think he heard us...

The office starts to dim, just as Alex's room did earlier, and Alex edges towards Faith as the room is plunged into near darkness in seconds.

ALEX
(whispers)
What do we do now?

FAITH
(whispers)
Didn't you hear me say 'I'm no expert'?

ALEX
I thought you were sandbagging!

FAITH
Listen, just because I-

WHISPER
Why are you still here?

The girls freeze as they hear the whispering voice once again. They look round - the room is still empty.

ALEX
Did you hear that?

FAITH
(nods)
Stay sharp.

ALEX
(calls out)
Doctor O'Kane?

WHISPER
Who wants to know?

ALEX
I'm Doctor Alexandra Salus, I'm the Director of this institution.

WHISPER
You're wrong...

ALEX
I'm pretty sure I'm-

VOICE
(yells)
No!!

Both girls are THROWN off their feet as a brilliant white LIGHT blazes in the centre of the room. Faith bounces off the wall and lands, stunned, on the floor as Alex clatters into one of her bookshelves.

She looks up and GASPS as she sees the ghostly figure materialise out of the air again, this time developing into human form much quicker.

The white light starts to take on colour and shape, and in moments a middle-aged man in a white doctor's coat is standing in the centre of the room - this is DR. O'KANE.

Alex can see through his translucent body - and sees that Faith isn't moving.

ALEX
What do you want here?

The Doctor doesn't answer her - instead he turns to look down at Faith's body. He grins, stepping closer to her as Alex scrabbles to her feet.

The Doctor kneels next to Faith and reaches out a hand towards her.

ALEX (cont'd)
Hey! Get away from her!

Alex takes a bold step forward - and is SHOVED backwards by an invisible force for her efforts.

She's powerless to stop the Doctor from laying a hand on Faith's shoulder - and Faith's body starts to GLOW with bright white light. The Doctor closes his eyes - and fades away!

Faith continues to blaze with brilliant light as she slowly gets to her feet - and when she opens her eyes, they also shine with white light.

FAITH
(O'Kane's voice)
That's better...

Alex's jaw drops in horror, and from that, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. TUNNELS - AFTERNOON.

28

Noa is heading back down the tunnel she was carried through, the two demons either side of her.

NOA

Okay, this is the way we came in, right?

DEMON #1

(nods)

We are sorry we had to take you.

DEMON #2

We were afraid you would attack us.

NOA

You'd have been right. But that was before I saw what was wrong with you guys, and...

(penny drops)

... and that was the point, wasn't it?

The demons nod, and Noa grins.

NOA (cont'd)

Okay, point taken. Now let's find-

PRYOR (O.S.)

Noa!

NOA

Pryor?

PRYOR (O.S.)

Get down!

Noa turns and her eyes widen as she sees Pryor racing down the tunnel towards her - a grenade in one hand, the taser in the other.

She raises her hands defensively as Pryor hurls the stun grenade towards her.

NOA

No, Pryor! Don't-

BLAM! The stun grenade DETONATES and knocks both of the demons off their feet - but Noa is unharmed. She blinks, startled, as Pryor grabs her wrist and starts to pull her away, the taser trained on the demons.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Thank God, I found you, I thought those things had-

NOA

Pryor, stop!

PRYOR

Noa, we need to get out of here, before they wake up!

NOA

They're not dangerous!

PRYOR

Oh? Then why did they kidnap you and knock you out?

NOA

Because they thought I was going to hurt them! Nice to see you were able to prove them right after all...

PRYOR

Noa, please, there's no time to-

She angrily pulls free of his grasp and jogs back towards the stunned demons. A frustrated Pryor runs after her as the first demon comes round, pushing itself up.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Noa! What are you doing?

She kneels by the demon, pressing a hand to its forehead as it GROANS.

NOA

God, I'm sorry... are you okay?

DEMON #1

(groggy)

Head... hurts...

NOA

(sighs)

Yeah, that'd be Pryor. He's kind of overprotective.

Noa looks round to see Pryor standing behind her, his taser trained on the demons again.

PRYOR

Noa, I...

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Pryor! For once in your life, will you just give me the benefit of the doubt?

A long beat - and then Pryor slowly lowers the taser.

PRYOR

Care to explain to me what's going on here?

NOA

Come on, help me get this guy to his feet and I'll show you.

Pryor frowns, but as Noa starts to struggle to lift the demon to its feet, he finally gives in, tucking his taser away and taking the demon's other arm as we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - ALEX'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON.

Alex looks Faith up and down warily, Faith's body still glowing softly with the eerie white light. The room is still wrapped in darkness.

ALEX

Faith?

When Faith speaks, it is with Doctor O'Kane's voice.

FAITH

I was never a man for religion myself...

ALEX

What have you done to Faith?

Faith looks her body up and down, clenching her fists experimentally.

FAITH

This is a good body... it has great power! Although...

(frowns)

It feels like it should have a lot more.

Alex's eyes glance at the door, and she starts to slowly shuffle round towards it.

FAITH (cont'd)

I'd kill you before you made another step.

Alex sags, then turns to face Faith, trying to sound as defiant as she can.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Alright, so I'm stuck here, is that it?

FAITH

For now.

ALEX

What is it you want? I mean, is that you in there, Doctor?

FAITH

(smiles)

It's been a long time since anybody called me that.

ALEX

It's been forty years, Doctor.
That's how long you've been dead.

Faith lowers her head for a beat, and Alex takes the opportunity to step closer to the door.

FAITH

Stop!

Faith raises a hand - and Alex is THROWN across the room with a SHOUT. She crashes into the floor, knocking a framed picture from the wall.

The door handle starts to rattle, and Todd's voice shouts through the door.

TODD (O.S.)

Dr. Salus? Can you hear me? What's going on in there?

ALEX

Todd! Get help, quickly! I'm-

FAITH

Silence!

Faith thrusts her hand towards the door - and it's BLASTED off its hinges!

The door hurtles out into the corridor, knocking Todd sideways as it SMASHES into a window at the far end of the corridor.

The clouds of darkness filling the office start to seep out through the open door, and the Asylum lights begin to flicker again.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
(smirks)
Yes... it's been a long time.

Alex watches helplessly as Faith starts to FLOAT, drifting forwards through the air towards the open doorway.

Faith floats out into the corridor just as three orderlies come racing into view. They skid to a halt, boggling at the sight of Faith both glowing and floating.

FAITH
Leave me alone!

She sweeps her hand before her, and the orderlies are scattered like bowling pins, crashing into the walls.

Faith drifts off down the corridor, out of sight, as Alex staggers out of her office, pressing a hand to a cut on her head. She sees Todd curled up on the floor and crouches next to him.

ALEX
Todd? Todd! Can you hear me?

TODD
(groans)
What...

ALEX
You've been hurt, stay there and
try not to move.

Alex looks up - the three orderlies Faith/O'Kane knocked over aren't going to be much help. One is cradling what looks like a broken arm.

Alex hears a chorus of SCREAMS from further down the corridor and leaps to her feet, running towards the sounds of the disturbance as we cut to:

Pryor, hood back up, kneels next to one of the demons, who coughs feebly as Pryor shakes a test tube, the fluid inside starting to turn bright blue.

NOA
So what does that mean?

PRYOR
Pollutants. Industrial strength, to
be precise.

Pryor turns to one of the two demons with Noa.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Why did you move here?

DEMON #1
Humans spread. Take over lands we
once called our own.

DEMON #2
For our own safety, our kind were
forced to move on.

PRYOR
I'm afraid you'll need to keep
moving - living here is what's
killing you?

NOA
There's something in the water,
right?

PRYOR
It looks that way.
(to Demon)
Can you show me where you get your
drinking water from?

The demon nods and motions for Pryor to follow, as we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - REC ROOM - AFTERNOON.

With the room filling up with rolling tendrils of darkness,
two terrified residents huddle behind an overturned sofa as
Faith hovers in the centre of the room.

FAITH
(frowns)
This is all... Different! Nothing
is how it should be!

She turns towards the drinks machines, and with a wave of her
hand they EXPLODE in a shower of sparks.

FAITH (cont'd)
That's better.

She turns her attention to the TV, and points - and BOOM! No
more TV.

FAITH (cont'd)
Now... let's get back to work.

She sweeps her hand towards the sofa, which FLIES off to one
side and exposes the hiding residents - an elderly man,
GEORGE, and a younger woman, HILARY.

(CONTINUED)

Faith floats over, lowering to stand on her own feet again. George tries to back away from her, but Faith reaches out a hand and George is gripped by an unseen force.

Faith grins wickedly as she lifts George into the air by simply raising her hand. George struggles, but he can't break free.

FAITH (cont'd)
I have so many things I need to
catch up on! You should be proud -
you're going to be my first-

THWACK! Faith drops to the ground, as does George, to reveal Alex holding a fire extinguisher.

She raises it to strike again, but Faith lashes out with one of her hands and sends the extinguisher flying from Alex's hands.

FAITH (cont'd)
(incredulous)
Who do you think you are?

Alex steps back as Faith rises to her feet again, staring straight into Faith's glowing eyes. Faith presses a hand to the back of her head, and it comes away bloody.

ALEX
I'm the person in charge, is who I
am. Now get out of my house!

Faith starts to LAUGH - a deep, evil belly laugh - and she rises up into the air again.

FAITH
Brave words indeed! Are you
forgetting who I am?

ALEX
I know exactly who you are. And
what you did here.

FAITH
Then you know why I came back.

ALEX
(beat)
Actually, no. All I do know is that
you're not staying here this time.

FAITH

I've been stuck here since I died!
I'm going to be staying here long
after you're dead and gone, my dear
Alexandra, and there's nothing you
can do about it. My experiments
will begin again, and when I
harness the dark energies that
course through this building once
more, I will be able to-

ALEX

(commanding)

Destierre esto maldad de mi vista!

Faith freezes - and a loud, heavy RUMBLING sound starts to fill the room.

FAITH

(softly)

No...

ALEX

(louder)

Destierre esto maldad de mi vista!

(yells)

Leave this place!

FAITH

(roars)

No!!

The white light around Faith FLARES, and Alex reels backwards, her hands raised.

FAITH (cont'd)

You can't send me away with corner
shop magics like that, you stupid
little girl! While I'm connected to
this place, I have more-

POW! Faith crumples again, and this time the light goes out. Alex looks up to see George, with ugly red marks round his neck, just about managing to hold the fire extinguisher.

GEORGE

That sick bastard... I knew he'd
come back for me one day...

George drops the extinguisher with a CLANG and sinks back to the floor, as Alex quickly rushes over to Faith, rolling her onto her back.

She lays a hand on Faith's chest and closes her eyes, starting to murmur something under her breath.

(CONTINUED)

Faith's body begins to GLOW again, and Alex knits her brow in deep concentration - until with a sudden, final BLAZE of light, Faith GASPS loudly, jolting back to life.

Alex is shoved backwards, watching as Faith COUGHS and splutters, gasping for breath. The darkness fades from the room around them in seconds, returning to natural light.

FAITH

What... what happened?

Alex glances at George, but he's already fallen back into silence as Hilary clings tightly to him for support.

ALEX

I... I'm not sure. I think whatever we saw got into you somehow. Do you remember anything?

FAITH

No... everything went white, then I got thrown across your office, and next thing I know, I'm here on the floor.

She presses a hand to the back of her head and winces.

FAITH (cont'd)

Did somebody hit me?

ALEX

I, uh, had to subdue you.

FAITH

What did you 'subdue' me with, a fricken sledgehammer?

Alex grins, relieved that Faith's okay, and stands, helping Faith back to her feet.

FAITH (cont'd)

(looking round)

So where did our invader go?

ALEX

(beat)

He just... went away. Just like that.

FAITH

(suspicious)

Just like that?

ALEX

Hey, if I had an explanation, I'd be giving it to you.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
I heard you say that before.

ALEX
This time I mean it.

Faith doesn't look too convinced, but as she grimaces and holds her head again, she decides she's in too much pain to press the subject for now.

FAITH
Any chance of an icepack or something?

ALEX
Yeah, come on, I'll get you to the infirmary.

Alex starts to lead Faith back towards the infirmary as two more orderlies dash into the rec room. Alex glances back at the silent George one last time before we cut to:

Pryor crouches by a large pool of dirty water, fed from an outlet in the wall and drips from the ceiling. His hands gloved, he dips a test tube into the pool to get a sample, testing it with a strip of paper as Noa and the demons look on.

NOA
This is him doing his science thing. Trust me, if anybody can help, it's Pryor.

DEMON #1
(to Pryor)
What does your paper tell you?

PRYOR
It tells me your drinking water is contaminated.

Pryor shakes his hands dry and steps over.

PRYOR (cont'd)
It's not safe for you and your people to stay here, you need to find somewhere cleaner or you're all going to be poisoned by the water here.

DEMON #2
This we know... but where can we go?

Pryor looks at Noa, who bites her lip. He lowers his head sympathetically.

PRYOR

I wish I had an answer for you. I can help you look for somewhere that won't kill you, that's a start. And I can leave you some medicine to try and fight off the toxins in your bodies, but...

DEMON #2

(nods)

We understand. There is only so much you can do for us.

PRYOR

I only wish I could help more.

DEMON #1

You have already done more for us than any other human we have ever encountered.

DEMON #2

Humans always fear what they do not understand.

PRYOR

(grins)

That they do.

The demons head back towards the settlement as Pryor closes up his silver case.

NOA

You did a good thing there, Pryor.

PRYOR

It's not going to be enough. Half of the demons I saw are already too far gone for me to help. They'll be dead inside a few months.

NOA

Yeah, but not all of them, right? The ones that are let can start again somewhere else.

PRYOR

I hope so.

Pryor stands, looking back towards the settlement.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)
It's funny to think that there are
demons and creatures out there
suffering just as much as animals
and plants through the damage
mankind is doing to this planet.

NOA
(eyes him)
Whatever you say, Captain Planet.

Pryor gives Noa a confused look, and with a broad smile she
rubs his arm.

NOA (cont'd)
It's good to have you back, Pryor.

PRYOR
(shakes head)
I'm not 'back,' Noa.

NOA
Sure you are! Coming to rescue me,
then doing the hero thing and
helping save these demons? How is
that not a comeback to beat the
Who's reunion?

PRYOR
This was a one off because Vi was
unavailable. That's all.

Pryor starts to walk away, leaving a crestfallen Noa.

NOA
But...

PRYOR
It's still too soon, Noa.

NOA
So when is it going to not be 'too
soon'?

PRYOR
(beat)
I don't know yet.

He reaches back and lifts his hood, covering his face again,
and starts to walk back down the tunnels toward the surface.

PRYOR (cont'd)
(over his shoulder)
Make sure you fill Vi in on what we
did when she gets back.

NOA
(bitterly)
Yeah, whenever that is...

Noa scowls, and from that look we cut to:

Across town as the sun starts to set, within a dilapidated, run down ex-apartment building. Sunlight filters in through gaps in the boarded up windows, as heaps of discarded, rotting furniture lie scattered across the floor.

A figure comes into view, somebody with their head down - and tied to a sturdy-looking chair, their arms fastened across its back.

Withered floorboards CREAK as someone else paces past the figure, a dark shadow passing before our view.

Starting to circle round the figure in the chair, it looks like they've seen a rough time recently - cuts, gashes, bruises and other wounds pepper their body. Blood and dirt is spattered over their clothes.

VOICE (O.S.)
I'll give you this much, kid, you got spirit. And that's something I can respect. I know people who've already been crying for their mommy after only a tenth of what I've done to you. But hey...
(leans back)
... the night's still young.

The figure in the chair looks up, a gag in their mouth - and it's VI! The red-haired Slayer has a black eye and blood trailing from her nose and other cuts on her head, her one good eye trying to focus on the other person in the room.

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)
So you've had your choices. May I take your order?

A pair of hands reach into frame and carefully takes the gag from Vi's mouth. She seems barely conscious, her head swaying from side to side, but after swallowing, she finally manages to speak:

VI
Why don't you... go and get f-

THWACK! Vi is PUNCHED by a vicious backhand, spitting out a gob of blood as she recovers, turning back to face her attacker.

FAITH leans into frame - but this isn't the Faith we know. A wild, crazy look in her eyes matches her dishevelled, tangled hair, and as she reaches out and grabs Vi either side of the head, a sinister grin spreads across her face.

EVIL FAITH

We both know this ends one of two ways. Either I kill you, or you talk and tell me what I need to know. Whether I kill you or not after that, well... that's kinda up to me. Either way, you've got five seconds to start opening up to me, or I'm gonna open you up.

Faith stands upright and looks around her, striding over to the boarded-up window.

A shard of dirty glass sits in the empty frame, and with a quick tug Faith pulls it loose.

Faith turns back to Vi, turning the razor-sharp piece of glass over in her hands.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I guess I'll just have to try a little harder.

(off glass)

So we'll switch to Sharp for a while.

Vi tries not to show her fear, but she can't stop herself SHAKING as Evil Faith walks slowly back over to her, the glass in her hand glinting in the sunlight, and we:

BLACK OUT:

And we hear Vi SCREAM.

END OF SHOW