

FAITH

"Two Second Delay"

by

Lee A. Chrimes

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 1

It's a quiet night in the Asylum as FAITH strolls down the corridor, keeping an ear out for any signs of distress from the various patients' rooms she passes.

2 INT. ASYLUM - CONTROL OFFICE - NEXT 2

She steps into the security office where GRAHAM and TODD are busy with a game of cards.

TODD
Hey, Faith.

FAITH
Hey.

GRAHAM
(off cards)
You wanna cut in?

FAITH
Naah, I'm good. Just needed to sit still somewhere for a sec.

TODD
Yeah, it's that bad kind of quiet out there tonight, isn't it?

GRAHAM
'Bad kind of quiet'? The hell are you talking about?

TODD
You know what I mean, man. If this was a war movie, there'd be some general looking out across the battlefield, a terrified young corporal stood by his side, and the general's saying something like 'I don't like it... it's too quiet.'

Faith chuckles, and Todd glances over at the monitors stacked up on the wall behind him.

TODD (cont'd)
You been through 'C' wing yet?

FAITH
Not yet. Something I should see?

TODD
Well, it's probably nothing, but...

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Famous last words, Todd.

TODD

Alright, alright. There's a girl in room C-458, Louise Edwards. She's been pretty restless last few days, wouldn't hurt to have a friendly face go look in on her, make sure she's sleeping okay.

FAITH

(raises eyebrow)

I have a 'friendly face'?

TODD

(blushing)

Uh, you know, I just mean...

Faith grins and steps back towards the exit.

FAITH

Relax, it's cool. I'll go check it out. See ya, Graham.

GRAHAM

So long, Faith.

She exits, and the boys get back to their card game. Todd seems oddly focused on his cards, and after a beat Graham nudges him to get his attention.

TODD

What?

GRAHAM

You have got such a thing for that girl.

TODD

What? No, I...

(sighs)

Man.

GRAHAM

I knew it!

He lays his cards down - this is much more interesting!

GRAHAM (cont'd)

So are you gonna say anything to her?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Like what? 'Hey, I know you're like this big enigma round here but the Doc gave you a job because she can tell you're a good guy... wanna go grab a mocha?'

GRAHAM

(shrugs)

I've gotten laid on less than that.

TODD

Yeah, right.

GRAHAM

Seriously! Women are notoriously bad at reading subtle hints from guys. They only give out the subtleties, but when men try the same trick back it bounces right off 'em. If you like her, then you've gotta tell her.

Todd leans back in his chair, his hands behind his head, and as Faith walks into frame on one of the monitors behind him, we cut to:

Faith walks past the rooms, counting down until she reaches C-458. She stands on her tip-toes to look in through the small window.

There's a girl, LOUISE, lying on her bed with her back to Faith. She's about Faith's height and build with long, bombshell blonde hair.

FAITH

Looks like it's all clear...

Louise shifts round and rolls over in her bed, still asleep - and Faith's eyes widen in shock!

There's BLOOD staining her bedclothes, dark stains all round her arms, but Louise seems oblivious.

Faith quickly fumbles in her back pocket for her keys, finding her master key and opening the door.

Faith hustles into the room, hurrying up to Louise's side and gently shaking her.

FAITH

Louise? Hey, Louise! Wake up!

Louise stirs, her eyelids flickering as she comes round - and then she sees the blood on her bedsheets.

She GASPS and jumps up in bed - and as the covers fall away, Faith sees there are dozens of small WOUNDS up and down her arms!

FAITH (cont'd)

What the-

LOUISE

No... no! Not again!

Louise, panicking and gasping for breath, starts to scratch at the bloody cuts as Faith tries to pull her hands away.

FAITH

What happened?

LOUISE

He... he was...

FAITH

Did somebody do this to you?

LOUISE

(shakes head)

He... he told me... he's coming...

Faith's expression darkens as the seriousness of all this sinks in, and we cut to:

An apartment block rooftop overlooking downtown NYC - and a figure stood at the edge, gazing across the bright lights below.

It's too dark to get a good look, but the figure is of medium height and muscular build - and as it lowers one of its arms, there are cuts identical to Louise's all down its forearm!

As blood DRIPS from the cuts and splashes to the roof, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6

INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - DAY

6

There are a few torches spread around the dark, dusty room, most of them pointing towards the GATEWAY - the bulky stone monolith standing impassively in the centre of the room.

A BASEBALL bounces into frame, striking the Gateway and rebounding - into the waiting hand of Faith.

She's sitting with her back against the opposite wall, staring at the Gateway as she passes the baseball between her hands for a few beats, then THROWS it again.

It bounces off the Gateway and she catches it. It looks like she's been doing this for some time.

She looks down at the back of her right hand - and there's the glyph the Gateway donated to her when she found it.

She stares at the mark for a few beats before there is a BEEP from her walkie-talkie.

ALEX

(filtered; through radio)

Faith, are you there?

Faith looks back at the Gateway, then finally retrieves her radio and thumbs it to life.

FAITH

(into radio)

I'm here. Just on my break.

ALEX

Yeah, I know. When you're done, can I see you in my office, please? I've got a new assignment for you and I wanted to run through all the details.

FAITH

Five by five.

She turns the radio off and tucks it back into her belt, getting back to the pressing business of half-heartedly juggling the baseball.

Faith eventually stands, taking a moment to walk round the room and switch off the torches, and as she exits the darkened room we cut to:

7

INT. ASYLUM - ALEX'S OFFICE - DAY

7

The bright and cosy surroundings of the office are a far cry from the room Faith just left. She sits in the chair before the desk as ALEX hands her a mug of coffee and takes a seat.

FAITH

So what's the job?

ALEX

It's somebody you'll be familiar with. I heard about your encounter with Miss Edwards last night.

FAITH

The self harm girl?

ALEX

That's her. Louise hasn't been with us all that long, but her symptoms have never been this bad.

Alex reaches onto her desk and passes a folder to Faith. She opens it and starts leafing through.

ALEX (cont'd)

She first started cutting herself around six months ago, a few nights after she was allegedly mugged on her way back from college.

FAITH

'Allegedly'?

ALEX

There were several parts of her story that didn't seem to hold up, and a police examination of the crime scene left them with some... unusual evidence.

FAITH

This is going to be another one of those jobs, isn't it?

ALEX

(smiles)

You're the only person I'd want to take them on.

FAITH

(bitter)

Yeah, 'cause the last one ended so damn well.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Faith, we've been over this. What happened to Josie wasn't your fault. You did everything you could for her - I happen to think she felt more safe in her final days with you than she had in all the time she'd been with us.

FAITH

Doesn't matter. She still died, and I promised her I'd keep her safe.

ALEX

We can't save everyone.

A beat as Alex lets that comment sink in.

FAITH

So what's the inside story on this Louise girl?

ALEX

In my professional opinion, she's displaying severe post traumatic stress which has recently advanced several stages.

FAITH

That can't be the full story, though, else you wouldn't have asked me in here to take it over.

Alex pauses, then nods and motions to the folder.

ALEX

Take a look at the photos of her wounds.

Faith finds the glossy photos, close up shots of the cuts and markings on Louise's forearms.

FAITH

Nice.

ALEX

There's a group of photos, all taken at different periods over the last few months.

Faith leafs through the photos - then frowns as she realises something. She checks through them again.

FAITH

They're all the same...

ALEX

Exactly. Every time, once the old wounds start to heal and before scar tissue can start to develop, she makes the same markings on herself. Identical patterns, identical symbols.

Faith squints at the markings.

FAITH

What are they? Does she know what they mean?

ALEX

She says no, but she can reproduce them perfectly on paper when asked to, so whatever they are, they're burned into her brain.

FAITH

They look... mystical. You know, like pentagrams and stuff.

ALEX

Do you know a lot about that sort of thing?

Faith hesitates, then closes the folder, acting casual.

FAITH

I picked a few things up.

ALEX

(beat; eyes her)

Well, you're right in that they're not any kind of standard symbol or emblem I've been able to identify. I think if we can find out the source of the markings, we'll be one step closer to our cause, and a possible cure for her.

Faith stands, the folder in her hand.

FAITH

I'll get on it. Talk to her, see what I can figure out. Maybe she knows more than she realises but she's blocking it out?

ALEX

A traumatic event like her mugging could lead to selective memory loss, the brain's attempt to shield itself from damaging memories.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX (cont'd)
Just be careful - I don't want to
force her to relive a stressful
experience if it'll worsen her
condition.

FAITH
Don't worry. I've got great bedside
manner.

Faith turns and leaves the office, and we cut to:

8 EXT. CHURCH OF HESSION - DAY

8

The downtown, renovated church that the Hessionites now call
their home. The church is still undergoing extensive building
work, with scaffolding all round, and plenty of money is
obviously being lavished on making the place look its best.

A placard in the front lawn proudly proclaims: 'Today At Noon
- Jerry Heal Speaks!'

Several people are crowding round the entrance, anxious to
get inside and join the action, as we cut into:

9 INT. CHURCH - MAIN HALL - DAY

9

The place is packed - all of the pews are full of people, and
extra seats have been crammed in to build the place up to its
maximum capacity.

A small, press conference style table has been set up in
front of the altar at the head of the room, and the crowd of
people, taken from all walks of life, chatter eagerly among
themselves as they wait for the event to begin.

A plain-looking man in a cheap suit walks onto the stage, and
the crowd starts to quieten down in anticipation.

He taps the microphone before the conference table a few
times, producing a brief SQUEAL of feedback, before taking
out some cue cards from his suit.

CHEAP SUIT
Ah, good morning, ladies and
gentlemen, and welcome to the
inaugural meet and greet session at
the New York Church of Hessionism!

There's a round of APPLAUSE from the crowd, complete with
WHOOPS and CHEERS from some of the more enthusiastic New
Yorkers present. Cheap Suit waits for it to die down.

CHEAP SUIT (cont'd)
Now, ah, I did have some
announcements to reel through
first, so if you'll-

(CONTINUED)

He's interrupted as JERRY HEAL strides onto the stage, redefining the phrase 'smart casual' with his stylish, dark outfit.

The crowd start to CHEER and CLAP, but Jerry calms them down with a wave of his hand, before laying a hand on Cheap Suit's shoulder, smiling broadly.

JERRY

These people didn't come here to
listen to announcements!

(to crowd)

Did you?

CROWD

No!!

Jerry places a hand over the mic and leans in to whisper.

JERRY

It's alright. I'll take over. Just
announce me or something and then
we can get started.

CHEAP SUIT

B-but what about the-

JERRY

I've got something I need to do
today, so I kind of need to hurry
this along a little.

Jerry's meaningful look isn't lost on Cheap Suit, who nods and steps back up to the mic as Jerry removes his hand.

CHEAP SUIT

Uh, s-so, ladies and gentlemen...
may I proudly present the
spokesperson for our
organisation... Jerry Heal!

The crowd explodes into more CHEERS, people getting to their feet and WHISTLING as Jerry graciously accepts the applause.

JERRY

Thank you, thank you! All of you!
But come on now - we're not hear to
clap all day, are we?

The crowd settle down as Jerry takes a seat behind the table, pouring himself a glass of water and moving the mic closer.

JERRY (cont'd)

We're here because I feel it's time
we started listening to the people
who put us here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)
(indicates crowd)

You. All of you people. A religion without any supporters is just a bunch of crazy people shouting on street corners, and I'd like to think we're a little more advanced than that. Not that I haven't done my share of shouting on corners, that is...

He lets that hang as a ripple of LAUGHTER passes through the crowd, sipping his water again.

JERRY (cont'd)
Think of this as a question and answer session. We don't have any secrets here at the Church - we want everyone who's part of what we do to understand what we do, to get involved, to feel like they're doing their part. For that to happen, you need to know what it is you're letting yourselves in for!

More LAUGHTER. Jerry continues to speak as we pick up a figure walking slowly across the back of the hall, behind all the seated onlookers.

JERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)
So let's get right into this. Raise your hand if you have a question. Any kind of question at all. I'll do what I can to answer it.

A forest of hands shoots into the air, and Jerry chuckles.

JERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)
Looks like this could take a while!
Okay, uh... yes, sir, you in the yellow sweater.

Only the torso of the figure we're following is in view, and as the first speaker asks his question, the figure pauses, scratching at its forearm.

SPEAKER #1 (O.S.)
Uh, yeah, hey, I was just wondering, uh, will there be any fee involved for, you know, being a part of this?

JERRY (O.S.)
And they say New Yorkers don't know how to spend their money!

More LAUGHTER.

JERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)

If you want to make a donation,
feel free to do so. Nobody is under
any obligation to give us anything.
We feel that the idea of tithes
went out with the Dark Ages, so you
can relax and hang on to that ten
per cent of your paycheck each
month.

The crowd chuckles again as the figure lifts its sleeve to
attack its forearm again - and there are MARKINGS etched into
its skin, the same as Louise's self harm wounds! Its skin is
a dark, terracotta colour.

SPEAKER #2 (O.S.)

What kinds of things are you going
to do to clean up the neighbourhood
around here?

JERRY (O.S.)

Whatever it takes. We're not blind
to the fact that there are always
going to be elements of society
that want to destroy anything that
tries to bring a little hope to
their corner of the world, and we
recognise the need to take
precautions against that.

Looking across the hall, everyone is rapt with attention as
Jerry speaks - and the figure steps into view from behind a
stone pillar. It's wearing a long jacket and hooded top.

JERRY (cont'd)

We have several contacts within
local law enforcement and city
government, and we're putting
measures in place to upgrade the
security of this whole area.

SPEAKER #3

How?

JERRY

Well, I could tell you, but then
I'd have to kill you. And let's
face it, there's an awful lot of
you here.

The crowd CHUCKLES - they're in the palm of his hand and he
knows it.

SPEAKER #3

The cops don't care about this part
of the city.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SPEAKER #3 (cont'd)
 Getting them on your side ain't
 gonna keep them patrolling down
 here like they used to! What else
 are you gonna bring?

JERRY
 I can assure you...

The hooded figure looks across the crowd - and several more unusual members of the crowd are highlighted as Jerry continues.

JERRY (cont'd)
 ... we know what we're doing.

A DEMON sits and watches, wearing a large hat and sunglasses and keeping its coat collars turned up to conceal its features.

A few rows before him sits a VAMPIRE, a hoodie obscuring its VAMPED OUT forehead.

Another pair of DEMONS sit across to the vampire's left, much more human in appearance but with mottled skin starting around their necks giving away what they are.

Jerry looks out across the crowd and smiles again, and as he selects another question, we cut to:

Faith nudges open the door and heads inside, a serving tray in her hands loaded with plates.

Louise sits up in her bed, still in her nightgown, staring glumly out through the window.

FAITH
 Dinner time, Lou.

LOUISE
 I'm not hungry.

FAITH
 Sure you're not.

Faith puts the tray down on the bedside table and starts taking the covers off the plates, revealing a tantalising lunch time feast. Faith SNIFFS the food, grinning.

FAITH (cont'd)
 But I know I'm starving, so if you
 really don't fancy any of this...

Louise looks round and sees faith greedily eyeing up the meal. She hesitates, then finally shuffles over.

Faith offers her a knife and fork. Louise looks from the knife to Faith with a raised eyebrow.

LOUISE

Sure you wanna trust me with that?

FAITH

I'm pretty sure I can hold you down
faster than you can try anything
with it.

Louise looks into Faith's eyes - and knows that she means it. She takes the cutlery and saws off a slice of chicken, popping it into her mouth - and reacting with surprise.

LOUISE

It's good!

Louise starts to tuck in more urgently as Faith watches.

LOUISE (cont'd)

I guess this is a peace offering,
right? You're gonna be looking
after me now?

FAITH

That's right.

LOUISE

They've tried a lot of things with
me. Nothing seems to do any good.

FAITH

Why is that?

LOUISE

(sighs)

I can't explain what I don't
understand.

FAITH

What's not to understand? You cut
yourself. End of story.

LOUISE

It's not that simple!

FAITH

So explain it to me.

Louise eyes her, but Faith's genuine expression calms her nerves a little.

LOUISE

It's... weird.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
I'm good with weird.

LOUISE
I mean really weird.

FAITH
That too.

Louise cocks her head to one side, studying Faith curiously.

FAITH (cont'd)
Trying to see if you can trust me?

LOUISE
Yeah.

FAITH
How am I doing?

LOUISE
(beat)
Not bad.

She gets back into her meal as we cut to:

PRYOR is busy assembling a complicated-looking piece of equipment, scratching his head as he tries to decipher the instructions.

He holds up two components, comparing them to the complex diagrams before him.

PRYOR
(reads)
'Rotate cylinder 'B' so that it
connects securely to bar '23'...

He looks at the pieces, then the diagram - then SIGHS and lays them back down.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Start again.

The exam room door flies open as NOA jogs back in, searching rapidly through the scattered boxes, files and papers spread around the room.

NOA
Damn it... where is it?

PRYOR
What are you looking for?

NOA

My purse! Jon's here to pick me up,
we're supposed to be spending the
day at the Guggenheim, and I can't
find my...

She trails off as she drags a small, flattened purple purse
out from a heap of folders.

NOA (cont'd)

Got it. See ya tomorrow!

She dashes out again, and Pryor turns back to his work. After
a few moments, he hears the doors behind him open again.

PRYOR

(turning)

What have you lost this...

FAITH stands in the doorway, looking round the exam room.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Faith! I wasn't expecting you.

Faith looks at him, then turns to the door - and reaches up
to BOLT it shut, top and bottom.

PRYOR (cont'd)

(frowns)

What are you doing?

Pryor stiffens as Faith checks the door to make sure it's
secure, then turns back to him.

FAITH

You know, you really ought to be
careful about who you let in here,
Pryor. Any old crazy could just
dance in off the street, tie you up
and slit your throat.

Faith slowly advances, and Pryor backs up as he realises who
this is...

... and EVIL FAITH grins as she pulls a KNIFE from her back
pocket. It glints in the glow of the lights dotted around the
room.

PRYOR

Don't come any closer.

EVIL FAITH

Why not?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I've got weapons all around this room, at least three within arm's reach at any time. Before you got any closer, I could-

THUNK! Pryor HOWLS in pain - Evil Faith's dagger has PINNED his hand to the desk.

She steps back from her swift throw, impressed by her own accuracy.

EVIL FAITH

Not bad! Reckon I should try out for the Olympic squad?

PRYOR

(through gritted teeth)
You won't... I won't let you...

EVIL FAITH

Ssh. Don't try to talk.

She reaches into her pockets - and brings out two smaller DAGGERS, both with curved, jagged blades.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Wait until I've gotten started, at least.

Her smile fades to a look of pure malice, and as she LUNGES towards Pryor, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12

INT. ASYLUM - LOUISE'S ROOM - EVENING

12

It's a few hours later now, and Louise is dressed - stripey jumper and jeans - as she sits on her bed.

LOUISE

Are you going to stay all day?

FAITH

That's why I'm still here.

LOUISE

You sure you don't have somebody more...

FAITH

More what?

LOUISE

Important?

Faith pauses, looking down on Louise. She's hugging her knees tightly, her body language as guarded as it can be.

FAITH

You don't think you're important?

LOUISE

I think people say I am, but... but I don't really agree.

Faith pulls up a chair and sits down opposite her, picking at the leftovers of Louise's dinner tray.

FAITH

Why not?

Louise eyes her for a beat - Faith carries on eating.

LOUISE

You're not as clinical as I was expecting.

FAITH

Yeah, I get that a lot.

LOUISE

I mean, all the people who've seen me before, they...

FAITH

Acted like they were listening too hard?

(CONTINUED)

LOUISE

Yeah... yeah, they did! How did you know?

FAITH

(shrugs)

Been there. So come on, let's hear it. Why don't you think you're important?

LOUISE

I'm just... look, this is going to sound really self-piteous, so bear with me, okay?

Faith nods, and Louise takes a deep breath before continuing.

LOUISE (cont'd)

The way I see it, I'm just a stupid girl who got mugged and now can't stop cutting herself over it.

A beat. Louise looks like she's waiting for Faith to scold her about her attitude, but Faith just looks right back at her.

LOUISE (cont'd)

Well?

FAITH

Well what?

LOUISE

Aren't you going to, you know... tell me I'm wrong?

FAITH

Should I?

LOUISE

You're supposed to say something like 'your symptoms are just part of a deep-rooted trauma,' or 'perhaps one day you'll be able to relive the events and fully recall what happened, and then you'll be able to find some closure.'

FAITH

So... you don't remember anything about the mugging.

LOUISE

No. I've been trying, but... but it's just not there.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Tell me what you do remember.

LOUISE

You'll just laugh at me.

FAITH

Hey, I've been mugged plenty of times, believe me. I'm not gonna laugh.

LOUISE

Yeah, but look at you! You're tough, you know. You look like you could take care of yourself in a fight.

FAITH

(beat)

Yeah, well, don't believe everything you see.

Louise frowns, puzzled, but Faith lets the subject drop.

FAITH (cont'd)

Okay, so, talk me through it.

LOUISE

I was coming back from college, I'd worked over trying to get my English paper finished for the morning so it must've been about ten, ten thirty. I was heading back from NYU to my place, when...

She sighs again, running a hand through her hair. Faith sees her tensing up and leans forward, placing a hand on her knee.

FAITH

Hey, it's cool. Take your time.

LOUISE

It's just... this is...

FAITH

Difficult, yeah, I get that. But if I'm gonna be able to help you, I need to know everything.

Louise looks back up at her, then nods, taking a moment.

LOUISE

I turned onto Broadway and was heading back, when I heard somebody calling for help down this alleyway.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

LOUISE (cont'd)

Now, I'd been in New York a year at that point so I knew how to avoid a trap like that, but this voice... there was something about it. It didn't sound...

FAITH

Fake?

LOUISE

Human.

Faith reacts, and Louise HUFFS and gets up off the bed.

LOUISE (cont'd)

There. There's that look they always give me when I say that.

FAITH

Lou, no, wait-

LOUISE

No, forget it! You're just like the rest of them. They're all ears when I'm saying what they want to hear to fit in with whatever diagnosis they want to give me that week, but the second I add in a detail out of the box, they just lean back and look at me like I'm crazy!

She starts pacing up and down the room. Faith stands, laying a hand on her arm - just strong enough to make Louise stop.

FAITH

I don't think you're crazy.

LOUISE

(rolls eyes)

You noticed where we are?

FAITH

I mean... I've heard things too.

Louise eyes for a beat, working out if she can trust her.

LOUISE

You... have?

FAITH

(nods)

All the time. There's plenty of stuff going on in this city that most people don't want to know about.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Strange sounds, voices, weird
looking things runnin' around in
the shadows... they're out there if
you've got the eyes to see 'em.

Louise lowers her head, then makes her way back over to the
bed and settles down on it.

FAITH (cont'd)
So tell me what you saw.

LOUISE
I went... I know I shouldn't have,
but I went down into the alley, and
I saw... it was, like, this man,
only... only he wasn't a man. He
had dark skin, like the colour of
lobster or something, and he...

Her lip starts to tremble, and Faith leans in close, her tone
reassuring.

FAITH
It's okay. You're safe now. It's
just a memory.

LOUISE
Something was... something was
killing him! It was... I don't
know, it all gets hazy from there,
but... but I think the second
thing, it saw me, and...

She starts to SOB, and Faith moves to sit next to her on the
bed, wrapping a comforting arm round her.

FAITH
Ssh. It's okay.

LOUISE
(tearful)
I'm sorry... I know I'm just a
stupid cutter who doesn't deserve
to be in here, but... but something
happened to me, and I can't... I
can't just forget it!

Faith holds on to Louise as she continues to cry, but her
determined look indicates she's going to have to go looking
for her own answers. We cut from this to:

Night has fallen as we rejoin the exam room - and the place
is in even more disarray than before.

Papers and boxes are scattered around, kicked, shoved and thrown to the winds. Smashed test tubes and beakers litter the floor with broken glass.

Several small FIRES are now burning, using the files as fuel and POPPING as they reach highly flammable chemicals.

Pryor is lying flat on his back on one of the exam tables, his body caked in blood. He shivers - he's been badly wounded all over, his clothes torn to expose several bloody gashes.

Evil Faith steps into frame, holding some kind of small blowtorch. She's spattered with Pryor's blood, head to toe.

EVIL FAITH

At least it's warm in here now.

The floor around the exam table is also dotted with blood, including a long smear leading over to the exam table.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

You know, you really ought to try
and keep this place clean, Pryor.
Somebody could have a nasty
accident trying to walk round here.

She leans down and scoops up a handful of broken glass.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I mean, look at this! If you wanted
to go for the 'Die Hard' thing, you
should've at least made sure you
didn't hurt yourself doing it.

She reaches down and drags the glass across Pryor's chest, and he SHOUTS with pain.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I don't know what you're tryin' to
prove with all this.

PRYOR

(groggy)

Prove... what...

EVIL FAITH

Pretending to be one of the good
guys, after the things you've done!

Evil Faith vaults up onto the table, straddling Pryor's waist, and he GROANS with pain as her weight lands on him.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Look at the things you've managed
to spectacularly screw up since you
met Faith.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
(counting them off)
First time out, you almost leave
her to get torn to shreds by
demons. You get possessed by a body-
swapping worm thing and almost take
her head off. You keep your secret
liaison with a group of... whatever
they hell they were secret, then
you kill 'em all, but not before
they send assassins after you that
almost take out your whole team!

PRYOR
How could you...

She LUNGES down to lean on his chest, and Pryor wheezes in
pain again, blood trailing from his lips.

EVIL FAITH
Where I'm from, we see everything.
(sits back up)
But do you know what I see the most
when I look at you? Damaged goods.
I mean... look at your face!

She grabs a tray of surgical tools, flicking them off so she
can hold the reflective silver tray before his face.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
Hiding in the shadows ain't gonna
change what you are now. You're a
freak. Every time you look in the
mirror, you're gonna see those
scars and they're gonna remind you
of what you did. What you did to
yourself and what you almost did to
your so-called 'friends.'

Faith THROWS the tray away and turns the blowtorch up.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
But I've got a solution.

She holds the flame perilously close to Pryor's cheek. His
wide eyes are locked on the flame as it draws closer.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
I'll give you something else to
look at in the mirror, so you can
forget all about the original scars
and concentrate on the new ones!
(smirks)
Ain't I great? Always thinking of
others first.

Pryor shakes as Evil Faith grins wickedly, and we cut to:

14

INT. TRICKS & TREATS - NIGHT

14

Faith pushes the doors to the demon bar open and strolls inside. The various shades of vampire and demon clientele eye her suspiciously as she walks in.

She can't let them know she isn't a Slayer any more, so her swagger is full of her typical bravado. You'd never know she was any different as she approaches FRITZ, the barman.

FRITZ

Oh, crap, there goes my safety deposit again...

FAITH

I'm just here to talk, Fritz. Punching is off the menu.

FRITZ

With you, I highly doubt that.

FAITH

I'm looking for some info on a mugging, happened in an alley off Broadway in the Village, six months ago. Any ideas?

FRITZ

Mugging in Greenwich Village, huh? Well, shucks, Slayer, that only narrows it down to, like, about a million cases...

Faith narrows her eyes, and Fritz GULPS.

FRITZ (cont'd)

Uh, I mean... I could ask around, see what I can find out...

FAITH

Two guys were fighting. One had dark red skin, lobster colour, the other, I got nothing 'cept it was definitely a demon. A young girl disturbed them and they attacked her. I need to know where I can find either of those things.

FRITZ

I'll ask around. You got a cell?

Faith roots in her pocket and lifts up her cell phone.

FRITZ (cont'd)

Leave me a number, I'll call you back if I find anything.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

Faith nods, and as Fritz hands her a beer mat and pen she starts scribbling her number down.

She doesn't notice somebody observing her from a darkened corner of the room - a striking girl with short, jet black hair and piercing blue eyes.

15 EXT. NY STREET - NEXT

15

Faith is heading away from the bar, its neon sign visible behind her, when she pauses, slowly turning round.

She scans the street behind her - nothing there. Faith frowns and turns back to start walking, when:

WHUMP! She walks straight into somebody. She leaps back - and sees the girl who was watching her from the bar.

GIRL

Drop it.

FAITH

Hate to disagree with you, honey,
but I ain't holding anything.

GIRL

This case. The demon. Drop it. Turn
around and walk away.

Faith looks the girl up and down - she's of athletic build, around Faith's height and age.

FAITH

Says who?

GIRL

Says me. This is my situation, and
I don't need some amateur getting
in my way.

FAITH

(in her face)
What did you call me?

GIRL

You heard.

It's a staredown - the girl returns the glare, unblinking.

FAITH

Maybe you didn't make it clear?
People tell me I can be kinda slow
sometimes.

GIRL

Don't let me see you again.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

Faith opens her mouth to speak, but the girl SHOVES her, and Faith stumbles backwards.

When she lifts her head again, the girl is gone. Faith looks up and down the street, but she's alone. She moves on, obviously wary, and we cut back to:

16 INT. THE LAB - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

16

Now off most of the vital signs monitors around her but still hooked up to an IV drip, VI lies in her bed, her wounds still healing but looking much better than she has.

There's a CRASH from somewhere downstairs, and she stirs, not quite waking up. Silence for a beat - then something SMASHES, followed by Pryor's voice, SCREAMING.

Vi jolts awake, blinking as she gathers her wits. She looks around the room, freaked - and hears another CRY of pain from the Lab downstairs, followed by the FIRE ALARM kicking in.

Her eyes widen as she realises something is happening, and she quickly swings her legs back out of the bed - and CRASHES to the floor as soon as she puts her weight on them.

Gritting her teeth, she uses the bed to push herself to her feet, pausing to pull the IV needle from her arm before staggering across the room, pausing for breath in the doorway.

17 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT

17

Smoke is starting to fill the room now, thick black plumes of it wafting across from the fires spreading across the Lab.

Evil Faith is holding up Pryor's left hand, and is using the blowtorch to SINGE the tips of his fingers. She cackles with sadistic glee as Pryor thrashes around beneath her - she's stuffed a wad of tissue into his mouth.

EVIL FAITH

Come on, Pryor! Where's your
endurance? I've got eight little
pigs to go yet!

She brings the torch back towards his hand again, and as Pryor CRIES OUT, we cut to:

18 INT. THE LAB - MAIN ENTRANCE - NEXT

18

Still in her nightgown, Vi stumbles down the stairs, heading for the doors leading in to the exam room and finding them locked.

She rattles the handle, looking around for something to bash her way in with, and we cut back to:

19 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT 19

Evil Faith pauses, giving Pryor a chance to gasp for breath, her eyes flicking to the door as it RATTLES.

EVIL FAITH

Well, whaddya know. Looks like the cavalry's here after all!

(to Pryor)

Guess I'll have to skip to the home straightaway, huh? Shame, I was really startin' to enjoy myself! But all good things...

She draws her KNIFE again, its blade already spotted with blood.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

... must come to an end.

Pryor's too weak to fight back now, as we cut to:

20 INT. THE LAB - MAIN ENTRANCE - NEXT 20

Vi hefts up the fire extinguisher, grunting with exertion, and with a YELL charges it at the door.

The heavy cannister BASHES into the lock but the doors hold steady, and Vi bounces off them, crashing to the floor.

She recovers, clutching her side - and BLOOD starts to seep through her nightgown. Wincing with pain, she reaches for the extinguisher again, and rears back to smash it into the door as we cut to:

21 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT 21

Evil Faith is tracing the knife blade across the scars on Pryor's cheeks, before:

CRASH! The doors are blown open and Vi staggers through, the extinguisher falling from her hands.

Vi recoils in fear as she sees Evil Faith - and Evil Faith GRINS right back at her.

EVIL FAITH

Hey, it's the squirt! What's wrong, kiddo - first time around not good enough for ya?

Evil Faith hops off Pryor, the whole exam room now filled with smoke and flames, and LAUGHS as Vi stumbles backwards.

VI

No...

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH

Yeah! You want to finish this now?

VI

(shaking)

No...

EVIL FAITH

Vi, Vi, come on! I'm hurt. You'd rather stand there and let me gut like you a fish than go out fighting?

(shakes head)

And here was me thinking I taught you better than that.

PRYOR (O.S.)

You didn't teach her a thing.

Evil Faith spins round - and sees Pryor aiming some kind of flare gun right at her!

EVIL FAITH

Sh-

BANG! He fires - a bright fed FLARE hurtles towards her. Evil Faith dodges out of the way but the flare still brushes her, sending flames licking up the side of her outfit.

Evil Faith HOWLS in pain and races towards the nearest window, SMASHING straight through it and out into the street.

Pryor staggers over to Vi, COUGHING as he throws open a cupboard and roots around inside, retrieving two mask filters.

Vi is huddled up on the floor, clearly scared out of her wits as Pryor makes it over to her.

PRYOR

Come on! We have to get out of here!

VI

I... I... She...

PRYOR

She's gone! Vi, come on! Move!

He wraps one of the masks round her face and drags her to her feet, the duo stumbling towards the exit as the fire behind them reaches another part of the Lab.

There's an EXPLOSION as several things go up, and Pryor SHOVES Vi out of the doors as flames lick across the ceiling.

22 INT. THE LAB - MAIN ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

22

Vi falls to her knees, but turns to see Pryor face down behind her. She scrambles back towards him, grabbing his hand and DRAGGING him out of the Lab, just as a flaming supply cabinet CRASHES to the ground where he was.

23 EXT. THE LAB/STREET - NEXT

23

Vi pushes the front doors open, helping the woozy Pryor down the steps as smoke floods out of the Lab behind them.

They collapse, coughing, on the steps - distant sirens can be heard at last, and as the duo catch their breath, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24

EXT. NY STREET - NIGHT

24

Faith glances round as a FIRE TRUCK screams past a few streets away, but she's soon on her way again, still on the lookout for her mystery girl.

She pauses when she sees a familiar face step out of a taxi across the street - it's Jerry. He pays the driver, and as the cab pulls away Jerry spots Faith, waving to her.

Faith hesitates, then strolls across the street to him. Jerry has his customary warm smile in place.

JERRY

(nods)

Miss Lehane.

FAITH

Kinda late to be making a house call, isn't it?

JERRY

The work never stops.

Faith glances around - this is a pretty low-rent neighbourhood. Jerry starts to walk and motions for her to follow.

FAITH

So what are you doing out here?

JERRY

My job.

FAITH

(wry)

You're a baliff now?

JERRY

I'm checking on some of the less fortunate members of our community.

FAITH

Plenty of those around here.

JERRY

That's one of the things we do. Something we pride ourselves on, actually. We don't discriminate. All of our members are equal - rich, poor, black, white, it doesn't matter. We'd let Martians join in if they wanted to.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

If you were looking for aliens,
here's a good place to start
looking.

JERRY

(grins)

Have you thought any more about my
offer?

FAITH

What, to be your poster girl? No
thanks. I got my own issues to deal
with without having to listen to
everybody else's. That's your job.

JERRY

My job'd be a lot easier with
somebody like you to-

VOICE (O.S.)

Take me to her...

They both freeze. Faith looks round, her senses alert, as
Jerry backs up a step.

JERRY

Who said that?

FAITH

Go.

JERRY

What? I'm not just-

FAITH

(urgent)

Get out of here. Now!

Jerry starts to reply, but as a figure emerges from the
shadows before them, Faith quickly PUSHES Jerry back out of
harm's way.

The hooded figure, last seen in the Church conference, RACES
out of an alleyway between two apartment buildings, closing
rapidly on Faith.

She gets her dukes up to defend herself - but before the
figure reaches her, it's TACKLED to the ground as a blur of
black sweeps past.

Faith looks down - and her mystery girl has barged the figure
to the ground!

It's hood still concealing its features, the figure struggles
with the girl, trading punches with her.

(CONTINUED)

Faith sees the markings on its arms, and her jaw drops as she recognises them as the ones on Louise's arms.

Faith steps in to help as a dumbstruck Jerry looks on, but a stray KICK from the girl connects with her, knocking her to the ground.

The hooded figure lands a vicious HEADBUTT to the girl, stunning her for long enough to let it get away.

She staggers back to her feet, but the figure is already on the other side of the street, disappearing from view.

GIRL

Damn it!

She starts to chase it - but Faith GRABS her arm. The girl stops, spinning round angrily.

GIRL (cont'd)

(cold)

Let go of me.

FAITH

Not until I get some answers!

The girl throws a PUNCH at Faith, but she dodges it and hits back. The girl shrugs off the blow and rains down attacks of her own, and Faith can't hold them off.

She takes a KICK to the shin, a CHOP to her side and a PUNCH across the jaw, but as the girl turns her back and starts to walk away, a furious Faith YELLS as she charges at her!

Both girl roll into the street, scrapping and grappling with each other, before faith finally lands a right hook across the girl's cheek, cracking her head off the street.

Stunned, the girl reels and a panting Faith stands over her, fists still clenched.

FAITH (cont'd)

Start talking!

GIRL

You don't... understand...

FAITH

So tell me!

The girl glares up at Faith - and to her surprise, Faith steps back, offering a hand to help her up.

FAITH (cont'd)

Looks like we're both after the same thing.

(CONTINUED)

GIRL

You think?

FAITH

No point us fighting each other
when there's a bad guy out there we
need to take down.

The girl narrows her eyes, studying Faith carefully - then finally accepts her hand, and Faith pulls her to her feet.

Faith glances over her shoulder as the girl dusts herself down - Jerry is gone. Satisfied, she turns back.

FAITH (cont'd)

So you got a name?

GIRL

Jessie.

FAITH

I'm Faith.

JESSIE

Cute.

FAITH

Feel like filling me in on what
we're after?

JESSIE

First tell me why you want it so
bad.

FAITH

It attacked a friend of mine. I
want to know why, then I want to
teach it a lesson. You?

JESSIE

I've been tracking it for a few
months now. I think it's looking
for someone here in the city.

Faith frowns as the pieces start to fit together.

FAITH

Reckon it could be the person I
know?

JESSIE

Couldn't say. Of course, since our
little catfight meant it got away,
we'll have a harder time asking it
to find out, now, won't we?

(CONTINUED)

The girl turns and starts to walk away, and a pissed-off Faith has to jog to catch up with her.

FAITH

Look, I reckon we can-

JESSIE

'Help' each other? No thanks.

FAITH

Hey, just because-

JESSIE

Listen, I don't know what your problem is, or why you think running around at night and taking on demons is a 'fun' thing to do, but this isn't some game you can dip into when you feel like a rush! This is life. My life. And I don't want a sidekick.

FAITH

Who says I'm a sidekick?

JESSIE

You don't strike me as the leadership type.

FAITH

Hey, you wanna throw down again, you just say the word.

JESSIE

The word.

They stare each other down for a beat, before Jessie sighs, shakes her head and steps back.

JESSIE (cont'd)

I'm gonna regret this... alright, what does this 'friend' know?

FAITH

That your bad guy attacked her six months ago. You see those marks on his arm? She's been carving the same things into her own arms since it happened.

This gets Jessie's attention.

JESSIE

Take me to her.

The two girls head off screen, and we cut to:

25 EXT. THE LAB/STREET - NIGHT

25

Two fire trucks are combating the blaze tearing through the Lab, as a soot-blackened Vi and Pryor sit on the back step of an ambulance, blankets wrapped round them. Vi sips a cup of water as Pryor searches for his cell phone.

VI

What's the matter?

PRYOR

We need to warn the others. There's no telling where Faith's doppelganger will strike next.

VI

Pryor, you shot her in the face with a flare gun. I'd have thought she'd want to, you know, spend the night licking her wounds.

PRYOR

I just think that made her angry.

Vi registers Pryor's serious expression as he finally digs out his phone.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Noa and Quinn were out at the museum together today, let's hope they're still together.

He dials a number and holds the phone up, as we cut to:

26 INT. CHEAP HOTEL - QUINN'S ROOM - NIGHT

26

Inside a low budget hotel room as the phone on the bedside table starts to RING.

It manages two rings before cutting off, just as the bathroom door opens and a shower fresh QUINN leans out. He frowns - did he just hear the phone?

27 EXT. CHEAP HOTEL - FIRE ESCAPE - NEXT

27

Evil Faith steps away from the wall - she's just severed the phone lines. One side of her face shows an ugly red patch - the burns from Pryor's flare gun.

Tucking her knife away with a grin, she kneels to peer into Quinn's room:

28 INT. CHEAP HOTEL - QUINN'S ROOM - NEXT

28

Quinn is dressed now, rubbing a towel over his hair as there is a KNOCK at the door.

(CONTINUED)

He opens it to see Faith - her hair swept forward over one side of her face to hide the burn marks.

QUINN

Oh, hey.

EVIL FAITH

Sorry to bother you, Jon. Mind if I come in?

QUINN

Sure.

He steps aside to let her in, and Evil Faith scans the room - notably, picking up the gun in the holster over the back of a chair by the window.

EVIL FAITH

How's this place treating you?

QUINN

As anonymously-booked two-bit hotels go, not too bad. Moving to a new room every few days is a real pain in the ass, but until I figure out how to get my old employers off my back, it's the safest thing for me to do.

Evil Faith strolls over to the window, casually peering across the city.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'm sure I don't need to ask if you made sure nobody followed you here.

EVIL FAITH

Doubled back, circled around, all the usual tricks. We're good. Nobody knows I'm here. Where's Noa? You two lovebirds manage to spend a few hours apart at last?

QUINN

She's at her place, she's starting early in the morning so she wanted a good night's sleep.

EVIL FAITH

And she wouldn't get that with you around, would she?

QUINN

(smirks)

Probably not. Can I get you anything?

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH
Coffee. Sweet. Black.

Quinn nods and heads for a small kettle on another table in one corner. While his back is turned, Evil Faith swipes the gun from the holster, tucking it into her jeans.

QUINN
Oh, there was one thing I wanted to talk to you about, actually.

EVIL FAITH
Hmm?

QUINN
Well, you know we've got this whole business with the evil clone of you running around at the moment?

EVIL FAITH
Is that the latest diagnosis?

QUINN
It's a work in progress. Pryor's been trying to draw up a plan of action for dealing with it, and he gave us a list of things to look out for.

EVIL FAITH
What are they?

Evil faith's hand sneaks behind her back, closing around the hilt of the knife. Quinn has his back to her, preparing two coffees.

QUINN
Well, unusual behaviour, mainly. You know, keeping an eye out for anything out of character or otherwise suspicious.

EVIL FAITH
Such as?

Quinn turns round, a mug in each hand, and with a smile Evil Faith steps towards him.

QUINN
Well, a late night visit to one of her friends would have been considered out of character until fairly recently. I think we're all starting to trust each other again.

EVIL FAITH
It's taken a while.

QUINN
But, ah, Pryor said we should
mainly look out for the little
things.

He hands Evil Faith her coffee. She still has one hand
surreptitiously behind her back.

QUINN (cont'd)
This thing probably has access to
all your memories, so if we play
twenty questions with it, it'll
have all the answers.

EVIL FAITH
Interrogation no good. Gotcha. What
else?

QUINN
Pryor reckons that the clone will
have specific tastes of its own
that it won't be able to help.

EVIL FAITH
What, like a sudden, unexplainable
fondness for tofu?

QUINN
(grins)
No, not quite.
(beat)
Faith hates black coffee.

A long beat. Quinn still holds his smile, his eyes locked on
Evil Faith as he casually sips his drink.

QUINN (cont'd)
I saw you take my gun out of the
holster, too. Nicely done, by the
way.

Evil Faith lowers her mug, glaring coldly at him.

EVIL FAITH
Years of practice.
(beat)
How do you wanna do this?

QUINN
Any way you want.

Quinn nods - then THROWS his mug into Evil Faith's face! She HOWLS as the hot coffee burns her, and Quinn makes a break for the door.

He's halfway there when Evil Faith HURLS the chair at him, and it SMASHES across his back, knocking him to the floor.

She grabs him before he can recover, dragging him back across the carpet and rolling him onto his back, PUNCHING him viciously twice.

EVIL FAITH

(furious)

That hurt, you little bitch!

QUINN

That was the plan...

He pushes her away, and his handgun falls from her jeans to land on the floor, but before he can stand she grabs his head and CRACKS it onto the floor.

She gets up as Quinn reels, marching over to the table and yanking the kettle free from the wall.

Quinn is getting back to his feet as she SMACKS the kettle off his head, knocking him back down. He sees the gun a few feet away and starts to reach for it.

She stands on his left wrist before he can get to the gun, and kneels down, taking his hand in hers.

EVIL FAITH

Naughty, naughty.

SNAP! She pulls the wrist back and breaks it, and Quinn SHOUTS in pain.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Guns are no fun, man! Didn't anybody teach you that at Spy School?

QUINN

They taught me... a lot of things...

He PUNCHES her with his free hand, but Evil Faith SLAMS the kettle across his nose, breaking it and sending a flood of blood down his face.

EVIL FAITH

You're just as bad as the rest of them you know that?

(CONTINUED)

Quinn is too stunned to react, his breathing ragged as he recovers from his broken nose.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
You're still trying to be one of the heroes, even when you came this close to selling out one of your own!

QUINN
I made... a mistake...

WHACK! She hits him again with the kettle, grabbing his hair and pulling his face close to hers.

EVIL FAITH
Damn straight you did. You got rid of the only thing that gave you any kind of purpose!

She steps back from him, and Quinn finally pushes himself up, clutching his broken wrist.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
What are you now? A fugitive?

QUINN
I'm a-

EVIL FAITH
Shut up! I'm still talking!

Quinn manages to GRIN, his eyes falling on Evil Faith's burnt skin.

QUINN
You don't look... so good...

She pauses, pressing the damaged skin lightly - then with a SNARL of anger, lunges forward and PUNCHES him in the gut.

Quinn doubles over, and she grabs him around the neck, pulling him to his feet and THROWING him against the wall.

He tries to weakly push himself up as she stomps over to him, dropping the kettle and grabbing his right arm at the shoulder.

She pulls, hard - and with a loud POP, his shoulder dislocates! Quinn HOWLS in agony as she dumps him back on the floor.

EVIL FAITH
How did it feel lying to your girlfriend?

(CONTINUED)

She squats down in front of him, staring into his eyes.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
Every time those baby blues of hers
looked up at you, after you'd had
your way with her... how did it
feel, knowing that she had no idea
who you were or what you were doing
here?

Quinn splutters, too weak for a witty comeback this time.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
You make me sick. All of you.
Running around, pretending to be
each other's best friends, when all
you were doing is lying to one
another.

QUINN
We did... what we thought... was
best...

EVIL FAITH
(punches him)
Wrong. You did what was best for
you.

She stands, drawing her knife and glaring down at him.

QUINN
So... is this it? Are you... gonna
kill me?

She SMILES - then shakes her head.

EVIL FAITH
Not yet. I've got another house
call to make tonight.

Quinn turns deathly pale as he realises who she means.

QUINN
No...

Evil Faith spins on her heel and heads for the door, pausing
in the doorway to call over her shoulder:

EVIL FAITH
I'll tell your girlfriend you said
'hi.' Right before I open her from
chin to belly.

QUINN
No!!

He tries to stand but stumbles forward, landing on his chest. He GRUNTS with pain as he tries to push himself up - and Evil Faith KICKS him in the face for his efforts.

He rolls onto his back, mercifully unconscious - and Evil Faith pauses again.

EVIL FAITH

Actually... maybe there's more than
one way to leave my mark here.

She steps back over to him and straddles his body, RIPPING open his shirt.

She twirls her knife round in her fingers, running her other hand across his chest.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Gotta make sure I leave something
for you to remember me by...

She slowly lowers her knife, and as it starts to CUT into Quinn's chest, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NIGHT

29

Faith hustles through the front doors, Jessie close on her trail. HILARY, the desk clerk, looks up as they enter.

HILARY
Your shift doesn't start until
nine, Faith.

FAITH
I know, I've just got a, uh...
friend to show around. She's
thinking of coming to work here.

Hilary peers critically at Jessie, who glares back at her.

HILARY
Does your 'friend' have a name?

JESSIE
It's Jessie.

Hilary scribbles on a visitor sticker and hands it to Faith. She turns and makes to stick it on Jessie's jacket, but Jessie steps back.

JESSIE (cont'd)
What are you doing?

FAITH
(quietly)
You want my help?

JESSIE
(beat)
Do I have a choice?

FAITH
Then you play by my rules.

Jessie hesitates, then rolls her eyes and nods. Faith sticks the cheery 'Hi! I'm Jessie' sticker onto her jacket lapel, then with a nod to Hilary the two girls head off screen.

30 INT. ASYLUM - 'C' WING - CORRIDOR - NEXT

30

Faith and Jessie head towards Louise's room, Jessie seeming on edge by the surroundings.

JESSIE
This is where you work?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Girl's gotta pay the bills.

JESSIE
I couldn't stand it.

FAITH
Not a fan of hospital environments,
right?

JESSIE
They're just places where people go
to die.

FAITH
This place is different.

JESSIE
I know. I can feel it.
(looks around)
It's evil. Something bad lives
here.

Faith looks a little spooked by Jessie's words, as the duo
reach room C-458. Faith peers in through the window...

... and Louise is gone! The room's window is SMASHED open,
and the room is disturbed, showing signs of a struggle.

FAITH
Crap!

JESSIE
What is it?

Faith frantically searches through her keys, opening the door
and piling inside:

31 INT. ASYLUM - LOUISE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

31

Faith races for the window as Jessie follows.

FAITH
It took her!

JESSIE
This is where the girl you told me
about was staying?

Faith nods, and without another word Jessie heads for the
open window - and JUMPS straight through it!

FAITH
Hey!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

With an annoyed GRUNT, Faith clambers through the window after her, and we cut to:

32 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT.

32

Noa is pacing up and down her apartment, talking into her cell phone.

NOA

Pryor, slow down! Tell me what happened, exactly.

(listens)

Oh, my God! Are you... what happened?

(listens; shocked)

Jesus, Pryor! What the hell are you doing on the phone? You need to be in a hospital! Have you spoken to Jon?

(listens)

Why not? Damn it, Pryor, if she's coming after us, it won't be long before she-

SLAM! The door to the apartment is KICKED open, and a manic-looking Evil Faith strides inside.

Noa GULPS and lowers the phone, her eyes flicking left and right for an exit as Evil Faith approaches.

EVIL FAITH

Don't worry. I saved you till last.

Noa freezes - then tries to RUN for the door. Evil Faith neatly sidesteps to get in her way.

Panicking, Noa breaks to the other side, but Evil Faith fells her with a swift SLAP, knocking Noa to the floor.

Winded, Noa tries to catch her breath - and sees Evil Faith STAMP on her cell phone, shattering it.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

There. Now it's just you, me, and anything I decide to bring to the party...

She takes out her knife and SLAMS it into the floor, inches away from Noa's face.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

... and it's gonna be one hell of a party.

Shaking, Noa looks up at Evil Faith as we cut to:

33

EXT. NY STREET - NIGHT

33

Jessie is marching purposefully down the street as Faith rounds a corner behind her, hurrying to catch up.

FAITH

Hey! Slow down, damn it!

JESSIE

It's close. I can't lose the trail.

FAITH

You mean we can't lose the trail.

JESSIE

(shrugs)

Whatever.

FAITH

You feel like telling me what this thing is yet?

JESSIE

It's a skold demon. The markings on its arm are like tribal status symbols, they're what gives it its power.

FAITH

Uh-huh. What kinds of powers are we talking about?

JESSIE

Regeneration, mainly. They're tough fighters because they heal up so damn fast.

FAITH

Yeah, but with both of us, we'll take it down no problem, right?

Jessie stops, turning to face Faith.

JESSIE

Let's get one thing straight here. This is my hunt. My kill. We find this thing, you're gonna stand back and let me do my job.

FAITH

Like hell I am! This thing's taken one of my residents, so there's no way I'm gonna sit back and let you do all the fighting here.

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE
(shrugs)
Fine. You want to get yourself
killed, go right ahead.

Faith starts to snap back, but a distant cry of 'Help me!!'
makes both girls snap round.

FAITH
That came from...

JESSIE
... the roof.

They break towards the closest fire escape, as we cut to:

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

With a SHRIEK, Noa is sent flying across the room, CRASHING
into the TV which POPS in a shower of sparks.

Noa is cut by broken glass, but before she can recover she's
dragged back to her feet, Evil Faith spinning her round and
THROWING her into the kitchen.

EVIL FAITH
You think you're so damn precious,
don't you?

She charges after Noa, into:

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Evil Faith scoops the stunned Noa off the floor, shaking her
angrily as she yells into her face:

EVIL FAITH
Why? Why do you still care? Why do
you still give a crap about them,
any of them? After all they've done
to you?

Noa shivers for a beat - then slowly regains her composure,
staring Evil Faith straight in the eye:

NOA
(defiant)
Because I'm better than you.

Evil Faith scowls - then fiercely BACKHANDS Noa.

EVIL FAITH
You want to know how it really
feels to suffer?

NOA

I don't need to - I can just look
at you!

Wrong answer. Noa is SLAMMED into the refrigerator, and as she slides to the floor, Evil Faith opens the door, grabbing Noa's hand and stretching her arm into the fridge.

EVIL FAITH

You've got a lot to learn, little
miss Perfect.

SLAM! Evil Faith whacks the door shut on Noa's arm, and Noa SCREAMS with pain.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

It's time you all opened your eyes!

WHACK! Noa SCREAMS again.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

You made me!

CRUNCH! Something BREAKS in Noa's arm, and she slides to the floor, holding her wounded arm and WHIMPERING.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

You want to know what I am?

Evil Faith kneels, lifting up Noa's tearful face to her own.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I'm everything that's rotten about
that girl you love so much.

She SMASHES Noa's face into the kitchen floor, standing over her as Noa weakly tries to drag herself away.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

When Faith was trying to leave the
Arena, her little boy toy Gabriel
opened up a doorway to let her out.
Did you know that? He gave himself
up to save her. Damn honourable
thing to do. But you know what he
didn't count on?

Evil Faith swipes her arm along the kitchen counter, sending unwashed dishes CRASHING down onto Noa's body.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

One of Wirth's tothric demons got a
shot off at the portal before it
closed. You know what a tothric
demon does best?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

Evil Faith grabs Noa, lifting her up and THROWING her headfirst into the front room.

Noa SMASHES through her glass coffee table, collapsing in the broken glass and splinters of the wreckage.

36 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

36

Evil Faith paces through - Noa's too weak to crawl away now, so she knows she can take her time.

EVIL FAITH

They have these freaky staff things, can split a person in two if they nail 'em with a blast. Have a guess what happened.

Evil Faith pretends to wait for an answer - all Noa can do is whimper in pain.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

That's right. Split old Faithy into two. Good side and bad. Guess which side I am.

She waits again, then PUNCHES Noa in the gut.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

(yells)

I said, 'guess which side I am!'

NOA

(sobbing)

The... the b-b-bad...

EVIL FAITH

Damn straight.

Evil Faith steps back, reaching slowly for her knife and tying back her straggly hair in a loose ponytail.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Thing is, both of us shoulda come out the other side right here in New York, but things got a little screwy in that portal. I ended up somewhere worse. Some crazy ass backwards world, full of things just like me. And I was there a long time.

She pauses, looking at her own reflection in the window.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

(quietly)

A long time...

(CONTINUED)

NOA

F-Faith...

EVIL FAITH

What's that?

NOA

F-Faith's... going to... kill-

SMACK! Evil Faith bashes Noa's head against the floor, murder in her eyes as she holds the tip of her knife blade over Noa's left eye.

EVIL FAITH

You know what? I really think you ought to save the comebacks, princess!

She drops Noa's head and stands again.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Anyway... I got stuck there till that Josie girl made me a way out, and I finally got a chance to get into the world I'd only been able to look at up till then. And man, it's been all 'let the good times roll' since then!

She steps to stand directly over Noa, looking down on her.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

But I've had a long night. So I've got one last thing to do before I call it a day.

Noa looks up at her, and as Evil Faith GRINS, we cut to:

Jessie bounds up the last steps of the fire escape and onto the roof, closely followed by Faith.

The hooded figure stands on the other side of the roof, the struggling Louise on the floor before him, held down by one of the figure's hands.

LOUISE

(sees Faith)

Faith! Help me! Help me, please!

Jessie draws a sword from a sheath across her back and advances on the figure, which lets Louise go and backs away.

HOODED FIGURE

No... please! You have to listen to me! You have to understand!

JESSIE

Shut up!

HOODED FIGURE

I don't want to hurt her!

Faith gets to the terrified Louise, who wraps her arms around her as faith helps her to her feet.

JESSIE

Like hell! You kidnap her from her own bed, and we're supposed to think you don't want to hurt her?

HOODED FIGURE

It isn't like that!

The figure reaches up and slowly pulls back its hood - to reveal an almost human face. Its skin is still dark red, but it doesn't look threatening. This is the SKOLD DEMON.

JESSIE

Why should we believe you? You're a demon!

SKOLD

We're not all evil.

JESSIE

(cold)
Yes, you are.

SKOLD

I'm trying to help her.

JESSIE

You're trying to kill her!

SKOLD

(shakes head)
You've got it all wrong.

The demon pulls back its sleeve, exposing the markings on its arms, which are dripping with fresh blood.

SKOLD (cont'd)

We'll both die unless I can save her.

He takes a step towards Louise, but Jessie darts between them, sword raised.

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE

Go ahead. Give me a reason.

The demon looks past her, and down to Louise, who finally makes eye contact with him.

SKOLD

You don't remember what happened,
do you?

LOUISE

W... what?

SKOLD

On that night we met.

FAITH

She remembers you tried to kill
her!

SKOLD

No. I tried to save her.

Louise frowns as the skold demon continues.

SKOLD (cont'd)

She stumbled across a fight between
me and some vicious kind of warrior
demon, out for my blood.

As he continues, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Louise is pacing carefully down an alleyway, looking towards
a commotion in the shadows up ahead.

SKOLD (O.S.)

Help! Somebody help me!

She hurries forward, rooting in her purse and taking out a
can of mace.

LOUISE

Hey!

She can make out two figures in the gloom - one of them is
the skold demon, flat on his back and looking badly hurt, and
the second is some kind of... thing.

Louise's eyes bulge in horror as the second creature turns
towards her, and with an unearthly HISS it charges forward!

She just has time to SCREAM before it all goes BLACK.

(CONTINUED)

SKOLD (V.O.)

I wasn't able to stop it from attacking you, and for that I will always be sorry. But I did manage to keep you alive.

Louise lies on her back, an ugly gash across her chest. She's pale, losing blood fast - she doesn't have long.

A shadow falls over her - it's the skold demon, badly injured itself. It crouches next to her, its expression full of remorse as it looks down at her wound, then with a determined look it rolls back its sleeve, exposing the markings.

SKOLD (V.O.) (cont'd)

My tribe have many practices and rituals that extend our natural life, that allow our bodies to heal from even mortal wounds. When I saw you lying there, your life's blood slipping away into the night, I... I could not let it happen.

The skold digs one of its nails into its arm, grimacing with pain - and uses the blood to carve the same symbols onto Louise's forearm.

SKOLD (V.O.) (cont'd)

I gave you the glyphs you would need for your body to heal itself, but I was interrupted before I could complete them.

A flashlight SHINES across the scene, and the skold is forced to jump up and take to the shadows, moments before two COPS race onto the scene.

As one police races after the escaping skold and the second kneels by Louise, talking quickly into its radio, we DISSOLVE back to:

The skold has its hands raised defensively, Jessie still has her sword pointed at it. Louise's expression has changed from one of fear to one of compassion.

LOUISE

You... you did this to me... to save me?

SKOLD

(nods)

I cannot apologise enough for the trouble I must have caused you. The markings were incomplete, I-

JESSIE

What a crock! You expect us to believe that-

Jessie stops as Faith appears at her side - and gently pushes her sword down.

FAITH

He's cool.

JESSIE

What? He's a demon, how do you know we can-

FAITH

(looks at skold)

Because they're not all evil. You see enough of 'em, you start to figure that out.

Jessie can't quite believe what she's seeing as Faith steps past her, and up to the skold demon.

FAITH (cont'd)

So you didn't finish the work. Is that why she keeps cutting herself?

SKOLD

(lowers head)

I just needed more time...

FAITH

Say you finish the job now. Will she stop?

SKOLD

Yes. Her wounds will heal for good, as will mine.

Faith looks to Jessie, who shakes her head, then to Louise - who nods. Faith nods back.

FAITH

Do it.

JESSIE

Hey! You can't-

FAITH

(in her face)

My rules.

Jessie glares back at her - then, with a last glance at the skold, she sheathes her sword.

(CONTINUED)

JESSIE

If he kills her, it's on your hands.

SKOLD

I have searched for her for six months to try to help her! Why would I want to harm her? Our life forces are linked now, if she dies... then I will die.

LOUISE

It's alright... it's okay. I... I understand.

She holds out her arms as the skold kneels next to her, taking her hands and looking into her eyes.

SKOLD

I am truly sorry.

LOUISE

Don't be. You... you did the right thing.

SKOLD

And now I shall finish what I have started.

Louise nods, then closes her eyes as the skold digs its nail into its forearm again.

Faith and Jessie watch - Faith seems satisfied, Jessie much less so.

FAITH

See? Can't solve every problem with violence.

JESSIE

Says you.

FAITH

Yeah, says me.

JESSIE

(beat)

This time, you were right.

FAITH

Damn straight.

JESSIE

But in my experience, things don't ever go my way twice in a row.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

You are one cynical chick, you know that?

Faith turns - and Jessie is gone. She looks across the rooftop, but there's no sign of her.

Behind her, the skold demon stands, offering Louise his hand and helping her to her feet.

SKOLD

You need to take her home now. She will be healed in a few days.

LOUISE

Is... is that it? It's over now?

SKOLD

It is over.

LOUISE

I... I don't know what to say, I...

SKOLD

You live. That is all that needs to be said.

Louise watches as the skold turns and walks away from her, pausing at the edge of the roof to look back at her.

SKOLD (cont'd)

Farewell. And next time... don't go running in to help when you hear two people fighting.

He GRINS - then steps off the edge of the roof. Louise GASPS and runs to the edge - but he's gone. Faith joins her, looking down into the street below.

FAITH

Yeah... lot of that going round tonight.

She steps away from the edge, reaching into her pocket and taking out her cell phone.

FAITH (cont'd)

(off phone)

Huh. Guess I wasn't paying attention.

The display says the phone is set to Silent, and also reads 'Seven missed calls.' Faith frowns, then dials up her voicemail, and we cut to:

40

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

40

Evil Faith is kneeling over Noa, her knees pinning down Noa's left arm as she holds her right arm up, the skin exposed.

EVIL FAITH

Now, this is gonna sting a bit...
actually, it's gonna sting a lot.
But you're a tough kid, right? I'm
sure you can take it.

She starts to CUT into Noa's arm, and Noa SQUEALS with pain.
Blood trickles down her arm, before:

PRYOR (O.S.)

Noa? Noa! Noa!!

Evil faith looks up, then back down at Noa.

EVIL FAITH

(frustrated)

Darn it! Now I've lost my place.

She drops Noa's arm and steps away from her.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Looks like I'll have to cut right
to the finale.

She rolls Noa onto her chest, and Noa tries again to claw her way towards the open doorway, as Pryor and Vi's voices carry up to her.

VI (O.S.)

Noa, we're coming! Hang on!

EVIL FAITH

(mocking)

Yeah, hang on, Noa! You might just
get out of this one!

She stands over Noa, grinning down at her.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Say goodnight, Gracie.

She lifts her boot...

... and Pryor appears in the doorway, exhausted but clutching a crossbow. He aims it squarely at Evil Faith.

PRYOR

Don't move!!

EVIL FAITH

Too late, chief.

(CONTINUED)

Evil Faith STAMPS down on Noa's back.

Something CRACKS.

Noa SCREAMS.

Pryor FIRES the crossbow, but Evil Faith is too fast - she dodges the dart and breaks for the window, SMASHING through and onto the fire escape.

A horrified Pryor drops the crossbow and goes to Noa's side as Noa SHUDDERS, her eyes rolling back in her head.

PRYOR

Oh, God, oh no, Noa, please, no...

Vi appears in the doorway, still clutching her wounded side. Her face drops when she sees Noa.

VI

Oh, no....

PRYOR

(frantic)

Call an ambulance!!

Vi fetches her phone, fumbling it and dropping it. It skids across the floor away from her.

Noa starts to CONVULSE in Pryor's arms, and Pryor clings on to her desperately.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Noa, hang on! Please!

Vi finally retrieves the phone, dialling 911 as fast as she can.

VI

(into phone)

Ambulance, send an ambulance! She's hurt, she's hurt bad...

Noa opens her eyes, reaching a hand up to Pryor.

NOA

(barely conscious)

P-Pryor...

Pryor squeezes her hand.

PRYOR

I'm here, I'm here.

NOA

I-I'm... I'm sorry...

(CONTINUED)

Tears roll down Pryor's cheek as he cradles Noa, yelling back over to Vi:

PRYOR

Where's the damn ambulance?

VI

It's coming! It's on it's way!

Pryor turns back to Noa, who finally passes out in his arms. He SOBS, rocking back and forth as he cradles her body.

Vi drops to her knees next to him, her hands over her mouth in shock at what she's seeing, and from this, we finally:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW