

FAITH

"Turning Point"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT 1

The waiting room has a few late night stragglers sitting around, most just looking to get out of the cold but none of them looking like particularly urgent cases...

... until a paramedic team CHARGES through the automatic front doors. NOA is on a gurney between them, hooked up to a breathing mask, her clothes soaked with blood, and two doctors, DR. GARTON (male) and DR. HEWLETT (female) race over as the paramedics push the gurney towards the ER.

PRYOR and the now fully-clothed VI are close behind, also looking like they've been through the wars but keeping all their attention on Noa.

DR. GARTON
What's her status?

PARAMEDIC #1
Pulse is weak, pulse ox is low, BP
is ninety over fifty.

PARAMEDIC #2
She was attacked, according to her
friends over there. Possible spinal
fracture, lower vertebrae.

DR. HEWLETT
(to Dr. Garton)
Call surgery, spin a crit right
away.

Garton nods and breaks away to the nearest phone, as the paramedics continue to wheel Noa urgently towards the ER.

Hewlett lifts Noa's eyelids and shine her penlight into her eyes. She turns to Pryor, reacting as she sees the heavy scars on his cheeks.

DR. HEWLETT (cont'd)
(hesitates)
Uh... what's the patient's name?

PRYOR
Noa. Her name's Noa, she-

DR. HEWLETT
(to Noa)
Noa, can you hear me? Noa? Noa,
blink once if you can hear me.

She waits - there's no response.

(CONTINUED)

DR. HEWLETT (cont'd)
Alright, no response to command.

The gurney hits a pair of swing doors and pushes through, but as Pryor and Vi start to follow Hewlett holds them back.

DR. HEWLETT (cont'd)
I'm sorry, you can't come back here.

PRYOR
We need to be with her!

DR. HEWLETT
I understand that, but we need to do our job. Your friend is in critical condition, and if we don't stabilise her soon she won't last the hour.

VI
(distraught)
Oh, God...

DR. HEWLETT
Wait right here, I'll send one of the nurses out to take your statement. Make sure you tell us everything you can about the attack, it'll help us make sure we catch everything.

PRYOR
(nods)
Yes... yes, we will.

Hewlett nods and pushes back through the swing doors, and as Pryor and Vi watch Noa's gurney get wheeled round a corner and out of sight, Vi starts to WEEP.

Pryor pulls her close, closing his eyes and she buries her face in his shoulder and SOBS.

PRYOR (cont'd)
It's alright. We've done all we can.

VI
But... but we should've... I wasn't...

PRYOR
Vi, listen to me.

He steps back, lifting Vi's chin and looking straight into her tearful eyes.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)
We have to find Quinn and Faith,
right now. They could both be in
danger.

Vi nods, SNIFFING and wiping her eyes.

VI
What... what do you want me to do?

PRYOR
Go to Quinn's apartment first and
see if he's alright, and then try
to contact Faith. Don't bother
going back to the Lab, there's
nothing there now.

Vi nods again, her eyes still looking towards the ER. Pryor
grabs her shoulders firmly.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Vi! This is important, you have to
stay focused.

VI
But... Noa, she-

PRYOR
(firm)
You have to find Faith and Quinn.

A long beat as Vi lowers her head, then with a final SNIFF
she looks back up at Pryor.

VI
I'm on it.

PRYOR
Good. I'll be right here. Faith's
twin won't try anything here, there
are too many people and police
about. But you have to be very
careful.

Vi steps back, looks towards the ER one last time and then
races out of the waiting room.

Pryor watches her go, then makes his way to the nearest seat.
He looks dazed, leaning forward and putting his head in his
hands.

He closes his eyes - the room is spinning - and he stays with
his head bowed for a moment before:

NURSE (O.S.)
Sir?

(CONTINUED)

He looks up - a middle-aged, matronly black NURSE is standing next to him. She has a few rolls of bandages and gauze pads in one hand.

NURSE (cont'd)
You were with the girl they just brought in, right?

Pryor nods, pulling his thoughts back together.

PRYOR
Yes, I was. Is she...

NURSE
I don't know. I'm just here to clean up your own injuries and take a full statement.

The Nurse looks at Pryor's hands, grimacing at the burn marks on his fingers and the ugly knife wound in his right palm.

NURSE (cont'd)
(frowns)
Were you attacked too?

Pryor stares at his hands, then manages a bitter smile as he looks back up at the nurse.

PRYOR
I'll live.

He holds out his hands as the nurse starts to carefully wrap bandages round them, and as Pryor looks towards the ER once more, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

EXT. THE LAB - NIGHT

2

The fire crews are packing away but a police barricade has now been erected around the burned out remains of Webb Researching.

A few onlookers have gathered to watch, but there's no real action beyond thick plumes of residual black smoke filtering out of the building.

FAITH races into frame, skidding to a halt as she sees the Lab, her jaw dropping in horror.

FAITH
(softly)
No...

She races up to the barricades, held back by two COPS as she tries to push through.

COP #1
Woah! Hold on, miss!

COP #2
You can't go in there!

FAITH
(frantic)
I have to! My friends, they're in there, and-

FIRE CREW #1
The, uh, serious-looking guy and the redhead?

Faith turns to see a soot-blackened member of the FIRE CREW heading over to her. Faith looks back to the cops, who let her through, and Faith rushes over to the fireman.

FAITH
What happened? Are they alright?
Where are they?

FIRE CREW #1
Easy, it's okay. They're both fine. They got out before things got too bad.

FAITH
So where the hell did they go?

(CONTINUED)

FIRE CREW #1

I honestly don't know. My best bet would be at St. Vincent's, they both looked pretty beat up.

The fireman turns to look at the building, not noticing Faith turn and sprint away from him.

FIRE CREW #1 (cont'd)

Not sure how it all started yet, we're gonna need to get a full statement off your friends, but I think it's safe to say this building's nothing but firewood now.

He turns back to see Faith has gone.

FIRE CREW #1 (cont'd)

Huh.

He shrugs and heads back to the nearest fire truck, and we cut from that to:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The place is still trashed. The furniture is torn up, the TV smashed, and bloody handprints are smeared across the walls.

The bathroom door is closed and the shower is running, and as we push in towards the door, we find ourselves in:

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NEXT

His hair wet, QUINN is hunched over the sink, the white porcelain around him splashed with dark red blood.

He COUGHS, clutching his chest, a first aid kit open and scattered across the bathroom counter before him. His shirt is open, his jeans stained with blood.

Several wads of bandage have been hurriedly stuck to his chest and across his broken nose, but Quinn's pale skin and shaking hands indicates he's already lost a lot of blood.

The shower is running with cold water next to him, and as he starts to wilt, almost losing consciousness, he ducks his head under the spray of water to wake himself up again.

Quinn slowly looks up at his reflection in the mirror, gritting his teeth and nursing his broken wrist.

QUINN

Come on, Jon... gotta get moving...
gotta make sure she's... she's...

4

CONTINUED:

4

He faints dead away, CRASHING to the bathroom floor. He shifts once, then settles, out cold.

He lies there for a few beats before there's a frantic KNOCKING at the main apartment door.

5

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - NEXT

5

The KNOCKING continues, before with a mighty KICK, Vi blasts the door wide open, grimacing in pain and clutching her side.

VI

Quinn? Quinn! Where are...

She trails off as she sees the mess of the apartment, before she hears the shower running and bursts into:

6

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

6

Vi reels as she sees Quinn on the floor and the dangerous amount of blood splashed around, before going to his side and lifting him up, dragging him by the shoulders over to the shower.

VI

Damn it, Quinn, wake up!

She SLAPS him across the face, then grabs the shower head and sprays cold water into his face.

After a moment, Quinn SPLUTTERS and finally comes to, and Vi tosses the shower head away as she starts to pull him to his feet.

QUINN

(dazed)

Whu... what...

VI

(urgent)

It's me, Jon. We have to go! Now!

QUINN

Noa.. where's...

VI

She's at the hospital.

QUINN

What?

VI

I'll tell you on the way, come on!
We have to get out of here, before
she comes back!

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Let's... go...

She takes his right arm but he SHOUTS with pain, and she drops it again.

VI

What is it? What'd I do?

QUINN

Nothing... just... that shoulder
got... dislocated... had to... pop
it back in...

Laying Quinn's other arm carefully across her shoulder, Vi pushes herself to her feet, grimacing with pain.

She looks down at her side - dark blood is seeping through her t-shirt again. She reaches a hand down and rolls up the shirt - she's burst a row of stitches over a bad wound in her side, and is losing blood again.

Vi shakes her head, trying to push the pain to the back of her mind, and marches towards the doorway.

VI

Let's go...

As she and Quinn stagger out of the bathroom, we cut to:

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door is still hanging open as Faith can be heard racing up the stairs, yelling Noa's name.

Yellow police crime scene tape is stretched across the door frame, sealing the apartment off.

FAITH (O.S.)

Noa! Noa!!

She clatters into frame, her eyes going wide as she sees the devastation - the smashed glass coffee table and TV, the bloodstains on the carpet - and she tears her way through the sticky tape to get into the apartment.

FAITH (cont'd)

Noa!

She runs to the bedroom, then the kitchen, but Noa is nowhere to be found.

Faith stands helplessly in the middle of the shattered apartment, catching her breath as she tries to gather her wits, before she looks back towards the door - and races out of the apartment.

8

INT. ST. VINCENT'S HOSPITAL - ER - NIGHT

8

Noa is on a bed in one of the hospital's main emergency rooms, surrounded by a swarm of doctors and nurses as they try to stabilise her.

DR. GARTON

Stab wounds to the right arm and
leg... oh man, and one to the
belly. Right upper quadrant.

He lifts her shirt to reveal an injury the others all missed - a deep KNIFE WOUND in Noa's gut.

Heart monitors BEEP as the doctors are handed various tools - chest tubes, scalpels and suction pipes.

DR. HEWLETT

Number eight ET tube. What's her
BP?

NURSE #1

Hold on... pulse ox is low, eighty-
two.

DR. HEWLETT

That's why I'm tubing her. Get me a
blood pressure.

DR. GARTON

Chest tube tray?

DR. HEWLETT

No, start a central line.

NURSE #1

BP is ninety over fifty.

DR. HEWLETT

(to nurses)

Give me four units of O neg, hang
two on the rapid infuser. Give me
some cricoid pressure.

Hewlett tries to get the tube down Noa's throat to fit the air bag, but curses under her breath as she has to start again.

DR. GARTON

You okay, Susan?

She tries again - and finally gets the line in.

DR. HEWLETT

I got it. Okay, start the central
line now.

(CONTINUED)

DR. GARTON
(to nurses)
Betadine and a sterile drape.

NURSE #2
BP's seventy over fifty, pulse is
one-twenty.

DR. GARTON
Squeeze in two litres and prepare
for a subclavian.

Garton uses his stethoscope to listen at Noa's chest.

DR. GARTON (cont'd)
Good breath sounds bilaterally.
Pulse ox rising, ninety-three.
(to nurses)
Send a trauma panel, type and cross
for four, and get a one shot IVP.
Whatever internal injuries she's
got, we'll have to stabilise them
before we can move her up to the OR
so Zalenka can take a look at her
back.

He checks Noa's feet.

DR. GARTON (cont'd)
Toes are not down going, that means
possible spinal injury. Hang the
next two units on the infuser.

An ALARM starts to beep urgently on one of the monitors.

NURSE #2
Pressure's up to one hundred
systolic.

DR. HEWLETT
Give her a gram of cotetan.

Garton peels back Noa's eyelid to shine his penlight into it.

DR. GARTON
Right pupil is five millimetres and
reactive, left is... miss?

Noa starts to shake, and then begins to regain consciousness.

DR. GARTON (cont'd)
What's the patient's name?

DR. HEWLETT
Noa.

(CONTINUED)

DR. GARTON
Noa, can you hear me?

Noa moves her head weakly from side to side, trying to lift her hand.

DR. GARTON (cont'd)
Noa, you're in the ER at St. Vincent's. Your friends brought you in. I just need you to stay calm and let us do our work. Alright?

Noa manages to nod her head, and Garton turns to his colleague.

DR. GARTON (cont'd)
What's the status on the foley for the OR?

DR. HEWLETT
Any second now, I put a call out to-

Another ALARM sounds, and one of the nurses hurriedly checks the offending monitor.

NURSE #1
Pressure's dropping, down to sixty!

DR. HEWLETT
She's crashing! Damn it! She needs volume, now!

DR. GARTON
Maybe not, it could be tamponade. Open a thoracotomy tray.

DR. HEWLETT
No, wait, check her CVP!

A high pitched SQUEAL emits from one of the monitors.

DR. GARTON
Too late, lost her pulse.

NURSE #2
We're in PEA.

DR. GARTON
Starting compressions.

Garton starts to push rhythmically against her chest, counting the compressions under his breath, as Hewlett turns to the nurses.

DR. HEWLETT

Okay, amp of epi and sterile gloves, please.

She's handed a syringe and injects it into the IV plugged into Noa's arm, watching Garton as he continues the compressions.

With a grateful BEEP, the monitor gives Noa a heart rate again, and Garton sighs with relief as he leans back from her.

NURSE #2

Sinus tach.

DR. GARTON

Check the pressure.

NURSE #2

Vitals are rising. She's stabilising.

DR. HEWLETT

Get a portable monitor, we've got to get her to the OR, stat!

DR. GARTON

(to nurses)

Hang the other units.

NURSE #2

Pulse ox is up to ninety-two. Pressure's ninety systolic.

DR. GARTON

Alright, that's all we can do in here. Let's go.

With two nurses and Dr. Garton following, Noa's gurney is wheeled out of the ER, leaving the breathless Hewlett behind.

She pulls off her latex gloves and pulls her blood-stained gown over her head, looking around the chaos left behind in the room.

The ER swing door is pushed aside as the nurse attending to Pryor poked her head inside.

NURSE

Dr. Hewlett?

DR. HEWLETT

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

I've got the statement from that girl's friend, the older guy.

DR. HEWLETT

Alright, I'll be there in a second.

The nurse starts to leave but Hewlett calls after her:

DR. HEWLETT (cont'd)

Rochelle?

NURSE

(leans back in)
Yeah?

DR. HEWLETT

What did he tell us? You know, the short version.

NURSE

According to him, some crazy woman attacked him and his friends tonight, but your girl was the worst hurt. He doesn't know why, thinks it may be a grudge nobody knew about. We're waiting for the police to arrive.

DR. HEWLETT

Okay, thanks. Tell Ron I'll be up to the OR in a second.

The nurse nods and leaves, and as Hewlett heads for the side exit, we cut to:

Pryor, now sporting several wraps of bandage round his hands and plaster strips on the cuts on his face, looks up as the automatic doors slide open - and a frantically hobbling Vi comes through, almost dragging Quinn along with her.

Pryor jumps out of his seat and rushes over, getting to Vi just as two more nurses speed over, one bringing a wheelchair that Quinn is dropped into.

VI

(breathless)
I'm sorry, I came as fast as I could...

PRYOR

It's alright, you did the right thing. Where's Faith?

VI
(shakes head)
Don't know. When I found Quinn like
this, I just...

NURSE
Excuse me, sir?

He turns to the new pair of nurses. One is checking over
Quinn's injuries.

NURSE (cont'd)
We need to get your friend taken
care of right away.

PRYOR
Yes, yes, of course. Take him. Do
whatever you have to.

NURSE #2
Are we expecting anyone else?

Pryor and Vi exchange a worried look.

PRYOR
Maybe one. We're still trying to
reach her.

NURSE #2
Okay, let's...

She trails off as she sees the patch of blood on Vi's t-
shirt.

NURSE #2 (cont'd)
Miss, are you injured too?

Vi looks at the stain and tries to back away, but the nurse
lifts her shirt and sees the by now very bloody wound in her
side.

NURSE #2 (cont'd)
(winces)
Ouch! I think you'd better come
with us too.

VI
No, I can't leave-

PRYOR
It's alright, Vi. You need to go
with them. I'll find Faith.

VI
Are you sure?

PRYOR

I can manage. You need to take care
of yourself now.

NURSE #2

This way, miss.

VI

(dazed)

It's Vi. My name.

NURSE #2

Alright, Vi. Come on.

Vi lets the nurses lead her away, and as both she and Quinn are pushed on into the ER, Pryor is left alone in the waiting room. From his shellshocked expression, we cut to:

10 EXT. NY STREET - NIGHT

10

Faith is tearing down the city streets as fast as she can. Sweat glistens on her body, her muscles straining and lungs burning as she puts every ounce of power into getting to the hospital.

She weaves across the busy street - long rows of gridlocked cars and taxis marking just another night in the city - and passes a road sign aiming her towards the hospital.

11 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

11

Pryor has his phone to his ear, his back to the doors as Faith clatters into the reception. She makes for the desk, urgently waving to get the attention of the DUTY NURSE.

FAITH

Hey! I'm, uh, I'm looking for my
friends, I think they were brought
in here, Pryor Webb and Vi Russell.

The Duty Nurse leafs through the attendance sheet on her desk, nodding.

DUTY NURSE

Yes, they're here. There was
somebody else with them, a Noa
DeRubria.

FAITH

(face drops)

Oh, no...

DUTY NURSE

She's in the ER, but I think Mr.
Webb's just over there.

(CONTINUED)

She points, and Faith follows her finger to see Pryor at last. She breaks away from the desk and rushes over to him.

FAITH

Pryor!

He turns round, jumping at the sight of her.

PRYOR

Faith?

FAITH

Pryor, I got here as fast as I-

PRYOR

Faith, let me see your cheek.

FAITH

(thrown)

What?!?

Pryor's hand goes to his jacket pocket, and Faith knows he's going for a weapon.

PRYOR

I mean it. Pull back your hair and let me see your face.

Faith raises a hand defensively, then slowly pulls her hair back. Once Pryor sees she isn't bearing the burn marks he gave Evil Faith, he relaxes, and she heads in closer.

FAITH

You feel like tellin' me what that was about?

PRYOR

It was her.

FAITH

'Her' who?

PRYOR

The other you.

Faith hesitates, stunned.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I think she came after each one of us in turn. She started with me at the Lab, and then she must have gone after Quinn and Noa.

Faith's hands go to her mouth - her world is rapidly falling apart around her...

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Are they...

PRYOR

They're both here, and they're both in the ER. They're getting the attention they need.

FAITH

Vi?

PRYOR

She's here too. She wasn't hurt.

Faith collapses into the nearest chair, and Pryor sits next to her. She notices the bandages round his hands.

FAITH

What happened to you?

He looks at the bandages and lets out a bitter chuckle.

PRYOR

Technically speaking, you did.

FAITH

Pryor...

PRYOR

I'm alright. It's nothing serious.

FAITH

Yeah, looks like it, too. Pryor, don't kid around. What happened to the others? Are they gonna be okay?

Pryor can't answer her. He looks away, and that's all Faith needs to see to know that things are worse than she feared.

She slumps forward, sinking her face into her hands, and as Pryor closes his eyes, a tear rolling down his cheek, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - OR - NIGHT

12

Noa is on her front, sedated through a tube in her mouth and several drapes up around her torso as two surgeons work on her injured back - DR. ARAYA and DR. DOWNING.

The pace of work is slower, more deliberate up here - the panic of the ER may be gone but there's still plenty of tension in the air.

ARAYA

More lap pads. The kidney won't
taponade.

DOWNING

You didn't have time to get a three-
way or IVP?

ARAYA

Her crit was falling, I didn't want
to chance it.

Downing peers down at the small of Noa's back - they've opened her up but the red stuff is mostly out of view.

DOWNING

The colon is lacerated, all right.
(to nurses)
Three-0 silk and a G-I needle.
(to Araya)
There's blood welling in the hylum.
That stab to her belly went
straight through - another inch and
it'd have come right out the other
side!

ARAYA

(hurried)
All right, all right, all right.
Isolate the renal artery and get a
clamp on it.

A machine's BEEPING is heard in the background.

NURSE

Hypotensive, heart rate's up to one-
twenty.

ARAYA

(urgent)
Okay, we've got to get this kidney
out of her before we lose her.
Move!

(CONTINUED)

DOWNING

Hold on. Let's make sure we know
the source of the bleeding before
we do something drastic.

ARAYA

(impatient)

I'll dissect out the arteries and
tie them off. Come on, mister,
move!

DOWNING

(stern)

I said wait, Thomas!

ARAYA

Why? She's lost too much blood, her
hylum is trashed, and we haven't
even started on the damaged
vertebrae yet!

NURSE

Dr. Downing, she's getting shocky,
her pressure is seventy-eight palp.

ARAYA

All right, we've got to get clear.

DOWNING

We still have some time.

ARAYA

(snaps)

No, we don't!

DOWNING

Thomas! Will you calm down and you
listen to me? Before there's no
turning back, let's check the
source of the bleeding one more
time.

ARAYA

(beat)

Too many vessels are injured.

DOWNING

Squeeze in another unit. Let's be
sure!

Araya and Downing lock gazes - Downing is clearly the more
experienced of the two, and Araya bows his head, following
Downing's lead.

Araya turns to the nearest nurse and nods, and as she sets up
a fresh pack of blood, we cut to:

13

INT. ER - WARD - NEXT

13

Quinn is sitting up in one of the beds, still only half-conscious. A nurse stands by him, starting to peel back the pads of bandage over the wounds in his chest - until his hand SNAPS onto her wrist.

QUINN

Don't...

She stops and steps back, eyeing him warily as he releases her wrist.

NURSE

Sir, I need to-

QUINN

Jon. Call me Jon.

NURSE

Jon, I have to clean and dress your wounds. I can see you know how to apply a bandage without too much trouble, but I can't let you sit here without me checking you over!

Quinn stares at her, then turns to one side. She waits a beat, then carefully reaches forward and starts removing the bandages.

She takes the first pad away - then her eyes bulge at what she sees beneath it. She steps back, shaken, and Quinn turns back to her.

QUINN

I warned you...

NURSE

What... who did this to you?

He points to his nose, then his broken wrist.

QUINN

Same person who gave me these.

NURSE

I'm gonna call a doctor over to take a look at that.

QUINN

I'd rather you didn't have to do that.

(CONTINUED)

NURSE

Me either, but I can't leave
something like that without getting
it treated.

With a last glance down at his chest, the nurse heads off and
we cut to:

EXT. ST. VINCENT'S - AMBULANCE BAY - NIGHT

Pryor sits on some steps at the edge of the bay as Faith
paces up and down in front of him.

FAITH

This is my fault... this is all my
fault!

PRYOR

Faith, you can't think that.

FAITH

Why? Tell me why it isn't my fault,
Pryor? The whole reason this
superbitch version of me's out
there in the first place is because
of me!

PRYOR

How can you say that?

FAITH

That has to be it! This thing looks
like me. It acts like me... or, at
least, how I used to be, and it
knows to come after all of you guys
when I'm somewhere else.

PRYOR

Where were you this evening?

FAITH

So not the time for twenty
questions...

PRYOR

I wasn't making an accusation. I
genuinely want to know.

Faith pauses, looking almost guilty to be talking about where
she was.

FAITH

I was at the asylum, and we had
this girl who seemed to be under
some kind of spell or something, so
I went round town to check it out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

Turns out, there was this demon looking for her, but also some demon hunter chick who I ran into on the way.

PRYOR

Another hunter in New York?

FAITH

Don't know if she's sticking around or what's going on with her. She pissed me off, that much I do know.

PRYOR

What happened with the girl?

FAITH

Turns out we'd got it kinda wrong. This girl got attacked by a demon a few months back and thought the same one was back to kill her, but it was actually trying to save her.

Pryor nods, appreciating the sentiment.

PRYOR

I just wish there were more demons like that out there.

FAITH

It fixed the girl up and went, and that Jessie chick flew out on me too. That's when I got the messages Vi'd been leaving me all night.

Faith paces up to the wall of the building Pryor is sitting outside, leaning against it and lowering her head.

FAITH (cont'd)

I didn't need to be out there. Soon as you guys started getting hit, I should've-

PRYOR

If you'd have come steaming in to try and save us, you'd be in that emergency room now along with Noa, Quinn and Vi.

She turns to him, and he fixes her with a serious gaze.

PRYOR (cont'd)

We both know you're not exactly at normal operating strength at the moment.

She looks away, turning her back on him for a beat...

(CONTINUED)

... then with a YELL of rage she KICKS the wall! It hurts her, but she does her best not to show it, stepping back and starting to pace again - albeit with slight limp.

FAITH

I'm gonna find her. I'm gonna find her, and I'm gonna kill her. But I'm gonna make sure it lasts one hell of a long time.

PRYOR

Revenge is only going to get you killed. You're not strong enough to face her at the moment.

FAITH

'At the moment'? When is gonna be 'the moment,' Pryor? You got some kind of Slayer Strength potion cooked up back at the La-

She catches herself, lowering her head.

PRYOR

We can't really count on the laboratory any more, can we?

FAITH

Jeez, Pryor, I'm sorry, I didn't-

PRYOR

It's not your fault.

She looks down at him, then turns and walks back into the waiting room. Pryor watches her go, waiting until the automatic doors have slid closed again.

PRYOR (cont'd)

(quiet)

It's mine...

He stands, looks out towards the street, then starts to walk away from the hospital, as we cut to:

Working late in his chaotic-looking office is JERRY HEAL, still managing to look smart and handsome despite the bags under his eyes.

He's sitting behind a desk in a small, plain office, filled to the brim with boxes, file folders and cabinets, a mountain of paperwork arrayed around him.

He rubs his tired eyes and leans back in his chair, looking up as the office door opens and one of his assistants, DOUGLAS, steps inside.

DOUGLAS

Oh, sorry, Mr. Heal, I didn't know you were still here.

Douglas starts to leave, but Jerry waves him back inside.

JERRY

That's fine, Douglas. Come on in, have a seat.

Douglas hesitates, then sits down in front of the desk, looking across the stacked files and documents surrounding Jerry on all sides.

DOUGLAS

I wouldn't know where to even begin with any of this.

JERRY

Sometimes, neither do I.

DOUGLAS

What's this all for?

Jerry indicates a separate pile for each point:

JERRY

A new homeless shelter in Harlem, a free clinic in the Upper East Side, an entertainment centre for under-eighteens just inside the Theatre District, and we're looking at renovating another abandoned church building all the way down in SoHo.

DOUGLAS

Wow.

JERRY

I think I'm a long way past 'wow' by now, Douglas. I'm officially halfway towards 'shoot me now.'

He smiles, and Douglas gives him a polite chuckle in return.

DOUGLAS

I was actually just starting to lock the place up for the night, but if you're staying, I can leave the keys with you.

15 CONTINUED: (2)

15

JERRY

No, that's okay. I need an excuse to get out of here anyway. For tonight, you're my personal saviour.

Douglas grins as he stands, waiting by the door as Jerry stuffs a few folders into his leather satchel. He heads for the door, pausing to flick the lights off as we cut to:

16 EXT. CHURCH/STREET - NEXT

16

Jerry waves a good-night to Douglas as they head away from the front entrance of the Church in different directions.

Jerry looks around, soaking up the sounds of the neighbourhood around him - not noticing another pair of footsteps falling into step behind him.

17 EXT. STREET - NEXT

17

He turns into another, quieter street, the flow of late night traffic bustling past in the background. His cell phone RINGS, and he digs it out of his pocket.

Behind him, his pursuer turns the corner and stays about twenty feet back, keeping hidden by the long shadows.

JERRY

(into phone)

Jerry Heal.

(listens)

Hello, Deacon. No, no, I'm done for the night now.

(chuckles)

Yes, I do sleep occasionally. But it's always with my eyes open.

He laughs at another joke - and is surprised as his pursuer suddenly SNATCHES his phone out of his hands!

JERRY (cont'd)

Hey! What the-

Jerry is SHOVED back into an alley:

18 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

18

Jerry staggers backwards into the dark alley, staring at the figure approaching him.

JERRY

If it's money you're after, I'm afraid you're out of luck. I don't carry any-

(CONTINUED)

FIGURE

I don't want your money.

JERRY

I see. So why the sudden change of scenery?

FIGURE

I have to show you something.

Jerry eyes the figure standing before him, still obscured by shadows, but tries to retain his air of cool.

JERRY

Well, as long as it isn't a switchblade, you have my undivided attention.

The figure steps out of the shadows - and Jerry registers surprise as he sees the DEMON standing before him!

The demon has a red, skull-like face, with pronounced ridges running down its cheeks and four long fangs extending from its bottom lip.

DEMON

You need to see the true face of this city.

JERRY

I think the tourism board would have something to say about that.

The demon cocks its head to one side, puzzled by Jerry's blase reaction to him.

DEMON

Aren't you going to ask me what I am?

JERRY

Do I need to provide a species?

DEMON

You... you know about-

JERRY

Demons? Yes. Plenty. I play golf with a few of them every Sunday morning, in fact. They're a little more, well... human in appearance than yourself, but as I say...

(grins)

I'm not one to judge.

(CONTINUED)

The demon SNARLS, marching up to Jerry and grabbing him by the shirt, SHOVING him back against the alley wall.

DEMON

That's not all I'm here to tell you about.

JERRY

I was getting that impression...

DEMON

You need to stay away from your Church.

JERRY

Excuse me?

DEMON

I can't tell you everything yet, but you need to believe me... they're not what you think.

JERRY

And why should I believe you?

DEMON

Haven't you got unanswered questions of your own about them? Haven't they done anything that's made you start to question why they're really taking such an interest in this city?

JERRY

Let me tell you something about what they've done for me.

Jerry angrily PUSHES the demon away from him, straightening his shirt before continuing.

JERRY (cont'd)

I used to have what passes for a normal life in this world. I had a job, a wife, a family - everything the American Dream teaches us to wish for. But there was one fatal flaw to this Kodak moment of happiness - me.

The demon keeps his eyes of Jerry as Jerry takes a breath, settling his nerves.

JERRY (cont'd)

I've got demons of my own. Things that took control of my life and cut me off from everything and everyone I cared about. I lost my job, my family - everything. I was living on the streets, fighting for survival twenty-four hours a day, when the Church you so succinctly tried to warn me about came along and took me in. Nobody asked them to, there was nothing in it for them beyond dragging another car crash of a life out of the gutter, but they did.

Jerry steps forward, getting in the demon's face.

JERRY (cont'd)

They gave me a purpose. They gave me the means to bring some good into this world when all I'd ever brought into it was pain and darkness. Without them, I'd be dead. Without them, all the things we're doing for the people of this city wouldn't exist. So my question to you is...

He PUSHES the demon back another step, clearly taking no crap off anybody, human or otherwise.

JERRY (cont'd)

... what makes you so sure they're not who they say they are?

The demon doesn't bother to reply, and with a final angry glare Jerry turns and marches away, leaving the alley and the demon behind.

DEMON

(sighs)

You're not ready to understand yet. But you will. When the eye opens and looks upon us all-

EVIL FAITH (O.S.)

Blah, blah, woof, woof.

The demon SPINS round - but the alley is empty. On edge, it starts to back away, its body tensed up and ready to fight.

DEMON

Who's there?

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (O.S.)
 Little Red Riding Hood.

The demon narrows its thick set eyes, looking for its tormentor - then turns and makes a break for the end of the alley.

It manages about five metres when a large plank of wood is SLAMMED into its face, and the demon spirals round to SMASH into the floor. It picks itself up, groggy, blood streaming from its nose...

... and EVIL FAITH is standing over it, dropping the blood-stained plank of wood she held in one hand.

She grins - her cheek is still red raw and starting to blister from the flare Pryor hit her with, but the malicious fire in her eyes is as fierce as ever.

DEMON
 Wh-what do you want?

EVIL FAITH
 You've been spreading nasty little rumours about some friends of mine...

She reaches down and GRABS the demon, hauling it up to its feet.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
 ... and they really don't appreciate tattle-tales.

The demon GULPS as Evil Faith RAMS a large KNIFE into its chest, and as life leaves the demon's body with a final WHEEZE, she drops its lifeless corpse to the ground.

She leans down to wipe her knife clean on the demon's clothes, tucking it back into her jacket.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
 That's better. See what happens when you learn how to co-operate?

She steps over its body and walks off down the alley, WHISTLING merrily to herself, as we cut to:

Inside the burned out shell that was once the high tech exam room, the main door starts to open, CREAKING as it pushes back heaps of charred debris.

Pryor steps through and into the Lab, looking round sadly at what remains of his operation.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

He strolls past the tables, lifting up singed files and blackened pieces of equipment, looking utterly lost amidst the wreckage.

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

20

Looking out from inside a medical supply cabinet as Pryor opens the door - and his eyes locate a line of small white pill bottles arranged on one shelf.

He takes one of the bottles down and pops open the cap, pouring out a sizeable handful into his bandaged palm. He closes his eyes, his fingers closing around the pills.

PRYOR

(softly)

I'm so, so sorry...

Pryor looks back up to the shelf, then after a long beat takes down another four bottles of pills. As he closes the door of the cabinet, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - WARD - LATER

21

It's a few hours later. The ward is a little quieter, and Quinn has been changed into a set of hospital scrubs. He dozes quietly in his bed.

The door to the small ward room opens and Faith steps in. She glances round, but nobody else is in there with her, so she heads for Quinn's bed.

She looks down sadly at him - his nose is still padded up and his wrist has been set in plaster. She frowns as she makes out the thick wad of bandages round his chest, and leans over to peer at the rest of his injuries. She doesn't notice him start to come round...

... until he LUNGES out of the bed, wrapping his hands round her throat!

FAITH

Quinn! Wait! It's me!

Quinn's eyes are cold and murderous as he squeezes the life out of her, Faith's hands scrabbling at her neck to try and pull him away.

FAITH (cont'd)

(choking)

Jon... it's...

His eyes widen - and he lets her go. Faith staggers back, coughing and rubbing her neck, as Quinn's hands fall to his side.

QUINN

Faith?

FAITH

(snaps)

Yeah, me! Who the hell did you think I-

She stops. The penny drops. Quinn lowers his head.

QUINN

She's got a, uh...

He points to his cheek.

QUINN (cont'd)

Vi told me Pryor hit her in the face with one of his flare guns. Left a big burn mark.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)
Should make telling the two of you
apart a little easier. I wasn't...
I'm a little out of it, else I'd
have noticed the difference.

FAITH
(darkly)
Yeah, that and the fact that only
one of us will try to kill you.

She walks cautiously back over to the bed, but as Quinn lies
back down she senses the danger has passed.

QUINN
Sorry. About the neck.

FAITH
That's okay. I'd probably have done
the same thing.

QUINN
Yeah, but you'd have started with a
headbutt.

Faith grins, and Quinn starts to chuckle, wincing as he pulls
a muscle somewhere.

FAITH
How are you feeling?

QUINN
(raises eyebrow)
That's kind of a redundant
question.

FAITH
Sorry. I just meant-

QUINN
I know what you meant. I'm fine,
all things considered.

FAITH
You don't look 'fine.'

QUINN
I'm not dead.

Faith nods. Quinn lifts his broken wrist.

QUINN (cont'd)
Besides, this'll heal up, right?
I'm sure you banged yourself up
pretty good back in your Sunnydale
days.

FAITH
(sly)
You'd know.

QUINN
Har har.

A moment as Faith looks away.

FAITH
Quinn, I-

QUINN
Are you gonna apologise?

She looks back to him, then nods her head. Quinn rolls his eyes.

QUINN (cont'd)
Well, don't.

FAITH
(sighs)
Look, I get that you're trying to be all cool and understanding about this, and normally I'd think that was great, but now-

QUINN
But nothing. You didn't do this. She did. This isn't your fault.

FAITH
Yeah, well, you say that, but you're the one in the bed and I'm the one walking around without a scratch on me!

QUINN
What were you doing tonight?

Faith starts to reply, but Quinn interrupts:

QUINN (cont'd)
Just answer 'yes' or 'no' to this - did you help somebody?

Faith nods, and Quinn nods back, satisfied.

QUINN (cont'd)
Good. That's what I needed to know.

FAITH
I shoulda been there. For all of you.

QUINN

Somehow, I don't think that would have mattered.

Faith looks at him, her expression grim.

FAITH

What can you tell me about her?

QUINN

Aside from that she could probably break Lucy Lawless in half? Well, she's a lot like I heard you used to be. Cruel. Sadistic. Reckless. A fan of pain over the straight kill.

Faith lowers her head, his words clearly painful for her.

QUINN (cont'd)

And you'll notice I said used to be.

FAITH

Sorry. That doesn't really make me feel any better.

QUINN

She's unpredictable, but if you piss her off, she starts getting sloppy.

FAITH

Okay, good. What else?

Quinn falls silent, and Faith notices tears in his eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)

What is it?

QUINN

Is Noa okay?

FAITH

(sighs)

I don't know. They won't let anyone see her, she's still in surgery last I heard.

QUINN

Vi said something... something about her back?

FAITH

(nods)

She got hurt pretty bad. I'm still getting the details.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

If anything happens to her, I'll-

FAITH

(firm)

Nothing's going to happen to her.

Quinn looks away, trying and failing to hold in the tears, and on reflex Faith reaches down and grabs his hand, squeezing it. He turns back to look at her, and she manages a smile.

The door behind he opens, and Faith turns to see Vi stepping inside. She's back in hospital scrubs, more bandages on her arms and face.

Her eye are locked on Faith, and her breathing is speeding up. She looks ready to bolt.

FAITH (cont'd)

Vi! Man, am I glad to see...

She starts towards Vi, but Vi jumps back, shaking like a cornered animal.

FAITH (cont'd)

(raises hands)

Vi, it's me. The real me.

QUINN

It's okay, Vi. It's her.

Vi looks to Quinn, then back at Faith.

VI

(quiet)

Faith?

Faith steps forward, and Vi DIVES towards her, throwing her arms round her. Faith is almost knocked off her feet by the powerful hug, and does what she can to return it.

FAITH

Good to see you on your feet at last, girl.

VI

I'm sorry, I wasn't sure if-

FAITH

It's okay. I get it.

Vi takes a step back as Faith looks her up and down.

VI

(off scrubs)

I know, I know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)
One day I'll be able to get out of
these things, right?

She manages a grin, but as she takes another step forward she
WINCES, clutching her side.

FAITH
You okay?

VI
I'm good. They just had to sew me
up again, so moving any part of my
right side's gonna be a little
tricky for a few days.

Faith helps Vi down into a chair. Vi is still shaken up by
recent experiences, and as faith steps back from her the
guilt is all over her expression.

VI (cont'd)
Thanks.

FAITH
Where's Pryor?

VI
Uh, I don't know. I thought he was
with you?

FAITH
(shakes head)
I thought he'd managed to get in to
see you guys, which is why I came
looking as soon as they'd let me...
you don't think he just took off,
do you?

VI
(worried)
He wouldn't have gone back after...
her, would he?

FAITH
No. He's not that dumb.

QUINN
I know I would.

FAITH
Yeah, but you are that dumb.

QUINN
(beat)
Good point.

VI

We, uh... we didn't say anything to the police about.. I mean, we couldn't, not with...

FAITH

(nods)

You couldn't give them police her description, because it also happens to be my description.

VI

Uh... yeah.

FAITH

That's cool. Better if we don't get the police involved, anyway. They'll only get hurt - or worse.

QUINN

Hey, I can vouch for the dedication of the NYPD, you know.

Quinn grins - then the room's attention is turned by a commotion outside as a new patient is charged through the swing doors.

Faith heads to the window of the ward to look out - and her eyes bulge in horror!

Pryor is on a gurney, an air bag over his mouth as one of the paramedics straddles him, compressing his heart!

Faith tears out of the ward, into:

Faith races to catch up with the medley of doctors and paramedics as the push Pryor along.

FAITH

What happened? Is he okay?

PARAMEDIC #1

Who are you?

FAITH

I work for him. He brought in some friends of mine earlier, they-

PARAMEDIC #2

Oh, yeah, I remember. I thought I recognised him...

FAITH

So tell me what happened already!

PARAMEDIC #1

Overdose. Found at the scene of that fire earlier tonight by fire crews coming back to clean up the wreckage.

PARAMEDIC #2

Looks like he went back inside and headed straight for the medicine cabinet. He's lucky the crews came by - another ten minutes and he'd be dead!

Faith slows as the gurney hits the main ER swing doors and pushes through, and as she helplessly watches Pryor's gurney wheel away from her, we DISSOLVE to:

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - WARD - LATER

A very pale Pryor sits up in bed in a quieter, more secluded ward. A breathing tube runs from his nose and an IV is plugged into his arm.

He stirs, his head turning as his eyes flutter open - and he sees Faith sitting by his bed. Pryor closes his eyes again and looks away from her.

PRYOR

(weakly)

You shouldn't be here.

FAITH

Same to you.

PRYOR

Faith, please, leave me al-

FAITH

(angrily)

Screw you!

He looks back round - Faith is shaking, struggling to contain her anger.

FAITH (cont'd)

(seethes)

What the... I mean, why... damn it, Pryor! What the hell were you thinking?!?

PRYOR

I can't... I can't explain.

Faith sits back in her chair, throwing her hands up in frustration.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

What, you felt left out because everybody but you got to stay in the hospital? You didn't think you'd got it bad enough?

PRYOR

You don't understand.

FAITH

So tell me! Tell me why in the name of hell you put yourself in here!

Pryor lowers his head, and Faith takes a moment to try and curb her anger, settling back in her seat.

FAITH (cont'd)

(softer)

Talk to me, Pryor.

PRYOR

I told you none of this was your fault.

FAITH

And? What does that have to do with you swallowing three bottles of pills and having to get your damn stomach pumped?

PRYOR

It's because...

(beat; sighs)

It's because this is all my fault.

FAITH

That's stupid.

PRYOR

It's true.

FAITH

(getting angry)

How? How the crap could any of this be your fault?

Faith glares at him - but registers the seriousness of his features and simmers down.

PRYOR

It started before we met.

FAITH

(blinks)

So... this is a long story, huh?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

For several years, up until April this year, I was involved with a group known as the Circle. They were a group of power brokers, magic users, warlocks, anybody with influence on both the human and demon worlds.

FAITH

Why?

PRYOR

Because they helped me on my mission. They funded Webb Researching, helped me set it up, gave me the tools to do what I'd been doing on a much smaller scale to that point.

(beat)

Trying to avenge the death of my best friend.

FAITH

Wait a minute... so, you're saying you don't actually own your own Lab?

PRYOR

(shakes head)

I did favours and missions for them, they gave me money, resources and information when I needed it, Without them, I'd have nothing. None of us would have met.

FAITH

Okay... so, you basically had two jobs. Am I following this so far? What happened in April?

(thinks)

Hey, hang on...

PRYOR

You remember those assassins that came for us?

FAITH

(darkly)

Kind of hard to forget. Especially after we found what you'd done to yourself.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I never told you why I did...
(points to scars on
cheeks)
... this, did I?

FAITH

I... no, no you didn't. I just
figured it was something to do with
the assassins, but I never got
chance to ask you about it. A lot's
happened since then.

PRYOR

It's... complicated. Bottom line
is, they needed teeth.

FAITH

Teeth?

PRYOR

Teeth. Anybody's would have done,
but by the time they arrived at the
Lab they only needed one more set,
and so...

FAITH

(catching up)
... so you took your own out to
stop them.
(beat)
That's... that's pretty heavy
stuff, Pryor.

PRYOR

That's not all. I'd already been
forced to take care of the Circle
myself before the assassins
arrived. They weren't the people I
thought they were.

FAITH

Yeah, I think the part where they
sent three demon killing machines
after us shoulda clued you in on
that one.

PRYOR

But after I took care of the
assassins, I blacked out for some
time, and during that time, I had
a... a vision.

FAITH

What?

(CONTINUED)

Pryor looks away, reliving a painful memory.

FAITH (cont'd)
A vision of what?

PRYOR
Of you. Noa. All of us, all of what
was going to happen to us between
then and now.

Faith stands, not quite sure what she's hearing.

FAITH
What are you telling me, Pryor? Are
you saying... are you saying you
knew what was going to happen?

PRYOR
I tried to stop it, I tried to
change what I'd seen, but I only
made it worse...

FAITH
That's... it's impossible. There's
no way you could-

PRYOR
It was Gabriel.

FAITH
(beat; quiet)
What?

PRYOR
It was Gabriel. In my vision. He's
the one who told me everything. He
said there'd be consequences if I
tried to stop any of what I'd seen
from happening, but... I didn't
listen...

(getting frantic)
I didn't listen and look what I
did! Look what I did to us! That's
why it's my fault! All of this is
my fault!

(yells)
All of it!!

Pryor is SOBBING with great, strangled cries of gut-wrenching
emotion, and a stunned Faith can only watch him, completely
lost for words, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - CORRIDOR - LATER

24

Faith sits glumly on a chair out in one of the hospital corridors. Doctors and nurses walk by, not paying her much attention - she's just another potential patient to them.

She looks up as Vi steps into frame, wearing a loose fitting pair of tracksuit bottoms and a fresh t-shirt, holding two styrofoam mugs of coffee.

VI

Hey. They, uh, let me get changed,
'cause I'm doing okay.

FAITH

Slayer healing.

VI

Yeah, I guess.

A long beat.

VI (cont'd)

I thought, you know, you could use,
uh...

FAITH

(grins)

Thanks.

She takes one of the coffees. Vi stands awkwardly for a moment, then sits next to her. She sips her coffee in silence.

FAITH (cont'd)

Vi...

VI

(nervous)

What? I didn't say-

FAITH

Chill! I was just asking if you'd
heard anything else.

VI

Oh.

(beat)

No. I haven't.

Faith exhales, leaning back in her chair and laying her forearm over her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Man, it's the waiting that kills me in these places. When you're in one of those beds waiting to get fixed up, then that's cool. You've got a warm bed, you got feed, you got TV - when you're one of the people sitting waiting for news, all you can do is-

VI

Sit and wait?

Faith grins, and Vi manages a smile back.

VI (cont'd)

It's good, you know... that you're here.

FAITH

Why wouldn't I be?

VI

A lot's happened. Things have changed.

FAITH

Yeah, they sure have.

VI

So just having you around again feels... right.

Faith looks at Vi, genuinely touched by her comment.

FAITH

If you can say that without flinching, then I'll be impressed.

VI

(nervous laugh)
I'm sorry, it's just...

FAITH

Looking at me reminds you of what she did to you.

Vi lowers her head.

VI

I'm sorry.

FAITH

Don't be. Everybody's sorry about something at the moment. More I can do to change that, the better.

(CONTINUED)

Vi sits back up, sipping her coffee.

VI
We need to kill her.

Faith eyes her, surprised by the sudden edge to Vi's voice.

FAITH
Vi, we can't-

VI
(firm)
We can't let her just walk around,
doing whatever she likes, not
after... not after what she's done
to us.
(turns to Faith)
She has to pay.

FAITH
(nods)
She will. We'll make sure of that.
(beat)
All of us.

Vi brightens a little, and as she and Faith clink their cups together in a mock toast, we cut to:

Noa is in a bed, heavily padded in and surrounded by softly BEEPING and HISSING monitors and breathing apparatus. Her face is peppered with scratches and cuts, and she's even paler than usual, but her heart rate is steady.

She stirs, shifting from side to side in her bed, turning over and slowly opening her eyes.

Quinn is sitting in a chair next to her bed. He's still connected to his IV, the drip on an infuser stand next to his chair. He smiles at her, his hands wrapped round hers.

QUINN
Hey.

NOA
(smiles)
Hey...

She's still heavily sedated, her movements slow and her voice barely above a whisper.

QUINN
You gave us all a big scare, you know.

NOA
I'm sorry...

QUINN
Don't be.

He leans forward and KISSES her on the forehead. He's too relieved that she's still here to care about anything else.

QUINN (cont'd)
At the risk of asking a potentially stupid question... how do you feel?

NOA
(thinks)
Fuzzy...

QUINN
Fuzzy?

NOA
(nods)
Mm-hmm. Like I'm swimming in... something...

QUINN
Fuzzy.

NOA
Yeah.

Quinn is still staring at her, and she raises an eyebrow.

NOA (cont'd)
What?

QUINN
I'm just looking at you... and wondering if I could possibly love another human being more than I love you at this very moment.

NOA
(smiles)
You old charmer...

QUINN
After all we've been through, I think we deserve a little-

He stops as Dr. Garton steps into their room.

QUINN (cont'd)
Oh, hey, doc. We're just doing the, ah, sickeningly cute 'I love you honey bunny' part at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

Quinn's smile fades as he registers Garton's downcast expression.

NOA
(frowns)
What's wrong?

She turns to see Garton - and also tenses up. The doctor is not here to bring good news.

Faith and Vi have taken a short stroll and are on a small balcony overlooking downtown Greenwich Village.

Faith finishes her coffee, tossing the empty cup over her shoulder - and missing the nearby bin.

FAITH
Crap.

Vi drains her cup and tosses it - and it lands perfectly in the bin. She turns to Faith with a grin.

VI
Looks like there's a new sheriff in town!

FAITH
Yeah, yeah...

VI
(serious)
Look, Faith... I don't want you to feel like...

She trails off, struggling to find the words, and Faith waits for her to finish.

VI (cont'd)
What I'm trying to say is, you know, even if you don't have your powers any more, I want you to know that I... you know, you and me, we...

FAITH
Relax, Vi. I get it.

VI
You do?

FAITH
And next time you go out on patrol, I've got your back if you've got mine.

Vi smiles broadly.

FAITH (cont'd)
That's what you were gonna say,
right?

VI
(nods)
Pretty much, yeah.

Faith grins and turns back to the view for a moment.

FAITH
Pryor told me something.

Vi looks round, intrigued.

FAITH (cont'd)
I think it's something you should
know about.

VI
Sounds serious.

FAITH
I think it is.

Faith turns away from the view, gathering her thoughts and choosing her words carefully, as we cut away to:

27 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - ICU - NEXT

27

Dr. Garton moves to the foot of Noa's bed. Noa's lip is already trembling in anticipation of the news, and Quinn's knuckles go white as he squeezes her hand.

DR. GARTON
I'm afraid I have some bad news for
you both.

NOA
Oh, God...

DR. GARTON
As you know, both of you suffered
multiple injuries, but Noa's were
far more serious. As well as the
numerous glass cuts over her body,
there were several stab wounds
including on in her belly that
almost ruptured her kidney.

Quinn lowers his head, trying to keep his rising emotions in check.

(CONTINUED)

DR. GARTON (cont'd)
In surgery, Doctors Araya and Downing were able to stop the internal bleeding and repair what damage they could, but when they moved on to your back...

NOA
Doctor...

DR. GARTON
Yes?

NOA
Can you... can you just tell me if I'm going to be able to feel my legs again?

Garton lowers his head and sighs.

NOA (cont'd)
They've been numb since I came out of the anaesthetic, but I wanted to make sure it wasn't just a side effect, or-

QUINN
Why didn't you say anything to me?

NOA
I'm sorry, Jon, I... I didn't want to scare you...

QUINN
'Scare' me? Noa!

DR. GARTON
Jon, please.

Quinn looks at Noa, who stares back at him with wide, tearful eyes, and Quinn manages to clamp his mouth shut.

DR. GARTON (cont'd)
When Dr. Downing came to try and repair your vertebrae, he found there was damage to both the spinal cord itself and several nerve clusters. He did everything he could, but...

NOA
(softly)
No...

DR. GARTON

I'm sorry, Noa. You're not going to
have the use of your legs.

Noa bursts into a flood of tears, and Quinn reaches out to
hold her. Garton looks heartbroken himself.

QUINN

Isn't there anything we can do?
Physiotherapy, maybe some way to-

DR. GARTON

(shakes head)
I'm afraid not. The damage is
permanent and irreversible.
(beat)
I'm truly sorry. We did everything
we could.

As Noa starts to WAIL, her world falling apart around her,
Garton takes his cue to leave the couple to their grief.

He exits as Noa continues to weep, her hands clawing at
Quinn's arms in sheer, abject despair.

NOA

Why? Why... why me? Why me?

QUINN

I don't know... I don't know,
baby... I'm sorry...

She buries her head in his chest and SOBS for all she's
worth, and Quinn is also wet with tears as he pulls her tight
against him.

QUINN (cont'd)

We'll get through this... we'll get
past this... you and me...

He leans back KISSING the top of her head.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'm never gonna leave you, Noa. Not
now, not ever. I promise.

She can't stop herself crying, and as Quinn closes his eyes,
rocking her slowly back and forth, we DISSOLVE to:

Quinn is leaning against the wall, his head down, as Faith
approaches.

FAITH

How is she?

Quinn looks up - and Faith registers his red, desperate eyes. Her heart sinks.

FAITH (cont'd)

Noa...

Quinn turns to face the wall, pushing against it with his hands.

FAITH (cont'd)

Quinn, I-

QUINN

No!!

He PUNCHES the wall - and his hand smashes through the plaster! He staggers back, but Faith is there to catch him.

As Quinn breaks down, sobbing and howling, Faith pulls him close.

FAITH

Let it out, man. Let it out.

QUINN

She... she can't...

FAITH

Don't. Don't tell me now.

Faith is starting to cry herself - she doesn't need to see Noa to know that this is bad.

Quinn manages to choke down the last of his tears, and Faith helps him to sit in one of the nearby chairs.

QUINN

(spacing out)

She'll never walk... she'll never walk again... I can't... I don't know if I'm strong enough...

Faith doesn't know what to say. She looks to the door to Noa's room, then to Quinn. He starts to curl himself up on the chair, and she takes the chance to get up and go to Noa's door:

Faith steps into the small, cosy room and sees Noa lying with her back turned away from her. Faith walks to the side of the bed, her head spinning.

FAITH

N... Noa?

Noa slowly turns round to face her, managing a half smile as she sees Faith.

NOA

Faith...

Now it's Faith's turn to work up a smile.

FAITH

You're the first person who's seen me today and known it was me straight away.

NOA

I'll always know.

Faith reaches for Noa's hand, and Noa's lip starts to go again.

FAITH

(shakes head)

No. Come on, Noa, don't cry. You're strong. You can get through this.

NOA

Faith... I'm done. It's over.

FAITH

Don't say that! Noa, the places we've been and the things we've done... we're never done.

Faith kneels by Noa's bedside, getting close to her.

FAITH (cont'd)

That's the way this works. They keep throwing everything they've got at us, knocking us back, kicking us when we're down, but we keep getting right back up and spitting in their faces. We don't let them break us. Not now, not ever.

NOA

But I can't help you... not any more. I'm useless...

(sobs)

I'm broken...

FAITH

You're never broken. You hear me?

Noa's crying again, turning her head away, but Faith guides her back round to face her.

FAITH (cont'd)

Jon's out there going to pieces because he doesn't think he can be strong enough for you. He thinks that if he can't hold you up, you're not gonna have anything to stop you falling back down. I know that's not true.

NOA

He's right! I can't do this, Faith... how am I supposed to get past something like this? She took my legs! I'll never... I'll never walk again, and it's all because of her, and now I'm not strong enough to fight back and she knows it! She'll always know it...

Noa's lost in her tears again. Faith releases her hand as Noa turns away from her. Faith runs her hands through her hair, trying to keep it all together, and has to turn and leave.

30 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - ICU - CORRIDOR - NEXT

30

Faith steps outside - but Quinn is gone. She looks up and down, but he's nowhere in sight. His IV infuser stand is where she left him.

She walks over to the stand, finding the needle trailing from the end of the drip bag, and as she lifts it up with a frown, we cut to:

31 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - BATHROOM - NEXT

31

Quinn looks up into a bathroom mirror, his face wet. A sink full of cold water is before him. He stares at his broken-hearted reflection for a few beats, before his features harden.

He reaches for his scrubs and starts to RIP them, starting at the neck, until the mass of bandages wrapped round his chest is exposed.

Looking at his feet, more and more rolls and packs of bandages and gauze float down as Quinn tears everything away.

He looks back up in the mirror - and the message Evil faith left on his chest is revealed. Quinn takes a step back, looking down...

... and the words 'Five By Five' are carved into his chest.

Quinn shakes, his anger building to volcanic intensity, until he throws his head back and ROARS a cry of pure, unadulterated hate.

(CONTINUED)

He sags, panting for breath, slumping forward and propping himself up against the sink.

And that's when he hears a loud HUM start to fill the room. His head snaps up, and he spins round - but nobody's there.

The hum grows louder, and Quinn looks frantically round the bathroom - he knows what that sound means.

There's a hazy BLUR of movement to his left, and Quinn starts to turn - but he's too slow, and something BASHES into him, knocking him to the floor with a CRASH.

As he turns round to face his attacker, the air before him starts to SHIMMER - and a dark, humanoid shape starts to form out of nothing!

Quinn shuffles back as a female figure in black body armour is revealed, staring coldly down at him through green-lensed goggles. On her right arm is a large rotating blade, the source of the hum which has now died down as it stops its twirling.

The figure reaches for her visor and lifts it - to reveal the grinning face of THORNN!

THORNN

Hello, Jon.

QUINN

(shocked)

You... how did you find me?

THORNN

Hospital records. You forgot to tell your friends to check you in under a different name, so when 'Jon Quinn' popped up on St. Vincent's system, it set off a little flag at our base, and I was sent out to personally say hi...

She raises her arm - and with a HUM, the rotating wrist blades start their cycle again, picking up speed.

THORNN (cont'd)

... and to formally terminate your contract with us. Once and for all.

With a sadistic grin, she takes one step towards him, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW