

FAITH

"Hole In The Head"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. ASYLUM - ALEX'S OFFICE - MORNING

1

FAITH wears a frown of confusion as she stands in the office, looking towards PRYOR and ALEX, standing over by Alex's desk.

Pryor's scars are noticeable through their absence, but he's acting remarkably casually considering.

FAITH

'Job'? What 'job'? Pryor?

Pryor looks to Alex, who nods.

PRYOR

Assistant Director of the Asylum,
Faith. Alex placed an advertisement
in the local papers to ask for help
a little while back, and...

ALEX

... and when Pryor applied for the
post, I knew straight away he was
the kind of man I wanted.

(quickly)

To be on my staff.

FAITH

And none of you felt like telling
me about any of this?

PRYOR

It's not that, we just-

ALEX

It all came together pretty
quickly, and we-

Faith raises a dismissive hand and turns back towards the door.

FAITH

Whatever. I've had too damn long a
day to try and get my head round
this right now. I'm goin' to bed.

Alex starts to speak again, but Pryor stops her with a shake of his head, and Faith exits the office.

PRYOR

I've known her a lot longer than
you. Trust me when I say she needs
a moment to process this.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I guess...

Alex sits down, and Pryor pulls up another chair.

ALEX (cont'd)

Do you think she bought that story
about the advert in the news?

PRYOR

Probably not. Faith's a smart girl,
she'll figure it out sooner or
later.

ALEX

So we should get our stories
straight now, then. She was in the
middle of chewing me up over
something else when you showed up.

PRYOR

What was it?

ALEX

Another, equally long story. We'll
get to that. First - what are you
going to say if Faith calls you on
your appointment here?

PRYOR

I'll tell her the truth. I'll say
that you contacted me while I was
recovering from her doppelganger's
attack and offered your help with
the situation, and that over the
course of that conversation you
agreed to take me in and give me a
job here to help our efforts.

ALEX

(grins)

You're making it sound like you're
a stray dog I found going through
my trash!

Pryor chuckles - then WINCES as he stretches a tender part of
himself.

PRYOR

Believe me, a large part of me
still feels like that.

Alex opens up the large book she was showing to Faith.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

ALEX

Okay, my turn. You need a history lesson on what this place is and what's down in the basement, so I hope you're good at taking notes...

Pryor looks down at the book, seeing the illustration of the Gateway as we cut to:

2 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

2

A pissed off Faith stomps back towards her room, looking up as QUINN heads towards her.

QUINN

Is everything okay? You were gone a while, and I-

She walks straight past him, heading for her room.

FAITH

Go ask Pryor. He's in Alex's office.

QUINN

Pryor's here? What does-

CLICK! Faith's door closes, and Quinn is left alone in the corridor for a beat.

QUINN (cont'd)

Huh.

He turns and heads back up the corridor, turning a corner and passing a row of patient's rooms on his way.

As he passes one door, he fails to notice a pulsing, glowing LIGHT seeping out from behind the door, and we cut to:

3 INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NEXT

3

Inside the plain, darkened bedroom, the early morning sun outside still trying to fight its way through the clouds, there is a figure huddled up on the bed against one wall, wrapped up in the bedsheets.

This isn't stopping the GLOWING, however, with the steady pulse of white light coming from inside the bedclothes.

Push in on the curled up figure until the covers are thrown back, revealing a man in his thirties, sweating and looking pretty panicked - because the glowing is coming from inside his head!

(CONTINUED)

The light is pouring out from behind his eyes and inside his mouth, almost as though a huge light bulb is glowing from somewhere within his skull!

The terrified man clamps his hands over his eyes and mouth, but the light keeps on shining through.

He sits up in bed, his breathing fast and panicked, running his hands over his face as though trying to find the 'off' switch.

MAN

(distraught)

What's... what's happening to me?

He starts to SOB, leaning forward and rolling out of bed to lie on the floor, his wretched cries continuing as he curls up in the foetal position.

Pull back from the desperate man, the glowing maintaining a steady rhythm, until we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - MORNING

4

Faith has somehow managed to get to sleep, the lights off and curtains drawn in her room as she lies peacefully in her bed. The papers she and Quinn liberated from the Initiative base remain scattered across the floor.

She actually gets at least a few seconds of rest - until there is a KNOCK at her door. Faith groans and sits up, rubbing her eyes.

FAITH

Unless you're bringing me good news, piss off!

QUINN (O.S.)

(muffled through door)

It's me. Can I come in?

Faith mutters again as she swings her legs out of bed, padding over to the door and throwing it open. Quinn bites his lip as he sees her bleary eyes and nightshirt/tracksuit pants combo.

QUINN (cont'd)

Oh, sorry, did I wake you?

FAITH

No, I was just lying in the dark with my eyes closed. Yes, you woke me up! What is it?

QUINN

I was just, uh, coming to tell you that I've spoken to Pryor, and now while he's off getting a tour of the building with Alex, I'm gonna head back to the hospital to see Noa.

FAITH

Okay, great. And I needed waking up to be told this because...

QUINN

I was going to take those papers off your hands so I can study them some more. The Initiative are going to be looking for me and those files now, so I need to keep moving.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

So stay away from Noa.

QUINN

What?

FAITH

Jon, they sent somebody after you at the hospital once already. They'll try again, and if you go back you're just inviting them to get Noa mixed up in everything. You don't need me to tell you she really doesn't need that right now.

QUINN

I know that, believe me, but... I have to see her, Faith. I need to see her.

Faith stares at him for a beat - then rolls her eyes and nods.

FAITH

Alright, knock yourself out.

She steps aside, and Quinn heads into the room to start gathering up the scattered files. Faith takes the opportunity to collapse back into her bed.

FAITH (cont'd)

Something tells me I'm gonna get a call in about an hour asking me to come and bail you out of trouble again anyway.

QUINN

(grins)

'Again'?

He looks up - but Faith has already fallen asleep again! Taking that as his cue to leave, Quinn carefully creeps back outside, shutting the door behind him.

With heavy duty flashlights to cut through the gloom, Alex and Pryor head down one of the disused parts of the old Asylum building.

ALEX

So then, around 1953, there was a fire that gutted most of this building. Started down in the patient's rooms and spread from there.

PRYOR

Were there many deaths?

ALEX

A lot, unfortunately. I don't have an accurate figure, but it was pushing seventy.

PRYOR

That's a lot of restless energy to leave lying around a place like this.

ALEX

Tell me about it. Anyway, the fire caused major structural damage when the heaters blew, and before anyone could get out the entire complex just sank into the ground.

A brief SHUDDER shakes the corridor, dislodging a little dust. Pryor freezes and pales, and Alex watches him with a smirk.

PRYOR

Is... is there any chance of that happening again?

ALEX

We can't go down any further, if that's what you mean. The old asylum was built over an abandoned bunker from the war, so there was a big hole waiting for it to fold into like a deck of cards.

Pryor shines his torch beam around the walls, getting a feel for the place.

ALEX (cont'd)

The new asylum was built over the old one, basically using it as foundations, but as you can see, the old building remained intact.

Alex wipes away some cobwebs from a dusty panel on the wall - and reveals a large, bulky LEVER. She tugs it upwards, and with a loud THUNK, lights start to flicker on up and down the corridor.

The bulbs are dirty and aged, and cast an eerie green glow up and down the hallway.

PRYOR

You still have power?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

No idea why, not wanting to know
either. The point is, it still
works, so that's enough for me.

(points)

This way.

She takes a left turn, leaving Pryor to peer into the viewing
slot in a large steel door as they pass it.

Inside is what used to be a patient's room, overrun with
dirt, rubble and cobwebs - and a dark shape in one corner!

Pryor frowns, trying to get his torch to shine on the object -
and JUMPS a mile when Alex reappears behind him!

ALEX (cont'd)

Sorry, did I scare you?

PRYOR

No, it's...

(deep breath)

Lead the way.

Leaving the creepy room behind, Pryor follows Alex down the
corridor and into:

They enter a huge room with walls of solid stone, covered
with smaller tiles that have markings and symbols etched into
them.

Alex's flashlight points out the GATEWAY in the centre of the
room. Gothic stone monuments stand on either side, as
guardians, and the surface of the archway is covered with
more of the arcane symbols and hieroglyphics.

ALEX

And here it is.

Pryor is suitably awestruck as he moves in for a closer look.
He reaches out a hand, then pauses.

PRYOR

Is it safe to touch it?

ALEX

Yeah.

She holds up her arm and displays her tattoo to Pryor.

ALEX (cont'd)

You need one of these to get it
moving.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (cont'd)
I don't know what the criteria are
for giving them out, but I'm pretty
sure you'll be safe.

PRYOR
'Pretty sure'?

ALEX
It's up to you.

Pryor hesitates - then lays his hand against the cool stone
of the archway. When there's no reaction, he exhales with
relief and wanders around it, taking in the carvings.

PRYOR
Some of these look familiar, I
think. That's... no, that can't be
right.

ALEX
What?

She heads over for a closer look as Pryor points to one
section of the markings.

PRYOR
This passage here. It's in
Sumerian, or some ancient local
dialect of it, and as far as I know
the Sumerians never settled
anywhere even remotely close to the
New World.

ALEX
So, what, somebody put this thing
here?

PRYOR
Apparently so. How much do you know
about it?

ALEX
Not much. That was my mission
statement when I took this post,
but since then there hasn't been
much to report. You know about
exilis points, right?

PRYOR
(still examining Gateway)
Thinner than usual sections of the
walls between dimensions, yes.

ALEX
You're standing on one of the
largest in this hemisphere.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor looks at her, then back at the Gateway, the pieces falling together.

PRYOR

It's a doorway...

ALEX

That's what I've managed to work out. Somehow, I think this thing gives access to the *exilis* point, and conceivably also has the power to connect with plenty of other dimensions from there.

PRYOR

So in the wrong hands, this could be an extremely dangerous device.

ALEX

It certainly could. Demons could use it to bring in forces from their own dimensions to do God only knows what, so the sooner we figure out how this thing works, the better. Mainly so I can keep it switched off - permanently.

PRYOR

On the flipside, it could be used just as easily to explore new worlds and dimensions. We shouldn't be too hasty to deactivate it just because it could be used for evil.

ALEX

Well, that's one of the reasons I brought you in, Pryor. Once I did my homework on you, found out about your studies, your travels, and your...

She trails off as Pryor turns to her.

PRYOR

My chequered past?

ALEX

You said it, not me. Point is, I need somebody to help me figure out what to do with this, and you're the best person I could find.

(beat)

Having second thoughts yet?

Pryor turns back to the Gateway, a smile creeping across his features at the prospect of investigating the archway.

(CONTINUED)

He reaches into his blazer pocket and takes out a small, Walkman-sized device, holding it up to the Gateway and listening as it makes a series of BEEPS and SQUEALS.

PRYOR

(smiles)

Not for a second.

Alex steps up to join him, and as the duo stare at the Gateway, we cut to:

NOA is asleep in bed, the first rays of morning sunlight stretching across from the half-drawn curtains.

A shadow falls over her, and she stirs, turning to face the new arrival...

QUINN

Hey, beautiful.

Noa manages a smile as Quinn tenderly cradles her head, closing her eyes and SIGHING.

NOA

(sleepily)

Is it morning already? Felt like last night wasn't planning on ending.

QUINN

I'd kick in to a rousing chorus of 'Zip-a-dee-doo-dah,' but I think the nurses might complain.

NOA

Come here.

He leans in and KISSES her, pulling up a chair to sit next to her. She turns on her side as best she can, having to drag herself upright with her one good arm. Her left is still in plaster.

NOA (cont'd)

Where's everybody else?

QUINN

Vi and Faith are getting some rest, and Pryor, well-

NOA

(sharp)

I don't want to know.

QUINN

What?

NOA

Pryor. He... did he tell you what he spoke to me about last night?

QUINN

No, I haven't really seen him. I think he's just landed a job at Faith's Asylum, although I'm not too sure how. I don't know. I've had a long night too.

NOA

Well, you're here now, and if you think I'm letting you out of my sight for more than a...

She trails off as she notices his heavy expression.

NOA (cont'd)

Oh, God...

Quinn takes one of her hands in both of his.

QUINN

There's something you need to know.

NOA

I should warn you, last time somebody said that to me, it didn't work out at all well...

QUINN

I can't stay here long. It's not safe.

NOA

Not safe for who?

QUINN

You or me. The Initiative sent somebody here to kill me last night.

NOA

(shocked)

They did what?

QUINN

Don't worry, I took care of them. But they know I'm here. I shouldn't even have come back now, but-

Quinn stops as Noa urgently grabs his hand, tears in her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

NOA
Don't leave me again.

QUINN
(lowers head)
No, it's not that simple, I have to think about-

NOA
Do you love me?

QUINN
What?

NOA
Do you love me?

QUINN
You know I do. Right now, I probably love you more than I love pretzels, and that's really saying-

NOA
Then stay.

QUINN
(beat)
I can't. I won't put you in harm's way, Noa. I can't.

NOA
Jon, look at me. Look at where we are. I'm always going to be in harm's way. When Faith finally kills that bitch evil twin of hers, there'll be something else, and then after that, and then after that too. You running away isn't going to stop bad things from happening.

QUINN
But, Noa, you have to understand, they-

NOA
'They' can go straight to Hell in a handbasket for all I care!

She reaches forward and grabs his head between her hands.

NOA (cont'd)
(fierce)
You think you've got bad guys after you know?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
You just try and leave me again.
Then you'll see something worth
running away from.

A beat - and then Noa cracks into a smile and KISSES him.

Quinn isn't sure how to process that as Noa settles back down, running a hand through his hair.

QUINN
Okay, that was either the most
breathtaking display of emotion
I've ever seen... or you are
possibly the most sinister person
I've ever met.

NOA
I was aiming for somewhere between
the two.

Quinn manages a brief laugh, shaking his head.

QUINN
Where were you a few years ago when
I needed you?

NOA
I'd say 'waiting for you,' but that
makes it sound like I didn't have
anything better to do until you
came along.

QUINN
And we can't have that.

NOA
No, we can't.

A beat, then Quinn stands. Noa doesn't look distressed by this - she knows she got through to him.

QUINN
I've got a few things to do. Faith
and I ran a little errand last
night, and it looks like we're
getting some answers about what's
going on over at the Asylum.

NOA
Okay. You go do your paperwork. I
promise not to time you.

Quinn smiles, leans over to kiss her again, and then exits. Noa watches the door as he leaves, waiting for the sound of his footsteps to fade away - and then, her expression changes to one of immeasurable sadness in an instant.

7 CONTINUED: (4)

7

She SNIFFS, but she can't hold back the tears, and as she buries her face in her pillow and begins to SOB once again, we cut to:

8 INT. VAMPIRE LAIR - MORNING

8

A rundown, shabby lair somewhere inside an abandoned building. Distant traffic sounds filter down from the streets overhead, and the whole lair RATTLES as a subway train passes below them.

Around a dozen VAMPIRES are spread out across the lair. Some are watching an old TV, two are playing cards and another is trying (and failing) to heave a young girl's dead body into a black bag.

The vamp, who we'll call SONNY, has a few more attempts at manhandling the girl's dead weight into the bag, before giving up and dropping her with an annoyed GRUNT.

SONNY

(to other vamps)

Can I get some help over here?

TV VAMP #1

Sorry, man. It's 'Judge Judy' hour.

Sonny rolls his eyes and gets back to work, but as he hears FOOTSTEPS approaching, he looks up. He's stood before a thick, rusty iron door which is one exit from the lair.

He frowns as the footsteps come nearer, and just as he turns to his comrades to announce the visitor...

WHAM! The door flies open, knocking him off his feet. The other vamps jump to attention, looking to the intruder.

It's EVIL FAITH.

She grins, twirling a stake in her hand as she surveys the room before her.

EVIL FAITH

(off TV)

Did I get here for the start? I hate missing the theme music.

TV VAMP #1

Get her!

Four of the vamps rush her, but Evil Faith's fighting is as effortless as ever. She grabs one and SLAMS him face first into the wall, SPIN KICKS a second and WHACKS the iron door into the third.

(CONTINUED)

The fourth vamp grabs her from behind, pinning her arms down as three more head over, chuckling at their next victim.

CARDS VAMP #1

What kind of dumbass Slayer comes down here by themselves, anyway? You tryin' to prove a point, little girl?

EVIL FAITH

Actually, yeah.

POW! She HEADBUTTS the vamp holding her, and in a blur of action PUNCHES one vamp down, ELBOWS a second and grabs the next, SMASHING his face into her knee.

Eight down, four to go, but as Evil Faith stands over the groaning forms of the stunned vampires she just took on, she surprises the others by tucking her stake away.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I'm here to make a deal.

CARD VAMP #2

Deal? We don't 'deal' with Slayers!

EVIL FAITH

Not asking you to. I'm asking you to deal with me.

The vamps exchange puzzled looks as a grinning Evil Faith steps over their fallen comrades.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I've got a job I need to do, and I need some help to pull it off.

CARD VAMP #2

What kind of job?

TV VAMP #2

What's in it for us?

EVIL FAITH

All you can eat.

The vamps swap looks, but seem intrigued by this idea.

CARD VAMP #2

Alright, so what's the target?

Faith grins and reaches into her jacket. The motion briefly pulls her hair back, and the vampires react at the BURNS still scarring one side of her face.

(CONTINUED)

She turns back to them, holding up a black and white photo - it's the Asylum!

EVIL FAITH
You know this place?

TV VAMP #2
(takes photo)
Yeah, that's the old Asylum.
Supposed to be haunted.

EVIL FAITH
I've got to run an errand of my own there first, but after that I've got a friend who needs to get his hands on something down in their basement. If you guys and girls help me get it, you can take as many free meals home from that place as you can carry.

The vamps glance at each other, silently conferring, before card Vamp #2 turns back to her.

CARD VAMP #2
We're in.

Evil Faith allows herself a victorious smirk, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

INT. OLD ASYLUM - OFFICE - MORNING

9

Alex opens a sturdy door, with a little difficulty, to reveal what used to be the office of the old Asylum's director. Pryor follows her in as she aims her torch towards one wall.

Pryor follows the torch beam - and reacts as he sees a huge PENTAGRAM painted onto the wall!

ALEX

You can find these all over the complex if you go looking for them.

PRYOR

Who painted them?

ALEX

The director. Dr. Sondra Salus.

Pryor turns to Alex, who nods.

ALEX (cont'd)

My great-grandmother.

PRYOR

So this is what you'd call a family business then, I take it?

ALEX

It's how I landed the job here. My family has been involved with this place for generations, but it's only when I started here that I found out all the little things they kept in the small print of my contract - like the fact that we may have a multi-dimensional gateway to a million different versions of Hell sitting in our basement.

Pryor walks over to the wall with the pentagram - it's painted on with what looks like dark, red paint, cracked and peeling.

ALEX (cont'd)

It's blood.

Pryor reaches out and touches it, some of the old, dried blood flaking away in his hands.

PRYOR

Do you know whose?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

No, thank God. I'm pretty sure it was Sondra who started the fire, though. This place... it does things to you. If you let it.

Pryor steps back from the wall, noticing the framed certificates and portraits still hanging.

PRYOR

Why didn't this room suffer fire damage like the rest of it?

ALEX

I'm not sure, but my guess is that thing on the wall had something to do with it. As far as I've been able to work out from what's left of her journals, Sondra became convinced she had to destroy the Gateway to stop it being used for some terrible evil, and she saw the Asylum as a necessary sacrifice to save the rest of the world.

Alex walks a few steps over to the pentagram.

ALEX (cont'd)

She set these up to offer some kind of protection... but she must've missed a few glyphs out.

PRYOR

Did she die in the fire?

ALEX

(nods)

I don't think she was expecting the whole building to collapse into the ground.

Pryor looks round the office again as Alex heads for the door - but as the lights FLICKER, they both pause. A moment later, Alex's walkie-talkie CRACKLES and she picks it up.

ALEX (cont'd)

(into walkie-talkie)

This is Dr. Salus. Everything alright up there?

GRAHAM

(filtered; through handset)

Uh... in a word, no. You'd better get back here, Doc. Something crazy's going down up here.

(CONTINUED)

Alex and Pryor swap a look.

ALEX
I'm on my way.
(to Pryor)
Follow me.

She hurries out of the office, and we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - MORNING

Alex and Pryor hustle towards a group of orderlies standing outside one of the residents' rooms - and the GLOWING from earlier has intensified.

They look up as the lights overhead FLICKER again, this time almost dropping into darkness for a moment.

ALEX
What's going on?

Faith is with GRAHAM and TODD, pushing the orderlies back as Alex approaches.

FAITH
Check it out. We were waiting for
you before we opened it up.

The room behind the door is filled with a brilliant, pulsing white light, and the muffled sounds of a man's CRIES for help can be heard.

ALEX
Why didn't you just go in there?

FAITH
Door problems.

She nudges Todd, who lifts his hand - and his palm is scorched red raw!

TODD
The whole door's red hot, we can't
get near enough to unlock it
without burning ourselves.

PRYOR
I know something we can try.

All eyes turn to Pryor, who looks towards the door with a grim expression, before we cut to:

11 INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NEXT

11

Inside the room, the stricken resident's head GLOWING and filling the room with light, before there is the HISS of something outside, followed by a loud SMASH from the door.

The man looks over as there is a second SMASH and a wide CRACK appears in the middle of the door, and with a third, the lower half of the door SHATTERS like glass, the top half falling from the frame with a CLANG.

Pryor is holding something that looks like a small fire extinguisher, and between Faith, Todd and Graham is a water cooler, the trio having used it to beat the door down.

They're all blinded by the light as soon as the door drops, but Faith is the first one inside, shielding her eyes as best she can.

FAITH

(to man)

Are you alright? What's happening to you?

MAN

I don't know... I can't make it stop...

Thinking quickly, Faith grabs up the bedsheets and drapes them over the man's head, wrapping him up as best she can without suffocating him.

Once she's managed to get the harshness of the light down a little, the others start to head inside. Alex hangs back to look at the device Pryor is holding.

ALEX

And that is?

PRYOR

Liquid nitrogen in a pressurised dispenser. I thought it'd be a good defence to use against, you know... things.

They get inside as Faith and the others try to help the source of the problem, laying the man back down and keeping his head covered.

FAITH

(to Todd)

Go get some thick blankets or something.

Todd dashes out of the room as Pryor steps over to examine the man.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

(to Faith)

So this is what you've been getting up to, then?

FAITH

Laugh a minute.

ALEX

I've never seen anything like it... it looked like his whole body was just glowing!

PRYOR

I'll know more when I've had chance to run a few tests, I'll need to get some things from my lab- from my car.

FAITH

You have a car?

PRYOR

Rental.

MAN

Turn it off... turn it off! Make it stop!

FAITH

Hey, we're gonna do everything we can to help you, alright? Just sit tight, everybody's here to help you.

(to Pryor)

Go get your stuff. I'll stay here.

Pryor nods, heading for the exit and passing Alex as the lights almost fade again.

ALEX

(off man)

Do you think he's causing that?

PRYOR

It's possible, I'll see what I can find out.

He hurries off down the corridor, and as Alex anxiously watches Faith try to keep the man calm, we cut to:

Quinn is waiting by his car, watching the traffic of ambulances, patients and staff flow in and out of the hospital.

The main doors slide open and he straightens up, looking over as Noa exits the hospital.

In a wheelchair.

Noa's head is down as a nurse pushes her towards Quinn, and she doesn't look up at him as he heads over.

QUINN
(to nurse)
I'll take it from here, thanks.

The nurse nods and heads back inside, as Quinn crouches before Noa, trying to catch her gaze.

QUINN (cont'd)
Hey.

No answer. He keeps his eyes on her - and she closes her eyes, a tear rolling down her cheek. Quinn reaches out to catch it.

QUINN (cont'd)
Hey, hey! Come on, Noa. It's alright.

NOA
(explodes)
No, it's not 'alright'!

He steps back, startled by her outburst, but Noa manages to keep any fresh tears in this time, fixing her anger-ridden features.

NOA (cont'd)
Just... just take me home. Please.

Quinn hesitates, but then takes the handles of the wheelchair and pushes it towards his car, as we cut back to:

Pryor is marching back down the corridor as Alex comes to meet him, a bag slung over each of his shoulders and a bulky contraption in his hands that looks like a welder's mask.

ALEX
Where have you been? I thought you said you were just going back to your car for some supplies?

PRYOR
I was... and then I had an idea. I had to go back to my lab for the parts I needed.

ALEX

I thought your lab burned down?

PRYOR

It did, but there's still a lot of things there, if you know where to look amongst all the wreckage.

The duo head towards the patient's room up ahead, Pryor noticing sections of plastic yellow fencing lining all the junctions with other corridors.

ALEX

(off fencing)

I've sectioned this wing off, moved all the other residents out of here. Until we know what this guy is or what's affecting him, I'm not taking any chances.

Pryor nods as they step into:

INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NEXT

Faith looks up as Pryor heads over, holding out the helmet-like object.

FAITH

What's that?

PRYOR

Something that might help. Could you ask him to put it on?

Faith takes the 'helmet,' not sure what to make of it, and turns to the man, his head still buried under heavy blankets but the light still visible beneath them.

FAITH

Hey, Dennis? You still awake in there?

(to Alex)

His name's Dennis Fisher. Nobody else remembered to ask him.

DENNIS stirs, and Faith is careful to keep the blankets in place as she holds the helmet out towards him.

FAITH (cont'd)

Try putting this on. My friend Pryor says it'll help.

Dennis' hands reach out and take the helmet, pulling it beneath the covers as Alex turns to Pryor.

ALEX

So what is it?

PRYOR

Essentially, two welder's masks fused together, lined with thick insulating material. Hopefully, it'll shield us from the effects of the light so we can run some proper tests. I'm only late because I was halfway here before I realised I'd forgotten to drill any air holes in it, and I had to turn back.

Alex raises an eyebrow as the pile of blankets over Dennis starts to shift, and Faith hops back out of the way.

Dennis sits up - his face is now covered by the front half of the welder's mask, and while the white light still glows within the helmet, it's no longer overpowering.

PRYOR (cont'd)

There. Much better.

(to Dennis)

Can you still hear us okay?

DENNIS

(muffled)

I... yes...

Pryor shrugs his bags onto the floor and opens them, revealing a large amount of complex-looking equipment.

PRYOR

I'll get started in here, then.
I'll get a blood sample, take some energy readings, see if I can find out what's causing this and if there's anything we can do to stop it.

FAITH

Okay. What about us?

PRYOR

(grins)

Well, I'm sure I'll need an assistant.

Alex smiles, but stops as Faith steps over.

FAITH

(to Alex)

Go. I got it in here. Me and Pryor have got a few things to discuss, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

Sensing that she should leave the two alone, Alex nods and steps towards the door.

ALEX

Call me if you need anything, okay?

Faith nods, and with a final glance at Pryor, Alex exits. Faith waits until she's out of earshot before rounding on Pryor.

FAITH

Okay, start talking.

PRYOR

Can't this wait until I've run a few tests? We need to-

FAITH

Multitask. Whatever. Start talking.

Pryor reads from her stern expression that there's no getting out of this one, gathering up a small syringe and heading over to Dennis.

PRYOR

Where would you like me to start?

FAITH

What happened to your face?

Pryor turns and raises an eyebrow at her, and faith points to her cheeks.

PRYOR

Latex. I was working on it for a while but never got round to using it, and so I thought this was the ideal field test. A few strips and a little concealer, and you'd never know the difference.

FAITH

Okay, that's one. What's with the new attitude?

PRYOR

What do you mean?

FAITH

Pryor, yesterday you took a fricken overdose, and today you're all Quincy again like nothing happened! Are you high or something? C'mere, let me see your eyes.

PRYOR

There's a time and a place to break down, Faith, and this is neither.

Faith pauses, and after carefully drawing a syringe full of blood from the docile Dennis, Pryor turns back to her.

PRYOR (cont'd)

What I did was... look, what happened between Noa and I is something I'll never be able to forget. I don't expect her to forgive me for a long time, if ever, but I know there's nothing I can do about that.

FAITH

You could try to make it up to her.

PRYOR

How?

Faith doesn't have an answer.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Working here, at the Asylum, offers me plenty of chances to make a difference, helping other people in need, and from the looks of things you've got a time bomb of your own on your hands.

Faith frowns, not following, as Pryor gets more testing equipment from his bags.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Alex showed me into the lower levels, what used to be the old asylum complex. She showed me the Gateway.

FAITH

So you know what's going on?

PRYOR

I don't think any of us do. I imagine it's something else I can help you out with.

Faith stands, arms folded, watching Pryor as he goes back to work. She's deliberating how to handle this situation.

FAITH

(off Dennis)

So what do you make of all this?

(CONTINUED)

Pryor is holding his small electronic measuring device by Dennis, watching a small counter on its surface as it makes a range of BEEPS and WAILS.

PRYOR

I think this poor guy's got some kind of energy source inside of him with no clear way to get it out. It doesn't seem to be harming him, but...

Pryor trails off, staring at the device.

FAITH

But what?

She steps over, looking over his shoulder.

FAITH (cont'd)

What does it say?

Pryor looks at her but doesn't answer - and then hurries out of the room without another word.

FAITH (cont'd)

(blinks)

Hey! Pryor? Wait!

She follows him, as we cut to:

Torch in hand, Faith comes bounding into the Gateway room to find Pryor standing before it, holding the same device in his hand and waving it slowly before the archway.

FAITH

What the hell, Pryor?

She heads over, and he finally turns to her.

PRYOR

Faith...

FAITH

(out of breath)

You want to tell me what's going on here now?

PRYOR

The energy readings I was getting from Dennis looked familiar, and it took me a moment to realise where I'd seen them before.

15 CONTINUED:

15

He holds the device towards the Gateway, and the BEEPING noises become louder and more insistent as we cut to:

16 INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NEXT

16

Alex heads back into Dennis' room to find the door open and the man himself curled up on the bed, all alone.

Alex frowns and reaches for her walkie-talkie, but before she can send out a call, Dennis sits bolt upright in bed, startling her.

DENNIS

She's coming...

Alex blinks, then cautiously steps towards him.

ALEX

Who's coming? Dennis? Who's coming?

DENNIS

For me.. She wants me.. She's going to get me...

ALEX

Nobody's going to 'get' you, Dennis. You're perfectly safe here, you won't-

DENNIS

(shouts)

She's coming for me!!

Dennis jumps to his feet and starts to pace rapidly up and down the room. A wary Alex watches him for a beat, then lifts her walkie-talkie as we cut back to:

17 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - NEXT

17

Back with Faith and Pryor as they look up at:

FAITH

The Gateway...

PRYOR

Whatever's suddenly switched on inside that man's head, it's the exact same energy reading as this thing.

FAITH

Oh, man...

PRYOR

But that's not all.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor hands her the device, and as Faith watches, a small arrow on its readout continues to slowly rise up the scale.

PRYOR (cont'd)
The energy levels down here are increasing steadily, and have done since I last checked it an hour or so ago.

Faith looks up at the Gateway as Pryor turns to face it.

PRYOR (cont'd)
It's powering itself up.

Faith looks shocked - then JUMPS a mile as her walkie-talkie CRACKLES.

ALEX
(filtered; through
handset)
Faith, are you there? Come in, please!

FAITH
(into handset)
I'm here, what's up?

ALEX
You'd better get back to Dennis' room right away. I think we just moved to Def Con One.

As Pryor and Faith exchange a dark look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18

INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NEXT

18

Faith dashes up to the entrance to Dennis' room, pausing as she takes in the scene - a frantically squirming Dennis is being restrained by Graham, as Todd prepares to inject him with a sedative. Alex turns and waves Faith inside.

ALEX

Come on. You should hear this
before we put him under.

FAITH

What's up? Is he okay?

ALEX

Just listen.

Alex nudges Faith towards Dennis, and as Faith picks up his mumbling voice, she leans in for a closer listen.

DENNIS

She's coming... she's coming for
me... she's coming... looks like
her but it isn't... looks like her
but it isn't...

Faith steps back, a heavy expression on her face.

ALEX

Any idea what he could mean?

FAITH

Yeah... yeah, I got an idea.

ALEX

And by your face, I'm guessing it's
bad news, right?

FAITH

We have to get him out of here.

Todd injects Dennis with the sedative, and his struggles finally subside. Graham eases him down onto the bed and steps back, glad to be away from him.

ALEX

We can't just take him away, Faith,
this guy's in trouble!

FAITH

Yeah, and the only way to help him
is to take him and hide him
somewhere where she won't find him!

(CONTINUED)

Faith turns and races back out of the room, leaving an increasingly exasperated Alex behind.

ALEX

Where who won't find him? Faith?

Faith keeps running, picking up speed as we cut to:

Quinn is driving casually through the mid-day traffic, glancing over at the silent and stony faced Noa beside him.

QUINN

You want the radio on?

He gets no answer, but reaches for the radio dial anyway. Three seconds of Van Halen's 'Jump' fill the car before Quinn quickly flicks it off again.

QUINN (cont'd)

Uh... sorry.

He drives on in silence for a beat, before suddenly pulling to the side of the road and slowing to a halt.

Noa still doesn't turn to look at him, but he stretches out across his seat - he's not moving without getting something out of her.

QUINN (cont'd)

Alright, what changed?

NOA

(quiet)

Everything.

QUINN

I'm sorry?

Noa turns to him at last.

NOA

What kind of stupid question is that?

QUINN

A pretty fair one, considering.

NOA

Considering what?

QUINN

When you were in your room in the ICU, you were down heartened but otherwise in good spirits.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)

The nurse brings you outside, and suddenly you're just... somewhere else. So what changed?

Noa stares out through the windshield, waiting a long beat before answering.

NOA

It didn't seem real. Before, I mean. Sitting in that bed, the doctor coming in, it all...

(turns to him)

It all felt like a dream, that any second I was just gonna wake up, jump out of bed and have everything be back to normal, you know?

QUINN

I'd say 'yeah,' but that'd imply I have even the tiniest sense of what you must be going through.

Noa lowers her head, fighting back the tears.

NOA

So when the nurse came in with the chair, and she... and she had to lift me out of the bed to put me in it, and even stay to help me get dressed, it...

(sniffs)

... I knew I wasn't going to wake up. That was it. My life, my job... it was all over.

Tears start to roll down her cheek, but Quinn is quick to lean across and hold her.

QUINN

It's not over. We've still got each other, corny as that sounds. You're not going to have to get through this by yourself. There's Faith, and Pryor, and Vi... you're in good hands, kiddo.

NOA

(sobbing)

I just want to wake up again...

Quinn shushes her, rocking her gently back and forth as she weeps into his shoulder. He lets her cry a few tears out of her system before leaning back.

QUINN

Besides, I've got something to show you.

(CONTINUED)

NOA
(wiping tears away)
What?

QUINN
You'll have to wait and see.

He grins, and she manages a faint smile at last. He starts the ignition again, and as he pulls away from the kerb and gets back into the traffic, we cut to:

20 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - DAY

20

Faith, leather jacket on and white uniform swapped for street clothes, marches towards the main entrance as VI enters through the sliding doors.

VI
Hey, I got here as soon as I could.
I tried calling Quinn, but I think
his phone's off or something.

FAITH
Never mind. Let's move.

VI
Where are we going?

Faith marches past her, and Vi has to turn and jog to catch her up again.

21 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

21

Vi hurries back up to Faith as she heads determinedly down the street.

VI
Faith?

FAITH
We're going to find her.

A beat - Vi knows who Faith means by 'her.' She GULPS.

VI
Is that - I mean, can we-

FAITH
Not up for discussion.

Vi knows Faith well enough not to argue, but doesn't look too thrilled about the job at hand.

VI
Can I ask why?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

What's your point?

VI

My point is that this... you, whatever she is, has handed us our asses every time we've gone up against her, and now... now we're going looking for her?

Faith sighs and comes to a stop - an explanation is in order.

FAITH

There's a patient at the Asylum, got fricken white light coming out of his head like he's a human light bulb. Then, that big stone gateway down in the cellar starts giving off the same kind of energy, then the guy in question starts babbling about 'she's coming, she's coming for me.' That any clearer?

Faith starts off again, and after a moment to process Vi catches her up once more.

VI

It's clearer.

FAITH

Good.

VI

(dry)

I think we're both gonna get ourselves killed, but at least I'm clear.

The gallows humour passes over Faith's head, and as the duo walk on, we cut back to:

Pryor has set up more lamps and torches down here to give more light to work with, a complicated-looking array of small machines and devices all plugged into a portable generator.

Pryor has a book in his hands, busily translating the inscriptions on the Gateway as Alex enters behind him.

ALEX

Making yourself a home, I see...

PRYOR

(turns; smiles)

Just a few home comforts.

Alex heads over, peering down at the book he's using.

ALEX

Any luck with that?

PRYOR

So far, not all that much. I keep seeing this symbol repeated, however.

He taps his pen against one - it's the same as Faith and Alex's tattoo.

PRYOR (cont'd)

You showed me a similar marking on your arm earlier.

ALEX

Yeah, since - wait, 'similar'? I thought it was the same?

PRYOR

Not quite. May I?

He gestures to her sleeve, and with a nod she lets him roll it up, displaying the tattoo. Using his pen, he points to sections of the elaborate, diamond-shaped design.

PRYOR (cont'd)

A few of the outer details are different, and there's a symbol that should be in the middle that's missing from yours.

He stares at the tattoo - then glances up and realises Alex is staring at him! There's a beat before they both snap out of it, Alex rolling her sleeve back with a grin and Pryor turning back to the Gateway.

ALEX

So Faith and I have slightly different tattoos, that's what you're saying? What do they mean?

PRYOR

I've only got a very rough translation, obviously, but...

ALEX

Hey, rough is better than none.

PRYOR

(points)

This one, which I presume is the one Faith has, means 'Warden.' Or possibly 'Betrayed.'

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Yeah, that much I know already.
What about mine?

PRYOR

(squints)

It's less clear, but it could
mean... 'Key.' Or possibly...
'Sacrifice.'

ALEX

(beat)

Oh. I'm going to stick with option
one.

PRYOR

Like I said, I could have this
totally wrong, but-

ALEX

But that's your educated guess, and
as a man of great education that
means you're pretty much on the
money. Right?

PRYOR

I'm afraid so. The markings on here
have become worn down by age a
little, and Sumerian glyphs are
very intricate things. The tiniest
detail can change the entire
meaning of a symbol.

ALEX

Like from something that opens
doors to something that gets
killed?

PRYOR

Exactly.

Alex stares up at the Gateway - and now it's Pryor's turn to
take a moment to stare at her.

PRYOR (cont'd)

How's the patient?

ALEX

Sedated. He kept saying somebody
was coming for him, which seemed to
get Faith pretty worked up, but I
don't know what-

PRYOR

Did she say who?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

No, why? Dennis just kept saying
'she's coming for me' over and over
again, and...

She trails off, noticing the growing look of horror on
Pryor's face.

ALEX (cont'd)

Will somebody let me into the loop
on this one, please?

PRYOR

Get him out of here. Now.

ALEX

Why? Who is this mystery woman and
why is everyone so scared of her?

PRYOR

It'll take a while to explain...

ALEX

Then tell me on the way back
upstairs. Come on.

As the duo head out of the room, we cut to:

Inside the apartment with just the door before us. Footsteps
and the roll of a wheelchair can be heard from the corridor
outside.

NOA (O.S.)

(through door)

Can I open my eyes yet?

QUINN (O.S.)

(through door)

Not yet. Almost.

NOA (O.S.)

Well, hurry it up, because I- hey!

The door UNLOCKS and is swung open to reveal Quinn carrying
Noa in his arms, her eyes still closed.

NOA (cont'd)

This had better be worth the hype
you've given it. I've heard Don
King pimp things less than you did
on the way over here!

QUINN

Trust me, it's worth it.

Quinn takes a long, symbolic step over the threshold.

QUINN (cont'd)
Okay, open 'em.

Noa opens her eyes - and GASPS at what she sees!

Her apartment is spotless. Everything is in its place - even things that were left in a mess - and all evidence of the damage it sustained in Evil Faith's rampage are gone.

Noa bites her lip, tears filling her eyes again, but Quinn shakes his head and smiles.

QUINN (cont'd)
You've done enough crying.

NOA
Oh, Jon, I don't know what to say!

QUINN
So don't say anything.

He hooks his foot round the wheelchair and drags it inside, then kicks the door closed before heading over to one of the rooms - the bedroom.

QUINN (cont'd)
(sly grin)
At least, not at first.

She grins and KISSES him, and as the two disappear into the bedroom, we cut to:

It's a few hours later now, the winter sun setting in the background as a dilapidated warehouse comes into view.

A boarded up window on the ground floor is CRACKED open as Vi punches her way through, climbing down to the street, and helping Faith out too.

VI
Still can't get used to this 'me helping you' thing.

FAITH
I'm not planning on it being permanent.

VI
Good. Not that, you know, being the only Slayer in the team doesn't mean I'm not up to the job or anything, just...

Faith grins and pats her on the shoulder.

FAITH
I get it. It's okay.

They head back towards the main street, away from the cluster of run down buildings behind them.

VI
(checks watch)
Okay, that's four straight hours we've been looking now, and still nothing. If she's out here, she's gone to ground somewhere pretty hard to find.

FAITH
She's still out here.

VI
How do you know? Can you... can you, like, feel it?

FAITH
(distracted)
Huh? Oh, no, I just meant Pryor hasn't called me in a panic yet to say that she's at the Asylum slitting people's throats.

Vi pales a little as they turn onto:

Back on a street with more people around now, Faith stops outside a TV store to check her phone.

FAITH
Nothing. Not sure if that's a good or bad thing yet.

Faith tucks the phone away, not noticing Vi staring in horror at something over her shoulder.

FAITH (cont'd)
Maybe she's somewhere underground, waiting for the sun to go down so she can make her move at night... we should try the subway stations. Come on, we can...

Faith trails off, then turns to follow Vi's gaze - and finds herself staring into her own face, displayed across a dozen different TV sets in the store window!

FAITH (cont'd)

What the...

They can't hear the audio - but as Faith's picture changes to a press conference, with a uniform cop talking to an array of reporters and the words 'Killer Loose In New York' scrolling across the bottom of the screen, it's pretty clear things just took a left turn up Trouble Street.

VI

Oh, my God...

Vi is frozen, but as people walk past the store, stopping to watch the newscast, Faith is quick to grab Vi's arm and drag her round a corner, out of sight.

Taking refuge inside the shelter of an alleyway, Vi is still too shocked to move as Faith starts urgently changing her clothes - turning her shirt inside out, tying her hair back and ditching her jacket.

VI (cont'd)

What... but how could...

FAITH

Work it out, Vi. Who else in this city looks like me, and would get a kick out of knifing some random guy just to make sure the cops were on my trail?

VI

(penny drops)

The you! The... the evil you!

FAITH

We gotta get back to the Asylum, and fast, before anybody makes us.

Faith heads off down the alley, having to come back to grab Vi again.

VI

Wait, how do you know what to do about all this?

FAITH

Been on the lam before, remember? Sad thing is, I think I'm getting better at it...

Her eyes peeled for any cops or civic-minded citizens, Faith and Vi head back to the Asylum as we skip the journey:

26 INT. ASYLUM - ALEX'S OFFICE - EVENING

26

Alex is at her desk as Pryor walks in.

PRYOR
Any word from Faith?

ALEX
Not yet.

PRYOR
Is the patient secured somewhere?

ALEX
He'll be fine. I moved him to one
of the rooms in the old complex,
left Todd with him. Nobody'll ever
find him down-

The lights GO OUT with a sudden, loud HUM, plunging the
office into darkness.

ALEX (cont'd)
... there.

Pryor heads urgently back to the door.

PRYOR
Call Faith, now!

ALEX
Wait, this could just be a power
outage or something! We can't-

PRYOR
Now, Alex!

Pryor races out into the corridor, and as Alex picks up her
phone, we cut to:

27 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

27

Pryor is running back towards Dennis' room when he spots
Faith and Vi heading in from the other direction.

FAITH
What's going on with the lights?

PRYOR
Faith! Good timing.

VI
She's here, isn't she?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I don't know. Maybe. But I'm not going to take any chances. Alex put the patient she's after down in the basement levels somewhere, but hopefully she won't be able to...

He trails off - Faith runs straight past him ,with Vi close behind.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Wait! I don't know where he is!

FAITH

I'll find him!

PRYOR

How?

FAITH

Because I know where I'd put him.

Pryor frowns as he watches them go, into:

INT. OLD ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Faith hustles down the pitch black hallway, a torch lighting the way.

She hears a scuffle from somewhere up ahead, picking up her pace as Vi bounces along behind her.

Faith turns a corner, finding herself faced with a row of old, empty patient's rooms - and a white-clothed figure lying face down in an open doorway.

She runs over, turning the figure on his back - it's Todd! She checks his pulse as Vi catches up.

VI

Is he...

FAITH

He's alive. She can't have gone far, maybe if we split up we can-

CLICK! The lights suddenly flare back to life, and in the murky green light of the corridor, Faith sees two more figures over by the large, clunky lever for the lights.

Evil Faith has Dennis, a knife pressed to his throat. She grins, wagging her eyebrows at Faith.

EVIL FAITH

Hey, you. Or should I say 'hey, me'?

Faith is stunned - her jaw hangs as her double smirks wickedly back at her, twisting Dennis' arm behind his back.

Vi shrinks back, unconsciously backing away from Evil Faith as Faith finally comes to her senses, gritting her teeth and trying to get over the shock of seeing the doppelganger before her.

FAITH
(off Dennis)
You're not leaving with him.

EVIL FAITH
Actually, I am. And I'm gonna have
a great time watching you try to
follow me with half the cops in
this city looking for you!
(winks)
Good luck.

Evil Faith CLUNKS the lever back up to switch off the lights and plunge the corridor back into DARKNESS, and as her LAUGHTER echoes down the hallway, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 INT. OLD ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 29

Racing through the darkness comes Faith and Vi, torches lighting the way as they desperately search for the way back upstairs.

FAITH
So that was her, right?

VI
Yeah, that was her.

FAITH
You really think she looks like me?

VI
Faith!

FAITH
Right, right...

They reach a stairwell and clatter up it, into:

30 INT. ASYLUM - BASEMENT - NEXT 30

Back in the lower floors of the actual Asylum complex, Faith and Vi head for an emergency fire door up ahead, open and swinging in the night breeze.

FAITH
That way!

They race outside, dropping the torches as they step onto:

31 EXT. STREET - NEXT 31

Out into the night air of downtown New York City, the girls reach the end of a street and look up and down the busy roads and sidewalks, looking for any sign of Evil Faith.

FAITH
We should split up.

VI
Uh, is that a good idea?

FAITH
We need to cover a lot of ground in a hurry, so yeah, is it!

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

VI

Faith, what if one of us finds her?
We're not tough enough to take her
out one-on-one!

Faith is already off and running, shouting back:

FAITH

Then call Quinn again and tell him
to get his ass down here!

Vi bites her lip, then takes out her phone and starts jogging
down the other street as we cut to:

32 EXT. STREETS - NEXT

32

Faith dashes down a busy street, passing several rowdy bars
and seeing nothing but typical New Yorkers filling the
streets.

She looks around anxiously, then spots a fire escape ladder
running up the side of a small building nearby.

33 EXT. BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - NEXT

33

Faith dashes up the iron stairs, rattling the rickety
staircase as she makes her way onto:

34 EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - NEXT

34

Up on the roof a few storeys from street level, Faith has a
more commanding view of the surrounding blocks. She narrows
her eyes, scanning for any sign of Evil Faith.

She spots her, scrambling down an alley and heading back
towards the warehouse district Faith and Vi were checking out
earlier.

FAITH

I spy...

Faith races back for the fire escape, and we cut to:

35 EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NEXT

35

Away from the noisy streets, Faith is back in the eerie quiet
of the many abandoned buildings, pacing carefully along as
she looks for any signs of movement.

Something CLANGS to her left, and she spins round - but it's
just an alley cat hopping out of a trash can.

She moves on, passing a narrow alleyway - and a small flock
of BIRDS suddenly burst out from the darkness!

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

Faith hops back, her nerves on edge, when she spots a clue up ahead - a single light on inside an otherwise empty rundown building.

Glancing around her again, Faith stalks towards the building, and we cut to:

36 INT. EMPTY BUILDING - CORRIDOR - NEXT

36

Faith creeps down the dim corridor, careful to avoid any creaky floorboards and steering around holes in the floor.

She hears a VOICE up ahead and picks up the pace a little, finding herself outside a room whose door is slightly ajar.

37 INT. EMPTY BUILDING - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

37

With Faith listening in through the crack in the door, Evil Faith comes into view, pacing up and down and talking into her cell phone, with Dennis curled up on the floor.

EVIL FAITH

(tetchy)

What do you mean, 'we've moved the meeting point'? How the hell was I supposed to know that?

(listens)

Yeah, I got him. They stuck some kind of helmet on him to try and stop his head from exploding, but he's here.

(listens)

Probably. I think I lost her, though.

Faith pushes the door open very slowly - freezing as it makes a brief but agonisingly loud CREAK.

Luckily for her, her double is too engrossed with her phone call to notice, and Faith is able to get the door open enough to allow her to slip into the room.

Evil Faith has her back to her, and Faith takes the opportunity to creep towards her, balling up her fists.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Okay, okay, look. I'll get there as soon as I can. We've still got some time before it all kicks in, right? Good. So what about-

CREAK! Faith steps on a noisy floorboard, and Evil Faith whips round - and the two make eye contact. They're less than a foot apart.

(CONTINUED)

Evil Faith is the first to flinch, PUNCHING Faith with the phone still in her hand.

Faith staggers back, and her double rains down the attacks, punching and kicking like a wild animal and driving Faith back across the room, despite her attempts to block her.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
No, no, no! You don't sneak up on
somebody like that, you take 'em on
face to face or not at all!

Evil Faith swings her leg round for a kick - but Faith grabs it, a fierce glare in her eyes.

FAITH
Whatever you say.

POW! Faith lands a jab to her double's face, launching back into a leg sweep and sending her double CRASHING to the floor.

Evil Faith FLIPS back to her feet, KICKING Faith in the chest and knocking her on her ass.

Before faith can recover, her double grabs her by the hair, wrenching it painfully as she pulls Faith to her feet, twisting one arm round behind her back.

Faith struggles to get free - then hears the sound of approaching POLICE SIRENS.

EVIL FAITH
Hear that?

FAITH
Been hearin' it all my life.

EVIL FAITH
That's the sound of you falling
into my trap, you dumb bitch!

Faith ELBOWS Evil Faith, catching her in the chest and spinning round, getting her arm free and SMASHING her forearm across her double's nose.

FAITH
That all depends on who they find
when they get here, don't it?

WHACK! Another kick across Evil Faith's face sends her to the floor, and as she sprawls Faith races over to Dennis, helping him to his feet.

FAITH (cont'd)
C'mon, Dennis, we've got to get you
out of-

THWACK! Faith drops as Evil Faith cracks a two by four across her shoulderblades, wrenched right out of the floor itself.

EVIL FAITH
You know what I hate the most about
you?

CRACK! Evil Faith hits her again, dropping Faith back down.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
I can't even kill you yet!

SLAM! And again, and this time Evil Faith rolls Faith onto her back. Faith COUGHS, blood on her lips.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
So until I work that out...

CRUNCH! Evil Faith whacks the plank into Faith's gut, and she doubles up in pain.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
... it's just gonna have to all be
about the pain.

With a final SLAM, Evil Faith cracks the plank across Faith's torso with enough force to SHATTER it.

Faith is down for the count, too winded to even roll onto her side as Evil Faith marches back over to Dennis, grabbing his wrist and dragging him to his feet.

Evil Faith glances out through one of the empty window frames as red and blue flashing police lights wash over the room.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
Aaw, and look at that. The cops get
here just in time. Good to know our
tax money's being well spent, huh?

Faith manages to roll onto one elbow, pushing herself weakly up as Evil Faith heads for the door.

FAITH
(woozy)
Stop...

EVIL FAITH
Or what? You'll bleed on me?

Faith tries to claw her way forward, but she's out of steam, slumping face down to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

(tuts)

And here was me thinking I had more
fight in me than that. Guess looks
can be deceiving, huh?

Evil Faith makes her exit, and as Faith shudders, trying to
summon the strength to get up, the shouts and footsteps of
incoming cops can be heard filtering up from outside.

The voices are drawing closer, but Faith doesn't have the
energy to move. She gets her head up as a SHADOW falls across
her...

... but it's Vi who reaches down into frame and grabs her,
heaving her back up to her feet.

FAITH

(groggy)

Where...

VI

She's gone, which is where we need
to be! Come on!

Vi helps Faith towards another door leading out of the room,
the duo disappearing as the sounds of the approaching cops
put them only moments away.

Vi and Faith exit the empty building, Vi pulling them back
into the shadows as another patrol car rolls past.

FAITH

How... how did you find me...

VI

Followed the police. Figured you'd
been set up or something. Good job
I was right, huh?

FAITH

She.. took him...

VI

I know, but we can't help that now.
We've got to get back to the Asylum
fast, this place is already
crawling with cops. Come on.

Vi heads for a nearby manhole, leaning Faith against a wall
as she drags the heavy cover up.

VI (cont'd)
Can we get back to the Asylum
through the sewers?

Still gasping for breath, Faith nods, and Vi lays one of Faith's arms over her shoulders as she helps her towards the sewer entrance.

Faith manages to climb down the ladder, and Vi just has time to follow, dragging the cover back into place, before two COPS appear on the scene, their flashlights sweeping across the street.

Faith's strength fails her and she slips from the ladder, SPLASHING into the water a few feet below.

VI
Faith!!

Vi jumps down after her, pulling her back to her feet and resting her against the tunnel wall.

VI (cont'd)
Oh, God... I told you we should've
stayed together!

FAITH
(shakes head)
No... couldn't let...

VI
Couldn't let me take her on by
myself? Faith, you're not the
Slayer round here any more. I am,
hard as that is to believe!

Vi looks up and down the tunnel, then starts to help Faith back to her feet.

VI (cont'd)
Now come on. Show me the way to get
back and we'll get Pryor to fix you
up again.

FAITH
(points)
North... gotta go north... Asylum's
back that way...

They splash down the tunnel as we cut to:

40

INT. VAMPIRE LAIR - NIGHT

40

An assorted crowd of VAMPIRES and DEMONS stands around the scruffy lair, chatting among themselves. Some of the vamps Evil Faith recruited earlier are here.

A door flies open at the far end of the room, and the crowd turns to see Evil Faith enter, dragging Dennis along behind her.

TV VAMP #1

There you are!

EVIL FAITH

Yeah, here I am. I'd have been here a helluva lot quicker if you guys hadn't switched the meet point on me at the last minute!

DEMON

Hey, nothing to do with us.

Faith looks the Demon up and down - mottled green skin and an array of horns bristling from his head.

EVIL FAITH

Who's this?

TV VAMP #1

Oh, this is Baraka. Turns out Vinny over there used to run with his brother a few years back! Small underworld, huh?

EVIL FAITH

What is this, some kinda demon family reunion? Who the hell invited all these other guys?

VOICE (O.S.)

I did.

Evil Faith looks up, and the motley crew of vamps and demons part - to reveal DOUGLAS. One of Jerry's assistants.

The man from the Church of Hession is dressed in a formal suit, a contrast to the street clothing of the demons around him. He's standing in the centre of an elaborate pentagram painted on the floor.

DOUGLAS

I thought we could use some extra help.

Evil Faith sneers as she marches forward, leading Dennis after her.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH

You changed the plan. I don't like it when people change the plan.

DOUGLAS

If we're going to work together and both get what we want, you'll need to understand that sometimes, my plans will alter at the last minute.

EVIL FAITH

(rolls eyes)

Yeah, yeah, whatever.

Evil Faith shoves Dennis forward, and he stumbles to the ground in the middle of the pentagram.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Special delivery.

Douglas frowns as he studies the makeshift helmet clamped onto Dennis' head.

DOUGLAS

What's this?

EVIL FAITH

Faith's little Brainiac friend stuck it on him. I think they were trying to stop him going nuclear on them or something.

DOUGLAS

I see. Clever. Futile, but clever.

Dennis suddenly starts to convulse, the LIGHT glowing inside the helmet intensifying rapidly.

Evil Faith and the demons take an unconscious step back, as Douglas calmly steps over Dennis and leaves the pentagram.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

Relax, he can't hurt you now. As long as he's within the circle, the energies released won't be able to escape.

EVIL FAITH

Hey, I'd like to believe you...

They watch as Dennis' struggles become more violent, his whole body wracked with spasms as the white light starts to BURN through the helmet!

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
... but that dude's goin'
supernova, and I don't want to be
here to see what happens when-

She's cut off as Dennis suddenly SCREAMS - and the helmet EXPLODES from him, the unleashed light BLAZING across the entire room!

Evil Faith and the demons recoil, shielding their eyes, but Douglas merely smiles, apparently unaffected.

Dennis continues to HOWL in pain as the light around him spreads out - but then stops at the edges of the pentagram as though hitting some invisible barrier.

It burns more fiercely for a few moments, then starts to filter downwards, seemingly seeping into the pentagram itself, as the runes and symbols inscribed on it start to GLOW.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
What's happening?

DOUGLAS
The Vessel has been opened, and now
the power he was carrying is being
transferred to its intended
destination?

EVIL FAITH
Meaning?

Douglas watches on as the last of the light fades away, and the room gradually returns to its former darkness - leaving the blackened, smoking body of Dennis on the floor, his form twisted out of recognition.

DOUGLAS
Meaning, it's now time for the
final phase of our plan.

Evil Faith grins and turns to the crowd behind her.

EVIL FAITH
You hear that? Who's up for a
little field trip?

The vamps and demons CHEER, and as Evil Faith LAUGHS with unbridled glee, we cut to:

Alex races into the reception as Vi and Faith pass through the doors, glancing over their shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

A ferocious STORM has kicked off outside, the night sky lit up by streaks of lightning as THUNDER rattles the whole building. Both Vi and Faith are soaked to the bone.

ALEX

What happened to you?

VI

We lost him. Dennis. And the cops, they're... they're after Faith.

ALEX

Oh, God... come on, we need to get her to the infirmary.

Alex takes Faith's weight as the duo head for the lift, only for Alex's radio to CRACKLE again. She reaches for it, pausing and grimacing as she rolls back her sleeve - the skin around the tattoo on her arm is a fierce red, and Alex scratches at it as she brings up her walkie-talkie.

PRYOR

(filtered; through radio)

Alex? Are you there?

ALEX

(into radio)

I'm here. Faith's back. They couldn't find Dennis, but she's hurt pretty bad, so I'm going to take her to-

PRYOR

We have a new problem.

Alex and Vi exchange a worried look as we cut to:

Pryor stands before the Gateway, holding his radio - the entire room is SHAKING as a loud HUM emits from the stone device.

The glyphs and markings across it are starting to light up, GLOWING with a fierce white light and filling the dark room with light.

Pryor watches as the markings on the walls, floor and ceiling also start to light up, and the awful truth is now clear - the Gateway is activated...

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW