

FAITH

"Trial % Error"

by
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK CITY STREET - NIGHT 1

A typically busy section of road, middle of the night, rain pouring down. Welcome to NYC.

TITLE OVER: 'Six Months Ago.'

Taxis and other cars trundle past, taking their time to wind their way through the traffic.

That is, until a BLARING car horn signals the high-speed arrival of another car, swerving wildly through the traffic and leaving a trail of hastily-braking vehicles in its path.

The car runs a red light but speeds on regardless, screeching past us and continuing to race on as we cut to:

2 INT. CAR - NEXT 2

FAITH is at the wheel, battered and bruised but running on pure adrenaline as she yanks the wheel from side to side, keeping the car moving at full pelt.

Spread across the back seat, BLOOD staining his shirt as he COUGHS and writhes weakly around, is QUINN.

FAITH
Hang on, Quinn! Just hang in there!

QUINN
Faith...

She stands on the brakes, cursing as she has to yank the wheel to the right, narrowly missing a taxi.

Quinn slides along the back seat, bumping his head against the door. His shirt falls open, revealing a wad of bandages wrapped round his torso - with far too much blood soaking through them.

FAITH
Damn it! Fricken immigrant cab drivers...

QUINN
(louder)
Faith!

FAITH
Don't try to talk! We're almost at St. Vincent's, just stay with me!

(CONTINUED)

Faith puts her foot down again, gaining speed as the car powers through the wet streets, car horns sounding from all sides as she nearly sideswipes other cars minding their own business.

Quinn COUGHS again, blood on his lips, before finally gaining the strength to yell:

QUINN

Faith! Stop the car!

She glances over her shoulder at him - their eyes meet, and Faith finally registers the urgency in his gaze.

She looks ahead again, not sure what to do, but Quinn manages to reach up and lay a hand on her shoulder.

QUINN (cont'd)

Please...

Faith is still torn, but after another few moments slows the car down, bringing it to a stop at the side of the road.

There's nobody around outside as she half-clambers over the seat, Quinn gripping her hand tightly. Her face falls when she sees how much of his blood is coating the seat.

FAITH

Jon, man, we can't stop, we have to get you to the ER! Pryor said you'd bleed out if we didn't-

QUINN

Screw Pryor.

She blinks, confused, as Quinn pulls against her hand to drag himself half upright.

FAITH

The hell is this macho crap? You've got a bullet in your chest, Jon! You tryin' to prove something?

QUINN

I need you... to do something for me...

Quinn's eyes flicker, and Faith quickly SLAPS him across the cheek. Quinn's eyes snap back open.

QUINN (cont'd)

Thanks.

He takes a moment and a deep breath, while Faith glances urgently around - the hospital isn't getting any nearer.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Come on, Jon, just say it! Sooner
you do, sooner we can get back on
our way to-

QUINN

Faith.

She stops. Quinn looks her dead in the eye.

QUINN (cont'd)

I want you to promise me something.

FAITH

Don't talk like that, Jon.

QUINN

Faith, this is important! You have
to listen to me!

A beat. Faith stares back at him, then finally nods her head.

FAITH

I'm listening.

Quinn manages a smile as we cut to:

Outside the car and pulling away, the heavy rain and cars
splashing past covering up their conversation as Quinn speaks
to her.

Faith doesn't look like she's liking what she hears, but she
keeps eye contact as Quinn continues, and we:

BLACK OUT:

TITLE OVER: 'Now.'

A quiet, moonlit night. Pale light bathes the corridor before
us, ladders and open cans of paint standing near one wall.

FOOTSTEPS ring out as we start to move down the corridor, and
up ahead is an open door with a 'Staff Only' sign over it.

Chatter and laughter can be heard from within the room, the
sounds of a group of people waiting for somebody to arrive.

We sink to floor level as a pair of SNEAKERS walk into frame,
the edges of a white coat hanging above them. They're heading
for the open doorway, and as they reach it we cut to:

5 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - NEXT

5

Gathered within the modestly-furnished staff room are about a dozen orderlies, among them TODD, RACHEL and a handful more survivors from the attack on the asylum.

Their attention turns to the door as our mystery walker enters, the doorway obscured from view. The chatter respectfully quietens down.

Back in the doorway as the new arrival steps towards a desk at the head of the room, panning up a little as a hand reaches out to rest on top of a pile of clipboards and patient's notes.

TODD

The gang's all here, boss, just like you wanted. Ready for the night shift.

RACHEL

All the files are up to date. We're ready to go.

Reverse angle to see the upper body of the new arrival, a badge fixed to their white coat reading 'Head orderly.'

And as we pull back, we reveal - Faith. Her long hair's tied back in a neat ponytail, her injuries from the attack healed up and a thoughtful expression on her face.

FAITH

Alright, people. Thanks for coming.

She steps back and towards a flipchart positioned behind her, drawing back the cover to reveal a photocopied artist's impression of a VAMPIRE.

FAITH (cont'd)

Now. Who wants to tell me one of the best ways to kill a vampire?

Several hands shoot up, and as Faith allows herself a wry grin, we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 EXT. ASYLUM - MORNING

6

Establish. The angular, pale building stands surrounded by taller, more expensive buildings as the morning sun beams down.

7 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

7

It's breakfast time, and orderlies are helping various residents from their rooms to the canteen and back as Faith and Todd stroll along.

TODD

So, anyway, I was just, you know, wondering if-

FAITH

No, you can't go out on a patrol with Vi.

TODD

(slumps)

Aw, man! Why not?

FAITH

Because that's Vi's job. Your job is here. Helping me run this place. In case you hadn't noticed, there's still plenty of crazy people here who need us!

TODD

Yeah, I know, and I'm not trying to say that all this isn't important, but-

FAITH

Todd, listen. If you manage to not bug me about it for a week, then I'll consider it. Deal?

TODD

(grins)

Deal.

FAITH

Good. Now get back to work. Mrs. Levinsky managed to lock herself in the supply closet again.

Todd jogs off, leaving Faith to turn into:

8 INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - NEXT 8

The rows of tables and chairs are filled with residents, some eating and some just staring, a few of the chattier ones huddled in little groups.

Faith nods a few hellos to staff and residents alike as she passes, making sure the breakfast queue keeps moving and that everything is in its place.

9 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 9

Moving into the staff areas now, Faith walks down a blue corridor, heading away from us as she passes beneath a plaque fixed over an archway.

The plaque reads 'The Dr. Alexandra Salus Wing.'

10 INT. ASYLUM - ADMIN BLOCK - NEXT 10

Faith approaches a plain office door, pausing as the name on the door comes into view: 'Dr. Pryor Webb - Acting Director.'

She raps her knuckles on the door, waits for a reply and then opens it, stepping into:

11 INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT 11

PRYOR looks up from behind his desk. The scars on his cheek are covered by his makeup, and he's smartly dressed, piles of paperwork spread out across his desk.

The room is set out mostly the same as when Alex worked in here - care has obviously been taken to preserve the original decor of the room.

FAITH
Mornin' boss.

PRYOR
Ah, Faith. Good. Come in.

Faith pulls up a chair, taking a seat and putting her sneakers up on the edge of the desk.

Pryor hesitates, then shifts some of his papers out of her way. It seems like a practised move between them.

PRYOR (cont'd)
How did the inaugural lecture go last night?

FAITH
Like a charm. It's amazing what a little hand to hand'll do to open people's minds.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Did the staff seem like they were taking in what you were telling them?

FAITH

The ones that helped us fight back Evil me's army, definitely. The others, mainly the newbies, seemed kinda scared by the whole deal.

PRYOR

Finding out that monsters not only exist but live right here in New York is going to be a stretch for anyone, Faith.

FAITH

Yeah, well...

She idly reaches out and takes a handful of sweets from a bowl on Pryor's desk.

FAITH (cont'd)

... we'll just have to wait and see if this plan of yours works.

PRYOR

We'll always need to be prepared. I don't see any harm at all in making sure the staff we employ here are fully aware of what may be expected of them.

Faith munches on some sweets for a beat, looking round the office before turning back to Pryor. His head is back down in his papers.

FAITH

You ever going to take the 'Acting' part off your name on that door?

PRYOR

(without looking up)

No.

FAITH

Pryor, come on. Alex wouldn't-

PRYOR

(over her; looks up)

Alex will appreciate the gesture when we find her.

A stare-off develops. This feels like a debate they've had a few times already.

(CONTINUED)

The tension is broken by a KNOCK at the door, and Faith turns as the door is pushed open to reveal NOA.

NOA

Knock, knock! Oh, hey, Faith.

Noa's also neatly dressed, a sheaf of papers and files on her lap as she rolls her wheelchair into the room.

Faith steps back as Noa approaches the desk, sorting through the papers and passing them to Pryor one bundle at a time.

NOA (cont'd)

Here's the post. Bills, invitations to conferences, junk mail and some correspondence for the residents.

Pryor quickly leafs through each handful, dropping it onto a separate pile on his desk. Noa passes him the files next.

NOA (cont'd)

And here's this week's list of cases.

Pryor quirks an eyebrow at the thick wad of folders. Faith takes one from his hands and starts leafing through it.

PRYOR

All this for one week? Aren't we stretching ourselves a bit thin with all this?

NOA

(dry)

Oh, I'm sorry, would you like me to tell some of the residents that we can't help them? That we're a little busy to do anything about Mr. Larsden's case of possession, or the parasites that poisoned Maggie Giovazzi?

Noa holds Pryor to a deadpan stare for a beat, before Pryor sighs and opens the first folder.

PRYOR

I still think I'm going to live to regret asking you to be my assistant...

NOA

Funny, I'm thinking I may live to regret saying 'yes.'

He looks up - and they both crack into a grin. Faith's brow creases as she reads her file, and Pryor notices.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
Something interesting?

FAITH
Not sure. Could be.

PRYOR
Well, it's a new week, we may as well call a staff meeting. Where's Vi this morning?

FAITH
Out.

PRYOR
Patrol?

FAITH
Patrol.

NOA
Better give her a call and get her back here. I'm sure she'd hate to miss sitting in a stuffy board room for two hours when she could be out there, ripping things' heads off with her bare hands.

Noa pivots round and heads back out of the office, and after Faith and Pryor exchange a look, Faith chases after her:

Faith jogs to catch Noa up as she wheels away.

FAITH
Hey, Noa. Hold up.

Noa stops, turning to face her.

FAITH (cont'd)
Are you...

NOA
Please don't say 'okay.' You know I hate that.

FAITH
I was gonna say 'feeling alright,' but yeah, I guess that's kinda the same thing.

Noa sighs, looking down, managing a smile as she lifts her head back up.

NOA
I'm okay. Really.

FAITH
You just seemed kinda sharp back there. Even for you.

NOA
You know what day it is today?

FAITH
Monday?

NOA
(shakes head)
No, no, not that.
(beat)
Today is mine and Jon's anniversary. Of when we got back together. You know, after he tried to have you arrested.

Faith manages a small smile, nodding at the memory.

FAITH
Has it been that long?

NOA
Yup. It has.

Noa's head droops as an awkward silence falls. Faith shifts a little, not sure what to say - and Noa SNIFFS loudly as a TEAR rolls down her cheek.

FAITH
Noa...

Noa looks up, quickly wiping her eyes dry.

NOA
I'm good, I'm good. You, ah... you need to call Vi now. I have to... go.

She turns on the spot and starts to head off. Faith takes one step to follow, then thinks better of her. She lets out a heavy sigh as the clearly upset Noa turns a corner.

Faith reaches into her coat pocket and takes out her phone, dialling in a number and waiting for a reply as we cut to:

A blank patch of wall, daubed with graffiti and lined with black bags of trash...

... and VI flies into frame, SLAMMING hard against the wall and sliding to the floor!

The RINGING of a cell phone can be heard as the winded Vi starts to pick herself back up - just as a hulking DEMON barges into her, head first!

Vi is carried up on the monster's shoulders as it RAMS her against a dumpster, but she gets a hand free to start PUNCHING the demon in the back of the neck.

The demon grunts and lets her go, and she follows with a KNEE to its face to buy herself some room.

The demon staggers back - its sandy-coloured skin is covered with cuts from the fight, but its thick, knotted muscles and arched, spiny back still look ready for a fight.

Vi's phone continues to ring as the demon rushes her again, but this time she's one step ahead - she uses the dumpster as a step to LAUNCH herself into the air, sailing over its head.

The demon BUTTS into the dumpster, giving Vi chance to pull a large KNIFE from her jacket, and before the creature can recover she LEAPS onto its back!

The demon ROARS, trying to reach back and grab her as Vi tries to avoid getting skewered on its back spines.

VI

Hold still, damn it!

One of the demon's clumsily swinging hands CRACKS against her face, and Vi is stunned for a second, shaking her head to clear it.

She grits her teeth, raising the knife and then bringing it down hard into the demon's neck.

The demon HOWLS in pain, bucking like a bronco as it tries to shake her off.

Vi's phone is still ringing, and she can't keep a hold as the demon whips round and HURLS her against the wall again.

She splashes down across the bags of garbage which SPLIT, sending her slipping to the floor in a cascade of fresh rubbish.

She hits the deck, looking up to see the demon sink to its knees, then CRASH face-first to the ground, her dagger still embedded in its neck.

A little woozy and sitting in a veritable sea of trash, Vi finally digs her phone out of her pocket, snapping it open.

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)
(into phone)
Hello?

FAITH
(filtered; through phone)
Vi! There you are. You busy?

VI
Uh... not any more, no.

FAITH
Okay, cool. Get your ass back here.
It's meeting time, Pryor wants us
all checked in.

VI
Meeting. Okay... good.

FAITH
You alright? You sound kind of out
of it a little.

Vi absently brushes off some strips of vegetable matter from her shoulders.

VI
No, no, I'm okay. Just been, you
know... busy.

FAITH
Alright. See you soon.

Faith disconnects, and Vi tucks her phone away, still dazed.

VI
Okay... good.

She starts to get up, grimacing as she squelches through the muck around her, and we cut to:

14 EXT. LUXURY APARTMENTS - MORNING

14

An upscale apartment block over in Gramercy, clean and modern just like many more of the buildings surrounding it. If you've got cash, this is one of the parts of NYC you go to.

15 INT. APARTMENTS - FOYER - NEXT

15

The front door swings open, but we don't get a good look at the person who steps inside. They head for the mailboxes first, checking one of the top floor apartment boxes before heading for the staircase.

16 INT. APARTMENTS - UPPER STAIRCASE - NEXT 16

Turning a corner on the stairs, we're met with a door sealed up with 'Under Construction' tape and signs, indicating that this part of the building is still, oddly enough, under construction.

A HAND reaches out and pushes the door open - the tape's been strategically cut in several places to look like it's still in place.

17 INT. APARTMENTS - TOP FLOOR CORRIDOR - NEXT 17

Turning round and into one of the plushly-carpeted corridors, we're back at floor level as a pair of scuffed BOOTS stride into frame.

We're heading for a door at the end of the hall, from which the sounds of a loud TV and a man's LAUGHTER can be heard.

We reach the door, and that hand stretches out again to KNOCK on the door.

18 INT. APARTMENTS - ROOM 212 - NEXT 18

And as the door opens, we're looking out from inside the apartment at FAITH - but as she grins, brushing her hair back to reveal just a glimpse of ugly, burned skin on her cheek, we know this isn't the girl herself - this is EVIL FAITH.

EVIL FAITH
Mornin' boss.

She holds up a brown paper deli bag.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
Gotcha some breakfast.

She holds the bag out, and we switch round as MAYOR WILKINS takes the bag from her! He's just wearing a shirt and trousers as he unfurls the bag and smells the contents.

MAYOR WILKINS
Ooo, muffins! You always know how to light up a man's day, firecracker.

EVIL FAITH
That's why I'm here.

The mayor picks out one of the muffins, genuinely savouring it before tearing off a nugget and popping it in his mouth.

He nods appreciatively, but as Evil Faith opens her mouth he raises a finger - pointing to his still chewing mouth.

(CONTINUED)

With a gulp, he finishes the mouthful.

MAYOR WILKINS

Just because we're a long way from
being the good guys, doesn't mean
we can forget our manners.

He motions over his shoulder to the apartment.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)

Come on in. I've just stumbled
across this excellent comedy about
this boy and girl who live together
in New York. It's absolutely
charming! I wish they'd had shows
like this when I was last around!

She grins as he steps aside, motioning for her to enter, and
as she steps into his apartment, we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - MORNING

Faith, Noa, Todd, Rachel and Pryor are all assembled in the
small, plain staff room. Pryor stands before a large
whiteboard, scribbling notes in marker pen and pinning glossy
photographs under them.

A large map of central New York stands to the left of the
board, covered in pins and markings.

The door opens as Vi steps inside, a little out of breath as
she pulls on her orderly's uniform and mouths an apology to
Pryor.

PRYOR

Alright, then. Is everyone here?

FAITH

Everybody who's coming.

Pryor nods, turning to the board and pointing to each set of
notes as he talks:

PRYOR

I've identified three cases of
interest this week that are coming
our way. The first is a young lady
called Deena from Washington State.

He taps his finger against her picture - Deena is a young
girl with short, punkish blonde hair.

NOA

What's her story? Aside from the
crazy Eighties hairdo, I mean.

PRYOR

According to her parents, Deena's been manifesting powers of some kind, an ability to create and then conduct an electrical charge at increasing levels of power.

TODD

Human battery. Cool.

Todd gets a few sharp looks from that comment - he's obviously still a little new to all this.

PRYOR

As I was saying... Deena's on her way over here as her parents understand we're somewhere that can help her.

VI

Is she dangerous?

PRYOR

Not as far as we can tell. She's scared of her powers and wants to reign them in, so she'll be fully co-operative. Moving on...

He steps to the next photograph, a police mugshot of a bearded, scruffy homeless man.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Edward Wiseman. Picked up on a drunk and disorderly charge last week, but once he was in his cell he went berserk and attacked his cellmates. Police officers restraining him found some kind of parasite attached to the back of his neck.

Pryor indicates a close up shot of the bug in question - both Noa and Rachel grimace.

RACHEL

Nice. What do they want us to do?

NOA

I'm guessing take it off him.

PRYOR

(nods)

Once his paperwork's been processed he'll be passed into our care. Hopefully, we can do something about him.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

So who's door number three?

Pryor steps towards the last photo - and there is a sudden CRASH from outside, back in the main asylum, followed by raised, urgent voices.

The staff exchange glances then crowd en masse out of the door, as we cut to:

20 INT. ASYLUM - FOYER - NEXT

20

Pryor and Faith reach the commotion first - two SUITS are trying to hold down a struggling man, who's half-escaped from the gurney he was handcuffed to.

The asylum's receptionist, HILARY, rises from behind her desk as Pryor reaches the gurney.

HILARY

I'm sorry, Dr. Webb, they just barged in here and said they had-

SUIT #1

Dr. Webb?

PRYOR

That's me. Who are you?

SUIT #1

I'm Agent Neil, this is Agent Lee.
And this...

He turns his attention to the writhing man on the gurney - he's covered in BLOOD, scratches and bruises, and looks halfway to Crazy Town as he struggles.

SUIT #1 (cont'd)

... this is your new patient.

Pryor looks down at the struggling man, then back over his shoulder at Faith.

FAITH

Looks like our next job just picked itself, huh?

Pryor throws a concerned look back at the still-thrashing man as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

21 INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

21

Agent Neil sits before Pryor's desk, as Agent Lee hovers by the door. Noa hands Neil a fresh cup of coffee, and he nods his thanks.

Sat behind his desk, Pryor leafs through a file before turning his focus onto Agent Neil.

PRYOR

I'm sure you can appreciate my surprise at all this. I hadn't made a formal statement of acceptance concerning this man's case yet, so I was hardly expecting him to turn up on my doorstep!

AGENT NEIL

Nobody's more apologetic about that than I am, Doctor.

PRYOR

'Pryor' will be fine, Agent.

NOA

What's the FBI doing getting involved with one of our cases anyway?

(off their looks)

If you don't mind me asking.

AGENT NEIL

Grant Curtis first came to our attention when his Murder One case started to gather some momentum with the media.

AGENT LEE

You probably heard all about him.

Noa looks to Pryor, who passes her the file he was reading. Her eyes widen as she reads.

NOA

The 'I was controlled by demons' guy? That's him?

(beat)

He's here?

(CONTINUED)

AGENT NEIL

When someone's found standing over two dead bodies, their blood all over his person, ranting to anyone who'll listen that 'demons' made him kill them both, then he's either crazy, or...

AGENT LEE

Or he needs to be somewhere like this institution.

Noa and Pryor swap a quick glance.

PRYOR

I'm sorry, what do you mean by that?

Agent Neil slowly and deliberately places his coffee mug on Pryor's desk.

AGENT NEIL

Let's just say this place isn't exactly a very well-kept secret. If you know who to ask.

Pryor hesitates, but keeps his game face on as he leans forward, trying not to give too much away.

PRYOR

Alright, so you've heard that this institution tends to deal with more... unusual cases. What makes you so certain he isn't just a homicidal maniac with a vivid imagination?

AGENT LEE

That's what we're hoping you could find out for us.

AGENT NEIL

There are a number of inconsistencies in his story, and if we're going to mount any kind of legal case on all this, we need to have our facts straight.

NOA

So you want us to prove if he's crazy or not?

AGENT NEIL

(beat)

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

Pryor leans back in his chair, mulling this whole situation over as we cut to:

22 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

22

Vi approaches Faith, who is standing before the door to one of the cells.

Loud, angry SHOUTING and GROWLING sounds from within, with the occasional sounds of metal SCRAPING and things CRASHING.

VI

What's going on?

She gets to the door and peers in through the thin viewing window.

At first, she sees nothing - and then GRANT bursts into view, his enraged eyes blazing back at her!

Vi lets out a little yelp and jumps back, quickly trying to cover her surprise as she joins Faith. Faith, however, is staring intently into the room and didn't see a thing.

VI (cont'd)

So... that's the guy, huh?

FAITH

That's the guy.

VI

What do you reckon?

FAITH

I reckon we've got ourselves one seriously angry dude in there.

VI

Yeah, obviously, but I mean, you know, is he one of 'ours' or not?

FAITH

(beat)

I don't know...

She reaches into her coat pocket and takes out a SYRINGE, removing the safety cap over the needle.

FAITH (cont'd)

... but we're not gonna know any more until we calm him down.

(turns to Vi)

You hold. I'll jab.

Vi gulps as she looks back towards the cell, where Grant is still kicking up a Grade 'A' racket.

(CONTINUED)

VI
(pensive)
Yay...

Faith gets her set of keys ready in her other hand, as we cut to:

Evil Faith steps out of the kitchenette, a bottle of beer in one hand as she scans the rest of the Mayor's immaculately-kept apartment.

EVIL FAITH
(nods)
Spartan. I like it.

MAYOR WILKINS
It's a lot better than the last place you put me up in, I'll say that. A man my age shouldn't have to suffer through whatever gosh darn awful music they were pumping through the walls all day long!

EVIL FAITH
I think it's called 'electro.'
(swigs beer)
'S not bad, if you're drunk enough not to notice.

The Mayor smoothly swipes the bottle from her hand as he walks past her, pouring it out into a glass as he speaks:

MAYOR WILKINS
Drunk or not, it's not exactly the Beach Boys, is it?

He hands her the glass, and with a resigned sigh Evil Faith takes a sip from it as the Mayor takes a seat on one of the room's plush armchairs.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)
So! Let's have today's status report, shall we?

Evil Faith takes a wad of crumpled paper from her jacket and flops into an armchair opposite.

EVIL FAITH
Six new recruits since last week. Found a gang of azzopardi demons living outta some abandoned basement down in the Lower East Side. Glad of the chance for some action.

MAYOR WILKINS

Good work. What does that bring our total up to?

EVIL FAITH

Uh... something like thirty?

The Mayor nods, standing and pacing over to the windows.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Is that... is that not enough?

MAYOR WILKINS

For the kinds of fun and games I have in mind, it's not even an appetiser, but... baby steps, my little one.

Evil Faith rises, putting the glass of beer down.

EVIL FAITH

I'll head back out. Hit the streets. Maybe I can-

MAYOR WILKINS

Faith...

She pauses. He turns, strolling over to her with an amiable smile on his face. She, on the other hand, looks pretty awkward all of a sudden.

EVIL FAITH

I don't... I mean, that's not-

She stops as the Mayor places a finger under her chin and tilts her head to face him.

He reaches out with his other hand and starts to brush back the hair over her burnt skin. She flinches, but he's patient, and she lets him tuck it back behind her ear.

MAYOR WILKINS

I always thought you looked so much prettier with your hair back.

EVIL FAITH

(bitterly)

Guess somebody had other ideas.

He stays there for a beat, staring at her. Evil Faith shifts uncomfortably.

MAYOR WILKINS

You're doing just great, Faith.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH
(quietly)
That's not my name.

MAYOR WILKINS
What was that?

EVIL FAITH
I said, that's not my name. I'm not her.

MAYOR WILKINS
Stop me if I'm wrong, but if it walks like a duck, swims like a duck and makes a little 'quack quack' sound, it's a duck, am I right?

Evil Faith frowns, not sure where he's going with this.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)
I just wanted you to know how much I appreciate everything you've done for me. Coming to get me from that...

(shudders)
... place, finding me a place to live, hooking me up with all the right movers and shakers... it won't be forgotten.

He releases her, and she steps back, studying him.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)
And for the record, you're a heck of a lot more like the Faith I used to know than that prissy little madam holed up at the old Asylum.
(chuckles)
In fact, you're the embodiment of every part of her I actually liked!

Evil Faith manages a grin at that, and the Mayor returns the smile.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)
Now. If you want to rush off and do whatever it is you young girls like to do at this time of day, go right ahead. I have plenty of affairs of my own to arrange.

He sits back down as Evil Faith gets the hint and heads for the door.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)
Oh, and be a sweetheart and pick me
up a few magazines and papers while
you're out, would you? I've got a
good few years' worth of news to
catch up on.

He grins again, and Evil Faith smirks back as she leaves. The Mayor settles back in his chair and reaches for the TV remote control, as we cut to:

Pryor appears in the doorway - then freezes, looking on in surprise at:

Faith and Vi, both grappling with the pretty powerful Grant. They've got him in various arm and leg locks between them, but can't seem to hold him down.

FAITH
Grab his arm, damn it!

VI
I'm trying!

Vi gets SHOVED back, gasping for breath as she dives back into the fray.

VI (cont'd)
Is this guy on PCP or something?

Pryor surveys the scene - then spots the syringe Faith was carrying, lying discarded on the floor.

FAITH
Okay, we're gonna try something,
alright?

VI
I'm open to suggestions!

FAITH
Count of three, we grab a leg each
and pull. You ready?

VI
Hang on... yeah!

FAITH
One... two...

She starts to say 'three' - just as Pryor leans into frame and neatly JABS the syringe into Grant's arm.

He pushes the plunger in, giving Grant a healthy dose of sedative, and in moments his struggles die down.

Faith and Vi exchange a look, then disentangle themselves as Vi helps the suddenly limp Grant down onto his bed.

FAITH (cont'd)
Or... we could do that.

Pryor re-seals the syringe and tosses it to Faith.

PRYOR
Get him restrained, would you both?
We're going to need to ask him a
lot of questions when he comes
round.

Pryor exits the room, and as Faith turns to look down at the sleeping form of Grant on his bed, we:

DISSOLVE TO:

Now securely tied to his bed frame by thick straps round his wrists and ankles, Grant starts to stir, his eyes fluttering.

He slowly rotates his head to find Pryor and Faith standing over him, Faith ready to grapple him again if she has to.

Pryor leans over him, shining a penlight into each eye to check his pupil reflex.

PRYOR
Grant? Can you hear me? My name is
Pryor, and this is my colleague,
Faith. We're here to help you.

Grant just GROANS, trying to move his hands and discovering he's been restrained.

PRYOR (cont'd)
We had to do that for your own
safety.

FAITH
Not to mention ours.

Pryor shoots her a look, and she raises a hand to apologise.

GRANT
(murmurs)
Good...

PRYOR
I'm sorry?

GRANT

I said, 'good.' Keep me locked up.
It's the only way anyone'll be
safe.

PRYOR

What do you mean?

GRANT

I'm guessing you saw what that
thing did, right?

PRYOR

Do you mean the two people who were
found dead?

Grant looks away, and Pryor pulls up a chair, waiting a beat.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Grant?

Grant SNIFFS - tears are rolling down his cheeks.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Grant, I need you to look at me.

Grant turns round - pain and regret fill his eyes as he looks
back up at Pryor.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I need you to tell us exactly what
happened to you on the night those
people were killed.

GRANT

You can't... you won't be able to
stop it...

FAITH

Stop what?

GRANT

Me! You won't be able to stop me!

Grant pauses, struggling to hold back his emotions, but
finally starts to SOB - short, pathetic sounds, and as Pryor
looks back up at Faith, we cut to:

Faith and Pryor walk along, in the middle of a heated
discussion.

FAITH

All I'm saying is, we owe it to the
guy to check his story out!

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

And I'm saying there are still too many points where this doesn't add up.

Noa turns a corner and almost bumps into them, sensing the tense vibe straight away.

NOA

Okay, who's pissed at who?

PRYOR

Nobody is, Noa, we're just-

FAITH

I want to go on a bug hunt, and Pryor's saying no.

PRYOR

It's not as simple as that!

NOA

Looking for what?

Faith quirks an eyebrow as she looks at Pryor, who sighs and reaches for his clipboard, tearing off a sheet from his pad and offering it to Noa.

It's a rough pencil sketch of some kind of DEMON - bipedal, hunch backed and with a face that's more just a long, jagged mouth than anything else.

PRYOR

He claims to have been attacked by one of these creatures, and that shortly afterwards he murdered two people but wasn't in control of his actions.

NOA

So what's the problem?

FAITH

Problem is, Pryor the...

(air quotes)

'demon expert,' says he's never seen one of these things before, and doesn't think our guy's telling the whole story.

PRYOR

I just said there were inconsistencies. I didn't say I flat out didn't believe him.

(CONTINUED)

Noa looks back at the sheet, then nods and starts to wheel past them both.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Er, Noa? Where are you going?

She waves the sheet in the air as she heads on.

NOA
To prove one of you wrong!

Faith starts to follow her, as we cut to:

Noa has her own office here now - it's halfway between a neat, executive suite and a teenage girl's bedroom - garish ornaments fight for shelf space with thick books and folders.

Noa's at her desk, adapted to fit her wheelchair as she browses a web site on her computer. Faith and Pryor stand behind her.

PRYOR
(off screen)
What's this you're looking through?

NOA
Oh, didn't I tell you about it?
It's like Google for demons.
(to Faith)
Your friend Willow set it up.

FAITH
She did?

Noa nods, pointing to the screen as she talks - the site is laid out like an online encyclopedia.

NOA
Says she started by scanning her reference texts in when she was still at school, and after a few mishaps it's just grown from that. New people come on and add stuff all the time. She calls it 'Willowpedia.'

Noa chuckles at the joke, but it's lost on the other two.

PRYOR
This is all fascinating, but how does it help us?

NOA

I'm getting to that! Watch and learn.

Noa slips the sketch of the demon into her scanner, waits while the image reads onto the screen, then she types in a search query and waits.

NOA (cont'd)

If that thing's out there somewhere, it'll come up on here. The search engine's, like... well, magic.

The computer BEEPS, and Noa grins as she calls up the entry it highlights - and lo and behold, there's an official, textbook-style illustration of the demon in question.

PRYOR

Huh. A naxtopan demon. I thought they were all extinct in this dimension.

FAITH

Guess one missed the boat.

NOA

See? I use this, like, all the time. You know, since I stopped having a life of my own.

FAITH

(grins)

Nice work, Noa.

(to Pryor)

So can we go hunting now?

Pryor leans back, stroking his chin. He's obviously still not convinced, but nods all the same. Noa starts to print off the information on the demon as Vi appears in the door.

VI

Oh, hey. Uh, I'm just going out to grab some lunch, anybody hungry?

FAITH

Lunch can wait. We got work.

She tears off and holds up the printed image of the demon, and as she grins back at Vi, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

28 EXT. NEW YORK - STREETS - DAY

28

Over in another part of town, Evil Faith is out for a walk, the hood of her top up and over her head, keeping her features concealed as she moves around.

There's a RINGING as her cell phone goes off, and she fishes it out of her pocket.

EVIL FAITH
(into phone)
What?

Intercut with:

29 INT. APARTMENTS - ROOM 212 - DAY

29

The Mayor steps into frame, talking into the phone.

MAYOR WILKINS
No, what we say is 'Hello, this is Faith,' or words to that effect.

The Mayor glances round - there's someone else in the room with him, a nervous-looking young man in a suit. This is DOUGLAS - he's a rep for the Church of Hession.

The Mayor comically rolls his eyes and nods his head towards the phone as he catches Douglas' eye. Douglas hesitates, then offers a meek smile, not sure how to react.

EVIL FAITH
Okay, sorry. What's up?

MAYOR WILKINS
I've got a little errand I need you to run for me, Faith. Are you busy?

EVIL FAITH
I'm free. Just killing time.

MAYOR WILKINS
Then that's pretty appropriate, because killing is exactly what I want you to do a spot of.

EVIL FAITH
(grins)
And you just made my day.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR WILKINS

There's a warlock that lives across town from here, who my friend Douglas informs me is keeping a spell running on behalf of a mutual acquaintance of ours. While I'm not pretending to understand the technical side of the magic doohickey, I do know that we need that spell to stop working.

EVIL FAITH

So you want him taken care of?

MAYOR WILKINS

If you don't mind.

EVIL FAITH

Just tell me where I need to go.

MAYOR WILKINS

(smiles)

That's my girl.

The Mayor turns and gives Douglas the thumbs up, and we cut back to:

Pryor sits opposite Grant, who's huddled up in one of the old sofa armchairs. He's a big guy, his bulky frame squeezed tight into the chair. Todd stands nearby, just in case.

PRYOR

So what more can you tell me about the creature that attacked you, Mr. Curtis?

GRANT

(dark chuckle)

'Creature,' is it?

PRYOR

I try not to use the 'D' word unless I have to.

GRANT

Call it what you want. You won't be able to do anything about it.

PRYOR

What makes you so sure?

Grant suddenly leans towards him, and although Todd takes a step forward Pryor doesn't flinch.

GRANT

You can't stop it, don't you get that?

PRYOR

I'm an optimist. At least, I try to be these days.

GRANT

You didn't see what it could do! I was there, I saw it...

Grant backs up again, clenching his fists nervously.

GRANT (cont'd)

I saw it tear those people open, and... and... oh, God, I saw what it did to them, and what it did to me, and... what it made me do...

PRYOR

(frowns)

What did it do to you? Grant?

Grant covers his face, trying to suppress his sobs, and Pryor nods towards Todd, who heads off to get some water.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Grant, listen to me. I'm going to show you something, and I want you to give me an answer about it. Can you manage that?

Grant lowers his hand, wiping his eyes and nodding. Pryor holds up another copy of the printout of the naxtopan demon.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Is this what you saw?

Grant's eyes bulge as he sees the image of the demon, his whole body visibly tensing up.

He manages to nod, tearing his eyes away from the printout as Pryor tucks it away again.

GRANT

Am I... am I safe here?

PRYOR

You're perfectly safe. My staff are trained to handle any eventuality.

GRANT

Even-

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Any eventuality.

Todd steps back into frame and passes Grant a cup of water, and as he reaches for it, we see that he's still wearing his wrist shackles.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Grant, if this creature did something to you that made you walk out into the street and murder two innocent people, then you need to tell me everything you can about it before it happens again.

Grant is silent for a long moment, staring at the cup of water before downing it in one gulp.

GRANT

I was taking out the trash and I heard a noise. At first, I thought it was just a cat or something, but then it made... this sound...

(shakes head)

Never heard anything like it. What I should've done is get the hell back inside and lock the door, but like an idiot I go outside to check it out. Next thing I know...

He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath. Pryor waits patiently for him to continue.

GRANT (cont'd)

Next thing I know, something jumps outta the shadows at me, there's a flash, something hits me in the chest and I go down. Hard.

He unconsciously rubs his chest as he continues.

GRANT (cont'd)

I'm out for maybe a few minutes, and when I come round the thing's gone. So I head back inside, but I've only made it a few steps when...

Grant's clearly growing more agitated, and Pryor's eyes flick to Todd - be ready.

GRANT (cont'd)

When suddenly, I'm just filled with this...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRANT (cont'd)
this rage, like nothing I've ever
felt before, and next thing I
remember, a door's opening from one
of the other apartments, and...
and...

He lowers his head, running a weary hand through his hair.

GRANT (cont'd)
I'm sure you know the rest by now.

PRYOR
The police found you standing over
two bodies.

GRANT
(nods)
I honestly don't know if I killed
them or not. The police say I did,
but... I never even saw either of
them before that night. I live in
some upscale apartments, we don't
really mix with our neighbours all
that much, you know?

PRYOR
I know the sort.

GRANT
But then, all of this... the police
showed me some photos of what they
said I did to those people, and I
just... I can't...

Grant starts to scratch at the back of his hands, and Pryor
decides to bring this to a close. He puts the cap back on his
pen, indicating that the conversation is over.

PRYOR
Get some more rest, Grant. Todd
will escort you back to your room.

GRANT
Thank you.

Pryor gets up and leaves as Grant calls out:

GRANT (cont'd)
Oh, Dr. Webb?

PRYOR
Hmm?

GRANT
(off restraints)
Can you keep these on?

PRYOR

(beat)

I will.

GRANT

Thanks.

He stands and starts to shuffle away, Todd by his side, and a thoughtful Pryor watches him leave before he's joined by Faith and Noa.

NOA

Any luck?

PRYOR

There's still something we're not being told here, but I'm going to need more time with him.

FAITH

Or...

Pryor turns to Faith, who shrugs.

FAITH (cont'd)

I have a better idea.

Pryor frowns as we cut to:

Pryor, Vi and Faith walk down one of the dusty, still corridors of the abandoned old asylum complex. Makeshift light fittings now hang from the walls, affording a little illumination in the gloom.

PRYOR

I'm not sure about this.

FAITH

What's not to be sure about? We need answers, and I can get 'em. This'll be a hell of a lot quicker than going door-to-door and you know it.

PRYOR

Yes, but-

FAITH

But nothing, Pryor. We've been using this thing to run tests for months now. It's time we started making it work for us.

They turn into another corridor, approaching a noticeably new-looking pair of doors up ahead.

PRYOR

I know, I know, but this... well,
this isn't exactly what I had in
mind.

FAITH

Pryor, would you relax? I know what
I'm doing.

Faith reaches the doors first and pushes them open:

And there it is. The GATEWAY. A stone archway, covered in thousands of glyphs and markings carved into it, with furrows in the floor and walls tracing lines to and from it.

Small spotlights have been set up around the Gateway to highlight it, and there are several piles of equipment scattered around it, along with folders and notebooks.

Pryor casts a glance over the equipment as Faith steps up to the Gateway, joined by Vi.

VI

This thing still gives me the
creeps.

FAITH

It does that.

Vi stares at the Gateway for another beat, then lets out a sigh and nods. Faith grins, reaching forward and pressing her hand against the archway.

Quietly at first, but quickly building in volume, something starts to HUM. Vi looks around, obviously on edge, but Faith looks like this is the most natural thing in the world.

Lines of ENERGY start to fizz along the tracks on the walls, scampering towards the Gateway and coursing up and down its structure, lighting up the glyphs one after the other.

Faith shifts her arm, and we get a glimpse of the TATTOO on the back of her hand GLOWING with the same energy.

There's a sudden loud SNAP, and in a blaze of blue light a PORTAL forms in the mouth of the archway, sending a gust of wind through the room that scatters the loose notebooks.

Pryor TUTS loudly, but Faith just throws him a grin as she removes her hand and stands before the swirling portal.

FAITH (cont'd)
You don't have to come with, you know.

VI
No, I should. I've got to get used to this thing sooner or later, you know?

FAITH
Pryor?

PRYOR
I'm ready.

He joins them, and after a moment Faith leads the way, walking forward and straight into the portal:

WHITE OUT:

We find ourselves in a corridor just like any other in the asylum - only this one is bathed in a fierce RED. Faith, Vi and Pryor stand side by side, eyes closed, until one by one they open their eyes.

Vi and Pryor take a moment to look around while Faith heads straight for a door up ahead, all movement within the corridor looking a little hazy and blurred. Faith opens the door and motions for the other two to step through.

FAITH
This one.

VI
How do you know-

FAITH
Just do. Come on.

Vi glances at Pryor, who nods, and as the duo head through the doorway, we find ourselves inside:

The trio enter a large, pitch black room. Faith takes one step forward and lands on a panel in the floor that LIGHTS UP, before a line of similar panels light up, stretching off into the centre of the room - and suddenly, the room is filled with brilliant LIGHT!

Vi and Pryor shield their eyes, but Faith doesn't look bothered by the light, which soon dims to a better level as the other two lower their hands.

(CONTINUED)

They're standing in the middle of a huge chamber, the walls around made of stone panels, each one inscribed with the same kinds of glyphs and markings that cover the Gateway itself.

The walls are circular, curving overhead, and in the centre of the room a large pedestal rises up from the floor, with a pool of water in its centre and dozens of small glass tubes running round the outside of it, each a different height and width and each holding a different level of liquid, in a variety of colours.

More pieces of monitoring equipment sit around the pedestal, some still ticking away and spewing out reams of paper.

Vi has to stop and take in the impressive chamber as Faith strolls down a short staircase and into the centre of the room, approaching the pedestal.

VI

Woah...

Faith takes her place before the pedestal, which lights up a little as she approaches it.

FAITH

Alright, Pryor, you got that printout handy?

Pryor takes the picture of the naxtopan demon from his pocket and hands it to her.

FAITH (cont'd)

Let's see if this works.

PRYOR

If you're going to do what I think you are, then yes, it should.

Vi hurries down the steps to join them, curiosity starting to overcome her trepidation.

VI

Do what?

Faith starts to move her hands over the tubes of liquid, each one emitting a short HUM at different pitches as she does so.

PRYOR

We've established that the Gateway locks onto locations through a number of methods - direct control, stimulus in the central pool and, theoretically-

FAITH

Me.

(CONTINUED)

Faith looks down at the picture again, then closes her eyes and holds her hands out over the tubes.

Her hands start to move almost of their own accord, passing over the tubes and causing each one to make a soft hum, almost playing some kind of tune as she does so.

VI

So Faith just thinks of where she wants to go, and the Gateway does the rest?

PRYOR

That's the theory. We didn't get around to...

He drifts off as six thin slivers of LIGHT suddenly appear in the air before the pedestal.

As he watches, the slivers expand, becoming thick rectangles of shimmering light - all the while, Faith's hands continue to move over the tubes.

With a final, brief blaze of light, the light fades away - to reveal six DOORWAYS suspended in the air, forming a half circle around the pedestal. Each one is a different style - some are wooden, two are steel and one more looks like its been carved out of ivory.

Vi is suitably gobsmacked by the sight as Faith opens her eyes, stepping back from the pedestal with a grin.

FAITH

I think that's one theory we just proved.

PRYOR

Apparently so...

Faith reaches into the centre of the pedestal, where what looks like a metal DOOR HANDLE sits at the edge of the central pool, and with a quick tug it comes loose.

FAITH

(to Vi)
Ready?

VI

For what?

FAITH

To see where these doors go.

VI

(blinks)
Huh?

PRYOR

Each one of these doors will take you to somewhere one of those demons can be found, either here on Earth or in the nearest locatable dimension. That's one of the ways the Gateway works.

VI

(not getting it)
Oh. Right.

FAITH

So the plan is we go in, find one, drag it back and then get Pryor to use it to prove Grant's story so we can all get on with our day.

Vi's starting to look a little uncertain again.

VI

Aren't you the tiniest bit, you know, thrown by all this? 'Cause I know I sure am!

FAITH

Vi, me and Pryor've been down here every other day for six months figuring out how this thing works. Believe me, I've done this enough times now for the 'wow' factor to have worn right off.

Faith turns and heads for the doorways, counting across them as she eeny, miny, moe's to pick one. She steps up to a thick wooden door and presses the handle in her hand against it.

There's a loud CLICK - and the handle stays in place as Faith takes her hand away.

Vi's head is spinning as she tries to take all this in, but Faith is calm as she steps over to a large chest resting next to what look like a row of old filing cabinets.

She throws the chest open to reveal it's full of WEAPONS - she takes a battleaxe for herself and a couple of stakes, tossing a sword over to Vi.

FAITH (cont'd)

(to Pryor)
Same rules as last time, right?

PRYOR

(nods)
One hour from when you step through before I send in a search party.

(CONTINUED)

Faith walks back over to the door she picked and grabs the handle, turning to Vi again.

FAITH

Take a deep breath, the first
trip's always kind of a shock to
the system.

Vi does so as Faith pulls at the handle - and the door swings open!

Revealed beyond is a dark, stormy landscape, with jagged mountains reaching for a crimson sky. A chill wind gusts across the scene, blowing back out into the control room.

Faith takes a moment to compose herself, then steps up and through the doorway, followed a moment later by Vi, her eyes squeezed shut.

Faith looks back in on Pryor as we cut to:

From this side, the doorway is just hanging in mid-air with nothing beyond it, but visible inside is Pryor and the control room.

Faith nods once to him, then pulls the door shut with a loud SLAM before she turns to survey the landscape before her.

VI

(shouting over wind)
Now what?

FAITH

Now, we find ourselves a demon.

Faith sets off, gripping her battleaxe as the obviously shaken Vi follows, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

36 INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

36

Pryor is pacing up and down before the suspended doorways, glancing at his watch every few moments.

He comes to a stop, watching the seconds tick down for a few moments, then grabs his walkie-talkie from his belt.

PRYOR
(into radio)
Noa, this is Pryor, come in, over.

He waits, then there's a CRACKLE from the radio, and:

NOA
(filtered; through radio)
What? Pryor, I'm eating here!

PRYOR
Yes, well, sorry to disturb you,
but we have a code red.

NOA
(beat)
Crap. Already?

PRYOR
It's been one hour. Call Todd and Rachel, make sure they know what we're doing, and get them to bring my field kit down from the office. I'm going to need to-

He stops - the door that Vi and Faith went through is RATTLING!

NOA
Pryor? Pryor! What is it?

Pryor slowly turns to look at the door, watching as the rattling continues - and then stops.

And the door BURSTS OPEN!

Vi comes sailing through, rolling across the ground as she tries to slow down, springing back up to her feet. She's covered in cuts and bruises, but heads straight back for the open doorway as Pryor gapes.

PRYOR
What-

(CONTINUED)

VI
(into doorway)
Faith, come on!

There's a ROAR from off screen, and Pryor finally snaps to attention as Faith's hand streaks out to grab the doorway.

Vi leaps forward and grabs Faith's hand, heaving with all of her might as she starts to pull Faith through the doorway.

VI (cont'd)
Pryor, help!

Pryor joins in, but as he sees what's making the racket outside, his eyes bulge:

Faith has one arm hooked round a NAXTOPAN DEMON! It's easily six feet tall, its body made up of dark green carapace segments, its long, thin head whipping left and right.

FAITH
The hell am I holding this thing
for? You're the Slayer!

VI
I'm trying! Pull harder!

Faith shouts with effort, trying to haul the kicking and screaming demon back through the doorway, getting a few KICKS in to try and subdue it.

With a final YELL, the demon falls bodily through the open door, and it CRASHES to the floor, pinning Faith underneath!

She struggles, but the creature's huge, taloned hands pin her wrists down. Faith looks up as its mouth opens, revealing row after row of razor sharp, dripping fangs...

CLANG! The demon drops like a sack of coal as Vi crushes one of Pryor's machines against its head, sending fragments of plastic and metal scattering all around.

Before the demon can recover, she draws a DAGGER from her jacket and STABS it in the neck. The demon lets out a high-pitched SCREECH before its thrashing limbs fall still.

Faith, breathing rapidly, takes Vi's offered hand and pulls herself back up.

FAITH
Thanks. Nice save.

VI
No problem.
(to Pryor)
Uh, that wasn't expensive, right?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
That one wasn't, no.
(beat)
The one the demon landed on,
however...

Vi winces and looks down at the felled demon - and the complex-looking piece of machinery its squashed beneath it.

VI
Oops...

NOA
(filtered; through radio)
Pryor Webb, for the love of God,
will you answer me? What the hell
is going on down there?

Pryor fumbles for his radio, but Faith takes it from him.

FAITH
(into radio)
Panic over, Noa. Get the exam room
prepped, we've got ourselves a bug
to study.

NOA
Finally! Thank you, Faith. At least
somebody down there knows to keep
me informed...

Faith grins, passing the radio back to Pryor as she looks down at the demon, and we cut to:

A downtown magical supplies store, looking halfway between hokey New Age and actual dark arts in terms of both decor and stocks.

RENNINSKY, a middle-aged man with a long, pointed beard, stands behind the shop counter, sorting through the morning's takings.

There's the tinkle of a BELL from off screen as the door to the shop opens.

RENNINSKY
We're closed for stock-taking this
afternoon, I'm afraid. You'll have
to come back later.

EVIL FAITH (O.S.)
Really? Damn.

Renninsky looks up as Evil Faith steps into frame, a wicked smirk on her features.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
And here was me hoping I could
sneak in a little business before
lunch.

Renninsky frowns, sensing something off about his visitor as we cut to:

It's like Pryor's Lab never burned down. A fully fitted and equipped laboratory set up is laid out before us, complete with two surgical tables at the rear of the room and two rows of meat lockers set into the wall.

Faith and Vi heave the dead naxtopan demon onto one of the tables, as Pryor pulls on a pair of latex gloves and checks over a tray of surgical equipment. Noa waits nearby, also wearing gloves.

FAITH
Mind if we leave you to it for this
part?

PRYOR
Not like you to be squeamish,
Faith.

FAITH
No, I know, and I'm not, just that-

VI
We don't like how you get when you
do... this.

PRYOR
(beat)
'How I get'?

FAITH
You know, when you're cutting
things open and stuff. It's like
you enjoy it a little too much.

PRYOR
I don't- why would-

NOA
They're right, Pryor. You do get
kind of into this.

Pryor scowls, holding out his hand.

PRYOR
(sharp)
Scalpel.

Noa takes a scalpel from the tray and passes it to him, and with a last glance at Faith he starts to cut into the demon's chest.

Faith and Vi are quick to make their exit, and as Pryor gets to work on the demon, we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - DAY

Faith, now wearing her orderly's coat, walks up to the door to Grant's room, passing Rachel on the way.

RACHEL
Oh, Faith, er... everything alright? Noa said there might be some trouble, or something?

FAITH
False alarm. Put it down to Pryor panicking too easy.

RACHEL
Oh, right. Good. That's good... isn't it?

FAITH
All good.
(off Grant's door)
He awake?

RACHEL
Not sure. Just took him his dinner, but he was in bed and didn't move, even when I called his name.

FAITH
Alright, sweet. I got it from here.

Rachel nods and heads off, as Faith approaches Grant's door and peers in through the viewing window.

FAITH'S P.O.V.

Sure enough, Grant is wrapped up in his bedclothes, facing away from the door.

ON SCENE

Faith reaches for her keys, unlocks the door and steps inside, as we cut back to:

40 INT. ASYLUM - EXAM ROOM - NEXT

40

With the autopsied corpse of the naxtopan demon splayed out in the background, Pryor is over by a microscope, examining a sample of some kind.

Behind him, Noa grimaces as she carefully places what look like a bundle of eggs into a jar, the eggs held together by a thick, slimy sap.

NOA

You are definitely not paying me enough for this...

PRYOR

Hmm...

NOA

'Hmm'?

Pryor leans back from the microscope, that old thoughtful look on his face. Noa waits expectantly for an answer.

NOA (cont'd)

Pryor? 'Hmm'? I'm slopping baby demon goop into a jar, no questions asked, and all you have to say is 'hmm'?

PRYOR

I think I recognise what kind of demon this is.

NOA

(blinks)

We know what kind of demon it is. Remember?

PRYOR

No, I mean what type. How it reproduces.

NOA

(wrinkles face)

I don't want to know this, do I...

Pryor looks up, and Noa reads his dark expression straight away as we cut to:

41 INT. ASYLUM - GRANT'S ROOM - NEXT

41

Faith pads over to Grant's bed, looking down on him. He's bundled up in the covers like they're a cocoon.

FAITH

Grant?

(CONTINUED)

She gently shakes him, and hears a muffled GRUNT as the bundle on the bed stirs.

FAITH (cont'd)
Hey, it's Faith. Sorry to wake you,
but I've got some good news. We
found one of the things that
attacked you.

Grant stirs again, shifting round a little to face her.

GRANT
You did?

FAITH
(nods)
Pryor's working on it down in his
lab right now. We're gonna figure
out how to change whatever it did
to you.

Grant looks away from her and falls silent for a moment.
Faith is puzzled - shouldn't he be a little happier to hear
this?

Grant slowly turns back to face her, and Faith straightens as
she takes in the serious look in his eyes.

GRANT
You shouldn't have done that.

Faith blinks as we cut to:

Pryor pushes his wheeled chair away from one desk and over to
another, where several dark blue blood samples wait inside a
row of test tubes.

PRYOR
I just need to make sure...

Pryor fills a pipette with one sample and squirts it into a
beaker of clear fluid - which turns pink as the two mix.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Oh, dear...

NOA
Okay, enough with the cryptic now!

PRYOR
I've seen this before.

NOA
And?

Pryor slowly turns to face her.

PRYOR
Where's Faith right now?

Noa pauses to think, and we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - GRANT'S ROOM - NEXT

Faith takes a step back, what passes for her Slayer Sense starting to twig that something's not right.

FAITH
What's that supposed to mean?

GRANT
I suppose I should thank you.

Faith's eyes flick towards the exit.

FAITH
For what?

GRANT
For getting me away from the cops.
I'm thinking they'd have locked me
up somewhere much worse if they'd
seen me like this.

Grant's wrapped up form starts to roll over to face Faith,
but as the covers start to fall away, Faith's smile drops.

FAITH
What-

And with a ROAR, Grant BURSTS from the sheets and LUNGES
towards her!

But this isn't Grant.

He's half NAXTOPAN DEMON, most of his torso covered with dark
green scales and one hand twisted into a huge TALON!

Before she can react, Faith is SLAMMED into the floor,
sprawling as what used to be Grant rises from the bed.

GRANT
Took me a while to get used to the
deal with all this, but I gotta
say...
(sick grin)
... I'm glad I said yes.

Faith looks up in horror as a hunk of skin around his waist
sloughs away with a wet sliding sound, and we cut to:

44 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

44

Pryor is hustling down the corridor, with Noa struggling to keep up as she wheels after him.

NOA

Pryor, wait! Slow down!

Vi steps into frame, innocently munching on a candy bar, and Pryor almost collides with her.

VI

Woah, Pryor! Where's the fire?

PRYOR

Where's Faith?

VI

I don't-

PRYOR

I need to know where she is! Now!

VI

I think she said she was going to see that Grant guy, but I haven't-

Pryor takes off again, just as a breathless Noa rolls to a halt next to Vi.

VI (cont'd)

Uh... did I miss something?

Noa's too exhausted to answer, but looks round and sees a better way to get Pryor's point across - and PUNCHES her fist against a fire alarm button!

45 INT. ASYLUM - GRANT'S ROOM - NEXT

45

Faith is backing away from the Grant Demon as it advances on her, his jaw hanging inhumanly low as though something is trying to force its way out.

Grant starts to speak, but his warped jaw mangles his words - and a hideous HISSING sound emerges instead.

The FIRE ALARM bells start to ring, but Faith's eyes are locked on the incoming half-demon.

FAITH

Grant, listen to me! Whatever this thing's making you do, you have to-

Grant Demon SNARLS and SLASHES its talon hand down at her, catching Faith across the cheek and leaving three bloody cuts.

(CONTINUED)

Faith turns back, stunned for half a second - and then her face switches into full on PISSED mode as she leaps to her feet, throwing herself at the creature with a YELL!

She grapples with it, but the towering creature is far too strong and easily THROWS her off.

She THUDS into the far wall as Pryor skids to a halt outside the room, his jaw dropping as the demon whips round to face him and ROARS!

PRYOR

Oh, my God...

FAITH

Pryor, get out of here! Run!

Pryor starts to back up as Grant Demon stomps towards him, out into:

The demon squeezes its massive frame through the doorway, closing on the horrified Pryor just as Vi charges round the corner.

VI

Pryor!

Vi bravely runs straight for the demon, leaping into the air and DROP-KICKING into its back - but she just bounces off it!

Vi hits the deck, too slow to avoid a powerful KICK that catches her in the chest, sending her cartwheeling back through the air.

Faith pulls herself out of Grant's room, seeing the downed Vi and looking around for anything to use as a weapon.

She spots a heap of paint cans next to a ladder standing nearby and scoops two cans up, swinging them round and SMASHING them into the demon's back.

It HOWLS and whips round, SWATTING her and sending her tumbling backwards.

Faith careens across the floor, getting her head up as the demon pounds over to her, rearing back one huge talon to strike the killing blow...

... and the jagged end of a wooden pole SPEARS through the demon's throat, spraying Faith with dark blue BLOOD.

The demon half turns as it drops to the ground, revealing a woozy Vi, the other half of the broom she snapped in two in her hands.

Vi looks down on Faith, checking her over for injuries, but Faith's more interested in scooping the thick demon blood from her face.

VI (cont'd)
You okay?

Faith throws her a look, and Vi manages half a grin.

VI (cont'd)
Okay, dumb question.

Vi turns and offers Pryor a hand to help him up, as Noa makes it round the corner, a CROSSBOW across her lap.

NOA
What did I-
(sees demon; deflated)
Oh.

VI
Game over, Noa. Sorry. We'll wait for you next time.

Noa pulls a disgruntled face as Faith gets to her feet, looking down on Grant Demon's body. It's still not quite dead, but its laboured breathing shows it doesn't have long. Grant's still-human features are contorted with pain.

FAITH
Okay, Pryor, I'm listening. What the hell is that?

PRYOR
I managed to uncover something I didn't realise after the autopsy. Naxtopan demons are part of the dascasco genus. They reproduce by implanting their-

FAITH
(interrupts)
Woah, woah, back up. Remember I don't speak Nerd. What the hell is that, in English.

NOA
Are you trying to say that one of those demons changed him into one of its own kind?

The group turn round as raspy LAUGHTER carries up from the floor.

Grant Demon, blood bubbling from its lips, is CHUCKLING as the group step closer.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Something funny?

With some difficulty, the half-formed demon manages to speak in a voice resembling Grant's:

GRANT-DEMON
You don't... know anything...

PRYOR
There's something else.
(off their looks)
For the implant to take, the host body has to... well, the body has to accept the parasite within.

FAITH
(catches up)
He wanted this to happen?

GRANT-DEMON
Would've been... a hell of a ride...

FAITH
Yeah, well, sorry to disappoint you, pal, but you backed the wrong team this time.

Grant-Demon CHUCKLES again, baring its bloody teeth.

GRANT-DEMON
You think... I'm... the only one?

That gets their attention. Grant Demon offers a sickly grin - and then shudders once, before its last breath leaves its lips and it falls still.

The group stand in silence for a beat, still trying to process what the heck just happened, as we:

DISSOLVE TO:

It's the end of a long day, and Faith is on her way home, passing through a quieter neighbourhood.

She crosses the street and heads for a row of deserted-looking buildings, all candidates for demolition.

Glancing over her shoulder, she checks no-one is around before ducking into an alleyway:

48 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NEXT

48

She heads for what looks like a dead end, but after shifting some old crates and pallets out of the way, she reveals a plain DOOR. She takes out a key and unlocks it, stepping through into:

49 INT. DARKENED ROOM - NEXT

49

Faith steps into a long, mostly empty room, a little light from the street lamps outside filtering in through the boarded up windows.

Reaching into her shoulderbag, she takes out a Chinese takeaway bag and two cans of soda.

FAITH

It's me. I brought lunch.

FOOTSTEPS sound as somebody approaches her from the shadows.

VOICE (O.S.)

Teriyaki chicken again?

Faith grins as the figure steps into view.

It's QUINN!

QUINN

And here was me thinking you valued variety.

Faith chuckles, rolling her eyes as she tosses him the bag and one can, cracking the other open.

FAITH

Stop complaining and start eating.
And make sure you leave me some
this time.

QUINN

Dinner can wait. We have a bigger
problem than my empty stomach.

Faith frowns as Quinn walks over to one wall - displaying a makeshift hideout complete with mattress and quilt, portable TV and a few scattered possessions.

He scoops up a newspaper and walks back over, handing it to her.

QUINN (cont'd)

You catch the late edition?

FAITH

Naah. Been a busy day.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

I think you ought to see the front
page.

Puzzled, Faith unfolds the paper and scans it - and her jaw
drops in horror!

Next to a blurry photograph of her, the headline reads
'Escaped Killer At Large In NYC.'

Stunned, Faith looks back up to Quinn, who offers as
sympathetic a look as he can, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW