

FAITH

"Blindsided"

by

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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. QUINN'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

1

The dilapidated room that QUINN has been calling home for the last few months is before us, the light sprinkling of furnishings and luxuries managing to make the place seem almost cosy.

Cosy to everyone except FAITH, that is, who sits on a scavenged old chair and stares hard at the newspaper in her hands.

Quinn steps into frame, a mug of coffee in each hand, but as he offers one out to her he finds he actually has to nudge her to get her attention.

Faith blinks as she resurfaces, staring at the mug for a beat before realising what she's supposed to do with it.

FAITH

Thanks.

QUINN

No problem. Returning a favour, you could say.

FAITH

Huh?

QUINN

You know, for all the coffees you've brought me while I've been here. I'm not exactly pulling in the salary I used to.

FAITH

(distracted)

Oh, right... yeah.

Quinn sips his drink, keeping his eyes on Faith as her gaze returns to the newspaper.

QUINN

(off paper)

So what are we gonna do about that?

FAITH

'Do'?

QUINN

Hey, I'm all for staring blankly at things and hoping they'll magically get better, but, you know...

(CONTINUED)

Faith sighs, dropping the paper on the floor and rubbing her tired eyes with one hand.

FAITH
This doesn't make any sense...

QUINN
I'll say.

FAITH
I thought I was, you know...
covered from all that stuff?

Quinn raises an eyebrow, and Faith shakes her head.

FAITH (cont'd)
Long story. Let's just say that a
friend did me a favour and made
sure stuff like this...
(grabs paper)
... wasn't meant to happen any
more.

QUINN
I'll get the specifics off you
later. Right now, we need to work
out who else could have known about
this, and why they've chosen now to
'out' you, if you see what I mean.

FAITH
I'll give you one guess.

QUINN
Evil You?

FAITH
Who else?

QUINN
(shakes head)
Naah, she doesn't have the brains
or the resources to pull off
something like this.

FAITH
Who says she's working alone?

QUINN
You think we have a new player in
town?

FAITH
I'm fresh out of other options.

QUINN
Interesting...

He sips his coffee again, musing on the situation as a frustrated Faith wraps her arms round her neck, exhaling heavily.

FAITH
I've got to tell Pryor.

QUINN
Makes sense. He'll find out something's up by the morning anyway, may as well tell him first.

FAITH
So let's just hope nothing gets in the way between now and then, huh?

Quinn shoots her a look - they both know how unlikely that is, and as if to prove her point we cut to:

2 EXT. NYC - CITY STREET - NIGHT

2

Looking towards a noisy bar in the heart of Lower Manhattan, as a man (we'll call him MCGUFFIN) totters out onto the street on a slightly unsteady pair of feet.

Loud Irish rock music blasts out from inside the bar, but as McGuffin waves to his friends it's clear he's had enough for one night and is on his way home.

Humming the last tune he heard to himself, he wanders down the otherwise quiet street and fumbles for a pack of smokes in his jacket pocket.

3 EXT. NYC - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

3

He passes a narrow alley and pauses to try and light a cigarette, but his lighter's all out of gas. He shakes it a few times, then mutters a curse before TOSSING it away down the alley.

That's when he hears it.

Faint SOBBING, the sounds of a damsel in distress somewhere within the dark alley. McGuffin squints as he tries to see who's there.

MCGUFFIN
(Irish accent)
Hello? Who's there?

The noise abruptly stops, but this just piques his interest.

(CONTINUED)

MCGUFFIN (cont'd)

Is everything alright down there?

The alcohol in his system making him bold, McGuffin strides down the alley, his eyes sweeping what little he can see ahead.

MCGUFFIN (cont'd)

Don't worry, I'm too pissed to be a mugger and too good-looking to be a rapist. You can trust me.

There's MOVEMENT up ahead, an he comes to a halt as a FIGURE emerges from the shadows.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Please... leave me alone.

MCGUFFIN

Not until you tell me what you were crying for, lass.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Do you always interrogate crying women in dark alleyways?

MCGUFFIN

Only when I've had a few. Come on, step out here into the light, let me have a look at you.

WOMAN'S VOICE

No, listen... please, I told you already. Leave me alone.

MCGUFFIN

Just show me that you're alright, and then I promise I'll be on my way.

He raises his hands to show he means no harm, but the woman before him takes a step back into the shadows.

WOMAN'S VOICE

No! Don't come any closer, please... it's not safe.

MCGUFFIN

(scoffs)

I'll be the judge of that, lass, now just come on over here so I can make sure-

He takes a step forward - and a pair of GREEN EYES suddenly BLAZE from the darkness!

(CONTINUED)

McGuffin freezes, his face falling as he's rooted to the spot, the baleful green light falling on him...

... and with a GASP, he clutches a hand to his chest, his body starting to jerk and twitch uncontrollably!

WOMAN'S VOICE

No... no! Please! I told you to
leave me alone!

MCGUFFIN

What... what are you...

He starts to stiffen, the colour draining from his skin, and his whole body starts to lock rigid, like a statue!

The mystery woman staggers back a step, her glowing green eyes still shining out of the shadows.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Oh, God, no... not again...

Back to McGuffin.

He's been turned to STONE!

We hear RUNNING FOOTSTEPS as the woman turns tail and flees, SPLASHING through puddles in the alleyway as she makes her exit.

We push up on the face of the unfortunate McGuffin, petrified into one final, tortured expression of horror, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - MORNING

4

The door to Pryor's neat, if heavily stocked office is unlocked, and a moment later PRYOR pushes it open, the weight of several thick folders in his arms.

He negotiates his way over to his desk, dumping the wad of folders down and taking a breath.

He stares at the pile for a beat, then reaches for the first one as there's a KNOCK at the door - NOA is waiting in the open doorway, a drink in her hand.

NOA

Knock, knock.

PRYOR

Morning.

She wheels her way over to him, the mail in her lap, but pauses when she's about to hand it over.

NOA

(off folders)

What's all this?

PRYOR

Remember those two federal agents who were here last week?

NOA

Well, yeah. Kinda hard to forget.

PRYOR

(taps folders)

These are just some of the cases they've 'recommended' we take a look at.

NOA

(quirks eyebrow)

The government is giving us work now?

PRYOR

Officially? No. I get the feeling these are cases that they'd prefer stayed buried from the public eye.

NOA

At least that's something we're good at, right?

(CONTINUED)

Pryor HUFFS wearily as he opens up the next folder down.

PRYOR

Yes...

Noa watches him for a beat, then remembers the mail in her lap.

NOA

Oo! Never mind, I've got something that'll take your mind off things.

PRYOR

An all-expenses paid holiday?

NOA

Ha! As if. I'd keep that one for myself. No, look.

She points out one piece of mail in particular - a thick padded envelope, marked for Pryor's attention.

PRYOR

And?

NOA

Check the return address.

Pryor squints at the label - it's all the way from London.

PRYOR

Do we know anybody in London?

NOA

We don't... but Faith and Vi might.
(beat; off his look)
The Watcher's Council, Pryor.

PRYOR

Oh!

He tears the envelope open, and out falls a VIDEO CASSETTE and an accompanying note. Pryor reaches for it, but Noa snatches it up first.

NOA

(reading)

'Dear Doctor Webb.'

(grins)

'Doctor'! Good start.

(reads on)

Greetings from London, England, and from those of us here at the Watcher's Council.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOA (cont'd)

God, these guys even manage to
write British.

Pryor grabs the note back off her, knowing he'll get through
it a lot quicker himself.

PRYOR

(skim reading)

'It has come to our attention...
Violet Bowen... Paris... 2003...
dangerous escapee.'

He pauses at that last phrase, but can't read any more as VI
steps into the office, a bundle of timesheets under her arm.

VI

(brightly)

Hey! Morning, guys.

Pryor tries to surreptitiously tuck the note away on his
desk, and luckily for him VI doesn't notice.

VI (cont'd)

Here's the sheets for last week,
and make sure you remember to sign
'em all this time. Rachel's been
bugging me about going shopping
down in Tribeca all week, and she's
banking on that overtime she did
cleaning out that demon nest last
week to pay for it!

PRYOR

Right, right, yes. Of course. I'll
get right on it.

Vi frowns, picking up on the strange atmosphere in the room.
Noa tries to flash her a friendly smile, but it looks more
like a grimace.

VI

Uh... is everything alright?

PRYOR

Fine! Everything's fine. Why
wouldn't it be?

VI

No reason, you two are just acting
a little... well, you know. Weird.

PRYOR

We, er, we're just-

(CONTINUED)

NOA
(covering)
We're just going through some cases. Big stuff, very icky. Not great to look at first thing.

VI
Oh, yeah. Gotcha. I'll make that my excuse to get back to work, then.

With a cheery smile, she turns and leaves, and Noa and Pryor wait until her footsteps have faded before she snatches the letter back from him.

She reads down it in a few moments, looking up at Pryor in alarm.

NOA
What the hell does any of this mean?

PRYOR
It means...

He holds up the video.

PRYOR (cont'd)
... that I should watch this and see if it tells me anything useful.

NOA
What about me?

PRYOR
I need you to make sur neither Vi or Faith see this before I know what to make of it. Is that clear.

NOA
But what about-

PRYOR
(firm)
Is that clear?

Noa rolls her eyes and HUFFS - but nods.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Good. Now, if you don't mind...

Noa scowls as she spins round and wheels towards the doorway, leaving Pryor staring at the tape in his hands.

She shuts the door with a loud BANG, and as Pryor glances towards the TV and VCR on one side of the room, we cut to:

5 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NEXT

5

Faith strolls in and nods a greeting to HILARY on reception, but seems obviously preoccupied as she walks on, head down and hands stuffed in her pockets.

Her eyes flick to the post tray, looking for any sign of the morning paper delivery - and she walks straight into TODD.

TODD

Whoops! Hey, you know, if you wanted to get my attention you could've just called my name.

He grins, but it takes Faith a moment to break out of her daze and address him.

FAITH

Sorry. Head's just all... you know. Waagh.

TODD

Oh, sorry to hear that. I hear there's a lot of 'waagh' going around at the moment.

This time, she manages to crack a smile, and walks with him as they head down into:

6 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

6

Faith glances around as the two walk along.

TODD

You expecting somebody?

FAITH

Huh? Oh, no, just... have the newspapers come in yet?

TODD

Oh, yeah, I just dropped 'em off in the staff room, same as usual.

FAITH

(blanches)
What?

TODD

Uh... is something wrong?

Faith breaks into a run, streaking away from the puzzled Todd as she races towards:

7

INT. ASYLUM - ANOTHER CORRIDOR - NEXT

7

Faith skids to a halt outside the open door to the staff room, CHATTER from inside telling her that it's full.

She's breathing rapidly, already working out what to say when all of her colleagues see the headline about her, when she hears:

NOA (O.S.)

Faith?

She turns, and there's Noa, wheeling over to her.

NOA (cont'd)

What's up? You look like you just saw a whole room full of ghosts.

FAITH

(quickly)

Nothing, nothing, I'm fine.

NOA

Oh, right. Okay. 'Fine.'

Faith takes a deep breath and starts to step into the staff room, when Noa calls out:

NOA (cont'd)

So...

Faith turns - and Noa's holding up the paper!

NOA (cont'd)

... this would still fall under 'fine' for you, is that it?

Faith freezes, her head snapping round to the staff room.

NOA (cont'd)

Relax, nobody else saw it.

FAITH

How did you-

NOA

I always get to the papers in there first, before Todd gets his greasy fingerprints all over it or Rachel spills coffee onto everything.

Noa wheels closer, and Faith sees that there are several more copies of the paper in her lap.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

But I haven't bought us much time,
so let's go somewhere quiet and
work out your story, because sooner
or later everybody in this place is
going to hear about it and I don't
think you want it coming from the
news first.

Faith exhales, nodding, and Noa offers her a warm smile as we
cut into:

INT. ASYLUM - EXAM ROOM - NEXT

Faith sits with her head in her hands, still trying to
process what's going on as Noa and Vi wait around.

The door opens and Pryor hurries in, swapping a quick glance
with Noa as he enters.

PRYOR

Sorry about that. Urgent phone
call. Anyway. Right.

Noa hands him the paper, and Pryor scans over the front page,
stroking his chin thoughtfully.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Faith?

FAITH

(without looking up)
What?

PRYOR

What can you tell us about all
this?

She leans back, throwing up her hands.

FAITH

Like what? Pryor, I saw that this
morning, same as everyone else. I
got no clue what's going on right
now.

VI

Didn't you say Willow did something
to keep you hidden? You know, back
before you left Cleveland the last
time?

FAITH

Yeah, her and the Council.

PRYOR

The Watchers knew about this as well?

FAITH

They offered me a deal, right after Sunnydale became a hole in the ground. Wanted me to help 'em find all the new Slayers in return for keeping my record off the system.

NOA

So what did Willow do?

FAITH

One better. Said she set off some kind of magic computer virus that wiped me from every system going. No more Faith Lehane, no more criminal record, nothing.

(bitter)

Guess she must've missed a spot.

PRYOR

Well, we have to work on the assumption that plenty of people are going to see this, and some of them will know who you are. I'll call a general staff meeting immediately and outline the situation to them.

FAITH

What're you gonna tell them? 'Hey, kids, by the way, your boss is a wanted killer, but you all have to promise to keep it quiet'?

NOA

How about 'we know, now you know, so just don't tell anyone'?

FAITH

Screw that.

She stands, taking one step towards the door.

PRYOR

Where are you going?

FAITH

Somewhere not here until I figure this out.

PRYOR

Faith!

(CONTINUED)

Faith opens the door - but Noa PUSHES her wheelchair firmly into it, blocking it shut. Faith throws her a look, but Noa just points back to Faith's chair.

NOA

Sit. Down.

Faith gapes at her - did she just get sassed? - but after a long beat steps back from the door, slowly taking her seat.

NOA (cont'd)

And don't make me have to use that voice again.

VI

Guys, hate to be the devil's advocate, but what if Faith's right? What if the cops come here looking for her?

PRYOR

They won't. I'll see to that. There are plenty of spells I can put up that'll keep you hidden, as long as you stay confined to the Asylum.

FAITH

(groans)

Great.

PRYOR

In the meantime, Vi, you'll have to take on Faith's share of the patrols. Take at least one of the staff out with you on each run.

Vi nods, glancing at Noa, who is flicking through the rest of the newspaper.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I'll see if I can contact the Watcher's Council and find out if they can offer any kind of explanation as to what's happened. Maybe they can help us.

FAITH

Maybe I don't qualify for their 'help' any more.

VI

Hey! C'mon, Faith, a little positive thinking her-

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

(snaps)

Do you have any idea what all this means, Vi?

VI

(meek)

Uh... trouble?

FAITH

You're damn straight, it means trouble! It means that anybody in this whole city, and I'm talking humans and non-humans, is gonna be looking for me! How many of 'em already know where I work? Where I live? Where I get breakfast?

PRYOR

Faith, please! Try to stay calm, we don't even-

FAITH

Don't tell me to 'relax,' Pryor! You spend a few years on the inside, then you tell me if the thought of going back scares the unholy crap out of you!

NOA

(reading)

Uh... guys?

FAITH

I'm not going back to jail. I'm just not.

PRYOR

Of course not. We need you. I'm not about to let anything take you away from us again.

NOA

(louder)

Guys?

VI

Pryor, what about that stuff you use on your, uh... you know, your scars? Can we make up, like, a disguise for her or something?

FAITH

A disguise? What am I, James freakin' Bond? What about-

(CONTINUED)

NOA
(yells)
Guys!!

They finally turn to her, as she holds up the newspaper again. She's showing them a article (with photo) about the fate of McGuffin.

NOA (cont'd)
I think we have this week's case
already.

The team exchange conflicted looks, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

INT. PRYOR'S CAR - DAY

9

Vi sits in the passenger seat as Pryor drives. She has a map spread across her knees, and is consulting a few sheets of paper.

VI

Doesn't look like there are any nests that we know of in the area.

PRYOR

Could be an isolated attack.

VI

Could be, yeah, could be that there's another twenty of these whatever the hell they are out there waiting for us.

PRYOR

Vi, please.

VI

I know, I know, I'm just saying...

PRYOR

You're just saying you wish Faith was here, in case there are more of those things.

VI

(beat)

Well... yeah.

PRYOR

We can't let her leave the asylum. Not until we resolve her current situation.

VI

So what, we just leave her sitting there while we rush off on whatever job comes along?

PRYOR

I don't like it any more than you do, but it's better than the alternative.

Vi looks out through the window, obviously disgruntled about this turn of events as we cut to:

10 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - DAY

10

Faith lies on her bed, staring up at the ceiling. Background chatter drifts in from outside, before the door is pushed open to reveal Noa.

NOA

Hey.

Faith doesn't answer, keeping her eyes on the ceiling.

NOA (cont'd)

(scowls)

Oh, right, so clearly this is my fault now.

Faith rolls her eyes and turns to face her, as Noa wheels herself into the room and shuts the door.

FAITH

Noa, I'm not-

NOA

I know, I just knew that'd get a reaction out of you.

She grins, and Faith manages a small smile back.

NOA (cont'd)

You wanna talk about it?

FAITH

And say what?

NOA

Well... I don't know. That's kinda why I asked.

Faith sits for another beat, then sits up in her bed.

FAITH

What's your worst nightmare?

NOA

Waking up and finding I'm in a wheelchair.

A beat. Noa looks down and exclaims in mock horror:

NOA (cont'd)

Oh my God, it came true!!

She looks back up at Faith with a raised eyebrow.

NOA (cont'd)

Why are you asking?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I just want to know.

NOA

Okay, I guess that losing Jon was my worst nightmare, but that's already happened too. I'm all out of bad dreams for now.

(beat)

Is this the part where you tell me yours?

FAITH

Mine's still going back to jail.

NOA

(scoffs)

Like you couldn't break out any time you wanted! You did before, remember? Back in LA?

FAITH

(shakes head)

That was different. I was needed.

NOA

And you're not now?

Noa wheels closer, her tone softening.

NOA (cont'd)

Faith, there's a reason you came back here. Now. You're the only one of us who can work the Gateway, and something tells me that's kind of important.

FAITH

So why is this happening? Now?

NOA

(dry)

Well, I could flag up the evil twin you have running around NYC, but I'm sure you've thought of that already.

Faith stands, restless.

FAITH

I need to get out of here.

NOA

And go where?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED: (2)

10

FAITH

I don't know! Anywhere!

Faith heads for the door, grabbing her jacket.

NOA

Faith, you can't! Faith!

Noa's cries fall on deaf ears as Faith marches away, and as Noa slumps, defeated, we cut to:

11 EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - STREET - DAY

11

Vi and Pryor make their way through the crowds - Pryor has a large case slung over his shoulder, while Vi keeps her eyes peeled for anything suspicious.

They approach the bar we saw McGuffin leaving earlier, now surrounded by police tape, as is the entrance to the alleyway alongside.

VI

I guess this is the place.

PRYOR

Take a look around, I'll get the tracking equipment set up.

Vi nods, checking around and then heading for the next building along - and the fire escape ladder hanging from its side wall.

With a quick LEAP, she grabs the bottom rung and pulls herself up, nimbly clattering her way up the ladder:

12 EXT. ROOFTOP - ABOVE ALLEYWAY - NEXT

12

Vi climbs up onto a small roof overlooking the alleyway below, keeping her head down as she zig-zags over to the edge and takes a look down.

There's a CHALK OUTLINE on the ground below her, but it seems to have been drawn around someone who was still standing. Yellow evidence markers are dotted around the scene.

A COP stands at the other entrance to the alley, looking pretty bored as he checks his watch.

Vi takes everything in with a few quick glances, then darts back over to the fire escape as we return to:

13 EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - STREET - NEXT

13

Pryor is tinkering with something inside his half-open case as Vi rejoins him.

(CONTINUED)

VI

One cop at the other end of the alley but that's it.

PRYOR

Can you distract him while I get in there to take some readings?

VI

'Distract' him?

PRYOR

Use your imagination.

Pryor glances up and down the street and then ducks under the police tape, leaving Vi behind to puzzle out her next move as we cut to:

Over at the other entrance as the cop sighs heavily, looking for something to entertain himself.

He gets his wish as Vi strolls towards him, a big, eager smile plastered across her features. She's rolled her t-shirt up a little and fixed her hair up in bunches.

The cop, slightly overweight and entering his last pension bracket, blinks at the sight of her, and double takes to make sure it was him she was looking at.

Vi steps over - casting a quick glance down the alleyway behind - and takes out the road map from Pryor's car.

VI

(sweetly)

Um, real sorry to bother you, officer, but could you give me a few directions? I'm, like, so totally lost and I have to get back for my next class, so...

COP

(smiles)

No problem, miss.

VI

Great! Thanks.

The cop leans over to examine the map, and as Vi sneaks another quick look down into the alleyway, we join:

Pryor carefully and quietly heads down towards the chalk outline and evidence markers.

He opens his case fully and takes out a small device, roughly the size of a beer can and sporting several small antenna.

He sweeps it back and forth before him, noting the BEEPS and CLICKS it makes as he nears the outline.

Pryor crouches, rubbing his fingers in a sticky residue left around the outline, sniffing experimentally at it.

He reaches back into his case and takes out a small petri dish, carefully scooping some of the residue into it, when he hears a SHUFFLE behind him.

He whips round - and somebody RACES out of the alleyway, hidden by the long shadows cast by the sun!

PRYOR

Hey! Wait!

Pryor tries to catch a glimpse of them, but they're gone before he can turn round.

COP (O.S.)

Hey, you! What are you doing?

Pryor turns back - the Cop is hurrying towards him, an alarmed Vi just behind him.

Pryor gulps, turns and hightails it out of the alley, the Cop yelling after him as we cut to:

A breathless Pryor bundles himself into his car, quickly looking all round for any sign of the pursuing cop.

A moment later, the passenger door opens and Vi clambers inside, hastily loosening her hair bunches.

PRYOR

Where's-

VI

Just drive, damn it! I think I saw where whoever that person was went, so get moving!

Pryor starts the car up and SCREECHES away, and we cut to:

Faith is heading down the sidewalk, her jacket collar up and a pair of large sunglasses forming the best disguise she can think of.

17 CONTINUED:

17

She checks over her shoulder, a little paranoid and starting to realise that coming out in daylight wasn't the best idea, before she turns down into another street.

She's heading towards the part of town where Quinn's hideout lies, and as she walks away from us and towards the cluster of run-down buildings up ahead, we rejoin:

18 INT. LOWER MANHATTAN - BATTERY PARK CITY - DAY

18

Vi and Pryor hurry into frame as they reach the housing estate overlooking the Hudson River, Vi taking point as Pryor keeps one eye on the device in his hand.

PRYOR

Vi, I'm not getting any readings here, are you sure-

VI

I'm sure! I got a better look at that guy than you did, and I know I saw them head down this way.

Pryor joins Vi as she scans the pathways around them.

PRYOR

Look, we may have some unwanted police attention of our own to deal with if we're not careful, so-

VI

(points)

There!

Vi aims Pryor towards a small group of chalets along the nearest edge of the waterfront, then takes off at a sprint.

PRYOR

Vi, wait!

She's already halfway there, and Pryor has no choice but to race after her.

19 EXT. BATTERY PARK CITY - WATERFRONT - NEXT

19

There are several small docks and piers reaching out over the river, and below them is a network of passageways and tunnels, some cut out of the concrete underneath and others formed by the myriad of struts and supports.

Pryor, in sore need of a rest by now, catches up to Vi as she peers down into the gloom beneath one of the piers.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

(panting)

Alright... before we go... any further...

VI

(holds out hand)

Flashlight.

PRYOR

What?

VI

Pass me a flashlight. It's kinda dark down there.

Pryor takes a small MagLite from his case and hands it to her as he continues:

PRYOR

First, you need to tell me exactly what it is you saw.

VI

Couldn't say for sure. Looked human-sized, though, so I'm figuring demon. Plus, seemed to melt into the crowds without much trouble so it obviously doesn't look like a demon.

She starts to make her way down a small grassy slope, with Pryor following as she approaches the underside of the pier.

PRYOR

Alright, fair assessment.

VI

Plus, it was at the scene of the crime and took off when you spotted it. That says to me that whatever it is, it either saw something or is the thing we're looking for.

PRYOR

All the same, we'd best not head down there unprepared.

VI

What, are we going to call for backup?

A beat - Pryor realises they can't get Faith out to help them this time.

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)

Right. Exactly. So... stay close.

Vi clicks on the flashlight and steps beneath the shadow cast by the pier, as we cut to:

INT. QUINN'S HIDEOUT - DAY

Quinn is reading a novel, chewing absently on what's left of a sandwich when there's a KNOCK at the door.

He tenses up, his hand reaching for a HANDGUN close by, but there are more KNOCKS - a complicated sequence that he seems to recognise.

The door opens and Faith steps in, sunglasses pushed up into her hair but the same troubled expression on her face.

QUINN

Oh, hey. Please tell me you come bearing gifts, I think I'm about to digest the last of the...

(registers her expression)

Are you okay?

(blinks)

Besides the obvious, I mean.

Faith sighs, running a hand through her hair as she flops down onto his mattress.

QUINN (cont'd)

Okay, I'm sensing the answer is 'no'...

Faith lies down on the bed, curling her knees up to her chest. She still hasn't said a word.

QUINN (cont'd)

You know, eventually I'm gonna have to kick you off that, so-

FAITH

Jon... please. Just let me sit. I just gotta... I need some place where nobody's gonna ask me any questions right now.

Quinn studies her, then slowly nods.

QUINN

No problem. Not like I have anywhere else to be.

With a last glance Faith's way, Quinn picks up his book and resumes reading, as we cut to:

21 EXT. PIER - DAY

21

With Pryor's device now CLICKING louder and quicker with every step, Vi leads the way as they approach a water overflow pipe emerging from the concrete base.

Vi gets to the entrance and shines her flashlight down inside, but she can't make anything out in the gloom.

VI

This is the first place we've seen
big enough to let someone our size
down it. What do you reckon?

She turns to Pryor, who is examining something on the edge of the pipe - more of the slimy residue from the alley.

PRYOR

I reckon we're on the right trail.

Vi nods, climbing up and into the pipe before helping Pryor to clamber in after her.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Quick question. What do you plan on
doing if and when we find this
demon?

VI

Ask it nicely what it knows. To
start. If that doesn't work, I'll
move onto 'punching' and see where
that gets me.

Pryor glances back at the entrance, as if savouring the daylight before he follows Vi deeper into the pipe:

22 INT. OVERFLOW SYSTEM - CHAMBER - NEXT

22

Vi pops out into a larger chamber, part of a rust-ridden old network of chambers and pipes leading off in all directions.

Pryor splashes down next to her, the tracking device in his hand starting to emit a HISS of feedback. He taps it, then tries shaking it.

VI

Problem?

PRYOR

Interference.

(looks around)

Must be all the metal around us,
it's clogging up the signal, so to
speak.

(CONTINUED)

VI

No problem. I can find this thing
the Slayer way.

She grins and taps the side of her nose, then takes a few
steps towards the closest pipe.

And she freezes as a pair of GREEN EYES suddenly BLAZE out of
the darkness at her!

VI (cont'd)

Or... we could just let it find
us...

There's a HISS, and the eyes suddenly disappear - the
creature has turned and fled, and Vi wastes no time in
bounding after it.

VI (cont'd)

Pryor, come on!

She also disappears from view before Pryor can reach her, and
he hurries into:

INT. OVERFLOW SYSTEM - TUNNEL - NEXT

Pryor has to fumble for a flashlight of his own, SPLASHING
down the pitch black tunnel as he calls out:

PRYOR

Vi! Vi, where are you?

He gets no reply, light falling down on him from small vents
up in the tunnel ceiling. At last, he emerges into:

INT. OVERFLOW SYSTEM - CHAMBER - NEXT

Pryor TRIPS as he stumbles out into another chamber, pitching
face first into the filthy water below with an almighty
SPLASH.

He splutters as he fights to push himself back up, and as he
shakes his head he catches a glimpse of something:

Somebody standing at the entrance to another tunnel, watching
him from the shadows - and another FLASH of those green eyes!

Pryor scrambles to his feet, trying to bring his torch to
bear on the figure - but they're already fleeing.

PRYOR

Stop! Please! We don't want to hurt
you!

He starts to follow, but one look down the dark tunnel beyond
tells him he's got no chance of finding them again.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)

At least, I don't think we do...

With a sigh, he turns back round, muttering at the state of his soaking clothes - and then he GASPS as his flashlight beam falls on something.

It's Vi, standing near the entrance to the tunnel.

And she's been turned to STONE!

Pryor's jaw drops as he casts his flashlight beam over her - Vi is locked in place, her entire body, clothes and all, a dull grey colour.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I'm sorry...

Pryor whips round - and someone is emerging from the tunnel!

It's a YOUNG WOMAN, her hands clamped firmly over her eyes, head bowed.

YOUNG WOMAN

I didn't... I didn't want to... I'm sorry!

Pryor looks quickly back to Vi, then to the woman, his whole body ready to fight or run, but the woman doesn't make any more moves.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

Help me...

Pryor frowns, thrown by her pleading tone, and as the woman starts to SOB, the sound echoing throughout the complex around them, Pryor slowly lowers his flashlight as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 INT. QUINN'S HIDEOUT - EARLY EVENING 25

It's a few hours later now, and Faith is dozing on the mattress as Quinn steps back into frame. He grins as he sees the sleeping form of Faith, before hearing a faint BUZZING.

Faith's cell phone is ringing - on silent - and Quinn carefully takes it from her jacket pocket to see who's calling.

The caller ID reads 'Noa - Office,' and Quinn finds himself staring at the display, halfway towards answering it as we cut to:

26 INT. ASYLUM - NOA'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING 26

Noa is at her desk, rattling her fingers impatiently on the desk as she waits for an answer to her call.

NOA

Come on, come on...

There's a BEEP, and Noa quickly starts talking:

NOA (cont'd)

Faith, where the hell are you?
Pryor's-

ANSWER PHONE

I'm sorry, but the person you've
dialed is unavailable. Please leave
your message after the tone.

Noa sighs, waits for the next BEEP and then resumes:

NOA

It's me. I don't know where the
hell you are or how long you plan
on staying there, but you'd better
get your ass back here on the
double. Pryor's coming in hot, says
he ran into some trouble, and that
something's happened to Vi.

(beat)

So, you know, hurry up!

She hangs up, trying to think of some other way to contact Faith when the phone on her desk RINGS again.

NOA (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

(filtered; through phone)

Noa, it's me. I'm almost back at the asylum, so I need you and Faith down in the foyer, right away!

NOA

Uh, right, okay, but-

PRYOR

But what?

NOA

Well... Faith's just taking a nap, said she needed to sleep off her headache or something, so I'll have to go get her.

PRYOR

Alright, fine. Just be ready for me when I get there.

He hangs up, and as Noa anxiously bites her lip, we cut to:

27

INT. QUINN'S HIDEOUT - EARLY EVENING

27

Faith stirs as Quinn gently shakes her, blinking as she comes to and sees her phone being held out to her.

QUINN

Hop you didn't mind, but I took the liberty of checking your messages.

FAITH

(takes phone)

That's cool. Why? Did somebody call?

QUINN

Yes. And you're needed back at the asylum.

(beat)

I think Vi's in trouble.

Faith's head snaps up, and as she snaps to her feet without another word, we return to:

28

INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - EARLY EVENING

28

Noa waits with Todd and Rachel close by, the two orderlies pacing as Noa glances up at the clock.

NOA

(mutters)

'Almost there,' he said...

(CONTINUED)

She stops as she sees Pryor approaching the doors, and reacts at who's with him - the young woman from the tunnels, a thick BLANKET over her head.

NOA (cont'd)

What the-

Pryor pushes through the front doors and heads straight for Todd and Rachel.

PRYOR

Get her to a room and get her secure. But whatever you do, do not remove that blanket. Is that clear?

TODD

What's-

PRYOR

Is. That. Clear?

RACHEL

We've got it, sir. Don't worry.

Rachel takes point, knowing now's not the time to ask questions as she helps Todd guide the woman away. A bemused Noa turns her attention back to Pryor.

NOA

The hell?

PRYOR

It's a long story.

NOA

I repeat - the hell?

PRYOR

Where's Faith?

NOA

(freezes)

Uh... she's-

FAITH (O.S.)

Here.

Noa twists round to see Faith approaching. A little out of breath, but otherwise not looking too suspicious.

FAITH (cont'd)

Sorry. Shoulda been here sooner.
What's the problem?

Pryor hesitates, looking from one girl to the other.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Okay, that's officially your 'this is bad' face. What's wrong? And where's Vi?

PRYOR

You'd both better come with me.

He heads back outside. Faith glances at Noa, who shoots her a scolding look before she starts to follow Pryor, out to:

EXT. ASYLUM - FRONT ENTRANCE - NEXT

Pryor approaches his car, checking round before opening up the trunk as the girls approach. Something is lain over the back seats, covered by a blanket, and Faith pales.

FAITH

Oh, no...

PRYOR

Don't worry, it's not what you think. I can promise you that.

He pauses, then pulls the blanket away - revealing Stone Vi. Noa GASPS, and Faith reels in shock.

FAITH

What the hell happened to her?

PRYOR

Help me get her inside.

FAITH

Pryor?

(no response)

Pryor!

He starts to struggle with the obviously heavy Vi, and as Faith finally moves to help him, we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - EXAM ROOM - NEXT

Stone Vi stands in the centre of the room. Pads from several monitoring devices are attached to her, with Pryor studying the readings displayed on a row of computer screens.

Noa is chewing her fingernails nervously as Faith paces up and down, restless.

FAITH

Come on, Pryor, tell us something.

NOA

Yeah, and make it good news.

PRYOR

Well...

(sighs)

I'm sorry, but so far I'm stuck.

FAITH

'Stuck'? The hell good is that gonna do for Vi?

NOA

That woman that came in with you, she's the one who did this, right?

PRYOR

Yes, but it was an accident.

FAITH

Excuse me?

PRYOR

She thought she was being attacked. I honestly think she doesn't have much control over her... ability.

FAITH

Screw 'ability,' we're dealing with some kind of demon that turns people to stone, and you want to take her out for a coffee to make her feel better? What are we gonna do about Vi?

PRYOR

We are not going to do anything. You are going to go and see the woman I brought in and find out what you can, while I try everything to find a way to restore Vi to normal.

Faith looks ready to swing for something, but Pryor means what he says, and after a beat Faith backs down.

FAITH

Fine. But she makes one move I don't like, I'm gonna have to deal with her.

PRYOR

It won't come to that.

Faith doesn't look so sure as she storms away.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Just make sure her eyes are covered at all times, Faith!

(CONTINUED)

Faith waves that she heard him as she stomps out.

NOA

What about me?

PRYOR

I need you to help me in here.

NOA

Doing what? I think I'm all out of
fairy dust to make things better,
Pry.

Pryor shoots her a look, and as Noa rolls her eyes and wheels herself over to him, we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NEXT

The young woman sits on the edge of the bed, head down and blanket still in place.

The door slowly swings open to reveal Todd and Faith. Faith stares in at the woman before nodding to Todd - she's got this now. He moves away as Faith steps inside and shuts the door after her.

Faith paces slowly up to the woman, pulling a chair out with deliberate slowness before sitting down.

YOUNG WOMAN

You don't need to intimidate me.
I'm not going to try anything.

FAITH

Got a friend downstairs who says
differently. Well, she would, if
you hadn't turned her to stone.

The woman sighs, wrapping her arms round herself.

YOUNG WOMAN

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to-

FAITH

Save it. Not interested. You tell
me how to change her back, then I
can be sure you're safe.

YOUNG WOMAN

Change her back?

FAITH

What, is there an echo in here?
Yeah, change her back to normal!

YOUNG WOMAN

I... I don't know!

Faith grunts, leaning back in her chair.

FAITH

Then we have a problem, don't we?

The woman SNIFFS, and Faith glances down to see a few TEARDROPS hitting the floor.

She narrows her eyes, trying and failing to read the situation. She glances round the room, seeing a small hand towel hanging by the basinette and grabbing it.

FAITH (cont'd)

What's your name?

YOUNG WOMAN

Ruth. Call me Ruth.

FAITH

Okay, Ruth, we can't exactly do this if I can't see you, so what I want you to do is carefully and slowly take this...

She hands RUTH the hand towel.

FAITH (cont'd)

... and wrap it round your head so your eyes are covered up.

RUTH

You... oh, oh. Right. I get it.

Ruth takes the towel, and after a moment of fumbling she slowly starts to pull the blanket away. Faith is tensed, ready for a double cross, but as the blanket slides away Faith sees she's played to her word - the hand towel is tied round her head, covering both her eyes. Faith relaxes.

FAITH

Alright. Good. That just won you a little trust, Ruth.

RUTH

Glad to hear it.

Faith sits back down, leaning closer.

FAITH

Now... let's hear your story.

RUTH

Which part?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Take it from the top.

RUTH

(deep breath)

I'm half-demon, and I'm not from this world. My family and I escaped here a few years back.

FAITH

Escaped from what?

RUTH

Demon hunters. Where I come from, people like me, we're 'dirty.' Impure. Neither one thing nor the other. So, naturally, the popular way of thinking is to kill us off instead of letting us be. My world's not all that different from yours in a lot of ways.

FAITH

How did you get here?

RUTH

Some kind of portal, I don't know the magics behind it. My brother opened it up for us.

FAITH

Where is he now? Couldn't he make you a way home?

RUTH

He... he didn't make it through. There were hunters after us, and he stayed behind to make sure we all got through, but...

She trails off, and Faith doesn't need any more detail here.

FAITH

Alright, I get it. So, what about the rest of your family? Where are they now?

RUTH

Dead. Mostly. We got split up not long after we arrived. I was hiding out with my little sister until a few months ago, but she went missing one night and I had to start coming out to look for her.

FAITH

Which is about when you used your thing on that guy in the alley.

RUTH

I swear I didn't mean to hurt him.

FAITH

Here's what I don't get. Don't your powers work the same way back home? I mean, surely you knew you were gonna turn that guy to stone?

RUTH

No! Of course not! None of us had any contact with any humans from when we got here, we were too scared. It's only when Jaleena - that's my sister - when she went missing, that's when I started to leave our hideout.

FAITH

'Jaleena'?

RUTH

It means 'lady of the land.'

FAITH

No, I meant 'Ruth' is a pretty human name compared to 'Jaleena.'

RUTH

That's just how you pronounce it here. I could spell it, if I knew how to write, but I'm pretty sure it'd take me most of a page.

Faith leans back again, rubbing her forehead.

FAITH

Okay, so if your powers turn to stone here, what do they do back home?

RUTH

They heal.

Faith raises an eyebrow, and we cut to:

Faith stands before Pryor, with Noa checking more readouts in the background.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

So, I mean, it's pretty much our only shot right now.

PRYOR

It's also a very risky one. Not only do we have no way of knowing it it'll work or not, but you mentioned there were demon hunters after her as well?

FAITH

Just trying to think outside the box, Pryor. Have you two come up with anything?

Pryor and Noa share a look - no, they haven't.

FAITH (cont'd)

Exactly. We should at least try this first.

Pryor chews this over, before nodding reluctantly.

PRYOR

Alright.

Faith grins, and as our focus moves over to the petrified Vi, we MATCH CUT to:

And Vi is still right before us as the control room LIGHTS UP all around.

We pull back to see Faith at the pedestal, Pryor and the still-blindfolded Ruth at her side. Faith's hands glide over the tubes of fluid round the central pool, which starts to GLOW at her touch.

RUTH

Is anybody going to tell me where we are? I picked up on some strange kinds of magics when we passed through that portal, but-

PRYOR

It's probably best if you just trust us.

Faith looks over to Ruth and holds out her hand.

FAITH

You ready?

RUTH
(sighs)
I suppose so.

Ruth offers her hand and Faith takes it, before taking a small KNIFE out of her pocket.

She carefully draws it along Ruth's thumb, letting a drop of dark red BLOOD drip into the control pool.

The water inside instantly changes colour, and as Faith's hands move back to operate the tubes around it, Pryor quickly produces a plaster to cover up Ruth's cut. She smiles.

RUTH (cont'd)
Thank you.

PRYOR
Not a problem.

RUTH
For everything.

Pryor smiles back, before Faith calls out:

FAITH
Heads up.

There's a GLARE of bright light as six slivers of energy form in the air before the pedestal, and as the group look on they widen to form six rectangular blocks.

The light fades as the energy darkens and forms into solid shapes - six DOORS, all of fairly modern designs.

Faith detaches the handle from the centre of the pedestal and steps down over to Vi, with Pryor ready to help lift her up.

FAITH (cont'd)
Ready? Three... two... one...

They HEAVE, lifting Vi up, and stagger over to the nearest door. Faith reaches out with one hand and clamps the handle into place with a loud CLICK.

FAITH (cont'd)
(to Ruth)
Stay close. We don't know what's gonna be on the other side of this when we go through.

Ruth steps up to Pryor, clinging to his arm for support as Faith PUSHES the door open.

She reveals a small, dark room beyond, containing nothing more than a few crates and boxes.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
It's clear. Let's go.

With some effort, the duo manage to lift and carry Vi through the hovering doorway, and into:

Once through, they set Vi down with a dull THUD. Faith closes the door behind them and releases the handle, which comes away in her hand as the door CLICKS shut.

Faith blinks as she notices that the door is part of the actual room itself, despite also being the way they just came in! There are no other ways in or out.

FAITH
Okay, here's the plan. Me and Pryor wait back here while you slip the blindfold off and see if you can turn Vi back. Hopefully, we can all go back before-

SLAM! The door is suddenly THROWN open and LIGHT floods into the room from outside.

MAN
What the hell...

Standing in the doorway is a surly, bearded MAN with two more behind him. They're dressed in what could pass for present day fashions.

Ruth reacts at the sound of his voice, and as the man's eyes fall on her his features twist into a smug grin.

MAN (cont'd)
Well, well... look what fate has delivered right back into my hands!

Before anyone else can react, he reaches for his belt and draws a huge HANDGUN, which he aims squarely at the trio!

MAN (cont'd)
I don't know how you got in here, but that's not important any more.
(beat)
You're mine now, demon.

As Faith and Pryor look to one another, knowing they've just landed in big trouble, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

35

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

35

Faith, hands bound behind her back, is pushed down to her knees alongside Pryor and Ruth. They're in what looks like a large study, with bookcases and maps covering the walls.

An open fire burns in one wall, and standing around that are four MEN in uniform, all with long, sighted RIFLES slung over their shoulders.

Faith glances around, taking in her environment - an enclosed space, only one obvious exit and four gun-toting guards between her and the door. She sighs.

FAITH

Yup, this about sums up the kind of day I've had...

Pryor leans closer, his voice lowered.

PRYOR

Don't worry. If we're not back in an hour, Noa will send help.

FAITH

You know I'd like to get all giddy at that idea, Pryor, but right now it's the dudes with the guns I'm thinking about.

Pryor gets her point and leans away, this time over to Ruth.

PRYOR

Are you alright?

RUTH

(bitterly)

I'm fine. Believe it or not, this isn't the first time this has happened to me.

PRYOR

Who are these people? And where are we?

RUTH

I don't know how that device that got us here works, but it's somehow managed to take us right into the home of the man who leads the demon hunters.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Oh.

RUTH

Exactly. We're in the repna's den,
and there's not a thing we can do
about it.

PRYOR

We say 'lion's den' on Earth.

RUTH

Same difference. Either way, we're
not getting out of this one alive.

The door opens, and the group look round as the Man they saw
when they arrived walks in, wearing a similar uniform to the
others.

The men by the fireplace snap to attention as he arrives, and
with a nod of his head he dismisses all but two of them, who
stand guard by the door.

The man paces slowly over to the trio, his boots CLICKING
loudly on the polished hardwood floor.

He pauses before Ruth, and then reaches down to tear her
blindfold away. Her eyes are squeezed shut, but as she slowly
opens them, Pryor sees they're a normal, light green colour.

MAN

Hello again, Ruth.

RUTH

(nods)

Jasper.

The man, JASPER, manages a grin.

JASPER

And who are your friends?

RUTH

Nobody. Just some idiots I had the
bad luck to fall in with.

JASPER

And the woman turned to stone they
brought with them?

RUTH

(beat)

A souvenir.

Jasper LAUGHS at that, but as Faith glances at Pryor, she
suddenly gets SLAPPED hard across the face.

(CONTINUED)

Faith shakes her head as she recovers, glaring coldly up at Jasper.

FAITH
That's gonna cost you an eye.

SMACK! He hits her again. Again, the defiant look back.

FAITH (cont'd)
Congratulations, you're now
registered blind.

Jasper paces away, his gaze falling on a map up on the wall. It seems to depict the continent we're currently on, with pins and markers dotted all over it.

JASPER
(off map)
Do you see this?

FAITH
And?

JASPER
It shows me where every one of the
stinking hives of half-breed filth
lie across this proud nation of
ours.

He turns back to face them.

JASPER (cont'd)
Red for active. Black for cleansed.

Pryor hazards a look - there are only a handful of red pins amongst all the black.

JASPER (cont'd)
We've been winning the war against
your kind since the day it began,
so the question is this... why did
you come here?

RUTH
I missed your smiling face.

CRACK! He slaps her, but Ruth looks tough enough to take it.

JASPER
I don't know what your plan was,
but I intend to find out.

He grabs Ruth's arm, dragging her to her feet and frogmarching her over to the door.

JASPER (cont'd)
(to guards)
Kill them.

He exits with Ruth in tow, who casts a desperate look back to Pryor as she's pulled away.

The two guards draw and load their rifles as they advance, and despite Pryor's obvious panic Faith remains calm.

FAITH
You know, there's something I keep
hearing about guys who carry big
weapons...

As the first guard approaches, Faith suddenly SURGES forward, BUTTING him straight in the gut!

As he GRUNTS and staggers back, she CHARGES into the second guard and drives him back into the fireplace with a CRACK, before she rolls back to the floor and twists her legs out through her bound hands, getting to her feet.

FAITH (cont'd)
... size doesn't matter.

Guard #1 recovers and takes a SWING at her, but she ducks under it and ELBOWS him in the chest, GRABBING his rifle and swinging it round to CRACK it against the head of Guard #2.

#2 hits the deck, and Faith TWISTS #1's wrist, FLIPPING him over her shoulder and sending him to the floor with a CRASH.

One swift PUNCH knocks him out, and once Faith's checked that #2 is down as well, she steps over to free Pryor, loosening his bonds until he can get up as well.

FAITH (cont'd)
C'mon. We've gotta find Ruth, then
Vi, then get out of here.

She scoops up one of the rifles and passes it to him.

PRYOR
Is now not the time to say I told
you this was a bad idea?

She listens at the door, then opens it a crack to check outside. Waving Pryor after her, the two slip out of the room and into:

They're in an obviously large and luxurious mansion of some kind, a wide estate visible through the bay windows.

The corridor they're in stretches off in three directions at the end, with a balcony to their left overlooking the hall below.

PRYOR
We should split up.

FAITH
Good plan.

PRYOR
I'll find Vi, you look for Ruth.
Can you still get us out of here?

Faith pats her jacket pocket.

FAITH
Still got the keys.

PRYOR
Are we sure that'll work?

Faith pauses, then points for Pryor to head on, while she swings one leg over the balcony and starts to climb down to the hall.

With a sigh, Pryor makes his way off down the corridor, and as Faith disappears from view we cut to:

37 INT. JASPER'S MANSION - HALLWAY - NEXT 37

Faith drops neatly into frame, checking left and right for any sign of life.

She hears Ruth's protesting VOICE, and her head snaps round to follow it. She darts off in pursuit, into:

38 INT. JASPER'S MANSION - BACK ROOM - NEXT 38

Faith arrives at a half-open doorway, and inside she can see Ruth struggling to get out of a chair as Jasper holds her down, the glint of a KNIFE blade in his hands.

JASPER
Tell me where they are!

RUTH
I don't know where they are!

JASPER
Don't lie to me, demon, tell me!
Tell me, or I'll make your death so
slow, you'll be begging me to
finish you!

RUTH
(screams)
I don't know!

Faith's seen enough. She steps into the room and marches up behind Jasper, who doesn't notice her until:

FAITH
Y'know, you should pay more
attention.

He turns - and POW! She lays him down with one heavy punch. He starts to get up, but a KICK to his chest and another PUNCH leaves him stunned.

FAITH (cont'd)
She said she didn't know.

Ruth is gasping, in obvious distress as Faith helps her to her feet.

FAITH (cont'd)
Come on, we've gotta go.

Faith hurries over to the door, checking outside before the two girls exit.

Behind them, Jasper GROANS as he stirs, and as he starts to push himself back up, we cut to:

Pryor is jogging down another long corridor, but as he hears VOICES he skids to a halt, ducking into the cover of a nearby doorway.

Two more GUARDS walk past him, and he listens in as they chatter:

GUARD #3
You ever seen anything like that?

GUARD #4
I've heard stories of people turned
to stone by magics, but I've never
seen one up close before.

GUARD #3
I wonder who she was?

GUARD #4
(shrugs)
She came in with the demons. That
means we don't have to care.

The guards walk on, and as Pryor peeks out of his hiding place, he steps up to the corner the guards came round and sees an open doorway up ahead - and Vi is inside the room!

There's another guard outside the door, and Pryor mutters a curse as he ducks back round the corner.

He looks down at the gun in his hands, but it may as well be Martian for all the sense he can make of it.

He sets the gun down and reaches into his pocket, only finding a small taser, but as his face falls an ALARM BELL starts to ring out.

He glances back round the corner - and the guard outside the room takes off towards the sound of the alarm!

With a grateful grin, Pryor hurries over, quickly ducking inside:

INT. JASPER'S MANSION - ROOM - NEXT

Vi's been dragged all the way into this room, which appears to be full of other spoils of war - chests, weapons, trinkets and other piles of forgotten belongings.

Pryor heads back to the doorway, and spots Faith and Ruth hurrying past at the far end of the corridor.

PRYOR
(shouts out)
Faith! Over here!

With SHOUTS of alarm now echoing throughout the mansion, Faith and Ruth race over to him.

Once inside, he SLAMS the door shut and looks for something heavy to drag in front of the doors, settling on an old oaken chest.

INT. JASPER'S MANSION - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Several guards run into view, and as one hears the noises coming from within Pryor's room, he points and hurries over with his colleagues close behind.

INT. JASPER'S MANSION - ROOM - NEXT

Pryor steps back from the door - just as it BANGS in its hinges!

GUARD (O.S.)
(through door)
Open up! Open this door!

PRYOR

Faith?

FAITH

Hold on...

She fishes the handle out of her pocket and looks around for something to attach it to - but the only other door in the room is the one they've barricaded shut!

FAITH (cont'd)

Damn it, Pryor!

RUTH

What? What is it?

FAITH

Genius over here trapped us in a room with no way out.

The door BUCKLES again - the guards outside are trying to batter their way inside. Pryor quickly puts his weight against the chest.

PRYOR

Not necessarily! Using the handle in here should still work!

FAITH

But-

PRYOR

It's only a theory, but we don't have time to waste!

Faith looks at Vi, then over to Ruth.

FAITH

Not yet.

She aims Ruth towards the frozen Vi.

FAITH (cont'd)

Let's see if you were right.

Ruth looks Vi up and down, then glances at Faith as if not sure what she should be doing.

FAITH (cont'd)

Concentrate. You said you could heal in this world... so heal!

Ruth takes a deep breath and looks back, closing her eyes.

When she opens them again, they're GLOWING a bright green once again, the light bathing Vi's body.

(CONTINUED)

As the door is HAMMERED relentlessly from the other side, Vi's body starts to GLOW with the same green light, and as Faith looks on she slowly starts to move again!

FAITH (cont'd)
That's it, that's it! Keep going!

Ruth keeps her gaze on Vi, who sluggishly starts to breathe again as though waking from a deep sleep.

She COLLAPSES to the floor, shivering, and Faith darts to her side. Ruth closes her eyes, and as she opens them again they've returned to their normal colour.

FAITH (cont'd)
Vi! Vi, can you hear me? Are you alright?

VI
(shaking)
Wh-wha... what...

FAITH
No time. Come on.

She helps Vi to her feet, leaning her against Ruth as she steps over to the door, handle at the ready.

FAITH (cont'd)
You sure this'll still work?

PRYOR
Not really, no.

FAITH
(beat)
Okay, then...

She reaches forward and CLAMPS the handle onto the increasingly fragile-looking door - and it sticks.

She glances at Pryor, takes a deep breath and then PULLS - and the door opens, sweeping the chest out of the way!

The welcome lights of the Gateway control room greet them, and with a grin Faith motions for Ruth and Vi to jump through first.

The girls step through, followed by Pryor, and as Faith twists and pulls the handle away from the door, she hops through as it swings shut...

.. And the second it closes, the actual door SMASHES open, sending two guards stumbling into the now empty room.

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

Jasper is right behind them, clutching his sore head as he scans the room - but his captives are nowhere to be found!

As he gapes in utter disbelief, we DISSOLVE TO:

43 INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - NIGHT

43

A blanket wrapped round her, Vi gratefully takes a cup of coffee handed her by Noa.

NOA

I didn't know if there was anything special I should add for people who've just been turned to stone and back, so I went with extra sugar.

VI

Thanks.

She takes a deep swig as we move over to Pryor, sitting with Ruth as Faith stands nearby. Ruth is wearing a blindfold again.

PRYOR

I'm sorry about this, but until I can work something else out it's the only way.

RUTH

I understand. Believe me, I don't want anyone else ending up like your friend.

FAITH

What about that first guy?

PRYOR

The man from the alley? I don't know yet. Hopefully, I can synthesise some kind of antidote from Ruth...

(to Ruth)

... if you don't mind staying here a little longer.

RUTH

Will you help me look for Jaleena?

Pryor looks to Faith, who mouths 'sister.'

PRYOR

Of course we will.

RUTH

Then I'll stay.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor smiles, satisfied, and Faith checks her watch.

FAITH
Oh, hey, I've just gotta, uh...
I'll be right back, okay?

She starts to leave, and Pryor calls out:

PRYOR
Where are you going?

FAITH
Not far, don't worry. Nowhere
anybody's gonna see me.

Pryor frowns, but as Faith exits his attention is quickly drawn back to Ruth.

Noa, however, keeps her eyes on Faith, and as she watches her exit we cut to:

We're at the ground floor entrance to Quinn's base, the moon up ahead competing against the dull, almost brown glow of the streetlights.

After a few moments, there's the sound of a DEADBOLT being drawn back, and the door opens a crack to show Quinn peering out.

He shuts the door again, then opens it wide to show Faith is just behind him, ready to depart.

QUINN
And you didn't just let yourself in
when you got here because...

FAITH
Forgot my key. Rough night,
remember?

Quinn pauses, then opens the door a little more.

QUINN
I'll bet you dinner tomorrow it's
in your other pocket.

FAITH
(grins)
You're on.

She reaches into her other pocket - but frowns as she finds something unfamiliar in there.

QUINN

What?

She takes her hand out - it's some kind of small black box, with a discreet, flashing red light on its surface.

FAITH

What the...

Quinn suddenly pales and steps back.

QUINN

Oh, no, Faith... it's a tracking device!

FAITH

(stunned)

What?!? But- I haven't- who could've-

NOA (O.S.)

(soft)

J... Jon?

Faith spins round - and there's Noa!

She has a small receiver in her hand - matching the beep of the tracking device in Faith's hand. Noa looks, quite rightly, like she's seen a ghost.

Faith looks to Quinn, then to Noa, and as Noa watches the world crumble away around her, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW