

**FAITH**

"Dead In The Water"

by  
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon  
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## TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - NIGHT 1

Establishing shot.

2 INT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - ANCIENT WEAPONS ROOM 2

All is quiet and dark as the night watchman finishes making his rounds. He lets out a yawn as he aims the beam of his flashlight at the blackness in a half-hearted fashion.

He turns it off and heads out of the room, pausing for a moment by a security panel on the wall. He inputs a security code, presses enter, then leaves.

A few moments later a large tile in the floor is pushed up and over as a black masked head, equipped with night vision goggles, pops up from the hole.

After briefly scanning the area, the distinctly female black clad figure emerges from the hole.

She looks up and notices the little red lights on the security cameras have gone out. Seeing that it is safe, she removes her mask, revealing an attractive looking brunette in her late twenties, this is CASSIDY.

CASSIDY

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clear.
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She turns back to the hole and watches as a large black carryall bag is hefted out of the hole and onto the floor, followed by a pair of distinctly male black clad figures.

Both men remove their masks in turn, one being a handsome young man in his early thirties, JESSE; the other a more ruggedly handsome older man, JAMES.

JAMES

(grins)

Let's get this show on the road.

James unzips the carryall bag, reaches in and tosses a pair of holsters with twin Berettas to both Cassidy and Jesse, strapping one over his own shoulder in the process.

Jesse whips out a slim silver-lined laptop which he promptly opens and powers up. He makes a few keystrokes, checking up on something, smiles triumphantly before closing the laptop.

(CONTINUED)

JESSE

Just a few more minutes and my little 'time bomb' will shut down the security grid for this whole building.

CASSIDY

(sly)

Let's just hope it actually goes off on time for once.

Jesse gives Cassidy a playful smirk.

JESSE

Come on sis, have a little faith.

She gives her brother a playful punch on the shoulder as she grabs a glass cutter from the bag, goes over to stand next to James, as the camera PANS over to the display case.

We see just what it is they have their sights on: an ancient dagger with an ornate, curved double-edged blade with runes along the edges, and an obsidian handle.

CASSIDY

So that's what we're here for?

JAMES

(nods)

May not look like much, but it's worth half a million.

JESSE (O.S.)

Each.

James gives a broad smile as he looks over his shoulder at Jesse.

JAMES

Hey Jesse, what you plan on doing with your share?

JESSE

Vegas baby, Vegas all the way!

Cassidy hands the glass cutter to James, who then proceeds to cut a large circle into the casing, carefully sliding the glass circle out of the hole.

CASSIDY

(to James)

So, what do you think we should do with our share?

James pauses for a moment, then smiles.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

I'm thinking a house in the  
Caribbean, just the two of us.

CASSIDY

(smiles)

We could make it our second  
honeymoon.

James turns to face her.

JAMES

And third, and fourth, and fifth.

Cassidy slips her arms around him.

CASSIDY

Ooh, sounds like my kind of plan.

She smiles broadly as they embrace, sharing a tender yet  
slightly passionate kiss.

Suddenly we hear the sound of deliberate, almost  
condescending CLAPPING coming from off screen.

Emerging from the shadows, wiping a crocodile tear from her  
eye, is EVIL FAITH.

EVIL FAITH

Oh please, don't stop for my  
sake. I only wish I had a way to  
capture this cute little Kodak  
moment.

She grins and lets out a devilish giggle as all three of  
them whip out their weapons, pointing them directly at Evil  
Faith.

JAMES

(angrily)

Who the hell are you?

EVIL FAITH

(shrugs)

Nobody really, just your friendly  
neighborhood butcher.

She snaps her fingers and a pair of large, hulking DEMON  
BRUTES emerge from the shadows standing on either side of  
her.

James, Cassidy and Jesse look on in disbelief as their eyes  
widen with shock and surprise at seeing these inhuman  
creatures.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
And these are my assistants.

The three thieves OPEN FIRE on their intruders as Evil Faith makes a quick run off to the left to dodge the bullets, while the two demonic brutes advance towards them, completely unphased from taking the full force of their gunfire.

JAMES  
MOVE IT!

Cassidy, James, and Jesse all make a run for it. But Jesse and James don't make it very far as Evil Faith delivers a double jumping front KICK which sends them both flying right into the arms of the demons.

The two demons lift Jesse and James off the floor with relative ease, covering their mouths with their huge hands and seemingly having little trouble keeping tight grips on them.

Peering out from behind a statue, Cassidy looks on at the ferocious beasts currently holding both her boyfriend and her brother hostage.

She removes the empty clips from both her guns, whips out two fresh clips and reloads. She closes her eyes for a moment and is about to open fire when Evil Faith rushes up behind her, pressing a gun into her back and holding a DAGGER to her throat.

EVIL FAITH  
Uh uh uh, naughty naughty.  
(beat)  
Wouldn't want you disturbing the  
show now, would we?  
(beat)  
So drop 'em!

Cassidy struggles to break free, but Evil Faith presses the blade harder against her throat, causing blood to trickle down her neck.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
I said drop 'em.

Cassidy, now truly fearing for her life, reluctantly agrees as her guns clatter to the ground.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
Good girl.

Evil Faith holsters the gun, then brings Cassidy over to where James and Jesse are being held.

(CONTINUED)

CASSIDY  
(slight tremble)  
Why are you doing this?

EVIL FAITH  
I have to.  
(beat; condescending)  
I can't just let you waltz in  
here and steal that dagger just  
so you can sell it for a few  
measly million dollars.

She gestures to the demonic brute holding James, who passes him off to his partner, who holds both him and Jesse by their necks like rag dolls.

Evil Faith removes the dagger from Cassidy's throat, then SHOVES her into the arms of the first demon, who holds her tightly to ensure her head doesn't turn away.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
Something tells me you don't  
fully appreciate just what a  
dagger is capable of.  
(beat)  
Shall I demonstrate?

She saunters over to James and Jesse, who continue struggling to break free, knowing full well what Evil Faith has in mind.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
Daggers are weapons! They aren't  
meant to be bought and sold just  
offhand like a sack of potatoes.  
(beat)  
They're meant to do things like  
this...

She proceeds to violently THRUST her dagger into James' body again and again, his screams of pain mirrored only by the screams of terror and anguish let out by Jesse and Cassidy.

Evil Faith gives one final STAB into James' chest, right into his heart.

She turns to look at Jesse, who is trembling with a mixture of rage and fear.

CASSIDY (O.S.)  
You miserable bitch! I'll  
freakin' kill you!

Evil Faith, with some blood covering her body, turns to look at Cassidy, who is thrashing about wildly in a desperate attempt to break free, but the demon merely tightens his grip on her.

EVIL FAITH

Don't you see? Daggers are meant to cut, to slice, dice, stab, and make julienne fries in twenty different ways.

She signals to the demon holding both men, and he drops James' lifeless corpse.

CASSIDY

(wails)

JAMES!! Oh, my God!!

She breaks down into sobs at the sight of her beloved lying dead on the floor.

JESSE

You're gonna pay for this, you hear me!? I'm gonna make you pay for this you sick sadistic bitch!!

(beat)

YOU HEAR ME!?!

Evil Faith signals to the demon again, who subsequently SNAPS Jesse's neck, then drops his lifeless corpse to the ground.

CASSIDY

(wails)

JESSE!!

EVIL FAITH

I can't stand people interrupting me!

She slowly makes her way over to Cassidy, who is sobbing profusely. EF takes out a handkerchief and wipes the blood off her dagger, then wipes off some of the blood from her face.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Now, have I made myself perfectly clear?

Cassidy at this point is beyond inconsolable, and is just muttering 'James' and 'Jesse' over and over in between sobs.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

No?

(beat; smiles)

Well then, goody-goody for me.

She tosses the dagger back and forth between her hands, before settling on her left hand. She then twirls the dagger as she moves closer to her target.

Just as she is about to strike the killing blow we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. THE ASYLUM - MORNING 3

Establishing shot.

4 INT. THE ASYLUM - RUTH'S ROOM - MORNING 4

With her long, wavy dark brown hair tied up in a ponytail, RUTH stands in front of her television, which is currently playing an episode of 'House', in the midst of performing what appears to be a rather strange and otherworldly form of Tai Chi.

Her eyes are closed in deep meditation as she slowly inhales and exhales with each movement of her body.

She is brought out of her meditation by a KNOCK on the door.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ruth? It's me. May I come in?

RUTH

Just a second.

Ruth moves over to switch off the television, then takes the blindfold from the top of the set. She sits on the bed, facing the door, and slips the cloth over her eyes, ensuring it's nice and snug.

RUTH (cont'd)

Come in.

The door opens and reveals PRYOR, wearing a lab coat over his semi-formal dress, as he steps into the room.

PRYOR

(smiles)

Good morning.

RUTH

(wryly)

Is it really? I only have your word for it.

Pryor pulls up a chair and sits in front of her.

PRYOR

Yes, well, things have been rather chaotic.

RUTH

(beat; grins)

Even more so than usual?

(CONTINUED)

They both smile at that.

PRYOR

(beat)

Look, I'm sorry about keeping you in here all this time. But it was just as much for your safety as it was for others.

RUTH

(nods)

I know. I'm just more than a little frustrated.

(beat)

Between going to your lab for tests and being cooped up in here, I haven't seen the outside of this Asylum for weeks.

(beat)

Plus, my sister is still out there, and I can't do anything about it.

PRYOR

Well, perhaps I can rectify that.

(beat)

But first, would you care to join me for a spot of breakfast?

RUTH

(shrugs)

Why not, I'm getting quite good at eating while blindfolded.

Pryor gives a slight chuckle at Ruth's comment, then pulls out a small case from the pocket of his lab coat, looks over at Ruth, then puts it back.

He gently takes her hand in his, and they both stand in unison.

PRYOR

Shall we?

Ruth nods as she takes his arm. Pryor trying his best to maintain an air of professionalism as we CUT TO:

The cafeteria is bustling with activity as we see some of the more sedate patients moving in assembly line fashion with trays in their hands, having plates of seemingly edible food slid onto the trays by several bored and overweight women.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor and Ruth enter the cafeteria together, but remain by the entrance for a moment.

RUTH

Umm, why have we stopped?

PRYOR

Because I think its high time you took off your blindfold.

Ruth tilts her head curiously, as though she wasn't sure she heard Pryor correctly. Then her face morphs into one of hope and excitement.

RUTH

You mean... you've come up with something for my eyes?

PRYOR

(nods)

I finished them last night and figured you could take them for the proverbial trial run.

RUTH

(catching up)

And you'd rather minimize the risk by letting me try them on here than out in public.

PRYOR

Something like that.

Pryor pulls out the case from his pocket and places them in her hands. Ruth slides the blindfold off her eyes, which she keeps firmly shut.

She opens the case and pulls out a pair of emerald-tinted sunglasses. With her eyes still closed, she slowly places them on her face.

She pauses for a moment, bites her bottom lip.

RUTH

(nervously)

Oh Goddess, what if these don't work?

Pryor places a reassuring hand on her shoulder.

PRYOR

Trust me. They will.

(beat)

And if they don't, well...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRYOR (cont'd)  
I guess we'll be doing a lot more  
heavy lifting to your home  
dimension in the weeks to come.

Ruth gives a slight smile at Pryor's attempt at humor,  
takes a deep breath, lets it out and slowly opens her eyes.

POV ANGLE:

The view is very emerald-tinged as Ruth looks down at her  
hands, then turns around to look into Pryor's smiling  
visage.

NORMAL VIEW:

Their eyes meet and are locked together for what seems like  
an eternity.

After a few moments, Ruth starts to giggle, much to Pryor's  
confusion.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
What?

RUTH  
Nothing, it's just that you look  
awfully funny with green skin.  
(beat)  
Almost like a Tosk demon.

PRYOR  
(raises eyebrow)  
I'll take your word for it. Let's  
eat.

They both grab a tray and follow the slightly medicated  
throng of people into line as we CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S APARTMENT - MORNING

We see a timid and docile looking female demon in the  
kitchen, wearing an apron, hard at work scrambling eggs and  
frying up some bacon on the skillet.

MAYOR WILKINS, dressed impeccably, is finishing off his  
breakfast and starts to read his newspaper, occasionally  
sipping from his cup of coffee.

Evil Faith comes fresh out of the bathroom, towel-drying  
her hair and dressed for the day.

EVIL FAITH  
Mornin' boss.

MAYOR WILKINS  
Good morning.

(CONTINUED)

Faith heads over to the table and sees the newspaper that he's reading, catching sight of the pictures which showcase the mugshots of Jesse, James, and Cassidy, along with a photo of the dagger.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)  
Excellent work last night, by the way.

EVIL FAITH  
Oh, that?  
(false modesty)  
No big deal. Just doing what I do best.

She takes a seat at the table and finds that her place at the table is empty, which visibly annoys her as she looks over to the FEMALE DEMON in the kitchen.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
HEY YOU!

The demon leaps out of her skin and nearly drops the frying pan with the scrambled eggs.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
Where's my breakfast!?

FEMALE DEMON  
(trembling)  
It's... it's... it's nearly ready, miss.

EVIL FAITH  
Well get on with it!  
(beat; to Mayor)  
I don't know why you put up with her.

The Mayor lowers his paper to look at EF, with a slight smile.

MAYOR WILKINS  
(patiently)  
My dear Faith, if you ever get to be my age, hopefully you'll learn the value of patience and tolerance to those less fortunate souls.

EVIL FAITH  
Nah, not my style.

The female demon nervously brings a tray with EF's breakfast over to the table.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
It's about freakin' time, I'm  
starving!

She grabs her fork and begins shoveling food into her mouth with voracious abandon, causing the female demon to cower back to the kitchen in fear.

After a few moments of inhaling her food, she takes a huge gulp of orange juice, and wipes her mouth on her sleeve, letting out a belch a moment later.

MAYOR WILKINS  
Manners, Faith, manners.

EVIL FAITH  
(scoffs)  
What are you, my dad?

A beat. Wilkins looks over and catches her eye, but she quickly looks away awkwardly.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
I... that's not wh-

MAYOR WILKINS  
It's alright, Faith. Just finish  
your breakfast.

He gets back to his paper and takes another sip of coffee, but Evil Faith suddenly looks like she's lost her appetite.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)  
Besides, you're gonna need your  
strength for tonight.

EVIL FAITH  
(brightens slightly)  
You mean...

MAYOR WILKINS  
That's right, it's time.  
(beat; folds newspaper)  
Things are going along rather  
swimmingly, so I think it's high  
time to put the next part of my  
plan into action.  
(beat)  
It's a shame Ambrosia isn't around  
to help, you two were getting  
along so well.

EF bites into a strip of bacon and pauses for a moment at the mention of her former partner in crime.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH

(half grin)

It did feel kinda nice having her  
around.

Wilkins looks at his watch, finishes off his coffee, then  
rises from his chair, grabbing his business jacket in the  
process.

MAYOR WILKINS

I've gotta go, I have important  
meetings all day.

(beat)

Enjoy the rest of the day, take  
in a movie or something. I'll be  
in touch.

He kisses the top of EF's head, which makes her a bit  
uncomfortable, although he doesn't take notice as he  
leaves.

EVIL FAITH

(quietly; bitter)

Bye... dad.

CUT TO:

Pryor and Ruth are now seated at a table, both halfway  
finished with their respective meals.

RUTH

So, you got the idea for using  
emerald quartz for my glasses  
from a... what did you call it, a  
*comic book*?

PRYOR

(nods)

Even though some of the technical  
aspects in them aren't exactly  
scientifically accurate, that's  
not to say it can't be done. All  
you need to know is how the  
science can be applied...

(grins)

... with the right sort of  
imagination and a certain amount  
of ingenuity.

Pryor takes a sip of juice before continuing.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)

Quartz-like crystals, much like prisms, are used to refract light anyway. So, it was just a matter of finding the right type of quartz that could be used to block your powers, but still allow you to see normally.

RUTH

(smiles; off glasses)

Well, looks like you were only half successful.

PRYOR

I know.

(beat)

Bearing in mind, this is only a temporary solution. But at least you will be able to move about in public, and you can continue to try and find your sister.

Ruth reaches over and places her hand on Pryor's.

RUTH

Thank you.

(beat)

I really appreciate what you and the others are doing for me.

Pryor smiles nervously, then clears his throat as he takes his hand away and takes another sip of coffee.

NOA (O.S.)

There you are!

Noa wheels up to their table, looking a bit exhausted and slightly irritated.

RUTH

Good morning, Noa.

Noa nods to Ruth, then does a double take and sees the glasses she's wearing. She then takes a moment to notice that no one in the room has turned to stone. She then gives Pryor a quizzical look as if to ask 'What's the deal?'

PRYOR

I'll explain later.

Noa shakes her head, not pursuing the matter any further and hands Pryor a newspaper.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

I think you better take a look at this.

Pryor unfolds the newspaper and his eyes widen in shock as he sees the front page photos.

RUTH

What's wrong?

Pryor says nothing, just continues to stare at the dagger's photo, almost like he's trying to remember something specific.

RUTH (cont'd)

(concerned)

Pryor?

Pryor folds up the paper, tucks it under his arm and rises from his chair.

PRYOR

(to Ruth)

I'm really sorry for cutting this a little short but-

RUTH

(holds up hand)

Forget it. Go do what you have to do.

PRYOR

(nods; to Noa)

Come on, we've got work to do.

Noa opens her mouth to say something but Pryor grabs a hold of the back of her wheelchair and they speed out of the cafeteria.

CUT TO:

EXT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Establishing shot.

INT. STARBUCKS COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Sitting at a table near the window, lost in thought watching the people go by is FAITH.

She sits there, unconsciously picking apart her bagel, popping morsels into her mouth and sipping at her coffee.

RACHEL comes over with her own coffee and bagel, and takes a seat, noticing Faith's distant demeanor.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL  
Ummm, Faith? There's a spider on  
your shoulder.

Faith reacts quickly and tries brushing off her shoulders  
trying to get the 'spider' off her, nearly knocking her  
coffee and bagel off the table in the process.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
(smiles)  
Gotcha.

Faith rolls her eyes and starts to laugh.

FAITH  
Yeah, yeah.

RACHEL  
(laughs)  
Had to get your attention  
somehow.

FAITH  
(shakes head)  
I'm sorry, I'm just kinda out of  
it this morning.

RACHEL  
I'm not surprised, considering  
where you were a few days ago.

FAITH  
Yeah, well... 'nuff said.

Rachel nods and takes a sip of her coffee.

RACHEL  
Seems awfully convenient, though.

A beat. She takes a bite from her bagel, then a sip from  
her coffee.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
I mean, you were a fugitive for  
so long, you get arrested for  
crimes you know you didn't  
commit, and only after Quinn and  
Vi try to pull a Michael  
Scofield does new evidence pop  
up to get you out?

FAITH  
(quickly)  
Can we not talk about this right  
now?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

It's not exactly the ideal conversation piece to have over breakfast.

RACHEL

I'm sorry, but I just can't shake this feeling that something about this whole thing doesn't feel right.

(beat)

You wanna know what I think?

FAITH

Not really.

RACHEL

(ignores her)

I think that Wilkins guy did something to get you out.

FAITH

(tensely)

What makes you say that?

RACHEL

Well, we all know that he's got a soft spot for you. I mean, he could've had you killed any number of times in the last few months, but he hasn't.

(beat)

Hell, he could've had you shanked while you were in jail.

FAITH

(wry)

You watch way too much 'Prison Break.'

RACHEL

My point is that I think somewhere in that weird, twisted head of his he thinks he can woo you back to the darkside.

FAITH

(incredulous)

Why should he? He's already got Evil Me on his side.

RACHEL

Yeah, but I think he wants to have his cake and eat it too.

FAITH

(raises eyebrow)

That didn't sound right.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

You know what I mean.

FAITH

But he knows I'm not like that  
any more.

RACHEL

I doubt very much he cares. I  
mean, he probably knows that he  
can't kill you without killing  
Evil You.

(beat)

Maybe he thinks if he can break  
your spirit, that you'll  
willingly give up, that it'll  
merge you and Evil You back  
together or something.

FAITH

Maybe.

(beat)

But, I think there's a better  
chance of finding weapons of mass  
destruction in my thong before  
that happens.

Both girls crack a smile.

Suddenly, both of their phones on the table before them go  
off. While Faith's phone is on vibrate, Rachel's ringtone  
is 'We Used To Be Friends'.

RACHEL

(grabs phone)

Damn, I thought I changed that  
thing.

(beat; to Faith)

You don't mind, do you?

FAITH

Go ahead.

Rachel leaves to take her call in private, while Faith  
picks up her own phone and answers it.

FAITH (cont'd)

Yeah?

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.)

(filtered)

How's my little firecracker this  
morning?

Faith's face goes white as a sheet.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
(tensely)  
What do you want?

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Just wanted to know how you're  
enjoying your newfound freedom.

FAITH  
Not exactly worth much,  
considering it was you that took  
it away from me in the first  
place, you bastard.

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Language young lady, language.  
(beat)  
Kids these days, no respect for  
their elders. Thank goodness my  
Faith isn't like that.

FAITH  
(seething)  
What. Do. You. Want?

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
I'm calling to inform you that  
I'll be cashing in on that favor  
very soon.

Faith looks visibly shaken.

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.) (cont'd)  
(filtered)  
Don't back out on me now.  
Remember our deal?

FAITH  
What do you want from me?

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
You'll know when the time is  
right. Ta-ta.

Before she can respond, the line goes dead and Faith  
promptly snaps her phone shut. Faith looks rather ashen as  
Rachel returns to the table.

RACHEL  
Sorry it took so long, first I  
get a call from Duncan, my ex.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL (cont'd)  
Then I get a call from Pryor and  
he...  
(off Faith's distant  
look)  
Faith? You okay?

FAITH  
What? Oh yeah, I'm fine.

RACHEL  
(off her phone)  
Who was it?

FAITH  
Oh, nobody, just telemarketers.  
(beat)  
What did Pryor want?

RACHEL  
He wants us back at the Asylum  
right away, says it's important.

Faith nods, digs out her wallet, leaves a five dollar tip.  
Both girls grab their food and leave as we CUT TO:

QUINN, VI, TODD, Rachel, Noa, and Faith have gathered  
together in the staff lounge. They each have been given a  
copy of the newspaper by Noa, and are in the midst of  
reading when Pryor comes into the room, carrying a bunch of  
rolled up papers and a rather large three ring binder.

PRYOR  
Thanks for coming so quickly  
everyone.

TODD  
Yeah, well it sure beats the hell  
outta trying to convince Mr.  
Douglas in Room Sixteen that he  
isn't the reincarnation of John  
Lennon.

Pryor dumps his papers onto a table, taking a moment to  
catch his breath.

PRYOR  
Well, I see you've all read the  
headlines.

FAITH  
Yeah, but what's so important  
about these murders?

QUINN

It's not the murders themselves,  
it's what they were trying to  
steal... isn't it?

NOA

Yup.

Noa grabs a small stack of papers and begins to distribute them to the others. The papers are xeroxed copies of a hand-sketched drawing of the dagger in question.

PRYOR

This is what those thieves were  
trying to steal, and presumably  
what the murderer was trying to  
protect.

VI

But why keep them from stealing  
it and not take it himself?

FAITH

(coldly)

Herself.

The others turn to look at Faith, curious as to the meaning behind that statement, and one by one it dawns on them.

RACHEL

So the Mayor and Superbitch  
strike again.

(beat)

But what's so important about  
this dagger?

NOA

Take a closer look at the  
markings on the blade and the  
handle.

The others, excluding Faith, take a closer look at their copies of the sketch.

FAITH

(distant)

They're the same as the ones on  
the Gateway.

The others look surprised and astonished at this revelation.

Quinn looks at Faith, taking particular interest in her rather distant mood with an eye of curiosity.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Correct.

(beat)

When I read the paper and saw the picture of the artifact, I thought it looked familiar... now I know why.

He taps the huge, unopened binder beside him.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I found that sketch in Alex's notes. She called it the Dagger of Naquadahn.

(beat)

According to her notes, a few months after finding the Gateway, she saw that dagger on display at the museum.

VI

How is the dagger connected to the Gateway?

NOA

Alex had a theory that the dagger was part of an ancient culture that used to worship the Gateway.

PRYOR

Specifically that the dagger was used in some bizarre and rather gruesome rituals.

QUINN

Human sacrifices?

PRYOR

(nods)

Most likely.

TODD

(nods)

Makes sense. The ancient Aztecs used to indulge in human sacrifices to curry favor with their gods.

Pryor and the others look suitably impressed by Todd's knowledge.

TODD (cont'd)

(sheepishly)

I, uh, saw it in this episode of that 'Doctor Who' show.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Anyway, Alex also believed that the blade itself may have been exposed to the energies inside the Gateway.

This latest revelation causes the others to look at each other as the full weight of the situation becomes apparent.

VI

(softly)

Holy crap.

QUINN

We gotta keep the Mayor from getting that dagger.

RACHEL

So what do we do?

NOA

We'll have to stake out the museum... tonight.

Faith has sat in quiet contemplation all this time, and now suddenly leaps from her chair and turns to face the others, her serious game face on.

FAITH

Todd, Rachel, I need you guys to hold down the fort with Pryor.

TODD

You got it, boss.

FAITH

(to Rachel)

Think you can handle it?

RACHEL

(cocksure)

Totally, five by five.

Faith gives them both a slight smile.

FAITH

Okay guys, let's get ready.

With that, they all begin to disperse as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE - NIGHT 11

There is a gentle and slow majestic sweep of the city at night.

12 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 12

Establishing shot.

We see the outside of a dank, dirty, decrepid apartment building as a black limousine comes into shot and pulls up to the entrance as a number of rats and mice scatter out of the vehicle's path.

As the limo comes to a stop, the camera pans down as the door opens revealing a pair of smartly polished shoes that tentatively step out of the limo as the camera pans up to reveal an impeccably dressed Mayor Wilkins.

He has a quick look around as he closes his coat against the cold, gives off a look of disgust at the appalling sights that surround him before we CUT TO:

13 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT 13

Mayor Wilkins, flanked by two rather muscular demonic figures who look quite uncomfortable in their suits and ties, walk down a long corridor before reaching a lone, unmarked door at the end.

He signals to one of his men to knock on the door for him, which he does.

A few moments later the door opens, revealing a short, grubby, balding, troll-like man (who looks an awful lot like a certain dictatorial principal from a certain high school in a certain California town that is now just a giant hole in the ground).

There is a moment of silence that passes as both men look at each other curiously.

MAYOR WILKINS

Frank Ransom?

FRANK RANSOM

Yes?

MAYOR WILKINS

I'm Richard Wilkins, we spoke on the phone earlier.

(CONTINUED)

Frank squints his eyes as he looks at the Mayor, then pulls out a mangled pair of spectacles, places them over his eyes (presumably to see better).

FRANK RANSOM

Ah yes, of course, of course.  
Just a moment, please.

He opens the door fully to allow Wilkins and his entourage access to his home.

They step into his loft and are suitably impressed by the huge shelves filled with books that adorn each wall.

However, their astonishment soon turns to one of curious bafflement as they find what appears to be fully clothed mannequins (in differing poses) strategically placed in various parts of the loft, each with a book in their hands.

The Mayor looks on curiously as the would-be librarian putters around with a shopping cart filled with books.

He makes a number of stops, takes some books away, moves some around, replaces the ones in the mannequins hands with something new, taking careful consideration to open the book for them and position it in their hands.

MAYOR WILKINS

(loudly)  
I was wondering if you cou-

FRANK RANSOM

(harshly)  
SHHHH!!

MAYOR WILKINS

I'm sorry?

FRANK RANSOM

(loud whisper)  
This is a library, Mr. Wilkins. I would expect you to display the proper protocol.

He goes back to his duties, leaving Wilkins and his entourage suitably flabbergasted.

MAYOR WILKINS

(wryly)  
Right.

He looks at both his bodyguards, who simply shrug their shoulders. The Mayor sighs and shakes his head.

After putting the shopping cart off to one side, Ransom finally approaches the Mayor and his entourage again.

(CONTINUED)

FRANK RANSOM

Would you care to step into my  
office, we wouldn't want to  
disturb their studies.

MAYOR WILKINS

(politely)

Of course not.

Ransom leads a rather dubious looking Wilkins and his  
bodyguards into his office.

Ransom's office is not exactly in the most pristine of  
conditions, with stacks of books and papers strewn about  
all over.

Ransom sits at his desk with Wilkins sitting rather  
uncomfortably opposite him in a shabby and beat up old  
leather chair.

FRANK RANSOM

I'm so sorry, but I'm the only  
one on staff, so I have to make  
sure everything is running  
smoothly, you know how it is.

MAYOR WILKINS

Of course.

FRANK RANSOM

I'm lucky, the people that come  
in are so polite, and as quiet as  
mice.

(beat)

Sometimes I forget they're even  
here, it gets so quiet.

MAYOR WILKINS

But they shatter that silence  
when they ask for your help?

FRANK RANSOM

Exactly.

Mayor Wilkins nods with a forced smile.

FRANK RANSOM (cont'd)

So, now that we're here, what can  
I help you with, Mr. Wilkins?

MAYOR WILKINS

I'm looking for some rather  
important information.

FRANK RANSOM

You've certainly come to the  
right place.

(beat)

What sort of information were you  
looking for?

MAYOR WILKINS

What can you tell me about...  
dimensional gateways?

CUT TO:

15 EXT. NATURAL MUSEUM OF HISTORY - NIGHT

15

Establishing shot.

16 EXT. MUSEUM BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

16

There is a large black van parked in the back of the  
museum.

17 INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

17

We see Noa, sporting a headset and sitting in front of a  
laptop with a screen split into four quarters, each section  
displaying alternating video feeds of the differing  
sections of the museum.

NOA

(sighs)

Okay, cool as all this gear is,  
so far all is quiet on the  
western front.

(beat)

Check in, you guys.

VI (O.S.)

(whisper; filtered)

I'm here.

QUINN (O.S.)

(whisper; filtered)

Can you hear me now?

NOA

(duh)

Yeah?

QUINN (O.S.)

(whisper; filtered)

Good.

VI (O.S.)

(whisper; filtered)

Hey, that was gonna be my line!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (O.S.)  
(loud whisper; filtered)  
Cut the comedy and focus, people!

Noa looks taken aback by Faith's harsh reprimand. Her eyes then focus in on something on her screen.

NOA  
Game faces on, everyone, cuz I  
think the show just started.

CUT TO:

We see a number of quick cuts to various rooms in the museum, each one displaying a number of recently killed security guards lying face down in pools of their own blood.

CUT TO:

Four more SECURITY GUARDS, armed with shotguns, stand guard around the room with the artifact in question sitting on a velvet pillow on a display pillar in the center of the room.

Suddenly one of the guards stiffen as though something had just hit him in the back, and subsequently falls face first to the ground.

The other guards quickly take notice and look around in confusion, readying their shotguns to shoot at anything.

Another guard mysteriously drops dead from apparently having his throat slit, as the blood begins to pool beneath him.

GUARD #3  
What the hell is going on?

GUARD #  
I don't kn--

The fourth guard hunches forward, as though someone has stabbed him in the chest.

GUARD #3  
Ashton!

He rushes forward as Ashton collapses to the ground, but it's too late.

(CONTINUED)

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Yoo-hoo!

Guard #3 whirls around to look behind him, trying to see if he can catch sight of whoever or whatever it was that killed his fellow guards.

His face stiffens in shock as though something had just stabbed him in the back of the neck, his eyes roll back in his head and he collapses to the ground, as we see what appears to be a disembodied hand holding a blood-stained dagger floating in mid-air.

Another disembodied HAND comes into view as it grasps onto nothingness and pulls back to reveal the grinning visage of Evil Faith.

EVIL FAITH

(tauntingly)

Made you look.

She throws off of her body what appears to be an invisibility cloak as she turns to look at the item she came for.

She approaches the display column and is just about to reach out to grab the dagger off its pillow when she stops and thinks better of it.

She reaches into her pocket and pulls out a spherical crystal the size of a golf ball. She carefully positions the crystal above the display pillar.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Can't believe I'm actually saying  
this but... *windgadium leviosa*.

She releases the crystal as it hangs perfectly above the dagger. A moment later, the crisscrossing security beams point upwards into the floating crystal, creating an opening to the dagger.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I can't believe that actually  
worked.

She reaches out to grab the dagger when a second hand GRABS onto hers.

She looks up into Faith's focused and determined visage... and cracks a sly grin.

FAITH

Hello me.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH  
Nice to see me again.

MUSIC CUE: "Sweating Bullets" by Megadeth

Faith doesn't have time to react as Evil Faith BACKHANDS her, sending her to the marble tiled floor.

Vi suddenly emerges from the shadows, rushes up behind her and TACKLES EF to the ground, but doesn't hold her down long enough as EF pushes herself off the ground and flips Vi over her shoulder and onto the ground.

Quinn rushes up to deliver a KICK but EF catches his foot and TWISTS it, along with the rest of his body, sending him crashing to the ground.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
You know, if this weren't so much  
fun, I'd actually be bored  
kicking the ever living crap  
outta you guys.

EF grabs the dagger and bolts out of the room, with Faith, Quinn, and Vi giving chase.

We see a display of a prehistoric cavemen poised to attack a saber-toothed-tiger just as Evil Faith runs past, followed by Faith, Vi and Quinn.

Faith, taking notice that Evil Faith is still some feet ahead of them, digs into her pocket, and pops two blue pills into her mouth, causing her own speed to increase exponentially.

Evil Faith looks over her shoulder and her eyes widen as she sees her doppelganger crossing the distance between them.

She looks ahead and sees a display of ancient warrior statues, and begins to run faster, while pulling out a small bag from her jacket pocket.

She opens the bag, dumps the sparkling contents into her hand and throws it at the statues as she runs by, followed close behind by Faith with Quinn and Vi some feet behind.

The statues themselves COME TO LIFE, stepping out directly into Quinn and Vi's path just as they come to a screeching halt!

Quinn and Vi turn to look at each other and then back at their opponents, who look more than ready to strike.

## VI

Holy sh-

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM STOCKROOM - NIGHT

We see a number of crates of varying sizes, some of them look to have been already opened, revealing statues, paintings and other items that have yet to be put on display in the museum.

Faith bursts into the room and narrowly avoids being crushed by a large wooden CRATE, thrown at her by Evil Faith.

Faith rushes towards her, with the intent on delivering a powerful punch, but Evil Faith grabs hold of her arm, using her momentum to HURL her onto a tall stack of wooden crates.

Faith lands with a hard THUD, but barely has time to gain her bearings as Evil Faith leaps onto the top of the crates and runs over with the intention of stomping Faith's head right through the crate itself.

As Evil Faith's foot is about to come crashing down, Faith KICKS at EF's other leg, causing her to fall off the crates and back onto the floor.

Faith leaps down to the ground near Evil Faith's body, and sees that her doppelganger is still trying to get her bearings, takes advantage of the situation by PUNCHING her in the back of the head.

She then whips out two pairs of handcuffs, using one pair to bind her feet together, and the other pair to bind her hands together behind her back.

EVIL FAITH

Ooh, handcuffs! Getting kinky,  
aren't we?

FAITH

Shut up!

Faith SLAMS EF's face into the ground, then searches EF's pockets and pulls out the Dagger of Naquadahn.

FAITH (cont'd)

Didn't your mother ever tell you  
how dangerous these things are?

EVIL FAITH

Don't you mean our mother?

(CONTINUED)

Faith SOCKS her right in the face again before getting up off the floor, pulling out her walkie-talkie in the process.

FAITH  
Noa, it's me.

NOA (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
What's up?

FAITH  
I've got Evil Me and the dagger secured.  
(beat)  
Where's Quinn and Vi?

NOA  
Well...

CUT TO:

Quinn and Vi are still in the midst of fighting off the stone soldiers. Their attacks just bounce off the statues, and the two are making no ground at all!

CUT TO:

As before.

NOA  
... they're kinda tied up at the moment.

FAITH  
Well, tell 'em to get their asses over here ASAP, cuz I ain't letting Evil Me outta my sight.

NOA  
I'll do my best.

FAITH  
Thanks.

She turns off the walkie talkie, and pockets it.

EVIL FAITH  
You don't honestly think this'll hold me, do you?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Yeah, well, it never hurts to try.

EF lets out a devilish giggle, which irks Faith to the point where she kicks EF in the face.

FAITH (cont'd)

Don't worry, you'll be pumped full of tranqs when we get you outta here.

(beat)

And when you wake up, you'll be me again.

Evil Faith's devilish giggle turns into maniacal laughter, which irks Faith even more as she rushes over to her, turns her over and PUNCHES her several times in the face, leaving EF with a busted lip.

Even with blood leaking out the right side of her mouth, EF still laughs defiantly at Faith.

FAITH (cont'd)

I don't think I'd be laughing if I were you.

EVIL FAITH

Are you sure?

(beat)

We had a deal, remember? Or, should I say, you had a deal with the Mayor.

Faith's face falls - this is the moment that she'd been dreading all day.

Evil Faith takes advantage of Faith's moment of hesitation to break free of her cuffs, grab onto her head and deliver a devastating HEADBUTT, which causes her to drop the dagger.

EF breaks the cuffs holding her legs together, gets up, grabs Faith and proceeds to thrash her other self, flinging her about like a rag doll, before slamming her back to the ground.

She picks up the dagger from the floor, blows a kiss to her other self, then heads for the back exit.

Faith rolls onto her back, and presses the palm of her hand to her forehead. She then pulls a small jar of pills out of her pocket, tipping it onto her hand.

There are blue pills and red pills, and Faith stares at them for a beat. Which one was which?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
(closes eyes;  
remembering)  
Blue for speed, red for healing.

She pops the red pills into her mouth, and closes her eyes for a moment, rubbing the bridge of her nose.

Just then Vi and Quinn, looking somewhat worse for wear, enter the room.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Where the hell have you two been?

Faith sits up and slowly attempts to get up from the floor, Vi and Quinn move to assist her but she shoves off their attempts.

FAITH (cont'd)  
(angrily)  
I'm not a baby!

VI  
What happened to...

FAITH  
(snappy)  
She got away... again!

She heads for the exit and shoves the door open.

Faith, Quinn, and Vi stand in the back alley and notice that something is amiss, namely that the black van Noa was in has disappeared.

FAITH  
Damn it!

Faith violently kicks a nearby trash can, knocking it over and spilling its contents onto the ground.

QUINN  
(quietly upset)  
They took Noa.

On the distressed looks of each of our heroes we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

25 INT. MAYOR'S APARTMENT - MORNING

25

The female demon from Act One, looking awfully chipper, wheels out a fully dressed and freshly made up, but decidedly sour looking, Noa out of the spare bedroom.

FEMALE DEMON

Well, now that you've had your bath, it's time to get your breakfast.

She wheels Noa up to the table in the dining area next to the kitchen.

FEMALE DEMON (cont'd)

So, what can I make for you, Miss? Scrambled eggs and bacon? Some pancakes or waffles? Perhaps a bowl of cornfla-

NOA

I honestly don't care!

The female demon cowers at the harshness of Noa's tone and putters off to the kitchen to whip up some breakfast, while Noa sits at the table with her arms crossed and a determined frown.

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.)

Be careful, or your face will stick like that.

Noa looks up and rolls her eyes at seeing the bright and chipper Wilkins enter the room.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)

I can't really understand your attitude. We haven't mistreated you have we?

(beat)

If nothing else, I've made certain all your needs were dealt with. You've been bathed, dressed, you've been manicured and pedicured, treated like a queen in fact.

NOA

You know, normally, I'd probably be living it up like Kirsten Dunst in 'Marie Antoinette'.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

But the fact that all this pampering is just to soften me up like the proverbial sacrificial lamb, doesn't exactly inspire any overwhelming sense of gratitude.

(beat)

My only question is... why me?

MAYOR WILKINS

Oh it's got nothing to do with you specifically, we could've picked anyone.

(beat)

You just happened to be at the wrong place at the right time.

NOA

(sarcastically)

I'm honored.

MAYOR WILKINS

You should be.

NOA

Yeah, well pardon me if I'm not exactly jumping for joy. Not that I could, thanks to that twisted psycho that just so happens to look like my best friend.

MAYOR WILKINS

Yes, well, all things considered, you seem to be handling your 'condition' rather well.

NOA

Don't exactly have much of a choice, do I?

MAYOR WILKINS

(looks at watch)

Oh, will you look at the time.

(goes to leave)

Well, I'd best be off, I have lots to prepare for.

NOA

Oh sure, Heaven forbid that lil' ol' me should impede your precious plans for world domination.

Just as Wilkins is about to step out of the door, he looks over his shoulder at Noa.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR WILKINS

I'm definitely going to miss that  
glib tongue of yours, Miss  
DeRubria.

(beat)

See you later.

NOA

(under her breath)

Better hope not.

The timid female demon brings over a tray of food for Noa,  
which she takes reluctantly.

NOA (cont'd)

Thank you.

FEMALE DEMON

You're welcome, Miss.

She goes to leave.

NOA

Noa.

(beat)

You can call me Noa.

The female demon looks a little embarrassed, but gives off  
a little smile as she goes back to the kitchen.

Noa gives a little grin as she grabs a fork and reluctantly  
digs in to her food as we CUT TO:

Rachel and Todd emerge from another room, and are  
addressing the individual within.

RACHEL

And if Mr. LaGuardia comes by  
again, ask him if he could maybe  
shock some sense into Bloomberg's  
administration.

Rachel shuts the door close and heads down the hallway,  
Todd at her side.

TODD

I don't know how you do it.

She gives Todd a sideways glance.

RACHEL

Do what?

TODD

Take all of this in stride, what we do everyday working here.

RACHEL

This coming from the guy cracking jokes at yesterday's meeting?

TODD

Hey, that's my way of dealing with all this craziness.

RACHEL

We all have our ways of dealing with the situations thrown at us. You crack jokes, I just accept what's going on and don't even try to think about it too much.

TODD

But don't you ever stop and really think about the importance of what we're doing?

Rachel looks at Todd, then looks down for a moment, it's obvious this is something she has thought about.

RACHEL

Only every time I wake up and twice before I go to bed.

TODD

(nods)

I know what you mean.

FAITH (O.S.)

(angrily)

Have you taken a look at these?  
Have you!?

Rachel and Todd stop dead in their tracks as they see Faith about ready to chew out a rather nervous looking intern named PETE.

PETE

What's the problem? It's 100mg of Zoloft for Mr. Seltzer and 200mg of Topomax for Ms. Romano.

FAITH

That's all well and good, except the prescribed meds for Mr. Seltzer are 10mg of Zyprexa and 500mg of Depakote for Ms. Romano.

PETE

What?

FAITH

Are you new?

PETE

(nervously)

Yes.

FAITH

Did you even bother reading their medical files?

PETE

(nervously)

Well, I... I was going to...

FAITH

Just as I thought. You're fired, get out.

PETE

What?

FAITH

You're fired!

(beat)

You were about to give these patients the wrong medication because you were too lazy to read their medical files. How many other patients have you given the wrong meds to, huh?

Pete's mouth opens and closes, trying to speak but seemingly unable to do so.

FAITH (cont'd)

No way am I having that kind of stupidity on my watch. Pack your stuff up and get the hell outta here.

Pete stands there, dumbfounded, tears beginning to form in his eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)

Now!

The intern runs off down the hall, running past Rachel and Todd, who stand there looking shocked as Faith heads in the opposite direction.

Rachel moves to go after Faith but Todd holds her back, shaking his head with a look that says 'Not now.'

(CONTINUED)

Rachel looks at the departing Faith.

RACHEL

We better go talk to Pryor.

Todd nods in concurrence, and as they both head down the hallway we CUT TO:

INT. DEMON BAR - DAY

"Who's Your Daddy" by Lordi plays on the jukebox, and we see several different types of demons, talking, drinking, laughing, crying, etc.

Tending bar is a rather slimy looking guy by the name of SYRUS. He is polishing a glass and looks up as he sees Quinn, sporting a five o'clock shadow and looking like he hasn't slept since the previous night.

SYRUS

What can I get ya?

QUINN

Gimme a beer.

Syrus does so and Quinn takes a sip from the bottle, placing a five dollar bill on the counter.

SYRUS

Anything else I can do for ya'?

QUINN

I'm looking for a girl.

SYRUS

Well, you've certainly come to the right place, cuz I know some girls that can do all sor-

Quinn violently grabs Syrus by the back of the neck and yanks him down to his level, then whips out a photograph of Noa and shoves it right into his face.

QUINN

I'm looking for my girlfriend!

Syrus looks at the photo nervously and shakes his head.

SYRUS

(strained)

I've never seen her before.

Quinn tightens his grip on Syrus' neck as he gets right up into his face.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Don't lie to me!

SYRUS

I swear man, if I'd seen her I  
would tell you!

Quinn lets go of Syrus, who rubs the back of his neck and  
moves as far away from Quinn as possible.

The door opens again, admitting Ruth, looking quite  
fetching as she takes a seat at the opposite end of the  
bar, making brief eye contact with Quinn before turning her  
attention to Syrus.

SYRUS (cont'd)

Well, well, well, looky what the  
winds of fate have blown my way.

RUTH

(smiling politely)  
How do you do?

SYRUS

Not too bad, all things  
considered. But things seem to be  
looking up now that you're here.

RUTH

(raises eyebrow)  
Is that a fact?

SYRUS

No, merely an observation.  
(beat)  
What can I get ya?

RUTH

Ginger ale, please.

SYRUS

Coming right up.

Syrus brings out a glass of ice and a bottle of ginger ale,  
pours it out for her. Ruth removes a neatly folded five  
dollar bill from her purse and hands it to Syrus as she  
takes the drink from him.

RUTH

Thank you.

She takes a long sip from her glass, relishing the taste.

SYRUS

Anything else?

(CONTINUED)

Ruth produces a sketch drawing of a beautiful young girl with a short bob of hair and a snub nose.

RUTH  
I was wondering if you've seen  
this girl.

Syrus takes a good look at the sketch.

RUTH (cont'd)  
Her name's Jaleena, she's my  
sister.

SYRUS  
How long she been missing?

RUTH  
A couple of weeks.

SYRUS  
(shakes head)  
Sorry. I'm sure I'd remember  
seeing this cutie around.

RUTH  
Are you sure? Take a good look.

Syrus does so, after a moment or so shakes his head apologetically.

SYRUS  
I'm really sorry. She just  
doesn't look familiar.

RUTH  
(sighs)  
It's alright, but please hold on  
to the picture, just in case.

SYRUS  
You got it.

Ruth takes a sip from her glass.

SYRUS (cont'd)  
Well, I hope you find your  
sister.

RUTH  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
Oh, there's one more thing...

She pulls out the sketch drawing of the dagger and notices Syrus' eyes going wide with recognition at the sight.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH (cont'd)  
Recognize this?

SYRUS  
(nervously)  
Uh, no, not really.

RUTH  
Are you sure?  
(beat)  
Some friends of mine need to know  
where it is.

SYRUS  
I swear I don't know anything,  
and even if I did, if I were you  
I wouldn't be asking about  
something like that.

Ruth realizes she could perhaps use her charms to good use.

RUTH  
(sweetly)  
Come on, I'm sure you know at  
least something, can't you give  
me just a teeny weeny hint?

SYRUS  
(grins)  
Well, what's in it for me?

RUTH  
(flirtatiously)  
Well, I will be more than  
grateful to you for any help you  
can provide.

SYRUS  
Is that a fact?

RUTH  
No, merely an incentive.

SYRUS  
I'll think it over.

RUTH  
You do that.

Ruth pulls out a pen from her pocket, then takes the sketch  
of her sister and writes something on the back of it.

RUTH (cont'd)  
In case you decide to be more...  
cooperative, give me a call.

(CONTINUED)

Ruth gives him a half grin and gets up to leave when a large yellow-skinned demon with a large cranial ridge on his forehead, much like a stegosaurus, comes up beside her.

STEGO DEMON

Hey baby, I don't know about any dagger, but I'm sure there's something out back I can show ya'.

RUTH

I doubt it.

(beat)

Besides, I'm looking for a dagger... not a shrimp knife.

He violently grabs her by the arm.

STEGO DEMON

(angrily)

What did you say?

QUINN (O.S.)

Hey!

Quinn moves from his end of the bar and heads to stands near Ruth and the Stego Demon, who still hasn't let go of Ruth's arm.

STEGO DEMON

This don't concern you, human!

QUINN

You see, that's where you're wrong.

(beat)

The lady happens to be a friend of mine, and I don't take too kindly to seeing her getting harassed by misogynistic dinosaurs like you.

Stego PUNCHES Quinn dead in the face, knocking him to the ground.

RUTH

Quinn!

She attempts to go to him, but Syrus holds her back, with a look that says 'Don't.'

Stego then signals to a friend of his, a demon that has some physical characteristics of a rhinoceros, to come over and lend a hand.

(CONTINUED)

The Rhino Demon roughly picks Quinn up, holding him by the arms while Stego takes a few potshots into Quinn's abdomen.

RUTH (cont'd)  
Leave him alone!

Stego ignores her and keep on pounding into Quinn's stomach.

RUTH (cont'd)  
I said leave him alone!

She rushes over and tries to physically separate them, but is unable to do so. For her trouble, Stego viciously backhands her, sending her to the floor.

Stego turns his full attention on her as she attempts to get up off the floor.

STEGO DEMON  
Oh, believe me sweetheart, I'm  
gonna enjoy pounding that sweet  
lil' ass of yours.

Ruth touches her cheek, wincing at the bruise. She opens her eyes, and seeing her glasses lying a few feet in front of her, realizes that they were knocked off her face when she was hit.

RUTH  
Quinn, shut your eyes!

QUINN  
(confused)  
What?

RUTH  
Just do it!

Ruth gets up from the floor, turns to face her would be rapists, with her eyes glowing BRIGHT GREEN.

STEGO DEMON & RHINO DEMON  
(simultaneously)  
The hell?

Both demons suddenly grasp their chests as though each were having heart attacks, dropping Quinn to the floor in the process as he looks on as the bodies of both demons stiffen, their skin losing all color and turning to stone.

Within seconds, they've both been TURNED TO STONE!

There is silence in the bar as Ruth snatches up her glasses, puts them back over her eyes, then walks over to Quinn and helps him to his feet.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH  
You alright?

QUINN  
Yeah, thanks.

Quinn winces as he leans again the bar, and Ruth looks out at the stunned crowd.

RUTH  
Anyone else wish to end up as  
garden ornaments?

Soon all the demons in the bar begin speaking at once, much to Quinn's and Ruth's mutual surprise and amusement.

CUT TO:

Faith sits at her desk with her head in her hands as we see her office pretty much in a state of disarray, almost as if she had thrown a tantrum before settling down to her desk.

Vi peers her head through the door, briefly looking at the state of Faith's office before speaking.

VI  
Hey Faith, you got a sec?

FAITH  
(not looking up)  
What do you want?

Vi enters the room fully and shuts the door behind her.

VI  
To talk.

FAITH  
About what?

VI  
Well... a lot of us are worried  
about you.

FAITH  
Worried? About what?

VI  
(beat; nervously)  
That you're taking what happened  
last night at the museum a little  
harder than the rest of us.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

It's my fault! I had Evil Me  
cornered and I let her get away!

VI

Faith, you were barely standing  
when we found you, even with the  
blue pills Pryor gave you there  
was no chan-

Faith slams both fists on the desk and stands up.

FAITH

You don't know anything!

She comes around and gets right in Vi's face.

FAITH (cont'd)

I let her get away,! I was about  
ready to tranq that bitch and I  
let her get away!  
(beat)  
Don't you get it?

VI

What are you saying?

Faith rubs her face with her hands. Runs her fingers  
through her hair.

FAITH

Do you remember when I was in  
jail, I told you that Wilkins  
came to me and offered me a deal?

VI

(nods)  
Yeah, you said you turned him  
down.

FAITH

(beat)  
After you and Quinn tried to get  
me out, he offered the deal to me  
again... and I took it.

Vi's eyes grow wide with shock.

VI

What?

FAITH

I didn't have a choice!  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

I mean, the fact that you and Quinn couldn't get me out without Wilkins knowing about it and screwing it up didn't exactly look good for my chances of ever getting the hell outta there!

VI

Faith, we tried our be-

FAITH

As long as I was in prison, it meant that I wouldn't be out there trying to stop him!

VI

(sighs)

So what was the deal?

FAITH

He said he'd get me out, have all the charges dropped, if I did something for him in return.

(beat)

He didn't tell me what or even when, just that 'I would be told when the time was right.'

Vi nods her head in understanding.

VI

I see.

FAITH

And now they've got Noa, and it's all my fault!

Faith falls down hard on the couch, with her head buried in her hands. Vi moves over and sits next to her.

VI

Look, Faith, you did what you had to do.

FAITH

I gave up! I sold out! That's what I did!

She gets up from the couch and begins pacing back and forth, wiping her eyes and wiping her nose.

FAITH (cont'd)

I swore I'd never go back to jail again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

So long as I was locked up, then I couldn't be out there trying to stop Wilkins, I couldn't be out there protecting the Gateway, trying to keep all of you safe, and trying to find a way to get my damn powers back!

VI

(sarcastic)

Yeah, cuz you've been so helpless without them for the past year.

Faith turns sharply to look at Vi.

VI (cont'd)

Faith, you've busted your butt enough since you saved my life two years ago to prove that you still have what it takes.

(beat)

You've been practically hitting me over the head with the fact that there is more to being a Slayer than just super powers, that a Slayer's real strength comes from the heart.

Faith looks down for a moment, remembering the many conversations she's had with Vi on this subject.

VI (cont'd)

Look, I can't say that I entirely understand why you did what you did, but I can't say that I would've done any different if I were in your shoes.

Faith takes a seat next to Vi.

FAITH

Then... you won't tell the others?

VI

What? And be accused of being a tattletale?

This causes Faith to smile as Vi puts a hand on her shoulder.

VI (cont'd)

Telling the others should be your responsibility, and I know you'll do it in your own time. Just so long as you do it, that's all that matters.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

(nods)

Thank you.

VI

(grins)

No sweat.

The door to Faith's office bursts open, revealing Todd, who looks as if he ran all the way from the other side of the asylum.

TODD

You gotta come to Pryor's office,  
we just got some big news about  
where Noa's been taken.

Faith and Vi get up from the couch and follow Todd out the door as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 INT. PRYOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

29

Pryor, Faith, Vi, Rachel and Todd are gathered in Pryor's office with Ruth and Quinn, who've returned from their excursion in the city and look to be in the midst of recounting their ordeal in the demon bar.

QUINN

So anyway, after Ruth worked her mojo on those freaks, the rest of the bar just wouldn't shut up, they were pretty much telling us their life stories, next year's Fall line-up, you name it.

RUTH

And what we found out that apparently there were rumblings over the past few days of some sort of gathering, a ritual involving that dagger and a sacrifice.

FAITH

Noa.

QUINN

Exactly.

VI

Any of them say where or when this is supposed to take place?

QUINN

Basically they said that the ceremony was set to take place on hallowed ground.

RACHEL

A church?

RUTH

Yes, but it had to be a special church, where the magicks are at their strongest.

(beat)

And something else, some word being bandied about, it was the Church of something... ummm, hussein, hessan...

PRYOR

Hessionism.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH

Yeah, that was it!

Everyone looks at each other tensely.

VI

This is bad.

FAITH

Yeah, no kidding.

PRYOR

So when is this supposed to take place?

QUINN

Tonight. At midnight.

TODD

Isn't it always?

PRYOR

Rachel, Todd, you're both going to have to stay here again.

TODD

(relieved)

Fine with me.

Rachel looks less than enthusiastic.

RACHEL

(mock pout)

Man, I never get to do anything exciting.

FAITH

Handling what goes on here is one thing, but we've done stuff like this before, you're not ready to be out in the field.

RACHEL

Hey, I helped defend this place from an all out invasion, don't you start dictating when you think I'll be ready, because I'm ready now!

PRYOR

(patiently; calmly)

Rachel, that's precisely why I need you and Todd to be here, to get the others ready in case the Mayor decides to stage another invasion.

(CONTINUED)

VI

Besides, it's just as dangerous out there as it is in here, believe me. At least here, the demons are on your turf, rather than the other way around.

RACHEL

Oh. Well... if you say so.  
(beat; sighs)  
I just wish that I could be there with you guys.

Faith puts a comforting hand on her shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze. Rachel looks at Faith, then at Quinn and Vi, and smiles.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Alright Todd, let's go ready the troops.

Rachel and Todd exit the room.

VI

So what do we do about tonight?

FAITH

We gotta get Noa outta there.

VI

Easier said than done. There's bound to be more demons at that church than Ubervamps in the Hellmouth.

FAITH

Yeah, unfortunately we don't have an army of Slayers to back us up this time.

RUTH

You won't need an army.  
(beat)  
I'm coming with you.

Pryor turns to look at Ruth, his eyes conveying his concern for Ruth's wellbeing.

PRYOR

Ruth, it's too dangerous.

RUTH

I can help. You guys have done so much for me already, it's time I started returning the favor.

(CONTINUED)

Faith smiles at Ruth's brave and determined words, and then hits upon an idea.

FAITH

Of course! Your powers can give us an advantage.

PRYOR

(incredulously)

Faith, it's one thing to transform two would-be rapists into stone, but trying to do that to an entire room full of demons is quite another thing.

VI

There's no need to do that, just a couple here and there will be more than enough to give us an advantage.

QUINN

We're gonna need every advantage if we're gonna get Noa outta there alive.

(beat)

I say we go for it.

Pryor looks at them, before finally settling back on Ruth, seeing the determined resolve in each of their faces.

PRYOR

Ruth, are you sure you want to do this?

RUTH

(resolved)

I have to.

PRYOR

(beat; sighs)

Then you'll need these.

Pryor hands her a pair of goggles, which also have the same emerald quartz used for her sunglasses.

PRYOR (cont'd)

All you have to do is just flip the lenses up when you want to use your powers.

(beat)

They're a bit more snug, so it'll be a lot harder for them to be knocked off your face in a fight.

(CONTINUED)

Ruth smiles at Pryor, which he reciprocates with a grin of his own.

RUTH

Thanks.

FAITH

Come on guys, we've got a few hours till midnight and the clock is ticking.

(beat)

Let's work out a plan, and go save Noa.

They all nod in agreement as we CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE

Time elapse from afternoon to evening.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH OF HESSIONISM - NIGHT

Establishing shot.

INT. CHURCH OF HESSIONISM - NIGHT

Various DEMONIC MONKS set up load stones around the perimeter of the altar, each stone bears a rune seen on the Gateway.

Lying on the altar, bound by straps of leather around her legs, feet, arms and torso, is Noa, dressed in some sort of ceremonial gown, who continues vainly to break free.

She stops struggling for a few moments in order to catch her breath.

One of the demonic monks walk over to her, with a small bowl in one hand and a thin paintbrush in the other. He douses the brush into the bowl, swirling the contents within, then applies the brush to Noa's forehead, painting what appears to be a series of runes.

Soon, two more monks follow suit, walking to the other side of the altar by Noa's legs. They slowly pull up the fabric around her legs and begin painting some more runes on her, much to Noa's horror and uneasiness.

NOA

(nervously)

Hey, come on guys, you know how much I'm against body art! Didn't Madonna show you people that Henna is bad?

(CONTINUED)

The monks ignore her as Evil Faith comes into the room, wearing a monk's robe.

EVIL FAITH

Don't worry sweetheart, just one hour to go and this'll all be over.

NOA

(narrows eyes)

Any second now, my friends will bust down the door and wipe the floor with the whole lot of you.

EVIL FAITH

Actually, I'm counting on your friends being here.

NOA

(frowns)

Why?

EVIL FAITH

You'll see.

Evil Faith leaves Noa to ponder her words as we CUT TO:

A group of demonic monks stand outside on the steps of the church, enjoying a cigarette break.

They're in the midst of chatting with one another, but they're speaking to each other in a strange demonic dialect.

Suddenly one of them looks off to the side and his eyes are treated to a surprising site: that of Ruth, wearing what appears to be an overcoat (and little else) as she smiles seductively and teasingly opens her coat just enough to reveal her bare shoulders.

The demonic monk gains the attention of his comrades. They each take in the tantalizing site as Ruth beckons them to come after her.

She soon disappears around the side of the building, and tosses her overcoat out into the open.

The monks turn to look at each other, then run off in unison to go after her.

As they disappear round the side of the building, there's the sound of a quick SCUFFLE and then a FLASH of green light.

Moments later, Faith, Vi, Quinn, and Ruth (thankfully fully clothed) emerge from round the side, carrying the monks' robes in their hands.

CUT TO:

The ceremony appears to be starting, with several monks circling the altar, chanting words in some ancient dialect while Evil Faith stands before the altar, her eyes closed as though in a trance, holding the dagger high above her head as a decidedly frightened looking Noa watches.

NOA

Ummm, I don't suppose this would be a good time to tell you that I have an allergy to long, sharp, pointy metal things?

Neither Evil Faith nor the monks seem to be paying much attention to Noa at the moment as they continue their routine.

NOA (cont'd)

Well, that certainly went down like a bomb...

The monks suddenly stop as Evil Faith opens her eyes.

EVIL FAITH

On this night, at this very hour,  
oh ancient spirits of the dark,  
as we offer up this poor,  
wretched creature to you in  
sacrifice...

NOA

(offended)

Hey!

EVIL FAITH

... we beg of you to show pity  
and to deem us worthy of your  
power.

A great wind blows through the church, and the air begins to CRACKLE and SIZZLE with electricity as Evil Faith slowly raises the dagger above her.

Suddenly, out of the blue, a bolt of ENERGY strikes the dagger.

Evil Faith lowers the dagger and sees that it is GLOWING and crackling with a vibrant aura that is simply awe-inspiring.

(CONTINUED)

Evil Faith is transfixed, almost hypnotized, by the blade's energized aura.

She then looks to Noa, then back to the blade, and soon a murderous grin creeps onto her face as she raises the dagger again, preparing to strike a killing blow.

QUINN (O.S.)

No!!

Quinn rushes up to the platform from the sides and TACKLES Evil Faith to the ground, knocking the dagger out of her hands.

Soon all chaos erupts as Faith, Vi, and Ruth step into the fray against the demonic monks.

Quinn wraps Evil Faith up in her robes and pushes her off the platform and into the fighting crowd, giving him plenty of time to cut through Noa's bonds with his own knife.

NOA

What took you so long?

QUINN

It's New Year's Eve! You ever try getting a taxi at this time of year?

Unbeknownst to Quinn and Noa, Evil Faith has crawled back onto the platform, locates the still energized dagger.

Ruth flips her lenses up as two monks round on her, and they don't even have time to yell before there's a BLAZE of green light - and in seconds, they've TURNED TO STONE.

Once she grasps it tightly in her hand, she slowly rises up from the floor and gets ready to strike the killing blow to Quinn's back.

Vi catches sight of this and moves into swift action.

VI

Look out!

Vi rushes up to the altar, leaps over Quinn and Noa and tackles Evil Faith to the floor.

Evil Faith pushes Vi off of her - and as Vi lands on her back we see that the dagger has been embedded into her gut!

NOA

(horrificed)

Vi! No!

(CONTINUED)

Evil Faith looks on in surprise, cracks a smile and begins to laugh as she reaches out and pulls the dagger right out of Vi's chest.

Vi lets out a GASP of shock - and then slumps back to the floor.

EVIL FAITH

Oh, that is just classic! I  
couldn't have made that better if  
I'd tried!

Quinn goes to Vi's side and checks her pulse.

QUINN

She's still alive... barely.

Evil Faith gets up off the floor, wielding the dagger to keep Quinn at bay as the sounds of police sirens ring in the distances as they begin approaching the church.

EVIL FAITH

Okay boys, they're playing our  
song, let's move!

Those demonic monks not turned to stone break off from the fighting and head for the nearest exits.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Hey, Faith? Thanks again for all  
your help. Couldn't have pulled  
this off without you.

She blows a kiss to her and then runs out the back way, leaving the others looking at Faith with confusion, shock, hurt, suspicion and accusation.

CUT TO:

Close up on Vi's face as her eyes move beneath her closed lids, displaying classic REMs as we hear voices from offscreen.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(faintly distorted)

Do you think she's coming around?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

(faintly distorted)

Hard to say at this stage, all we  
can do is wait.

(CONTINUED)

OTHER MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(faintly distorted)  
Will she remember us?

FIRST MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
(faintly distorted)  
Again, it's hard to say until she  
wakes up.

Vi's eyes pop open, she blinks a few times to clear her vision as she looks up into the relieved faces of a middle-aged MAN and WOMAN.

VI  
(confused)  
Mom? Dad? What's going on?

Vi's PARENTS exchange a look of relief.

VI'S FATHER  
Sweety, it's alright,  
everything's going to be just  
fine.

VI'S MOTHER  
(near tears)  
We're just glad to have you back  
with us, baby. It's been too  
long.

VI  
(confused)  
What are you talking about?

Vi takes a look around and sees that her surroundings are familiar; she finds herself in one of the patient rooms at the Asylum.

She looks down at herself and finds she's wearing the same white pajama like garb given to the other patients.

VI'S MOTHER  
What's wrong?

VI'S FATHER  
Violet, honey, this is very  
important. What is the last thing  
you remember?

Vi looks back to them, by now very much confused.

VI  
Last thing I remember was getting  
stabbed in the gut and then just  
passing out.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)  
Why? What's going on? Where's  
Faith? Where's Quinn, and Noa,  
and Pryor?

Both her parents turn to look at someone offscreen.

VI'S MOTHER  
Doctor...

Suddenly a handsome and charming looking African American  
DOCTOR comes over to Vi's bed.

DOCTOR  
Perhaps I can explain it to her a  
bit more clearly.  
(beat; to Vi)  
Vi, I know this must be hard for  
you to believe... but you must  
trust me on this.

VI  
(suspiciously)  
What the hell is going on?

DOCTOR  
(sighs)  
Violet, for the past three  
years... you've been suffering  
from some advanced psychological  
delusions.

VI  
(terrified)  
What are you talking about?

DOCTOR  
(sighs)  
Everything you thought you knew  
about your life... none of it was  
real.

Vi looks as if her entire world has turned upside down as  
we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**