

FAITH

"Double Jeopardy"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT 1

Establishing shot of the city.

2 EXT. CITY DOCKS - NIGHT 2

We come in from an overhead on QUINN sitting on the edge of a pier, his feet dangling. As we moving in closer, we see a flask in his hand.

Quinn himself looks like hell. Hair ruffled, face shaggy and unshaven. Eyes bloodshot, like he hasn't slept for days. He lets out a sigh.

Behind him, we see a pair of pants step up to him.

MALE (O.S.)
Want some company?

Quinn looks up, as do we, to see DETECTIVE MICHAEL LEHTO, standing over him. Quinn doesn't look too bothered to be seeing a walking corpse. He motions for Lehto to sit down.

QUINN
Wouldn't mind. Apparently drinking
alone makes you an alcoholic.

LEHTO
(sitting down)
No, it makes a drunk. Alcoholics
attend meetings.

Quinn passes him the flask and Lehto takes a swig, wincing at the taste.

LEHTO (cont'd)
Whew! Can I borrow some of this? My
car's out of gas.

Quinn chuckles.

QUINN
I'm close.

LEHTO
Yeah?

QUINN
Got some good leads off a couple
sources. Gonna check it out in the
morning.

(CONTINUED)

LEHTO

Good.

Lehto takes another drink and passes the flask back to Quinn.

QUINN

It's strange. Been after this girl
for years and now that I'm this
close, it's almost anticlimatic.

On the other side of Quinn, OFFICER DAN BAINES, in full
police uniform, sits down.

BAINES

Always thought you were one of
those, Myles.

(beat)

Guy who enjoys the thrill of the
chase more than the payoff.

Quinn, still not looking too disturbed now that he's
sandwiched between TWO dead cops, offers the flask to his
other old partner. Baines shakes his head and holds up
another flask.

BAINES

Brought my own.

QUINN

Always the prepared one.

BAINES

Well, one of us had to be, Adam.

They toast and swig.

QUINN

It's Quinn now.

BAINES

Oh right right, I forgot. All that
stuff went down after I, well you
know.

A quick FLASH takes us to Baines laid out on an apartment
floor. There's a bloody wound in his chest, right over his
heart, and he is COUGHING, blood bubbling from his lips.

Another FLASH brings us back.

QUINN

(nodding; solemn)

Yeah.

Lehto wraps his arm around Quinn's shoulder in a brotherly
manner.

(CONTINUED)

LEHTO

Hey, don't get so down. All things
happen for a reason, right?

Quinn nods, still not looking too cheery.

QUINN

Still though. Gave up so much.

BAINES

Gained a hell of a lot though. New
face, new life.

QUINN

Not one of my own. They just
assigned it to me.

LEHTO

Last time I checked, there was this
hot blonde number they didn't sign
over to you.

Quinn smiles. Good point.

QUINN

Yeah. Only thing I have that's
real. Well, her and-

He reaches behind himself and produces a manilla folder.

QUINN

This.

Baines takes the folder and flips through it.

BAINES

Cute. Brunettes not really my thing
though.

QUINN

She's a killer.

LEHTO

So's my ex wife. Hey, think your
pals in the government could send
someone after her too.

Quinn smiles again.

QUINN

Thanks for hanging out, fellas.

LEHTO

Well I had nothing better to do.
Nothing but reruns tonight.

(CONTINUED)

He downs the rest of the flask and flicks it into the water below his feet.

BAINES

You ready to finish this now?

QUINN

Yeah.

LEHTO

So why haven't you woken up yet?

A FLASH of white light takes us to:

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Quinn startles as he comes out of his dream. PULL AWAY from him as he sits up in the chair he dozed off in. We move to an overhead view to show the contents of the desktop.

A scattered pile of photographs, documents, and maps.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

It's fairly early in the day. A cute BRUNETTE is jogging down the relatively bare sidewalk, an iPod attached to her hips. We PUSH IN on her face to see a striking resemblance to our Faith. Let's call her NOT FAITH.

We PULL BACK from her to across the street, where Quinn is watching her from his car. He puts down the same folder we saw in the dream and picks up his cell phone.

QUINN

(into phone)

Quinn here. I've found the target.

He hangs up and we go back to the brunette still jogging, oblivious to her stalker.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. LAPD PRECINCT - FLASHBACK 5

FAITH stands before DETECTIVE KATE LOCKLEY. We're back in the Angel episode 'Sanctuary.'

FAITH

(low)

I'd like to make a confession.

A FLASH overtakes the screen. When we come back, we see Faith in front of a camera, having just taken her first mug shot.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Now turn to the side.

Faith slowly turns, no expression on her face. Another FLASH takes us to:

6 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - FLASHBACK 6

TITLE OVER: 2000

PULL AWAY from the side mug shot of Faith. It's on a projection screen.

We're at a roundtable discussion between three seemingly high ranking officers. AN ELDERLY MAN is standing in the front of the room.

ELDERLY MAN

So what do we think, people?

OFFICER #1

Well, in light of Adam's current rogue status, we do need a replacement project.

OFFICER #2

The Slayer is too unstable though. Our brief trial with Miss Summers has proven that.

OFFICER #1

Miss Summers was never officially brought over to our way of thinking.

ELDERLY MAN

What are you suggesting?

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER #1

Well, the reports we've received on the HST experiments and reconditioning have been favorable. One in particular...

(thumbs through some papers)

... Hostile 17 was implanted with a shock chip, programmed to fire before any form of physical violence. From what we have here, it seems to be working well.

ELDERLY MAN

We would want Miss Lehané to be able to fight though.

OFFICER #1

Yes, but modifications to the chip could allow for us to simply activate it when we don't need her to.

OFFICER #2

The procedure is potentially fatal though. No sense in wasting those funds when they could be dispensed to other, more lucrative options.

ELDERLY MAN

Let's table the matter for another day then. She turned herself in, so she's likely not going anywhere anytime soon. If we want her, we'll get her down the line.

(beat)

On to new business...

The lights come back up in the room and Faith's image disappears from the screen.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

CLOSE UP on a set of keys just as they land on the ground.

NOT FAITH (O.S.)

Dammit!

The BRUNETTE from earlier bends down and picks up her keys, precariously balancing a large number of grocery bags in her arm.

She fumbles with the keys, trying to get to the right one. A carton of eggs slips out of the top of one of the bags and Quinn, stepping into frame, smoothly catches it.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Looks like you could use some help.

NOT FAITH

I think I got it.

She's still fumbling with the keys.

QUINN

Well, maybe if you had a hand
free...

Quinn takes three bags from her, freeing one of her arms
completely so she can open the door.

She nods her thanks and takes the bags back.

NOT FAITH

Thanks for the assist.

QUINN

I live in 313. Maintenance told me
on my way out this morning that the
elevators down.

NOT FAITH

Are you kidding me? I live on the
fifth floor. I can't take the
stairs with all this.

QUINN

Well I'm not doing anything right
now, if you want some help, Miss...

NOT FAITH

Fait. Kayla Fait. I'm in 505.

QUINN

(smiling)

Jon Quinn. Never seen you around
here before.

They continue to talk as they enter the apartment.

Quinn and Kayla reach her apartment door. Quinn's carrying
all but one of the bags now.

KAYLA

Ugh. Did not need to be climbing
some stairs after a lunch shift.

QUINN

So you're a server?

KAYLA

Little bar around the corner. Pays the bills for now.

(beat)

Ya know, for being a cop in this city, I'm surprised I've never seen you there.

QUINN

Not much of a drinker. Always up for a good coffee though.

Kayla opens the door to her apartment and takes the bags from Quinn.

KAYLA

Well, we... don't really serve good coffee. If you wanna swing by sometime though, it's on the house.

QUINN

(holds his hands up)

You don't have to do that. Just glad to help a pretty face.

KAYLA

(blushing deeply)

I appreciate it. It's hard getting around without a car.

QUINN

I only had my bike when I first moved here. Until I got my squad car, I mean. I didn't mind. Helped keep me in shape.

KAYLA

(sizing him up)

I can see that.

QUINN

Well I've got some errands to run, but I'll take you up on that coffee.

KAYLA

I work every lunch along with a couple of nights. Chances are you'll catch me there.

Quinn winks at her and smiles, full on charm mode.

QUINN

I'm sure I will.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

He walks away. Kayla watches him leave before blushing again and going into her apartment.

9 EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

9

Quinn walks out of the apartment building. All that charm from earlier is gone. His face is deadly serious now.

He gets back into:

10 INT. QUINN'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

10

The front passenger seat is littered with small surveillance equipment and a ton of photos of Kayla. He picks up a small recorder and speaks into it.

QUINN

Logging at...

(looks at watch)

... thirteen hundred hours. Made contact. Target gave me a fake name, likely the identity she assumed upon her arrival in New York.

PULL AWAY from the car as Quinn continues his audio journal.

11 INT. PRYOR'S OFFICE - ASYLUM - DAY

11

Pryor's desk is a complete mess of papers and books. PRYOR himself is jumping back and forth between volumes, making notes.

We arc around to his side as he drops his pen and rubs the bridge of his nose, classic signs of a geek overworked.

A BROWN BAG lands on his desk, making him jump and knocking a few papers off the desk.

ANGLE ON NOA looking at him sheepish.

NOA

Sorry. I throw like a girl.

(beat)

A non Slayer one...

(beat)

... that isn't Faith.

PRYOR

(holds up bag; agitated)

What is this, Noa?

NOA

Lunch. Thought you might be hungry and I figured you weren't planning on leaving the office anytime soon.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
Oh. Well, thanks.

He pulls out a plastic wrapped sandwich and takes a sniff.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Tuna?

NOA
Chicken salad. It's good. I had one
a few minutes ago.

Pryor nods and opens the sandwich up. He's about to take a
big bite when:

PRYOR
(pausing)
Wait. You didn't make this did you?

NOA
(crosses her arms)
What's that supposed to mean?

PRYOR
Well, I'm remembering the stir fry
from a few years ago in the old
lab.

NOA
Hey, it was only a small fire.
(beat; sighs)
Rachel made it, okay?

With that reassurance out of the way, Pryor tears into the
sandwich like a famished Somalian.

NOA (cont'd)
How's the research going?

PRYOR
(swallowing)
Slow.

NOA
That's always your answer.

PRYOR
Well, it's generally the truth.
(holds up a book)
I've got Aku here from Timbucktu,
some reference to Kafka from
Necropolis, Turok from... God knows
where.
(drops the book)
And I'm not even sure these are the
things we're looking for.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRYOR (cont'd)
(sighs)
So yes, slow.

NOA
Oh.
(beat; cheery)
Well, see ya!

She turns around and starts to wheel out when:

PRYOR
Wait, Noa. You're not going to
offer to help?

NOA
I'm not that bored yet. Page me in
a couple hours and I might be.

She exits. Pryor finishes off his sandwich and digs back into his research, the frustration returning to his brow.

INT. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

PULL AWAY from a corkboard with elaborate pencil drawings posted on there.

Next to the board is a dry erase board with a table of ancient sounding names. Each row is written in a different color.

THE MAYOR and several CHURCH HEADS are hovering over the latter board as one of the heads is writing a name under the 'Location' header.

The Mayor is enjoying some nice trail mix.

THE MAYOR
Is that the last one?

The Head writing on the boards nods.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)
Excellent. Got them all pinned down
in record time. Heck when I planned
my Ascension, it took close to a
century. I should've had you boys
on the payroll back then.

The Heads laugh nervously. None of them know what the hell he's talking about or know if he's joking or not.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)
Now there's just the business of
making their acquaintances
personally. Girls?

(CONTINUED)

We turn around in the room to see EVIL FAITH and AMBROSIA sitting at a table. Ambrosia is flipping through an issue of Glamour and Evil Faith is stabbing a knife between her fingers. They're bored silly.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)
(louder)
Ladies?

AMBROSIA
(without looking up)
We're listening.

THE MAYOR
Miss Kilby, I'd appreciate it if
you gave me your full attention.

AMBROSIA
You've had us sitting here while
you color coded your little board
over there. This is all the
attention you're getting.

The Mayor walks over and joins them at the table.

THE MAYOR
I'm sorry. Are my girls getting a
bit antsy?

AMBROSIA
(whining)
You called me over here saying you
had a job. I even put on the red
leather pants and I've been sitting
here for three hours. I want to go
hit something.

EVIL FAITH
I'm with her, boss.

THE MAYOR
Well, I had to make sure we had all
the intel first. Faith, you know I
like to be thorough.
(beat)
Anyhoo, we're going to be going on
a bit of a road trip to get some
new recruits, but interdimensional
transport is a little scarce these
days it seems.

EVIL FAITH
Could go knock on the Asylum door
and ask to use theirs.

(CONTINUED)

AMBROSIA

Yeah. With a tank.

THE MAYOR

We're working on that too actually.
Time is of the essence however.
Would you two be dolls and go fetch
me a witch or two?

EVIL FAITH

What for?

THE MAYOR

Well, without the Gateway under my
control yet, I'm going to need
another way to get to these
dimensions. Nothing much, just a
portal here or there.

AMBROSIA

(wry)

Oh no problem. I'll just pull a
wicca out of my ass.

THE MAYOR

(warning)

Language.

AMBROSIA

Whatever. Where do we start
looking?

THE MAYOR

Some of the people at the Church
should be able to point you in the
right direction.

Evil Faith and Ambrosia nod, then go back to what they were
doing before. The Mayor's face falls.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)

I, uh... didn't mean tomorrow,
girls.

Ambrosia and Evil Faith sigh at the same time as they get up
to start the hunt.

For a bar in New York, it's pretty damn modest. Just a few
customers scattered about, playing pool and messing with the
jukebox.

Kayla is weaving through the tables, dropping off some beers
and picking up empty bottles.

(CONTINUED)

We follow her as she passes by a small table where Quinn is seated, watching her. She notices him as she passes by and smiles.

KAYLA

Hey. Thought you weren't much of a drinker.

QUINN

I'm not. On duty actually, but it's a slow night. I was going to grab a coffee in a couple hours when my shift's over if you're interested.

KAYLA

(caught off guard)

Huh? Err... you're kinda forward, aren't you?

QUINN

My line of work, you learn to ditch the small talk. So, are you free later on?

KAYLA

Well, I get out of here kind of late. I'm first cut, but that's still at least one in the morning.

QUINN

Fine by me. I'll just be driving around looking for blown tail lights. Gotta fill that quota.

KAYLA

(wry)

Thought cops didn't have quotas.

QUINN

No, that's what we tell the public? You think we'd sit around with radar guns all day if we weren't ordered to?

KAYLA

(smiling)

Learn something new everything.

QUINN

So, about that coffee...

KAYLA

Yeah, that'd be great. If you don't mind waiting that late.

QUINN
(standing up)
Got all the time in the world.

KAYLA
Great. Well, swing by around one
then.

QUINN
I'll be here.

With a wave, he heads for the door. We follow him as he pulls
out his cell phone.

QUINN (cont'd)
Quinn here. Put me through to the
Nerve.
(beat)
Yeah. Yes, target will be
neutralized tonight.

Off that ominous message, we:

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14

INT. FITNESS ROOM - ASYLUM - EVENING

14

Faith is doing a split, her upper body bent to the ground, arms stretched out in front of her.

She handstands into a back bend, eyes closed as she warms up.

From the back bend, she smoothly pulls herself upright, popping her neck.

A RINGING grabs her attention and she retrieves her cell phone. Quick peek at the caller I.D. tells us it's 'Heal'

She rolls her eyes and silences the ringer. She walks back over to the punching bag, winds up, and...

NOA (O.S.)

We've got a problem.

Turn around to see Noa at the doorway.

FAITH

(muttering)

Can't a girl get a few minutes of harmless violence?

(to Noa)

What's up?

NOA

Well, Todd got a call from one of his informants.

FAITH

(chuckling)

Todd has informants now?

NOA

More like people he bribes to get demon info we already know so he seems cooler-

FAITH

Searching for the point here, Noa.

NOA

Well, apparently some big witch just got kidnapped.

FAITH

(sarcastic)

A kidnapping in New York? Well that's never happened.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

NOA

Yeah, real funny. The bitch of it is the witness said it was the brunette Slayer and some blonde airhead.

PUSH IN on Faith's face tightening up, the situation's not quite as funny anymore.

15 INT. THE MAYOR'S OFFICE - EVENING

15

We get a lovely shot of the Mayor's Stacey Adams as a redheaded female is FLUNG at them.

PULL UP to the Mayor's face looking down at his new prisoner.

THE MAYOR

Now Faith, did it have to be a redhead?

EVIL FAITH

Figured you'd like the sense of familiarity.

Our redhead looks up at the Mayor from the ground. Apparently Ambrosia and Evil Faith got a little rough with her judging by the lumps and scratches on her face.

The Mayor kneels down to look at her face to face.

THE MAYOR

Richard Wilkins. Former Mayor of Sunnydale. And your name would be?

He holds his hand out for a shake, big doofy grin plastered on his face. Our redhead looks at the hand incredulously. The Mayor loses his smile.

Ambrosia stomps over and YANKS the girl's hair, twisting her head back.

AMBROSIA

The man asked you a question?

REDHEAD

(pained)

You gotta be kidding me. You two bitches hijack me and expect me to be polite.

THE MAYOR

Ma'am, it's always been my experience that a man should always be polite and respectful in the presence of a lady. However, if you refuse to behave like a lady...

(CONTINUED)

He nods to Ambrosia, who immediately grabs the redhead's right hand and SNAPS her thumb, causing her to scream.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)
(grinning)
Indoor voices, please.

The redhead stands, cradling her broken thumb, well and truly terrified right now.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)
Let's try again.
(extends his hand)
Richard Wilkins, Mayor of
Sunnydale.

She's learned her lesson now, tentatively shaking his hand.

REDHEAD
(shaky)
Rose.

THE MAYOR
Ah. Lovely name for a lovely young
wiccan. Now Rose, if you wouldn't
mind, I'm in need of a portal. I
have some friends to pick up that
are... abroad, let's say.

ROSE
A portal.

THE MAYOR
Well, let's start with the Skarsten
dimension and work from there.

ROSE
Skarsten. You can't just open a
portal to Skarsten. The physical
drain is enough to kill you.

THE MAYOR
No, you're mistaken. It'd
potentially kill you. I'd be fine
and dandy.

He gleefully giggles, which just creeps Rose out even more.

ROSE
(defiant)
I'm not opening any portals for you
people.

THE MAYOR
(hurt)
What?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THE MAYOR (cont'd)
(to Ambrosia and EF)
Girls, she won't make my portal.

ROSE
I get paid for this stuff, buddy. I
don't get strong armed.

Ambrosia grabs Rose's broken thumb and gives it a good squeeze. Rose starts to cry out in pain before she catches herself. She does manage whimper though.

AMBROSIA
I can think of nine benefits to you
doing whatever he says. You had
ten, but well...

ROSE
(quivering in pain)
E... even if I could... I don't
have the materials I would need.

Ambrosia releases the thumb. The Mayor gives her a grateful smile.

THE MAYOR
Ambrosia and my Faith here will see
that you get all you need.

ROSE
That's not the point. I'm not
opening any damn portals for you.

She's a brave one. The Mayor manages to hold his grin this time despite Rose's continued resistance.

THE MAYOR
Well that's disappointing.

He nods to Ambrosia, who DECKS Rose with a right hook.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)
Here I was thinking people liked
the ability to walk upright.

Ambrosia takes to kicking Rose in the ribs. The Mayor shakes his head at the senseless violence before looking to Evil Faith, who is just standing there taking it all in.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)
Faith, care to join in the gentle
persuasion?

EVIL FAITH
(hesitating)
Nah, I'm good. Amber seems like
she's got it well in hand.

15 CONTINUED: (3)

15

THE MAYOR

(sighs)

Faith. That wasn't so much a
question as it was a stern request.

Evil Faith gets the message, walking over and landing a hard
right hand across Rose's face.

As the beating continues, we CUT TO:

16 INT. BAR - NIGHT

16

We're in a different bar now. Quinn and Kayla are seated in a
dark booth in the back. They're sitting on the same side and
Quinn has his arm around her.

KAYLA

So yeah, after all that went down,
I came out here.

A server drops off two beers. Quinn nods his thanks.

KAYLA (cont'd)

So what about you, Mr. Jonathan
Quinn? What's your story?

QUINN

(matter of fact)

Came here tracking a serial killer
all the way from California. It's
been sort of my pet project for
years. Fell in love with the city,
so I transferred over permanently.

KAYLA

Wow. You ever catch the killer?

QUINN

(bows his head)

Yep. She won't be hurting anyone
anymore.

KAYLA

(knowingly)

She killed someone you know.

QUINN

My first partner.

KAYLA

I'm sorry.

(beat)

I'm glad you finally nabbed her.
One less monster to worry about. I
have enough nightmares about them
as it is.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN
Nightmares?

KAYLA
Yeah. Can't even remember when they
started, but it's been a couple
years at least.

Quinn waves his hand, indicating her to continue.

KAYLA (cont'd)
No, forget it. This is the nicest
date I've had in a long time. Don't
wanna run you off and have you
thinking I'm some raving
psychopath.

QUINN
Well, sometimes a little crazy is
good. World would be pretty damn
boring if everyone was normal.

KAYLA
What's wrong with normal?

QUINN
It's too subjective.
(takes a sip of beer)
Normal is what you think everyone
else and what you're not.
(beat)
And you're avoiding the subject.

Kayla doesn't look too sure she wants to spill, but she
shrugs her shoulders and takes a sip of her beer for some
courage.

KAYLA
Okay, in my dreams, there are these
girls. And they're like super
strong and stuff. They're always
battling these monsters.

QUINN
(wry)
Monsters like Frankenstein?

Kayla pops him on the shoulder.

KAYLA
I told you!

QUINN
I'm kidding. I'm kidding. Go on,
please.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)
(off her look)
I'm serious. No more jokes.

KAYLA
Okay, well not like Frankenstein or
the Blob or anything like that.
But, well, there are vampires. Some
of them look almost human.
(beat)
But there's this one dream. A bunch
of girls, young looking girls, are
in this cave fighting a bunch of
bat looking vampires and...

She trails off as she looks in Quinn's eyes. He's deeply
engrossed in the story.

KAYLA (cont'd)
Forget it.

Kayla looks down at her beer, thinking she just put her foot
in her mouth.

QUINN
Kayla, I'm going to ask you a
question. Before I do, I want you
to promise me you won't think I'm
weird or anything.

KAYLA
(sly)
Can't promise that.

QUINN
What? You don't trust me? I'm one
of New York's finest.
(beat)
Okay, so maybe that's not a ringing
endorsement for myself, but still.

KAYLA
Jon, we're in New York. Can't trust
anyone.

QUINN
Point taken.
(beat)
Okay, here goes. Have you noticed
in the past few years that you're a
little stronger and faster than
other people?

Kayla's eyes widen.

KAYLA
What do you mean?

QUINN

Just... physically. Do you feel yourself getting more powerful? Not 'I can open a jar without Grip Assist' stronger. More like 'I can left my dresser with one hand' stronger.

KAYLA

How... I mean yes, but...
(looks at him warily)
How do you know about that?

Quinn sighs, knowing now that his apprehension is going to be a little rougher than expected.

QUINN

Kayla, I have a story to tell you now. You might not buy into it at first, so just let me get through the whole thing okay?

Kayla nods, not daring to speak. Quinn takes a deep breath, about to go into the history we all know and love as we CUT TO:

Now Kayla and Quinn are walking out, both of them with their hands in their pockets. It's a lot less intimate than we saw them earlier.

A crack of THUNDER echoes in the night sky. Rain is coming.

They walk down the street without saying a word or even looking at one another.

KAYLA

Been an hour and I still don't know what to say.

QUINN

I know people with experience in all of this. More than me, anyway.

KAYLA

Other... slayers?

QUINN

Yeah. One's an original model in fact. They can answer anymore questions you have better than I can.

ANGLE ON Quinn's left coat pocket, the one away from Kayla. He fumbles around in it, pulling out a small STUN GUN.

KAYLA

Why are you helping me though? I mean... Nice Guy. New York. Words don't even go together.

QUINN

Well, let's just say I know a little surmata something about...

He stops. Kayla has stopped walked and is staring blankly into the distance.

Quinn's grip on that stun gun get a little tighter.

QUINN (cont'd)

Kayla?

The blank glassy stare goes away, replace with a look of pure rage, like something just snapped.

QUINN (cont'd)

Kayla, you with us?

Kayla CHARGES at Quinn, who hip tosses her to the ground. He was expecting this.

Kayla rolls to all fours like a cat and leaps into the air, tackling Quinn to the ground. He drops the stun gun in the exchange.

They roll around for a bit, each trying to gain leverage on the other. Kayla comes out on top, mounted on Quinn's chest and starts wailing on him with punches.

Quinn blocks with his arms and bucks her off of him with his hips, scrambling to his feet. Kayla charges right back in with a flurry of strikes, driving Quinn into a nearby alley as he struggles to defend himself.

Kayla tries for another diving tackle, but Quinn sidesteps and pushes her into a wall. He runs back out to the sidewalk and retrieves his stun gun.

Kayla chases him out and he FIRES. She grabs a skater boy passing by and uses him as a human shield.

The boy convulsing and drops limply to the ground. Kayla, still quite insane at the moment, dashes off.

Quinn cradles the boy in his arm and removes the barb from the stun gun.

He checks the boy's pulse and lets out a sigh as he looks down the street at Kayla's retreating form.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

QUINN (cont'd)

Crap.

A quick look at Kayla running the 100 meter dash takes us out.

FADE TO BLACK.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18

EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

18

Open on torrential downpour of rain.

Another clap of thunder is accompanied by several streaks of LIGHTNING. This lightning is coming a little too frequently though.

PULL DOWN to see The Mayor standing outside with Evil Faith, Ambrosia, and Rose, who is standing in front of the other three, soaked to the bone. The other three have umbrellas.

She seems to be chanting, but the howling wind is draining her out. The lightning crackles around her outstretched arms.

It consolidates into a ball and Rose's nose starts to bleed from the effort she's putting out. A small TEAR in the air in front of her starts to widen.

Suddenly, the light dissipates and Rose drops to her knees, her energy completely drained.

THE MAYOR

Awww fiddlesticks. Thought she had it that time.

ROSE

(gasping)

I. Can't. Do this.

Rose is on all fours now, panting hard. Ambrosia and Evil Faith look pretty frustrated. Apparently this has been going on for awhile.

AMBROSIA

Well, you better.

(points to her pants)

I didn't put on the red just to stand around all night.

ROSE

Look, my name's not Sabrina. I can't just pull things out of nothing. Portals require hot spots, conduits, and a hell of a lot more power than I can provide.

EVIL FAITH

Heard you were biggest baddest wicca in town. Telling me you're not up to snuff.

(CONTINUED)

ROSE

(agitated)

I can't just snap my fingers and make it work!

(beat; holds up her thumb)

I can't even snap my fingers at all right now! This isn't going to work if it's just me in a random place. This needs time and planning and fully functional body parts.

EVIL FAITH

Well, we got none of that. You're all we got and you better do this.

ROSE

Are you listening? I can't.

THE MAYOR

(sighs)

I don't have time for this.

(checks his watch)

I have a meeting to attend. Faith, Ambrosia, do make our guest comfortable as she gathers the strength up.

Ambrosia looks at him like he's (more) crazy. Comfortable?

THE MAYOR (cont'd)

And make sure she's properly motivated to keep trying.

Evil Faith looks at him confused before her face softens as she realizes what he means. Ambrosia, having already gotten the inferred message, just grins and cracks her knuckles.

Rose, still on all fours in front of them, turns around with terror in her eyes. She gets it too.

Quinn races down the hall to Kayla's apartment. He immediately starts pounding on it.

QUINN

Kayla! Kayla, open up it's okay.

(pounds again)

It's okay. I'm not going to hurt you.

A neighbor down the hall opens the door to see what the noise is about.

QUINN (cont'd)
(flashing his badge)
NYPD, sir. Official business.

The neighbor shuts the door. Quinn knocks again.

QUINN (cont'd)
Kayla, open up or I'm coming in.

He takes two steps back and KICKS the door. It doesn't give and he hobbles back, rubbing his leg. Then he sets again and kicks with the other leg, this time popping it open and he enters:

INT. KAYLA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Another clap of THUNDER. Quinn frantically looks around. No sign of her anywhere.

He slips into the bedroom, now with a real GUN drawn and quickly searches the room.

POV FROM CLOSET:

Quinn opens the closet door and turns the light on, not seeing Kayla anywhere. He does notice several empty hangers and shelves.

Clothes and shoes are scattered on the floor. She was in a hurry.

QUINN
Damn.

He runs out of the room and we CUT TO:

INT. QUINN'S CAR - NIGHT

The rain is still coming down hard. Quinn isn't bothering with the rules of the road, jerking the wheel left and right with his left hand.

His right hand is holding a small GPS tracker.

He takes a hard left turn and we pull out of the car to the street, watching the car drive off into the night.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Kayla is sitting on a bench, her hair dripping wet from the rain. A TICKET rests in her lap. She doesn't look quite as feral as we last saw her.

CUT TO Quinn in another part of the station, dodging and ducking the crowd, eyes still on the tracker.

(CONTINUED)

He comes to the bench area and looks around until he finds Kayla.

Kayla sees him at the same time and stands up to run. Quinn opens his jacket as he briskly moves toward her, revealing his gun in a holster.

He shakes his head no. She slowly sits back down, now looking scared.

Quinn comes to a stop in front of her.

QUINN

You cool now?

KAYLA

I don't think I ever am.

(beat; defeated)

Just go ahead and arrest me.

Probably be safer if I were locked up in prison or an insane asylum someplace.

QUINN

Trust me, those places aren't as safe for the inmates as the public thinks they are.

(off her look)

I've been around.

Kayla runs her hands through her wet hair, no clue what to do anymore.

QUINN (cont'd)

Do you remember anything?

KAYLA

Yeah. Yeah, I remember everything. I remember flipping out and attacking the first nice guy I've met in forever. And a friggin' cop at that.

(beat)

Each time it happens, I feel like I'm not myself. Like I'm a backseat driver in my own head. I want to stop, but I can't. Then a few hours later, I'm normal again.

QUINN

(wry)

What did I say earlier about normal?

Kayla looks up at him from her seat, not really believing how blasé he's being right now.

(CONTINUED)

KAYLA

I just kicked your ass and you're cracking jokes?

QUINN

First off, you did no such thing. You barely got a lick on me.

KAYLA

You have a black one.

QUINN

Lucky shot. Second, it's not you. When it happens.

KAYLA

How do you know so much about me?

QUINN

(sighs)

I didn't know it until recently, but I've been studying you for a long time.

Kayla bows her head.

KAYLA

I just don't understand.

Quinn looks around. Too many people to get into it here.

QUINN

Come on. Let's go somewhere private. There's more to the story.

KAYLA

I'm good right here. In public. Where you can't shoot me.

QUINN

I'm not going to...

(sighs)

Okay, we'll talk here.

He sits down next to her and pulls out a folded piece of paper from his inside pocket.

QUINN (cont'd)

Not sure where to start, so I'll just jump right in. Your name isn't really Kayla. It's Rebecca.

KAYLA

That my birth name or something?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (3)

22

QUINN

No, I. Okay let's try this again.

PUSH IN on Kayla's face before a bright FLASH takes us to:

23 INT. INITIATIVE LAB - FLASHBACK

23

The thump of a HEARTBEAT signals the transition for each shot in this:

MONTAGE (no sound)

- Kayla is strapped to a gurney, a ball gag in her mouth. Her body is convulsing and her eyes are rolling in the back of her head. PULL AWAY to see a shock collar around her forehead

- Kayla is sitting in the corner of a crowded room, shaking in fear. ANGLE ON a speaker. BACK TO Kayla, who snaps as she did earlier with Quinn, pounding on the walls of the room and tearing her hair out.

- Kayla is strapped upright in a chair. A pair of small CLAMPS hold her eyes open to watch a horrifying video of death and mayhem.

- Kayla is standing in front of a practice dummy with a stake in her hand. She looks a little unsure of herself. ANGLE ON a speaker. BACK TO Kayla, tackling the dummy and stabbing it repeatedly in the heart with the stake.

- Kayla is in the middle of a five on one melee, her being the one. You wouldn't be able to tell by the way she's handing them all their asses.

- Kayla is wrestling with a police officer, trying to free a gun from his grasp. She succeeds and aims it at him. It's Baines. She fires two times. Adam Myles enters the room just as she makes her escape.

- Kayla is repeatedly stabbing a woman through the heart with a stake.

- Quick shot of a speaker.

- Quick shot of Kayla in the gurney again.

- Now in the chair with the video again.

- Shooting Baines again.

- A flash of white light.

END MONTAGE

CLOSE UP on Kayla, her eyes brimming with tears as she takes it all in.

(CONTINUED)

PULL BACK just far enough to get Quinn in frame, his head down. This isn't a happy story.

QUINN

After they, the Initiative, put the trigger in you, they used you for freelance assassination jobs.

KAYLA

(soft)

Oh, my God...

A single tear falls down her cheek.

QUINN

From what I read, you weren't supposed to have any recollection of what you were doing. Makes you a more efficient killer if you're acting on instinct instead of thinking.

Kayla covers her face with her hands, choking back sobs. Quinn goes to pat her head, but thinks better of it.

QUINN (cont'd)

When you started to remember what you were doing, they tried to... rehabilitate you. It didn't work.

Kayla wipes her face dry and looks at him. Quinn is looking straight ahead now. He can't look at her eyes.

QUINN (cont'd)

Your trigger ended up being activated permanently. You killed five Initiative soldiers and escaped to Los Angeles. Apparently you were called as a Slayer shortly after that.

(beat)

You started killing at random. Completely out of control. We crossed paths in Los Angeles. I've been following you ever since, with the Initiative's help.

Kayla jaw drops as realization hits. The bush he's been beating around.

KAYLA

Your serial killer. That's me, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN
(solemn)
Yeah.

KAYLA
Oh, God.
(beat)
Wait, how did I de-trigger, or
whatever?

QUINN
That I don't know. I just know the
Initiative got you mixed up with
other people and sent me on a
couple of wrong leads. Finally, a
source pointed me in your
direction.

KAYLA
All those dreams about monsters.
Maybe it's some Freud thing and
those girls were fighting me.

QUINN
You're not a monster. The monsters
are the ones that did this to you.
Like whatever created the first
slayer. A bunch of men too cowardly
to do the fighting themselves.

Quinn finally looks at Kayla in the eyes, also grabbing her
by the shoulders.

QUINN (cont'd)
But Kayla, listen to me. You're not
a monster. I can help you, if
you'll let me.

KAYLA
(openly crying now)
How can you say I'm not a killer?
I've killed...
(beat)
Oh God, I even killed your partner
didn't I?

Another bow of Quinn's head gives her that answer.

KAYLA (cont'd)
I don't remember that one. I don't
remember any of them. I remember
snapping on this foreign guy in a
club once and some girl at a
European flick. I remember
attacking you. I don't get this.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KAYLA (cont'd)

(beat)

What's my trigger?

QUINN

Can't say the word or you'll go She Ra on me, but it's the Finnish word for Slayer. Most of the scientists are European, so they came up with it.

Kayla bolts from her chair, trying to get the hell away from Quinn.

KAYLA

I can't deal with this.

Quinn is quick to follow her.

QUINN

Kayla, wait!

Kayla doesn't slow down. She runs out of the station to:

Kayla runs at a full sprint down the street. Quinn is out of the door a split second after her, taking a second to get her in his line of sight before pursuing her.

QUINN

Kayla, please. My friends and I can help you!

KAYLA

Stay away from me.

She stupidly ducks into an alley. Quinn follows her. Kayla runs into a fence and tries to scale it, but Quinn gets to her in time and yanks her off.

They're both soaked from the thunderstorm now and the ensuing conversation is all yelling.

QUINN

Kayla, I want to help you.

KAYLA

It's not Kayla. It's Rebecca, remember?

QUINN

No, it's Kayla. Kayla's the girl I met earlier today. Kayla's the girl I had a beer with two hours ago. And Kayla's the girl I'm going to help.

KAYLA

Kayla doesn't exist.

QUINN

My name isn't Jon.

A beat as Kayla takes that in.

KAYLA

What?!?

QUINN

Jon Quinn isn't my real name. It's Adam Myles. The Initiative changed me too.

He waves his hand in front of his face.

QUINN (cont'd)

All of this? Not me at all. I had an accident and they changed me. Changed everything about me. As far as I'm concerned, Adam Myles died a long time ago. I'm Jon Quinn now. And you're Kayla Fait.

He takes a tentative step towards her. She's not backing away.

QUINN (cont'd)

You're no monster. You're no killer. You're a scared girl with a problem and there are people that can help you with it.

KAYLA

You're wrong!

Kayla charges Quinn and drives him into the fence, choking him. Quinn struggles to free himself, but that Slayer strength is holding him in place.

KAYLA (cont'd)

I'm a killer, Adam. I've killed before and I'll do it again.

Quinn's face is turning blue.

KAYLA (cont'd)

Still think I can be saved? Still want to help me?

Quinn manages to kick her off. He quickly draws his gun and points it at her, cocking the chamber. Kayla freezes. They're about fifteen feet apart now.

(CONTINUED)

KAYLA (cont'd)
Go ahead. Do it. This is what you
wanted isn't it? To kill the
monster that killed your partner.
(beat)
Far as I'm concerned, I died a long
time ago.

Quinn's hand is shaking. He doesn't want to do this.

QUINN
I don't want to do this.

KAYLA
I'm your killer. I'm the one you've
been after for years.
(beat)
I'm too much of a threat. You can't
arrest me. I'll just kill more
people and escape.
(beat; starts crying)
Jon, please. This is what needs to
happen.

QUINN
(lowering the gun)
You're not a threat.

KAYLA
(icily)
You sure about that?

She charges at him again. Quinn raises the gun, now holding
it with both hands.

QUINN
Kayla, stop!

He still can't shoot. She tackles him and they roll around on
the ground again. This time Kayla snakes to his back,
wrapping her legs around his waist and choking him from
behind.

Quinn throws his back into the fence, getting enough slack to
free himself.

He twists around and BODY SLAMS her to the ground.

QUINN (cont'd)
Kayla!

Kayla gets to all four and he viciously PISTOL WHIPS her
across the face.

QUINN (cont'd)
Stay down! You can beat this!

(CONTINUED)

Kayla, now with a mouthful of blood, uses the fence to get to her feet. Quinn takes a few steps back and narrows his eyes. It has to be done.

QUINN (cont'd)

Surmata.

Kayla's head snaps up, eyes completely glazed over. Triggered.

Quinn raises his gun again and this time he doesn't pause. We **BLACK OUT** as two GUNSHOTS reverberate in the alley.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25 INT. UNKNOWN OFFICE - NIGHT

25

CLOSE UP on a desk. Several PHOTOGRAPHS are unceremoniously dropped on it. PUSH IN on the photographs. They're of Kayla, laid out in the alley, a pool of blood all around her being washed away by the rain.

PAN UP to show a man in military fatigues sitting at the desk.

We turn around to see Quinn standing in front of him, still soaked but not dripping anymore. He looks beat. It's been a long night.

QUINN

(bitter)

Agent Jonathan Quinn reporting for debriefing, sir.

Our officer leans back in his chair.

QUINN (cont'd)

Target has been neutralized. She won't be hurting anyone anymore.

OFFICER

Have a seat, Agent Quinn.

QUINN

I'm good where I am.

OFFICER

That's an order, not a request. Sit down.

Quinn takes his seat, still mightily pissed off at what he's had to do tonight.

QUINN

That's the last order I'm taking from you people.

OFFICER

Jon -

QUINN

No, you shut up and you listen!

(beat)

I'm through. I'm out. I've spent the last year hiding from you people. You shot me. Probably drove Landers insane and stuck him in the asylum. I want my damn life back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)

(beat)

You turned that girl into a killer.
You let an experiment get away from
you, not the first time from what I
heard, and you sent me on wild
goose chases for four long years.
I've killed for you people.

He picks up one of the pictures of Kayla and flings it in the
officer's face.

QUINN (cont'd)

Innocent people are dead because of
all this. I'm done killing people
you tell me are monsters. I'm done
with everything.

The officer slumps forward in the chair and sighs.

OFFICER

Well, alright then.

He reaches into a desk and pulls out a single slip of paper.

OFFICER (cont'd)

Sign there at the bottom and date
it.

QUINN

What?

OFFICER

This is your official release.
Faxed over from the main office.
Your signature makes you a free
man.

Quinn looks at the contract on top of the photos of Kayla's
body. A truly broken man now.

QUINN

Give me a damn pen.

The officer slides him a pen and Quinn signs his release,
emphatically dotting the 'I' in his last name.

The officer picks it up and looks at it.

OFFICER

You signed under 'Jonathan Quinn.'

QUINN

That's my name now. That's who I've
been for four years. Adam Myles
doesn't exist anymore.

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

Very well. I'll call base and make sure they don't remove your identity if that's what you want.

QUINN

It is.

OFFICER

Okay then. We're done here. You're dismissed Agent...

(smiles)

I mean, Mr. Quinn.

QUINN

I hope you all rot in hell.

He stands up and leaves the office, slamming the door to accent his point.

The officer calmly puts the contract back in the desk.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

The rain continues. The streaks of LIGHTNING tell us where we are.

PULL DOWN to Rose once again trying to open that portal. Her nose is almost gushing blood now and her face is significantly more beat up than earlier.

PAN UP to her hands cracking with magic. Note the previously broken thumb or rather the space where it used to be.

A large bandage covers the place where the thumb was cut off.

PAN DOWN to Rose, her face contorting in a mix of pain and concentration.

ANGLE ON Ambrosia and Evil Faith watching her from a safe distance.

EVIL FAITH

Did you have to cut it off?

AMBROSIA

God, what is with you today?

EVIL FAITH

I just want this done. All of this. I'm tired.

AMBROSIA

Take your whiny ass to bed, then!

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH

No, you don't get it. I'm not
sleepy tired. I'm just... tired.

AMBROSIA

Whatever.

(beat)

And she wouldn't stop bitching
about not being able to snap her
fingers anymore. She's still got
the other one. I don't see the big
fuss.

BACK TO Rose. Her arms are over her head and sparkling. A
small TEAR opens in the air over her. She starts to smile.
She's doing it. Slowly, she lowers her arms to her side and
the tear widens into a full blown PORTAL.

CUT TO Evil Faith and Ambrosia smiling at the success.

CLOSE UP on Rose's face, also smiling. Suddenly she spews a
mouthful of blood and doubles over.

In the air, the portal snaps shut. Rose falls face first into
the mud, spent once again.

EVIL FAITH

Damn it!

Ambrosia stomps over and yanks Rose to her feet by her hair.

Rose is pale as a ghost now and blood is just oozing from her
face, nose, and now her ears. This is killing her.

AMBROSIA

You are completely useless, you
know.

ROSE

(pleading)

Please. I'm sorry.

(beat; gasps)

I'll try again. I'll try as many
times as you want me to. Just
please... don't hurt me again.

Rose is crying now. Her shoulders heave up and down as she
sobs.

Ambrosia looks at her with fake sympathy. Evil Faith has
joined her now.

(CONTINUED)

AMBROSIA

Aww, but honey. Bossy won't be happy you haven't finished when he gets back. What am I supposed to say, huh?

Rose's sobs get louder. Her feet are wobbly. Ambrosia's pretty much holding her up now.

ROSE

Please. Please, God.

EVIL FAITH

(low)

Shut up.

ROSE

I'll do anything you want. Just don't kill me.

EVIL FAITH

(low)

Stop it.

ROSE

Please!

EVIL FAITH

(erupts)

I said shut up!

Evil Faith pulls out a jagged knife and STABS Rose in the throat. Ambrosia immediately drops her.

Rose gurgles as the blood simultaneously spills out of her neck and fills her lungs and mouth. She spasms on the ground, the life literally draining out of her.

She coughs, the blood in her mouth splattering all over her face.

Ambrosia looks down at the gruesome scene... and starts to cackle.

AMBROSIA

So... still feeling tired?

One last cough from Rose signals her end. She lies still.

PUSH IN on Evil Faith as Ambrosia continues to laugh gleefully. PAN DOWN to the murder weapon, the blood being washed off the blade by the rain.

27 INT. QUINN'S CAR - NIGHT

27

Quinn drives with his left hand and dials a number into his phone with his right. He puts the phone to his ear and waits.

QUINN

Pryor? Quinn.

(beat)

Yeah, something's wrong. I'm pulling into the Asylum lot now. Where's your car?

(beat)

Okay, meet me there now.

(beat)

No, please don't tell Noa. I... you need to hear this first before we get to her. In private.

(beat)

Okay, bye.

He hangs up and we CUT TO:

28 INT. PARKING GARAGE - ASYLUM - MOMENTS LATER

28

Pryor waits at his car, looking quite concerned. Quinn's car parks beside him. The man himself gets out, the same broken expression on his face.

He looks up at Pryor, who gets a good look at the shiner he's sporting from the brawl earlier.

He walks to the back of his car, leans against the trunk, and bows his head.

There's no BGM for this scene whatsoever. The dim lights of the parking garage barely illuminate the two men and a fog (from the storm) fills the area.

PRYOR

Quinn.

(beat)

Jon. What happened to you tonight?

QUINN

The killer.

(looks up)

The serial killer I've been after all this time. The one I mistook Faith for.

(beat)

I found her today.

Pryor doesn't need to say anything. He's figuring out where this is going.

Quinn pull his gun and lets it dangle in his hand.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)
There was a fight.

PRYOR
You shot her. I'm assuming there
was no other way.

QUINN
(shakes his head)
There was no other way.
(beat)
She was on the edge and dangerous.
I couldn't let her kill anyone
else.

Pryor walks around to stand in front of Jon.

PRYOR
I see. Why did you call me out
here?

QUINN
All we've been through, all of us.
You've been the only one who
didn't... judge, I guess.

PRYOR
Oh I made judgments, Jon. I just
don't have the hormonal imbalance
to couple it with physical
violence.
(beat)
Plus, I'm fairly certain you'd mop
the floor with my ass pretty
easily.

This gets a bitter laugh out of Quinn.

QUINN
I don't know. Noa tells me you're
pretty scrappy.

PRYOR
(chuckling)
I can be in a pinch. Just not my
usual method.

QUINN
(nodding)
Yeah.
(beat)
There's another reason I asked you.

He lifts the trunk, revealing Kayla! She's tied up at the
wrists and ankles. There's a large BLOOD STAIN in her
stomach.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Oh my.

QUINN

I stopped the bleeding and got the bullet out. She's not in any real danger.

(beat)

Relatively speaking.

PRYOR

I thought you'd killed her?

QUINN

I had to put her down, but when it came down to it, I knew I couldn't kill her.

(beat)

I'm done killing.

PRYOR

Still, she might have suffered a few injuries.

QUINN

You don't know the half of it.

PRYOR

Come again?

QUINN

Do you know anything about psychological triggers?

PRYOR

Yes. Back when the Circle was funding my research, I read studies of other labs working on implants.

(beat)

Are you saying this girl has a trigger in her mind?

QUINN

(nodding)

That's why she kills. She was programmed to.

Pryor looks at Quinn, then down at the girl. He's putting the pieces together.

PRYOR

The Initiative.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Yep. They created her, she got loose, then they recruited me to clean up their mess.

PRYOR

How long have you known about this?

QUINN

Since Faith and I took those files from the Initiative. After I got shot and went in hiding, I spent most of my time cross checking their data with the intel I'd gotten since I came here. Finally tracked her down.

PRYOR

Why is she here, Pryor?

QUINN

This isn't a serial killer. This is a sick sick little girl. She needs our help.

(beat)

She needs your help.

Pryor looks down at Kayla's form. We PUSH IN on her and:

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW