

Creed
"God's Work"

by
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FADE IN.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

A cute, precocious LITTLE GIRL sits at a breakfast table, pouring a healthy portion of cereal into a large bowl.

LITTLE GIRL

(cheery)

When my Mommy wants me to wake up
for school, she feeds me...

The voice trails off as the shot PULLS AWAY. A deep male voice, the NARRATOR takes over the scene.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

At just six years of age, she
captured the hearts of America.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PHOTO STUDIO - NEXT

Our little girl, now aged several years, is standing in front of a blue sky background, looking over her shoulder at the camera with her lips puckered.

A PHOTOGRAPHER takes a photo of her. We're in the middle of a shoot.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Before she was old enough to even
get a learner's permit to drive,
her net worth was calculated to be
over ten million dollars.

FLASH CUT TO:

BLACK

A photo fades into view. A mug shot of our girl, now well into her teenage years and looking like microwaved shit.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Then, the pitfalls of life in the
Hollywood limelight caught up with
her.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PURCELL HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP on an attractive, older woman, DEBRA PURCELL sitting in a wicker chair. She's the kind of woman that looks 30, but is actually pushing 50.

DEBRA
 Rox was...easily influenced and...
 (chokes up, lip trembles)
 ...she just let the wrong people
 get in her ear.

She buries her face in her hands and sobs.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PRODUCTION STUDIO - INTERVIEW SET - DAY

A swarmy looking man in a suit straight out of the 1980s sits in front of a black screen. This is NATHANIEL STONE.

NATHANIEL
 I truly truly loved Roxy. It's all
 the media refused to admit she was
 the one with the problem...
 (pats his chest, whining)
 ...so I'm made out to be the bad
 guy!

BLACK

A small photo of a now adult Rox "ROX" PURCELL is slowly ZOOMED IN on.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Sex. Lies. Drugs. The ugly
 underbelly of the Hollywood
 lifestyle.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - PAWN SHOP - NIGHT

The program is being played on a small high def set in the display window.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 This is the E! True Hollywood
 Story: Rox Purcell.

PULL BACK to show a couple of male TEENAGERS watching through the caged reinforced display window. The street they're on looks like it's seen better days...many years ago.

TEENAGER 1

(in awe)

Dude, I had the biggest hard on for her when I was a kid.

TEENAGER 2

Aww, man, you too? I ain't even gonna lie. I used to beat it to that porn she did.

We slowly PAN ACROSS the street from these kids...

TEENAGER 1 (O.S.)

Geez, I didn't wanna know all that.

...and start to slowly PUSH IN on:

EXT. DOWNTOWN ATLANTA - ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Deep into the alley, we see a woman being held up against a wall, her legs straddled around the naked waist of a much larger man. Her arms are wrapped around his head, holding on for dear life.

Both of them are grunting and panting as the guy humps up and down. The woman's grunts sound more like she's in pain.

CUT TO a shot looking directly at the woman, her eyes shut tight and her teeth clenched in apparent pain as the man repeatedly drives into her like a jackhammer.

It's the same woman from the program across the street, Rox "ROX" PURCELL in the flesh.

She raggedly GASPS on each of the man's thrusts. Her face is pale white and drawn, a woman who hasn't seen a good night's sleep in ages.

He, by contrast, is moaning in ecstasy.

MAN

(Southern drawl)

Oh yeah, oh yeah, baby, just...

His thrusts gets slower, yet decidedly harder.

MAN

(gasping)

Here...

(thrusts hard)

...it...

(another thrust)

...comes!

He pushes into her one final time, throws his head back, and savagely HOWLS as he finishes. Rox's body shivers as the man leans all his weight on her, completely spent.

MAN
Oh...oh man.
(exhales)
Oh fuck.

He unceremoniously DROPS her to the ground and backs out of frame. Off screen, the sound of a ZIPPER lets us know he's done.

Rox keeps her head down as she catches her breath.

MAN (O.S.)
Thanks, baby.

A small plastic BAG drops in front of her.

MAN
Always wanted to fuck me one of dem
Hollywood bitches.

Rox picks up the bag. In it is a small vial of clear liquid. She looks up at the man in disbelief.

ROX
(shaky voice)
This is it?
(sniffles and wipes her
nose)
I thought you said you had more?

PULL BACK to get the man in frame now. The shot looks over his shoulder down at her, making her look diminutive compared to him.

He pulls out a pack of cigarettes and sticks one into his mouth.

MAN
Yeah, I do.

He pulls out a Zippo and lights the smoke.

MAN
(muffled by the cigarette)
Just didn't say how much I was
gonna to give ya.

He blows out a couple of smoke rings.

MAN

Might wanna think 'bout that next
time before you spread dem legs.

He laughs triumphantly and strides out of the alley.

Rox quickly picks up a purse on the ground next to her and pulls out a SYRINGE and a small STRAP. She puts the back end of the needle into her mouth and pulls the vial out of the bag.

She tries to push the vial onto the tip of the needle, but her hands are shaking and the needle slips out of her mouth onto the muddy, filthy ground.

ROX

(frustrated)

Fuck.

She quickly picks the syringe up and wipes it off on her shirt, then sticks the needle into the vial and extracts the contents.

When the syringe is full, she tosses the vial away, ties the strap around her left arm, and injects the needle directly into an exposed vein.

She sighs and leans back, her eyes rolling up to the back of her head, letting the drugs take her to that special place.

Rox POV

The wall opposite us starts to BLUR until everything goes BLACK.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey.

A SMACKING sound.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hey! Wake the fuck up!

The scene BLURS back into view. A sneering man in his mid 30s leers into the camera.

NORMAL SHOT

Rox blinks as she comes to.

ROX

Sh...Shane?

SHANE BUCKNER, a skeezy man dressed straight out of the Disco era, backs away from her and stands straight up. It's then that the two much much larger men standing behind him come into focus.

SHANE

Oh, now you remember my name? I ain't heard from your ass in three days.

He nods his head towards the one on his left.

SHANE

Rocky says you ain't taking care of business lately.

He picks up the syringe and waves it angrily.

SHANE

(voice steadily raising)
At least not for my wallet's benefit, but for this shit!

He flings the syringe away. Rox, still on her butt, starts to scoot away from him and his two goons.

SHANE

You were supposed to be my meal ticket, Miss Hollywood Has Been Ho. But you ain't been nothing but a waste of my fuckin' time.

He pulls out a small SWITCHBLADE and starts to advance on her.

A terrified Rox continues to scoot backwards. Shane slowly moves in on her, in no particular rush since he knows he has her trapped.

CUT TO the top of a fire escape overlooking the alley.

Veiled in the shadows is a masked man dressed in all BLACK. He seems to be wearing the full length garb of a priest, completely with the white collar. This is THE PREACHER.

CLOSE UP on a small cross hanging from a bracelet on his wrist.

SHANE AND ROX:

ROX
(pleading)
Shane. Shane, please don't! I'll do
whatever you want.

SHANE
Same old story. Same old bullshit
story. I'm done with it, ya feel
me? Ready to cut my losses.

The shot arcs around so it's looking over Rox's shoulder up at Shane and his two thugs. Behind them, the Preacher silently lands on the ground.

ON the left thug as his shoulder is tapped from behind. He turns around, confused.

And stares right down the barrel of a gun with a CROSS at the end of the barrel.

LEFT THUG
Oh fu-

BANG!

The Preacher shoots him right between the eyes, point blank!

Shane and the right thug spin to face their attacker. The right thug pulls out a gun of his own. The Preacher swings his arm around the thug's forearm and hooks it under his own.

Shane lunges at him with the knife only to have it kicked away. Before he can process that, he's smacked in the jaw with the cross gun.

The right thug punches The Preacher square in the face. His head rocks back, then lunges forward, headbutting the thug in the nose as he releases his arm.

The thug staggers back and levels his gun at the assailant again. He FIRES, but The Preacher neatly sidesteps, driving the barrel of his gun right underneath the thug's chin.

ANGLE ON the legs of the two men.

BANG!

The thug's legs quiver and buckle as he lifelessly falls to the ground.

Shane groans as he gets to his feet. The Preacher turns to him just as Shane tackles him into the wall.

The Preacher forces his arms into the inside of Shane's, gaining the leverage to lift him up and spin around so Shane's back is against the wall.

He rears back and cracks Shane on the bridge of the nose with a vicious ELBOW.

He follows up with a knee to Shane's ribs. Shane drops to his knees, gasping for air. The Preacher grabs him by his hair and drives one final knee into Shane's face, knocking him out.

He turns to Rox, who hasn't budged an itch, petrified with fear. He speaks with a deep, yet oddly gentle and soothing tone.

PREACHER

You okay?

ROX

(shocked)

Yeah...I...oh my God. You're real?

PREACHER

(nods)

Be with you in just a moment.

He turns to one of the thugs he just killed. He pulls the cross bracelet off his wrist, and crosses himself as he starts to recite:

PREACHER

The Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want.

Rox crawls to her bag and packs up her meager belongings.

PREACHER (O.S.)

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

Rox gets to her feet and starts to briskly walk towards the opposite end of the alley. We stay with her.

PREACHER (O.S.)

He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of-

(screams)

AHHH!

Rox turns around and the camera does an ARC AROUND to her back to show The Preacher convulsing as a crouched Shane pumps a TASER into the base of his spine.

Shane pulls away and The Preacher slumps to the ground. Shane gets to his feet and spits a mouthful of blood on The Preacher.

SHANE
(walking away)
Well, ain't this my lucky-

Shane runs back over and kicks the Preacher right in the face as he's getting up.

SHANE
-fucking day! First, I find my
stray bitch and now-

He bends down and picks up his knife. PUSH IN on him as he turns and walks back towards The Preacher.

SHANE
(walks towards The
Preacher)
-I'm gonna be known as the guy who
iced the legendary-

He stops, turns, and quickly raises his arm to block Rox's swing of an empty beer bottle.

SHANE
(incredulous)
The fuck?!?

He quickly back slaps her in the face, knocking her to the ground.

SHANE
(exasperated)
The fuck is with this hero complex
shit tonight? You know what fucking
happens to heroes in this city,
Roxy?

He advances on her as she turns to her back. She rears her leg back and kicks him right in the groin!

He yelps and doubles over, giving her time to retrieve the beer bottle and smack him in the jaw with it.

Adrenaline pumping now, she mounts him and starts pounding his face with the bottle, which is showing a stubborn refusal to actually break.

ROX

You-
 (smacks him)
 -sick
 (another strike)
 -mother-
 (and another)
 -fucker!

One final blow finally breaks the bottle. She falls off of him and crawls over to her would be rescuer, gasping as the rush of energy leaves her.

ROX

(out of breath)
 My turn to ask. You okay?

She turns The Preacher over to his back. He's breathing heavily.

ROX

Can you move? Can you walk?

PREACHER

(woozy)
 No.
 (lightly shakes his head)
 I can't. I...I can't walk.

Rox contemplates her next move.

ROX

Well, just lean on me then.

CUT TO a few moments later.

Rox has The Preacher up with his arm slung around her neck and shoulders. She's dragging him out of the alley, his limp legs dragging along the ground.

ROX

(through gritted teeth)
 This would be a whole lot easier
 you tried to move your legs a bit.

PREACHER

(woozy)
 I...told you. Can't...can't walk.

They're about at the other end of the alley when a van screeches to a stop right in front of them.

Two people jump out, all wearing similar priest outfits to The Preacher.

ROX

Wha...?

They grab both Rox and The Preacher, forcibly pulling them into the ambulance.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

In the driver's area is a very very LARGE WOMAN (we can tell the gender by the large breasts), also masked and dressed in priest garbs.

LARGE WOMAN

(Southern twang of an
accent)

He alright?

Rox, who is wrapped up in the arms of one of the masked figures, stares at The Preacher, who is groaning and shaking his head, trying to clear the cobwebs.

A hand reaches to her neck with a small needle gun and injects a fluid into her neck.

BLACK OUT.

FADE IN.

EXT. MELKITE CATHOLIC CHURCH - FRONT ENTRANCE

An establishing shot of the very modest looking two story church. A piano starts playing 'We've Come This Far By Faith'

INT. MELKITE CATHOLIC CHURCH - MAIN CATHEDRAL - NEXT

TANYA ANDERSON, an athletic young woman wearing jeans and a plain white shirt covered by a long black duster, strides into the main hall.

Lines of pews lead up to a grandiose altar with a huge statue of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

Under the statue behind the pulpit is the choir stand where a DIRECTOR is leading a group of children through the song.

Tanya slips into one of the two wooden BOOTHS to the left of the altar.

INT. MELKITE CATHOLIC CHURCH - CONFESSION BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

Tanya's features are barely distinguishable in the darkness.

A small compartment at head level slides open, revealing the profile of an East Indian man roughly her age.

TANYA
 Forgive me, Father-
 (crosses herself)
 -for I have sinned.

CUT TO the other booth. The young man isn't wearing anything to suggest he's a man of the cloth. His hair is also spiked and slick with gel. This is LOKESH SINGH.

LOKESH
 (soothing)
 How long has it been since your
 last reconciliation, my child?

Back to Tanya's booth.

TANYA
 (thinks)
 I...don't think I've ever had one.

LOKESH
 (nods)
 I see. What sins have you
 committed?

TANYA
 (takes a deep breath;
 solemn)
 Well...
 (beat; deadpan)
 I shot a bunch of motherfuckers
 last night, but they had it coming.

CUT TO a close up shot of her hand as she reaches under her seat and flicks a small SWITCH she finds there.

ON Lokesh's hand as he does the same thing. The wall behind him slides away.

CUT TO Tanya's booth as her wall also slides away to:

INT. MELKITE CATHOLIC CHURCH - BASEMENT STAIRWELL - NEXT

Both of them turn and walk through the hidden openings. The walls close behind them. They begin walking down the long flight of stairs, their steps echoing off the walls.

LOKESH

(wry)
I bet they did.

TANYA

Seriously, few guys robbed the mart
around the corner. Shot the poor
clerk too.

LOKESH

So it's not like the guy who
grabbed your ass at the club the
other night?

TANYA

(nods; rolls her eyes)
Still dunno why he was in a dyke
dive in the first place.

They reach the bottom of the stairs and start down a long
hallway.

LOKESH

We like a challenge.

TANYA

That why you go for the little
boys?

LOKESH

Fuck. You. Really need to quit
saying that shit or people are
going to start believing you.

TANYA

(shrugs)
Truth hurts, Perv.

LOKESH

(agitated)
And stop fucking calling me that!

The hall dead ends at a steel door with a handprint panel on
either side. Tanya puts her hand on the nearest one and a
green beams scans it.

TANYA

(rolls her eyes)
Would you quit whining? God, you
are such a little-

COMPUTERIZED FEMALE VOICE
(from the handprint panel)
Voice identification please.

Tanya bends down to the panel.

TANYA
-cocksucker.

COMPUTERIZED FEMALE VOICE
Identification confirmed. Anderson,
Tanya.

Lokesh shoots her a withering look. He's obviously been through this more than once and isn't amused.

The door slides open to reveal:

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - MAIN LOBBY - NEXT

We're in a hollowed out cave that's been converted into what looks like a gigantic science lab. There's a small handful of people milling about.

Welcome to the base of PROJECT HAVEN.

Tanya and Lokesh continue walking. The two of them approach a set of generators where SALOME ARTHUR, a white female teenager, is recording the gauge readings on a clipboard.

Tanya pops her ponytail as they pass by her.

TANYA
Hey, Brat.

Salome looks up at Tanya, who doesn't bother looking back, and shoots her a bird.

Stay on Salome as she finishes her work and heads down a long corridor that leads into:

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A high angle shot looking into the room shows several large monitors each showing different news reports.

Pan down and push in on a skinny, pale redheaded man in his late 20s, SAGE MCDONALD, expertly operating a very large control panel without looking at the keys.

Salome walks up to him and drops the clipboard on the counter next to him.

SAGE
Everything good?

SALOME
("bored")
Yep, just like the last fifteen
hundred times I checked.

She plops down into a chair next to him.

SAGE
(nods)
Good.

SALOME
And remind me why I have to check
them every six hours?

SAGE
The key to operating any system is
consistency.
(beat)
Plus you need to do something other
than rigorously practicing the fine
art of sitting on your ass.
(briefly sizes her up)
An art you seem to be perfecting.

SALOME
(wry)
You been checking me out?

SAGE
(scoffs; back to his
monitors)
I look like 'Kesh to you?

Salome smiles and looks up at the screens.

SALOME
(squints)
Why is that news report dated
from...last week?

SAGE
Because it is. I'm going through
all the reports to make sure we
don't miss anything.

SALOME
You watch the news from everyday?
(beat)
On every channel?

SAGE
 (proudly)
 Yep.

SALOME
 So why are you on last week?

SAGE
 Lot of fucking news airs in a day,
 youngling. Takes about 8 hours to
 watch a whole day.

SALOME
 (thinks)
 So...wouldn't that mean you'll
 eventually get so far that staying
 up to date would be impossible?

Sage frowns. That actually makes sense.

SAGE
 You can leave now.

SALOME
 (scoffs)
 Whatever. Later.

She gets up and walks back out to:

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The door slides shut behind Salome. She plucks a cigarette
 from its resting place behind her ear and lights it up.

She gets precisely one hit off it before a familiar shaped
 LARGE WOMAN rolls by on a small cart and snatches it out of
 her hand. This is REBEKAH "BEKAH" GRIMSLY.

Stay with her as she continues to roll down the hall, leaving
 an upset Salome standing there with her arms crossed.

SALOME
 Hey! That's mine!

BEKAH
 (in a Southern accent)
 You can have it back when you're
 old enough to vote.

Bekah takes a hit off the cigarette as she turns her cart
 into:

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is larger than most normal sized apartments and filled with hanging racks of every utensil one could think of. It looks like the kitchen of a large upscale bistro.

At the opposite end of the kitchen stands PRIEST BAINES, a young black man with his chin length dread locks tied back with a rubber band.

He cracks an egg and drops the contents into a skillet heating over an open flame on one of the many stoves.

CUT TO a shot looking directly at him with Bekah rolling towards him in the background. He looks down to his side and smiles.

His voice is high pitched and slightly slurred, like a child with a learning disability.

PRIEST
Good morning, Bekah.

He goes back to his cooking, pausing briefly to sniff the air. He absentmindedly pointing to a sign in front of him that reads 'No smoking in the kitchen please.'

PRIEST
You can put that out now.

Bekah puts the amber out by digging it into the folds of the skin on her forearm. She flicks the dead butt away.

Priest turns to face her, holding the skillet, and uses a slick hand motion to flip his omelette over. He never loses his eye contact with Bekah the whole time.

BEKAH
How'd you know I was coming?

PRIEST
(smirks)
Noone else here has a shadow that large.

Bekah sneers at him in that 'ha ha' fashion.

BEKAH
How's our guest?

PRIEST

Still out. Gonna check on her after
I give Superman his breakfast.
What's up with his walker?

BEKAH

Near as I can tell, the taser he
got hit with just shorted it out.
I'll have it back up in a day or
two.

PRIEST

Please, don't rush, no matter what
he tells you.

He turns back around and shakes the omelette onto a plate next to the stove. The plate already has toast and bacon on it.

He picks up the plate and pats Bekah on the shoulder as she walks past her. Bekah rolls off towards the fridge and we stay with Priest as he walks out into:

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - MAIN LOBBY - NEXT

Priest approaches Salome, who is smoking another cigarette. They both raise their heads in a nonverbal hello.

As he passes her, he coolly nabs the cigarette out of her mouth, tosses it to the ground in front of him, and crushes it under his boot, never breaking stride.

PRIEST

(not looking back)

Not until you're old enough to
legally buy them.

Salome is, again, left standing with her arms crossed. We're still with Priest as he rounds a corner and stops at the second door on the left.

He waves a blank white card in front of a silver panel on the wall next to the door. The panel turns green and BEEPS as the door opens, allowing him to enter:

INT. BISHOP'S ROOM - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Priest turns left, walks around the leather couch through the open doorway to:

INT. BISHOP'S ROOM - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Priest gently knocks on the wall as he walks in.

ON the lavish, four post king sized bed. A large form stirs under the covers until they are moved aside to reveal the old black man with grey hair and bloodshot eyes.

Meet BISHOP, a.k.a. The Preacher.

PRIEST
 Good morning.
 (beat)
 And happy birthday.

As Bishop speaks, his hands go through a complicated series of gestures. Sign language. He also looks directly at Priest.

BISHOP
 Not a darn thing good or happy
 about it.

He winces as he pushes himself up to a sitting position with his arms.

PRIEST
 (holds up the tray)
 Well, maybe this'll help.

BISHOP
 It's not Tanya's, is it?

Priest smiles and shakes his head.

BISHOP
 (waves him over)
 Bring it on, then.

Priest walks over, unfolding the legs from under the tray to form a stand just before he sets the food over Bishop's lap.

He takes a seat on the edge of the bed.

BISHOP
 (signs with his hands)
 Thank you.

PRIEST
 (nods)
 How ya feeling?

Bishop swallows a bite of toast.

BISHOP
 Everything hurts. Pretty sure the
 parts I can't feel anymore hurt
 too.

PRIEST

(shakes his head)

Well, it's your stupid idea to patrol on your birthday every year.

BISHOP

I'm still in perfectly fine shape for my age.

PRIEST

That why a girl half your size had to save your ass?

(off Bishop's look)

I mean butt.

BISHOP

(ignoring him)

Have you checked on her yet?

Priest gets the hint. He pops Bishop on the shoulder as he gets up off the bed. Bishop winces in pain.

Priest laughs and shakes his head as he walks out.

Bishop goes back to his breakfast.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - INFIRMARY - NEXT

The continuous steady tone of a flat-lining heart monitor is the only sound in the room.

The front entrance opens to reveal Priest, who walks in and immediately spots an empty, unmade bed.

He turns around, quickly scanning the entire room.

PAN UP to the ceiling. Rox is suspended up there!

Her legs are in a split and braced between two steel girders and her arms hanging on to another girder that crosses the first two.

BACK TO Priest walking deeper into the room, searching for her.

Rox drops to the ground behind him without making a sound. She jumps forward and grabs Priest from behind, sticking a switchblade against his throat, the same one Shane drew on her earlier.

ROX

(threatening tone)

Alright, let's make this simple.

(MORE)

ROX (CONT'D)

You answer my questions and you
don't get a second smile.

Priest calmly presses a button on his watch. The face starts to flash red.

INT. BISHOP'S ROOM - BEDROOM - NEXT

A beeping sound comes from a small PDA device on Bishop's counter. He swallows some of the omelette and picks it up.

BISHOP

(eyes wide)

Priest!

He moves the tray away from his legs and starts pushing himself to the other end of the bed.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Salome, walking down another hallway, pulls the same PDA off her hip and looks at it. She dashes off in the opposite direction.

CUT TO a shot looking at the door to the surveillance room. It opens and Sage runs out and down the hall.

Salome follows as we stay on the door. A few seconds later, Tanya and Lokesh run past, both of them with GUNS drawn.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - INFIRMARY - NEXT

Rox and Priest are still in the same position. Priest has his hand clamped on the forearm she has across his throat, but he's not trying to pull it off.

ROX

Are you listening to me? Where the
fuck am I?

Priest doesn't respond. He just breathes heavily.

ROX

Fine, you don't wanna play ball?

She turns him towards the door and starts moving towards it.

ROX

You can at least show me the exit.
Do that and we'll call it square,
okay?

Priest still doesn't answer.

ROX
 What's your problem? You deaf or
 something?

The door opens to reveal Bishop on the other side, sitting in a motorized WHEELCHAIR.

Tanya, Salome, Lokesh, and Sage are all standing behind him, aiming guns (Tanya has two of them) at Rox and her hostage.

BISHOP
 (deadpan)
 Actually, he is.

Rox's face falls a bit at that.

BISHOP
 (low; scary)
 Now please let my son go.

ROX
 Son, huh?
 (shakes Priest)
 What if I don't?

Bishop's eyes meets Priest's. Bishop flicks his eyebrows.

In the blink of an eye, Priest grabs Rox's wrist, swivels his hips, and effortlessly tosses her on her back.

Still holding her wrist, he twists it. She yelps in pain and drops the knife into his open hand.

Before she can move, everyone else is standing over her, all the guns pointed right at her face.

TANYA
 (shrugs)
 He said please.

Rox's eyes dart between the different guns. She's caught.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - CORRIDOR - LATER

Rox is walking down the hall, looking back and forth at her new surroundings. Bishop, still in his wheelchair, is rolling along next to her.

Everyone around them looks at Rox with wary expressions. She's an outsider. Their looks don't go unnoticed by Rox, who seems to withdraw into herself a bit as she walks with Bishop.

ROX

Alright, so you're The Preacher. I got that much back in the alley, but...

(beat)

...what's all this?

BISHOP

This is Project Haven. And I don't go by The Preacher much anymore. My real name is Bishop Baines.

ROX

Yeah, whatever.

(beat)

The alley was last night, right?

BISHOP

(nods)

Yes, it was.

ROX

So...you're in a wheel chair now. I don't follow.

BISHOP

I've been in this chair for almost ten years now.

ROX

Looked pretty spry last night when you were smoking Shane's boys.

BISHOP

My engineers designed a device that links the nerve endings in my brain directly to my legs, bypassing my injured spinal column.

ROX

(still not getting it)

Oh. Well duh me.

BISHOP

It allows me to walk when it's activated. I just can't wear it for more than a few hours at a time without risking permanent brain damage.

Bishop rolls his eyes, watching Bekah round a corner.

ROX

So why do it at all? Seems like you have your own personal SWAT team here and no offense, but you look a little seasoned.

Bishop clears his throat and continues, ignoring the remark.

BISHOP

Everyone you see here is a part of Haven, an organization I started to continue the war on the streets. I was forced to gather a team to fight in my stead after I was confined to this chair.

ROX

So you just happen to know all these people?

Rox's tone, body language, facial expression, everything about her screams "bullshit". She doesn't want to buy any of this.

BISHOP

Virtually all of them actually came to me. Lost. No direction or purpose in their lives. They sought out the Lord to fill that void and a lot of them wound up here.

ROX

(snorts)
Lost, huh? Even your kid?

BISHOP

(nods)
Especially Priest. I brought them all together, trained them, and now they serve the Lord and do his work here. Each of them bring something unique to the table and all of them are essential to the work.

They stop at one door. Bishop waves his mag card in front of the silver panel. It turns green and the door opens to reveal:

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - TRAINING ROOM - NEXT

Priest, Tanya, Lokesh, Sage, Salome, and Bekah are assembled in the large gymnasium. The walls are lined with an assortment of weapons, weights, and training machines.

All but Bekah are wearing martial arts gis.

There's a short, powerfully built man with a crew cut standing opposite all of them with his arms crossed. Safe to assume he's the INSTRUCTOR.

Priest and Tanya are circling each other on the center mat, twirling long STAFFS.

Tanya attacks with a long combination of strikes that Priest easily fends off. He ducks a high swing and sweeps her legs out from under her with his staff.

She falls to her back and rolls to her stomach, pounding the mat in anger.

TANYA
God dammit!

Bishop loudly clears his throat, getting everyone in the room to look in his direction.

A mortified looking Tanya holds a gaze on Bishop for a second before she braces herself with her hands and does a PUSH UP.

TANYA
One.
 (another push up)
Two.
 (and another)
Three.

Bishop taps Rox on the arm and motions for her to follow him back out of the room. Rox steals one final glance at Tanya (who is at ten push ups now) before she leaves.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - HALLWAY - NEXT

The two are walking/wheeling side by side again.

ROX
(disbelieving)
Alright, you gotta be fucking
joking. You really think you're
doing God's work here?

BISHOP
(nods)
That's right.

ROX

(shakes her head)

I watched you cap two guys and beat
Shane's ass like he owed you money.
Is that righteous and holy?

Bishop is remarkably calm during this conversation, a sense
he's done this a few times already.

BISHOP

Ms. Purcell, I'm fully aware that
the things we do here are evil by
biblical standards. We forfeit our
chances of getting into Heaven a
long time ago.

ROX

So what's the fuck's the point? I
figured you were on some redemption
kick.

BISHOP

Redemption in itself a selfish
undertaking. One feels remorse for
their actions, but they seek not
atonement for those actions, but a
catharsis for their own soul and
peace of mind. And that kind of
thinking is not what the Bible
teaches us.

Rox looks straight ahead. It's an interpretation she'd never
considered before.

BISHOP

(pointedly)

It's alsois not what I'm offering.

Rox nods, starting to accept Bishop's line of thinking. Then
she blinks, actually processing that last bit in her head.

ROX

(stops walking)

Wait a minute. Offering me?

BISHOP

(stops and turns to her)

Yes, I want you to join us.

ROX

Since when?

BISHOP
 Since we picked you up last night
 and found out who you were.

ROX
 Don't tell me you're trying to
 piggyback off my fame?

BISHOP
 What little fame you have-

ROX
 (turns and points at him)
 Hey, fuck you!

The sound of several guns COCKING freezes Rox in place. She looks around to see several people aiming guns at her, ready to fire at a moment's notice.

Rox slowly backs away from Bishop and raises her arms submissively. Bishop makes a hand motion and the people lower their weapons.

They continue standing there, though, keeping Rox in their sights.

BISHOP
 (coolly)
 As I was saying, your name means
 nothing to us. I simply see in you
 what I saw in everyone else here.

ROX
 (scoffs)
 Really? And what's that exactly?

BISHOP
 (deadpan)
 A cry for help.

Rox is completely silent.

ROX
 (still resisting)
 You don't know anything about me.

BISHOP
 I know about your parents, your
 financial problems, your...let's
 call them "demons" for lack of a
 better term.

Rox looks away and her eyes start to well up. She quickly wipes them before the tears start to flow.

ROX
(sharp)
Are you done?

Bishop holds up his hands submissively.

BISHOP
I know quite a bit of what Roxanne Purcell is. What I don't know is who she is.

ROX
(turns back to him)
So why the hell would you want me?

BISHOP
Because you don't know who you are either.

It's not a question, more a statement of fact. Rox is again left speechless.

Bishop starts to roll away, leaving her alone in the hall. The camera stays on him, leaving her to fade into the distance.

BISHOP
(not looking back)
You can leave if you want. You're not a prisoner here. You're more than welcome to stay, but only for a week. After that, I need an answer one way or the other.
(beat)
Priest can show you around, set you up in a room, and get you a mag card.

The camera stops as Bishop rolls out of frame. PUSH IN on Rox as she sighs and runs her hands through her hair.

FADE TO:

INT. ROX'S ROOM - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Rox (wearing a thong and a tank top) is on top of the covers, writhing and squirming.

PUSH IN on her as her heavy, ragged breathing becomes more apparent as does the sweat beading up on her face.

She turns to her side and curls into a tight ball, shivering.

PAN DOWN the bed away from her and DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Bekah has her head deep inside the fridge. Behind her, Rox (wearing a bath robe) enters the room. Her hair is a mess and she's looking more pale than ever.

Bekah looks up at her and smiles.

BEKAH

Hey, darling. Trouble sleeping?

She pulls out a quart of half and half creamer. Rox pulls the robe tight around herself and nods.

BEKAH

(points to a nearby table)

Well, if you can't be asleep, you might as well be fully awake. Pull up a seat, I was just gonna make some coffee.

Rox sits down as Bekah walks to another counter and prepare a coffee maker for brewing. Rox watches her with a confused expression.

ROX

Umm, weren't you rolling around on a cart?

BEKAH

Yep.

ROX

Uh, but you can walk. Why would you-

BEKAH

(deadpan)

Because I'm fat and lazy.

ROX

(caught off guard)

Oh, well I, uhm...

BEKAH

(giggles)

Relax, honey. I'm not going to eat you if you make a comment.

(jiggles her gut)

Kinda hard not to notice all this.

She turns back to the machine and activates it. Then she moves across and takes a seat at the corner of the table.

ROX
(nods; uncomfortable)
Right. Okay.
(beat)
So what are you doing up?

BEKAH
Meh, I'm more a night owl than anything. I was up doing some modifications to a few of the toys.

ROX
Toys?

BEKAH
I'm sort of the mechanical guru around here. Done it most of my life. I call all the weapons and stuff here my toys.
(beat)
So, did Bishop give you the Come-to-Jesus speech?

ROX
(uncomfortable)
Well, yeah. Something like that.

BEKAH
What'd you think?

ROX
(unsure of how to answer)
I...I don't know.

BEKAH
I especially like the part about being willing to sacrifice yourself for the world like Jesus sacrificed himself for our sins.

ROX
(blinks)
He didn't say anything like that.

BEKAH
He didn't? Well, good. Always thought that was a bit pompous anyway.

ROX
I take it you've heard your fair
share?

BEKAH
Been here the longest of us all,
except for Priest of course.

Bekah gets back up and walks over to the coffee maker. She reaches into a cabinet above it and pulls out two mugs.

BEKAH
(pours the coffee)
You like cream and sugar?

ROX
Just black is fine. Thank you.

CLOSE UP of Bekah as she reaches into the cabinet again and pulls out a small clear piece of wax paper.

With her back completely turned to Rox, she opens the paper and lets a white powder slide into one of the mugs.

She picks up the mugs and walks back over to the table, handing Rox the contaminated one.

ROX
(nods)
Thanks.

BEKAH
Don't mention it.

Rox takes a sip and lightly coughs.

ROX
It's Rebekah, right? Priest told
me, but I'm terrible with keeping
names and faces straight.

BEKAH
You can call me Bekah and it's
fine. Half the time Priest is hard
to understand anyway.

ROX
(sips her coffee)
I wasn't gonna say anything...

BEKAH
You don't need to sugarcoat a damn
thing here, honey.
(MORE)

BEKAH (CONT'D)

Just be glad you weren't around a few years ago. His speech therapist is a miracle worker, let me tell ya.

Rox sets her mug down, crosses her arms on the table, and rests her chin on top of them.

ROX

Okay, well, Bekah. How long have you been here?

BEKAH

(thinks; sighs)
Almost eight years now.

ROX

How did Bishop find you?

BEKAH

(wry)
Have you seen me? Kind of hard to miss.

This gets Rox to laugh just a little bit. Bekah's expression hardens a bit, losing that gentle sense of humor and turning serious.

BEKAH

I was in a group therapy session.

Rox blinks and yawns, not interrupting Bekah's story.

BEKAH

I used to be, well, a lot bigger than I am now. I don't want to bore you with the details, but-

She stops as she notices Rox is fast ASLEEP. Bekah gently strokes her hair and smiles.

BEKAH

(softly)
Sweet dreams.

She gets to her feet (it takes a second), takes her mug, and walks out of the kitchen, shutting the light off.

PUSH IN tight on Rox's peaceful expression as she sleeps.

Slowly PULL AWAY as the light comes back on. In the background, someone is heard setting items on a counter.

The silhouette of a person (mostly their hip and upper legs) passes by the camera and a chair SCREECHES as it's pulled out for said person to sit down.

Rox stirs, moans, and wakes up. She looks across to see Salome sitting across from her, eating a bowl of cereal and dressed in her Sunday best.

SALOME
(mouth full)
Morning.

ROX
(blinks)
Morning?

She yawns and stretches.

SALOME
(swallows)
Yeah, it's about eight now.

ROX
Wow, I didn't plan on passing out in here.

SALOME
Guess you must've been pretty damn tired, huh?

ROX
Guess so.
(beat)
God, that's the best sleep I've gotten in years. Well, without being-

She stops herself. Salome finishes for her.

SALOME
What? High? Fucked up?

ROX
(stunned)
What? I don't, I mean-

SALOME
Oh please. I might be the youngest here, but don't patronize me.
(nods)
The MARTA tracks running up and down your arms are a dead giveaway.
(MORE)

SALOME (CONT'D)

(beat)

Want some cereal?

Rox looks a little put off that her lifestyle is so obvious to everyone.

ROX

Sure, why not?

SALOME

(points)

Bowls are in the second cabinet over there. Milk's in the fridge.

(points)

Spoons in that drawer under the microwave.

Rox sighs and walks over to get a bowl.

SALOME

And just so you know, you still haven't gotten a good night's sleep without being on something.

Rox turns back to her. Huh?

ROX

What's that supposed to mean?

SALOME

(matter of fact)

Bekah slipped you a tranquilizer last night to knock you out. We figured you'd have some wicked bad withdrawal pains.

(off Rox's look)

We had a meeting about you the night you first came here.

Rox gets everything she needs for breakfast and returns to her seat. She pull the box away from Salome and pours herself a bowl.

ROX

(bitter)

Nice to know I'm a hot topic.

Salome smiles and eats another spoonful.

ROX

(off Salome's outfit)

Why are you so dressed up?

SALOME

Morning service starts in a couple hours. We're all required to go listen to Bishop do his sermon.

ROX

He got a lot of rules like that?

SALOME

(shrugs)

No more so than any other parent.

ROX

Right.

(blinks; realizing)

Wait. Parent?

SALOME

Adopted. Long story. Too early in the morning for it.

ROX

I guess everyone has a story here.

Salome nods in agreement.

SALOME

Wanna go?

ROX

No. I mean, church has never really been my kind of thing.

SALOME

Ain't mine neither, but shit what else you gotta do today?

Rox swallows a mouthful and meets Salome's questioning stare.

INT. MELKITE CATHOLIC CHURCH - MAIN CATHEDRAL - DAY

Contrary to the last scene in this room, the place is packed with people. Bishop is at the altar in mid speech.

Everyone in the congregation have their Bibles out, following along. Salome and Rox (who is wearing jeans and t-shirt, which makes her really stand out) sneak in the back and take a seat.

ON Priest watching the alter, but not his father. BACK TO Bishop who is sipping his water again. PAN LEFT to see an older woman sitting in a chair, signing Bishop's words to Priest.

BISHOP

(clears his throat;
reading from the Bible)
'for his heart was lifted;
therefore there was wrath upon him,
and upon Judas and Jerusalem. Not
withstanding Hezekiah humbled
himself for the pride of his heart,
both his and the inhabitants of
Jerusalem; so that the wrath of the
Lord came not upon them in the days
of Hezekiah.'

He closes his bible. A NURSE quickly walks up to him and wipes his brow with a dry cloth. Bishop hands her his bible and nods his thanks.

BISHOP

So here we have Hezekiah, a man highly regarded and revered. In the face of impossible odds, he held strong and when the tide was against him, he turned to God for help.

CUT TO Rox staring at Bishop as he speaks. She almost looks to be in a trance.

Back to Bishop.

BISHOP

Yet on his death bed, when the Lord came to him again, Hezekiah did not acknowledge him. Years of people extolling virtues and riches upon him left his head and heart swelled with pride.

(beat; clears throat)

Gentlemen, all the men here today. By show of hands, how many of you have gotten lost while driving and refused to stop and ask for help?

About ninety percent of the males in the congregation raise their hands.

CLOSE UP on one man in particular wearing a nervous expression. He looks away and scratches the back of his neck.

A woman sitting next to him gives him a 'get real' look and lifts his hand into the air for him.

ON Lokesh and Sage with their hands raised. Priest hasn't raised his.

BISHOP

Now everyone, show of hands. How many of you have fallen on hard financial times when you can't afford simple things like gas?

Virtually everyone raises a hand.

BISHOP

Those of you with your hands up, keep 'em up if instead of asking someone for help, you start scrapping up loose change, you pick up a second job or even a third. You try to fix it all yourself.

Only a few hands go down.

BISHOP

Thank you, you can put your hands down.

(beat)

What I'm trying to tell you today is that God is that friend everyone has that they can call at four in the morning. He's always willing and ready to help. You just have to be willing-

(dramatic pause)

-and ready-

(another pause)

-to let him.

He sips his water again.

DISSOLVE TO much later, still in the same room.

Bishop is positioned at the back exit to the cathedral, exchanging handshakes and pleasantries with the parishioners as they leave.

PAN OVER to Rox and Salome leaning against the end of two benches in the aisle leading up to the exit.

SALOME

Sooo...what'd you think?

ROX

He's...got a way with words.

Tanya walks up, handing each of them a bottle of water.

TANYA
Kind of like a more extreme Tony
Robbins.

Rox smiles at the joke.

SALOME
(blinks)
Who?

Tanya looks at her like she's retarded.

TANYA
The motivational speaker?

SALOME
(sips her water)
Must be before my time.

TANYA
What year were you born in again?

SALOME
2000.

A beat.

TANYA
(looks to Rox)
Do you all of a sudden feel old
too?

Rox smiles and look back to Bishop. The camera follows her glance to see him speaking with a black man about his age wearing a long brown trench coat and a matching fedora.

A young (mid 20s) black girl stands next to him.

ROX
(nods)
Who are they?

TANYA
That's the old man's brother,
Deacon. The girl's his niece,
Angel.

SALOME
(shakes her head)
Bad news.

Tanya gives Salome a sharp look. Rox turns back to Salome, looking for an explanation.

TANYA
 (sighs)
 Trust me on this. If you don't plan
 on sticking around, you're better
 off not knowing.

Rox nods, taking that ominous warning in.

ROX
 Excuse me a minute.

Rox makes her way towards the exit.

JUMP CUT TO the exit as Priest walks up to his father. DEACON BAINES sees his nephew approaching and smiles.

DEACON
 (signing as he talks)
 Hello, Priest.

PRIEST
 (nods; cold)
 Uncle.

Priest exchanges a peck on the cheek with ANGELA.

PRIEST
 (warmly)
 Hey, Angel.

ANGEL
 (just as warm)
 Hey.

Deacon purses his lips.

DEACON
 Now why can't I get that kind of
 love?

PRIEST
 (back to being cold)
 Try getting a new job first.

Deacon rolls his eyes and turns back to his brother.

DEACON
 Speaking of which, I have a matter
 to attend to after I leave here, so
 I'll be a couple hours late today.

BISHOP
 (nods)
 That's fine.

Deacon tips his hat towards his brother and walks out the door, his daughter right behind him.

PRIEST
 Why the he-
 (catches himself)
 -heck are you so nice to him?

BISHOP
 (sighs)
 No matter what he does, he's still my brother. You'll understand when you're older.

At this point, Rox reaches the two of them, meekly waving. Bishop gives her a smile and a nod.

The rest of the congregation has left now, save a few stragglers.

BISHOP
 Glad you see you decided to attend.

ROX
 Yeah, well, Salome talked me into it.

Priest looks over to Salome and winks at her.

ON Salome, smiling and blushing. Tanya, still standing next to her makes a gagging motion.

ROX
 So, I thought about what you said.
 (beat)
Everything you said and uh, before I say yes or no, I was sort of wondering if I could see what it is you all do.
 (beat)
 Firsthand.

Priest and Bishop exchange wary expressions. Bishop sighs.

BISHOP
 (signing to Priest)
 Do you have anything low risk?

PRIEST
Well, there's a-

He stops as Bishop makes a motion with his hand like he's turning a knob. Then he holds his hand out, palm down and slower lowers it. "Lower your voice."

PRIEST
(whispering)
There's a house on 16th just off
Piedmont we've been keeping tabs
on. Planned on shutting it down in
the next few days.

BISHOP
I see. Well, it sounds safe enough
for her to get her feet wet. Make
it happen.

Priest nods. Bishop nods back and rolls away, leaving Rox standing next to Priest, her expression clearly showing her trepidation.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - MAIN LOBBY - NEXT

Priest is standing in the center of the room opposite Lokesh, Sage, Salome, Tanya, and Rox, who are all lined up in a row.

Rox is the the only in street clothes. The rest of them are wearing full length black priest robes.

Tanya and Lokesh are poking and needling one another.

PRIEST
Alright, all eyes on me. Pops wants
us to take the newbie for a stroll,
so we're taking down-

He stops as he looks to Tanya and Lokesh engaging in a elbow shoving contest.

They abruptly freeze with a GUNSHOT echoes through the room.

ON Priest, holding a gun, the smoking barrel pointed straight up in the air.

PRIEST
Did I-
(closes his eyes and
shakes)
-st-st-st-st-st-
(opens his eyes)
-stutter?

Tanya and Lokesh straighten up.

PRIEST

Sage, you still have the specs on
the lab and layout on the building?

SAGE

Yeah, they're in the files.

PRIEST

(nods)

Alright, you're Navigator tonight.

(to Bekah)

Bekah, you'll be Third Eye.

(nods to Lokesh)

You and me are Incursion.

(to Salome)

Salome, you're on the wheel.

(to Tanya)

And you're on the wires tonight.

Tanya frowns.

TANYA

(incredulous)

I'm what?

PRIEST

(beat)

You need a Q-tip?

TANYA

You gotta be fucking kidding me,

Priest! You're benching me for-

(points to Rox)

-Sparkles?

PRIEST

It's your turn in rotation anyway.

Get it over.

TANYA

(ahakes her head)

This is bullshit.

PRIEST

(icily)

Get a shovel. We're out the door in
fifteen minutes.

Salome raises her hand. Priest nods his head towards her.

SALOME

(off Rox)

Should I get her a garb and hood?

PRIEST

(shakes his head)

She's not one of us, not yet
anyway. Just a vest.

(points to Rox; sharp)

You'll be the van watching with
Sage. No matter what, you stay in
the van.

He turns and walks away, not giving Rox a chance to respond. Rox watches him leave for a moment before Salome grabs her arm and leads her away.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

The garage is full of all manner of vehicle: motorcycles, cars, vans, trucks, busses. The line up stretches in both directions as far as the camera can show.

Lokesh holds a door open for Rox to walk through, making it a point to check out her ass as she passes him.

Bekah follows Rox out, stopping to pop Lokesh in the chest.

Lokesh walks out, letting the door go. Priest, bringing up the rear, has to catch it before it slams shut in his face.

He jogs to catch up with the others.

The side door to a familiar van slides open to reveal Sage. The others pile in.

INT. HAVEN TEAM VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is hollowed out inside. It's the same interior Rox and Bishop were loaded into earlier.

Rox notices the large console lining the wall opposite the door, covered with small monitors. It's a miniaturized version of the surveillance room.

Sage takes a seat in front of the console. Everyone around Rox fastens white priest collars around their neck. Salome is at the wheel.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NEXT

Looking over Tanya's shoulder at the monitors, several of them bring up diagnostic screens, each labeled with a team member's name.

TANYA
 Okay, you're all online.
 (beat; squints)
 Sage, are you nervous?

SAGE (O.S.)
 (through coms)
 Shut up.

Tanya smirks.

INT. VAN - NEXT

The van starts up and starts to move. Sage turns around and hands Bekah a small ear mounted phone. She pulls her hair back and attaches it.

ROX
 So, why the priest outfits?

LOKESH
 (wry)
 They hide weapons better.

BEKAH
 They also hide the special kevlar.
 I got the fabric to be pretty thin,
 but it's still noticeable.

SAGE
 (muttering to himself)
 Here she goes.

BEKAH
 (touches her collar)
 The collars monitor our heartbeats
 and adrenaline and whatnot. They
 can inject small amounts of drugs-

CLOSE UP on Sage, who is silently reciting all of her words in unison with her.

BEKAH
 -into our necks to give us boosts
 if we need 'em.
 (MORE)

BEKAH (CONT'D)

And the lens on the masks have transmitters that send the images back to the van and the hub at home.

(beat)

We're very thorough.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - PARKING GARAGE

The van pulls up a long ramp. Ahead of it, the ceiling starts to lower, creating a bridge to the upper level.

The van pulls up to:

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - CONTINUOUS

The van pulls up to a garage door that slides open, letting it pull out into the streets.

INT. VAN - NEXT

Rox looks around as everyone pulls their masks down over their faces. Noone is speaking, all of their minds on the task at hand.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. DRUG HOUSE - NIGHT

The van pulls to a stop across from a multi story brick building.

The sliding door opens. Bekah (despite the mask, her size gives her away) is the first out, carrying a duffel bag.

Another team member pops his head out.

PRIEST

Let us know when you're in position
so we can move in.

Bekah nods. She heads into the building in front of the taxi and we:

FADE TO:

INT. VAN - LATER

Dead silence. Crickets chirping type silence. Rox exhales a deep breath. They're all bored silly.

Salome, up in the driver's seat, looks at the time on the radio. Everyone else is sitting around with their arms crossed until:

BEKAH
 (through coms; gasping)
 Okay, I'm there.

LOKESH
 (perks up)
 'Bout damn time.

He taps Priest on the shoulder and nods his head towards the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ROOFTOP

Bekah is standing at the ledge, putting together a large SNIPER RIFLE. She's noticeably sweating and panting.

The building she's perched on is much higher than the one across the street from it.

BEKAH
 Next time my rotation comes up for
 Third Eye, make sure the building
 has a dang elevator!

Over the coms, Tanya is heard bursting into laughter.

EXT. STREET - NEXT

Back on the van as Lokesh and Priest (fully masked) hop out. They both have very large, elaborate guns strapped to their backs.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. DRUG HOUSE - NEXT

Lokesh and Priest (we can tell them apart because Priest is slightly inches taller) slowly move up a flight of stairs, both of them brandishing handguns with laser scopes on them.

SAGE (O.S.)
 Alright...

Lokesh taps Priest and gets him to stop moving. He points to his own ear.

SAGE (O.S.)
 According to the intel, the main
 lab's on the second floor,
 apartments 215 and 213.

Lokesh nods and takes the lead.

TANYA (O.S.)
Two of 'em?

SAGE (O.S.)
Informant says the wall between
them was knocked down to make more
space.

BEKAH (O.S.)
Got one on the roof with a sidearm
doing a sweep.

Lokesh and Priest reach the top and turn the corner to start
up another flight.

EXT. DRUG HOUSE - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The aforementioned GUARD stiffens and grasps at his neck.
Blood seeps between his fingers. He pitches forward.

BEKAH (O.S.)
Scratch that.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - UNKNOWN FLOOR - NEXT

A group of men are standing in the hall smoking cigarettes.
One of them turns to face the camera with a cell phone in his
hand. It's Shane Buckner!

His face is scratched up and he has a large bandage on his
forehead.

SHANE
(into phone)
What's that? Yeah, we're moving
along just fine. Should have the
next round on the streets by the
weekend.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DEACON'S HOME - OFFICE - NEXT

Deacon leans back in his plush office chair as he talks on
the phone. The lights in the room are all turned off. Deacon
himself is illuminated by the moonlight coming in the huge
window behind his chair.

DEACON
Well, that's good to hear. Hold off
on the collections until next
weekend. Give the pushers some time
to work.

SHANE

(nods)

You got it, boss.

DEACON

Do you have anything else for me?

SHANE

Nope, not right now. I'll check in in a couple days.

DEACON

I see. Did you ever locate that girl you were looking for?

SHANE

Yeah, I did, but she rabbited. Whatever. Fuck her. I'll get another one.

DEACON

(smiling)

Alright then. Have a good night.

Both men hang up. We stay with Deacon as Angel enters the room and turns on the light.

ANGEL

Who was that?

DEACON

Just business, sweetie.

ANGEL

(rolls her eyes)

Like always.

DEACON

(grinning)

Hey, don't be like that. I promised you a movie night, didn't I?

He gets up from his chair and picks up a large tub of POPCORN that wasn't noticeable before from the edge of his desk.

DEACON

(walking to Angel)

I even got a head start on the snacks.

He gets to the door and holds out the bowl. Angel smiles and takes a handful for herself as they leave the office.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NEXT

Lokesh and Priest slowly move down the hall. Behind them, several BODIES are laid out on the floor.

Lokesh stops in front of the door to apartment 215. Priest goes one door further to 213.

They simultaneously hold up three fingers.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - SURVEILLANCE ROOM

Bishop rolls up next to Tanya, watching the monitors. The screens captioned with 'Bishop POV' and 'Lokesh POV' each show the other man dropping his fingers. Two. One.

The views turn to the doors as they are kicked in.

BISHOP
How's it going thus far?

Before Tanya can answer:

LOKESH (O.S.)
We're from collections, bitches!
Your asses are in default!

Bishop sighs and shakes his head. Tanya just grins.

INT. APARTMENT 215 - LIVING ROOM - NEXT

The room is only lit with black lights. There's a couple of large tables with white powder and pills scattered all over it.

Several topless women wearing gloves and surgical masks scream and scatter.

The (fully dressed) men in the room pull out guns. Lokesh shoots them all down before they can start shooting.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - UNKNOWN FLOOR HALLWAY - NEXT

Shane and his guns are still standing around smoking. The gunfire can be heard in the background.

Shane's cigarette drops from his mouth.

SHANE
(surprised)
What the fuck?!?

He and all the other men pull out guns and dart towards the stairwell.

INT. APARTMENT 213 - LIVING ROOM - NEXT

Priest is handily taking guards down. One grabs him from behind. He tosses him off the same way he did to Rox.

Before the guard can move, Priest whips out a knife and slits his throat.

He stands back up and looks over to Lokesh in the next apartment. They share a thumbs up.

LOKESH

Rooms are clear. We're gonna torch it.

He and Priest pulls out small spray bottles and start dosing the tables.

BEKAH (O.S.)

You boys got company coming! About eight two floors up now.

(beat; silenced gunshot)

Make that seven. I can see them through the stairwell windows.

(another beat; another shot)

Six. Don't have enough time to get them all.

Priest, not hearing all this, continues to coat the table in front of him. Lokesh nods.

LOKESH

Roger that.

He finishes spraying his table. Priest has already set fire to his with a lighter. The fire quickly spreads to other places in the apartment.

He walks over to Lokesh, who is just lighting his table up.

Lokesh turns at the sound of approaching footsteps and starts firing into the door with the gun from his back. One goon just manages to jump out of the way.

Shane and two more enter through 213's door. They start shooting at the boys, their bullets sparking off Priest and Lokesh, getting their attention.

Both turn and start shooting back. A HISSING sound gets Lokesh's attention. He turns around to see a large gas grill off in a corner.

The ten gallon butane tank has been punctured, causing the hissing.

LOKESH

Shit!

Lokesh grabs Priest by the arm and yanks him into a run across the room. Their gunfire causes Shane and his two men to drop back into the hallway.

ON the tank leaking gas. The fire rapidly approaches it.

PRIEST

What the hell?

LOKESH

We gotta go!

They're heading straight for a window, Lokesh doesn't slow down as he jumps through it!

The fire hits the tank, causing an EXPLOSION.

EXT. DRUG HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lokesh and Priest drop out of the window just before a pillar of fire shoots out of it.

They flail their arms as they descend. Priest lands on his feet on top of the roof of a car, causing it to cave in.

Lokesh lands awkwardly on the hood. He screams and drops down, rolling off of it.

INT. DRUG HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NEXT

Shane is covering his head with his hands.

SHANE

Shit!

(to one goon)

Get the fucking car!

They all scramble to their feet and run towards the stairwell again.

EXT. CITY STREET - NEXT

Priest hops off the car and shoots a man with a gun who was coming out of the building. Several other men come out of the alleys on either side of the building.

Priest opens fire on them, causing them to duck for cover.

PRIEST

Let's go!

Lokesh is rolling around on the ground, grabbing his foot.

LOKESH

(pained)

My ankle. I can't...

PRIEST

(not hearing him)

I said let's go!

Priest tries to pick Lokesh up while still shooting, but he can't do it.

INT. VAN - NEXT

Salome is watching this whole scene from the window.

PAN to the back of the van as Sage is watching the monitors, seeing it all from Lokesh and Priest's points of view.

The sound of a door opening gets his attention. He looks over in horror to see Rox jumping out the back of the van.

SAGE

Hey! No, you can't-

She's already off and running.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NEXT

ZOOM IN on Tanya.

TANYA

Oh fuck!

PULL BACK to show Bishop presses a button on the console.

BISHOP

(into intercom)

Bekah, cover her!

EXT. CITY STREET - NEXT

Rox sprints across the street. Off to her side, a man levels a gun at her. A silenced gunshot drops him.

ZOOM PAN up to a rooftop where Bekah cocks her rifle again.

Back to Rox as she reaches Lokesh and throws his arm around her neck.

Priest turns his head to see her there.

PRIEST
 What the fuck are you doing?!?
 (goes back to shooting)
 Get out of here!

Cut to the entrance to the drug house as Shane walks out. He stops dead in his tracks.

SHANE
 (blinks)
 Roxy?!?

He takes aim at Rox as she helps Lokesh to his feet.

Before he can shoot, Bekah starts shooting at him and his thugs, forcing them to drop back into the entrance for safety.

Rox helps a limping Lokesh hobble across the street. Priest walks backwards behind them, still shooting.

Shane and his men make a run for a nearby car. Lokesh looks back to see them.

LOKESH
 (to Rox; pained)
 Wait.

He digs inside his garb and pulls out a grenade. He flicks the pin out with his thumb and rolls it like a bowling ball towards the car.

Shane looks over to see the grenade coming and stops running. Three others stop with him, but one guy gets to the car.

CLOSE UP on the grenade rolling to a stop under the car.

BOOM!

The car EXPLODES into flames, engulfing the screaming goon.

Shane looks at the dying man, horrified.

SHANE

God damn it!

(beat)

Get the other fucking car!

He and his men get to their feet.

Priest helps Rox load Lokesh into the back of the van. Rox climbs in behind him. Priest fires one last salvo at the criminals before he gets in.

The van pulls off before he can get the door shut.

PAN back to Shane and his guys getting into another car and pulling off after the team.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The van is noticeably swerving all over the road.

Priest rips his mask off and gets in Rox's face.

PRIEST

What the hell were you doing? We don't show our faces! Ever!

ROX

(off Lokesh)

He was hurt!

PRIEST

(confused)

What?

Sage grabs Priest's hand and pulls his own mask off so Priest can read his lips.

SAGE

'Kesh hurt his ankle when he landed.

PRIEST

(to Sage)

Then you should've been the one to make the save.

(point to Rox)

Not the fucking tourist!

Lokesh grabs Priest's arm and rips his own mask off.

LOKESH

She just saved my ass, Priest. She wouldn't have fucking had to if you could actually hear me say I was hurt.

Priest is shaking with rage now, but he can't dispute that. He yanks his arm out of Lokesh's grips and climbs into the front passenger seat.

Salome pulls her mask off. Priest looks at her mouth as she speaks.

SALOME

We left Bekah.

PRIEST

(cold)

She can get back on her own.

INT. UNKNOWN BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NEXT

Bekah slowly makes her way down the stairs, her rifle back in her duffle bag.

BEKAH

(out of breath)

They really left me?

TANYA (O.S.)

'Fraid so, Jiggles. Sit tight and don't have an asthma attack. I'll swing by to pick you up.

INT. VAN - NEXT

Salome checks the rear view mirror.

SALOME

We've got a tail. I've been trying to shake them the last few blocks.

Priest looks in the mirror, seeing Shane's car behind them.

PRIEST

(whispering)

Damn.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The van races through a red light. Shane's car follows a few seconds later.

INT. VAN - NEXT

Priest nervously taps the dashboard, trying to think.

PRIEST
Okay, here's the plan. Move.

He moves up to Salome. In an obviously practiced synchronized move, they shift so he's in the driver's seat and she's settling into the passenger side.

PRIEST
We drop you and Sage off in front of the Church. Draw their attention so we can get in the back way.

SALOME
How the hell do we get to safety?

Priest doesn't answer. His eyes are on the road. Salome slaps his arm to get him to look at her.

PRIEST
What?

SALOME
I said, how the hell do we get to safety?

PRIEST
Use the booths.

Salome nods and moves into the back of the van. Priest turns his eyes back to the road.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. MELKITE CATHOLIC CHURCH - NIGHT

The van screeches to a stop in the front of the church. Salome and Sage hop out with their masks back on.

The van pulls off onto the street again. Shane's car rounds the intersection a block up and speeds towards Salome and Sage.

The two of them pull out small handguns and start shooting at the car.

When it's close enough, they turn and run into the church.

Shane's car pulls to a stop and everyone gets out, running after the two.

EXT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - NEXT

The garage door opens just as the van reaches it.

INT. MELKITE CATHOLIC CHURCH - MAIN CATHEDRAL - NEXT

Salome and Sage duck into the confession booths. Seconds later, Shane and his men burst into the room, not seeing anyone.

SHANE
(angrily)
Fan out! I want these fuckers dead!

His men nod and spread out.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - MAIN LOBBY - NEXT

Rox and Priest help Lokesh into the lobby. Bishop meets them there.

Salome and Sage enter from another direction, ripping off their masks.

PRIEST
(to Bishop)
Where's Tanya?

BISHOP
(while signing his words)
Picking up Bekah.

PRIEST
(sighs)
Alright, Salome, get on the wires.
We need to know where they are.
(to Sage)
Go get your snipe.

Salome and Sage nod and runs off.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - INFIRMARY - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens to let Priest and Rox half carry Lokesh in. They get him to a bed and set him down.

PRIEST
You gonna be okay?

Lokesh grimaces and nods. Priest turns to see his father rolling in.

PRIEST
I'm gonna go clean up upstairs.

BISHOP
(shakes his head)
Not inside the church.

PRIEST
(exasperated)
They know we're here, Dad! You
wanna ask them to politely step
outside before we shoot them?

He runs past Bishop, who turns his chair to call after him.

BISHOP
Priest! Pr-

He stops and closes his eyes. He knows his son can't hear him.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NEXT

Salome is already set up, flicking the monitors between different cameras. Her handgun is on the counter to her left.

SALOME
(into headset mic)
There's two in the choir rehearsal
room. Another two checking the
bathrooms. One is still in the main
hall.

SAGE (O.S.)
(through coms)
Got it.

Rox comes up on her left side, staring at the monitors. Her jaw drops as she sees one image.

ON one monitor showing Shane looking around the altar.

ROX
(softly)
Shane.

SALOME
You know him?

ROX
(sighs)
Unfortunately.

Bishop comes up on Salome's right side. PUSH IN on him as he watches the screens.

SALOME
(not looking away)
I count five total, boss.

BISHOP
Where are Priest and Sage?

SALOME
Sage isn't there yet. Priest is heading for the rehearsal room.

BISHOP
I'll take over here. You better get up there.

Salome nods and gets out of her chair. It's then that she notices Rox is gone.

Her gun is missing too!

INT. MELKITE CATHOLIC CHURCH - MAIN CATHEDRAL - NEXT

Shane FREEZES when he hears a gun cock behind him. He turns around to see Rox holding a gun on him.

ROX
Drop your gun, Shane.

Shane smugly grins and shakes his head.

Rox fires the gun at Shane, but she intentionally misses him by a mile. It does manage to get his attention.

He turns back to her, still smirking, and tosses his gun to the ground.

SHANE
Alright, Roxy. I'll play your little game.

He holds his arms out, giving Rox a wide open target.

SHANE
Go ahead and do it. Kill me right here in God's fucking house.
(beat)
You'll reserve yourself a special place in Hell.

Rox's entire body is trembling now.

ROX
 (choking up)
 I'm already booked.
 (cocks the gun)
 I'm going for first class now.

PRIEST (O.S.)
 Stop!

Rox and Shane look over to see Priest in a doorway by the altar. He slowly moves into the room, keeping his gun aimed at Shane while looking directly at Rox.

PRIEST
 (shakes)
 You're not doing this.

ROX
 Why the fuck not? This son of a bitch doesn't deserve to live.
 (looks back to Shane)
 I'm doing God's work.

PRIEST
 No, you're not.

ROX
 More people have been killed in God's name than for any other reason. What's one more?

PRIEST
 But you're killing him for the wrong reasons. We don't do what we do out of hatred.

Rox starts to huff and puff. She's aching to pull that trigger. Shane looks back to her and smugly leans forward, daring her to do it.

PRIEST
 There's killing to protect and defend, then there's murder.
 (beat)
 Which one do you think you're about to do?

Rox never takes her eyes off Shane.

INT. PROJECT HAVEN HQ - SURVEILLANCE ROOM - NEXT

Bishop and Salome silently watch the scene unfold on the monitor.

INT. MELKITE CATHOLIC CHURCH - MAIN CATHEDRAL - NEXT

Rox continues to huff, her hands still shaking.

Finally, she lowers the gun and steps away from Shane. A single tear drops down her cheek.

Shane just smiles back at her, triumphantly.

SHANE

(smug)

I knew you couldn't do it, you
dirty little cunt. You ain't got it
in ya.

SAGE (O.S.)

Me on the other hand...

Everyone looks to the other side of the altar.

RIFLE CROSSHAIR POV

ZOOM IN on Shane's face, the intersection of the hairs right in the middle of his forehead.

BANG!

Shane's head snaps back and he falls backwards out of view.

NORMAL SCENE

Sage lowers his smoking rifle.

SAGE

I don't even know who the hell you
are.

On Rox, staring at Shane's dead body. Her face unreadable.

DISSOLVE TO later, still in the cathedral. Sunlight streaming in from the windows tells us it's daytime now.

Tanya and Salome are mopping the aisle. Lokesh, propped up on crutches, is at the end of the aisle by the altar.

Tanya walks over towards him and dips her mop in the bucket of red stained water.

LOKESH

(wry)

You missed a spot.

Tanya flings her mop up, splashing water all over Lokesh's face.

He stands there with his eyes closed, letting the water drip off him.

Tanya grins and goes back to work.

INT. ROX'S ROOM - BEDROOM - NEXT

Rox is stuffing a trash bag with clothes. A second bag is already full and tied up on the bed. Behind her, Priest knocks on the wall next to the door, startling her.

She turns around and he holds up a cup of coffee.

ROX
(cautious)
Any surprises in there?

PRIEST
(shakes his head)
Not this time.

Rox walks over and accepts the cup with a small smile. Her face drops a second later.

ROX
I don't know how to say...

Priest puts the front of the fingers on his right hand to his lips, then moves his hand away, palm facing up.

PRIEST
Thank you.

Rox does the same motion.

ROX
Thank you.

Priest smiles and nods. Then he looks past her to the bed and the bag on it.

PRIEST
So you're leaving, huh?

He looks back to Rox, who grimly nods. She moves over and sits down on the edge of the bed next to the bag.

PRIEST

And you plan on taking all the
clothes from the shelter donation
pile?

He follows behind her, stopping to stand in front of her.

ROX

(shrugs; looks up at
Priest)

Just the stuff that's cute. Which
admittedly ain't much.

Priest smirks.

ROX

(sighs; stuttering)

I don't think...I'm just...I'm cut
out for this.

PRIEST

You went back and helped my Dad in
the alley when you could have run.
You hopped out to grab Lokesh and
didn't think twice about it. I'd
say-

ROX

I meant the killing. I can't get my
head around actually killing
someone.

(beat)

Why are you here? Your dad force it
on you?

PRIEST

Nope. I've always been free to do
whatever I wanted.

ROX

Then why?

PRIEST

(sighs)

Well, I'm not that good in school.

(shrugs)

Thought about modeling 'cause I'm
so pretty, but I don't favor men,
so that's out.

Rox softly laughs.

PRIEST

The military and any pro sports
require you to be able to hear,
so...it's pretty much this or work
a drive thru. Didn't really have
any place to go so...

He trails off, letting that hang. A quick moment of silence
before:

PRIEST

Take care of yourself, Roxanne.

He turns and starts to leave.

Rox looks down at her cup of coffee. After a beat, she nods
to herself and looks back to Priest.

ROX

Hey, Priest?
(no response)
Priest?

She slaps her forehead, acknowledging her stupidity, and gets
off the bed, managing to catch Priest before he's out the
door.

He turns back to her when she grabs his arm.

ROX

(unsure)
You think you could help me carry
these clothes back up to the
donation area?

Priest can't stop himself from smiling. He nods.

The camera stands at the doorway looking at them as they walk
back towards the bed, never breaking eye contact.

ROX

And you can call me Rox.

PRIEST

That what all your friends call
you?

ROX

I don't have many friends.

PRIEST

What about Roxy?

They're at the bed now, picking up the bags.

ROX

No way! Starting with my brother,
everyone that's used that nickname
has been a dick.

They start back towards the door, still not breaking their
stare.

PRIEST

(smug grin)

Roxy it is then.

They come up on the camera, their bodies blocking the view
and forcing a:

BLACK OUT.

END OF SHOW