

FAITH

"Playing Hero"

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&

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK - CITY SCOPE - NIGHT 1

We're flying through the city, dodging various SKYSCRAPERS. We come to an overhead view of a quiet city block. Some cars drive past, a few pedestrians stroll along. It's closing time for the businesses along the street.

FAITH (V.O)

All my life I've been different,
nobody understood me, nobody helped
me... well, some did. That's why I'm
here, why I still fight. Prowling
the streets looking for innocent
lives to save. It might not sound
much, but it's my life. I've got a
lot of wrongs to try and right and
although I know I'll never find
redemption... maybe through this,
I'll learn how to live with myself.

Suddenly, a GUNSHOT sounds through the streets, followed by a SCREAM. Two THIEVES sporting balaclavas emerge from a small corner liquor store, dashing down the street.

An Asian man rushes outside, YELLING at them, but they're gone. We pull down to street level as the thieves round a corner into an alleyway.

2 EXT. ALLEY 2

The thieves stop, making sure they're not being followed. They take off their balaclavas and look inside their bags.

THIEF #1

Red Vodka. Sweet.

THIEF #2

Whiskey, Gin... the whole enchilada!

THIEF #1

When we get back to the house,
we've gotta start planning the
bank.

THIEF #2

Naah, when we get back to the
house, first thing we do is get
drunk!

THIEF #1

Drost!!

(CONTINUED)

They grin from ear to ear as they clink two of the stolen bottles together, then slowly make their way down the alley, when -

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey.

They stop, slowly turning to see:

FAITH, looking calm and sultry in her black leathers, a STAKE in her right hand, ready for anything.

FAITH

Did you just rob that guy? 'Cause if you did, that's kinda rude.

THIEF #1

You wanna make something of it?

FAITH

Hell no. I'm just saying, you know, God doesn't look fondly on people who do the naughty.

THIEF #2

Ah, geez, a bible nut!

THIEF #1

Come on, let's get outta here. They begin to walk off but -

FAITH

Another thing..

They turn as she's up, literally in their faces. Quickly and swiftly she GRABS both their necks.

FAITH (cont'd)

I really hate people turning their backs on me.

She LAUNCHES them into the air, sending them CRASHING into a wall. They take a moment to get to their feet, but they do, and Faith is ready, in her fighting stance.

Thief #1 is first up, coming at her with a flurry of fists and kicks. She edges back, studying his moves, before implanting her foot into his gut. She follows it up with an elbow jab and sweeps her legs, knocking him back down.

Faith's eyes flicker to Thief #2, who rushes her with a KNIFE, waving it right in front of it. Wary of the weapon, she backs off, grabbing her stake but unwilling to use it.

Finally, he tires of whirling the knife and lunges at her. She sidesteps it, pushing him into the wall.

(CONTINUED)

He TWISTS HIS ARM, forcing him to drop the knife, and kicks him in the back of the legs, sending him down to the ground.

THIEF #2

God! Please!

FAITH

I'm not God. Just someone doing right.

She GRABS his hair, pulling him up to eye-level, her hands restraining him against the wall.

FAITH (cont'd)

And you know, that's what you're gonna do now. No more robbing stores or hurting people. It's not the right path. Trust me, I know.

THIEF #2

(freaked)

What do you want from me?

Her eyes narrow on him.

We watch as Thief #2 carries the bag full of stolen goods back inside the store.

Looking through the window, the shopkeeper is both happy and annoyed, threatening the thief with a gun.

Pull back to reveal... Faith watching from the other side of the street, lurking inside an alley, the shadows almost absorbing her very figure. Those narrow eyes focus on the good she has done, something which should make her smile, but she doesn't. Instead, she simply turns around and walk farther into the darkness.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NIGHT

4

The room is BARE apart from the furniture, which has sheets all over it, as if nobody had lived in it for a while. Boxes are scattered across the wooden floor. The only thing that seems to be unpacked is an AX.

The door CREAKS open and Faith ENTERS, almost SLAMMING it behind her. She flicks on the light, sighing as she massages the aches in her neck.

She SLINGS off her jacket and approaches the window, pulling it up, but it falls down hard. She rolls her eyes, reaches for the ax, and props the window open with the weapon.

FAITH

Score for the dunce.

From the kitchen door comes a cat. This is GOLIATH, a would-be-ordinary tabby if it wasn't for his size. He's not massive, but larger than the average cat. Faith swoops him up, holding him by the window, stroking him under the chin.

FAITH (cont'd)

Miss me, Goliath, or did you just miss the food?

She sets him down, picking up his bowl and filling it with some cat biscuits. She pets the feline for a moment before heading to the stereo, clicking it on. The song "Out Of My Mind" by Duran Duran plays.

Faith turns to a box, pulling something out -- a small photo frame. She sets it down on the coffee table as we get a better view. A photo of ROBIN WOOD. Faith gazes into it, all manner of thoughts running through her mind.

Finally she breaks out of her trance and turns around, collapsing on the sofa, the white sheet still covering it. She flicks on the TV and watches it, her fingers dancing on the remote control.

Slowly her eyes become heavier, slowly dozing off, as we peer down at a newspaper.

It's a job vacancy section, with tons of ads. One of them is circled in red pen. It reads: "DETERMINED AND OPEN MINDED PERSON NEEDED TO ASSIST IN A LABORATORY. EXPERIENCE NOT NECESSARY."

5 EXT. STREETS - DAY

5

The song carries through to this scene as we pan across the sidewalk, following a figure rushing down the street. It's Faith. She brushes past the countless numbers of pedestrians, all in a hurry to be somewhere.

Faith stops in the crowds, looking down at the map in her hands, working out which the right way to go is. She looks around, seemingly lost. She grabs someone by the arm.

FAITH

Hey, you know where Oakmond Street is?

PEDESTRIAN

Yup, take a left down that alley there.

FAITH

Thanks.

She heads down the alleyway and comes to a backdoor. She above it, seeing a sign: "WEBB RESEARCHING." A small smile comes over her face as she goes up the steps and pulls the door open.

6 INT. THE LAB - LOBBY

6

Faith comes in, seeing the massive lobby, almost as if the building isn't big enough to even have this much space. She looks around, nobody there.

FAITH

(calls)

Hello? I'm here about the --

Suddenly she sees PRYOR WEBB come through the door opposite her and around the front desk. An ordinary looking guy, no superstar. He's dressed in a white lab coat and some big black goggles, complete with a face mask covering his mouth.

PRYOR

(muffled)

Yrr mffb frff?

FAITH

Huh?

He blinks, then pulls the mask away from his mouth, leaving it hanging from his neck, and takes the goggles off.

PRYOR

Sorry. I'm Pryor Webb. I own the place. We spoke on the phone, I believe?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Yeah. We did. If this is a bad time, I can come back...?

PRYOR

No. No. I'm just, um, you know, working. That's what I do here.

(beat)

And research. You know, hence the, er, title of this place.

FAITH

(eyes him)

Right...

PRYOR

(long beat)

So, we should get an interview done.

FAITH

I've heard that makes a great start.

PRYOR

Okay, follow me.

He goes a different way to which he came, pushing the door open to reveal a corridor. Faith follows him in, her eyes darting all over the place, examining it.

Pryor heads to his desk, taking a seat behind it, turning to the computer. Faith shuts the door and sits opposite.

FAITH

So, what exactly do you research here? 'Cause I'm not the book type, I'm more of a hands on gal.

PRYOR

We research... well we can discuss that later. All you'd need to do is just, um, assist me when I do... things.

FAITH

(smirks)

Sounds wicked dirty.

PRYOR

(confused)

What?

FAITH

Um, nothing. So, the ad said about open mindedness?

PRYOR

Yeah. Do you have a problem with that? Are you narrow minded?

FAITH

Uh, no. I'm totally fine with gay people. You know, each to their own and all that.

PRYOR

(quickly)

Um, I'm not gay.

FAITH

Really? Thought I got a vibe there.

(then)

I mean... heh, no vibes.

Pryor eyes her before pushing some forms her way.

PRYOR

I need you to fill out an application. It's the basic stuff. Name, age, home address, previous jobs --

FAITH

Check. So... do you run these by, like, the police or anything --?

She notices Pryor's curious expression and smiles.

FAITH (cont'd)

I mean, 'cause that would be fine. Nothing wrong with me!

PRYOR

(beat)

How about we see the lab?

Pryor switches on the lights. The whole place is like something straight out of science fiction. Metallic cabinets, glass containers, a computer, and many, many drawers that look like they belong in a morgue. And a back office we can see through the long stretch of glass window.

FAITH

So what do you do here?

PRYOR

I examine things. Dissection,
chemical analysis, things like
that.

FAITH

Neat.

PRYOR

We've got the various tools over
here for testing and confirming
tissue samples. Chemicals that can
be used, combined --

FAITH

(points)

What are those?

She points to the drawers. Pryor looks at them, then turns
back to her.

PRYOR

You don't need to know about them.

(beat)

You'll be able to use that back
office for... whatever you young
girls do.

FAITH

Great.

PRYOR

I also have an extra room upstairs.
The job does come with
accommodation.

FAITH

God, no! I mean... I already have an
apartment. Plus, I have a cat.

PRYOR

A cat? Good job too. I'm allergic,
have been ever since I was young.
Used to sneeze my dinner all over
the table whenever Edwyn was
around, and my Mom would give me
that look she used to give when --

(off her look)

So... if you fill out the form you
can start pretty much straight
away.

FAITH

Don't you need to check references?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

It's just an assistant job. Not like you're applying to be a psychiatrist!

Faith nods, taking a breather. She watches as Pryor hangs up his lab coat and pulls on his jacket.

FAITH

What happened to the last assistant? I mean, you did have one, right?

PRYOR

Yeah. I had one.

FAITH

So did she quit?

PRYOR

No. Actually, she just left without saying a word. It's a shame, she was a great girl.

FAITH

She didn't tell you?

PRYOR

Nope. I guess she just couldn't handle telling me to my face. But these things happen, I guess, people come and go.

FAITH

Always the way. Well, thanks, Mr...

PRYOR

Pryor. Just Pryor.

FAITH

Okay, Just Pryor. I guess I'll get this application done and return it sometime tomorrow?

PRYOR

Yes, please, the earlier the better.

FAITH

Sorry, don't do early. Midday okay? I'll see ya then.

She heads out the door, eyeing the drawers one last time. Pryor watches her leave before looking at them himself, his eyes fixating on them.

9

EXT. BACK ALLEY

9

Faith leaves the lab and takes a side turn down another alley. She heads through the darkness, lost in her thoughts for a moment before she hears the sounds of a scuffle up ahead.

Slayer senses suddenly active, she draws her stake from her jacket pocket and creeps slowly forward. As she rounds a corner, we come to a scene a few feet ahead in a new part of the long, winding alleyway.

A MAN in his twenties, tall and lean, is fighting off some kind of DEMON, a hunched, dark skinned creature with long, hooked claws for hands.

Faith grits her teeth and starts to rush forward as we watch the man duck and dodge around the demon's clumsy attacks, looking round as if waiting for someone.

With a shout, Faith leaps through the air and lands on the demon's scaly back, her arms trying to wrap round its thick neck as she struggles to hold it back.

FAITH

(to Man)

Go! Get out of here!

MAN

Sure? Looks like you could use a hand...

The demon ROARS and starts trying to shake Faith off. She hangs on for dear life, legs flailing.

FAITH

(incredulous)

You trippin'? I said run!!

MAN

Maybe I'll stick around.

Faith finally raises her stake hand and plunges it into the demon's neck. It lets out a keening wail and sinks to its knees, and with one last WRENCH she snaps its neck. The demon's carcass thuds to the ground, dead.

Catching her breath, Faith looks up for the man she rescued, but he's nowhere in sight.

Frowning, she looks round, not noticing that he's now standing right behind her. He coughs once to get her attention, and she jumps a mile, stake raised on reflex.

The man chuckles - this is GABRIEL, a roguish kind of handsome, smartly dressed to boot.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

You always so jumpy?

FAITH

Who the hell are you?

GABRIEL

Someone who's been waiting.

FAITH

For what?

He grins, eyeing her stake.

GABRIEL

For the moment you'd threaten me with that. I needed to make sure you were who I thought you were.

FAITH

Good news, pal, I guess it's your lucky night!

Gabriel chuckles again, then a cat SCREECHES from somewhere in the alley, and Faith, nerves still jangling, whips round. When she looks back, Gabriel is gone.

We pull back to take in the rest of the now empty alley as Faith edges back, still gripping the stake, readying herself for a fight.

Faith looks around, seriously creeped. With another scan of the alleyway, she finally continues on her way, walking into the darkness.

The sewer is dark and dank, we have no idea what is above, or even what is below. The camera pans to see KILIK, a scrawny demon with HUGE BLACK CLAWS.

He SNARLS at a figure. This is NOA DERUBIA, a cute blonde young girl. She's breathing hard, struggling in the chains she's in, but glaring defiantly back at Kilik.

NOA

Get these damn chains offa me, you B-movie reject!

KILIK

Silence... silence, skinbag! Always with the chattering!

NOA

Oh yeah? You think I'm noisy now?
You wait till the cops get here,
they're gonna drag you into some
lab and slice you open so fast, you
won't even have time to try and
kill 'em with your stinking breath!

KILIK

I said shut up!

He STRIKES her across the face, and she shakes her head as she recovers from the blow. There's an anger blazing in her eyes that you wouldn't expect from someone with her looks.

NOA

Go ahead. Hit me again. You can't
keep me locked up in here forever.
My family will come for me, my
friends will find me. And when they
do-

KILIK

(growls)
You are weak. Small. Insignificant!
(beat)
But I hunger for your flesh, like a
disease I cannot cure... maybe I will
taste you.

NOA

What?!? No... no! Get away from me!

KILIK

Ssh! Just a little taste...

His eyes narrow on her before POUNCING. We only see the shadows on the wall as they WRESTLE each other. On her SCREAMS, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 EXT. ALLEY/THE LAB - DAY 11

The sun is shining high above as we fall onto the building where the lab is. Not exactly the Ritz.

12 INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE 12

Pryor heads through the door, back in that same old white lab coat, and moves to his desk, putting down some files, humming a little ditty as he moves around the office like a butterfly on heat.

Turning, and spotting Faith in the doorway, he quickly turns his back on her pretending not to have seen her, picking up the phone.

PRYOR
(into phone)
Lily? Hello, it's Pryor. Yes, I'll need those results and forms back by Friday. Than you.

He puts the phone down, facing Faith.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Faith, I didn't see you there.

FAITH
(smirks)
'Course you didn't.

PRYOR
(beat)
So, did you manage to get the application done?

FAITH
(holds up wad of paper)
All twelve sections of it. This thing's pretty thorough, Pryor!

PRYOR
Great.

Faith hands him the form. His eyes scan over it, and as his expression changes Faith gets the feeling he's surprised by what he reads.

PRYOR (cont'd)
This is... oh, you were in a coma... twice?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Yeah, the first time I kinda got stabbed. And the second time was a... I got my drink spiked.

PRYOR

Oh. I'm sorry.

FAITH

No big. I'm over it.

(beat)

Did you want me to start now or --?

PRYOR

Later tonight, if you can. I have a date and would really like some cover.

FAITH

Even better.

PRYOR

Of course, I'll have to show you everything that we do here while I've got you, it won't take too long..

FAITH

Lead the way.

Pryor nods, and starts to walk into:

Pryor and Faith are looking over some test tubes, with different colored liquids bubbling away inside. He points to some papers underneath them.

PRYOR

All I need you to do, is check these at regular intervals, and record the temperature and color.

FAITH

Sounds like a piece of --

PRYOR

When you've done that, you'll need to file the forms. But you can't just put them in anywhere. You'll need to first log the results onto the computer, then print out three copies...

He heads the filing cabinet, opening it up for Faith to take a look.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)

Two go in here, the other one on my desk. Always, always, save the files to disk. You then take the disk and store it in the safe.

FAITH

Safe? It's like prison. Only more sterile.

(off his look)

Not that I'd know, I mean.

Pryor heads over to an air vent and pulls the cover off. Inside is a large metallic safe, with a digital interface. He taps in a sequence of numbers and the safe swings open, showing a heap of folders inside.

PRYOR

Now, you'll need to know the code to get into the safe. It's six three nine six.

FAITH

Got it.

PRYOR

When the disk is in and safely locked away, you then record the drop in.

He pulls out a clipboard.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Just note it on there.

FAITH

Okay. I think I've got it all.

PYROR

Good. Because that is the job. It's not exciting but it pays the rent.

FAITH

I guess so.

PRYOR

So, you'll be back here later tonight, right? I really can't be late for my date.

FAITH

(smiles)

Hey, have a little faith!

Pryor nods, the joke passing straight over his head as Faith heads back out through the lab door.

14

INT. TRICK & TREATS - NIGHT

14

Faith is at the bar, knocking back a big gulp of beer. "THE RECKONING" by BOOMKAT plays in the background, with some people dancing on the dance-floor. Faith eyes them before returning her gaze to the barman, FRITZ.

FAITH

You know what this place needs,
Fritz? Besides, shock treatment,
anyway.

FRITZ

Naked waitresses? You gonna take me
up on my offer at last?

FAITH

(chuckles at his joke)
No, man, it needs a serious make
over, 'cause this club is dying in
the E.R, and Doctor Green is
nowhere to be found!

FRITZ

Hey, it's not that bad. We're just
going through a slow phase. Every
bar gets it.

FAITH

Yeah, but not every bar has to
employ a dancing monkey to
entertain the regulars.

FRITZ

That was just one time!

FAITH

Whatever. Time to hit the road.

FRITZ

But it's still early! For you,
anyway.

FAITH

Got a big night ahead of me. Work.

FRITZ

Well, check you out! Fun-time
Faith, the working gal.

She shoots him a smile and stands, shrugging on her jacket. She's taken two steps away from the bar when Fritz calls back out to her.

FRITZ

Hey, Faith?

(CONTINUED)

She turns back, to see Fritz looking down at a folded note in his hands. He holds it out for her, and she steps back, taking the note with a puzzled frown.

FAITH
What's this?

FRITZ
Beats me. That guy in the corner
just passed it on for you.

Faith looks round to the far corner of the bar to see Gabriel again. He raises his glass to her with a sly grin as if to say 'cheers,' and she rolls her eyes.

FAITH
(unfolding note)
Tell him if he's trying to pick me
up, he's got to try better than-

She pauses, looking down at the note. It reads, simply, 'The Blue Gem.'

Faith looks back towards the end of the bar, but Gabriel is gone again. She looks back at the note, confused.

FRITZ
What'd he say?

FAITH
(distracted)
Huh? Oh... nothing. Just a standard
pick up line. Nothing major.

She hurriedly stuffs the note into her jacket pocket and exits the bar, casting one last glance round as she leaves.

EXT. ALLEY/THE LAB - NIGHT

Footsteps echo through the alleyway as Faith rushes to the backdoor, practically pulling it off its hinges, trying to get out of the rain.

Faith shakes off the rain from her hair and jacket, looking ahead to see Pryor come out of the door, all dressed up in a suit.

PRYOR
Ah, good, you're here.

FAITH
Yeah, sorry. Traffic was a bitch.

PRYOR

You drive?

FAITH

No. It's still a bitch though.

(beat)

So, everything set up?

PRYOR

It's all ready for you, Faith. Now listen, if you hear some odd noises, don't worry, the plumbing in this building leaves a lot to be desired.

FAITH

I'll keep that in mind.

PRYOR

And don't answer the door to anyone. We don't get visitors at this time of night so if there is someone, it's not the right kind of someone. Keep it locked up until I get back.

FAITH

Relax, I can handle myself. Now go before the city's flooded and you don't get to have your goodnight kiss.

PRYOR

(embarrassed)

It's only the first date!

(beat)

Should there be a kiss on the first date?

FAITH

You're asking the wrong gal, Pryor. Look, just be yourself. She'll love it.

Pryor nods, taking a deep breath, before running out into the rain. Faith rolls her eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)

'Be yourself. She'll love it.'

Sure, if she's a complete nerd...

She sighs, taking a good look around.

16

INT. THE LAB - EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

16

Various colored liquids fill the screen. From behind them Faith's face appears, looking bemused. Pull out to reveal...

Faith jots down the results she has on a piece of paper, taking the thermometer and putting it in another tube. She writes down the next results and as she takes the thermometer out again --

BANG! Her eyes DART to the cabinets where the noise came from. Her eyes narrow, her senses telling her she's not alone. But, she shrugs it off, and continues with her work.

FAITH

It's just the plumbing.

But there is another BANG! This time she drops what she's doing and slowly heads over to the other side of the room.

She looks down at the cabinets, at one in particular, where a SHIFTING noise is heard.

Her hands grip the handle as she carefully pulls it open... to reveal a YOUNG GIRL, bound and gagged, eyes tearful as she looks up at Faith.

FAITH (cont'd)

Ah, jeez!

Faith quickly takes the tape off around the girl's mouth and helps her off the pullout stretcher, working her way through the ropes that are restraining her.

YOUNG GIRL

(crying)

Thank you, thank you so much!

FAITH

What the hell were you doing in there?

YOUNG GIRL

A man grabbed me, drugged me, and the next thing I knew, I was in there.

FAITH

(shocked)

Pryor? He did this to you?

YOUNG GIRL

He seemed so nice... I... I let him... oh God, I've been in there for so long!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

It's all right. You're okay now.

The girl HUGS Faith, who looks a little uncomfortable with it, pulling away.

FAITH (cont'd)

Okay, easy. It's cool.

YOUNG GIRL

I thought I was going to die but... you saved me.

FAITH

I just opened a drawer. Nothing big.

YOUNG GIRL

No, it is. You don't understand what this means to me.

PRYOR (O.S.)

Faith?

Faith the girl turn to see Pryor standing in the doorway, soaked from the storm outside.

PRYOR (cont'd)

What have you done?

FAITH

What have I done? This girl was trapped in there! You've got some sick dealings, Pryor.

PRYOR

This isn't what it looks like --

FAITH

Is she your last assistant? Is that what you do to them? Lock them up to fulfill your crazy ass fantasies?

PRYOR

Faith, listen to me, this isn't --

FAITH

(incensed)

You know, I really think I don't wanna talk to you right now.

She steps closer to him, her fists clenched, ready to do some serious damage.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
I think instead, I'm just gonna
smack you round this crappy lab of
yours 'till I remember to call the
cops. And I should warn you, I've
got a real bad memory.

PRYOR
(panicked)
No, Faith, she's a demon!

FAITH
What?

PRYOR
A shape-shifting demon. That isn't
my assistant!

FAITH
That's gotta be the lamest excu--
(realizing)
Wait, you know about demons?

PRYOR
Yes. It's what I do here. I wasn't
out on a date tonight, I was out
working, and I can tell you with
absolute conviction, this is not a
girl.

Faith isn't sure what to believe. She turns to the girl
standing just behind her.

FAITH
You a demon?

YOUNG GIRL
No!

FAITH
(shrugs)
Works for me.

She heads for Pryor, grabbing him by his throat, pinning him
against the wall.

PRYOR
Wait! Faith! The liquid!

FAITH
The what?

She loosens her grip so he can speak.

PRYOR

The aqua colored liquid in the rack. Put some on her skin and you'll see!

FAITH

How do I know it won't kill her?

PRYOR

That'd be pretty foolish on my part, wouldn't it? I can't move fast enough to escape you if it did.

Faith thinks for a beat, then accepts this, letting him go and turning to the test tubes. She picks out one, approaching the girl.

YOUNG GIRL

No, I don't trust him, I-

FAITH

Trust me, alright? I have to do this.

YOUNG GIRL

It might burn me! I just wanna go home!

FAITH

I really don't have time for this, kid. All I wanted was a normal job, with a normal apartment, and a normal... seminormal-bordering-on complete nerd boss. So let me do the damn test!

YOUNG GIRL

Please... don't...

Faith tips the liquid on the girl's arm. It begins to SIZZLE as she SCREAMS, falling down. Faith looks on in SHOCK, turning back to Pryor.

FAITH

Son of a... It killed her!

PRYOR

No, it didn't. Watch.

Faith turns back, only to see the girl has transformed into a very big and very ugly DEMON, who's getting to its feet. It stretches its muscles and GROWLS menacingly at her.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (4)

FAITH

Oh. Okay.
(beat)
Demon.

Off Faith's expression, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17 INT. THE LAB - EXAMINATION ROOM.

17

The demon LUNGES at Faith with both hands, grabbing her neck, pushing her back against the wall. Pryor dodges out of the way, his eyes widened with fear as Faith wrestles with the demon that is throttling her.

Faith KNEES the demon in the groin, getting one hand loose. With that she elbows the creature in its face, knocking it back just enough so she can kick it in the gut. Her hand dives into her jacket, pulling out a stake.

PRYOR

A stake? You're a --

Suddenly he is grabbed by the demon, who holds him by his throat in a very dangerous fashion. Faith back off.

FAITH

Let him go.

DEMON

(snarling)

Never! This human must pay!

FAITH

Let him go or I'll kick your ass.

(then)

Well, I'm pretty much gonna kick your ass anyway, but it won't be so severe if you drop him. Promise.

DEMON

Mortals. Thinking they can command the world they infested, the world-

FAITH

Yeah, whatever, sister, just put the nerd down, okay? If you kill him, I'm out of a job, and it's murder getting a half decent job in this city.

DEMON

Murder is a gift you should be so lucky to possess!

FAITH

(thinks)

Murder is a... what? Did that even make sense in your head?

(CONTINUED)

The demon strengthens its hold on Pryor, who GROANS IN PAIN. Faith edges closer, her eyes looking around, searching for a way out of this.

FAITH (cont'd)

Okay, I get it. You're pissed.
Locked in that box, quite probably
due to get sliced open and studied.
I get that. So how about we talk
this out over a nice cool beer? I
know this great place...

DEMON

Intoxicate me, then take my life?
Is that your plan?

FAITH

Actually, I was thinking about
killing you before we got to the
beer, means more for me. What can I
say? I'm no good with follow-
through.

(to Pryor)

Close your eyes!

He does what she says as she kicks the test tubes on the table at the demon. It smothers it and Pryor.

Faith grabs him and throws him to safety while she drives her stake into the demon. She then turns to Pryor, who is covering a burn on his arm.

FAITH (cont'd)

So, do I get paid extra for saving
you?

PRYOR

You, ah, haven't saved me yet.

Faith turns to be met by a fist. She STUMBLES back a few inches as the demon comes at her again but she grabs its neck.

It pushes Faith's grip away from it with its free hand and swings the stake at her.

Faith both blocks the blow and steps away from the swing. She then anticipates the creature's swing and blocks it. The demon swings the knife in an arc trying to cut her low, but Faith jumps back avoiding contact.

It then steps forward swinging the knife as it advances on the Slayer.

Faith backflips several times out of its range managing to avoid the pointy end of the stake.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

Faith crouches low and kicks the demon in the abdomen several times. It steps back upon impact. She jumps back on her feet and turns around to face the monster.

DEMON

Heh, you fight well, for a human!

FAITH

You think? I'm still warmin' up!

The demon flips the stake and gets a better grip on it, running forward, throwing some kicks at her. Faith avoids them and throws some punches at it, with the demon swinging the stake, Faith once again avoids impact.

Finally, the demon thrusts the stake forward and impales Faith in the side. The Slayer grabs its wrists, preventing the stake going any deeper. Her eyes are wide with shock, and the two are locked in their positions until --

BANG! The demon goes down and we see Pryor standing over the demon's body, with the fire extinguisher in his hand, holding it as if he were clinging to his own life.

He turns to Faith, who's breathing heavily, a little surprised by his burst of heroism.

18 INT. THE LAB - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

18

Faith is sitting on the table, with Pryor dressing her wound, using a first aid kit.

PRYOR

I think you'll live.

FAITH

Yeah. That Slayer healing should kick in soon. I'm kinda like Wolverine, minus the yellow spandex.

She slides off the table, clutching her side, trying to ignore the pain. She studies Pryor carefully.

FAITH (cont'd)

So you're like a scientist?

PRYOR

(nods)

I study the biology of demons, ever since I saw my first. I was nineteen, out with a friend, one of them jumped us. There was a fight and... my friend was killed.

Faith nods, knowing the feeling of having someone you care about die in battle.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)

And I ran. I didn't help him, I mean, I couldn't... but I didn't even try.

FAITH

So that's why you do all this. Trying to make up for it, right?

PRYOR

I believe that through science we can find weaknesses. Then, exploit them to our advantage.

FAITH

Not all demons are bad, you know.

PRYOR

I'll believe that when I see it. Till then, I'll continue my work to find ways to stop them.

FAITH

Good theory. Trouble is, what good is the info if you can't fight them?

PRYOR

You can.

(beat)

I mean, I've read all about Slayers and I just saw what you can do --

FAITH

No way. Sure, I fight. But I do it alone. I've seen too many people ripped apart, and that's not gonna be me.

PRYOR

Okay, but, maybe you could help me?

FAITH

You mean, work here?

PRYOR

That, and, help my last assistant.

FAITH

What happened to her?

PRYOR

She was taken a couple of weeks ago now, I came back and I was too late, she'd already been dragged out of here. But there was a demon left behind.

He goes to the cabinets and pulls one drawer open, revealing a very dead demon. Faith looks it over.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I've been studying it, trying to find out all I can so I could find Noa, but there's not much to go on, except there are traces of human waste products.

FAITH

Sewers?

PRYOR

It seems to be a popular habitat for demons. Plus, the skin is very pale, which would indicate it lived somewhere very dark, not much sunlight, if any.

FAITH

And you want me to go find...

PRYOR

Noa. Her name is Noa.

FAITH

Right, Noa. Look, I'd be happy to do that, but do you know how big the sewer systems are in a city like New York? It'd be like trying to find a jock at a comics convention.

PRYOR

I have the blueprints of the sewers. All the local tunnels are connected to one kind of hub. I think that's where these demons are.

FAITH

And what if they've killed her already? I know it's not the happiest scenario, but it happens. If I go in there, find thousands of hungry demons, I die. And I'm not looking to be the main course.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I have weapons, some are the traditional style, some are my own work. Contraptions I devised --

FAITH

Alright, Batman, I get the picture. You've really thought this through, it's like you knew I was coming.

PRYOR

No. It's just... I was preparing myself. I didn't think anyone would show up here, to help. Nobody seems to stick around in New York. It's like they get a piece of the apple, then leave.

(somber)

Noa was the nicest girl I've ever met, I have to find her.

Faith contemplates this, but quickly reacts.

FAITH

K, I'll do it. But not tonight. I've had my fun with demons for the day.

PRYOR

But she's still out there, she could --

FAITH

She's been missing for two weeks, Pryor. Whatever they were going to do to her has probably happened by now.

(beat)

Tomorrow, when the sun is up, I'll hunt. But if I go out in the darkness, they'll get the advantage.

PRYOR

Alright then, we'll meet here, and-

FAITH

No. I go alone. I won't be responsible for you getting killed.

PRYOR

But --

FAITH

Nu-uh. And that's that.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (4)

18

She goes to walk out but stops, turning back to him.

FAITH (cont'd)
I've still got a job, right?

PRYOR
(sighs)
Of course.

FAITH
Cool.

Then she EXITS. Pryor looks on after her, then back down at the demon in the drawer. He SLAMS it --

19 INT. SEWERS

19

A beaten and bruised Noa sits with her back against the wall, staring groggily into the darkness surrounding her. There's no sound, only the dripping of some water.

Until Kilik returns, on all fours, slowly crawling towards her with a menacing look upon him.

KILIK
I wish to play with you. Just a
little. Only a little...

His claws SCRAPE her skin, then rapidly pulls her legs. As she is DRAGGED across the ground, she looks straight into the camera and SCREAMS --

SMASH CUT TO:

20 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

20

Faith almost JUMPS OUT OF BED, springing awake. She breathes hard, running her fingers through her hair, as if checking that this was all real. Her eyes dart across the room, seeing Goliath asleep on the chair.

Seeing the sunlight bleed through the blind, she sighs, letting her head drop back down onto the pillow.

21 EXT. STREETS

21

Faith walks through the city, once again pushing past the hundreds of people just trying to get where they're going. The Slayer scans the sidewalk and finally sees what she's been looking for.

She heads towards manhole, attempting to lift it up. A SHOPKEEPER comes running out of her store.

SHOPKEEPER
Hey! What are you doing?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(matter-of-fact)
Going into the sewers.

SHOPKEEPER
You're not allowed to lift those
things up!

FAITH
Look, I got a job to do, lady. So
if you don't mind, get the hell out
of my way.

SHOPKEEPER
Well, never have I been so
insulted!

FAITH
Stick around and you'll see more.

SHOPKEEPER
That's it, I'm calling the police!
This is illegal!

FAITH
(shrugs)
Whatever.

Faith finally pulls the manhole cover off and heads into the
sewers, replacing the cover. The Shopkeeper pulls out her
CELL PHONE and starts dialing as Pryor approaches.

PRYOR
Hi, excuse me, there was a woman
here, dark hair, very beautiful,
sometimes a little brash --

SHOPKEEPER
Yes. The rudest person I've ever
come across!

PRYOR
That sounds like her. Do you know
where she went?

The Shopkeeper looks down at the manhole. Pryor nods in
understanding, then quickly pulls the cover off.

SHOPKEEPER
How many people do I have to tell?
You're not allowed down there!

PRYOR
I know, we're from the toxic waste
special environmentalist...
something.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

And with that, he disappears. The Shopkeeper walks back into her store, speaking on the cell.

22 INT. SEWER TUNNELS

22

Faith heads through the tunnels, her eyes shifting from opening to opening, wall to wall. Every so often she checks behind her, always being aware. But she is lost in darkness, having to feel her way with her hands sliding against the wall.

FAITH

(to herself)

Good idea, Faith. Don't bring a flashlight. Make it harder to find the bad guys and easier for them to kill you.

(beat)

I've really gotta learn to think before I act.

She sighs, continuing on her way, but hears a noise coming from behind her. As she turns she is BLINDED BY A WHITE LIGHT. Covering her eyes, she brings up her stake.

PRYOR (O.S.)

Faith!

He pulls the flashlight down, out of her eyes, as she looks at him, rolling her eyes.

FAITH

I told you you weren't coming!

PRYOR

I have to. I can't just sit and do nothing. I've done that before. And besides, I think that woman from the shop's about to call the police on us, and it'll make my alibi more convincing if I'm with you as well.

FAITH

(sighs)

Fine. Whatever. But if you get killed I'm so gonna kick your ass.

PRYOR

Agreed. But I'll try not to.

He quickly catches up with her, shining the light ahead as Faith starts to head down the tunnel. Pryor is trying to unravel a bulky roll of paper and study it.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)
You didn't look over the blueprints
of the tunnels.

FAITH
Nope.

PRYOR
So how do you expect to find your
way around this labyrinth?

FAITH
Follow the signs.

PRYOR
What signs?

She holds out his arm, preventing him from going any further.
Then they hear faint and distant SCREAMING.

FAITH
Those signs.

They turn a corner and head down there, speeding up.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23 INT. SEWER TUNNELS.

23

We pick up Faith and Pryor again as they hurry along the sewer tunnels.

PRYOR
It sounds like her.

FAITH
I guess she's still alive then.

PRYOR
But for how much longer? I mean...

FAITH
Pryor, you really shouldn't be down here. This is no place for guys in suits like you.

PRYOR
I have to --

FAITH
Right, 'cause you let your friend die that one time, but seriously, you could get killed. I don't need that on my conscience.

PRYOR
It's not just because of that.
(beat)
That demon you saw back in the Lab... I had that before Noa was taken. That's the reason they came, to take back their compadre. Noa was in the Lab alone that night, and if she dies...

FAITH
She's not going to. Just, stay calm, and when we face off against the bad guys, stay out of the way. I can't be saving you and fighting demons, okay?

PRYOR
All right.

They head on, with an awkward silence, until:

PRYOR (cont'd)
How's your wound?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Never better. But no worries. I've been stabbed, shot, stabbed again, and now staked. I'm running out of 's' words to get hit with.

PRYOR

You must have nine lives or something.

FAITH

No, that would be Buffy.

PRYOR

Who?

SCREAM! This time louder and closer. Faith and Pryor look down another twist in the sewer system and proceed through the tunnel.

Pryor pulls out a contraption, which looks a lot like a miniature crossbow, and Faith frowns as she sees it.

FAITH

What is that?

PRYOR

It's something I made. I realized that the thing about killing vampires was that you needed to surprise them, and carrying a big crossbow around doesn't exactly do that, so I made this. It shoots small wooden spikes, a lot like bullets.

FAITH

(unimpressed)

Neat.

PRYOR

Yeah, I really thought so.

(off her look)

And you were being sarcastic, right?

FAITH

Yeah, I kinda was.

PRYOR

Okay. I'll remember that.

They stop, hearing SCUFFLING behind a wall. Faith and Pryor exchange knowing glances.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Alright, Frinkle, stand back.

PRYOR
What are you doing to do?

FAITH
Sewer walls are normally pretty
old, don't take much to knock 'em
down, so...

Faith pushes him back and takes a running jump through the air, kicking at the wall with all her strength. But all she does is bounce right back off it and onto the ground.

PRYOR
(eyes her)
That was --

FAITH
(snaps)
Don't say a word. They must build
these things better round here...

PRYOR
Look, there's a vent.

He motions towards the vent, a small tunnel. Faith eyes him, a little embarrassed. She pulls off the cover and heads in, with Pryor following with a little smirk.

There's CHANTING by Kilik and other demons, with the crying form of Noa lying in the middle of their circle, bound and gagged, with bruises and slashed skin.

FAITH (O.S.)
Well, wouldya look at that!

They stop, all turning to face the intruder. Faith stands by the vent, with Pryor next to her, holding the minicrossbow white-knuckled in his hand.

FAITH (cont'd)
Did I lose my invite again?

KILIK
You do not belong here!

FAITH
I know, I know, I didn't fit in at
the last little get together you
guys had, but this time I was
really hoping we could be friends,
and...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
(beat; shrugs)
Aah, screw it. Let's fight.

Faith attacks Kilik, who backs away, wary of her stake, blocking against her hits.

The other demons begin to converge on the Slayer, just as she lands a smashing blow on Kilik's chin.

The demons attack at once, one going low and hard with a knee-breaking sweep kick, the other punching Faith in the face, and the third breaking to the side and putting his toe into her stomach with a vicious side-kick.

As all this is going on, Pryor manages to get to Noa undetected and starts untying her. The demons' attack is in perfect synch, eight arms and eight legs working like clockwork, striking their target without getting in the way of each other.

The attack SLAMS Faith back, right into Kilik. He grabs her and holds her in a FULL NELSON, exposing her to his fellow demons. The creatures shift position and attack again.

Two stand together, left shoulder to right, and with their combined arms slam Faith in the face, then step apart as the third comes in. The THIRD grabs the shoulders of the other two and flips, walking its feet up Faith's body, and kicking her from below, right up into the chin of her jaw! It snaps Faith back with a spray of blood.

Unnoticed, Pryor and Noa get to the vent.

NOA
Pryor, they're going to kill her!

PRYOR
She came to save you, so the best thing for us to do is to get out of here!

Noa, too exhausted to argue, goes through the vent. Pryor takes a last look back at Faith, then hesitantly follows.

Faith reaches back and puts her hands on either side of Kilik's head. As he's being pummeled from the front, he squeezes and screams. His screams are mixed with Kilik's.

Finally, Kilik thrusts Faith forward as he falls back, holding his head in agony. He looks to the others.

KILIK
Kill her!

The hold broken, Faith stumbles back over a demon lying on the ground, with the other demons in pursuit.

She somersaults, comes up on her feet, and jumps to the left, putting one demon in front of the other two.

She attacks, her stake swiping at everything that moves, smashing through one of the demon's blocks. It falls, and Faith takes on another two, giving a kick jump that knocks both of them away in one shot.

As she comes down, more and more of these demons come rushing through the tunnels, all converging on Faith, who's getting hit from every angle. They stop, leaving a circle around her.

The demons attack, overwhelming her with sheer numbers. Faith is a blur, a human bullet now, crushing or smashing them all, but they crowd on all sides.

The bodies pile up as they fall, and Faith finds herself stepping up the rubbery mass of corpses. A few more smashed demons fall and Faith is seriously lacking breath now. She can't take it.

Choking, Faith struggles to free herself from the masses of demons. Demons climb up the walls and onto the ceiling, dropping onto her, pounding viciously.

Faith stalls, in shock, her eyes locked with the lifeless demon she just killed. Except, now, the demon's face is morphing into that of THE DEPUTY MAYOR, the man she first killed.

BUFFY (V.O)

Faith, no!

Faith TWITCHES, remembering.

BUFFY (V.O) (cont'd)

You killed a man.

Frozen in fear, she is attacked, knocked back by the army of demons. As she falls to the ground, she looks at the demon again, this time seeing it for what it really is.

She FLIPS to her feet, standing in her fighting stance, stake in hand. SCREAMING and fighting, she surges into the wall of demons.

One by one she takes them apart, jabbing her stake into anything she can find. Her movements are so fast, we don't even know where she begins and the demons end.

A flurry of fists and kicks are thrown at the attackers until there is nothing left but Faith.

Breathing hard and heavy, she turns to Kilik.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Maybe the reason why demons don't invite me to these things is 'cause I kill all the guests, huh?

KILIK

You have ruined everything! The ritual cannot continue without the girl!

FAITH

You know, really not caring.

KILIK

Mortals, all talking like they own this world. You do not! It was the demons who ruled it first and the demons will rule it again!

FAITH

Yeah, well that's why there's Slayers all around, taking them out one by one, making sure that doesn't happen.

KILIK

You'll all fail. The final battle will come, and you will all run!

FAITH

Whatever. Now look, this can go two ways. Either I kill you... or I kill you quick. Trust me, I know torture, and I'm good at it.

KILIK

You don't know pain. But you will.

FAITH

Show me what you've got.

Kilik RUSHES her, SLASHING his claws into her skin. She winces in pain, backflipping to safety, but the demon's too quick for her. He's right in her face, knocking away at her, slicing her flesh with his in-built weapons.

She raises the stake, trying to get in a blow but he knocks it out of her hand.

KILIK

Ach! Just another flimsy skinbag!

As his jaw opens wide, showing his amazingly sharp and big teeth, he lunges in for a bite, but at the last moment, he pulls back, confused.

(CONTINUED)

Turning around, we see there is a small but severely implanted wooden spike in the back of his head.

Pryor stands by the vent, holding the small crossbow contraption, his eyes focused on the demon.

KILIK (cont'd)
Oh, this is not good, not good at all! When the Paragon Faction learn of this, they will find you and tear you apart...

Finally, Faith has noticed something. At the top of his spine is a BLUE JEWEL embedded in his skin.

With one swift movement, Faith swoops up the stake and drives it into the jewel, SMASHING it. His body DROPS TO THE GROUND.

Faith looks up to Pryor, surprised to see him back.

FAITH
Where'd you get to?

PRYOR
I was... getting Noa to safety.

FAITH
Right. Only, it sorta looked like you bugged out, discovered you had a spine after all and came back.

Pryor looks uncertain of how to reply. Faith chuckles as she walks past him, slapping him on the arm.

FAITH (cont'd)
'S cool. I would've done the same thing. Only a little quicker.

FADE TO:

25 EXT. THE LAB/STREETS - DAY

25

Faith walks through the streets, this time struggling less to get to her destination. She turns down the alley but stops, slowly turning around.

26 INT. THE LAB - LOBBY

26

Noa is resting on the sofa, various bandages over her wounds. She looks to see Pryor with two mugs of coffee. He passes her one.

NOA
Oh my God, I've so missed coffee...

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

It must have been awful for you.

NOA

It was. And the worst part? The smell... not just the sewers, but that demon.

(thinks)

I guess, actually, the worst part about the being beaten and tortured was the being beaten and tortured. But coffee and fresh air? I'm happy, verging on giddy! I'm even...

Noa's lip suddenly starts to tremble, and Pryor jumps up, throwing his arms round her as she disintegrates into sobs. He closes his eyes and holds her tight as she cries.

PRYOR

I'm sorry, Noa. I should never have left you alone that night, it's all my-

NOA

Oh, Pryor, shut up!

She pushes herself back, wiping her tears away with her thumb and trying to fix her smile back in place.

NOA (cont'd)

It's over. I'm still alive. See?
(pokes herself)
Still here.

PRYOR

Thanks to Faith.

NOA

Yeah, what is up with her? She's tough, like Michelle Yeoh or something.

PRYOR

She's a Slayer.

NOA

Oh.
(beat)
What's a Slayer?

FAITH (O.S.)

Knock, knock.

They both turn to see Faith at the door. She comes in, it closing behind her. Noa quickly makes sure all her tears are gone and flashes a bright smile at Faith.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Faith. How are you doing?

FAITH

I'm okay. Tired. But all right.
Which I guess is down to you.

PRYOR

Me? No, I didn't do anything --

FAITH

Look, I don't thank people a lot so
don't make it any harder for me.

PRYOR

(smiles)

All right. I accept and... you're
welcome.

Faith nods, taking a deep breath as Noa attracts her
attention, smiling brightly.

NOA

Hi! I'm Noa. But you already knew
that, so, uh, let's start that
again. I was a bit too out of it to
say anything when we met last
night, so thanks. Thanks for
getting me out of there.

FAITH

No problem.

(to Pryor)

So I guess now you don't need two
assistants, right? I mean, not that
I care about the job but...

Pryor stumbles for words for a moment until Noa rolls her
eyes and speaks up.

NOA

Well... I won't be, like, working
properly for a while. I'm still
pretty much in pain so...

PRYOR

Yes, we could certainly use someone
else round here.

(beat)

Full time.

FAITH

Full time, huh?

NOA

Yeah, a team!

(CONTINUED)

A bemused smile tries to emerge on Faith's lips but she hides it well. Noa realises something and the smile drops off her face as she turns to Pryor.

NOA (cont'd)
Wait, I'm not gonna be getting a
pay cut, am I?

PRYOR
No.

NOA
(to Faith; smiles)
Welcome to the team!

Faith nods, unable to keep her smile hidden. She turns to go but Noa calls out to her.

NOA (cont'd)
Hey, Faith, wait! Uh, don't you
want to stick around? You know,
grab a drink, relax a bit...

FAITH
(beat; shakes head)
Nah, I'm good. You two catch up.
I'll see you tomorrow night, okay,
Pryor?

PRYOR
Yes, yes, see you then.

Noa pouts but Faith heads out the door. Noa throws a look at Pryor, who just shrugs.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Well, I know I wasn't about to
argue with her!

NOA
You've got no backbone, Pryor,
that's your problem..

As Noa drains her coffee, we fade to:

We're looking outside the window, at the light of day. We PAN THE ROOM to put Faith in view as she unpacks the boxes.

She sits on the sofa, with the white sheet taken off, and goes through her things.

Turning to the photo of Robin, she smiles, moving the frame a little as if reassured by its touch.

27 CONTINUED:

27

She heads over to the window, pausing to stroke Goliath, who MEOWS.

28 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING

28

We're looking back at Faith from the reverse angle as she looks on. She leans against the window frame and stares out into the city before her.

We pull back farther and farther until we're way above the city, soaring backwards through the sky, through the clouds, until we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW