

FAITH

"Secret Origins"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. THE RAYGUN - NIGHT

1

ANGLE ON a shot glass, filled to the brim with something dark, something potent.

FAITH brings the glass to her lips in one deliberate mechanical motion.

And then a pause. The drink remains suspended; hovering before her lips.

As we HOLD on her we begin a slow pan out to see the assorted masses gathered at the bar this night; typical art-house college crowd all broken up into their own "unique" clicks, sipping their watered down, imported drinks at their wire-frame, plastic tables.

In the center of the room, which is built like a stadium with all the tables scattered around circling the performance area, sits OLIVER. His tall thin frame is offset by the large, dumpy clothing he wears - all black, matching his spiked-with-blue-highlights-raven-black hair.

As he strums his ripened old Gibson acoustic and barks out his angsty and estranged lyrics with a scruffy whine, the audience can't help but be enthralled by the passion of his performance.

We close on Faith's weary eyes as they round the corners of their sockets to view the song-smith. Her head remains face-forward, unmoving; refusing to betray her feign of interest.

Oliver notices Faith's presence, quickly averting his eyes to keep this fact unknown to her, but allows himself the subtlest of smiles.

Faith lowers her glass back to the table (its contents intact) and slowly rises from her seat. She sluggishly works her way through the long & winding open corridor around the performance area toward the rear exit. Oliver is visible from her POV, so are the legions of art school girls (and boys) drooling over him.

2

EXT. THE RAYGUN - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

2

Faith exits the bar. At, or around, five paces from the door she stops.

Her face is blank; emotionless... and as a consequence: unreadable.

We pan from her head to her shoulder, to her arm, stopping on a clenched fist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Crimson slowly runs from the cracks of the fist as her fingernails penetrate skin.

We slowly pan out and away from Faith until we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

TITLE OVER: 24 Hours Earlier

3

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

3

The black screen explodes into dust as another vampire is obliterated, courtesy of Faith, who just as quickly spins herself around to parry another vamps attack, before sidelining it with a swift and powerful kick to the groin.

Faith is now standing on guard as two vamps circle her, contemplating their next move, or to be more honest, if they even have a "next move" to make.

VAMP #1 very cautious and carefully lowers his defenses to gesture his hands in a downward "calm down" motion.

VAMP #1

(Nervously)

Okay, Okay, Okay. Hold on just a sec, Slayer. I think that maybe the three of us can come to a bit of an.. I dunno... "arrangement"?

FAITH

Honestly, guy, I'm really tired tonight so the only thing I'd like to arrange is a quick death for you two so I can get some sleep.

(put out)

I mean, come on. I bust my chops fighting the good fight every night, and still have to hold down a 9 to 5 so I can have a roof over my head and a cup of ramen?

(then)

And you want to play "Let's Make a Deal"? I'm TIRED. I need sleep. And, great, now I'm all cranky and awake.

(angry)

So, in response to your request, "no" I don't want to make an "arrangement", I just want you to fight me so I can kill you, go home, sleep for a few hours, get up and go to work where I will more than likely have to fight something else.

Faith eyes the vamps warily.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

FAITH (cont'd)
(giving up;sigh)
Okay, what kind of arrangement?

4 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

4

OLIVER is dodging in and out of traffic. His motions are frantic. In each of his hands he carries a guitar case. As wild as his movements, his grip remains steady. Or at least until:

SLAM! Oliver is knocked over the hood of a car. The car screeches and stops. The driver just sits in a state of shock.

Oliver's fingers tighten on the handles to one of his cases as his eyes search the stars dangling above him in the night sky.

5 EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

5

Vamp #1 flashes through the air and into a hard brick wall, landing into several garbage cans.

FAITH (O.C.)
You have got to be kidding me.

We see Vamp #2 - his face is all squished up and looks constipated.

FAITH (O.C.) (cont'd)
I've been offered immortality and
all the power beyond my wildest
dreams...

Pan out to see that Faith has Vamp #2 in a headlock.

FAITH (cont'd)
And you offer me *money*? I mean,
come on!

Faith tightens her grip.

VAMP #2
It's a *lot* of money!

Faith tightens her grip even more.

6 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

6

The driver finally snaps out of his daze, ejects himself from his vehicle and rushes over to see if the young man has been seriously hurt.

(CONTINUED)

DRIVER

Hey! You all right? Hey, Kid!

(to himself)

Aw, crap... please don't be dead,
please don't sue, please don't be
dead, please don't sue...

Oliver suddenly sits up, perfectly erect, if but a bit dazed.

OLIVER

Ow.

The driver stands over Oliver, offering reassurances of a perfect bill of health and something about how absolutely unnecessary it is to bring the authorities and especially the insurance companies into this.

His dialogue sounds muffled and distant, the way you'd expect it'd sound after a blow to the head like that!

A black, hard shadow engulfs their, by comparison, relatively tiny frames.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

POOF! Vamp #2? Dusted.

Vamp #1 is now cornered up against a wall, trying to figure a way out of this impossible mess when

GABRIEL (O.C.)

Honestly, you might as well just
help yourself.

Faith turns to see GABRIEL stepping out of the shadows.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

The money gets dusted along with
the clothes and any other
possessions they may have on their
person.

FAITH

Jesus, Gabriel!

(then)

Here's a trade secret a lot of you
up-and-comers don't know: that
whole sneaking up on someone out of
the shadows? Annoying.

(then)

So, unless you're evil...

(off his look)

Don't.

Gabe just grins as Faith lays Vamp #1 out with a mean right hook, before she marches up to Gabriel, not looking happy.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

And the money thing? You think I haven't considered it? I mean, have you seen what Pryor pays me? I'm living off cheap ramen. Seriously, think about that for a second and let that really sink in: *cheap* ramen.

(then)

I don't know, call me crazy, but taking someone's money before I kill them feels a bit like mugging, even if they are a vampire.

GABRIEL

But the killing doesn't feel like murder? The stealing is actually worse?

FAITH

Okay, something else you have to learn about me real quick, chief, is not to try and mess with my head. I got enough voices in their to last me a lifetime.

GABRIEL

Just trying to understand you better, is all.

FAITH

Only thing you need to "understand" is that unless you have some cryptic message to give and disappear into the shadows -again: annoying by the way, you should probably leave. Now.

(twirling her stake in hand)

I have some work to do.

Faith turns toward Vamp #1 to finish him off. Takes two steps. Stops. Rolls her eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)

You're still here, aren't you?

GABRIEL

Yeah. Sorry.

FAITH

But not evil, right?

(sternly)

Don't lie.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL
(trying not to laugh)
No. Really not evil.

FAITH
Good, cause I could seriously mess
up that pretty face of yours if you
were.

GABRIEL
(amused)
You think my face is pretty?

FAITH
(covering)
No, just being nice.
(beat)
Look, if you're just looking for a
bone, I gotta tell you, you're just
not my type. I like my meat a
little less tender, a little more
worn. You're all... I dunno...
pretty.

GABRIEL
That word again.
(then)
And no, not really looking to
"bone".

FAITH
Okay, enough. Message. Now. Then
leave.

GABRIEL
Actually, I've got two.

FAITH
Lucky me. Spill.

GABRIEL
First, "no wiggle room".
(off her look)
Serious.

FAITH
You've got to be kidding. I don't
have time for this.

GABRIEL
And second, your perp is on the
move.

Faith jumps around to see Vamp #1 back on his feet, running
for his very un-life.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (3)

7

FAITH
 (to herself)
 Oh, Great.
 (back on Gabe)
 If he gets away...
 (then)
 Wiggle room?

Faith leaves Gabe with a nasty look as she begins pursuit of the fleeing creature.

8 EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

8

Oliver unfastens the clasps on one of his guitar cases as the sound of a few garbled crunches can be heard in the not so far off distance.

OLIVER
 C'mon, c'mon...

A miserable loud bellow fills the air. Whatever is down below, it's finished its meal. Time for seconds.

Oliver throws open the case to find - a Gibson electro-acoustic. He seems surprised to see it.

OLIVER (cont'd)
 Aw, crap!

9 EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

9

Vamp #1 is tossing trash cans, boxes, papers, just anything he can find to hopefully slow his pursuer down, even going so far as to run out into oncoming traffic.

No such luck.

Faith sprints down the sidewalk, and through the hail of vehicles with relative ease.

The street is littered with vehicles as there is some sort of mass commotion underway, up ahead. Vamp #1 slows his pace down as he realizes he has less and less space to move through.

He comes to a full stop, looks around only to find no Slayer in sight. His head jerks back and forth for someplace to move, someplace where he can be sure he's safe. Someplace that-

Faith comes from behind, grabbing the collar to his jacket, her stake thrusts into the creature fast and hard, exploding it into dust.

An awkward moment as several bystanders, resting inside their motor vehicles gawk at Faith, stake still in hand.

(CONTINUED)

Before she can offer a snappy remark or clever explanation, Oliver (still holding the remaining guitar case in hand) SLAMS into the windshield of a car behind her.

Car doors tear open as the occupants flee for their lives. Faith turns and tries to squint through the darkness to see what is up ahead.

It comes in to focus. Her squint becomes a bulge.

A giant CREATURE, humanoid in form, horns, teeth, scaly and leathery skin - the works, stands before her. As it opens it's mouth to scream, a solid beam of blood erupts from it, splattering onto the road.

FAITH

That's absolutely, positively,
unnecessarily gross. Just damn!

(then)

Hey, fugly! Let's go.

The creature BELLOWS. Faith grips her stake tight.

FAITH (cont'd)

(off stake)

Yeah, I'm thinking something about
needing a bigger boat...

THWAK! A crossbow bolt explodes into one of the creature's eye sockets. It ROARS in pain.

Faith spins around to see Oliver, on his feet but a little cut up, armed with a giant crossbow. At his feet is the second guitar case, now vacant.

FAITH (cont'd)

Great. He's got a freaking yacht
and all I've got is a little...

(off stake)

... dingy?

OLIVER

Excuse me, if you are quite
finished making the overdone and
tiresome Jaws references, you might
want to move!

Too late.

Faith gets nailed by the monster's fierce charge landing into a car door, SMASHING the window and falling down onto the cold ground.

She hoists herself up, using the car as a crutch.

FAITH

Maybe you should be a bit less
wordy with your warnings, chief!
Something snappy, like a -

The creature refocuses on Ollie and fires off a thunderous
punch to his chest.

FAITH (cont'd)

- look out!

Oliver tumbles and smears across the pavement. Faith rushes
to his aid, flipping him face up to see if he's even
breathing.

A moment. He is! Faith tries to help him up, her eyes darting
about to find where the creature will attack from next, but-

Pan out to show the street is now deserted save for her and
Oliver.

FAITH (cont'd)

Great.

(to Oliver)

Okay, we're getting you to a
hospital.

OLIVER

(coughing)

No. No hospital.

FAITH

(Wiping blood from his
face)

Dude, you've probably broken, like,
every bone in your...

His face now un-obscured by blood and mussed hair. Faith
notices how attractive he is; how perfectly her type he is.
She looks his fine form up and down.

FAITH (cont'd)

... body...

OLIVER

(weakly)

No... hospital. No... cops...

FAITH

Don't worry, definitely no cops,
but you really need...

Faith takes it in. She understands. She's been there.

FAITH (cont'd)

Okay. No hospitals. No cops.

(CONTINUED)

She starts to help him up, doesn't work too well, but she manages.

FAITH (cont'd)
C'mon, there's some place else I
can get you some help.

As Faith hefts the guy up, we cut over to:

INT. POLICE HQ - NIGHT

The elevator doors open to reveal QUINN biting into a bright, shiny, red apple.

We follow Quinn out of the elevator as he strolls past the legions of desks with their piled up reports, balding detectives and immoral suspects being questioned until he comes upon LEHTO, who is scrambling through a stack of papers, desperately looking for something.

QUINN
Good evening, Lehto.

LEHTO
(still searching)
Hey, Jon, how're things?

QUINN
Good, you?
(off scrambling)
You, uh, having a problem there?

Lehto falls back into his chair, reclining with hands behind his head.

LEHTO
No, not really. Just lost an
important number.
(smiles)
Again.

Quinn chomps another bite into his apple.

QUINN
Here, let me help.
(gestures to computer)
Aside from multiple gigs of space
to hold all of the most bizarre,
torrid, and taboo porn you can find
via the world wide web, it can also
hold dates, files, and important
numbers. Try these fine programs:
"datebook", "phonebook", and
"filer".

Lehto just smirks back.

LEHTO

Yeah, *that's* going to happen.

QUINN

Hey, I've seen stranger things.

Lehto once again scans over his desk.

LEHTO

Not me, and I've seen a lot.

He snatches a "post it" note into the air and hands it over to Quinn.

LEHTO (cont'd)

Your wife called earlier by the way. Sounds pretty hot. Nothing like her picture.

QUINN

Har har.

(eyes the note)

How long ago?

LEHTO

Maybe twenty minutes. I dunno. Don't have a watch - part of my whole unorganized thing.

QUINN

There's a clock on the wall.

(then)

And on your computer.

LEHTO

Oh yeah...

(off his look)

Seriously though, only about twenty minutes, tops.

Quinn tosses his apple into a trashcan next to their desks, plops down in his seat and immediately starts dialing on his phone.

LEHTO (cont'd)

I'm assuming this is something important?

QUINN

Nah, not really, just-

(on phone; coldly)

What is it?

Lehto is a bit taken aback by Quinn's seemingly rude, and blunt directness with his wife.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)
Right. Not a problem. I'll do it.
No leftovers? Right.

Quinn hangs up the phone, his somber expression still in place. Lehto just stares at him for a moment, taking in the odd behavior as Quinn just starts scribbling some notes on a paper.

LEHTO
(to himself)
I've had more intimate
conversations with myself in the
men's room.

Lehto eyes a LIME GREEN POST IT NOTE.

LEHTO (cont'd)
(picks it up)
There you are!

He tilts his monitor toward him a bit, keeping his eyes on the post-it, and begins typing a series of numbers on his keyboard.

PRYOR sits back in his big, comfy chair as Elvis Costello booms out of the speakers in his office. He is cool, calm and perfectly relaxed. Maybe a bit *too* relaxed.

Around him are several large widescreen monitors with a view of almost the entire building. The walls are lined large prints by Erte - his favorite artist. The room is a safe haven for him.

NOA is sorting through some medical tools on the counter: syringes, razors, picks, etc., etc.

In the center of the room sits the "The Slab", a large imposing iron block where the bodies of otherworldly entities are laid out for examinations and dissections.

This particular night, a Krohk-Han demon rests upon the giant block. It's head holds 3 large horns, one coming from INSIDE it's humongous mouth.

Noa returns over to the slab, with a long sharp x-acto looking tool. She smacks her lips, chewing gum, as she meticulously drags the blade lightly across the creatures eyelid, to get a skin sample when-

THUNK! A crash causes Noa to drop the gum out of her mouth and into the creature's open teeth bared orifice.

NOA

Oh sh-

FAITH (O.C.)

(interrupting)

Little help!

Noa panics for a moment. Should she try and fish the gum out, or go help Faith?

FAITH (O.C.) (cont'd)

HEY!

Faith. Definitely Faith. She bolts out of the room.

INT. LAB - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Faith is helping Oliver over to a sofa, in her off hand she is carrying one of the guitar cases. The other is resting on the floor where it had been dropped moments before.

Noa pops in from the slab, rushing over to take the case from faith's hand.

NOA

Faith! What's going on? Who is he?

Is he okay?

(notices his looks)

Is he single?

Faith finishes propping Oliver up on the hallway sofa.

FAITH

You're dating someone.

NOA

Not anymore. He got all weird.

FAITH

Define "weird". Fangs and horns weird or, like-

NOA

(interrupting)

He wanted me to spank him.

(off her look)

While wearing his mom's slippers and humming the theme from 'The Benny Hill Show'.

FAITH

Whoa.

NOA

(sighing)

Yeah.

OLIVER
(not quite conscious)
Ohhh... ow ow ow...

NOA
Anyway, back to the question at hand.

FAITH
"Who is this guy?" Yeah, I know.
He's been too woozy to talk straight.

NOA
I meant the single thing, but a name is probably good too.

FAITH
Pryor?

NOA
Office. I'll get him.

FAITH
And hurry, I think our boy here needs some medical help.

NOA
(sarcastic)
Ya think?

FAITH
Just go.

Faith notices Oliver's blood on the couch cushions.

FAITH (cont'd)
Crap! Not the couch!

She grabs some tissues from a nearby table and tries to blot it up some.

Elvis Costello booms loudly, the scene is black - we're looking through Pryor's eyes, which are closed.

Light cracks in the center, briefly. Then again, as Pryor opens his eyes bringing us into his dreamlike, relaxed P.O.V. to see Noa shouting at him, but as the music blares all he hears is low mumblings.

We HOLD on Noa as she tries to snap Pryor to attention. Her face twists and distorts into a variety of amusing expressions.

14 CONTINUED:

14

Pryor finds the imagery quite comical. Little snickers become bursting giggles before we cut back to:

15 INT. LAB - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

15

Pryor, more sober now, follows Noa through the corridor.

NOA

What are you, like, high?

PRYOR

No! Of course not. I was just relaxing.

NOA

You looked high. Still do.

PRYOR

I just really like my music, Noa. It soothes me, makes me feel... relaxed.

(then)

Lord knows I need it, way things have been lately.

Noa stops dead in her tracks, Pryor bumps into her.

NOA

Uh, hello? Few weeks ago, my own mother tried to have me *sacrificed*!

PRYOR

Noa, I didn't mean...

NOA

Hey, I'm just saying if anyone's going to get high around here, it'd better be me.

(then; innocently)

Not that I would.

The two, once again, resume their journey through the corridor. After a beat, Pryor speaks:

PRYOR

I'm not high.

NOA

I want to see those pupils.

PRYOR

(protesting)

I was just listening to my music. In my chair. My big, comfy chair.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

NOA

Whatever.

16 INT. LAB - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

16

Faith is sponging the blood off Oliver's wounds when Noa and Pryor arrive.

PRYOR

Faith, what happened?

Pryor drops onto his knees, and holds Oliver's eyes open, inspecting them. Faith moves some tissues to try and cover up the stains on Pryor's couch.

He notices. Makes a face. Gets back to work.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Why didn't you take him to a hospital?

FAITH

He didn't want to go.

PRYOR

Faith, his wounds could be quite serious.

FAITH

He didn't *want* to go.

Pryor focuses on Faith.

PRYOR

Did he give you a reason?

FAITH

(sarcastic)

Yeah, we stopped and had a couple drinks at which time he discussed in-depth his phobia of sterile environments. Just patch him up already, Pryor!

PRYOR

Faith, he could be dangerous. We don't know anything about him.

FAITH

He helped me fight a big... *thing*. I think we owe him the benefit of the doubt.

Pryor is breaking out some bandages from a first aid kit, prepping them for application.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

You ever consider the reason he doesn't want to go to the hospital is because he may be a wanted man? Maybe the police are looking for him. Maybe he doesn't want to go to the hospital because he know's he'll get busted. Maybe he *is* a danger, Faith.

NOA

That's an awful lot of "maybes".

FAITH

It's none of our business.

PRYOR

You brought him here, now it is our business.

FAITH

He helped me out, now drop it.

Pryor realizes he's pushing and backs off the subject.

PRYOR

Noa, go heat up some water.

NOA

What do we need hot water for? Do you need to sterilize something? Oh my God, are we going to have to operate?

(then)

He's not pregnant or anything?

(off their looks;

sheepish)

I read about demonic pregnancies and there's some really fu-

PRYOR

(interrupts)

Coffee! I was going to fix us some coffee while we wait for our guest to wake.

NOA

Oh. Sure thing boss.

Noa hops up and starts to head down the corridor, on her way out she leans over to Faith.

NOA (cont'd)

(whisper)

Don't let him operate, I think he might be... impaired.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

She taps the side of her nose, as if disclosing a big secret, and scurries off. Faith, confused, turns to Pryor who just hangs his head in frustration.

17 INT. LAB - THE SLAB - LATER

17

Noa is trying to fish her gum out of the Krohk-Han's mouth as Faith and Pryor share some coffee.

PRYOR

From what you've said, the creature you both encountered sounds like a Troll.

FAITH

No dice. I've known people who have been deeply intimate with a Troll before, and this wasn't one of those trolls.

PRYOR

Hmm. Maybe you're right. Maybe it isn't one of THOSE trolls.

NOA

Again, with the "maybes".

Pryor offers an annoyed eye over to Noa, who is still trying to work her gum back up the demon's throat.

FAITH

This thing sure didn't come walking out of one of those dinky old fairy tales, either, it was big, mean and ugly. And it looked hungry.

PRYOR

I have some sources, I'll check in to and see what I can find.

FAITH

A real live troll, huh?

PRYOR

The description sounds dead on, but they usually don't dwell in such populated areas. Keep to themselves. Very strange indeed.

FAITH

Welcome to my world.

OLIVER (O.C.)

So...

(CONTINUED)

All eyes turn to the doorway where we see Oliver standing, looking much better, albeit still quite beat up.

OLIVER (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Buffy's dead.

And on Faith's look of shock we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. LAB - THE SLAB - CONTINUOUS

18

Pan out to show the rest of the room: Pryor in mid-sip of his cocoa, Noa feeling generally uncomfortable - and out of the loop (who's Buffy?), and Faith frozen in a state of disbelief at Oliver who staggers through the doorway and over to the slab, next to Noa.

OLIVER
(re: demon)
Krohk-Han?

Noa nods as Oliver steps over for a closer look.

OLIVER (cont'd)
Nasty things.
(looking into corpse's
mouth)
What the...
(to Noa)
Did he choke to death on a piece of
gum?

Noa has no reply, she just rolls her shoulders.

FAITH
(through gritted teeth)
What do you mean, Buffy's dead?

OLIVER
You're the Slayer, aren't you?

Oliver, weakly, maneuvers himself over to Faith.

FAITH
A slayer.

OLIVER
Yeah, well, I know enough about how
these things work. There can be
only one...
(to himself)
... or is that 'Highlander'?
(back to Faith)
Basic idea's the same. One slayer
in all the world. When she dies
another is called. Last I knew, she
was the Slayer, and if you're
currently holding the title then
that means Buff's dead.

Faith rolls her eyes and puts her drink down, standing to
face Oliver with a relieved smile.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Oh. My. God. You scared the crap out of me!

OLIVER

What do you mean?

FAITH

"A". I said I'm A slayer. Buffy is fine. Or at least, no one's bothered to call and tell me different.

OLIVER

She is? How? You're *both* slayers?

FAITH

Oh, honey... You are completely out of the loop, aren't you? What's your name?

OLIVER

Oliver. Oliver Pike.

Faith nods and turns to Noa.

FAITH

Noa, better get some more coffee brewing. It looks as if we have a lot to discuss.

Noa nods and heads back into the kitchen as we cut to:

Lehto types away at his keyboard. His eyes scroll through the contents of his screen until they meet what he was searching for. With wide eyes, his face goes pale. He picks up his phone and makes a call, never taking his eyes off his monitor.

VOICE

(from phone)

Hello?

LEHTO

Dave? It's Mike. Something new popped up. I've just uploaded it to my FTP, folder name is: pratfall. Get it now. I'll be there for follow up in 15.

VOICE

(from phone)

I take it this has something to do with-

LEHTO
(deliberately cutting him
off)
Yes. Now go. Do it.

Lehto hangs the phone back on the receiver and pensively
stares at his screen.

Faith and Oliver sit alone, continuing their conversation.

OLIVER
(midtalk)
... wow.
(disbelief)
Thousands?

FAITH
Hell, maybe millions for all we
know.

OLIVER
Wow.
(then)
Are there even that many vampires
out there?

FAITH
(pondering)
I guess? Never really thought of
that. That is a lot, isn't it? But
yeah, I suppose so.

OLIVER
And until recently, only the one
slayer?
(then)
Okay, I am by my own admission not
the most advanced strategist on the
planet, but shouldn't they have
started with the multiple slayers?

FAITH
Probably. From what I get, the guys
responsible were not the most
forward thinking notches on the
evolutionary ladder.
(sigh)
What's a girl gonna do though?

OLIVER
Well, die, I would assume.

Oliver gets up from his chair and makes his way over to the
slab, examining the corpse.

OLIVER(cont'd)
(re: corpse)
And then there's this. Not even
part of the plan.
(shakes head; smiles)
Damn. One girl.

Faith joins him.

OLIVER (cont'd)
I was actually naive enough to
think that once Buffy pencil-staked
that Vamp in Hemery it would all be
over.

FAITH
(smiles)
Stupid kid. It's never *that* simple.
Things always get... complicated.

OLIVER
Tell me about it.

FAITH
So, you know Buff from "Hemery,"
was it?

OLIVER
Yeah, we went to High School
together.

FAITH
(checking out his "look")
I just can't see you guys "gapping"
it.

OLIVER
Oh, hell no. We barely knew each
other. Couldn't stand one another
really.
(then; off her look)
At first. Then there was the
vampires. And the birthright. And
the undeniable lust you get when
fighting side to side-
(gets right up in Faith's
face)
-with a beautiful young woman.

FAITH
(coyly)
Sorry, I don't do Buffy's cast-
offs.
(to herself)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Well, maybe the one time, but I
don't think they ever had... at
least, she never admitted to any-

OLIVER
(interrupts)
Too bad.

Their eyes lock for a beat before Pryor, carrying a large,
old text, followed by Noa, enters.

PRYOR
We've got it!

Faith and Oliver break.

FAITH
Got what?

PRYOR
(triumphantly grinning)
It's a troll!

FAITH
(sarcastic)
Congratulations, Pryor.
(taking the text)
You're turning into my very own
personal Giles.

The room stares blankly at Faith, missing the reference.

FAITH (cont'd)
Forget it.
(off the text)
What am I looking at here?

Pryor, eyes rolling, takes his book back.

NOA
It's a good guy.

PRYOR
(to Noa)
No, no, no, I never said that.
(back on Faith)
Trolls are most definitely not very
nice by their very nature, however,
this particular tribe, or breed,
the "pretaun-sho" generally are not
aggressive, unless provoked and
tend to stay in large unpopulated
areas.

FAITH

Well, I'm pretty aggressive when
I'm provoked too, but I'm still
technically a good guy, right? So,
what makes these guys different?
What makes them "not very nice"?

Pryor turns a couple pages of the text and shows an image to
Faith, whose face scrunches.

FAITH (cont'd)

Oh.

Oliver leans in and takes a look.

OLIVER

(confirming)

Yeah, that's pretty sick.

(to Pryor)

And definitely "not very nice".

NOA

Let me see.

Pryor holds the book in her face, giving her a nice view of
the illustration.

NOA (cont'd)

Oh Sh-

(covers her mouth)

Not very nice.

(to Pryor)

Evil. Definitely, Evil.

(to Faith)

Kill it.

FAITH

Love to. How?

PRYOR

Unfortunately, brute force won't
work on something like this. At
least not without diluting its
source of power.

OLIVER

And what is that, exactly?

PRYOR

It's name.

Beat. Faith rolls her eyes.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

That's dumb.

(Off his look)

Well, c'mon. It is!

PRYOR

Be that it may, but without
diluting the source of its power,
it cannot be defeated.

FAITH

Okay, so if we get its name, I can
kick its butt?

PRYOR

Yes. What I said.

FAITH

Then get me its name.

Faith starts to walk off.

PRYOR

Where are you going?

FAITH

Well, I'm figuring we want to keep
tabs on this thing to make sure it
doesn't eat any more civvies,
right?

PRYOR

Right. I've got a possible lead I
can follow. Take Noa's cell.

NOA

In my bag downstairs.

Faith nods.

PRYOR

I'll call if I get something.

FAITH

(re: Noa, quietly)

Keep her safe.

(then)

Ollie, you feel like getting out
for a bit?

OLIVER

Yeah, no offence, but -

(to Pryor)

- this place smells all funky.

Pryor is taken aback. Oliver follows Faith out.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
(incredulously)
It's not me! It's the dead demon!
(to Noa, crabbily)
Get that thing in the freezer.

Noa snaps to action.

PRYOR (cont'd)
(to himself; grumpy)
It's not even *that* noticeable...

We cut from Pryor to:

21 INT. LAB - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

21

Faith and Oliver (carrying a guitar case - crossbow within)
load up on weapons, daggers, throwing knives, hand axe, etc.,
etc.

FAITH
You sure you're up to this?

OLIVER
Definitely.

Faith finishes packing her weapons, and tosses the bag over
her shoulder.

FAITH
Let's go kill a troll.

Beat. Oliver grins.

OLIVER
I hope you realize how corny that
sounds.

FAITH
I do. Let's go.

Ready to fight they head out, marching toward the camera
until we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22 INT. SIP & SURF INTERNET CAFE - LATER 22

It is after hours. The place is shrouded in darkness save for the faint glow from a few monitors.

KEYS jingle in the air as the front door opens, revealing Lehto, who very quietly puts them back in to his pocket.

LEHTO

David?

Lehto strolls through the cafe, carefully eyeing the environment, finding nothing.

He takes notice of the bar and grabs a cup. Checks a few of the pots til he finds one still warm. Pours a cup, and takes a sip.

Sour face; not *that* warm, apparently. He pours it out.

One of the monitors catches his eye and he takes a seat before it. Looks around. Still no David. Eyes the bathroom. That's probably it. He starts typing on the keyboard.

23 EXT. ABANDONED TRUCK YARD - LATER 23

The truck-yard is large and is virtually a semi graveyard, littered with cabs and trailers from several years past. Faith and Oliver stalk through.

FAITH

This is it? Really? I guess it's got the spooky going for it, but not really somewhere I'd expect to find a troll.

OLIVER

And where exactly do you *expect* to find trolls, Faith?

FAITH

I don't know. Underground maybe?

(then)

What were you doing here?

OLIVER

Hmm?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Well, you said you ran into him here, which makes sense if this is his pad, and *not* somewhere underground, but what were you doing in this place anyway?

OLIVER

(re: guitar case)
How quickly you forget.

FAITH

Ah, demon hunter.

OLIVER

No. Musician. I'm so freaking broke it's not even funny, and good accommodation costs the kind of money I just don't make.

Off Faith's look we cut to:

24 INT. SUGARWATER APARTMENT COMPLEX - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 24

Pryor, with Noa trailing behind, moves through the hallway of apartment doors at a quick, determined pace.

NOA

Nice place. Looks expensive. Are we going to see your dealer?

PRYOR

What? No! Stop that.

Pryor stops. Turns and faces her sternly.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Damn it, Noa.
(sighs)
Yes, it *was* drugs.

NOA

What?

PRYOR

(stern)
Prescription drugs.

NOA

Seriously? Wow. I was just foolin' with you.

(then)

So when did you decide to go all Matthew Perry on us?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
(sighing)
It's not like that.

NOA
Is it serious?

PRYOR
No.

NOA
What is it?

PRYOR
They're just anti-depressants. I have a chemical imbalance and have been taking meds since I was in my early teens. I've just had my doses upped and my body is still... adjusting.

NOA
Oh.
(then)
Oh! You're not going to, like, freak out and go all Michael Myers on us or anything, are you?

PRYOR
Noa, I assure you, I won't be chasing after you with a kitchen knife anytime soon.

NOA
I meant the comedian.

PRYOR
(deadpan)
Dear God, I hope not.

Noa nods and the two continue to journey through the hall.

Pryor stops at one of the doors. Rings the bell. Waits.

The door swings open revealing a heavysset man in his late 30's, balding but overall neatly kept, wearing a long red robe - this is MR. OWL.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Hello, Mr. Owl. I was hoping I could trouble you for a moment?

MR. OWL
Why of course, Mr. Webb, please come in.

25 INT. SUGARWATER APARTMENT COMPLEX - ROOM 320 - CONTINUOUS 25

Pryor enters the beautiful apartment, but Mr. Owl stands in the doorway, staring at Noa, not allowing her passage.

MR. OWL
Who... is *this*?

PRYOR
Oh, I'm sorry, this is my associate, Noa DeRubia.

MR. OWL
(scowling at her)
Charmed.

NOA
Right.

MR. OWL
So, what may I do for you, Mr. Webb?

PRYOR
I need a favor.

MR. OWL
Ah, a favor. Another and another. I see a pattern, Mr. Webb.

PRYOR
I apologize, I truly do, but I need help with a specimen.

MR. OWL
What kind of specimen?

NOA
A troll. A not very nice one.

PRYOR
Noa, please.
(then)
But yes, it is a troll.

MR. OWL
Which of the three breeds?

PRYOR
Pretaun-sho.

MR. OWL
Actually, it's *brae-taun-shau*, least human-like of the three. Strange it's in New York.

(CONTINUED)

Mr. Owl starts coughing. He removes a handkerchief from his robe pocket. Coughs into it - hard.

Noa notices the black fluid dripping from the corners of his mouth. He wipes it a final time, clearing away the strange substance from his face and puts the handkerchief away again.

MR. OWL (cont'd)
Please excuse me.

PRYOR
Absolutely, Mr. Owl.

Mr. Owl leaves the room.

Noa gets right up in Pryor's face, making strange gestures concerning her mouth. Pryor doesn't get it. Mr. Owl returns to the room, and Noa drops her arms in defeat.

MR. OWL
I'm assuming you want the creatures name?

PRYOR
Yes, that would be great.

Mr. Owl hands him a piece of paper.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Thank you.

NOA
(suspicious)
That was quick.

Pryor shoulders into Noa, who shoulders right back.

MR. OWL
We'll be seeing you on the 24th,
Mr. Webb?

PRYOR
As always, sir. Thank you. Oh, and
please give Mr. Sparrow my regards.

Mr. Owl nods to him, opens the door and sees them out.

As the door closes behind them, Noa gets in Pryor's face, her face dumb struck.

NOA
Pryor, what the hell?

Pryor ignores her and heads down the hall.

PRYOR

Faith needs this name. Come on, we
need to call her.

Noa stands still for a moment, ultimately deciding not to
press the issue. She follows after him.

EXT. ABANDONED TRUCK YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Faith closes Noa's cell phone and tucks it away, heading back
over to Oliver.

FAITH

On their way. Reception was pretty
crappy, I hope they got the right
directions.

OLIVER

You get the name?

FAITH

Of course not.

OLIVER

Ha.

Faith and Oliver resume their patrol.

FAITH

I'd never figured you for a
squatter. The messy hair, dumpy
clothes... I thought it was just
your look.

OLIVER

More of a drifter. Goes with the
territory.

FAITH

Musician?

OLIVER

Demon hunter.

FAITH

Right. So, what made you decide to
"fight the good fight" or whatever?

They stop. Oliver gets close, and Faith is briefly taken
aback.

OLIVER

A beautiful girl.

FAITH

A slayer?

OLIVER
The slayer.

FAITH
At the time.

OLIVER
(smiles)
At the time.

They start walking again.

FAITH
So, you what, fought some vamps
with Buffy and decided to take up
the cause?

OLIVER
Not really, no. After she left
Hemery, others came. Friends of the
vamp she killed. They were looking
for her.

Stops again. He manages a small grin at the thought of a
distant memory.

OLIVER (cont'd)
They found me instead.

FAITH
How'd you beat them?

OLIVER
I was smart.
(then)
I ran.

FAITH
Sensible thing, but then -
(Gestures to the guitar
case)
- what about that?

OLIVER
It came later. After the asylum.

FAITH
Asylum?

OLIVER
Well, tell the wrong people about
vampires and they tend to lock you
in the bin.

FAITH
Jesus.

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER

It was good for me. Got my head on straight. Gave me a mission.

FAITH

And now you fight demons? Yeah, the padded rooms did a lot of good with that whole sanity thing.

OLIVER

Hey, you'd be surprised what being locked up can do for your frame of mind.

FAITH

Kinda doubt that.

Oliver just smiles at her. Faith then notices a large shape in the distance. They've found their boy.

FAITH (cont'd)

There.

Oliver turns his head and sees the creature. Lowers the case to the ground, unsnaps the clasps and draws out the massive crossbow.

OLIVER

Let's do it.

As the duo step towards us, we cut to:

Lehto sits back in his chair and stares back to the bathroom. It's been too long. He hits a couple keys on the keyboard, probably saving his work, and rises from his chair.

He moves slowly to the bathroom.

A LOUD HUM fills the air. Lehto spins around to its source, but finds nothing. It grows louder and louder. He slowly withdraws his gun from his shoulder holster.

Swearing that the source of the sound was right in front of him, he looks hard; squinting at the wall before him.

THWOOOSH! Lehto is knocked to the ground. He SCREAMS in absolute agony. The roar is so loud, you can practically hear his vocal chords tearing.

As he lies on the floor, he looks toward the source of his pain, his legs, only to find them lying a couple feet from the rest of his body; they have been severed from the knees down.

He flips over to his stomach, tears streaming down his face, a string of blood from his mouth, and tries to crawl to safety. Wherever *that* may be.

A thick clomp hits the floor next to him. Then another. He looks back. Again nothing. Then the room blurs, but not the entire room, just a shape; humanoid. The shape becomes darker, until a final form is revealed:

A FEMALE ASSASSIN, with a gorgeous model-esque physique, wearing what appears to be a cyber-punk version of black-ops body armor. On her right arm is a large rotating blade; the source of the hum which has now died down as it stops its twirling. Her face is covered by a large one-eyed visor, making her look like a cyclops. She is completely covered in black except her mouth, where a pair of bright red, gorgeous lips protrude.

She kneels down to Lehto taking the LIME GREEN POST IT from his pocket. Close up as she reads it - it says: J. Quinn SSN 335-43-8773.

She smiles wickedly and puts it into a leg pocket.

The hum starts back up as she looms over Lehto. She flashes a wicked grin, raising her arm to finish it.

Lehto flips back over, FIRING A SHOT at the only exposed portion of her body: her mouth; exploding the back of her head.

The body collapses on to the floor.

Lehto starts to go in to shock. He is shaking, his boyish face littered with agony and fear. He drops his gun and starts pulling his body, leaving two trails of blood from his legs, over to the nearest wall. He props himself up the best he can.

He then pulls his cell phone out of his jacket. Flips it open. Starts to dial.

Then there is a HUM. And then another. And another.

Lehto looks up into the room around him; sees nothing. He already knows what happens next. He flips his phone closed.

The hums become louder and louder.

Lehto's eyes dart over to the computer monitor from which he had been working. We can see a PROFILE PICTURE OF QUINN on the screen.

Lehto returns his attention to the humming.

29 EXT. SIP & SURF INTERNET CAFE - CONTINUOUS 29

We see the large dark windows explode with quick bursts of light and muffled sounds of GUNSHOTS.

Then nothing, before one final SHOT rings out and we smash cut back to:

30 INT. POLICE HQ - CONTINUOUS 30

Quinn shuffles some papers at his desk, organizes some others and takes a bite out of another shiny red apple.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31 EXT. ABANDONED TRUCK YARD - MOMENTS LATER 31

A CROSSBOW BOLT blasts through the air, only to be swatted away by A LARGE GIANT FIST.

Pan out to see Faith doing a hit and run routine, up close and personal with THE CREATURE, distracting it, giving Oliver the opportunity for ranged combat.

Faith unleashes an onslaught of attacks, but they just bounce off the troll's thick hide.

Oliver reloads his crossbow as Faith gets knocked to his feet. She recovers and painfully tries to stand.

OLIVER

You okay?

FAITH

(wincing)

Dandy.

Faith gets back to her feet and runs to the creature, putting her fist together, diving through the air and bringing them down in a hard, crushing blow.

PRYOR (O.C.)

Henph-Pome!

Pryor sprints on to the scene and stops next to Oliver who, having noticed Pryor's arrival, takes aim of the creature.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Henph-Pome!

The creature ROARS in agony. Three tiny mouths on its neck emit an ear piercing SHRIEK. The creature's skin twitches violently as if the blood underneath is boiling.

OLIVER

(to Pryor)

That's its name? And I thought *my* parents sucked at names.

FAITH

(to Pryor)

Where's Noa?

PRYOR

Safe!

(CONTINUED)

Faith looks back to the creature, still writhing in pain. It starts to calm down, and the skin seems to shrink to the bone, leaving the creature looking much smaller and frail than before.

Faith strikes the beast, knocking it back. It moans. A crossbow bolt buries itself in the creatures neck. It's in pain.

FAITH
(to Pryor & Quinn)
It's working, we're actually doing
damage to this freak now!

Caught off guard, Faith is BASHED on the back of the head by a large fist. Dazed, she scrambles to get up, but can't seem to make a go of it.

FAITH (cont'd)
Okay, Faith. That was stupid.

The creature approaches from behind.

Oliver rushes to arm another bolt as Faith stumbles, trying desperately to return to her feet.

POP! A chunk of the creature's back explodes. BANG! And another. And then from the chest. Followed by a clump from it's cheek. A dot appears on the creature's forehead as it drops.

All eyes turn to source:

Noa, standing with arms out, hands locked tight around a small handgun. Her hands tremble, but the look in her eyes shows that somebody else is at the controls for now - she did what needed to be done.

Oliver rushes over to Faith, helping her up. She feels the back of her head; it's wet. She's still a bit dazed but shrugs it off to see

Pryor approaching Noa, gently placing his hand on her shoulder. She lowers the weapon, shuddering as normal service is resumed, and Pryor deftly scoops the smoking gun out of her hands.

Pryor gives a thumbs up to Faith as he puts an arm round Noa, before we fade to:

Faith sits at a small table, holding an ice pack to the back of her head. Oliver waits with her.

Pryor somberly enters the room and pulls up a chair.

FAITH

How is she?

PRYOR

Fine. She's going to try to nap on the couch in my office.

FAITH

That look on her face... I've never seen anything like it before.

(then)

Where the hell did she get a gun?

PRYOR

Apparently, she bought it after she was kidnapped and, you know, tortured. Said she just wanted to prove to herself she could use it if she had to. She saved your skin, Faith, you ought to thank her when she wakes up.

Oliver checks his watch.

OLIVER

Okay, well, it's about dawn and I still haven't gotten any sleep, so being that I have a gig tonight, I'm going to head on out I think.

(to Faith)

The Raygun, if you're interested.

(to Pryor)

Hope Noa feels better soon.

PRYOR

Thank you, Oliver.

OLIVER

No problem. Thanks for an... interesting night, guys.

Oliver, taking both of his guitar cases in hand, heads out the door.

Pryor moves over to sit next to Faith, taking her ice pack for her. She slumps her arms on the table as Pryor treats her injury.

FAITH

You should fire Noa.

PRYOR

Don't be absurd.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

She doesn't need this life. She's not intimately attached at the hip like we are. She can have a life. A real life.

PRYOR

Faith, we are her life. She doesn't have any real friends, and the family she does have, tried to kill her. I'd say her hip is quite firmly attached at this point.

Beat. Realizing her defenses are down, Faith snatches the ice pack from Pryor's hand.

FAITH

(coldly)

Thanks. I got it.

NOA (O.C.)

Faith?

Both Faith and Pryor are startled to see Noa standing in the doorway.

PRYOR

Noa, you're supposed to be getting some rest.

(then)

What's wrong?

Noa just stares into Faith's eyes. Something's wrong. Seriously wrong. Hold till we cut to:

TITLE OVER: Now.

Faith stands in front of the rear exit. Waiting. From out of the shadows behind her, Gabriel approaches.

FAITH

I'm busy.

Gabriel stops.

FAITH (cont'd)

I mean it.

(then)

Stay away from me.

He simply puts his hands in the pockets of his black suede jacket, turns, and disappears back into the shadow from which he came.

(CONTINUED)

The back door opens, revealing a jovial, and excited Oliver.

OLIVER
Hey, I'm glad you-

SMASH! Oliver is knocked on his ass, hitting his head back against the wall.

FAITH
Show me.

Oliver stares back up at her; confused. The two lock eyes, before Oliver sighs and nods.

OLIVER
Will it make it easier?

Faith remains cold. Oliver, defeated, morphs into his game face - he's a VAMPIRE!

FAITH
Get up.

Oliver doesn't move.

FAITH (cont'd)
You son of a bitch, get up!

She grabs the collar of his jacket, hoisting him up and against the hard stone wall.

FAITH (cont'd)
You gonna tell me what last night was about, or should I just dust your sorry ass right here and now?

OLIVER
You.

FAITH
'Me' what?

OLIVER
It was about you.

FAITH
Oh, please.
(slamming him into the wall again)
The truth. Now.

OLIVER
So, who are you more pissed at, me or yourself? I mean, you hunt my kind.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER (cont'd)

It's your calling, yet you spent the entire night by my side, never suspecting. Or, is it that you didn't want to suspect?

(then)

How did you figure it out?

FAITH

Noa. She was in Pryor's office. There are cameras all over the building sending their feeds to monitors there.

(then)

You took the south exit. Pryor has giant art prints up in the lobby. Glossy, *shiny* prints. You know, the kind that catch a reflection?

OLIVER

(sheepishly)

Oh.

FAITH

Digging through the trash, we found that the last time you changed your bandages there were no blood stains.

Faith drops him down. Paces away from him.

FAITH (cont'd)

Doesn't take a mathematician to figure it up: no reflection, fast healing -

(back to him)

- and home before dawn.

(then)

Why the charade? Why help fight the demon? Don't tell me you have a soul, cause that shtick's been played.

OLIVER

I already told you. You. It was always about you. The troll was about you. Playing demon hunter was about you. Even for Pike. It's always been about you.

Faith is absolutely confounded. She has no choice but to let him continue.

OLIVER (cont'd)

I told you when the vamps came looking, I ran. That's true. Oliver Pike did run. But not out of cowardice.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER (cont'd)

Okay, he was a little scared, but really it was to warn the Slayer. Her parents, believing him to be the source of her recent troubles, whisked her off without so much as a forwarding address. So he wandered aimlessly, with an ancient vamp on his trail until he heard rumblings of a Slayer. He traveled all the way to find her, but what he found was you. And your watcher.

Faith steps away from Pike, arms folded and a confused expression on her face.

FAITH

I've never seen you - him - before last night.

OLIVER

The vampires were close behind, hoping he'd lead them to the Slayer. And he did. Just the wrong one. He was busy trying to deal with the fact that if you were the Slayer, then his beloved Buffy must be dead when Trick attacked.

FAITH

Trick... wait a minute, Mr. *Trick*?

OLIVER

I told you. They followed him. Trick left him mortally wounded, but he was still quite aware of his surroundings. He watched as you cried in Trick's clutches as you watched Kakistos tear your watcher apart.

FAITH

(shakes head)

No.

OLIVER

Unfortunately, he lost consciousness just in time to miss your escape.

(then)

He woke up in a hospital. A transient had stumbled upon his dying body and called for help. His body was saved, but his mind had already taken a toll.

(then)

Think about it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

OLIVER (cont'd)

The girl he loved was supposedly dead, he believed he had gotten both your watcher and yourself killed, and he'd been mortally wounded.

(then)

He was in a padded room for a couple years in probably the most unusual asylum you'll come across. He eventually escaped, your face burned into his brain, overwrought with guilt. He tried to make amends. He became a demon hunter. But it didn't help. He couldn't stop thinking about you. The look on your face as Kakistos-

FAITH

(cold)

Shut up. Shut the hell up.

OLIVER

He obsessed over you. He found out you were alive, wanted to see for himself. Found a nest of vamps on the way.

(then)

Didn't really work out in his favor. But this body, these memories... he just passed his obsession on to me. I had to see you. I *needed* to.

FAITH

You're sick.

OLIVER

It was all staged. The troll in plain sight, my injuries. I needed to be close.

FAITH

What... what was your ultimate goal here? To plant yourself into my life? To be my *boyfriend*?

(beat)

You're psychotic.

OLIVER

I don't know, but it wasn't to hurt you. Never to kill you.

FAITH

You're a vampire. You're evil. You don't have a soul!

OLIVER

Who are you trying to convince
here?

(then)

Have you seen me feed? Have you
seen me do anything remotely evil?

FAITH

No, but you *do*. Like I said, you
don't have a soul.

OLIVER

I'm not denying that, but you know -
(hopeful)

Out of sight, out of mind?

(then)

C'mon, Don't you think that maybe
we can find some kind of... I don't
know... "wiggle room" on the whole
vampire/slayer thing?

Faith doesn't say a word. She doesn't need to. Her eyes say
everything. But she does anyway.

THUNK. Oliver's eyes grow wide as he feels the stake
penetrate him.

FAITH

(quietly)

No wiggle room.

THWOOSH! 'Oliver Pike' falls to dust.

Faith stands silently, perplexed by her own emotions.

We move out, leaving Faith alone, panning back through the
alley, and then move across into the shadows to see Gabriel
watching her.

After a beat, he turns and leaves.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW