

FAITH

"Missing"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

1

A light mist curls out of an underground vent, stretching out across the uneven tarred ground. BOOTS rudely push aside the white haze as they step quickly down the alley.

A GIRL, face hidden by a hoodie, rushes along. She's skittish, turning her head from side to side, looking around the alley. She hugs herself as though the cool is bone-deep.

BUM (O.S.)

New York ain't got what it used to,
man.

The Girl looks down on the Bum as she passes him - he lies beside a dumpster, wrapped in a tattered blanket, talking to a mongrel dog in his lap. He doesn't even notice her. Doesn't notice anything at all. She ignores him in the same way and keeps going.

A TINKLE of glass sounds behind her. She stops abruptly. Her shoulders are hunched as her head turns slowly to look behind her, her face still hidden by shadow.

She turns back -

WHACK!

- and sails across the alley. She lands in a heap on the floor.

MALE (O.S.)

You stay right there, darling!

The male is a VAMPIRE, in full vamp face. A couple of fanged friends are with him, smirking as he turns toward them.

VAMPIRE #1

Just the way I like 'em.

All three toothy grins abruptly fade as they see Hoodie girl stand up in front of them. She flexes both fists.

The vampires aren't dim, not completely. They took a look at each other then CHARGE as one toward the girl.

She neatly side-steps all blows. Her torso bobs around like a jack in a box, ducking, twisting and spinning out of their way. Her attackers make reckless swipes as their frustration grows.

Then she starts to hit back.

(CONTINUED)

She thwaps one with a punch to the head, rolls under the next's arm, comes up from behind, brings an elbow against its head, and kicks out at the third. All in one fluid motion.

One grabs her from behind while another rushes her from the front. She pushes her feet against the oncoming vamp and uses that to push back.

Both vampires recoil at the force. The one holding her falls behind into a brick wall, still holding her. She uses her elbows and feet to break free.

Lightning quick, she pulls something from within the folds of her clothes. The vampire behind her looks up in terror, then TURNS TO DUST.

VAMPIRE

(disgusted)

It's a slayer!

He looks crazy mad. The other appears terrified, his eyes darting around between his companion, the slayer and the nice open path out of the alley.

Crazy throws himself at the slayer. Scaredy makes a decision and breaks away from the fight and races away, keeping his eyes on the fight behind him.

Crazy DUSTS. Scaredy runs straight into a barrier. He looks down. It is another GIRL.

VAMPIRE #2

Get out of my way!

He tries to push the person away, but the barrier is extremely solid. He hears FOOTSTEPS behind him.

Turning, he sees the Slayer approach. He tries to move past the girl in front again, but she won't let him.

His eyes widen in fear. He sees-

A STAKE - but not in the hand of the slayer, but of the one in front. She shrugs and plunges the stake into his chest. As his skin turns to dust, he looks back at the hoodie slayer, complete confusion still on his face.

Hoodie slayer removes the hoodie. This is RONA. The other, VI, nods at her. Despite their victory, they do not appear relaxed.

Both girls look intensely around the alley, before heading in two separate directions. Vi passes the Bum. He is still oblivious, but the dog yips at her.

(CONTINUED)

BUM

Look at it all gone. Taken. Crazy.

FADE TO BLACK:

BUM (cont'd)

Nobody know what they got till it's
gone.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. LAB - DAY

2

FAITH and NOA sit side by side. Both girls have wide-open eyes and are staring ahead of them in equal parts horror and bemused disbelief.

FAITH
(just checking)
Tonsils?

PRYOR is on the opposite side of them. MORTY, the tiny magical pee demon sits on his shoulder. His face is completely straight and serious.

PRYOR
Yes.

Noa's mouth is agape, her brow furrowed.

NOA
What do they do with them?
(mouth curls into a
grimace)
Wait, I don't think I want to know.

Morty has climbed up the side Pryor's face. His little paw holds onto the corner of Pryor's mouth.

PRYOR
Look, their habits are, admittedly,
odd. But they are a very reasonable
demonic people-

FAITH
With tonsils.

Pryor is losing his composure as Morty yanks on his ear, hair and anything else he can wrap his paws on.

PRYOR
Yes, the tonsil-stealing demons.
Just find this local one and speak
to him. Once he is made aware of-

NOA
(deep reflection)
What would you say to someone like
that?
(faux brightness)
'Hi, mister icky tonsil-stealing
demon. Could you please stop taking
things that people don't want?'
(shrugs)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

You know, I had my tonsils removed when I was thirteen. It really hurt and I didn't want the ice-cream, because Molly Enklestein was the biggest girl in my class and she said it was because she became addicted to chunky monkey choca chip cookie dough flavor when she had hers removed when she was seven.

(sagely)

But you know, if these demons can take tonsils out without there being any pain, I think they would make a serious dent in the ice-cream market.

As she speaks, there are strange sounds of movement, almost as if there is a mini-battle going on.

FAITH

So what's the big deal, then? No one's gonna miss something they don't notice anyway. Just let 'em take the tonsils.

Faith raises an eyebrow at Pryor. He's trying to use his pinkies to dislodge Morty's painful hold from his head.

He blinks at Faith when he sees her looking at him. The sounds of the tiny battle stop.

PRYOR

What?

(catches up)

The tonsils aren't the problem. It's the manner in which they are taken. The demon irradiates them with a safe, natural process which places the subject in a euphoric sleep state. Quite pleasant, but it takes some hours to wear off. That's where the problem comes from. The demon enters a person's domicile at night and his presence is always undetected. Unfortunately, someone is using this as an opportunity to rob the victims blind.

FAITH

Easy pickings.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Indeed. I have a source in the insurance business who brought this to my attention, but I'm more worried that someone else realizes the benefits of this ploy.

FAITH

Say, someone who wants hearts or livers or other needful things?

NOA

Ew.

PRYOR

Yes. But as I said, once the demon knows this, he can ensure against it. They are very reasonable. And I've told you before, if you don't stop doing that, I'm going to spank you!

Noa and Faith double-take, but Pryor is looking sideways, straining to see Morty, who has both paws stuck in Pryor's ears.

FAITH

Pryor, my friend. You really need to meet new people. New people are good.

Faith manages a chuckle at Morty's onslaught on Pryor, before we cut to:

The energy of the place is tangible. DETECTIVES are on phones talking animatedly, some are having heated debates around pinup boards. UNIFORMED POLICE are chaperoning fashion-parades of UNSAVORY LOOKING PRISONERS to and from rooms.

QUINN sits at his desk, scribbling notes into a folder.

DETECTIVE SING (O.S.)

Yo, Quinn, you coming up for air any time soon?

Quinn looks up and smiles.

QUINN

Only when I've found some pearls.

He looks across as DETECTIVE SING, a middle-aged officer, sits opposite him.

DETECTIVE SING

Why you keep getting those missing person's cases? Thought for sure you were a perfect shoe-size for homicide.

QUINN

As much as I try, can't help the dead. Besides, I don't like unfinished business.

DETECTIVE SING

Yeah, I get what you're say-
woah...

The volume and energy of the room dims considerable. Most of the cops turn toward a new distraction.

CAPTAIN KAWALKSKI, in his fifties and still a man to respect, shows LASHAAN WILLIAMS around the precinct. She is the one causing the reaction. Some cops seem wary, others curious.

Early thirties, she's in a red power suit, the kind that shows she means business. And she's not bad to look at either. She's all smiles. They reach Quinn and Sing. Both men can't help but appreciate her at such close quarters.

KAWALKSKI

And these miscreants are Detectives
Jon Quinn and Victor Sing.

LASHAAN

Partners?

QUINN

Not this week.

They smile at each other.

LASHAAN

(to the Captain)
I see what you mean.

QUINN

Talking about me already, cap? I assure you, ma'am, none of it's true.

LASHAAN

We were talking about how well oiled this place appears.

KAWALKSKI

Like I say, take care of the team,
you take care of the play.

(CONTINUED)

She smiles and nods at him warmly, before turning back to regard the men.

LASHAAN

I'm detective Lashaan Williams.
Internal Affairs.

Sing and Quinn both visibly cool down their appraisal of her. Quinn takes the hand she offers and shakes it.

QUINN

Ooh.

KAWALKSKI

(unworried)

But it's just a friendly audit. The top brass want to make sure everything is swimming along as well as I know it does.

(winks)

So tell everyone not to make a liar out of me in the interviews. Yours is up today, Quinn.

He nods in acceptance. Lashaan gently pulls her hand away from his.

LASHAAN

I look forward to seeing what you have to offer.

(a small pause)

For this precinct.

She and Kawalkski walk away. The men tilt their head and watch her move. Her skirt must be shifting in interesting ways.

DETECTIVE SING

(petulant)

When am I going to have a meeting?

Quinn shakes his head and smiles back into his work.

Faith and Noa walk along the streets. It's an unsavory area with people who would rather rob you than hold a conversation, but neither girl seems all that perturbed.

Noa is sipping coffee from a take-out cup. Faith is shaking an electronic gizmo. It looks like a detector of some sort.

FAITH

(frustrated)

I can't get this to do anything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Why couldn't Pryor come work this
thing?

Noa patiently hands Faith her coffee and takes the gizmo and starts fidgeting.

NOA
Because he couldn't find a
babysitter for Morty, and doesn't
want to put him back in his cage.

FAITH
See! I knew he was going to make it
a pet. Boy needs to get happy-
bumped in the hardest way.

NOA
(quietly)
He isn't the only one.

Faith quirks an eyebrow.

NOA (cont'd)
Well, it's just... you get the
faraway look sometimes, like you're
thinking of someone, but ... I'm
pretty sure you're not actually,
you know?

Faith shakes her head.

FAITH
I'm the last person on the planet
you should worry about ever owning
a dozen cats. I want. I have.

NOA
Yeah. But not lately.

FAITH
How would you know?

NOA
(get real)
Please. Am I not a woman too?

FAITH
Look, it's just... complicated.

NOA
(holds up detector)
This complicated?

It blinks into life. Faith frowns at it. Noa recovers her coffee, looks at the tracker and steers them down an alley.

5

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

5

It's much quieter here, but there is still a general display of decay. Broken windows, trash along the road, bottles of booze in the way.

NOA

Or the kind of complicated where you have muscles in places guys can only dream of benefiting from?

FAITH

Girl. I'm a bad influence. Look at that shiny new gutter mind.

NOA

Don't change the topic! But thank you. So, if you're all about the wanting and having, why aren't you having with the mystery guy I know you are daydreaming about?

FAITH

(sighs, knows she's not getting out of it)

I learned a while back that the guys I see often aren't the kind you can play with and put back in the cupboard. Most want more. And when they do... their mortality substantially drops. It's my life. The life of a slayer. The kind of life where I can get slain. And so can the people standing close to me.

NOA

(taken aback)

That's... comforting.

Faith doesn't notice the moment of realization Noa is having.

FAITH

Kinda makes you see why dating a dead guy has benefits.

VI (O.S.)

As hot as some dead guys can be, I still don't think it's a good idea to fraternise with the enemy.

Faith turns quickly and looks down the side alley they were approaching.

Vi stands beneath an open window, She grins, but it seems false. Faith manages a grin back as Vi wanders over.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Man. What are you doing here? Why didn't you hook me up? Slayer conventions are fun.

(looks past Vi)

Especially when we're breaking and entering.

Rona is climbing out of a window. She lands on the ground and looks up. Sees Faith and Noa, shoves something in a pocket. Faith notices.

FAITH (cont'd)

Chit-chat's usually fun. But what's going on?

The two younger slayers glance at each other. Their eyes briefly skirt to Noa.

RONA

We're exploring the finer aspects of New York.

Faith notices them sizing up Noa, and motions to her.

FAITH

This is Noa. She works with me.

The slayers shrug. Faith prompts them.

FAITH (cont'd)

We do strange and unusual things together.

Eyebrows rise.

FAITH (cont'd)

With demons.

Still nothing.

FAITH (cont'd)

Like hunting... killing...

NOA

(interrupts)

I'm not so much with the killing. I get possessed a lot though.

FAITH

Point is. She knows about slayers. She's cool. Whatever you're afraid to say in front of her, spit it out.

(CONTINUED)

RONA
(a little too testy)
We ain't afraid of nothing.

FAITH
Right. That explains why you've
scanned the area about ten times
since we started speaking. I'm
paranoid, but not that much.

Vi looks like she's about to say something. Rona cuts her
off, stepping forward.

RONA
There's nothing going on. We take
care of our own.

A hint of realization sparks in Faith's eyes. Noa watches the
exchange. Rona quickly adds.

RONA (cont'd)
Problems. We take care of our own
problems.

NOA
(to Faith)
Look, um. I think I can take care
of our current uh... hunting
expedition.

She holds up the detector, but Faith pushes her hand back
down with a shake of her head.

FAITH
No. It's dangerous.

NOA
(mimicking Pryor)
A most reasonable species of demon.
Look, it's still daylight, I have
mace... and well, I can do things
by myself, you know.

Faith isn't sure. Rona and Vi discreetly look elsewhere.

NOA (cont'd)
I promise, I'll look for an hour.
Tops.

Faith bites her lip, and glances between Noa and the two
slayers. She leans closer to Noa.

FAITH
Okay. An hour. But then get to the
lab and tell Pryor to get ready for
an all-nighter.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (3)

5

FAITH (cont'd)
(looks back at Rona and
Vi)

I have a feeling we'll need it.

Noa nods and grabs her coffee from Faith, who has forgotten she was holding it. Noa leaves and Faith turns back to the other girls.

6

INT. PRECINCT, INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

6

Quinn and Lashaan sit opposite each other. There is a pile of folders in front of her. She seems completely relaxed, smiling a little. He grins back at her, not too worried either.

LASHAAN
You're a very resourceful man,
Detective Quinn. Or can I just call
you Jon?

QUINN
(goes along with it)
Jon's fine.

He gives her a little smile, and she returns it. The meeting seems to be going a way Quinn likes.

LASHAAN
Dedicated too. You first came here
as a homicide detective.
(flips through the file)
Most people would call this case
hopeless, but... here you are.

QUINN
I don't like giving up.

LASHAAN
(smiles like a black
widow)
Really?
(here's the bite)
I honestly couldn't tell.

Her smile drops and in its place is a cold hard seriousness that instantly sobers Quinn.

LASHAAN (cont'd)
I like it when people play to their
strengths.

She tosses some files across the desk. They slide to a stop in front of them. She stands up while he opens the files and looks at the contents.

(CONTINUED)

LASHAAN (cont'd)
You don't play to any. You say you
don't like giving up. Show me the
proof.

She circles him and taps a long finger on a photo in the
file. It is of Detective Lehto, Quinn's former partner.

LASHAAN (cont'd)
You gave up on him pretty easily.

Quinn stares at the picture; he doesn't understand.

QUINN
I don't-

LASHAAN
John Doe's aren't that uncommon for
a city this size. But you'd think a
cop's own partner would care a
little about his up and
disappearing.

Quinn blinks in surprise.

QUINN
(on the defensive)
What are you talking about? Lehto
is in Maine. Captain Kawalkski got
his resignation papers a few weeks
ago. We even called up his landlord
and got the same story. Lehto's mom
has cancer. He's taken extended
personal leave.

LASHAAN
Oh. Really?

She flips to another page in the folder.

LASHAAN (cont'd)
(tosses a photo of him)
It took a while till we were able
to piece together enough of the
corpse to get a positive ID from
the dental records.

Quinn stares down at the photo in his hands - he looks like
he's about to throw up.

LASHAAN (cont'd)
Not pretty is it? It must have
hurt. Must have been scared all by
himself. Where were you then? His
partner. Did you even entertain for
one moment confirming the story?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LASHAAN (cont'd)
Didn't you for one second find it
odd that no one had spoken to him
directly?

Quinn is encased in his shock.

LASHAAN (cont'd)
Or maybe there's another reason no
one here gave a damn.

Quinn whips his head in her direction at the unspoken
accusation. She smiles a little.

LASHAAN (cont'd)
Don't worry. I'm sure you boys in
blue are all clean as a whistle. I
just like to be thorough. You see,
I don't like giving up.

With a snap to her walk, she leaves him alone in the room. He
stares down at the photo; pale as any ghost.

Faith looks around the apartment. Vi and Rona stand in front
of the open window that leads back into the street where they
all reunited.

It's a really crappy apartment. Dripping taps, water damage
along the walls, faded furniture and wallpaper.

VI
(overly bright)
Really, we weren't casing the
place. We would never take anything
from-

FAITH
From another slayer. Never said you
did.

VI
Hey, how'd you know?

FAITH
(mocks Rona)
There's nothing going on. We take
care of our own.
(serious)
Little tip, newbie, you wanna keep
something a secret, then you
actually need to make your lies,
well... lies.

RONA
You'd be the one to know all about
that.

FAITH
(impressed)
Check out the new 'tude. It's an improvement.

VI
(worried)
Not helping.

FAITH
Right. So I'm guessing this girl's gone missing otherwise you wouldn't be climbing through windows.
(afterthought)
And by the way, it woulda been nice for someone to let me know another slayer was in my backyard. I coulda looked out for her. Maybe stopped this from happening.

RONA
(still with the attitude)
You really think you could have done something? That'd be a first.

VI
(like a watchful big sister)
Rona! Again, not helping.
(to Faith)
Maeve didn't want anyone to know. She retired. Her mom was sick and she wanted to take care of her.

Vi flicks her hand around the dingy apartment.

VI (cont'd)
You can see why right? Last we heard, her mother had been checked into hospital, but Maeve's missed all her scheduled check-ins since then.

FAITH
So you came to see if she'd been killed by a big bad or...

VI
(nodding)
Taken.

Faith nods around the apartment.

FAITH
No evidence of a struggle. Least not here.

(CONTINUED)

RONA

She wouldn't go looking for a fight. She's gone. We ain't gonna find her. Best we can do is look after ourselves.

FAITH

(a bit surprised)

Wow. Where's the care?

RONA

It's in the same place yours will be when your card gets called.

Appearing more uncomfortable than she should, Rona quickly darts out the window.

Faith is confused and looks to Vi, who holds her look with a knowing that Faith doesn't share.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8 INT. FAITH'S PLACE - DAY

8

Faith stands in front of an open cupboard. It is loaded with WEAPONS. Vi stands beside her. Rona stares out the window, she doesn't move. It's late in the day, but there's still some light to kill.

FAITH

Feel free to become a user.

(frowns, points)

Except for that crossbow. Oh, and I don't endorse guns. So stay away from the rifle too. Oh, and that hammer is a personal favourite, so try avoid using that one too.

Faith steps back, and looks at Rona.

FAITH (cont'd)

You sure you'll be okay while I track down my guy.

VI

Reasonably sure.

FAITH

(smiles falsely)

Okay.

(heads to the door)

Later, honeys.

Faith pauses in the doorway and takes one last glance at Vi and Rona, knowing that there's more to this than she's being told, before she leaves.

9 EXT. FAITH'S PLACE - SAME

9

Faith shuts the door behind her. Noa is startled. She holds some TAKEOUT.

FAITH

Thanks. My fridge is kinda-

NOA

The wasteland it always is.

FAITH

How did the-

NOA

Found the guy. Couldn't speak demon. Gave him Pryor's number.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

And Pry-

NOA

Waiting at the lab for future updates.

FAITH

Great.

NOA

Yip. Okay, I'd better-

FAITH

Hungry slayers, right. Will you-

NOA

Save some for you? Already covered.

FAITH

Later.

NOA

(opening the door)

Good luck.

Faith leaves.

INT. FAITH'S PLACE - SAME

Noa enters. Vi gives a kind of welcoming smile when she eyeballs the food. Rona turns away from the window and gives a glare.

Noa doesn't flinch and takes the food over to the kitchen, where she sets about getting plates and utensils. She merrily continues under the watchful eyes of two very stressed slayers.

NOA

Yeah, Faith's fridge is always low on actual sustenance. I swear, if it weren't for Pryor and me she'd be eating twinkies and M&Ms every night for dinner.

VI

Pryor?

NOA

Oh. Our boss.

(ponders)

Well, not really a boss. More like a guy who provides money while we do stuff for him.

(CONTINUED)

Vi cracks a large grin; it's the most amused she's been.

VI
Demon stuff, right?

NOA
What else is there?

VI
Boy, can't tell you've been hanging
around a slayer.

NOA
(shrugs)
It's hard to think of her like
that. To me she's just Faith.

Vi sits at the kitchen table. Noa hands her a plate with food, and looks up at Rona who still holds her vigil at the window. Vi just shakes her head. Noa sits on the opposite side of the table.

VI
I wish I could still think like
that. Nowadays, everything's about
being a slayer.

Her thoughts appear to be drawn inward; there is a distant look on her face.

VI (cont'd)
Actually, this reminds me of old
times.

She gives a small, empty chuckle.

VI (cont'd)
Before we all became slayers, we
shared a cramped space just like
this.

NOA
Really? I can't imagine Faith
sharing anything for very long.

VI
Oh, no. She came later. She was one
of the original slayers.

NOA
(really interested)
How many originals were there?

VI

Just the two. Though, there's only
meant to be one. Maybe that's
why...

RONA

(warning)

Vi.

VI

(mumble)

Sorry.

NOA

(quietly to Vi)

It's okay. I'm used to the word
slayer meaning secrecy.

They smile subtly at each other and eat.

INT. PRECINCT, QUINN'S DESK - DAY

A subdued Quinn sits at his desk, staring at something
between his hands. Around him, the precinct is noticeably
quiet. People speak in subdued whispers. Some take quick
glances at-

QUINN'S DESK, the one he shared with Lehto. Kawalski ambles
over. He has a look of pity on his face, or perhaps a
protective camaraderie.

KAWALSKI

Hey kid. Heard it was rough.

Quinn startles.

QUINN

(brave face)

Wasn't so bad.

Kawalski jelly molds himself onto Quinn's desk. He leans low.

KAWALSKI

Look, I think you should take a few
days off.

QUINN

It's alright. I can work. We gotta
find the psychos who did this.

KAWALSKI

I appreciate that, kid. But you're
still taking off.

QUINN

What?

KAWALKSKI

She's nosing around you something good. I know you're a good cop, a good kid, but she... hey, you know how these IA people work. I just don't want her getting any other ammunition. Okay?

(gets off the desk)

We always take care of our own. The living and the dead.

Quinn squeezes his eyes shut for a moment, then resumes staring ahead at Lehto's empty desk. A spark of anger works its way across his jaw.

He stands up sharply, turns around and grabs his jacket from behind his chair.

He stoops down to pick up his bag. He places it on the desk and unzips it as he grabs some objects off his desk. Darkly, he glares down at the contents of his bag.

A BLUE FOLDER is bent within. Quinn pulls the zipper shut and storms out of the precinct.

Faith scans the streets below as she walks along the roof. She peers down every crevice and into every shadow she can.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

Looking for someone?

Faith stops, a thin, frustrated smile on her face.

FAITH

Looking for two someone's actually.
Least I found you.

She turns to regard him. He leans against a wall like he's always been waiting for her.

FAITH (cont'd)

You know what you need? A bat signal. I've been out for you for hours.

He steps away from the wall and nears her.

GABRIEL

You know that's not how we work.

He leans close to her ear as he passes her.

GABRIEL (cont'd)
(whispers)
I find you.

Faith shivers, just a little, in his wake. She follows him to the edge of the roof. He looks down into the alley below as Faith stands behind him, trying to be all business.

FAITH
I need info.

GABRIEL
Faith, I come to you when I have information. Any other time and all you're going to get from me is pleasant conversation.

FAITH
(sly)
You mean you can be pleasant?

He glances at her from the corner of his eye, not entirely impressed with her answer. She gives a wicked grin. He shakes his head with an amused smile of his own.

GABRIEL
I can't give you all the answers.

FAITH
Mmm. But you know what's going on?

GABRIEL
Yeah, missing girls. Slayers.

FAITH
(nodding to herself,
angry)
I knew it was going to be plural.
How long have you known?

GABRIEL
(off her reaction)
Not as long as you suspect.

FAITH
But you still knew. Man, I am getting so sick of not getting phone calls.

GABRIEL
I don't have a phone.

FAITH
Well, you should!

He looks at her for a moment. She shrugs an apology. As one, they both sit on the edge of the roof.

GABRIEL

I'd like to help. Really. But I only get the information you need when you need it. Before now, I guess you didn't.

FAITH

How could I not need to know this? They're family. In a twisted, related by death kind of way.

He nods. There's really not much else he can say.

Faith quietly chews on what she said.

FAITH (cont'd)

(offhand)

Do you have family?

Gabriel raises his eyebrows.

FAITH (cont'd)

What? Aren't I allowed to ask?

He wrestles with his words. Faith watches him, trying to work him out by watching him think.

GABRIEL

Well, you can ask. I just, well, it's not really in the job description...

He waves his hand between them.

FAITH

To what? Mingle? Chat? Becomes friends? Is this always just going to be a job for you?

GABRIEL

No, it's not that, it's just-
(beat)

I'm your messenger. That's all. It's not meant to be about me.

FAITH

(considers)

That's sad.

(serious)

Don't you ever want someone to think they're there for you?

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

(looks away)

No. That's not what I'm about.

FAITH

Right. You're about cryptic messages and disappearing into the night when I'm trying to find you.

GABRIEL

I'd stick around, but you're not always going to look for me.

FAITH

Stick around paperboy. I just might.

She stands and stretches a little.

FAITH (cont'd)

So... you really got nothing else for me? Nothing cryptic? Come on, you know you want to fry my brain.

GABRIEL

Hey, don't hate me.

(smiles widely)

It's all part of-

FAITH

(finishes)

The job description. Yeah yeah. I gotta get back. Later.

She heads back the way she came.

GABRIEL

(calls)

Oh, Faith!

She stops and smiles; she just knew he was going to do that! She turns her head to the side. He stands further up beside the wall, opposite her.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

One way or the other. This ends now.

She immediately stiffens; both annoyed and worried at once.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

Oh. And ask Bob.

He gives a quick wink then goes behind the wall.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (4)

12

FAITH
(to herself)
Bastard.

She stews over his words, angry, but then, despite herself, she grins.

13 INT. FAITH'S PLACE - NIGHT

13

Faith's door BANGS open. Two slayers and a lab girl jump. Faith comes in, all bluster.

FAITH
Ladies. We seem to have developed a
flaw in our communication skills.

She regards the two younger slayers in turn. They have no clue what she's talking about.

FAITH (cont'd)
You neglected to inform me that
little nurse Nightingale isn't the
only missing slayer.

RONA
(genuinely confused)
But you know.

FAITH
How could I know? Count the phone
calls you've sent my way.

RONA
(thinks)
But you weren't surprised when we
told you.
(gets angry)
And every other slayer we've spoken
to knows about this.

FAITH
Do I seem like I'm the other
slayers?
(shakes her head)
Look, whatever. I gotta lead and
we'd better follow it, because my
gut tells me it'll be over soon.

She looks over at Noa, who has been a shrinking violet since Faith's entrance; she's just doing what she can to stay unnoticed.

FAITH (cont'd)
You have your phone here?

Noa nods and quickly hands over a cell phone.

(CONTINUED)

VI

Who are you calling?

Faith answers, but she's looking at Noa.

FAITH

Pryor. We're going to need directions.

RONA

Great, more civvies.

Faith has about had it with the attitude.

FAITH

What is your problem? Not so long ago, you were a civvie.

RONA

(getting angry)

And now I'm not, so I know what I'm talking about when I say they can't help. This is slayer business.

Faith dials the phone.

FAITH

(shakes her head)

You make it sound like we're a cult.

(to the phone)

Pry, how good are you at vague references?

(of his reply)

I need a guy named Bob.

From Faith, we cut to:

The four women are out in force. Rona walks by herself, ahead of the pack.

Vi is a little behind, and Noa and Faith walk together.

NOA

I know this is a weird, and maybe, personal question, but are they always so...

(clenches her fist)

Grrr?

FAITH

(biting her lip)

No. Not really. I mean, Rona had her moments, but nothing like this.

NOA

Post traumatic shock syndrome!

(off Faith's look)

I watched a movie on Hallmark about soldiers. And that's kinda what you are.

FAITH

(shrugs)

We are now. But that's not always how it was.

NOA

(nodding)

Vi told me there only used to be one.

FAITH

Yeah. Then came two. Man, I thought I was unnatural for years. And now there's an army of us. It sometimes makes me wonder...

NOA

If this is the cosmos trying to balance it all out again?

Faith shrugs.

NOA (cont'd)

Well, I don't think it is, because if it was then you would never have made it this far. Right?

Faith grins.

RONA (O.S.)

Screw this.

Rona takes off running down an alley, and Faith starts to run after her.

FAITH

Rona! Damnit!

Vi stops her.

VI

I'll take care of this. She just needs some space. We'll meet up at your place later.

Faith shakes her head as Vi follows the direction Rona went in. Noa plods up to Faith.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Life is never simple with slayers,
is it?

FAITH

Only when they're evil.

NOA

(thinks it's a joke)
What?
(phone starts ringing)
Oops, wait.

She pulls her cellphone out. It has a THUNDERBIRDS ringtone.

NOA (cont'd)

Yeah. Uh huh. Okay.

Puts the phone away.

NOA (cont'd)

Pryor found Bob.

With a nod from Faith, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 INT. BOB'S - NIGHT

15

Crystals and candles line cherry wood shelves. It is almost impossible to tell what the original walls look like under the gaudy silk drapes of pink, red and maroon.

Noa and Faith push past one of these drapes and into the room. They soak it all in and wince at each other.

Faith takes a sniff or two at the air and notices some incense merrily burning away in a Buddah incense holder.

FAITH

Are we sure this is the right place? 'Cos I'm not entirely sure this is the type of answers we're looking for.

NOA

Hey, your lead.

FAITH

Gotta point.

BOB (O.S.)

Welcome, welcome, welcome.

Faith and Noa turn toward BOB. He's a three-eyed demon, but that's about as mystical as he looks. His large pot belly pushes out from under a greasy, graying vest. His nose tells the tale of a demon who likes the taste of barley.

And his bermudas and bath robe are only slightly less red than the tufts of hair sticking out at odd angles on his balding head.

BOB (cont'd)

Welcome to the benevolent, all-seeing eye of...

(points over himself)

Me. What difficulties plague your obviously wearied, yet still beautiful eyes, that mimic the deepest darkest oceans.

FAITH

(beat)

Right.

Faith gives a side long glance to Noa; it speaks volumes.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Well, I'm not sure you can help.
See, there's these girls. They're
missing.

Bob throws his hands up and rushes over to Faith.

BOB
This way. This way. Finding missing
objects is my specialty. You are
very fortunate to have learned of
this skill of mine. I am the
foremost expert of locating
whatever you desire.

FAITH
(under her breath)
If you say so.

Noa giggles. Bob leads them into an ALCOVE. He motions for
the girls to sit on some cushions in front of a low table.

With a great deal of effort, he manages to fold himself into
a seated position. He breathes heavily for a few moments; the
effort showing.

BOB
Right then. Do you have any
artifacts, any items of personal
value, in order to find what you
seek?

Faith fishes in her pocket.

FAITH
I have...
(counts)
... eleven bucks.

Bob blinks.

BOB
No, no, dear. You misunderstand. I
require something that forms a
connection with the ones you are
looking for. A comb, a favourite
bag...
(beat; hopeful)
... silky underwear...

Faith shakes her head; both at herself and someone else. Bob
leans back, with a thoughtful frown on his face.

BOB (cont'd)
Well, that puts a bit of a damper
on the evening.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Can't you just-

BOB

There are hundreds of people on the planet, and that isn't even considering other dimensions. Singling out anyone is insurmountable without a hint.

NOA

Well... they're slayers. And so's she. That's kinda unique. Can't you just...

She brings her hands up to her head and then pushes away from there, as through ploughing snow away from her forehead.

BOB

(slouches in his chair)
You're reporters, aren't you? Testing me? Hah! It won't work. I know for a fact there is only one slayer. Mmmm, maybe two.

FAITH

Things change, bright spark. You got no clue how many of us there are.

BOB

(peers at Faith)
Alright. Hand please.

Faith begrudgingly reaches out. He takes her a-lot-cleaner hand in his. Faith grimaces at the contact. Noa squirms on Faith's behalf too.

Bob closes his normal eyes, and his THIRD EYE OPENS. There is silence for a moment, and Faith and Noa look between each other, shrugging.

A bright light emits from the third eye. Noa and Faith blink rapidly.

Bob starts shaking as though having a fit; he GRIPS Faith's hand much harder, so hard, that she tries to pull away.

BOB (cont'd)

Far. So far.

(higher voice)

I want to go home. Where's my home?
Where are we? Where am I?

(normal voice)

Alive! Alive. All Alive. But scared, so scared.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOB (cont'd)
No one to save them. No one to
care. Missing in the dark. Heavy
cage. There's nothing you can do
when your card's been called.
(higher voice)
Save us! Help me! Oh, God! Mamma!

Bob lurches forward and grabs Faith's shoulder's with both hands.

BOB (cont'd)
(deep voice)
One way or the other. This ends
now.

Faith wrenches free and stands up. She breathes heavily and stares at Bob. Noa stands up beside her, worried. Bob composes himself normally.

BOB (cont'd)
Well? Was I any help?

FAITH
You mean you don't know?

BOB
No, no. The eye is much too
sensitive for conscious thought.

FAITH
Right. Can you tell me anything
else?

BOB
I'm sorry, but if I couldn't tell
you then I do not know.

FAITH
Okay. Here.

She tosses eleven bucks on the table.

FAITH (cont'd)
Get some handwash.

The girls turn to leave, and as Bob watches them go, still catching his breath, we cut to:

Quinn lies on the floor. Papers from the case file are strewn out in front of him. He nurses an almost-empty bottle of something nasty. The guy's so smashed he probably doesn't know his own name.

He mumbles to himself, scribbling in a notebook almost illegibly as he slurs through his words.

QUINN

Because, because. Nothing makes sense. Like Sunnydale. Nothing made sense there too.

(shakes his head)

No one knows about that place. No one.

(stares into space)

Except that girl. The girl with faith. Bet she knows more. More about what makes sense. She'll know.

He gets up and stumbles to his feet, tossing the bottle across the room. It SMASHES against the wall.

QUINN (cont'd)

The girl's the key! She'll know.

Quinn starts to stumble towards the door, reaching for his jacket, and we cut to:

17

INT. FAITH'S PLACE - NIGHT

17

Faith barges on through the door with Noa hot on her heels. Faith is a little distracted, and it's only when she is halfway across the room when she notices Vi, curled up on the couch, hugging herself.

Faith exchanges yet another look with Noa, who discreetly moves into the kitchen area. Not so much out of sound, but definitely out of Vi's mind.

FAITH

Vi? What gives?

Vi shudders before gazing up at Faith. There are tear smudges down her face.

VI

She's gone. Missing. Taken.

FAITH

(shock)

Rona!

She looks over at Noa, who suddenly pulls out her phone and quietly dials in the corner.

VI

(babbling)

Gone, just gone. Like the others. She was right. When your card gets called-

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Why is everyone talking about cards? Forget the damn cards. Focus. We need to find Rona.

VI

It's too late. All we can do is wait until it's our turn.

Vi lifts her hand up to Faith. In it is a CARD.

VI (cont'd)

See. I'm next. You should just enjoy the time you have left.

FAITH

What the hell...

She looks at the card. It really does look like a playing card, an ACE, but it has an embossed picture of Vi and Rona dusting the vampires from earlier. It looks like someone has had fun tinkering with Photoshop.

FAITH (cont'd)

Where did you get this?

VI

Here. They always know where we are. Counting down.

(shakes her head)

Rona found her last one at the other apartment. How do they always know where we are? Always. We can't escape this.

FAITH

(confused)

Always? How long have you been getting these?

Vi blinks some tears away and stares at Faith.

VI

What do you mean? Don't you know? You have to know. We've all been getting these for months. Maybe it's punishment. There's so many of us. It's not right. It's not natural. We're wrong. Bad.

FAITH

Stop it! We're not being punished, we're being screwed. Now, how many slayers get these cards?

(CONTINUED)

VI

All of us.

Faith frowns and thinks about it.

FAITH

(subdued)

Not me.

VI

(suddenly very angry)

Well, ain't you the lucky one? Huh, you in on it? Maybe you're helping out, huh? Then you get to be number one.

FAITH

(completely confused)

What the he-

She suddenly makes a connection. She nods as if confirming something to herself, then looks at Vi.

FAITH (cont'd)

Sorry, Vi.

She PUNCHES Vi and knocks her out. Noa's mouth falls open in shock as Vi slumps in her seat.

NOA

Oh. My. God. Gotta go.

Noa disconnects the phone call and rushes over.

NOA (cont'd)

(shocked)

What did you do that for?

Faith searches around.

FAITH

Do you have a... oh, great.

She runs over to the kitchen counter where the groceries Noa brought earlier are and yanks out a loaf of BREAD that is wrapped in PLASTIC PACKAGING.

NOA

(raises eyebrow)

Umm. Faith?

Faith tips out the bread on the counter and takes the plastic packet. Noa just follows her every movement like Faith has turned into a crazy lazy.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: (3)

17

Faith returns to Vi and scoops the card into the plastic bag without touching it.

NOA (cont'd)
Why are you doing that?

FAITH
I've got a theory.

Faith holds up the bag containing the card, and we cut to:

18 INT. LAB - NIGHT

18

Vi looks like she has just come too. Noa is giving her something to drink. Faith paces in front. Pryor looks up from a MICROSCOPE.

PRYOR
Well, Faith. That was a very good theory.

FAITH
So?

PRYOR
The card is definitely laced with a muscle inhibitor, as well as some substances that would induce paranoia and impaired judgment.

NOA
(to Vi, comforting)
See. Faith hit you for a good reason.

VI
(to Faith; not entirely sincere)
Thanks.

FAITH
(shrugs)
You're welcome. Okay, can we work out where this stuff came from?

PRYOR
(considers)
Well, these chemicals aren't easy to come by in these concentrations. It's like someone specifically knew how to target slayers.

FAITH
Joys of the internet.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I'll see if anyone has been making large purchases. I can look into the material the card is made of too. It's high quality printing and by Vi's account the image is less than a day old. Perhaps someone has hired or bought a printing press in the past few days. This operation would cost money.

FAITH

And a lot of well-oiled workers to pull it off so quickly?

Pryor nods.

NOA

(brightly)

So we're hacking into places we shouldn't again?

Pryor looks at the clock on the wall. It's late.

PRYOR

I don't think anyone would appreciate a phone inquiry at this time, do you?

FAITH

Someone might. Look, I'm heading out again. I got some questions of my own.

Faith looks at Vi. Noa steps up.

NOA

I can go to your place in Pryor's van and pick up some more weapons if you want? We only have the basics here, and if these guys can take you guys on, even drugged... well...

FAITH

Yeah, thanks.

Faith regards Vi.

NOA

(very sure)

We'll take care of her.

Faith nods, and with one last glance, heads out.

19

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

19

Faith hurries along; she's a girl with a purpose.

FAITH
I have questions.

Gabriel sits on the edge of the roof again, his legs hanging over the side.

GABRIEL
I thought you would.

She reaches him but doesn't sit.

FAITH
Glad you decided to stick around.
You got actual info this time?

Gabriel does not look at her.

GABRIEL
I thought I'd already given you
actual information.

FAITH
Cut the bull and the riddles. Why
aren't these people after me?

GABRIEL
I wish I could answer that.

FAITH
So why don't you? God, I don't buy
this 'need to know' crap. You know
things. Why can't you tell me?

Finally, he turns toward her.

GABRIEL
Because there is a reaction to
every action. There are things you
can't know, because the world needs
that balance.
(stands up)
I've never been here to help you
atone, Faith. That's not what
either of us is about. We're part
of the bigger system.
(looks to the side)
And sometimes it can crush you.

Faith doesn't know what to make of his speech.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL (cont'd)
You should go now.
(more meaningfully)
Go. Now.

Faith's eyes widen. She turns and runs. Gabriel watches her go.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Faith runs as though the demons of hell were on her heels.

EXT. LAB - NIGHT

Faith rounds the corner. It's full-on chaos. Noa stands in front the open door of Pryor's VAN, using a bat to defend herself from HOODED MEN. The design of their clothes is very sinister.

A couple of them are carrying off a struggling Vi. Pryor is using a sword and is trying vainly to get through the hunters to help Vi.

PRYOR
(shouts; to Vi)
Hang on, we're coming!

VI
Help me!!

Faith sees this and charges straight into the melee. The hunters, seeing her, realise the real threat and break off their various attacks.

FAITH
(to hunters)
Hey! Get away from her!

Most go after Faith, stopping her from joining Vi. Pryor and Noa still have a couple to struggle with.

Faith sizes up her opponents as two of the Hooded men step up to her.

FAITH (cont'd)
Alright, looks like I'm gonna get
some fun this evening after all...

Faith fights with a crystal-cut precision. She is brutal, fast and relentless in her attack.

Pryor and Noa join up and try to stave off their bad guys as a combined force.

NOA
Pryor! Where's Vi?

PRYOR
(looking round)
I can't see her, is she-

ON VI as the hunters toss her into the back of a black van and SLAM the door shut.

NOA
Oh, no...
(yells)
Faith!!

ON FAITH as she pummels the hunters into oblivion. Noa and Pryor manage to drive their opponents into the group that are fighting Faith.

Then all three team mates work together; Noa and Pryor swat and distract the hunters while Faith knocks them down.

FAITH
Where's Vi?

NOA
Over there! They took her, they're
in a-

Faith looks up as the black van REVS its engine and SCREAMS off.

Faith hears this and desperation takes hold of her fighting. She bucks, kicks and punches until she can break clear; most hunters are now unconscious or badly injured to the point of submission.

Faith takes off running after the van. It's a hopeless effort.

The van burns rubber too far ahead. It squeals as it takes a sharp turn and disappears from sight.

Faith keeps running, but as the sound of the van fades, she slows and finally stops. She stares into the distance; completely without hope.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

22 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 22

Faith stares down the street. Pryor's van comes to a SCREECHING halt beside her.

PRYOR

Get in! I know where they're going.

Faith whips open the passenger door and gets in.

23 INT. CAR - SAME 23

Noa is in the back with an ARSENAL of Faith's weapons. Pryor puts the van into overdrive.

PRYOR

It's a local address. A small organisation called the Jack of Diamonds. It's meant to be an import company, but it's funded by a number of other fake stakeholdings. The amount of profits this place funnels back to those shareholders tells me they import a lot more than slayers. I haven't managed to trace them to the source yet.

FAITH

We'll worry about that later. Let's just get my girls back.

Faith grabs a weapon, a determined look in her eyes, as we cut to:

24 EXT. HQ - NIGHT 24

The van stops and the gang hop out. It's another seedy part of the city. The dingy office building doesn't look like it could stand a shot of Faith.

A FADED SIGN adorns the top of the building - it reads Jack of Diamonds, but the face on the card next to it looks more like a sinister clown.

Faith sees the abandoned black van standing open beside a closed steel door.

FAITH

(all business)

Pick a weapon.

She steps towards the HQ, and we cut to:

25 INT. HQ - NIGHT

25

BOOM...

BOOM...

BANG!

The steel door falls off its hinges. Faith stands on the other side, pissed as hell, holding the biggest, baddest, Conan-style warhammer. She is flanked by Pryor and Noa, each with less impressive weapons.

The place is noisy with activity. One PRINTING PRESS prints reams of FAKE MONEY. Another PRINTER runs high-quality cards.

One corner of the HQ has what looks to be a drug lab, with people in WHITE MASKS running for the back door as soon as they see Faith.

She grins, gripping the warhammer's handle tightly.

FAITH

Let's shake this place up a bit...

HUNTERS charge to meet the posse. Faith swings and swats all opposition into internal dimensions. She goes forward, not caring about the ones that aren't knocked out on first strike.

FAITH (cont'd)

Cover me!

Noa and Pryor rush in to take care of those as Faith continues going forward.

Straight ahead, she sees Vi being dragged into a room at the end of a long corridor. The door SLAMS.

Faith heads down that way, meeting very little resistance, but a lot of the resistance meets her briefly, with bodies sent flying with a few carefully-timed swings of the hammer.

She gets to the door, another heavy-duty steel door, and tries to open it. It's locked.

Taking her hammer, she whacks at the handle a couple of time before it caves under pressure. Faith rushes in... the fight still in her.

26 INT. HQ, CHAMBER - NIGHT

26

And stops dead. The room is EMPTY. No one is there at all. Faith walks around the room, searching wildly. She taps on the walls, the floor, everything.

(CONTINUED)

'Missing' by Evanescence starts to play over the scene as Faith checks and double checks every square inch of the room, looking for however they got Vi out of there.

Exhausted by the action outside, Noa and Pryor come through the door and watch a completely gutted Faith search aimlessly for something that isn't there. They look helplessly on.

Pryor hangs his head and walks over to her, his voice quiet and soothing.

PRYOR

We're too late, Faith. They've gone.

NOA

But...

FAITH

(grits teeth)

No. No, this can't be it.

She stands, turning to face Pryor, her expression full of fire.

FAITH (cont'd)

We're gonna tear this place apart
until we find out where they went!

Pryor steps back as Faith marches back out into the HQ itself, sensing that now's a good time to keep his distance.

Faith takes her anger out on everything. The presses, the lab, computers, the fake money, nothing is spared, sparks flying as Faith lays into anything solid around her.

After a few moments, there's nothing left for her to destroy. Faith drops to her knees and looks down.

Noa and Pryor emerge cautiously from the next room, and as we pull away from the scene, we dissolve to:

Faith looks up from her drink. She's down in the lowest dumps. The place is really empty, and the patrons that are there are completely sloshed. It's been a long night and early morning.

Faith brings her drink up to her mouth and downs the lot, squeezing her eyes shut as she does so. She gently places the glass back on the counter, stares into nothing for a moment, then gets up quickly and throws some money on the counter.

29

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

29

Faith heads out down the alley; her face is cloudy but she's making a conscious effort to walk straight.

She suddenly pauses, wobbles a bit as she pulls to a stop; and gives a dry chuckle.

FAITH

Oh, look who found me.

She spins around - a little too much, her hands going up for added balance.

FAITH (cont'd)

What don't you feel like telling me now?

Gabriel comes out of the shadows. He looks a little guilty.

GABRIEL

I just thought... I thought you'd like to know it's over. No more slayers will be taken.

FAITH

Oh, goodie. Can you tell me where they are?

Gabriel looks away.

FAITH (cont'd)

Thought so. I'm not meant to know. I'm not part of the club.

She starts toward him, but Gabe is still looking away.

FAITH (cont'd)

That's right, isn't it? I'm not special enough to be let in on the big secret. Not special enough to save them. Not even special enough to be at risk.

GABRIEL

Faith...

Faith circles him like she's the cat and he's the canary.

FAITH

Or maybe that's not it. Maybe it's something else, huh? Mister all-knowing-secret guy. You know my secrets, don't you?

Her eyes do wicked, wicked things as they look him over.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
I'm a bad slayer. Bad, bad girl.
Everybody wants a bad girl. Except
the people who should.

GABRIEL
(quietly)
Don't do this to yourself.

She rounds on him and approaches him from the front. She
licks her lips.

FAITH
Do what? Be who I am. Be the slayer
they didn't want.

He takes a step backwards. That makes her laugh.

FAITH (cont'd)
(still laughing)
It's not fair. When I'm bad, nobody
wants me. And when I'm good...
(laughter stops)
I'm not good enough.
(whispers)
I'm the one that should be missing.
Not them.

She shuts her eyes and tries to control her trembling.

FAITH (cont'd)
(low voice)
Gabe?

GABRIEL
Yes.

FAITH
Can I be missing tonight?

She opens her eyes. He doesn't understand. She gets closer to
him. He backs off, but there is little room behind him.

GABRIEL
What are you doing?

FAITH
You know me. Know all about me.

GABRIEL
(catching on)
Faith, no.

FAITH
We don't just have to be each
other's job.

GABRIEL
(still backing away)
I can't.

FAITH
(quiet)
You can. Just take. Just want. Just
forget.

She surges forward, her lips heading toward his with an intense urgency.

It's almost impossible to tell if they make contact or not, but Faith is suddenly falling and lands on her ass.

Her eyes widen and she stares at him. She can't seem to comprehend what just happened.

GABRIEL
(softly)
I'm sorry. Don't go there with me
Faith. It'll only hurt.

FAITH
(beat; bitter)
It already does.

Gabriel looks at her for a charged moment. She meets his eyes, almost daring him to change his mind. He gives a small, sad smile.

GABRIEL
You did do good tonight. Just don't
forget that.

He walks away. Faith unsteadily rises to her feet again. She looks in the direction Gabriel went, but he's already gone.

QUINN (O.S.)
Been looking for you.

Faith purses her lips and tries to focus on the new man in front of her. Quinn has a bottle of cheap booze in his hand. He holds it up, swaying a little.

QUINN (cont'd)
Took a while. Got thirsty.

With a laugh, he throws the bottle at the wall. It SMASHES, making Faith jump.

QUINN (cont'd)
I got questions.

Faith frowns at him.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Well, so do I.

He walks up to her.

QUINN
I just lost someone. I need
answers.

FAITH
Yeah, I'm sure you do. But I'm not
the one with the answers - I just
get given them when it suits...
them. Whoever the hell 'they' are,
anyway.

She starts to walk away, but he reaches out a clumsy hand to
grab her arm, stopping her and turning her around.

QUINN
Someone's got to tell me something!

She nods at his profound statement, grabs him and pulls him
close.

They're inches apart, Quinn registering surprise at last,
before he slowly starts to lean his head forward...

... But Faith pushes him away. Quinn blinks, confused.

FAITH
Want. Take. Have.
(turns around)
But never the ones I want.

She walks off, leaving a stunned Quinn behind.

ON GABRIEL, Watching her from the rooftop as she walks alone
down the alley. He seems sad, and perhaps, regretful, but
then turns around and walks off screen, and from his exit,
we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW