

**FAITH**

"Resolution"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NY CITY STREET. EARLY EVENING 1

Passing over and through a cross-section of the city centre, taking in the long lines of traffic and pedestrians, milling around happily in the last few rays of sunshine, we pick up NOA, walking down the street.

Noa has a dark look on her face, far from the content grin she's usually sporting. Her hair is pulled back, and she's dressed in muted, plain colours.

Her mood is obvious as she stops at a coffee house, pushing the swing doors open and stepping inside.

2 INT. COFFEE HOUSE. CONTINUOUS. 2

Noa heads for the counter, paying for a plain mocha from behind the counter, and making her way over to a booth in one corner, keeping herself isolated.

She sips her drink, then closes her eyes and leans forward, her head resting on her hands, a lot on her mind.

She doesn't notice a shadow fall across her as someone stands at the side of the booth, looking in on her.

QUINN

I'd have asked if this seat was  
taken, but I figured the answer'd  
be something like 'Back off! I have  
mace!'

Noa looks up and sees QUINN, his hair a mess and his clothes rumpled, like he hasn't had a good night's sleep either.

She blinks - then remembers something and GROANS.

NOA

I was supposed to meet you, wasn't  
I... Oh, Jon, I'm sorry.

QUINN

It's cool.

Quinn slides into the booth opposite, looking her up and down and picking up on the bad vibes radiating from her.

QUINN (cont'd)

Is everything okay? How's Pryor  
doing?

Noa SIGHS loudly, looking away for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

As well as can be expected. He's still too doped up to say anything, and most of the lower half of his face is bandaged up anyway. All I'd probably get would be a few grunts.

Quinn smiles, but Noa isn't in the mood to laugh along. He reaches across the table and takes her hands, giving them a comforting squeeze.

QUINN

Just do what I do. Think to yourself, 'at least he's not dead.'

Noa looks up, and manages a smile, nodding back at Quinn.

QUINN (cont'd)

We fought off those things, Faith's okay - well, paler from all the blood loss, but otherwise okay - and Pryor's still in one piece. More or less.

Noa takes another sip of her drink.

QUINN (cont'd)

Bad things happen in threes, right? And I think that's three bad things right there, so, in theory, nothing bad should happen for a little while.

NOA

('as if')  
In theory.

QUINN

(grins)  
That's what I said.

Noa stares at Quinn for a moment, then sits up, leans across the table and KISSES him, taking her time over it.

Quinn looks a little surprised as she leans back. Happy, but still surprised.

QUINN (cont'd)

What was that for?

NOA

Just being you.

QUINN

Guess I'd better carry on doing that, then, huh?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

It's helping. I've had a hell of a day so far - heck, I've had a pretty crappy few weeks, so right now, I just want to concentrate on sitting down, taking five minutes, a cup of coffee, and my man.

QUINN

'My man'? Well, aren't we the forward one?

NOA

(playful)

Oh, stop it. You wouldn't return my calls if you weren't interested, right?

Quinn smiles back at her.

QUINN

And there she is. That's the Noa I like, right there.

Noa manages a small laugh at last, as we pan across to the right, taking in the view of the human traffic outside through the coffee house windows.

We pick up a WOMAN, standing outside the coffee house, staring in, looking directly at Noa. She's tall and slim, with long blonde hair and high cheekbones.

She watches Noa and Quinn for a few beats, before turning and starting to walk with the crowds.

EXT. NY CITY STREET. CONTINUOUS.

Staying with the woman, she turns into a quieter street, bathed in shadows cast by the tall buildings overhead, before stepping into a small convenience store.

We stay on the door for a beat - and then two MEN step into frame, all wannabe white boy gangster with their expensive sportswear and gaudy jewelry.

Checking up and down the street, they nod to each other and step into the store.

We start to pull away from the entrance.

After a few beats, we can hear RAISED VOICES shouting at one another - then a woman SCREAMS.

There are two GUNSHOTS.

Silence for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

As an ALARM BELL starts to ring inside the store, the two wannabe gangsters burst out of the store, hastily tucking away a handgun each as they sprint away, down the street.

The woman inside the shop continues to SCREAM, sounding hysterical, and as a POLICE SIREN starts to wail, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. GENERAL HOSPITAL. DAY. 4

TITLE OVER - Two hours earlier.

Noa is walking down a hospital corridor, a small backpack slung over one shoulder, checking the numbered doors she passes, finally stopping at one that's labelled 'Zanardi Ward.'

She pushes the door open, and steps into:

5 INT. HOSPITAL - WARD. CONTINUOUS. 5

Scanning the beds, she spots FAITH sitting up on one of the beds, and with a grin heads over.

Faith is fidgeting, flicking disinterestedly through the TV channels on display via the tiny set mounted on the wall, and she breathes a sigh of relief as she sees Noa.

FAITH

Thank God, thought i was gonna have  
to kill somebody to get out of  
here! Did you bring my stuff?

Noa swings her backpack round onto the bed and unzips it.

NOA

Clean clothes, clean underwear, a  
few essential feminine hygiene  
products, the works. Another great  
service from the DeRubria Family.

Faith picks up the bag and starts mooching through it.

FAITH

Thanks.

She glances at Noa and double takes.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hey, is that my shirt?

Noa looks down - she's wearing an olive coloured t-shirt bearing the Linkin Park band logo, graffiti style. She smiles innocently.

NOA

Uh, yeah, sorry. Just kinda jumped  
out and went 'Hey, Noa! Wear me!'  
when I was getting your stuff.  
(bites lip)  
Is that okay?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

(grins)

It's cool. First time anybody  
bummed clothes off me, that's all.  
Usually has to be the other way  
round.

Noa takes a seat as Faith starts laying out her outfit. Noa eyes the bandage on Faith's arm, covering her wounds from the recent encounter with the Chattering Assassins.

NOA

(off bandage)

How is it?

FAITH

Good as new. Well, sorta. Slayer  
healing takes care of the skin and  
bone, it's just the pain that  
sticks around afterwards.

(beat)

How's Pryor?

Noa falls quiet, and after a beat, she glances round the ward to make sure no-one's listening in, before leaning closer and talking quietly.

NOA

He's still in Intensive Care, the  
nurse said it'll be a few days  
still before he can have visitors.  
I managed to get a bit of info out  
of her, but not much.

FAITH

How is he overall, though? You  
know, with the...

She mimes the wounds Pryor made to his cheeks, and Noa SIGHS, taking a beat.

NOA

The nurse told me he's had some  
initial reconstructive surgery, and  
there's more scheduled for later  
this week. Sounds like he literally  
cut his cheeks open, and then  
smashed out a bunch of his own  
teeth.

(saddened)

Why would he do that, Faith? I just  
don't understand!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Me either. I'm figuring the fact that those demon things we fought got taken out when I did a little emergency dental work, and Pryor's own attempt to become a private dentist have a lot in common.

NOA

Do you think he knew what was going on?

FAITH

(shrugs)

Noa, I really don't know. When he gets a new set of dentures, we'll have to ask him.

Faith hops off the bed, clutching her change of clothes as Noa scowls at her.

NOA

Don't you think you're being kinda flippant about all this?

FAITH

Hey, don't get me wrong, I like Pryor. He's a nice guy. Misguided, but nice. But I think it's clear know he's been keeping secrets from us, and that's kind of a problem for me. When he can explain himself, I'll be all ears.

Faith heads for the restrooms - but as she moves away from Noa, the dark look that crosses her face tells us what she's thinking. She has secrets of her own that she hasn't shared with Noa yet.

As she pushes open the restroom door, we cut to:

Noa and the newly-dressed Faith head out onto the sunny street, Faith adjusting a pair of shades.

FAITH

So what's the plan now? Is there anything back at the Lab worth doing, or-

NOA

God, no! You think I'm going anywhere near that place until Pryor's out of hospital?

FAITH

So I guess we're officially on paid  
leave for now, huh?

Faith grins, but Noa isn't in a laughing mood. The girls  
start to head down the street.

FAITH (cont'd)

Changing the subject, looks like  
you and that Quinn guy are getting  
kinda cosy.

NOA

Yeah, that's something, I guess. He  
saved my ass when those things  
attacked us, but he's been really  
cool about it since.

FAITH

What were you expecting?

NOA

I dunno, maybe that he'd feel like  
I owed him something, but no, he's  
just taken it in his stride.

(beat)

Oh, yeah, and how come you never  
told me you two knew each other?

FAITH

Uh, we don't, really. Helped each  
other out with that freaky tooth  
fairy demon a few months back,  
that's all. Didn't feel like  
sharing too much with him at the  
time.

NOA

Oh. Well, he just asks a lot of  
questions about you, that's all.

FAITH

(suspicious)

What kind of questions?

NOA

Oh, the usual, where you're from,  
how you know about...

(looks round; whispers)

... demons and vampires...

(back to normal)

... and all stuff like that. Don't  
worry, I haven't told him you're a  
Slayer or anything.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Good. I like to keep that low key  
if I can help it.

They reach a street crossing, ready to part ways.

FAITH (cont'd)

Okay, I'm gonna head home. I need a  
shower and an actual bed to sleep  
in, not that stainless steel  
mattress I got at the hospital.

NOA

I'm just gonna walk for a while. I  
need to clear my head, you know?

FAITH

Yeah, it's cool.

Noa starts to walk away, but Faith calls out to her.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hey, uh, Noa?

NOA

(turns)

Yeah?

FAITH

If you wanted to, you know, maybe  
swing by later, go out, get a beer,  
whatever... that'd be cool.

NOA

(smiles)

Okay, yeah. I'll call you in a few  
hours?

FAITH

Sweet. Later.

Faith turns and walks off, and a surprised Noa watches her go  
for a beat before heading off her own way.

Noa strolls down the busy sidewalk, not paying much attention  
to anything, when she frowns, slowing to a halt.

She looks round, as though sensing something, and stops as  
she spots someone across the street.

Standing outside a cafe is the tall blonde Woman we saw  
earlier, looking directly at Noa.

Noa squints, trying to make out who it is - then her eyes  
widen as she recognises her.

(CONTINUED)

NOA  
(quietly)  
Mom?

We cut from Noa's startled expression to:

INT. CAFE. NEXT.

We pan across the almost deserted, small cafe, picking up Noa sitting at a table opposite the Woman - her mother, BARBARA.

Barbara looks tired, heavy bags under her eyes as she concentrates on stirring the coffee before her.

Noa watches her for a few beats, before reaching out and laying a hand on her mom's, stopping the stirring.

NOA  
Mom, I think whatever needed to be  
stirred in that thing is well and  
truly done by now.

Barbara laughs nervously and puts the spoon to one side, her hands fidgeting nervously. She isn't looking directly at Noa, who watches her with a frown.

NOA (cont'd)  
What's the matter?

BARBARA  
I'm sorry, honey. I know you must  
hate it when I just swing by  
without any warning...

NOA  
(cold)  
Hey, why would I mind? I mean, it's  
not like you tried to have me  
sacrificed last time I saw you or  
anything. Oh, and don't forget the  
part where you 'forgot' to tell me  
I had a little brother!

Barbara SIGHS, wringing her hands before finally looking up at Noa. Her eyes are filled with sadness, and her pleading look manages to soften Noa a little.

NOA (cont'd)  
What's wrong?

BARBARA  
Wrong? Nothing's wrong. Why would  
anything be wrong? Can't a mother  
swing by to see her daughter?

Noa throws the classic 'don't give me that crap!' look.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA (cont'd)  
(beat)  
It's the Giantellis.

NOA  
(rolls eyes)  
Oh, man...

BARBARA  
I started going to their parties,  
you know, the ones they hold at the  
casino every few weeks?

NOA  
Yeah, I remember, the ones Paulo  
uses to rip off everybody who owes  
money to him by fixing the roulette  
wheel and using crooked blackjack  
dealers! Mom, I moved away to get  
as far away from those creeps as I  
could, why the hell were you going  
back there?

Barbara doesn't answer, and Noa groans as she puts the pieces  
together. She leans her head on one hand.

NOA (cont'd)  
(weary)  
How much do you owe him...

BARBARA  
Eleven thousand dollars.

NOA  
(splutters)  
What?!?

Barbara looks around nervously - nobody in the cafe is  
listening in, but she still shushes Noa.

NOA (cont'd)  
Mom, what the hell?

BARBARA  
I'm sorry! I'm sorry, I don't know  
how it got out of control like  
that, but...  
(beat; sighs)  
I'm in trouble, Noa.

NOA  
So you thought you'd see if your  
estranged daughter could find it in  
her heart to save you, right?

Barbara goes back to anxiously stirring her coffee.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

Mom, I've had a really bad few weeks, I don't need something else going wrong just now, okay?

Barbara stares at her for a beat, then reaches out for her purse, starting to stand.

BARBARA

I'm sorry. This was a mistake, I shouldn't have come.

She's halfway up when Noa reaches out and grabs her arm.

NOA

Mom...

(beat)

Mom, sit down. Come on.

Barbara slowly re-seats herself as Noa glares at her.

NOA (cont'd)

Did you come here to ask me to lend you the money or something?

BARBARA

No! No, not at all!

(beat)

Not all of it, anyway...

NOA

Look, now's not a great time for me financially. My boss just got put in hospital, so I'm not a hundred per cent sure when my next paycheck's gonna arrive, if ever. I don't exactly have eleven grand lying around, you know?

Barbara nods, keeping her eyes down. Noa stares at her for a few beats, then looks away. She closes her eyes, scarcely believing what she's about to say, but:

NOA (cont'd)

Alright, I'll do what I can.

BARBARA

(hopeful)

You will?

NOA

I've still got most of my college fund left, you know, because we both know what a disaster that plan turned out to be, and...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED: (3)

7

NOA (cont'd)  
 I dunno, maybe I can scrape  
 together a few bucks here and  
 there. But there's no way I can  
 make the whole eleven grand.

BARBARA  
 (thankful)  
 No, honey, it's okay, I can make  
 some of the money myself, I just-

NOA  
 You just needed good old Noa to  
 make up the difference, huh?

Noa stands, taking a few dollars out of her wallet and  
 leaving them on the table.

NOA (cont'd)  
 Guess it won't be the first time  
 I've picked up the tab for you,  
 huh?

Noa thinks, then grabs a napkin, find a pen in her purse and  
 scribbles a number down.

NOA (cont'd)  
 That's my cell. Call me later on,  
 I'll need a few hours to get all  
 the cash together.

BARBARA  
 Thank you, sweetheart, thank you.  
 If there's anything I can ever do-

NOA  
 Yeah, there's one thing.  
 (icily)  
 Don't come and see me ever again.

Noa turns on her heel and strides out of the cafe, her  
 mother's crestfallen expression burning a hole in her back as  
 she exits.

8

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - DAY/EARLY EVENING.

8

A time lapse shot of the towers and high rises of New York as  
 the sun tracks across the sky, the city lights starting to  
 build up as we get back to the time we started at.

9

EXT. CITY STREET/CONVENIENCE STORE. EARLY EVENING.

9

We're back outside the general store, as Barbara walks up to  
 the door and heads inside.

There are two GUNSHOTS.

Silence for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

As an ALARM BELL starts to ring inside the store, the two wannabe gangsters burst out of the store, hastily tucking away a handgun each as they sprint away, down the street.

As the woman inside continues to SCREAM hysterically, we cut over to:

10

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. EARLY EVENING.

10

Noa is humming along to something on the radio, checking her hair in a mirror on the wall.

Her cell phone RINGS, and she scoops it up from the bed to answer.

NOA

Hello?

(listens; smiles)

Oh, hey Jon, what's up?

(listens; pales)

What? Where?

Noa's hand goes to her mouth as the conversation continues.

NOA (cont'd)

Oh, my God! Oh, God, no, I'll be right over!

She cuts off the call and dashes for the door, sprinting out of her apartment, as we cut to:

11

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE. NIGHT.

11

There are two squad cars parked outside the store now, a line of yellow police tape across the entrance.

Quinn is talking to one of the uniforms on the scene as Noa dashes into frame.

An officer tries to hold her back, but Quinn sees her and heads over, tapping the cop on the shoulder.

QUINN

It's okay, Bill, let her through.

Noa is frantic, tears streaming down her cheek as she throws her arms round Quinn.

NOA

What happened? Where is she? Is she okay?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

(trying to calm her)

There was a robbery, two punks  
crashed the store and opened up  
when the clerk wouldn't pay them.

NOA

And my mom, did she...

QUINN

She was injured in the crossfire.  
The store clerk pulled a shotgun  
and fired back, as far as we can  
tell. I recognised your cell phone  
number on a napkin we found in her  
purse.

(beat)

Noa, I'm so sorry...

Noa's hands go to her mouth, shock and desperation running  
across her face.

NOA

No, no, please, don't say it, don't  
tell me she-

They glance over to the store entrance as two Paramedics step  
out - and lying on the gurney they're carrying is a black  
body bag. Zipped up.

NOA (cont'd)

No!!

Noa sinks to her knees, sobbing desperately, and Quinn waves  
over another officer to help as he tries to console her.

We start to pull back from the scene, taking in the gut-  
wrenching sobs of Noa as she watches her mom's body get  
loaded into the back of the waiting ambulance.

Watching the scene from across the street is a HOODED FIGURE,  
staring out from the shadows.

Long, grey hair spills out from inside his hood, and we can  
just make out his chin as he grins.

HOODED FIGURE

Don't worry, Noa... there's plenty  
of ways to bring her back.

The Hooded Figure starts to CHUCKLE, and off that, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

12

Faith is resting up on her couch, Goliath the cat asleep and purring happily in her lap.

She glances at her watch, frowning, and Goliath stirs and wake up, blinking up at Faith as she shifts position.

FAITH

I guess Noa didn't want to come  
over after all, huh, cat?

Goliath's blank look says it all.

FAITH (cont'd)

Yeah, that's what I was thinking.  
Bit of patrolling should take my  
mind of how much my damn arm hurts!

GABRIEL (O.S.)

I wouldn't advise that.

Faith jumps to her feet, startled - to see GABRIEL, sitting half-in, half-out of the open window over by the fire escape, perched on the window ledge with a grin.

FAITH

(not amused)

Alright, you're about an inch away  
from breaking and entering, and I  
got my rights if you do that.

GABRIEL

You do?

FAITH

Yup. You stay out there, if I kick  
your ass it's classed as 'assault.'  
You lean a little further forward,  
it gets bumped down to 'self  
defence.'

(smirks)

Wanna test that theory out?

Gabriel laughs, swinging his legs round and stepping into the apartment.

GABRIEL

No offence, Faith, but if you  
wanted to hurt me you'd have done  
it by now.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Doesn't mean I haven't thought  
about it.

GABRIEL

(feigns offence)

Am I that unpleasant to thine eyes?

FAITH

Well, no, but-

(catches herself)

Whatever. What brings you  
trespassing on my patch tonight?

GABRIEL

(beat; serious)

Bad news.

FAITH

(wry)

There's another kind?

GABRIEL

Noa won't be over tonight.

FAITH

(frowns)

How did you know-

GABRIEL

You might want to get over to her  
place.

FAITH

(beat)

That's kind of clear cut by your  
standards - what's the occasion?

GABRIEL

I'm feeling charitable. Just make  
sure you stay there a while.

Faith eyes him - but she knows to trust his advice by now,  
and reaches for her jacket.

She winces as she stretches her injured arm, and Gabriel  
steps closer to her.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

Better watch that arm. You're gonna  
need it later.

FAITH

(mischievous)

That a promise?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

Gabriel smirks and heads back over to the window.

GABRIEL  
Oh, and, Faith?

FAITH  
Yeah?

GABRIEL  
Watch your step.

She blinks, confused - but Gabriel slips out through the window without another word.

Faith heads over, peers outside - but there's no sign of Gabe. As usual. She slides the window shut again, and as she turns to leave, we cut to:

13 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

13

We're looking at the door as there is a KNOCK. Quinn steps into frame, opening the door to Faith, who blinks in surprise as she sees him.

FAITH  
Did I get the wrong place again?

She registers Quinn's sombre look and quickly steps past him, scanning the apartment for Noa.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Where's Noa?  
(calls out)  
Noa?

QUINN  
She's in her room. Uh, Faith,  
there's something you should know,  
she-

Faith is already heading for Noa's room.

14 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - NOA'S ROOM. NEXT.

14

Faith throws the door open, and sees Noa curled up on her bed. All the lights are out.

FAITH  
(concerned)  
Noa?

She steps over to the bed, sitting on the edge.

FAITH (cont'd)  
What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

NOA  
(weepy)  
My mom's dead...

Faith lowers her head, then awkwardly reaches out a hand, placing it gently on Noa's shoulder.

She looks round to see Quinn standing in the doorway.

FAITH  
You want to tell me what happened?

QUINN  
Her mom was in town, looks like she  
got mixed up in a robbery.

Quinn shakes his head, finishing the story. Faith turns back to Noa, her face full of sympathy.

FAITH  
I'm sorry, Noa...

NOA  
That's what everyone keeps  
saying...  
(sniffs)  
But it's my fault?

FAITH  
Don't be crazy.

Noa turns round, her tear-soaked eyes looking up at Faith.

NOA  
It is! I brought it on her - the  
last thing I said to her was 'I  
never want to see you again!' And  
now she's dead! This is all my  
fault!

Noa starts to well up again, and as Quinn hurries over, Faith stands, stepping away from the bed.

Quinn holds Noa for a moment, before exchanging a look with Faith. We cut from the bedroom, back to:

Back in the main living room area, Faith and Quinn sit on Noa's couch. Neither one knows what to say next.

FAITH  
She doesn't deserve this. She's a  
good kid, Jon.

QUINN

Believe me, I hear you on that one.  
Guess bad things still happen to  
good people.

FAITH

You got any leads on who did it?

QUINN

Usual. Surveillance footage,  
eyewitness reports. Patrol cars'll  
probably pick them up in the next  
few hours.

Faith glances back over to Noa's room.

FAITH

That ain't much help for her,  
though.

Faith suddenly stands, and Quinn registers the determined  
look on her face.

QUINN

Are you going?

FAITH

I'm gonna go see what I can find  
out.

QUINN

(shakes head)

Don't get involved, Faith. This  
isn't anything to do with demons,  
or vampires, or the sort of stuff  
you're meant to handle. Let the  
police take care of this one.

FAITH

That's not my style, Quinn.  
Something needs doing, I go do it.  
End of story.

Quinn opens his mouth to protest again, but Faith is already  
closing the door after her.

Faith strides down the corridor, away from Noa's apartment,  
not seeing the Hooded Figure step out of the shadows behind  
her.

HOODED FIGURE

Going somewhere, Slayer?

In an instant, she spins round, drawing a stake and raising it, ready for action.

She frowns as the Hooded Figure steps towards her.

FAITH

Depends who's asking.

(eyes him)

What's with the monk schtick? You run out of gimmicks?

The Hooded Figure draws back his hood, revealing a middle-aged face, framed by long, straggly grey hair. He has piercing blue eyes, and looks well-built beneath the baggy outfit.

HOODED FIGURE

My name is Boone. And I have a way to help your friend.

FAITH

(wary)

I try not to accept favours off random guys who hang about in dark corridors these days. A girl can get a bad rep that way.

BOONE

Noa must be suffering greatly.

FAITH

(narrows eyes)

How do you know her name?

BOONE

I confess, I have been observing you for some time, and I-

SLAM! Boone is cut off as Faith lunges forward, grabbing him by the throat and slamming him against the wall.

FAITH

(seethes)

Observe this, Friar Tuck. I've got a real short fuse tonight, so unless you give me an excellent reason not to throw your ass out the first window I find in the next five seconds, you get to find out if there really is a God or not.

BOONE

(unfazed)

I know of an artefact your friend can use to bring her mother back.

FAITH  
(shakes head)  
Uh-uh. Too easy. What's the catch?

BOONE  
There are two catches. Release me,  
and I will tell you.

Faith stares at Boone for a beat, then steps back, releasing him. Boone rubs his throat.

BOONE (cont'd)  
Thank you.

FAITH  
Hey, my pleasure.

BOONE  
Firstly, the object we need is  
guarded, contained inside a small,  
pocket dimension that I cannot gain  
access to. Secondly, it must be  
used within the next few hours, or  
we will be unable to restore life  
to Noa's mother.

FAITH  
What's in it for you?

BOONE  
I will keep the artefact after you  
have used it.

FAITH  
What for?

BOONE  
I have my reasons.

Faith eyes Boone for a beat, deciding whether she can trust him or not.

FAITH  
Alright, I'll buy it. But we have  
to make a house call first.

BOONE  
Whatever you-

Faith GRABS him by the front of his hood and yanks him off screen, as we cut back into:

Boone is thrown unceremoniously down onto the sofa.

Faith glares down at him, Quinn behind her, one arm round a still fragile-looking Noa.

FAITH

Hit the instant replay on what you just told me, for the benefit of my more patient friends here.

BOONE

I know how we can bring your mother back to life, Noa.

NOA

(confused)

What? But... how?

FAITH

Saint cryptic here says there's some kind of mystical doohickey we can use on your mom, but we need to move fast.

QUINN

(shakes head)

I don't buy it.

FAITH

Me either. But we don't have a backup plan.

(to Noa)

What do you think?

Noa stares back at Faith, still too overwhelmed to get her thoughts together.

NOA

I... I don't know, I can't-

BOONE

Please, we must move quickly, or this will all be for nothing!

NOA

(beat; nods)

Do it.

FAITH

(to Boone)

Congratulations, you got yourself a deal.

She grabs him again, hauling him to his feet.

FAITH (cont'd)

But just so you know, one sign of anything tricky, and they're gonna have to make a new word for the size of the pieces I'm gonna tear you into.

BOONE

I have no interest in deceiving you or your friends, Slayer. I merely wish to make a mutually beneficial offer to you.

Faith stares at him, still not a hundred per cent sure about this, but with a glance at Noa, her mind is made up.

18 EXT. FREEWAY UNDERPASS. NIGHT.

18

We're looking out across a small patch of unused land, lying beneath the wide-laned freeway running overhead.

Filthy steel girders and arches raise the road above roughly twenty feet into the air, and there are a few bums scattered around, standing round roaring fires.

Faith, Boone, Noa and Quinn walk into frame, Faith scanning the area for any signs of trouble.

FAITH

What am I looking for?

BOONE

It cannot be seen by normal means.  
Follow me.

Boone heads forward, down a grassy slope and onwards, beneath the freeway.

Faith and Quinn follow, Quinn helping Noa down the slope as he hangs back to whisper to Faith.

QUINN

Are you sure about this?

FAITH

Some crazy-looking dude shows up, tells me he can bring Noa's dead mom back to life? 'Course I'm not sure. But it's not like we have anything left to lose.

(glances at Noa)

And I can't let her go through this if she doesn't have to.

Noa looks lost, her arms wrapped round herself as she shivers in the chill evening wind.

(CONTINUED)

Boone is standing by a heap of decaying crates and boxes, rubbing a hand against the graffiti-stained girders around him. Faith watches, frowning.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Still not seeing any 'dimension' so far, Boone.

BOONE  
Be patient. It is a small tear in this realm's fabric, well hidden for good reason.

FAITH  
What am I looking for when I go in there?

Boone doesn't answer as he locates what he was after. Grinning, he reaches out with his hands, almost as though he was about to open a pair of curtains, and as he throws his arms to either side, the scene is filled with BLUE LIGHT.

Boone has opened up some kind of gateway, a window out of thin air filled with swirling blue light and energy.

He turns to Faith, nodding.

BOONE  
This is the way in. This will transport you to the pocket dimension. The object you seek is called a nilsson, it is a small, shaped like a soccer ball, and it is white, with glowing red-

FAITH  
Yeah, yeah, I get it. What am I looking at in terms of bad guys?

BOONE  
A few guards, nothing more.

FAITH  
Heard that before...

BOONE  
My magical abilities prevent me from entering myself, or I would join you to help.

FAITH  
I brought help with me.

Faith draws a stake, spinning it round in her hand.

Quinn squints, trying to make out what it is Faith is carrying, but luckily for her it's too dark now for him to see the stake.

Faith walks up to the gateway, then with a last glance to Noa LEAPS through it - at which it promptly CLOSES.

Alarmed, Quinn hurries over, drawing his gun and aiming it straight at Boone.

QUINN

What's going on here? Where did she go?

BOONE

(raises hands)

The gateway will open when she is ready to return, there is no cause for alarm.

Quinn stares at him for a beat, then lowers his gun. He turns and looks at Noa, who manages a half-hearted smile.

When Quinn's back is turned, Boone grins to himself - and as his smirk becomes much more sinister, we cut to:

We're inside a long, twisting corridor, littered with rubble, a faded carpet lining the floor as the blue gateway opens in mid-air with a POP, and Faith sails through it.

She regains her balance as her feet hit the ground, before the gateway closes again behind her.

She looks round, taking in her bearings - the corridor looks like part of an abandoned castle, with empty picture frames hanging on the walls, and dozens of doors lining both sides of the corridor.

Her stake still at the ready, Faith starts to pace forward, her senses alert.

She tenses as she hears a door OPEN behind her.

Faith whips round to see two GUARDS, hunched, demonic figures in full armour and carrying long spears, step out of one of the many doorways.

They see her and point, starting to shuffle towards her. Faith allows herself a grin.

FAITH

Just a few guards, huh? Piece of cake.

But as if to answer her, we suddenly hear another door open - and another, and another - dozens more, in fact, and as Faith turns round, her heart sinks as she sees that the previously deserted corridor is now filled with many, many more of the armoured demons.

Close on Faith as she SIGHS.

FAITH (cont'd)

Aw, crap.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 EXT. FREEWAY UNDERPASS. NIGHT.

20

Noa is sitting on top of one of the empty crates, watching Quinn as he paces up and down. Quinn throws glances over to the location of the gateway every few seconds, where Boone patiently stands and waits.

QUINN

Shouldn't she be back by now?

BOONE

Have patience.

QUINN

That's all you keep saying! Don't you have any way of finding out if she's okay in there, or-

BOONE

I have told you, my magic cannot penetrate the dimension.

QUINN

Well, if that's the case, how did your object, your nilsson or whatever it was called, get lost in there?

BOONE

It was stolen from me. I am a warlock who deals in life and death by trade, attempting to help maintain the balance.

QUINN

What 'balance'?

BOONE

(grins)

I'm afraid it is too complex a concept for your mind to conceive.

QUINN

(defiant)

Try me.

Boone just smiles back at Quinn, who is distracted as Noa calls out to him. With a last suspicious glance at Boone, he heads back over to her.

QUINN (cont'd)

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Jon, I know you're just worried,  
but please, just wait a little  
longer. Faith'll be okay.

QUINN

I don't trust that guy.

NOA

I don't even know why we're out  
here - my body hasn't even managed  
to process the fact that my  
mom's...

(trails off)

Look, today's just been full  
strength crazy from start to  
finish, so let's just take a little  
bit of downtime where we can get  
it, okay?

Quinn looks at her for a beat, then nods, taking her hands in  
his own and squeezing.

As she manages a small smile back at him, we cut to:

INT. POCKET DIMENSION. NIGHT.

Faith is up to her elbows in the guards, swinging punches and  
kicks in all directions as she tries to fight her way  
forwards.

Grabbing the spear of one and using it to swing him round  
into a group more, she clears enough of a path to race  
forward - and she finally spots what she's here for.

Up ahead, at the end of the long, ramshackle corridor she's  
in, is a small pedestal, on top of which sits the nilsson, a  
small, soccer ball shaped object, just how Boone had  
described it.

FAITH

(grins)

Paydirt.

She sprints forward, dodging past a few stray spears as more  
guards step out into the corridor after her.

She reaches the pedestal in a few beats, snatching the  
nilsson up and turning back round.

The corridor is literally filled with the armoured demon  
guards now, swarming towards her.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)  
(mutters)  
Okay, looks like this is gonna get  
pretty intense...

Faith is suddenly bathed in BLUE LIGHT from somewhere to her left, and she glances across to see that a second GATEWAY has opened up for her!

She turns and throws a grin back to the demons as they charge towards her.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Sorry, boys. Gotta run.

Faith dashes towards the Gateway and LEAPS through it, disappearing from view just as a hail of SPEARS slam into the walls around where she was standing.

The Gateway quickly closes back up, and we cut back to:

EXT. FREEWAY UNDERPASS. NIGHT.

With a POP, a smaller gateway window opens, depositing Faith back on the ground with a THUD.

Quinn and Noa hurry over as she picks herself back up, the cuts and scratches all over her showing signs of the fight she was just in.

NOA  
Faith! Are you alright?

Faith nods as Quinn helps her to her feet.

FAITH  
Yeah. Sorry I took so long, had  
some company.

BOONE (O.S.)  
And you have retrieved the nilsson!  
Excellent.

Faith turns as Boone steps into frame, his greedy eyes on the nilsson in Faith's hands.

Faith looks down at it, glaring back up at Boone before THROWING it to him, and he catches it in both hands.

FAITH  
There's your gizmo, Boone.

BOONE  
Tha-

WHACK! Faith floors Boone with one solid punch.

NOA  
(shocked)  
Oh, my God! Faith, what are you  
doing?

Faith steps over to the stunned Boone and drags him back to his feet, seething with rage.

FAITH  
'A few guards'? You lyin' sack of-

BOONE  
Please! I had no way of knowing if  
they had increased their forces  
since I was last able to gain  
access!

Faith narrows her eyes, glaring at Boone for a beat, but she eventually releases him.

FAITH  
Alright. Because you said you could  
help Noa, I'll let that one slip.  
But don't you ever pull anything  
like that on me again.

Boone nods, looking at the nilsson and then to Noa.

BOONE  
Come with me. We do not have much  
time left if we are to resurrect  
your mother.

Noa glances at Faith, as if looking for permission.

FAITH  
Go. Your loverboy here can help you  
out.

NOA  
Where are you going?

FAITH  
I'm gonna try and find Gabriel. I  
get the feeling there's something  
else I can get him to tell me  
tonight.

And we cut from Faith's determined look to:

Worn out by her fight, Faith heads along a quiet part of town, approaching one of the city's freeway bridges.

She hears some sort of commotion up ahead and looks over.

Further on, towards the bridge itself, she can see the blue and red flashing lights of a large collection of police cars, and with a curious frown she heads over.

The bridge itself is sectioned off by a line of squad cars at either end, traffic backed up for half a mile as a result.

Faith pushes her way through the crowd of onlookers to get closer to the barricades, calling out to get the attention of the nearest cop, OFFICER HOWARD.

FAITH

What's going on?

HOWARD

Some crazy hijacked one of the late buses, drove it the wrong way straight down the bridge. Knocked a bunch of cars out of his way, then lost control.

Faith peers further down the bridge - and her eyes widen as she sees the long, silver city bus, teetering halfway over the edge of the bridge!

There's a long drop down to the river below, and the concrete and steel of the bridge GROANS as it tries to keep the bus' weight up.

FAITH

Is anyone still on the bus?

HOWARD

We're not sure. Maybe. Till then, nobody gets onto this bridge, so I'm sorry, ma'am, but you're gonna have to find another way round.

Faith nods and steps away, using the crowd to disappear from view.

When she's sure she's out of sight, she starts to sneak forward, using the assembled parked cars and pedestrians for cover as she reaches the police barricades again.

Glancing over the edge of the bridge, Faith deftly swings over the lip, one hand on the guard rail running along it, and crouches down, using the side of the bridge to keep herself hidden from view.

It doesn't take Faith long to get much closer to the middle of the bridge, carefully making her way along the wrong side of the guard rail, keeping her eyes on the bus.

As she draws closer, the bus SHIFTS a little, rocking back and forth, and Faith hears the panicked SCREAMING of the bus' passengers.

She carefully lifts her head up for a closer view, and makes out six people spread across the passenger seats - and one, larger figure slumped in the driver's seat.

Slipping over the barrier and back onto the bridge, she makes her way over to the bus, using the abandoned cars dotted around to stay out of sight of the police.

She's about ten feet away when the person in the driver's seat suddenly wakes up, scrambling to his feet and pressing himself against the windows.

Faith boggles - it's a VAMPIRE!

Blood streaks its face, presumably injuries from the ride down the bridge, if the smashed cars in the bus' wake are anything to go by, and the vamp's wild eyes look out across the bridge.

VAMPIRE

I can smell you, Slayer! I know  
you're out there!

Faith freezes, glancing over her shoulder - looks like the cops are too far away to hear anything, but she stays out of sight just in case.

VAMPIRE (cont'd)

I'm gonna kill 'em all! I'm gonna  
drain every single one of these  
human pigs, just for you!

Faith grits her teeth and steps out into view.

FAITH

Alright, you want me? Here I am.

VAMPIRE

(hisses)

I knew it!

FAITH

Let the people on the bus go, and  
we'll settle this. You against me.  
No tricks.

VAMPIRE

No, that's not how this works!

The Vampire starts to laugh, a high-pitched, shrill cackle that makes Faith wince.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

So what? You drop yourself into the river? What good does that do? Don't you wanna take a piece of Slayer meat home to show your friends?

VAMPIRE

Oh, there'll be time for that.

The bus SHIFTS forward a little again, and as the Vampire inside starts to HOWL with manic laughter, we cut from Faith's increasingly worried expression to:

EXT. OUTSIDE CITY MORGUE. NIGHT.

Boone is walking a few steps ahead of Noa and Quinn as they head towards the city morgue. Quinn won't take his eyes off Boone, and Noa tugs at his sleeve to get his attention.

NOA

(quietly)

Jon, what's wrong? You haven't said a word since Faith got back.

QUINN

This just doesn't feel right. That guy's up to something, I know it.

NOA

Hey, you think I'm okay with all this either? Of course this feels wrong, think about what we're doing?

Quinn glances down at Noa.

NOA (cont'd)

We're about to bring my mom back from the dead, Jon. That's a pretty big deal.

Quinn stops, placing a hand on each of Noa's shoulders.

QUINN

Noa, look...

NOA

Oh, no. Don't you try and talk me out of this.

QUINN

(sighs)

All I'm saying is, are you sure this is what you want to do?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

(beat)

Yes. My mom's a lot of things, but she doesn't deserve to get shot in some half-assed robbery. If there's some way I can help her, than I've got to do it.

(closes eyes)

Even after everything she's put me through... she's still my mom.

Quinn nods his head, and turns back round.

Boone is gone.

Quinn looks up and down the street, trying to catch a glimpse of the warlock, but he's nowhere to be seen.

Quinn CURSES as Noa jogs over, also looking panicked.

NOA (cont'd)

Where is he?

QUINN

He gave us the slip... Damn it!

NOA

But... but why would he do that?

QUINN

He used us.

NOA

(softly)

No...

QUINN

(urgent)

We need to go find Faith, right now. She could be in trouble.

Quinn pulls out his cell phone, but before he can dial a number it starts to RING. He answers.

QUINN (cont'd)

Jon Quinn.

(listens; frowns)

Say that again?

Quinn turns to look at Noa, as we cut to:

Faith takes a few steps forward, drawing her stake.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
Alright, look. See this?

She THROWS the stake off the edge of the bridge.

FAITH (cont'd)  
No weapons. Just you and me,  
straight fight.

VAMPIRE  
Nice trick, Slayer, but how're you  
gonna kill me without your pointy  
stick?

FAITH  
(shrugs)  
More than one way to kill a vamp.  
Maybe I'll just get you in a  
headlock and wait for the sun to  
come up.

The Vampire laughs again, and Faith's eyes flick to the  
passengers, some of whom are now watching her approach with  
wide, terrified eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)  
So come on. Let the people off the  
bus and then you and me can settle  
this, the way we're meant to.  
Slayer versus vampire.

The Vampire falls quiet, considering his options - then  
slowly NODS.

He hits a lever to open the doors at the rear of the bus, and  
the passengers look over to it, scarcely believing it.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Good. Now, one at a time, come on  
out and-

The Vampire looks back up at Faith, a wide, sickening grin  
spreading across his features.

Faith tenses up.

With his fangs on display, the Vamp SLAMS his foot down on  
the bus' gas pedal, and the whole bus RATTLES as its wheels  
spin - starting to push it over the edge of the bridge!

FAITH (cont'd)  
No!!

Faith runs forward, vaulting over abandoned cars as she tries  
to close the distance.

(CONTINUED)

But she's too far away.

With an agonised GROAN of metal on metal, the bus HOPS forward, its back wheels bouncing off the bridge, before it pitches forward, its back raising into the air.

FAITH (cont'd)  
(frantic)  
Jump!! Get off there!

Faith waves her hands to the passengers, willing them to jump - but they're frozen to the spot.

The bus bounces forward once more, and with a final SCREECH of grinding metal, it drops off the bridge.

Faith races over, her outstretched hands missing the back door by inches.

She gets to the gap in the guard rail, watching with wide, horrified eyes as the bus SPLASHES nose first into the river below.

FAITH (cont'd)  
(yelling)  
No! No!!

There's nothing she can do.

The bus bobs on the water for a few beats, then slowly starts to sink.

Faith steps away from the edge, shaking. Behind her, we can make out the gathered police force starting to race over.

But there's also someone standing a few feet behind her.

GABRIEL  
You're not supposed to be here.

Faith whips round, her eyes popping out of her head as she sees Gabriel standing before her, a dark, serious look on his normally relaxed features.

FAITH  
But- what-

Gabriel glances over his shoulder at the approaching cops, then looks back to Faith.

GABRIEL  
What are you doing here, Faith? I thought I made it clear you were supposed to stay with Noa?

(CONTINUED)

Faith doesn't have an answer, her jaw hanging open. Eventually, she closes her eyes and takes a deep breath - and when she opens them, her cold glare pierces straight through Gabriel.

FAITH  
Why are you here?

GABRIEL  
(sighs)  
I had to make sure that bus went  
over the bridge.

FAITH  
(disbelief)  
You what?!?

GABRIEL  
The vampire who hijacked it had to  
do it, he had to take that bus and  
drive it out here.

FAITH  
But... How do you know that?

Gabriel lowers his head, looking back up at her with an  
almost apologetic look.

GABRIEL  
Because I told him to.

Faith's world drops away around her.

From her shellshocked expression, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

27 EXT. BRIDGE. NIGHT.

27

Right back where we left them, Faith stares, mouth hanging open, as Gabriel steps towards her, throwing another urgent look over his shoulder at the approaching cops.

GABRIEL

Come on, we can't let them see you here, we have to-

He steps towards her, but she backs away.

FAITH

No... No! I'm not moving until you tell me what the hell is going on!

GABRIEL

I will. But not here.

We can hear the shouts of the approaching cops, and Gabe turns back to Faith.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

Run.

Faith steps back, still staring in horror at Gabriel, then as she finally registers the cops, she turns on her heel and sprints out of frame.

Gabriel watches her go with a SIGH, as we cut to:

28 EXT. STREET/BRIDGE. NIGHT.

28

Over on the far side of the bridge, we see Quinn and Noa making their way through the crowds, most of whom are now trying to look down in morbid fascination on the bubbles that mark the city bus' final resting place.

Quinn makes it to the barricades, flashing his badge at the nearest cop, OFFICER RABIN.

QUINN

Detective Quinn. What's going on?

RABIN

Bus hijack. Some guy drove it down the bridge and then crashed over the barrier.

NOA

(horrified)

Oh, no!

(CONTINUED)

RABIN

Whole thing just tipped up and over  
the edge. They ain't gonna find  
those poor saps now till they  
dredge the river.

(shakes head)

Damn shame.

Quinn turns to Noa, a dark look on his face.

QUINN

Come on. There's nothing we can do  
to help here.

NOA

That's just so awful...

QUINN

Faith said she was heading back to  
her apartment, right?

NOA

Yeah. Let's start there.

They head off screen, and we cut to:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

Faith sits cross-legged at the edge of the roof, her head in  
her hands. Her mind is reeling, trying to process too much at  
once.

We stay on her for a few beats before we hear footsteps  
crunching along the gravel of the roof. Faith doesn't turn  
round.

Gabriel sits down next to her, dangling his feet off the edge  
of the roof.

He sits in silence with her for a moment.

GABRIEL

Faith, I-

With a SNARL, Faith turns and LUNGES towards Gabriel - but  
she passes straight through him!

Losing her balance, she lands with a THUD on the roof,  
scrabbling to her feet as Gabriel slowly stands up.

FAITH

(lost)

What... What the hell just  
happened?

Gabriel steps closer and holds out one of his hands.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

I'm sorry you had to find out this way.

FAITH

Find out what? That you're working for the freakin' bad guys? That you're some kind of... ghost?

GABRIEL

(shakes head)

I'm not a ghost. But as you can see...

He motions for Faith to touch his hand. She slowly reaches out for it - and her hand passes through Gabriel's!

GABRIEL (cont'd)

... I'm not exactly fully here, either.

Faith stares dumbfounded down at his hand for a beat - then staggers backwards, stumbling and falling back.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

Faith, please, don't be scared, I'm not-

FAITH

Scared? Who's scared? I'm freaking out, that's what I'm doing! What the hell are you?

Gabriel lowers his head again, waiting patiently as Faith gets to her feet, her body language showing she's half a second from either trying to attack him again or turning and running.

GABRIEL

It's... complicated.

FAITH

What isn't?

GABRIEL

I'm not even sure how to start describing this, it's not like there's a manual or anything.

FAITH

(stern)

You've got ten seconds to make me want to stay and listen. Go.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

(beat)

I keep the balance.

FAITH

Balance of what?

GABRIEL

Of this. The world. Life.

FAITH

What are you, like, God or something?

GABRIEL

(grins)

No, nothing like that. I just make sure that everything happens the way it's supposed to.

FAITH

(scowls)

And let me guess, that crazy vamp driving a busload of people off a bridge and into the river - that was all part of the plan.

GABRIEL

I'm afraid it was, yes.

Faith folds her arms, clearly not buying any of this, as we cut downstairs to:

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

We're looking at the door, watching the door handle turn from side to side, until with a CLICK, it unlocks and the door swings open.

Quinn discreetly tucks away a small lockpick set as Noa peers into the apartment.

NOA

She's probably gonna kick your ass for doing that, you know...

QUINN

I'll say we were worried about her.

NOA

(calls out)

Faith? Faith, are you here?

Quinn steps inside, noticing the open window over by the fire escape, as we cut back up to:

31

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOFTOP. NIGHT.

31

Faith is pacing up and down, not looking at Gabriel. He watches her closely, continuing his explanation.

GABRIEL

Crazy as this is going to sound, those people on the bus had to die tonight.

FAITH

Why? Are you just some sicko who gets his rocks off by causing accidents or something?

GABRIEL

Not at all. I'm making sure the chain of events stays unbroken. You see, Faith, other events are going to result from tonight.

FAITH

Like what?

GABRIEL

There was a guy on that bus called Daniel Revell. As a result of his death, his wife will receive almost twenty thousand dollars in life insurance money. She'll go on to use that money to help found a local care centre, because Daniel was a private practice doctor. Helped local kids with no money.

Faith stops her pacing, staring at Gabriel.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

One of the kids who gets help from that goes on to join the police force, and one night he foils an attempted robbery and saves five people's lives. One of the people, a woman called Gladys, moves over to Philadelphia, where she meets-

Faith raises a hand for him to stop.

FAITH

Alright, back up. So, you get given, what, orders from above? They tell you to save this person, let that one die? Is that how this works?

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

Think of them as 'echoes.'

FAITH

Echoes of what?

GABRIEL

When something happens further on down the timeline, it sends an echo backwards. Basically, that's like a set of instructions, a sequence of events that need to happen in order for the future event to still occur.

Faith sits down, still a long way from getting her head round all this.

FAITH

And you, you're like the messenger?

GABRIEL

One of them, yes. There are lots of us out there.

FAITH

Do they all look like you?

GABRIEL

Not exactly.

Faith falls silent, and Gabe walks over to her.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

I know you must have a lot of questions, but-

FAITH

If I'd stopped that vamp...

She stands up, looking Gabe dead in the eye.

FAITH (cont'd)

Say I'd stopped that vamp and saved those people. What would have happened then?

GABRIEL

Something bad. Things that shouldn't happen would have started to come into play.

Faith turns away from him, staring out across the city.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
I just don't get it... Why me? Why  
pick me to keep giving all these  
orders to?

GABRIEL  
You have a destiny, Faith.

FAITH  
(rolls eyes)  
Hoo boy, here we go...

GABRIEL  
It's my job to help you fulfil that  
destiny. I can't tell you anything  
directly, you have to make the  
choices by yourself. But I can help  
nudge you in the right direction.

FAITH  
Aren't you or your bosses worried  
I'll screw up?

GABRIEL  
(grins)  
If you'll excuse the pun, they have  
a lot of faith in you.

Faith bites her lip, mulling this all over, as we cut to:

32 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT. 32

Quinn steps out onto the fire escape, looking up towards the  
roof. Noa leans out through Faith's window.

NOA  
You think she's up there?

QUINN  
She strikes me as the sort of girl  
who prefers her own company. Makes  
sense that she'd have places she  
could go hide.

Quinn starts up the ladder, and as Noa steps out onto the  
fire escape we cut back up to:

33 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOFTOP. NIGHT. 33

Back with Faith and Gabriel.

FAITH  
So let's say I buy into all this.  
All this about 'echoes,' and you  
being some kind of accountant for  
the future, or whatever it is.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

That's be a good start.

FAITH

Why the hell should I trust a single thing you say from now on? I've seen with my own eyes tonight how you let innocent people die, and how you deliberately tried to keep me away. 'Make sure you stay with Noa,' that's what you said, isn't it?

GABRIEL

I'm sorry, but I had to-

FAITH

How many more times has that happened? How many people have died because I wasn't there, just so you could have me run around on the other side of town, doing something else?

GABRIEL

That's the way it has to be! Don't you get that? I don't get to pick who lives or dies, I just have to make sure-

FAITH

Yeah, make sure the chain stays unbroken. Good metaphor. Whatever. We're done.

Faith turns and starts to walk away from him.

GABRIEL

You can't just walk away from this, Faith! This is why you're here?

She spins on her heel and glares at him.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

You think all the bad stuff that's happened to you was, what, coincidence? Bad luck?

(beat)

It was fate. You were meant to come to New York one day. Everything you went through back in Sunnydale, the man you killed, what went on in Cleveland, losing Robin when you were in France - it was all meant to bring you here.

(CONTINUED)

Faith marches up to him, furious - and doesn't see Quinn just getting up to the roof in the background.

FAITH

Screw you! I am done! You think I'm gonna let some spook play me, letting one person die just because 'that's the way it has to be'? Forget it!

Noa joins Quinn on the roof now, both of them looking over to Faith, who still hasn't noticed them as she continues her tirade at Gabriel.

FAITH (cont'd)

From now on, you stay away from me! I'll find people who need my help, and I'll help them! That's what I've gotta do now! I don't want you to give me any more riddles, or lame ass cryptic clues, or even-

Gabriel's eyes flick over Faith's shoulder, and she pauses.

FAITH (cont'd)

What?

NOA (O.S.)

Faith?

Faith turns round, seeing Quinn and Noa at last. They both look pretty confused.

NOA (cont'd)

Who are you talking to?

Faith freezes. She turns back to look at Gabriel.

He's gone.

Faith spins round again as Noa walks over to her.

NOA (cont'd)

Faith, what's going on? You were just yelling into thin air, like-

FAITH

(confused)

You didn't see him?

NOA

See who?

FAITH

Gabriel! He was right there! Right in front of me!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)  
That's who I was talking to! Did he  
just jump off the roof or  
something?

NOA  
Faith, we've been here a little  
while, there was nobody here when  
we got here.

Faith takes a step backwards, her mind reeling once again.

NOA (cont'd)  
You'd better come inside, Faith.  
Boone tricked us, he lost us and  
made off with whatever you found  
for him. I think it's something  
bad, we have to-

Faith shakes her head, taking another step back. She's  
perilously close to the edge of the roof now.

FAITH  
No... No, this doesn't make any  
sense...

She presses her hands against her temples and sinks to her  
knees.

Noa glances at Quinn, who heads over.

Faith looks up at Noa - and there are tears in her eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Am I going crazy, Noa?

NOA  
Wha? No, course not! Faith, we've  
all been under a lot of pressure,  
whatever's going on, it'll work  
out. Come on, come back inside, we  
can talk-

Faith jumps to her feet suddenly, trying to shrug the tears  
away.

FAITH  
No. I need to get out of here. I've  
gotta...

She trails off, and with a glance at Noa, she races past her  
and Quinn, heading for the fire escape.

NOA  
Faith, wait!

Noa tries to follow her, but Quinn stops her.

33 CONTINUED: (4)

33

QUINN  
(shakes head)  
Let her go. She's gotta work out  
whatever this is on her own.

Faith rattles down the fire escape, out of sight, and we cut  
from Noa's concerned expression to:

34 EXT. NY STREET. NIGHT. 34

Faith walks down the street in a daze, turning into an  
alleyway, away from the people, lights and sounds.

35 EXT. ALLEYWAY. CONTINUOUS. 35

Faith leans against the alley wall, sliding down to the  
ground, starting to SOB.

It's just all too damn much for her.

She doesn't spot Boone step into frame, looking down on her.

BOONE  
So you finally understand it,  
Slayer.

Faith snaps to alertness, spring to her feet and grabbing a  
stake from inside her jacket. She scowls as she registers  
Boone, who grins at her, hands behind his back.

FAITH  
Oh, it's you. Guess I get to wipe  
that smile off your face after all,  
huh?

Boone takes a step towards her, and Faith tenses up, ready to  
hit back.

BOONE  
I apologise for my deceit earlier,  
but I had to retrieve the nilsson.

FAITH  
Sounds about right. Seems like  
everybody's playing me for  
something these days.

BOONE  
(grins)  
Oh, you have no idea.

Faith decides enough is enough. She starts to march towards  
Boone, ready to kick some ass and chew bubble gum.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I do have one idea. And it involves dragging your ass up and down this alley until I feel better, and I get the feeling that could take me a real long time, so why don't you-

ZAP! Boone's hands whip from behind his back - he's holding the nilsson, and as Faith gets closer it shoots out a BEAM of white energy, which engulfs her, holding her mid-stride.

Faith tries to move but she can't, the energy projected by the nilsson locking her in place as Boone chuckles.

BOONE

I'm sorry you didn't get a card like the others did, Faith - but we were saving the best for last!

The energy around Faith INTENSIFIES - until with a BANG, both faith and the energy disappear.

Boone lowers the nilsson, now alone in the alley.

BOONE (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, I bring you your newest contender.

With another chuckle to himself, Boone turns and starts to walk away, and as his laughter echoes round the alley, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

TITLE OVER - To Be Continued...

**END OF SHOW**