

FAITH

"Contender"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. NY STREET. NIGHT.

1

As we look down on a typically crowded city street, we pick up NOA and QUINN, making their way through the masses of people as best they can.

Noa is leading the way, scanning the faces around her.

NOA

(calls out)

Faith? Faith! It's Noa, where are you?

Quinn catches up to her, taking her arm and pulling her to one side.

QUINN

Noa, this isn't the right way to go about this. Faith's the sort of girl that when she wants to get lost, she stays that way 'till she's ready to be found.

NOA

(scowls)

Who died and made you the expert?

QUINN

I'm just saying, she-

NOA

(calls out)

Faith!

Noa marches away again, her face full of concern for her missing friend, and with a sigh, Quinn follows her.

2

EXT. ALLEYWAY NIGHT.

2

They pass by the entrance to the alley where we last saw Faith, and Noa pauses to take out her cell phone.

QUINN

Who are you calling?

NOA

Some people I know round here. Think of it like an unofficial APB. If I put the word out that I'm looking for Faith, with any luck, somebody'll see her and report in.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Not bad. You ever think about
joining the force?

NOA

Naah, I don't suit uniforms.

Noa makes a call and waits for it to connect, as Quinn turns
to peer down the darkened alleyway.

He squints, spotting something, and heads off as Noa's call
gets through.

NOA (cont'd)

(into phone)

Billy? Hey, it's Noa. Listen, I
need a favour. I'm trying to track
down a friend of mine, and I could
do with a few extra sets of eyes,
so...

We follow Quinn down the alley, Noa's conversation fading
away as he walks on.

The alley is eerily quiet, just the ambient city sounds in
the background as Quinn walks on.

He crouches down, examining whatever caught his attention, as
we see Noa walk into frame behind him.

NOA (cont'd)

Billy's gonna make a few calls,
spread the net a bit. She goes
anywhere in Manhattan, we've got
eyes looking out for her.

(crouches)

What is it?

Quinn is studying what looks like a burnt patch of the ground
- the same spot where we last saw Faith.

He reaches out a hand and scoops up a little black powder
residue, peering at it as he lets it fall again.

QUINN

Tracks.

As Quinn looks down at the scorch mark again, we cut to:

WHAM! With a heavy thud, FAITH falls into view.

She's landed on some kind of dusty floor, but as she tries to
push herself to her feet, two sets of muscular arms GRAB her
and haul her to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

Stunned from the fall, Faith can only look around as she takes in her new location.

She's on a long pathway, covered with sand, leading up to the gates of what looks like a huge coliseum, its archways dark and crumbling but the sounds of the chanting crowd from within resounding all around her.

The coliseum appears to be standing on top of a hill, with the landscape all around her little more than weather blasted red fields and rocky outcrops.

A storm rumbles overhead as the woozy Faith is dragged forward, the two form dragging her now seen to be DEMONS, bulky and squat with pig-like features, wrapped in elaborate leather masks.

They pause at the archway that leads out onto the coliseum's main arena floor, and more of the demons head over, the CHIEF taller than the others with ash grey skin.

CHIEF
(off Faith)
This the new one?

DEMON #1
This is her. Fresh from New York,
contender number 303, ready for
action.

CHIEF
Alright, bring her in.

The Chief waves the two demons forward, and Faith is surrounded by the rest of the guards as they march out into the arena.

Following them under the archway and out onto the sandy, circular floor of the coliseum itself, Faith looks around in utter confusion.

The rows and rows of seats lining the interior of the coliseum are filled with all manner of otherworldly creatures - ghosts, demons, vampires, monsters.

They're CHEERING and YELLING, clearly whipped up into a frenzy at the anticipation of some fresh blood.

The Chief raises his hand and the squad stops marching, giving Faith a chance to look around.

Her eyes fall on a body, lying on the floor about twenty feet away. It's a young girl, no more than sixteen, her blank eyes staring lifelessly back at Faith.

(CONTINUED)

Faith watches as two more demon guards march into frame, one scooping up a sword and shield that lie by the girl's body, the other taking one of her feet and starting to drag her away.

As the crowd JEERS at the dead girl's body, Faith finally twigs what's going on in here.

FAITH

Aw, crap...

And as she hangs her head, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5

INT. ARENA - CELLS. NIGHT.

5

We're looking out from inside a plain, archaic cell - stone walls, steel bars across the entrance and nothing inside.

Faith is dragged into view by one of the demons, who waits while the JAILER rattles a set of keys and pushes the gate open.

Faith is unceremoniously dumped inside the cell, the Jailer swinging the gate shut and locking it again. The demon guard takes a moment to chuckle at her.

DEMON #1

Get used to the room, Slayer. The rates may be low, but the deposit's a bitch.

Laughing at his own joke, the demon walks off screen, leaving Faith to groggily push herself to her knees, looking around the interior of the dim cell.

Four walls and a roof, a few piles of straw, and a hole dug into the ground in one corner. Not exactly luxurious.

Someone COUGHS just off screen, and Faith looks round, her eyes widening as she registers who it is.

Huddled up in one corner of the room, her skin covered with dirt and marred by cuts and scratches, is VI, the little redheaded Slayer a far cry from when we last saw her.

FAITH

(double takes)

Vi? That you?

Vi looks up slowly, her eyes trying to focus.

VI

Faith?

Faith shuffles closer, and when Vi recognises her, she lunges forward, wrapping her arms round Faith.

Faith manages a brief relieved smile, before the frown returns and she prises Vi away.

FAITH

Easy, Vi. Mortal danger's still not gonna get a hug out of me.

Vi nods, sniffing and wiping a tear from her eye, managing to smile at last.

(CONTINUED)

VI

I'm glad you're here.

FAITH

Wish I could say the same! The hell's goin' on? Did I walk onto the set of 'Gladiator' or something?

VI

We're in the, uh, Arena. At least, I think that's what this place is. We're in another dimension.

FAITH

What for?

VI

You saw the stadium out there, right? We're the entertainment!

FAITH

Is this where all the missing Slayers ended up?

VI

(nods)

There's not many of us left now. I don't know how many they brought out here in the first place, but they're going through us at a rate of knots.

Another guard stomps past outside the cell, and Vi tenses up, shuffling back into her corner. Faith goes to sit next to her.

FAITH

Have you been here since they took you?

VI

I think so. I'm not sure how time works round here, feels like I've been here weeks already!

FAITH

You've been gone from New York for about a month, if that helps.

Vi shrugs, jumping with nerves again as we hear a cell door SLAM somewhere outside.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

So what's the deal here? Are they gonna parade us around and make us fight things?

VI

Sometimes. Sometimes we have to fight each other.

FAITH

What?!?

VI

They place bets, see who'll win. I don't know if it's part of some plan to get rid of all the new Slayers or what, but-

FAITH

But nothing, we're getting out of here, and that's that.

Faith stands, her face full of defiance as she stares at the barred cell door.

FAITH (cont'd)

They picked the wrong girl to put behind bars again.

We cut from her look to:

Inside the locked and dark office, we hear the sounds of the lock rattling, before the door pops open with a CLICK to reveal Noa and Quinn.

Quinn tucks away his lockpick set again as Noa switches on the office light.

NOA

Twice in one night? You're the most illegal cop I know!

QUINN

(shrugs)

Omelettes, eggs, you know the deal.

Noa scans the office - there's a desk against one wall, covered with swathes of paper, another desk which holds a lot of Pryor's laboratory equipment, several wallcharts and maps covering the paintwork and a large window, the blinds currently down.

NOA

What are we looking for?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Anything that'll help us find out
where Faith's gone.

Quinn steps into the room and starts studying the lab
equipment, flicking things on.

NOA

But what makes you think she's
gone? Didn't you say something like
'she'll be found when she wants to
be'?

QUINN

That was before I found this.

He holds up a small plastic evidence bag, a sample of the
black powder inside it.

NOA

I don't get it, sorry.

QUINN

I've seen this sort of residue
before. It's typically left behind
after somebody's used a strong
transport spell.

NOA

A spell? You think somebody zapped
Faith away?

Quinn takes a seat at the desk, turning on Pryor's PC.

QUINN

I hope not, but if Pryor's on the
ball he'll have something in here
that can tell us, one way or
another.

As Quinn waits for the PC to load up, his face bathed by the
glow from the screen, we cut back to:

Faith RATTLES the bars of the door, but they're too heavy.
She strains for a beat as she tries to lift them by force,
but it's no good.

VI

(dejected)

That won't work.

Faith turns to Vi, still curled up in her corner.

FAITH

(snaps)

Ain't gonna stop me trying! And
besides, I don't hear you coming up
with a better suggestion!

VI

I told you, Faith, there's only one
way out of this place.

Faith gives up her efforts and steps away from the bars.

FAITH

Which is?

VI

When you're dead.

Vi huddles up, and as Faith takes a step towards her, the
demon guard appears at the cell door.

DEMON #1

Number 287! Come on down!

Vi starts to SHAKE, clearly scared out of her wits, and Faith
turns back to the guard as he unlocks the door.

FAITH

Come on in, fugly. I'd love to see
how you're gonna get past m-

ZAP! A bolt of electricity streaks from a small device in the
guard's hand, shocking Faith and sending her crumpling to the
floor.

Paralysed, she can't move as the guard marches over to Vi,
grabbing her arm and dragging her roughly to her feet.

VI

(terrified)

No... No!

FAITH

(through gritted teeth)

Vi...

The guard turns and drags Vi back out of the cell, slamming
and locking the gate behind him.

After a few beats, the feeling returns to Faith's muscles,
and she manages to push herself up.

She crawls across the floor, grabbing the bars and yelling
down the corridor.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

Vi!!

We can hear the shouts of other captives, then a distant CLANG as another set of doors open, followed by the CHEER of the crowd out in the stadium.

Faith slumps back down, defeated, as we cut back to:

INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Quinn is rapidly typing away on Pryor's computer, as Noa, labcoat and goggles on, carefully lowers a test tube containing some of the black powder into a small machine designed to analyse its contents.

She leans over Quinn's shoulder to watch the computer screen, as the machine begins to WHIRR behind them.

NOA

I feel like I'm on 'CSI' or something...

QUINN

Well, they do have a New York show, consider this your audition.

Noa hits him lightly on the arm, then stares at the screen as it starts to reel off a list of results.

NOA

Anything?

QUINN

(nods)

It's like I thought. Chemical residue, left behind from the presence and usage of a high-level transportation spell.

NOA

Where have you seen it before?

QUINN

(beat)

Around.

NOA

Hey! Don't get voidy on me, mister - we all know you're part of the 'I Kill Demons' club by now, save the vagueness for somebody who hasn't already seen you beat up a demon!

Quinn turns to look at her, and then grins.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Alright, since you asked me so nicely - last time I saw this was on a case involving kidnappers.

NOA

A police case, or something else?

QUINN

Something else. I've done some work for people who investigate this sort of thing.

NOA

Oh. Cool.

(beat)

Hey, does that make us like Mulder and Scully now?

Quinn just throws her a look, and she shuts up.

QUINN

The kidnappers would snatch their victims right out of their homes, teleporting them from their front doorstep to a base outside town, where the rest of the gang were ready and waiting to lock them up. We found the same residue at all the crime scenes as we did in the alley.

NOA

So has Faith been kidnapped? Do you think that Boone guy had something to do with all of this?

QUINN

That's what we need to find out. Hand me that phone, will ya?

Noa retrieves Pryor's phone and passes it over.

QUINN (cont'd)

I need to make a few calls.

(beat)

Can you give me a minute?

Noa frowns, staring back at him suspiciously.

NOA

Why? What is it you don't want me to hear?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

It's nothing bad, I swear. Please trust me.

He leans forward and gives her a quick KISS. Noa is still frowning, but she reluctantly turns and heads out of the office.

When she's gone, Quinn dials in a number and waits.

QUINN (cont'd)

(into phone)

It's Quinn. Jon Quinn. I need a favour. I have to track down a warlock in the Manhattan area in the next hour.

We leave Quinn to his phone call and cut back to:

INT. THE ARENA - CELLS. NIGHT.

Faith is pacing up and down the small cell, her mind working as she tries to figure out a plan.

She looks up as the demon appears at the cell door.

DEMON #1

Alright, 303, game time!

Faith stands and folds her arms as he unlocks the door. The guard takes in her stony face and chuckles, waving the small zapper device at her.

DEMON #1 (cont'd)

Don't try anything. I can hit you with so many volts out of this thing, you'd be able to power a city block for a month.

FAITH

Wouldn't dream of it.

DEMON #1

Ooh, sassy, eh? They're gonna love you out there! Come on, Slayer, move it.

The demon motions for her to step out of the cell. Keeping her eyes locked on him, Faith marches forward.

INT. THE ARENA - CELLS CORRIDOR. CONTINUOUS.

Faith steps out into a long corridor, many other cell doors lining each wall.

(CONTINUED)

More demon guards are posted up and down the corridor, and as Faith glances into the cells she passes, she catches glimpses of other Slayers - some on their feet and agitated, some looking drained of all resistance.

Up ahead are a pair of huge steel doors, two more guards flanking them. As Faith approaches, the guards reach out and pull the doors slowly open.

The corridor is flooded with light, and Faith raises a hand to shield her eyes. The ROAR of the crowd outside fills the air, as Faith steps out into:

Faith steps into the wide, round floor of the arena. The brilliant light comes from powerful floodlights stationed around the floor, the technology an odd contrast to the medieval surroundings.

The guard gives Faith a SHOVE and she stumbles forwards, the door she just exited CREAKING as they are pulled closed behind her. She's at the top of a ramp that leads directly down into the arena floor below her.

Looking up and all around at the assembled crowd of fiends, Faith DUCKS as a handful of rotten fruit is thrown at her.

Other projectiles start to sail in as Faith stares up with steely eyes at the hordes jeering down at her.

FAITH
(shouts out)
So come on? You brought me all the
way out here, what's first on the
menu?

There is a CLUNK from somewhere off screen, and the crowd's cheering goes up a notch as Faith slowly looks round.

Rising up out of the arena floor are a series of tall iron walls, quickly locking themselves into place to form a maze that spans most of the stadium.

As she watches, with a series of CLICKS and WHIRRS, various devices start to emerge from the doors and the walls.

Swinging blades, jets of flame, spike-filled pits, constantly falling and rising guillotines - everything the standard deathtrap-filled labyrinth should have.

Faith can hardly believe what she's seeing as the assault course before her finishes constructing itself, but she's jarred out of her thoughts by an ANNOUNCER'S VOICE echoing around the stadium.

ANNOUNCER

And here she is, the final
contender in our games, all the way
from New York, Faith Lehane!

A chorus of BOOS and HISSES rings out from the crowd. Faith
shakes her head.

FAITH

You've gotta be kiddin' me...

ANNOUNCER

Bets are now open for this next
round in our contest. Odds of
survival are twenty to one,
survival with a severe injury
twelve to two, and death inside ten
minutes is at six to four. Place
your bets now!

The crowd descends into a frenzy of hustles and shouts, as
they clamour around several blackboards, bookies before them
taking money and marking the bets out on the boards.

Faith is having none of this, turning and yelling at the
nearest guards, standing at the edge of the rows of seats
just above her head.

FAITH

Hey, where's the girl you brought
out before me? Where's Vi?

VI (O.S.)

Faith!

Faith spins round - and sees Vi, standing at the foot of the
ramp with a demon guard holding her. She's got a bad gash
down her left leg, and looks almost too weak to stand.

Faith hurries down the ramp, and as she gets close the guard
SHOVES Vi to the ground and walks away.

Faith kneels next to her, looking all around for some way
out. The only path forward is through the maze.

FAITH

Are you alright?

VI

My leg...

Faith checks the wound over - it's a deep cut. Moving
quickly, she tears off a strip from Vi's tattered shirt and
ties it round the leg, helping Vi to her feet.

VI (cont'd)

Faith... What are we gonna do?

Faith looks grimly towards the entrance to the maze, as the crowd overhead starts to CHANT - 'Run! Run! Run!'

FAITH

I don't know, Vi... but we're not dying here.

(turns to Vi)

I promise.

Vi doesn't look too convinced, and as Faith turns back to the labyrinth entrance, and the chanting builds in intensity, we pull back, away from the two Slayers.

Sitting up in the stalls, looking down on the two girls, is a hooded figure, his gaze locked on Faith. He's jostled on all sides by various species of demon as they rush to get their bets in, and we push in on him.

The figure turns to the side - and it's GABRIEL. Checking the nobody is watching him, he turns his attention back to Faith and Vi, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. THE LAB - OUTSIDE PRYOR'S OFFICE. NIGHT. 12

Noa is listening at the door, frowning as she tries to eavesdrop on Quinn's conversation.

She listens for a beat, before the door is suddenly opened, and she almost stumbles straight into Quinn, who stares down at her, a grin spreading across his features.

QUINN

Hear anything interesting?

NOA

(pouts)

No. I think you should know now, Pryor kept secrets from me and Faith too, and look where he ended up!

QUINN

Trust me, there is nothing sinister about this. I'd just rather not involve you in things you don't need to know about.

Quinn walks past her, heading for the exit. No sighs, knowing she's not going to get anything else out of him as she turns to follow him.

NOA

So? What did your little mystery phone call get us?

Quinn turns, still heading for the door.

QUINN

Exactly what I needed.

(beat)

A lead.

Quinn pushes the door open and turns to Noa, motioning for her to head out first. With a sigh, she heads forward, and as she passes him on her way out, we cut to:

13 INT. THE ARENA - MAZE. NIGHT. 13

Faith and Vi stand at the entrance to the maze.

Stretching out before them is a long corridor, other paths snaking off to the left and right all the way down. The noise of the crowds are muffled by the tall, steel walls, but we can hear the clanks of the various traps throughout the maze echoing around us.

(CONTINUED)

Faith looks at Vi - she seems faint, the blood loss from her leg wound becoming a big problem.

FAITH

Alright, here's how we're gonna do this. I'll lead, you stay behind me. Any trouble, you get out of the way and let me handle it. Okay?

Vi nods, and the duo start to pace slowly forwards, Faith's eyes sharp as she watches for any danger.

The sound around us drops away as the girls walk on.

Faith's heartbeat rings in our ears as we push in on her, her eyes snapping left and right, alert for the first signs of a trap.

With a barely audible SWISH, her eyes widen.

Faith SHOVES Vi backwards as a huge BLADE swings across the corridor, sliding smoothly out from the gap between the wall sections.

It swings across the corridor and disappears again, missing Faith by inches. She takes the chance to snatch a breath.

FAITH (cont'd)

Guess they're not just looking to wing us, huh?

Vi throws Faith a look that tells her it's no time for jokes. Taking her by the arm, Faith leads on.

The girls come to an intersection, and Faith checks down either way - a plain, featureless corridor heads off in both directions.

FAITH (cont'd)

What do you reckon? Left or right?

VI

Uh... left.

Faith takes a step forward, when Vi grabs her arm.

VI (cont'd)

No, wait! Right.

FAITH

Relax, Vi, I've got it covered.

Faith takes another step forward.

FAITH (cont'd)

Whatever happens, I'll handle-

(CONTINUED)

CLICK! Faith freezes.

Vi looks down - Faith has stepped on a pressure plate in the floor. Vi scans the corridor, trying to see what it may be linked to.

FAITH (cont'd)
Anything?

VI
(shakes head)
No, I can't see anything!

Faith motions for Vi to step away.

FAITH
Stay clear, alright?

VI
Faith, wait, you can't-

Faith holds up a hand to silence her, then closes her eyes.

She takes a breath - and then LEAPS away from the plate.

There are a series of small POPS, as a column of small holes appear in both sides of the corridor, shooting a barrage of small darts from one side to the other.

Faith rolls, the darts missing her and embedding themselves in the walls. She gets back to her feet and turns to Vi, who looks like she's about ready to drop.

FAITH
See? No problem.

Vi doesn't look so confident, and as Faith helps her back to her feet, we cut to:

Quinn is driving through the city, rain sloshing across the windshield as he tries to navigate.

NOA
So where are we headed?

QUINN
I got a lead on some places this Boone guy tends to hang out, I figured we'd start there, ask around, see if anybody's seen him tonight.

NOA
And then what?

Quinn glances at Noa, then nods his eyes towards the glovebox. Noa pops it open to see a large, very definitely not police-issue handgun inside.

NOA (cont'd)

Woah! Are we going elephant hunting later or something too?

QUINN

I'm a firm believer in being prepared.

NOA

And I'm a firm believer of not getting into trouble if I can help it! Say we find this Boone guy, what then? Threaten him until he tells us where Faith is?

Quinn falls silent, and Noa rolls her eyes.

NOA (cont'd)

Of course that's the plan. How stupid of me.

Quinn concentrates on his driving, and Noa takes the opportunity to examine the interior of Quinn's car.

Her eyes fall on the manilla folder on the back seat - the one that holds the x-rays Quinn was sent previously. She glances at Quinn, to make sure he's not watching, then tries to sneak an arm out towards them.

QUINN

(without looking)

Don't.

Noa glares at him, settling back in her seat with a pout.

NOA

Well, aren't we just Mr. Mystery all of a sudden?

Quinn looks at her, then puts up a disarming smile, reaching across to squeeze one of her hands.

QUINN

No, it's nothing bad, it's just some x-rays from a case I'm working on. Injuries to a victim, pretty grim stuff.

NOA

Then why does the folder have your name on it?

Quinn glances round at the folder, then back at Noa.

QUINN

My source in the hospital does that so she can smuggle the files out to me. Disguise them as my own records, makes it easier for me to get things that way.

NOA

(suspicious)

'She'?

Quinn chuckles, and that finally breaks Noa into a grin again. Quinn starts to slow down, pulling the car over.

QUINN

This is it. Potential haunt number one.

NOA

So... Do you want us both to go in, or just you and the Lawgiver in the glovebox?

QUINN

You think I'd drive you all the way out here just to leave you sitting in the car?

Quinn unfastens his seatbelt and opens his door.

QUINN (cont'd)

Let's go, partner.

Noa grins and opens her door, as we cut back to:

Faith combat rolls into frame, jets of flame blasting past just above her head. Staying low, gasping for breath, she waits a beat for the flames to stop.

Getting back up, she turns and looks back towards Vi.

The two are separated by about twenty feet, a long, thin passageway reaching across a dark pit between them, and the jets of flame blasting across the gap at regular intervals.

FAITH

Okay, Vi, come on! Just take it steady, like I just did. The flames are on a timer or something, so you can do this!

Vi shakes her head, visibly paler now as she tries to stand but fails.

VI

I can't! Faith... I can't.

FAITH

Yeah, you can! Come on! Vi, I'm not leaving you down here, so get your butt over here now!

Vi takes a beat, then uses the wall to push herself to her feet. She takes a step forward, onto the narrow path over the pit, keeping her eyes locked on Faith.

FAITH (cont'd)

That's it, you're doing great!

Vi YELPS as the first round of flames shoot across in front of her, before she takes a few cautious steps forward.

Shaking, she paces onwards, her wounded leg almost dragging behind her, making steady progress.

She's two-thirds of the way across the bridge when the flames start their sequence again behind her.

FAITH (cont'd)

Move it, Vi!

Vi makes the mistake of glancing over her shoulder - the flames are rapidly closing in, and she turns round and tries to rush the rest of the way.

She stumbles, slipping and almost losing her balance, and Faith dives forward.

The flames are seconds away as Vi struggles to stay upright, Faith reaching out a hand towards her.

VI

(panicked)

Faith!!

Faith glances at the flames - she's got no time to react.

FAITH

Screw it - jump!!

Vi LEAPS forward, the flames searing the air where she'd just been standing, sailing through the air and missing the rest of the bridge.

Faith throws herself forward, her hand snatching Vi's and managing to keep a hold, Vi left dangling over the edge of the pit.

(CONTINUED)

With a heave, Faith manages to drag Vi up onto the other side of the gap, and the two girls lie there for a moment, panting with exertion.

FAITH (cont'd)
What did I say? I said 'take it steady!'

VI
I'm sorry...

FAITH
(standing)
'S cool. Come on.

Faith helps Vi to her feet - then pauses, looking around as though hearing something.

VI
What is it?

Vi listens too - and we can hear the muffled sound of CLAPPING and CHEERING. Faith smirks at Vi.

FAITH
Sounds like they're getting their money's worth, huh?

As Faith leads the way again, we cut back to:

Quinn pushes open the door to a standard inner city demon bar and steps inside. Bland goth rock music pipes out from the speakers overhead, but the chatter of the clients falls quiet as they size up this obviously non-demon new arrival.

The bar itself isn't too busy, allowing Quinn to march unopposed up to the barman, a burly half demon called GREGOR, who eyes Quinn suspiciously.

GREGOR
You're in the wrong place, human.

QUINN
(mock surprise)
Really? 'Cause I could've sworn the sign outside said 'Free information - just ask at the bar!'

Quinn flashes his NYPD badge at Gregor, who GROANS.

Behind them, Noa steps cautiously into the bar, quickly hurrying over to Quinn and trying not to make eye contact with anyone - or *anything*.

GREGOR

Look, cop, I don't-

QUINN

It's 'detective.'

GREGOR

Huh?

QUINN

Detective Jon Quinn.

(points to badge)

See?

GREGOR

Whatever, human. I don't know what kind of a death wish you've got, wandering into a demon bar like you own the place, but I'm feeling generous tonight, so I'm gonna give you thirty seconds to turn around and-

QUINN

I'm looking for a warlock, goes by the name of Boone. Tall guy, long, grey hair, line in grey hooded cloaks.

NOA

Oh, sorta looks like Sean Connery when he was in 'In The Name Of The Rose.'

Gregor eyes Noa, smirking at Quinn.

GREGOR

Who's the babe?

QUINN

My partner. Anything you say to her, you say to me. Do you know where we can find this guy?

GREGOR

Rings a bell. Usually sits over in that corner, keeps to himself. He asked me a lot of questions about the Slayer one time when he was in here.

QUINN

(frowns)

The who?

(CONTINUED)

Noa's eyes widen, and she quickly steps forward before Quinn can ask who the Slayer is.

NOA

Gee, thanks, we'll just take a look
round then be out of your way,
okay?

GREGOR

(beat)

Yeah, fine, whatever. Last time I
saw the guy was a few hours ago,
seemed to be in a good mood about
something. He was talking to those
two bracken demons over there, try
seeing if they know where he is.

NOA

Thanks!

She takes Quinn by the arm and leads him away from the bar, steering him towards the two bracken demons, sitting by one table, their dark green skin and spines marking them out.

QUINN

What's a 'Slayer,' exactly?

NOA

(evasive)

Um, I dunno. Oh, hey, these are our
guys!

The brackens look up as Quinn and Noa arrive at their table, and as they exchange a confused look, we cut to:

Faith is looking towards us, clearly not happy about what's before her.

We pull back to see just what's got her like that - and the final obstacle in the maze is revealed in all its glory.

There's a row of three large, rotating wheels, lined with paddles wide enough to stand on, turning anti-clockwise over a wide pit of water. The steam and bubbles rising off the water tell us it's hot - very hot.

The whirring of the wheels and the splashes of the boiling hot water still don't drown out the feverish roars of the watching crowd.

On the other side of the water lies the exit, the crowds in the coliseum beyond visible at last over the maze's walls.

Faith grits her teeth and turns to Vi, who she's holding up by one arm, Vi's eyes fluttering as she tries to stay conscious, the blood from her wound now staining her whole left pants leg red.

FAITH

You reckon you can do this?

Vi shakes her head, and Faith turns back to study the trap, before grabbing vi and hoisting her up, onto Faith's back, almost like a piggyback ride.

FAITH (cont'd)

Then you'd better hang on, 'cause
this is going to get pretty
intense.

VI

(weakly)

Faith, don't...

FAITH

I'm not leaving you here, Vi!

That settles it. Faith heads towards the edge of the pit - she'll have to jump to land on the first wheel, fight her way up and over it against its rotation, then jump to the second and third and do the same all over again.

She can hear Gabriel's words from earlier:

GABRIEL (V.O.)

Watch your step.

Vi is clinging on for dear life, her arms wrapped round Faith's neck as Faith takes a few steps back, preparing for her run up.

FAITH

Ready?

Vi opens her mouth to answer - but Faith starts running without waiting.

She hits the edge of the pit and LEAPS - and manages to land feet first on a paddle on the first wheel.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hang on!!

Vi SHOUTS as she's splashed by the red hot water churning around them, and Faith is forced to almost drop to all fours, using her hands to help scramble over the paddles, grimacing as her hands burn from the heat.

(CONTINUED)

She passes over the top of the first wheel, wasting no time in leaping across to the second, almost slipping off and into the water but managing to hang on, smoke rising from her hands as she pushes herself back up out of harm's way.

Struggling on, Faith makes her way over the second wheel, but as she crests it she sees something ahead.

Rising out of the water between the second and third wheels are a series of spikes, rising and falling in sequence, leaving Faith very little room for error.

As Vi pulls herself tightly to Faith again, Faith watches the spikes, measuring the pattern, stepping across the paddles as they rise out of the water and rotate round to her.

After a few beats, she crouches down - and JUMPS, sailing clean through the air.

One of the spikes catches her, slicing across her calf, and as she lands on the third and final wheel, she SHOUTS in pain, pressing a hand to her wound.

VI

Faith!

FAITH

(grimaces)

I'm okay!

With superhuman effort, Faith scrambles over the third wheel, beyond feeling the pain from the red hot paddles now as she sets her sights on the exit.

Vi's eyes flutter - she's blacking out, and as Faith feels her grip start to loosen, she knows she's out of time.

With a YELL, she leaps through the air one last time - and lands heavily on the other side of the pit at last, the two girls sent sprawling to the floor.

As the CHEERS of the crowd around us ring out throughout the coliseum, Faith pushes herself to her feet, keeping her weight off her injured leg and scooping up the now unconscious Vi, carrying her out through the maze's exit.

We follow her out, into:

Faith is met on the other side of the maze by a group of demon guards again, but the fire in her eyes blazes as they surround her.

(CONTINUED)

All around her, the crowd are going absolutely crazy, jumping up and down in their seats and yelling - some cheering Faith on, some booing her.

Faith doesn't hear any of it, her gaze piercing the Chief demon as he steps towards her. The two stare each other out for a long beat before the Chief speaks.

CHIEF
(quietly)
Nice work, kid.

He turns and shouts to the guards around him.

CHIEF (cont'd)
Take 'em back to the cells!

The guards step towards her, but Faith shakes her head, indicating the blacked out form of Vi in her arms.

FAITH
She's hurt. Patch her up.

CHIEF
You ain't really in a position to make demands here, Slayer! Why don't you be a good girl, and-

FAITH
(stern)
Get her some help.

The Chief stares back, then chuckles and nods.

CHIEF
Alright. Since you did so well in there, we'll get your little friend patched up. But don't expect any more favours. You get one shot in this place, you blow it, that's it.

FAITH
One shot's all I'm gonna need.

The Chief waves two guards over, who take Vi out of Faith's arms, while two more stand behind her, ready to march her back to the cells.

CHIEF
(to guards)
Alright, get her out of here.

One gives Faith a nudge, and she starts walking forward, towards an open and waiting set of doors ahead.

She steals a glance round at Vi, who is carried off into another tunnel, and as Faith continues towards us, the shouts and cheers of the crowds ringing in her ears, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 INT. 'WICKED GAMES' BAR. NIGHT.

19

Quinn and Noa are seated round a table along with the two bracken demons, BELUSHI and WILDER.

BELUSHI

He was in here earlier, ranting and raving about how he'd finally 'been the one to take care of the Slayer,' and all that. Guy sounded like he'd been at the caffeine pills a bit too much, you know?

QUINN

Did he happen to say where he was going?

WILDER

I think he said he was going to report back to his bosses, whoever they were. Said something about the UN building over by East River, I think.

QUINN

Alright, thanks, guys.

He stands and heads towards the door, Noa on his heels.

NOA

The UN building? Isn't that kind of public for some bad guys to hide out?

QUINN

You never heard that old saying, 'best place to hide is in plain sight?' Who'd think to look for a bunch of warlocks inside one of the homes of the United Nations?

Quinn pushes the door open, and we step outside into:

20 EXT. NY STREET. NIGHT.

20

Quinn and Noa head over to his car, Quinn opening his door with one hand and taking out his cell phone with the other, as Noa waits by the car passenger door.

NOA

So now what? Are we just gonna break into the UN building and see who's there?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Pretty much, yeah. But I my be able
to get us in there without any
breaking and entering.

Noa starts to speak, but Quinn's call connects and he holds
up a hand for quiet.

QUINN (cont'd)

Hey. Quinn here again. Can you meet
me by the United Nations, First
Avenue at 46th Street?

(listens; grins)

You know me too well. See you
there.

Quinn hops into the car, leaving Noa waiting for an
explanation. When she realises she's not getting one, she
gets into the car, as we cut back to:

21 INT. THE ARENA - CELLS. NIGHT.

21

Faith lies on the floor of her cell, her leg wound tied up
with a few strips ripped away from her shirt. Some more
strips have been tied round her palms, trying to ease the
pain of the burnt, red raw skin there.

A figure appears at the cell door, but Faith is dozing,
exhausted from her trek through the maze, so she doesn't open
he eyes until the figure gently TAPS at the bars.

She shoots up, turning to see who it is with a glare.

FAITH

Come to take another look, huh? I'm
tired and cranky, so unless you
want-

GABRIEL

Knock, knock.

FAITH

(beat)

Gabriel?

Faith stands - with difficulty - and makes her way over to
the cell door. Gabriel stands there, that same warm smile on
his lips as he looks back in on her.

She looks halfway between happy to see him and still furious
with what he told her previously.

GABRIEL

How's the room? I hear the rates
are low, but-

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

That wasn't funny the first time,
either. How'd you find me here?

GABRIEL

I have my sources. I'm here to help
you out.

FAITH

Isn't me getting stuck here part of
the 'plan' or whatever? Toughen me
up by letting me see some other
Slayers get killed?

GABRIEL

No, the plan is you get out of here
and back to New York, where you're
needed. But there is a reason
you're here.

FAITH

I'm all ears.

GABRIEL

(beat)

You know I can't tell you.

FAITH

Break the rules for once, Gabe!
Live a little!

GABRIEL

That's not gonna happen.

Gabriel glances up and down the corridor outside, checking
for any guards.

FAITH

What's the matter? You afraid
somebody's gonna come along and
drag you out there to play American
Gladiators? What've you got to
worry about, it's not like you can
touch-

Gabriel's hand reaches in through the bars - and GRABS
Faith's wrist!

She pauses, looking down at his hand, then back to Gabe.

FAITH (cont'd)

(confused)

But-

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

There isn't time to explain. Let's just say that things work a little differently here, and leave it at that.

Gabriel releases her wrist - but she grabs his hand before he can take it away. Their fingers lock, and Faith manages a small smile.

FAITH

Never thought I'd hear myself say this, but... I'm glad to see you.

GABRIEL

(grins)
Likewise.

FAITH

Where's Vi? Is she okay?

GABRIEL

She's fine. The medical facilities here aren't exactly what I'd call modern, but they've fixed her up and stopped the bleeding. I think it's in their interests to keep their Slayers in action as long as possible, keeps the money from the betting rings pouring in.

The sound of keys rattling echoes down the corridor, and Gabriel looks round, releasing Faith's hand.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

I'd better go. I'm working on a plan, so just go along with whatever happens.

FAITH

You gonna be keeping an eye on me from the shadows?

GABRIEL

Yeah, something like that.

With a last glance round, Gabriel heads out of view, leaving Faith to lean against the bars of the cell and SIGH heavily.

A shadow falls across her after a beat, and she looks up again to see the Chief guard looking in on her.

CHIEF

Overlord Wirth wants to see you,
says you're his new star
attraction, and he wants to thank
you personally for today's show!

Faith gives the Chief a fake grin - and gives him the finger.

FAITH

Tell him to thank this.

CHIEF

(chuckles)

Cute.

With his taser gun in one hand, the Chief unlocks the cell,
swinging the door open.

CHIEF (cont'd)

Let's go.

Faith spots the half dozen other guards waiting outside, and
decides now isn't a great time to try that jailbreak she's
been planning.

As she steps out of the cell, we cut to:

Quinn's car pulls to a stop outside the tall, floodlit United
Nations building, the East River just beyond it.

There's another car parked up, a plain black Honda, and as
Quinn and Noa get out of his car, a young black man steps out
of the Honda - this is DANNER, short and wiry, dressed in
baggy sports gear.

DANNER

You want to remind me why the hell
I dragged my ass all the way out
here for you, Quinn?

Quinn grins as he walks over, shaking hands with Danner.

QUINN

Because it's time for me to cash in
that favour you owe me!

Noa walks into frame, and Quinn motions towards Danner.

QUINN (cont'd)

Noa, this is Tom Danner. Tom here
helped me out with some crooks I
needed to find a few weeks ago, so
we made ourselves a little
arrangement.

DANNER

Yeah, only it was more like 'I won't send you to jail as an accomplice if you help me out one day,' right?

QUINN

God bless America.

The trio start walking towards the building, the row of flagpoles outside snapping in the breeze.

DANNER

So what's the plan here, Jon?

QUINN

We've got a suspect hiding out here somewhere, I need a way in so I can go looking for him.

DANNER

(sarcastic)

Yeah, sure, 'scuse me while I pull a keycard for this place outta my pants!

Quinn reaches into his jacket, bringing out a plain, black security keycard.

QUINN

That part's taken care of. You know more about the security of this place than either of us, it's your job to help us avoid being seen. The way I see it, our suspect's going to be somewhere in the basement levels.

NOA

How does he know so much? I mean, no offence, but isn't he, well... a criminal?

DANNER

(offended)

Hey, I prefer 'informant,' alright?

QUINN

Tom used to work here as a security guard, believe it or not, 'till they found out he'd forged his records to hide his previous convictions.

(CONTINUED)

DANNER

(shrugs; to Noa)

A job's a job. And besides, I
hadn't done anything all that bad,
right, Jon?

QUINN

Alright, less talk. Let's go.

DANNER

Best way into the basement is via
the car parks, follow me.

As the trio take a turn and head towards a large parking
area, we cut back to:

INT. THE ARENA - WIRTH'S CHAMBERS. NIGHT.

Faith is lead into a large, opulent circular room, with a
throne on one end that overlooks the coliseum floor below.

The room is filled with trophies, statues and paintings, all
depicting various battle scenes, and as we approach the
throne we can see the overweight form of WIRTH seated there,
staring back at us.

Wirth is pale skinned, his features almost skeletal and his
eyes pure black, a long, flowing cloak spreading across the
throne behind him. He waves to the two guards, who step back,
leaving Faith standing in the middle of the room.

WIRTH

You're quite a catch, Slayer!
Something about the way you move
tells me you're going to bring me
lots of money.

FAITH

And something about the way you
move, or don't, I should say, tells
me you wouldn't last five seconds
out there. That why you stole all
those girls? Just so you could get
your rocks off watching them get
hacked up?

WIRTH

Among other things, yes.

FAITH

Figures. You look like the kind of
guy who thinks pay-per-view is a
valid investment.

Wirth stands, making his way across the room towards her. He
circles her, looking Faith up and down, grinning.

(CONTINUED)

WIRTH

How's the leg?

FAITH

Let me kick you with it, and I guess we'll find out.

WIRTH

(laughs)

You've got spirit. I like that. Too many of the girls here folded up after a few days. They couldn't handle the pressure. But there's something different about you, isn't there? You're more experienced, more savvy. You know the way this works.

FAITH

Me and one other, yeah. How come Buffy didn't get an invite over here, anyway? I just know she'd have loved all this. She went nuts whenever the circus came to town.

WIRTH

(sighs)

We're not allowed to go after her, much as it pains me. Other people have plans for her, so she was off limits. But in my eyes, you're the star prize here. I can see you and me working together for a very long time!

Wirth heads back over to his throne. Faith takes a step towards him, but stops when she hears the guards take a step forward behind her.

FAITH

Hey, how's about we make a deal?

WIRTH

A deal?

FAITH

How many Slayers have you got here?

WIRTH

Including you, I'd say we've got about fifty left.

Faith bites her lip, trying to suppress her rising anger before continuing.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Alright, here's an option for ya.
I'll stay here and fight for you,
no escape attempts, no trouble - if
you let the others go home.

Wirth bursts out laughing, and Faith glares at him while she waits for him to stop.

WIRTH

And why would I do that?

FAITH

Like you said, I'm the star prize
here. Those other girls are all
new, they've been Slayers a couple
of years, tops. I'll bet half of
them didn't even know they were
Slayers at all, just that they woke
up one morning and found they could
kick their brother's ass when he
tried to beat 'em to the bathroom.

WIRTH

(interested)

Go on...

FAITH

So, wouldn't it be a better
investment to have one Slayer who's
tough enough to survive whatever
you throw at her than fifty who'll
fold the first time they step into
the ring?

Wirth strokes his chin, considering her offer.

WIRTH

And you'd do that? Sacrifice
yourself to set them all free?

FAITH

(beat)

Yeah, I would.

Wirth CLAPS, nodding his head.

WIRTH

Very brave. Very noble. I accept.

FAITH

Vi goes first.

WIRTH

Vi?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

The redhead I took through the maze
on piggyback earlier.

WIRTH

Ah, yes, number 278. Is she special
to you?

FAITH

Oh, yeah, me and Vi go way back.
(irritated)
Just get her out of here first,
alright? She's got no place being
somewhere like this.

Wirth nods again, beckoning the two guards over.

WIRTH

Alright, Faith, here's the deal.
Tomorrow, I'll put you against my
champion in the Arena, one on one.
He's a grohlt warrior demon,
undefeated in a thousand battles,
my pride and joy. If you can beat
him, I'll let the others go. If you
lose, well... well, if you lose,
you'll be dead, so it really won't
matter either way.

FAITH

(quickly)
Deal.

The guards appear at Faith's side, taking an arm each to lead
her away again.

WIRTH

Very well. But remember your word -
any sign of resistance or plotting
to get out of here, and you'll stay
here with the rest of them for
good.

FAITH

Hey, I hear ya, best behaviour
twenty-four seven.

WIRTH

Guards? Take Miss Lehane back to
her cells, if you would.

We stay with Wirth as Faith is lead out of the room. He waits
a beat, then starts speaking.

WIRTH (cont'd)

I hope you're right about her.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL (O.S.)

Trust me.

Gabriel steps out from behind the throne, looking over to the doorway Faith left through.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

I know how she works. She'll play
along for as many fights as you
want her to.

We push in on Gabriel, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24 INT. UNITED NATIONS - BASEMENT. NIGHT.

24

Quinn and Noa follow Danner as he leads them along a plain corridor, several doors lining the left hand wall, as the right is covered with a long mural.

They reach a T-junction, and Danner turns to Quinn.

DANNER

You got any ideas where we can go looking for this suspect of yours? This place is pretty big, in case you missed that.

QUINN

Chances are he's meeting some more suspects here, so I'm handing the tour over to you. If you were a wanted criminal, hiding out inside the last place in New York anybody'd think of to look for you, where would you go?

Danner thinks, then nods and starts down the left hand turn, motioning for Quinn and Noa to follow.

DANNER

There's a bunch of old maintenance areas nobody uses any more down here, my guess'd be to try there first.

Quinn nods, hanging back to speak quietly to Noa.

QUINN

You okay?

NOA

Oh, fine. I mean, we just as good as broke into the United Nations building, my boyfriend seem to be turning into James Bond, and I've been carrying a handgun the size of the Chrysler Building in my pocket for the last hour, but otherwise... I'm just peachy.

Quinn chuckles, throwing an arm round her. Noa manages to stay looking annoyed for a few seconds, before she relaxes a little.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Look, I know there's a lot I haven't told you about me, and for that I'm sorry. Believe me when I tell you it's stuff I'd rather keep to myself for now. When we get Faith back, I promise to tell you as much as I can. Deal?

NOA

(nods)

Deal. All we need to do now is find Faith, right?

QUINN

Something tells me we're gonna find what we're looking for down here somewhere.

NOA

Spidey Sense again?

QUINN

Not exactly.

(points)

That.

Noa looks up - and sees an arcane symbol painted crudely on the wall in red. It looks like some kind of geometrical shape, with arrows running through it. It's not immediately obvious to the casual eye, and Noa squints at it.

NOA

What is it?

QUINN

It's the calling card of a group of bad guys known as the Paragon Faction.

NOA

How bad are we talking here?

QUINN

(beat)

You'd better hand me the gun.

As Noa bites her lip, we cut back to:

Faith stands before the large double doors that lead out into the arena, holding a large sword. Her eyes are closed as she mentally psyches herself up.

(CONTINUED)

The guards by the doors reach out and start to pull them open, flooding the corridor with bright sunlight.

Taking a deep breath, Faith steps out into:

Faith walks out to a ROAR of appreciation from the crowd, some of whom even start chanting 'Faith! Faith!' overhead.

But Faith stops as she sees something she wasn't expecting - the other fifty Slayers held captive here, all standing around nervously, armed with a variety of medieval weapons. Vi is here, and she limps over, her leg bandaged up.

VI

Faith! They just brought us all out here, they said something about a deal you'd made, and-

WIRTH (O.S.)

Attention all Slayers!

Faith looks up - Wirth has appeared at the edge of a balcony overlooking the arena floor to a CHEER from the crowds. He waves regally to them, before lifting a megaphone and shouting down to the Slayers again.

WIRTH (cont'd)

Here's what's on today's menu. Thanks to your illustrious, self-appointed leader Faith, you all have the chance to earn your freedom.

Vi looks at Faith, confused, but Faith's gaze is locked on Wirth as he continues.

WIRTH (cont'd)

All you have to do is survive while Faith takes on my champion. Those girls still standing should the champion fall will be sent back to Earth unharmed.

FAITH

(mutters)

You no good sack of sh-

VI

(alarmed)

Faith? What's going on?

FAITH
 (deep breath)
 We've been played, Vi. Stay close
 to me.

There is a CREAK as the iron doors on the other side of the arena open up, and to a huge ROAR from the crowds, a huge warrior demon steps out into the sunlight.

Easily seven feet tall, covered with spiked body armour and wielding a huge trident, this is ZOLDER, the grohlt champion that Wirth has so much faith in.

Fanning out behind Zolder are two dozen smaller but equally fearsome-looking demons, also carrying a variety of weapons, HISSING as they size up the Slayers before them.

Faith strides boldly forward, her eyes fixed on Zolder as she shouts back to the other Slayers.

FAITH (cont'd)
 Watch each other's backs!
 (mutters)
 I'm gonna finish this.

As the crowd's yelling builds in excitement, Faith breaks into a run, and Zolder takes the bait, striding forward to meet her.

With a YELL, she swings her sword towards him, and as he parries it with the trident to a CLANG and a flash of sparks, the rest of the warrior demons race towards the waiting Slayers.

As the battle is joined, we quickly cut back to:

We're looking towards a door from within the abandoned maintenance room, unused cleaning supplies lining the floor and walls as the door opens slightly.

Quinn steps through, gun raised, followed by Danner and Noa. Quinn takes point, pacing slowly forward.

We can hear voices talking from up ahead, and Quinn motions for Noa and Danner to hang back as he carries on to investigate.

Reaching a corner, he pauses to peek round into the rest of the area.

Pacing up and down alongside selection of empty and discarded crates and canisters, sectioned off behind a wire fence, is BOONE, his hood down and his hair tied back.

Quinn starts to step forward, but ducks back out of sight when he hears another door open.

As he watches, three more figures enter the room from a side entrance, walking towards Boone, who bows respectfully. The three new arrivals are of varied appearance - one is a bald BLACK MAN dressed in black, flowing robes, the second is a YOUNG WOMAN dressed in bright, fashionable clothes that seem quite out of place in the dreary surroundings, and the third is a powerful looking HALF DEMON, squeezed tightly into a tailored suit.

BLACK MAN

Why have you called us here, Boone?
You know we have not used this
location to meet for several years
now.

BOONE

My apologies, sir, but I have
important news that I wanted to
share with you, and as I have not
been a member of the group for some
time, I did not know the location
of the other bases.

Quinn looks round as Noa joins him, peering over towards the meeting.

QUINN

(whispers)
Hey! Thought I told you to stay
back?

NOA

(whispers)
So I'm nosey! Besides, Danner's
watching the door, I wanted to see
what was going on.

Quinn turns back to the meeting in progress.

YOUNG WOMAN

You have not been part of the
Faction because you are washed up,
Boone. You have had little or no
influence on our plans for some
time.

The woman eyes her two colleagues, clearly the least thrilled of the three of them to be here.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

I was against meeting you at all,
but-

(CONTINUED)

HALF DEMON

(interrupts)

But we have heard rumours that we wanted you to confirm. Stories about the Slayer.

BOONE

(grins)

They're all true.

BLACK MAN

You have dealt with the Slayer?

YOUNG WOMAN

(laughs)

Lies! How could you have succeeded where beings more powerful even than us have failed?

BOONE

With all due respect, it was just a matter of circumstance and opportunity. I had a chance to take care of her, and I took it. Problem solved.

BLACK MAN

What did you do to her?

BOONE

Are you aware of the operation to abduct as many of the newly-created Slayers that we could?

HALF DEMON

(huffs)

My brother's Arena is doing a roaring trade, or so he keeps boasting to me.

YOUNG WOMAN

Did you send the Slayer there?

BOONE

I tricked her into retrieving my lost nilsson device, and used it to transport her there.

(grins)

Faith won't trouble us again.

Quinn shoots a look at Noa, whose wide eyes look back.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

(whispers)

Noa, promise me you'll explain what the hell a 'Slayer' is when we get Faith back.

NOA

(beat; whispers)

I promise.

Quinn nods - then steps out into view, his gun raised and his badge in his other hand.

QUINN

Freeze! NYPD!

The figures ahead of him spin round, the woman hissing at Boone.

YOUNG WOMAN

You incompetent fool!

HALF DEMON

Go, all of you!

The half demon reaches into his suit jacket - and draws two huge, silver plated handguns.

Quinn's eyes bulge, and he dives for cover as the half demon OPENS FIRE, gouging chunks of plaster out of the walls as he blasts away at Quinn.

Noa YELPS and dives back out of sight as the woman and black man race back out of the room by the side entrance.

Boone stands his ground, retrieving the soccer-ball shaped nilsson device from within his robes.

HALF DEMON (cont'd)

What are you doing?

BOONE

I will deal with this! It is my fault they were able to find me, so I'll give them what they want. I'll send them to see their friends.

The half demon turns to blink incredulously at Boone.

HALF DEMON

You wield that thing as though it were a toy! It's no surprise we had to take it from you, the power it contains could easily destroy-

(CONTINUED)

BLAM! The half demon gulps - then staggers back, a bullet hole in his chest.

Quinn steps into frame, his gun trained on the demon as he slumps to the floor, dropping his own guns. Quinn snaps the gun onto Boone.

QUINN

Don't move!

Boone freezes, his eyes flicking down to the dead demon as Noa runs into frame.

QUINN (cont'd)

Alright, you've got five seconds to tell me where Faith is before I blast off one of your toes. Then, you get five more seconds, but it might be kinda hard to hear you with all the screaming you'll be doing.

BOONE

You'll get nothing out of me, policeman. I would gladly die for the Paragon Faction! It is the power behind-

BLAM! Without blinking, Quinn shoots Boone in the foot, and Boone drops to the floor, HOWLING in pain.

QUINN

That was five seconds. Clock's ticking all over again.

As a shocked Noa looks from Boone back to Quinn, we cut to:

Faith is in a stalemate with Zolder - the big demon is stronger than she is, but she's faster, dodging his attacks and fighting back, even though her own blows are having little effect on him.

All around her, Slayers are dropping - Vi is heading a small group of five of them, but there are already ten bodies on the arena floor.

Overhead, the crowd are in a frenzy, the bloodlust turning them into a riotous mob.

Faith spots an opening and KICKS Zolder as hard as she can - but it's with her wounded leg.

Zolder staggers backwards and stumbles to the ground, but Faith cries out in pain and drops too.

(CONTINUED)

She glances up at the balcony - and her jaw drops as she sees Gabriel standing alongside Wirth!

Wirth is bellowing with laughter, clearly loving every minute of the display before him, but Gabriel's eyes are fixed on Faith.

Gritting her teeth, she stands again, snatching up her sword to deflect an attack from Zolder, and as the fight begins again we cut back to:

Quinn keeps his gun on Boone, who is on his knees with his hands behind his head. Noa turns the nilsson over in her hands, frowning.

NOA

I haven't got a clue how this thing works, Jon.

QUINN

You don't need to, we've got somebody who does right here.

(to Boone)

Isn't that right?

Boone stays silent, so Quinn CLOCKS him with the butt of his gun.

QUINN (cont'd)

I said, 'isn't that right?'

BOONE

(scowls)

She's getting what she deserves.

QUINN

No, see, I don't agree with that. What Faith deserves right now is the chance to turn your sorry ass into a piece of modern art, so let's work on making that happen. Show us how to get her back.

BOONE

(laughs)

I can't! It's a one way trip to the Arena, once you're there, that's it.

QUINN

Then let's hope there's a back door, huh?

(to Noa)

(MORE)

29

CONTINUED:

29

QUINN (cont'd)
Find something to tie him up with,
I'm gonna find a better way to
persuade our friend here.

Noa turns her attention away to look for some wires or ropes -
and Boone's eyes flick down to the half demon's handguns.

As Boone sizes up his chance of getting to the guns, we cut
back to:

30

INT. THE ARENA. DAY.

30

Faith spins round to dodge a lunge from Zolder's trident,
SLICING into his arm with her sword.

He HOWLS and drops the weapon, and she uses the chance to
scoop the weapon up, dodging past him.

She raises the trident to attack him, when she hears Gabriel
call out to her.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

Faith!!

She turns round - Gabriel is right next to Wirth, who throws
him a confused look.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

Hope you saved that arm like I told
you!

And with that, Gabe SHOVES Wirth forward.

Wirth SHOUTS in alarm as he stumbles to the edge of the
balcony, and Gabe turns to face the two guards who come
running over, holding them off.

Faith narrows her eyes and raises the trident, taking aim.

FAITH

Hey, Wirth!

Wirth looks up, his eyes bulging as he sees Faith levelling
the trident at him.

FAITH (cont'd)

Deal's off.

She THROWS the trident towards him - and it SPEARS Wirth in
the chest, sending him flying backwards.

He falls to the balcony floor, and Gabriel dodges away from
the guards, leaping over the edge of the balcony and sailing
down into the arena floor.

(CONTINUED)

Faith KICKS Zolder in the back of the head to keep him down, before sprinting over to Gabriel, who is remarkably unfazed by the thirty foot drop.

FAITH (cont'd)
What the hell were you doing up there?

GABRIEL
Getting you a clean shot! I had to make sure I talked Wirth into accepting your offer, it's the only way I could get chance to do this.

Gabriel raises one hand, then drags a finger down through the air.

A glittering line of purple LIGHT appears, which quickly widens out into a PORTAL, six feet in diameter.

Gabriel turns round, sees something, and without skipping a beat grabs the sword from Faith's other hand, DRIVING it into the gut of a warrior demon who was about to sink his axe into Faith's back.

Faith turns and watches the demon drop to the floor - then sees that Zolder is back on his feet, marching towards them.

FAITH
(off portal)
This lead back home?

GABRIEL
All the way back to New York.

FAITH
Get the girls and get them out of here!
(turns to Zolder)
I got unfinished business.

GABRIEL
Uh, Faith?

He points, and she follows - and then she GROANS.

The arena crowd, already at fever pitch, have pushed themselves to the next level, pouring over the stadium walls and down into the arena, those still up in the stalls rioting as they fight, tear the seating to pieces and throw one another around.

Luckily, Vi is on the ball, leading the remaining Slayers over as Faith marches towards Zolder.

(CONTINUED)

Gabriel runs up to Vi, pointing towards the portal as he snatches up the axe from the demon he just killed.

GABRIEL (cont'd)
Get everybody through that, and
quickly! It's not gonna stay open
for long!

Vi nods, and Gabriel runs over to Faith's side as the Slayers make their way towards the portal.

Faith stands her ground, the rest of Zolder's demon squad now occupied fighting the rioting crowds.

She turns to Gabriel as he stands next to her.

FAITH
You suddenly rediscover your
fighting spirit?

GABRIEL
Hey, can't a man enjoy being solid
for the first time in his life?

Faith cracks a grin, then turns back to Zolder.

FAITH
Whatever works for you. Let's kill
this freak and go home.

As Faith raises her sword, we cut back to:

Quinn walks back towards Noa and Boone with a pair of wire cutters, as Noa looks for something to tie Boone up with, her back turned to him.

QUINN
(off wire cutters)
Never used these to get answers out
of somebody before, but I figure
under the circumstances, we can
justify-

He looks up - and sees Boone reaching for one of the half demon's handguns.

Quinn drops the cutters and goes for his own gun.

Boone snatches up the nearest gun and trains it on Noa, just as she turns round. She YELPS in surprise.

Boone narrows his eyes and starts to squeeze the trigger - but is BLASTED off his feet as Quinn fires six shots in rapid succession.

Noa is frozen to the spot, shaking as Quinn walks over, his gun still trained on Boone.

QUINN (cont'd)
You alright?

Noa can only manage a nod as Quinn kneels down by Boone. Blood leaks from Boone's mouth as he coughs weakly.

QUINN (cont'd)
Last chance to do something good
with your life, Boone. How do we
get Faith back?

Boone stares back at Quinn - and then starts to LAUGH, before coughing once more, and then slumping back to the ground. Dead.

Noa shakes her head as Quinn grimaces. Their best shot of finding Faith again just went out the window.

NOA
(quietly)
Oh, no...

Quinn stands, and Noa rushes over to him. He wraps his arms round her, closing his eyes as she starts to cry.

Danner pokes his head into frame, looking spooked.

DANNER
Hey, uh, Jon? We'd better get out
of here. They have guards here all
night, someone's bound to have
heard that.

Quinn nods, looking down at the tearful Noa.

QUINN
We'll find her.

NOA
How?

Quinn doesn't have an answer, and as he holds Noa tightly again, we cut back to:

Faith and Gabriel are laying into Zolder, who is holding them both off with ease.

Faith steals a glance at the portal - only Vi is left, waiting for Faith to join her.

She shouts over to Gabriel as the two continue to attack Zolder.

FAITH
Gabe?

GABRIEL
Yeah?

FAITH
Time for the Harris Maneuver.

GABRIEL
The what?

With that, Faith THROWS her sword at Zolder. It connects with his helmet, knocking him back, and Faith takes the chance to race towards the portal, Gabriel following her lead.

The arena is in chaos around them as Faith points for Vi to take the only available exit.

FAITH
Go! Go!

Vi nods and jumps through the portal, disappearing with a FLASH of light. Faith and Gabe skid to a halt next to it.

FAITH (cont'd)
After you.

GABRIEL
Ladies first.

FAITH
That's what I said!

GABRIEL
(grins)
Always with the-

SNAP! The portal vanishes.

Wide-eyed, Gabriel and Faith exchange a horrified look.

FAITH
Where did it go?

GABRIEL
I don't know! It must have just-

FAITH
'Must have just' what? Run out of freakin' electricity? Open another one!

GABRIEL

I... I can't!

FAITH

What?!?

GABRIEL

I don't have that kind of power!
We'd need to wait while my powers
built back up, and that may take me
a few d-

Gabriel stops as a shadow falls over them both. They look slowly up.

Zolder towers over them, blocking out the sun overhead. Blood drips from cuts all over his body, but he still manages a sinister grin.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

(finishes)

A few days...

Faith straightens up, cracking her knuckles and staring back at Zolder.

FAITH

Better start the clock.

Zolder LAUGHS, and as faith takes a step back, and then LEAPS forward, fist raised, we:

BLACK OUT:

TITLE OVER - To Be Continued Next Season...

END OF SHOW