

**FAITH**

"Here I Am"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NIGHT.

1

A cold, dark room within the depths of the NYC psychiatric institution where FAITH made her reappearance - and sitting on the bed before us is the girl herself. She's still curled up in the position we last saw her in, knees hugging her chest and head down.

Off screen, we hear the door to the room unlock, and after it swings open DR. ALEXANDRA SALUS steps into frame. She's not wearing her official white coat so it seems she's off duty.

She heads over to Faith and crouches down before her, taking a small torch from her jeans pocket and lifting Faith's head up. Brushing her straggly hair out of the way, Alex shines the light in each of Faith's eyes, but gets no reaction.

She stands, looking thoughtful as she considers what to do next.

ALEX

Who are you?

VOICE (O.S.)

Doctor Salus?

Alex turns round as one of her orderlies, TODD, looks into the room, and she waves him inside.

ALEX

Come in, Todd. I was just checking up on our mystery girl again before I head home for the night.

TODD

Anything new to report?

ALEX

(shakes head)

Physically she seems fine, even if we are having to drip-feed her. She's still catatonic and unresponsive, and we've still got no idea if she's suffered any lasting mental trauma from whatever put her in here.

TODD

Uh, well, about that...

ALEX

Yes?

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Well, there's been a lot of talk in the staff room about this chick.

ALEX

Don't use that word, please.

TODD

Sorry. Anyway, we've got a few theories about where she came from, you know, just showing up in the middle of a thunderstorm like that, and so far the best one is-

Alex holds up her hand to stop Todd mid-sentence.

ALEX

If any of the 'theories' you're about to give me include the words 'angels,' 'ghosts' or 'aliens,' you are going to be fired from here faster than the time it takes me to say it.

Todd gets the hint and shuts up.

ALEX (cont'd)

So does anyone have any real ideas?

TODD

Not yet.

ALEX

(sighs)

Me neither.

Alex looks down on Faith again, then turns back to Todd.

ALEX (cont'd)

I think it's time we went public with our Jane Doe.

TODD

Public?

ALEX

Get on the news. Say that we found an unknown woman left abandoned in the street nearby and took her in, but we have no means to identify her. With any luck, she's local and someone who knows her will step forward.

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

TODD

(nods)

Sounds good. But if it's aliens  
after all, I get to win twenty  
bucks off the others.

ALEX

(smirks)

You're not all that great at  
gambling, are you?

Todd smirks back, and the two leave the room. As the door  
closes and leaves Faith in darkness again, we cut to:

2 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING.

2

NOA is asleep in Faith's bed, her one hand reaching out and  
lying across the alarm clock on the bedside table - looks  
like Noa just wanted five more minutes!

Faith's cat, Goliath, has other ideas, unfortunately, and  
jumps up onto the bed, MEOWING at Noa and licking her ear in  
an attempt to wake her up.

Noa stirs, SNEEZES, then blinks as she comes to, groaning as  
her eyes fall on the hungry cat staring down on her.

NOA

You're missing your calling,  
Goliath, you know that? You'd make  
a great alarm clock.

Goliath MEOWS again as Noa throws back the covers and sits  
up, and we cut into:

3 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING.

3

Looking a little more lively now as she boils up a cup of  
coffee, letting the rays of the morning sun stretch across  
the well-kept apartment, Noa flips the small portable TV on  
the kitchen counter on and starts to prepare the cat's food.

TV

And in other news, NYC psychiatrist  
Dr. Alexandra Salus has made a  
public appeal to anyone who can  
help provide the identity of an  
unknown patient her institute  
picked up last week.

Noa starts to scoop out a tin of catfood into Goliath's bowl  
as she turns her attention towards the TV.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

(over TV)

Our Jane Doe was found in a nearby alleyway in a state of catatonia with no identification, and as she currently hasn't spoken since her arrival, we're no closer to knowing who she is or where she came from.

Noa glances down at the bowl as she pushes it towards Goliath, then back to the TV.

On the screen, we see Alex talking at a press conference, before the image flips to a view of Jane Doe - or Faith, as we know her. A phone number flashes up at the bottom of the screen.

TV

Anyone with any information should contact the number below immediately.

Noa's jaw drops as she sees Faith on the TV, and the empty tin of cat food falls from her hand and hits the floor with a CLANG.

ALEX

(over TV)

Is this someone you know? A friend, a loved one or maybe just a colleague from work? If you're able to help at all, please contact us. Thank you.

The TV news starts a new article - and it takes Noa a beat to gather her senses. As she lunges for the phone and rapidly starts dialling a number we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. THE ARENA - DAY.

4

TITLE OVER - Three Months Earlier...

Right back where we left them, Faith and GABRIEL stand back to back as the huge, coliseum-like Arena descends into chaos around them. A thousand different varieties of demon swarm up and down the stadium walls around them.

Faith and Gabe have a bigger problem than the riot currently tearing the place to pieces around them, however - the hulking form of ZOLDER, the grohlt demon and champion of the Arena, seven foot tall and covered in spiked body armour.

Zolder scoops up a sword from one the fallen guards littering the Arena floor as the already battle-weary Faith and Gabriel edge backwards, Faith's gaze locked on the advancing demon.

FAITH

You know, Gabe, I'm really startin' to dislike you again.

GABRIEL

What for?

FAITH

Well, it is kinda your fault we're in this mess, if you think about it.

GABRIEL

Faith, now isn't the time to-

FAITH

Look out!

They both DIVE for cover as Zolder hurls one of the dead guards at them, the flabby body bowling over a pack of nearby rioting demons like skittles.

FAITH (cont'd)

We can't stay out here!

GABRIEL

Any suggestions?

Faith desperately scans the stadium for some way out - even without Zolder blocking their exit, the guards are so busy fighting back the crowds of feverish demon spectators that every available way in or out of the Arena is covered.

Except for one.

(CONTINUED)

Faith spots one of the wide, arched doorways that leads down into the tunnels where the cells for the Arena warriors are kept, currently unguarded.

FAITH

There.

GABRIEL

Where?

Gabriel starts to look - and Faith has to drag him out of the way as a yelling demon charges past, SLAMMING straight into the unmovable Zolder.

FAITH

Over there! We can get back into the tunnels and find another way out!

GABRIEL

Out of where? Faith, there's nothing in this dimension but the Arena!

FAITH

What?

GABRIEL

I tried to tell you earlier - this place only exists as somewhere to bring the champions to fight in the Arena. All of the spectators here travel over from their own worlds, using...

Gabriel trails off as a thought occurs to him. Faith glances over at Zolder - he's been slowed down by having to fight past a pack of plucky rioters.

FAITH

Using what?

GABRIEL

(smiles)

Using a network of portals. If we can find one of those-

FAITH

(finishes sentence)

Then we can use it to get out of here without having to wait for your mojo to charge back up.

Faith looks up - Zolder SNAPS the last rioters neck and GROWLS with battle lust, before turning his attention back to Faith and Gabe.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)  
Then let's get it on. Head for the  
tunnels.

GABRIEL  
What about you?

FAITH  
(serious)  
I've got to finish this.

Gabriel stares at her for a beat, then races away, neatly weaving around any pockets of warring guards and spectators as he heads for the unguarded gateway.

Zolder turns his head to follow him, but Faith races towards the demon, waving her arms and yelling.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Hey! Over here!

Zolder turns back to look at her - and GRINS.

FAITH (cont'd)  
C'mon, hot shot, you don't want  
him. You want me.

Zolder GROWLS and flexes his muscles, flexing his fingers as he balls them into fists and advances on her.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Yeah, that's right...

Faith glances at the ground, and retrieves a handy axe from a fallen guard, spinning it round in her hands.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Show me why they made you the  
champion.

Zolder pauses - then CHARGES towards her with a battle cry, and Faith does the same, yelling as she runs head first towards him.

Zolder raises his sword but Faith's axe is ready, and as the two weapons CLANG in a hail of sparks, we cut to:

The front entrance of the Asylum leads straight into a small reception area, where the middle-aged clerk, HILARY, sits behind a small, plain desk.

She looks up as the front doors open, and Noa leads QUINN and VI inside, past a crowd of reporters waiting outside for anyone who might give them a new headline for this story.

Noa reaches the desk, planting her hands on it and leaning forward, out of breath.

NOA

We're here about-

HILARY

About Jane Doe?

QUINN

How could you tell?

HILARY

You're about the twelfth group of people who've shown up here already this morning. And the first eleven of them were all kooks.

VI

We're not kooks, we know that girl.

HILARY

That's what the kooks said.

QUINN

Listen, is there someone we can talk to? Maybe we can-

HILARY

I'm afraid Dr. Salus is quite busy at the moment. With all the inquiries about Jane Doe, she's had to-

BANG! Noa slams her hands down on the table, making everyone jump and making sure Hilary's attention is focused on her.

NOA

(stern)

You need to take me to my friend.  
Now.

Hilary stares back at her for a beat - then nods, reaching for her phone. Noa steps back as Hilary dials in an extension.

VI

(quietly)

Woah. Intense, much?

NOA

Who would want to come here and pretend they knew her?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

There's a lot of crazy people in  
this town, Noa.

NOA

Still, that seems pretty-

ALEX (O.S.)

Hello, can I help you?

The trio look round as Alex walks into reception, dressed for work now with her coat and ID badge. She offers her hand out and Noa is the first to shake it.

ALEX (cont'd)

I'm Alexandra Salus, the director  
of this institution. Are you here  
about our mystery girl?

NOA

She's no mystery. She's called  
Faith, she's a good friend of ours  
who went missing three months ago.

ALEX

I see. Do you have anything that  
could prove that?

Noa blinks, stuck for an answer, but Quinn reaches into his jacket and brings out a group shot of Faith, Noa, Quinn and Pryor. He hands it to Alex.

QUINN

That ought to prove it. She's a  
work colleague, we've known her for  
about a year.

Alex studies the photograph and nods, satisfied.

ALEX

Works for me. This way, please.

She turns and heads down one of the adjacent corridors, and the team fall in step behind her as we cut to:

Alex leads the team down one of the Asylum's long, clean corridors, with large rooms branching off from it occupied by residents watching TV, playing cards or just milling around.

ALEX

I'm sorry if I sounded a little  
suspicious, but as I'm sure you can  
imagine, we've had a lot of people  
already claiming to know our girl.

NOA

Like who?

ALEX

Hard to say. Some of them looked like they lost somebody a long time ago and have been trying to find a way to fill the gap, some looked pretty shifty and I had to call security to get them out, others were just downright crazy.

QUINN

I thought people in your position weren't allowed to use words like 'crazy'? Isn't it a little politically incorrect?

ALEX

When talking about my residents, yes. Outside of these walls, as far as I'm concerned everybody's crazy unless they prove to me otherwise.

Alex turns and grins at Quinn as she stops outside a heavy iron door. She motions to a nearby orderly and calls him over.

ALEX (cont'd)

(to Orderly)

Could you open this for us, please?

(to Noa)

Now, I must warn you, you may be a little upset by what you're about to see, but I can promise you we're doing everything we-

Alex doesn't get a chance to finish - as soon as the orderly gets the door open, Noa dives past her and into the room, quickly followed by Quinn and Vi.

Alex steps inside. Noa has her hands over her mouth, tears already starting to pool in her eyes, as Quinn stands a step behind her, one comforting arm around Vi.

Faith is as we left her, head down, knees up. Alex steps to Noa's side and turns to her, her voice soft and reassuring.

ALEX

We found Faith a week ago in this condition, and so far we've been unable to rouse her from it.

(MORE)

ALEX (cont'd)

If there's anything you can tell us about the last time you saw her, something that could explain this, now's the time to tell us.

NOA

I... I don't know.. Last time we saw her, she was... she was still...

Quinn steps forward, wrapping his arms around Noa as she turns and buries her head in his chest, starting to sob.

QUINN

She wasn't like this when we left her. She vanished one night, we don't know yet how or why.

ALEX

I see. Perhaps you'd like to join me in my office, so we can discuss this further?

Quinn nods, and Alex turns and exits, leaving the trio alone with Faith for a moment.

NOA

(through tears)

Oh, God, Jon... what are we going to do? What did this to her?

QUINN

I don't know, Noa. But we're gonna find out and get her back.

Quinn turns to Vi, who is also staring in horror at Faith.

QUINN (cont'd)

Vi? Get back to the Lab and see Pryor. Tell him what's wrong with Faith, ask him if there's any kinds of demon or creature that leave their victims like this, and how we can reverse the effects.

VI

(nods)

You got it.

She turns and hurries out of the room, and Quinn takes another beat to squeeze Noa tightly.

QUINN

We'll fix this.

Noa looks up at him, wanting to believe him, as we cut to:

8

INT. ASYLUM - ALEX'S OFFICE - MORNING.

8

Quinn and Noa sit before Alex at her desk, Noa having calmed down a little but still obviously upset.

Alex is talking on the phone, giving Quinn a chance to scan the room - there are lots of framed photographs of the Asylum down the ages, some faded black and white and sepia ones telling us the building itself is pretty old.

ALEX  
(into phone)  
Alright. Alright, thanks. Bye.

She hangs up and takes a beat to scratch her head before turning to Quinn and Noa, hands clasped together.

ALEX (cont'd)  
That was a neurologist friend of mine, he's going to head out here later and see if there's anything he can do.

QUINN  
You think this could be neurological?

ALEX  
(sighs)  
Honestly, I have no idea. With a case like this, there's no easy way to tell what could be causing her symptoms. It'll do us good to have someone with a degree in physical rather than mental medicine to take a look at her, however. The body isn't my strong suit so much as the mind is.

QUINN  
(nods)  
Makes sense.

NOA  
Uh, there's a few things I should probably mention.

ALEX  
Like what?

NOA  
This isn't the first time Faith's been in, uh, a coma.

ALEX  
Really?

(CONTINUED)

Alex grabs a notepad and clicks a pen to life, ready to take some notes.

ALEX (cont'd)  
This could be important, go on.

NOA  
The circumstances were kinda different, tho. She got stabbed and went into a coma before anybody found her, about seven years ago. I think she was under for, like, eight months?

QUINN  
(intrigued)  
She was?

NOA  
It's a long story.

ALEX  
(taking notes)  
Yikes. Anything else? Any history of physical or mental problems you can think of?

NOA  
Well, she did mention another coma she went into...

ALEX  
(raises eyebrow)  
Another one?

NOA  
I think that time she got drugged, somebody spiked her drink while she was out, but she was only under for, like, a day or so, and she was fine afterwards. Well, relatively speaking.

ALEX  
So nothing obviously mental that could have caused either of those?

NOA  
(shakes head)  
No, sorry.

Noa takes out a tissue to blow her nose as Alex smiles sympathetically.

ALEX

Don't apologise. You've done plenty already just by telling us who she is, and at least now I know there's somebody who can take care of her once we figure out what's wrong.

Alex turns to the computer on her desk and logs in, her fingers rattling at the keyboard as she calls up some programs.

ALEX (cont'd)

I'll run her details through our system, see if she has any medical records on file that I can pull up for reference.

Quinn and Noa exchange a look.

ALEX (cont'd)

What's her last name?

NOA

Lehane. Faith Lehane.

Alex types away again and waits - but as her PC screen flashes up an error message with a grumpy BEEP, she frowns and turns back to Noa.

ALEX

That's spelt 'L-E-H-A-N-E,' right?

NOA

Yeah.

Alex tries again - and gets the error message again. She tries another program and gets the same result, turning back to Noa and Quinn.

ALEX

Well, this is odd - she doesn't appear to be on any of our systems! If she'd spent eight months in a coma like you said, there'd be some record of that which I could access from here.

(beat)

Are you two being perfectly straight with me?

Noa opens her mouth to try and cover her tracks, but is saved by the bell - her cell phone starts to RING.

NOA

Uh, excuse me.

(CONTINUED)

Noa stands and moves to the far side of the office to answer it, leaving Quinn to try a disarming grin against Alex's accusing stare.

NOA (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Yeah?

VI  
(filtered; through phone)  
Noa, it's me. I'm at the Lab, but Pryor won't answer his door, and when I tried to get in it was locked. I could probably break it down, but-

NOA  
No, no, don't worry, I'll take care of it. Just wait there, Jon and I'll be back soon.

VI  
Okay. See ya.

Noa hangs up, tucks the phone back into her pocket, takes a deep breath to compose herself and heads back over to Alex.

ALEX  
Is everything alright?

NOA  
Yes, that was just a friend of ours checking in. Look, about these records-

ALEX  
It's probably just a glitch. The computer system in this place is old and clunky at the best of times - sometimes it's convinced even I don't exist!

QUINN  
(chuckles)  
That can't be good.

ALEX  
It doesn't help in situations like this, that's for sure. I applied for a grant to buy some new equipment, but so far zip. I think the mayor has more pressing concerns than this place.

NOA

Uh, we may have someone who can help as well. With Faith, I mean.

ALEX

Who?

NOA

Our boss, Pryor. He's... well, he's something of a specialist in things that are a little unusual, so if it's okay with you we're gonna head back to our offices and see if we can bring him out here to help.

ALEX

By all means, the more hands on deck we can get with this, the better. I get the feeling I can trust you two to be honest about what you've told me. I wouldn't have this job if I didn't know how to read people.

NOA

So, uh, we'll be back soon, alright?

ALEX

Okay.

Noa heads back for the door, pausing to whisper to Quinn.

QUINN

What's the plan?

NOA

Vi can't get Pryor out of his office.

QUINN

Damn it! Can't he make an exception for something like this?

NOA

He will do.

(serious)

I'm going to make sure he comes out here.

Quinn reacts to Noa's intense look, and off that, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - MORNING.

9

Noa pushes open the swing doors that lead into the team's base of operations, swerving round the piles of paperwork, unsorted experiments and lab work, making a beeline for the closed door to Pryor's office. The blinds are down over his office windows, as always, but it's going to take more than that to deter Noa this time.

Vi is sitting on a stool by the main desk in the room, and she looks up as Noa marches past her.

VI  
Hey, I tried-

NOA  
Pryor!!

Noa POUNDS her fist against the door, and as Vi hops off her stool to head over, Quinn enters the exam room.

VI  
Quinn? What's going on?

QUINN  
Noa's going to try a more direct approach.

NOA  
Pryor Webb, you unlock this damn door right now, or so help me, I'm going to drag over one of those demon carcasses rotting in the morgue trays over there and smash it through your damn window!

There's a beat. Vi and Quinn exchange looks before Quinn steps over, reaching out and laying a hand on Noa's shoulder.

QUINN  
Noa, sweetheart, maybe we should-

She angrily shrugs his hand away and starts pounding her fist on the office door again.

NOA  
Pryor! I am not kidding around!  
(beat)  
We found Faith!

She waits. There is a faint CLICK as the door unlocks, and Noa lets out a breath, satisfied. She turns to Quinn and Vi.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)  
Wait here. I'll handle this.

QUINN  
Are you sure, I mean, if you need-

NOA  
(stern)  
I'll handle this.

Quinn steps back, raising his hands passively, and with her face a mask of determination Noa opens the office door and steps into the darkness beyond, closing it behind her.

VI  
So... now what?

QUINN  
Now, we wait.

Quinn heads back to the exam room table, as we cut to:

10

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

10

The sun may be up in the world outside, but Pryor's office is as dark as always. An anglepoise lamp points at the shutters and his PC screen casts a soft blue glow over half the room.

We can dimly make out Noa as she stands in the middle of the room, arms folded and a cross expression on her face.

NOA  
Well?

We hear a shuffling sound as PRYOR steps half into view, sitting down by his computer. It's too dark to get a good look at him.

PRYOR  
You found her?

NOA  
We found her. She showed up in a fricken insane asylum over in the Upper West Side!

PRYOR  
An asylum? How?

NOA  
How the hell should I know? Last we heard, she'd been sucked into some distant demon dimension called 'The Arena'!

(CONTINUED)

Pryor pauses for a moment in thought, standing and heading for a row of supply cabinets against one wall of the office.

NOA (cont'd)

Well?

PRYOR

'Well' what?

NOA

We need your help, Pryor.  
Something's happened to her,  
she's... it's not a coma, but it's  
something similar. Her whole body's  
locked up, like she's in shock.

PRYOR

I see.

NOA

There's this woman over at the  
asylum who's taking care of her,  
Dr. Salus or something, and-

PRYOR

Dr. Alexandra Salus?

NOA

Yeah, why? You know her?

PRYOR

As a matter of fact, I do, we met  
through a mutual friend many years  
ago.

NOA

Pryor, you don't have any friends.

PRYOR

(chuckles)

I used to. Faith is in good hands  
if Alex is the one running that  
institution, I can't think of  
anybody better.

NOA

(getting angry)

I can - you! Get your ass out of  
this office and help us find a way  
to snap her out of it!

(beat; yells)

Now!!

Pryor turns and stares at her, then looks down at the items  
in his hands that he's just taken from the cabinets. He  
tosses them to Noa, who just manages to catch them.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

What's this?

PRYOR

I'll need a sample of her blood. I can analyse it here and try to get to the bottom of what's wrong with her. I think it's safe to say it won't be a normal condition.

Noa looks down - she's holding a safely wrapped syringe and two blood sample test tubes.

NOA

Okay, I can do that. Do we know of any demons that can leave their victims like this?

PRYOR

Several, but without knowing the specifics of Faith's condition I can't isolate an appropriate cure.

NOA

So you need the blood first. Check.

Noa turns and hurries over to the door, pausing as Pryor calls out to her.

PRYOR

How... how was she?

NOA

(sighs)

In one piece, as far as I could tell.

PRYOR

(nods)

Good. Hurry back with that sample.

Noa nods, opens the door enough to step out and leaves. We stay in the dark for a beat as Pryor sits back down in front of his computer - and we can see enough of him to see him GRIN with relief, before we cut to:

THWACK! Faith rolls sideways back into frame, reeling from the hit she just took. She winces, trying to catch her breath as she sits back up again. She has some fresh cuts and wounds now from her fight with Zolder, but the fire in her eyes still blazes fiercely.

Zolder hasn't had an easy time of the fight - several patches of his armour have been torn away, and the exposed skin underneath is peppered with wounds.

He seethes, shaking with furious anger as he glares down at the recovering Faith.

ZOLDER  
Stay down, human!

FAITH  
(grins)  
When we're havin' so much fun? Not  
a chance.

ZOLDER  
(growls)  
I have killed hundreds of your  
kind, but none of them have defied  
me the way you do!

FAITH  
What's the matter? You're not  
backing out on me, are ya? Still  
plenty to play for yet.

Faith retrieves her axe, now covered with several different shades of blood, as Zolder advances on her again.

ZOLDER  
I will wear your ribs as a necklace  
when I finally snap your spine,  
little girl!

FAITH  
Heard it.

POW! She lands a fast spin kick that staggers Zolder back, and with a shout of unleashed fury, she barrages him with attacks, bouncing the axe off his armour as she kicks and punches furiously, throwing everything she's got at him.

Zolder's too fast for her, though - his hand snaps out and grabs her round the throat, and she struggles against him as he stands, lifting her into the air.

Faith chokes, her fists pounding against Zolder's hand as he grins wickedly at her.

ZOLDER  
No more of this. You have fought  
well, and for that I will not  
defile your body when I have killed  
you.

FAITH  
(with difficulty)  
Don't... do me... any favours!

Zolder chuckles, then his expression darkens as he tightens his grip. Faith's struggles start to fade away as her strength leaves her...

THUNK! Zolder suddenly stiffens, his eyes bulging. He releases Faith and she drops limply to the floor, coughing.

Zolder slowly turns round - Gabriel is there, gasping for breath but grinning defiantly at Zolder, as the huge demon tries to reach round for the spear buried deep into his back.

GABRIEL  
Sorry. I just couldn't let you do that.

Zolder coughs, blood trickling from his lips as he sinks to one knee. Gabriel quickly rushes round to the still coughing Faith.

FAITH  
Told you... to go...

GABRIEL  
Yes, you did. But I'm finding the ability to disobey orders all of a sudden very liberating.

He drapes one of her arms over his shoulders and pulls her to her feet, and as Faith limps alongside him the duo make their way back towards the open gateway. We cut from them to:

Noa is sitting on the bed next to Faith, carefully drawing out a sample of blood from her forearm. Over by the door, Alex stands and watches with Quinn.

ALEX  
I'm not entirely sure how I let you two talk me into this, you know. This is breaking all kinds of laws, but I'll admit, I'm all out of options with this girl.

QUINN  
It's because you trust us. And because you know your security could stop us before we got to the front door.

He offers her a reassuring grin, and she can't help but shake her head and let out a brief laugh.

QUINN (cont'd)

You said you were the best at reading people, right? If we were up to no good, you'd be on to us by now. As it is, you just know we're here to help our friend.

NOA

Done.

She stands, carefully packing away the test tube as Alex heads over to tape down a small gauze pad to Faith's arm.

ALEX

So this friend of yours, what does he do exactly?

NOA

He, uh... well...

QUINN

He's into biology. Very unusual kinds of biology.

ALEX

Huh. What's his name? Am I likely to have heard of him?

NOA

Pryor Webb?

ALEX

(thinks)

Nope, doesn't ring a bell, sorry.

NOA

Oh. Well, we'd better get going with this, you know, sooner we get it back to him...

ALEX

The sooner he can help, I get it. My neurologist got delayed so he won't be here until the morning. If you two can figure this out before then, you'll earn my undying respect and admiration.

QUINN

We'll settle for just getting our friend back.

Noa passes Quinn on her way out, and he nods to Alex as he follows her. Alex turns back to Faith.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

ALEX

Whoever you are, Faith, those are  
some dedicated friends you have  
there. You're a lucky girl.

Alex pauses, as though imagining Faith's answer, then turns  
and walks out of the room. As she closes the door, we cut to:

13 INT. THE ARENA - TUNNELS - DAY.

13

Gabriel and Faith hurry through the open gates, leaving the  
carnage of the Arena behind them. The cells lining the tunnel  
walls are empty, and all the guards are busy outside, so the  
duo make rapid progress.

They tunnel ends in three choices of passageway, two hitting  
flights of stairs leading up and down, and a third to a pair  
of heavy brass doors.

GABRIEL

Any preference?

FAITH

(points)

Stairs. Up.

VOICE (O.S.)

There they are!

The duo spin round to see a group of pig-faced demon GUARDS  
have appeared in the entrance to the tunnel, armed to the  
teeth and heading their way.

GABRIEL

Time to go!

He hurries towards the left hand path, Faith taking her arm  
back and managing to run under her own steam at last. They  
race up the staircase, and into:

14 INT. THE ARENA - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS.

14

The stairs lead up onto a floor full of the marble and stone  
architecture that filled Wirth's chambers, the upper levels  
of the coliseum obviously designed for the comfort of high-  
ranking guests.

Gabriel heads for a nearby wooden door but it's locked, and  
Faith races to the next as they hear the guards clattering up  
the stairs beneath them.

Third time lucky for Gabe, as he opens his next door and  
waves Faith over. She ducks inside and closes the door, just  
as the guards make it to their floor.

(CONTINUED)

The group split up, two carrying on up the stairs as two head down the corridor towards us in pursuit.

Listening at the door, Faith tenses up as she hears the guards hurry past, but as the sound of their footsteps fades away, she breathes out at last and takes a look around.

They're in some kind of plush waiting room, with reclining chairs and buffet tables, and two windows carved out of the stone wall with a commanding view of the coliseum floor below. Gabriel stands at one of the windows, carefully peering out.

GABRIEL

Looks like things are staying at  
Def Con One down there, I don't  
think they'll be able to send too  
many guards after us any time soon.

Faith flops down on one of the chairs, trying to catch a moment of peace as Gabriel wanders over to the buffet. It's well stocked with fruit and cold cuts of meat, and he runs his fingers experimentally over a selection of treats.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

You know, all the time I've been  
here, I've never... I mean, I've  
always wondered what it would be  
like. You know?

FAITH

(weary)

No, Gabe, I don't. What what would  
be like?

Gabriel chooses an apple and takes a bite, grinning broadly.

GABRIEL

Living.

He turns to Faith, crunching his way through the apple as his other hand reaches for more food.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

I've been around a long time in one  
form or another, but in all the  
contact I've had with humans,  
demons or anything else, I've never  
really had a chance to feel what  
they feel. Touch, taste, smell...  
all the simple things.

FAITH

Hey, I'm all for that, but maybe  
you can save this until after we  
escape?

Gabriel pauses, nods, takes a final bite of the apple then  
puts it down.

GABRIEL

You're right. There's just one more  
thing, though.

FAITH

Look, Gabe, I'm tired, I just got  
my ass kicked and I'm not in the  
mood to-

Gabriel takes one step towards her, grabs her and KISSES her.

Faith blinks, hesitating - then closes her eyes and kisses  
back. Gabriel is the first to break away, his eyes closed and  
a wistful smile playing across his face.

GABRIEL

Sorry.

FAITH

(smirks)  
That's okay.

GABRIEL

I just... I just wanted to do that.

FAITH

That's okay too.

GABRIEL

I think we'd better get out of here  
now before I think of some more  
things I want to do.

FAITH

I think that's probably a good  
idea.

He heads over to the door, opens it a fraction to peer out,  
then nods back to her and steps outside.

Faith takes a beat to gather her thoughts - and with a  
lopsided smile stuck on her features, she follows him out as  
we cut back to:

16

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

16

Pryor is peering into a microscope as he examines the blood sample, a small lamp giving him just enough light to see what he's doing. Noa stands nearby, waiting.

PRYOR

Well, this isn't anything I've seen before.

NOA

(despairing)

Oh, great...

PRYOR

(looks up)

But that doesn't mean I don't know what it is.

Noa smiles hopefully as Pryor steps over to his computer, typing quickly into it. His printer starts to roll out a map which he grabs and passes to Noa.

NOA

What's this? I'm not as good at seeing in the dark as you are.

PRYOR

Oh, sorry. It's a map of likely spots to find the demon you'll need.

NOA

(blinks)

Okay, I'm sensing there's a first half to this plan that you've neglected to tell me.

PRYOR

(rubs eyes)

Sorry again. I'm getting too used to only having myself around.

NOA

Pryor...

PRYOR

Faith's body is under the effect of some kind of spell. It's my guess that it's related to however she was transported back to our dimension, but we can work that part out later. The important thing is that in order to revive her, we're going to need a blood sample from a krodd demon.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

(off map)

And this is where we can find some, right?

PRYOR

Krodd demons feed off ambient human energy, they like to gather in places where lots of people congregate, especially if those people are engaged in some kind of physical activity.

NOA

Such as?

PRYOR

The first location on that map is Madison Square Garden. I think there's something on there tonight.

NOA

There's something on there most nights! So are we looking high or low for these things?

PRYOR

Low. Basements, somewhere warm, so try the heating and maintenance areas first. They're not particularly hostile, but they're not going to like having a needle stuck into them too much, so take some backup.

NOA

So that's Jon and Vi, then.

PRYOR

Get the blood back to me quick as you can so I can make you an antidote for Faith. The blood will spoil if I don't get it within an hour.

Noa nods and heads for the door, pausing to grab another pair of syringes from the open cabinet on her way out.

NOA

I'll be back before you get chance to miss me.

PRYOR

Be careful.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Hey, it's me, remember?

She smirks as she leaves the office.

PRYOR

Yes, I remember... that's why I  
said it.

Pryor turns back to his computer as we cut back to:

INT. THE ARENA - CHAMBERS - DAY.

Faith peers round a corner as the duo step into a large, curved-ceilinged chamber with frescoes of battle scenes painted across the walls.

They come to a T-junction, but Faith hears guards on patrol nearby and ducks back out of sight. Looking cautiously round again, she sees that the right-hand path opens out into a larger room circled by marble arch pillars, with a series of stone discs mounted across the floor, covered in runes.

FAITH

Is that likely to be those portal  
things we're after?

GABRIEL

Could be. Looks like a Roman Empire  
version of the 'Star Trek'  
transporter pads.

FAITH

You watch 'Star Trek'?

GABRIEL

When you've been around as long as  
I have, you pick things up from  
each generation.

Faith manages a grin before going back to checking that the coast is clear. She motions for Gabe to follow her, and the duo pace quietly out towards the next chamber. But they haven't got very far when they hear:

VOICE (O.S.)

Stop them!

They spin round - more demon guards are on their way. Faith sighs and puts up her dukes, ready to fight her way out of here, and as the guards close in, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY. 18

We're looking down a nondescript basement passageway, before a loud CLICK is followed by one of the fire exit doors opening, and Quinn leaning his head through.

QUINN

All clear.

He steps through, followed by Noa and Vi. All three of them are armed, ready for the inevitable fight as Quinn starts walking, eyes peeled for the demons.

VI

Do we have any idea where to find these things?

NOA

Pryor said they'd make their nest somewhere warm.

Quinn reaches up and presses a hand against one of the heating pipes running overhead.

QUINN

So let's follow the heat.

He picks up the pace, and with Noa glancing behind them in case anybody spots them, we leave the trio and cut to:

19 INT. THE ARENA - CHAMBERS - DAY. 19

Faith and Gabriel are fighting furiously against the guards, but as more start to spill in to the chamber from all directions, the duo are gradually forced towards the back wall. They've liberated weapons from the fallen guards, but they're in danger of being surrounded.

One of the stone disks near Faith starts to GLOW, and she takes a wary step back from it as a tall column of WHITE LIGHT materialises on top of it.

FAITH

Gabe! More company!

Gabriel KICKS an attacking guard in the gut and KNEES it in the face, turning to see what's arriving on the disk.

The column of light starts to solidify, taking a humanoid shape and quickly forming into a thin, black-clothed figure, a long red bandana covering its features and two triangular daggers in each hand.

(CONTINUED)

The guards start to back away from this newcomer, as it turns and fixes its decidedly demonic red eyes on Faith.

GABRIEL

Uh...

FAITH

Go!!

She turns and races towards him as the figure steps down from the disk, extending its arms - all four of them!

As more disks start to light up, Faith and Gabriel round a corner and disappear from view, before we cut back to:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - BASEMENT - ROOM - DAY.

We're looking into a large, dark room, filled with the noise of the heating units working to keep the arena overhead at a suitable temperature.

Almost hidden in one corner is a large mass of what looks like a pile of rubbish, but on closer examination seems to be a carefully constructed nest made out of whatever the creatures living inside could find.

Quinn, Noa and Vi pace carefully into frame, their eyes fixed on the makeshift home up ahead.

QUINN

(quietly)

Think that's what we're looking for?

VI

Could be. Noa, you got the syringe?

NOA

(holds it up)

Ready.

VI

Okay, here's what we'll do. I'll go right up and knock on the front door, try to drive some of them out, while Quinn, you circle round the back in case any try to make an escape. Noa, you wait for a clear shot then jab the nearest one while me and Quinn keep the others busy.

NOA

Why don't we just all go in together, grab one and jab him instead?

VI

(beat)

We could do that too, I guess...

QUINN

Girls! The plan is less important than the execution. Quinn's Law, rule thirty-eight.

Quinn steps up to the nest first and reaches out towards it, sword in hand. He's almost touched it when:

NOA

Uh, Jon?

He jumps, startled, and whirls round angrily to face her.

QUINN

(hisses)

What?

Noa, wide-eyed, points over her shoulder - and Quinn looks up to see six of the tall, hairy KRODD DEMONS are standing behind them.

QUINN (cont'd)

Oh.

Vi raises her sword, already defensive, as the demons SNARL, their wolf-like features filled with sharp teeth which they bare at the intruders.

QUINN (cont'd)

I thought Pryor said these things 'weren't particularly hostile'?

NOA

Since when has Pryor always been right?

QUINN

(beat)

Good point.

The demons ROAR as they charge in to attack, and as the trio get swamped by the wave of ferocious demons, we cut to:

Faith and Gabriel sprint along a curved hallway that overlooks the coliseum floor, one of the spectator stands spreading out from just below the window, still full of rioting demons.

21 CONTINUED:

21

She throws a glance over her shoulder - several of the black-clad humanoids are scampering after them, some scuttling spider-like along the walls and ceiling, and closing fast.

GABRIEL

(points)

Go left!

Faith ducks down a side passage, and Gabriel is close behind.

22 INT. THE ARENA - NARROW PASSAGE - CONTINUOUS.

22

The passageway ends in a single door, which Faith throws open, hurrying Gabriel towards her.

FAITH

C'mon, Gabe!

He dives through the door, one of the spider-like demons right on his tail, and as it LUNGES away from the wall towards him, Faith SLAMS the door into its face with a shout.

The demon hits the deck, stunned, and Faith quickly closes the door before it can recover.

23 INT. THE ARENA - SMALL ROOM - CONTINUOUS.

23

Faith sees a wooden beam that she uses to bar the door, then she looks round and spots a large wooden cabinet a few feet away that she starts to push against the door. The door starts to rattle as the creatures outside try to pound their way in, but she manages to shove the cabinet in place before they can break through.

She steps back, breathless, grinning as she sees her makeshift barricade hold fast against the assault.

FAITH

(turns round)

Okay, we need a new-

She freezes. Her face drops. The room they're in is only the size of a bedroom, and has no exits or windows. The only light comes from a skylight, which is roughly thirty feet above them at the top of a completely smooth shaft.

Gabriel is also panting for breath, but as he starts looking round the room, which only contains a few storage shelves and alcoves filled with food inside, Faith flops down onto the floor, exhausted.

GABRIEL

There's got to be something...  
something we can use to get up  
there and out through that  
skylight, maybe we can-

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
(shakes head)  
It's over, Gabriel.

GABRIEL  
What? No! How can you say that?

FAITH  
Believe me, I've been in enough no-win situations to spot one when it comes along. We're screwed.

GABRIEL  
So what, you're just gonna give up?

FAITH  
What? No! 'Course not. I'm gonna sit here and get my energy back, so when those fricken spider monkey things out there finally break that door down, I can take some of 'em out before I go down.

Gabriel glares down at her, crouching down before her.

GABRIEL  
Didn't I teach you anything?

FAITH  
What's your point? Unless you plan on figuring out a way to get us out of here that doesn't involve going out through that door, I think it's pretty safe to say this is where it ends.  
(looks round)  
I'd say it's not what I had in mind, but I guess you can't be too choosy.

GABRIEL  
Faith, you've come too far to give up now. There's always another way.

FAITH  
Can you fly?

GABRIEL  
What?

FAITH  
Serious question. Can you fly?  
'Cause if so, just Superman us both up through that skylight, problem solved.

Gabriel lowers his head, and Faith nods.

FAITH (cont'd)

Exactly.

She reaches out a hand and lays it on his shoulder as the pounding at the door intensifies. The creatures outside won't take long to break in.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hey, it could be worse. There are plenty of crappier ways to go out.

GABRIEL

You're not 'going out.'

FAITH

Hey, full marks for optimism, but I don't-

Gabriel looks up, his expression deadly serious, and that stops Faith mid-sentence. He seems almost apologetic as he speaks.

GABRIEL

There's a way out.

Faith frowns, not knowing what he could mean, as we cut to:

The team have their hands full with the demons - Quinn scraps with one but it TACKLES him to the ground and bounds away, disappearing out through the door.

Vi lands two good hits on the krodd before her, but it JUMPS up and over her head with a neat somersault, SHOVING her to the floor before she can react.

Noa looks up - the last demon in the room is making a beeline straight for her, and she's standing between it and the exit.

QUINN

Noa, look out!

Noa stands her ground - and the snarling demon BARGES straight into her. They both go down, the krodd scrabbling to get away as Noa fights back, but it's bigger and tougher than she is, and is soon up and on its feet, scampering away.

Looking like the part of the fight we missed didn't go too well either, Quinn and Vi head over to help her up.

QUINN (cont'd)

Sorry, Noa, guess we'd better try-

NOA

Oh, ye of little faith.

She looks up with a smile - and lifts a syringe, full of dark blue demon's blood.

VI

How did you-

NOA

What, you think you two are the only ones who know how to fight?

Quinn LAUGHS as he reaches out a hand to pull her up, and the trio turn and head for the door.

QUINN

So have we got time to see what's on upstairs?

Noa shoots him a stern look before they step through the door, and we cut back to:

Faith stands and Gabriel straightens out. She eyes him warily, trying to work out what he could mean.

FAITH

What 'way out'? Gabe, you've got that look you only get when-

GABRIEL

It's not a way we can both take.

FAITH

(shakes head)

No.

GABRIEL

Faith, it's the only option here.

FAITH

No! I'm not leaving you here!

GABRIEL

(beat)

You won't be.

FAITH

(quietly)

What?

GABRIEL

It's complicated, it's part of what I was programmed to do, I'm not-

FAITH  
'Programmed'?

GABRIEL  
(sighs)  
Look, it's not easy to explain and  
I don't have the time to try. You  
just have to trust me.

Faith stares at him for a beat - then with a SMASH, a panel of the cabinet is punched through by the demons outside.

GABRIEL (cont'd)  
It won't be long before they get in  
here, and when that happens I want  
you to be long gone.

FAITH  
But... how?

GABRIEL  
Trust me. And stand back. This is  
the kind of trick I can only do  
once, so it doesn't come with any  
guarantees.

Another part of the cabinet is SMASHED away, and Faith turns round. The demons outside are clustered round the door, shouting and yelling in a variety of arcane languages.

She turns back to Gabriel to speak, but stops when she sees him standing perfectly still, with his head raised and his eyes closed.

FAITH  
Gabe?

A sudden BEAM OF LIGHT shines down on him, and Faith recoils, throwing up her hands to shield her eyes.

The cabinet against the door finally gives way, SHOVED aside as two of the pig-faced guards crash headfirst into the room.

The demons in the doorway also reel back from the dazzling light, but Faith manages to look round at Gabriel.

A fizzing bubble of yellow energy is starting to form in the centre of his body, and as she watches it starts to increase in size, gradually enveloping him.

Gabriel opens his eyes and looks across at her, smiling wistfully.

GABRIEL  
Sorry this is how we had to say  
goodbye.

(CONTINUED)

Faith doesn't know what the heck is going on - and in the next instant, Gabriel's body DISINTEGRATES, the ball of crackling energy filling the space where he stood.

The beam of light vanishes, leaving the ball of energy as a circular opening starts to form in its centre, quickly widening to human size. Faith's eyes widen as she realises what this is - a portal!

She turns round to see a new demon arrive in the doorway - tall and cloaked, with dark skin covered with jagged lines of neon green blood. It raises a staff at her as she turns back to the portal.

In slow motion, she steps back and then starts a run up, launching herself forward as a BOLT of yellow energy fires out from the demon's staff, heading right for her.

Faith flies head first through the portal, her feet just disappearing from view as the bolt of energy HITS the portal, which promptly EXPLODES into a blaze of dazzling sparks.

The demons and guards are floored by the energy released from the blast, which blows a huge chunk out of the room's wall, exposing the Arena outside.

In a FLASH of white light, we quickly cut to:

Faith falls through the maelstrom of the portal, her body arching with pain as she's zapped by bolts of energy coursing all around her, SCREAMING as she tries to control her fall.

A deafening noise starts to build, a wave of sheer white noise, and Faith presses her hands to her ears and YELLS to try and block it out, before with another FLASH, we cut to:

We're inside the room where Faith was found, but this time it's empty. Through the window high up in the south wall, we can see the electrical storm raging outside.

A bolt of LIGHTNING flashes right outside the window, and it's followed immediately by a BLAST of white light - and Faith's body drops out of thin air, landing on the floor with a THUD.

Her chest heaves as she gasps for breath, quickly pushing herself up and pulling her legs close to her chest in the same pose we've seen her in so far.

Shivering, her hands wrap round her legs to pull them closer to her, and as her breathing starts to slow, her head drops forward. In moments, she's entered the catatonic state she was found in.

We pull away from her as she sits, perfectly still, the storm still waging bloody murder outside, until there is another FLASH of lightning, and we cut to:

We're in the same room, but Faith is sitting up on the bed as Noa sits by her side, injecting a faintly glowing blue fluid into her arm.

Quinn and Vi look on, the door to the room open and Todd the orderly standing just outside. He turns and taps Quinn on the shoulder, looking worried.

TODD

She's coming.

QUINN

Crap. Alright, Todd, get out of here. We'll handle this.

Todd nods and makes his exit - and moments later, Alex walks into the room.

ALEX

What's going on? How did you three get in here?

Alex's gaze falls on Faith and Noa, and more specifically the needle going into Faith's arm.

ALEX (cont'd)

What the hell are you doing? What's in that syringe?

QUINN

(stalling)

It's a, uh...

VI

It's like an adrenaline shot.

QUINN

Yeah, it's an experimental formula, you know, made from...

VI

Experimental stuff.

QUINN

According to our friend, the guy with the degree in biology and who should know all about this kind of stuff, once it gets into her system it'll gradually bring her body back online, so we should see a rapid improvement in her condition.

Alex doesn't look convinced, and walks over to Noa as she draws the needle back out of Faith's arm.

ALEX

Look, I've let you three get away with a lot more than it's worth my license to so far, but I'm not letting this girl out of my sight until you tell me exactly what you just injected her with.

Noa looks up at Faith, waiting for a reaction, then turns to Alex with a downcast look in her eyes.

NOA

It's a long story, and I promise I'll explain everything, but first you've got to tr-

Faith's hand suddenly SNAPS out and grabs hold of Noa's wrist, and as Noa GASPS and reels back, we quickly:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NIGHT. 29

Back on scene as a shocked Noa looks down at Faith's hand grabbing her wrist, then up at the otherwise unresponsive Faith.

QUINN  
(alarmed)  
Noa!

Faith's eyes begin to GLOW a faint blue, and as Noa's begin to do the same, we OVERLAP and cut to:

30 INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT. 30

Pryor reaches across and takes a beaker of the same blue fluid we saw Noa injecting into Faith, taking a syringe and carefully drawing out a full shot of the stuff.

He turns and hands it to Noa, who is standing closer than ever to him - but as she tries to sneak a closer look at Pryor, he ducks back into the shadows.

NOA  
So will this do it?

PRYOR  
It should work. Inject the full dose of that into Faith, and if it's the right formula, you'll see a sudden and rapid improvement.

NOA  
What if it isn't the right formula?

PRYOR  
(beat)  
Nothing will happen.

Noa nods and heads back to the door.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
One last thing.

She pauses, one hand on the door handle as she turns round.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
It's just a warning. There may be some... unexpected side effects.

NOA  
Like what?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Well, I don't know, do I? That's why they're called 'unexpected.'

NOA

(wearily)

Yeah, big help, Pryor. I'm sure I can handle it.

She leaves the office, and we SMASH CUT back to:

31

INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NIGHT.

31

Faith and Noa's eyes are GLOWING brightly now, and a shocked Alex backs away.

ALEX

What the...

Quinn rushes over, but he's only halfway across when Noa and Faith are suddenly covered by a bright blue LIGHT, and we quickly FLASH CUT to:

32

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT.

32

In another place and another time, BUFFY and Faith walk down an alley - and a hand reaches out and grasps Buffy's shoulder. She GRABS her assailant and throws him against the wall by Faith. She stops. Eyes wide.

BUFFY

(urgent)

Faith, wait!

Too late. Faith STAKES the guy, right in the chest. She steps aside. Light from a street lamp illuminates the assailant's face. It's not a vampire.

It's the Deputy Mayor.

Bleeding. He looks in terror at the girls. Blood runs over his hand, out the corner of his mouth.

FAITH

I didn't know... I didn't know...

The stake drops from Faith's hand, and we FLASH CUT to:

33

INT. FAITH'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY.

33

Buffy and Faith stand before one another.

BUFFY

Faith. You don't get it. You killed a man.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
No, you don't get it.  
(shrugs)  
I don't care.

From Buffy's shocked expression, we FLASH CUT to:

INT. RATTY APARTMENT - DAY.

Faith stands before SKYLER, a demon low life, flicking through a large leather book in her hands.

SKYLER  
Now the five grand is, you know,  
negotiable.

FAITH  
I don't like to haggle.

She STABS him, plunging a huge knife into his chest, one thrust, a clean kill, and we FLASH CUT to:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT.

Faith sits behind the desk of MAYOR WILKINS III, who stands just by her side and hands her a large gift-wrapped present. She opens the box, wide-eyed with glee.

MAYOR  
There. That look on your face is  
my reward.

Faith removes an exquisitely carved HUNTING KNIFE, and as she turns it over, examining it, we FLASH CUT to:

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A fight in progress. Two girls cuffed together, hampered by the restriction but also using it. Buffy is now getting the upper hand, gets Faith pinned. Faith is starting to get a little raggedy.

FAITH  
Man, I'm gonna miss this...

Buffy whips her hand free and buries the same hunting knife we just saw in Faith's stomach.

To the hilt.

Faith goes wide-eyed, a tiny stream of blood burbling from her mouth. Buffy wrenches the blade free and Faith clutches her stomach. She sags...

FAITH (cont'd)  
You did it... You killed me.

36 CONTINUED:

36

She pitches backwards, slowly, ever so gracefully, off the roof, and as she drops out of sight, we FLASH CUT to:

37 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT 37

Close-up of Faith as she GASPS a startled deep intake of air and her eyes snap open. Faith is awake. FLASH CUT to:

38 INT. RAILWAY CAR - AFTERNOON 38

Faith sits huddled in the corner of a slatted train car, the waning sun striping her. She stares into the distance, unmoving. FLASH CUT to:

39 INT. DOWNTOWN LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT. 39

Faith turns round to face a gagged and bound WESLEY, holding a very long SHARD OF GLASS.

FAITH  
We'll switch to Sharp for awhile.

Off Wesley's wide-eyed look of horror, we FLASH CUT to:

40 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT 40

ANGEL turns as Faith HITS him in the face, then KNEES him.

FAITH  
You hear me? You don't know what  
evil is!

She KICKS him in the face. Angel staggers.

FAITH (cont'd)  
I'm bad!

Faith kicks Angel again, and we FLASH CUT to:

41 INT. LA POLICE PRECINCT - NIGHT. 41

Faith steps before KATE LOCKLEY, her hands cuffed.

FAITH  
I'd like to make a confession.

Another FLASH CUT takes us to:

42 EXT. FRANCE - CITY STREET - NIGHT. 42

Pacing back and forth on a rain-soaked street, obviously torn between two impossible choices, Faith tries to think of what to do next. She has a cell phone pressed to her ear.

(CONTINUED)

CULTIST #1  
(filtered; through phone)  
Well? What is your answer?

Faith closes her eyes - and when she opens them, a TEAR runs down her cheek. Vi stands close by, watching her.

VI  
Faith?

Faith doesn't look up at Vi - and then she snaps the cell phone shut. A final FLASH CUT brings us back to:

INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NIGHT.

POW! Noa is knocked backwards through the air away from Faith, collecting Quinn and knocking them both to the floor.

Faith GASPS as life suddenly bursts back into her body, scrambling backwards and pressing herself against the wall, her face fixed in terror.

ALEX  
Noa!

She goes to her side and helps Noa and Quinn back to their feet as Vi steps cautiously towards Faith.

VI  
Faith? Are you... can you hear me?

Through Faith's eyes, everything is foggy, blurred, and Vi's voice sounds muffled and distant as the young Slayer leans forward into frame.

VI (cont'd)  
(muffled)  
Faith? It's me! It's Vi!

Back on scene as a shivering Faith snaps her head up and around, trying to get her bearings.

FAITH  
(croaky)  
Where... where am I?

VI  
You're safe. You're back in New York, you're safe, it's all okay.

Faith looks round, sees Alex and Quinn staring back at her, their faces a mixture of concern and relief, then her gaze falls on Noa, who stares wide-eyed back at her, her mind reeling from what she just saw.

Faith continues to breath rapidly, shaking, as we slowly DISSOLVE away to:

INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - LATER.

Faith lies in the bed, asleep. She's changed into a set of plain pyjamas and looks peaceful for the first time since her return, the bedclothes lying loosely around her.

Her eyes flicker open as the door to her room opens, letting light from the corridor outside spill in, and she sits up in bed as Noa steps into the room. Noa glances over her shoulder before carefully pulling the door closed.

Faith grins, dragging her fingers through her tangled hair and grimacing.

FAITH

I'm not makin' any promises for how  
I smell, God only knows how long I-

NOA

Faith, I...

Faith registers Noa's serious expression, and her own smile fades. Noa stays over by the door, looking awkward. Her eyes are red, as though she's spent a long time crying.

FAITH

What is it? I'd like to think you  
guys are glad to have me back,  
but...

(beat)

What's wrong?

NOA

I saw it, Faith.

FAITH

Saw what?

NOA

(beat)

Everything.

Faith stares at her for a beat, puzzled, then stands out of the bed, taking a step closer to Noa. Noa shrinks away, and Faith looks even more confused.

FAITH

Noa, what the hell is going on?

NOA

When I injected you with that  
antidote, the one that woke you up,  
you...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)  
You touched me before you came  
round, and when you did, I saw...

Noa sighs and sits down on the one chair in the room, next to a small, plain chest of drawers. Noa rests her forehead on her hand, and Faith sits back down on her bed, concerned.

NOA (cont'd)  
I don't know how it happened, Pryor  
warned me about the side effects,  
but I didn't think-

FAITH  
Pryor? How is he?

NOA  
He hasn't left his office for over  
three months. You know, because of  
the...

Noa mimes the scars Pryor wears on his cheeks, and Faith nods solemnly.

NOA (cont'd)  
That's not what's important right  
now. Faith... why didn't you tell  
me?

FAITH  
Tell you what?

NOA  
About the murders?

Faith is stunned. Her mouth hangs open, trying to find a way to answer her.

FAITH  
I- I didn't... how-

NOA  
I mean, I can understand why you  
wouldn't want to tell us about  
something like that the first time  
we met and all, but we've known  
each other a year now. We've saved  
each other's lives I don't know how  
many times, and I... I trusted you.  
I trusted you with my life. I tell  
you everything about me. You know  
about my mom, my family, all of  
that stuff. Pryor doesn't know. Jon  
doesn't even know about that. And  
then you... you keep that from me?

Faith hangs her head as Noa stands, pacing up and down the room. Noa starts to get more worked up.

NOA (cont'd)

Did you think I wouldn't understand? Do you think so little of me that you don't trust me enough to tell me what you were running from? Why you came to New York in the first place? What happened to that Robin guy in France?

FAITH

(quietly)

It's not that simple.

NOA

Yes, it is! You... you killed people!

FAITH

(long beat; nods)

Yeah.

NOA

And... and you escaped from prison? You didn't even do your time for what you did?

FAITH

This is gonna sound pretty lame, but... I had to save the world.

NOA

Oh, and I suppose that makes it all go away, doesn't it?

FAITH

(serious)

Noa, listen to me - I'm always paying for what I did, I know it won't ever go away! I just try to-

NOA

(cold)

Try to cover your tracks by lying to your friends?

Faith sags back again, knowing she won't get through to Noa just yet.

NOA (cont'd)

That you thought you could deceive the people who relied on you, cared for you, risked their own lives for yours, day in, day out?

Noa sits down on the chair again, close to tears.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Noa, you gotta understand what it's like for me! I know there's no way I can pay anybody back for what I did, I know that all I can do is keep trying every night to make a difference, spend what's left of my life putting some good back into the world after all the life I took out of it, but...

She trails off, putting her head in her hands.

NOA

(tearful)

Why didn't you tell me?

Faith looks up, and sees tears rolling down Noa's cheeks.

NOA (cont'd)

You're my best friend, Faith. I may not be yours, but you're the person I look up to in this world. I've spent every night since you went trying to find you again, and now that you're back...

Noa almost breaks down, but manages to choke back the tears so she can speak again.

NOA (cont'd)

Now that you're back... I don't think I can ever see you again.

The colour drains from Faith's face as Noa stands, wiping her eyes and sniffing.

NOA (cont'd)

The things you did... the people you hurt, the lives you took... I'm not saying I would have been able to get my head round it all at once, but I'd have tried. I've seen all the good you've done since you get here, but somehow... somehow none of that means anything right now.

(beat)

I don't know who you are any more.

Noa turns and heads for the door, leaving an ashen Faith with her head bowed. Noa pauses in the doorway.

NOA (cont'd)

I'm not gonna tell them.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
(looks up)  
Who?

NOA  
The others, Pryor, Jon and Vi. It's  
not up to me to tell them. You have  
to do it.

FAITH  
I... I don't think I can. Not yet.

NOA  
Then we don't have anything else to  
say.

Fighting back a fresh wave of emotion, Noa quickly turns and  
leaves, her running footsteps echoing down the corridor.

45 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

45

Bursting into tears at last, Noa runs on and turns a corner,  
coming to a stop and falling back against the wall, sinking  
to the floor as she SOBS.

46 INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NIGHT.

46

We push in on Faith as the emotions build inside her. She  
presses her hands to the side of her head and squeezes her  
eyes shut, her face turning red as she tries to keep the  
anger inside of her...

And then, with a ROAR of pure rage, she turns and SLAMS her  
fist into the wall.

And HOWLS in pain, falling on her side and clutching her  
wounded hand. She curls up, shaking - then her eyes flick  
open. That shouldn't have hurt her as much as it did.

Faith examines her hand - her knuckles are raw, the skin  
split and bleeding. A blow like that shouldn't have caused  
this much damage to her.

Faith stands, suddenly uncertain, her head spinning as she  
clutches her hand to her chest.

She suddenly reaches out and grabs the edge of her metal-  
framed bed, straining as she tries to lift it.

She gets the heavy frame an inch or so off the ground, but no  
more. She releases it and it SLAMS back onto the floor. That  
should have been an easy lift for her.

Faith staggers backwards and holds up her hands, turning them  
round as she stares at them.

(CONTINUED)

She looks up, her expression one of absolute confusion.

FAITH

What's happened to me?

She looks back down at her hands, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**