

**FAITH**

"Home Truths"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - NIGHT. 1

A clean, plainly furnished room, much more comfortable than the one that FAITH made her reappearance in, the girl herself wrapped up tightly in bed as rain patters against the windows.

A sports bag sits at the foot of the bed with a few clothes sticking out of the top.

Faith is moving fitfully, not looking like she's sleeping too well, and after a few beats of tossing and turning she gives up, throwing the covers back with a resigned HUFF. She sits up in the bed, rubbing her eyes, and looks towards the door.

Push in on the door as we start to hear noises filtering in from outside - raised voices, shouts and moans - and as we push through the door, we cut to:

2 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT. 2

Out in the corridor itself, Faith's room is in a quieter block of the Asylum, sectioned off from the wards that hold the residents but not from the noises they're making. Chairs are SCRAPED across floors, doors RATTLE and human voices WAIL painfully, echoing round this part of the complex.

ALEX walks into frame, looking like she's not had much luck getting to sleep either as she pulls on her white coat, the orderly TODD by her side.

TODD

Sorry to wake you up, Doc.

ALEX

That's okay, Todd, sounds like you had a good reason for it. When did all this start?

TODD

About an hour ago. It was just a few of them in 'E' wing at first, but it's spreading to the whole building as far as we can tell.

Another pair of orderlies walk into frame, standing to attention by Alex.

ALEX

(to orderlies)

You two, go and see what you can do to quieten them down.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (cont'd)  
I'm sure I don't need to tell you  
to not use force, there's probably  
just a few spooked residents  
setting the others off.

ORDERLY #1  
We're on it.

They leave, and Alex turns back to Todd as the door to  
Faith's room opens and she steps out, pulling a shirt on.

FAITH  
What's going on?

Alex nods to Todd, who walks off back towards the main part  
of the building, and Alex then heads over to Faith, tying her  
hair up in a loose bun.

ALEX  
Nothing you need to worry about.  
The natives are restless tonight,  
that's all.

FAITH  
What's got into them?

ALEX  
Honestly? I know about as much as  
you do. I was fast asleep until  
Todd just woke me to bring me over  
here.

Alex starts to head back into the main wing, and Faith tags  
along, yawning.

FAITH  
Does this kind of thing happen a  
lot?

ALEX  
Sometimes. One has a bad dream and  
makes some noise about it, two more  
copy him, a few more get scared by  
that and make some noise of their  
own... it's a real domino effect,  
unfortunately. Once we quieten down  
the ringleaders, the rest will  
settle down all by themselves.

FAITH  
Right. Anything I can do?

ALEX  
'Do'?

FAITH  
To help, I mean.

Alex ponders this for a second.

FAITH (cont'd)

I'm feelin' like a real fifth wheel round here, Alex. I mean, it's cool of you to let me stay here while we wait for those test results and everything, but-

ALEX

But you'd rather be doing something instead of just sleeping here.

(beat)

Are you sure you don't just want to go back home? Your friend Noa said she'd kept your apartment in perfect condition for you, so...

FAITH

Soon. Just not right now. It'd feel too weird going back there after all that's happened. Things are kinda... complicated.

ALEX

I see. Well, you know you can stay here as long as you need to. We've got plenty of room.

FAITH

You got plenty of trouble, too, by the looks of it.

Faith motions to something off screen, and Alex turns to see two of her orderlies grappling with one of the RESIDENTS. Alex hurries over, and Faith follows.

The resident is SCREAMING in a blind panic, arms flailing despite the orderly's attempts to restrain him.

RESIDENT

It's opening! The eye is opening!  
It's looking in on us all! We'll  
all be judged for our sins!

His swinging arm catches one of them across the chin, and he staggers backwards, stunned.

The resident slips free and charges off down the corridor, barreling towards Alex and Faith.

Alex tries to dodge but is too slow, and the resident BARGES into her, knocking her to the ground.

FAITH

You okay?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I'm fine, I'm fine...

Faith looks back round to the escaping resident and quickly takes off in pursuit.

She catches up to him in a matter of seconds, and despite the resident being taller and heavier than she is, she manages to TACKLE him neatly to the ground, holding him down without hurting him as Todd rushes into frame.

TODD

Woah! Nice move.

FAITH

Yeah, congratulate me later, okay?  
Take care of this guy first.

Todd kneels down and injects the resident with a quick dose of sedative, and his struggles calm down in moments. Faith stands as Todd heaves the groggy resident to his feet, walking him back towards his room.

Alex passes Todd as she makes her way over to Faith, looking impressed by what she saw.

ALEX

Good job.

FAITH

No big deal. I just didn't want to see him hurt himself, ya know?

ALEX

Yeah... so are you still looking for something to do?

FAITH

You got an offer?

ALEX

Based on what I just saw? Yeah, I think I have.

She smiles, and from Faith's hopeful grin, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. ASYLUM - ALEX'S ROOM - NIGHT.

3

Alex's on site bedroom is a warmly decorated room painted in neutral, earthy colours and filled with rugs, big squashy cushions and candle holders.

Faith sits on one of the large cushions, looking around the room as Alex walks over with a cup of coffee in each hand. She passes one to Faith and pulls up an old wicker chair.

FAITH

This place is pretty...

ALEX

Cosy?

FAITH

I was going for 'brown.'

ALEX

(chuckles)

Yeah, blame my mother for that. I don't think the Seventies ever really ended for her, so she passed down pretty much every piece of furniture in here to me. Said if I was going to be doing the things I do every day, I needed a little oasis of calm, or a 'sanctuary from the madness' as she used to call this room.

FAITH

(sips coffee)

Are you and your mom close?

ALEX

Pretty much. She still travels a lot, so I only see her a few times a year. I get plenty of postcards and lots of presents every time she's home, so I can't complain too much!

Faith glances round again, taking in the eclectic decorations and ornaments as Alex studies Faith closely.

ALEX (cont'd)

What about you?

FAITH

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

You and your mom. I guessed when you asked me it was kind of a leading question.

FAITH

Not really.

(beat)

My mom's dead.

ALEX

Sorry to hear that.

FAITH

Happened a long time ago, nothing much to say about it. We never really saw eye to eye, not since my dad left, so we hadn't spoken for years when I heard she'd gone.

Faith sips her coffee again, then realises at last that Alex has been staring at her.

FAITH (cont'd)

What?

ALEX

Just trying to figure you out a little, that's all. You've got to admit, nothing about your being here is what I'd call 'typical.'

FAITH

(bitter laugh)

Yeah, I'm just full of surprises.

ALEX

Do you remember yet how you got here?

Faith hesitates, then manages to cover her reaction with a casual shrug.

FAITH

Nothing so far, sorry.

ALEX

Well, either you're a master of teleportation or somebody dragged you over here, threw you into a locked room and then disappeared again. Those are my two best theories so far!

(beat)

Let's change the subject.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ALEX (cont'd)

However you got here, it's fair to say you're in a bit of a jam at the moment.

FAITH

Guess so.

ALEX

Have you tried to contact your friends at all?

FAITH

I can't. Not yet, anyway.

ALEX

What happened between you that was so bad you can't even pick up the phone and call them?

FAITH

Trust me, that is way too long a story to get into tonight.

ALEX

Fair enough. I suppose I should tell you that I got the results back from Dr. Atkinson's CAT scans, and you have a clean bill of health. Your medical exam checked out, apart from those bruised knuckles you generated.

Faith unconsciously rubs her hand - still sore from punching the wall in anger a few days ago.

ALEX (cont'd)

So, legally, with no valid psychological reason to keep you here, you're free to go.

FAITH

When? Tonight?

ALEX

If you want to. But... there's a job for you here if you want it.

FAITH

A job? Doing what?

Alex pauses for a beat to think, then stands, placing her empty coffee cup on a nearby table.

ALEX

I'll be honest with you, Faith - this institution isn't a hundred per cent normal.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ALEX (cont'd)

A lot of strange stuff happens here, things that other people in my profession either don't want to acknowledge or don't know how to deal with.

FAITH

(intrigued)

Like what?

ALEX

People see and hear things, stuff goes missing or gets moved around, doors open and close by themselves, things like that. Then there's the residents themselves - I've seen a lot of unusual cases in my career, but some of the people that pass through our doors rewrite the books as far as most professionals are concerned.

FAITH

So, what, is this place built on a Hellmouth or something?

ALEX

(blinks)

A what?

FAITH

(quickly)

Never mind. Figure of speech.

ALEX

Quite an unusual one! No, I just think that this whole building has a lot of... I guess I'd just call it 'energy' running through its walls. As a woman of science, I'm not strictly supposed to believe these things, but...

FAITH

But you've seen too many weird things to just close your eyes and pretend they're not there.

(nods)

I know that feeling.

ALEX

Yeah, I got the impression you did. That's one of the reasons we're having this conversation! So what do you say?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

To what? The job? You still haven't said what I'd be doing.

ALEX

Just an orderly like Todd, helping out with security patrols, minding the residents, keeping the place running smoothly, stuff like that. We could really use someone like you round here, somebody who has an open mind to things that don't generate a quick explanation.

Faith considers her offer for a beat, and Alex senses the hesitation, stepping closer.

ALEX (cont'd)

Let me show you a few things, help you make up your mind.

Faith stands, and as she and Alex head for the door, we cut across to:

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

Inside the darkened confines of his self-imposed exile, we can just make out PRYOR by the glow of his PC monitor, moving back and forth across his office from one terminal to another. He looks up as there is a KNOCK at the door.

VI (O.S.)

Uh, Pryor? Just wanted to let you know, I'm going out on patrol for a few hours so, you know, don't worry if you notice I'm not here.

(beat)

Uh, okay then. Bye.

FOOTSTEPS signal Vi's departure from the Lab outside, and Pryor waits until they've gone before getting back to work, tearing a sheet of paper feeding out of a nearby printer and consulting it by the light of a handy lamp.

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

Alex and Faith stroll down one of the buildings long, plain corridor, Alex nodding to an orderly as they pass him.

ALEX

You see, this whole place was originally built some time back in the eighteen hundreds, the good old days of psychotherapy where we used to try drilling holes in people's heads to let out all the crazy.

(CONTINUED)

Faith manages a chuckle as she and Alex turn into another corridor, approaching a small office booth up ahead.

ALEX (cont'd)

I've tried to look into the history of the building but haven't found much out. I was hoping I could find some things that would explain all the unusual stuff that happens round here, but at the end of the day, maybe we're just haunted or something.

Alex registers Faith's surprised look and laughs.

ALEX (cont'd)

Yeah, I know. Pretty controversial idea for someone in my position, huh? That's probably why I ended up running this place. Nobody else wanted to take it.

FAITH

Looks like you run a tight ship to me. I mean, I know I've only been here a few days, but I haven't noticed anything...

Faith trails off as a strange SOUND starts to echo down the corridor. Alex stops, keeping one eye surreptitiously on Faith as Faith looks all around for the source of the sound - a distant CLANKING sound with an echo of running water.

Faith frowns and turns to Alex, who chuckles and nods, looking towards the ceiling.

ALEX

Always does that down here at this time of night, like clockwork. The night watch usually set their patrols by it. Nobody knows what it is yet, and I doubt we ever will.

Alex heads into the office, with a curious Faith following.

A chubby orderly with glasses and greasy hair called GRAHAM has his feet up on the desk, his attention focused on the sitcom on the small portable TV in front of him and not the bank of CCTV monitors watching the rest of the building.

He's in the middle of laughing at a joke as Alex and Faith step inside, and he quickly sweeps his feet off the desk and tries to look alert, the pastry crumbs all over his shirt giving him away.

GRAHAM

Oh, uh, hey Dr. Salus, uh, I was just-

ALEX

Relax, Graham. I've had too little sleep to bust you for anything tonight. Graham, this is Faith.

GRAHAM

Hey.

FAITH

Hey.

(off TV)

What's on?

GRAHAM

Oh, er, reruns of 'Becker.'

FAITH

Huh.

ALEX

Graham here is the guy who runs night watch, it's his job to keep an eye on the whole building and coordinate the other orderlies on their patrols.

(to Graham)

Seen anything interesting tonight?

GRAHAM

Uh, some recurring static on camera three that looked a little freaky, and old Mrs. Cobbett down in 'C' wing kept swearing she could see coloured lights glowing in her ceiling.

Faith looks over to Alex, puzzled at how normal all this strange activity seems to the staff here.

FAITH

So... does weird stuff happen here every night?

ALEX

Graham?

GRAHAM

(nods)

Every night.

Alex heads back out, and with a last glance at Graham, Faith follows her back out into:

7

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS.

7

They turn into another corridor, this one with noticeably thicker iron doorways in one wall.

ALEX

This is where we keep the residents who need a higher degree of security. Some are lifelong self harmers, others have violent tendencies, some just need protecting from themselves. Go ahead, take a look.

Faith walks over to one of the doors and looks in through the tiny window mounted in it.

Inside the cell, a young woman, the same age as Faith, sits huddled in one corner, rocking back and forth.

ALEX (cont'd)

That's what you were like when we found you here.

Faith steps away and involuntarily pulls her jacket a little tighter round herself.

ALEX (cont'd)

I don't suppose any of this is sparking off any memories, is it?

FAITH

No. Sorry.

ALEX

Worth a shot.

Alex starts walking again, and Faith catches her back up.

ALEX (cont'd)

So what did you do at that lab you worked at?

FAITH

(evasive)

Uh, lab stuff, mainly. You know, keeping an eye on experiments, taking notes, filing - nothing major.

ALEX

How about outside of work? Anything you liked to do? Sports, going to a gym maybe?

Faith looks up at Alex, and we cut to:

8

EXT. NY STREET - NIGHT.

8

POW! Vi reels back into frame, mid-fight with a pair of vicious looking VAMPIRES. A young man in his twenties lies slumped against a nearby wall, pressing a hand to the bite mark on his neck.

Vi has her stake in one hand but can't get a clean shot in as the two vamps double team her.

VAMP #1

You likin' the hair on this one,  
Jake?

VAMP #2

(licks lips)  
I'm likin' it. Redheads taste like  
cinnamon.

Vi is all business, throwing kicks and punches to keep the vamps at bay, looking for her opening.

Vamp #1 grabs her and THROWS her against the closest building, stomping over as she clatters to the ground.

Vi rolls away from it to avoid its boot, grabbing a nearby garbage can and SMASHING it across the vamp's face.

As he staggers back, his partner LUNGES into frame with a snarl, but Vi is already back on her feet and deftly DUSTS the vamp with one quick stab.

Vamp #1 shakes his head and gets back to his feet, staring in disbelief as his buddy collapses into dust.

VAMP #1

Jake... No!!  
(growls)  
You killed Jake, you bitch!

VI

Oh, sorry, did he have a name? I  
hear so many, I can never remember  
them.

Vamp #1 LEAPS at her, knocking the stake out of her hands and pinning her arms down. Vi fights back, landing a KICK to the Vamp's chest, but he spins her round, pulling her body close to his chest and tilting her head to the side.

VAMP #1

(grins)  
You'd better be worth it, Slayer...

Vi struggles against him as he bares his fangs and closes in for the kill...

9

INT. ASYLUM - REC ROOMS - NIGHT.

9

Back with Alex and Faith as they turn into one of the large, open rooms filled with tables, chairs and sofas, a few TVs dotted around for extra entertainment.

FAITH

I'm not one for sports, really. Too many rules, you know?

ALEX

I know what you mean. I always got picked last at school too, I only really have the physique for jogging.

FAITH

Working out's probably good, though. I think I'm a little out of practice.

ALEX

How long were you missing for? Your friends said they hadn't seen you in a long time.

FAITH

I don't know. Feels like only a few days, but they said it was something like three months, and...

Faith trails off as she realises what's going on - Alex has been very carefully probing her for information throughout their conversation. She stops and shakes her head with a wry grin, turning to Alex.

FAITH (cont'd)

I get it, I get it. Get my defences down, see what you can get me to 'fess up to, right?

ALEX

(beat)

It was working, you have to admit.

FAITH

Yeah, but maybe I don't feel like sharing too much at the moment, ya know?

ALEX

No offence meant. I'm just making sure I understand you a little better. I mean, if you're going to come and work for me, it'll help me to know a bit about you first.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Not much to tell. I used to be...

She trails off again, but Alex's curiosity is piqued.

ALEX

Used to be what?

FAITH

Never mind.

Faith sticks her hands back in her pockets and walks on, and as a curious Alex watches her go, we cut back to:

10

EXT. NY STREET - NIGHT.

10

The Vamp holding Vi is a fraction away from sinking his fangs into her neck - but a quick snap of her leg KICKS the Vamp in the shin, and there's a CRUNCH of breaking bone.

He HOWLS and lets her go, and she quickly scoops up her stake and turns back to face him.

Before the Vamp can react, she STAKES him, and he GROANS as he disintegrates into dust, leaving Vi panting for breath.

She dashes over to the wounded victim and starts to help him up, wrapping one of his arms round her shoulders.

VICTIM

(woozy)

What... what happened?

VI

Muggers. Looked like they were high on something, I saw them attacking you so I managed to scare 'em off.

VICTIM

(confused)

But... you're just a girl, how could...

VI

I'm tougher than I look. Come on, it's okay. You're safe now.

Vi helps the man stagger back along the street, as we cut back to:

11

INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NIGHT.

11

Faith, sports bag over one shoulder, heads for the main doors, pausing and turning back to Alex, who is leaning against the reception desk.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I just wanted to say, you know,  
thanks.

ALEX

Don't mention it. You're the most  
interesting person who's shown up  
here all the while I've been in  
charge, so I hope we meet again  
soon.

Alex reaches into her coat pocket and takes out a business  
card, which she hands to Faith.

ALEX (cont'd)

Here. You can get me any time, day  
or night, on those numbers.

Faith nods, then heads back towards the doors, pushing them  
open and taking half a step outside. She pauses to close her  
eyes and take in a deep breath of the night air.

ALEX (cont'd)

So you'll call me about the job,  
right?

FAITH

(turns to her)

Yeah.

(smiles)

Yeah, I'll call you.

Faith steps out and walks back out into the night, and as  
Alex watches her go, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY.

12

There's a KNOCK at the door and QUINN steps into frame, blinking sleepily and ruffling his already messy hair as he pulls on a tatty dressing gown. He opens the door to NOA, but her downcast face is a long way from the bubbly girl we're used to.

QUINN  
(blinks)  
Noa?

He turns and looks up at the clock on the wall, then back at her, a little confused.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Is it tomorrow already?

Noa steps past him and into the apartment, and Quinn nudges the door closed before following her over to the sofa.

QUINN (cont'd)  
What's up? Doesn't look like you've slept all night.

NOA  
I don't think I have. Mind you, I also think I've drunk about a dozen cups of coffee, so that might have been keeping me up too.

QUINN  
Something on your mind?  
(beat)  
Is it anything to do with Faith?

NOA  
(quickly)  
No, it's...  
(sighs)  
It's weird. I don't know if I can explain it.

Quinn settles back casually on the sofa, his relaxed appearance a contrast to Noa's edginess.

QUINN  
Try me. You woke me up out of the fantastic dream I was having, so it's up to you now to keep me entertained or I'm going straight back to bed to try and pick up where I left off.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

It was... it's about what happened  
at that asylum. When we found  
Faith.

QUINN

Yeah, I got the impression  
something happened, what with that  
whole blast of light and glowy eyes  
thing, but you seemed pretty shook  
up by it so I figured I'd wait  
until you wanted to tell me.

Noa is still visibly tense, so Quinn stands, leans down to  
kiss the top of her head, then steps towards the small  
kitchenette just off to the right.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'll make me a coffee and you a  
glass of water, is that a good  
start?

NOA

Yeah. No more coffee for me.

Quinn steps off screen, leaving Noa to wring her hands. She's  
fidgeting like a condemned prisoner on Death Row, her body  
language full of bad nerves.

QUINN (O.S.)

So what was the deal with that  
glowing thing, anyway? I mean, you  
told me Pryor warned you there'd be  
side effects from using that stuff  
to wake Faith up, so I just chalked  
it down to that. We've both seen  
worse, after all.

NOA

I'm not sure what happened, all I  
know is that Faith grabbed me, and  
then...

Noa trails off, not looking up as Quinn heads back over. He  
hands Noa a glass of water and sits back down, coffee mug in  
hand.

QUINN

Did it hurt you?

NOA

No, no, nothing like that, it  
just...

(beat)

Jon, if I told you...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)  
if I told you something, do you  
promise to keep it to yourself?

QUINN  
(intrigued)  
A secret, huh? Okay, try me.

NOA  
(serious)  
You have to promise. This is  
important.

Quinn holds up one hand and nods.

QUINN  
Scout's honour. Or the NYPD  
equivalent, anyway.

NOA  
Okay. When Faith touched me, I... I  
saw some stuff.

QUINN  
'Saw'? How?

NOA  
I don't know, but it was like... it  
was like watching a home movie, but  
I was actually in the movie, you  
know? I think I saw a bunch of  
stuff from her own memories, like I  
was there myself.

QUINN  
Like what?

Noa looks round at him, not sure how much detail to go into.

NOA  
I... I'm not sure. All I know is  
that some of it... some of it  
wasn't good.

QUINN  
We've all got our skeletons, Noa.  
Just depends whether we need a  
closet or a whole walk-in wardrobe  
to keep them all inside.

NOA  
Faith's never told us that much  
about what she did before she came  
to New York, has she?

QUINN  
Not to me, but you know her better  
than me.

NOA

I know she was born in Boston,  
moved to California about six years  
ago, then came to NYC just over a  
year ago, but she's never said why  
and I never wanted to ask.

QUINN

Until now.

Noa nods, and Quinn sits forward, placing his mug on the  
floor and taking Noa's hands.

QUINN (cont'd)

Does this perhaps have anything to  
do with the reason why Faith stayed  
at the Asylum instead of coming  
straight back home to her place? I  
mean, I put it down to post  
traumatic stress after she got out  
of whatever they put her through in  
that Arena place, but now... Now,  
I'm starting to think there's more  
to this.

He shuffles closer to Noa, pressing a hand to the side of her  
head. She closes her eyes and leans closer to him, needing  
the support.

QUINN (cont'd)

(softly)

What do you want to tell me?

She opens her eyes and stares into his - then shakes her  
head.

NOA

I can't, I'm sorry. It's just... I  
don't know if what I saw was real  
or not.

QUINN

Okay, now it sounds serious.

NOA

(beat)

I looked into Faith's head, and I  
saw a bunch of things that she did  
in her past that kinda shocked me,  
that's all. She hurt a lot of  
people, and I know she feels bad  
about it now, but still...

QUINN

You didn't think she could do those  
things.

(CONTINUED)

Noa shakes her head, and Quinn pulls her closer for a hug.

QUINN (cont'd)

Sometimes we find things out about someone we're close to that freak us out, completely change how we see them. What you've got to ask yourself is, 'does that change who they are now?'

The look on Quinn's face tells us that his comment could easily apply to him, too.

He lets Noa sit back up, and with a grateful smile she KISSES him, looking like the weight has lifted a little.

NOA

Thank you.

QUINN

Hey, just saying what I feel. Okay, so Faith wasn't perfect, she screwed some stuff up. So have I. So have you.

Noa feigns offence for a moment, but then that old smile is back, and Quinn returns the gesture.

QUINN (cont'd)

You two need to work out whatever needs to be worked out. Get her out of that place and back home, get her back in the team.

Noa's look quickly darkens again - it's not going to be that easy at all.

NOA

I don't know...

QUINN

You have to. She's your best friend, Noa. You owe her the chance to explain herself.

Quinn scoops up his mug and heads back over to the kitchen. Noa's face is full of conflict as she rests her chin on her hands, looking like she honestly has no idea what to do.

With a RATTLE of keys, the door to Faith's place swings open, and the girl herself finally steps back into her home. She looks round and sees that the place is impeccably tidy, and she smirks.

FAITH  
Thanks, Noa.

There's a MEOW from off screen, and Faith looks down to see her cat, Goliath, scamper towards her. She drops her bag to the floor and scoops the happily purring cat up.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Hey, fatso. Mom's home.

Faith pushes the door closed with her foot and walks into the lounge area, dropping Goliath off onto the couch as she steps into the kitchen:

14 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS. 14

Faith opens the fridge door and smirks as she sees how well-stocked it is. Not the usual junk food Faith would keep in there, either - fresh fruit and vegetables, not a ready meal in sight. Thanks again to Noa.

She closes the door and looks at the pile of mail on the kitchen counter. She stares at it for a beat - then sweeps it off the counter and into the bin.

15 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NEXT. 15

Faith nudges the door open and tosses her bag onto the bed, the neatness of the room not lost on her. She steps inside and sits down on the edge of the bed, looking round the room as Goliath pads in through the open door.

He hops up onto the bed next to her, and she pets him absently as she stares out through the window.

Faith looks restless - this place should feel like home to her, but it doesn't. Things are obviously going to take some time to settle down for her.

Faith stands, looking a little restless, then heads over to the wardrobe. She opens it and retrieves an old leather bag from its depths, which she takes over to the bed.

Holding the bag upside down, an assortment of WEAPONS fall out - stakes, knives, axes - the tools of the trade. Faith picks up one of the stakes and turns it over in her hand thoughtfully.

She looks down at Goliath, who blinks lazily back up at her, already sprawled out on his side.

FAITH  
Whaddya say, cat? Reckon mom just  
needs to go out and blow off a  
little steam?

Goliath glances towards the window, and Faith registers the fact that the sun is still up with a roll of her eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)

Good point. Body clock's still set  
to Arena time.

She drops the stake and fishes her wallet out of the bag she brought back from the Asylum, turning and heading out of the room.

A moment later, she heads back in, grabs the stake, and tucks it into her jacket pocket as she leaves.

Quinn is shaving as Noa sits on the edge of the bathtub behind him, absently rearranging his collection of shampoos and bath gels - all free samples or hotel mini bottles.

QUINN

So what's our plan for today?

NOA

(distracted)

Huh?

QUINN

Well, normally we'd start each day by hitting the newspapers and the internet, searching for any mention of Faith coming back. After lunch, we'd see if there were any cases we could take up for the evening, and if not we'd just go out on patrol with Vi, but we don't have to do the whole 'look for Faith' thing anymore, do we?

NOA

I guess not.

QUINN

You could always go and talk to her, you know.

NOA

(shakes head)

Not yet. I don't want to.

Quinn finishes his shave and washes the last traces of foam away, dabbing his face dry as he turns to her.

QUINN

Was it that bad?

NOA

I just need a little time to get my head round what I saw, you know? I don't want to just go back up to her and pretend it's all okay just so we can get the band back together.

QUINN

Fair point. Anything you bottle up now's only going to come back up later, I guess.

Quinn hangs his towel back up and steps over to her, taking the bottle she was fiddling with out of her hands.

QUINN (cont'd)

I need some food, and then you need something to do. You're like a musician right after sound check at the moment - plenty of energy but nothing to use it on!

She raises an eyebrow and looks up at him, and he grins.

QUINN (cont'd)

And if you're thinking about doing that, then I definitely need some food first. C'mon.

He heads back into the lounge, as we cut to:

EXT. EAST SIDE STREET - DAY.

Faith walks down a street in a busy part of town, unconsciously staying out of the sunlight as she lets the morning traffic of pedestrians flow around her.

She sees a large crowd of people gathering up ahead, and with a curious look heads over to investigate.

EXT. OLD CHURCH - CONTINUOUS.

Standing outside a heavily renovated church slap bang in the middle of a cluster of old, badly maintained buildings is a small stage, with a podium at its front and a PA system either side of that.

Gathered in front of the stage is a large crowd of both civilians and journalists, with TV news crews clamouring for good positions as the anchors pre-record their links to other cameramen a little further back.

Intrigued, Faith heads closer - and recognises the church as the one she fought the Bringers in when she first arrived in New York almost a year and a half ago.

(CONTINUED)

Back then, she beat a quick exit as the place burned to the ground, but looking at it now you'd never be able to tell there'd been any damage - fresh paint, new brickwork, and an all-over layer of spit and polish really making it stand out.

A banner across the top of the stage reads 'Grand Opening - New York's First Church Of Hessionism,' and on stage stand a few sharply-suited people who have 'Personal Assistant' written all over them, conversing and consulting schedules on clipboards.

Faith nudges a nearby ONLOOKER, an excited looking young woman, and motions towards the stage.

FAITH

What's all this?

ONLOOKER

Oh, haven't you heard? Jerry Heal's going to make a personal appearance to reopen this old church!

FAITH

Jerry who?

The woman stares at Faith as if she'd just asked her who Elvis was.

ONLOOKER

Jerry Heal!

(no reaction)

Church of Hessionism?

(still nothing)

It's this brand new modern day religion, sprang up in Washington a few years ago and it's been spreading all over the country since then.

FAITH

Never heard of it. What's the skinny?

ONLOOKER

The what?

FAITH

I mean, what's 'Hessionism' all about? Is it like Scientology or something?

ONLOOKER

Well, it's kind of hard to explain in brief... but they have these neat pamphlets!

(CONTINUED)

The onlooker hands a brightly-coloured leaflet to Faith, then quickly turns back to the stage.

Faith opens out the pamphlet - it's full of pictures of shiny happy families, people laughing in the sunshine and sweet-faced children at play, surrounded by slogans like 'Release Your Inner Energy!' And 'Say Goodbye To Sadness!'

Faith scoffs at the stuff and scrunches the leaflet up, aiming for a nearby bin and throwing.

The leaflet misses by a long way, and Faith stares at it, a little surprised - that's the kind of throw she should have made easily. She unconsciously rubs her hand again, then looks up as the crowd around her CHEER.

To a chorus of flashbulbs and APPLAUSE, a snappily dressed, tall, handsome man strides out onto the stage. He has short dark hair, fashion model looks and shades, his dazzling smile eliciting shrieks of delight from the heavily female crowd before the stage. This is JERRY HEAL, and he is loving every last second of it.

Jerry takes off his shades and approaches the podium, tapping the mic to make sure it's on.

JERRY

Well, good morning, New York!

The crowd CHEER. Jerry flashes them that smile again as an incredulous Faith looks on - he's got them eating out of his hand already, and he knows it.

JERRY (cont'd)

You know, the other day I was reading through the news, and all I saw splashed across every page was 'Murder,' 'Death,' 'Pain' and 'Sadness.' I thought to myself, 'what the heck kind of a world do we live in where we allow ourselves to be bombarded twenty four-seven by this negativity?'

There's a murmur of assent from the crowd, and Jerry uses a strategic pause before continuing.

JERRY (cont'd)

As I've travelled up and down this great country of ours, trying to bring a little enlightenment to all the corners of the US of A, you know one thing people are always asking me for?

(beat)

Sanctuary.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)

(beat)

Some place they can come to where they can get away from the propaganda the media spews at them all day long, a little haven where the madness of the modern world can't touch them, where they can be surrounded by other people wanting to escape, just for a few minutes, and lose themselves somewhere they'll always be safe, and where they'll always feel at home. That's what the spirit of Hessionism is all about, ladies and gentlemen.

A warm ripple of APPLAUSE passes through the crowd. Faith's heard enough, and with a shake of her head she turns to leave.

She sees a young woman walk down an alley just across the street - and then Faith FREEZES as she sees a dark shadow step out from behind a dumpster, striding quickly after the woman.

Faith doesn't need a flashing sign to tell her that spells trouble, and as Jerry's speech continues she quickly dashes across the road and towards the alley.

JERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)

So, with that mission statement in mind, I'm proud to open the first Church of Hessionism right here in New York City.

The crowd CHEERS again as Faith reaches the alley.

With the church, stage and crowd just visible in the background, Faith starts to pace warily down the alley. There's no sign of the woman or whoever was following her.

JERRY (O.S.)

I'd like to think that over the coming years, we'll see a great many people pass through our doors. I know this city is full of people who have lost their way, who used to have a direction and sense of purpose but have now lost it, and are struggling to return to their own personal path.

Faith hears a NOISE, and quickly draws the stake from her jacket. One of the dumpsters up ahead is MOVING, and Faith silently pads towards it.

JERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Hopefully, they can come here,  
listen to what our fine array of  
service leaders have to say, and  
leave feeling one step closer to  
some kind of enlightenment.

As Faith rounds the dumpster, a pair of feet come into view,  
kicking frantically and pushing against the dumpster.

The young woman is pinned to the ground by a VAMPIRE, dressed  
in a long dark coat and sunglasses, who is busily chowing  
down on her as she tries weakly to fight him off.

JERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)  
I don't think there's a single  
person out there who couldn't  
benefit from a little guidance.

The Vamp looks up from its meal and sees Faith, then smirks  
and THROWS the woman to the ground. She's not dead, but she's  
too weak to get back up as the Vamp licks the blood from its  
lips and stalks over.

The alley is shaded from the sun, so the Vamp's in no danger  
of getting a fatal dose of sunburn. Faith grips her stake  
tightly, sizing up her opponent.

JERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Maybe there's someone you know,  
someone close, who you think needs  
some help.

THWACK! The Vamp lashes out and catches Faith across the jaw,  
and she hits the deck.

JERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)  
There's always time to put someone  
back on their feet.

The Vamp KICKS Faith in the gut as she tries to get up, then  
POUNCES on her. She's just not quick or strong enough any  
more to get away, and the Vamp pins her with a SNARL of  
victory.

JERRY (O.S.) (cont'd)  
So don't ever think it's too late  
to admit you need a little help.

The Vamp HISSES - then lunges in for the kill, as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY.

20

The Vamp's fangs are closing down on Faith's neck, and she's powerless to stop him. He pauses to CACKLE at her as she tries to push him off.

VAMP

What's with the stake? Think you're  
a Slayer or something?

Faith suddenly gets a look of pure FURY blaze in her eyes, and with a YELL of effort she brings her fist up and CLOCKS the vampire in the jaw.

It knocks him round - but not enough to get him off her. The surprised Vamp presses a hand to its sore cheek as it looks back down on the defiant Faith.

VAMP (cont'd)

Woah! That's a good right arm you  
got there.

(beat)

Almost a shame to waste it by  
killing you.

The Vamp leans in for the kill again, making sure it keeps both of Faith's arms pinned to the ground this time.

Faith's out of luck - no strength to fight back and nowhere to run. She closes her eyes, still fighting back to the last, when:

SLAM! The Vamp stiffens and slumps to the side, hitting the alley floor with a heavy THUD.

Faith looks up to see the woman who was the Vamp's appetiser standing shakily over her, half a brick in her hand. Blood trails down her neck from the ugly bite mark.

WOMAN

(woozy)

Are you... are you alright?

The woman wilts but Faith is on her feet and by her side in a flash, lowering her gently to the ground as the woman faints away.

Faith hears a CHUCKLE from behind her and turns to see the Vamp getting back to its feet, dusting down its coat and fixing its shades back in place.

(CONTINUED)

VAMP

Touching. No, really, it always gets me right here when I see you humans banding together like that, ya know?

The Vamp pats its chest, then makes a show of pretending to realise for the first time it doesn't have a heartbeat.

VAMP (cont'd)

Well! Would ya look at that.

FAITH

Man, your kind really don't ever shut up, do they?

VAMP

Oh, she sasses me now! Bring it on, sweetheart, I never get tired of hearing you people tell me how you're gonna kick my ass before I eat you.

The Vamp doesn't stop Faith reaching for her stake - it obviously feels she poses little threat.

FAITH

You really don't know who I am, do you?

VAMP

(peers at her)

Nope, sorry. Should I?

Faith allows herself a brief, bitter chuckle.

FAITH

No, I guess not.

She pauses - then LUNGES forward, SLAMMING the stake into the Vamp's chest.

The Vamp GASPS and staggers backwards - but doesn't dust. A disbelieving Faith stumbles back a few steps as the Vamp looks down at the stake sticking out of its chest.

VAMP

Man! Almost got me with that one!

FAITH

What...

The Vamp reaches for the stake, and with some effort manages to pull it out, dropping it to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

VAMP

Sorry. Close, but no cigar. You gotta get right through to the heart with one of those things, or all you're doing is moving yourself another step down the food chain.

Faith can't believe this is happening - this fight should have been over a long time ago.

The Vamp CRACKS its knuckles then takes a step towards Faith, and as she strikes an offensive pose, ready to defend herself, we cut to:

21

EXT. NY STREET - DAY.

21

Quinn and Noa walk along, hand in hand, passing before a long row of upmarket stores. Quinn keeps glancing at Noa, but she's wrapped up in her own world, not even stopping to look at the various fabulous dresses and outfits on display.

Quinn eventually stops, and it takes Noa a beat to realise. She looks up at him, curious.

NOA

What's wrong?

QUINN

You, that's what's wrong! You've barely said a word all day, so I figured you just wanted to window shop and brought you down here, and now you're still busy travelling the universe through your own personal Stargate instead of being back here on planet Earth with me.

Noa hangs her head, and Quinn wraps his arms round her, kissing her tenderly.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'm not mad, honey. I just want you to sort this out.

NOA

But how? It's not like I can just go walking back up to Faith and say 'hey, so, you know how I saw you do all those bad things? Well, let's forget about them. Wanna go get a bagel?'

QUINN

Actually, it is that simple. You might want to leave out the bagel part, though. That'd be pushing it.

(CONTINUED)

She manages a laugh, and they start to walk on again, Noa's head back down out of the clouds this time.

QUINN (cont'd)  
(checks watch)  
Alright, let's call it a day. What say we crash at mine for a few hours, then after dinner you can go out to the asylum and see Faith?

Noa doesn't look too thrilled about this idea, but nods.

NOA  
Yeah.

QUINN  
(grins)  
Good stuff.

They walk on, and we cut away to:

SMACK! Faith flies into frame and crashes into a pile of old crates stacked up in the alleyway, shattering them as she clatters to the ground.

The Vamp paces casually over, obviously taking his time with this as he takes a moment to smooth his hair.

VAMP  
Gotta hand it to you, you're pretty tough. Most people who try to go *mano a mano* with me don't last five seconds.

Faith glares defiantly at him as she pulls herself back to her feet. She's cut and bruised, but running on enough adrenaline to keep her on her feet for now.

FAITH  
Yeah, well, I ain't 'most people.'

VAMP  
Oh, I got that. What are you, some kind of vigilante? Trying to clean up your city's streets and keep it safe from the 'creatures of the night' like little old me?

FAITH  
(straightens up)  
I'm a Slayer.

A beat. Then the Vamp bursts out LAUGHING, and Faith's look darkens a few more shades.

VAMP

Oh, come on! I've fought a Slayer,  
kid, and you ain't in her league.  
Short girl, long red hair. Pretty  
mean fighter, too, dusted two of my  
buddies last night. If I was facing  
her again, I'd be a little worried.  
But you?

POW! The Vamp quickly strikes out before Faith can move,  
knocking her to the ground.

VAMP (cont'd)

You're just the warm up act.

Faith tries to crawl away from the Vamp as he heads over  
again - she's aiming for one of the many stake-sized wooden  
crate fragments littering the floor, but before she can reach  
one the Vamp grabs her foot and drags her back towards him.

He grabs her by her shirt and hauls her to her feet, spinning  
round and THROWING her through the air to land with a heavy  
CRASH on the far side of the alley.

Faith is too stunned to move as the Vamp calmly walks over to  
his victim from earlier, pulling her to her feet.

VAMP (cont'd)

(to Faith)

But, you know, thanks for working  
up my appetite again.

FAITH

(weakly)

No...

The Vamp HISSES before sinking its fangs into the woman's  
neck. She's already unconscious so doesn't cry out, and it  
only takes the Vamp a few moments to drain her, dropping her  
lifeless body to the ground. He sighs, satisfied.

VAMP

Man, I needed that...

(to Faith)

You're lucky this time, kid. I  
don't like to get greedy, and that  
little piece was just enough.

He licks his bloody fingers clean, then fixes his shades back  
in place. He glances up at the sun overhead.

VAMP (cont'd)

So here's what we'll do. You go get  
yourself cleaned up, and the next  
time we meet, I'll kill you! How  
does that sound?

(CONTINUED)

Faith's still too winded to get up, and the Vamp blows her a kiss before turning and walking away, disappearing down a sidestreet leading off the alley.

Faith finally drags herself back to her feet, limping over to the now dead victim and checking for a pulse. She closes her eyes and grits her teeth - she failed. There's nothing more she can do here.

With one hand pressed against her ribs, Faith uses her other hand to push herself back to her feet, using the alley wall for support as she heads back towards the street.

As Faith checks that no-one is around to see her before slipping back out into the street, we slowly dissolve from the empty alleyway to:

It's a few hours later now, and Noa is staring down at the empty dinner plate in front of her, sitting at the small table that stands by a window overlooking the inner city.

Quinn is in the kitchenette behind her, cleaning up after his cooking, and he fetches a bottle of red wine and two glasses from on top of the fridge before heading back to Noa.

QUINN

Here.

He sets the glasses down and pours them both a healthy shot of the wine.

QUINN (cont'd)

Down that, then pick up the phone and call her. You've still got that contact number that doctor gave you, right?

NOA

Yeah.

QUINN

Okay then! What are we waiting for?

Quinn takes his glass, gives it a big comedic SNIFF and then gulps a mouthful down.

QUINN (cont'd)

Drink up. This stuff didn't come cheap, it cost me a whole five ninety-five.

NOA

You're a real romantic, you know that?

QUINN  
(grins)  
Hugh Hefner taught me everything I  
know.

Quinn takes another gulp, but Noa hasn't touched hers. Quinn sits down opposite her, taking her hands.

QUINN (cont'd)  
You can do this. It has to be you,  
if you don't-

NOA  
(blurts out)  
Faith killed someone.

Quinn freezes, slowly releasing Noa's hands and leaning back in his chair.

QUINN  
What?

Noa bites her lip and runs her hands through her hair - this is clearly very difficult for her.

NOA  
That's what I saw. It was back when  
she lived in Sunnydale.

Quinn reacts to the mention of the town's name.

NOA (cont'd)  
She knew this other girl out there,  
someone called Buffy, another  
Slayer, and something...  
(deep breath)  
Faith went bad. She was working for  
the Mayor, but he was, like,  
majorly evil, and he got her to do  
all these things, and...

QUINN  
Back up. Faith killed someone?

NOA  
(beat)  
Maybe more than just one person.

Quinn is completely shellshocked. He stands, pacing up and down the apartment as a distraught Noa continues.

NOA (cont'd)  
I don't know the whole story, like  
I told you! I just got flashes.  
(MORE)

NOA (cont'd)

She had a fight with this Buffy girl and got stabbed, then she was in a coma for, like, eight months, but after that she tried to kill some guy called Angel in Los Angeles.

QUINN

And you saw all this happen?

NOA

(nods)

It's why I can't call her. Not yet. I don't... I don't know what to do with everything I saw!

Quinn's mind is racing - and the pieces are starting to fall into place linking Faith up to the Sunnydale Staker case he worked for so long.

QUINN

What happened after that?

NOA

Uh, she didn't kill Angel, he got her to give herself up. She stayed in jail for over two years before she broke out, first to help Angel and then to go back to Sunnydale, but this time she had to help save the world or something... that bit gets a little fuzzy.

Quinn falls silent, and Noa finally downs her wine in one shot before she finishes.

NOA (cont'd)

Something bad happened between her and Buffy, though, so she left and came to New York, but this guy Robin died and she had something to do with that, and then...

(sighs)

That's all I got.

Quinn sits on the sofa, rocking back and forth as his mind struggles to process all this, and Noa hurries over to him, on the edge of tears.

NOA (cont'd)

I'm sorry I couldn't tell you, Jon, but... but I just don't know how I'm supposed to feel about all this! I mean, do I forgive her? Do I accept that she's trying to make up for what happened? Do I tell the police about her?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

No. Don't do that.

Quinn turns to Noa, a serious look in his eyes.

QUINN (cont'd)

Here's what we do. We get some rest, then tomorrow we all go over there. You, me, Vi, even Pryor if we can get him out of his office. We all need to see her and clear the air about this, or it's always gonna hang over us.

Noa nods, and as she gets up to head to the bathroom to freshen back up, we stay on Quinn's troubled look for a beat before we cut to:

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - EVENING.

Faith opens the door and steps into her apartment, the bruises from her fight in the alley discolouring her face.

She winces as she heads for the couch, carefully sitting down and pressing her hand to her wounded side again. She takes off her jacket and lifts her shirt to reveal an ugly red gash. Another souvenir from her fight.

Faith sighs heavily and rolls her shirt back down, glancing over to Goliath as he jumps onto the couch next to her.

Faith looks towards the phone sitting a few feet away, and after a moment's thought reaches into her jacket and takes out Alex's business card. She lifts the phone receiver and dials.

FAITH

(into phone)

Alex? Yeah, it's Faith.

(beat)

Tell me some more about that job you offered me.

Faith closes her eyes as we can just hear Alex's voice chattering excitedly on the other end of the call. This was a tough decision for Faith to make.

Faith lies carefully down on the couch, the pain in her eyes clear for all to see as we cut away to:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

It's a few more hours later now, and Noa is dozing, fully clothed, on top of Quinn's bed. A car horn BLARES outside and she jolts herself awake, blinking blearily as she comes back to her senses.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Jon?

She looks round - but the rest of the bed is empty. Frowning, Noa stands and heads over to the bedroom door.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE AREA - CONTINUOUS.

There's no sign of Quinn in the rest of the apartment either. His jacket is gone from the hangers by the door. An increasingly anxious Noa ducks back into the bedroom.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Noa's cell phone is sitting on the bedside table, so she races over to it, but in her haste she knocks it onto the floor, and it bounces under the bed.

NOA

(flustered)

Damn it!

She gets down on her hands and knees to retrieve it, but as she reaches her hand beneath the bed, she makes contact with something else.

Frowning, she first grabs her phone and then reaches back for the other thing she found - and drags out an old briefcase, its locks still open.

Noa glances round, half expecting Quinn to walk back in at any moment, but there's definitely no sign of him anywhere in the apartment.

Her curiosity piqued, Noa reaches out towards the briefcase and slowly lifts the lid.

Inside the case are folders, photos, dossiers and printouts, as well as a folded up map of the United States. Puzzled, Noa takes the map out and lays it on the floor before turning back to the briefcase.

She picks up one of the folders and opens it - it's a set of crime scene glossy photos and the accompanying report. Noa flips through the photos but freezes when she recognises something in one of them.

The picture is of the dead body of Sklyer, the demon low life Noa saw Faith kill when she looked into Faith's past. Grabbing more folders and opening them, Noa finds more crime scene reports and recognises more victims.

She turns to the map, and sees at last the red line that starts in California, moves down to Los Angeles and then traces right across the country to end up in New York.

(CONTINUED)

Noa spots something else in the case, a large brown envelope with a hospital logo stamped on it. She opens that and takes out a set of x-ray photos, holding them up to the light.

They're of a human head from the front and profile, but the name tag 'Quinn, Jon' is what really gets her attention.

Noa's head is spinning as she puts the files back, finally seeing the first of several notebooks with 'Casefile Notes' written on the cover. She picks it up and starts leafing through it, quickly discarding it and finding the most recent notebook instead.

The last page of the book has a list entitled 'Suspects?' Noa scrolls down it, seeing that most of the names have been crossed off - but Faith's is at the bottom, with a circle drawn round it.

Noa drops the book and stands, her hands going to her mouth in pure shock and disbelief.

It takes a few moments for her senses to return, and as soon as they do she tears out of the bedroom, the SLAM of the front door a moment later signalling her departure.

As we push in on the notebook, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. QUINN'S CAR - NIGHT.

28

Quinn has a cold, emotionless look on his face as he drives across town, talking into his cell phone. The window is down, his hair buffeted by the breeze, but the steely look in his eye tells us he's a man on a mission right now.

QUINN  
(into phone)  
So she went back home? No, no,  
that's okay, I'll just swing by and  
meet her there. Thanks, Dr. Salus.

He disconnects the call, then starts dialling another number and waits for an answer.

QUINN (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
It's me. I've made a positive ID  
and I'm en route to retrieve the  
suspect.

VOICE  
(filtered; through phone)  
Understood. Are you sure this time?

QUINN  
I'm sure. New evidence has pointed  
me to the target, it's someone I've  
had down as a suspect for some  
time.

VOICE  
Will you require any backup?

QUINN  
No. Just a retrieval team to the  
address I'll give you when the  
suspect has been apprehended.

VOICE  
Be careful, Quinn. We both know how  
dangerous this girl is.

QUINN  
I know. I'm fully aware of the  
risks here, sir, and I will make  
sure the target is taken into  
custody with no collateral damage.

VOICE  
Alright. Good luck, soldier.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Thank you, sir. I'll call again  
when it's all ready.

Quinn hangs up, tossing his phone onto the passenger seat. He drives on for a few more beats until:

LEHTO (O.S.)

Are you sure about this?

We pull back a little to see that LEHTO, Quinn's deceased ex-NYPD partner, is sitting in the passenger seat. His passenger side window is open and he has one arm leaning casually out through it. Quinn doesn't look at him as he drives on.

QUINN

I'm sure.

LEHTO

I mean, I know you've been waiting  
to bring this perp in for years,  
and now you finally have your  
chance, but...

QUINN

But what?

LEHTO

Are you a hundred per cent sure  
this is the right thing to do?

QUINN

Why wouldn't it be? I'm about to  
bring a convicted murderer and  
prison escapee to justice. That's  
what I do. That's why I was given  
this job.

LEHTO

(shrugs)

If you say so.

Quinn finally turns to look at Lehto.

QUINN

What's that supposed to mean?

LEHTO

Just that things have changed now.  
You're not the same, she definitely  
isn't the same. A lot of things  
have-

QUINN

(interrupts)

It doesn't change what she did.

(CONTINUED)

LEHTO

No, it doesn't. But don't you think she knows that?

QUINN

It doesn't matter what I think.

LEHTO

Now, see, that's where we disagree, partner. I think you're in a unique position here. A year ago, if you'd have found this out, your judgement wouldn't have been clouded by anything, and you'd have marched over there, brought the suspect in and that'd be the end of it.

QUINN

And now?

LEHTO

Now, you have the advantage of some time getting to know this girl's life. I mean, yeah, some of it's come second hand from her friends, but you've fought side by side with her too, don't forget. You've seen how hard she tries to make it right. Is it really your place to punish someone who's trying to make amends?

Quinn glances at Lehto, then looks towards the back seat of the car - and we follow his gaze to see he's come prepared for a fight. A taser, handcuffs, nightstick and handgun are laid out across the seat.

Quinn looks back round towards the road and then falls silent, and Lehto grins.

LEHTO (cont'd)

You know I'm right.

Quinn looks back across - but Lehto is gone. Quinn slowly turns back to face the road, and as he steps a little harder on the gas, we cut to:

Faith is up on the roof of her building, her feet hanging off the edge as she stares out across downtown NYC before her. She lights up a cigarette and blows the smoke into the night air, thinking back to the last time she was up here.

She's patched herself up a little, but the damage suffered in the fight with the Vamp still looks pretty nasty.

(CONTINUED)

Gabriel's voice talks to her, replaying their last conversation before she was trapped in the Arena.

GABRIEL (V.O.)

You think all the bad stuff that's happened to you was, what, coincidence? Bad luck? It was fate. You were meant to come to New York one day.

Faith stubs out her cigarette and draws her knees up, hugging them to her chest as she continues to stare into space.

FAITH

So what do I do now, Gabe?

There's a SLAM from the room just below her - her apartment. Faith snaps to attention, listening for any more sound.

She hears another door open and close, and quickly gets back to her feet, hurrying across the roof and over to the fire escape ladder that leads down to her window. Faith starts to descend the ladder, to:

30

EXT. OUTSIDE FAITH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

30

Climbing as quietly down the fire escape staircase as she can, she gets to the window that leads into her apartment, peering in and trying to see who's moving around in there.

Quinn steps into view, scanning the apartment for any sign of her, and Faith ducks back out of sight. She frowns as she tries to work out why he'd be there, then with a deep breath reaches out and opens the window.

31

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS.

31

Quinn looks over as Faith slides the window up and climbs into the apartment.

FAITH

Hey. What are you doing here?

QUINN

I came to see you, actually.

FAITH

Can't think why. Nobody's been to see me since I got back, so I figured Noa must have told you some of what she saw.

QUINN

(beat)

Some of it, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

Faith sighs and walks into the lounge area, heading for the couch. She doesn't see that Quinn has his taser in one hand, hidden behind his back, as she sits down and lights up a fresh cigarette.

FAITH

So how much do you know?

QUINN

Enough.

FAITH

(beat)

I'm sorry I didn't tell you guys sooner.

QUINN

Given the circumstances, I think I can appreciate why.

Quinn stays on his feet, watching her carefully as she continues to smoke, pacing round to get a better shot at her.

FAITH

It's just... when you've got as many screw ups in your past as I have, you tend to keep most of them to yourself. No point baring your deepest, darkest secrets to people when you know they're just gonna turn and run when they find out what the real you is like, is there?

QUINN

I guess not.

FAITH

And besides, it's not like I don't have to deal with what happened every day of my life. I know people who've been through worse and do what they have to do to deal with it, but me, I take a little longer.  
(exhales smoke)  
Guess I'm only human after all.

The irony of that statement is lost on him. Quinn doesn't answer, and she looks up at him, noticing at last his serious expression.

FAITH (cont'd)

You okay?

QUINN

Five by five, as you like to say.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

You just look a little... is Noa alright?

QUINN

She's fine. She's asleep back at my place.

FAITH

Yeah, I figured you two were a couple now. She's a good kid.

QUINN

She is. And she needs to be kept away from people like you.

Faith looks up at him again - and Quinn brings the taser round to bear on her. Faith's eyes widen, and she backs up a little as Quinn takes a step towards her.

FAITH

What-

QUINN

Don't. Please. I have to do this, don't make it any harder for me.

FAITH

Have to do what?

QUINN

(beat)

Bring you in.

We cut from Faith's shocked look to:

Noa is riding in the back seat of a taxi, talking rapidly into her cell phone.

NOA

Vi, just listen to me! I don't care if you're still on patrol, you have to get over to Faith's place, now!

(listens)

No, she's not at the asylum any more, I called there already. She checked out last night and went back to her apartment.

(listens)

I can't explain right now, just hurry!

She snaps the phone shut, then leans forward to address the CAB DRIVER.

NOA (cont'd)  
I'll give you an extra ten if you  
get me there quicker.

CAB DRIVER  
(nods)  
Done deal. Hang on, miss.

The cabbie ACCELERATES, and as the streets outside start to  
fly past even quicker, we cut back to:

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Faith gets to her feet, backing away from Quinn as he  
advances on her. Her eyes flick left and right to look for  
some way out, but she's cut off.

FAITH  
Quinn? What the hell are you doing?

QUINN  
My job.

FAITH  
You quit!

QUINN  
Not everything.

Faith stares back for a beat - then makes a dive towards the  
door. Quinn is too quick, FIRING the taser at her.

Two wire-guided darts hit her exposed arm, and with a ZAP of  
electricity Faith drops to the floor, stunned.

Quinn steps over, taking the handcuffs from his pocket and  
cuffing Faith's hands behind her back.

QUINN (cont'd)  
I've been onto you for a long time,  
Faith. I just never thought it'd be  
you I'd end up having this  
conversation with.

FAITH  
(groggy)  
What... who did...

QUINN  
When Noa told me about what she  
saw, about those people you killed  
in Sunnydale, it all came together.

Quinn sits back, taking a moment to run a hand through his  
hair before he draws his handgun, keeping it trained on her  
as she struggles to push herself upright.

QUINN (cont'd)

I was given the job of tracking you down a few years ago. I didn't have much to go on, given how all record of your existence vanished from every system in the world a few years back. I never did figure out how someone like you could pull a trick like that off.

FAITH

(darkly)

A friend did me a favour.

QUINN

Well, she did a good job. I never would have found you if Noa hadn't seen through what you really are. I guess I owe Pryor some thanks, too.

Faith leans her head against the apartment wall, still breathless from the taser shock.

FAITH

So what am I?

QUINN

You're a killer. And it's time you finish paying for what you did.

Keeping his eyes and the gun fixed on Faith, Quinn retrieves his cell phone and autodial a number.

QUINN (cont'd)

(into phone)

This is Quinn. Target neutralised. Send in the retrieval team.

He snaps the phone shut and tucks it away as Faith shakes her head, trying to clear it.

QUINN (cont'd)

Why did you do it?

FAITH

Which part?

QUINN

Start at the beginning. The first guy you killed in Sunnydale, the Deputy Mayor.

FAITH

(beat)

That was an accident.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Oh, and I suppose your clean up of the body afterwards was just a mishap as well, right?

FAITH

What would you have done? I was only seventeen years old, and I'd just killed a guy! I freaked out!

QUINN

Noa said something about you working for the Mayor. Was he the one who gave you your targets?

FAITH

Most of the time. Some I picked out myself.

QUINN

Then you had some fun in Los Angeles, didn't you? Only, I still don't know what made you give yourself up. Like I said, details are sketchy about what happened.

Faith stares out through the window for a beat, closing her eyes as all the painful memories flood back to her.

FAITH

I tried to find some peace.

QUINN

Peace?

FAITH

I knew I had to pay for what I did.

QUINN

So why'd you break out?

FAITH

(bitter laugh)

'Cause they needed my help to save the world. And besides, somebody tried to kill me. I figured I was safer out of prison than in it.

QUINN

So what about the next few kills?

Faith turns to look at him, frowning.

FAITH

What 'next few kills'?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

(counts off on fingers)  
Vegas, Salt Lake City, Denver,  
Amarillo, Oklahoma City,  
Springfield, St. Louis, Nashville,  
Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Newark.  
Then right here in NYC.

FAITH

(confused)  
What? I've never even been to half  
of those damn cities!

QUINN

Then why do we have murders  
matching your MO, and a suspect  
matching your description at each  
one?

FAITH

I don't know, but I didn't kill any  
of those people!

QUINN

Oh, of course. You only killed some  
of them. I get it.

Frustrated, Faith struggles against the cuffs, but they're on  
too tight for her.

FAITH

Look, I don't know what you think  
you know about me, but I'm telling  
you, I didn't kill those-

There's a KNOCK at the door. Faith looks from it to Quinn,  
and as she starts to call out for help, he raises the taser  
and ZAPS her again. This time, Faith is knocked out.

Quinn gets up and walks calmly over to the door, tucking his  
gun into his jeans.

QUINN

(opens door)  
It's about time you-

He freezes. Noa and Vi are standing in the doorway. Not who  
he was expecting. Noa's eyes flick from the unconscious Faith  
back to Quinn, before she barges past him and into the  
apartment.

QUINN (cont'd)

Noa! Get away from her!

Noa lifts Faith up, checking for a pulse, before rounding  
furiously on Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

What the hell do you think you're doing?

QUINN

Noa, you don't know who you're dealing with, she's a-

NOA

She's a killer, yeah, I know! I saw your files, Jon, I know what you've been doing.

Quinn blinks for a moment - then closes his eyes and curses.

QUINN

You found my briefcase.

NOA

Yeah, I did.

VI

Guys? What's going on?

QUINN

I knew I shoulda kept that thing locked...

VI

Why is Faith handcuffed?

NOA

Because Maniac Cop here seems to think she's responsible for the deaths of almost fifteen people.  
(to Quinn)  
She's not.

QUINN

How can you-

NOA

I know. I saw every person she ever hurt or killed. Every single one. You've got murders linking her up in cities across the country, but they weren't done by her.

VI

When?

QUINN

'99 to 2000, then they started again from her escape in 2003 through to last year.

(CONTINUED)

VI

(shakes head)

No, that's not right. After we closed the Sunnydale Hellmouth, me and Faith ended up in France for six months, then she stayed in Cleveland for another six before she left and moved on to New York.

(beat)

At least, that's what she told me.

Quinn looks back to Noa - and we can see his confidence drop as the pieces of the picture start to break away again.

NOA

How can she have been in two places at once? How could she have killed any more people? I'd have seen it!

QUINN

But- but you can't be sure that-

NOA

(stern)

Yes. I can. Jon... you've got the wrong girl.

QUINN

(frustrated)

No... no! She did kill those first few people, we both know that!

NOA

But it wasn't her who did the rest of them! You've pinned her for things she didn't do, Jon.

Quinn's world looks like it's falling apart as Noa tries to lift Faith to her feet, and Vi goes over to help.

They all look round as there's another KNOCK at the door. Noa looks to Quinn, the colour draining from his face.

NOA (cont'd)

Who's that?

QUINN

Go.

NOA

What?

QUINN

(urgent)

Go! Now!

(CONTINUED)

NOA

But-

QUINN

Noa, please. You have to go.  
Take...

(beat)

Take Faith with you. I can't know  
where you've gone.

NOA

What are you talking about?

QUINN

Noa!

The KNOCKS at the door get more insistent, and Quinn marches over to the window by the fire escape, pulling it up.

QUINN (cont'd)

Get down to the street and don't  
look back. Don't go anywhere near  
the front entrance, you'll be  
spotted.

VI

Spotted by who?

QUINN

I can't tell you! Now just go!

A beat - then Noa and Vi head for the open window.

NOA

Can you at least tell me what's  
going on? Who's out there? Why do  
they want Faith?

QUINN

Noa, trust me. I can't tell you  
anything without putting you in  
danger.

Vi takes over, hauling Faith bodily out through the window as Noa rushes back over to Quinn.

NOA

(frantic)

No! Don't do this, don't just shut  
me out! Whatever it is, we can take  
care of it! We can-

He KISSES her, and after a beat she wraps her arms round him, tears starting to roll down her cheeks.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

I love you.

NOA

I love you!

QUINN

(beat; deep breath)

You have to go.

Noa doesn't move, but Quinn stares deep into her eyes until she finally gets the message, hurrying back over to the window as Vi starts to manhandle Faith down the fire escape.

Noa puts one foot outside and turns back to look at Quinn, his lazy half-smile returning as he looks back at her.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'll see you soon.

Noa, still fighting back the tears, takes one last look before she steps outside, shutting the window behind her and disappearing down the fire escape.

Quinn turns back to the door, walking slowly up to it as the POUNDING from outside gets more and more urgent.

We look from the other side as Quinn opens the door, not seeing who's waiting there, and from his grinning face we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**