

FAITH

"Man Of Mystery"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

1

NOA paces into view, her phone pressed to her ear. The call she's making is ringing out, and with a frustrated HUFF, she cuts it off and dials the same number straight back in.

PRYOR (O.S.)

Still nothing?

Noa pauses, and looks up to see PRYOR walking past. She blinks, still not used to seeing him out and about, but she soon darkens again as she looks at her phone.

NOA

Still nothing. When can we
officially class a missing person
as 'missing'?

PRYOR

I believe it's twenty-four hours,
but I could be wrong.

NOA

It's been three days, Pryor.
(bitterly)
Where's Quinn when we need him?

Pryor, his hooded top up and covering his features, offers a helpful smile as he walks over to one of his experiments - a disembodied demon's HAND is bubbling merrily inside a large beaker.

He peers in at the hand, then dips in a thermometer and watches the temperature rise, making a note of the reading on a nearby clipboard.

NOA (cont'd)

So is this new upwardly mobile
Pryor something I should be getting
used to?

PRYOR

Not just yet. I've just started to
run out of space in my office now
for all my current experiments.

NOA

Coulda fooled me. That's the third
time you've actually left your
office in as many days now! I'm
beginning to think you might
actually finally be approaching
'okay.'

(CONTINUED)

Pryor pauses, straightening up and turning to her.

PRYOR

Noa... I'm not-

NOA

(raises hand)

Woah there. Gotta cut your speech off early. I get that you're still easing yourself back into the outside world, and after helping me out a few days ago I think I can cut you a little slack. I'm just saying it's good to get to see you again without needing night vision goggles.

He chuckles and turns back to his work as Noa begins dialling the number back in again. She holds the phone to her ear as we cut to:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT.

A ramshackle downtown building, with boarded up windows, damp setting in across the walls and scattered trash all across the floor.

Tied to a chair in the middle of the room is VI - the young Slayer is in a much worse state than when we last saw her, with ugly cuts, bruises and what look like scorch marks peppering her skin. She's slumped forward, out cold.

A cell phone starts to RING, and there are FOOTSTEPS off screen as a second person walks into frame.

It's the second FAITH, her hair wet and slicked back as she looks down on Vi's unconscious form with a frown.

EVIL FAITH

Aren't you gonna get that? Could be important.

She SNICKERS, then walks past Vi and leaves the room, and as the phone continues to RING we cut back to:

INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

Noa gives up, ends the call and places her phone back down.

NOA

(frowns)

Okay, now I am officially at Def Con One.

(bites lip)

Something's happened to her.

PRYOR

Are you sure? I mean, while Faith was missing Vi used to go off hunting for days at a time and we'd never hear from her.

NOA

I know, but this feels... different. I can't explain it, Pryor, it's just a chick thing or something. My gut says 'bad.'

Noa heads for her jacket, hanging on one wall, and pulls it on as Pryor watches.

PRYOR

You're going out alone?

NOA

Like you said, you're not exactly ready to take another road trip just yet.

PRYOR

That's not what I meant.

(beat)

There's someone you can ask for help.

Noa hesitates, and turns slowly to look at Pryor as he passes her the cell phone.

PRYOR (cont'd)

She knew Vi long before you did, I'm sure she'd want to know she's safe just as badly as you do.

Noa stares at the phone for a beat, and then with a SIGH takes it from him.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Wouldn't you rather have another Slayer for company?

NOA

It's not that, it's just...

(beat)

I don't know if I'm completely, you know, cool with everything yet.

PRYOR

And I ask again if you're ever going to tell me what it was you saw when you shared that vision with her?

(CONTINUED)

NOA
(shakes head)
No. Can't do that. It was-

PRYOR
(over her)
Bad, yes, I got that. But she's
still our friend, no matter what
happened between you two. And she
deserves to be a part of this.

Noa lowers her head, then finally nods. He's right. She dials
in Faith's number as Pryor waits.

FAITH
(filtered; through phone)
Hello?

NOA
Faith? Hi, it's, uh... it's Noa.

FAITH
Yeah, I know. Caller ID.

NOA
Oh.
(beat)
Uh, are you busy tonight?

FAITH
Not yet. You making me an offer?

NOA
Sort of. It's about...

Noa trails off. Someone has just walked into the Lab, and
Noa's jaw drops as she sees who it is. It's QUINN.

FAITH
Hello? Noa? Hello?

NOA
Uh... I gotta call you back.

Noa lowers the phone, trying to kick start her brain and say
something as Quinn manages a half smile.

QUINN
Hi, Noa.

Noa stares back at him in disbelief for a beat, then we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT. 4

Pryor is the first to break the silence as Noa continues to stare dumbfounded at Quinn.

PRYOR

I suppose 'where have you been?' is quite a redundant question at the moment...

QUINN

Yeah, kinda.

(to Noa)

Noa, I'm sorry I-

He's cut off as she dashes forward and throws her arms round him, squeezing him as tight as she can. He smiles at last, closing his eyes.

She releases him and steps back - but as Quinn goes to speak, she suddenly SLAPS him, the relief in her face replaced by anger.

NOA

Where the hell have you been?!?

Quinn rubs his cheek and glances at Pryor, who nods, and Quinn looks back to the furious Noa.

QUINN

It's a long story.

NOA

Start it. Now.

QUINN

Uh, right now?

NOA

Jon Quinn, you've got five seconds to start talking, or I swear to God, I'm going to throw you to that floor and kick the crap out of you until I get my answer.

Quinn eyes her - she looks like she means it! He nods and heads for one of the chairs by the exam room tables. Noa follows him and pulls up the next seat.

QUINN

Man, where should I start...

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Start by telling me how sorry you
are for what you did.

Quinn looks her dead in the eyes.

QUINN

I'm sorry.

A beat. Noa turns to Pryor.

NOA

Pryor, can you give us a minute?

PRYOR

(nods)

I'll be in my office.

Pryor gathers up an armful of paperwork and steps back into his office. Once his door closes, Noa turns back to Quinn, only now there are tears in her eyes.

Quinn's heart melts, and he leans forward to wrap his arms round her. Noa starts to SOB, and he strokes her hair.

QUINN

Ssh. Don't cry, baby. I'm here.

NOA

But you went away... everybody goes
away!

QUINN

I'm not going anywhere. Not ever
again.

NOA

But how can you say that? How can
you promise me that, you said-

QUINN

(serious)

I'm not going anywhere.

She pulls back and looks up at him, and he wipes the tears from her eyes.

QUINN (cont'd)

(smiles)

I love you. Remember?

Noa manages a half laugh, smiling at last through the tears.

NOA

I love you too...

(CONTINUED)

He KISSES her, and they take a moment to get back to where they left off.

NOA (cont'd)

Jon... what are you mixed up in? I mean, what you almost did to Faith... you're not still working for the police, are you?

QUINN

I wish I was sometimes. It'd make all this a hell of a lot simpler.

He reaches for a stray paper towel and hands it to Noa, who blows her nose and finishes drying her eyes.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'm sorry I couldn't explain to you what was going on, but we were out of time.

NOA

I went back to your apartment after... after you went away. I wanted to go back through your things, see if I could work out what was going on, but the whole place had been cleaned out by the time I got there.

QUINN

(nods)

That figures. The people I work-
(corrects himself)
Was working for, they're pretty tight when it comes to security.

NOA

So who were you working for?

Quinn is silent for a beat, and from his troubled features we DISSOLVE to:

Back with the last time Quinn was in town. A window CLOSES off screen, and we hear footsteps rattling down the fire escape outside - Noa and Vi making their exit with Faith.

Quinn turns to the door as someone KNOCKS furiously on it, taking his time - and psyching himself up.

He opens the door with his trademark wry grin - and standing in the doorway is THORNN. She's a raven-haired black woman in her thirties with hard, military-approved features.

(CONTINUED)

THORNN

Agent Quinn. Glad you finally
decided to let us in without us
having to kick this door down.

Standing behind her are four tall MEN in jet black combat
outfits - fatigues and armour jackets. Each one has a
powerful taser in a belt holster.

QUINN

Sorry, I was busy. It's 'CSI'
night, takes three hours to keep up
with 'em all these days.

THORNN

Very amusing. Where's the subject?

QUINN

Slight change of plan with that.

THORNN

(narrows eyes)
'Change of plan'?

Quinn steps back and lets Thornn and her men into the
apartment. They quickly spread out, the men covering every
exit as Thornn strides into the middle of the room.

THORNN (cont'd)

(looking all around)
Well? Where is she?

QUINN

She isn't here.

THORNN

What do you mean 'she isn't here'?
You just contacted us to say you
were about to take the target into
custody!

She sweeps her hands round to indicate the empty apartment.

THORNN (cont'd)

I'm seeing a severe lack of anyone
in custody here, Agent Quinn. I
think you'd better explain
yourself.

QUINN

There's nothing to explain. I
arrived here believing the suspect
to be present and prepared to
apprehend her, but when I got here
she was already gone. She must have
figured out I was coming for her.

(CONTINUED)

One of Thornnn's men steps into frame and whispers into her ear. She nods, then waves him away and steps towards Quinn.

THORNN

There's evidence that somebody made a quick exit down the fire escape. We'll do a sweep, but chances are the target is long gone by now.

(beat)

Last chance to convince me you're not involved in this somehow.

QUINN

I swear on my fictional wife's grave, she was gone when I got here.

Thornnn narrows her eyes, staring at Quinn.

THORNN

You're lying. I knew you were too close to this one.

She motions to two of her men, who step into frame and grab Quinn, pulling his arms behind his back.

THORNN (cont'd)

(to her men)

Take Agent Quinn into custody and escort him back to base for further questioning.

(to Quinn)

You have no idea how big a mistake you're making here, Quinn.

QUINN

Something tells me I'll be just fine.

He still hasn't dropped his smirk as the two men cuff him and shove him out into the hallway, and Thornnn scans the apartment again before grabbing her walkie-talkie.

THORNN

(into radio)

This is Commander Thornnn. Abort the mission, repeat, abort the mission. Suspect has fled.

She tucks the radio away, then curses to herself.

THORNN (cont'd)

Damn it!

The remaining two men stand to attention before her.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

THORNN (cont'd)
Alright, let's make a sweep of the
area and see if anything turns up.

They nod and follow her as she strides out of the apartment.

6 EXT. NY CITY STREET - NIGHT.

6

Back in the present day, and FAITH is racing down a deserted street in hot pursuit of something, her eyes fixed dead ahead of her.

Further along the sidewalk is a vicious-looking DEMON, with pale grey mottled skin and a low, broad jaw with four huge teeth. It presses one hand to a wound in its side and glances back at the incoming Faith.

Running for all she's worth, the bruised form of Faith is managing to gain on the creature, a blood-stained axe in one hand indicating there's been plenty of action between her and the demon already.

The demon ducks into an alley, and moments later Faith skids round the corner as she follows it into:

7 EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS.

7

The alley is empty as Faith walks slowly down it, scanning left and right for any sign of the demon.

The alley is silent - a breeze whistles down it, kicking up some stray scraps of garbage.

She frowns and stops, lowering her axe - there's no sign at all of the demon.

FAITH
(to herself)
Where'd you go, fugly?

She hears a CREAK up above her, and snaps her head up to see the demon rapidly climbing up a ladder running off a fire escape, heading for the roof of one of the buildings making up the alleyway.

FAITH (cont'd)
(weary)
Always with the rooftops...

She dashes towards the foot of the fire escape, reaching up and using her axe to knock down the access ladder.

8 EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - NEXT.

8

Faith clatters round the rusty metal steps of the fire escape, passing a variety of apartments on her way up.

(CONTINUED)

She can't stop to look in any of them - the demon has already made it to the roof above her.

EXT. BUILDING - ROOF - NEXT.

Faith gets to the rooftop, dropping into a crouch and staying low as she surveys the scene.

Smoke stacks, a caretaker's shed, power router boxes - but no demon.

Faith rises and paces slowly forward, her axe at the ready. She steps through a cloud of smoke, her eyes sharp as she looks for any kind of track.

She spots a bloody footprint on the ground and heads over, trying to spot another piece of the trail.

She's too engrossed in that to hear the demon sneak up behind her - and she's too slow to react when it ROARS and floors her with a heavy BACKHAND.

Faith hits the deck, the axe flying out of her hands, and the demon is quick to scoop it up and swing it at her.

Faith rolls out of the way, scrambling to her feet and ducking again as the axe SLICES through the air towards her.

DEMON

Leave me alone!

FAITH

Hey, I'd love to, but you're the one I just caught eating that homeless guy. That ain't the kind of thing I can just turn a blind eye to, ya know?

The demon GROWLS in frustration and SNAPS Faith's axe in two across its knee.

DEMON

Why do your kind always hunt us? We have as much right to be here as you do!

FAITH

(smirks)

Looking like that? I don't think so.

The demon LUNGES for her, but she's ready this time, PUNCHING it as it flails past her.

She GRIMACES and clutches her fist - all she managed to do was skin her knuckles!

(CONTINUED)

The demon turns on her, padding menacingly closer and baring its fangs, starting to GROWL like a cornered animal.

FAITH (cont'd)

Okay, okay, I get it. You're mad.

She's stalling, stealing glances left and right as she backs up, looking for anything else she can use as a weapon.

FAITH (cont'd)

But come on - a homeless guy? You could've done better than that!

DEMON

Better how?

FAITH

Just sayin,' if I was a hungry demon, and I'm real glad I'm not, I know I'd find me some tight young college girl to snack on if I ever got the munchies.

DEMON

(snarls)

I can kill anyone or anything I want!

FAITH

(taunting)

Right. So you chose that dirty old tramp. I got it.

DEMON

(spits)

You know nothing of my people's ways!

FAITH

Oh, a comeback! Very brave. And yet, you're the one chowing down on the bums.

(shakes head)

I think maybe 'your people' need to go back and check their contracts.

Faith's got herself close to something that her eyes keep flicking to, and as the demon ROARS and rushes her after her last insult, she dives to the floor to scoop it up.

CLANG! The demon is clobbered as Faith swings a stray piece of insulation tubing into the demon's face, knocking it off its feet.

It THUDS back onto the rooftop, but is quick enough to roll out of the way as she attacks again.

(CONTINUED)

It's on its feet and running in seconds, and Faith takes off in a sprint after it.

The demon is heading for the edge of the roof at full speed. Another building is a short jump away, and the demon LEAPS into the air, sailing cleanly onto the next rooftop.

Faith puts on a burst of extra speed and JUMPS after it, landing much more scrappily and almost stumbling.

The demon looks over its shoulder at her and HISSES as it sees she's still on its trail.

FAITH (cont'd)
Come on! You got nowhere to go!

The demon doesn't slow down, heading for the edge again - and a much bigger gap to the next building.

FAITH (cont'd)
(mutters)
Don't you do it...

The demon lets out a SHOUT of exertion as it BOUNDS high into the air on its powerful leg muscles, sailing through the night sky...

Faith skids to a halt at the edge of the roof and watches, dumbfounded, as the demon lands perfectly on the next rooftop, continuing to run on without missing a beat.

She peers down into the alley below - a long way down - and then back at the gap she has to jump.

She closes her eyes and takes a breath - then opens them and starts to back away, giving herself a run up.

She stops, halfway back along the roof, and stares firmly at the building waiting across the gap.

FAITH (cont'd)
Alright, Faith, time to do a
Keanu...

She takes one more step back - then starts to SPRINT towards the edge, her body straining with exertion as she builds up every inch of speed she can.

She hits the edge and LEAPS forward, YELLING into the night as she flies through the air...

... but she's too far away.

The edge of the next rooftop starts to drop away from her as Faith desperately reaches out with both hands...

... and she just manages to grab the lip of the roof with one hand. Her legs swing in the air as she manages to grab on with her other hand.

She grits her teeth and grimaces with exertion as she starts to pull herself up - but this kind of thing isn't as easy as it used to be.

She GASPS and almost falls back, taking a moment to catch her breath, ready to try again.

She looks up and starts to pull herself up - just as the demon's leering head leans over the rooftop to look down at her.

DEMON

(chuckles)

Not so good at jumping, are you?

FAITH

(with effort)

Just... a minor... setback!

DEMON

I think I need to make this a little harder for you. You humans need to learn your lesson about thinking you can just wander around, killing my kind as you like.

The demon steps closer - and presses one heavy, clawed FOOT down on Faith's hands.

DEMON (cont'd)

Time for some teachings in basic physics, human.

She tries not to cry out in pain as the demon puts its full weight down on her hands.

DEMON (cont'd)

How long do you think you can hold on for?

(sneers)

And how fast do you think you'll be falling when you hit the ground?

Faith is barely hanging on - there's no time for a comeback. The demon watches her struggle for another beat, then steps back, taking its foot away.

Faith breathes a heavy sigh of relief - just before the demon STAMPS its foot down on her hands!

With a final CRY, she lets go.

(CONTINUED)

The demon watches as Faith falls away from the roof, her hair billowing out around her as she drops, wide-eyed, down towards the alley far below.

DEMON (cont'd)

(shouts down)

And let all of your kind hear this
warning! My people will rule this
world again when the eye opens once
more!

All the sound fades away as Faith plummets - all she can hear is the whistling of the wind as it zips past her.

She's at terminal velocity - and there's nothing she can grab on to.

Faith closes her eyes - and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 EXT. LOS ANGELES - STREET - DAY.

10

A sunny afternoon over in Los Angeles - cars cruise up and down the street, palm trees sway in the soft breeze and the sun burns down from the blue sky.

TITLE OVER - February 2003.

This is a deep part of the city - it's not exactly upscale, with graffiti tags marking the buildings, trash in the street and several closed down shops and businesses.

Two pairs of black-shoed feet stroll into frame, and a slow pan up from them reveals two LA beat cops - an overweight black man, BAINES, and a fresh-faced younger man, MYLES.

Myles and his colleague stop, scanning the surrounding neighbourhood. Baines picks up his CB radio.

BAINES

(into radio)

Control, this is Officer Baines,
Myles and I are responding to a
disturbance over on 12th and
Central.

RADIO

(filtered)

Copy that, Officer Baines.

BAINES

(to Myles)

C'mon, Adam, let's get this over
with. We are a long way past lunch,
and my gut's about to kick its way
out of my belly if I don't feed the
beast soon!

MYLES

(grins)

You know, if you added up the
amount of time you spent talking
about food to the time you spend
eating it... I'd be surprised if
you had time left to do anything at
all.

BAINES

Guess you don't want to hear what I
dream about either, huh?

He smirks, and Myles follows as Baines heads across the street to a ramshackle apartment block.

11 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - FIFTH FLOOR - NEXT. 11

Baines and Myles head towards Apartment 221B, Myles glancing up and down the corridor to take in the faulty lighting and damp on the walls.

MYLES
Nice place.

BAINES
Ain't our place to judge where a
man chooses to make his home, Adam.

MYLES
Guess not. I just know I'd rather
have a place that didn't look like
a set from 'Escape From New York.'

Baines KNOCKS on the apartment door. The WAILING of a crying baby can be heard from within.

BAINES
(into door)
LAPD! Open up!

No reply, Baines glances at Myles, then tries the handle - it's unlocked.

Baines puts a hand to his gun, and Myles draws his own handgun as Baines cautiously pushes the door open:

12 INT. APARTMENT 221B - CONTINUOUS. 12

Baines leans forward to check out the apartment - scarcely furnished and in a real mess. The baby's cries seem to be coming from the bedroom.

BAINES
(to Myles)
See if you can get to the fire
escape, if our perps here that's
the first place he's gonna run to.

Myles nods and jogs back down the corridor as Baines steps into the apartment, raising his gun.

BAINES (cont'd)
LAPD! Anybody here?

Baines takes another few steps forward - when the bedroom door starts to CREAK open.

He slowly turns to face it, keeping his handgun trained on the doorway as we cut to:

13

EXT. APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - NEXT.

13

Myles pushes open a steel fire door and steps onto the fire escape itself. He checks down - the target apartment is one flight down.

Myles checks his gun and then slowly paces down the steps, clearly quite tense.

He's halfway towards the apartment when he hears a SHOUT - Baines' voice! - and two GUNSHOTS.

Myles leaps down the last few flights and gets the window, looking into the apartment - Baines is flat on his back on the floor, and someone is running out of the open front door.

Myles catches a glimpse of long, dark curly hair before he frantically tries to push the window open.

It's locked from the inside, and after a few unsuccessful heaves, he takes a step back and FIRES - shattering the glass.

Pushing the rest of the glass out with his gun, Myles clambers into the apartment and races over to Baines.

There's a bloody wound in his chest, right over his heart, and Baines is COUGHING, blood bubbling from his lips.

BAINES

(shaking)

S-S-she-she...

MYLES

Don't talk, man! Stay still, I'm gonna get you some help!

Myles grabs his radio and thumbs it into life.

MYLES (cont'd)

(into radio)

Shots fired, officer down! This is Officer Myles at the apartment block on 12th and Central, apartment 221B! Send the paramedics, Baines is down!

RADIO

(filtered)

Copy that, Officer. Reinforcements are on their way, there's a car two blocks away.

MYLES

I'm going after the suspect, control. Myles out.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

He looks back down at Baines again, squeezing his hand.

MYLES (cont'd)
The paramedics are coming, Artie.
Just hang on.

BAINES
G-Get-get... her...

MYLES
I'm way ahead of you, partner.

Myles leaps to his feet and dashes out of the apartment.

14 EXT. STREET - NEXT.

14

Myles runs out of the front of the apartment, and spots the dark-haired woman fleeing on the opposite side of the street.

MYLES
(yells)
LAPD! Freeze!

He raises his gun - but he can't get a clear shot as she ducks round a building, out of sight. He dashes across the road after her.

15 EXT. NEXT STREET - CONTINUOUS.

15

Myles charges round the corner of a building and into the next road, the woman still some way ahead of him and pulling away. Myles is running as fast as he can but it's just not enough.

MYLES
I said freeze!

The woman glances over her shoulder, too quick to get a good look at her, and Myles is too focused on her to watch where he's running.

He races across a junction - and the last thing he hears is the BLARE of a horn as a truck SCREECHES towards him.

SLAM! Everything goes black. Distant, echoing sounds of people rushing to the scene fade out, to be replaced by:

16 INT. HOSPITAL - ICU - NIGHT.

16

The faint, steady BEEP of a heart monitor and the rhythmic HISS of breathing apparatus.

Myles opens his eyes and sees nothing but bright lights and blurry shapes.

(CONTINUED)

He closes them - and opens them again to reveal he's strapped up to life support in a private room somewhere in the hospital. His head is fully bandaged from chin to scalp.

Myles weakly moves his head left and right, trying to get his bearings, and his gaze falls on a woman sitting on a chair at the end of his bed.

It's Thornn, though this time she's dressed in a sharp power suit. She looks up and sees that he's awake, rising from her chair.

THORNN

Officer Myles. Good to have you
with us at last.

Myles has a tube in his mouth and can't speak, swallowing as Thornn walks over to him.

THORNN (cont'd)

You've been unconscious for most of
the day, Adam. That truck hit you
at almost forty miles an hour,
you're lucky to be in one piece.

Myles raises one bandaged finger and points towards Thornn's shirt. She looks down and sees he's pointing at a pen in her pocket.

THORNN (cont'd)

Something you want to say?

She takes the pen and grabs a notebook from her purse, placing the pen into his hand. Myles scrawls something on the notepad - 'Baines?'

Thornn shakes her head, and Myles drops the pen, turning away from her.

THORNN (cont'd)

I'm sorry, Adam. He didn't make it.

She leans closer to him, getting his attention.

THORNN (cont'd)

But I'm here to tell you there's
something you can do about that.

Myles looks back at her, as we cut back to:

Back in the present day, in the alleyway that was waiting for Faith at the end of her fall from the roof.

There's a row of large dumpsters filled to the brim with black bags - and one of these starts to MOVE!

A bloodied hand reaches over the edge of the dumpster, and with a groan Faith pushes herself up into view. She's had the wind well and truly knocked out of her this time.

She slides over the edge of the dumpster and THUDS into the pavement, breathing heavily. She's spattered with trash but looks like she was pretty banged up in the fall too.

She tries to get to her feet, but as she puts her weight on her left arm she CRIES out and falls back to the ground - her shoulder is dislocated.

Shaking with a mixture of pain and adrenaline, Faith reaches for the dumpster with her good hand, grabbing one of the handles and pulling herself upright painfully slowly.

She winces and takes her weight off her right ankle - that's not in great shape either.

She rests against the dumpster, trying to get her breath back - and doesn't hear the FOOTSTEPS heading towards her.

There's a COUGH from off screen, and an alarmed Faith whips round, her good hand raised as a fist.

VOICE (O.S.)

Woah, woah! Easy!

The voice belongs to a small, scruffy MAN, one hand raised defensively. He's dressed in a mismatched suit, thrift store fashion, and has a hat pushed down onto his head.

MAN

Hey, I'm on your side here, lady!
Okay? No need to get all La Femme
Nikita on me.

FAITH

(still groggy)
Who... who are you?

MAN

Name's Burnside. I'm, uh, what
you'd call an informer, I guess.

Burnside reaches up and slowly lifts his hat - to reveal three spiny ridges where his hair should be.

FAITH

(frowns)
You're a demon?

BURNSIDE

That's the rumour.

Faith turns away from him, starting to hobble back towards the end of the alley.

FAITH

Whatever you were gonna say, it'll have to wait.

BURNSIDE

Yeah, couldn't help but notice your little swan dive a moment ago. Very graceful, up to the part where you landed in the dumpster.

She turns back to him, eyes blazing.

BURNSIDE (cont'd)

(nervous)

Uh, but, you know, I'm glad you're alive?

She stares at him for a beat, and Burnside takes a step closer.

BURNSIDE (cont'd)

Truth is, it's no accident I'm here. I've been looking for you for all night. I checked at that place you work, but-

FAITH

(suspicious)

You know where I work?

BURNSIDE

Uh, yeah. I mean, not at that research lab any more, over at the creepy old nut house. So I was-

Burnside GULPS as Faith lashes out and grabs him by the throat. She's wounded but still fearsome.

FAITH

I think you'd better tell me why you're here now.

BURNSIDE

(petrified)

I'm gettin' to that! Alright?

She hesitates - then lets him go. She can sense he's not a threat to her. Burnside takes a moment to readjust his shirt.

(CONTINUED)

BURNSIDE (cont'd)
Jeez, are you always this cranky
after a near fatal incident?

FAITH
Not hearing a 'why.'

BURNSIDE
(sighs)
I got a message for you.

FAITH
From who?

BURNSIDE
Well... that's the weird part. Some
broad who looks a lot like you.
Exactly like you, as a matter of
fact. She told me to tell you she's
got something of yours.

Faith looks away, trying to work out what he could be talking
about.

BURNSIDE (cont'd)
Said you've got twelve hours to
track her down or she's gonna kill
her.

FAITH
Kill who?

BURNSIDE
Didn't say. Just that it's somebody
important to you.

FAITH
(narrows eyes)
Why should I trust you?

BURNSIDE
Because she gave me an incentive.

Burnside raises his other hand - and his pinky finger is
missing.

BURNSIDE (cont'd)
She said if I didn't find you and
pass that message on, she'd take
off another one.

Faith looks suitably bewildered by all this, and Burnside
takes the opportunity to start walking away.

FAITH
Hey, wait!

She hobbles after him, and he stops and turns back round.

FAITH (cont'd)

Is that it? Can't you even tell me
where I'm supposed to start
looking, or who this girl's gonna
kill if I don't find her?

BURNSIDE

(beat)

No, I can't.

He turns and leaves, and Faith tries to process what she's
been told - she's in no state to chase after Burnside. She
turns back and starts to limp towards the alley exit again,
as we cut back to:

Back in 2003, and Thornnn is holding a thick contract out
towards Myles.

THORNN

Sign this. It'll give you all the
resources you need to track down
the person that killed your
partner.

Myles looks up at her, his eyes showing that he doesn't know
what to make of this - or if he should trust her.

THORNN (cont'd)

Let me break this down for you. I
know you applied to move up into
Homicide recently, and that your
application was turned down. You
sign this, and you get something
better. You'll be part of a highly
specialised unit dealing in this
sort of crime on a daily basis,
with a wide variety of powers and
resources at your disposal.

Myles looks at the contract again, the pen still in his hand.

THORNN (cont'd)

The woman who killed your partner
has killed before, and she will
kill again.

(beat)

Unless you help us to stop her.

Myles looks back up at Thornnn - and then nods. He reaches his
hand forward and signs the contract. She takes it from him
and tucks it into a briefcase at her feet.

THORNN (cont'd)

You should understand now that your injuries are quite severe, Officer Myles. Your upper body suffered most of the trauma, especially your face. You're looking at major reconstructive surgery - which brings me to my next point.

She leans in close as he watches her closely.

THORNN (cont'd)

The work we do requires a high degree of secrecy. The cases we deal with aren't exactly the kinds of things we want to see in the public eye, and to this end, every single one of our members has agreed to an... identity makeover.

She pauses, taking another form out of her briefcase.

THORNN (cont'd)

I need you to sign this consent form. Not only will it cover the costs of your surgery and medical bills, it'll also allow us to create a new persona for you, one that will allow you to continue with your work under the necessary amount of anonymity. As far as the outside world is concerned, Adam Myles died in hospital following this afternoon's accident.

She places the form down beneath Myles' hand.

THORNN (cont'd)

I know you don't have any ties in this city, no family, wife or kids, which is one of the reasons I'm making you this offer. There's no turning back from this point, Adam. Once you sign that contract, that's it. I just want you to be sure about this.

Myles looks down at the contract, his pen hovering in the air over it. Thornn narrows her eyes as she watches him.

Myles SIGHS as best he can with the tube down his throat, and signs the form. Thornn smiles, taking it from him.

THORNN (cont'd)

Welcome to the team... Agent Quinn.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED: (2)

18

Myles looks back up at her, and we match cut to:

19 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

19

Quinn is watching Noa as she stares into her empty coffee cup. There's a long beat before she speaks.

NOA

So... what do I call you?

QUINN

What do you mean?

NOA

Well... is it Adam, or Jon?

QUINN

As far as I'm concerned, 'Jon Quinn' is the man that came to New York...

He stands stepping closer and taking her hand.

QUINN (cont'd)

And Jon Quinn is the man who fell in love with you. That's the only person I want to be.

Noa looks up at him - but then turns away, releasing his hand.

NOA

I... I don't know, Jon. You've been lying to me since the day we met! Just like...

(beat)

How can I trust you any more?

He lowers his head, but before he can reply:

FAITH (O.S.)

Noa!

The Lab doors burst open as Faith staggers through them, and Noa leaps to her feet as she sees the mess Faith is in.

NOA

Oh, my God! Faith? What happened?

FAITH

(relieved)

You're alright...

(looks round)

Where's Vi?

(sees Quinn)

What...

(CONTINUED)

Faith trails off - and faints away. Quinn leaps out of his chair and grabs her before she hits the door, and as he helps her onto one of the chairs Pryor bursts out of his office.

PRYOR
What's going on? Is it-
(sees Faith)
Is she alright?

He hurries over as Quinn checks Faith over.

QUINN
She's hurt, but nothing life-threatening. Shoulder's dislocated, looks like her ankle's pretty twisted too.

PRYOR
I'll get my things, see what we can do to patch her up.

Noa starts patting Faith's cheek, trying to wake her back up.

NOA
Faith? Can you hear me? Faith!

Faith GROANS and stirs, and Noa looks to Quinn as Faith starts to come round.

FAITH
Where...

NOA
You're at the Lab, remember? You're safe now.
(urgent)
Faith, you asked me where Vi was.
Do you know what's happened to her?

Faith's eyes widen as the pieces finally fit together. She turns to Noa, her face a mask of concern.

FAITH
She's in big trouble.

Noa leans back, her worst fear confirmed, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

20

Noa and Faith are alone in the exam room now. Noa is finishing up Faith's bandages, while Faith, sitting on one of the exam tables, looks too drained from her night's work to do anything except sit still.

FAITH

How long has he been back?

NOA

Jon? About an hour.

FAITH

Did he say anything about what he was doing?

NOA

A little... he started, but he didn't get too far.

She pauses, sighing and looking to the floor.

NOA (cont'd)

Everything's really messed up, Faith.

FAITH

When is it not?

NOA

First, I find out all that stuff about you, and then... then Jon comes walking back in here and tells us all this crazy stuff about himself...

(sighs)

I don't even know what's real any more!

FAITH

(points to bandages)

I go by these things. I figure anything bad enough to justify three full packs of bandages has to be pretty real.

Noa manages a weak smile as she starts packing away the Lab's medical kit.

NOA

So how'd you end up like this anyway?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Chasing a demon. He pulled a long jump on me, and I didn't have the legs to follow.

NOA

(surprised)

You fell?

FAITH

Yeah. Why? That so hard to believe?

NOA

Actually, yeah. I mean, you used to do stuff like that all the time - remember that rascarthi demon we were after one night when... when you were last here? You must've followed that thing from rooftop to rooftop for half a mile before you finally caught him!

FAITH

(bitterly)

Guess I'm out of practice.

NOA

I guess so...

Noa closes the medical kit and turns to Faith.

NOA (cont'd)

All done. Sorry about that thing when I was popping your shoulder back in.

Faith grins as she experimentally rotates her arm.

FAITH

Don't sweat it. It's never as easy as it looks on TV.

NOA

Can you walk on that ankle?

FAITH

Walk, yes. Run, no. We got a plan to go looking for Vi yet?

QUINN (O.S.)

Better than that.

The girls look up as Quinn walks back into the room, holding up a small electronic device that looks like an oversized calculator.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)

Pryor took a swab of Faith's fingers after she mentioned she took her informer by the throat, and we got lucky.

He tosses the device to Noa, who peers curiously at it.

QUINN (cont'd)

We got some skin cells from your friend Burnside, allowed us to work out what kind of demon he is. Turns out they're pretty rare, so he won't be hard to track down. That thing's basically a sniffer, it'll lead us straight to him or his nearest relative.

Faith nods, but both she and Noa are looking warily at Quinn. He registers their suspicion and lowers his head.

QUINN (cont'd)

Look, I know I have a lot of explaining to do still, but-

NOA

(sharp)

You can do it later. We have work to do. Come on, Faith.

Faith is a little surprised, but accepts Noa's hand to hop down off the exam table. Noa doesn't look at Quinn as she walks past him, and he looks suitably dejected.

He turns to leave - but reacts when he sees Faith standing in front of him, glaring coldly up at him.

QUINN

Faith, I-

FAITH

You listen to me, and you listen good. We are going to hear the full story about whoever the hell you are, who you've been working for and what you've been doing, that's not up for discussion. What I want to promise you now is that if I find out you've hurt or endangered Noa in any way by lying to her...

(in his face)

... I'll kill you.

QUINN

No more lies, Faith. I'm as tired of them as you are.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
You'd better be.

She turns on her heel and marches away, leaving a downcast Quinn to follow as we cut to:

INT. THORNN'S CAR - DAY.

Thornn drives as Quinn sits in the passenger seat, checking his features in the sunblind mirror. They're out in the desert somewhere, both wearing shades against the sun.

TITLE OVER - April 2004.

Thornn glances at Quinn as he continues to examine himself - even his teeth.

THORNN
It takes some getting used to,
doesn't it?

QUINN
You can say that again...
(beat)
Wait, you had this done too?

THORNN
Not as much as you. I actually had
a face to begin with, your accident
took care of most of your old one.

QUINN
So who were you before you became
'Angela Thornn'?

THORNN
That's classified, Jon.

QUINN
(mutters)
So I keep hearing.

Quinn watches the desert roll past for a few beats.

QUINN (cont'd)
What are we all the way out here to
see, anyway? And please don't say
'classified' again. That's already
starting to get pretty old.

THORNN
Nothing.

QUINN
Excuse me?

THORNN

That's what we're here to see.
Nothing at all.

Puzzled, Quinn watches her before we cut to:

EXT. PLAINS - DAY.

Thornn hangs back, standing by her car, as Quinn walks forward, taking off his shades and crouching on the ground. He looks pretty awestruck by whatever he's looking at.

Looking over his shoulder gives a better impression of what's causing his reaction - he's standing at the edge of a huge CRATER that stretches off for miles. A deep, deep hole in the ground.

Thornn walks into frame alongside him, peering down into the abyss herself.

THORNN

It's been almost a year since it happened, but I still have a little trouble getting my head round it all sometimes.

QUINN

What is it? A meteor crater?

THORNN

Sunnydale.

Quinn stands and replaces his shades, not understanding.

THORNN (cont'd)

This used to be a city called Sunnydale. Nice place, a little remote but good enough for the people that lived here.

QUINN

So what happened to it? Looks like an earthquake or landslide or something.

THORNN

(beat)

How open minded are you to the theory that there are things in this world beyond our ability to comprehend them, Jon?

QUINN

Fairly. I mean, not much beyond thinking 'X-Files' is pretty cool.

THORNN

Then if I told you this town fell
back into the earth because a
gateway into Hell opened up beneath
it and swallowed the town, what
would you say?

Quinn raises an eyebrow, looks at the crater, then back to
Thornn.

QUINN

I'd say you were yanking my chain.

THORNN

(smirks)

That's what I thought when I was
first brought out here. But that's
exactly what happened.

QUINN

(skeptical)

A gateway... to Hell.

(chuckles)

What is this, 'Doom'?

THORNN

Whatever helps you understand it.

QUINN

I'm sorry, Agent Thornn, but I'm
having great difficulty seeing what
the hell this has to do with
anything. Assuming you're right, of
course, and this isn't just some
hazing prank to play on the new
guy.

THORNN

It's no prank. Do you want to see
more evidence for yourself?

QUINN

Why not, I could use the
excitement. Been stuck in hospital
beds for months, don't forget.

Thornn turns and heads back to her car, and after one last
look into the crater, Quinn follows.

Back in 2005, Quinn is walking ahead of Faith and Noa as the
team turn into an old warehouse district. There's nobody else
around, and they all carry weapons openly.

Quinn is holding the sniffer device in front of him, sweeping it back and forth.

QUINN

The signal's getting stronger. I think we're close.

NOA

Good. It's about time we started having something go right around here.

Quinn throws her a meaningful look before getting back to work, and Faith takes the opportunity to speak to Noa.

FAITH

So... his real name's Adam?

NOA

That's what he said. Apparently, he got mashed up in a car accident on duty, and the people he was working for gave him a new face and life along with a new job.

FAITH

Woah. That's pretty...

She looks to Noa - there aren't any words to describe it, but Noa gets what she means.

FAITH (cont'd)

So how about us?

NOA

Us?

FAITH

Yeah, you and me. Still think I'm a bad guy?

NOA

Faith, I... I haven't had time to-

FAITH

No, it's cool. I get it. I mean, finding all that out and then having Quinn go AWOL, can't have left you much time to think about anything.

NOA

I... I know you tried to make amends for what you did. Three years in prison is a long time for anybody, especially you.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Yeah, well... it was a start.

NOA

But those people you killed...
Faith, I just can't see you being
that person. The girl I saw in your
memories isn't the girl I thought I
knew.

Faith doesn't answer, letting Noa say her piece.

NOA (cont'd)

I mean, give me some more time, and
maybe we'll see. I know you do a
lot of good now - heck, I've been
there for most of it, but still...
it's not something I can just
forget and let things go back to
the way they were, you know?

FAITH

Yeah, I know.

(beat)

But if-

QUINN

Girls.

They stop - Quinn is studying the sniffer closely, before
looking up towards a nearby apartment block.

QUINN (cont'd)

(points)

He's in there. I'll go in first.

FAITH

Hey, back up, Houdini. I'm the one
who's supposed to-

QUINN

Faith, you couldn't even fight off
a hungry cat right now.

(meaningful)

Let me do this.

She stares at him for a beat - and then nods. Quinn takes
point as the team head towards the building.

Quinn KNOCKS on the door to apartment 510, with Faith and Noa
waiting back out of sight.

BURNSIDE (O.S.)

Alright, alright!

(CONTINUED)

He starts to open the door - but his eyes go wide as he sees Quinn, and he starts to shove the door closed.

Quinn's too fast - he wedges his foot in the door and BARGES it open, knocking Burnside on his ass.

Faith and Noa pour in behind Quinn as he grabs Burnside by the shirt and drags him to his feet.

BURNSIDE

Look, man, whatever you wanna know, you've got the wrong demon!

QUINN

Really? Then why'd you try to slam the door in my face as soon as you saw me?

BURNSIDE

I've seen you around, okay? I know what you people do.

FAITH

Then you know what we do to demons who get on our bad side.

BURNSIDE

(gulps)

Listen, I'm sorry about what's happened to your friend, okay? But I swear, I don't know where-

CRACK! Noa whacks Burnside in the face with the handle of her axe. Quinn is startled by her attack, but Faith manages a smirk.

Noa gets in Burnside's face, her furious look terrifying him even further.

NOA

You say that again, I hit you with the sharp end of this thing.

Burnside stares at her, then starts to nod quickly.

BURNSIDE

Okay, okay, I know... I may know something. But it's not much.

FAITH

Why didn't you feel like saying any of this to me earlier?

Burnside holds up his left hand - the one missing a finger.

BURNSIDE

Maybe because I'd like to hold on
to the rest of these!

NOA

Where is she?

BURNSIDE

After she gave me her message, I
followed that crazy chick for a few
blocks - she was heading for a
bunch of abandoned buildings over
in the East Side. My bet, that's
where she's staked out.

FAITH

Let's go.

She heads for the door, but Quinn calls after her.

QUINN

Woah, wait up - how do we know he's
telling the truth?

She looks at Quinn, then at Burnside.

FAITH

Because he knows what we'll do to
him if we find out he's lied to us.

BURNSIDE

Hey, yeah, she's right, man. My
life's kinda precious to me, you
know?

Faith is already out of the apartment, and Noa is quickly
after her. Quinn releases Burnside and follows them.

BURNSIDE (cont'd)

(shakes head)

But if you're going after her...
you guys obviously don't value your
own lives all that much.

He heads for his door and closes it, as we cut to:

The trio are up in the Lower East Side now, heading away from
the populated areas and towards a street full of disused
buildings.

NOA

This is the only street in the area
that isn't, you know, busy.

QUINN

These houses here are due to be knocked down soon, they're building some fresh new apartments over here.

FAITH

Then this is where we find our girl.

Faith heads forward, still having trouble walking.

NOA

Faith, wait! How do we know which one of these Vi is in? You said you were given twelve hours to find her, we've got time to take this easy, make sure we don't miss anything!

FAITH

Yeah, assuming she doesn't already know we're on to her.

Noa and Quinn swap glances - they hadn't considered that.

FAITH (cont'd)

C'mon. One at a time, but we move fast.

She hobbles towards the first building in the street, as we cut to:

Vi is curled up on a filthy mattress in the same room she's been trapped in for days now, fresh wounds on her body. She's stripped down to just her t-shirt and jeans - her shirt and jacket have been torn up to help dress and clean her wounds as best she can.

She's not sleeping well, fidgeting as though having a bad dream - and she finally JERKS awake with a cry, taking a few moments to calm herself and remember where she is.

But as that sinks in, she sits up, hugging her knees - from one nightmare to another.

She rocks back and forth a little in silence, trying to hold back the tears - until she hears a distant voice call her name.

She blinks - and hears it again. She starts to get up, but grimaces and sits back down, pressing her leg - she's too wounded to go running around.

She hears the voice again, much closer now - and she recognises it as Noa's.

NOA (O.S.)
Vi? Vi! Are you here? Vi!

VI
(hoarse)
Here! I'm in here!

She waits - and footsteps patter towards her room. The door handle rattles a few times.

VI (cont'd)
It's locked! You'll have to-

CRASH! Quinn barges the door open, and Faith and Noa spill into the room. Vi lets out a sob of relief as she sees Noa - but then SCREAMS in fear as her eyes fall on Faith!

NOA
Vi?

VI
(terrified)
No... no!! Get away from me! Get away!

FAITH
Vi? What the hell is-

VOICE (O.S.)
Aww, now ain't that touching.

They turn round - Quinn is backing away from the door, his sword at the ready, as five VAMPIRES strut into the room, game faces on.

VAMPIRE #1
Hey, don't let us spoil your Kodak moment, girls. I mean, none of you are going anywhere, so you may as well appreciate it.
(beat)
Before we kill you all.

One of the vamps CRACKS his knuckles, and as another SNIGGERS and the vamps fan out, cutting them off, we cut from Faith's stony glare to:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. OFFICE - DAY.

28

Quinn is shoved down into a chair inside a plainly decorated office by two of Thornn's men. He looks like he's been roughed up a little, and is handcuffed.

VOICE (O.S.)

Leave us.

The two men stand to attention, salute, and then exit, leaving Quinn to look round the office for a beat.

A large United States flag dominates one corner of the room, with maps of the world and photographs of soldiers in various global flashpoints covering the walls.

Standing with his back to Quinn on the other side of a desk is GENERAL RANKIN, an averagely built man in his forties with short, neat dark hair. He's looking out through a large window overlooking a sprawling underground complex.

RANKIN

I'm very disappointed in you, Agent Quinn.

Rankin turns to look at Quinn, who lowers his head and smirks.

QUINN

The Disapproving Father technique.
Very good. I can already feel
myself regressing.

RANKIN

This isn't a game, Jon. This is
serious.

Quinn looks up as Rankin starts to pace back and forth behind the desk.

RANKIN (cont'd)

Commander Thornn's filled me in on
the basic debrief, but I wanted to
hear the story from your mouth.

He leans across the desk, staring intently at Quinn.

RANKIN (cont'd)

I wanted to look into your eyes and
hear you tell your side of this.

Quinn nods, waiting a beat before answering.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

We got the wrong girl.

RANKIN

(narrows eyes)

What?

QUINN

That's all I can really say. We've been chasing the wrong suspect.

RANKIN

How is that even possible?

QUINN

That I have yet to discover. All I do know is that Faith Lehane is not the woman I've been chasing this past year.

Rankin leans back, taking a seat at last and reaching for a folder on his desk. He tosses it across the desk to Quinn.

RANKIN

Your own reports have been saying otherwise for a long time.

QUINN

I was wrong.

RANKIN

(snaps)

Damn it, Jon! You can't just throw your entire investigation out of the window like that!

QUINN

Given how she evaded us this time, I think that's quite an accurate metaphor, sir.

RANKIN

(cold)

Don't get smart with me, Jon. All I need to do is make one phone call and you'll spend the rest of your life rotting in a dark hole.

QUINN

I know what my reports have been saying, but...

(deep breath)

It's not the first time I've followed a false lead, is it?

(CONTINUED)

RANKIN

Don't bring this up again...

QUINN

I thought I had my target once before, but I was wrong, and we both know how that mission turned out.

RANKIN

That wasn't your fault. You were doing your job, which is what you should have done this time!

Rankin leans back in his chair, studying Quinn for a beat.

RANKIN (cont'd)

Faith has an importance to our operation here in New York that she can't possibly comprehend. Are you saying our intel is wrong? That a five year operation to track her and monitor her activity has all been for nothing?

QUINN

Not at all, sir. I honestly believe that the girl responsible for those crimes is still out there.

RANKIN

So why the change of heart?

QUINN

I have conflicting intel. Reports that put Faith in another state, even country, at the time of some of the killings.

RANKIN

Can you account for her whereabouts each time? For every murder.

QUINN

(beat)

No, sir.

RANKIN

Then the investigation stays open.

QUINN

With all due respect, sir, I feel I should be taken off the case now.

RANKIN

And what makes you say that?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Well, for one thing, I can't see
Thorn inviting me round to dinner
again any time soon.

RANKIN

If Commander Thornnn had her way,
you'd be facing a court martial and
most likely be executed.

Quinn pales a little at that comment, but manages to hide it.

QUINN

That's besides the point. My
identity has been compromised.

RANKIN

Yes, we're aware of a security
breach that necessitated the
activation of one of our sleeper
agents in your NYPD precinct.
Measures were taken, and that
threat was taken care of.

A beat as Quinn process that information.

RANKIN (cont'd)

Are you saying there are more
threats that we should be aware of?

QUINN

As a matter of fact, sir, yes.
(beat)
Me.

RANKIN

Come again?

QUINN

I've become compromised. My attempt
to apprehend Faith exposed my
mission to both her and her
colleagues. Add to that the fact
that I've been on the wrong lead
for some time now, and I think
you'll agree that my effectiveness
has all but run out.

Rankin considers this for a moment, then nods, buzzing
someone on his intercom.

RANKIN

(into intercom)

Commander Thornnn, report to my
office right away.

(CONTINUED)

He turns back to Quinn.

RANKIN (cont'd)
You're absolutely right. Your
closeness to the target, and
specifically her friend...

He takes the folder back and leafs through it.

RANKIN (cont'd)
A Miss DeRubria, was it? It's
unacceptable. I have no option but
to take you off the case.

QUINN
I'd have to agree with you, sir.

The office door opens and Thornnn steps in, saluting smartly.

RANKIN
Commander Thornnn, escort Mr. Quinn
to the holding cells and call in a
transport to take him out to Hayden
at the earliest availability.

THORNN
Yes, sir.

Quinn reacts with alarm as Thornnn lays a hand on his
shoulder.

QUINN
Wait a minute - Hayden? The prison
facility? But-

RANKIN
You said it yourself, Mr. Quinn.
You've been compromised, there's no
telling who else knows about your
mission now. You've become a
security risk, so we're going to
have to take steps to take care of
that risk.

QUINN
You can't... this isn't fair!

THORNN
You should have thought of that
before you decided to shack up with
the enemy, Jon.

QUINN
Noa isn't the enemy! She has
nothing to do with this!

RANKIN

She's an accomplice to Miss Lehane,
Jon! How do you know she's not
involved with her actions?

Quinn tries to retort, but is bundled quickly out of the office by Thornn. Rankin sits in the silence for a moment, staring back out through his windows before we cut to:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - ROOM - NIGHT.

Straight into the action as Quinn, Faith and Noa do their best to fight the attacking vampires.

Quinn smacks one to the ground but is grappled by another, as Noa struggles to fight the next vamp off.

Vi is huddled in one corner, her hands wrapped around herself and her whole body turned away from the fight.

Noa hauls Vi to her feet and presses a stake into her hands, shoving Vi at the nearest vamp.

NOA

C'mon, Vi! Get in the game!

Vi's badly hurt but her Slayer instincts manage to kick in, and she PUNCHES her vamp, stunning him long enough to land a STAKE to his chest.

She's knocked down by another as he DUSTS, and Vi crashes to the floor, clutching her leg with a cry of pain.

NOA (cont'd)

Faith!

Faith turns to see Noa is in the iron grip of her vamp, who's getting ready to bite her.

Faith charges over as best she can, scooping up Vi's stake from the ground and throwing herself at the vamp.

Noa, Faith and the vamp hit the deck, and as Noa fights her way free Faith lays into the vamp, managing to stake it.

Catching her breath, Faith starts to get back up - but the next vamp grabs her from behind!

NOA (cont'd)

Jon! Little help?

Quinn is having trouble of his own as he beats off two vamps at once, and despite Noa's brave attempt to pull the vamp away from Faith, she gets swatted to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

VAMPIRE #2

Say bye to your little
girlfriend...

The vamp HISSES - and sinks its fangs into Faith's neck! She
CRIES OUT as it starts to drink, and we cut to:

INT. PRISON BUS - DAY.

Quinn sits alone in a large, cold bus as it rattles across a
landscape of plain fields and occasional buildings. He's
dressed in an orange prisoner's uniform and is handcuffed to
his seat by his wrists and ankles.

The DRIVER glances over his shoulder at Quinn, shouting back
to him over the noise of the engine.

DRIVER

So who'd you piss off to get a
whole bus to yourself, son?

QUINN

Somebody important, I guess.

Quinn stares out through the window as the bus drives on -
until there is a terrific SMASH and the bus flips onto its
side!

As glass from the shattered windows rains onto them, Quinn
and the driver are thrown around - but Quinn's cuffs keep him
in place while the driver bounces heavily off the roof of the
bus.

EXT. ROAD - NEXT.

The bus skids along on its side, wheels spinning, sending a
shower of sparks along the road as it grinds to a halt.

The bus rocks from side to side a little, steam pouring from
its engine, before another vehicle rolls into frame - a
sturdy-looking truck with a bus-shaped dent in its nose.

The truck's door opens and someone hops out, racing back
towards the bus.

INT. PRISON BUS - NEXT.

Dazed and bloodied, Quinn stirs and tries to get up, but is
surprised as a pair of hands reach into frame and start
unlocking his cuffs.

QUINN

(groggy)

What...

MAN

There isn't much time, son, come on!

Quinn can't see who's helping him as the man drags him to his feet and shepherds him towards the bus's only door.

EXT. ROAD - NEXT.

Quinn staggers out onto the road, stumbling and leaning against the upturned roof of the bus for comfort.

MAN

You can rest later, now we have to move!

Quinn is grabbed by the arm and led towards the waiting truck. He just about manages to clamber into the cabin under his own steam, before the man leaps into the driver's side.

The truck REVS its engine and tears away from the scene, leaving the stricken bus to its fate.

INT. TRUCK - NEXT.

Quinn sags in the seat, only barely conscious, sitting up as the driver drops a bag into his lap.

MAN

Clean clothes, a gun, fake ID and some money. You'll need all four.

QUINN

Wait a minute, what's...

Quinn gets a good look at his saviour at last - a craggy-faced man in his fifties, who glances in his rear view mirror as he steps on the gas. He speaks with a Southern accent.

MAN

My name's Landers. That's all you need to know.

QUINN

Why are you doing this?

LANDERS

Because you haven't learnt the truth yet, son, and there are people out there who want to make sure that happens.

QUINN

The truth about what?

LANDERS

About what your bosses have been doing. You think you've been working for a special crimes unit the past year?

QUINN

I...

LANDERS

Ever ask yourself what the hell kind of agency requires all of its employees to change their identities in order to work for them?

QUINN

I just thought-

LANDERS

Whatever you thought, it was wrong.
(beat)
You ever heard of the Initiative?

QUINN

The what?

LANDERS

(mutters)
Looks like I've got some explaining to do...

QUINN

Look, I think you'd better give me some answers.

LANDERS

Don't I get a 'thanks' for pulling you out of that rig first?

QUINN

(beat)
Thank you. For pulling me out of that rig and turning me into a fugitive, quite possibly putting an entire, very well-funded government agency on my back.

LANDERS

(grins)
Don't try to tell me this isn't even the tiniest bit exciting, son.

QUINN

'Exciting'?

(CONTINUED)

LANDERS

I'll explain as much as I can while we're on our way.

QUINN

On our way where?

LANDERS

Well, that's entirely up to you. Anywhere you want to go to get away from those goons, I'll take you.

QUINN

(beat)

New York.

LANDERS

New York? Are you crazy? That's the first place they'll think to look for you!

QUINN

Doesn't matter. There's someone there I need to see.

Landers turns and looks at Quinn, and grins as he registers Quinn's determined features.

LANDERS

Love, right?

QUINN

(nods)

That's right.

LANDERS

(shakes head)

Very noble, son. It'll get you killed, but... very noble all the same. Hang on.

He SLAMS on the brakes and yanks the steering wheel round, sending the truck in a huge 180 degree turn, and as the truck straightens out and roars on, we cut back to:

The vampire gulps greedily from the struggling Faith, but shoves her to the ground after only a few mouthfuls.

VAMPIRE #2

(spits)

Man! Guess they were right, once you've tried Slayer blood, nothing else tastes as good any more!

Noa reacts, looking from Faith to the vamp.

NOA

But...

The vamp looks down at Vi, still wracked with pain and trying to push herself up, and leers.

VAMPIRE #2

Now, that one? Bona fide Slayer.
She'll hit the spot.

The vamp GROWLS as it lunges for Vi, but Noa spots her opening, leaping forward with her stake and burying it in the vampire's back.

He DUSTS with a final YELL of pain, just as Quinn gets his sword up and decapitates one of his two attackers.

Noa rushes to his side as they turn on the final vampire in the room - this one much less fearsome than its comrades.

QUINN

Who sent you here? Who's behind all of this?

VAMPIRE #3

Hey, not my place to ask, man!

The vampire looks to Faith as she hauls herself to her feet, and it frowns as it examines her.

VAMPIRE #3 (cont'd)

(points)
Looked kinda like her...

QUINN

What? That's-

Vi suddenly YELLS with anger and charges into the vamp, tackling him to the ground.

She loses it, pounding her fists down on the vamp again and again, smashing through her pain barrier as her knuckles split open.

Noa and Quinn try to pull her off, but she's out of control, battering the vamp to unconsciousness and SCREAMING with pure rage as she does so.

NOA

Vi, stop! It's over!

QUINN

We need him to tell us who-

(CONTINUED)

VI

No!!

She breaks free of the grip, grabs the stake from Noa's hand and RAMS it into the vamp's chest.

It DUSTS and she drops to the floor in its place, SOBBING and curling up into a ball.

Noa looks from her over to Faith - and a moment of silent communication takes place. The pieces of the puzzle start clicking together, and Noa's worked it out - Faith isn't a Slayer any more.

Noa looks back down to Vi, who is still weeping, and she runs a hand across her matted hair as we slowly dissolve to:

INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

Noa and Quinn carry the unconscious Vi in through the Lab doors as Pryor rushes over, helping to lay the wounded Slayer out on one of the exam tables.

Faith stays over by the doorway, watching with concern in her eyes as Pryor starts to fuss over Vi's injuries.

FAITH

Is she gonna be okay?

PRYOR

Too soon to say. We need to get her to a hospital right away.

QUINN

Is your car parked here, Noa?

NOA

Uh, yeah, it's round the back.

QUINN

I'll drive. I'm faster than you.

Noa looks up at him, and Quinn hesitates.

QUINN (cont'd)

That is, if you still want me to- I mean, I'd understand if-

NOA

No, that'd be good.

(beat)

Thanks.

She reaches into her jeans and takes out her car keys, tossing them to Quinn. He catches them, nods and races outside to get to her car.

(CONTINUED)

Faith stays over by the doorway, not sure where to go or what to do next as Noa looks up at her.

NOA (cont'd)
You coming with?

FAITH
(beat)
No, you... look, she freaked out when she saw me, maybe it's best if I'm not there when she wakes up. At least until we can figure out what scared her so much.

Noa nods and turns to Pryor, who is listening at Vi's chest.

NOA
(anxious)
Well?

PRYOR
Her breathing's ragged on her left side, she may have damage to her lung. She's also taken numerous injuries all over her body, some worse than others. There may be internal damage... I can't help her here.

NOA
Than let's go.

Pryor looks up - that'd mean going outside, and Noa registers the fear in his eyes.

NOA (cont'd)
(serious)
Pryor... we need you. You have to do this.

Pryor lowers his head, taking a deep breath - then he scoops Vi up, and as he dashes towards the doors Noa follows.

Noa stops in the doorway and turns to Faith as Pryor hurries outside.

NOA (cont'd)
Last chance.

FAITH
Go. Just... just make sure she's okay.

NOA
(nods)
I will.

(CONTINUED)

Noa turns and pushes through the doors, her footsteps echoing round the foyer as she heads for the front entrance.

Faith is alone in the Lab, and she takes a moment to look around - this isn't her world any more.

She heads for the Lab doors, head down, pausing as she lays a hand against them.

One final moment's hesitation - and then she shoves the doors open and walks outside. The doors swing closed behind her, and from that we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW