

FAITH

"Gateway"

by
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

1

It's far from a quiet night down at the Asylum.

Orderlies rush in and out of the patient's rooms, trying to keep a sense of order, as FAITH and ALEX hurry into view, mingling among the chaos.

One patient breaks free from a staff member and immediately brings down one of the many carts containing medical supplies. Glass bottles and jars SHATTER on impact, sending a number of fluids spilling across the tile floor.

Faith is about to react, but another duo of orderlies quickly subdue the patient. She looks round as a panicking SECRETARY bustles into frame.

SECRETARY

Dr. Salus, Dr. Salus! We need more
staff on the lower levels! Patients
have almost gone off the property!

ALEX

It's alright, Clarissa. We'll
handle it.

Without waiting, the secretary rushes off, heading up another flight of stairs.

Things are definitely going from bad to worse - all of the patients are becoming violent, fighting back fiercely against the asylum employees.

FAITH

What is up with them tonight? Did
somebody spike their drinks?

ALEX

I have no idea, but I can guarantee
you this has never happened before.
Certainly not on this scale!

FAITH

Well, my mom always said I should
try new things, so I guess stopping
a riot is a new one on me.

The conversation comes to a halt as a female patient TACKLES Alex to the ground.

With the wind knocked out of her, Alex can't fight back as the frenzied patient begins CHOKING her!

(CONTINUED)

Faith grabs the patient and strains as she tries to pull the woman away.

FAITH (cont'd)
Jackie, stop!

Alex is turning blue as she tries to loosen Jackie's grip from round her neck.

FAITH (cont'd)
Alright... just stay calm. We can talk through this. Just let Alex go, and we can go... play cards?

With a final HEAVE of effort, she pulls Jackie away, leaving Alex gasping for breath.

However, Jackie has other plans, and with a vicious smile she LUNGES straight back at the recovering Alex.

The losing battle continues, until suddenly the patient stiffens, releases Alex's neck and looks to her right arm.

Looking up to Faith, she spots the empty syringe that Faith has stuck in her forearm.

Pain turns to rage, but seconds later her eyes begin to flutter... and she sinks to the ground, asleep.

FAITH (cont'd)
Just following procedure. Sweet dreams.

A grateful Alex accepts a hand up, but there's a lot of work to be done, as the other orderlies aren't as lucky in their situations.

ALEX
(rubs throat)
Thanks. Have any other bright ideas?

FAITH
Surprisingly, yeah. Where's the fuse box?

Alex looks puzzled as we cut to:

Dodging past the rampaging patients, security ignores Faith - now wielding a fire axe - as soon as they spot her badge.

Other things need their attention as the patients attempt to stop the former slayer from her destination.

She notices that all the patients appear to be muttering something under their breath.

Faith frowns, trying to make it out before continuing her journey, finding herself in the:

Finally alone, and catching her breath, Faith takes a minute to wipe the sweat from her face as she glances around the dingy area.

FAITH

Note to self: get Alex to hire that
butler dude from the Addams family.

With echoing footsteps, the lights overhead occasionally flicker as she continues her search. She walks further, keeping an eye to the shadows.

Her eyes widen when she spots a fuse box on the side of a wall. She uses the axe to knock the lock off, and the front panel falls away to reveal a number of circular fuses, along with a tray of buttons to the side.

Trying to make out what controls what, Faith squints at the box, her head snapping round as she hears a SCREECH from the trouble upstairs.

With a shrug, Faith takes a step back and THROWS the axe at the fuse box!

The box explodes into a flurry of SPARKS, looking like a set of fireworks until finally, it stops, submerging everything in a pitch black darkness.

Everything is silent. Whatever was causing the residents to run amok, killing the lights seems to have done the trick.

Faith's breaths echo around the basement as she steps back from the fuse box - and YELPS as she stubs her toe against the wall.

FAITH (cont'd)

(sighs)

Another note to self: bring
flashlight.

One hand against the wall, Faith heads back for the stairs as we DISSOLVE to:

Candles are spread throughout the room as a weary Alex sits behind her desk. Faith sits opposite with a nasty bruise on her head, looking equally drained.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

What you did tonight was...

FAITH

Stupid?

ALEX

I was shooting for amazing. After tonight, you're not allowed to ever even imply that you're not qualified for this job!

FAITH

Power out aside?

ALEX

We'll turn the backup generator on in the morning. The blackout sealed every electronic lock and door in the complex - including the patients' rooms and the main entrance - keeping the patients already in their rooms safe for the night, and the others locked on the property until we can round them all up. That was some quick thinking, Faith.

Alex smiles, but Faith doesn't look like she wants to celebrate.

ALEX (cont'd)

Is something troubling you?

FAITH

Just something... any idea what the patients were saying?

ALEX

(beat)

All the orderlies I've spoken to said the residents were saying the same thing over and over, but no one can make any sense of it.

Leaning back in her chair, it's clear in Faith's features that she's just as puzzled.

With flashlight in hand, a security guard marches through the halls, now cleaned up from the night's activities.

A low chant begins to emerge from certain rooms, but every few seconds another chorus of voices chip in.

PATIENTS

Gateway... Gateway... Gateway...

Eventually the patients find a rhythm, and as the message gets louder and clearer, the many voices merge into one...

EXT. NEW YORK - DOWNTOWN AREA - NIGHT.

New York is still wide awake as cars HONK, people walk about enjoying the night life provided by clubs and entertainers and there's a even Starbucks nearby open 24/7, beside an elegant hotel.

What catches our attention is a yellow TAXI pulling up to the curb of the fancy hotel. Stepping out into the night air, a young red-haired lady grabs her luggage and pays the driver.

Turning around to face the hotel is WILLOW ROSENBERG, who grins with excitement as the hotel staff head over to carry her luggage for her.

The witch is completely oblivious to the brunette watching her from across the street.

It's EVIL FAITH, and from the devilish smirk on her face she knows exactly who she's looking at.

EVIL FAITH

Well, well, Red. Welcome to the Big Apple. You're gonna love it.

Stepping through the glass doors of the hotel entrance, Willow disappears from view, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - MORNING

7

The power is back on, and the walls and floors are spotless, hiding any evidence of the previous night's riot.

With clipboard in hand, Faith makes her way down the hallway checking in on each room as she passes. Nothing appears out of the ordinary.

FAITH
(to herself)
Patients not needing restraints...
check. Meals not drugged... check.
Evidence of last night's dose of
crazy trashed... check.
(smirks)
Sounds like Christmas at Buffy's
house.

Continuing on her way, she's interrupted when Alex spots her and gestures for Faith to step into her office. Reluctantly Faith nods, and with a sigh changes course.

FAITH (cont'd)
And who could forget the therapy.

8 INT. ASYLUM - ALEX'S OFFICE - NEXT

8

Taking a seat, Faith spots straight away that Alex looks ready for business.

FAITH
Tell me this has to do with me
getting overtime...
(off look)
Worth a shot.

ALEX
How are the patients' memories?

FAITH
Either someone's forgotten to
diagnose them all with Alzheimer's,
or they've been reading too much
'Jekyll and Hyde,' 'cause my Q and
A sessions with them didn't turn up
jack.

Alex nods, as if she was expecting that answer, while Faith clearly can't make head nor tails of the situation.

FAITH (cont'd)
Thoughts? 'Cause I'm fresh out.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I'm not sure whether we should dismiss the event, or start worrying about if or indeed when it'll happen again.

FAITH

You're the psychologist, what do you think would make the patients all flip out at once like that?

ALEX

(hesitant)

Scientifically I'd dismiss it, put it down to the standard mob mentality. One patient acted out, and it simply spread like wildfire.

Despite the answer, Faith clearly doesn't buy into that explanation.

FAITH

But unscientifically?

ALEX

Hypothetically... I'd wager that something pretty powerful is behind this.

FAITH

You think someone or something put them up to it? Sparked the whole thing off?

ALEX

It's definitely possible, but we shouldn't make the mistake of jumping to easy conclusions. You should know by now that nothing around here is ever that easy!

FAITH

What about that word they all kept saying? One of the orderlies told me it was 'gateway'?

ALEX

(beat)

Again, I'm putting that down to one of them experiencing some kind of extraordinarily vivid dream or nightmare, and chanting that phrase until others followed their lead.

FAITH

Seems too convenient to me.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Convenient how?

FAITH

We all know there's a whole world of freaky stuff that goes in here, right? Who's to say some of the residents can't pick up on it as well?

ALEX

(beat)

I'll take a closer look into it, but I'm sure it's nothing.

(changes subject)

Did you finish your rounds?

Faith blinks, then hands over her clipboard. Alex puts her head down and gets to work, and Faith takes the hint that the conversation is over.

Puzzled, she stands and leaves, glancing back at Alex before she goes.

With coffee in hand, NOA breezes through the doors with a cheery smile that we haven't seen in a long time. Though Pryor and Vi are nowhere in sight, she appears happy as she delivers a coffee to QUINN and sits behind her cluttered desk.

QUINN

Looks like somebody got the coffee house to put an extra jolt of happy in their coffee today!

NOA

I'm having such a great day! I somehow managed to catch that shoe sale, I've found the cutest jeans... and I have my boyfriend back to share it with.

QUINN

(beat)

You don't have to act like nothing's happened, you know.

NOA

What? A girl can't be happy with her life, and enjoy what it has to offer?

Taking a sip of her coffee, Noa avoids eye contact as Quinn places a hand on her shoulder, and makes her rest her head against him. Like magic, the smile vanishes, to be replaced by doubt.

NOA (cont'd)

(sighs)

Stuff has just been so complicated lately. Just when I think it's going to be okay... and it's never me! You guys always get hurt, while I always escape without a scratch, and I know I sound suicidal... but I don't care! How come you all have to suffer, while I just have to watch you all get hurt?

QUINN

(soothing)

Ssh...

Neither of them have noticed Faith stepping into the Lab, and Faith stays quiet, not wanting to interrupt Noa's moment.

NOA

Can't we just pretend things are like they used to be? I don't care what you thought you had to do to Faith, that part of your life is over. I forgive you. It's over...

Faith BUMPS into a chair, trying to make an exit, and Noa and Quinn turn to see her at last.

NOA (cont'd)

Faith?

Busted! With hands in her pockets, its obvious Faith is a little uncomfortable with what she's just witnessed.

FAITH

Hey. Uh, anyway, I can see that you're busy, so just give me a sec and I'll be out of your way.

NOA

No... we're fine. Do you want some coffee?

Noa steps away from Quinn and heads over to the kettle.

QUINN

So have you read today's paper? The Knicks won last night, making yours truly twenty bucks richer.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Oh, and Doctor Phil's latest book,
"Family First"? Total waste of
time. Just advice anyone with an IQ
could give you.

FAITH

(chuckles)

Man, you guys haven't changed a
bit.

You'd believe the trio were friends again, as Noa hands Faith
her coffee with a smile.

NOA

Yup. Quinn and I are still
America's sweethearts.

QUINN

Brad and Angelina, eat your hearts
out.

NOA

Although of course, honourable
mention must go to Bennifer.

QUINN

Of course.

There's a sense of tension to the atmosphere, but the
pleasantries aren't as forced as they could be.

NOA

So why'd you stop by?

FAITH

Looking into something. Have you
guys heard mention of a 'gateway'
recently?

Noa and Quinn swap looks, then shake their heads - as a door
opens somewhere upstairs.

Coming down to their level, PRYOR glances at Faith, continues
to his office, then comes to a halt and double takes at her.

PRYOR

Faith? What brings you to our
neighbourhood?

(quickly)

Not that you're not welcome,
anytime, really, it's just, well...
it's good to see you again. Is all.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

It's cool. I'm not the emotional type, but I'll admit I'm glad to see you out of your office.

PRYOR

It's necessary for me to check up and record on Vi's progress every few hours, make sure her body's accepting the medication. Despite slayer healing, I'm afraid it'll be a while before she's fully healed. Though she sleeps most of the day, I'm afraid her memory is... lacking in places. A bit of amnesia.

FAITH

(disheartened)

Man...

PRYOR

Don't worry. She's in excellent hands here.

Pryor nods to Faith, then steps into his office, closing the door with a CLICK.

NOA

And Pryor isn't 'back' with the real world, so much as he is visiting.

QUINN

(beat)

So, we'll look into that gateway thing for you...

FAITH

(nods)

Cool. So... can I go upstairs and see how Vi's doing?

NOA

Yeah, go right ahead. She'll be glad to see you.

Not sticking around for more awkward silences, Faith jumps at the opportunity to leave the room, and Noa turns to Quinn.

NOA (cont'd)

Won't she?

The door opens slowly, as Faith tries to keep the noise down to a minimum.

(CONTINUED)

Making her way across the hardwood floor, her pace falters as she sees a white bundle on the bed, her expression finally betraying her emotions of sorrow and fear.

Faith finally reaches the bed, and her eyes travel towards VI. She's barely recognizable, her red hair is the only thing that gives away her identity.

Scarred and bruised all across her body, the slayer still has several wounds that haven't stopped swelling, along with stitches under her left eye.

With unstable, laboured breaths, her chest barely rises as she sleeps. Several machines are dispersed around the room and hooked up to her, hopefully easing the pain.

FAITH

Vi... Jesus... what can I say,
besides the fact that I screwed up,
again.

(angry)

Sorry can't even begin to cover how
much I owe you.

Frozen to the spot, and at a loss for words, Faith spots Vi's bandaged arms, and a small uncovered patch reveals sickly red skin... burn marks.

FAITH (cont'd)

(serious)

But I swear, I'm gonna find whoever
did this to you, and I'm gonna make
them pay.

She lowers her head and SIGHS loudly.

FAITH (cont'd)

I just need to find out where to
start looking.

Faith sits down at the foot of the bed, as we cut to:

Business hasn't improved much in this downtown demon bar, and bartender FRITZ is cleaning a few pint glasses.

Somebody plops down onto the stool before him, and it takes him a beat to register who it is.

FRITZ

Well, if it isn't my former number
one customer. Been months since
I've seen you round here, Slayer.
There isn't a new bar you get your
kicks at now, is there?

EVIL FAITH
(feigning shock)
I have my morals!

FRITZ
I thought about raising a statue in
your honour, but it would have been
bad for business.

EVIL FAITH
Business looks dead.

FRITZ
Courtesy of yours truly, I'm sure.

Evil Faith casually pulls out a long, curved DAGGER,
encrusted with unknown symbols and ancient jewels. Fritz
shuffles back nervously.

EVIL FAITH
Flattery, see! Maybe I'd have
stayed around if you'd shown the
resident slayer some compassion.

FRITZ
(edgy)
S-so how can I b-be of service?

EVIL FAITH
Well, it's a little complex. See,
I'm trying to conceal myself from
Dorothy, but the challenge is she's
about to get help from Sabrina, who
just so happens to have arrived in
Oz.
(off look)
Crossover from hell. Now here's
where you can help me. I want to
send a message that'll hit close to
home, and I need an address to send
my love letter to.

FRITZ
(eyes her)
And why should I want to help you?

Evil Faith locks gazes with Fritz for a beat - then lunges
out and STABS the dagger down onto his hand, skewering him to
the bar!

Fritz HOWLS in pain as Evil Faith flips round on her stool,
addressing the startled bar patrons.

EVIL FAITH

Alright folks, you may wanna look away, as this is about to lose its PG rating! Parental discretion is advised.

Several patrons start to edge towards the door as Faith spins back round to Fritz.

FRITZ

Alright... alright! I'll do whatever you want, just... just don't kill me!

EVIL FAITH

And take all the fun out of it? Don't worry, I'm a firm believer in justice... you know, in not giving a damn about it.

Fritz starts to wilt, his free hand clutching his skewered palm, but Evil Faith presses down on the dagger's handle, the pain snapping Fritz back to life.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Come on. Fritz! Service with a smile.

(beat; sinister)

It's Judgement day. Time for a reckoning.

As a wicked smile creeps across her features, we cut to:

A jingle of keys is heard as Faith enters her apartment, with an uncertain Noa at her heels. It's been a long day.

FAITH

So you're sure you're ready for the story of my life?

NOA

Yeah, I mean we have to start somewhere, right?

FAITH

As long as you know it's all copyright. I don't wanna wake up and find you've become a millionaire by making a movie for Lifetime.

NOA

Please, think there's an actress
out there who can capture the raw
strength and cocky spirit?

FAITH

(beat)

I'm thinking Jennifer Garner.

WILLOW (O.S.)

Faith!

Caught off guard, its too late for Faith to fight the
incoming hug as Willow EMBRACES her warmly.

FAITH

Will?

WILLOW

Hey!

Willow releases her and steps back, beaming, but Faith still
looks startled, glancing towards her previously locked door.

WILLOW (cont'd)

(off door)

Oh, right, sorry about that. Got a
little cold waiting out in the
hallway, so, uh, thought you
wouldn't mind me, you know, just
popping the lock and stepping
inside.

Faith grins and shakes her head, while Noa eyes Willow
suspiciously, taking in her unusual earrings.

FAITH

Noa, this is Willow. She's the girl
who made me non-existent.

WILLOW

Is that any way to say hello to the
girl you held as a hostage, and
stopped you from hijacking her best
friend's body?

The words are said in good fun, and the classic Willow smile
is in place as she goes in for another hug.

Noa has a different reaction as she takes a step away from
the reunion, picking up her purse.

NOA

Actually, you know what? I... I
think I'm just going to go, give
you two time to catch up.

(CONTINUED)

Not looking back, Noa steps out of the apartment and closes the door behind her.

FAITH

Oh...

Faith blinks, surprised by Noa's sudden exit, as Willow scoops up Goliath and pets the cat absently.

WILLOW

Did I just do that talking thing?
I've been warned not to before.

FAITH

No, it's cool.
(off look)
A lot's happened between me and Noa lately, you... you couldn't have known.

Willow manages a warm grin, but as the girls head for the couch Willow can pick up on what Faith isn't telling her.

FAITH (cont'd)

So, Rosenberg, what brings you round my 'hood?

WILLOW

(shaking head)
Still got that tough chick attitude in place, I see! Missy, what am I going to do with you?

FAITH

I'm in an asylum, for starters.
(off look)
Working there! Jeez... so how'd you find me?

WILLOW

If I say magic, you know it'll go down as the worst pun in history. And we can't have that! Let's just say I had a feeling, since that's where you were headed last time.

FAITH

Made any new enemies?

WILLOW

An old one resurfaced. You never met him, Ethan Rayne. Basically your usual thorn in the side. Used to be an old friend of Giles.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Speaking of which, what're the number one slayer and watcher up too these days? I had this freaky dream where me and Buffy were talking, and she seemed kinda...

A beat. Willow's smile fades, and Faith registers that something bad must have happened.

FAITH (cont'd)

Will?

WILLOW

Woo boy. We have some catching up to do. The gist of it is, I guess you've been promoted...

Faith's wide eyes say enough as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - TWO HOURS LATER

13

Willow watches Faith anxiously as Faith stares straight ahead, struggling to process all she just heard.

FAITH

Woah.

WILLOW

Those are just the Cliff notes.

FAITH

So this guy breaks out of wherever the hell the government stored him, finds you, because your magic gives off like a lighthouse, and then you strike a deal with him?

WILLOW

I prefer 'bargain.' Or maybe even 'arrangement.' True, we probably should have seen the backstabbing coming, but...

FAITH

Then you make a pit stop in Canada to close down a very active Hellmouth?

WILLOW

In layman's terms, yes. He was powerful, but I'm powerful too, and we didn't want the Academy to risk its girls on this one. Mathematically, it made sense.

(beat)

I mean, we closed the Hellmouth, but Ethan... he just managed to take some of the energy from it with him, making him less thorn... more flower.

As the redhead puzzles over her own analogy, Faith gets up and grabs her coat.

FAITH

Will, why'd you come here?

WILLOW

I need an excuse to come say hi to my old friend? Pssh. I don't think so.

(off look)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW (cont'd)
Okay, okay, I may have been having
some dreams... and felt inclined to
visit due to some nasty mystical
energy.

FAITH
The gang wanted you to check it
out?

WILLOW
Or I came because I'm a good
person.

Willow avoids the look Faith's throwing in her direction.

WILLOW (cont'd)
Innocent until proven guilty.
(beat)
Anyway, hypothetically, if we were
to look for something that could,
oh, say, potentially destroy the
world, any idea where to look?

A beat.

FAITH
There's something you're not
telling me here, isn't there...

WILLOW
(innocent)
Uh, no, why? What makes you say
that?

FAITH
Because you're a crappy liar, Will.
You turn the same colour as your
hair whenever you do.

WILLOW
(busted)
Alright, so maybe there's a few
details I haven't gotten to yet,
but...

FAITH
You want to know if I know of any
places where lots of weird stuff
seems to happen for no reason?

WILLOW
I think the technical term is 'a
mystical convergence of energies,'
but yeah, that sounds right.

FAITH

In that case... I think I know
where to start.

WILLOW

It wouldn't happen to be somewhere
at all end of the world-y by
nature, would it?

FAITH

Lucky for you, and unluckily for
me, I think so...

WILLOW

(enthusiastic)

Then let's get going!

As the girls collect their belongings and march to the door,
we cut to:

Rifling through another file of papers, it's tossed to the
side, sharing the same fate of the previous couple dozen.
Just another piece of evidence that Willow and Faith have
been busy.

FAITH

(frustrated)

Still nothing!

WILLOW

It's definitely a 'something,' just
not what we're looking for.

(scanning a file)

Hey, did you know one patient
referred to this building as "the
world that isn't there"?

(off Faith's look)

True, not at all relevant... or
helpful. Sorry.

FAITH

We've been at this for hours. It's
useless. I work here, Will, I'm
supposed to be able to, you know,
help these people, and I can't even
figure out what got into them all
last night!

WILLOW

Faith, we've had a roller coaster
of a relationship, sure. The
world's top doctors would probably
have trouble coming up with a
definition.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW (cont'd)
But it doesn't take a genius to see
you're doing good here.

FAITH
(eyes her)
You been saving that speech up?

WILLOW
(grins)
Little bit.

FAITH
Alright, pep talk aside, let's go
over what we know.

WILLOW
Alright, we know that coming to the
asylum was the right thing to do.

FAITH
Your magic senses were all knowing.
We also know-

A KNOCK interrupts the conversation, as the door opens and a
flustered looking Alex enters.

ALEX
Faith, I've been looking for you
everywhere!

FAITH
Help with the patients again?

ALEX
Not so much.

WILLOW
Ooh, do you, uh, need help putting
them to sleep? I've got this new
hypnotism spell that...

A beat as Willow looks from Alex to Faith.

WILLOW (cont'd)
Did I say 'spell'? I, uh, meant to
say... something else.

ALEX
(eyes her)
I have no doubt you're extremely
qualified in your field of work,
Miss Rosenberg, but I don't think
even you could help me with this
particular problem.

FAITH

So why do you look like you just got told dad was cheating on mom, and you're heading out to knock some sense into him?

ALEX

It's the church of Hessionism. They've decided we need to have a talk tomorrow morning with the representative of their New York branch.

FAITH

That Jerry Heal dude? I ain't in the mood to play twenty questions.
(beat)
Wait, why exactly am I needed?

ALEX

Aside from the fact that he hasn't shut up about how you're a living miracle, and a true example to us all, Mr. Heal wants to discuss your sacred arrival here, and hopes that the church may help our inmates find a "purpose".
(looks round)
What are you two looking for down here, anyway?

WILLOW

(quickly)
Research. College project.

Alex nods, then leaves them to it.

WILLOW (cont'd)

What did she mean by 'sacred arrival'?

Faith's look says it all as we cut to:

Unlike Faith's apartment this one has the essence of Noa everywhere, full of bright colours and decoration.

NOA

Ow! Ow! Ow!

Noa, however, isn't enjoying these luxuries as she takes a tray of freshly baked cookies out of the oven, wincing as she drops them one by one onto a waiting plate.

NOA (cont'd)
(sucks fingers)
Son of a...

She reaches for the cold tap to douse her singed finger.

NOA (cont'd)
Great idea, Noa. Drown your
depression by getting overweight,
and scalding your hand.

Noa looks down at the cookies - the chocolate chips have been arranged to make little smiley faces. Noa SIGHS.

NOA (cont'd)
What the hell was I thinking? Faith
wouldn't want creepy cookies as a
way of saying 'sorry for being
judgemental.'

The kettle clicks off, and turns her attention to it.

NOA (cont'd)
Ah, caffeine. At least you've
always been good to me.

Noa heads back into the front room - not noticing her phone, flashing urgently. The ring has been set to silent, so Noa is oblivious as she settles down in her front room.

All the while, she doesn't notice someone watching her every move from the balcony.

Evil Faith! Faith peers in on Noa, seeing that she's home alone, and grins that wide, evil smile as we DISSOLVE to:

Wanting to be anywhere else, the comforting smile offered by JERRY HEAL is ignored by Faith as she casts a glance at Willow and Alex in the background.

Jerry is immaculately dressed as always, a briefcase by his feet which Faith's eyes keep flicking to.

JERRY
You don't have to be so defensive.

FAITH
I just like to know when the knife
is gonna hit my back, is all.

JERRY
No knife, no axe, even. Believe me,
I don't have any ill intentions.

ALEX

Then you won't mind explaining why the other members of your party aren't with you? Care to justify their snooping around my building?

Willow raises an inquisitive eyebrow, but says nothing.

JERRY

We want to help you out, and that isn't a sin last time I checked. Along with the simple fact that knowledge is power, my associates are just trying to get a feel of the place, in the hopes that we may be of use to you.

FAITH

While we're in the confessing mood then, care to give me a reason as to why the hell I'm involved?

JERRY

(laughing)

Beautiful, young, intelligent, and based on your recovery, a fighter. You're the perfect role model to the youth of this city we want to attract.

Faith is taken aback. She glances to Willow and Alex, but they look equally surprised.

FAITH

'Role model'?

JERRY

As much as it pains me to admit, Hessionism hasn't been able to spread its gift to the teenage demographic. They don't consider it very 'cool.' They think that we-

FAITH

That you what? Want to steal their voice, and tell them what they can and can't do? Sorry, man, you got the wrong girl. Churches and me don't mix. We're like baking soda and vinegar. Explosive.

JERRY

Look, in all honesty I believe in what I'm trying to do.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)

And all I ask is that you give the religion a chance. Consider our offer, and know that I love kids.

FAITH

Paedophiles say the same thing.

Faith abruptly stands and heads for the door. With an apologetic nod to Alex and Jerry, Willow hurries after her.

ALEX

That's becoming a bad habit.

JERRY

She's...

ALEX

Honest?

JERRY

I never did get her name... as her boss, could you possibly give me a home number or address? I've spent the last two months looking to see what happened to this girl, and-

ALEX

While most countries consider that stalking, Mr. Heal, I'm going to remind you that such information is confidential. Furthermore, my employee has made her intentions clear. If I catch you bothering her again, or setting foot on my premises without my express permission, I will inform the authorities. So, unless you're also here to visit someone you know personally, or are checking yourself in, I must ask you to please leave.

For once, Jerry is speechless, but he recovers well with a warm smile, standing and picking up his case as we cut to:

Standing over a paper shredder with a photo of Faith in his hands, Quinn is oblivious to Pryor as he exits his office, medication in hand.

PRYOR

Guilty conscience?

Pryor quickly stuffs the photo into the shredder. Pryor looks round - looks like Quinn's been disposing of a lot of paperwork.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN
(off shredder)
Last piece of the case.

PRYOR
Just like that, you've destroyed
what you've been working on for
years?

QUINN
My life was already screwed with
long before that. Figured I might
as well catch the guilty party, and
not just the one getting the blame.
Besides, it's not like Faith hasn't
been doing some good for the world.

PRYOR
Noa's words?

QUINN
Word for word. But if Faith ever
does turn to that lifestyle again,
it's not like she has the power to
escape justice. Not any more.

PRYOR
You don't think its possible she'll
get her old Slayer powers back?

QUINN
Actually, I'm more interested in
what you think. I'm going out on a
limb here, but it's a safe bet that
you've been doing some research in
your alone time.

For the first time in a long time, Pryor actually smiles as
he takes a seat.

PRYOR
I have a few theories on what's
drained her abilities...

QUINN
Karma.
(off look)
She did use and abuse them.

PRYOR
It could be a variety of things. A
ripple effect of the spell a few
years ago... in order to maintain
the vast amount of new slayers, the
original line was sacrificed.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Something could have stolen them.
Question would of course be what
has that power, and what can it do
now?

PRYOR

Whatever happened, I'm sure it must
have been before she arrived back
on this plane. Power can't just
disappear, scientific law states
that it can neither be created or
destroyed.

QUINN

(nods)

Only transferred.

The two men fall quiet in thought for a beat, before a bout
of heavy COUGHING from upstairs signals that Vi needs
attention, and as the duo run up the stairs, we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - LATER

Faith is pacing up and down her room, clearly rattled by
Jerry's visit.

FAITH

Something about that guy isn't
adding up, Will.

WILLOW

Alright, here's the thing... while
you were talking with that church
guy, I tried to sort of read his
mind, and control it so that we
could leave. You know, just doing
my part.

FAITH

Okay...

WILLOW

But there's a but! See, I couldn't.
I tried for a while, but no luck.
We're talking like Alcatraz.
Nothing gets in, nothing gets out.

FAITH

So when one of the most powerful
witches of the century can't crack
the Da Vinci Code in some religious
nut's head, be afraid.

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW

Just giving you a heads up. No pun intended. I'm your gal if you need a hand, but I can't exactly make him go poof, like I used to.

FAITH

How come? Did this Ethan guy do something to your mojo?

WILLOW

Let's just say the earrings aren't exactly a fashion statement.

FAITH

Will, you know I suck at Jeopardy.

WILLOW

What if you were so powerful that you got tricked, and weren't there when you were needed? You'd want to make sure it'd never happen again, right? Not to mention, you didn't exactly want your powers used by an evil version of Dora the Explorer. So I sort of... got scared, and afraid, and a whole other thesaurus of fear and badness.

(beat)

I mean, I don't want to play chess with my friends' lives, or kill deer, or go through an awkward goth homicidal phase again.

(beat)

Making sense?

FAITH

Not a clue. Wanna skip to the moral of the story?

WILLOW

I came across these earrings that can keep my powers controlled, and under the radar. They'll only let me do so much, but it's better that way.

FAITH

What happens if you go above and beyond?

WILLOW

They won't let me. No more raising the dead or altering an ancient line of warriors for me, no sir.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW (cont'd)
But I can still float pencils and
locate things. Oh, and piss off a
God!

FAITH
(not convinced)
Yeah, well... let me know how that
works out for ya.

WILLOW
You don't think I can be
controlled?

FAITH
Speaking from experience, you were
a bitch to kidnap before you became
all powerful. And for the record,
that's a compliment.
(beat)
So... more research?

Willow grins as we cut back to:

Vi is awake at last, curled up on her side as Pryor sits over
her, gently dabbing her forehead with a cold flannel.

PRYOR
Can you remember anything that
happened this time?

Vi's eyes widen as she remembers...

EVIL FAITH (V.O.)
I'm going to give you a ten second
head start for being such a sport.
Then, I'm gonna let you be hunted
by these vamps for a change, giving
you a break from little ol' me. And
I will, of course, be watching.
(laughing)
Where does the time go? Ready?
Five, four, three...

Vi starts to mumble incoherently, pulling the bedclothes
closer and getting increasingly agitated.

PRYOR
(soothing)
Vi, you need to tell us everything.
I know it may be painful, but you
have to try, while it's all still
fresh in your mind.

VI
(crying)
It's her... it's her, but it's not
her! It's not her!

Pryor and Quinn exchange a concerned look.

PRYOR
Vi... can you tell us what happened
before you were abducted?

Looking into Pryor's eyes, Vi nods slowly and tries to get up
- but with a CRY of pain, she falls back onto the bed.

PRYOR (cont'd)
It's alright. Don't try to move.

VI
(distant)
We went to get a beer... I thought
it'd be a good way to get her back
into Noa's good books...

Quinn approaches her, reaching a hand towards her.

QUINN
That's good, Vi, what else can-

WHACK! Vi's fist lashes out as Quinn lays a hand on her arm,
sending him flying into the wall with a CRASH.

VI
(shouting)
She tortured me! The other, she
tortured me, in front of her
apartment, while she was feeding
Goliath, to show me...
(sobs)
... to show me how the good guys
never get any breaks...

Pryor helps a dazed Quinn back to his feet, realisation
starting to dawn in his eyes.

PRYOR
Are you alright?

QUINN
(rubs jaw)
Peachy.

PRYOR
'The other'...
(to Quinn)
I think I have a new theory on what
may have inherited Faith's powers.

Quinn can't believe what he's hearing, as Vi lies back down on her bed.

VI
(to Quinn)
If you ever do that to me again
I'll break every bone in your
body... clear?

Vi curls back up in her bed, and we cut from Pryor's concerned expression to:

Across the city, Noa is curled up in her chair, drinking her coffee as she reads a novel. There's a KNOCK at the door, and with a grin she reaches for her purse.

NOA
(mock drama)
Dear Seventeen Magazine. I've let
fast food get the best of me!

Opening the door, Noa is shocked to see a Faith standing there, holding a small bouquet flowers.

NOA (cont'd)
Faith? What are you doing here?

EVIL FAITH
Noa, I'm sorry... I should have
told you my past before things got
so screwed up. I was wrong.

Handing over the flowers to Noa, she accepts them graciously, and steps to the side, allowing Evil Faith inside.

NOA
Guess its time we have the "talk,"
huh? Good timing. I baked cookies,
and pizza is on its way.

EVIL FAITH
Sweet. There's lots of things I
have to say.

Noa looks so pleased as she heads into the kitchen, leaving her friend behind.

She doesn't see Evil Faith reach for the front door and LOCK it, starting to smirk as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT 21

Noa delivers a plate of cookies to the counter top, as Evil Faith pretends to be surprised.

EVIL FAITH

Damn, N, you really know what to feed the guilty party!

Noa grins at the compliment, as she goes about making herself and Faith some more coffee, clicking the kettle on. Evil Faith grabs a cookie and bites into it, enjoying every tantalizing second of it.

NOA

Well, a girl has to do something in her spare time. Speaking of which, why aren't you at work? I thought you were on tonight?

Evil Faith glances quickly at the clock, then shrugs.

EVIL FAITH

Alright, so I'm not innocent. I'm playing Hookey.

(beat)

Tell the jury I wanted to chill with a close friend and make things right.

NOA

Aww, that's so sweet of you!

Turning around to get back to the beverages at hand, Noa doesn't catch sight of Evil Faith grabbing a large, sharp KITCHEN KNIFE.

EVIL FAITH

It's part of the redeemed package. Along with my stunning good looks and ability to kick unholy ass.

Noa blinks, noticing the uncharacteristic thing Faith just said, before she's distracted by her phone RINGING.

22 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - SAME TIME 22

Pryor waits anxiously for Noa to pick up, Quinn trying to reach Noa on his cell but having no luck with that either.

PRYOR

Come on, come on...

(CONTINUED)

There's a CLICK as Noa finally answers.

NOA
(filtered; through phone)
DeRubria residence.

PRYOR
(into phone)
Noa?

Quinn looks up as we cut back to:

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Noa looks a little puzzled by Pryor's urgent tone.

NOA
Pryor? Is everything alright? You
sound a little wiggy.

PRYOR
(filtered; through the
phone)
Noa, thank God nothing's happened
to you!

NOA
Jeez, Pryor, do I have to give you
the 'I can take care of myself'
speech again? I'm a big girl, and I
won't talk to strangers, promise...
unless of course it's Ben Affleck,
but you already knew that.

Smiling at her own joke, she's wrapped up in the phone
conversation so much that she's unaware of Evil Faith sizing
her up, knife in hand, weighing her options.

PRYOR
(frantic)
Noa, this is going to come across
as very strange, but tell me what
you're doing at this exact moment.

NOA
Um... let's see. Talking to you,
that's a no brainer. Breathing. And
about to sit down and watch a movie
with Faith-

PRYOR
(interrupts)
Faith is at work, Noa, I've just
checked! You have to get out of
your apartment, now! The thing
you're with isn't-

The line goes dead. Confused, Noa turns and follows the phone cable to the wall - and sees Evil Faith has cut it with the knife.

EVIL FAITH

Spoilers. They're a bitch, aren't they?

WHACK! Noa is sent flying, and collides with her trash can. She scrambles to her feet as the grinning Evil Faith watches. Evil Faith clutches her knife like it was an Oscar.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I'd like to thank my parents for, you know, doing it all those years ago, all those actors I stepped over for the role, I just knew this would be my breakout gig. Also, a shout out to the director, along with Noa DeRubria in the role of the blonde bimbo. And shortly after that, the blonde victim.

The terrified Noa tries to back away as Evil Faith advances on her, and we cut to:

Pryor holds down the phone, his look telling Quinn something is very wrong.

Quinn grabs his jacket and is halfway across the room before Pryor has chance to speak.

PRYOR

Quinn, wait! We can't just-

QUINN

Stay here, look after Vi. This is something I have to do.

Quinn throws open a small supply cupboard, and takes out a concealed handgun.

PRYOR

You can't leave, it could just be a trap! Whatever this thing imitating Faith is, it's going to be extremely dangerous if it has even a fraction of her powers!

QUINN

If what it wants involves harming my girlfriend, we don't have time to second guess ourselves, Pryor.

PRYOR

Even so, we need to prepare better
if we're going to-

QUINN

I think it's safe to say that Vi is
evidence that who we're dealing
with is a fan of torture.

(loads gun)

But they're about to find out
they're not the only one.

Quinn shoves through the Lab doors and races away, leaving
Pryor alone. He stares wistfully at the door as we cut to:

Hands going through her hair, Faith lets out a puff of stress
as Willow looks at another few books on the circular table.
The duo are alone at this time of night, with several
newspapers printed decades ago for company.

The chorus of "Where Is The Love" by the Black Eyed Peas
breaches the silence, and Faith raises an eyebrow as Willow
grabs her cell phone, stepping away from the table.

WILLOW

(into phone)

Hello? Hey, Artemis. You know I owe
you, like, a year's supply of
mochas for doing this, right?

ARTEMIS

(filtered; through phone)

I think I already used them all up
in order for me to stay awake this
late. You do remember the whole
'time zone' thing, right?

WILLOW

See, if you didn't know people I
wouldn't have had to call you.
Don't you just wish you lived in a
hole, with fertile soil?

ARTEMIS

Not really. Besides, I enjoy
breaking and entering into an old
library with magical security. It
was a challenge, I'll admit it. But
I believe I've found some valuable
information, that could be of
service.

WILLOW

Hit me.

ARTEMIS

Well, it's not exactly a what, more of a whom. The Asylum you're standing on is what the Slayer Nikki Wood was guarding.

WILLOW

(enlightened)

Really?

ARTEMIS

Apparently, it was known as the Place of the Lost.

WILLOW

(nods)

A spider drawing in the flies, before getting a nice TV dinner meal, courtesy of humanity. Like a lure?

ARTEMIS

Well, that bit with the lost souls was from the diary of a madman, but you're always saying look at all the facts...

WILLOW

Remind me again why I agreed to take you on as my apprentice?

((glancing at Faith)

Anyway, I have to go, but thanks, Arty. You're a sweetheart.

Hanging up, Willow heads back to the table.

FAITH

The boy wonder find anything?

WILLOW

Just extras for the DVD. Hey, does Alex happen to have a personal collection here? You know, top secret, eyes only kinds of files?

FAITH

Oh yeah, it's just locked, and I'm pretty sure she gives it a CSI once a week.

WILLOW

Wanna show me anyway?

Following Faith's footsteps, the girls find themselves at the back of the room in front of a glass case containing several thick, obscure books.

(CONTINUED)

Willow looks at the lock with a peaceful concentration, and there's a faint TINKLING sound before the glass case door swings silently open.

FAITH
(impressed)
Still got the green thumb,
Tinkerbell.

Reaching in, Faith retrieves the stash of books and heads back to a new table. A set of blueprints fall from one book, and Willow scoops them back up.

WILLOW
Why would Alex hide blueprints?

Glancing down, Faith sees the plans show the many labeled rooms of the medical facility. Everything seems to be where it should.

FAITH
Maybe it's the voices in her head?
There's a lot of that round here.

Picking up one of the many books, Faith flips through its pages, but whatever it's written in isn't English.

FAITH (cont'd)
Or she also speaks alien...

Finding a dog eared newspaper, Willow opens it.

WILLOW
(grimaces)
Do you think it's morbid that your
boss collects obituaries from the
forties and fifties?

FAITH
And she says I have issues...

Searching through the mess, something else draws their attention - another set of blueprints, although these are more faded and look like they've seen better days.

Faith frowns as she looks over the plans, comparing them to the newer blueprints.

FAITH (cont'd)
Alright, half these rooms don't
even exist, unless there's a
torture room on the fourth floor I
expertly blocked from memory.

Willow looks from one set to the next, then her face lights up as she spots something.

(CONTINUED)

WILLOW

And the puzzle pieces keep on
falling into place...

Taking the old blue prints, Willow lines them up with the
other set - they match!

FAITH

Something new...

Looking to her partner in crime, the witch shakes her head,
and points to the surplus of floors in the older building's
plans.

WILLOW

Something old.

Scanning several other newspapers on the table, Willow's eyes
light up, as she pulls it up for Faith to see.

The black and white photo has aged with time, but one word
stands out from the faded text - "Fire".

WILLOW (cont'd)

Bingo. There was a second asylum!
According to this, a mystery fire
started and spread to the basement
levels, and when they went, the
whole asylum literally fell into
the ground. They built the new
building - that's the one we're in -
over the top of it about ten years
later, using what was left of the
previous building as the new
foundation.

(points)

There could be a whole other set of
levels beneath us still!

FAITH

The old asylum? After all this
time? I'm guessing something's
fireproof.

(catches on)

And I'm also guessing you think
whatever brought you here's down in
those depths somewhere, right?

WILLOW

Whatever it is, it must have been
hidden, with the new building on
top of it. You know what this
means?

FAITH

Time to go down the rabbit hole.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (4)

25

Willow grins triumphantly as she rolls the plans back up, and we cut to:

26 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

26

Standing her ground as Evil Faith circles her with the knife, Noa maintains a look of defiance.

NOA

You know how not smart this is, right? The gang knows exactly where I am.

EVIL FAITH

True enough. But I figure with the other me being tied up with Nancy Drew, Pryor refusing to leave the lab, and Vi... let's just say she's gonna be "off duty" for a while. That leaves Quinn, who with the recent Bourne Identity crisis... not gonna be of much use.

Noa denies the words, charging at Evil Faith, but the villain is ready as she uses her leg to knock a stool in Noa's direction.

It's too late to stop, as the blonde trips up and crashes into the seat, bringing her down to an awkward position on the tiles.

Evil faith lunges down, grabbing Noa's hair and pulling it back sharply. Noa yelps as Evil Faith gets right in her face.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

(furious)

You want to know why I never told you about me, Noa? You just don't shut up!

Evil Faith SLAMS Noa face first back onto the kitchen floor, stepping back and chuckling as the dazed Noa struggles to push herself back up.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

(menacing)

Hey, it's your fault I'm here, twinkie. If you hadn't wanted to try bring back mommy dearest, this never would have happened!

Throwing the stool to the side, the slayer looks upon Faith's friend like a lamb ready for the slaughter.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
So, in a way, everything that's
about to happen to you can be
classed as 'poetic justice.' If
that makes you feel any better.

Noa starts to drag herself along the floor, heading for the
front room. Evil Faith grins, LICKING her knife blade.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
Ah ah!

Evil Faith quickly SLICES the knife across the back of Noa's
leg - just enough to cut the skin.

Noa CRIES OUT in pain, rolling onto her side and clutching
her leg as Evil Faith stands over her.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
Hope your life insurance is all
paid up, kiddo. Something tells me
there's a fat settlement in your
future.
(grins)
All thirty seconds of it.

Evil Faith reaches down towards Noa, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 INT. ASYLUM - ELEVATOR - SAME TIME

27

The constant DINGS indicate the descent as Faith and Willow prepare for whatever's coming. They're inside a rickety old elevator as it sinks into the depths of the Asylum.

FAITH

So Dawn's alright?

WILLOW

Dating Artemis, thinking about university, the usual teenage trauma.

FAITH

No feelings of resentment about the whole 'back from the dead' thing?

WILLOW

Faith, she's older than any living creature on this earth, and has memories of things that didn't actually happen! Plus, she's still a teenager, so I don't think she has time to worry about one death. Besides, she's a Summers, so what's just the one death given their family's track record?

(beat)

Although, I'm now foreseeing me selling their blood on eBay...

(off look)

Don't tell Xander. He'll want a cut of the profits.

FAITH

Yeah, but... Dawn?

WILLOW

So she went evil. Who on the good guys hasn't? It's like an initiation.

FAITH

Does she know about... about what happened with me and Buffy?

Willow throws her a meaningful look, and Faith gets the message - no, she doesn't. Not yet. Faith nods, allowing herself a bitter grin.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Figures. Can't say I blame her for
keeping that little skeleton under
lock and key.

Willow hesitates, then opens her mouth to reply when DING!
The doors open automatically, and the girls are faced with a
long, dark hallway.

Willow peers into the gloom, a little nervous, and turns to
Faith.

WILLOW
You ready?

Faith raises her hand - she's holding a flashlight.

FAITH
This time? For anything.

Faith flicks the flashlight on and steps out into:

Stepping out of the elevator, Willow unfurls the blueprints
as Faith's torch beam sweeps across the corridor.

FAITH
This is the end of the road.

WILLOW
(off blueprints)
Not according to this. There should
be half a dozen more floors below
us at least.

WILLOW (cont'd)
Then we'll improvise.

Stepping up to the plate, the redhead takes a breath, and
raises her hands in the air.

Without hesitation, a glowing RED BALL of energy materializes
before her, hovering over the floor.

Willow snaps her wrists down, and the ball follows the
motion, charging towards the floor.

With a terrific CRASH, the ball punches through the hallway
floor, leaving in its place a gaping hole... and another
hallway below them!

Faith kneels at the edge of the hole, scanning the darkness
with her flashlight.

FAITH

How is it you're able to do this without muttering Latin or any other foreign language I can insult?

WILLOW

I'm working with a more mental type of magic. It gives me more control.

FAITH

If I had anywhere to begin, I would, but...

WILLOW

Let's do what we came here for?

FAITH

Right. It's about six or seven feet down, but watch your step.

Faith lowers her legs over the hole, then drops down out of sight, and as Willow starts to follow, we cut to:

With their footsteps echoing along the empty hall, the old Asylum gives off plenty of bad vibes. There seems to be a faint green glow to the air.

FAITH

Feel like we've entered the labyrinth in a very strange kids game?

WILLOW

At least we've already passed "Go", but I feel cheated we never got to collect the two hundred bucks. I'm gonna need new shoes after this!

Walking forward, Faith takes the lead as an interested Willow plays catch up.

FAITH

See any handy neon signs?

WILLOW

Sadly, I think we're going to have to do this the old fashioned way.

FAITH

Getting lost?

WILLOW

Hey, we have the blueprints, at least!

FAITH

(not enthused)

Lucky us.

Faith walks cautiously on as we cut to:

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NEXT

Evil Faith drags Noa to her feet, Noa cowering before Faith's snarling features.

EVIL FAITH

Don't worry, even if your boy's on his way, I've got plenty of time to do some good damage before he gets here.

Noa's hand starts digging through the open cutlery drawer next to her, unseen by Evil Faith.

Evil Faith holds the tip of the knife blade a fraction of an inch away from Noa's left eye, and Noa tries not to shiver.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Ever wondered how Xander felt when he lost his eye?

Noa tenses up - then whips her hand round to bring up a can of bug spray, SPRAYING it right into Faith's face!

Evil Faith staggers backwards, dropping the knife, and Noa presses her advantage as she kicks the blade away.

Evil Faith looks up at Noa with murder blazing in her red, tearful eyes.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

(venomous)

You're going to wish you never did that! You wanna go out slow, that's fine by me...

Ferociously she charges at the blonde, but Noa is too quick and unplugs the kettle, tossing BOILING WATER into Evil Faith's face, drenching her.

Noa allows herself a smirk as Evil Faith HOWLS in pain and crashes back to the floor, her hands pressed to her face.

NOA

Was that me? My bad. But seriously... you need to cool off.

(CONTINUED)

Having had enough, Evil Faith ignores the pain and whacks Noa with a PUNCH to the head, knocking the blonde out cold.

EVIL FAITH

Think you're smart? This is just a warm up!

BANG! A gunshot blows open the lock on the front door, and moments later Quinn strides into view.

He quickly takes in the scene - Noa sprawled on the floor, Faith standing over her, her face reddened from the scalding water.

Quinn aims his gun directly at Evil Faith, the look in his eyes showing he won't hesitate to shoot.

QUINN

Step away from her.

EVIL FAITH

Cute. Knight in shining armour, aren't you? But you're not always going to be there.

QUINN

You won't either, with three bullets in your skull. Whatever the hell you are, I'm pretty sure that'll kill you more than I need it to.

EVIL FAITH

Touche. Fine, you win this round, Q. But only because this round was a warning. Next time, I'll up the stakes.

Evil faith suddenly springs into motion, dodging past Quinn as he FIRES at empty air.

Grabbing the arm with the firearm, she twists it back until Quinn drops the gun with a SHOUT of pain.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Just remember... who's your daddy?

Tossing him to the floor, she grabs the gun and jumps over to the balcony.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I underestimated your little girlfriend this time. It won't happen again.

BANG!

(CONTINUED)

Quinn instantly looks at the unconscious form of Noa, but there's no wound! Looking up all he finds is an open door... Evil Faith is gone.

Getting up, he's quick to move the hair out of Noa's face, but she's unhurt - no bullet wounds.

That's when he spots the picture on the opposite wall. One of Noa, Faith, and himself in happier times. Noa with her classic overachiever smile... the perfect moment.

Despite the new addition of a smoking bullet hole in the center of Noa's forehead.

Walking along, Faith pushes through the thick cobwebs, wiping them off on her shirt and grimacing.

WILLOW

Ever wonder what it is about
spiders and creepy, dark places? I
think they just like the-

FAITH

(snaps)
We're walking in circles!

WILLOW

(beat)
Technically. This whole place is
built like a-

FAITH

Will, if you go all geometry whiz
on me, I'll join the other side of
the Force again.

WILLOW

Oddly enough, I never watched Star
Wars. Something about billions of
dollars going into a franchise in
which the main villain has asthma,
just doesn't seem like a challenge.
(beat; quickly)
Anyway, what I was going to say was
why don't we follow the fresh
footprints in the dust? It's safe
to say they're not ours.

Faith shines the flashlight to the floor - and Willow was right. There are more sets of footprints leading on through the thick dust.

Faith glances at Willow then starts to follow the tracks, as we cut to:

32

INT. OLD ASYLUM - ROOM - NEXT

32

Walking slowly into view Faith has a stake ready, but again they're the only two people in the room.

They enter a huge room with walls of solid stone, covered with smaller tiles that have markings and symbols etched into them.

Faith's torch beam falls on something more impressive than that, however - in the centre of the room is a gigantic semi circular stone ARCHWAY!

Gothic stone monuments stand on either side, as guardians, and the surface of the archway is covered with more of the arcane symbols and hieroglyphics.

FAITH

Picking up any juice?

WILLOW

A variety of several fruit flavours.

FAITH

Then I think we found what you came here for.

WILLOW

Maybe this is that 'gateway' you told me about?

FAITH

Yeah... maybe.

Walking closer, the duo see that the gateway seems to be made of a mixture of ancient metals, some rusty and corroded and others still clean and shining.

Reaching out, Faith, touches her hand lightly against one of the glyphs - and Willow is propelled backwards by a blue BLAST of energy!

As a mystical wind picks up out of nowhere, and the hundreds of glyphs over the archway light up one by one at an increasing speed

One glyph is highlighted - and the same symbol starts to GLOW on the back of Faith's hand!

The gateway begins to HUM, as several strange cylinders across its roof turn, but within moments the structure falls still again, the rumbling noise it made fading back to silence.

(CONTINUED)

Faith steps back, looking at her hand - a black, tattoo-like hieroglyph has appeared on the back of her hand.

FAITH (cont'd)
What the...

WILLOW
I'm guessing you pushed the start button.

Dazed, Willow starts to sit up as Faith goes to help her, but Willow's eyes are fixed on the archway.

FAITH
(tense)
Well, I didn't mean to, did I? Did I just screw over the world?

WILLOW
Let me see your hand.

Faith holds out her hand, and Willow studies the tattoo there, looking back to the archway.

WILLOW (cont'd)
I know this is going to sound weird, Faith, but... but I think somehow you're connected to this thingamajig.

FAITH
Connected how?

WILLOW
Think about it - you just casually end up to come back to this world, right here in New York, and land a job at this very asylum? It's a very complicated equation, sure, but don't you think the lack of logic explains the empty void and sort of makes some sense?

Faith closes her eyes and mutters a curse.

FAITH
Damn responsibility is really gonna mess with my lack of a social life.

WILLOW
And the mark on your hand?
Translated, that means "Warden".
It's ah, Archo-Aramayic.

Still not believing what she's hearing, Faith's attention is stolen by a huge tarpaulin cast along the ground.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Willow, I think somebody beat us to it.

Catching sight of the large sheet, Willow's look turns to fear.

FAITH (cont'd)

I'm guessing whoever built this didn't throw in the tarp as standard. Somebody's been here before us and uncovered this thing.

WILLOW

Well, maybe we just need to find out who-

FAITH

Never mind the who, what, when, where, and why - this means someone already knows what's happening! What if this thing is bad, Will? What if we just helped turn it on so they can use it?

WILLOW

So you'll deal. We'll talk battle strategy. I'll head back to Ireland and let you know if I come up with any answers, meanwhile, you stay here and keep doing what you're doing.

FAITH

Getting confused as hell?

WILLOW

I was going to say 'fulfill your destiny,' but confusion is practically a guarantee these days.

FAITH

(off gateway)

Any idea what I should do about that thing?

Willow thinks - then, SNAPPING her fingers, the tarpaulin levitates itself over the ancient artifact, lowering into place and concealing it.

WILLOW

There, piece of cake. I hereby call this mission a success.

FAITH

A 'success'? We get lost in the underground levels of a building we didn't even know was here before tonight, find some huge mystical... thing, and then I get a new tattoo that means I'm something's 'warden' now?

WILLOW

(beat)

But, uh, we didn't get killed, and that always counts as a success for me... right?

Glancing at the artifact, Faith doesn't look too happy with this turn of events as we cut to:

EXT. ALLEY - SAME TIME

Racing into view, a young woman is in serious need of help against two muggers - but her screams are useless as they corner her at the end of the alley.

She attempts to fight back, but is easily overpowered as thunder starts to RUMBLE overhead.

Another few moments pass, and suddenly Mother Nature is in full force as a downpour of rain starts, soaking both muggers and their victim.

Stake in hand, hair tied back in a pony tail, Faith marches into view.

FAITH

I think you boys are going to have to learn that stealing on my watch isn't tolerated.

Turning their attention on our heroine, they swap looks, then with a shared grin start to advance on her.

FAITH (cont'd)

Not to mention, you don't look like you need the money. But, I guess there's logic to the plastic surgery you're both gonna need when you tell your buddies how you got your asses kicked by a girl.

Losing control, MUGGER #1 launches himself at Faith, but she steps neatly out of the way and TRIPS him.

He sails face first into the alley wall, knocking himself out cold and crashing back to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
(shakes head)
Tsk. Tsk.

MUGGER #2 doesn't even stick around! High tailing it off the scene, he never takes notice that Faith isn't even following him.

The relieved victim splashes over to Faith, gasping with fear but starting to smile at last.

GIRL
Thank you! I don't know what I
would have done without you!

FAITH
Just doing my job.

GIRL
How did you-

The girl freezes.

She looks slowly down - and sees a STAKE embedded into her chest.

She looks back up to Faith, who WINKS at her, before the woman slides inelegantly to the ground, flopping lifelessly to the side.

Faith leans her head back, closing her eyes to swallow a few mouthfuls of rain and shake her hair loose.

This isn't the Faith we know at all.

EVIL FAITH
Oh... I've sure missed how damn
good that felt...

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW