

FAITH

"Rebirth"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 1

The door to the apartment opens. FAITH enters with a bag of eats and glances ahead.

FAITH
Hey honey. I'm home.

The apartment is dark and empty, with only the distant MEOW of the hungry Goliath cutting through the gloom.

Faith heads into the:

2 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 2

Faith flicks on the light and drops her large bag of chips down on the counter. She stretches - she's still wearing her white Asylum uniform, and it looks like it's been a long night.

Goliath hops up onto the counter and starts to sniff at her chips, but with a grin Faith scoops the bag up.

FAITH
Ah ah. Gotta watch your fat,
Goliath. You're getting too heavy
to be a guard cat now.

Faith opens a cupboard, reaches in and takes out a tin of cat food. She winds it open, grabs a fork from the overflowing pile of unwashed stuff in the sink and slops the food into Goliath's bowl.

She strokes him absently as he hurries over and buries his face in the bowl, before she turns and heads into the:

3 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 3

She flops down onto the sofa. The lights are still out, but she flicks on the TV and lets the flicker of that fill up the apartment.

Faith munches through her chips, idly flipping through the channels.

Somebody is standing over by the window.

Faith glances over to them, but doesn't seem bothered by their presence, whoever it is.

FAITH
Got any messages for me?

(CONTINUED)

The figure stands, perfectly still, perfectly silent. Faith huffs and rolls her eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)
That's a bit of a gyp. My answering machine doesn't even beep.

She lets this comment hang, then sits up, throws the empty bag of chips down and marches over to the window.

FAITH (cont'd)
You know, back in the old days, you woulda made an ass out of yourself over that. Well, an assed remark. I think I like this quiet version of you better.

Faith steps back - and as she does the silent figure is finally revealed...

GABRIEL sits on the window. His body is straight and neat, like he was a doll arranged there. He doesn't acknowledge her, doesn't move as much as an eye muscle.

Faith takes a deep breath. The sight bugs her. She waves a hand in front of him. There's still nothing from the cardboard Gabe she's been lumped with.

She walks closer to him. Last desperate measure: she lifts her shift and watches his face.

Gabe has most definitely left the building. She pulls her shirt down. It upsets her more than she likes.

FAITH (cont'd)
No annoying smile to piss me off.
No riddles... that piss me off. No jokes, no laughs, no... fight.
(shakes the melancholy away)
Definitely an assed remark.

She looks at him sideways. He still hasn't moved.

FAITH (cont'd)
It's better this way.
(nods to herself)
Better, yeah. 'Course Old Gabe never woulda had a peep show like that.
(snorts)
Maybe in his dreams.

She can't quite hide the sad, but as Faith reaches for Gabriel again, we SMASH CUT into:

4 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - NIGHT

4

Faith jumps up in bed with a GASP. She's sweating all over, breathing heavily - just a bad dream.

She looks round, taking a moment to compose herself before leaning her head forward into her hands.

FAITH
(quietly)
Every night...

She lies back down, hoping she can finally get some rest this time, as we cut to:

5 INT. CELL - NIGHT

5

It's a nun cell. Plain, spartan; crosses on the wall; the Holy Mother smiling down on the occupant of the single bed. MARIA CONSTANEZ is asleep.

Her eyes move beneath her eyelids. She sweats heavily; her brow furrowed.

Her arms start twitching under the covers. She moans. It's fairly obvious she's having a good dream.

MARIA
Yes... yes...
(yells)
No!!

She startles herself awake. She sits up and breathes heavily, wiping the sweat from her brow.

Across from her, the picture of the Holy Mother stares serenely back at her. Maria takes comfort in the image and calms down, even smiles at her foolishness.

She folds her arms around herself. Her smile quickly disappears replaced with dread.

She throws her covers off herself - and looks down at her PREGNANT STOMACH.

Maria SCREAMS.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6

INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

6

For the first time in recent memory, there is actually some light inside Pryor's typically darkened office. Not much - a few extra anglepoise lamps here and there - but it's a start.

NOA stands into frame, humming merrily to herself as she heaves a heavy box of folders up onto a desktop before her.

PRYOR mooches around in the background, making a lot of noise as he flips through a rack of wallcharts, his eyes accustomed to the darkness. He wears his by-now customary hooded top, still concealing his features.

Noa is having less luck, squinting at the covers of the folders in her hands before turning to Pryor.

NOA

Are you sure I can't have the lights on?

PRYOR

Yes.

He doesn't turn round - she's obviously asked this several times already.

NOA

Well, how am I supposed to help you move some of the stuff out of here if I can't even-

PRYOR

(interrupts)

Move it outside and do it there.

Pryor turns at last, heading over to her with another box in his hands.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Most of it needs to come out of here anyway. The new equipment I've ordered will take up more room in here than I currently have the space for.

He passes her the box, which she struggles to hold up, before he scoops up a wad of papers and heads out into the Exam Room, with Noa following - she has a slight limp, a souvenir from her recent battle with Evil Faith.

7

INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

7

The Exam Room is its usual brightly lit self, but every available surface seems to have been covered by more of Pryor's things.

Pryor drops the papers onto a spare bit of table space - and they spill out to cover it.

NOA

How did you get all this stuff in there, anyway? It's like there's more out here than there is in there!

PRYOR

(shrugs)

Too much 'Doctor Who' as a kid, I expect.

NOA

(blinks)

Huh?

PRYOR

Never mind. You're too young to-

FAITH (O.S.)

Knock knock?

They turn to see Faith at the main doors, her eyes scanning the debris with a raised eyebrow.

FAITH (cont'd)

Having a garage sale but forget the garage?

NOA

Faith! Hey!

FAITH

Hey. Couldn't sleep, figured I'd swing by, see if you guys were still up.

Noa looks at her watch and grimaces.

NOA

Damn it, Pryor, I was supposed to take over from Jon an hour ago!

PRYOR

He'll be alright. We're almost halfway done, let's just move these last few things out.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor heads back into his office as Noa stays to talk to Faith, busying herself with stacking up more folders.

NOA

So how are things?

FAITH

Not bad. Had a... situation last week, but so far it's been all quiet since then.

NOA

Huh. You get a tattoo?

Faith looks down at her hand - and at the marking the Gateway donated to her.

FAITH

Uh... yeah, something like that.

NOA

It's nice. Very... Celtic. What's it mean?

FAITH

I have no idea.

NOA

(rolls eyes)

Figures. What did you do, get drunk and stumble into a tattoo parlour?

Noa chuckles, and Faith fakes a smile back, quickly changing the subject.

FAITH

So what's going on? You guys moving out?

NOA

Oh, no, Pryor's ordered some new lab stuff in, says we need to make room.

FAITH

What for?

PRYOR (O.S.)

To help you, actually.

Faith looks up as Pryor walks back over, holding out a thick manual for her.

FAITH

(not following)

Help me?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

To see if we can figure out a way
to restore your natural, er...
Slayer-ness.

Faith goes quiet, and Noa's sharp look at Pryor suggests this is a subject she'd warned him not to bring up. Faith, however, seems unfazed, nodding.

FAITH

Right. Put the jungle back into the
girl, huh?

PRYOR

Something like that. I think we've
managed to establish from what Vi's
been able to tell us that there's
something running around out there
doing an excellent job of
pretending to be you.

FAITH

(frowns)
Say what?

NOA

(quickly)
We're not sure of that yet. That's
just what Vi keeps saying, but you
know... she has been through a lot.

FAITH

(guilty)
Yeah, I know.

They fall silent for a moment, and Noa looks for a change of topic. She reaches into a nearby box and carefully lifts out a device that looks like two tiaras, connected by fine chains.

NOA

What's this? Pick it up at the
fetish expo?

Pryor quickly takes the delicate device out of Noa's hands and places it gingerly back in the box.

PRYOR

It's a schessel.

NOA

Gesundheit.

Faith smirks, but Pryor is still all business.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

It's a device to allow two people's
consciousness to connect, almost
like sharing somebody's dream.

FAITH

How come you have it?

PRYOR

(evasive)

A, er... 'friend' gave it to me.

NOA

(shrugs)

So you stole it.

PRYOR

(beat)

Yes. It's very valuable, and
extremely dangerous in the wrong
hands. I felt safer knowing it was
locked away somewhere safe.

NOA

No place safer than here!

Noa takes the schessel out again, and places one of the
tiaras on her head.

NOA (cont'd)

Reckon I'd make a good princess?

PRYOR

Noa, please.

NOA

Oh, come on, Pryor. I'll bet you
just raided the Star Trek
convention and picked this up
'cause it looked cool. Or maybe you
just bought it to find yourself a
dream lover?

She smirks, but Pryor turns and heads back into his office.
Deflated, Noa turns to Faith.

NOA (cont'd)

Wanna let me take-

She stops. Noa realises what she was about to suggest - and
Faith's look tells her to think about changing the subject.
Noa meekly slips the device off and places it back.

NOA (cont'd)

Sorry. Wasn't thinking.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

That's cool. Once is enough, I figure.

(looks towards door)

Is Vi asleep? Or is she...

NOA

She's still under sedation. Pryor brings her up every day or so, helps to flush the anaesthetic out, but while she's still healing up we figured it was for the best.

FAITH

I'm just gonna go... you know.

NOA

Yeah, okay.

Faith nods and pushes back through the doors.

INT. THE LAB - VI'S ROOM - NEXT

Faith steps quietly into the small room, its bare floors a welcome relief from the mess downstairs.

QUINN is sitting in a chair by the bed, his head back as he snores, and VI is lying flat out in the bed, looking peaceful despite the many wounds still covering her body.

Faith gently shakes Quinn to wake him up, and he comes to with a snort.

QUINN

What did...

(sees Faith)

Is it that time already?

FAITH

(grins)

Hey. Some nightwatchman you make, huh?

QUINN

Don't be fooled by the sleeping. That's just to lure the enemy into a false sense of security.

Quinn yawns and stretches as Faith pulls up a seat by the bed, looking forlornly down at Vi. Quinn watches her for a beat, letting her have her moment.

QUINN (cont'd)

She's doing okay.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

But she's not out of this bed yet.

QUINN

Well... no. But she's healing fast.
I guess it's true what they say
about you Slayers.

Beat. Quinn closes his eyes as he realises his *faux pas*.

QUINN (cont'd)

I'm sorry, I didn't mean-

FAITH

It's cool. Really.

QUINN

Really?

Faith looks up at him, then sighs and leans back in the chair.

QUINN (cont'd)

It's not cool at all, is it.

FAITH

Feels like part of me just... just
isn't there any more, you know?

QUINN

Are we talking about Vi or your
powers here?

FAITH

Both, I guess. Whatever happened to
me to make me like this, it's what
led to her being put in this bed.
(lowers head)
This is all my fault.

QUINN

Now I know you're not going to keep
thinking that.

FAITH

What else am I supposed to think? I
get trapped in some screwed up
'Gladiator' world gone bad, I get
her out, just about manage to drag
my own ass out of there, but
somewhere along the way some big
time cosmic balls up leaves me like
this, and by the time I start
getting my head together, somebody
almost tears her to pieces! How the
hell is any of that not my fault!

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

Quinn isn't about to answer that for her, and takes his cue to leave her be. He exits, leaving Faith to stare at the sleeping Vi.

9 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT

9

Quinn strolls back into the Exam Room, taking in the carnage of paperwork, boxes and dusty lab equipment all around.

QUINN

Woah.

NOA

It's worse than it looks. We still have the rest of Pryor's office to clean out yet.

QUINN

There's a 'rest of Pryor's office' still to go?

He heads over and KISSES Noa, then takes a seat next to her, getting started on the paperwork and filing.

The downstairs doorbell RINGS, and after swapping a look, Noa gets up to answer it.

10 INT. THE LAB - FRONT ENTRANCE - NEXT

10

Noa opens the door - and blinks in surprise as she sees the middle-aged Hispanic FATHER TUERO and MARIA standing before her. Maria is wrapped in a heavy shawl, and looks very weak.

TUERO

Please... is this where we find the lady known as 'Faith'?

NOA

Uh... yeah, yeah, it is. Do you two need some help?

Tuero looks at Maria, his face full of sadness.

TUERO

Sí. I am afraid we do.

Noa registers the concern in his eyes, and steps aside to let the two into the Lab.

11 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT

11

Maria is perched on one of the larger stools, nodding to Quinn as he hands her a mug of coffee.

Tuero is standing on the far side of the Lab with Noa and Pryor, wringing his hands as he watches Maria.

(CONTINUED)

TUERO

I am sorry to trouble you all so late with this, but... but we did not know where else to go.

PRYOR

How did you know to come here? If you don't mind me asking, that is.

NOA

We like to know where our hits are coming from.

TUERO

This place has quite the reputation. The stories of what you and your team here accomplish in this part of the city... well, they are beginning to spread.

Noa and Pryor swap a surprised look, as we enter a:

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

A) A young blonde woman addresses the camera.

YOUNG WOMAN

And then, this brunette chick just comes steaming out of the alley by that nightclub, you know, the one with all the snakes, and tackles the guy to the ground, and... well, I don't know what she did. I took my cue and ran. But I do know I didn't see that guy any more after that.

B) An elderly man wearing a Knicks cap speaks to us.

ELDERLY MAN

Damndest thing I ever saw! Little blonde thing, barely over eighteen, sticks this... this... stake into the guy's chest, and poof! He explodes. Turns to dust.

(shakes head)

Crazy.

C) A nine year old boy stares up at us before speaking.

BOY

The man in the hoodie killed the monster before it could eat me.

Back to the Lab, as Pryor folds his arms.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

So I take it from all that we're
not dealing with a normal problem
here.

TUERO

Far from it.

NOA

So what's wrong with her?

Noa looks over to Maria, who winces as she leans back,
pressing the base of her spine - and her swollen, pregnant
belly pokes through the shawl.

NOA (cont'd)

Apart from the whole 'being
pregnant' thing, I mean.

TUERO

(sighs)

She has only been pregnant for four
hours.

Beat.

PRYOR

We'll get right on it.

The trio head over to join Quinn and Maria.

PRYOR (cont'd)

(to Maria)

When did you first realise
something was wrong?

TUERO

She does not speak English.

PRYOR

Oh. Uh, can you translate?

Tuero nods. He lays a hand on Maria's shoulder, and her tear-
stained face looks up at him. He gives her a reassuring
smile, then translates Pryor's question. Maria trembles as
she replies.

TUERO

She says she has been having dreams
for many nights now. Dreams of a...
(reluctant)
... sexual nature.

NOA

Alright! Way to go, girl!

(CONTINUED)

Pryor frowns at Noa, who mimes zipping her mouth shut.

PRYOR

Does she think something in these
dreams has affected her?

Tuero asks, waiting for Maria's reply.

TUERO

She says the dreams typically just
involve her and the men she has
known in her life.

NOA

Why is that a bad thing? Is she,
like, a nun or something?

TUERO

She is someone who has returned to
the flock after many years in the
wilderness.

QUINN

Anything we should know about from
those 'wilderness' years?

TUERO

Nothing she has not already
confessed to, or paid penance for.

PRYOR

It could be important. There are
many ways in which a person can be
affected by their dreams, but if
there's an outside source of-

Maria suddenly starts talking rapidly in Spanish, and Tuero
struggles to keep up with her. Maria is gesturing
frantically, her voice rising in emotion.

NOA

What's the matter? What's she
saying?

TUERO

She says every dream has been the
same, but tonight it was different.
She says she saw something else.

Pryor starts hunting for a notepad and pen.

TUERO (cont'd)

A man, a tall man, wrapped in
darkness. The last thing she
remembers is this man taking her in
his arms, and when she awoke...

(CONTINUED)

He gestures to her belly as Pryor leans back into frame, holding out the notebook to Maria.

PRYOR

Could you ask her to try and draw
what she saw?

Tuero nods, translating Pryor's request. Pryor motions for Quinn and Noa to join him on the other side of room.

QUINN

You've got your 'I've got a theory'
look on, Pryor.

PRYOR

Depending on what she sketches for
us, I'm already starting to narrow
this down.

NOA

Some kind of dream demon?

PRYOR

There's an awful lot of them. I was
reading a report the other day
about a suspected attack by one on
a school somewhere in England a few
months ago.

QUINN

A report from where?

PRYOR

(hesitant)
An... underground source.

NOA

Never mind the source - what are we
going to do? Mother Hysteria over
there looks about ready to pop any
second, and me and babies... not
good. Especially demonic hell
babies.

PRYOR

Noa, we don't know-

TUERO (O.S.)

Senor Webb?

The trio turn to see Tuero waving them over.

TUERO (cont'd)

Maria has finished her drawing.

The head back, Pryor taking the notepad from Maria. His look darkens as he examines it carefully.

TUERO (cont'd)

Well? Do you recognise who or what
it is?

Everyone hangs on Pryor's response as he slowly looks back up at Father Tuero.

PRYOR

It's a good thing you came to us
when you did.

NOA

(bites lip)

Why am I sensing a bad thing
rushing towards us here?

PRYOR

You'll both have to stay here for
now, I'm afraid. We've haven't got
very long to solve this... or we're
all going to be in big trouble.

Quinn and Noa swap worried looks as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 12

It's twilight over at Faith's place, as the girl herself pads into frame, wearing a t-shirt and sweat pants. She heads for the fridge and opens it - it's not amazingly well-stocked, but there's a carton of milk in there at least.

Faith opens the carton and sniffs it experimentally. Goliath MEOWS again, and she kneels down to pour some into his bowl - and the shadowy figure stands by her window again.

He's obscured as Faith stands, gulping from the carton herself. She hesitates, sensing something is wrong, and turns...

... but the man is gone. Spooked, Faith double takes and we SMASH CUT to:

13 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - MORNING 13

Faith awakes with a start - she sits at one of the desks, surrounded by Pryor's paperwork as Noa hands her a coffee and fresh bagel.

Faith blinks at the offered food, then reaches for it as Noa pulls up a seat next to her.

FAITH
What time is it?

NOA
About five-thirty. You dropped off a few hours ago, so I tried to let you sleep, but you know Pryor...

FAITH
We're up against the clock here, Noa. Sleep can wait until later. And you don't have to feed me, you know.

NOA
Yeah, I do.

Faith hesitates - then tears into the bagel with a vengeance.

NOA (cont'd)
Uh, Faith? Can I ask you something?

FAITH
(through mouthful)
Sure.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Did you... I mean, did you have any...

FAITH

Any what?

NOA

Dreams. While you were asleep. Did you have any?

Faith slows her eating down, turning to Noa.

FAITH

No. Something tells me you did.

NOA

I was only asleep for, like, five minutes, and I'm not sure... I don't even know if it was a dream, or I just woke up really early and was all spaced out before I dropped off again.

FAITH

What happened?

Noa blushes, and Faith raises an eyebrow.

NOA

Well, it was... uh... you know, me and-

FAITH

(looks up)

Pryor?

NOA

What?!? Oh, God, no! I'd never think about-

Noa realises Faith is looking over her shoulder, and Noa turns to see Pryor standing behind her.

NOA (cont'd)

(innocently)

Pryor! Good to see you up and about.

She hands him a takeaway coffee from the stash before her, and after a beat Pryor takes it, holding out a printout for Faith to read.

FAITH

What's all this?

PRYOR

Blood sample results from Maria.
Notice anything unusual?

FAITH

Should I?

PRYOR

(points)

Here, and here. Elevated serotonin counts. By rights, the lady Maria should be bouncing off the walls right now. According to this, she's as high as a kite.

NOA

So how come all she's done is pray in Spanish all night so far?

PRYOR

Because all those chemicals in her system are being absorbed by something.

FAITH

The baby.

PRYOR

Precisely. And that's not all - this sketch she made me?

Pryor locates Maria's drawing and holds it up to the others - it's of a tall, darkly shaded figure with some kind of crown.

PRYOR (cont'd)

It's a crude drawing, but I think it's a tanaklian demon.

FAITH

They're bad, right?

PRYOR

They're bad.

NOA

So what's the plan? I mean, how do we kill this thing if it's only in her dreams?

PRYOR

I'm still working on that part.

FAITH

I'm gonna go check on Vi again while you guys think of something.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Don't you have work?

FAITH

Day off. Alex figured I needed a break.

Faith heads upstairs as Noa and Pryor start sorting through the files around them.

INT. THE LAB - VI'S ROOM - NEXT.

Faith sits morosely by Vi's bed again, watching her slow breathing and letting the clicks and beeps of the machines around her fill the silence.

Faith's eyelids start to close, and despite fighting to stay awake, she soon dozes off, her head slumping forward.

She stays head down for a few moments - until a pair of male HANDS reach into frame and start gently massaging the back of her neck.

Faith lifts her head up, eyes still closed, smiling dreamily - she's clearly enjoying this.

FAITH

Careful, girl could get used to this kind of treatment.

Gabriel leans down to whisper into her ear.

GABRIEL

That's the idea.

He stands and gets back to the massaging.

FAITH

So what brought you back?

GABRIEL

You did.

FAITH

That's too easy. Can't you come up with a story where you fight your way through an army of demons, trek across barren deserts and then ride into the castle to rescue the princess?

GABRIEL

I could... but I thought you hated those sorts of stories.

FAITH

I do.

He leans down again - and KISSES her cheek. Faith tenses up - but soon melts away again as he works his way around her neck.

FAITH (cont'd)

Gabe, I...

GABRIEL

Ssh. Don't say a word. We waited too long for this.

He carries on kissing, working his way around the back of her neck, and Faith leans into him, enjoying every second of it.

Distant sounds start to fade into her hearing range - shouts, cries of some kind, and what appears to be the crackle of burning fires.

FAITH

(frowns)

You hear that?

GABRIEL

Your heart beating? Yeah, you must be running some serious horsepower in your-

FAITH

No... that.

Faith stands, marching over to the window. A disappointed Gabriel SIGHS as she walks away.

Faith heads for the window - the blinds are drawn, but some kind of orange glow can be seen through them. Faith reaches for the blinds and starts to slowly pull them apart...

... and recoils in horror at what she sees! Gabriel hurries over, concerned, as Faith reels from whatever she just witnessed.

GABRIEL

What is it? What's wrong?

FAITH

I... I saw... out there...

Faith turns to Gabriel - and GASPS as she sees him!

Gabriel looks DEAD - his skin is decayed and peeling, a pale, deathly colour, his eyes and cheeks are sunken and his neck lolls awkwardly to one side.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

GABRIEL

Faith? What's wrong? What did you see?

Faith boggles, her mind racing and stuck in neutral - and sees somebody standing behind Gabriel.

She leans slowly to the side to look round Gabriel for a better view - and as the entire room starts to fall dark, she sees something tall and humanoid, with dark, smooth skin and massive, clawed hands...

15 INT. THE LAB - VI'S ROOM - NEXT

15

Faith awakes with a SHOUT, looking round to see a concerned Noa and Quinn standing over her.

NOA

Are you alright?

Faith rubs her face with her hands, catching her breath.

FAITH

Get Pryor. We've really gotta kill this thing.

Faith stands, a determined look in her eyes as we cut to:

16 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT

16

Pryor holds a thick leather book in his hands - the creature from Faith's dream is illustrated on one of the pages.

FAITH

That's him. It made the room go dark as it showed up, so I didn't get too good a look at it, but that's definitely our bad guy.

PRYOR

Is there anything else you can remember? Did it speak, maybe you noticed something about its appearance, or-

FAITH

(frustrated)

Jeez, Pryor, I wasn't taking notes!

NOA

(stepping in)

Okay, okay, so we know vaguely what this thing looks like now. Better than we did before. That's a start, right?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

(serious)

All I wanna know is how to kill it.

PRYOR

Well, we do know more about it now.
It's not a tanaklian, it's the
Tanaklian. The creature the others
took their name from.

Noa takes over the book as Pryor starts searching through the
mess for something else.

NOA

Says here he was a demon who wanted
to bring Hell into the real world,
but he was confined to the realm of
dreams by a powerful warlock, some
guy named Daron.

PRYOR

(still searching)

Daron was a dreamwalker himself, he
knew how to bend the will of people
through their dreams - and he used
that magic to trap Tanaklian in the
literal hell the demon was
creating.

FAITH

That's pretty lame.

PRYOR

'Lame'?

FAITH

(shrugs)

I'd have just used an axe.

NOA

Against a demon that can play about
with people's dreams?

FAITH

(beat)

Alright, two axes.

PRYOR

There was always the fear that
Tanaklian would one day learn to
use Daron's own magic against him,
control the dreams he was trapped
in and escape into the human world.

NOA

So... that's what's happened, then.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

(beat)

Apparently so.

FAITH

Not hearing a way to kill it yet.

PRYOR

Just let me find... ah!

Pryor stands, holding a small box, and opens it, taking out the schessel device.

FAITH

Can we use that to kill it?

PRYOR

In theory, this will allow us to-

FAITH

(interrupts)

Show me.

PRYOR

(beat)

If Tanaklian has really learned how to control the magics that once confined him, his first order of business will be to find a way to be reborn into the mortal world.

NOA

Why wouldn't he want to stay in people's dreams, though? I mean, surely he's more powerful there?

FAITH

How long ago was he locked up?

PRYOR

A long time. Well over three thousand years.

FAITH

There's your answer. I know I'd want to get out and stretch my legs after that much time in other people's heads. Pryor, give me a crash course on that schessel doobrie and let's finish this.

PRYOR

It's a little complicated, but I'm sure we can-

Pryor is interrupted as Quinn bursts back in.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Guys! You'd better get upstairs.

NOA

What is it?

QUINN

It's Maria, she... well, let's just say we're about to have a little bundle of joy on our hands.

With alarmed looks, the group follow Quinn out and into:

INT. THE LAB - SPARE ROOM - NEXT

Maria is lying on a small bed in a small, old back room, converted into a makeshift bedroom. Her stomach is much larger now, and Father Tuero clutches her hands desperately tight as she writhes on the bed, yelling in pain.

Tuero leaps to his feet as Quinn leads the others inside, Noa's eyes bulging at the scene before her.

NOA

But she was only-

TUERO

Please, help us!

FAITH

Pryor, get that damn thing set up!

Pryor has a medical kit in one hand, and he quickly opens it and roots through, taking out a pre-packed syringe and passing it to Noa. She injects it into Maria's arm, much to Tuero's alarm.

TUERO

What are you doing?

NOA

It's just a sedative. We can't have her moving around like that if we want to help her!

Maria starts to relax, calming at last, and Pryor waits before carefully placing one of the tiaras on her head.

TUERO

I... I do not understand, what is-

QUINN

(reassuring)

It'll help, *padre*. Let them do their thing.

Faith watches them, then glances up at the small window in the opposite wall - and double takes as she sees Gabriel standing there, looking in on her!

FAITH
(confused)
Gabe?

NOA
Faith?

Faith looks round, then back - and Gabe is gone.

FAITH
But... but he was-

PRYOR
Faith!

Faith turns to Pryor, who looks suitably serious.

FAITH
I saw-

PRYOR
Tanaklian's getting stronger. Focus
on the reality. Not the dream.

Faith takes a beat to collect herself, then heads over. Quinn pulls up a chair for her as Pryor places the other half of the schessel across her temples.

FAITH
So what do I do?

PRYOR
For now, you wait. I need to form a
protective circle around you to
stop Tanaklian from escaping if
anything goes wrong.

NOA
(nervous)
What could go wrong?

PRYOR
(beat)
Let's stay on the task at hand.

He reaches for the tiara to make an adjustment, but Faith's hand snaps up and grabs his wrist.

FAITH
(serious)
Is this gonna let me kill it?

17 CONTINUED: (2)

17

PRYOR
Just do what you do best.

He manages a small smile, and Faith releases his wrist.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Close your eyes and concentrate. If
I've got this working correctly,
the effect should be almost instant-

FLASH!

18 INT. THE LAB - SPARE ROOM - NIGHT

18

Faith opens her eyes.

She's still in the back room - but everyone except Maria is gone. Faith reaches for her head - and the tiara is also missing. Outside, night has fallen.

FAITH
(mutters)
Crap.

Faith looks down at Maria, who is sleeping peacefully, and reaches out to take one of her hands. Her movements seem slow, the scene itself a little hazy.

FAITH (cont'd)
Don't move, sister. I'll be right
back.

Faith heads for the exit, into:

19 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT

19

Faith looks round the Exam Room - but it is also empty. She hears a distant sound, like a faint rustling, and frowns as she tries to make it out.

She grabs a fire axe from the wall on her way out - just in case.

20 INT. THE LAB - FRONT ENTRANCE - NEXT

20

The noise is much louder out by the front entrance, and Faith hefts up the axe, ready for trouble as she marches toward the doors.

She grabs the handle and pulls...

... and GASPS in horror at what she sees. There's no way to see what she sees, but SCREAMS start to filter in from whatever world lies beyond the lab doors.

(CONTINUED)

Orange, flickering light dances across her, and she recoils as something EXPLODES off camera, accompanied by more distant HOWLS of pain.

Faith stares in wide-eyed shock at the scene for another few beats, before finally managing to snap out of her trance.

She grabs the door and SLAMS it shut, sealing off the cries of pain and chaos outside.

She leans her head against the door, breathing heavily, physically drained by whatever horrors she just witnessed.

TANAKLIAN (O.S.)

Don't you like my handiwork?

Faith spins round - and there he is. TANAKLIAN. All seven foot of him, the dark-skinned demon standing naked, his body smooth all over. His face is covered by a huge, twisted crown of sorts, as though his skull sprouted a forest of antlers that burst straight through the top of his head.

TANAKLIAN (cont'd)

Don't you like the world I've created?

FAITH

You... this is what you made? This is what you wanted to turn my world into?

TANAKLIAN

Some people would say it's an improvement.

FAITH

Well, I ain't 'some people.' I'm just me.

(raises axe)

And I'm kinda protective of my planet.

Faith locks eyes with the demon for a beat - before he begins to change form again.

Tanaklian shrinks, his black skin turning a pale pink, his featureless body starting to grow into what looks like a business suit...

... and within moments, the grinning form of MAYOR WILKINS stands before Faith.

MAYOR WILKINS

Well, gosh. Isn't this what you've wanted all along?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

Faith stares at the Mayor - and as the axe slips from her fingers and hits the floor with a CLATTER, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. THE LAB - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

21

Faith stares down the Mayor as he paces casually towards her, hands in his pockets and a mischevious smirk on his lips.

MAYOR WILKINS

We've got a lot of catching up to do, haven't we? You've certainly been a busy girl since we last met.

Faith seems at a loss for words, her breathing still fast and ragged as the Mayor paces in a circle around her.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)

Have to say, the real highlight thus far has been when you tried to get that nice Angel fella to kill you, tried to make him see what a bad, bad girl you'd been.

(beat)

Lucky for both of us he was too much of an old softie to pull the trigger!

FAITH

Shut up.

(closes eyes)

You're not him.

The Mayor waits until Faith finally makes eye contact - and chuckles at the defiance blazing in her eyes.

MAYOR WILKINS

That's my girl.

FAITH

This isn't gonna work on me.

MAYOR WILKINS

Seems to be doing the trick at the moment!

FAITH

I know this is just in my head.

Faith slowly reaches for the axe - the Mayor doesn't try to stop her.

FAITH (cont'd)

But soon as I take care of yours, I'm home free.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR WILKINS

Do you really think it's that simple?

FAITH

Lookin' forward to finding out.

She steps back and raises the axe - but she hesitates. The Mayor doesn't move - in fact, he's still grinning.

MAYOR WILKINS

Something blocking your focus, sport?

FAITH

Take his face off.

MAYOR WILKINS

Now why would I want to do that?

FAITH

Just do it. Look at me with your own two eyes. Don't borrow somebody else's just to screw with me.

MAYOR WILKINS

(frowns)

Well now, that kind of talk just isn't very polite, is it? What would your friends think if they heard you say things like that?

Faith frowns, and lowers the axe a fraction:

And Faith suddenly finds herself sitting on the floor of one of the plain white rooms of the Asylum. She tries to move - but she's wearing a straitjacket!

She struggles to get free for a few beats before the door to the room opens.

She looks up, and in walks ALEX, followed by Noa and Pryor. All three are wearing bright red clothes and oversized glasses, scribbling on clipboards as they stare down at Faith.

FAITH

What the hell... what is this?

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.)

They're always judging you.

Faith looks round to see the Mayor leaning against the back wall of the room, hands still in his pockets.

FAITH

No, they're not.

MAYOR WILKINS

Of course they are. Now that Noa understands who you are, what you're capable of, she's just waiting for you to fall. She's seen for herself the depths you've sunk to, and she knows there's only a thin line stopping you from going back there.

Faith turns away from him, still fighting to get free, the sound of pens scratching against clipboards growing steadily louder.

The Mayor crouches right by Faith's side, whispering into her ear:

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)

I'm the only one who never did.

Faith's struggles die down, and as she looks back to the Mayor, we:

WHITE OUT:

Faith finds herself out in the open, the sun shining down from overhead as she looks across a perfect, verdant summer landscape.

She looks down at herself and sees she's now wearing a pretty, flowery dress. She seems lost in a sudden wave of emotions, this setting bringing back painful memories.

MAYOR WILKINS (O.S.)

See how pretty you are when you don't hide behind all that dark make-up and clothing?

She looks up as someone approaches - the Mayor is back. He holds an apple in one hand, juggling it a few times before taking a bite.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)

(offers apple)

Want some?

Faith just stares at him, and after a beat the Mayor shrugs and takes another bite out of the apple.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)
Kids today. No thought for the
value of simple things like
sharing.

He sits down on the grass, sighing contentedly, and after a
last look around Faith sits down beside him.

FAITH
What's the point of all this?

MAYOR WILKINS
To show you what you're missing.

FAITH
(off dress)
This is what I'm missing?

MAYOR WILKINS
Wouldn't the world be a better
place if I was back in it?

FAITH
Class of '99 reunions at Sunnydale
High'd be a hell of a lot smaller
if you were back in the world.

MAYOR WILKINS
(laughs)
Good one.

FAITH
Why would I want you back?

MAYOR WILKINS
Because I took care of you. Once.
And I could do it again. Let's face
it, I'm just about the only person
in your short, rotten little life
who ever gave two craps about you!

Faith looks away - she doesn't want to hear this.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)
All you have to do is one little
thing for me.

FAITH
Yeah? And what's that?

Faith still has her back to him - and a black man's hand
reaches into frame, tenderly stroking her cheek.

Faith whips round - and there is ROBIN WOOD.

ROBIN

All you need to do is let me out.

Faith reels in shock at the vision:

WHITE OUT:

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Faith is now inside an upper class restaurant. She's in a slinky red dress, her hair tied up, looking as high maintenance as the various couples at the tables around her.

Inoffensive lounge music drifts over from a band in one corner, just behind a large, currently empty dance floor.

Faith looks round the restaurant, still trying to catch up - and her eyes fall on Robin, seated opposite her.

He's wearing a debonair suit, and looks every inch the handsome hunk of man he was when she last saw him - when he died in her arms.

Faith stiffens up, her expression hardening. She's not liking this one bit.

FAITH

(shakes head)

No. Anyone but him. You don't have the right to-

ROBIN

Dance with me.

FAITH

(blinks)

What?

ROBIN

We have music - admittedly, it's a little slow tempo for my tastes, but it's definitely music.

FAITH

Give me one good reason why I should.

ROBIN

Look at the menu.

Faith frowns at him, but as he nods his head, she looks down and picks up the menu - it's in French. Faith looks like the rug just went from under her.

(CONTINUED)

ROBIN (cont'd)
I wanted to bring you here while we
were staying in Paris. I'd been
talking about it so much, you
actually had a dream about being
here one night.

Robin lifts his hands to show off the restaurant around them.

ROBIN (cont'd)
And now, here we are.

He stands, offering his hand to the still-shellshocked Faith.

ROBIN (cont'd)
So may I have this dance?

Faith's mind is racing - but she seems to be running on
autopilot, her hand reaching for his.

Robin leads her towards the dancefloor, and as they reach
their spot in the centre, he pulls her close and they begin a
slow, careful dance.

Other couples start to drift onto the floor, soon filling
every available space around them. Robin smiles down at
Faith, who looks utterly lost.

They bump into one of the other couples, and Faith glances
round at them - and JUMPS in surprise!

The couple has pale, decaying skin, glossy eyes and slack
jaws - they're dead.

All of the dancing couples are dead.

Faith shifts but Robin pulls her closer, his grip becoming
less tender and more forceful.

FAITH
What the hell are you trying to
prove to me?

ROBIN
This is what happens with you.

FAITH
Huh?

ROBIN

Death. It surrounds you. It's a part of who you are, what you are - or should I say were - but while others like you fight to stay in the light, you welcome the darkness in. It's the only place that feels like home to you.

Faith is growing agitated, the leering faces of the dead people surrounding her starting to close in. Robin runs a hand across the back of her neck.

ROBIN (cont'd)

That's why I need you.

FAITH

(cold)

I think Sister Maria might have something to say about that.

Robin smiles, tracing a hand through her hair.

ROBIN

You'd just make me stronger, and you'd be stronger for it.

Faith turns away, struggling to get free, but she's pulled back - and Robin has changed back into the Mayor!

MAYOR WILKINS

Better than a glass of milk.

The Mayor chuckles at his own joke, and Faith fights back even harder.

MAYOR WILKINS (cont'd)

We could visit all your little friends and let them know how much I've missed them. Give me a chance to say 'thanks' for what they did on Graduation Day. Now, doesn't that sound like a good idea?

Faith stops her struggles abruptly. She looks up at the mayor, a grin starting to cross her features.

FAITH

You know what? Actually... yeah, it does.

The Mayor grins - but Faith surprises him with an almighty GRUNT of effort, finally breaking free:

WHITE OUT:

25 INT. THE LAB - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

25

Right back where it all started. This time, Faith stands before Robin, axe in hand.

FAITH
We've already done this, and I'm
not much for replay.

Robin doesn't have time to dodge - and Faith SLICES the axe across his chest.

Robin stumbles backwards clutching his chest as a dark red stain spreads across his shirt.

Faith watches, her anger still rising as he sinks to his knees. He looks up at her - and starts to LAUGH.

Robin MORPHS back into The Mayor - but the wound stays. It's fatal - they both know it.

MAYOR WILKINS
That's... my girl. Still... still
my... Slayer...

The Mayor slumps to the floor, sprawled out. Dead.

Faith closes her eyes and drops the axe.

26 INT. THE LAB - SPARE ROOM - DAY

26

Faith wakes with a jolt - she's back in the spare room of the Lab, with Pryor kneeling next to her.

PRYOR
-aneous.

Pryor looks round, seeing Faith gasping for breath.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Faith? Is everything al-

MARIA
Padre? Padre Tuero?

Father Tuero races into frame as Maria comes to, and he gushes with relief as she clutches his hand, smiling.

Noa and Quinn hurry over, and they follow Faith's gaze to maria's belly - the bump is gone.

Pryor stands, extremely confused.

PRYOR
But- how did- you were only-

(CONTINUED)

Faith pulls off the tiara and tosses it over to him.

FAITH

Don't try to think about it too
much, Pryor. Job done. Game over.
(to Noa)
Let's eat.

She stands, and the smiling Noa follows her out of the room,
leaving the bewildered Pryor behind.

INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NEXT

Faith is ripping through a huge subway sandwich as the others
listen to her story, a takeaway buffet laid out before them.

FAITH

So I guess this Tanaklian dude just
wanted different maternity rights.

PRYOR

He wanted to be able to pick his
own mother?

NOA

That's... a little strange.

Faith wolfs down another mouthful of sandwich - then realises
Noa, Pryor and Quinn are all looking at her stomach.

FAITH

Hey! Knock it off. I'm just hungry,
I'm not having any cravings.
Besides, like I said. It's dead.

PRYOR

You're absolutely sure?

FAITH

Hundred per cent.

Noa grins as she picks up a small sachet of salt, shaking it
absently.

NOA

Trust me, she got it. Faith only
ever gets an appetite like that
after a good sl-

She catches herself, but still bites her lip apologetically.

NOA (cont'd)

I'm sor-

FAITH

Don't. Just... move on.

Pryor stands, sensing the need for a change of subject.

PRYOR

Well, it certainly seems like Tanaklian has been vanquished - when something 'dies' in the dream realm, the link between body and mind is irreparably severed. The psychic barrier we put up was untouched, so...

QUINN

What happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.

Faith smirks as she scoffs her last mouthful of sandwich.

FAITH

Well, this was fun, guys, but now I know I can get a proper night's sleep, I'm going home to-

WHUMP! Faith is bearhugged from behind - it's Maria. A smiling Father Tuero waits by the doors as Maria repays her gratitude.

She released Faith and shakes her hands, talking rapidly in Spanish.

FAITH (cont'd)

Can't understand a word there, sister, but you're welcome.

Faith nods and smiles - a universal language - and Maria eventually lets go, waving her grateful goodbyes to the others as she leaves the Exam Room.

TUERO

I can't begin to repay you all for what you have done.

PRYOR

Virtue is its own reward.

NOA

But we accept plastic.

Father Tuero chuckles, steps over to shake Pryor's hand warmly and then turns to Faith, laying his hands on her shoulders.

TUERO

You are a brave girl, Miss Lehane.

FAITH

It's just 'Faith.'

(CONTINUED)

TUERO
(smiles)
Yes... it is.

He nods to her, then exits.

NOA
Aww. Now that was cute.

QUINN
'Cute'?

NOA
Yeah! Most of the people we help
are still screaming about whatever
was trying to, or running in the
opposite direction so fast, we
don't get anywhere near enough
'thank you's' these days!

Faith grins, and glances towards the window - but frowns as
she sees something outside.

QUINN
What's up?

FAITH
(distracted)
I'll be... I'll be right back, you
guys...

She trails off, pushing the doors open and leaving the Exam
Room. The still-smiling Noa, Pryor and Quinn watch her go.

Noa empties the sachet into her can of soda, then takes a big
gulp from it, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

28 EXT. THE LAB - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY 28

29 EXT. THE LAB - ROOFTOP - NEXT 29

It's GABRIEL.

A long beat passes.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL
Mind if we sit?

FAITH
Sure.

He sits down on the edge of the roof, his legs dangling into the air as Faith joins him.

FAITH (cont'd)
So how did you get back?

GABRIEL
Long story.

FAITH
I've got time.

GABRIEL
You sure? Your next shift starts in...
(checks watch)
... nine hours, and you could use some sleep between now and then.

FAITH
I've managed a few days without sleep before.

GABRIEL
Maybe, but that's when you were still a Slayer.

FAITH
Does everybody know about that?

GABRIEL
Only the people that matter.

FAITH
Plan on shedding any light on why this is happening to me?

GABRIEL
I'd love to.
(beat)
But I honestly don't know.

FAITH
Was it part of the 'plan'?

GABRIEL
(shrugs)
It happened, didn't it?

FAITH
That's not an answer.

GABRIEL
It's all I've got.

They look out across the city, just starting to stretch its legs for a new day.

FAITH
Wow.

GABRIEL
You can't have lived in New York all that long if the view still make you go 'wow.'

FAITH
No, I meant 'wow' as in you're actually going to stay and not disappear. I'm flattered.

Gabriel grins, looking down at his hands. She stares at him until he looks up at her at last.

GABRIEL
I'm sorry.

FAITH
What for?

GABRIEL
For leaving you the way I did. It was the only way I could get you out of there. And for generally being such an ass.

FAITH
Don't sweat it. You're back now, right?

GABRIEL
So far.

FAITH
You gonna tell me how you managed that?

GABRIEL
Do you care?

FAITH
Depends on what you did.

Gabriel chuckles and looks back across the city.

GABRIEL

Think of it as a cosmic reset
button. When I did my...

He mimes his disappearing act.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

... then I got sent back to where I
come from. But, the Powers being
the-

FAITH

Wait - the Powers? As in The Powers
That Be?

GABRIEL

Could be. Not my place to ask.
(beat)
Can I finish?

She grins and nods.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

When I got sent back, I found out
my job with you was far from over.
There's still a lot you're going to
need help with, a lot of echoes
that have to be set in motion. And
for that to happen smoothly, you
need me.

FAITH

Kinda sure of yourself still,
aren't ya?

Gabriel smiles - but his expression is all business.

GABRIEL

I have a job to do. I can't let
personal feelings get in the way.

FAITH

You have 'personal feelings'?

GABRIEL

Hey, just because I'm a... me...
doesn't mean I don't have a soul.

FAITH

Prove it.

GABRIEL

How?

FAITH

I dunno, surprise me.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

Maybe later. Still got that whole
'my job' thing to do first.

FAITH

You still running by the same
mission statement?

GABRIEL

(nods)

I tell you what you need to hear.
Not what you want to hear.

FAITH

So what are you supposed to tell me
now?

GABRIEL

That you did good.

FAITH

(grins)

That's exactly what I wanted to
hear.

GABRIEL

(grins back)

Yeah, well, you needed to hear it
too. Consider it a twofer.

Gabriel stands, brushing dust off his jeans.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

And that's all we have time for
today.

FAITH

And here was me just getting
started.

GABRIEL

You need to go home. Get some rest.

He turns to leave - but her hand snakes into frame and grabs
his arm. Gabe turns to face her, looking down at her hand.

GABRIEL

(off hand)

What are you doing?

FAITH

Had a feeling the rules had
changed.

GABRIEL

Faith...

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Don't you wanna make sure I got
your message? I can be a little
slow sometimes.

Gabriel grins, looking away - then he turns back to her. She
keeps his gaze.

FAITH (cont'd)

Come with me.

Gabriel raises an eyebrow, and we cut to:

INT. MALL - AMUSEMENT ARCADE - DAY

Faith is playing a shoot 'em up video game, casually blasting
away at various bad guys on the screen. The games section
she's in sits next to a food court.

Gabe stands uncomfortably to the side, glancing round as
shoppers stroll by.

Faith wins her game, smiles to herself and tucks the gun back
into its holster, turning to Gabriel and picking up on his
anxious expression.

FAITH

What's up?

GABRIEL

Nothing, it's just...

FAITH

C'mon, Gabe. I think we've earned
the right to speak freely with each
other.

GABRIEL

This isn't how I envisioned you
spending your downtime, is all.

FAITH

What were you expecting?
Cappuccinos? A stroll in the park?
You got the wrong ex-Sunnydale girl
if that's your game.

Gabriel looks blankly at her, and Faith sighs, stretching.

FAITH (cont'd)

It's been a long day, is all. I
needed to unwind. And since the
monkey tango is out of the
question...

She looks him over, mischievously.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
... or is it? I mean, now the whole
'no touching' rule seems to have
stayed kind of fuzzy.

GABRIEL
It's only fuzzy when I want it to
be.

FAITH
And do you?

GABRIEL
Faith, I...

FAITH
It's not that hard a question...
but I guess it is hard.

She looks away playfully.

GABRIEL
(sighs)
I lose the connection. When we
touch. I don't feel them, the they,
the ones who give me the messages.

FAITH
And it scares you that much?

GABRIEL
Shouldn't it? Something could be
wrong, and it would be my-

FAITH
Way I see it, it'd be the natural
order of things. Which ain't always
a bad thing.

She lets that hang for a moment.

FAITH (cont'd)
It's been a big day. So big, in
fact, that I'm going home right now
to get some dreamless sleep.

She grabs him by the arm.

FAITH (cont'd)
Or not.

Faith drags Gabe out of frame, and into:

31 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - EVENING.

31

Gabriel stands in the living room, still looking caged, as if something is about to spring on him.

Faith is in the kitchen, retrieving two beers from the fridge and nudging the door closed with her tush.

She hands him a beer and heads over to the nearest window, looking him up and down.

FAITH

You ever take that jacket off?

Gabriel eyes her - then swigs his beer and shrugs his jacket off with his free hand.

He heads over to the windowsill, draping his jacket across it, looking very much like he will escape without warning the second Faith's back is turned.

He sips his beer again, realising that Faith is staring intently at him.

GABRIEL

Why do you want me here?

FAITH

Isn't it obvious?

GABRIEL

With you? No. Hence the asking.

FAITH

Gabe, you know me better than anyone in this city. Admittedly, you cheated, but still... you do.

She steps closer to him, the tension between them rising.

FAITH (cont'd)

Do you know everything?

GABRIEL

Such as?

FAITH

I mean all the worst stuff. My deepest, darkest secrets. Stuff that even Noa didn't get in her mix tape of my life's highlights.

Gabriel looks away, sips his beer - then nods. Faith slides a little closer to him - they're mere inches apart now.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

What do you think about that? What
do you think about the things I've
done? The things I'm capable of?

Gabe doesn't answer. She reaches and takes the beer from his
hands, putting his and hers on the floor.

She reaches out and slowly nudges him round to face her, then
pushes him back against the window sill.

She wraps her arms around his neck - and climbs up onto him,
straddling his waist.

FAITH (cont'd)

What did you think about me killing
the only man I ever loved?

She presses her hand to his chest, clearly making the most of
this new dimension to their relationship.

Gabe closes his eyes as she rubs her hand up his chest,
scratching her nails lightly down his cheek.

GABRIEL

It was just a dream. You did what
you had to do.

He opens his eyes, staring into hers.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

Hell was coming. Nobody can think
badly of what you did.

She leans in closer, their lips almost touching, stray locks
of her hair falling across his face.

FAITH

(whispers)

And the rest?

Gabriel's breathing is slow and heavy - and his hands finally
come up to wrap around Faith's back.

GABRIEL

(whispers)

I don't care...

She smiles - and KISSES him.

It's slow. Tender. It's one of those amazing kisses that you
know will change the direction of a person's life.

She presses herself against him, the intensity building, and
Gabriel's hand reaches up to the back of her head, keeping
her close.

(CONTINUED)

Gabe's body suddenly stiffens against her.

Faith keeps on kissing him.

Gabe starts to tremble, just slightly - and he begins to slide down the wall, away from the window ledge.

Faith stays with him.

He sinks to a sitting position, leaving Faith kneeling above him - and she finally breaks the kiss.

Their lips are wet. Her eyes are closed.

And Faith leans back to reveal a KNIFE plunged into Gabriel's heart.

Her hand is still on the hilt.

Gabe stares up at her in mute shock, his lips twitching as he tries to speak.

Faith shakes her head, suddenly tearful, pressing a finger to his lips.

FAITH

Ssh... please.

Gabriel continues to struggle to speak, his body starting to shake more urgently now.

GABRIEL (cont'd)

H... how...

Faith stays silent. She presses a hand to the side of his face and leans her forehead to touch his.

Gabriel COUGHS once - and then falls still. Eyes glazed. Mouth open. Still wet from her kiss.

Faith stays where she is.

Gabriel's body starts to change, his skin darkening, features shifting, his clothes fading away to smooth, blank skin.

Faith lifts her head - and looks into the dead eyes of Tanaklian.

She slowly gets to her feet, the demon's blood staining her hand, and as she looks down at her bloody fist, we:

WHITE OUT:

32 INT. THE LAB - SPARE ROOM - DAY

32

Faith wakes with a jolt - she's back in the spare room of the Lab, with Pryor kneeling next to her.

PRYOR

-aneous.

Pryor looks round, seeing Faith gasping for breath.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Faith? Is everything al-

MARIA

Padre? Padre Tuero?

Father Tuero races into frame as Maria comes to, and he gushes with relief as she clutches his hand, smiling.

Noa and Quinn hurry over, and they follow Faith's gaze to maria's belly - the bump is gone.

Pryor stands, extremely confused.

PRYOR

But- how did- you were only-

Faith pulls off the tiara and tosses it over to him. This time, there's no look of relief. Her expression is cold.

FAITH

It's over.

She gets out of the chair and leaves, not looking back. A confused Noa and Quinn watch her, as we cut to:

33 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

33

The door to the apartment opens. Faith enters, completely drained and tired. She walks straight ahead, slow and steady.

Squeezing her eyes, she slides down the couch, bumping off the edge and hitting the floor. She stays there, her head down.

FAITH

(quietly)

Why did you make him someone I'd like? You didn't have to make it so he'd piss me off enough to carry on. You coulda just made him... you

(beat)

You coulda just left me on my own.

She looks towards the window sill.

(CONTINUED)

Gabriel stands there again - but this isn't the Fake Gabe from her dreams. It's the one she's used to - lopsided grin firmly in place.

GABRIEL

How did you know it wasn't real?

Faith grins at last.

FAITH

You'd never do anything I asked.

Gabriel grins and nods, lowering his head, and Faith looks away for a beat.

When she looks back, Gabriel is gone. This time, for good.

FAITH (cont'd)

(quietly)

See ya, Gabe.

She stays on the floor, staring out through the window at the glittering night sky.

All alone.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW