

FAITH

"Nobody's Listening"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. ST. VINCENT'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

1

Right back where we left him, QUINN is on the floor of the men's room as THORNN stands over him, the Initiative assassin clad in black body armour and sporting a whirling wrist blade on her right arm.

She advances slowly on Quinn, savouring every moment of his impending doom as Quinn looks frantically around for some way out, or some way to fight back.

THORNN

It was a bad move to leave us the way you did, Jon. You made a lot of powerful people very angry.

QUINN

You didn't exactly leave me a lot of choice!

THORNN

You could have stayed and gone to prison. We wouldn't have had to come after you, and you wouldn't have brought your girlfriend into-

At the mention of Noa, Quinn SPRINGS forward with a CRY of rage, TACKLING Thornn to the ground.

They grapple, Quinn yelling in pain as Thornn's wrist blades slice into his arm, and he scrambles away from her.

She jumps back to her feet, circling him as Quinn presses a hand to his wounded arm.

THORNN (cont'd)

Don't make this harder than it has to be!

QUINN

What, you want me to stand still while you gut me with that thing?

THORNN

(beat)

Actually, yeah. That'd get this over with nice and quick.

QUINN

Well, you know me...

Quinn quickly darts for the hand towel dispenser, BASHING it off the wall and wielding it as a makeshift shield.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)

... I hate to do things the easy way.

Thornn grins - and then CHARGES forward again, her wrist blades SINGING as they slice through the air towards him.

Quinn gets the towel dispenser cover up to block the blades, but they don't offer much protection - the blades chew through the plastic like it was hot butter.

The cover does slow the blades down for a few seconds, though, giving Quinn a chance to dodge past Thornn and bolt for the exit.

Her leg lashes out and trips him, and Quinn falls heavily to the floor.

He rolls out of the way as Thornn SPIKES the ground, missing his head by a fraction, and as she struggles to pull the blades free of the tiled floor, Quinn gets another chance to get to his feet and gather his wits.

He looks around the bathroom - there's nothing he can use as a weapon in sight, and Thornn is between him and the exit.

He backs up to the wall, keeping his eyes on his assassin as she finally wrenches her blades free and turns on him.

THORNN

(narrows eyes)

You were stupid to come back, Jon.
Do you really think this is going to stop when you're dead?

QUINN

Call me crazy, but yeah, I did think that was the point.

THORNN

You've caused a massive security leak. Everyone you spoke to about your past and your old identity is a potential risk now. We can't just leave something like that unattended!

QUINN

So, what, you're gonna move on to Noa and the others when you've finished with me? Hasn't she suffered enough?

Thornn advances on him, keeping Quinn pinned against the wall. He's got no room to dodge past her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THORNN

I saw what happened. For what it's worth, I'm sorry. She seems like a nice girl.

QUINN

She's a lot more than that.

THORNN

She is?

QUINN

She's my girl.

A beat - Thornnn narrows her eyes, and Quinn starts to SMIRK impishly back at her. She raises her wrist blades, her expression cold.

THORNN

I'm sorry, Jon. I wish it could have ended another way.

QUINN

Me too.

She pauses - and then LUNGES forward with a yell! The blades cleave through the air towards him, and Quinn's got nowhere to get out of their way...

... but he ducks down at the last second - and reveals the hand dryer machine he was standing in front of.

Thornnn's eyes go wide - but her momentum is too strong to stop, and her blades SPEAR into the dryer, which EXPLODES in a shower of sparks.

Thornnn YELLS in pain, convulsing as the current from the dryer shorts out the blades and blasts through her body.

Blue tendrils of electricity ripple up and down her body, until with a final BLAST she's thrown back from the wall, crashing to the floor.

Smoke rises from her body, but as Quinn slowly gets to his feet and looks down on her, he sees she won't be getting back up again. He takes a moment to rearrange his scrubs so the message carved on his chest is out of view.

The bathroom door FLIES open and FAITH barges in, her eyes going to the charred body of Thornnn and then to Quinn, her jaw dropping.

FAITH

What the...

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Sorry, had a little business to
attend to.

Quinn walks past her, patting her casually on the shoulder as
he heads for the door.

QUINN (cont'd)

I think I closed the deal.

He exits, and as Faith frowns down at Thornn's body, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - ICU CORRIDOR - NIGHT

2

Quinn gratefully flops back into his chair, smiling as a cross-looking NURSE re-inserts the IV into his arm.

NURSE

You can't just pull this out
whenever you want to take a walk,
you know!

QUINN

I know, I know, I'm sorry. It won't
happen again.

NURSE

You're damn right, it won't! Next
time I catch you doing that, I'm
just going to leave you without
fluids for a few hours and then see
if you're so cocky!

She looks over to Faith, who stands with VI nearby.

NURSE (cont'd)

Can you watch your friend more
closely from now on?

FAITH

(grins)

He ain't going anywhere.

The Nurse exits, and Faith comes to stand in front of Quinn, her smile fading as she watches the nurse walk away.

QUINN

Hey, thanks for covering for-

FAITH

(snaps)

What the hell happened back there?

QUINN

A situation. I dealt with it.

FAITH

(incensed)

A 'situation'? You let one of
those... what the hell was that in
there?

VI

Am I missing something?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Not really. Had a little accident
in the men's room, that's all.

VI

Oh.

(beat; wrinkles nose)

Ew! Faith, I think he's been
through enough without you getting-

FAITH

(ignores her)

Start talking. Now. I want to know
who that woman was, and how in the
hell they found you here.

QUINN

It's a long story.

FAITH

I got nothing but time.

VI

Woah, wait a minute - 'was'? As in,
past tense? Is there... did you
just kill somebody, Jon?

QUINN

She started it.

FAITH

Quit screwin' around and answer me!
Was she from the Initiative? Are
they sending hitmen after you now?
Is that it?

QUINN

(beat; sighs)

Not here.

FAITH

What?

QUINN

I'll tell you what you need to
know, but not here. Not with Noa
around.

FAITH

It's a little late to worry about
keepin' her safe, Quinn. You
already managed to get a fricken
assassin onto you just down the
corridor from her room! My guess is
it won't be long before someone-

(CONTINUED)

There's a shrill SCREAM from somewhere off screen, and the trio's heads snap round.

VI

Looks like they found your friend...

FAITH

(to Quinn)

Anybody see you leave the bathroom?

QUINN

I don't think so.

FAITH

You think? Or you know?

QUINN

(sighs)

I don't know.

FAITH

Alright, we need to get out of here.

Faith reaches for his arm to lift him up, but he angrily shrugs her away.

QUINN

No, no way! I'm not leaving Noa at a time like this, she needs me here!

FAITH

And I suppose she needs more of your old buddies showing up and trying to kill you too, huh?

A beat. Quinn looks towards the sounds of alarm coming from the direction of the men's room, then back to Faith.

VI

I'll watch her. Noa and Pryor. I won't let anybody get near them.

FAITH

It's not safe here, Quinn. You know that.

QUINN

(beat)

They're not just gonna let us walk out of here, Faith. In case you hadn't noticed...

He lifts his bandaged left wrist.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (3)

2

QUINN (cont'd)
... I'm not exactly all patched up
and ready to go home just yet!

FAITH
Who says we walk?

Quinn raises an eyebrow, and as several hospital security
staff jog past the team, we cut to:

3 EXT. ST. VINCENT'S - BALCONY - NEXT

3

Out on another balcony overlooking downtown Greenwich
Village, Faith checks that the coast is clear before waving
to Quinn, who is pulling on his clothes with some difficulty.

FAITH
Come on, we're clear.

QUINN
Are you sure about this?

FAITH
Do you want more hitmen raiding
this place looking for you?

QUINN
(beat)
What's the plan?

FAITH
We shimmy down this drainpipe.
That'll get us straight into the
car park, and from there we just
boost somebody's ride and get back
to the Lab...
(beat)
The Asylum. They won't know to look
for you there.

QUINN
Yet.

FAITH
Hey, I'm trying to do you a favour
here!

QUINN
Alright, alright.
(beat)
But 'shimmy'? Is that even a word?

Faith rolls her eyes and swings one leg over the balcony,
reaching out for a nearby drainpipe running down the side of
the building.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)
How am I supposed to do this with
my wrist in plaster?

FAITH
Surprise me.

She starts to shimmy down the drainpipe, and with a sigh
Quinn starts to follow, wrapping his good arm round the pipe
as best he can. As he starts to descend, we cut to:

EXT. ST. VINCENT'S - CAR PARK - NEXT

A security guard strolls past a row of parked cars, and once
he's out of sight Faith and Quinn's heads pop up from behind
one of the cars.

QUINN
I'm guessing you know how to
hotwire a car?

She throws him an 'of course I do!' look and tries the door
handle of the nearest car. It's locked, obviously.

FAITH
This'd be so much easier with
Slayer strength...

QUINN
Here, try these.

He fishes in his jacket and hands her a pair of lock picks.

FAITH
(surprised)
You normally carry this sort of
stuff around with you?

QUINN
And aren't you glad I did.

She gets to work, popping open the door.

QUINN (cont'd)
Hey, wait! What about the...

Faith shuffles across the driver's seat, staying low as she
reaches her hands round the steering column.

QUINN (cont'd)
... alarm?

FAITH
This heap doesn't have one. That's
why I picked it.

QUINN

Guess that's why I was the cop and
you were the-

FAITH

Very important you don't finish
that sentence.

She SNAPS the casing away from the steering column, and Quinn
keeps watch as she draws out the ignition wires.

After a few attempts, the engine STARTS UP, and with a grin
she nods for Quinn to get in.

FAITH (cont'd)

Come on.

He climbs inside:

INT. STOLEN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Quinn takes a moment to fasten his safety belt as Faith backs
slowly out of the car park, heading over for the exit.

QUINN

I thought you didn't drive?

FAITH

I don't have a car. I never said I
couldn't drive.

QUINN

You're a woman of many talents.

FAITH

Yeah, whatever.

QUINN

Head for my old place first. I need
to pick up a few things.

Faith nods as she heads for the ramp leading back out into
the street, and we cut to:

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - ICU CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Vi looks up, tensing as she sees somebody heading towards her
in the darkness - but relaxes as she makes out PRYOR. He's
dressed in scrubs and looks particularly pale and weak.

VI

Oh, hey, Pryor. Faith and Quinn had
to take off, they, uh... something
came up.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

That's fine. It's Noa I wanted to talk to. Is she awake?

VI

I think so, yeah. You want me to come in with you?

PRYOR

No, no, it's alright. Could you just, ah, make sure we're not disturbed?

VI

(frowns)

What's going on?

PRYOR

Nothing's going on. She's been through a traumatic experience tonight, Vi, and I think I just need a few moments to talk to her while it's still quiet.

VI

Oh, okay. I'll just stay out here, then.

Pryor nods and opens the door to Noa's room, stepping inside and leaving Vi out in the corridor, as we cut to:

7

EXT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

7

Quinn's old apartment building, neither in a particularly good or particularly bad part of town. The stolen car is parked in the shadows, round the corner.

8

INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - NEXT

8

Quinn leads the way, with Faith throwing nervous glances over her shoulder as she follows.

FAITH

This can't be a good idea. I mean, they've got to have this place under surveillance, right?

QUINN

As of right now, they most likely think I died at the hospital, unless the sad news about Agent Thornn got back to them quicker than I'm anticipating.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
You're taking a lot of chances
tonight, aren't you?

QUINN
That's the way it seems to keep
going.

They get to his apartment, and Quinn retrieves the key from his pocket, grinning as it turns in the lock.

QUINN (cont'd)
I paid the rent for the next six
months just before I came to arrest
you. Means they haven't changed the
locks.

FAITH
Lucky us.

He opens the door, and they step into:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - NEXT

Quinn opens the door with as little noise as possible, stealthily heading for the bedroom.

Faith reaches for the lights, but his hand SNAPS round her wrist before she can flick the switch.

He shakes his head, placing a finger to his lips before reaching for a small pad of paper by the phone.

He scribbles a message on it and holds it up for her to read - 'Place is probably bugged. Don't make a sound.' Faith nods, and the duo step into:

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NEXT

Faith waits in the doorway as Quinn heads over to the bed, slowly sliding out his case from underneath it. He pops the locks and opens it up, but reaches in and pops a second lock, lifting a concealed compartment.

He reveals an array of exotic-looking equipment - tasers, night vision goggles, handguns - and helps himself to the supplies.

She raises an eyebrow at him as he stands, and he shrugs, before reaching over to the wall by her head and popping open a hidden compartment.

He takes out more electronic equipment, tucking the booty into his jacket before nodding at her - time to go. The duo turn and leave as we cut to:

11 EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT 11

The Asylum, framed against the backdrop of NYC lit up behind it. A storm RUMBLES overhead.

12 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 12

Faith and Quinn walk down one of the plain white corridors as ALEX walks towards them, a relieved look on her face.

ALEX

Oh, Faith, thank God you're
alright! When your friend Pryor
called me, I got so worried...

She trails off as she registers Quinn's injuries and Faith's dark expression.

ALEX (cont'd)

... and I had just cause to be
worried, didn't I?

FAITH

Look, Alex, thanks for meeting us
here, but trust me when I say it's
been a long night and I'm all out
of stories to tell about it.

ALEX

Say no more.
(to Quinn)
You look like you could use some
medical attention.

QUINN

Had plenty of that already, but
thanks. Just need to do a few
things first.

ALEX

Anything you need, just ask.

FAITH

Well... we do need you to do
something for us.

She looks to Quinn, and his expression suggests there's a story we're not being told yet.

FAITH (cont'd)

It's going to sound a bit freaky,
but...

(turns to Alex)

... you trust me, right?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

You haven't given me cause not to
so far. What do you need?

Faith looks to Quinn again, and we cut to:

13 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - NOA'S ROOM - NIGHT

13

NOA is dozing in bed as Pryor sits in a chair by her bedside,
his face full of sadness as he stares at her.

He reaches forward to take one of her hands, holding it in
both his own and lowering his head. Pryor starts to SOB,
squeezing Noa's hand so hard it wakes her up.

She turns to face him, blinking blearily as she comes round.
She frowns as she sees who's there.

NOA

Pryor?

His head snaps up, and despite his best efforts he can't hide
the fact that he's been crying.

NOA (cont'd)

What's wrong?

PRYOR

Nothing, I-

NOA

Pryor, they told me tonight I'm not
gonna walk again. I'm pretty sure
anything you have to cry about is
something I can handle hearing.

She raises her other arm, showing the IV plugged into it.

NOA (cont'd)

Besides, I'm on a lot of sedatives
here. You could tell me my arms
weren't working either right now
and I'd be cool with it.

Pryor manages a laugh, but it isn't long before it turns to
tears again. He lowers his head, and Noa reaches out her hand
to lay on his shoulder.

NOA (cont'd)

(softly)

Pryor?

He looks up, not looking at her but keeping her hand held
tight. She looks at him, then at her hand, raising an
eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
 (off hand)
 Okay, even with the morphine that's
 starting to hurt now.

PRYOR
 Sorry, I...

NOA
 What's the matter?
 (frowns)
 And why are you wearing scrubs too?

PRYOR
 Noa... Noa, there's something I
 need to tell you.

Noa registers the seriousness in his tone, and as she braces
 herself for more bad news, we cut back to:

14 INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NIGHT 14

An observation hatch slides back to let Alex peer into the
 darkened patient's room beyond, and after a beat she steps
 back to let Faith and Quinn look inside.

A man sleeps in the bed in the plain, undecorated room,
 curled up in the sheets with his features hidden from view.

15 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 15

Faith steps back, noticing Quinn's distant expression as he
 gazes in on the sleeping patient within.

FAITH
 So who is he?

QUINN
 Somebody I hoped I'd never see
 again... but now I'm glad that I
 did.

ALEX
 You know the man in there?

FAITH
 Who is he?

ALEX
 He's a John Doe. We received him a
 few weeks ago, he was the victim of
 a car wreck and the police didn't
 know what to do with him. No ID, no
 dental records, no way to identify
 him. According to the system, he
 doesn't exist.

QUINN

That's the way he wanted it.

Quinn looks to Alex, and after a beat she steps forward to unlock the door, remaining puzzled.

ALEX

I'm not sure I understand what all this is about.

FAITH

Me either. Feel like sharing the intel, Quinn?

QUINN

This man saved my life.

Quinn steps into the room, and after swapping a glance the two girls follow:

Quinn gently shakes the man to wake him. He GRUMBLES, turning round in the bed and blinking up at Quinn as the light from the corridor falls across his face.

It's LANDERS - the man who broke Quinn out of Initiative custody and set him on the road back to New York!

LANDERS

(groggy)

Whuz... whuzit?

QUINN

You were right, Landers. Coming back to New York for love almost did get me killed.

Landers' features shift, recognition passing over them as he sees who's talking to him.

LANDERS

Jon...

Quinn turns to an increasingly confused Faith and Alex.

QUINN

This is the guy who's gonna get us out of this mess.

Faith frowns, completely lost, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

17

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - NOA'S ROOM - NIGHT

17

Pryor releases Noa's hand at last and straightens up in his chair, wiping his eyes. She looks pretty worried as she waits for him to speak.

NOA

Pryor... Pryor, you're scaring me.
What is it?

PRYOR

I'm sorry, Noa, I'm so, so sorry...

NOA

Is this about, you know... the
overdose thing?

Pryor looks up, surprised.

NOA (cont'd)

Vi told me. She said not to worry
and that you were okay, the
ambulance got you here in time.
But... why did you do it?

PRYOR

I... I let you all down. I didn't
know... I didn't know what else to
do.

NOA

Do about what? Pryor, we all got
handed our own asses tonight. There
wasn't anything you could have done
to stop it happening.

Pryor looks down at her - and then starts to CRY again. Noa
reaches out for him, becoming tearful herself now.

NOA (cont'd)

Pryor, come on, please... don't do
this. Not now.

PRYOR

(shaking)

I'm sorry... I'm sorry...

NOA

You did everything you could. Vi
told me you saved her life, and you
shot that twisted Faith clone in
the face with a damn flare gun!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
Don't feel like what happened to me
is your fault, Pryor. There's no
way you could've stopped-

PRYOR
(blurts out)
I knew it was going to happen!

Noa freezes. She slowly recoils her hand, her eyes wide with
confusion.

NOA
You... but... what?

Pryor hangs his head, burying his face in his hands.

PRYOR
(quieter)
That's what I'm sorry for. I knew
what was going to happen to you...
to all of us.

NOA
I don't understand...

PRYOR
(looks up)
Gabriel showed me.

NOA
Gabriel? But... he's-

PRYOR
He's gone. But I think he can still
reach us if he has to, and he
showed me something.

Noa pushes herself weakly up in her bed, her tears turning to
a mixture of anger and confusion.

PRYOR (cont'd)
It was back when those assassins
came for us, and I had to...

NOA
Pryor, tell me you're kidding.

PRYOR
When I passed out, I saw... I had a
vision. Gabriel came to me, and he
said-

NOA
(shakes head)
No...

PRYOR

Noa, I'm so sorry, but he told me everything. Everything bad that was going to happen to all of us between then and now, but he also told me I couldn't do anything about it. I couldn't stop it.

NOA

(weeping)

Pryor...

PRYOR

If I tried to change the timeline, he told me there'd be consequences.

Noa's frustration is making her angrier now, and her voice trembles as her temper rises.

NOA

Why did he even tell you? What... what possible reason could he have for doing that?

PRYOR

I don't know! I've asked myself that a thousand times, but... but I think I figured it out tonight. It's why I tried to...

He trails off, lowering his head, but Noa grabs him, struggling to contain her anger.

NOA

Pryor, tell me everything! Now!

PRYOR

I tried to change things! I tried to work out how what I'd seen could happen, and I tried to work out ways to stop it, but... oh, God, Noa, don't you see? I made it happen because I tried to stop it! It's all my fault! All my fault...

He descends into tears again, but Noa's face is a mask of fury.

NOA

You... you knew this was going to happen to me?

Pryor nods, keeping his head down. Noa shakes with barely suppressed rage for a beat, then grabs a glass of water from her bedside table and HURLS it away with a SCREAM!

(CONTINUED)

It SHATTERS against the wall, and seconds later an alarmed Vi springs into the room.

VI

What is it? What happened?

PRYOR

Vi, I-

NOA

(boiling)

Get him out of here!!

PRYOR

Noa, please, I'm sorry, I didn't want to-

NOA

You knew!! You knew she'd do this to me, you son of a bitch! You knew, and you didn't tell me! You *let her do this*!!

VI

Pryor, what... what's she saying?

Pryor jumps to his feet as Noa starts to HOWL with pain, her body arching over in a huge, gut-churning SOB, and before Vi can react Pryor pushes past her and dashes out of the room.

VI (cont'd)

(freaked)

Okay, what the hell just-

NOA

(screams)

Get out! Get out! Get out!!

Vi staggers back, wisely ducking out of the room as Noa starts to thrash around in the bed, her face turning red as she SCREAMS the place down.

Her anger soon melts into bitter sadness, and her shouts of rage become SOBS of despair.

She looks down to her legs, reaching shaking hands out to touch them, and as she lowers her head and WEEPS openly, we cut to:

Quinn sits on one of the chairs, sadly watching Landers as his former saviour sits at a nearby table, murmuring incoherently to himself as he fidgets in his seat.

Faith and Alex wait nearby for Quinn to start giving them some answers. He's silent for a long time before he starts to speak.

QUINN

After I'd been classed as a 'security risk' by my superiors, and was sat on a bus heading to Hayden, a privately-run prison facility, Landers was the one who got me out.

FAITH

What did he do?

QUINN

(chuckles)

He was pretty old school about it, actually. Drove the prison bus off the road and dragged me out of it, then even went so far as to drop me off back in New York when what he really wanted to do was get me over the border and off the Initiative's radar.

ALEX

I'm sorry - the who?

FAITH

Initiative. Government-sponsored monster hunters. Ran a joint over in Sunnydale few years back. Didn't end well.

QUINN

They're all over the country, running operations across the world. Lots of cash and resources, but lots of dirty little secrets the majority of the steroid-enhanced commandoes don't have the faintest idea about.

FAITH

A black ops unit within a black ops unit? Isn't that kinda...

ALEX

Overkill?

QUINN

(to Faith)

They're the people who sent me after you.

(CONTINUED)

Faith reacts to this, while Alex looks increasingly confused by the whole story.

ALEX

So, let me get this right. You used to work for this Initiative - and your job was to find Faith? What for?

Faith throws a warning look at Quinn.

QUINN

Mistaken identity. They thought she was somebody else, and as far as I was concerned, I did too.

ALEX

Who did they think you were?

Faith starts to answer, but Quinn beats her to it:

QUINN

A serial killer, actually.

A beat - then Alex LAUGHS.

ALEX

You? A serial killer? That's a pretty mistaken identity.

FAITH

(evasive)
Yeah...

QUINN

I saw Landers in here when I last came by, but I didn't say anything because I didn't want to expose him to any unnecessary risk.

FAITH

Like, say, a high-tech hitman showing up out of nowhere and trying to kill him?

QUINN

(beat)
Good example.

Faith glares at him, not noticing Alex's worried look.

ALEX

Okay, listen. I think I've been open minded enough about this so far, but I know there's something you people aren't telling me here.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN
(off Landers)
What's wrong with him?

She blinks, but decides to go with the change of subject.

ALEX
Borderline psychosis. He suffered severe head trauma in the MVA that brought him in here, and as far as I've been able to ascertain that's what's left him like this.

FAITH
Wouldn't the hospital just send him to a surgeon? Find out what was making him act crazy and fix it?

ALEX
In an ideal world, yes. But in a crowded trauma room, when you've got your friend Landers here with a non life-threatening injury and no ID or insurance to speak of in one bed and a dying child with rich parents in another, I'm afraid some hospitals tend to prioritise a little differently.

FAITH
That blows.

ALEX
(shrugs)
Unfortunate by-product of the world. All depends on which chief of staff you have on call that night - Landers was obviously filed away somewhere and forgotten about until he ended up with us.

Quinn moves over to sit at the table with Landers, his voice soft and reassuring.

QUINN
Hey, buddy. Glad you recognised me.

Landers turns slowly to look at him, but he continues mumbling under his breath.

QUINN (cont'd)
I need your help again.

LANDERS
Help... no helping. Not this time.
All... all screwed up, all...

(CONTINUED)

He BANGS his fist on the table, making Quinn jump. Landers presses his hands to the side of his head, suddenly tearful.

LANDERS (cont'd)
Wrong... getting it wrong, keep
getting it... all messed up now...

QUINN
Hey, hey, it's alright. You're safe
now. You're with people you can
trust.

Landers manages to nod, rocking back and forth in his chair.

QUINN (cont'd)
Landers, I need you to tell me
something. I need you to tell me
how I get into the New York
Initiative headquarters.

Faith jumps to her feet.

FAITH
Woah, hey! What do you-

Quinn raises his hand to silence her. She glares at him, then reluctantly sits down, and Quinn turns his attention back to Landers.

QUINN
This is important, old buddy. You
know that girl I told you about?
The reason I wanted to come right
back to NYC after you'd gotten me
out of there?

LANDERS
(nods)
Love...

QUINN
(smiles)
Yeah, that's it. For love. Well,
she's in trouble. All of my friends
here are in trouble, and I have to
find a way to protect them.

LANDERS
Friends... love...

QUINN
Tell me how to get into the base,
Landers. That's all you have to do.

Landers looks down at the table, tapping his fingers urgently against it.

(CONTINUED)

LANDERS

Paper... pen...

QUINN

(to Alex)

Uh, can we get some paper?

ALEX

Yeah, no problem.

She hurries off to get some, but Faith looks less convinced as she drags Quinn away from the table.

FAITH

What the hell are you doing?

QUINN

Trying to get us out of this mess.

FAITH

You're asking a crazy dude for advice on how to break into a secret military base! Maybe you oughtta be in here too!

QUINN

Faith, think about it. I was taken off your case because I told them I'd been chasing the wrong person, right?

FAITH

And?

QUINN

So the real killer is still out there somewhere, and the only way I'll be able to find her is if I get into that base and get the files straight from the source.

They glance towards the table as Alex returns with some pens and a pad of paper, setting them in front of Landers. He starts to scribble urgently on the paper.

FAITH

(beat)

Okay... then what?

QUINN

Then we find her and we bring her in. We make a deal. We hand her over into their custody and they leave us alone, or we go public with what we know about them.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(not convinced)
You really think they'll buy that?

QUINN
I know they will.

FAITH
Yeah, but I think the part where
you toasted one of their agents
earlier tonight might count against
you.

QUINN
(shrugs)
Collateral damage. She had it
coming, anyway. She was the one who
wanted me court martialled and
executed. General Rankin's got a
soft spot for me - if I get him
what he wants, he'll let me off the
hook. I know it.

FAITH
I don't like this, man. I don't
like it at all.

QUINN
What's not to like? It gets all of
us out of trouble, for good!

FAITH
It's too risky. What if they just
take this killer and throw your ass
back in jail?

QUINN
I know people. I can make sure that
any evidence I have gets to the
media if anything happens to me.

FAITH
(raises eyebrow)
What are you now, like, a political
prisoner or something?

QUINN
My line of work helps you get used
to covering your back.

Landers GRUNTS and they turn to him, seeing him waving for
them to come over.

QUINN (cont'd)
What'cha got for me?

(CONTINUED)

Landers stabs his finger against the paper, and Faith squints as she tries to make it all out.

There's a crude drawing of a tall building with lots of lines across it, then a second, tall building with a spire, and a picture of a lock and several numbers written beneath it.

ALEX

Okay, as the only person in the room qualified to say what this could mean... I got nothing.

QUINN

(smiles)

It's a map.

FAITH

It is?

QUINN

(points)

That's a multi-storey car park. See these? They're the cars.

FAITH

If you say so...

QUINN

This? That's the Empire State Building. The headquarters are in Chelsea, and I think I know where to look from there.

ALEX

(points to lock)

So this is...

LANDERS

Code. Code for the lock. Numbers. Go in the lock. Code.

Quinn pats Landers on the shoulder.

QUINN

Great work, man. You just saved the day again.

Quinn turns away, but Landers GRABS him, pulling him down to his level with a surprising burst of strength.

Faith steps to intervene, but Alex holds her back, sensing that Landers wants to tell Quinn something.

LANDERS

When you find it...

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Yeah?

LANDERS

When you find it... hope you're
ready... for what you see...

Landers releases Quinn and turns away, the spark fading from behind his eyes. In moments, he's back to rocking back and forth and mumbling again.

FAITH

What did he mean?

QUINN

I don't know... but we'll have to
find out.

Quinn turns and marches away from the table, heading for the exit as faith jogs to catch up.

FAITH

Are you high? We can't just go in
there alone! I heard about these
guys, they cut up demons for a
living, stitching 'em back together
to make new ones! How are we
supposed to handle that?

QUINN

We'll figure it out.

FAITH

This is crazy! There's no way we
can get in and out of a place like
that without them catching us!

Quinn stops and turns to her, his sideways grin back in place.

QUINN

Then we'll do it real quiet, like!

Faith doesn't have an answer as Quinn turns and walks away. With a last glance at Alex, she runs after him, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 EXT. NY STREET - NIGHT

19

With the Empire State Building rising out of the ground ahead of them, Faith and Quinn hurry along a quiet street, heads down and trying to stay as incognito as possible.

20 INT. CAR PARK - BASEMENT LEVEL - NIGHT

20

The duo walk down a ramp and into the bottom floor of a grimy multi-storey car park, although there are few cars actually parked here at this late hour.

Quinn has a backpack slung over one shoulder, checking around to make sure the coast is clear before approaching a service elevator.

Faith is close behind, dressed all in black, but not looking particularly happy with the current plan.

FAITH

I still don't get how you knew to start here.

QUINN

I never came directly to this base myself to report in, I always met another agent at a nearby rendezvous and got driven in the rest of the way.

He takes out a screwdriver and unfastens the casing of the lift's control panel. Faith glances round nervously as a car tire SQUEALS somewhere off screen.

QUINN (cont'd)

I couldn't see where I was going, but it wasn't hard to guess the distance from the rendezvous to the base itself through a bit of math - working out average speed and time travelled, I mean.

FAITH

Yeah, yeah, I'm impressed. So, what, you worked out that this had to be the place because of some map a guy in an asylum drew you?

QUINN

(nods)

Yep.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(wearily)
It's been too damn long a night for
all this...

Quinn takes off the casing and starts rooting around inside the mess of wires and circuit boards he's revealed.

FAITH (cont'd)
What are we looking for?

QUINN
The access code panel. Without a
recent keycard I can't get to it
directly, so I'll have to go in the
back way, and... aha!

He pulls something out of the internals of the control panel with a loud CLICK - a small, grey-buttoned keypad and LCD screen.

QUINN (cont'd)
Hand me the map Landers drew us,
will you?

Faith takes out Landers' scrawl and passes it to him, and Quinn reads the numbers off the diagram, typing them into the keypad.

For a long beat, nothing happens.

FAITH
Well, so much for that-

There's a DING - and the service elevator lift doors slide open. Quinn turns to Faith with a smirk.

QUINN
Reality is always controlled by
those who are the most insane.

He steps into the lift, pushing the exposed wiring back into the control panel, and Faith joins him inside.

FAITH
That sounds like some famous quote
I should probably know.

QUINN
Not as such. Scott Adams, *Dilbert*.
Going down?

He hits a button and the lift doors slide shut, and we cut over to:

21 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - ICU - NIGHT

21

Pryor sits against the wall, staring up at the ceiling. Vi steps into frame and sits quietly next to him. For a long beat, neither one of them speaks, until:

VI

Are you gonna tell me what happened in there?

PRYOR

I don't think I should, Vi.

VI

Oh, okay.

(beat)

It's just, anything that gets Noa that mad has to be pretty big. I haven't seen her like that since... well, ever.

PRYOR

She'd just heard some... pretty bad news.

VI

Like spending the rest of her life in a wheelchair wasn't bad enough?

PRYOR

I'm afraid it's worse than that.

VI

(pales)

Oh, God... is there anything we can do?

PRYOR

(sadly)

No, I'm afraid there isn't.

They sit in silence for another moment, Vi looking pretty tense.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Actually...

VI

(hopeful)

Yeah?

PRYOR

(turns to her)

Vi...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)
do you think it's possible for
somebody to make amends for an...
an evil deed, if they try hard
enough?

VI
Well, yeah. I mean, look at Faith -
we all know the things she did in
her past, and now look at her! Even
with somebody else running around
the city using her Slayer powers to
put us all in hospital, she's still
not giving up. She's still
fighting.

PRYOR
(nods)
Yes... yes, she is...

VI
(beat)
Pryor, I know I'm not as smart as
you or as tough as Faith, but...
look, whatever's going on, you can
tell me.

Pryor looks away, then manages a sad smile.

PRYOR
Let's just say I have a lot to make
amends for, and leave it at that
for now. I'll tell you the full
story some other time.

VI
Oh. Okay, I guess.
(beat)
But what are we gonna do now? The
Lab's kind of burned down, and once
we're out of this place, we can't
go back to our old apartments while
that other Faith's still out there -
she knows how to get to all of us.
Nowhere's safe any more.

PRYOR
Actually... there may be somewhere
that can help us.

He stands, looking towards a pay phone on the wall further
down the corridor. He goes to check his pockets - then
remembers he's still wearing his scrubs. He turns to Vi.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Could I borrow some quarters?

Vi frowns, puzzled, and we cut to:

22 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - ACCESS CORRIDOR - NIGHT 22

The lift DINGS as it arrives at the end of a long tunnel, lined by bulkhead doors and very much in keeping with a traditional military base.

The lift doors slide open - but the carriage inside is empty. At first. Quinn pokes his head into view, hiding out of sight to one side of the doors, and as Faith does the same they see the coast is clear.

Quinn motions for her to go on ahead, and with a nod she steps quickly out into the corridor, pressing herself to the wall and keeping sharp.

Quinn follows, catching up to her as the duo approach a T-junction in the corridor. Faith starts to step forward but Quinn holds her back, pointing to the ceiling.

A security camera rotates lazily from side to side, covering the whole junction.

FAITH
(whispers)
Now what? Turning invisible ain't exactly one of my party tricks.

Quinn holds up a small white box and grins.

QUINN
Good job it's one of mine.

He presses a button on the box - and the red light on the camera flicks off, its movement stopping.

23 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - SECURITY OFFICE - NEXT 23

The GUARD on duty is out of the room, heading back inside and not noticing one of the many monitors arrayed around the room flicking from a view of the access corridor to static.

He takes a seat and spots the faulty camera, tapping the screen and shaking his head with a mutter, and we cut to:

24 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - ACCESS CORRIDOR - NEXT 24

Quinn points to take the left turning, and the duo scurry round the corner and into:

25 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - MAIN HANGAR - NEXT 25

A large hangar opens out before the duo, with several steel walkways criss-crossing above it. There is a lot of noise coming from the personnel and machinery below, and Quinn and Faith stick to the shadows as they observe it.

(CONTINUED)

There are several small pits, each one holding a DEMON or VAMPIRE of some shape and size strapped to an operating table, struggling to get free as white-coated SCIENTISTS examine them and COMMANDOES in green fatigues patrol the area.

Up past the pits are three armoured cars, the last having a gun turret lowered onto it from a crane descending from the ceiling.

There are several exits on the bottom floor of the hangar, but only one via the walkways - and it means getting across the hangar somehow.

FAITH

Okay, this is your turf, lead the way. We're gonna be looking for some kind of records room, right?

QUINN

Actually... I don't think I ever came in this way before.

FAITH

What?

QUINN

Hey, it's a big base! You know how far underground we are?

FAITH

I don't care! Let's get what we need and split, before it's us down there on those tables!

One of the demons below HOWLS as the scientists starts to inject him with something, and with a grimace Faith heads on.

Armed commandoes pace up and down the walkways, but there are plenty of supply crates, cannisters and boxes scattered around so Quinn and Faith can make good progress.

They're halfway across the hangar when there's a commotion from down below - one of the demons has escaped!

Quinn and Faith watch as the demon GROWLS and throws itself at the nearest scientist, whose cries for help bring several commandoes rushing over - including several from the walkway patrols!

As the marines ZAP the demon with taser guns, dragging its convulsing body away from the bloodied scientist, Faith nudges Quinn and points to the now clear run to the exit.

As the situation returns to normal below them, Faith and Quinn pass through a bulkhead opening and into:

26

INT. INITIATIVE BASE - CELLS - NEXT

26

They step out into a long, white corridor, divided on either side into sealed glass compartments about ten feet square.

FAITH
(frowns)
What's this?

QUINN
Think of it as animal testing...

Faith JUMPS as a DEMON suddenly appears next to her, THROWING itself against the glass with a SNARL of hunger!

QUINN (cont'd)
... only with a hundred per cent
less fluffy white bunny rabbits.

Faith can't quite believe what she's seeing, stepping past the other compartments and looking in on the creatures within - some of the demons are pacing manically up and down, some are slumped in the corners, others battering against the glass in a futile attempt to escape.

FAITH
(grimaces)
I guess this is where they keep
them before they end up out there,
huh?

QUINN
It's classed as 'research.' After
the Sunnydale disaster, things are
a lot more tightly controlled now.
But, sadly, that doesn't stop the
actual experiments...

FAITH
(shivers)
Let's get out of here.

Quinn takes the lead, heading round a corner in the room and passing more compartments before he comes to a sealed security door.

He takes a wad of key cards from his jacket pocket, trying each one in the door without success.

QUINN
(urgent)
Come on, come on...

FAITH
No good?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

They're all out of date. Security's tighter than Pryor's wallet around here, they change the codes every week.

FAITH

Is there any other way we can try?

Quinn thinks - then looks up. Above him is an air vent grille.

FAITH (cont'd)

Aw, man...

QUINN

The only way is up.

He puts his hands together, ready to give Faith a boost up, and as she puts her foot on his hands, we cut to:

27

INT. INITIATIVE BASE - ARCHIVES - NEXT

27

A dark, rectangular room, with banks of computer terminals set against and branching out from one wall. Rows of filing cabinets line the opposite wall.

The air vent grille in the ceiling starts to RATTLE, before finally POPPING free - and falling to the floor!

FAITH (O.S.)

Crap!

Her hand streaks out to grab it, but she misses, and the grille heads for the floor...

... but lands with a barely audible THUD on the thick carpet below. Half hanging out of the exposed hole in the ceiling, Faith exhales with relief.

She lowers herself down into the room, waiting for Quinn to join her. She glances up at a camera in one corner of the room, but its red power light is off.

FAITH (cont'd)

How long does that jammer thing you've got last?

QUINN

Nowhere near as long as I'd like.

He hurries over to the nearest terminal and pulls out a chair, his fingers dancing across the keyboard as he brings up a main menu.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Can you still get into their network?

QUINN

Hopefully, yeah, otherwise this will rapidly become the worst idea I've ever had.

He taps away, frowning as he gets several 'Access Denied' screens, before a green 'Access Granted' message brings his grin back.

QUINN (cont'd)

We're in. Gotta love those back doors.

He scrolls rapidly through a series of folders, his eyes flicking left and right as he processes the information on display - Faith looks pretty bewildered.

She heads back over to the room's entrance, tensing up as she hears the MARCH of approaching boots.

She motions for Quinn to stop typing, and he quickly flips the computer screen off.

They wait - the boots walk right up to the other side of the door and stop...

... and then move away. Easing up, Faith nods to Quinn and he starts typing again. He stops when he hits another 'Access Denied' screen.

QUINN (cont'd)

Alright, time to see if any of these things Landers gave me still work...

He reaches into his bag and takes out a portable hard drive and a small credit-card sized device, sliding it into an input on the terminal.

FAITH

What is it?

QUINN

When he broke me out and set me on my merry way, he told me I could use it to boost cash from ATMs, but with a bit of rewiring you'd be amazed at the stuff it can do.

FAITH

Like hack into secure government networks?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN
Here's hoping...

A 'Downloading...' bar appears on the screen, and he turns in his seat to point to the filing cabinets.

QUINN (cont'd)
See what you can find in there. I don't know for sure what I'm getting, and it's probably gonna be encrypted, so let's take some hard copies if we can get to them.

FAITH
No problem.

She heads for the filing cabinets, tracing her finger along them as she reads off the labels.

'Demonic Possession,' 'Occult Artefacts,' 'Non-Human Chemical Testing' and 'NT Field Notes' are some of the labels, but she pauses as she gets to one reading 'Vampire Slayers.'

She tries to open the cabinet but it's locked. She rattles the tray a few times before Quinn WHISTLES to get her attention, tossing her the lock picks.

QUINN
Don't take what you can't carry.
We're going to need to move fast on our way out of here.

Faith gets the cabinet open and starts leafing through the files inside until she finds what she's after - 'Lehane, F.' She scoops the thick folder out and places it nearby, closing the drawer and starting her search again.

Quinn takes out the white box he used to jam the cameras - but his face falls.

QUINN (cont'd)
Uh oh.

FAITH
'Uh oh'?

QUINN
We may have a problem.

FAITH
Quinn...

QUINN
You know how I said this thing wasn't going to last as long as I'd have liked?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(closes eyes)
How long?

QUINN
About another minute.

Quinn turns back to the computer, fidgeting anxiously as the download bar crawls along the screen.

Faith is almost done with her skim over the filing cabinets - but stops as she sees a single word written on one label.

'Gateway.'

Faith glances over her shoulder at Quinn, then jimmies the drawer open and pulls it out - but sags as she sees the entire drawer is filled with folders and files!

FAITH
(mutters)
Damn it...

QUINN
What is it?

FAITH
Nothing, just... just a little
hitch, that's all. Hey, how much do
you reckon we can-

Her head snaps round as Quinn's camera jammer starts to BEEP urgently.

FAITH (cont'd)
What does that mean?

QUINN
It means we have to go, now!

Faith looks back at the mass of files below her, then grabs one at random and pulls it out, slamming the drawer shut and grabbing her own file on the way.

Quinn detaches his card reader and hard drive from the terminal, stuffing them into the bag as Faith waits underneath the ventilation shaft.

FAITH
Come on, come on! Get me up there!

The camera jammer is still BEEPING as Quinn clasps his hands together and gives Faith a boost up, Faith grabbing the insides of the shaft and pulling herself up.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED: (4)

27

She reaches back down for Quinn, but as he drags a chair over to help him climb up to meet her, the jammer emits one final BEEP...

... and the archive room's security camera blinks back to life, rotating to focus squarely on Quinn.

28 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - SECURITY OFFICE - NEXT

28

The guard sits up in his chair as one of his monitors flicks from white noise to show Quinn standing in the middle of the archives room.

GUARD

Son of a...

His hand SLAMS onto a red alarm button, and a KLAXON begins to sound throughout the base, accompanied by flashing red lights.

29 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - ARCHIVES - NEXT

29

Quinn sags as the alarm bells ring throughout the base, accompanied by the sound of lots of pairs of feet racing towards the room.

QUINN

Ah, crap.

Quinn looks up to Faith, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - VENTILATION SHAFT - NIGHT 30

Quinn and Faith are crawling as fast as they can along the narrow vent, the alarms ringing around the complex echoing down the tunnels.

FAITH

Isn't this gonna bring us back out
in that room with all the cells?

QUINN

Not really having the time to come
up with a better route right now!

They reach an exposed grille, and drop down into:

31 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - CELLS - CONTINUOUS 31

Quinn lands first, waiting for Faith to follow. The demons and vampires in the various compartments are more agitated thanks to the alarm, bouncing off the glass and making plenty of noise.

Faith slows down as Quinn starts to run off ahead, before he notices and shouts back to her.

QUINN

Come on, Faith! They have lots of
gun, and we have less than one!

FAITH

Just a second! We need a
diversion...

She's looking in at a particularly gruesome demon trying to claw its way out through one of the compartments.

QUINN

Oh, please tell me you're
kidding...

FAITH

Can you get these open?

QUINN

Probably, but do we really want the
horrific death by dismemberment
that's gonna follow that?

FAITH

Can you open them or not?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN
(sighs)
I think so, yeah.

FAITH
Then wait till we're almost out and
do it. Trust me.

They race for the exit - rounding a corner just as the locked door that blocked them earlier flies open and three commandoes burst out.

COMMANDO
Freeze!

He OPENS FIRE, bullets pinging past Faith's head as she runs for the exit.

Quinn is behind her, frantically sorting through his key cards as he nears the control panel for the room's cages.

FAITH
Do it!!

Quinn slides a card down the panel's card reader - but nothing happens.

FAITH (cont'd)
Quinn, come on!

He tries another - and it works! A green light flicks on, and the front of every glass cage slides back with a HISS.

More bullets RICOCHET off the bulkhead around them, and Quinn drops the rest of the cards.

Faith grabs him and SHOVES him into the next room, turning to the commandoes and grinning as they run right into a room full of newly escaped and very hungry demons and vamps.

FAITH (cont'd)
(to demons)
Free buffet, guys, all you can eat!

The commandoes OPEN FIRE on the advancing monsters as Faith darts out through the bulkhead, onto:

She races to catch up with Quinn as SHOUTS and GUNFIRE sound from the cells behind them.

Commandoes in the hangar below shout up to them, FIRING their rifles, and Faith and Quinn are forced to duck and weave as more bullets PING off the walkway around them.

Three commandoes block their way - Quinn tackles one as Faith launches into the air and DROP KICKS the next two, knocking one over the edge of the walkway with a SHOUT!

Quinn gets bogged down fighting his opponent, but Faith steps in and SMASHES a small crate off the commandoes head, pulling Quinn to his feet.

FAITH

No time to fight, Quinn, let's move!

With demons spilling out from the cells behind them and onto the walkways, the duo keep on running as the commandoes are forced to turn their attention to their escapees.

Faith pauses to take one last look back across the hangar, quickly descending into chaos as the commandoes are mobbed by as many creatures as they can stun.

INT. INITIATIVE BASE - ACCESS CORRIDOR - NEXT

Quinn is already at the lift as Faith races towards him - and more GUARDS tear round the corner after her!

Quinn gets the lift doors open and jumps inside, watching as Faith races towards him - and starting to CLOSE the doors before she's inside!

FAITH

Hey! Quinn! Wait!

He just watches her, the doors still sliding shut...

... but there's just enough room for Faith to LEAP inside before the guards can catch up.

INT. LIFT - CONTINUOUS

She slams into the back wall of the lift, angrily grabbing Quinn and shaking him.

FAITH

What the hell was that?

QUINN

Hey, hey, calm down! I timed it so you'd have enough time to get in just as the doors closed.

FAITH

(beat)

Oh.

QUINN

Otherwise, if I'd have waited for you to get in first, they'd have caught us.

Faith lets him go, looking a little sheepish.

FAITH

Sorry.

QUINN

(lifts bag)

Hey, it's all good. We got what we wanted.

FAITH

So what now?

QUINN

I'm thinking we get to the surface, then run for our lives before they can catch us, and hope that little diversion you pulled buys us enough time to get away.

FAITH

I'm thinking that's a 'yes.'

She manages a grin at last, and as the lift continues to rise we cut back to:

The brief rebellion is under control - several commandoes are lying on the floor, dead or badly wounded, but so are several demons, with a few piles of ash that used to be vampires.

As more commandoes struggle to restrain the last few stragglers of the outbreak, the stern features of GENERAL RANKIN step into view, surveying the damage.

RANKIN

What happened?

He turns to a LIEUTENANT at his side.

LIEUTENANT

Security breach in cell block five-seven-three, sir. Twenty confirmed NT escapees.

RANKIN

Casualties?

LIEUTENANT

Uh, us or theirs, sir?

Rankin glares at the lieutenant, who COUGHS nervously.

LIEUTENANT (cont'd)
Four wounded for us, six dead for
them and the others all back in
their cages, sir.

RANKIN
Would you care to explain to me how
all this happened, lieutenant?

The lieutenant nods, then passes Rankin a black and white
surveillance photo - and it's of Quinn, escaping the archives
room.

RANKIN (cont'd)
(darkly)
Jon... what are you up to?

Rankin looks up, trying to figure out what Quinn could have
been doing down here, as we DISSOLVE to:

In the small bedroom that Faith uses when she's working
nights, she and Quinn have their night's ill-gotten gains
spread out across the floor between them.

The folders contain blueprints, photographs, reports, masses
of the printed word - but no obvious answers, given Faith's
frustrated HUFF as she sits up.

FAITH
Okay, either I've been up too long
or this stuff's written in ancient
Aztec, 'cause I ain't getting jack
off any of this.

QUINN
I think we mixed the files up a
little on our way out.

FAITH
Hey, at least we got them, right?

QUINN
Yeah...

Faith picks up one sheet of paper at random and reads it -
but she frowns, staring at what's before her as though she
can't quite believe it.

QUINN (cont'd)
What is it?
(beat)
Faith?

She lowers the sheet, her expression still dumbstruck, and without another word she stands and exits.

QUINN (cont'd)
Faith? Faith!

She turns a corner and disappears, and we cut to:

Alex is sitting at her desk, going over the day shift's reports with a mug of coffee. She glances up as Faith walks in.

ALEX
Oh, hey, Faith. I was just checking through the-

FAITH
What the hell is this?

Alex looks up - Faith is holding up the paper she took from the Initiative's file.

ALEX
I'm sorry?

Faith lays the sheet on Alex's desk, and she reads it - and closes her eyes, looking very guilty all of a sudden.

ALEX (cont'd)
Ah.

FAITH
Damn straight, 'ah'!

ALEX
You'll be wanting an explanation, right?

FAITH
I'm thinking more along the lines of a signed confession right now.

ALEX
Faith, it's... complicated.

FAITH
So break it down into little pieces for me.

She leans across the desk, stabbing her finger down onto the sheet of paper.

FAITH (cont'd)
Why the hell is your name on this?

ALEX

There's a perfectly good
explanation for that, if you'll
just-

Faith SNATCHES the paper back up, and as Alex grimaces she starts to read from it.

FAITH

(reads)

'The current director of the asylum
is one Dr. Alexandra Salus, a known
and respected figure in the fields
of both professional psychiatric
care... and paranormal
investigation.'

ALEX

Faith, please, let me explain why-

FAITH

(reads)

'Dr. Salus' long and distinguished
background in occult study makes
her the ideal candidate to oversee
the operations of the asylum,
especially considering its location
over one of the key *exilis* points
in the whole state.'

(beat)

This is where it starts to lose me.
Maybe you could-

ALEX

(snaps)

Faith!

Faith lowers the paper, registering Alex's dark expression.

FAITH

You want me to go on? It gets real
interesting at the part where it
mentions your experience with
successful exorcisms.

ALEX

Faith, sit down.

(beat)

Please.

Faith stares at her for a beat, but then takes a seat. Alex composes herself, holding out a hand and taking the paper from Faith to read for herself.

ALEX (cont'd)

Where did you get this?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

That's not as important to me right now as what it all means.

ALEX

Alright... I'll start at the beginning. Yes, I do know all about the chequered past of this asylum. I know that it's built on the site of the previous sanitorium, that was sucked into the ground by powers that have no right to exist in our dimension... and I know about the Gateway.

FAITH

(shocked)

You... you do?

Alex nods, pointing to the mark on the back of Faith's hand.

ALEX

It gave you that when it touched you, didn't it?

FAITH

(looks at tattoo)

Uh... yeah, but I don't know what it means.

Alex smiles and rolls back her sleeve - and she has an identical tattoo on her forearm!

ALEX

Truth be told, neither do I. That's one of the reasons I'm here - to find out what that thing is and what it does.

Faith's head is spinning as she tries to take all this in.

FAITH

So... wait a minute, back up. How much do you know? I mean...

ALEX

At first, not everything. But I have a lot of sources. Information on you is a little sketchy, and as I understand it, that's something to do with a favour somebody did you last year...

FAITH

(grins)

Willow.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

That's besides the point. I've been waiting for you to come here, Faith.

FAITH

You have?

Alex nods, standing and heading over to her filing cabinets. Faith watches as she opens a hidden compartment n its side, taking out a thick, leather bound book.

FAITH (cont'd)

Aw, man... those sorts of books never say anything good.

Alex lays the book down on the table and starts leafing through it.

FAITH (cont'd)

Oh, God... you're not a Watcher, are you?

ALEX

God, no! Bunch of backward-thinking ingrates wouldn't know a new idea if it kicked them up the- ah, here we go.

She turns the book round to show Faith an illustration - it's of a hand, bearing the same tattoo that Faith has.

FAITH

Willow told me it means 'warden' or something.

ALEX

Literally, yes. But it has several meanings. It can also mean 'betrayed.'

FAITH

'Betrayed'?

ALEX

Believe me, I've spent years trying to uncover more about this and I've pretty much already given you everything I've got. What I can tell you is that thing down in the basement is very old, and very powerful.

FAITH

I got that already. Question is - is it something bad?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

That depends on who's running it.

FAITH

(beat)

You said you'd been 'waiting' for me - how is that?

ALEX

Well, not you specifically, but someone like you.

She leafs through the book again, stopping at one passage.

ALEX (cont'd)

(reads)

'And from the sky there shall fall a great warrior, broken in two by her journey, and she shall be the Warden, the protector of the Gateway and all that lies beyond. She must face the Guardians and prevent their unholy alliance, or the eye shall open and look upon us all, and when it judges us... this city shall fall.'

Faith GROANS and sags back in her chair, hands over her face.

FAITH

I knew it... there had to be a freakin' prophecy in there somewhere, didn't there? God damn it...

ALEX

Destiny isn't the kind of thing you can get away from, Faith.

FAITH

(darkly)

Tell me about it.

ALEX

Look, I'm sorry I wasn't straight with you from day one, but I had to be sure you were you. If you see what I mean.

FAITH

You get a lot of 'great warriors' falling from the sky around here?

ALEX

(beat)

More than you'd think.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

And what the hell is an 'exilis point,' anyway?

ALEX

It's somewhere that the barriers between dimensions are especially thin. Someone with the right spells or tools could literally poke their way right through into any world they wanted to.

FAITH

And by 'tool' I'm guessing you mean the Gateway, right?

ALEX

I'm afraid so.

FAITH

(sighs)

Alright, whatever. I'm done.

Faith stands, heading for the door.

FAITH (cont'd)

I've had too damn long a day to get my head round any of this now, so... can we just pick this up again after I've had some sleep?

ALEX

Sure we can. I think it's safe to say we've got a lot to talk about.

FAITH

Damn straight we have.

ALEX

How are your friends at the hospital?

FAITH

I'm gonna go call them, so I'll let you know.

She opens the door - and bumps straight into Pryor!

PRYOR

Oh! I'm sorry, I didn't... Faith?

FAITH

Pryor? What are you doing here? And what happened to your...

(CONTINUED)

She peers at Pryor's face - his scars have gone! He touches his cheek, then grins.

PRYOR
I'll explain later.

ALEX
Mr. Webb?

Pryor steps past the bemused Faith with a smile, shaking hands with Alex.

PRYOR
'Pryor' is fine. Dr. Salus, I presume? Sorry for calling so late last night.

ALEX
That's fine. You look kind of familiar... have we met?

PRYOR
A long time ago, yes. You probably don't remember me, I was fatter and hairier back then.

ALEX
(laughs)
I'll take your word for that. Shall we get started on-

FAITH
Uh, guys?

They turn to her, and she throws her hands up, flummoxed.

FAITH (cont'd)
What the hell's going on?

PRYOR
(to Alex)
I didn't get chance to talk to her yet.

ALEX
Oh, right.
(to Faith)
Pryor's here about the job.

Faith blinks, lost for words - and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW