

FAITH

"Noa DeRubria's High School Reunion"

by
Michael Jay

Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. ASYLUM - ROOF - MORNING

1

We open on a quick shot of the cement roof of the Asylum just as FAITH flies into frame, landing hard on her back.

She rolls her to her feet and assumes a fighting stance, flipping her ponytailed hair back and trying not to look rattled.

FAITH'S OPPONENT'S POV:

Through a series of shots, we see Faith throw crisp, sharp PUNCHES at her opponent, with nothing landing. Her head gets snapped back from the return strikes.

Faith throws a KICK that gets ducked. She manages to jump over a left sweep, but can't avoid the right roundhouse that follows.

ON SCENE:

Faith lands on her back again, sweating profusely and gasping for air. A HAND reaches into frame to help her up.

Pull back to see VI is her opponent, also sweating, but not nearly as exhausted.

Faith pulls the band out of her hair and shakes her ponytail loose while taking a swig of a bottled water.

FAITH
Ready to go again?

VI
I should be asking you that!
(beat)
Sorry about that kick. It was-

FAITH
(finishing)
Instinct. I know.

Faith tosses Vi a towel.

FAITH (cont'd)
Hell, I taught you that kick in
Sunnydale. Anyway...

She drops into a fighting stance again.

FAITH (cont'd)
Let's go.

(CONTINUED)

Vi sizes her up, looking a little apprehensive. Faith gives the "come on" signal with her hands.

FAITH (cont'd)
What's the hold up?

VI
You're exhausted, Faith. I think that's enough for today.

FAITH
Thanks for the concern, but I know my limits.

Almost a blur of motion, Vi KICKS Faith's water bottle straight up into the air.

Before Faith can react, Vi steps in and effortlessly ARM DRAGS Faith to the ground. She grapevines Faith's arm with her own and traps it under her armpit.

The bottle drops into Vi's outstretched free hand.

VI
You knew your limits.

Vi lets her go. Faith tries to sit down before slumping to her back again, still trying to get her wind back.

VI (cont'd)
What's up with you today, Faith?
You've been acting all...

She shakes her hands, the universal gesture for 'whatever.'

FAITH
No, I haven't.

VI
Have too. Since you last took on Twin Bitch, in fact.
(beat)
Look, I know that one didn't go so well, but pushing yourself too hard now will just-

FAITH
(sharp)
Vi. Seriously. Drop it.

Stung, Vi steps back, wisely deciding not to push her luck.

VI
Besides, there's a staff meeting in a bit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

VI (cont'd)
Probably wouldn't be a good idea to
be all banged up, considering
you're conducting it and all.

FAITH
(apathetic)
Right, whatever.

Faith finally gets to her feet. Vi tosses her the water
bottle.

VI
(motioning to the door)
Coming?

FAITH
(waves her off)
You go ahead. I'll be down in a
sec.

Vi starts to respond, but opts to respond with a curt nod
before she exits.

Faith limps to the edge of the roof, gingerly rubbing the
part of the hip she landed on.

She stares off into the horizon, before CHUCKING the bottle
as far as she can throw it, the frustration plain as day.

2 INT. ASYLUM - NOA'S OFFICE - MORNING

2

NOA sits at her desk, halfheartedly clicking her mouse as she
flips through several Internet sites. Her eyes let us know
she's in another star system someplace.

An ORDERLY enters the room with a stack of envelopes and
magazines.

ORDERLY
Mail call.

Noa nods lightly, not really interested. The orderly drops a
stack of mail on her desk and walks out.

NOA
(surprised)
That's all mine?

ORDERLY
From the past few days. You haven't
been picking up your stuff at the
front like you normally do.

NOA
Oh.

(CONTINUED)

ORDERLY

(waves)

See ya.

Noa stares at the pile for a moment before she starts to sort through it. We ARC AROUND so we're looking over her shoulder as she flicks aside various women's magazines and credit card offers.

An elaborately decorated envelope catches her attention. She flips it over several times before opening it.

Her face drops as she reads the contents.

PAN OVER to PRYOR entering the room, reading a newspaper and sipping a cup of coffee.

PRYOR

Morning, Noa. If you've got some
free time later today, I wanted you
to-

He stops as he sees Noa's wide eyed expression.

PRYOR (cont'd)

What's wrong?

We ZOOM IN on Noa as she looks up at Pryor, fear written all over her face.

NOA

(emphatic)

Big. Trouble.

Pryor waits for an explanation as we cut to:

ANGLE ON a long white BANNER as two people drag it along a waxed floor. The room is faintly lit, with sunlight coming in from windows set high on the walls.

PAN UP to our two people as they scale parallel ladders, dragging the banner behind them.

They stretch it to its full length and hang it from the ceiling, the writing now clear: East Lytle High School Reunion.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - MORNING

4

We're just outside Noa's office. The woman herself comes out, wheeling away as fast as she can. Pryor darts out after her.

PRYOR

I really don't see what the big deal is. I think it's a great chance to get out of here for a night and stretch your legs a bit.

Noa looks up at him, horrified, and picks up her pace. Pryor slaps his head as he realises his *faux pas*.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I'm sorry. You know I didn't mean that.

NOA

I'm not going.

PRYOR

I don't see why not. You've holed yourself up in your office since Quinn resurfaced. Have you even-

Noa stops and turns to him, furious now.

NOA

That's none of your damn business!

Pryor holds his hands up defensively.

PRYOR

(soothing)

I just think it'd be a good idea to get and out for a night. Catch up with old friends.

(whimsically)

I remember my ten year reunion.

NOA

Let me guess. You had awkward conversations with a bunch of girls you had crushes on, and spent majority of the night by the punch bowl, stepping your foot out of sync to whatever crappy music they remembered being popular way back... whenever the hell it was.

A beat as Pryor searches for an answer. Noa starts to roll away again.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
I rest my case.

PRYOR
The music wasn't that bad.

NOA
You tell anyone you've been cutting
up demons and playing with their
innards?

PRYOR
Of course not!
(beat)
I said I was a veterinarian. I
can't go around telling everyone
what I really do for a living.

There's a beat as Pryor gets it.

NOA
Again, I rest my case.

PRYOR
Noa, is the reason you're not going
because you don't want people to
know you deal with things of the
paranormal... or because you'd
rather walk than wheel into the
room?

If looks could kill, Pryor would be a dead man. Noa rolls out
of frame. We hold on Pryor watching her go, looking
concerned:

5 INT. NOA'S BEDROOM (FLASHBACK)

5

TITLE OVER: SEVEN YEARS AGO.

Sixteen-year-old Noa is rummaging through her closet, a
cordless phone wedged between her shoulder and ear.

NOA
(into phone)
Trish, we can't go in wearing the
same color combination. How is Tim
Drake going to ask me to the prom
if he can't tell us apart?

She walks over to a full length mirror and holds up a red
tank top to her chest.

We PULL BACK and get a good look at the room. It's about what
you'd expect. Posters of musicians all over the place. Piles
of shoes scattered around the floor. The bed covered in
makeshifts outfits.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
(into phone)
Okay, how about I wear my red tank
with the black capris and you wear
that cute little jean skirt with a
white top?
(listens)
No, the other white top. That one's
see through. We're not sluts.
(beat; giggles)
Absolutely.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Noa! Breakfast!

NOA
(scoffs)
Hang on a sec.

She presses a button and opens her bedroom, sticking her head
out.

NOA (cont'd)
(calling out)
I'm not having any. I'm going to be
late for school.

She slams the door and lifts the phone again.

NOA (cont'd)
(to herself)
Not like you weren't going to burn
it anyway.
(into phone)
Trish? Hey, sorry.
(listens)
No, I don't have time to curl my
hair. Why should I curl mine,
anyway? Yours is naturally curly,
just wear it up today.

She sits in front of her dresser and runs her free hand
through her hair.

NOA (cont'd)
I'm not skipping homeroom to style
my hair. I think that's when Tim's
going to ask me.
(listens)
Okay babe, see ya soon. Bye.

She hangs up the phone and pulls out a case of make up big
enough to rival any Avon lady. As she searches through
several sticks of lip stick, we cut to:

6

INT. KITCHEN - NOA'S APARTMENT - LATER

6

Noa, now fully dressed, bounds into the kitchen with a bookbag slung over her shoulders.

The dilapidated kitchen is a sharp contrast to Noa's room. The walls are grimy. Piles of dirty plates and cups are visible in the small sink.

BARBARA, Noa's mother, sits at the dingy looking table, smoking a cigarette and guzzling down a cup of coffee. She's a frazzled-looking, rake thin woman in her thirties with blonde hair in need of a fresh dye job.

BARBARA

You gonna be home late tonight?

NOA

(curt)

You gonna notice if I am?

Barbara bows her head.

BARBARA

I just don't want to be up late worrying about-

Noa is pouring herself a glass of orange juice.

NOA

No, Mother. I won't be around tonight. Trish and I are going prom shopping.

(beat)

So you can have one of your boyfriends over.

BARBARA

That's not what I-

NOA

Just try not to be on the couch when I come in this time? Not like I can afford therapy.

Barbara sighs heavily, rubbing her temples. This seems to be a fairly standard atmosphere in the house.

BARBARA

Don't fight with me, Noa, please.

NOA

Even when we're both so good at it?

Barbara stubs out her cigarette.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

Do you have any lunch money?

NOA

(incredulous)

Are you offering me some?

(beat)

I'm good either way.

BARBARA

(nervous)

Actually... I was wondering... if
you could spare a few bucks.

Noa's poker face drops into one of disappointment.

BARBARA (cont'd)

I'm out of smokes.

NOA

You sure? Or is Denny holding
another game tonight, and you
wanted to make sure you had your
minimum covered.

BARBARA

You know I'm not doing that any
more.

NOA

I know you keep telling me that,
yeah. Still waiting to see some of
the money you earn actually show up
in this house, though.

BARBARA

(weary)

Honey, I told you, it's... it's
complicated. We still have some
debts to pay off, and-

NOA

(interrupts; angry)

No, you have some debts to pay off!
Don't drag me into your mess!

Barbara just fixes her with an almost pleading look. She's
not proud of having to beg for cash off her own daughter, but
she doesn't exactly have another option right now.

Noa finally Relents with a SIGH and rummages through her
rhinestone covered purse, retrieving a five dollar bill.

NOA (cont'd)

Not like I needed to eat today
anyway.

(CONTINUED)

She drops the money on the table and walks out. Barbara stares at it for a long beat before picking it up with another heavy SIGH, and we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - DAY

Faith floats around the room, shadowboxing. A nearby television plays a news broadcast.

REPORTER

(filtered)

Investigators are still searching for Faith Lehane, the escaped convict whom authorities say is linked to several murders across the country over the last few years.

Faith throws a hard spinning roundhouse kick and immediately doubles over in pain, clutching her injured hip from earlier.

REPORTER (cont'd)

The New York City Police Department is urging any citizen, should you encounter this woman, to notify them immediately. She is considered very dangerous.

Faith walks over and turns off the television.

FAITH

(muttering)

Dangerous. Overstatement.

NOA (O.S.)

Does that really help?

Faith turns to see Noa watching her from the door.

FAITH

What's that?

NOA

The whole air punching thing. Does it help when you're pissed off?

FAITH

Only when you have a specific person in your head you're beating up on.

Noa pulls out the invitation and holds it out to Faith.

NOA

How about a whole room full of them?

(CONTINUED)

Faith scans the invitation as she takes a sip of water, pulling a 'sucks to be you' face as she hands it back.

FAITH

Yikes.

NOA

Yeah.

FAITH

You going?

NOA

Don't really want to. That's why I'm here.

FAITH

I don't follow.

NOA

Well, Pryor was so gung ho about me going, and now I'm almost feeling guilty for blowing the stupid thing off.

FAITH

You know how geeked up he gets sometimes.

NOA

Yeah. So... I figured if anyone would understand the pointlessness of high school... it'd be you.

(beat)

Seeing as how you never officially went and all.

FAITH

(catching on)

You want me to talk you out of it.

NOA

Or beat Pryor up. Whichever.

FAITH

(smiling)

You're pretty worked up about this, aren't you?

NOA

You think I want to wheel this-

(points to the chair)

-in and say 'oh, I just had my spinal column crushed by my best friend's evil twin'?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Best friend?

NOA
(beat; rolls eyes)
Shut up. I'm still mad at you,
remember?

FAITH
So if I do this, will that earn me
some brownie points again?

NOA
I don't know. Maybe. You should
probably just help me out anyway,
just in case.

FAITH
Mm-hmm.

Faith kneels down to Noa's level and holds her right hand up,
palm out.

FAITH (cont'd)
Hit my hand.

NOA
(blinks)
What?

FAITH
You're not clear headed enough to
make a choice right now.

NOA
And?

FAITH
Part of the whole 'punching things
when angry' deal is that you burn
so much energy doing it that you
don't have enough to waste being
pissed.
(beat)
Now hit my hand.

Noa throws a half hearted punch that barely moves Faith's
hand back. Faith turns her head sideways as if to say "try
harder."

Noa steels herself and throws another punch. This one lands a
little harder.

NOA
You got a glove?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
I've got ice for later.

NOA
Good enough.

She throws another punch. And another. Each successive blow connecting with a loud SMACK, and as Noa's expression grows more intense with each successive punch, we CLOSE IN on her before we cut to:

INT. SCHOOL LOBBY - (FLASHBACK)

We PAN DOWN from a banner reading 'Career Day.' Noa strides through the room as if she owned the place. Several guys check her out as she stops at one table and picks up a brochure.

An attractive brunette in a short mini skirt comes up behind her, nudging her shoulder to get her attention. This is TRISHELLE 'TRISH' EVANS.

They greet each other with the fake peck on the cheek seen at most high class snob parties.

TRISH
(off brochure)
Fashion design?

NOA
Tell me I don't have an eye for it.
Plus, you don't have to take all
the stupid core classes. Like I'm
going to need anatomy later in
life, you know?

They walk out of frame, giggling together, and we're back to:

INT. NOA'S OFFICE - ASYLUM - DAY

Noa is back at her computer typing away. Vi is drying her hands with a towel in front of her desk.

NOA
Describe the eyes to me.

VI
Yellow with green circles. Like a
vampire, only it didn't have
pupils.

NOA
(typing)
Okay, and the metacarpals?

Vi stares at her blankly.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
Hands, wrists.

VI
Oh. Umm... it had claws. Three on
each hand, one looked like a thumb.

NOA
Okay, should only take the database
a little while to get a match.

Noa dips her right hand into a bowl of ice water next to the
keyboard. Vi raises an eyebrow at the odd action.

VI
This some new glamour tip I haven't
heard about?

NOA
No. Just blowing off some steam
with Faith and went a little
overboard.

She glances at the monitor, not noticing Vi's puzzled face.

NOA (cont'd)
Normally doesn't take this long.

VI
I killed the demon anyway. Don't
see why we should look into it.

NOA
If there's a nest and those things
are hostile, we need to take it
out.

Vi smirks at her.

NOA (cont'd)
Okay, fine. You need to take it
out. I need to sit here and listen
to Pryor ramble all night. Thanks
for the reality check.
(beat)
And yes, that was sarcasm.

VI
Or, you could go to your reunion
and have a fun night for a change.

NOA
(avoiding)
Oh look, it's done searching now.
(scans the page)
Yep. They're nesters.

VI

Why don't you want to go?

NOA

(still not reacting)

Says here they like to set up shop
in sewers. Typical.

VI

Give me one good reason.

NOA

Generally move in groups of six or
so. Shouldn't be too hard to take
down, so maybe you should-

VI

(louder)

Noa!

Noa finally looks up at her, desperately not wanting to have
this conversation.

VI (cont'd)

Give me one good reason.

NOA

I can give you plenty.

VI

Are they 'good' ones?

NOA

Near enough.

VI

Okay, try me.

NOA

Wheelchair.

VI

Not a reason.

NOA

What? Why not?

VI

Just isn't. We both know that chair
isn't who you are.

NOA

But... you... what?

VI

Next?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

(scowls)

I can't tell people my actual job.

VI

What, PA to the head of a large
medical institution?

A beat. That's a good way of putting it.

VI (cont'd)

Got anything else?

Noa searches for a good response as we move past her and zoom
in on the picture of the demon on the monitor:

BLACK OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10

INT. ASYLUM - QUINN'S ROOM - DAY

10

Quinn lays on an unmade bed in what is now his home, one of the dorm rooms in the admin block of the asylum. A few of his things from the hideout have migrated over here, but he still looks like a guy living out of a suitcase.

He Seems restless, flipping through a newspaper. He goes back and forth a few times, obviously searching for something.

Finally, he sits up, setting the paper aside.

QUINN

(muttering)

Damn people always stealing the sports page...

He looks up to see Noa staring right at him, her arms crossed.

QUINN (cont'd)

(nervous)

Umm... hey.

NOA

Took you a full minute to notice I was here. Kinda defeats the purpose of hiding out if anyone can sneak up on you, don't you think?

QUINN

Technically, I'm not 'hiding' if I'm living in the same building as most of the people I was hiding from.

NOA

Don't get smart with me, Jon.

QUINN

Couldn't if I tried.

Quinn pops up off the mattress and smooths his shirt down.

QUINN (cont'd)

Can I get you anything?

NOA

Water's good. In a bottle, preferably. I don't trust the tap water here.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Gotcha.

He walks over to a cooler and pulls a bottle of water and a Coke for himself, opening the bottle and passing it to Noa, who nods her thanks.

Quinn grabs a chair and takes a seat in front of Noa. He's avoiding her eyes, still a little uneasy.

QUINN (cont'd)

So... what brings you by? Not that I'm not happy to see you or anything, but-

NOA

Here, let me save you the trouble. Yes, I'm still pissed off at you and no, this visit isn't me 'reaching out.'

QUINN

(disheartened)

Oh.

NOA

I don't need my-
(catches herself)
-a boyfriend right now. I need a sounding board.

Quinn sits straight up at that, his face betraying his depression.

QUINN

What's up?

NOA

My high school's having a reunion tonight.

QUINN

(frowns)

Already? Who throws a five year reunion? It doesn't make any-

Noa cuts him off with a look.

QUINN (cont'd)

And I'm completely missing the point, aren't I?

NOA

(nodding)

If you'd spent any time at all at my high school, you'd know they were never any good at waiting for anything. I'm surprised we haven't had a reunion every year, actually, but still...

(frowns)

Stop getting me off the subject.

QUINN

In my defence, you managed that all by yourself.

NOA

(beat)

I wasn't going to go, but then I talked to Pryor and he says I should. Then Vi says I should.

QUINN

What'd Faith have to say?

NOA

Nothing. She just let me hit her for half an hour 'til I felt better.

QUINN

(nods)

Sounds like Faith.

She holds out her right hand, red and slightly swollen.

NOA

My hand's still sore.

Quinn takes it and massages it between his two palms.

QUINN

Did it help?

Noa hesitates, not sure if she should be letting him do that, but she softens after a moment.

NOA

(beat)

A little.

Her face tightens up again. She retracts her hand and angrily points a finger in Quinn's face.

NOA (cont'd)

Stop it!

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Stop what?

NOA

Stop being cute. I don't need
'cute' right now. I need
'understanding.'

QUINN

Okay, okay. Hang on a sec.

He sits straight up and slicks his hair back with his hand.
Then he rests his elbow on his knee and his chin on his hand,
the standard 'deep thought' position.

QUINN (cont'd)

(deadpan)

Go on.

Noa can't fight it anymore, finally breaking into a huge
smile. Quinn smiles too, and we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Pryor and Vi stand over his desk, a map laid out on it with
several red marks on it.

Faith knocks on the ajar door to announce her presence, and
Pryor waves her over.

FAITH

What are you two up to?

PRYOR

Vi and I were just triangulating
the positions she fought those
demons in.

FAITH

Think there's a nest?

VI

Probably. Noa pulled up some info
that says they like to hibernate
and hunt in packs. Lucky us, huh?

FAITH

You said you only killed one of
them, though.

PRYOR

Yes, and that's what concerns me.
Generally, primal demons such as
these only hunt one at a time
during the birthing season.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Daddy getting food for the babies?

PRYOR

Yes. And these things breed like rabbits.

VI

Uh, don't you mean 'rabbits'?

PRYOR

No.

(beat)

I'd rather avoid a swarm of them preying on the public.

FAITH

So let's find them and kick their asses before they spawn a nest full of brats and jump up a few notches on the food chain. Job done, right?

Pryor and Vi exchange a look, and Faith notices it.

FAITH (cont'd)

What?

PRYOR

(hesitant)

Well, we were... talking, and we...

VI

(uneasy)

Faith, maybe you should sit this one out. That thing tossed me around like a toy before I got it, and if there's more of them out there...

FAITH

All the more reason for me to be there for backup.

PRYOR

Faith, you took a pretty severe pounding from the other you. I doubt you're up to full strength again.

FAITH

I lost my powers, Pryor, not the years of conditioning and training. Might not having the Slayer healing, but my body's still used to dealing with the wear and tear.

(CONTINUED)

VI
(doubtful)
Really?

FAITH
Yep.

Vi lightly smacks Faith's hip. Faith grimaces in pain and immediately clutches it.

VI
How's the hip?

Faith starts to retort, then looks back and forth between Pryor and Vi.

PRYOR
I'm sorry, Faith. We both know that under normal circumstances, I'd gladly want both of you out in the field for this, but with both your recent injuries and your current fugitive status, we can't risk you right now.

FAITH
So what, that's it? I'm sidelined? You're leaving me on the damn bench?

VI
Hey, it's only temporary.
(looks at Pryor)
Right?

PRYOR
Of course.

FAITH
I can't believe this... you two really don't think I can handle myself out there? I've been doing all this crap longer than anybody!

VI
Yeah, and right now, you need to sit back and let somebody else take care of things!

Faith glares at her, but to her credit Vi holds her ground, crossing her arms. Faith looks from Pryor to Vi again, then finds she's unconsciously rubbing her sore hip.

She knows they're right, lowering her head in defeat before we cut to:

12 INT. ASYLUM - QUINN'S ROOM - NEXT

12

Back where we left off. Quinn is back to rubbing Noa's hurt hand.

QUINN

In all seriousness, I think you should go too.

NOA

(rolls eyes)

Is everyone against me?

QUINN

I'm never against you. You know that.

(beat)

A little escapism can be good, though. You can't tell me it wouldn't be nice to get a few drinks and laugh yourself silly for a night?

NOA

Yeah, but I'll be the one getting laughed at.

QUINN

Why, because of the chair?

Noa looks away and pulls her hand back again. Quinn decides to change his tactics.

QUINN (cont'd)

Remember the chattering teeth things?

NOA

How could I forget?

QUINN

When you came and told me Faith was in trouble, I told you to wait outside. So what did you do? You waltzed right in like it was another day at the office. No fear.

(beat)

What happened to that Noa?

NOA

This Noa can't waltz anymore. Or swim, or ice skate, or any of that stuff we used to do.

QUINN

I know.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

It's easier with demons.
Everything's cut and dry, you know?
See one, kill it. Unless it's a
good one, in which case it's more
'see it, watch Pryor fuss around it
for hours when you just want to go
home.'

(beat)

This is different.

QUINN

So it's easy to face a beast that
wants to kill you, but some vapid
lump of Botox with half of Silicon
Valley hanging off her chest
judging you is hard?

NOA

(pulls a face)

You've obviously been out of high
school too long.

QUINN

And so have you. And all of your so-
called friends. At worst, you'll be
reminded of why you don't need
friends like that in your life now
anyway.

NOA

(still looking away)

And at best?

Quinn gently grabs her chin and turns her face to meet his
eyes.

QUINN

I'll come with you and shoot anyone
that smarts off to you.

NOA

(grins)

I'll bet.

QUINN

(softly)

Believe me, it'd be my pleasure.

He slides his hand up to the back of her neck and pulls her
in. She resists, just for a moment, then lets him pull her
close.

NOA

(closing her eyes)

You're being cute again.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

I'll stop in a second.

Noa's eyes snap open and she pulls away from the impending kiss.

NOA

No! No, I... I can't deal with this right now.

QUINN

Noa...

NOA

No, Jon. Too soon. Way too soon. I mean, you've only just... no.

She turns her chair and starts to wheel away. Quinn stands up.

QUINN

Noa.

She cranes her neck around to look at him, not wanting to turn the whole chair.

QUINN (cont'd)

I was serious about coming with you. If you want me to, I mean.

NOA

(sighs)

You know you can't be seen out in public. It's too much of a risk.

She starts to wheel away again.

QUINN

It's worth the risk.

She stops, but doesn't turn around this time. They linger in the same place for a moment, before she finally tears her gaze away and leaves. Quinn watches her as we cut to:

CLOSE UP on Noa's face as a make up brush lightly dabs her cheeks. PULL BACK to see Trish doing the work.

Both of them are dressed to the nines.

NOA

Are you sure this color looks good on me?

TRISH

Anything would look good on your face. God, I would kill for your skin.

NOA

(smirks)

God only blesses a precious few.

Trish finishes her job. Noa opens her eyes and looks at a mirror that spans the length of Trish's dresser.

NOA (cont'd)

Great job.

TRISH

I do good work.

NOA

We are going to kill tonight.

TRISH

We'd better, after all the money my mom spent on this dress!

NOA

Like she's hurting for the cash!

TRISH

(smirking)

Well, God only blesses a precious few, as they say.

Trish joins Noa admiring herself in the mirror.

NOA

Can you believe this night is finally here?

TRISH

Prom night. I've been dreaming of this since seventh grade.

NOA

That late?

Noa picks up a tube of lipstick and starts applying it.

NOA (cont'd)

It doesn't get any better than this. An entire evening of people telling us how fabulous we look, cute boys standing by the punch bowl, and Tim Drake hanging on my every word.

(CONTINUED)

TRISH

Biggest night of our lives. And everyone else's, too.

NOA

Amen.

A beat.

NOA (cont'd)

We need to get wasted.

TRISH

Oh, hell yes.

The girls start to GIGGLE again as we CIRCLE AROUND the dresser until the back of the mirror completely blocks everything out. We come around to:

INT. NOA'S ROOM (PRESENT DAY)

Noa sits in front of a small mirror, pulling her hair back in ponytail. She's dressed in a pair of jeans and a nice looking blouse. Her make up is sparse and her lips are covered with a minimal amount of lip gloss.

Noa settles back down, staring at herself in the mirror, her eyes drawn to something sticking out from the frame.

She's too preoccupied to notice Vi appear in her doorway, COUGHING to get her attention.

VI

You ready?

Noa takes a deep breath before turning to Vi and nodding. Vi steps to the side to let Noa pass in front of her.

VI (cont'd)

Don't look so freaked. It'll be okay.

NOA

Says you.

VI

Yeah, says me! What, you think I can't take care of us if anything kicks off?

NOA

That depends. You know any quick and easy demon conjuring spells?

(off Vi's look)

Just in case.

(CONTINUED)

Vi rolls her eyes and lets Noa lead the way, and as the two girls exit, we pan back round to Noa's dresser, past the array of haircare and makeup products.

Tucked into a small mirror is an old photograph of Noa, taken from her high school days, showing a beaming Noa with Trish, blowing kisses at the camera, both girls in their prom outfits.

Close in on the photo, a reminder of better days, and:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15

EXT. CIVIC CENTER - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

15

Noa stares at the building like a deer in headlights. Vi stands next to her, looking a bit on the impatient side.

VI

Well... having come this far, might be good to go in at some point tonight.

NOA

I'm... building my confidence.
(to herself)
Should've listened to Faith.

VI

What'd Faith say?

NOA

She called me while I was getting ready and to me to get drunk beforehand.
(takes deep breath)
Okay. I'm ready.

Vi goes to push Noa's chair for her, but Noa brushes her off and starts pushing the wheels. They get precisely five feet before she stops again.

NOA (cont'd)

(frantic)

Does my hair look okay?

VI

It's in a ponytail. It's fine.

NOA

Right, right.

They go another three feet and Noa stops again.

NOA (cont'd)

What about my jeans? Do they make my hips look fat?

VI

Okay, here's some sage advice a guy in high school told me: "The clothes don't make you look fat, the fat makes you look fat."

(CONTINUED)

NOA
(horrificed)
You think I'm fat?

VI
(exasperated)
No. You're a total hottie. Now you either roll in there, or I'm going to wheel you into the middle of Broadway and start selling tickets for people to come look at you. And point.

NOA
(deep breath)
Okay, okay. Let's do this.

They start towards the door again. This time they go a whole twenty feet.

NOA (cont'd)
You sure my hair looks okay?

Vi groans in frustration and jumps behind Noa. Noa yelps as Vi ramps her up the handicapped entrance at lightspeed.

Noa and Vi approach a desk where a portly Drew Carey look-a-like with glasses and a slender, attractive girl sit, several sign in sheets and name tags spread out in front of them.

NOA
Hi, I'm-

PORTLY MAN
Noa DeRubria. I know.

NOA
(confused)
I'm sorry... do we know each other?

PORTLY MAN
Evan Hodgson. We sat next to each other in trig.

NOA
Oh right! Wow, you look... great.
How've you been?

It's plainly obvious she has no clue who this guy is.

EVAN
Got into the management program at
Pizza Hut.
(MORE)

EVAN (cont'd)

That was a decent gig, until the store got robbed my second night because I left the door open. Sorta in between jobs at the moment. My mom's been great, though. She's letting me sleep on the couch until I can get back on my feet.

NOA

Oh, well, that's... nice.

Evan clears his throat, likely to remove the foot firmly lodged in there. He writes out name tag for Noa and hands it to her, then scribbles her name onto another sheet of paper and slips it into something that looks suspiciously like a ballot box.

NOA (cont'd)

What was that?

EVAN

(innocent)

What was what?

NOA

That box thing. You put my name in there.

EVAN

(evasive)

Oh, this? Just, uh, a register. You know. Some stupid thing, I don't know. I didn't think it up.

(quickly; to Vi)

I'm sorry, I don't recognize you.

VI

Who, me? Oh, I didn't go to school here. I'm just Noa's escort for the evening.

EVAN

Gotcha.

He gives a wink and finger point normally seen from shady used car salesmen.

EVAN (cont'd)

What's your name?

VI

Vi. That's 'V,' 'I.'

He writes out a name tag for Vi and passes it over.

EVAN

You're all set. Have a good time.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: (2)

16

Vi pushes Noa away. Evan and the young lady watch them leave, as Evan leans over to mutter:

YOUNG LADY
Never figured Noa DeRubria would go
butch...

The young lady shakes her head disapprovingly as we cut to:

17 INT. FAITH'S ROOM - ASYLUM - NIGHT

17

From an overhead view, we see Faith lying flat on her back in bed, tossing a tennis ball up and down.

ANGLE ON the clock hanging on the wall ticks the seconds away, the sound of which seems to be louder than usual.

Faith stops tossing the ball and turns on her side, the bed creaking as she moves. Uncomfortable, she rolls to her other side.

The ticking continues.

She sits up and starts bouncing the ball off the opposite wall. The boredom is strong with this one. Steve McQueen would be proud.

ANGLE ON her small desk fan, oscillating back and forth.

ANGLE ON the wall opposite Faith's bed as the tennis ball repeatedly bounces off it.

ANGLE ON Faith, the apathy clear.

ANGLE ON the clock as three more seconds tick away.

We go to a wide angle shot of the room as Faith stops throwing the ball.

FAITH
Screw this.

She hops off the bed and leaves.

18 INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

18

Pryor is alternating between several files on his desk, the map from earlier, and his computer.

Faith enters the room and plops into the chair opposite him, startling him.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Got any half demon inmates, or ghosts, or something I can do to kill some time? I'm dying over here.

PRYOR

Well, if you want, I was going to reorganize the file cabinet for the inmates.

FAITH

Trying to cure the boredom here, Pryor, not increase it. 'Sides, I thought Noa did all that.

PRYOR

She did, and bless her, whatever system she used is not of this world.

FAITH

She's been assisting you for how long, and you just now figured this out?

PRYOR

Well, in the lab, I did all of the paperwork. I just paid her fifteen dollars an hour to take all the readings, so I didn't have to do it.

FAITH

(sitting up)

Wait a minute. She got fifteen an hour? You only gave me ten!

Pryor quickly picks up a file and flips through it.

PRYOR

Oh, look, here's an interesting case. Troy Douglas, a man who thinks he's John Lennon reborn.

He looks up at Faith, who isn't buying it.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Can I at least get points for effort?

Faith shakes her head, settling back down.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

It's cool. Though for the record,
she makes less than I do here,
right?

PRYOR

Yes.

FAITH

Just checking.

She hops out of the chair and starts flipping through some of
the files on his desk. Pryor watches her with a frown.

PRYOR

Faith, is that really necessary?

FAITH

Slayers have a short attention
span, Pryor. We need something to
occupy our time or we get restless.
(beat)
Even ex-Slayers.

PRYOR

And what happens when a Slayer, or
ex-Slayer, gets restless?

FAITH

Generally, we get horny.

Pryor's eyes go wide and he returns his attention to his
computer. Faith notices his discomfort.

FAITH (cont'd)

You're safe, Pryor. You've already
kissed up on Noa, and I don't mess
around with guys my friends have
made out with.
(beat)
Often.

PRYOR

(covering)
I don't think you can count that,
since we were under the influence
of-

He stops as he realizes what he's arguing against. Faith just
gives him a wry grin.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Are Slayers always this bothersome
when they're bored?

(CONTINUED)

Faith doesn't answer. She's staring at the map. One location on it is circled in black.

FAITH

I'm gonna go check on Quinn and see if he needs anything. Catch ya later.

PRYOR

Good night, Faith.

We stay on Faith as she leaves the office, a look of resolve on her face.

INT. ASYLUM - QUINN'S ROOM - NEXT

Quinn is laying on his mattress, looking just as restless as Faith did earlier.

The door opening grabs his attention. Faith walks in, armed to the teeth with stakes and knives.

FAITH

You busy tonight?

QUINN

Well, I was going to stain the hardwood floors, but it can wait. What's up?

FAITH

Nest of demons in the sewers. Figured you could use the work out.

QUINN

Where's Vi?

FAITH

She talked Noa into going to that reunion, but Noa only agreed on the condition that they go together.

Quinn looks a little down at that news.

QUINN

Oh.

FAITH

Anyway, up for some senseless violence?

QUINN

Normally, yeah, but... not really feeling it tonight.

FAITH

C'mon, Quinn, lose the hermit complex for one night and come blow off some steam with me.

QUINN

I can't risk being seen anywhere, Faith. The wrong person spots me, and next time the shooter won't miss.

FAITH

They didn't miss.

QUINN

You know what I mean.

Faith sighs and rolls her eyes.

FAITH

Suit yourself.

She turns and leaves. Quinn holds his hand out and calls out to her.

QUINN

Hey, Faith? If you talk to Noa when she gets back...

FAITH

You'll get a full report when I bring your lunch by tomorrow.

QUINN

Thanks.

After Faith leaves, Quinn pauses for thought for a moment, then grabs his coat and exits a different way.

The room is decked out with balloons, the banner from earlier, and several tables lined with refreshments. Everyone there is laughing, dancing, and in general having a good time.

Vi and Noa stand just to the side of the entrance, looking around.

VI

Want anything to drink?

NOA

Is it eighty proof?

Vi reaches into her jacket and pulls out a small FLASK.

VI

It can be.

Noa smiles and Vi starts to move her towards one of the punch bowls when a man almost runs them over.

He turns and Noa's face registers surprise as she gets a good look at him.

NOA

Tim?

Standing before them is a man pushing three hundred pounds with a plain dingy white t-shirt under a football letter jacket a good two sizes too small for him. This is TIM DRAKE. He's holding a football in his hand.

A guy still stuck in high school.

TIM

DeRubria? Hey!

He bends down and gives her a bear hug. She lightly taps him on the back.

TIM (cont'd)

Wow, I haven't seen you since graduation. How you been?

NOA

Good, good. You're looking... healthy.

TIM

(off beer belly)

Oh, this? Yeah, I guess my six pack turned into a keg, huh?

He laughs at his own joke, a sure sign it's not funny. Vi and Noa nervously smile back at him.

TIM (cont'd)

Yeah, just a few too many keggers over at NYU?

NOA

Yeah, I remember you said you were going there on scholarship. Are you graduated already?

TIM

(shifty)

Well, I'm actually taking a couple of years off. I'm working on a transfer over to AIU.

(CONTINUED)

VI

The... junior trade school?

TIM

Err... yeah.

(beat)

Well, it's great to see ya!

He hastily leaves, a dumbfounded Vi watching him go.

VI

My God.

NOA

He was worse on prom night.

They take a better look around the room. Damn near everyone has filled out a bit.

VI

You were actually afraid of seeing all these people again?

NOA

Not all of them, just a select...

She trails off as her eyes fall on a group of four attractive BLONDES. One of them meets her gaze, the others following shortly after.

All the sound drops out of the scene except for Noa's rapidly increasing heartbeat.

NOA (cont'd)

... few.

Vi follows her gaze, seeing the incoming blondes advancing on them and registering Noa's growing agitation.

VI

Who are they?

NOA

Our pep squad, including the class president.

VI

Oh. Is that bad?

NOA

Think 'Mean Girls' crossed with the vampire bitches from 'Dracula,' and you're halfway there.

As the former pep squad descends on our two girls like a pack of vampires, we cut to:

21 INT. SEWER - NIGHT

21

Faith walks through a dark, damp sewer, a flashlight in one hand and a stake in the other.

A SCUTTLING sound from behind her gets her to whip around and THROW her stake:

The rat barely gets out of the way. Faith sighs and retrieves her weapon.

In the distance behind her, a large SHADOW zips past the screen, unseen by Faith, and we cut to:

22 INT. ASYLUM - LOBBY

22

Pryor is at the reception desk, giving orders to a security guard. Quinn approaches him, and Pryor greets him with a weak smile and a handshake.

QUINN

Long night?

PRYOR

Getting longer.

QUINN

Uh, listen, I loaned Noa a jacket when she swung by earlier, but now she's out I can't get back into her room. Would you mind if I-

PRYOR

You want me to let you into Noa's room?

QUINN

Only if that's okay with you. You know, I didn't want to just waltz in here like I owned the place or anything.

Pryor Eyes him for a beat, then takes a roll of keys out of his pocket, prising the key to Noa's room off and handing it to Quinn.

PRYOR

Don't be long.

QUINN

Thanks, I appreciate it. I would've asked Faith to grab it for me, but she said she was cleaning out some demon nest tonight. I'll lock it behind me when I leave.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Pryor nods as Quinn leaves, walking down the hall. Pryor suddenly stops, realising something.

PRYOR
Demon nest?

With a GROAN, he pulls out his cell and presses a few keys, and we cut to:

23 INT. ASYLUM - NOA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

23

Quinn is rummaging through Noa's desk. Finally he locates his target, the reunion invitation.

He folds it up and tucks it into his inside coat pocket as he leaves, and we return to:

24 INT. CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

24

Vi jumps at the sound of her cell phone RINGING. Noa can't take her eyes off the pep squad leering at her as they approach.

The thumping of Noa's heartbeat again drowns out all other sound as we ZOOM in on her.

Vi taps Noa on the shoulder to get her attention. The music and other sounds of the party come back in as Noa turns to her.

VI
(holds up her cell)
This is Pryor, I'll be right back.

NOA
What? You can't leave me!

VI
(walking away)
This'll only take a second.

NOA
But, but...

She can't stop Vi from stepping away to take the call.

The pep squad finally gets to her. Four girls, all (fake) bleach blondes, wearing expensive dresses and gaudy jewelry.

Noa offers a coy smile, looking like a mouse in a snake pit.

NOA (cont'd)
Daisy, Sunny, Holly, Missy. You're looking... good.

(CONTINUED)

All four of them roll their eyes simultaneously and smack their lips.

MISSY

So, what happened to you?

NOA

(hesitant)

I had an accident last year.

MISSY

No, I meant...

(waves her hand up and
down)

You used to actually be pretty.

Ouch. Noa tries to be brave, but her face shows the hurt.

OVER TO Vi on the phone.

VI

What's up, Pryor?

(listens)

She what?!?

Vi scrunches up her face as we cut to:

Faith continues to explore the sewer, shining her flashlight back and forth.

She stops cold when the beam lands on the DEMON in question. Three feet in front of her. It's standing still, staring straight at her like it's waiting for her.

Faith pulls a knife from her holster, looking the demon up and down - huge shoulder muscles, dark, slimy skin and burning red eyes.

FAITH

Let's see what your limits are.

The demon holds its position - as three more join it. They all HISS and SNARL at their prey.

FAITH (cont'd)

(beat)

Damn...

As the situation sinks in for Faith, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26

INT. CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

26

CLOSE UP ON Noa's right hand gripping the arm rest, her knuckles a stark white and trembling. PULL BACK to see her still before the make shift inquisition.

HOLLY

Are you on, disability or anything?

NOA

No... no, I'm working. I'm a personal assistant to the director for a... a hospital.

MOLLY

(matter of fact)

A secretary.

(beat)

That's good, I mean for a person with your problems, it's a slow enough job for you to keep up, I'm sure.

The other girls TITTER as Noa's expression darkens, pure fury building behind those baby blues, until...

Noa LEAPS from her chair and tackles Molly to the ground, choking her a sick shade of blue!

The other girls jump to Molly's aid. Noa rolls over and FLIPS to her feet, fists clenched and raised!

She feints left and decks Daisy with a right hook, spinning over to Holly and grabbing her in a headlock. Sunny eats a roundhouse kick.

CLOSE UP on Noa's wry grin.

A bright FLASH of light brings us, and Noa, back to reality.

SUNNY

(big cheesy fake smile)

Well, it's great to see you again, Noa. Good for you for not letting this get you down.

As one, the girls wave lazily and walk away.

Noa watches them go, lowering her eyes to the ground, then turns and rolls towards the exit sign.

In the background, Holly gets on stage and steps to the microphone.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY

Class of 2001, thank you so much
for coming tonight.

She pauses to let a ripple of APPLAUSE flow round the crowd.

HOLLY (cont'd)

Now, as all of you East Lytleites
should know, we have a long and
proud tradition of guest speakers
at all of our events. In the past,
we've chosen students and graduates
who've gone on to achieve great
things after leaving our proud
college, but this year, for the
first reunion of our class, we
thought we'd try something a little
different.

She looks to her right, and the pretty girl who was helping
man the registration desk walks onto the stage, carrying the
ballot box in her hands.

HOLLY (cont'd)

Everyone who attended had their
name put into this box, and we're
going to draw out a winner right
now, then bring them up on stage to
say a few words!

Polite applause. Holly places her hand over the microphone
and leans closer to whisper to the girl:

HOLLY (cont'd)

You made sure it's gonna be me or
Missy, right?

The other girl glances to the wings - and sees Evan standing
there, giving her an attempt at a sly thumbs up. The girl
looks back to Holly and nods enthusiastically.

HOLLY (cont'd)

Good.

She opens the top, and Holly makes a big show of reaching in
and rooting round for a winner before taking out a folded
slip of paper.

HOLLY (cont'd)

And the winner is...

The music stops as she unfurls the paper and reads... and her
eyes bulge in shock!

HOLLY (cont'd)

Noa DeRubria?

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: (2)

26

A bright spotlight shines on the departing Noa, frozen in place. All eyes in the room are on her. ARC AROUND to show Noa's face. Crap.

27 INT. SEWER - NIGHT

27

Faith is sprinting from the pack of demons, never taking a look back.

Behind her, the demons, running on all fours, are rapidly gaining on her.

She turns down a corridor and jumps up, grabbing a pipe over her head. Straining from exhaustion, she pulls her legs up to wrap around the pipe.

The demons round the corner and pass her. She lets out a sigh and quietly drops back to the ground, taking a minute to catch her breath.

A low GROWL gets her to look down the corridor. The demons are coming back at her!

FAITH
(groans)
Aw, come on!

She takes off running again, the demons scampering after her as we return to:

28 INT. CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

28

The spotlight continues to follow Noa as she rolls towards the main stage. The room's quiet enough to hear crickets chirping.

The pounding of Noa's heart echoes as she reaches the main stage. She glances across and sees Evan giving her the thumbs up, but she just stares back, utterly baffled.

Tim Drake and a couple of other members of the old football team HEAVE her and her wheelchair onto the stage. It takes them a few agonising moments to manage it, and Noa's wishing the ground would swallow not just her, but everyone else as well.

Everyone starts APPLAUDING her, but we can't hear the clapping. Only her HEARTBEAT, getting faster by the second.

She reaches Holly and all the sounds come back in. Holly covers the mic with her hand and bends down to whisper in Noa's ear.

(CONTINUED)

HOLLY
(whispering)
Enjoy your big moment, you crippled
bitch.

Noa doesn't even bother looking up, her eyes welling with tears.

Holly stands back up and starts clapping, throwing a bright smile to the crowd. Noa, for her part, still looks shellshocked.

Holly lowers the microphone stand to Noa's level and walks off stage.

The room continues to applaud.

A cat call from the back of the room gets Noa's attention, and she looks up, glad of the distraction.

Quinn is leaning against the doorway at the back of the hall! He CLAPS along with everyone else, grinning from ear to ear.

Noa can't quite believe what she's seeing - but then slowly starts to grin back. Maybe she can do this after all.

29 INT. SEWER - NIGHT 29

Faith is still running, gasping from lack of oxygen. Finally, she reaches the end of the tunnel and leaps out into:

30 EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT 30

Faith looks back at the grate to see the demons still pursuing her. She doesn't see Vi in front of her and plows right into her!

Vi is the first to get to her feet, helping Faith up as she dusts herself down.

VI
Faith, what the hell?

FAITH
(handing her a knife)
Beat me up about it later.

They both turn to look at the advancing demons, as they start to crawl out of the grate and drop to the dusty floor below.

VI
(looks at the knife)
You couldn't have brought anything
bigger?

Faith shoots her a look as we return to:

31 INT. CIVIC CENTER - NIGHT

31

Noa looks out at her old high school class. Everyone's separated into groups. The smart kids. The snobs. The cheerleaders. The sports team. Nothing's changed.

She clears her throat and rolls up to the mic.

NOA

Wow, I don't know what to say. I'm so honoured.

(beat)

I want to thank some people. First and foremost, to Holly for being shallow enough to arrange a five year high school reunion.

Holly, now back with her crew, starts to Noa. Sunny grabs her arm to stop her.

NOA (cont'd)

It's so nice to see that despite all of us supposedly growing up, most of you are still stuck in the past.

ANGLE ON Quinn watching her speak, a proud smile curving his lips.

BACK TO Noa, looking down at the crown.

NOA (cont'd)

I was terrified of coming here tonight. Now, I'm glad I did. It's nice to know I'm one of the only ones here who didn't peak in high school.

We pan across the crowd, no-one quite sure how to react. The room is completely silent, save a few scattered coughs.

NOA (cont'd)

For the first time ever, I'm glad I don't have my legs anymore. Otherwise, I'd probably in running in place like the rest of you.

(beat)

You know, I hope all of you looked at me when I came in and thought to yourselves 'God, I'm glad I'm not like that!' You wanna know why? Now, I'm looking at most of you and thinking the same thing.

She blows a big, fake kiss to the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
(smiling)
Thank you everyone. Good night!

She rolls away from the mic, leaving a stunned silence behind her. Quinn meets her at the steps leading up to the stage.

QUINN
Hey.

NOA
I told you not to come.

QUINN
I'm stubborn that way. Need a lift?

He picks Noa up out of the chair with one arm and pulls the chair down the stairs with his other.

He smoothly sets her back down in the chair, and her smile for him is a genuine one as he steps back and lets her lead the way.

The crowd parts like the Red Sea for the two of them as they head towards the exit.

The back of a demon blocks the camera. It topples back to show Vi with a bloody KNIFE in her hand.

Faith is riding the back of another demon, holding on tight as it BUCKS and SPINS, trying to shake her off.

Vi heads over to help her, hopping over two other dead demons.

FAITH
(still struggling)
Thought you were at Noa's thing?

Vi pauses to PUNCH an incoming demon before replying:

VI
Pryor called, said where you were.
Had a taxi waiting for me to get me
here in time.

FAITH
Right.
(PUNCHES demon)
Thanks.

Faith's opponent suddenly throws itself on its back, crushing her into the ground beneath its weight.

Faith grits her teeth and grunts in pain, still holding on.

VI

You need any-

FAITH

I got it.

She STABS it in the chest, but it still continues to struggle. She stabs it half a dozen more times, finally catching it once in the neck, killing it.

Vi gets to her and rolls the dead demon off. Faith gets to her feet, whipping some of the blood off the knife. She looks pretty banged up. Vi doesn't have a scratch on her.

The two girls lock eyes. Vi looks pretty upset. They hold for a minute before Vi turns and walks away.

FAITH (cont'd)

You're not gonna say anything?
Pryor didn't give you a list of
things to yell at me about?

VI

(turning around)

What's the point, Faith? It's not
like you're going to listen. You've
been weird now since last week, and
I don't know how to talk to you
about it any more.

Vi turns and continues to walk away. Faith jogs up to her.

FAITH

You said those things were
dangerous. People could've been
hurt.

VI

Oh, get off it. This was about you
having to massage your ego. Get it
through your head - you're not a
Slayer any more!

Faith looks hurt by this, but it soon switches to a look of stubbornness. Vi winces - that came out wrong.

VI (cont'd)

I didn't mean...

(sighs)

Look, I didn't mean that in a bad
way, you know. Just that... well,
you're not fighting on the same
level as me right now. I know
experience counts and all, but-

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

You're wrong.

VI

(beat)

Am I?

FAITH

I might not be able to bench four times my weight anymore, but I've still got it here.

(points to her head)

No damn spell's taking that away from me.

VI

You could've gotten yourself killed.

FAITH

I didn't.

VI

That's not the point!

FAITH

No, it is. Every night when you patrol, you could get killed. Hell, I've almost died a couple times just working at the asylum.

VI

What's your point?

FAITH

This is still my life, this is what I do. Slayer or not. I don't know how to do anything else.

VI

Well... learn.

They hold a gaze for a beat before Vi sighs and bows her head. When she looks back up, there's a trace of a smile on her lips.

VI (cont'd)

Just next time, promise you'll at least wait for me, alright?

FAITH

(half grins)

Maybe.

She walks off. Vi follows her.

(CONTINUED)

VI

What do you mean, 'maybe'?

Faith smirks, and as Vi gives her a playful NUDGE, the two head away as we return to:

EXT. ASYLUM - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Noa waits on the sidewalk while Quinn pays their cab driver, looking up at the night sky.

The cab pulls away and Quinn wanders over to her, joining her in looking up at the sky for a moment.

NOA

You didn't have to come tonight.

QUINN

Yes, I did.

NOA

Someone could have seen you.

QUINN

I'm a fast runner.

Noa rolls her eyes.

NOA

Aww, damn it.

She yanks him down by the arm and pulls him into a deep KISS. Quinn eagerly returns it, pulling her in closer by her neck.

ANGLE ON Pryor standing at the front door, watching them and not looking happy at all, before turning and walking away.

BACK TO the kiss. Noa slowly pulls away, eyes still closed. She sighs contentedly.

NOA (cont'd)

I missed that.

QUINN

Yeah.

NOA

That's still all you're getting for now.

QUINN

Kinda guessed that.

She opens her eyes, rubbing his cheek with her thumb. Quinn clears his throat and pulls her hand away.

QUINN (cont'd)
I should... you know, get back. To
my room.

Noa nods in understanding. A beat.

NOA
Thank you for tonight.

QUINN
(nonchalant)
There's only so many times you can
practice tossing cards into a hat.

He kisses her softly on the cheek and stands up.

QUINN (cont'd)
Sleep tight.

Giving her hand a quick squeeze, he walks away. Noa watches
him leave, her face unreadable.

Noa flips through a small notebook before settling on one
page in particular. She picks up her phone and dials out.

NOA
(into phone)
Yes, I'm trying to reach Trishelle
Evans?
(beat)
Trish? Hey, it's Noa. Noa DeRubria?
(listens; smiles)
I know! God, it's been forever.
How are you?
(listens)
Yeah, I got an invitation too.
(beat)
Of course I didn't go! Who the hell
throws a five year high school
reunion?

She laughs at whatever Trishelle's response is, adjusting her
position in the chair.

We pull away from the continuing conversation and:

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF SHOW