

FAITH

"Chain Gang"

by
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Based on chcracters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. POLICE DEPT. - CELLS - NIGHT

1

SLAM! A door is flung open as FAITH is dragged into view by two burly POLICE OFFICERS. She's beaten black and blue from her night already, and is in no state to put up a fight.

OFFICER #1

You still got nothing to say?

OFFICER #2

I heard she was a lot wilder than this.

OFFICER #1

Yeah, well, maybe whoever worked her over before we found her took care of that.

Officer #2 holds her as #1 unlocks and opens the nearest cell, sliding back the barred door with a CLANG.

He rejoins his colleague and they DUMP Faith down into the cell, stepping back to close and lock the door.

OFFICER #1 (cont'd)

(to Faith)

If you know what's good for you, you'll keep your head down until someone comes to fetch you for questioning.

Faith weakly pushes herself upright, turning to stare at the two cops.

OFFICER #2

And if you don't, well...

(grins)

I'm pretty sure your new friends'll help keep you busy.

Faith slowly turns to see the other occupants of this cell - a bored, black HOOKER, an old sleeping DRUNK and two mean-looking SKINHEADS, already eyeing the fallen Faith up greedily.

OFFICER #2 (cont'd)

Sweet dreams, killer.

The two cops exit, leaving Faith to push herself weakly back against the wall.

She tries to take a deep breath but winces, clutching her chest - she's in bad shape.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

SKINHEAD #1

Aw, what's the matter, girlie? You
need somebody to kiss it better?

The two punks erupt into derisive laughter, and as Faith
turns to stare up at the bars, their shadow falling across
her, we CUT TO:

2 INT. ASYLUM - FOYER - NIGHT

2

NOA has her cell phone pressed to her ear as PRYOR speaks
into the phone on the reception desk.

PRYOR

No, no, I understand that... well,
just let me know as soon as you
hear anything. Thanks.

He hangs up and turns to Noa. She raises an eyebrow, but he
shakes his head. No good.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Any response?

NOA

Nothing. Either he's busy, or...
actually, I'm gonna stick with
'busy.' I get less frown lines that
way.

PRYOR

They're late. They're both late. We
should have heard something by now.

NOA

Maybe-

WHAM! The main doors FLY OPEN as a breathless (and bruised)
VI bursts into the foyer.

PRYOR

Vi! Where's Faith?

VI

(pants)

They... they got her!

NOA

Who did? The Mayor?

VI

(shakes head)

Worse... police!

Noa and Pryor exchange an alarmed look. Oh, crap.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Are you sure? What happened? Is Dawn alright? The last either of us heard, you were using the Gateway to track Dawn down.

Vi leans against the desk, catching her breath.

VI

Dawn's okay. Gone with Buffy. Faith and I took out Ambrosia and Evil Faith, but as we were leaving...

NOA

Someone called the cops.

VI

(nods)

Mayor, I think. Faith's hurt, though. She couldn't run.

PRYOR

What about the Handle? Did she try to use it?

VI

(eyes him)

Two dozen cops and probably a cracked rib or two. Yeah, I'm sure her mind was really calm and clear.

Noa wheels quickly over to the phone, dialling in a number.

PRYOR

Who are you calling?

NOA

I know somebody at the station. One of Jon's old buddies. Maybe he can tell us what's going on.

VI

We've got to get back out there.

PRYOR

You need to sit down and let people who haven't just taken a beating handle this.

VI

To hell with that!

Pryor reacts to her outburst, but Vi's filled with the fire by now.

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)

Faith's back in the one place she never, ever wanted to end up again, all because I couldn't help her get away in time, so I'm damned if I'm gonna just sit here and let her suffer, when we should be straight back out there, figuring out how to get her back!

Pryor holds her gaze - then nods.

PRYOR

Alright. But we can't just rush headfirst into this one. If Faith's been officially arrested and imprisoned, then we have a whole new set of situations to circumvent. Not even ex-Slayers are above the law.

VI

As of right now, as far as I'm concerned...

PUSH IN on Vi's determined expression. She clenches her fists.

VI (cont'd)

... we are the law.

She stares at Pryor for another beat, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

INT. POLICE DEPT. - CELLS - NIGHT

3

Faith sits with her back against the wall, eyes closed. Breathing deeply. Trying not to focus on all the bits of her that hurt.

She opens her eyes and looks around the cell - the Hooker is up and pacing, absently picking at her fingernails. The Drunk still SNORES, and the two Punks keep eyeing Faith and the Hooker like they're standing outside a butcher's.

Faith lets out a sigh and draws her arms round herself. Her eyes are drawn back to the bars, looking that bit more solid and impenetrable right about now.

There's movement outside as another COP walks into frame, and as he passes the cell the Hooker calls out:

HOOKER

Hey!

He ignores her.

HOOKER (cont'd)

(louder)

Hey, NYPD Blue, or whatever!

The Cop pauses, exhales theatrically and turns to face her - or ROCHELLE, as she's called.

COP

(fake sweetness)

Yes, Rochelle? And how can I help you?

ROCHELLE

Y'all can start by telling me when I'm gettin' my damn phone call!

COP

When it's your turn. Mind-blowing as it may be for you, you're not the only person we arrested tonight.

ROCHELLE

I don't give a damn 'bout all that! I just want my phone call!

(CONTINUED)

COP

And I want my shift to be over so I don't have to listen to you any more. Guess which one of us is getting their wish first?

ROCHELLE

Better be me, or I'm gonna bust yo' ass!

COP

(flat)

Of course you are.

He turns and walks away, leaving Rochelle to mutter underneath her breath.

ROCHELLE

God damn racist mo'fo...

FAITH

He's not being a racist.

All eyes turn to Faith. Except the Drunk's.

ROCHELLE

What you say, girl?

FAITH

I said, he wasn't being racist.

ROCHELLE

The hell you know about it? You on their side now or somethin'?

FAITH

No, I've just bee around enough cops to know how all this...

(indicates cell)

... works.

ROCHELLE

That a fact.

(crosses arms)

You mind enlightening the rest of us, veronica Mars?

Faith sits up, grimacing a little.

FAITH

Put yourself in his place. You're tired, it's late, and some hooker is giving you attitude.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH (cont'd)
 Now, you can either give her
 special treatment to get her to her
 phone call and out of your way
 quicker, or you can try to make her
 realise that bitching about
 something you have no control over
 is kinda pointless. Any annoying.

Rochelle's jaw drops - did she just get sassed?

FAITH (cont'd)
 So, if it's all the same to you,
 I'm gonna sit here quietly and wait
 my turn.

Faith closes her eyes and leans her head back.

Still gaping, Rochelle shoots a look at the two Punks, who
 just shrug and snigger.

Rochelle turns back to Faith to let rip on her, but she's
 disturbed as another COP appears at the cell door.

COP
 Faith Lehane?

Faith's eyes open, and she looks towards the Cop as he
 unlocks the door.

COP (cont'd)
 You're up. Question time.

Faith starts to stand, pauses, then straightens out very
 slowly and heads for the door. She hesitates and turns back
 to Rochelle.

FAITH
 I'll see how bad the queue for the
 phone is, alright?

Rochelle just eyes her as Faith steps outside. The door is
 slid closed and LOCKED again, and Faith is led away.

ROCHELLE
 The hell kind of name is 'Faith'?

From her frown of confusion, we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Noa is at Pryor's desk, working at his PC as Pryor speaks to
 TODD and RACHEL.

PRYOR
 (continuing)
 ... and so teamwork is vitally
 important at this point.

(CONTINUED)

TODD

Hey, we understand.
(to Rachel)
Right?

RACHEL

Oh, yeah. This isn't the kind of
thing we can just sweep under the
carpet, you know?

TODD

So what's our plan?
(off Pryor's look)
Your plan. What's your plan, I
mean.

PRYOR

Currently... we don't have one.

NOA

Yet.

PRYOR

Yet. But we're confident we can get
Faith out of this.

RACHEL

How?

PRYOR

(beat)

Anyway, as I was saying, we'll need
to get you and the others to pull
some extra time covering Faith's
shifts, at least until we sort this
out. If anybody asks... actually,
it's probably best to just say
Faith's 'indisposed.' I don't want
to cause a panic.

TODD

'Panic' isn't the word I'd use.
More like 'mutiny.'

RACHEL

In case you hadn't noticed, the
rest of us, well, we kinda rely on
Faith to hold it all together.

TODD

Kind of like how Dr. Salus used to.

PRYOR

What do you mean, 'hold it
together'?

(CONTINUED)

Todd and Rachel exchange a glance, unsure of how to phrase this.

RACHEL
You know, just...

TODD
... keeping us grounded, like...

RACHEL
... one foot in reality...

TODD
... what with all the, uh, demons
and vampires and ghosts and stuff.

RACHEL
Yeah.

Pryor lets out a despairing SIGH as Noa calls out:

NOA
Hey, Pryor? I've got something.

PRYOR
Alright, you two, get back to work.
We'll check in when we have more
news.

Todd and Rachel exit as Pryor joins Vi before his PC. She taps her finger against the screen, which is showing a set of BLUEPRINTS.

NOA
Sewer access. I can get us pretty
close to the cell block of the
precinct.

PRYOR
That's a start. How are we getting
inside after that?

NOA
I'll use my mutant ability of
phasing to just waltz through the
walls and grab her.
(off his look)
Sarcastic response. Equals 'I have
no idea.'

PRYOR
Ah, right. Good. I mean bad. What
about Quinn?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Still no answer. Whatever he's doing, it's not gonna be worth the beating I'm giving him when he gets back.

Vi enters, just finishing a phone call.

VI

(off phone)

That was a guy I know. He reckons he can get some decent tools to us in the next hour or so.

PRYOR

'Tools'?

VI

Yeah, you know. Blowtorch, pliers, stuff like that.

PRYOR

For...

VI

("isn't it obvious?")

The breakout?

PRYOR

No. Absolutely not.

VI

Huh?

NOA

Pryor?

PRYOR

We're not staging a prison break! That'd make things a hundred times worse, and could very well land the whole lot of us in jail! And what then? What's to stop the Mayor from just wandering in off the street and taking over the Gateway?

NOA

You're assuming we'll get caught.

PRYOR

I'm being realistic.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

No, you're being Pryor. And while that's usually all endearing and stuff, right now it is very definitely not helping.

PRYOR

(losing temper)

So what else do you suggest?
Perhaps an air strike?

VI

I'm just saying-

PRYOR

And how exactly do you know somebody who has access to those kind of tools anyway?

VI

(evasive)

I, uh... met him in... a place. One time.

Pryor shakes his head - never mind.

PRYOR

We need to focus on an actual, feasible plan for getting Faith out that does not involve breaking any more laws.

QUINN (O.S.)

Did someone call?

They look up - QUINN has just entered.

NOA

You!

She pushes away from Pryor's desk and wheels up to him, SWATTING him when she gets in range.

QUINN

Ow! What?

NOA

Where the hell have you been? I've been calling and-

He holds up his phone.

QUINN

No battery.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

(beat)

Faith's in trouble. She and Vi got jumped by the cops after saving Dawn, and they caught her.

QUINN

Ah. That's bad.

PRYOR

We're trying to find a way to get inside and rescue her without bringing the entire NYPD down on our heads. Any suggestions?

Quinn allows himself a grin.

QUINN

One or two.

Noa frowns at him as we CUT TO:

INT. POLICE DEPT. - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Faith sits at a desk in a plain, small room. A large two-way mirror dominates one wall.

She places her hands on the desk - they're CUFFED. She stares down at her hands, trying to keep her focus.

The door opens and a detective, stocky and gruff-looking but with an air of detached cynicism steps in - this is DET. BLACK.

He sips from his coffee, a file in one hand as he studies Faith. She glances up to make eye contact.

BLACK

Good evening.

She stays quiet. Black grins and steps up to the desk, setting his things down as he pulls his chair out and sits.

He opens the file, spreading its contents out. Faith glances over it - glossy crime scene photos.

BLACK (cont'd)

Quite a file you've built up, Miss Lehane.

No answer.

BLACK (cont'd)
Starting with one murder back in
Sunnydale, California, way back in
1999, links to several other
homicides following that before
your sudden and surprise turnaround
and subsequent incarceration in Los
Angeles, March 2000.

She looks to the mirror, avoiding his gaze.

BLACK (cont'd)
Full confession, served three years
of your sentence and then... well,
you know the rest.

He leans forward, still studying her closely.

BLACK (cont'd)
Why'd you break out, Faith?

FAITH
You wouldn't believe me if I told
you.

BLACK
I'll be the judge of that.
(beat)
Why'd you do it?

FAITH
Aren't you supposed to ask me
'how'?

BLACK
I've seen the footage. You took a
swan dive head first through a
booth window, assaulted three
correctional facility officers then
jumped out of a third storey window
with your accomplice. Quite an act.

Faith finally turns to look at him. Black smiles.

BLACK (cont'd)
So that's all I want to know. Why
leave? After giving yourself up,
doing time... why throw all that
away?

FAITH
I was needed.

BLACK
To do what?

FAITH
(beat; bitter chuckle)
To help save the world.

Black leans back, keeping eye contact.

BLACK
Did 'saving the world' have
anything to do with all trace of
you vanishing from police and
public records a few months after
your escape?

FAITH
A friend did me a favour.

BLACK
You're being very forthcoming with
all this.

FAITH
It's not like you believe a word of
it. Might as well say I was
abducted by Scientologists or
something.

BLACK
They have better grooming.
(beat)
But then, as if by magic...

He leans forward, returning to his file.

BLACK (cont'd)
... you reappear. Everything. Your
original confession, details of
your escape, and then a big black
hole where the last three years
should be. Been busy?

FAITH
(shrugs)
World doesn't save itself.

Black chuckles, nodding.

BLACK
Cute. You want to know something
else that's funny?

She waits for his reply. Black leans forward, savouring this.

BLACK (cont'd)
Soon as we're done with you,
there's a bus waiting to take you
straight out to Bedford Hills.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BLACK (cont'd)
It's a nice place, I'm sure you'll
feel right at home. Maximum
security.

Faith tries to keep her air of indifference, but it's
starting to slip - and Black can sense it.

BLACK (cont'd)
So the question is, how much can
you help us before you go back?

FAITH
'Help' you? With what?

Black reaches into the file and slips several glossy photos
across the desk to Faith.

They're of various crimes in progress - robberies, assaults,
break-ins - but every one has Faith caught on camera.

Faith's eyes widen - then she realises who's actually in
those photos. She GROANS, putting her head in her hands.

BLACK
We just want to know what you've
done with all the stuff you've been
stealing, and who you've been
working with.

Black slides more and more photos across to her.

BLACK (cont'd)
We've got evidence, photos and CCTV
footage of you pulling off dozens
of crimes all over the city,
stretching back to around October
'05. We just didn't have a record
to link them to until now.

HIGH ANGLE as Faith is faced with an entire desktop covered
with photos of her, seemingly quite the master criminal -
only she knows this is the work of Evil Faith.

FAITH
If I told you...

She trails off, and Black leans forward.

BLACK
Yes?

FAITH
If I said there was an explanation
for probably every single one of
these... but that you'd never
believe it, even for a second...
would you still want to hear it?

BLACK

Would it make a difference?

Faith glances back at the photos. She knows the answer.

BLACK (cont'd)

I didn't think so.

He starts to gather the photos back up, pushing his chair back and standing.

BLACK (cont'd)

We'll be speaking again soon.

He turns and heads for the door, KNOCKING once to get it opened.

As he exits, an OFFICER enters and makes for Faith, lifting her up from her seat. She looks dazed, too defeated to even try and struggle, and as she's led away we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6

INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

6

A large set of blueprints have been unfurled across Pryor's desk. Pryor, Noa, Vi and Quinn are stood around them.

PRYOR

(points)

So this is our best way in?

QUINN

As far as I can tell. Once we're through the main doors, we can get down to the cells this way with a minimum amount of exposure to the security cameras.

He glances at Noa to find her looking oddly at him.

QUINN (cont'd)

What?

NOA

No, nothing, just... haven't seen you go all Jack Bristow for a while.

QUINN

Is that a good or bad thing?

VI

Uh, guys? The plan?

QUINN

Right. So once we're in here, we should be able to get to Faith inside of maybe three minutes.

NOA

And then...

She traces her finger across the plans as she talks.

NOA (cont'd)

You get down into the basement, up into the air ducts, and then all you have to do is crawl through until here, where Pryor can be waiting to pick you all up!

She beams proudly - but just gets blank looks.

NOA (cont'd)

What?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Or... we then execute phase two.

NOA

We have a phase two? Did I miss phase one?

PRYOR

Weren't you listening?

NOA

I kinda blanked out. Sorry.

Pryor huffs impatiently, but Quinn just grins.

QUINN

Relax. I'll go over it again. I wanted to make sure we were all a hundred per cent on this anyway. We'll start with Vi and myself showing up at the front desk...

And as Quinn continues, we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE DEPT. - FOYER - NIGHT

The DESK SERGEANT looks up as Quinn and Vi walk in - only Quinn is wearing a cop's uniform and Vi is handcuffed, being frogmarched in by Quinn!

VI

This is all crap! You ain't got nothing on me! You hear? Nothing!

QUINN

Alright, alright, settle down.

He gets to the desk and nods to the sergeant.

QUINN (cont'd)

Officer Myles, bringing in a suspect.

The desk sergeant narrows his eyes, studying Quinn.

DESK SERGEANT

Haven't seen you round here before.

QUINN

I just transferred here last week. Just my luck to run into a firecracker like this so early in my career, huh?

Vi struggles again for effect, and Quinn keeps a firm grip on her arm.

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

DESK SERGEANT
What'd you say your name was?

QUINN
Myles. Officer Adam Myles.

The sergeant moves to his computer terminal, still casting suspicious glances at Quinn.

CLOSE UP on the terminal's screen as he types in a query, and we MATCH CUT to:

8

INT. ASYLUM - NOA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

8

Noa is at her PC, one window displaying what the desk sergeant is doing. She has her cell phone cradled against her shoulder as Pryor hovers nearby.

NOA
(into phone)
He's in. Okay, Artemis, now what do we do?

She listens, rapidly typing in a few commands, and we CUT TO:

9

INT. POLICE DEPT. - FOYER - NIGHT

9

The sergeant clicks his mouse button and waits - and a full profile of Quinn pops up on his screen. Only now, Quinn is new recruit Officer Adam Myles.

The sergeant studies the screen, but can't argue with the evidence as he moves back towards Quinn and Vi.

DESK SERGEANT
Alright, take her in. You know the way, right?

QUINN
Uh, yeah. Believe it or not, this isn't my first time.

He offers a grin, but the sergeant's humourless grin back ends the conversation. Quinn starts to lead Vi away, when:

VI
You'll be getting a call from my lawyer about this! He won't stand for it! This is police brutality!

Quinn glances round quickly as he leads Vi through a doorway, and we CUT TO:

10

INT. ASYLUM - NOA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

10

The display window linked to the police station closes.

(CONTINUED)

NOA
(into phone)
Yeah, looks like they bought it.
Thanks again, Artemis. Oh, and tell
Willow I said hi.

She hangs up as Pryor leans in.

PRYOR
Who is he again?

NOA
Artemis? Willow's apprentice. Irish
kid. Nice. Drinks a lot of coffee
and shares Willow's knack for
computer hacking.

PRYOR
Ah. Right. So they're inside?

NOA
They're in. Which phase is this?

PRYOR
Still phase one.

NOA
Gotcha. So this means it's time for
us to go, right?

PRYOR
It does indeed.

Noa flicks her monitor off and follows Pryor as he exits the
room, and we CUT TO:

11 INT. POLICE DEPT. - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

11

Quinn and Vi pass two more uniforms, Quinn nodding to them
and glancing back to check they're out of earshot.

QUINN
A little theatrical, aren't we?

VI
Oh, I'm doing this routine I saw on
'NYPD Blue' once. D'you think it's
working?

QUINN
Only if you wanted to get arrested
for overacting.

VI
(deflated)
Oh. So...

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

QUINN
Try being one of those quiet
prisoners next, okay?

She nods, a little stung as the duo turn into:

12 INT. POLICE DEPT. - CELLS - NEXT

12

Another COP looks up as the duo turn a corner.

QUINN
Got another one for ya.

The Cop, an overweight black guy, looks Vi up and down.

COP
What's the charge?

QUINN
Oh, the usual. Disturbing the
peace, assaulting an officer, that
kinda thing. Caught her and her
pals trying to break into the
Macy's off Bleecker and Charles.

COP
(frowns)
Is there a Macy's there?

QUINN
(quickly)
Yup. Still standing, no thanks to
the ringleader here.

Vi's settled on just a sulky pout now as the Cop looks her
over again, then turns and unlocks the thick door leading
into the cells proper.

Vi glances into each of the cells that she passes until she
spots Faith, huddled in the far corner.

She nudges Quinn, who stops, turns and nods to the Cop. He
opens the cell door and lets Quinn guide Vi inside.

QUINN (cont'd)
Play nice with the other girls.
I'll be back for you later.

The door is closed and locked, and Quinn follows the other
Cop out of frame.

Vi quickly makes her way over to Faith, ignoring the stares
of Rochelle and the two Punks who are still in here.

VI
Faith?

(CONTINUED)

Faith opens her eyes, double taking at the sight of Vi.

FAITH
What the hell are-

VI
Ssh! It's okay. This is all part of
the plan.

ROCHELLE (O.S.)
You two know each other?

Vi looks round. Rochelle stands and watches them, hands on hips.

VI
Uh...

FAITH
Same block. That okay with you?

Rochelle rolls her eyes and stalks off, as Vi takes a seat next to Faith.

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

VI
Quinn's got a great plan to get you
out of here. All we have to do is
sit tight and wait.

FAITH
You know plans that say 'wait'
always make me nervous, Vi.

VI
Trust me. This one's solid.

Vi seems a little excited at the impending jail break, not registering Faith's troubled expression as she looks towards the bars again.

PUSH IN on Faith as we start a DISSOLVE, with:

FAITH (V.O.)
Isn't anybody gonna tell me why I'm
back here?

CAPTION - TWO HOURS EARLIER.

Faith is back at the table. Alone in the room. She speaks to the two-way mirror.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
C'mon, isn't anybody going to ask
me anything?

There's a CLICK as the door opens. Faith turns.

And MAYOR WILKINS walks inside, all smiles.

FAITH (cont'd)
(pales)
You...

MAYOR
Hello, Faith.

He turns and nods to the officer at the door, who closes it again. Mayor Wilkins wanders over and pulls up a seat.

MAYOR (cont'd)
Do you mind if I sit?

FAITH
What the hell do you want?

MAYOR
I'll take that as a 'yes.'

FAITH
I'm serious. Get out.

MAYOR
Funny, I could've sworn you were
the one under arrest here.

FAITH
I've got nothing to say to you. You
come here to gloat? Fine. Just do
it on the other side of that
mirror, so I don't have to look at
you.

MAYOR
(tuts)
Dear, dear! What's brought on this
aggressive attitude in you? I
thought my Faith was meant to be
the angry one?

Faith leans back, turning away from him.

MAYOR (cont'd)
Or could it be that your imminent
resumed jail term is what's making
you so twitchy?

She slowly turns back, and the Mayor grins broadly.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR (cont'd)

I understand your situation, Faith.
I really do. That's why I'm here. A
friend of mine in the department
notified me of your arrest, and I
knew it was time I came down to
have a little chat with you.

FAITH

So chat.

She holds up her wrists, RATTLING her handcuffs.

FAITH (cont'd)

Captive audience.

MAYOR

Cute.

(beat)

I'm here to make you a deal.

FAITH

My mom always warned me about
making deals with the Devil.

MAYOR

I'm sure she did, and a wise woman
she is too. Or should I say was.

Faith scowls, but that just increases the Mayor's amusement.

MAYOR (cont'd)

How'd you like to get out of here?

(off her look)

Stupid question. Alright, I'll cut
to the chase. I'm prepared to pull
a few strings here and there and
get you out, back to your little
institution, no questions asked.

FAITH

(scoffs)

Yeah, that might be a little hard.
They've got a great photoshoot here
of Evil Me pulling off enough lame
ass jobs over the last few months
to put me in for life all over
again. How'd you plan on getting
around all that?

MAYOR

I can make a lot of things happen,
Faith. You shouldn't underestimate
that.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
I think I'll manage.

MAYOR
Very well.

He stands, looking down on her.

MAYOR (cont'd)
Just think about my offer. I'll be
back to see you tomorrow, to give
you time to reconsider.

FAITH
Don't bother.

He just smiles, turns and heads for the door. A KNOCK gets it
open, and he slips outside.

14 INT. POLICE DEPT. - CORRIDOR - NEXT

14

The Mayor turns to the Cop on duty.

MAYOR
Could you take me to see Detective
Black, please? I have some new
information for him.

The Cop nods, reaching for his radio as we PUSH IN on the
Mayor. He can't resist a smirk as we DISSOLVE TO:

15 INT. PRYOR'S CAR - NIGHT

15

Pryor drives through the rain, Noa in the passenger seat and
her chair folded up across the back seats. Both are dressed
noticeably smartly.

NOA
(off clothes)
I never thought I'd get a chance to
wear this.

PRYOR
(glances across)
It suits you. You look... nice.

NOA
Screw 'nice,' I look hot. It's been
a while since I could say that.

A beat. She looks over to Pryor.

NOA (cont'd)
You didn't just hear me say that.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
(grins)
My lips are sealed.

He indicates and takes a turn - and pulls into the forecourt of the police station!

Pryor parks up, opens his door and hurries round to Noa's, getting the chair out first and setting it up so Noa can slide out into it. He then grabs two briefcases, one for him and one for Noa.

NOA
Are you sure this'll work?

PRYOR
Reasonably sure, yes.

NOA
Because I'm not convinced that even my all-conquering hotness in this suit is enough of a guarantee on this one.

PRYOR
Then we'll just have to take that chance.

He quickly helps push her up the disabled access ramp and towards the main doors, into:

Shaking off the rain, Pryor and Noa head for the desk sergeant.

PRYOR
Good evening. Denny Crane, this is my colleague Denise Bauer, attorneys at law.

He offers his hand, but just gets a deadpan look back from the sergeant. Pryor retracts his hand.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Ah, I understand you have one of my clients currently detained in your cells, a Miss Heidi Gefsky?

Pryor holds up a photograph - it's of Vi.

PRYOR (cont'd)
She was brought in a short while ago, and I'd like to be taken to see her, please.

The desk sergeant lets out a slow breath, clearly not in the mood for this, and reaches for his phone.

Pryor shoots a quick glance to Noa, who nods - he's doing well. So far. As the sergeant waits for his call to be answered, we CUT TO:

Black sits behind his desk, looking through a set of photographs in his hands.

BLACK
And you say these are all known accomplices?

PAN ROUND to see the Mayor standing before him.

MAYOR
I'd say watch out for any one of them. They could try something to break her out as soon as tonight.

Black lays the photos down - they're surveillance shots of Pryor and the others.

BLACK
I'll take that under advisement, Mr... what did you say your name was?

MAYOR
Wilkins. Richard Wilkins III.

BLACK
Right. How exactly do you know the suspect?

MAYOR
Oh, we're old friends. Would you believe I used to know her when she went to school back in Sunnydale?

Black leans back in his seat, musing on the Mayor's story.

MAYOR (cont'd)
Tragic how she ended up. Once some girls get on the wrong side of the tracks, well... they just keep on going deeper into the woods.

Black pauses, then grabs the photos and stands.

BLACK

Maybe I should go talk to her again. See if she's willing to volunteer any more information if she knows we're on to the rest of her little gang.

The mayor nods as Black passes him on his way out the door.

MAYOR

You do that, detective. Oh, and tell her I said 'hi'!

Black absently waves back to the Mayor as he walks down the corridor, and as the Mayor grins to himself again, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 INT. POLICE DEPT. - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 19

Another COP is now leading Pryor and Noa towards the cells.

NOA
(whispering)
Pryor, I've got a bad feeling about
this.

PRYOR
(also whispering)
How? Everything's going fine so
far. Don't jinx it.

NOA
I'm not, I'm just saying...

COP
If you'd just like to wait here,
please?

The Cop steps over to another officer at the entrance to the cell block, leaving Pryor and Noa to talk.

NOA
I'm just saying that I've seen
enough cop shows to know that plans
like this never work out.

PRYOR
At the risk of creating a self-
fulfilling prophecy... what could
go wrong?

Noa shoots him a horrified look at daring to tempt fate like that, as we CUT TO:

20 INT. POLICE DEPT. - CORRIDOR - NEXT 20

Elsewhere in the building, Detective Black is on his way over to the cells, photographs from the Mayor in hand.

21 INT. POLICE DEPT. - CELLS - NEXT 21

Pryor and Noa are led up to the cell containing Faith, Vi and the other residents.

Vi sees them, nudges Faith with a grin and then marches up to the gate.

VI
About time you got here!

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

(in character)

Yes, well, Miss Gefsky, if you are going to go shoplifting again, your father would like to suggest you do so during the day, so you don't have to break in first.

Vi folds her arms and 'hmpfs' loudly, while Faith watches the exchange with a bemused expression.

Pryor turns to the officer, opening his briefcase and taking out a sheet of paper.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I think you'll find everything is in order, officer. We'll take it from here.

The cop pauses to read through the document, and Pryor stiffens a little - just in case this is where it all goes wrong.

After a few moments he looks up at Pryor, looks down to Noa - and then wordlessly reaches over to unlock the cell door.

Noa breathes a sigh of relief as the doors are slid back, and the cop steps in to address Vi.

COP

Alright, looks like your lawyers just pulled your ass out of the fire this time. Get out of here.

VI

Thanks, Ponch.

PRYOR

Ah, excuse me?

The cop turns as Pryor points to something else on the paper.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I think you'll find this bail agreement covers both my client and her accomplice.

The cop checks again, then looks to Faith, and with a roll of his eyes motions for her to stand.

COP

You too. Come on.

Faith stands, following Vi out of the cell. Vi offers the cop a grin as she exits, and he returns a deadpan gaze as we CUT TO:

22 INT. POLICE DEPT. CORRIDOR - NEXT

22

The reunited foursome are heading back for the main entrance, keeping their voices low as other officers walk by.

PRYOR

It was Quinn's idea, in the end. He can still get access to copies of the right kinds of documents we need, so it was no trouble to forge what we needed to get you out.

VI

The fake names were all my idea.

NOA

As if you couldn't tell.

FAITH

So what happens now?

PRYOR

Quinn's waiting outside to pick us up, and we'll be back at the Asylum before they have chance to realise the documents are fakes.

NOA

You're still Most Wanted, but at least you're not locked up as well.

Faith rubs her wrists unconsciously, still not looking too uplifted at the plan's success.

VI

Hey, what's up?

FAITH

Hmm?

VI

You don't seem too pleased, considering all the effort we just went through to get you out.

FAITH

No, no, I am, it's just...

She hesitates as another cop strolls by.

FAITH (cont'd)

Never mind. I'm just holding my victory dance for when I'm back in my office, is all.

(CONTINUED)

Vi eyes her, but decides to go with her story. The group are approaching a junction - one more turn and they're in the foyer.

PRYOR

Alright, now everyone just stay calm.

NOA

As opposed to...
(off his look)
We're good, Pryor. Really.

Pryor turns back to the route ahead.

SLOW MOTION as Black rounds the corner up ahead. His eyes fall on Faith.

Faith's eyes widen as he spots her. Black looks down at the photo in his hand.

Faith tenses up - she knows something's wrong.

Black looks back up, his eyes flicking over the faces of Pryor, Noa and Vi.

And then he starts to reach for his GUN.

Faith starts to move, PUSHING Vi to the side as she begins yell, and as it all kicks off, we:

RESUME SPEED as Black starts to raise his gun, aiming it at the group ahead.

BLACK

Freeze!

FAITH

Pryor, move!

PRYOR

But-

BLACK

I said don't move!

Several officers snap round at the commotion, seeing Black taking aim and going for their own guns.

Vi whips her head round and spots a glass-pannelled doorway to her left.

In one smooth motion, she turns, KICKS the doors open and grabs Pryor, YANKING him back out of the firing line.

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

Faith gets behind Noa's chair and pushes, following Vi and Pryor into:

23 INT. POLICE DEPT. - ADMIN - NEXT

23

Rows and rows of desks manned by headset-wearing desk clerks, who turn to the sound of the action.

FAITH

Go, go, go!

Vi leads as the foursome race down past the long rows of desks, BARGING clerks out of their way.

Seconds later, Black bursts through the doors behind them, now with several officers as backup.

BLACK

Stop them! Don't let them get out of here!

Vi is frantically looking for a way out, spotting a fire door at the far end of the room.

VI

This way!

She steers Pryor towards it, almost colliding with a clerk bearing a tray full of cups of coffee.

She swerves round them, Faith jinking to the other side as she still pushes the yelling Noa.

Black tries to take aim but there are too many people in the way, cursing as he keeps running.

Vi gets to the fire door and gives it a SHOVE - it's locked!

VI (cont'd)

Faith, come on!

Faith puts her shoulder down and CHARGES at the door, and as Vi gives it another almighty KICK the doors FLY OPEN.

Pryor takes over Noa's wheelchair, the duo bouncing down a short flight of steps and out onto the street.

Vi turns - just as Black CRASHES into the coffee clerk, sending a dozen cups of hot stuff flying through the air.

Faith is standing still, one hand on her sore shoulder as she stares at the incoming cops.

VI (cont'd)

Faith, what are you doing? Come on!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

No... we'll never all make it.

VI

Huh?

Faith suddenly turns and SHOVES Vi out through the doors - and then starts to pull them closed!

VI (cont'd)

Faith? Faith! No! Faith, we have to-

She's cut off as the doors close again, Faith quickly grabbing a chair and WEDGING it under the bar handle to keep them sealed.

An instant later, she's TACKLED to the ground by three cops as Black finally arrives on scene.

BLACK

Help me get this door open!

Two cops join him, trying to prise the wedged chair free.

Still on the grounds of the station, Vi stares in shock at the door, able to hear the melee on the other side.

NOA (O.S.)

Vi! Move it!

She turns - just as Quinn's car SCREECHES into frame. Pryor is waiting to bundle Noa into the back.

VI

But-

There's a CRUNCH and the doors budge open a fraction. Vi has no choice.

She turns and runs for the car, scrambling into the side door and pulling it shut as Quinn pulls away.

Moments later, the doors finally fly open, one officer falling out and landing face first as Black hops over him, racing out into the street.

He gets a brief glimpse of Quinn's car as it SKIDS round a corner out of sight - too fast to make an ID.

BLACK

Damn it!

25 CONTINUED:

25

He turns and marches back to:

26 EXT. POLICE DEPT. - ADMIN - NEXT

26

Faith is on her knees, wrists cuffed behind her back as Black steps back inside.

BLACK
One little consolation for you.
Your friends got away.

FAITH
How'd you know?

BLACK
What?

FAITH
How'd you know who they were?

BLACK
(to cops)
Get her out of here.

Faith keeps protesting as she's hauled to her feet.

FAITH
Hey! I asked you a question! How'd
you know? Who told you?

She's dragged away, still yelling:

FAITH (cont'd)
Was it him? Was it the Mayor? You
can't believe him! He's one of the
bad guys.

Black just shakes his head as the struggling Faith is pulled out of sight, and we return to:

27 INT. QUINN'S CAR - NIGHT

27

Quinn is hightailing it through the traffic. Pryor's in the back with Noa, Vi rides shotgun.

VI
Slow down, damn it!

QUINN
They could've ID'd the car, we need
to-

VI
And what good is getting pulled
over in the middle of a jail break?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)
Kinda counter productive, don'tcha think?

Quinn looks across - she's right. He slows the car down again as Vi turns to the others.

PRYOR
What happened to Faith? She was right behind us, and then-

VI
She pushed me out and shut the door.

NOA
What? Why would she do that?

VI
So we could get away.

PRYOR
Unfortunately, that's exactly what I'd expect from her...

NOA
So, what? All this plan for nothing?

PRYOR
I'm afraid so.

Noa SWATS Pryor on the arm.

NOA
I told you I had a bad feeling! And look what you did to this skirt!

PRYOR
I didn't do anything to your skirt!

NOA
It ripped when you threw me into the back of the car like a fricken rag doll!

PRYOR
I did not 'throw' anybody.

NOA
Threw.

QUINN
Guys!

They quieten down as Quinn assumes control.

QUINN (cont'd)

Alright, so that's one plan down.
This just means we keep trying.

PRYOR

They'll keep her under tighter
security now. It won't be easy.

VI

It's never 'easy,' Pryor. That's
not the point.

NOA

How did that detective guy know who
we were? It's like he took one look
at us and knew we were there to
spring Faith.

VI

Three guesses.

They turn to look at Vi, whose dark look says it all as we
CUT TO:

A single person cell now, bleached white as Faith is THROWN
inside, skidding along the floor.

Black stands in the doorway, flanked by two officers.

BLACK

Maybe this'll keep you in one place
for a while longer.

Faith doesn't answer. Head down.

BLACK (cont'd)

I'll be back for you later.

He shuts the door, LOCKING it with a decisive CLANK, and the
sound of FOOTSTEPS echoes round the room as he leaves.

Faith looks round at her new surroundings. Flat mattress,
toilet, one tiny barred window.

She sags - out of one mess, straight into another. With
nothing else to do for now, she gets up onto the mattress,
lying on her back to stare at the ceiling.

Quinn's car pulls up outside the main entrance, waiting as
Pryor, Noa and Vi exit.

QUINN

You guys get inside and get started
on a new plan.

NOA

Where are you going?

QUINN

I've got a few things I want to
try.

PRYOR

Will any of these 'things' lead to
you getting thrown in jail as well?
I don't think we can risk another
loss tonight.

QUINN

Nothing like that, I promise. Just
a few favours I'm owed.

(beat)

I'll be back.

Vi glances at Pryor, who nods. Vi shuts her door, and Quinn
SCREECHES away again. Noa watches his departing car.

PRYOR

Come on. Let's head inside.

Noa still has her eyes on Quinn's car as Pryor starts to push
her chair inside, and we cut to:

INT. CELL - LATER

Faith is curled up on her side, trying to get some sleep.

There's a CHUNK as the slate over the viewing window in the
door is pulled back.

Her eyes flick open, but she doesn't turn around. She listens
- a muffled conversation is taking place outside.

When the door is UNLOCKED, she sits up and turns to face the
door.

It swings open to reveal another COP, conversing with someone
standing off screen.

COP

(to Faith)

You got a visitor.

FAITH

Thought visiting hours were over?

COP
(shrugs)
Guess you're a special case.

Faith frowns - and Mayor Wilkins steps into the cell!

MAYOR
(to Cop)
Thanks, Fred. And remember, any
time you need a favour, you just
give my office a ring.

Fred nods and shuts the door again, leaving Faith and the Mayor in the cell.

FAITH
What do you want this time?

He takes a few steps round, inspecting the surroundings.

MAYOR (cont'd)
(shivers)
Brr! Quite a draft rushing through
here. I'm surprised you can get any
sleep at all in...

He looks Faith up and down - her jeans, t-shirt and jacket
have definitely all seen better days.

MAYOR (cont'd)
Yes, well. Anyway.

He sticks his hands in his pockets and grins at her.

FAITH
(getting irritated)
You got something to say?

MAYOR
I do. I'm just waiting to see if
you can guess what it is.

FAITH
What am I, nine?

MAYOR
(beat)
I just had a word with Detective
Black. He tells me the coach is on
its way to transport you over to
Bedford Hills.

Faith turns away. She doesn't want to hear this.

MAYOR (cont'd)

You'll be on your way back to maximum security incarceration within the hour. And from what I hear, the all-girl population there, well... they just love to meet new people. Especially feisty ones like your good little self.

Faith turns to glare at him, which just makes the Mayor's smug grin even broader.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Oh, yes, I can see them having a lot of fun thanks to you, firecracker.

FAITH

That what you came here to do? Tell me my future?

MAYOR

Actually, no. I came here to put my deal back on the table.

FAITH

Forget it.

MAYOR

(beat; steps forward)

Faith, I don't think you understand. They're going to put you away for good. There'll be no more rescue missions when you're needed to save the world, no more visits from Angel, nothing. Just you, and a room, and whatever demons you still have running round that little head of yours, for the rest of your natural life.

Faith's gaze returns to the floor. The situation is starting to sink in.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Unless...

She looks back up. He grins at her, and she knows this is crunch time. Deal or no deal?

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31 EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT 31

A tatty place in a tatty part of town. Quinn's car is parked outside. It's still raining.

32 INT. APARTMENT - NEXT 32

Quinn looks around the scruffy dwelling as MIKE, a well-built ex-con shuffles past.

QUINN

I know how me dropping in
unannounced must be putting a real
downer on your evening, Mike...

Mike flops back onto his battered sofa. An empty TV dinner tray lies on the floor next to him.

QUINN (cont'd)

... but this is kind of an
emergency.

MIKE

Am I supposed to care?

QUINN

That depends. How badly do you want
to never see me again?

Mike lets out a bitter laugh, turning the TV set off.

MIKE

What've I got to do this time?

QUINN

Just help me out with something.
I've got a friend in a tight spot,
and it so happens that getting out
of similar tight spots falls within
your area of expertise.

MIKE

You wanna cut the subtext and get
to the point?

QUINN

I have to break somebody out of
Police HQ. Tonight.

Mike laughs, shaking his head.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)
See, I had a feeling that'd be your
reaction, so I brought a little
incentive.

Quinn reaches into his jacket and produces a small black BOX.

MIKE
What's-

But before Mike can finish Quinn darts forward and ZAPS Mike
with the box - it's a TASER!

Mike HOWLS as he writhes in pain, Quinn keeping the charge
going for a few agonising seconds before stepping back.

Mike reels for a beat, then leans over the side of his sofa
and VOMITS onto the floor.

MIKE (cont'd)
(breathless)
What... what the hell was that!?

Quinn holds the box up to the light.

QUINN
Turbo-charged version of a regular
taser. Not available on the street.
(off his look)
Military spec.

MIKE
So how'd you get your hands on it?

QUINN
That's not the point. The point is
that I'm going to keep shocking you
with it until you crap out your
kidneys unless you help me with
what I need.

Mike glares at Quinn, who stands his ground. He waggles the
taser with a cheeky grin.

QUINN (cont'd)
So can I rely on your co-operation?

Mike seethes - but nods. Quinn leans in to pat him on the
shoulder.

QUINN (cont'd)
Attaboy. Now, here's what I'm gonna
need.
(beat)
You might want to write all this
down.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED: (2)

32

Mike gets out of his seat, stomping across the apartment to find a pen as we CUT TO:

33 INT. GATEWAY CHAMBER - NIGHT

33

Down in the depths of the old Asylum, Pryor stands before the Gateway. Several GENERATORS are humming, attached to the stone archway by various cables and clips.

Rachel stands nearby, holding a toolbox, as Pryor busies himself with making adjustments to the machines.

RACHEL

I still don't understand - how can we get the Gateway working without Faith? She's the only one who can turn it on, right?

PRYOR

As far as we know, yes.

Pryor steps over, swaps some tools round and then gets back to work.

RACHEL

So... what are we doing down here? You said you'd need my help with something, but all I've done is carry these tools.

PRYOR

That's helping.

RACHEL

Dr. Webb...

Pryor steps back from his work with a sigh.

PRYOR

I'm trying to find a way to bypass the Gateway's standard activation mechanism, so that we can manually power it up without needing Faith.
(off her look)
And then, hopefully, we can use it to open a portal over to the police department and mount another rescue.

Pryor waits - any more questions?

RACHEL

Oh. Right.
(looks at Gateway)
So, are you having any luck?

(CONTINUED)

Pryor gets back to work with a suitably dark expression.

PRYOR

No.

He makes another adjustment, but as SPARKS fly from the generator, which finally expires with a RATTLE and a hiss of steam, Pryor HURLS his wrench away in frustration.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I'm trying to override the mystical
with the mechanical, with
predictable results.

(beat)

In other words, I'm getting
nowhere.

RACHEL

Maybe Noa's having more luck.

Pryor looks back to the Gateway as we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - NOA'S OFFICE - NEXT

Noa's on the phone, back in front of her PC.

NOA

No, Artemis, you're not listening
to me! I tried that, and it worked,
but no Faith's still in jail.

(listens)

Look, can you just put Willow on,
please?

She waits, trying a few more commands on her keyboard.

NOA (cont'd)

Willow? Hi, it's Noa. We need-

(listens)

Oh, don't be stupid. I didn't mean
to hurt his feelings.

(listens; bites lip)

Oh. Did I really say that? Anyway.
We've got Faith in jail, and we
need to get her out. You know about
her record going back online,
right?

(listens)

Yes, I know it wasn't ever supposed
to do that, but it did! Look, the
point is, she's stuck and our first
plan to get her out failed. We're
looking to explore new avenues. And
by 'avenues' I mean 'get you to
magic her out of there.'

Noa listens, apparently not liking what she's hearing.

NOA (cont'd)

So can't you just zap yourself over here so you are in range?

(listens)

Yeah, I'm sure there is a big power-sucking demon draining the city of electricity, but this is faith we're talking about!

(pleads)

C'mon, Willow. You have to help her. She needs you. We need you.

Noa sags, lowering her head. She nods, defeated.

NOA (cont'd)

Alright. No, I understand. As soon as you've saved your city. Okay. Bye.

She hangs up as Vi enters her office.

VI

Anything?

NOA

We're not the only people with our hands full right now.

(turns to her)

What about Pryor?

VI

Still nothing. Although I think I've learned a few new swear words. Any news from Quinn?

NOA

(holds up phone)

I'm standing by.

VI

Okay. Let's hope he's having more luck than us, huh?

Noa doesn't need to answer that as we CUT TO:

Quinn exits Mike's block with a conspicuously large BAG slung over his shoulder. Its contents CLINK together as he walks back over to his car.

NIGHT VISION POV:

Somebody is watching Quinn from across the street, as we look through a pair of green-lensed night vision goggles.

VOICE

(filtered)

Copy that, indigo sierra tango
three-niner, target is in sight and
on the move. Request further
instruction.

GRUFF VOICE

(filtered)

Pursue and apprehend. Over and out.

VOICE

Roger that.

We watch Quinn start his car.

ON SCENE:

Quinn pulls away from the kerb and drives away, but we stay on the section of road he's leaving.

Across the street, a BLACK SUV starts its engine, rolling ominously away from the sidewalk and starting to follow.

INT. QUINN'S CAR - NEXT

Quinn has the black bag on the passenger seat as he drives, glancing across as he rifles through it.

All manner of equipment is inside - a BLOW TORCH and several wrapped wads of what looks like C-4 can be seen.

Quinn notices something in his rear-view mirror: it's the SUV, as it slips between cars in the flow of traffic behind.

Quinn looks over his shoulder, picking out the trailing vehicle, then looks for the nearest turning.

EXT. STREET - NEXT

Quinn indicates and pulls off to the right - and sure enough, the SUV follows him.

INT. QUINN'S CAR - NEXT

His suspicions confirmed, Quinn hesitates over what to do - and then SLAMS his foot on the gas!

39 EXT. SIDE STREET - NEXT

39

His car LURCHES forward from the sudden burst of speed, SCREECHING off to the right as it veers down another side street.

The SUV accelerates to stay with him, BOUNCING two wheels over the sidewalk as it tries to keep up.

Quinn's car rockets down the narrow side street, kicking up a trail of garbage that the SUV blasts through.

An intersection is closing in fast up ahead, and Quinn stands on the brakes as he WRENCHES the wheel round to the right.

40 EXT. STREET - NEXT

40

Quinn's car SKIDS out across the flow of traffic to a chorus of angry BLARES from car horns.

He speeds away as the SUV piles out behind him, CLIPPING a passing car and sending it spinning off the road, tires SMOKING.

The SUV's starting to gain on him now, however, and with no obvious place to turn off Quinn's in a drag race.

41 INT. QUINN'S CAR - NEXT

41

Quinn glances up into his rear-view again, and sees the dazzling headlights of the SUV filling his mirrors.

He tries to jink his car from side to side, narrowly missing the traffic he's weaving through.

42 EXT. STREET - NEXT

42

The SUV is getting up to ramming speed, and as Quinn desperately tries to stay ahead the SUV delivers a THUMP to Quinn's rear bumper.

His car pulls away a little, the back end bucking as he fights to stay in control.

The SUV closes in for another HIT, this time sending Quinn is a wide drift that takes him several seconds to correct.

43 INT. QUINN'S CAR - NEXT

43

His adrenaline racing by now, Quinn looks over his shoulder, then back out the front as he searches for some way to lose the SUV.

44 EXT. STREET/GAS STATION - NEXT 44

He BOUNCES across the forecourt of a gas station, threading his Taurus between two stationary cars and SCRATCHING all down one side of his car in the process.

The SUV can afford to RAM the other cars out of its path, blasting through the forecourt like a tank ploughing through daisies.

45 EXT. STREET - NEXT 45

Leaving the angry shouts from the gas station in its wake, the SUV closes up on Quinn again, this time darting to the left.

He tries to pull away, but the SUV TAGS his right wheel, pitching Quinn into a long SPIN.

Out of control, Quinn's car does a 360 before SLAMMING nose first into a row of parked cars.

The SUV hits its brakes, SCREECHING to a halt and quickly backing up.

Quinn's car comes into frame - Quinn himself slumped across the wheel, airbag deployed - and SMOKE rises from its wrecked radiator.

The SUV stops again, and three MEN in black fatigues and balaclavas pile out, dragging Quinn out of his car and manhandling him back into the SUV.

Once inside, the vehicles tears away again, leaving Quinn's smoking car behind as we CUT TO:

46 INT. POLICE DEPT. - CELLS - NIGHT 46

There's a KNOCK on the door from inside Faith's cell, and the Cop on duty opens it as the Mayor steps out.

MAYOR

You'd better take me to see
Detective Black, son. I'm afraid
there's been one doozy of a mix up!

The Cop frowns, but obligingly leads the Mayor away. The Mayor's smirk can't stay hidden as we CUT TO:

47 INT. ASYLUM - NOA'S OFFICE - NIGHT 47

She has her cell phone to her ear, but with a little sigh puts it down and hangs up.

NOA

Damn it, John... where are you now?

48 INT. POLICE DEPT. - OFFICES - NIGHT

48

Up on the floor where the various detectives and officers have their private offices, we push in on one, labelled by the name on the door as Detective Black's office.

There's a strange GLOW coming from within, accompanied by a BUZZING sound, and we PUSH THROUGH the door into:

49 INT. DETECTIVE BLACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

49

The Mayor stands before Black, a mystical ARTEFACT in his hand. It's the source of the glow, as trails of WHITE LIGHT snake from The Mayor's hand and into Black's eyes!

Black seems transfixed, and the Mayor speaks calmly and clearly as he recites:

MAYOR

Now, repeat after me: I have never heard of Faith Lehane.

BLACK

(monotone)

I have never heard of Faith Lehane...

MAYOR

The woman we have downstairs is not our girl.

BLACK

The woman we have downstairs is not our girl.

A beat - and then with a devilish grin, the Mayor adds:

MAYOR

And these aren't the droids you're looking for.

BLACK

These aren't the droids you're looking for.

Cracking up at his own joke, the Mayor quickly tucks the artefact back into his pocket, cutting off the white light.

Black blinks a few times, looking round his office as though surprised to find himself there.

BLACK (cont'd)

What-

(sees Mayor)

Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR
(offers hand)
Wilkins. Richard Wilkins III. Good
friend of Commissioner Bratton.
Just came by to tell you there's
been one doozy of a mix up, fella,
and you're just the man to help me
sort it all out!

Black looks just as perplexed as we CUT TO:

INT. FAITH'S CELL - NEXT

She looks up as the door opens, tensing up as Black appears
in the doorway.

BLACK
Alright, you're free to go.

FAITH
(beat)
I'm what?

BLACK
Your friend the Mayor explained the
whole thing, and...
(reluctant)
We're sorry for the mix up, Miss
Lehane.

FAITH
But...

The Mayor suddenly leans in through the open doorway.

MAYOR
Come along now, Faith! We don't
want to take up any more of
Detective Black's time now, do we?

Faith is confused as all hell as she gingerly steps past
Black, out into:

INT. POLICE DEPT. - CELLS - NEXT

Black closes and locks the door, and with a last nod to the
Mayor turns and walks away. Faith rounds on the Mayor.

FAITH
What did you do to him?

MAYOR
I kept up my end of our bargain.

The colour drains from Faith's face.

MAYOR (cont'd)

I'll admit, getting my Faith to kill the warlocks helping keep Miss Rosenberg's handy dandy little spell going was a pretty inspired piece of work, even if I do say so myself, but it's a spell that's easily restored.

FAITH

Wait, you mean...

MAYOR

I mean, you're off the hook. A free woman. You can hold your head up high as you stroll the streets of Manhattan once more.

(leans in)

Just don't forget this when the time comes to make good on our deal. I can easily make all this come back again.

His malice flashing through for just an instant, Faith is understandably shaken by his words.

In a moment, the sunny disposition is back as the Mayor turns and strolls away, hands in his pockets as he whistles 'Jailhouse Rock' cheerfully.

A flabbergasted Faith can only watch him walk away before we cut to:

Quinn is tied to a chair in the middle of an otherwise empty room, a bag over his head.

The bag is suddenly YANKED away, and Quinn blinks to restore his focus - as his old boss GENERAL RANKIN steps into view!

QUINN

(shocked)

Rankin?

RANKIN

Good evening, Jon.

Quinn holds the man's stare. He knew this day would come.

QUINN

So you're the one who's going to do it, is that it? Get my former superior to pull the trigger? Some kind of poetic justice?

RANKIN

Actually, Jon... I'm here to offer
you a deal. There's something we
need you to take care of for us.

And now it's Quinn's turn to look flabbergasted as we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Pryor, Noa and Vi are gathered round Pryor's desk, all
speaking at once as they argue over what to do next, when:

FAITH (O.S.)

Uh... guys?

They whip round - and there's Faith in the doorway.

The looks on their faces says it all - Faith has got some
major explaining to do. She exhales, ready for a long night
as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW