

**FAITH**

"Life After Death"

by  
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon  
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**TEASER**

FADE IN:

1

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

1

FAITH scrambles back to her feet, a closed DOOR hanging in the air before her.

FAITH

No! Vi! Noa!

She POUNDS her fists against the door, turning to look at a cowering ALEX huddled close by.

PRYOR (O.S.)

Faith?

She spins round - there's PRYOR, along with RUTH and NICHOLE, all looking pretty shocked to see Faith back.

FAITH

Couldn't you guys see what was going on? Why didn't you-

PRYOR

(slowly)

Alex?

Alex looks up towards Pryor, her wide, frightened eyes trying to focus on him.

FAITH

Pryor!

She BANGS her fist against the door to get his attention.

FAITH (cont'd)

Vi and Noa are trapped on the other side of that! Get it open!

PRYOR

But- I-

(blinks)

Did you say Vi was there? But how could she-

FAITH

Pryor!

Pryor can't take his eyes off Alex, who is still curled up protectively. Ruth heads over to her.

RUTH

I'll look after her. Help Faith.

(CONTINUED)

Faith jogs back over to the control pool as a stunned Pryor joins her. He's trying to gather his thoughts, without much success.

PRYOR

Um, right. You were... what, attacked?

FAITH

Jumped by this doctor and a bunch of orderlies. Found Alex and some guy named Aaron on the way out. Vi and Noa got caught, I got knocked back through.

PRYOR

Alex, she... she pushed the door closed as soon as you came through.

FAITH

Couldn't you see what was going on?

Pryor throws a guilty look at Nichole.

PRYOR

We were distracted.

She PUNCHES him in the arm to get his attention back.

FAITH

Pryor! This is not helping us get that door open!

PRYOR

Right, right. Er...

He scans over the control pool, noticing that the HANDLE is missing from its socket.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Where's the Handle?

Faith's eyes bulge. She snaps round, looking at the door.

FAITH

On the other side.

PRYOR

Ah.

FAITH

'Ah'? 'Ah' never means anything good, Pryor.

PRYOR

I just, er... well, you see...

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

She GRABS him by the front of his shirt, fuming with anger.

FAITH

What?!?

PRYOR

Without the Handle... I don't know  
how we can open that door, or any  
other one we care to call up!

Faith stares at him. Releases his shirt. Pryor glances at Alex again as Faith lets this news sink in.

FAITH

You mean...  
(turns to door)  
... they're trapped?

Pryor doesn't need to answer. Faith's look says it all.

2 INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - CELL - NIGHT

2

VI is SHOVED harshly into frame, skidding across the floor of the cold, grim cell before coming to a halt.

She whips round, halfway to her feet before a TASER is jammed into her side by a demonic ORDERLY, and she collapses to the floor, WRITHING in agony.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

That's enough!

The orderly steps back, letting Vi catch her breath as the DOCTOR steps into frame, crouching down before her.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

(tuts)

I hope this proves how futile it is  
to try and escape from this place.

VI

You think? Alex might have  
something to say about that...

DOCTOR

(smirks)

If Dr. Salus can say anything at  
all after what we'd put her  
through, then I'd consider it a  
medical miracle.

Vi glowers back at him.

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
Now. You sit nice and quiet in  
here, young lady. We have lots of  
work ahead of us.

He stands, turns and exits. Vi manages to push herself up  
onto her knees, calling out as he exits:

VI  
What kind of 'work'?

The Doctor pauses, turning back to her.

DOCTOR  
The reason this institution was  
created.  
(beat)  
To break people like you.

With that, he turns and leaves, and from Vi's shellshocked  
features, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

3

Back on scene as Faith paces up and down, with Ruth wrapping her jacket around Alex's shivering shoulders.

RUTH

We should get her to the infirmary.

PRYOR

No, don't...

Ruth catches Pryor's eye.

RUTH

Who is she?

PRYOR

(sighs)

That would be Dr. Alexandra Salus.

RUTH

(frowns)

As in...

FAITH

As in the girl who used to run this place, yeah.

RUTH

But... how could she-

FAITH

It's a long story, and we are not getting into it now.

PRYOR

Faith, Ruth's right. We should get Alex checked out first.

FAITH

(shakes head)

I'm not leaving 'em back there.

PRYOR

Nobody's saying you are, but Alex may need medical attention.

NICHOLE (O.S.)

Um... excuse me?

Everyone turns to face Nichole, who shuffles from foot to foot awkwardly.

(CONTINUED)

NICHOLE (cont'd)  
Can I, like, go? I did the vision  
thing like you wanted, so unless  
you need me for anything else...

Pryor looks to Faith, who shrugs.

PRYOR  
(to Ruth)  
Take Nichole back upstairs and then  
get Alex to the infirmary. I'll  
meet you there shortly.

Ruth nods, slowly helping Alex to her feet and guiding her  
towards the staircase.

As Alex passes Pryor, her hand suddenly zaps out and GRABS  
his arm. Pryor looks up, recognition finally shining in  
Alex's eyes. She smiles.

ALEX  
Pryor...

He manages a smile back, laying a hand on hers.

PRYOR  
You're home, Alex. It's alright.  
Ruth here will take care of you.

Alex nods, letting Ruth lead her towards the exit. Pryor  
doesn't notice the suspicious look Ruth is giving him.

As Ruth, Nichole and Alex ascend the staircase in the  
background, Faith leans over the control pool, staring into  
the fluids below and her own reflection.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
(deep breath)  
Right. You'd better tell me exactly  
what you found through there, then  
maybe we can start making some  
sense out of all this.

Faith looks up at him - this could take a while.

NOA is wheeled in through the door by another demon orderly,  
this one TIPPING UP her chair to deposit her onto the floor  
with a YELP!

Noa turns and looks daggers at the orderly as he drags her  
wheelchair back.

NOA

When Faith comes back, I'm gonna  
make sure she feeds you that chair  
piece by piece...

The orderly just GRUNTS at her, closing and LOCKING the door.

NOA (cont'd)

Yeah, that's right! And I farted on  
the seat, too!

A beat. Noa rolls her eyes - not the best insult she could  
have used.

She looks towards the bed, which seems a million miles away  
on the other side of the room, and begins the arduous process  
of dragging herself towards it.

She reaches the bed and tries to HEAVE herself up onto it,  
but it's a long way for a short girl to pull herself up.

After a few attempts, she slumps down again, exhausted and  
defeated. She PUNCHES the bed frame in frustration, but only  
succeeds in bruising her knuckles.

That's when she hears the door open, and she turns to see the  
Doctor standing in the doorway.

NOA (cont'd)

What, you come to gloat on me too?

DOCTOR

(beat)

Actually, I've come to ask you if  
you needed any assistance.

NOA

(scoffs)

Yeah, I'm sure the goon that dumped  
me on the floor a second ago had my  
personal access needs in mind.

The Doctor walks towards her. Noa stiffens, ready for a  
fight.

DOCTOR

We're not all monsters here, Noa.

He extends his hands. Noa hesitates, looking him up and down,  
then cautiously reaches out.

With surprising ease, the Doctor PULLS Noa up, scooping one  
arm under her legs and laying her onto the bed.

He steps back, Noa still warily keeping her eyes on him. He  
grins, which just makes her scowl a little harder.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Don't tell me. You get a kick out of helping damsels, right? Like being the guy with all the power?

DOCTOR

I was actually admiring your bravado. Many people in your situation would have curled into a ball and started crying for their mother by now.

NOA

Never been the cry for mom type. My mom'd probably just tell me to sort my own mess out anyway.

DOCTOR

That's... sad.

NOA

I'm sorry, did you come in here to talk about my family, or are you gonna get back to being evil so I can yell at you some more?

DOCTOR

Are you always this aggressive?

NOA

Only when I'm being held prisoner.  
(beat)  
Say, now you mention it - what's the deal with me being here?

DOCTOR

'Deal'?

NOA

Vi's body's still back in the Asylum, right? But I'm here body and soul. So what's the difference?

DOCTOR

The difference is all in what we can do to you, should I choose to.

NOA

(pales)  
Meaning what?

The Doctor just chuckles, turning and heading for the exit.

NOA

What've you done with Vi?

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR

She's being prepared for her next session.

NOA

Session of what?

DOCTOR

That's none of your concern.

NOA

She's my concern, a-hole!

The Doctor gets to the doorway, turning to address her.

DOCTOR

You're not like her, Noa. And as such, you're none of our concern. For now.

NOA

The hell is that supposed to mean? Hey!

He just shuts the door on her, as we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Ruth leads Alex over to one of the beds, letting Alex settle down on it while she goes to grab some first aid supplies.

Vi's comatose form lies on a bed in the background, looking peaceful despite her current situation.

RUTH

So you're Dr. Salus, right? I've heard a lot about you.

Alex doesn't reply. Ruth looks over - Alex is still shivering like a wounded animal.

RUTH (cont'd)

You don't have to be scared any more. Pryor was right - you're safe now.

Ruth pulls up a chair as she sits down by Alex, starting to dab some gauze on her cuts.

ALEX

(shakes head)

Broken. He told me. Said he'd done his job. Fixed me. All better.

RUTH

Who did? Who fixed you?

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

(beat)

The doctor. Black and white, shine  
a light. Said it was all a mistake.  
Said this...

She looks round at the infirmary.

ALEX (cont'd)

... this was wrong. I was wrong.

RUTH

Something tells me he may have been  
lying to you.

Ruth reaches for some more gauze, but Alex GRABS her wrist,  
sitting up sharply.

ALEX

How can you know? How can you know  
for sure?

RUTH

I...

PRYOR (O.S.)

It's alright, Ruth.

Pryor steps into frame, gently prising Alex's fingers from  
Ruth's wrist, one by one.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I can take over now.

Ruth hesitates, then stands and steps back, letting Pryor sit  
in her chair.

RUTH

Is there anything I can do?

PRYOR

Someone should probably stay with  
Faith. See if you can find Todd or  
Rachel, they have more experience  
in this kind of situation.

RUTH

(dry)

Half your team's been trapped in  
another dimension before now?

(off his look)

Okay, bad place for jokes. Sorry.

Pryor's attention is already back on Alex, holding her hand  
as he takes over cleaning her wounds. Ruth gets the hint,  
backing up and finally leaving the room.

6

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

6

Faith is still at the control pool, eyes closed as her hands drift from tube to tube, the columns of fluid inside LIGHTING UP as they rise and fall.

Faith opens her eyes as the doorway before her GLOWS a brilliant white, and she bites her lip.

FAITH  
C'mon, c'mon...

But the glow fades, and the door stays where it is.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Damn it!

She KICKS the control column, running her hands through her hair as she steps away. She spots RACHEL heading down the steps towards her.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Pryor send you?

RACHEL  
Yeah, he's got Todd keeping an eye on everything upstairs.

Rachel gets to the foot of the staircase, Faith's frustration rolling off her in waves.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
How's the foot.

Faith blinks - then gets her point.

FAITH  
(off door)  
I can't open it back up. All I should have to do is ring up the same number and bam, the door opens, but nothing.

RACHEL  
Pryor said you'd lost that handle thing? That's what you need, right?

FAITH  
(exhales)  
Yeah.

RACHEL  
And there's no other way in without it?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

No. We need something to unlock  
this door, or we're...

She trails off. Rachel blinks.

RACHEL

(prompts)

Or we're...

FAITH

Stay here.

Faith turns and bolts for the staircase, much to Rachel's  
surprise.

RACHEL

But what-

FAITH

Just don't touch anything! I'll be  
back!

Rachel throws up her hands as Faith dashes back up the stairs  
- what now?

Pryor is pressing a cool flannel to Alex's head. Alex seems  
to be dozing, and Pryor doesn't look like he wants to budge  
from her side.

TODD (O.S.)

(coughs)

Uh... doc?

Pryor turns to see TODD standing beside him. Todd is staring  
down at Alex like he's just seen a ghost.

PRYOR

(beat)

Yes, Todd?

TODD

(distracted)

Oh, er, I was just going through  
the mail, and, uh, you said that if  
any packages from England turned up  
for Vi that you wanted to see 'em  
first, so...

He holds out a brown postal bag, marked for Vi's attention.  
Pryor looks at it for a beat, then takes it.

PRYOR

Thank you, Todd.

Todd leans over a little, scarcely believing his eyes. Pryor looks back up and sees Todd is still there.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
(firmer)  
Thank you, Todd.

Todd gets the hint, heading back off screen as Pryor looks down at the package in his hand.

A beat - and then he TEARS it open, spilling the papers inside onto Alex's bed as we CUT TO:

Vi is STRAPPED DOWN to a leather-backed chair, the kind normally found in a dentist's or optician's. The strap round her forehead is an unwelcome new addition, however.

She struggles against her bonds but can't get free, continuing to try until the door opens and in walks the Doctor.

She watches him as best she can, the Doctor pacing slowly over to a desk against one wall before pushing a chair over to sit next to Vi.

DOCTOR  
Comfortable?

VI  
Oh, yeah. This is just like my last  
eye test. You jerk.

The Doctor smiles, reaching off screen - and pulling a tray full of SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS into arm's reach! Vi tries not to betray her rising fear at the sight of them.

DOCTOR  
We normally don't get into this  
kind of advanced treatment until  
quite late in the process, but your  
little escape attempt has pushed  
our timetable forward a little.

VI  
Does this mean I graduate quicker?

DOCTOR  
(grins)  
Believe me, I much prefer taking my  
time, especially with girls like  
yourself.

VI  
Redheads?

DOCTOR

Slayers.

Vi falls silent, and the Doctor lets his word hang in the air for a beat.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

The last Slayer I encountered was a particularly stubborn case. The method that brought her here was far from ideal, but it was a strong enough link for me to get to work.

He starts arranging and preparing the instruments as he talks. Vi's eyes flick from the Doctor to the wicked-looking tools he's assembling.

VI

What the hell are you talking about?

DOCTOR

All she really wanted was to be normal. Ordinary. Most certainly not Chosen. So I offered that to her. I thought that would be enough, but she... she wasn't bought out so easily.

He holds up something that looks like a small DRILL, giving its trigger a squeeze. Vi WINCES at the high-pitched sound.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

She kept passing between this world and her own, and while I was able to influence her behaviour in her own dimension, it was clear she was still fighting against me.

VI

I don't -

DOCTOR

Finally, she made her choice. She went back. She accepted her own reality over this one, and she was lost to me. A failed experiment.

He holds up a small pair of TONGS, SNAPPING them together.

VI

Listen, I'm not gonna pretend like I know what you're telling me here, so let's just cut the chat and get to the torture already, okay?

(CONTINUED)

He blinks, seeming surprised by her comment.

DOCTOR  
Violet, I'm not going to 'torture'  
you.

VI  
(off tongs)  
Doesn't look like it.

DOCTOR  
That's not what we do here.

VI  
So why don't you just tell me?  
Enough with the cryptic stories!

He pauses, then nods, putting down the tongs - and picking up a SYRINGE with a needle so big it makes Vi's eyes boggle.

DOCTOR  
That Slayer's name was Buffy  
Summers. She was poisoned by a  
Glarghk Guhl Kashma'nik.

VI  
A... a what?

DOCTOR  
(beat)  
Please don't make me have to  
pronounce that again.

He TAPS the syringe as he pushes out the air bubbles. YELLOW FLUID sprays from the needle, not helping Vi's rising fear.

VI  
Buffy... no, Buffy never - I mean,  
she never said -

DOCTOR  
And why do you suppose that is? She  
wanted to put this whole experience  
behind her. Can't say that I blame  
her, either. If I'd come as close  
to being broken as she had, I'd be  
inclined to keep it quiet too.

VI  
'Broken'? Why do you keep saying  
that?

DOCTOR  
(sighs)  
Alright, let me simplify. Buffy was  
a Slayer. The Slayer, at the time.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR (cont'd)  
A hero. A champion. And there  
are... beings out there that want  
champions as powerful and  
influential as her taken out of the  
picture.

The Doctor starts to roll back her sleeve, padding at her  
elbow joint to bring up the veins.

VI  
So that's what you do? You get  
champions brought here so you can  
try to convince them none of what  
they think is real? That nothing  
they've done matters?

DOCTOR  
(smiles)  
Exactly.

VI  
So why do you want me? I'm not a ch-

DOCTOR  
Champion? Yes, you are.  
(beat)  
But not for much longer.

And with that, he JABS her with the needle. Vi CRIES OUT as  
he shoots her full of whatever the heck was in there, and we  
rapidly PULL BACK from this scene to:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

9

Pryor is pacing up and down, reading through the papers he took from the post bag as he talks into his cell phone.

PRYOR

This is very important. I need to know I can trust you to do this.

He glances towards Alex as he listens to the reply.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Well, you've hardly been a model of reliability lately, have you? We never even know where you are half the time, and...

(listens)

Alright, yes. That's fair enough.

(sighs)

Look, can you help us or not? I can't assign anyone else to this, and I don't want this all to go unopposed by us.

(listens; relieved)

Good. Thank you. Contact me as soon as you have any news.

He hangs up just as Faith BURSTS into the room.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Faith? What are you doing -

FAITH

(off Alex)

Is she awake?

Pryor frowns at her, glancing over at Alex.

PRYOR

She's sedated.

FAITH

Wake her up.

PRYOR

I don't think so.

Faith hurries over to him, clearly eager about something.

FAITH

Pryor, trust me. I know what to do now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)  
I shoulda thought of it sooner,  
only... never mind. Just let me -

Faith reaches for Alex, but Pryor cuts her off.

PRYOR  
What do you think you're doing?

FAITH  
(beat)  
We need Alex. She's the Key.

PRYOR  
I'm sorry?

Faith steps over to Alex, lifting her arm and pulling back her sleeve to reveal her TATTOO.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Ah.

FAITH  
Damn straight, 'ah.' She told me  
this thing translates to 'Key.' My  
bet is she can use it to open the  
Gateway back up, same way mine lets  
me control it.

PRYOR  
(shakes head)  
It's too risky.

FAITH  
For who?

PRYOR  
She's been through a lot, Faith.  
God only knows what they did to her  
at that place, and if the wounds  
and bruises on her body are  
anything to go by...

He trails off, his eyes drawn back to Alex. Faith's gaze falls on the papers in Pryor's hand, skim reading them.

FAITH  
What's this?

She SNATCHES the papers away.

PRYOR  
Don't!

But Faith's already read enough - she turns on Pryor with a fierce glare.

FAITH  
What the hell is this?

PRYOR  
(beat)  
You weren't supposed to see that.

FAITH  
The hell I wasn't!

PRYOR  
I didn't want you to get  
distracted.

FAITH  
From what?

PRYOR  
From what you're supposed to be  
doing! Finding a way to get Vi and  
Noa back!

He reaches for the papers but she snatches them away and  
waves them in his face, incensed.

FAITH  
Since when do the Watcher's Council  
send you monthly progress reports?

PRYOR  
They don't send them to me.

A beat. The penny drops.

FAITH  
Vi?

PRYOR  
(nods)  
She didn't want you to know. She  
thought you'd get...

Pryor motions towards Faith - as in, 'she thought you'd get  
like this.'

PRYOR (cont'd)  
With Vi incapacitated, I thought it  
was best to see what they had to  
say to her.

Faith scrolls down the paper, her eyes bulging.

FAITH  
Is this... are they on the level  
with this?

PRYOR

Their intel hasn't been wrong yet.

FAITH

(deep breath)

What are we going to do?

PRYOR

I'm going to stay here and wait until I can speak to Alex and find out what she can tell us, and you're going to keep trying to get the Gateway reactivated.

FAITH

(off paper)

We can't just ignore this, Pryor!

PRYOR

We're not.

(off her look)

Did you forget who else we have on our payroll?

Faith shoots him a look as we cut to:

10

EXT. NYC STREETS - NIGHT

10

Driving through the rain is a large black SECURITY VAN, led and tailed by two plain sedans.

The convoy stops at a set of traffic lights, and we can see two figures inside each sedan, all gruff-looking men keeping their eyes on the van.

11

INT. SECURITY VAN - NEXT

11

We're inside the rear compartment, looking towards the cabin and seeing the driver, TONY, and his passenger MARTIN through a small metal grille.

TONY

(calls back)

Won't be long now, young miss. Soon have you back on a plane and off to Laneshead where you belong.

There's no answer from the SHADOWS inside the van, and we start to PULL BACK.

MARTIN

(calls back)

Thought you'd have put up more of a fight, to be perfectly honest! What's the matter? Run out of steam at last?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

The two men share a CHUCKLE as the lights outside change to green, and the van rolls on.

And that's when a head rises from the darkness to glare balefully towards them - and it's AMBROSIA!

She's SHACKLED and looks like she's taken a beating, but this girl's got murder in her eyes as we CUT TO:

12 EXT. NYC STREETS - NEXT

12

The convoy takes a turn, following the flow of traffic, before it comes to a halt - there's a long, backed up line of cars feeding back from ROADWORKS.

13 INT. SECURITY VAN - NEXT

13

Inside the cabin, the frustrated Tony peers towards the flashing orange lights of the roadworks.

TONY

Oh, bloody hell.

He reaches for a CB RADIO mounted above the dashboard.

TONY (cont'd)

(into radio)

Watkins, isn't there any other way we can go? I don't want to sit in another traffic jam in this bloody city!

WATKINS

(filtered; through radio)

Just sit still for five minutes, Tony. Nobody ever died because they were a little bit late.

TONY

(into radio)

We were a 'little bit' late two sodding hours ago!

He hangs up the receiver, grunting in obvious annoyance.

MARTIN

Ian's right, we can't just -

TONY

Sod this.

He GUNS the engine, quickly yanking the wheel to the right and pulling sharply out of the line of traffic.

14 EXT. NYC STREETS - NEXT 14

There are several BEEPS from car horns as the bulky van pulls out across the path of moving traffic, leaving the stationary cars behind as it heads for another street.

The two sedans try to follow, but they're both wedged into the traffic and can't move.

Another vehicle, a large BLACK VAN, pulls out of the traffic and follows the security van.

15 EXT. NYC - SIDE STREET - NEXT 15

The security van speeds down a much quieter side road, heading away from the main freeway and into a quieter, darker part of town.

16 INT. SECURITY VAN - NEXT 16

Tony grins, flush with the success of his shortcut as the radio CRACKLES.

WATKINS

(filtered; through radio)

Tony, where the bloody hell do you think you're going?

TONY

(into radio)

Keep your knickers on! I'll see you at the airport.

He hangs up, turning to his co-pilot with a mischevious waggle of his eyebrows.

Martin rolls his eyes - and then spots a pair of bright HEADLIGHTS gaining on them in the wing mirror.

He turns in his seat to get a better view, attracting Tony's attention.

TONY (cont'd)

What is it?

MARTIN

Looks like someone followed us.

TONY

It'll just be Watkins.

Martin frowns - something doesn't feel right. The incoming vehicle's headlights grow larger as it closes in.

PASSENGER

Tony, I think we're -

(CONTINUED)

WHAM! Both men are almost thrown from their seats as the van is RAMMED from behind!

Tony fights to regain control as the cumbersome van VEERS wildly from left to right.

EXT. NYC - SIDE STREET - NEXT

Sure enough, the black van that followed them is closing in again, preparing to RAM the security van a second time.

It JINKS to the side at the last minute, catching the security van at a sharp angle and sending it SKIDDING across the road!

Out of control, the van MOUNTS the pavement and RAMS into a telegraph pole head-on, its windscreen SMASHING as the van careens back across the road.

SMOKE pours from its engine as the black van SCREECHES to a halt, and several MASKED MEN pile out of it, racing towards the stricken security van.

INT. SECURITY VAN - NEXT

One masked man checks the cabin - Tony and Martin are both out cold, deflated airbags hanging from the dashboard.

In the REAR of the van, Ambrosia picks herself up from the floor, her chains RATTLING as she presses a hand to a GASH on her head.

She looks up as there's a small POP from the other side of the doors, and with a FLASH of orange light, the doors FALL OPEN!

She gapes in surprise as two of the masked men clamber into the compartment, one producing a pair of BOLT CUTTERS and getting to work on her shackles.

AMBROSIA

Who... who are you?

MASKED MAN #1

We're doing a favour for your new employer.

AMBROSIA

My what?

MASKED MAN #2

Done.

The last lot of chains falls away, and Ambrosia wastes no time in following the men back out of the van:

19 EXT. NYC - SIDE STREET - NEXT 19

Still dazed but running on adrenaline now, Ambrosia follows the men as they guide her towards the waiting van.

Suddenly, a set of HEADLIGHTS falls on the scene, dazzling the rescue mission. They shield their eyes and looks towards the source of the light:

QUINN'S CAR

Stands some way down the street, engine REVVING as he prepares to charge them.

20 INT. QUINN'S CAR - NEXT 20

Quinn narrows his eyes at the scene unfolding before him.

QUINN  
Well, well, well...

He REVS the engine again.

21 EXT. NYC - SIDE STREET - NEXT 21

After their moment's hesitation, the masked men spring back into action.

MASKED MAN #1  
(to Ambrosia)  
Move! Move!

She's bundled into the van, the other masked men following suit as the van SCREECHES away.

Quinn's car is quick to follow, dropping the clutch and ROARING after them.

The black van passes the smoking wreck of the security van, and seconds later Quinn's car SCREAMS past in hot pursuit.

22 INT. BLACK VAN - NEXT 22

Ambrosia looks out through the tinted rear windows - Quinn's gaining!

AMBROSIA  
Come on! Faster!

In the front, the masked man behind the wheel risks a glance over his shoulder, before he YANKS the wheel hard to the right.

23 EXT. NYC - STREETS - NEXT

23

With a SCREECH, the black van almost goes up on two wheels as it pulls out onto another freeway.

Several cars have to SWERVE to avoid it, sending out a chorus of angry HONKS from car horns.

Seconds later, Quinn's car BLASTS out after it, pulling off a similarly reckless high-speed turn to keep up.

Quinn has to SWERVE sharply to avoid a TRUCK TRAILER heading the other way, its air horn BLARING!

This move wrong-foots him, and the black van BOUNCES across the forecourt of a petrol station as it pulls away from him.

Quinn executes a daring turn across the flow of traffic, narrowly missing several incoming cars as he races past the petrol station.

The black van is several car lengths ahead, but it can't weave through the traffic as quickly as Quinn's smaller, faster vehicle.

Gaining with every second, Quinn starts to pull in close to the black van when its back doors suddenly FLY OPEN.

One of the masked men is revealed - aiming a SHOTGUN right at Quinn's car!

24 INT. QUINN'S CAR - NEXT

24

Quinn's eyes bulge as the man takes aim.

QUINN

Oh, sh-

He SLAMS on the brakes as we SMASH TO:

25 EXT. NYC - STREETS - NEXT

25

Quinn's car brakes and jerks back, but the masked man FIRES, and a hail of PELLETS slams into Quinn's windshield and bonnet.

Quinn's car BUCKS and WEAVES as he struggles to keep it straight, and he CLIPS a passing car at some speed, sending SPARKS flying.

The black van's doors close as it pulls away, SMOKE starting to rise from Quinn's damaged engine.

Quinn's car starts to slow, the black van tearing round another corner up ahead and disappearing from view.

26 INT. QUINN'S CAR - NEXT

26

As the battered vehicle rolls along, barely above a crawl, Quinn tries to restart the engine without success. He SLAMS his hands against the steering wheel in frustration.

QUINN

Damn it!

Taking a deep breath, he realises he's still out in the open and turns the wheel, letting the car drift off the main freeway and onto:

27 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NEXT

27

Quinn's car finally rolls to a stop down a dark alleyway, and as he gets out, moving to the front of the car to inspect the damage, we CUT TO:

28 INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - CONDITIONING ROOM - NIGHT

28

The Doctor talks into a phone mounted to one wall. He's a little sweaty, and fresh BLOOD stains the front of his white coat. We can hear Vi's laboured breaths in the background.

DOCTOR

(into phone)

She's taking longer than I anticipated. I'm afraid we may need to try something more drastic.

(listens)

No, that won't be necessary. I can handle things here without you sending your little footsoldier back to keep an eye on me.

(listens)

Well, why don't I ask her?

The Doctor turns round to look at Vi - and we get a shock as her BLOODY features glare back at the Doctor, defiant despite her obvious pain.

She SHIVERS as the Doctor steps over to her - she's terrified but trying not to show it. The tray of surgical tools next to her is also spotted with BLOOD.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

(to Vi)

Violet? How do you feel our session is going so far?

VI

(grits teeth)

Why don't you go fu-

(CONTINUED)

DOCTOR  
(over her; into phone)  
She's just fine. So I take it this  
means you'd like me to keep going?

SMASH CUT TO:

And MAYOR WILKINS grins as he leans back in his leather chair.

MAYOR  
Oh, absolutely. You make sure that  
little Texas wildcat's as broken as  
her so-called mentor, and everybody  
goes away with a big old smile on  
their chops.

His smile broadens with a CHUCKLE, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

30

INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - LOUNGE - NIGHT

30

Noa sits in her wheelchair by one of the plain tables, surrounded by other residents. Like her, they're dressed in plain white PJs and dressing gowns, shuffling like zombies or just staring into space.

Noa watches two of the ORDERLIES stroll by, casually chatting to one another, before she starts to wheel her way across the room, weaving through the moving roadblock of other inmates.

Sitting on a sofa with the same blank look as those around him is AARON, but as Noa pulls into frame he doesn't register her.

NOA

(hisses)

Aaron! Snap out of it!

She SLAPS him on the knee, but all she gets is his glazed stare turning slowly to look at her. He frowns.

AARON

Do I... have we met? I'm Aaron.

NOA

(rolls eyes)

I know who you are, dumbass! It's me! Noa!

AARON

Noa...

(smiles)

That's a pretty name.

NOA

(huffs)

Yes, and it's a pretty face that goes with it and blah blah blah. Look, are you with me or not?

AARON

With you for what?

NOA

What do you think? Finding Vi and getting the hell out of this place!

AARON

Why would we want to do that?

Noa starts to reply, but pauses, leaning forward and checking all round Aaron's hairline.

(CONTINUED)

AARON (cont'd)  
What are you doing?

NOA  
Looking for your lobotomy scars.

Aaron doesn't get the humour, and Noa sighs again, leaning in close to keep his attention from wandering.

NOA (cont'd)  
Listen to me. You want to help Vi,  
don't you? Pretty redhead with a  
bad taste in hats?

AARON  
(frowns)  
Vi...

NOA  
That's right. You liked her, right?  
You helped her escape the first  
time, and that's how you met me. Do  
you remember?

Aaron scrunches up his face, rubbing his temples. He's clearly heavily sedated, but the lights are starting to come on at last.

AARON  
Is she... is Vi in trouble?

NOA  
Honestly? I don't know. Probably,  
knowing her. But that's where we  
come in.

Aaron looks up as Noa starts to grin.

NOA (cont'd)  
Because I have a plan.

Noa casts a conspiratorial look around her to make sure nobody's listening, before reaching into the lining of her chair and pulling out a thin SLIVER of metal, as we CUT TO:

31 INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

31

Faith and Pryor are still arguing when Quinn enters. The argument stops, causing Quinn to look between them both.

QUINN  
Uh... shall I come back later?

Faith folds her arms, as though daring Pryor to explain what's going on.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

No, we're done here.

Faith spins on her heel with an annoyed HUFF and marches out of the room.

QUINN

(beat)

She okay?

PRYOR

We're disagreeing over a proposed course of action. Never mind. Are you bringing good news?

QUINN

If only.

PRYOR

(sighs)

She got away.

QUINN

Your hunch was right, someone did indeed try to break Ambrosia out of Council custody. They ambushed her convoy and stole her away. I tried to chase 'em, but they shot up my car and I lost them.

PRYOR

Are you alright?

QUINN

Pride's dented, but not as much as the front half of my car.

Pryor rubs his face wearily. Quinn notices Alex asleep in the bed next to him.

QUINN (cont'd)

How's she doing?

Pryor looks up, and Quinn shrugs.

QUINN (cont'd)

You didn't tell me much, just that she'd been found again. I figure, Faith came back from some twisted, demon version of 'Gladiator,' pretty much anything's possible.

PRYOR

I'm afraid... I'm afraid that's not all that's happened.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: (2)

31

Quinn raises an eyebrow, and Pryor motions to a chair.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
You'd better sit down.

Quinn knows something's happened to Noa before Pryor even starts talking, and we CUT TO:

32 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

32

Faith stomps along, passing a couple of orderlies before there's a CRACKLE from her walkie-talkie.

FAITH  
(into radio)  
Yeah?

RACHEL  
(filtered)  
Faith, where are you? I'm still  
down here in the Gateway, and you  
said you'd only be gone a minute.

FAITH  
I'm working on a plan 'b,' Rache.  
Hang five, I'll be right back.

Faith tucks her radio back into her belt, then takes out her cell phone and dials a number.

FAITH (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Operator? Yeah, could you get me  
the number for the main reception  
at NYU?

She waits to be connected as we CUT TO:

33 INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - LOUNGE - NIGHT

33

Noa and Aaron are still sitting together, Noa talking and gesturing quickly as Aaron tries to keep up.

Noa spots two of the less human-looking orderlies heading over and shuts up, nudging Aaron at what she sees:

Vi, half-walking and half-dragged along by the two orderlies, her head bowed and her bare feet slipping on the floor.

Noa's eyes widen as Vi is DUMPED unceremoniously into a chair, the orderlies casting a warning glare towards Noa before they leave.

Noa quickly wheels her way back over, gasping with shock at the battered state Vi's in.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Oh, God... Vi? Are you okay?

Vi slowly lifts one finger to her lips.

VI

Ssh... not so loud.

NOA

(rolls eyes)

Yeah, you're okay.

Vi tries to sit up but winces in pain. Noa helps her as best she can, glancing back to Aaron, but he's still slouching on the sofa.

VI

How long have I been gone?

NOA

Hard to tell. A few hours?

VI

Huh. Felt longer.

Vi stretches as carefully as she can, reaching into her mouth with two fingers which come away bloody.

NOA

What was he trying to do?

VI

(bitter laugh)

'Break' me.

NOA

Okay, I keep hearing people saying that. Does anybody feel like telling me what it actually means?

VI

They're trying to make us think none of our lives were real. Brainwash us into thinking that our normal lives are just delusions. That's what the Doctor does. Says he tried to do it to Buffy a few years back.

NOA

Who's 'us'?

VI

(indicates to residents)

The people in here. Heroes. Champions.

(CONTINUED)

NOA  
(blinks)  
Wait... 'champions'? So... you  
mean...  
(brightly)  
I'm a champion?

Vi hesitates before looking at Noa, and in that instant Noa's smile drops.

NOA (cont'd)  
I'm not meant to be here, am I...

VI  
I'm... I'm sorry, Noa.

A beat - and then Noa shrugs it away, flicking her hair back.

NOA  
Whatever.

VI  
Noa, it's okay if -

NOA  
(raises hand)  
It's fine. I've brought out the  
'whatever.' It has defeated many  
things.

She looks round again, leaning in close.

NOA (cont'd)  
I've got a plan to get us out of  
here. Aaron and I have been -

VI  
(brightens)  
Aaron's here?

Vi jumps up before Noa can continue, hobbling past her and flopping down next to Aaron.

VI (cont'd)  
Hey! I'm glad you're okay.

She manages to hug him (with difficulty), but as she pulls back it's clear Aaron isn't responding the way she hoped.

VI (cont'd)  
(smile fades)  
Aaron? What's -

NOA  
I'm not sure what they did to him.

Vi looks increasingly worried as Noa wheels over. Aaron looks at Vi, frowning as he struggles to remember her.

AARON

Vi...?

Vi bites her lip, trying to hold back a sudden wave of tears.

AARON (cont'd)

I can't...

(rubs forehead)

Everything's blurred, I can't...

VI

(brave face)

It's alright.

She reaches over and SQUEEZES his hand, but when she turns back to Noa her eyes are full of fire.

VI (cont'd)

We're getting out of here. Tonight.

Noa nods, just as determined, and we CUT TO:

She's sitting on her bed, talking into her phone.

FAITH

No, no, I understand. She's still out of the country.

(sighs)

No, that's fine. Thanks anyway.

She hangs up, leaning forward and exhaling. She's run out of ideas, and it shows. Her radio CRACKLES again.

RACHEL

(filtered; through radio)

Faith? Is leaving me down here some sort of test, or what?

Faith scowls as she snatches up her walkie-talkie.

FAITH

I'm on my way.

She stands and marches out of the room, and out into:

Faith walks straight into Quinn.

QUINN

Oh, Faith, hey. Just the girl.

FAITH  
I'm busy. This can wait.

She tries to side-step past him, but he gets in her way.

QUINN  
Anything to do with getting my girl  
back home?

A beat. Faith nods for him to follow, and they fall into step  
side-by-side as they walk on.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Do we have a plan?

FAITH  
I had two. Pryor nixed one, and the  
other's in another country.

QUINN  
Did the first plan involve getting  
Alex to help, by any chance?  
(off her look)  
I pay attention.

FAITH  
He says she's too weak to be moved  
yet. I think he doesn't want to  
risk her after getting her back.

QUINN  
So maybe if we both try to persuade  
him, we'll have some more luck?

FAITH  
You sure?

QUINN  
Beneath this calm exterior is a man  
freaking out at the thought of his  
girl stuck in some screwed up demon  
world, whether she has a Slayer for  
company or not. Don't make me bring  
that guy out of the box.

Quinn's joking, but Faith registers the sincerity in his  
eyes. She manages a grin.

FAITH  
Let's go back and have a little  
talk with Pryor.

The two walk on as we CUT TO:

36 INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - LOUNGE - NIGHT 36

Noa is by herself, keeping her head down as other residents and orderlies mill around her.

She looks up and catches Vi's eye - she's waiting on the other side of the room with Aaron. She nods to Noa.

Noa nods back, returning her gaze to the floor for a moment - and then she starts COUGHING. Quietly at first, building quickly in intensity until she starts GASPING for breath!

Noa begins CONVULSING, bucking wildly in her chair, her eyes rolling back into her head!

Several orderlies are drawn to the commotion, and as the *coup de grace* Noa pitches sideways, CRASHING from her chair and hitting the floor.

VI

Help her!

Noa is surrounded by orderlies, the men trying to keep her flailing arms in check as they hold her down.

With their attention drawn away, Vi pads silently across the room, turning a corner and heading into:

37 INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 37

Glancing over her shoulder, Vi remains unobserved as she steals down a long corridor, ducking into a side room:

38 INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - SUPPLY ROOM - NEXT 38

She's in a room full of sealed MEDICINE CABINETS, but Vi reaches into her hair and takes out the strip of metal from Noa's chair. She gives it a quick TWIST into an 'L' shape.

She heads for the nearest cabinet, using the metal to pick the lock as fast as she can. Popping the lock open, she swings open the cabinet door, makes her selection and grabs a SYRINGE, pre-filled with clear fluid.

Closing the door, she CLICKS the lock shut again and slips out of the room, returning to:

39 INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - LOUNGE - NEXT 39

Noa is up on the couch as the orderlies tend to her, the faked seizure dying down but still keeping them busy.

Vi pads up to Noa's chair, producing the syringe and hiding it inside the chair's back rest before anyone sees her.

(CONTINUED)

She makes eye contact with Noa, a silent confirmation passing between the two - mission accomplished. Noa lets her struggles finally die down as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - LATER

Noa is being pushed back towards her room by an orderly. Noa looks dead to the world, slumped lazily in her seat.

The orderly pauses outside her room to cycle through his roll of keys, not seeing Noa glance his way and check he's distracted.

She reaches behind her, her hand searching underneath her back rest for the syringe Vi stashed there.

She withdraws her hand quickly as the orderly unlocks her door and turns back to her.

He reaches towards the handles at the back of her chair - and Noa suddenly JABS the syringe into his thigh!

He CRIES OUT as he drops to one knee, but his yell of pain is cut off as Noa clamps a hand over his mouth, leaning in to whisper:

NOA

Never underestimate a blonde.

The orderly's eyes flutter as the sedative takes effect, and he crumples slowly to the floor.

Noa checks to either side to make sure nobody heard anything, then reaches for the keys on his belt before pushing open the door to her room, starting the laborious task of hauling the orderly inside.

INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - VI'S ROOM - NEXT

Vi rolls over in bed as she hears the lock in her door RATTLE, and after a beat the door swings open to reveal Noa. She's holding the orderly's nightstick in one hand.

NOA

(urgent)

C'mon!

Vi jumps out of bed, grabbing a dressing gown and leaving the room, closing the door behind her:

INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

The girls check that the coast is clear, then get moving.

VI

Any problems?

NOA

(dry)

Oh, yeah. I hauled two hundred pounds of dead weight out of sight by myself. I'm peachy.

VI

You sure the cameras won't see us?

NOA

They're fake.

VI

Huh?

NOA

I checked. They're just here to scare people. Where's anybody gonna try and escape to?

VI

(beat)

Let's grab Aaron and get out of here.

NOA

You sure he won't slow us down? He doesn't exactly seem all that with it since our last escape attempt.

VI

(firm)

We're not leaving him here.

NOA

Yeah, I get that, but why him and not one of these other people stuck here?

VI

(beat)

Because he hasn't given up yet.

Noa can't argue with that logic. She passes Vi the loop of keys she took from the orderly as we CUT TO:

Noa keeps watch as Vi helps Aaron out of his room, Aaron still groggy and needing to be supported.

AARON

Where are we going?

VI

Out.

AARON

Out where?

Vi doesn't answer, nodding down the corridor. Noa sets off, nightstick at the ready.

INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

The trio make it as far as one of the emergency fire exits, but it's hooked up to the internal alarms.

VI

(off alarm)

Well, we know these aren't fake.

NOA

Plan?

VI

Run for it.

NOA

That's a plan? After all the cool stuff I pulled to get us this far?

VI

The Handle should still be where we left it. All we have to do is make it to those stones and our way out's already waiting for us.

NOA

And if it isn't?

VI

Then this'll be the shortest escape attempt in history.

Noa doesn't look convinced, but as Vi takes a deep breath and PUSHES the fire door open, sure enough an ALARM rings out.

The girls exchange a determined look before barrelling out into the open, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

45 EXT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - NIGHT

45

With Aaron following, Vi pushes Noa's chair as fast as she can across the uneven ground, the chaotic and barren landscape all around them wrapped in shadows.

NOA

I still say this plan needed some more work!

Noa WINCES as her chair BOUNCES across rocks on the ground.

VI

Just shut up and steer!

The stone circle lies up ahead, but as the wailing ALARM BELLS sound across the windswept terrain, Vi looks back.

A cluster of ORDERLIES are pouring out of the asylum's fire exit, closing in at speed on the trio.

Vi grits her teeth and doubles her efforts, and as Noa starts to holler as her chair picks up even more speed, we CUT TO:

46 INT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

46

With the alarms audible inside his plush office suite, the Doctor jumps up and looks out through his window.

He can see Vi, Noa and Aaron being chased by the orderlies, clearly heading for the rocky outcrop ahead.

DOCTOR

(weary)

They never learn...

He heads for the exit, pausing to grab a large and wickedly spiked SWORD from a mount on the wall as we CUT TO:

47 INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

47

Faith and Quinn are both arguing with Pryor. Alex sleeps on in the background.

PRYOR

I don't care if you both think it's a good idea, it's not an option, so drop it!

QUINN

Why are you being like this?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I'm trying to do what's best for  
all of us!

FAITH

All of us, or just you?

PRYOR

(stops; sharp)

What the hell is that supposed to  
mean?

QUINN

She means how would you be acting  
right now if it was Alex trapped  
back there - or even Ruth?

PRYOR

Are you saying I'm leaving Vi and  
Noa in danger just because...  
because they're not my -

FAITH

So prove us wrong. Wake her up. Let  
us try it. It might not even work!

PRYOR

It's too dangerous! What if  
something else goes wrong? We can't  
risk losing Alex again, not now  
we've -

ALEX

(weak)

Pryor...

Everyone stops. Pryor is at Alex's side in an instant.

PRYOR

Alex? Are you... are you alright?

Alex swallows, clearly running on empty.

ALEX

It's... okay. Let Faith... try her  
idea.

Pryor looks from Alex to Faith and back.

PRYOR

(shakes head)

No. It's too soon. You're too weak  
to even -

In response, Alex PUSHES him gently back, then with a supreme  
effort sits up straight and swings her legs out of the bed.

(CONTINUED)

She takes a deep breath, then gingerly pushes herself onto her feet. There's a brief wobble, but she stays up.

ALEX

There. See? I told you. I'm fine.

Pryor doesn't look convinced, but Faith steps forward with a grin.

FAITH

Ready to save the day?

ALEX

Can I get some proper rest once they're back safe?

FAITH

You bet.

ALEX

Then let's go.

Alex holds out her arm for Faith to support her, and the duo head for the exit. Pryor follows, a face like thunder, and as Quinn glances back towards Vi's comatose form, we CUT TO:

The trio arrive at the stone outcrop, SKIDDING Noa's chair to a halt.

VI

Alright, which one was it?

NOA

What? You don't even know which rock it was?

VI

I was fighting off a half dozen orderlies, Noa! I was kinda distracted!

Released from her grip, Aaron wobbles and slides to the floor, but she can't worry about that now.

Vi looks back - the pack of demonic orderlies will be on them in a few moments, and more are pouring out of the asylum.

VI (cont'd)

I'll buy you the time. You find the exit.

Noa starts to reply, but Vi reaches for what passes as a tree in this world, SNAPPING off a branch. She BREAKS it across her knee to make a handy stake, FLIPPING it round.

VI (cont'd)  
(grins)  
This oughta help.

She heads back to intercept the orderlies as Noa frantically wheels herself towards the stones, looking for the Handle.

Vi meets the goons head on, letting everything out of the box as she ROARS with anger, her palm SMASHING into a nose as her leg KICKS another in the gut.

Aaron watches in amazement, recognition flashing in his eyes as Vi ELBOWS another thug in the throat, turning and STAKING another in the chest.

Noa is still scanning the stones for the Handle, but it's nowhere in sight.

She turns back, but Vi's too deep in the fight to be able to help her. She spots Aaron huddled nearby and calls out:

NOA  
Aaron! Get off your butt and help  
one of us, damn it!

Aaron looks at her, but stays put. With a GRUNT of annoyance, Noa keeps looking.

Vi DUCKS one clumsy swing but takes a LEFT HOOK to her jaw, stumbling back into an ARMLOCK from another orderly.

She KICKS OFF from one who lumbers in to attack her, FLIPPING up and over and driving her KNEE into the back of the armlock goon's shin, and he drops to the floor as something CRACKS.

Vi takes a heavy PUNCH to the gut which winds her, the bloody stake falling from her hand, but she recovers to SWEEP the attacker off his feet, dropping to the floor and SMASHING his head against the ground.

Panting for breath, she stands - five down, but a dozen more on their way in. She clutches her side - she's in no shape to keep fighting.

VI  
(mutters)  
Come on, Noa...

Vi scoops her stake back up, gripping it tight as we CUT TO:

Rachel jumps to her feet as Faith helps Alex down the stairs, followed by Pryor and Quinn.

RACHEL

There you are! I was starting to think -

(sees Alex)

Uh, Faith? What's going on?

FAITH

We're back to plan 'a.'

(to Alex)

You ready?

Alex nods, and Faith helps her towards the door suspended before the control console.

PRYOR

Faith, if this doesn't work -

FAITH

(snaps)

Then we try something else.

She turns back to Alex, who closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. Faith steps back as Alex rolls up her sleeve - and her tattoo is GLOWING!

RACHEL

Woah...

ALEX

I can feel it...

(opens eyes)

I can do this.

Alex steps up to the doorway as we CUT TO:

The second wave of orderlies will hit Vi in seconds, but Noa's eyes bulge as she finally spots it - the Handle, still mounted to the face of one tall stone.

NOA

I got it!

VI

Get it open and get out! Now!

Noa pushes herself towards it, glancing back to see:

Vi puts her shoulder down and TACKLES the first few orderlies, but this time there are way too many for her. She starts taking several HITS and PUNCHES, crying out in pain.

Aaron watches, the sound of Vi taking a pounding washing over him. Behind him, Noa reaches the tall stone.

She reaches for it, but it's a little too high for her to reach sitting down. She manages to push herself up to gain an extra inch, her fingers slipping round the Handle.

She PULLS - nothing. She PULLS again, but nothing's happening. She drops back into her chair, exhausted, but grits her teeth to try again as we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Alex steps up to the doorway and places her hand against it, closing her eyes.

A beat.

QUINN

Isn't something -

And a brilliant GLOW radiates from Alex's hand, covering the entire doorway!

The others step back, and there's a sudden, loud HUM as something audibly CLICKS into place.

EXT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - NIGHT

Noa drops back as the stone suddenly starts to GLOW - the outline of a doorway forms in the rock face itself!

Noa looks back - Vi is on the ground, taking a series of vicious KICKS.

INT. ASYLUM - GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Alex steps back as Faith charges into frame, placing her hands against the door and PUSHING with all her might.

The door CREAKS for a beat - and then starts to open! Faith GROANS as she puts her weight behind it, soon joined by Quinn, Pryor and Rachel.

EXT. ALTERNATE ASYLUM - NIGHT

Noa gapes as the stone doorway starts to swing open - revealing Faith and the others on the other side!

NOA

Pryor!

The door's only open a few inches, but it's enough for Noa to see Quinn. He grins at her.

QUINN

Hey there, blue eyes.

NOA  
Quit screwing around and get back  
here!

She looks back to Vi - and sees that several orderlies have  
left the battered Vi behind and are heading straight for her!

NOA (cont'd)  
(pales)  
Oh, no...

She fumbles for the nightstick, DROPPING it as she tries to  
ready herself.

QUINN  
Noa? Noa! Hang on!

She wheels back, out of Quinn's line of sight, and as he  
YELLS Noa tenses up, the orderly LOOMING over her.

The orderly GRINS, fingers tightening around his own weapon -  
and then something goes THUMP.

He goes limp and drops to his knees - and there's Aaron,  
clutching a ROCK in both hands!

AARON  
Now this... this seems familiar.

NOA  
(relieved)  
It's about freakin' time! Go help  
Vi, quick!

Aaron nods, grabbing the orderly's nightstick and racing back  
over to help Vi as the stone doorway CREAKS open a few more  
inches.

QUINN  
Noa! Where are you?

She wheels back into view, and Quinn exhales with relief.

NOA  
Relax, I'm here. Can't you open  
this thing any faster?

FAITH  
We're pushing against solid rock  
here, Noa, cut us some slack!

Noa pitches in, PULLING from her side as hard as she can.

Aaron STEAMS in to help Vi, TACKLING two orderlies down and  
unleashing a flurry of KICKS and STRIKES with the nightstick.  
Unlike Vi, he's relatively fresh and it shows.

(CONTINUED)

Vi gets her head up, BLOOD trickling from a cut on her forehead as she sees Aaron start to take the orderlies down.

He reaches down to help her up - he's bought them some space, but a third wave is coming in, this one led by the Doctor himself!

AARON

You okay?

Dazed, Vi can only manage a thumbs up.

AARON (cont'd)

Go. Your friend's got the way out of here open.

VI

I'm not... you're coming with us!

AARON

That's the plan, but if I don't hold them off then none of us are leaving!

He PUSHES her towards the gradually opening doorway, but she holds onto his arm.

VI

No! They caught you last time, I'm not leaving you again!

AARON

Vi! Listen to me!

He glances towards the next round of enemies closing in, then back to Vi, his eyes burning with intensity.

AARON (cont'd)

You have to get through this. People like you are too important to get stuck here. Do you understand?

VI

You're the same as me! You're here for the same reasons I am!

AARON

But only one of us is in any shape to fight.

Vi doesn't want to let him go, so he has to prise her fingers from round his arm. He grabs her hand.

AARON (cont'd)

Now go.

(CONTINUED)

Vi stumbles back a step as Aaron turns to face the next group - before Vi suddenly spins him round and KISSES him!

VI

If you make it back, there's a lot  
more where that came from.

Aaron's stunned for a beat, but then grins broadly, and this time Vi does race off, joining Noa at the doorway.

With both sides putting their backs into it, the doorway is now wide enough to get Noa through, chair and all, and Quinn holds his arms out to grab her.

NOA

What, are you gonna catch me and my  
chair?

QUINN

Are you gonna make smart remarks or  
come here at last?

Noa rolls her eyes as she wheels through the doorway, and as Pryor and Quinn try to catch her all three CRASH to the floor inside the control room.

Faith reaches round the doorway and GRABS the Handle, pulling it free of the stone with a loud POP.

FAITH

(to Vi)

You next, Vi! Let's go!

Vi looks back - Aaron is getting stuck into the next round of goons, his nightstick flashing left and right.

VI

We have to wait for Aaron!

FAITH

I will! You have to go!

Vi hesitates, tearing her eyes away from Aaron as she finally LEAPS through the doorway - and she DISAPPEARS in a FLASH of light!

FAITH (cont'd)

Vi! Vi!

PRYOR

It's alright! She's alright! Her  
consciousness has gone back to her  
body! That's how all this works!

(CONTINUED)

Faith waits, leaning back out to watch Aaron fight back. He's working his way back to them, retreating from the battle instead of getting sucked into it.

The doorway suddenly starts to CLOSE again, and faith is caught off-guard, putting her shoulder against it but finding she can't stop it from closing!

FAITH  
Aaron, move it!

He's only a few metres away now, but the Doctor is right up to face him, clearly a skilled swordsman as he SLICES his way through Aaron's weapon.

Aaron drops the two halves of his stick and runs, but Faith's eyes bulge as the Doctor prepares to hurl his sword after him.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Look out!

The Doctor THROWS his sword, and Aaron turns - just as the sword PIERCES through his chest!

FAITH (cont'd)  
No!

Aaron stumbles and falls, and Faith is helpless as the doorway continues to close, RUMBLING as stone grinds against stone.

She holds his gaze, the light fading from his eyes as the Doctor steps over him, heading straight for Faith.

She looks up, the two locking gazes as the doorway finally shuts, sealing with a decisive BANG.

The team catch their breath - Noa is sprawled on the ground by Pryor and Quinn, who grins as he reaches across to EMBRACE her.

Alex leans against the wall, Rachel there to support her as Faith stares at the doorway.

It begins to GLOW, morphing back into a solid rectangle before floating back up into the ceiling and FADING AWAY.

No-one speaks as Faith looks across the team, obviously downcast at losing Aaron. Her eyes drift back towards the staircase as we DISSOLVE TO:

56 INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NEXT

56

Faith pushes open the door and walks in - and straight away sees Vi, sitting up in her bed. Her head snaps up as Faith enters.

VI  
Aaron? Did he -

Faith's look says it all. Vi closes her eyes, her lip starting to tremble as Faith heads over.

FAITH  
He... he didn't make it, Vi. I'm sorry.

Vi nods. Faith shifts awkwardly - she's no good in moments like these.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Can I...

VI  
(sniffs)  
No, I'm... I'm just...

Vi wipes her tears away, looking up.

VI (cont'd)  
Can I just get a minute?

Faith nods, turning and stepping out of frame without another word. Vi watches her go, waiting until she hears the doors close before letting out a SOB.

She buries her face in her hands, SOBBING as everything comes pouring out of her, and as we PULL BACK from her, we CUT TO:

57 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

57

The Mayor is on the phone again, but this time he doesn't look at all happy.

MAYOR  
Well, that's very unfortunate. You lost both of them?  
(listens; shakes head)  
I'm very disappointed in you. I expected better of an organisation with your pedigree.  
(listens)  
No, I don't think I will be needing your services in the future. I'd wish you all the best, but, well... I wouldn't mean it.

(CONTINUED)

He puts the phone down, looking up as there's a KNOCK at his door.

MAYOR (cont'd)  
(instantly cheerful)  
Yello?

The door is opened by a burly BODYGUARD in a sharp suit, revealing the puzzled Ambrosia next to him.

BODYGUARD  
Lady here to see you, sir.

MAYOR  
Thank you, Remington. Show her in.

The Bodyguard nods and Ambrosia steps inside, unconsciously rubbing her sore wrists as the mayor heads round his desk to greet her.

MAYOR (cont'd)  
Hello again, Miss Kilby.

AMBROSIA  
What am I doing here?

MAYOR  
Cut straight to the chase, why don't you!

AMBROSIA  
You're the one who busted me out, aren't you?

MAYOR  
I prefer to class it as 'protecting an investment.'

He pulls up a chair and motions for her to sit. She hesitates, then sits down as he heads to a drinks cabinet.

MAYOR (cont'd)  
You're right - I did indeed call in a favour to get you back from Watcher's Council custody. Frankly, those fellas wouldn't know a hot prospect like yourself since... well, since the last time they locked up a girl with so much potential.

He heads over to her, a glass in his hand.

MAYOR (cont'd)  
So! Shall we drink to your new employment?

AMBROSIA

Say again?

MAYOR

Why do you think I got you out? I want you on my team, Miss Kilby. I only recruit the best, and by golly, you've got the qualities I look for in spades.

Ambrosia's eyes flick to the glass - it's full of MILK. She looks back to the Mayor, sizing up his offer - and then reaches for the glass.

AMBROSIA

Where do I sign?

MAYOR

(grins)

That's my good girl.

Ambrosia smirks back, taking a sip of milk as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**