

**FAITH**

"You Complete Me"

by  
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

1

We fade into an alleyway so dark that we can barely see anything except for the distant flickering of a broken street lamp.

We can hear the dull THUD of bad dance music, as we move towards the back wall of what seems to be a nightclub.

A glass bottle rolls silently across the ground in front of us, and in SLOW MOTION, FAITH soars into frame, flying through the air and CRASHING into the wall we're focusing on.

Time SPEEDS UP again, and Faith slumps to the filthy ground, clearly winded by her journey.

FAITH

(groans)

I guess the whole 'going gentle on  
me' thing kinda bypassed you, huh?

We move back to find a large DEMON looming over Faith, bearing a fangy grin. Covered in coarse fur, and bulging muscle, the demon looks like a cross between a wolf and a WWF contender.

The demon GROWLS and takes a step closer, and Faith looks up at it defiantly.

FAITH (cont'd)

(shrugs)

Okay, I can deal with that.

Faith jumps to her feet, and KICKS OUT at the demon, catching it in the chest.

The demon grunts, and steps backwards, but Faith's blow hasn't done anywhere near enough damage to hurt the creature.

FAITH (cont'd)

Of course, 'dealing' may have been  
me exaggerating...

The demon ROARS and throws a vicious backhand into Faith's face, sending her spinning sideways through the air. She hits the ground hard, and rolls for several moments, before coming to a stop at someone's FEET.

VOICE (O.S.)

Need a hand?

(CONTINUED)

Faith looks upwards, and we follow her trail of sight, up jean-clad legs, and a green tank top, to reveal the redheaded VI. Faith grimaces.

FAITH

Dude, it's called bed rest.

VI

(mockingly)

"Dude," it's called getting your ass kicked.

FAITH

(shrugs)

Well, I gotta say, your timing's perfect.

VI

(grins)

It's a gift.

Vi reaches down, and Faith grabs onto her hand. The redheaded slayer effortlessly pulls Faith to her feet, and they both turn to regard the demon.

The demon GROWLS again, and charges towards them.

FAITH

You got a weapon in your bag of tricks?

VI

Always.

Vi reaches into her jacket and pulls out two silver daggers, handing one to Faith and keeping the other for herself.

FAITH

This is gonna hurt... right?

VI

(smiles)

Probably.

FAITH

(nods)

Thought so.

The demon reaches striking distance and swings an impossibly fast fist towards Faith. Faith scrambles to one side to avoid the blow, and Vi jumps to the other side to stop the charging demon from barreling into her.

Faith and Vi regroup as the demon lumbers past them, before realizing that it's missed them completely, and turning back to face them.

(CONTINUED)

Vi quickly looks behind her, before rushing past Faith at a dazzling speed, throwing herself at the demon, and calling back.

VI

Head's up, company's coming!

Faith frowns in confusion, as Vi BODYSLAMS the demon, and turns to find another DEMON of the same species lumbering towards her.

FAITH

Damn tourists.

Faith falls into a fighting stance as the demon advances on her, and she SWIPES out with her dagger, leaving a bloody slash across the demon's chest.

The demon ROARS in fury, and SWINGS a fist at her, barely missing her as she spins out of the way, throwing a hard kick into its back.

As the demon tries to recover, Faith rushes forward to plant a solid kick into its head, but as expected, the blow causes little damage.

The demon rears upwards, LAUNCHING Faith back into the air. She flies backwards several feet, slamming hard into the ground.

FAITH (cont'd)

(grunts)

Oh, yay. More concrete.

Before Faith can attempt a recovery, Vi rushes forward to swipe at the demon with her dagger. The demon HOWLS as she leaves a large GASH across its abdomen, but wastes no time in grabbing the petite slayer, and flipping her over onto the ground.

FAITH (cont'd)

Vi, look...

Vi CRIES OUT in fury, and flips herself back onto her feet, before spinning and CRACKING the demon's ribs with a back kick.

FAITH (cont'd)

(frowns)

... out?

Vi begins to thrash the demon, and Faith looks across to where the other demon lies on the ground - VERY dead and bloody.

(CONTINUED)

We return to Vi, whose face is thunderous, as she SLAMS fist after fist into the demon's face, battering the nearly unconscious creature into submission.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Vi... I think it's, y'know... a  
corpse now.

Vi doesn't show any signs of hearing her, and STABS her dagger down into the demon's chest, before viciously TWISTING its head and snapping its neck with a resounding CRACK.

Faith raises her eyebrows, as Vi pants slightly, watching the demon's body fall to the sidewalk.

FAITH (cont'd)  
You good?

Vi nods, and turns back to face her, as Faith gets to her feet.

VI  
I will be.

Vi winces slightly, and places a hand over her chest, her breathing becoming momentarily laboured.

FAITH  
That's why you need to be resting.

VI  
I'm fine.

FAITH  
You don't look -

VI  
(snaps)  
Drop it, Faith.

Faith snaps her jaw shut, more in surprise than anything else, and Vi shifts uncomfortably, before recovering.

VI (cont'd)  
(casually)  
This is getting messier.

FAITH  
(shrugs)  
Part of the programme, sister. I've gotta say though, the programme was a hell of a lot easier when I actually had the whole slayer mojo thing.

VI

You're okay though, right?

FAITH

(grins)

Five by five.

VI

(nods)

And by the way, it's a sacred duty  
to protect the innocent and destroy  
the forces of evil, not a 'slayer  
mojo thing.'

The two women head towards the end of the alleyway, as we:

**FADE TO BLACK:**

FAITH (V.O.)

Whatever.

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

INT. ASYLUM - CAFETERIA - NIGHT

2

The cafeteria is clear and desolate, all meals having been eaten many hours ago. Abandoned apart from a small group of people who sit around one large table.

Faith is sat cross-legged on the table, facing PRYOR, NOA, QUINN, RUTH, RACHEL, TODD and Vi, who are all sat around the table on chairs.

The others have their attention fully focused on Faith, but Vi is lost in her own world, staring into space as she twirls a stake around in her hand.

FAITH

All I'm saying is, we need to step things up. The Mayor is gunning for us big time, and we can't ignore what he tried to do to Vi. He knows that all of us are a threat, and what's to stop him trying the same or worse to any of us?

PRYOR

Any of us, Faith. Not you.

FAITH

Maybe. But I don't think he exactly has bunnies and flowers in mind for me either.

NOA

What do you think he does have in mind?

FAITH

I don't know. He wants the Gateway. That means all of us are swimming in a whole lotta crap while it's here.

PRYOR

I'm more worried about Evil Faith at the moment. She facilitates his plans, and we all know how dangerous she is.

QUINN

Yeah, what with her ability to take out perfectly capable slayers and all.

A beat.

(CONTINUED)

Quinn winces, and looks at Vi.

QUINN (cont'd)  
I'm sorry, Vi. That... that was  
stupid.

Vi hasn't even heard him. Quinn frowns, and looks up at Faith, who shakes her head in response.

PRYOR  
(coughs)  
So, perhaps we should try to keep a  
closer eye on her activities. We  
could learn more of the Mayor's  
plans that way.

FAITH  
(shakes head)  
No. That's like inviting her to  
drive the first knife in. We can't  
tail her, she's not stupid.  
(beat)  
What about the whack asylum?  
What've we got?

PRYOR  
Very little I'm afraid. From what  
you and Vi have told me, I did find  
reference in an old demonic journal  
to a slayer by the name of Celerina  
Rivera, who went through a similar  
ordeal in Spain, nineteen eighty  
nine. She died shortly after she  
escaped the asylum, but her  
accounts support what we know.

RUTH  
Okay. So this asylum "broke" her.  
It tried to break... Buffy, and Vi.  
How do we stop it?  
(beat)  
And is 'Buffy' a real name?

PRYOR  
There are several ways of shutting  
dimensions off from access in this  
dimension, but the notes I've found  
are all for very complex rituals,  
that frankly, none of us have the  
experience or power to partake in.

FAITH  
Keep looking.

PRYOR

(nods)

Of course. But I imagine any alternative lies within the power of the Gateway itself.

FAITH

I guess.

(beat)

Look, it's late. You guys should get some sleep.

RACHEL

(to Todd)

We should get some late rounds done. New admission has been slamming his head against the door again.

TODD

(smiles)

Oh, be still my heart. Raging madmen and thick metal doors.

The two of them get to their feet, and say their goodnights, before heading off into the shadows of the asylum.

PRYOR

I should probably get on as well, if we're to have a big research party tomorrow. Night all.

Pryor and Ruth get to their feet as well and together with Quinn, wheeling Noa, disappear as well.

Faith turns to Vi, who is idly poking the table top with her stake.

FAITH

(loudly)

VI!

Vi JUMPS in her seat, and raises the stake as if anticipating an attack. She notices Faith staring back at her, and lowers the stake, looking a little embarrassed.

VI

Sorry, I'm just a bit...

FAITH

Out of it? Well, yeah. You've been all Night of the Living Dead meets badly dubbed martial arts movie since... y'know, Aaron...

(CONTINUED)

VI  
(frowns)  
A Chinese zombie?

FAITH  
(sighs)  
Lifeless and wailing on the bad  
guys like you're gettin' paid,  
despite the huge hole in your  
chest.

VI  
(shrugs)  
Slayer healing.

FAITH  
Don't bull crap me, Vi. You're  
doing the whole "I lost someone I  
was getting close to, now let's  
take it out on the demon  
population" thing. It's an old one.  
You're really not the first slayer  
to play that game.

VI  
(firmly)  
I don't play games.

Faith watches passively, as Vi bails from the conversation, getting to her feet and rushing out of the room. We can practically see the cogs turning in Faith's head, as we  
DISSOLVE TO:

An old musty shop, stocked to the ceiling with jars full of strange, and mostly disgusting substances, and ancient-looking books and items. A counter lies at one end of the shop, opposite the door, covered in a layer of dust.

WHAM!

The door SLAMS open in a cloud of dust, and EVIL FAITH steps into the shop as the bell above it is torn out of the wall. She looks around, clearly unimpressed.

EVIL FAITH  
(calling)  
Gomez? Morticia?

Evil Faith looks round, as an old Hispanic MAN hobbles into the shop from behind the counter, leaning heavily on a wooden staff to keep him up right. His long grey hair is tied back, and his sun-worn face looks up at her without any trace of fear.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
You this shaman guy I've been  
hearing all sorts about?

SHAMAN  
That depends on what you've been  
hearing.

EVIL FAITH  
(grins)  
I'll take that as a yes. Now  
personally, if I lived in a dump  
like this, and had a reputation  
like yours, I'd be...

SHAMAN  
You're one half of the effect of a  
Tothric demon.

A beat.

EVIL FAITH  
How did you know that?

SHAMAN  
I know.

EVIL FAITH  
(frowns)  
I got that part.

SHAMAN  
You want me to restore you.

EVIL FAITH  
Don't be stupid, old man, I just...

SHAMAN  
Then why are you here?

Evil Faith pauses, looking a little shaken.

SHAMAN (cont'd)  
Come.

He gestures with his hand, and disappears into a back room.  
Evil Faith hesitates, before following.

We cut to Vi, who is tearing a colourful poster down from her  
bedroom wall. She crosses the room and stuffs it inside a  
cardboard box, where we can see a number of other posters,  
hats, stuffed animals, and CD's already waiting for the chop.

She crosses back over the other side of the room and places her hands on her hips, looking around for anything else she can take out with the trash.

The spring clean apparently defeated, Vi sighs, and sits down on her bed, picking up a photograph from her bedside table.

ANGLE: the photograph. JOHN and ELENA BOWEN beaming back at us, their arms around each other.

NOA (O.S.)

Whoa, what happened to all the colour?

Vi turns back to look at Noa, as the blonde wheels herself into the room, looking around in confusion.

VI

(shrugs)

I'm just getting rid of a few things.

Noa reaches into the box, and lifts up a DVD case.

NOA

But... The Little Mermaid? This is your favourite Disney movie made for under twelves, but you secretly watch it and think no one knows!

VI

I don't really like it anymore.

Noa frowns, and puts the DVD back in the box, before pulling out a blue stuffed bunny.

NOA

(pouts)

Mr. Floppy?

VI

(sighs)

I'm not a kid, Noa. I'm twenty years old, okay? I'm a slayer. It's time to grow up.

NOA

Vi, look, I know you've been through a lot recently, but...

VI

(angrily)

I've been through a lot? What the hell do you know about it, Noa?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)

Tortured, having to see fake versions of my parents after all this time, having someone connect with me then having them taken away? The nightmares I've been having ever since I got back?

(beat)

You don't know anything.

NOA

(scowls)

Oh, right, 'cause it's not like some super-powered clone of my best friend paralysed me or anything.

Noa pauses, unsure how to proceed.

NOA (cont'd)

I just wanna help.

VI

Yeah? And how could you possibly help? Can you make it all go away?

NOA

Well, no, but...

VI

Then back off.

Noa sets her face determinedly, as Vi turns her back on her, and wheels over to sit next to her.

NOA

You know what? I'm not going anywhere. Not until we've talked this through like two grown ups. You wanna grow up, Vi? Then stop acting like a child!

Vi turns to face her, a little surprised by her outburst, but Noa is on a roll now, and doesn't stop.

NOA (cont'd)

Aaron's death was not your fault. It was my fault. I slowed us down, because I didn't think before jumping in the portal to help Faith. And I'm sorry.

(beat)

But all this? How is this helping? Faith told me what you did to those demons last night. And okay, they need to die, but going all psycho on them probably isn't the best approach.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

And you're distant and not listening when we're talking about important... y'know, stuff! And now you're getting rid of all the things that make you Vi!

VI

Maybe I don't wanna be 'Vi' anymore?

NOA

(beat)

What?

VI

(tearful)

He called me a champion.

NOA

Who?

VI

The Doctor. He said I was a champion. That's why he was trying to break me.

(beat)

And 'Vi' was never a champion. She was a stupid little girl who thought she could be a superhero, someone who got bullied at school, and flunked math, and could never find a date for the school dance.

(beat)

Vi couldn't save the first person in years who made her feel special.

NOA

You're wrong.

VI

What?

NOA

The way I see it, you've always been a champion. You just didn't realize it until someone psychotic, demonic and evil told you. Someone who had a reason to be afraid of you, and try to stop you from doing what you go out there and do every night.

(beat)

And all of that becomes nothing, if you let this destroy you.

Noa turns and wheels herself out of the room, leaving Vi to think about what she's said, as we cut to:

5

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

5

ALEX is sat in the corner of the room, looking remarkably together compared to the last time we saw her. She's dressed in clinical pyjamas, like most of the patients, but she looks healthy and sane.

Faith is stood near the Gateway, examining it as if waiting for it to give her some answers, and Alex is watching her curiously.

ALEX

What are you doing?

Faith JUMPS in surprise, and turns to look at Alex.

FAITH

What am I doing? What are you doing, sneaking up on me like that?

ALEX

I didn't sneak. I was sat here before you walked in.

FAITH

(beat)  
You were?

Alex nods and smiles.

FAITH (cont'd)

(shakes head)  
Sorry, I'm kinda... distracted.

ALEX

I understand. A lot has happened.

FAITH

Pryor filled you in for the past few months?

ALEX

(nods)  
Quite a ride.

FAITH

(smirks)  
You're tellin' me. How're you doin' now, anyway? You know...

Faith taps the side of her head. Alex chuckles.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

I'm alright. Once Pryor detoxed me to get all those mystical sedatives and other junk out of my system, it was just like I'd been asleep the last few months.

(beat)

I'm sorry about...

Alex hesitates, and Faith turns to glance at her questioningly.

FAITH

What?

ALEX

About the... whatever that place was. The other asylum? I was so... useless.

FAITH

Alex, look...

ALEX

No, I mean it, Faith. If I'd been able to help, maybe we would have all escaped the first time.

FAITH

You didn't do anything wrong. It was my fault you were there in the first place. If anyone should be sorry, it should be me.

Alex smiles sadly, and Faith turns back to the Gateway.

ALEX

So what are you trying to do?

FAITH

Trying to shut that dimension off. I don't want it being accessed anymore.

Alex studies the situation for a moment, before getting to her feet and joining Faith.

ALEX

Can I... can I try something?

FAITH

'Try something'?

ALEX

Yeah.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
(shrugs)  
Okay.

Alex nods, and places her hands onto the Gateway, closing her eyes as if listening to something beyond it. Faith steps back, and watches Alex work, as her tattoo begins to GLOW.

FAITH (cont'd)  
(frowns)  
Uh... Alex?

Alex doesn't respond, and moments later the Gateway GLOWS as well, and a RUMBLE begins to emanate from inside the Gateway!

An otherworldly SHRIEK causes Faith to step back, and Alex begins to grit her teeth with exertion, as the Gateway begins to SPARK!

Then, with a SIZZLE, the glowing and rumbling stops, and Alex steps backwards away from the Gateway, which now shows now signs of power.

FAITH (cont'd)  
What did you do?

ALEX  
Shut off the other asylum.

FAITH  
How did you know what to do?

ALEX  
(shrugs)  
I just knew.

Faith frowns, and looks at Alex, whose eyes are focused on the Gateway, as we:

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

6

INT. MAGIC SHOP - BACK ROOM - DAY

6

The Shaman leads Evil Faith into the back room of the shop, a blacked-out, tiny room, the walls covered in shelves that are heaving under the weight of the occult items spread across them.

A copper POT smokes in the middle of the room, a liquid BUBBLING inside it, and the Shaman sits down on one side of it, motioning for Evil Faith to sit on the other side.

She raises an eyebrow, dubious, before sitting down as instructed.

SHAMAN

I can help you.

EVIL FAITH

(laughs)

Help me how?

SHAMAN

I can help you so that you are not a creature anymore. A creature feeding off darkness and despair, so incapable of living.

A beat. Evil Faith glares.

EVIL FAITH

I'm not a 'creature.'

SHAMAN

Yes, you are. You are the side of her that she gave in to, but also the side that she doesn't need anymore. But you need her. Don't you?

EVIL FAITH

(furious)

I don't need anyone.

The Shaman smiles.

SHAMAN

You cannot live on hate, anger, and loathing. You hate everything. You hate yourself. You need the things she has.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH

But then I'd be her! I don't want that!

SHAMAN

You don't understand. I can make it so that you have the things you need, and still be you. If you like, your personality would still be in control. But you would be complete.

EVIL FAITH

(hesitates)

You can do that?

SHAMAN

(nods)

Of course.

EVIL FAITH

Then do it!

SHAMAN

Not until you do something for me.

EVIL FAITH

What?

SHAMAN

You must go on a vision quest, a test if you like, to prove your worth. You must live as she lives. An entire day. If you are successful, I will tell you what you need to know.

EVIL FAITH

(growls)

Or I could just kill you.

SHAMAN

(smiles)

But then, you would be stuck this way.

EVIL FAITH

(sighs)

Fine. What do I do?

The Shaman lifts a small bowl from the floor, and scoops out some of the liquid in the pot, before offering it to her.

She takes it, and looks down at it suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

SHAMAN

Drink it, and the vision quest will begin.

EVIL FAITH

Anyone woulda thought you were waiting for me.

SHAMAN

(smiles)

Perhaps I was.

Evil Faith frowns, before knocking back the substance in one gulp. She looks back at us, as we:

WHITE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - VISION (DAY)

Faith/Evil Faith wakes up in her bed, and slowly and groggily, she sits up. She looks around the room, before looking down at her hands, and moving them around experimentally.

The air around her is an aura of blood red, but she doesn't seem to notice this.

VI (O.S.)

Knock, knock!

Faith/Evil Faith's eyes snap to the door, where Vi is stood, smiling brightly. The redhead doesn't seem to notice the aura around Faith either.

VI (cont'd)

Come on sleepy; breakfast is ready!

Vi disappears, and Faith/Evil Faith frowns.

INT. ASYLUM - CAFETERIA - VISION (DAY)

Faith/Evil Faith wanders into the cafeteria and heads towards the table where Pryor, Noa, Quinn and Vi are sat. The four of them look up at Faith and grin a greeting, and Faith/Evil Faith looks back at them, stony-faced.

PRYOR

Sit down, Faith, your eggs are getting cold.

She looks around uncertainly, before sitting down in the spare seat.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

So how did patrol go last night?

VI

Oh, you know, we kicked ass. Right, Faith?

Faith/Evil Faith glances at her, and a look of pure hatred crosses her features before she nods noncommittally.

FAITH/EVIL FAITH

Sure. Right.

ANGLE: Faith/Evil Faith's hands, her knuckles going white, as she clutches her knife and fork in an attempt not to spear them into Vi's face.

NOA

Oh, Faith, we need to stock up. We're low on Lofepramine and Melleril. And someone keeps eating all the jello.

VI

Don't look at me.

PRYOR

I think it's that dreadful Nichole Sanders woman.

VI

Wouldn't surprise me.

As the gang start talking amongst themselves, chatting and laughing, Faith/Evil Faith stares at them, doing her very best to control herself.

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - VISION (DAY)

Faith/Evil Faith and Noa watch as Rachel and Todd hold a struggling PATIENT between them, who is SCREAMING and SHOUTING, as he tries to free himself.

NOA

Mr. Hiend, clearly going nuts yet again.

RACHEL

Uh... a hand, Faith? Please?

Faith/Evil Faith looks down at Noa, who smiles brightly, and the blonde nods encouragingly.

Faith/Evil Faith steps forward, and GRABS the man by the front of the shirt.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Uh, Faith? What are you doing?

She hesitates.

FAITH/EVIL FAITH

(to Todd)

Medicine. Now.

TODD

Uh, yes, Ma'am.

Todd hurries off, and Faith/Evil Faith frowns in confusion at the man struggling in her and Rachel's grasp.

10 EXT. ALLEYWAY - VISION (NIGHT)

10

Faith/Evil Faith crosses a dark alleyway to the back door of a building, and we can see what looks like a warehouse through the glass door.

She raises her hand to look inside, but stops, bowing her head to listen intently.

We hear a low GROWL, and Faith/Evil Faith spins to block the fist aimed at her head.

FAITH/EVIL FAITH

Next time, try actually creeping up  
when you're trying to creep up on  
someone, hmm?

Her attacker, a common VAMPIRE, SNARLS, baring his fangs, and swings into another punch.

She ducks underneath the attack, and swings back up into her own punch, hitting him across the cheek.

FAITH/EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Come on, blood sucker, I ain't had  
a decent rumble in weeks, and now  
you're giving me this sissy crap?

The vampire snarls again and charges at her. She turns as he throws his body at her, using her hands to propel him through the air - SMASHING him right through the door she was looking through.

FAITH/EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Amateur.

She reaches into her jacket and retrieves a wooden STAKE, before following the vampire into:

11 INT. WAREHOUSE - VISION (CONTINUOUS)

11

Faith/Evil Faith crushes the scattered glass as she steps into the warehouse, and looks down at the floored vampire as he sits up on the floor.

FAITH/EVIL FAITH  
You telling me that didn't hurt?

The vampire GROWLS and throws himself at her, and she ducks past him easily, throwing her arm back to STAKE him sharply in the back.

The vampire continues to charge forward, thrown by his own momentum, as his EXPLODES into dust.

VOICE (O.S.)  
What the hell are you doing?

Faith/Evil Faith turns as a MAN in a suit strides towards her from a small block of internal offices. She looks up at him and grins as he gets up in her face.

MAN  
Do you know how much those doors cost? That was solid glass!

FAITH/EVIL FAITH  
Yeah. In Queens. Probably not the best idea, huh?

MAN  
(stutters)  
I can't believe you just did that!  
I'm so calling the police!

Faith/Evil Faith CLUTCHES her stake hard, clearly stopping herself from stabbing him in the chest with it.

FAITH/EVIL FAITH  
Whatever.

The man rushes off to find the phone, and she looks down at her stake, considering the notion of throwing into his retreating back. Finally, she places it back inside her jacket, and takes off into the night, as we:

WHITE OUT.

FADE IN:

12 INT. MAGIC SHOP - BACK ROOM - DAY

12

Evil Faith's eyes SNAP OPEN, and she looks over to the Shaman, panting slightly, as he looks back at her, his face completely passive apart from the smallest ghost of a smile.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH

Damn.

SHAMAN

Now you understand. You need her.  
You cannot live a life without her.

EVIL FAITH

Maybe I don't want that kind of  
life.

SHAMAN

Perhaps not. But you are incapable  
of feeling like a human being. That  
is why you've come to me.

A beat.

EVIL FAITH

So what do I do now?

SHAMAN

The Dagger of Naquadahn.

EVIL FAITH

I do the Dagger of Naquadahn? Did I  
miss something?

SHAMAN

It must be transformed into its  
true state, into the shikari.

EVIL FAITH

And you can do that?

The Shaman nods.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

And then what?

SHAMAN

(grins)

Then you kill her.

Evil Faith nods, and reaches into her jacket, pulling out the  
Dagger of Naquadahn. The Shaman's eyes practically light up  
as he sees it, and she hands it over to him.

EVIL FAITH

If this is a trick? I am going to  
kill you. Painfully.

SHAMAN

No tricks.

(CONTINUED)

The Shaman smiles mysteriously, and Evil Faith watches as he runs his hands along the blade of the Dagger of Naquadah. He begins to CHANT under his breath, an old, forgotten language.

The Dagger of Naquadah begins to GLOW much like the Gateway previously, and begins to CHANGE form. It becomes elongated, forming a wicked curve, and a spike from the base of the handle, becoming more of a short spear than a dagger.

Evil Faith grins, as the Shaman hands it back to her, inspecting the weapon with dangerous glee.

SHAMAN (cont'd)  
Now you know what must be done.

EVIL FAITH  
(nods)  
Uh huh.

She quickly pulls another dagger from her jacket, and THROWS it across the short distance between them, the projectile SLAMMING into his forehead with a thick SQUELCH.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
(casually)  
Thanks.

Without any trace of regret, she stands and leaves with her new toy.

ANGLE: the Shaman, dead and laid out on the floor, the dagger protruding from his forehead.

We cut to Vi's room, where the redheaded slayer is busy sticking a poster up on the wall. She stands back and admires the "Pirates of the Caribbean" poster, before heading back over to the box she was previously packing.

FAITH (O.S.)  
Hey.

Vi looks up, as Faith steps into the room, and Vi smiles a welcome.

FAITH (cont'd)  
You going somewhere?

VI  
Huh?

Faith nods to the box.

FAITH  
You're packing.

VI  
(sighs)  
I'm actually unpacking.

FAITH  
Unpacking?

VI  
Yep.

Vi pulls out MR. FLOPPY, and puts him on her bed, where a number of CD's and DVD's are laid, as Faith comes further into the room.

FAITH  
Noa told me what happened. I just wanted to... y'know, see how you were.

VI  
(uncomfortable)  
I'm... good. I guess. You know?  
I'm...

FAITH  
I get it.

Vi nods, and continues to unpack her box.

VI  
I realized... after Noa talked to me.

FAITH  
Realized what?

VI  
There was a reason the Doctor wanted to break me. Okay, Evil You sent me there, but he wanted to break me.  
(beat)  
It's because I've helped a certain amount of people. I've become some kind of threat to the forces of darkness. Like you, like Buffy was.

FAITH  
Yeah. And being a champion means that sometimes you lose people. You stop becoming one when you give up because of it.

VI  
(smiles)  
I know. Aaron was a champion too.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

VI (cont'd)  
He didn't give up.  
(beat)  
And neither will I.

Faith nods, and watches Vi's unpacking, as we cut to:

14 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NIGHT

14

Todd and Ruth are stood behind the reception desk, Todd writing up reports, and Ruth checking inventory on the computer, as Noa wheels up behind them.

Todd turns when he sees her, and smiles a greeting.

TODD

Hey.

NOA

Hey. How's it going?

TODD

Reports are just about done.

RUTH

I have a full list of things that need stocking up.

NOA

Boy, Pryor's really putting you to work round here, isn't he?

RUTH

(smiles)

I'm just glad I can make myself useful. He's done a lot for me, so I'm glad I can start paying him back.

Ruth misses the quick, smirking glance between Todd and Noa - they can think of other ways she could pay him back!

NOA

(reins in smile)

Good. Okay.

TODD

What about you?

NOA

(sighs)

I'm just waiting for Quinn. He hasn't checked in all day.

The phone RINGS suddenly, and Noa wheels over to it as the others get back to work.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)  
(into the phone)  
Hello?  
(beat)  
Yeah. Uh-huh. Okay. Thanks.

Noa puts the phone down, and writes something down on a scrap of paper.

TODD  
What's up?

NOA  
(casually)  
Demon. Can you find Faith and Vi  
for me?

Todd presses down a button on the intercom, and leans over to talk into it, as we cut back to:

Faith is still hanging with Vi, as the redhead unpacks the last of her things, looking much more positive now. Faith picks up Mr. Floppy, and looks down at him with a sardonic smile.

VI  
(smiles)  
My watcher gave him to me.

Faith smiles, and puts the bunny down, as the intercom CLICKS.

TODD (V.O.)  
Faith, Vi, report to reception  
please.

The two girls look up, and Faith rolls her shoulders.

FAITH  
Probably means it's time to kill  
something.

VI  
(nods)  
Probably.

Vi puts the box on the floor, and the two of them head out, as we:

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

16 EXT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

16

We fade into the exterior of a large art gallery, which has a big banner across the front doors, proclaiming the words "CLOSED FOR RENOVATION".

Faith and Vi sneak across the road, and around to the side of the building, doing their best not to be seen by anyone, and come to the back door, which has been caved in.

NOA (V.O.)

Apparently, the security guard was slaughtered by something... you know, demonic. The police haven't been called yet, so everything should still be natural.

(beat)

Dunno why they chose an art gallery, of all places. Maybe something expensive they wanted? Or maybe the demon was just into still life?

Faith and Vi step through the doorway, over the broken wood and glass, and disappear into the shadows.

17 INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

17

Faith leads the way through the shadows, glancing around at the ladders and wallpaper tables, and the furniture covered by dust sheets.

Vi follows at a short distance, her senses on alert as she stalks through the darkness.

FAITH

(quietly)

You got anything?

Vi shakes her head in response, and the two of them continue their way through the maze of exhibitions and lounge areas.

As the two girls disappear around a corner, they don't notice EVIL FAITH appear from behind an exhibition, holding the shikari in her hands!

She grins, and follows them, as we cut to:

18 INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

18

Faith and Vi walk past an exhibition of statues, oblivious to the fact that they're being followed. The shadows around them are completely still, and the two women step cautiously.

(CONTINUED)

Hearing a tiny clang, Vi stops in her tracks, completely frozen as she listens intently. Faith stops too, and looks at her.

FAITH

What?

VI

I heard...

Vi looks back, and her eyes widen in shock.

VI (cont'd)

DOWN!

Vi hits the floor, but Faith is too slow, and is STRUCK hard by a flying ladder!

Faith SLAMS into the floor, and the ladder CLANGS down on top of her, as Vi hurries over to her.

Vi helps her up, and they both turn to regard Evil Faith as she steps towards them.

EVIL FAITH

(casually)

Hey.

FAITH

(winces)

I'm guessing this is a trap. No demon.

EVIL FAITH

No demon. Unless you count me.

FAITH

I really do.

Evil Faith grins, and rushes forward to attack. She SWINGS the shikari forward, but Vi GRABS her arm, and twists it back, forcing her to drop the weapon.

EVIL FAITH

No dice, poptart.

She HEADBUTTS Vi, and the redhead stumbles backwards, as Evil Faith nods towards Faith.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

It's her I want.

Faith moves forward into a kick, but Evil Faith catches her leg easily, and FLIPS Faith back over herself. Faith lands on the floor with a THUD, and grimaces in pain.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Tut, tut. You used to be so good at this.

Faith grits her teeth, and swings herself up into a punch, but Evil Faith blocks her attack, and throws a hard KICK into Faith's gut, sending her sprawling onto the floor again.

Evil Faith advances on her, a wicked grin in place, and Faith tries to scramble away, already looking like she's taken enough of a beating for one night.

Evil Faith raises her foot to stamp down on her, but is suddenly pulled back!

Evil Faith cries out, and Vi's face appears next to hers - she's pulled her back by the hair, holding her firmly.

VI

Guess what, bitch?

Vi DECKS Evil Faith, and the brunette hits the floor hard. Vi steps up to her, and looks down at her, no trace of fear in her eyes.

VI (cont'd)

I'm not afraid of you anymore.

EVIL FAITH

(grins)

Let's see what we can do about that, pint size.

Evil Faith FLIPS back to her feet, and swings a punch at Vi, but Vi ducks underneath it and SLAMS an uppercut into Evil Faith's chin.

She stumbles backwards, and Vi unleashes a kick into her chest, knocking her back again before she can recover. Evil Faith cries out, and comes back for more, throwing two quick punches at Vi, both of which she blocks.

Surprised at Vi's ability, Evil Faith hesitates, allowing Vi to jump up into the air, throwing both her feet into Evil Faith's torso.

Vi glares, as Evil Faith has to steady herself, barely managing to keep her footing.

VI

What's the matter? Losing your touch?

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH

(angrily)

I'm just getting started. It's  
called warming up.

Evil Faith rushes forward and SLAMS her fist into Vi's face, grabbing the surprised slayer by her shirt, and SWINGING her round.

Vi flies across the room, and SMASHES into the row of statues, sending rubble flying through the air as she crashes to the floor.

Evil Faith strides towards the shikari, but is intercepted by Faith, who SLAMS the ladder down on her back as she reaches for the weapon.

Evil Faith grunts, and turns round to face her attacker, and Faith SMASHES the ladder into her face, causing her to fall back away from the shikari.

FAITH

It's called watching your back,  
skid mark.

Faith drops the ladder, and reaches for the shikari, but Evil Faith recovers in moments, and plants a solid KICK into Faith's face, throwing her away again.

Evil Faith momentarily forgets the weapon, and advances on Faith, only to find Vi step in front of her again.

VI

Who said we were done?

Evil Faith grins, and KICKS out at Vi, who has to scramble backwards to duck the blow.

EVIL FAITH

You know, I thought I had you with  
that whole stabbing you in the  
chest thing.

Vi swings upwards, SLAMMING an open palm into Evil Faith's face, sending a spray of BLOOD pouring from her broken nose.

She holds her hand up to her nose, and looks down at the blood, before a deranged grin rises in her features.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Looks like I'm gonna have to think  
of something a little bigger.

VI

(defiantly)

Looks like.

(CONTINUED)

Vi SLAMS an elbow into Evil Faith's face, and she stumbles backwards, only to FLIP herself over, her feet KICKING into Vi's face.

The redhead falls backwards, and lands next to the panting Faith, who has been watching the fight, as Evil Faith lands on her feet.

FAITH

You okay?

VI

I'm good. I'll be better when we kill her. How about you?

FAITH

Five by five.

Vi nods, and the two of them get back to their feet, meeting the advancing doppelganger with twin glares of hatred.

FAITH (cont'd)

(to Evil Faith)

You had enough?

EVIL FAITH

(laughs)

Nowhere near it, sister.

She steps down on the shikari, and it flies into the air, where she effortlessly catches the weapon in one hand.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

This whole valiant battle thing?  
Just foreplay. You'll know when we climax. Believe me, baby.

Vi raises an eyebrow and looks at Faith.

VI

Did you really used to talk like that?

Faith shrugs guiltily, and Vi shakes her head, before they both turn back to Evil Faith.

EVIL FAITH

I guess the real question is which one of you I kill first.

(beat)

We have annoying, goody two shoes version of me... or annoying goody two shoes redhead, who thinks she's a slayer.

(CONTINUED)

VI

More of a slayer than you.

EVIL FAITH

(grins)

Is that right?

(beat)

I seem to remember you being the  
one who always gets her ass handed  
to her.

Vi steps forward, full of confidence, and holds her hands out  
in a "come get me" gesture.

VI

Care to try again?

EVIL FAITH

Love to.

The two slayers meet again, in a fury of dazzling punches. Vi  
is landing more blows than Evil Faith, but the older slayer  
is grinning wildly and hitting back with all she's got.

Faith watches on the sidelines, worried, and waiting for an  
opportunity to strike.

Finally, Evil Faith lands a good, solid PUNCH, right where  
she stabbed Vi with the Dagger of Naquadahn!

Vi SCREAMS, and falls back, holding her hands over the wound,  
as a small amount of BLOOD begin to seep through her shirt.

Evil Faith laughs, grabs Vi by the throat, and THROWS her  
through an open door, into a store room. Vi SLAMS into a  
shelving unit, and falls onto the floor, as metal shelves and  
cans of pain fall around her and on top of her.

FAITH

Vi!

Evil Faith sighs contentedly, and SLAMS the door of the store  
room shut, before turning the key in the lock.

She turns back to Faith, who looks more worried now. Evil  
Faith holds up the shikari and sighs.

EVIL FAITH

Damn. Thought she'd never leave.

Faith's eyes widen, and she takes off into the gallery,  
running for all she's worth. Evil Faith grins, and slowly and  
casually begins to give chase.

19 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

19

THE MAYOR steps into his office, flanked by two BODYGUARDS, and he nods to them as he walks over to his desk. They leave, and he places his briefcase down on the desk.

MAYOR

Well now, how are you this lovely night?

AMBROSIA (O.S.)

Bored.

We PULL BACK to reveal AMBROSIA sat in his chair behind the desk, twirling a strand of blonde hair around in her fingers.

AMBROSIA (cont'd)

I want to go out and kill things, or beat somebody up, or do something, and instead you have me cooped up here until you get back from your silly out of town meeting.

MAYOR

It wasn't a 'silly' meeting Miss. Kilby, it was a very important meeting, and I'd appreciate it if you had a smidge more respect.

AMBROSIA

(sighs)

Sorry.

MAYOR

That's alright. Now, where's Faith?

AMBROSIA

Pulling out somebody's eyeballs?

(beat)

I don't know. Why?

MAYOR

(frowns)

She was meant to wait here with you.

AMBROSIA

(shrugs)

She went out.

MAYOR

(firmly)

Where?

(CONTINUED)

AMBROSIA  
(incredulously)  
I don't know! Gee, do I look  
psychic to you?

The Mayor studies her for a moment, before a look of worry  
crosses his features.

MAYOR  
(calling)  
Remington!

REMINGTON, one of the Mayor's burly bodyguards, appears in  
the doorway and waits for instructions.

MAYOR (cont'd)  
Find Faith, immediately.

REMINGTON  
Yes, Sir.

He disappears, and the Mayor turns to Ambrosia.

MAYOR  
Get ready.

AMBROSIA  
What for?

MAYOR  
To do your job, Miss Kilby.

Ambrosia looks suitably disciplined, and obeys, standing and  
following the Mayor as he strides out of the office.

Evil Faith stalks round the corner of a corridor, and swiftly  
walks past an exhibition of colourful modern furniture, the  
shikari raised, ready to attack.

Once she's out of view, Faith pops up from behind a rainbow  
sofa, and hurries down the corridor the opposite way, trying  
to buy herself more time.

Evil Faith appears once again by the exhibition, just in time  
to see Faith disappear round the corner. She grins, and  
begins the hunt again, Faith completely unaware that her twin  
has drawn her out into the open.

Faith hurries across the lounge, doing her best to keep quiet  
as she dodges furniture. On her way across the room, she  
spots a BROOM, and picks it up, slamming it down on the floor  
to SNAP the head off - a make shift weapon.

Hearing a WOLF-WHISTLE, Faith spins, and finds Evil Faith leaning casually in the doorway of the lounge.

EVIL FAITH

Hey, sweet pea.

(beat; grins)

Thought you lost me, didn't ya?

FAITH

(shrugs)

Maybe I was leading you into a trap?

EVIL FAITH

(smirks)

Right.

FAITH

So what's this all about? Leading me into a trap, getting me alone? This gonna end in a diamond ring of some kind? Champagne?

Evil Faith holds up the shikari and looks at it almost lovingly. If she were capable of such emotion.

EVIL FAITH

Found out something interesting today.

FAITH

That human bodies are eighty percent water? 'Mazing, huh?

EVIL FAITH

That if I stab you with this little beauty... we become one.

Faith hesitates.

FAITH

Yeah? Cool.

(beat)

Why would you want that? You like being a psychopath, right?

EVIL FAITH

(furious)

You don't get it, do you?! None of you! I can't feel anything but hatred right now! I never feel anything but hatred, or rage, or disgust! I want to kill all the time!

(beat)

Do you know what that's like?!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Of course I do; I used to be you,  
moron!

EVIL FAITH

Not like this! You have no idea!

Evil Faith is panting in rage now, but she takes a deep breath, composing herself, before regarding Faith again.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

When I kill you... this will all be  
over.

FAITH

So you wanna kill me... to commit  
suicide?

(beat)

Great plan, brain trust.

EVIL FAITH

(laughs)

See, that's the thing. If I kill  
you, I still get to stay in  
control. I'll be able to feel, but  
my personality will be dominant.

(beat; grins)

You're gonna be sleepin.'

Faith's eyes widen in fear now. She knows Evil Faith isn't lying. And she knows, trapped like this, she's going to die.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

So what do you think about that?

FAITH

Mostly, I think...

(beat; grins)

You ain't got the guts.

Evil Faith ROARS in fury, and flies at Faith, who raises her broom handle to defend herself.

We cut to the store room, where the unconscious Vi grumbles slightly before opening her eyes. She winces in pain, and with a burst of slayer strength, PUSHES the collapsed shelving unit off her body.

She sits up, her clothes covered in paint and blood, and looks around the tiny room she's in.

VI

(mutters)

Bitch.

22 CONTINUED:

22

Vi gets to her feet and, limping slightly, walks to the door. Finding it locked, Vi steps back, and KICKS the door off its hinges.

23 INT. ART GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

23

The door of the store room CRASHES to the floor, and Vi steps out into the main gallery, looking around in search of Faith and Evil Faith.

Finding no trace of them, Vi curses under her breath, planning her next course of action.

Spotting a phone on the wall next to the store room, Vi hurries over and quickly punches a number in.

24 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NIGHT

24

Noa and Todd are still behind the reception desk, Noa typing away at the computer, and Todd loading a tray full of drugs, reading to do some rounds.

Todd looks up as Rachel enters the reception area, and the pair of them smile at each other in greeting.

RACHEL

Just the last wing to do now.

TODD

(nods)

Cool.

RACHEL

Anything else, Noa?

Noa looks up from her work, and bites her lip in thought.

NOA

Uh...

The phone begins to RING, and Todd reaches for it.

TODD

(into phone)

Hello?

(beat)

Vi? Slow down! What's wrong?

Noa and Rachel focus their attention on him, Noa slapping his leg to get his attention. He looks down at her and she mouths "what is it?" But he frowns and turns away from her, listening to Vi's voice.

TODD (cont'd)

Damn. Yeah, I'll send them right over.

(CONTINUED)

Todd hangs up, and Noa wheels round in front of him.

NOA

Well? What is it?

TODD

Demon thing you sent them on? It was a trap.

RACHEL

A trap?

(beat)

Evil Faith?

Todd nods.

NOA

What's happened?

TODD

They both fought her, Vi got knocked out. When she woke up, they were both gone. She's gone to look for them, but she thinks they're still in the building. She wasn't out long.

RACHEL

She needs backup.

TODD

That's what she said.

NOA

(sighs)

Get the others. I don't know where Quinn is. Pryor and Ruth are about.

(beat)

Go!

RACHEL

(to Todd)

Do the rounds. I'll get them.

Rachel rushes off, and Noa glances at Todd, both of them worried, as we:

**FADE OUT.**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25

INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

25

We fade back into the gallery, following Vi as she hurries along a corridor, now holding a piece of broken furniture as a stake.

She's searching frantically, throwing things out of her way, and clearly not caring about the amount of noise she's making.

PRYOR (O.S.)

Vi!

Vi turns, and sees the others - Pryor, Noa and Ruth hurrying towards her, all carrying weapons.

VI

What took you so long?!?

PRYOR

We came as soon as we could.

Noticing the blood on her shirt, he frowns.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Are you hurt?

VI

(shakes head)

I'll be okay.

PRYOR

(nods; uncertain)

Where's Faith?

VI

(desperately)

I've been looking all over. I can't find them.

RUTH

Are you sure they're still here?

VI

(sighs)

I don't know. I think so.

NOA

Then let's keep looking.

Vi nods, and leads the way, as they head down the corridor, and bumps right into AMBROSIA!

(CONTINUED)

Ambrosia steps back, blinks in surprise, and PUNCHES Vi in the face. Vi stumbles backwards, holding her face with one hand. She grits her teeth, and moves to attack, but Pryor's cry stops her in her tracks.

PRYOR

Vi! Wait!

Vi stops, her frozen in a similar fighting stance to Ambrosia, as the Mayor appears from the shadows to regard them.

MAYOR

Well, isn't this cozy?

Noa wheels herself forward next to Vi and glares up at him defiantly.

NOA

What do you want?

MAYOR

Manners, young lady. What would your mother say?

Noa opens her mouth to snap back, but is interrupted by Pryor, who steps up next to her.

PRYOR

Whatever it is you've sent her to do... we're going to stop her.

A beat.

MAYOR

I'm afraid that, this time, my Faith is working on her own. I haven't sent her to do anything.

VI

That thing in there isn't Faith.

MAYOR

(grins)

I wouldn't be so sure, Miss Bowen.

(beat)

Either way, I have given no orders for her to be here. I've come to stop her doing something silly.

NOA

And we've come to kill her. Imagine that.

MAYOR

None of you have the gall to kill my Faith. She will show each of you what hell looks like.

(beat)

In the meantime, I propose a truce.

Noa laughs openly at this suggestion.

NOA

You're kidding right? Our arch nemesis, and you want us to play nice? How many times have your people tried to kill us?

MAYOR

Not nearly enough, my dear, but we both have people to find, and of course, a truce means that neither of our girls die tonight.

A beat.

PRYOR

Agreed.

NOA

What?!?

VI

No way, Pryor!

PRYOR

It's the best way to get Faith out of here unharmed.

MAYOR

I always thought you were a clever boy.

NOA

Really? 'Cause he's looking a bit like a giant ass to me!

PRYOR

Noa!

NOA

(sighs)

Fine, but if we all die horribly, I'm gonna hit you with my...

Noa holds up the mace in her hand and frowns in confusion.

RUTH

Mace.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Thanks.  
(to Pryor)  
My mace.

PRYOR

And I will accept that punishment  
with pleasure, but all the while  
we're stood here talking, Faith  
could be getting horribly killed.  
So let's go.

MAYOR

A wise decision, I think.

The Mayor begins to walk off, and Ambrosia glares at Vi,  
before following. The others glance at each other hesitantly,  
before following as well, clearly uneasy about this decision.

We cut to the lounge we saw previously, focusing on a small  
coffee table, which looks back at us, all shiny and new,  
and... wooden.

FAITH soars into frame, and CRUSHES the table under her  
weight, landing hard and grunting in pain.

We PULL BACK to take in the whole scene, as Evil Faith  
advances on her, the shikari ready for action.

EVIL FAITH

I remember you having more fight  
than this.

FAITH

(grimaces)  
I remember you having less of a big  
mouth.

Faith gets back to her feet, her makeshift weapon still  
clutched in one hand, and she swings into a kick, aiming for  
Evil Faith's chest.

Evil Faith backs away from the attack, and sends a backhand  
SLAMMING into Faith's face, causing her to fall backwards  
again, SMASHING through a wooden rail.

Faith spits out a mouth full of blood, and gets up onto her  
hands and knees, as Evil Faith LEAPS over to her.

EVIL FAITH

Come on, baby, where's that slayer  
spirit?

Faith suddenly shoots up, and STABS her through the thigh with one of the smashed wooden rails!

Evil Faith SCREAMS, and Faith SWINGS her broom into her face, throwing her attacker back over a comfy chair.

FAITH

Right there.

Faith gets back to her feet and makes her way round the chair, looking down at Evil Faith, who is laughing madly, as she pulls the rail out of her leg.

EVIL FAITH

Good shot, sister.

FAITH

Wanna see more?

Faith SLAMS the broom handle down into Evil Faith's solar plexus, causing her to cry out again.

EVIL FAITH

(laughs)

That ain't doing jack, sweetie.

Evil Faith is on her feet in a moment, throwing an open palm into Faith's chest, and launching her across the entire length of the room. Faith hits the opposite wall HARD, and slumps to the floor.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

You still don't get it, do you?

(beat)

You can't stop me. You can't even fight me.

She wipes the blood from her nose and looks down at the wound in her thigh, before limping towards Faith.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

These feeble little blows you and your side kick keep dishing out. All of you've never been anything. Not since you clawed your way out of your mom, and she wished every day that you'd never been born.

(beat)

I'm gonna be something.

Evil Faith raises the shikari to attack, and brings it down full force!

With a last burst of effort, Faith cries out and lifts what's left of her broom weapon.

(CONTINUED)

The two weapons clash together, Faith's weapon SNAPPING, and Evil Faith's own strength causing her to let go of the shikari.

The two women watch as the shikari FLICKS upwards, and SHATTERS against a marble statue!

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

NOOOO!

Faith grunts in pain, and THRUSTS the very last shard of her broom handle upwards - right into Evil Faith's stomach!

FAITH

Wrong. You're nothing.

Faith PUSHES her double back, and she tumbles onto the floor, as Faith uses the wall behind her to shakily get to her feet.

FAITH (cont'd)

I'm a slayer.

Evil Faith grunts, and tears the wood out of her stomach, watching the blood as it oozes out of her.

EVIL FAITH

(laughs)

You were a slayer. Now you don't know what you are. Neither of us are complete without each other. I complete you.

(beat)

You complete me.

FAITH

(dry)

Very sweet. You sure you didn't get me here just so we could make out?

Faith tries to steady herself, as Evil Faith gets to her feet, her hand clamped over her fresh stab wound.

EVIL FAITH

Do you remember when Buffy stabbed us here? Exact same place.

FAITH

I remember. She did the right thing.

EVIL FAITH

You never used to think so.

FAITH

Things change. I changed.

Evil Faith laughs, and takes a shaky step forward.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH

You can't have changed that much,  
or else where would I have come  
from?

Faith hesitates, and Evil Faith grins, before SLAMMING a fist into her face, taking her down yet again.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

You think I won't kill you because  
you broke my new toy?

VI (O.S.)

I think you won't.

Evil Faith's head snaps round as Vi FLIES through the air, BODYSLAMMING her, and taking them both to the floor. Vi gains the advantage, and lands on top.

VI (cont'd)

Mostly because you can't.

Evil Faith struggles, and FLIPS Vi over and off, using her flight to the floor to get back to her feet.

Vi spins on the floor, and KICKS out at Evil Faith as she tries to grab the floored Faith. Vi catches her legs, and Evil Faith hits the floor face-first.

The two slayers leap to their feet, as the Mayor and Ambrosia enter the lounge and see the commotion.

MAYOR

Miss Kilby?

Ambrosia grins, and throws herself into the fray, grabbing Vi by the arms, as Evil Faith rushes towards Faith, who has made her way back to her feet.

Pryor, Noa and Ruth arrive just in time, as Vi DECKS Ambrosia, and Evil Faith raises a fist to attack Faith.

PRYOR

The truce!

The Mayor glances at him, before nodding.

MAYOR

Faith!

Evil Faith stops and turns to look at him.

Ambrosia gets to her feet, and swings a punch at Vi, catching the redhead in the cheek and causing her to stumble backwards. She kicks her twice in the abdomen, giving her no chance to recover.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR (cont'd)  
Ambrosia!

Ambrosia stops too, and backs away, as Vi regains her full height, glaring back at the blonde slayer.

MAYOR (cont'd)  
I think our business here is done.  
For now. This isn't the time.

Ambrosia obeys immediately, and crosses the room to join the Mayor, but Evil Faith hesitates far too long.

MAYOR (cont'd)  
Faith. We will conclude our  
business at a later date.

Evil Faith glares back down at Faith, who has taken a severe beating, before joining the Mayor as well.

MAYOR (cont'd)  
(brightly; to the others)  
Well, this has been an experience!  
We must do this again soon. Good  
evening!

The Mayor turns and walks away, accompanied by the two slayers.

NOA  
Faith?

FAITH  
I'm fine.

NOA  
And boy, does hearing that never  
get old. What is it with you  
slayers and being 'fine' all the  
time?

Vi hurries over to her, and places Faith's arm over her shoulder.

VI  
Come on, let's get out of here.

NOA  
Yeah, who knew culture could be so  
dangerous?

FAITH  
(to Vi)  
Thanks, Champ.

(CONTINUED)

VI  
(smiles)  
No problem.

Vi begins to lead Faith towards the exit, and the others follow, still on alert for another attack.

RUTH  
Any chance you got what that was all about?

FAITH  
(coughing)  
Trying to kill me. Used the dagger she stole from the museum. Make herself... 'complete.'

PRYOR  
Yes, well... that's very... helpful.

Faith grins.

FAITH  
Get off my back, nerd.

The group share a smile, as they exit through a corridor.

Out in the middle of nowhere, Quinn is filling a car up with gas, while talking into his cell phone. He looks around anxiously, as if looking out for stalkers.

QUINN  
(into phone)  
And those are the coordinates?  
You're sure?  
(beat)  
Okay, thanks.

Quinn hangs up, and finishes filling his car up, before taking a map out of the car and laying it out on the roof. He traces a finger along a route, before a smile lights up his tired features.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Got ya.

Stuffing the map away, Quinn gets in his car, and with a final grin, drives away, as we:

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**END OF SHOW**