

**FAITH**

"The Dark"

by  
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CONTINUED:

PRYOR (cont'd)  
I doubt even her metabolism is fast  
enough to burn that off before  
then, so about the same.

Quinn gets some gauze from the first aid kit and applies a makeshift bandage to the large bruise on Kayla's face where he pistol whipped her.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
On top of that, if the Initiative  
were to come looking for her, the  
odds of them locating her down here  
are slimmer than if she were in the  
main building.

(beat)  
Unless they tagged her.

QUINN  
They didn't.

PRYOR  
You sure?

Quinn is wiping Kayla's face gently with a damp cloth, cleaning up her various cuts. He looks suitably guilty.

QUINN  
If they had her tagged, they  
wouldn't have needed to send me  
after her to clean up their mess.

(beat)  
On top of that, I was assured if I  
took her out, they'd pull out of  
New York for good. She's the only  
reason they were here. The last  
loose end.

PRYOR  
And you're sure you can trust these  
people?

QUINN  
(bitter laugh)  
No, I'm not. Just have to hope, I  
guess.

PRYOR  
It's all we can do.  
(beat; checks watch)  
I need to go. Vi should be checking  
back in from her mission soon, and  
if she's found something useful we  
may be out again later.

(beat)  
You know, we could probably use  
your help if it comes to it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Noa's off at physical therapy all evening, so...

QUINN  
(shakes his head)  
Don't think I'd be any good in a fight right now.

PRYOR  
We don't know it'll be a fight.  
Vi's taking a look round the Church to see if they have any useful information on the Mayor's plans we can grab.

QUINN  
Wait, the Church are working with the Mayor now?

Pryor doesn't answer. Quinn gets the hint.

QUINN (cont'd)  
You're running out of ideas, aren't you?

Pryor looks down at the sedated Kayla, then to Quinn.

PRYOR  
I'll come by to check on her when we get back. Where are you going?

QUINN  
Somewhere far away. I need to clear my head for a day or two.

Pryor nods and leaves. Quinn watches him go, then continues to clean Kayla up and we FADE TO:

INT. INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT

Dozens of soldiers are loading boxes and crates into trucks. Several people in lab coats are directing the soldiers where to go.

We see several metal cages with DEMONS in them, some of the demons being prodded with tasers. They GROWL and RATTLE the cages as they roll by.

A wide angle view of the large main area of the base shows us it's completely empty by now, save the remaining few crates currently being loaded.

Cargo doors are SLAMMED and latched shut. The soldiers pile into several military convoy vehicles. All around the room, metal bay doors open for the vehicles to drive off into the night.

(CONTINUED)





ALEX is nearby, leafing through a thick textbook. Pryor is programming data into a PDA with one hand, scribbling on the board with the other. He's adding small illustrations under copies of the names from the photographs.

PRYOR

Alright, I think that's everything.

FAITH

Lay it on me.

Pryor points to what is essentially a SCRIBBLE.

PRYOR

This is what we're looking for.

ALEX

(squints)

Looks like...

FAITH

A hairball.

VI

With eyes.

PRYOR

This is a 'darkling.' It's a gaseous being that can solidify at will, and is possessed of enormous resources of magical energy. It's connected to a side dimension, parallel to our own, allowing it to move freely through this one.

ALEX

We're pretty sure this is what the Mayor is after.

Pryor steps away from his board, picking up a large TEXTBOOK and turning it round to show Faith.

PRYOR

According to the information Vi managed to obtain for us, the Mayor appears to be looking for entities as diverse as Mishto, Gadjó and even Dromestir.

He looks up. Faith blinks. A beat.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Er, what that means is...





ALEX  
(muttering)  
Could've sworn I just said that.

FAITH  
(ignoring her)  
... and it's probably better if the  
more experienced people are in on  
this.

Todd crosses his arms and casually leans against the doorway.

TODD  
That's cool. I'll hang back. And  
when you run up against some big  
nasty, Pryor's refined fighting  
skills will really come in handy.

PRYOR  
Just what are you inferring, Todd?

TODD  
You need muscle. No offense, Pryor,  
but I fit the bill a little better  
than you do.

PRYOR  
I've seen my fair share of combat.

FAITH  
Vi's coming too. We'll be fine.

TODD  
Let's say hypothetically you get  
split up. Would you rather have  
this...  
(flexes his bicep)  
... in a scrap or Inspector Gadget  
over there?

Faith sighs, not really wanting to have this talk. Todd's  
enthusiasm would be comic if this mission wasn't such a big  
deal.

ALEX  
I think we should bring him.  
(off Faith's look)  
Strength in numbers.

PRYOR  
He did survive the siege on the  
Asylum last year...

Faith throws up her hands in defeat.

(CONTINUED)



TODD  
I never get tired of seeing this.

ALEX  
Have you been inside before?

TODD  
Nope, first time.  
(beat)  
Doesn't hurt, does it?

The entrance portal opens to its full size and we CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM - GATEWAY - NIGHT

Faith, eyes closed, is moving her hands over the test tubes that control the portals.

Todd stands with his arms crossed, frowning. Alex notices his expression and nudges him.

ALEX  
Something wrong?

TODD  
I was expecting some... big  
computer or something.

Pryor shushes them both, not wanting to break Faith's concentration.

It's a moot point anyway, as several DOORWAYS form out of the air before her. Faith opens her eyes and detaches the Handle.

VI  
(to herself)  
Please be a sunny beach in Europe.

She walks forward and CLAMPS the Handle against one of the doors, and we FLASH CUT TO:

INT. INITIATIVE BASE - DAY

They're in same base that was cleared out. All of them turn on their flashlights and take a glance around, their beams sweeping through the darkness.

VI  
(muttering)  
Would've settled for Florida.

Pryor sweeps through some discarded, shredded files, managing to piece enough scraps together to make out a US Military badge on the headed paper.

(CONTINUED)





EVIL FAITH

I'm fine, I said. Just anxious for all of this to be over. How long we been planning this?

THE MAYOR

Long enough.

(beat)

So that's it, then? Just a little trigger happy?

EVIL FAITH

Months of research and planning and blah blah blah, all that crap's boring to me.

THE MAYOR

(smirking)

Well, I'm sure there's to be some opportunities for senseless violence tonight. Go enjoy yourself.

EVIL FAITH

You're not coming with?

THE MAYOR

Dark, dank buildings ripe with the smell of demons.

(wrinkles his nose)

Not really my cup of tea. I'll see you when you get back.

She walks off to catch up with the rest of the group, the Mayor watching her leave with a concerned look on his face.

Todd is working on a panel of fuses in a corner. Pryor is holding his light on the fuse labels inside the door.

PRYOR

I think 13A is the backup generator. Assuming all the main power to the building has been cut off, that should still work.

TODD

You guys make a lot of assumptions. Anyone ever tell you that?

He throws the switch and the entire room comes to life. Relieved, all of them turn off their flashlights.

PRYOR

If the Gateway lead us here, then the Initiative obviously have the darkling contained somewhere within this facility.

ALEX

You said you know this place, Faith?

FAITH

Well, more the airducts, but I remember the basic layout enough.  
(pointing)  
Holding cells were that way. Vi, wanna check those out?

Vi nods and heads off.

FAITH (cont'd)

Pryor, I remember the labs being over there. Bound to be computers and stuff you can check out.

PRYOR

I'll radio in if I come across anything.

Todd walks up to Alex and Faith.

TODD

So that leaves us to do what?

FAITH

Todd, go with Pryor.

TODD

To search through computers? Come on, Faith, I could've done that back at the Asylum.  
(off her look)  
Make use of me, Faith. You know I can handle this.

FAITH

(teasing)  
Well... Pryor might need some muscle for back up.

Todd opens his mouth to respond, but he's got nothing. His shoulders slump and he heads off with Pryor.

ALEX

So that leaves you and I to do what?

(CONTINUED)







ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16

INT. SECRET LAB - INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT

16

The whole team is assembled now. Pryor pokes at the residue with a pen and watches as it DISSOLVES into goo.

PRYOR  
(curious)  
Hmm.

FAITH  
Think this is our boy?

PRYOR  
Be a safe assumption.

TODD  
Here you go again.

Pryor gives him a look.

VI  
Judging by the glass spread, it was shattered from the inside out. This stuff dissolves anything it touches though. Burned the hell out of me.

Alex is holding a large shard of the glass, turning it over and touching both sides with her thumb.

ALEX  
It's coated with something.

TODD  
What?

ALEX  
No clue, but whatever it is might've contained this thing.

TODD  
So how'd it get out?

FAITH  
Perseverance. You hit anything enough times, eventually it'll break.

VI  
So for all we know, this thing could be loose in downtown New York while we're screwing around in the dark.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor is still poking the residue with his rapidly deteriorating pen.

PRYOR

If I was held in captivity for God knows how long, I can't see any reason to stick around the prison.

TODD

(sighs)

So the mission's a bust?

FAITH

(shakes head)

No. If the Gateway brought us here, then the darkling's still here.

The others look to Pryor, who nods.

PRYOR

Possibly. I still think we should search the whole building. Just to be certain.

The team start to head back into the base itself.

FAITH

You said you found some files on one of the computers?

PRYOR

Lab reports from when they were studying the creature.

FAITH

Cool. You and Todd head back and check all of those.

TODD

(whining)

Aw, come on!

ALEX

Todd, we need to be sure there's nothing else here for us before we pull out.

TODD

Why can't you go? You're more into the research stuff.

ALEX

Consider it me pulling rank. I'm still a hell of a way above you in the food chain round here.

(CONTINUED)



18 INT. SECRET LAB - INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT 18

Faith's head snaps around at the sound of her name. The three ladies dash out of the room and:

19 INT. HOLDING CELLS - INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT 19

The girls race into the area, but slow to a stop when they see what the commotion is.

Ambrosia chuckles at the sight of them, casually flicking her hair back.

AMBROSIA  
Oh, we're really scared now.

FAITH  
(to Vi; off Ambrosia)  
You can have her.

Vi grins and steps to the front of the group.

VI  
Thanks.

AMBROSIA  
Don't mention it, ginger. You can  
thank her all you want once you're  
done picking your teeth out of the -

FWOOSH! The black cloud SMASHES through the back of one of the cells and plows right into Ambrosia's demons, knocking them through the opposite cell!

Ambrosia slumps to the ground, out cold. The HOWL from the cloud gets so intense that everyone has to cover their ears. A battle cry.

FAITH  
What the hell...

PRYOR  
It's the darkling! Quickly! Take  
cover!

The cloud starts to PULSE with light from within, taking the pseudo human form from earlier.

ALEX  
Vi, come on!

With the humanoid cloud just in front of her, Vi launches a spin kick at it, but her leg sails right through the mist.

YELLING in pain, she immediately drops to the ground, grabbing her burnt leg.

(CONTINUED)







TODD (cont'd)  
I, uh... I think I'd better hang  
back here. Pryor, uh, he, y'know,  
shouldn't really be left alone.

Faith nods, getting it. He's scared.

PRYOR  
(to himself)  
My hero.

Faith walks out of the room, followed by Vi and then Alex.

ALEX  
(calling back)  
We'll be in touch.

Todd rushes up behind him, closing the door and making sure  
its locked.

21 INT. UNKNOWN AREA - INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT

21

Ambrosia bumps into a wall as she flees from the cloud. She's  
breathing heavy and raggedly, frightened out of her mind.

Evil Faith rounds a nearby corner with her demons behind her.  
Ambrosia rushes up to her and grabs her arms for comfort.

AMBROSIA  
Hey, oh my God! I found it.

EVIL FAITH  
(shrugging her off)  
Found what?

AMBROSIA  
The dark... thing. It killed my  
demons and -

EVIL FAITH  
And you ran. Like a punk.

AMBROSIA  
(shaking)  
You didn't see this thing! It  
just... fwoosh! And then... the  
screaming... burning...

Evil Faith scoffs at this display of cowardice.

EVIL FAITH  
Whatever, rookie.  
(addressing everyone)  
Listen up. Looks like we lost our  
other group, so I'm taking point  
now.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 21

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
(to Ambrosia)  
Which way did you come from?

Ambrosia points with a shaky finger.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)  
Then that's where we're going.

Evil Faith confidently strides off in the direction Ambrosia pointed. Ambrosia brings up the rear of the group.

22 INT. COMPUTER LAB - INITIATIVE BASE 22

Todd is nervously looking out the small window of the door.

TODD  
You found anything yet?

PRYOR  
I was right. They did use special weapons, and what appears to be some kind of energy fields to contain the beast.

TODD  
Cool. That's good. Any of that stuff still here?

PRYOR  
I don't know. Maybe.

He pulls out his radio.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
(into radio)  
Faith, this is Pryor. Come in.

FAITH  
(filtered)  
What's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

23 INT. EXPERIMENT LABS - INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT 23

We're in a large, white, padded room with several gurneys and operating tools scattered about.

Alex holds up a small scalpel, green blood all over it. She grimaces and quickly puts it back down.

PRYOR  
We were right. They had an assortment of devices to capture and hold it.

(CONTINUED)

VI

(into radio)

Hey, it's Vi. Any idea if they're still here?

PRYOR

I was hoping Faith could help with that. She knows this place. Do you remember any storage room locations?

FAITH

Nope, sorry. Quinn didn't exactly give me a grand tour.

PRYOR

Damn. Okay, I'll see if I can find anything.

The familiar sound of WIND comes through on both ends - and a guttural GROWL that reverberates around the complex.

Faith, Alex, and Vi whip out their flashlights and sweep them across the room - plenty of dust. No cloud of doom.

TODD

You guys hear that? It's that thing again.

FAITH

Yeah, we heard... but it's not on our end.

END INTERCUT

ON TODD slowly pulling the radio from his mouth.

FAITH (cont'd)

(filtered)

I think you two better get out of there.

Todd nods and switches off his radio, turning to Pryor.

TODD

You heard the woman. Gotta get moving.

PRYOR

I've got a location on where they held everything. We need to move fast.

TODD

Understatement, much?

(CONTINUED)



24

INT. HALLWAY - INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT

24

Pryor is running at full speed, looking back towards the computer lab. He doesn't even notice Faith before he BUMPS right into her.

Todd's howls of pain are still audible in the background, eliciting shocked looks from the others.

FAITH

Pryor? Jesus, what happened?  
Where's -

PRYOR

The darkling. It... it got Todd.

Faith steps past him, looking at the lab.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I know where the weapons are.

FAITH

(smirking)  
Do you, now?

This ain't Faith.

PRYOR

Yeah, but we need to...

He trails off as he finally gets a good look at her in the light. Specifically, the BURN MARKS on her cheek.

Evil Faith turns and DECKS him with a punch.

EVIL FAITH

Didn't think you'd fall for that.  
Good thing she and I still have the  
same fashion taste, huh?

Pryor looks up at her from the ground, trying to shake the blow off. Evil Faith steps on his chest to hold him down.

Ambrosia and the rest of the raiding party comes around the corner, to see Evil Faith pinning Pryor down.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Now... about those weapons?

PUSH IN on Pryor's grave expression, and we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

25 INT. COMPUTER LAB - INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT 25

ON the bottom of a wall as Todd's skeletal corpse SLIDES into frame, a very thin layer of pink skin being the only remaining flesh.

ON the darkling in cloud form as it floats upwards and disappears into the air ducts, and we CUT TO:

26 INT. HALLWAY - INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT 26

Evil Faith leads her group down the corridors, looking more confident than she did earlier.

Ambrosia is just behind her, and Pryor is flanked on either side by two demons.

EVIL FAITH  
Which way?

PRYOR  
The files said room 266.

ON Pryor's hip and the radio attached to it. He slowly reaches down and turns the volume all the way down. Then he presses the talk button and starts pressing a button next to it in a random sequence.

27 INT. INITIATIVE BASE - CORRIDOR - NEXT 27

In another part of the base, Faith, Alex, and Vi stop walking when all of their radios start BEEPING. Faith pulls up her radio and looks at it, puzzled.

FAITH  
What's it doing?

VI  
Sssh!

FAITH  
What?

Vi and Alex are listening to the beeping. Alex has her eyes closed.

ALEX  
It's Morse code.

FAITH  
Pryor and Todd?

(CONTINUED)

VI  
(grave)  
Just Pryor.

FAITH  
What's that supposed to mean?

VI  
If I heard this right...  
(beat; solemn)  
Todd's dead.

Faith closes her eyes, allowing herself a moment of mourning.

ALEX  
Your double has Pryor. They're  
heading for the weapons.

VI  
(raises eyebrow)  
Pryor's pretty fast with this.  
(beat; listens to the  
radio)  
He's telling us where to go.

Faith rolls her shoulders and steels herself.

FAITH  
Then let's move.

She stalks off, a grim look on her face. Vi and Alex follow,  
still listening to Pryor's transmission as we CUT TO:

The layers of dust and cobwebs tells us this room hasn't seen  
any visitors in quite some time.

Several boxes and crates are covered with molded tarps. None  
of the lights in this room work.

Evil Faith and her group enter the room, turning on  
flashlights and looking around.

EVIL FAITH  
You sure this is it?

PRYOR  
That's what the inventories I read  
said. The crates should be labeled  
'experiment A2281'.

EVIL FAITH  
(to her group)  
Okay, fan out, find that container.



Faith dashes past them both.

ALEX (cont'd)  
(to herself)  
I think.

We PAN UP to the ceiling and:

INT. AIRDUCTS - INITIATIVE BASE - CONTINUOUS

A little RAT scampers towards us, its nose twitching as it hunts for something edible.

It stops as it hears a distant WIND ringing through the vents, turning and poking its nose into the air.

The darkling ZIPS round a corner and through frame in a heartbeat - and leaves a tiny, rat-shaped skeleton in its wake.

Apparently, it knows where it's going.

INT. STORAGE ROOM - INITIATIVE BASE - NIGHT

ON one particularly dusty tarp as Ambrosia rips it off. She covers her face and wipes the dust out of the air in front of her.

ON the crate she's uncovered and 'A2281' in red lettering.

AMBROSIA  
(calling out)  
Bingo, kids!

One demon stays with Pryor as the rest of the group CRACKS OPEN and digs into the crate, pulling out all sorts of weird devices.

Think cavemen with rocket launchers as the demons puzzle over what the strange-looking weapons actually do.

Evil Faith holds up what looks to be a remote control with a big button on it, and an antennae protruding from the top of it.

EVIL FAITH  
Thanks, Pryor. You're a doll.

PRYOR  
(bitter)  
Glad to be of assistance.

EVIL FAITH  
Yeah, I'm through with you now.  
(to the demon)  
Snap his neck.

The demon grabs Pryor from behind. Pryor gasps in fear, tensing up, when:

An air vent BLOWS OUT from the ceiling - and the darkling blasts into the room!

AMBROSIA  
(horrified)  
Oh, God, no...

Ambrosia shrinks away in fear, her earlier experience heavy on her mind.

Taking advantage of the distraction, Pryor HIP TOSSES the demon off of him. It gets back to its feet and bears down on him, when:

Vi sails OVER Pryor's head and DROP KICKS the demon down, quickly following up and SNAPPING its neck.

Evil Faith whips round with a SNARL as Alex and Faith follow Vi inside, the darkling hovering in the air above and between the two sides.

EVIL FAITH  
Oh, great!

The HOWLING sound from the darkling gets louder as a furious wind starts to kick up, the two sides bracing themselves against the gale.

Several of the BOXES and CRATES littering the room start to SCRAPE along the floor, the smaller ones lifted up and HURLED around by the intensifying winds.

ALEX  
Faith, watch out!

Alex SHOVES Faith to one side as a crate SMASHES against the wall behind her, missing them by a fraction.

In the chaos, Ambrosia gets the drop on Vi, tackling her from behind and getting her in a choke.

AMBROSIA  
(yelling over wind)  
I'll do you a favour and make this quick, bitch!

Vi YANKS Ambrosia's arm off and spins so she's on her back.

VI  
Thanks - I'll take my time!



ON Ambrosia picking her head up.

ON Vi, taking it to the other demons. She hooks her arm round one, using it to SLINGSHOT herself into the air and KICK another in the chin.

BACK TO Ambrosia, here gaze falling on the darkling - just as it RUSHES towards her!

AMBROSIA

(screams)

Noo!!

EVIL FAITH

Hey! Wait! I said stop!

Ambrosia is frozen to the spot as the darkling ENGULFS her, Evil Faith skidding to a halt.

She gapes in shock - and the cloud suddenly starts to DISSOLVE!

Everyone in the room stops fighting, turning to watch as Ambrosia is revealed within the cloud, the black smoke leaving tendrils of its essence over her body.

She's CHOKING, frantically clawing at the smoke as she tries to pull it away from her, her fingers just slipping through.

The cloud hovers a few feet above her, and Ambrosia SLUMPS to the floor.

A strange calm falls on the room as the winds die down, and both sides of the battle forget their differences and stare in mute disbelief at Ambrosia.

She STIRS, pushing herself up on one arm, her head down. Evil Faith takes one step towards her, one eye on the darkling.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

Rookie? You... Amber?

Ambrosia looks up - her eyes GLOWING the same red color as the darkling's eyes! She speaks, but it's with a deep, guttural voice.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

Gateway...

Everyone in the room stares at Ambrosia in stunned silence.

PRYOR

(quiet)

My God...

(CONTINUED)



As the net connects with a FLASH of energy, the darkling SHRIEKS so loud that everyone in the room has to cover their ears, even Ambrosia, who has just come around.

PRYOR  
(wincing)  
I think it worked!

The darkling continues to howl and shriek from its makeshift prison, its blazing eyes glowing a fierce RED.

ON Ambrosia, her eyes glowing the same RED once again, her back arching as she sits bolt upright.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING  
Release me!

All eyes on Ambrosia again.

The darkling is swelling in size, pushing the boundaries of the light streaks holding it in place.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING (cont'd)  
I demand to be released!

Pryor looks at the darkling. The light holding it is flickering in spots. Weakening.

PRYOR  
It's breaking through!

AMBROSIA/DARKLING  
If I must escape from this, I will  
kill each of you in succession.  
Then I will kill everyone in the  
vicinity. Do you wish this to  
happen?

FAITH  
(wary)  
Pryor...

AMBROSIA/DARKLING  
I will sweep through the city above  
us and slaughter every man, woman  
and child in my paths! Thousands  
will perish if you do not release  
me now!

EVIL FAITH  
Yeah, about that...

Evil Faith has gotten over to Ambrosia. She winds up and throws a huge PUNCH:

Ambrosia casually catches the punch and FLINGS her attacker clear across the room!

The darkling continues to pound the lights around it - and Pryor lays a hand on Alex's.

PRYOR  
Alex, turn it off.

ALEX  
What?!?

Pryor doesn't bother explaining. He snatches the device out of Alex's hands and throws it to the ground, smashing it with his boot.

ALEX (cont'd)  
Have you lost your mind?

The light fades and the darkling is free again. Ambrosia smirks.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING  
Wise decision.

The darkling's eyes glow red, and Ambrosia's eyes flash a bright red before returning to normal.

AMBROSIA  
(dazed)  
Wha...? Huh? What the hell just happened?

Vi and Faith have rejoined Pryor and Alex, who is looking quite furious at Pryor.

ALEX  
What the hell were you thinking?

PRYOR  
It would've gotten out and massacred us without a second thought, and then moved on to the rest of New York.

VI  
So you suddenly think it's fine to trust the murderous ancient creature?

PRYOR  
Certain death versus slim chance of survival? I know where my heart is.

Ambrosia looks to Evil Faith, who is just now getting her faculties back.

(CONTINUED)

AMBROSIA

Hey, what's going on here?

EVIL FAITH

C'mon, Barbie, time to -

The darkling SWOOPS down from the ceiling, and Ambrosia has just enough time to see it coming before it slams into her!

It wraps around her like a python. She SCREAMS, and that's just the opening it was looking for.

It darts into her mouth and nose, driving its entire essence into her. Ambrosia claws at it, futilely trying to free herself.

She drops to her knees, her body convulsing as the darkling enters her body.

Everyone else in the room just watches, simultaneously curious and horrified at what they're witnessing.

Within seconds, the darkling has absorbed itself completely into her. Faith's team keep their distance as Ambrosia slowly rises to her feet.

She turns her hands over, examining them, before patting the rest of her body. Ambrosia GRINS - and speaks with the darkling's voice!

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

A lot of power for such a frail form.

(looks to Pryor)

Do not attempt to drive me from here again. You know what will happen if you do.

Pryor motions for everyone to back off.

FAITH

Pryor, what are you -

PRYOR

We have to get out of here. There's nothing we can do now.

VI

What? No! We can still try to -

PRYOR

Vi! That's an order!

She blinks, mouth hanging, but a look at Faith confirms it - this battle's lost.

(CONTINUED)

They slowly leave the room. Ambrosia watches them leave, not bothering to pursue.

Ambrosia turns to Evil Faith - who scoops up one of the shock sticks, aiming it at her.

EVIL FAITH

Back off.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

I'm not going to hurt you.

EVIL FAITH

Then I know that ain't Ambrosia talking.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

And you'd be correct.

EVIL FAITH

(beat; eases up)

Oh.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

You spoke about giving me more power if I helped with the Gateway.

(beat)

It was an interesting offer. I wish to hear more.

Evil Faith slowly lowers her weapon, and as the darkling smiles, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

32 INT. GATEWAY ROOM - OLD ASYLUM - NIGHT

32

RACHEL sits right in front of the Gateway, waiting. She nervously looks at her watch, turning as someone enters the room:

NOA wheels her way into the chamber, pulling up next to Rachel with a smile.

NOA

And I'm back! One evening of intensive physical therapy later, and I ache in places they haven't even got names for yet.

A beat. She register's Rachel's concerned features.

NOA (cont'd)

What is it?

RACHEL

They've been gone too long.

NOA

How long is 'too long'?

RACHEL

They should've been back by eleven, or at least checked in.

NOA

Pfft. That's only a couple of hours. I've seen these missions take a lot longer.

RACHEL

(blurts)

How the hell can you be so blase about all this?

A beat. Rachel looks away, surprised by her own outburst, and Noa raises an eyebrow.

NOA

I dunno. I guess I'm just used to it.

RACHEL

I've worked at an insane asylum for a while now. Even I'm not used to this weird crap yet.

(CONTINUED)







The Darkling takes a seat, moving a lot more naturally in Ambrosia's body than earlier.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)

So, do you have another name you can go by? 'The Darkling' is a bit too brooding for my tastes.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

You can call me Ereshkigal.

THE MAYOR

Ereshkigal, huh? If that's what you want. Bit of a mouthful. I'm sure I'll come up with something snappier.

(beat)

Listen, I'll level with you. Your abilities to affect the Gateway don't change if you're in native form or not, right?

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

That is correct.

THE MAYOR

Good. See, Ambrosia has become a bit of a necessity to me, and while I'm glad to have you aboard, I'd prefer if I didn't have to lose a fighter in the process.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

I like this form. The latent demonic energy in it compliments my power nicely.

THE MAYOR

Latent demonic...

(realizes)

Oh, you mean the Slayer energy? For a second, I was thinking you meant all girls were demons.

He chuckles to himself. The Darkling doesn't look amused.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)

Well, at least you provide your own mode of transit. Those portals have been tricky for me to get a handle on lately. We're running out of sturdy wiccans in this town.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

Yes, the incident with the redheaded female.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AMBROSIA/DARKLING (cont'd)

(off his look)

It was an efficient kill, however.  
Ambrosia has a photographic memory  
of what the other one did.

THE MAYOR

Still though, if it wouldn't be too  
much trouble...

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

I've already stated that I like  
this host. I'll give it up when I'm  
good and ready to. End of  
discussion.

The Mayor smiles, a hint of nervous energy in his body  
language.

THE MAYOR

Fine, fine, have it your way.  
You've certainly taken on that  
girl's own special brand of  
stubbornness.

The Mayor nods towards the doorway.

THE MAYOR (cont'd)

Is she alright? Faith seemed a  
little... brusque when you two got  
here.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

She was a little resistant to  
trusting me.

THE MAYOR

(wry)

My Faith? Resistant? Perish the  
thought.

AMBROSIA/DARKLING

She had a compelling reason not to  
trust me at the time.

THE MAYOR

Say no more.

(beat)

With all the formalities out of the  
way, we can get to business. Let me  
first ask... how do you feel about  
body art?

The Darkling looks at the Mayor, not sure what he's getting  
at. He just grins back, popping more candy as we CUT TO:

34

INT. EMPLOYEE'S LOUNGE - ASYLUM - NIGHT

34

Rachel sits at the snack table, her eyes red but her tears over for now. Noa gently strokes her hair, just letting her ride her pain out.

Rachel sits up and wipes her eyes. She looks drained, like she's been crying for some time.

RACHEL

Do you think it was... quick?

NOA

I... I don't know.

RACHEL

(choked up)

I hope it was. Todd talked a good game, but he had no pain tolerance. He always... you know, he'd yell if you so much as pinched him, but then he... he...

Rachel pulls away from Noa's hair stroking.

RACHEL (cont'd)

You don't have to be here with me. They probably need you up there for research or something.

NOA

I'm right where I need to be.

Rachel continues to wipe her eyes.

RACHEL

Can I, uh... can I ask you something? Something personal?

NOA

Anything.

RACHEL

Have you lost anyone? Since you got mixed up in all this, I mean.

NOA

(beat)

I thought I did. Sometimes I'm still not sure he came all the way back.

(beat)

I did lose a part of myself. My chances of getting out of this chair any time... ever pretty much don't exist.

(CONTINUED)



FAITH (cont'd)  
I don't know how to explain the  
lack of a body to ship back to  
them.

VI  
(softly)  
We can go back for it, if you want.

PRYOR  
Unfortunately, we have more  
pressing matters.  
(beat)  
Has anyone checked on Rachel?

FAITH  
Noa's with her.

Pryor nods and sighs.

PRYOR  
Faith -

FAITH  
Pryor, please don't tell me I  
shouldn't blame myself, it's not my  
fault, and I couldn't have done  
anything different. I've heard it  
before and thought it was bull  
then.

PRYOR  
(beat)  
Sorry.

ALEX  
Do you think the darkling killed  
her? Ambrosia, the other Slayer, I  
mean. When it took her over.

PRYOR  
Hard to say. I've been possessed by  
a demonic essence before, and I'm  
still here. It depends on the demon  
taking over.

FAITH  
Doesn't matter if it did or not.  
You heard the other me. If that  
thing's with the Mayor now,  
situation's just gotten worse.

VI  
So now what do we do?

FAITH  
Only thing we can do.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

FAITH (cont'd)  
Make sure they don't get their  
hands on our property.

PRYOR  
With the darkling on his side, the  
Mayor has the power to make his  
move any time he chooses.

ALEX  
Still, it's not over yet. There's  
plenty we can do to make his job  
harder. I mean, we're not just  
gonna let him walk in here and get  
to the Gateway like Other Faith did  
last time... right?

VI  
Damn straight.

FAITH  
Then we get with the planning. Make  
this place like Fort freakin' Knox  
if we have to. That bastard isn't  
getting one foot in here on my  
watch.  
(beat)  
Tomorrow. I think we could all use  
some sleep.

Everyone nods in agreement. A beat.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Um... you can all get out of my  
office now. I'm gonna sleep here.

Everyone gets up and starts to file out. Vi brushes Faith's  
shoulder with her hand and gives her a departing glance.  
Faith nods back at her.

Pryor is the last to leave, shutting the door behind him.  
Faith leans her head against the wall and closes her eyes  
again.

We PAN DOWN through the floor to:

PUSH IN on the Gateway. One particular area of it is lit up.  
As we move closer, we see it's one glyph in particular on it.  
It's a faint GLOW, increasing in intensity as it pulses.

MATCH CUT TO:

The same glyph is glowing on a pale white forearm.

PULL BACK to show The Darkling looking down at its new TATTOO, with a half-demon tattoo artists inspecting his work.

The Mayor looks over his shoulder and smiles, beaming up at The Darkling.

THE MAYOR

Didn't sting a bit, did it?

The two share a smile before the Darkling looks back down on its pulsing tattoo. We get a CLOSE UP of the tattoo before we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**