

FAITH

"House Of Worship"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. CHURCH OF HESSIONISM - MAIN HALL - MORNING

1

THE GATEWAY stands before us. Cold stone with a hint of turquoise, GLYPHS etched into every available inch of its surface.

A pair of HANDS come into view, reverently pressing against the Gateway.

PULL BACK to reveal the owner of these hands - MAYOR WILKINS. He looks all over the Gateway with unabashed admiration.

MAYOR

I swear, if I ever live to be a
hundred and two - which, of course,
technically speaking I managed a
long time ago - I'll never quite
get used to this thing.

He steps back, hands in his pockets, to reveal EVIL FAITH and DARK AMBROSIA.

MAYOR (cont'd)

What do you two think?

Ambrosia cocks her head to one side. She blinks - and her eyes turn JET BLACK for just a second.

AMBROSIA

I think it is useless without the
means to operate it.

She casts a meaningful glare at Evil Faith.

AMBROSIA (cont'd)

And our best chance of doing so was
murdered last night.

MAYOR

Now, now, girls, don't get all
persnickety with each other. My
Faith had her reasons for doing
what she did.

The Mayor gives Faith a concerned glance.

MAYOR (cont'd)

I'm sure.

There's a COUGH from behind them, and the trio turn round to see DOUGLAS, one of the Church's sharp-suited PR guys, waiting politely by the door.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS

Uh, Mr. Wilkins? The Heads are here
to see you.

The Mayor grins, CLAPPING his hands together and rubbing
them.

MAYOR

That's what I like to hear! Come
on, ladies. Let's show the guys and
gals in charge of this operation
what we've got for 'em.

The Mayor leads his two henchwomen back towards the door,
which Douglas holds open as they pass into:

INT. CHURCH - ASSEMBLY ROOM - NEXT

In the area normally reserved for congregations and press
conferences, the Mayor emerges from a doorway to be greeted
by a cluster of HOODED FIGURES.

They stay inside the shadows cast down from the windows high
in the old building's pointed ceiling.

MAYOR

Morning, all. I take it you're here
to see what progress we've been
making?

Silence. The Mayor doesn't skip a beat, calling for:

MAYOR (cont'd)

Douglas?

He appears at the Mayor's side like a good little lap dog.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Be a gent and do the introductions,
would you?

Douglas walks towards the hooded figures, nervously GULPING
as he approaches them.

The temperature seems to drop several degrees the nearer he
gets, with the shadows around the figures stretching out and
threatening to swallow him whole.

INT. CHURCH - BALCONY - CONTINUOUS

Up on the balcony overlooking the assembly room, we get a
bird's eye view of the proceedings.

And then JERRY leans into frame, careful to stay out of sight
but keeping a watchful eye on everything.

4

INT. CHURCH - ASSEMBLY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

4

Douglas stops before the hooded figures, and there seems to a chorus of WHISPERS in the air around him.

He hesitates, nodding slowly as though obeying some silent command, before turning to the Mayor.

DOUGLAS

Mr. Wilkins, I'd like to present
the Heads of the Church of
Hessionism.

The figures step forward, forming a line before the Mayor.
There are eight of them, all different shapes and sizes.

As one, they throw back their hoods - revealing eight DEMONS!
Yellow, scaly skin, serrated fins running over their heads
and piercing, narrow eyes stare back at the Mayor.

MAYOR

(cheerful)

Pleased to meet'cha.

ON JERRY as he boggles at what he sees, ducking back to catch
his breath and then leaning back round for a closer look.

Douglas holds out his hand, gesturing to each demon in turn
as he introduces:

DOUGLAS

Xiang, Hengu, Guojiu, Kai'he, Xuan,
Do'bin, Zhang and Zhongli. The
Ba'xian demons, last of their kind.

MAYOR

Sorry to hear that.

XIANG lets out a GRUNT. He speaks with a deep, raspy voice:

XIANG

We are only the last because we
killed the rest of our kind.

HENGU

It was them, or us, as you humans
say.

The Mayor CHUCKLES, knowing he's amongst kindred spirits as
he scans the stoic expressions of the demons, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - DAY 5

FAITH sits cross-legged on the floor by the doorway, staring sadly towards the empty space where the Gateway once stood.

She SIGHS heavily, leaning forward and rubbing her tired eyes. She's in her work outfit, but doesn't look like her mind is on the job right now.

Her radio CRACKLES, but she ignores it. It BEEPS, but she just reaches down and turns the volume off.

A moment later, her cell phone starts to RING, and Faith knows she can't avoid this any longer.

FAITH
(answers phone)
Hello?

VI
(filtered; through phone)
Where are you? Pryor's going nuts
up here.

FAITH
I needed some space.

VI
Hey, so does everybody, but we've
got a crisis to plan for here! Get
your butt back upstairs, quick!

Vi hangs up. Faith stares at the phone, a little surprised at Vi's sharp tone. Knowing she has to get moving, Faith finally gets to her feet.

She takes in one last sombre look at the empty indents in the ground, then turns and exits:

6 INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NEXT 6

QUINN stands before one of the exam tables, the pale body of KAYLA covered by a sheet up to her shoulders.

He stares down at her, the bruises from her fatal beating at Kakistos' hands marring an otherwise attractive face.

ALEX appears behind him, allowing him another few moments to silently pay his respects.

ALEX
We're ready for you, Jon.

(CONTINUED)

He turns. She looks sympathetic, but guarded at the same time. She seems cautious of him somehow.

QUINN

Right.

He reaches over and starts to pull the sheet slowly over Kayla, pausing for a moment to take one last look.

QUINN (cont'd)

(whispers)

I'm sorry...

He draws the sheet over her head, and as he turns away and heads for the exit we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - NEXT

Faith walks into the staff room, a steaming cup of coffee in each hand.

She passes one to VI and keeps the other for herself, taking a sip as she surveys the people sitting round the table:

PRYOR and Alex sit together, their focus on Quinn, who sits alone at one end as though being interviewed, head down.

On one side sits NOA and on the other RACHEL, nobody looking particularly pleased with Quinn at the moment.

FAITH

(whispers; to Vi)

What did I miss?

VI

(whispers back)

Nothing yet. I think they're still building up to the story.

Faith leans back, sipping her coffee again as we PUSH IN on the table.

ALEX

Alright, Jon, let's try to make some sense of all this.

QUINN

Do we have to do this now? I mean, shouldn't we be -

Pryor BANGS his fist on the table, making everyone jump.

PRYOR

(firm)

Tell us what happened.

Quinn waits a beat, then takes a deep breath.

QUINN

I can only give you the facts. I don't think 'sense' was involved in all this.

NOA

(dry)

Oh, hey! Sarcasm! That's what we need.

PRYOR

Noa...

NOA

Stow it, Pryor. You want to hear him explain himself just as much as I do.

Pryor looks to Quinn - 'your move.' Quinn runs a hand through his hair, leaning forward.

QUINN

It was back before I came to New York. The Initiative had already taken care of changing my identity and setting up my new life, so it was just a case of following orders...

And as he pauses, we DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CHICAGO - STREET- NIGHT

A rainswept Chicago street, not a good part of town. A beaten up old FORD rolls to a stop at the kerb, wipers SPLASHING through the rain.

TITLE OVER - Downtown Chicago, Late 2004

QUINN (V.O.)

I'd been following the trail from Los Angeles of the Sunnydale Killer for some time already, and my investigation had brought me to Chicago.

The car's door opens and Quinn steps out, pulling up his coat collars against the rain.

QUINN (V.O.) (cont'd)

I still didn't have much to go on past a vague description and a paper trail of unsolved murders and attacks.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (V.O.)

Did you have any idea what you were dealing with by that stage?

QUINN (V.O.)

None. Some crazy woman that a very powerful military offshoot wanted stopped. That was all I wanted to know about her.

Scurrying for cover beneath a closed cafe's canopy, he fishes out a manilla envelope from inside his jacket.

QUINN (V.O.) (cont'd)

I had access to police computers across the country, and I was following up what looked like another kill by my target.

Quinn takes a handful of GLOSSY PHOTOS from the envelope, quickly flicking through them.

It's blurry, CCTV camera footage of what looks like a mugging out on a street corner. A woman with long, dark hair seems to be the attacker, lashing out at anyone who comes too close.

QUINN (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'd been in Chicago for a few weeks, and the hits just kept piling up.

FAITH (V.O.)

You mean attacks?

QUINN

I was still narrowing things down, but any kind of violent assault that had a suspect matching my target's description was what I was after.

Quinn stares at the last image, the best one for its view of the woman even though her features are unrecognisable.

QUINN (V.O.) (cont'd)

Something told me I'd feel it in my gut when I found her.

He slips the photos back into the envelope, blowing hot air on his cold hands as he scans the streets before him.

And sure enough, after a few moments a YOUNG WOMAN hurries down the other side of the street. She's wearing a dark hoodie, hands pushed into her pockets.

Quinn watches, safely hidden in the shadows, as the woman hops up the steps to the front entrance of a run down apartment block.

CLOSE on the woman as she pulls the hood back once she's out of the rain - and her long, dark hair cascades out from her head.

ON QUINN as he takes a deep breath - this could be the one he's looking for.

The woman stops, tensing up, and slowly turns round, her dark eyes scanning the street.

Quinn quickly ducks back out of sight, waiting until he hears the door open before he risks another peek.

The woman steps into the block's foyer, letting the door swing shut behind her as she starts to climb the stairs.

Looking up towards the side of the building from a garbage-laden alley running alongside, Quinn watches the woman ascend several staircases until she gets off at the fifth floor.

He quickly jogs to the front of the building, eyes scanning the fifth storey for any sign of life.

LIGHTS go on behind one set of windows, a silhouetted figure walking up to draw the curtains - it's the woman.

Quinn takes another breath before looking towards the front entrance - this is it.

He opens his jacket slightly, revealing a large HANDGUN set in an underarm holster.

With a CLICK, the door opens and Quinn ducks inside, tucking a bulky LOCKPICK TOOL back into his pocket.

He scans the mailboxes, counting along the fifth row as he finds the one belonging to his target - 'Lonnerly, M.'

He looks towards the stairs, neon lights FLICKERING all the way up, RAIN dripping from the ceiling high overhead.

Quinn steps off the staircase and onto the fifth floor, making his way slowly down the corridor.

Muffled SHOUTS from an arguing couple, a BARKING dog, the BLARE of a TV turned up too loud and a WAILING child float past from both sides.

Quinn gets to the door he needs, glancing back over his shoulder before drawing his handgun.

He steadies himself, ready to kick the door down, when he hears FOOTSTEPS approaching the door from the other side!

He quickly DUCKS back, slipping round a corner and pressing himself against the wall.

The apartment door UNLOCKS and CREAKS open, and though Quinn can't see her, we get a glimpse of the woman peering up and down the corridor.

She leans back inside, closes and LATCHES the door, clearly suspicious of someone out there.

QUINN (V.O.)

You have to understand, I... I was sure this was the right girl.

Quinn is clearly on edge, steeling himself with another deep breath before swinging back round the corner, gun raised.

He stands before the door, readying himself to barge it open. There's a torturously long beat...

SLAM! He KICKS the flimsy door open, latch chain SNAPPING from the force.

Quinn bursts into the apartment, gun ready, but as she snaps left, then right, there's no sign of the woman.

Breathing quickly, he takes a few steps forward, his whole body jerking one way, then the next, gun always pointing dead ahead.

He stomps into the small kitchen, gun sweeping both ways, but there's still no-one here. A kettle BOILS, whistling with nobody to answer it.

Quinn turns back into the apartment proper, starting to think his target may have gotten away, when he hears a noise behind him...

He SPINS round, but it's too late - the last thing he sees is the KETTLE, bearing down on him!

15 CONTINUED:

15

CLANG! Quinn is CLOCKED by the kettle, HOT WATER splashing onto him as he stumbles back.

He hits the deck hard, scrambling to his feet as the woman dashes outside in a blur of motion.

Wiping his face, Quinn quickly retrieves his gun and races out after her:

16 EXT. STREET - NEXT

16

Quinn explodes out through the block's front entrance to see the woman splashing across the soaked street.

He charges after her, hot on her tail as she disappears down another alleyway.

17 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NEXT

17

Quinn skids to a halt as he reaches the alley - it's a heck of a lot darker than the street, plenty of places to hide.

Checking his gun, he keeps it raised as he paces slowly down into the darkness.

An alley cat YOWLS and RATS scurry past his feet. He comes to the edge of a dumpster, carefully sliding round it, expecting an ambush.

No-one there. Blinking away the rain plastering his hair to his face, he moves on.

The only sound we can hear over the rain is his own BREATHING, fast and ragged as adrenaline surges round his body.

He's halfway down the alley when he stops suddenly, taking in a sharp breath.

REVERSE ANGLE to show Quinn looking towards us - and PAN RIGHT slowly to reveal the Young Woman, right behind him!

YOUNG WOMAN

Who are you?

QUINN

Does that matter?

YOUNG WOMAN

I always like to know who's following me.

A beat. Quinn tries to turn his head, but something SHARP presses into his back, and he raises his hands.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

Alright, alright. You got me.

YOUNG WOMAN

Damn straight I did. Now put the gun down.

Quinn lets the gun hang from one finger, squatting down and placing it on the floor, where he remains.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

Alright. Now, start talk -

WHAM! Quinn SWEEPS his leg round and knocks the woman over, scooping his gun back up and bringing it round!

She quickly KICKS his wrist away as he lets off a single SHOT, but before Quinn can react she's on him.

She PUNCHES him in the gut, SLAMS her palm into his nose and then ROUNDHOUSE KICKS him off his feet, faster than he can even grunt in pain!

Quinn lands flat on his back, and the woman DIVES onto him, pinning him down and looming over him.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

(screaming)

Why won't you people just leave me alone?

QUINN

We can't! Not after what you've done!

YOUNG WOMAN

'What I've done'?

She BACKHANDS him, splitting his lip.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

How could you even begin to understand what I've been through?

She starts CRACKING his head off the ground, pulling him up and SHOVING him back down.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)

No-one can! Every night, they're there! Wherever I look! Laughing! Hunting! Following me! What am I supposed to do?

She BELLOWS right into his face:

(CONTINUED)

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)
How do I make them stop?!?

Quinn's dazed, blood smearing from his nose, and the woman DUMPS him back on the ground in frustration.

She stumbles away from him, dizzy from the exertion, before stooping to pick something up.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)
You don't smell like one of them...

She starts to turn, something SHARP in her hand.

YOUNG WOMAN (cont'd)
... but you'll probably die just
like -

BLAM! She stops. COUGHS.

BLOOD starts to pool on her shirt, right in the middle of her chest. She looks down at the wound, then up at Quinn:

He keeps his gun trained on her, panting for breath. Despite the beating he just took, his hand doesn't shake.

She DROPS whatever she was holding and staggers back a step - but then SNARLS with rage and CHARGES towards him again!

BANG! BANG! Two more SHOTS ring out, and the woman falls face first to the floor, SMACKING into a dumpster and tipping it over, BLACK BAGS cascading over her.

Quinn is still sitting up, smoking gun aiming the same direction, and it's a long beat before he lowers it.

He gets to his feet, wincing all the way and clutching his chest. He's taken a real beating here.

He hobbles forward, standing over the fallen woman. Now we can get a better look at her, she's someone we've met - this is MELISSA, the Dead Woman who appeared to Quinn last night.

Complete with the BULLET HOLE in her forehead.

Quinn walks past her, leaning against the wall for support, and is a few steps away before he spots her weapon.

He reaches down to pick it up, straightening as he stares curiously at it.

It's a WOODEN STAKE.

He turns, looking down at the body of Melissa, sprawled on the alley floor, and we MATCH CUT TO:

18

EXT. STREET - LATER

18

Wrapped up and sitting on the back step of a MILITARY HUMVEE, Quinn watches as Melissa's body, covered by a sheet, is wheeled on a gurney into the back of a waiting transport.

AGENT THORNN walks towards him, glancing at the body as it's loaded away. She stops before Quinn, his gaze also locked on Melissa.

THORNN

How are you doing, Jon?

QUINN

I... I'm not sure.

She turns as the transport pulls away. A few more vehicles are parked around them - to anyone passing this would just look like another crime scene.

THORNN

I'd like to congratulate you on what you've -

QUINN

I don't feel like I should be congratulated for anything.

THORNN

You didn't let me finish. I said I'd like to congratulate you for what you've done tonight.

QUINN

But?

THORNN

But...

(beat; sighs)

Jon, I have some bad news.

He waits, and she looks genuinely sorry as she continues:

THORNN (cont'd)

Jon... that wasn't her.

QUINN

(beat)

What?

THORNN

That wasn't the right girl.

QUINN

(quickly)

I heard you, I just... what?

(CONTINUED)

Thornn SIGHS, moving to stand closer to him.

THORNN

We have... methods we can use to identify her. Certain enzymes and proteins in her blood, markers in her DNA -

QUINN

(over her)

Yeah, yeah - screw all that. Are you seriously trying to tell me that I just shot a girl in the face... and it wasn't her?!?

He's agitated, frantic, rising to his feet. Thornn steps back, hands up defensively.

THORNN

Easy, Jon.

QUINN

Don't 'easy' me, damn it! Do you have any idea what I've just done?

THORNN

We'll take care of it.

QUINN

'Take care of it'?

THORNN

We can make this go away. You made a mistake, Jon. A terrible mistake... but this doesn't mean it's the end of your mission.

Quinn can't believe what he's hearing, turning away from her and leaning against the humvee.

THORNN (cont'd)

Her name was Melissa Lonnerly. She was a -

(stops herself)

She was somebody dangerous. You did the world a favour by stopping her.

He shakes his head, not wanting to listen.

THORNN (cont'd)

Jon, come on...

She makes the mistake of laying a hand on his arm - and Quinn whirls round, fist raised to strike!

(CONTINUED)

WHAP! Quick as a cobra, Thornnn PUNCHES him square in the jaw, and Quinn stumbles back, stunned.

THORNN (cont'd)
(suddenly stern)
Alright, knock it off! You think this exonerates you from your responsibility? You think because you killed someone in error that it all just goes away? That you stop working for us? Forget it!

She gets in his face, fresh blood running from his nose.

THORNN (cont'd)
Just remember, Jon... you belong to us. Whatever we ask you to do, wherever we need you to go, whoever we want you to kill... you do it.

Quinn glares up into her eyes, defiance flaring.

QUINN
Not for ever.

THORNN
You sure about that?

She turns and starts to stride away, and Quinn calls out:

QUINN
One day, we'll close this deal, Agent Thornnn.

THORNN
Looking forward to it.

As he glares coldly at her retreating back, we CUT TO:

The team are gathered round the table, rapt with attention. They seem to have forgotten their anger.

QUINN
And that's it. That's everything.
My dirty little secret.

He leans back in his chair, waiting for the accusations to start flying again.

Nobody says a word. Quinn seems a little surprised, but the silence is soon broken by:

Faith's CELL PHONE. She quickly digs it out of her pocket, double taking at the caller ID.

FAITH
It's Jerry.

She connects the call and puts the phone to her ear.

FAITH (cont'd)
Hello?

INT. JERRY'S JEEP - DAY

Driving down the street, shades on, Jerry answers:

JERRY
Faith? Hey there. It's Jerry Heal.
Listen, I have some information for
you, and something tells me you're
gonna want to hear it.

He steers through traffic as we cut back to:

INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - DAY

Faith frowns as she listens, and then her features rise in
shock.

NOA
What is it?

FAITH
(into phone)
You're sure?
(listens; nods)
Alright. Uh... see you soon.

She hangs up, the others looking expectantly at her.

PRYOR
Well?

FAITH
He, uh... he says he knows where
the Mayor's keeping the Gateway.
And he's gonna help us get it back.

Shocked looks all round as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

22 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - DAY

22

Faith waits with Pryor, looking towards the entrance as they wait for Jerry to arrive.

PRYOR

Are you sure about this?

FAITH

Do we have a choice?

PRYOR

I just mean... Faith, he's been the front man for the Church for months now. Who's to say he isn't part of all this? That this isn't some kind of trick?

FAITH

It's not.

PRYOR

I just don't see why you trust him.

FAITH

Who says I do? That's why she's here.

She nods towards the desk - and Vi waits, CROSSBOW tucked just out of sight.

Pryor and Faith turn as Jerry's Jeep swings into a parking space outside, and Faith waits with crossed arms as Jerry strolls through the sliding front doors.

JERRY

Miss Lehane. And Mr. Webb. Good to see you both.

FAITH

Wish we could say the same.

Jerry grins, removing his sunglasses.

JERRY

Come on. Is that any way to speak to someone offering you free information?

PRYOR

That would depend on what you had to gain from it.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

(shakes head)

I'm not in this for anything. I just know trouble when I see it, and I like to think I can take care of said trouble when I can.

(beat)

Is she going to keep that crossbow aimed at me all day?

Faith glances around - Vi has the crossbow trained at Jerry's heart, her aim steady.

FAITH

Probably. Tho' I wouldn't want to be around her when her arms start getting tired. Her finger could slip.

Jerry tucks his sunglasses away, knowing this will be a tough sell.

JERRY

Is there anywhere we can talk? Somewhere with fewer...

(off Vi)

... distractions?

Faith looks to Pryor, who nods.

PRYOR

My office. This way.

Jerry follows, Faith and Vi keeping a careful eye on Jerry as we CUT TO:

Jerry sits in the chair before Pryor's desk, lounging casually back. His audience is Faith, Pryor and Alex.

PRYOR

Alright. We're listening.

JERRY

(beat)

I've been out of the state since the last part of last year, going to conferences, making public appearances, doing my bit to help spread the word.

FAITH

You ought to try Florida. I hear they like your kind of people down there.

JERRY

Please. Nobody else gets a look in while the damn Scientologists still run that town!

ALEX

Can we stick to the point?

JERRY

Point is, I've known for some time that the Church had links to the local demon population. Heck, some of them are among our biggest donators, so it's a facet of my job I've never paid much attention to.

(beat)

Until now.

FAITH

So what changed?

JERRY

I was taking a look round the Church's new upstairs level when I heard your friend Wilkins talking to my PA, Douglas.

Pryor and Alex exchange a troubled glance.

JERRY (cont'd)

I decided to listen in, and that's when I saw it.

Jerry watches their expressions as we CUT TO:

Back with Jerry as he spies on the meeting between Wilkins and the Church Heads.

JERRY (V.O.)

I didn't know what I was looking at, but when the Heads made an appearance, I started to realise we were quickly heading into your territory.

FAITH (V.O.)

Who are the 'Heads'?

Jerry backs away from the edge of the balcony, making sure he stays out of sight as he heads for the nearest doorway.

JERRY (V.O.)

The guys at the top. They're the people who set the movement up.

24

CONTINUED:

24

Jerry casts one last glance round before he exits. CUT TO:

25

INT. CHURCH - OFFICE - NEXT (FLASHBACK)

25

Jerry steps into a large, busy office suite, making sure nobody's around before LOCKING the door.

JERRY (V.O.)

Now, bear in mind I'd never met these people, only their associates. As far as I was concerned, they were just people like you or me.

PRYOR (V.O.)

So I take it they were anything but?

Jerry logs into one of the computers, quickly rattling through a series of folders and gaining access.

JERRY (V.O.)

Pureblood demons. Every single one of them.

He gets several 'Access Denied' screens before he manages to find a back door, opening up a folder and clicking on the files within.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)

They'd locked me out of most of the Church's intranet while I was away, but the one file I did manage to find mentioned something called the 'Gateway,' which I figured was the stone archway conveniently located in our assembly hall... and some kind of 'key' to use it.

Jerry stares at the file he's opened, brow creasing as he tries to make sense of it, and we CUT TO:

26

INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

26

Alex steps forward, hand raised to stop him.

ALEX

Did you say 'key'?

JERRY

That's what I saw. The document was vague - it was a scrap of a memo from my PA to one of the heads, something discarded while he was composing it.

(CONTINUED)

Alex turns to Faith and Pryor, whose shared looks of concern get Jerry's attention.

JERRY (cont'd)
So... I take it you three know what
all this is about?

PRYOR
How much do you know?

JERRY
(shrugs)
What I told you. I don't know what
a 'gateway' is or why you'd need a
key to open it, but then again I
also didn't know I was working for
a family of demons until this
morning.

Alex calls Pryor and Faith closer for a conference, the trio hurriedly WHISPERING to each other.

JERRY (cont'd)
(trying to overhear)
So... is anybody going to tell me
what's going on?

Alex finally turns to him as Pryor and Faith quickly exit.

JERRY (cont'd)
What did I say?

ALEX
Wilkins is one of the bad guys, and
that makes your Church part of
whatever he's planning. The Gateway
is... it's an object of immense
power, and we have to get it back.

JERRY
Alright... I'll do whatever I can.

ALEX
You may live to regret saying that.

We cut from Alex to:

Vi, Rachel, Noa and Quinn look round as Faith and Pryor enter.

FAITH
We're going after the Gateway.

VI

We are?

RACHEL

Where is it?

FAITH

The Mayor's in with the Church.
 Jerry saw Wilkins talking to their
 leaders - and they're all demons.

NOA

I knew it!
 (off looks)
 Well, something wasn't right.

FAITH

He's plannin' on using it, and
 we're not gonna let that happen.

VI

I'm in. When do we ship out?

FAITH

Soon as.

PRYOR

Jerry said that Wilkins was after
 some kind of key, so logically that
 means Alex.

Faith suddenly remembers something, her head snapping up. She
 meets Vi's gaze - she just realised it too.

FAITH

Dawn...

She turns and RACES out of the staff room, Vi hot on her tail
 as the others blink in surprise.

PRYOR

Faith? Faith! Where are you going?

He gets no answer as we CUT TO:

Still a glorious day. Sun beats down on the trees, fluttering
 in the breeze, as we sweep across the verdant park, full of
 pedestrians, tourists and students on their breaks.

DAWN sits with her back against a tree, scribbling in a
 notebook. She stops as a SHADOW falls over her.

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey there.

Dawn turns - and her face drops as she sees Dark Ambrosia standing over her!

DARK AMBROSIA

We need to have ourselves a little talk.

Off Dawn's terrified expression, we CUT TO:

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY - FOYER - LATER

Faith and Vi burst in through the main doors, Faith frantically scanning the crowds.

FAITH

Dawn? Dawn!

She runs on, BARGING past the casually milling students. Behind her, Vi is fumbling with a student timetable.

VI

(shouts on)

Faith, she's out of class now!
She'll be outside somewhere!

Faith skids to a halt, letting Vi catch up as she continues to search the crowds for any sign of Dawn.

FAITH

Where? Where would she go?

VI

The park!

They race off again, and we CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NEXT

Faith and Vi walk down one of the park's many long, winding paths, calling out:

FAITH

Dawn! Dawn, where are you?

VI

Dawn? Dawn, it's Vi!

Faith is frantic, hopping up onto a rock to gain a higher viewpoint, but all she sees are swathes of faceless people.

FAITH

Damn it!

Vi squints, spotting something just off screen.

VI

Over there!

She takes off, Faith sprinting after her.

FAITH

Dawn!

She arrives at the tree where Dawn had been sitting - now there's just her BAG, hanging from the tree. It's pretty distinctive - bright and colourful. Very Summers.

VI

I spotted it from over there...

Vi carefully lifts the bag down, Faith looking round for any tracks. Vi opens the bag and rifles through it.

VI (cont'd)

Faith?

She turns - and Vi holds up a NOTE that bears Faith's name. She hands it to her, Faith gingerly unfolding it.

FAITH

(reads aloud)

'If you ever want to see Dawn again... stop looking.'

She lets the note slip from her fingers, her hands going through her hair.

FAITH (cont'd)

No...

VI

Who's it from? Did it say?

FAITH

I promised her... I promised her I'd take care of her...

VI

Faith! Snap out of it!

She SHOVES Faith roughly, bringing her back to earth.

VI (cont'd)

Hey, we've got the advantage here, right?

FAITH

How'd you figure that? He's got Dawn, Vi! Wilkins just grabbed her, right under our damn noses!

(CONTINUED)

VI

Yeah, but they don't know we've
figured out the Church connection,
do they?

A beat. Faith starts to catch up to Vi's thinking.

FAITH

So they won't realise we already
know where they've got her...

VI

... so we can just go grab her
right back from under their noses.

FAITH

(nods)

Let's get back to the others.

Faith SNATCHES Dawn's bag back from Vi, and as she marches
away we CUT TO:

31

INT. CHURCH - BACK ROOM - DAY

31

A dusty, dark room tucked away in the bowels of the Church.
Furniture is draped in filthy dust sheets.

Dawn is tied to a chair, blindfolded and gagged, as she
slowly comes round. She lets out a WHIMPER of fear when she
realises how securely she's tied up.

But then, she starts STRUGGLING against her bonds, swallowing
the fear back down as she tries to get free.

VOICE (O.S.)

That won't help.

Dawn freezes - the voice came from behind her somewhere.

VOICE (O.S.) (cont'd)

I tied those ropes myself. You'd
need Slayer muscles to break 'em.

Dawn hears FOOTSTEPS as her mystery visitor starts to pace
around her, Dawn's head moving to track the sound.

HANDS reach into frame suddenly, pulling the gag out of her
mouth. Dawn splutters, her breathing quick.

DAWN

Where am I?

VOICE (O.S.)

Does that matter?

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Not really. I just wanted to know
who'd kidnapped me this time.

The other person CHUCKLES, before hands reach down to pull
the blindfold down.

Dawn's eyes adjust to the dim light - and she sees Evil Faith
looking down at her.

DAWN (cont'd)

(utterly lost)

Fa... Faith?

Evil Faith grins, pulling her hair back to show the BURNS
running down one side of her face.

EVIL FAITH

Not quite.

Dawn blanches, realising what kind of company she's in.

DAWN

You...

EVIL FAITH

(bows)

The one and only.

DAWN

What am I doing here?

EVIL FAITH

Didn't you figure it out yet?

(grin fades)

You're the key, pintsize.

DAWN

(shakes head)

No. Not any more. I- I'm not -

EVIL FAITH

What you are or aren't in your
opinion isn't something anyone here
is all that interested in.

She straightens, leaning against a table up on its side. She
fishes out a pack of cigarettes, lighting one as she speaks:

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

See, I know what it feels like for
you. To only ever have people come
to you when they can use you for
something.

She waves away a match, sucking in a lungful of smoke.

(CONTINUED)

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
I mean, sometimes you're fine with
what they want, so that's cool,
other times...
(blows out smoke)
... other times, you just want to
tell 'em all to go to Hell for even
looking at you.

She realises Dawn is giving her a strange look.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)
What?

DAWN
Are you... are you okay?

Evil Faith stares at her for a beat - then SNORTS with
laughter. Dawn watches, perplexed, as Evil Faith descends
into a gale of laughter.

EVIL FAITH
Oh, man... that's a good one...

DAWN
Seriously. You don't... you seem a
little... confused.

EVIL FAITH
(shrugs)
Maybe. Maybe I just know what it
feels like to have everyone look at
you like a tool. Something they
just use to get the job done, then
throw away and forget about.

Dawn sizes Evil Faith up as she takes another drag, trying to
come up with a plan of action.

DAWN
So, what... you're not sure whose
side you're on any more?

EVIL FAITH
I've always been on my side,
princess.

DAWN
But you don't think the others see
it that way? The Mayor?

EVIL FAITH
What is this, amateur hour at the
Sigmund Freud society? Stop trying
to get inside my head. You won't
like what you find.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

I'm just saying... if you're
feeling like you're sick of people
taking you for granted, then...
then maybe you ought to do
something about it.

Evil Faith raises her head. Dawn tries to keep her cool,
knowing she's walking along the edge here.

EVIL FAITH

Such as?

DAWN

Something that'll piss 'em off.
Show them you're nobody's lap dog.
Something that really sends their
plans down the tubes.

Evil Faith paces towards her, exhaling more smoke.

DAWN (cont'd)

(beat)

Let me go.

Evil Faith stares at her, mulling this option over as she
takes another drag. Dawn tries to look casual, but her heart
is pounding in her ears.

EVIL FAITH

Maybe I -

DARK AMBROSIA (O.S.)

Faith?

She turns - Ambrosia is in the doorway, half-hidden by
shadow.

DARK AMBROSIA (cont'd)

It's time.

Evil Faith nods, turning and stubbing out her cigarette.

EVIL FAITH

Sorry, kid.

She pulls out a KNIFE, and as Dawn stiffens Evil Faith SAWS
THROUGH the knots holding the ropes down. Dawn looks to
Ambrosia, knowing her chance just passed her by, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

32 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - DAY

32

It's game time. The team are packing bags with weapons and supplies as Jerry looks on.

FAITH

Alright, let's go over this again.

RACHEL

I think we got it the last two times.

A sharp look from Faith shuts her up.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Sorry...

FAITH

Noa, you stay here with Rachel and keep the place locked down tight. We could be coming back with company, so I want this place ready for anything.

NOA

Not a problem. I think Yen-Lo's visit was as close to a real field test for the defence systems as we're gonna get.

FAITH

(to Jerry)

You clear on your part?

JERRY

I'm the getaway driver. Apparently.

FAITH

Jerry, we don't have time for you to be a smart ass.

JERRY

I'm not. I'll have you know I'm an exceptional driver. Used to be a big name of the local stock car circuit.

FAITH

Yeah, well... look, do you know what you're doing or not?

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

(nods)

I get you guys inside, show you
where to find the Gateway, secure
the escape route with Violet -

VI

It's 'Vi.' No '-olet.'

JERRY

(beat)

... and then wait for the fireworks
with my engine running.

FAITH

(to Alex and Pryor)

You two got everything you need?

Alex opens up her bag - a motley assortment of SPELL
INGREDIENTS and BOOKS are crammed inside.

ALEX

I'm fairly confident at least one
of the things in here can get the
Gateway back here.

PRYOR

And if not...

He holds up a few sticks of DYNAMITE. Faith stares at them,
not wanting to accept she may have to use them.

QUINN

Will that even work?

(off their looks)

We don't even know what the
Gateway's made of. Dynamite might
not even scratch it.

FAITH

Then we'll have to use some more.

(to Vi)

You all set?

VI

(nods)

Ready.

FAITH

Alright. Let's move out.

(to Quinn)

You stay.

QUINN

You know you could use me.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Yeah, but I think it's clear none
of us can trust you any more. You
stay behind.

She hefts up her bag over her shoulder and leads the team
out, the others falling into line behind her.

Quinn is left with Noa and Rachel, and he waits until the
last of the strike team has left before:

QUINN

Uh, Rachel, can you give us a
minute?

RACHEL

Huh? Oh, sure.

She exits, and Quinn closes the door after her.

NOA

This is starting to become a habit.

QUINN

What, me engineering situations
where I get you to myself?

NOA

That, and you trying to convince me
you're still a good guy when we
both know that isn't the case.

QUINN

Noa...

NOA

(raises hand)

Stop. Right there. Just... just
stop.

She wheels forward, stopping just in front of him.

NOA (cont'd)

Jon... I don't know what to believe
about you any more.

He lowers his head.

NOA (cont'd)

You tell us you're a detective.
Then it turns out you know all
about vampires and demons and God
only knows what else. So we let you
come play in our sandbox for a
while.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

And then... then we happen. And it's good. It's great. It's probably the best thing to happen to me in years.

She looks up, and Quinn can't meet her gaze.

NOA (cont'd)

And then you try to hand my best friend over to the bad guys. The friend you spent months helping me look for. So you run. You hide away without explaining what the hell you've been doing behind our backs all that time.

QUINN

(mumbles)

You wouldn't have -

NOA

What? Understood?

(beat)

So then, you come back. You tell us you're some kind of rogue secret agent working for the Army, that you were sent to arrest Faith but changed sides, and so we get to know you all over again. We find out that you're not who you say you are. That this isn't even your real face. Are you seeing a pattern yet?

He lets out a heavy SIGH.

NOA (cont'd)

And then you die. You get shot, and you die, right in front of me. Only that's not what happened, is it?

He turns away from her, pained to hear any of this.

NOA (cont'd)

What happened was that you ran away. Again. You hid from your problems instead of coming to us. To me. You didn't want our help.

QUINN

You know why I did that.

NOA

That doesn't mean I forgive you! That doesn't mean for a second that I'm okay with any of it!

(beat; calms)

So you come back. Reluctantly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

We have to keep you hidden for fear of the people who shot you coming back to finish the job. But that wasn't the end of it, was it? Oh, no. Because then, it all comes out at last.

She wheels forward, closing in on him.

NOA (cont'd)

How you shot some poor woman because you thought she was Faith. How you hounded another girl who was the real reason you were here, and you kept her locked up without telling any of us.

QUINN

Pryor knew.

NOA

(snaps)

Shut up! This isn't about what anybody else did to cover up for your lies!

(beat)

This is about you not being able to tell me the truth. About anything.

He turns to her, and she's a little surprised by the TEARS in his eyes. She manages to hold her stern expression.

QUINN

My whole life... every day, it's just been another secret to keep. Ever since Lehto died, I... I stopped being able to tell the difference between what part of me was real and what was just a story. Something made up on paper by people I'll never even meet, just to help them do their job.

(beat)

I forgot when not to lie.

She lowers her head, and fresh TEARS roll down her cheeks.

QUINN (cont'd)

Noa, please...

NOA

We're done.

He stops. She looks up, wiping away the tears with a SNIFF.

QUINN

We're... what?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

That's it. We're through. For good.

(beat)

I love you, but after this is done,
after we get the Gateway back... I
want you gone. Out of the Asylum,
out of our lives. Out of my life.

His mouth flaps as he tries to reply, but Noa just wheels past him, opening the staff room door and exiting. Quinn is left standing, unable to even speak as we CUT TO:

EXT. CHURCH - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Jerry's Jeep pulls into frame by a covered back door, safely out of sight of the CCTV cameras scanning the grounds.

The passenger doors open and the team quickly scurry out, hugging the wall as Jerry approaches the back doors.

He swipes a KEY CARD down a lock and holds the door open, blocking the view of any cameras as the others slip inside.

INT. CHURCH - PASSAGEWAY - NEXT

The team gather as Jerry closes the doors again.

JERRY

Alright. The assembly hall is down that way. If they're keeping your friend Dawn on the premises, my advice is to start upstairs. Plenty of small, quiet rooms up there.

FAITH

(nods)

If we're not back here in ten minutes -

ALEX

(interrupts)

Wait longer.

She cracks a grin, but Faith is all business as she starts down one side of the passage.

FAITH

Just stick to the plan.

VI

Got it.

JERRY

(nods)

Five by five.

Faith pulls up and whirls round - but Jerry and Vi have already gone. She hesitates, not sure what she heard.

PRYOR

Come on, Faith!

Pryor eases her away, and as the trio hurry on, we CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - ASSEMBLY HALL - NEXT

The Mayor is in a heated discussion with the Church heads:

MAYOR

No, no, no! That's not what we agreed on at all, is it, fellas?

HENGU

The terms are what we say they are!

MAYOR

Come on, now. No need to get your hair all up in a bunch. I'm just saying that -

KAI'HE

We have made the arrangements you asked for! What now is the problem?

MAYOR

(sucks in teeth)

It's just a little... sudden, is all. I mean, I've been laying the groundwork for some time now, and it's not that I don't appreciate what you people are doing for me, but...

XIANG

What is it? Speak!

MAYOR

I'm just concerned at how this'll look in the media, is all. The thing about -

EVIL FAITH (O.S.)

Hey.

He turns, a little irritated as Evil Faith walks over.

EVIL FAITH (cont'd)

I'm just gonna check -

MAYOR

Faith, sweetheart, I'm kind of in the middle of something here. If you don't mind...?

Evil Faith blinks, glancing at the Church Heads. They glare suspiciously at her.

EVIL FAITH

Uh, okay, yeah... whatever.

She turns and walks away, and as she glances back over her shoulder, trying to overhear what's going on, we CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Faith is checking a doorway, opening it with a CREAK and peering inside.

PRYOR (O.S.)

Anything?

FAITH

(shakes head)

Zip.

She turns back, Pryor and Alex joining her from similar doors.

FAITH (cont'd)

This place has got more rooms than our damn building! What are they planning on using all the space for?

PRYOR

Hopefully, we won't find out.

They hear VOICES approaching and duck out of sight. Moments later, two ACOLYTES turn a corner, striding past the concealed trio as they chatter.

Emerging from the shadows, Faith nods that she'll take the left-hand corridor, hurrying into:

INT. CHURCH - NEXT CORRIDOR - NEXT

Faith steals into the shadows, sticking close to the wall as she approaches a larger set of doors.

They're a little ajar, and Faith peers inside - but she isn't prepared for what she sees:

The room is a massive ARMOURY, heaving with weapons from the sharp to the semi-automatic! Armour, shields, spellbooks, magical items - the works.

(CONTINUED)

Faith ducks back, alarmed by what she's just seen, taking another quick snoop inside the room.

FAITH
(mutters)
They're building a damn army...

DAWN (O.S.)
(distant)
Get off me! Help! Help!

Faith snaps round - Dawn's voice came from the next floor up. Faith darts for the nearest staircase.

The Gateway is now surrounded by Acolytes, some marking out a MAGIC CIRCLE as others light INCENSE BURNERS around it.

PULL BACK to take in the Mayor, still arguing with the Church Heads, the demons clustered around the taller human.

PULL BACK FURTHER to reach the doors - and there's Pryor and Alex, staying low and out of sight.

ALEX
(whispers)
How are we supposed to get past all of them?

PRYOR
(whispers)
I'm guessing we'll think of something.

He realises she's looking at him expectantly.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Feel free to make a suggestion...

ALEX
We need a diversion. Something to draw them away so we can get close enough.

PRYOR
We've got plenty of dynamite...

ALEX
Something that doesn't involve explosions.

Pryor starts rifling through his bag as we CUT TO:

39 INT. CHURCH - UPSTAIRS - NEXT

39

Faith waits round a corner, listening to the sounds of a SCUFFLE coming from the next corridor.

She peeks round - Dawn is being squeezed into some kind of ceremonial ROBE by two Acolytes. Dawn's kicking and fighting every step of the way.

DAWN

Let go of me! Ugh! Help! Somebody!

One of the Acolytes SLAPS her, and Faith tenses up.

ACOLYTE

Shut your mouth! The sooner you get into this, the sooner we can all just -

FWIP! The Acolyte stiffens, lets out a GROAN and then slumps forward - and there's a DAGGER in his back!

His comrade whirls round, but Faith's boot is already en route for his face. WHACK! He goes down.

Faith quickly PUNCHES him again to keep him down, then goes to the struggling Dawn, helping her out of the robes.

DAWN

Well, it's about time!

FAITH

(grins)

You're welcome. Come on.

She starts to lead Dawn away, but Dawn pauses to KICK the Acolyte that slapped her.

DAWN

Jerk.

(beat)

And what's with the robes, anyway?
Always robes with you people!

The two hurry away again, Dawn sticking close to Faith.

FAITH

You know, you're more like your big sister than you know.

DAWN

So people keep telling me. Where's everyone else?

FAITH

Downstairs, working on phase two.

(CONTINUED)

Faith spots a new addition to the Church - a FIRE ALARM on the wall.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hang on.

Faith steps forward, SMASHES the glass with her elbow and YANKS the lever inside down.

ALARM BELLS start ringing, and Faith smirks before grabbing Dawn and racing away, as we CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH - ASSEMBLY ROOM - NEXT

Everyone jumps to attention as the ALARM rings.

MAYOR

(to Acolytes)

Don't just stand there, boys, go
and find out what's happening!

The Acolytes rush off, and the Mayor turns to the squabbling Church Heads.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Slight kink in the plans,
gentlemen, nothing to be concerned
by.

GUOJIU

We are under attack! Is this of 'no
concern' to you?

MAYOR

My people will take care of it.
(beat)

All the same, maybe we should move
somewhere less... exposed.

The haughty demons start to file away, with the Mayor scanning the room for any sign of trouble before following.

Over by the door, a bemused but relieved Pryor and Alex rise from their hiding place, heading for the Gateway.

ALEX

Remind me to thank Faith later.

PRYOR

How do you know it was her?

ALEX

Because this is her kind of
diversion.

The duo reach the Gateway, quickly shrugging off their bags and sorting through their supplies as we CUT TO:

Jerry checks his watch as Vi bounces urgently from foot to foot, fists clenching.

VI

Is it time yet?

JERRY

The alarms would suggest 'yes,' but my watch says they've got another four minutes.

VI

I can't just sit here! They could be in trouble!

JERRY

And if they are, they'll come to us in need of a rescue! Stick to the plan, remember?

DARK AMBROSIA (O.S.)

Yeah, Vi...

Jerry freezes, and slowly turns to see Ambrosia pacing slowly towards them, wearing a malevolent smirk.

DARK AMBROSIA (cont'd)

... stick to the plan.

Vi narrows her eyes, balling her fists as we CUT TO:

Pryor and Alex are still sorting through the assortment of spell ingredients when Pryor holds up a thick SPELLBOOK.

PRYOR

This ought to be what -

SHINK! A THROWING DAGGER embeds itself in the book's cover, and the duo turn to see Evil Faith bearing down on them!

EVIL FAITH

Oh... I'm gonna enjoy this.

She readies another pair of DAGGERS as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

43 INT. CHURCH - ASSEMBLY ROOM - DAY

43

ALARM BELLS are still ringing as Pryor quickly pulls a small item from his bag, and with a flick of his wrist it extends into a full NIGHTSTICK!

He manages to block Evil Faith's first attack, but with a dagger in each hand she's quickly raining cuts and slices down on him.

Alex starts to take out a dagger of her own, but Pryor yells back to her:

PRYOR

No! Keep working on the Gateway!
Don't stop!

Alex hesitates, watching Pryor get battered by EF's relentless attack, but she tears herself away and dives back into her bag, frantically tossing out ingredients.

Pryor blocks another attack but gets a CUT right down his left arm, and he CRIES OUT in pain.

EVIL FAITH

Come on, Pryor! That was only a
flesh wound! Your pain threshold
must be slipping if you -

WHAP! He CLOCKS her in the face with his stick.

PRYOR

I'll manage.
(to Alex)
How's it going?

Alex is still trying to quickly pull the spell components she needs together.

ALEX

It's going!

PRYOR

Keep at it, I don't know how long I
can hold -

And he's TACKLED out of frame by Evil Faith as we CUT TO:

44 INT. CHURCH - PASSAGEWAY - NEXT

44

WHACK! Vi is THROWN back against one wall by Ambrosia, who keeps hold of her arm and SLAMS her into the other!

(CONTINUED)

Jerry tries to close in for a punch, but his wild swing misses by a mile.

Ambrosia TAPS him and sends him stumbling forward, turning her attention back to Vi.

Vi tries for a punch but Ambrosia CATCHES her fist in one hand, and with a sickening grin starts to SQUEEZE!

Vi SHOUTS as the bones in her hand are pushed together, and Ambrosia's eyes flick to BLACK as she puts the pressure on!

Vi rears back and ELBOWS Ambrosia with her other hand, knocking her back. Clutching her wounded hand, she staggers away, getting some distance.

Ambrosia recovers just as Vi launches a FLYING KICK at her, but Ambrosia DUCKS underneath it, her waist bending forward to an impossible angle!

Vi sails over her - and gets an UPPERCUT right into her gut! She folds in mid-air and lands with a SLAM.

Ambrosia turns - and WHAM! Jerry rams a FIRE EXTINGUISHER into Ambrosia's face, but her head snaps right back.

She cocks her head to one side as Jerry gapes, lowering the extinguisher...

... and with a YELL, he's HURLED down the corridor, rolling to an undignified heap next to Vi!

VI
Are you okay?

JERRY
(dazed)
She's... she's too strong!

With superhuman effort, Vi hauls herself to her feet.

VI
Get the Jeep! I'll hold her!

JERRY
Vi, no! She'll -

VI
Go!

Vi RUNS in to attack Ambrosia, leaving Jerry no choice but to head for the exit door.

He swipes his key card and opens the door, glancing back to see Ambrosia raining more PUNCHES and HAMMER BLOWS down onto Vi before he exits.

45 INT. CHURCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

45

Faith rounds a corner with Dawn, the two racing at full speed until Faith skids to a halt.

DAWN

What? What is it? What's wrong?

FAITH

We've been this way.

DAWN

What?!?

FAITH

I keep gettin' turned around! This whole damn place looks the same!

DAWN

For God's sake, Faith! Just get us out of here!

More ACOLYTES appear behind them, forcing the duo to run on as we CUT TO:

46 INT. CHURCH - CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT

46

The Mayor steps outside as Acolytes pour past him, responding to the alarms. He stops REMINGTON, his bodyguard, as he hurries along.

MAYOR

Don't suppose you've seen either of my girls, have you?

Remington shakes his head, anxious to get going.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Well, alright. Just be careful out there.

Remington rushes on after the others, and we CUT TO:

47 INT. CHURCH - ASSEMBLY ROOM - NEXT

47

Alex now has several components in her hands - roots, a candle, some glittering dust and a spellbook open before her.

ALEX

Izbiti predsjednik taj održavati se te dolje...

Behind her, Pryor is THROWN into the tables and chairs stacked up on one side of the room, Evil Faith DIVING in after him.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX (cont'd)
*... povratak se to mjesto te
 pripadati!*

Alex looks up - and a SHIMMER of light runs over the Gateway!
 She beams, turning to yell:

ALEX (cont'd)
 Almost there!

Pryor is trying to stop Evil Faith THROTTLING him, managing
 to get his nightstick up and prising her arms apart.

He PUSHES back, and gets two good STRIKES in to buy him
 chance to yell back:

PRYOR
 Hurry!

He DUCKS as Evil Faith SLICES for him with her daggers, and
 as he continues to dodge her attacks we CUT TO:

Vi is sent SKIDDING down the hallway, now looking much worse
 from the beating she's taking.

She WHEEZES, clutching her side as she starts to get back up.
 The incoming Ambrosia still looks fresh as a daisy.

DARK AMBROSIA
 I've always wanted to kill one of
 the Slayers. Especially now there's
 so many to choose from!

Vi's hand reaches out, looking for something to grab.

DARK AMBROSIA (cont'd)
 You aren't the one I'd like to
 start with, but you'll do...

Ambrosia prepares to STAMP on the prone Vi - but Vi LASHES
 out with the STAKE in her hand!

It CUTS across Ambrosia's belly, and she stumbles back, BLOOD
 oozing from the deep wound.

Vi grits her teeth and gets to her feet, ready to attack
 again - but freezes. Ambrosia slowly raises her head - and
 GRINS wickedly.

Vi can only watch in horror as Ambrosia's blood turns JET
 BLACK - and then starts to flow BACK INTO HER BELLY!

The wound SEALS ITSELF in moments, black wisps of SMOKE
 trailing from her flesh.

VI
(boggles)
What the...

Ambrosia's grin twists into a snarl as she ROARS, and Vi stumbles back as a huge SHADOW forms behind her!

Ambrosia towers over her despite her diminutive size, the black mass SHIFTING and coalescing as it ripples outwards.

DARK AMBROSIA
(snarling)
Your soul will join those that
wander within me for all
eternity...

Vi sees FACES drifting around inside the shadows flowing from Ambrosia, their pleading CRIES making her skin crawl.

DARK AMBROSIA (cont'd)
... and when I feed on you for
sustenance, every mouthful I take
from you will burn your very
essence, and there will never be an
end!

Vi cowers as the shadows start to loom over her, ready to swoop down and devour her...

... but an engine suddenly REVS, and Dark Ambrosia's head snaps round:

Jerry's Jeep BLASTS through the doors in an explosion of fragments, barrelling straight for her!

SMACK! The Jeep RAMS into Ambrosia at full throttle, carrying forward and SLAMMING her against the passage wall.

Vi manages a grin, the shadows gone in an instant as Jerry clunks the Jeep into reverse.

VI
You were lucky. I reckon I'm kinda
stringy.

Jerry races over to her, carefully lifting the battered Slayer to her feet.

JERRY
Can you walk?

VI
You'll have to settle for 'hobble.'

He starts helping her towards the Jeep as we CUT TO:

49

INT. CHURCH - ASSEMBLY ROOM - NEXT

49

The Gateway continues to SHIMMER, but as the candle in Alex's hand FLARES brightly, she's too occupied to see Evil Faith STUN Pryor with a vicious PUNCH.

He falls to the ground, leaving Evil Faith free to head towards Alex, dagger GLINTING in her hand.

ALEX
(concentrating)
Drmanje od obveznica taj održavati
se te...

Pryor stirs, groggily lifting his head to see Evil Faith closing in on Alex!

PRYOR
No...
(louder)
No!!

He DRIVES himself to his feet, and Alex turns just in time to DODGE a clumsy STAB from Evil Faith.

Pryor barrels in to attack, TACKLING Evil Faith but shoving past Alex in the process.

She DROPS her ingredients, and as the candle flame goes out, the shimmering over the Gateway stops dead!

ALEX
Oh, crap!

She fumbles for the candle, desperately trying to reignite it as Pryor struggles with Evil Faith once more.

She finally manages to get a lighter flame, and sets the candle burning again.

ALEX (cont'd)
Yes!
(turns)
Pryor! We're -

She freezes. GULPS.

Evil Faith stands before her, panting with exertion - one of her DAGGERS buried TO THE HILT in Alex's chest.

EVIL FAITH
Gotcha...

Pryor stumbles into view, BLOOD pouring from a head wound, but as he sees Alex wilt and crumple to the floor, he screams:

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Alex!

He CHARGES in, PUSHING Evil Faith out of the way - and seeing another DAGGER tucked into her waistband.

He quickly GRABS it - but it's just a handle and a broken shard of metal! It's the SHIKARI DAGGER!

Evil Faith turns, and as Pryor SLICES towards her, running on pure fury, she narrowly misses getting her throat slit!

The dagger CUTS into her arm, and Evil Faith HOWLS in pain, hurt far more than the shallow cut would suggest.

Pryor hesitates as Evil Faith staggers back and collapses, but doesn't waste a second in scooping up Alex and racing towards the exit.

Evil Faith writhes on the floor, SCREAMING in wordless pain at the escaping Pryor as we CUT TO:

50 INT. CHURCH - CORRIDOR - NEXT

50

The Mayor's head lifts as he hears Evil Faith's screams of pain.

MAYOR

Faith...

He hurries towards the sound as we CUT TO:

51 INT. CHURCH - STAIRCASE - NEXT

51

As more Acolytes rush up the stairs, another is sent FLYING down towards them, bowling them all over.

Faith bounds down the steps a moment later, KICKING one Acolyte and sending him flipping up over the edge!

Dawn is close behind her, landing a few PUNCHES of her own as she tries to keep up.

52 INT. CHURCH - PASSAGEWAY - NEXT

52

Faith and Dawn bound into view from one corridor, seeing Jerry waiting by the shattered doors.

JERRY

Come on!

Faith grabs Dawn's hand and almost DRAGS her behind her.

DAWN

Ow! Hey!

(CONTINUED)

Pryor turns another corner - and Faith gapes at the pale, blood-stained Alex in his arms.

FAITH

Oh, God...

PRYOR

She's alive, but we have to go!

JERRY

What about the Gateway?

PRYOR

It didn't work! Now go!

The group pile out through the doors:

EXT. CHURCH - REAR ENTRANCE - DAY

Pryor carefully loads Alex into the Jeep, and the others are still clambering in as Jerry drops the gas and the Jeep SCREECHES away.

INT. JEEP - NEXT

A handful of Acolytes burst out of the rear doors, visible in the rear view mirror as the Jeep speeds away.

FAITH

Step on it! Keep going!

Jerry spins the wheel as he rejoins the main road:

EXT. STREET - NEXT

There's a chorus of CAR HORNS as the Jeep BURSTS back onto the main road, weaving precariously between slower cars as it struggles to point in the right direction.

Straightening out, the Jeep ACCELERATES away, scything through the sluggish lunchtime traffic.

INT. JEEP - NEXT

Jerry throws a look over his shoulder, his attention drawn to Alex as her head lolls weakly to one side.

JERRY

Jesus...

PRYOR

Faster!

He PUNCHES the back of Jerry's seat, and Jerry slams down on the gas pedal again.

57 EXT. CHURCH - REAR ENTRANCE - NEXT

57

The Mayor, accompanied by Hengu and Xiang, steps out through the busted rear doors.

Before him, several Acolytes are clambering into an assortment of vehicles - cars, vans and small trucks - and getting ready to take off.

The Mayor grabs Remington as he passes by, heading for the nearest car.

MAYOR

Dawn?

Remington shakes his head, and the Mayor grimaces.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Find her. Bring her back. Alive.
(to vehicles)

Go!

The first few cars pull away in a wave of TYRE SMOKE, and as Remington clammers into one van as it pulls away, the Mayor turns to the stony, furious demons.

MAYOR (cont'd)

We'll get the Key back. Until then,
everything moves forward as
planned.

HENGU

But without -

MAYOR

(firm)
Everything moves forward as
planned!

The Mayor's usually sunny demeanour is showing the cracks as he stomps back inside:

58 INT. CHURCH - PASSAGEWAY - NEXT

58

The Mayor is about to head back into the Church when he spots something in the rubble opposite the door.

Ambrosia's body.

His face falls as he approaches, her broken, bloody body sprawled within the Jeep-shaped hole in the wall.

He crouches by her, looking genuinely turn up as he lets out a heavy SIGH.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

I'm sorry it had to end this way,
pumpkin. You deserved a better way
out than this.

He reaches a hand out to close her glassy, staring eyes...

... and Ambrosia suddenly LURCHES upright with a GASP! The Mayor almost falls back in shock.

Ambrosia's back arches, and she lets out a strangled MOAN of pain as BLACK TENDRILS of energy reach up from her mouth.

The energy masses above her for a beat, then POURS back into her, letting Ambrosia fall back down again!

The Mayor slowly rises, not sure what he just witnessed. He leans cautiously over her.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Ambrosia? Honey? Can you... can you
hear me?

Ambrosia stirs, as though waking from a deep sleep, and slowly opens her eyes.

They're JET BLACK.

DARK AMBROSIA

This body is dead.

MAYOR

Oh. That's... that's too bad.

DARK AMBROSIA

But I can keep it alive.
(turns to Mayor)
Forever.

The Mayor is lost for words, stepping back as Dark Ambrosia rises slowly from the rubble, stretching out and CRACKING her broken bones back into place.

Flexing her fingers experimentally, she turns to the Mayor and GRINS sadistically as we CUT TO:

It's mayhem. Faith is in the passenger seat, talking rapidly into her phone as Pryor tries to stabilise Alex, her blood covering both of them.

Vi is too dazed to be of any help, but she keeps a hand pressed on Alex's wound, as Dawn freaks out next to her.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Oh my God, oh my God, oh my God!
She's bleeding out!

(to Jerry)

Faster!

JERRY

This is as fast as we can go!

He SWERVES sharply, rocking the passengers as a car horn
BLARES behind them.

FAITH

(into phone)

We're coming in hot, Noa, repeat,
coming in hot! Alex took a hit, so
make sure the infirmary's ready for
her!

She glances out through the rear window - and sees the
Church's convoy weaving through the traffic as it closes in!

FAITH (cont'd)

(into phone)

And we're gonna have company...
lots of company.

Alex reaches a hand up to Pryor's face, slick with blood.

ALEX

Pryor...

PRYOR

Don't speak. Save your strength.
We're almost at the Asylum, I can
stabilise you properly there.

ALEX

No... Pryor...

PRYOR

Alex, please! You've lost a lot of
blood, you have to stay still!

ALEX

Let me... speak... to Dawn...

Everyone turns to Dawn. She looks just as confused.

DAWN

Me? What... huh?

ALEX

Pryor... this is important.
(beat)
Please...

(CONTINUED)

Pryor holds her gaze for a long beat, then carefully helps her shuffle closer to Dawn. Alex reaches out and takes Dawn's hands in her own, Dawn shrinking back from all the blood.

ALEX (cont'd)
Dawn... it's up to you now...

DAWN
What is? I don't understand!

Alex closes her eyes - and her tattoo begins to GLOW!

VI
What the hell...

PRYOR
Alex! Alex, what are you doing?

DAWN
Hey... my arm! Hey! My arm! It's burning! Make her stop!

Dawn tries to free herself but Alex hangs on tight, her tattoo BURNING with intense light.

DAWN (cont'd)
Ow! Please! Stop it! Stop her!

The light suddenly fades, and Alex sags. Pryor catches her, pulling her close to him again and checking her pulse.

PRYOR
No...

He SHAKES her, but it's no use. She's gone.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Alex! Alex! Please, no... Alex!!

DAWN
Uh... guys?

They turn as Dawn raises her arm.

Alex's TATTOO has appeared on her skin!

DAWN (cont'd)
Wh... what's this?

Pryor stares in open-mouthed shock as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW