

FAITH

"Badge"

by

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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon

(c) Mutant Enemy, Inc. & FOX

And characters created by Jason Scott

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. NEW YORK - STREET - NIGHT 1

Someone RUNNING, a blur of motion as they BARGE PAST pedestrians and tear down the sidewalk.

Cries of alarm and anger follow them, but the figure - all gangster bling and hoodie - doesn't stop for anything.

They SKID round a corner, narrowly avoiding a CAR as it turns, car horn HONKING after them.

Our figure starts running again, right across the street, ignoring the angry BLARES of more car horns.

One Oldsmobile slams on the brakes and comes to a stop right in the runner's path:

So they VAULT the hood, sliding across the bonnet to land on the other side and take off again!

2 EXT. NEW YORK - PARK - NEXT 2

The runner tears into frame but then starts to slow, checking back over their shoulder.

Coming to a stop, their body still bouncing with adrenaline, they scan the leaf-covered path they came down.

Nothing.

The runner finally turns and starts to walk onwards, when they hear:

CLICK.

VOICE (O.S.)

And that's strikes one, two and three.

The runner freezes, turning slowly round to face:

SCOTT JACOBS. Late twenties, plain clothes - and a HANDGUN aimed right at the runner.

Scott reaches into his jacket, never taking his eyes off the perp, and withdraws a POLICE BADGE, which he flashes with a chuckle.

SCOTT

Good piece of distance running there, too.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT (cont'd)
If I hadn't had to stop and take
care of that guy you almost killed
back there, I might've caught you a
little sooner.

The runner doesn't move, features concealed by the hood as
they stare straight back at Scott.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Paramedics are on their way, you
might like to know. I mean,
probably not, being as how if I'd
been a few seconds later turning
that corner you'd have finished
cutting that guy's throat, but
anyway...

The runner SNICKERS, a mocking, insolent laugh that makes
Scott pause. He frowns.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Something funny?

RUNNER
You don't have any idea what's
going on, do you?

Scott starts to edge towards the runner, gun still locked on.

SCOTT
I know that you're about to do five
to ten for attempted murder, is
what I know. And that I can finally
get on with my evening once I bring
you in. Did you know this is
actually my night off?

The runner takes a few steps forwards, and Scott pulls up.

SCOTT (cont'd)
(stern)
Freeze! Don't you move one more
inch, or so help me, I will be
forced to open fire.

RUNNER
You think that'll save you?

SCOTT
I think I'm the one with the gun,
so I get to say 'freeze.'

The runner holds still as Scott draws closer, reaching to his
belt for a pair of HANDCUFFS.

RUNNER

Thought you said this was your
night off?

SCOTT

(shrugs)

Boy scout. Old habits.

(beat)

Now. Turn around - slowly - and put
your hands behind your head.

The runner obligingly turns, placing their hands behind their
head - their hood still raised.

SCOTT (cont'd)

That's better.

Scott reaches forward and CLICKS the first half of the cuffs
on, quickly SNAPPING the other shut.

He GRABS the runner, forcing his shackled hands down behind
his back and turning him round.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Alright, let's see who we've got
here...

He roughly pulls back the hood - and is faced by a young,
athletic black male.

SCOTT (cont'd)

I don't suppose you have a name, do
you?

RUNNER

I have more than that...

And the runner VAMPS OUT! Scott LEAPS back in alarm, quickly
raising his gun again.

The VAMPIRE flexes his powerful muscles, straining against
the cuffs...

... which BREAK, freeing his hands! The runner lets out a
HISS of victory as Scott stares in disbelief.

He finally snaps out of it as the runner steps forward, gun
trained on his head as he yells:

SCOTT

Freeze!

The vampire just GRINS - and then LUNGES forward, LEAPING
through the air towards him!

(CONTINUED)

Scott FIRES TWICE - but the vamp still CRASHES into him, tackling them both to the floor!

Scott struggles, but the vamp starts laying heavy PUNCHES into him, one across his jaw and two into his gut.

Scott COUGHS, winded, and the vamp SNARLS over him as he pins him down, fangs bared...

Someone WHISTLES off screen, and the vamp's head snaps up.

VOICE (O.S.)

Alright, you had your fun. Come get your main course.

Standing further down the path is a YOUNG WOMAN with curly brunette hair, her features hidden by shadows.

The vamp ROARS and JUMPS off Scott, leaving him wheezing as he struggles to turn round.

He hears the SMACKS and GRUNTS of a fight taking place, but as he lifts his head:

SCOTT'S POV:

His vision is BLURRED, shapes swimming in and out of focus.

ON SCOTT as he tries to shake the cobwebs away, the woman easily kicking the vampire back and forth.

Her hand plunges into her jacket and comes back with something SHARP - which she STABS into the runner's chest!

Scott's jaw hangs as the runner lets out a HOWL of pain - before he EXPLODES INTO DUST!

The woman steps back, brushing dust from her jacket, before she looks down at the still-prone Scott.

WOMAN

You alright?

SCOTT

What... who...

WOMAN

Yeah, you're fine.

And she turns and jogs away, leaving Scott to call out:

SCOTT

Wait... wait!

He gets to his feet, shaken but relatively unharmed. The woman's already long gone.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED: (4)

2

He walks up to the mound of DUST that used to be the runner, staring at it like the laws of physics just went AWOL.

And as the utterly thrown Scott looks back down the path, PUSH IN on his bewildered features before he checks his watch, and we CUT TO:

3 EXT. NEW YORK - STREET - NEXT

3

And Scott is RUNNING, weaving through citizens and putting the hammer down like his perp before him.

4 EXT. NEW YORK - MOVIE THEATRE - NEXT

4

He turns a corner to arrive outside a brightly-lit CINEMA, lines of punters making their way inside.

He nudges through the crowd, eyes scanning for someone, until he hears:

VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, Scott!

He turns - and sees RACHEL, dolled up for the occasion, who bounds up to him with a grin.

SCOTT

(relieved)

Hey. Do we still have time?

RACHEL

Just. What took you so long? Last time you called me, you said you were just on your way. It doesn't take half an hour to get to here from your place, does it?

SCOTT

No, no, I just...

He looks to the side, and Rachel spots the BRUISE starting to form on his jaw.

RACHEL

Oh, no! What happened?

Scott stares at her for a beat. Wheels turning.

SCOTT

Just a suspect. Got a lucky hit on me. It's all taken care of now.

RACHEL

Well... good. I'm glad. Now, come on, mister detective...

(CONTINUED)

She crooks her arm, and he slides his through hers.

RACHEL (cont'd)
... we've got a movie to watch.

He smiles, putting on a show just for her as they join the queue.

But as Scott glances back out into the street, his expression shows just how lost he still is as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - DAY

5

And as a contrast to last night's glamour, here's Rachel and DAWN in plain white orderly uniforms - MOPPING the floor.

RACHEL

... and so after the movie was over, he waited with me while he called a cab, and then...

DAWN

(teasing)

And then? There's an 'and then'?

Rachel blushes, unable to wipe the smirk off her face.

RACHEL

And then he pulls me in for a hug, kisses me - just once - on the lips, and tells me in this deep, husky voice... 'call me soon, alright'?

Rachel fans herself as Dawn LAUGHS.

RACHEL (cont'd)

I mean, come on. That's hot. Any way you look at it.

DAWN

Meh. Tongue woulda been hotter.

RACHEL

(fake shock)

Dawn! And coming from such an innocent young lady like yourself, too...

DAWN

Hey! I'm not all that innocent, you know. I've done... stuff, with... people.

RACHEL

Like what?

DAWN

Like made out with boys, hello? And... some other stuff that my sister would not approve of, even though it was perfectly okay for her to do it when she was, like, seventeen, and -

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Dawn! Breathe. Like we talked about.

Dawn pulls a face, doing precisely two seconds worth of mopping before she stops again:

DAWN

So you think this guy Scott is, what, a gentleman because he didn't go for the big kiss?

RACHEL

I think he's taking his time, and that suits me just fine.

DAWN

Yeah, for at least three days. Then you'll just drag him into that taxi with you and -

FAITH (O.S.)

Dawn!

Dawn jumps a mile, then rolls her eyes as FAITH steps in.

DAWN

What?

FAITH

Nothin'. Just making sure you didn't go and say something you shouldn't.

DAWN

(exasperated)

Excuse me? Am I the only person in the building not allowed to have a sex life?

FAITH

Yes.

RACHEL

Yes.

DAWN (cont'd)

(pouts)

You guys suck.

FAITH

And you don't, and it's gonna stay that way while you're on my watch, alright? I promised your sister.

Dawn starts to protest, but Faith's already moved on:

FAITH (cont'd)

When you two've got a minute...

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Yeah, we're almost done.

FAITH

... conference in Pryor's office.
See you in five.

She turns and walks away - and dawn HUFFS at the muddy footprints she's left all down the freshly-mopped corridor.

DAWN

I swear, if she wasn't a Slayer,
one of these days I'm just gonna...

Dawn starts to mop up the damage, and we CUT TO:

Faith is writing something on the chalkboard as VI enters.

VI

Oh, hey.

FAITH

Hey yourself.

VI

What are you doing?

Faith grins, stepping back.

Vi stands before THE BOARD - on which Faith has drawn a table, marking each of the team's names on one side and a tally of white lines on the other.

Or, more accurately, several dozen white lines for Faith and precious little for anyone else.

VI (cont'd)

Is that... are you keeping score
now?

FAITH

(shrugs)

Just something I thought'd help
morale.

VI

(sharp)

Whose? Yours? Trust me, Faith,
you've got enough morale for the
whole building at the moment.

FAITH

(frowns)

Hey, no need to get all -

(CONTINUED)

VI

But if this is what you want to do
with your free time - by which I
mean, any second you're not out
there, single-handedly making New
York vampires an extinct species -
then who am I to stop you?

Vi turns and stomps back towards the door, leaving on:

VI (cont'd)

It's not like you'd listen to any
of us anyway...

And she's gone. Stung, Faith looks back to the board, but it
doesn't seem like such fun any more as we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - ADMIN BLOCK - NEXT

Dawn and Rachel are heading for Pryor's office.

RACHEL

Dawnie? Can I ask you something?

DAWN

As long as you're not gonna mention
that thing I told you about
involving that freshman and the
janitor's closet.

RACHEL

(grins)

Actually, I wanted to ask how you
were doing.

DAWN

Me? I'm... okay. Why?

RACHEL

It's just, you know, Ruth's been
pushing you really hard to see if
you can get better control of your
teleporting... thing, and then
there's that stuff with trying to
find Noa, and -

DAWN

I didn't try to find her. I did
find her.

(darkly)

Just that nobody believes me.

RACHEL

Hey, I want to, honey, it's just
that, well...

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

If Buffy was here, she'd understand. She'd be all on my back, using words like 'responsibility,' and 'great power,' and 'salad.'

RACHEL

'Salad'?

DAWN

She thinks I eat too much junk food.

They've almost reached the office door, Dawn reaching for the handle.

RACHEL

Shouldn't we knock?

DAWN

(opening door)

Ah, Pryor won't mind. It's not like we're gonna catch him in the middle of any -

DAWN

(freezes)

... thing.

Dawn and Rachel gape at PRYOR and RUTH - engaging in some good old-fashioned NECKING!

Ruth finally spots the two girls, quickly detaching herself from Pryor, the two of them hastily smoothing their clothes out as Pryor COUGHS awkwardly.

PRYOR

Um... yes, so... er... is it time for the meeting already?

Rachel's killing herself trying not to laugh, but Dawn manages to be much cooler:

DAWN

Sorry, we're a little early. We can come back if you two need a little...

She glances slyly at Ruth, who grins, tongue in cheek, as she heads for her own desk.

PRYOR

No, no, that'll be, er... no.

(CONTINUED)

Rachel and Dawn swap a glance, finally letting out a quick GIGGLE as they make their way inside, and we CUT TO:

EXT. ASYLUM - BALCONY - NEXT

Vi throws open a door and marches out onto a small balcony overlooking the car park and surrounding buildings.

She SEETHES for a few beats, muttering under her breath - and then she blinks, turning to see:

JERRY, leaning against the wall and enjoying a cigarette. He raises an eyebrow.

VI

What are you doing out here?

JERRY

Making sure my daughter doesn't catch me. What about you?

VI

Trying to avoid your daughter, else I'm gonna...

She trails off, and Jerry heads over to her.

JERRY

Do you want to talk about it?

VI

What's to say? I mean... she's Faith, you know? The Big Cheese in the Big Apple. Slayer numero uno. And I'm just me. The chick who always needs rescuing. Who's always one step behind her.

JERRY

Sounds to me like you two need to try and talk things out.

VI

What's the point? She won't listen! She'll just blow me off with some crap about how I'm 'taking things too seriously,' or how it's 'all in my head,' and then it's right back to the way things were again.

Vi's hands gesture as she rants, and Jerry smirks.

JERRY

So you're saying you feel left out.

VI

No! Well... kinda. Yes. Maybe. I don't know.

(beat)

Do I?

JERRY

Violet, if there's one thing I can sympathise with, it's feeling like the rest of the world is moving and you're just standing there, watching it go by and trying to work out how the hell to get back on.

He taps another cigarette out of his packet.

JERRY (cont'd)

Before the Church recruited me, I was going nowhere fast. Now that they're gone, I don't think I've found my feet again yet. You kids are all so involved in what you do, and I envy that, because I'd give anything right now to have your sense of... purpose.

He offers the smoke to Vi. She stares at it for a beat - then takes it.

JERRY (cont'd)

So, whenever my heads starts spinning as I try and figure out my next move, I come out here. I take in the view. I clear my thoughts.

He gestures to the view of downtown NYC as he lights Vi's cigarette.

JERRY (cont'd)

And it straightens me out again. At least for a few hours.

He grins and turns back to her. She manages a grin back.

JERRY (cont'd)

So what do you have to say about all that?

VI

(off cigarette)

You know, I never used to smoke... and then I came here.

Jerry chuckles, the two turning to appreciate the view as we
CUT TO:

10 INT. POLICE HQ - 4TH FLOOR - DAY

10

PUSH THROUGH the hustle, bustle, clamour and noise of this busy precinct until we find Scott at his desk.

He's busy working at his PC, frowning at incident reports on the screen and scrolling through several pages of information.

VOICE (O.S.)

So then, this guy walks up to me,
and he says...

Scott looks up - there's a female cop about his age standing before his desk. Good figure, lots of blonde hair.

SCOTT

C'mon, Annie, I'm busy.

ANN HOGAN plants her hands on her hips and quirks an eyebrow.

HOGAN

Are you brushing me off?

SCOTT

No, I'm just -

HOGAN

Ah! Yes, you are. Which means
you've got something worth brushing
me off for. So let's hear it.

She takes a seat, shuffling closer, and with a resigned grin Scott turns his monitor towards her.

HOGAN (cont'd)

(reading)

Crime scene reports... going back
about five years? Did you fall
asleep watching 'Cold Case' again?
I keep telling you, Emily Deschanel
isn't a real cop.

SCOTT

It's nothing, just...

She notices Scott is holding his ST. CHRISTOPHER necklace with one hand, absently rubbing it while he stares at the screen.

HOGAN

You okay?

SCOTT

Something weird happened to me last
night.

(CONTINUED)

HOGAN

To do with that case you brought in? Some guy got mugged in one our fine city's many dark alleyways, right?

SCOTT

Yeah, only I chased after the perp soon as I'd called the paramedics in. He was fast, and I mean really fast. I had to take two shortcuts to catch him.

Hogan leans forward, her elbows on Scott's desk.

HOGAN

So what happened then?

SCOTT

I got him dead to rights, put the cuffs on him, and then... he...

He stops, stuck, waving a hand in frustration.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Look, all I know is that he broke out of the cuffs, tackled me to the ground, and then...

He glances at Hogan, who's listening with rapt attention.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Some girl appears out of nowhere, calls the guy over, they fight, and... she stabbed him.

He raps a fist over his chest.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Right here.

HOGAN

Woah! And while all this was going on, you were...

SCOTT

Recovering.

HOGAN

Right.

SCOTT

(eyes her)

But when she stabbed him, he didn't fall down, he just... vanished.

(CONTINUED)

HOGAN

'Vanished'? Like, what, with a little 'poof' of smoke?

SCOTT

Actually... yeah.

He looks to her, knowing how crazy this sounds. She leans back, taking in a deep breath.

HOGAN

Well, gotta say, seems like he must've hit you pretty hard. Sounds to me like you hallucinated.

SCOTT

No, Ann, she was there. I saw her. She took this guy out, asked me if I was okay, and then -

HOGAN

And then she vanished too?

Scott sits back in his chair. He stares at the monitor.

SCOTT

But this isn't the first time this has happened.

HOGAN

Here we go...

SCOTT

I've got case files here going back years, all fitting into the same pattern - some random civilian gets in trouble, attacked by an unnaturally strong assailant who then gets driven off by a mystery woman, who then doesn't stick around to sign any autographs.

HOGAN

And the beauty of all these cases is that there's not a damn speck of evidence left behind.

SCOTT

Not normally, no. A few pieces here and there, nothing solid.

He brings up several crime scene photos, all of the same subject but taken from a variety of locations:

SCOTT (cont'd)

Just dust.

(CONTINUED)

Hogan throws him another incredulous look, then rises from her seat and steps back.

HOGAN

There's a reason cases like these
are left unsolved, Scotty.

He looks up at her, hoping she has an answer.

HOGAN (cont'd)

The people looking into them always
starts spouting the same nonsense
about monsters. Next thing you know
it, you're handing the Chief your
badge and gun and wandering the
streets at night, yelling your
crazy theories to anyone who'll
listen. And nobody will.

She turns and walks away, calling back:

HOGAN (cont'd)

Take it from me, partner - forget
about this one.

Scott watches her go, his attention coming back to the screen. He types in a few more commands, bringing up a PERSONNEL FILE.

Scott studies this for a beat, then uses his mouse to click on a link to open an image:

And a photograph of JON QUINN scrolls onto the screen - followed by the caption 'DECEASED.'

Scott stares at Quinn's image, as if trying to find some answers there, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - DAY

11

Scott walks down a long, narrow hallway, trying not to notice the patchy wallpaper, suspicious stains or muffled noises of ARGUING and a baby CRYING.

He stops at one door, numbered '402,' and KNOCKS three times. Waits. No answer.

He KNOCKS again, and this time hears:

VOICE (O.S.)
(through door)
Just a minute, just a minute...

LOCKS and CHAINS rattle on the other side of the door, and Scott takes a look around as he waits.

Finally, the door opens a crack, to reveal a short, balding and chubby MAN inside, peering at him through thick glasses.

MAN
Yes? Who is it?

Scott holds up his badge.

SCOTT
Detective Jacobs, sir. We spoke on the phone?

MAN
(beat)
Hold that closer.

Scott pushes his badge closer to the man's face, and he squints to read it.

He suddenly SHUTS the door, and Scott is just starting to think he's been blanked when the door OPENS.

MAN (cont'd)
Sorry. Can't be too careful, you know. Even during the day.

He steps aside, waving Scott inside.

SCOTT
Absolutely.

He enters, the man shutting the door behind him:

12 INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NEXT

12

Scott looks the place over - low-rent in every respect, and clearly a bachelor pad given all the mess.

The man shuffles off into the kitchen as Scott takes a few steps forward, calling back:

MAN

Can I get you anything? Coffee?
Soda?

SCOTT

No, I'm fine, thanks.

The man re-emerges with a glass of WATER, quickly knocking it back. Scott watches, eyebrow raised, as the man drains it.

MAN

Sorry. Have to keep myself topped
up.

SCOTT

(beat)

So, uh, thanks for agreeing to
speak to me, Mr. Moseley.

MOSELEY takes a seat on the well-worn couch.

MOSELEY

Not at all. Detective Quinn and I
spoke many times. I knew it'd just
be a matter of time before somebody
picked up his work. Terrible about
what happened to him, by the way.

SCOTT

(narrows eyes)

What do you know about that?

MOSELEY

Just that his body was found with
multiple injuries from a wide
variety of weapons, but nowhere
near enough evidence for the CSIs
to follow up on.

(taps nose)

That's how they work, you see. The
science guy, he sorts that kind of
thing out.

(beat)

Please, sit.

Scott hesitates for a moment, then sits. He SINKS into the
sofa, shuffling forward until he's perched on the edge.

(CONTINUED)

MOSELEY (cont'd)

So, you said on the phone something about an attack last night?

SCOTT

That's right. Your name came up several times in Detective Quinn's file as somebody who provided him with useful information, and so I thought perhaps -

MOSELEY

(chuckling)

This is your first time, isn't it?

SCOTT

I'm sorry?

MOSELEY

Oh, don't be embarrassed. Heck, my first time, I hid in bed for a week. I was too scared to even leave my bedroom in case there was something waiting in the kitchen!

SCOTT

With all due respect, Mr. Moseley, I'm not sure what you -

MOSELEY

So what was it? Vampire? Demon?

SCOTT

(blinks)

'Demon'?

MOSELEY

That attacked you? Given your location, I'm guessing probably a vampire. There's a bunch of nests round there. Those girls keep cleaning them out, but they never stay empty for long. Lots of shade, you see. They like that.

SCOTT

'Girls'? What 'girls'?

Moseley just grins, pushing himself up out of his chair and disappearing into another room.

MOSELEY (O.S.)

Just a minute, I can show you what I mean...

Scott rubs his temples - what is he doing here?

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Mr. Moseley, I think, uh... maybe
we're getting our wires crossed
here, so I think I should -

Moseley re-enters, holding a thick SCRAPBOOK.

MOSELEY

Alright. Let me see...

He sits back down, leafing through the pages.

SCOTT

If you're still here, that means
one of them saved you.

(off his look)

Don't get all macho about it. No
harm in admitting.

(off book)

Aha! Here. Now. Was it this one?

He turns the book round - there's a (very) blurred photograph
of a young woman fleeing the scene. The only distinguishing
feature is a flash of RED HAIR.

Scott stares at the photo, then at Moseley. His expression
says it all.

MOSELEY

I know it's not the best picture
but they, uh, they don't exactly
want too many people knowing who
they are.

(off photo)

No good? No? Okay, then it was...

He flicks to another page and turns the book back round - and
it's another shaky photo, this time of a BRUNETTE.

Scott frowns, studying the photo for a moment, and Moseley
smiles as he closes the book up.

MOSELEY (cont'd)

I know that look. You got her.

(chuckles)

Lucky you!

SCOTT

Who... who is she?

MOSELEY

I don't know her name. None of us
do.

SCOTT

'Us'?

(CONTINUED)

MOSELEY

Other survivors. People they've saved. There's a whole bunch of us if you look hard enough.

He rises again, waddling over to the wall behind Scott and turning on a LAMP.

Scott turns - and double takes at the wall, which is covered with news clippings, photographs, maps and crime reports.

MOSELEY (cont'd)

I've been trying to keep track of her for over a year now. I think they're based somewhere round here...

He taps a large red circle drawn on one map.

MOSELEY (cont'd)

... but, again, it's hard to be sure.

SCOTT

What is all this?

MOSELEY

(smiles)

A record of achievement. I mean, those Slayers, they're busy girls, so it helps to have a system to log what they're doing.

Scott is looking over the wall, seeing headlines like 'Mystery Woman Saves Man From Wild Animal,' or 'Children Rescued By Unknown Girl.'

His PHONE RINGS, and he fishes it out to answer it.

SCOTT

(into phone)

Jacobs.

HOGAN

(filtered; through phone)

Hey, where are you? Janetti's meant to be meeting us in a half hour, and you've dropped straight off the radar.

SCOTT

I'm, uh...

(glances at wall)

... following a lead. I'll be right over.

(CONTINUED)

He hangs up, rising from his seat.

SCOTT (cont'd)
I have to go.

MOSELEY
No, no, of course. I wouldn't want
to keep you.

SCOTT
Listen, all of this... you say
Detective Quinn knew all about this
stuff?

MOSELEY
Why, yes. He was one of the very
best. Which is why I'm so glad
you're here now.

Scott doesn't look so sure as Moseley darts back into the
kitchen, returning with a second glass of water.

MOSELEY (cont'd)
Sure I can't interest you?

SCOTT
Huh? Oh, no, thanks, I'm good.

MOSELEY
A little holy water never killed
anybody, detective.

SCOTT
(beat)
Holy water?

MOSELEY
Absolutely! Do you think your
common or garden vampire is going
to want to take a bite out of your
neck with this stuff flowing round
your body! I don't think so!

Moseley proves his point by taking another gulp - but Scott
is already over by the door.

MOSELEY (cont'd)
Oh, er, okay then, I suppose I'll
be seeing you -

SLAM. Scott's gone.

MOSELEY (cont'd)
... soon.

He shrugs, sipping his water as we CUT TO:

13 INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

13

Starting in darkness, the Control Room starts to LIGHT UP - a line of PANELS along the floor first, before overhead lights flare up.

Pryor, Vi and Dawn descend the steps as the Control Room finishes warming up, various panels, markings and elements GLOWING softly.

DAWN

Thanks for this, Pryor.

PRYOR

(without turning)

Hmm.

DAWN

I mean, I know you still have your doubts about all this, but still, it's good to know you trust me.

PRYOR

Hmm.

DAWN

(beat)

And afterwards, I thought I'd run naked through Central Park carrying a clear plastic bag full of hundred dollar bills.

PRYOR

Hmm.

(blinks)

Wait, what?

Dawn rolls her eyes, stepping past him as she approaches the PEDESTAL in the centre of the room.

DAWN

You've got my back, right, Vi?

VI

Huh? Oh, yeah, sure. Hundred per cent.

Dawn pulls an 'I call bullsh*t' face, sensing Vi's obvious apprehension.

DAWN

Look, it's gonna be alright. I'm only gonna push, like, a tiny bit more power into it this time. It shouldn't make any difference.

(CONTINUED)

VI

'Shouldn't.' Yeah. That's a real encouraging word to use. So many great plans have ended in success thanks to 'shouldn't.'

Pryor heads over, newly-activated MONITORS behind him buzzing and beeping as they boot up.

PRYOR

I'm afraid I have to share Vi's concerns here.

DAWN

(huffs)

Oh, come on! I told you I heard her, what more proof do you need?

PRYOR

The rest of us hearing Noa's voice would be a start. Dawn, we could fit what we still don't know about the Gateway into Federal Hall!

VI

What he means is, we still can't be sure you actually heard Noa. Nothing in any of the readings we've had back said so. Right?

PRYOR

Correct. Although, there were a few troubling readings, which I -

DAWN

Look, guys. Please. Humour me. Let me do this, and if I can't get some kind of proof that she's alive out of it this time, I promise we'll drop it and try another way. Okay?

Vi and Pryor exchange a look. Pryor nods, and Vi takes a deep breath.

She extends her hands over the glass tubes inside the pedestal. Slowly, she starts to move her hands over the tubes, each one emitting a short HUM at different pitches as she does so.

A thin sliver of LIGHT suddenly appears in the air before the pedestal.

As the others watch, the sliver expands, becoming a thick rectangle of shimmering light, until with a final, brief BLAZE of light, the light fades away...

(CONTINUED)

... to reveal a DOORWAY suspended in the air, shifting and flowing between many different styles.

DAWN (cont'd)

Thanks.

She walks up to the doorway, holding her hand in the air just before it.

PRYOR

Wait a moment, I just need to rig
you up so I can take more
readings...

He starts fumbling with some of his monitors, but Dawn keeps her hand up.

DAWN

Uh... guys?

They look over - and Dawn's hand is GLOWING, a haze of light around it pulsing in time with the shifting doorways.

DAWN (cont'd)

(gulps)

I think we're starting early this
time.

Pryor doubles his efforts, rapidly flicking more machines on before hurrying over to the pedestal with Vi.

VI

What's she doing?

PRYOR

I think her tattoo's on some kind
of auto-pilot. It must be
remembering what she tried last
time and trying to give her a head
start...

Dawn GASPS as a wave of LIGHT flows over her, her hair billowing out in a non-existent breeze and her eyes GLOWING.

DAWN

(edgy)

Guys!

PRYOR

Just concentrate, Dawn! Your tattoo
is doing the work for you, you just
need to keep your mind focused!

VI

Hang in there, Dawnie!

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (3)

13

Dawn's mouth hangs open, her body TWITCHING as power from the portal flows through her.

DAWN

I... I think... something's going
to...

And her hand abruptly CLAMPS against the door, as we SMASH
CUT TO:

14 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

14

And we're back in the world where Noa is lost as another
violent ELECTRICAL STORM bursts to life!

Filling the light skies with rolls of black, ominous clouds
in moments, RAIN falls and LIGHTNING flashes.

Down in the village below, several people flee for the safety
of their homes, scattering in all direction.

All except NOA, who bursts out of one hut, looking to the
skies in wonder.

And then she starts to GLOW, her body effusing soft white
light all over.

NOA

(smiles; shouts)

That's it! Come on! You've found me
again! Bring me home already!

KINCAID emerges from the hut behind her, walking to her side
and gaping at how she's glowing.

KINCAID

Is this... are you alright?

NOA

I'm fine. It doesn't hurt. I'm
okay.

She turns to him, beaming from ear to ear.

NOA (cont'd)

This is it! This is really it!

She quickly looks all around her. The village is deserted,
people looking at Noa and the storm from the safety of their
homes.

NOA (cont'd)

You don't see any more demons
coming to get me, do you?

(CONTINUED)

KINCAID

Uh... no.

NOA

Good.

She turns back towards the skies, calling out:

NOA (cont'd)

Alright, let's do this! Just tell
me what I have to do! I'm list -

KA-BOOM! A huge bolt of LIGHTNING suddenly slams into one of
the village huts, DETONATING it in a burst of FLAMES!

Kincaid pushes Noa to the ground, covering her body with his
own, as BURNING DEBRIS rains down.

NOA (cont'd)

What the...

Another bolt of LIGHTNING strikes, this one BLASTING a hole
into the ground!

People start to emerge from their homes, some trying to
gather water to put out the burning building.

VILLAGER

(to Noa)

Make them stop! Make them stop!

NOA

I... I...

Noa looks round, utterly lost, and we CUT TO:

Dawn frowns, leaning closer to the doorways, the light around
her intensifying.

VI

Now what's she doing?

As if to answer, one of Pryor's monitors suddenly POPS,
showering sparks over the rest.

PRYOR

She's overloading the system...
somehow.

VI

Can she do that?

The lights in the control room FLICKER - and two more
monitors go BOOM, smoke rising from their shells.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

PRYOR
Apparently, yes.

The whole room starts to SHAKE as we CUT TO:

16 EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

16

THUNDER rumbles, and now TWO MORE lightning bolts arc down - and one STRIKES a villager dead on!

He's THROWN backwards through the air, CRASHING into the ground.

A horrified Noa can only watch as people rush to his aid - but he won't be getting up again.

There's a sound like something RIPPING - and Noa looks up to see a huge TEAR opening up across the sky itself!

Strange, unearthly LIGHT blazes from within, the tear shimmering but looking very real.

Another RIPPING sound - and Noa turns to see another TEAR has opened up, this one across the ground in the middle of the village!

A group of villagers are rushing towards the burning houses, buckets of WATER in their hands - straight towards the tear!

NOA
No! Stop! Wait!

The villagers are unsighted, running straight into the tear - and FALLING into it!

Their SCREAMS ring out as Kincaid grabs Noa by the shoulders, yelling right at her:

KINCAID
You have to do something!

NOA
Do what? I can't fight off the friggin' weather, Glenn!

KINCAID
It's your friends! They're causing this, so tell them to stop!

NOA
How?!?

Kincaid pulls her to her feet, turning her to face upwards.

KINCAID
Tell them!

(CONTINUED)

Noa takes a beat, looking around - several huts are now IN FLAMES, with more wounded villagers scattered around.

She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes... and then screams for all she's worth:

NOA

STOP!!

And as her voice carries through the howling wind and rolling thunder, we CUT TO:

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Dawn's hand suddenly jerks back, her body still suffused with light.

Noa's voice ECHOES around the control room. She turns to face the others.

DAWN

Did you...

Vi and Pryor stare at her, jaws hanging.

VI

We, uh...

PRYOR

We heard her.

(beat)

Shut it down.

DAWN

But -

PRYOR

Dawn, you heard what she said! Now shut it down!

DAWN

Pryor, that's her! We've found her!
I can almost -

PRYOR

(roars)

Dawn! Shut it down!

DAWN

No! I just need -

FOOM! There's a sudden BLAZE of light, and Dawn is THROWN BACKWARDS several feet!

VI

Dawn!

(CONTINUED)

She races over - just as every light in the room goes out!

PRYOR

Vi? Dawn? Are you alright?

He switches on a FLASHLIGHT, sweeping it round until he locates the girls.

Dawn is unconscious, SMOKE rising from her, with Vi crouched over her, checking her pulse.

VI

She's alive. But she's out cold.

PRYOR

Get her upstairs.

He sweeps his flashlight back round the room - burned out monitors stare back at him. The doorway has vanished.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I'd better check the damage down here first.

Vi scoops Dawn up, managing to locate the stairs - and dim, secondary lighting comes on to show her the way out.

VI

Pryor?

(as he turns)

You heard her too, right?

PRYOR

(beat)

Get Dawn seen to. Then we'll discuss what happened here.

Vi nods, jogging up the stairs, and as Pryor examines the mess that's been made of his equipment, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

18

Dawn sleeps peacefully in bed. She looks a little singed, but otherwise okay.

She stirs, her head shifting as she comes round. She blearily opens her eyes...

DAWN'S POV:

And sees the blurred faces of the rest of the team come into focus as they glare down at her.

ON DAWN as she groans, closing her eyes again.

DAWN
I'm in trouble, aren't I?

Faith reaches over and lightly SWATS Dawn's arm.

DAWN (cont'd)
Ow!

FAITH
Dumbass.

She rubs her arm, frowning.

FAITH (cont'd)
What the hell were you thinking?

DAWN
I was -

FAITH
No, actually, forget that, because apparently 'thinking' ain't something you Summers girls are so hot at!

DAWN
I was trying to help! We all want Noa back, right? What if this is the only way?

FAITH
Yeah, and what if you get your skinny ass killed trying to do it?

DAWN
I wouldn't -

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

What the hell would I tell your
sister then?

DAWN

(beat)

So that's what this is about.

Faith bristles, but Vi gently nudges past her.

VI

Faith, go wait outside for a sec,
okay?

FAITH

But she -

VI

Faith.

Vi's look gives her meaning - 'go cool off.' With a GRUNT and
a final, reproachful glare at Dawn, Faith exits.

RACHEL

I'll go, er...

She leaves too, hurrying to catch Faith up.

Dawn pushes her pillows round so she can sit up. Ruth hovers
nearby, casting her gaze over her.

DAWN

(off Ruth)

I'm fine.

RUTH

And I'm immune to grumpy little
sisters. So stop fidgeting and sit
still.

She checks dawn over, carefully examining the black patches
on her face and arms.

PRYOR

Dawn... what you did was...
dangerous. Reckless. Irresponsible.

DAWN

I get it, I messed up, and I'm
sorry, but -

Pryor DUMPS a huge swathe of printouts onto her bed.

PRYOR

And may have had far more grave
consequences.

(CONTINUED)

Dawn watches as Pryor leafs through the sheets.

DAWN
What's all that?

VI
Reports from all the PCs down in the control room. You know, what we could salvage after your little power surge turned them all into spare parts.

PRYOR
I thought I'd spotted a few strange readings after your last attempt, but I couldn't verify what any of them meant. Until now.

He pauses, taking a breath. He's trying not to scold her, but he's very obviously angry with her.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Dawn, the level of power you pushed into your search, and in particular whichever dimension you located Noa in... you may have caused severe damage.

DAWN
To what?

She holds up a bandaged hand.

DAWN (cont'd)
I think I covered 'damage' already!

PRYOR
To the dimension itself.

That shuts her up. Pryor shows her the reports as he continues:

PRYOR (cont'd)
(points)
These numbers here, they're standard energy readings from an average dimension. See how constant they all are? That means all natural elements, mystical or otherwise, are within their usual parameters.

He flicks over to another page - half-burned, this one is covered with crazily-angled lines and long lines of digits.

PRYOR (cont'd)
This is what I got back immediately
after your... experiment.

Dawn swallows, eyes fixed on the sheets as Pryor shows her
some more.

PRYOR (cont'd)
These are from another set of
dimensions... and these from
another.

DAWN
What... what do they all mean?

PRYOR
(sighs)
They mean that the very basics of
these worlds have been altered
somehow. That the natural balance
has been shunted out of its own
orbit. What that means in exact
terms... I don't know. I haven't
got anywhere near the right kind of
equipment to show me that, short of
manually visiting each world to see
for ourselves.

DAWN
But it's bad... isn't it?

Pryor paces round the bed, scratching his head.

PRYOR
It looks that way.

Dawn shuts her eyes - a TEAR rolling down her cheek. Ruth and
Vi swap a glance, then silently leave the room.

DAWN
I'm so, so sorry...

PRYOR
You weren't to know, although you
didn't exactly help -

DAWN
... but we have to try again.

He looks up. She meets his gaze, SNIFFING back fresh tears.

DAWN (cont'd)
Pryor, she's there. We all heard
her. If I can just figure out how
to grab her without using too much
power, without causing any more -

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Absolutely out of the question.

DAWN

We can't just abandon her! Not when we're this close!

PRYOR

Even if it means potentially destroying whole worlds to get her? Do you really think Noa would want to be rescued if that was the price? To have all that destruction on her conscience?

Dawn leans back, exhausted. Pryor grips the edge of the bed tightly for a beat, reigning in his anger, before he turns and marches out of the room.

Dawn lets out a breath, raising her bandaged hand and staring at it as we CUT TO:

19

INT. POLICE HQ - 4TH FLOOR - NIGHT

19

Scott is looking over several case files open on his desk, hands clasped and head resting on them.

The department is still busy all around him as the evening shift arrives for work.

Hogan stops by his desk, jacket half on, and she KICKS the table leg to jolt him out of his trance.

SCOTT

Ann, I told you to stop doing that.

HOGAN

And I told you, it's the only thing that gets you out of that thousand-yard thing you do.

(beat)

Time to go home, Scott. Magnus owes everyone the first round after losing that bet on Mayor Wilkins' last speech.

SCOTT

You guys go on without me. I've got a few things to do first.

HOGAN

I repeat - Magnus. Is buying. You remember the last time that happened, right?

He starts to reply, but she cuts him off:

(CONTINUED)

HOGAN (cont'd)
No, you don't, because it would have been last never. Come on, Scotty! You've been staring at those files all afternoon. Let's go blow off some steam, and do it on somebody else's tab.

SCOTT
I'd love to, Ann, really, but -

HOGAN
Yeah, yeah. Busy. Right. Your loss.

She exits, and after watching her depart Scott turns his attention back to the files.

A few moments later, his cell phone RINGS, and he answers:

SCOTT
Jacobs.

VOICE
(filtered; over phone)
Detective Jacobs? I hear you're a man in search of some answers.

SCOTT
(frowns; sits up)
Who is this? How did you get this number?

VOICE
Who I am isn't important. What I can tell you is.

Scott gets out of his seat, going to the window and scanning the street outside.

SCOTT
Look, if you're just going to waste my time, go make a prank call on somebody else, alright?

VOICE
I can tell you who saved your life last night.

Scott freezes. He straightens, turning from the window.

SCOTT
What did you say?

VOICE
There's an old Church, Lower East Side. Burned down. Know it?

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Yeah, uh, used to be where that
hokey cult did their business.

VOICE

Meet me there in half an hour.

The mystery caller HANGS UP, and Scott can only stare at his
phone as we CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - NIGHT

Night has fallen and the storm has gone - but the village is
a shadow of its former self.

A third of the huts have BURNED DOWN, many more damaged by
lightning strikes.

PUSH THROUGH the village as people move to and fro, some
carrying the wounded, others moving the dead. There's lots of
both.

The rippling, angry TEARS are still open, some in the air,
some on the ground, defying all natural law as they SNARL and
SNAP like wounded animals.

And finally, sitting on the end of one of the benches by the
main banquet table - which has been blown in half - is Noa.

Her head's in her hands, her long hair covering her face as
she tries not to hear the noises around her:

People CRYING, raised voices YELLING in anger, and the noise
of a damaged hut COLLAPSING into rubble.

She looks up, realising that several people are standing
before her. At the head is village elder TORRELL.

TORRELL

Noa... we have to talk.

NOA

Torrell, please, you have to
understand -

He raises a hand to stop her.

TORRELL

We know you didn't ask for this.
Your friends are just trying to
bring you home, and none of us
would ever wish to stop you from
seeing them again.

NOA

But...

TORRELL

(beat)

But the fact remains they have
decimated our village with their
actions. And there's no reason why
they won't try again.

Noa has tears in her eyes - she knows what's coming.

NOA

(sniffs)

So the only way to keep the village
safe...

TORRELL

... is for you to leave.

She nods, trying to hold back the tears. Torrell looks at his
feet, ashamed to have had to say those words.

NOA

It's fine. I understand. The last
thing I want is for anyone else to
get hurt because of me.

She rises, trying to be brave - but as she looks around, all
she sees are the accusing stares of the other villagers.

NOA (cont'd)

I... I didn't...

Fresh emotion threatens to spill out - and when Torrell
EMBRACES her, she explodes into SOBS.

TORRELL

I know, child. I know.

NOA

(weeping)

I'm so sorry... I didn't want any
of this... I just wanted to go
home...

The rest of Torrell's group starts to disperse, leaving them
to their grief.

TORRELL

You must not blame yourself.

NOA

(wails)

How? How can I not blame myself?
Look around, Torrell! All of this
is because of me!

She PUSHES away from him, wiping her eyes as she heads off.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
I'll be out of here within the
hour. That way, if they try
again... I'll be long gone.

TORRELL
Noa... Noa!

But she doesn't stop, head down as she hurries on:

INT. VILLAGE - NOA'S PLACE - NEXT

And straight into her own shack, sporting a gaping HOLE in
one wall thanks to the storm.

She SNIFFS, wiping her eyes again, before reaching under her
bed and bringing out a leather satchel.

She heads for a mound of clothes on the floor and starts
sifting through them, tossing items into the satchel.

KINCAID (O.S.)
You're leaving?

She turns. Kincaid stands in her doorway.

NOA
Of course I'm leaving. I can't stay
here after this! First of all, I
piss off every hunter in the
village by going postal on them
after they killed that demon, and
now...
(bitter laugh)
Some of them probably think I did
this on purpose. Out of spite.

KINCAID
Nobody thinks that.

NOA
Give 'em the night to think it
over. If I'm still here when they
wake up...

He steps over, grabbing her wrist as she goes to throw in
another piece of clothing.

KINCAID
I won't let anyone hurt you.

NOA
It's not anyone else you have to
worry about, though, is it?

She SNATCHES her hand away, rising and going over to the bed.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
This is the only way.

She tries to close the satchel - but it's stuffed to bursting, and she can't force the flap closed.

NOA (cont'd)
Damn it!

She tries harder, but only succeeds in setting off more TEARS, to which Kincaid pulls her close.

He holds her for a moment, Noa finally wrapping her arms around him as she CRIES.

KINCAID
I'll go with you.

She pulls away, looking up at him.

KINCAID (cont'd)
I'll go with you.

NOA
But... but your home, you -

KINCAID
Noa, all you've ever known of this world is our village. Do you really think you'll survive out there in the wastelands by yourself?

NOA
(pouts)
I'll manage just fine.

She tries to pull away, she he draws her in again.

KINCAID
You don't understand. I'm not leaving you. Ever.

She holds his gaze for a long beat - and then SIGHS.

NOA
You're not gonna be talked out of this, are you?

KINCAID
No.

NOA
(beat)
Alright. Alright, we'll do this your way.

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

He smiles, reaching over and closing her satchel.

NOA (cont'd)

We need to go back to the start. To the place I first fell into this world.

KINCAID

Agreed. And then?

NOA

And then we wait for my friends to stop trying to rescue me and actually do it.

Kincaid pulls her into another hug, and we CUT TO:

22 EXT. CHURCH - FRONT YARD - NIGHT

22

Leaning against the bonnet of his car, Scott blows on his hands, rubbing them against the cold.

He looks around - the shadow of the burned down and half-demolished CHURCH looms over the scene. 'Condemned' notices are stuck up all over it.

A distant POLICE SIREN drifts by, followed by a GUNSHOT - this clearly isn't a good part of town any more.

Scott waits another few moments, but as another chill breeze wafts over him, he straightens.

SCOTT

Ah, forget this...

He heads to his car and reaches for the door handle:

VOICE (O.S.)

Leaving already, detective?

He turns - a HOODED FIGURE is standing just at the edge of the courtyard. Scott blinks - he wasn't there a second ago.

SCOTT

You the guy I spoke to?

His one hand surreptitiously reaches for his gun.

HOODED FIGURE

I am. And there's no need for your firearm, detective. I'm unarmed.

SCOTT

And you'll join the ranks of every other person who ever said that right before they shot at me.

(CONTINUED)

The figure takes a few steps forward, coming under the glare of a nearby street lamp. Their features stay hidden.

HOODED FIGURE

This used to be a much better area.
No crime, no decay... everything
worked as it was meant to.

SCOTT

So I guess losing that Church over
there really set the place back?

HOODED FIGURE

It was a beacon. A place of hope
and light. And it was destroyed by
vandals and non-believers.

SCOTT

(beat)

Okay... why don't we get to what
we're both out here for?

A thick MANILLA FOLDER is deposited on the floor by Scott's feet. He glances down at it.

HOODED FIGURE (O.S.)

That's where your trail begins.

Scott looks back up - and the figure is gone again! Unnerved, he reaches down and picks up the folder.

Flicking through, it seems to be filled with official documents, photographs and other information - but Scott suddenly stops dead on one section.

He reaches in and takes out a photograph, holding it up and staring at it in disbelief.

It's a surveillance shot of DAWN AND RACHEL, walking merrily through the Theater District, and as Scott tries to process what this all means, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

23 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - DAY 23

Dawn walks along, YAWNING. Her right hand is still bandaged, and she scratches absently at it.

Turning a corner, she notices that the staff room door up ahead is closed - but several VOICES are talking inside.

Frowning, she heads up to the door and pushes it open:

24 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - NEXT 24

And finds pretty much every staff member in the entire Asylum crammed inside!

Everyone goes silent as Dawn steps inside. She looks around, trying to get an answer.

DAWN
What's going on?

Some people look to Pryor, who heads over from his place at the head of the room.

PRYOR
Dawn, perhaps we should -

DAWN
(angrier)
I said, what's going on?

She glances round, making eye contact with:

DAWN (cont'd)
Faith? What is all this?

PRYOR
Dawn, really, if we could just step outside, then I could -

DAWN
Were you having a staff meeting without me?
(beat)
About me?

She notices the chalkboard, covered again with diagrams - and also a section marked 'Dawn's Plan' with a series of lines drawn underneath.

FAITH
(sighs)
Let her sit in, Pryor.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

But -

VI

Faith's right. She should hear this.

Pryor hesitates, then steps aside. Dawn shoots daggers at him as she takes a seat between Faith and Vi.

PRYOR

Very well, then. As I was saying...

FAITH

(to Dawn)

We're taking a vote on whether or not to let you try your plan to get Noa again.

DAWN

Right.

(beat)

How'm I doing so far?

RACHEL

Honestly? We're about fifty-fifty.

Ruth steps up as Pryor heads back over to the chalkboard.

RUTH

It's not a question of whether or not you can do it, it's about whether you should.

PRYOR

We know now what kinds of damage the massive levels of power you're pumping into the Gateway have been causing. I'm not convinced that the risk outweighs our shared desire to get Noa back.

FAITH

But we can't decide either way. I mean... this is Noa we're talking about. We can't just leave her out there.

DAWN

(stung)

Do I get to say anything in my defence, or were you guys just gonna tell me the group decision afterwards?

Eyes on Pryor again. He exhales, then motions to Dawn.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN (cont'd)

Thank you.

She rises, heading to the front of the room.

DAWN (cont'd)

Alright. So. You've probably heard how last night's rescue mission ended - again - with me getting zapped and no Noa. But Pryor should also have told you that we all heard Noa this time. She called out to us. That means she's alive, and she's ready for us to bring her home.

VI

Yeah, and we also had to tell everyone how you blew every fuse in the control room.

DAWN

I've... not been as careful as I could have been.

JERRY

Do you think you could be more careful?

DAWN

I hope so. I mean, now I know where to look. I don't have to try and sweep across hundreds of possible places at once. I don't know exactly where she is, but I can just... feel where she is.

RACHEL

And you're sure that if you tried again, you could save her?

DAWN

I can point Vi right to the spot where she's standing, so we can open up a portal and pull her back home as easily as if she was standing outside this room.

People exchange looks. MURMURS ripple through the crowd.

PRYOR

But I have to stress that we've no way of knowing for sure what further damage we could cause with a third attempt. The consequences could be...

(CONTINUED)

He lets it hang. All eyes fall on Faith.

DAWN

Faith? What do you think?

Faith is silent, head down.

VI

She, uh... she's got the deciding
vote. We're tied.

Dawn looks back to Faith. There's a long beat of silence as everyone waits for her.

Finally, she raises her head, looking Dawn straight in the eye.

FAITH

You're sure you can do this?

DAWN

Swear on my mom's grave.

FAITH

(beat)

Do it.

The room bursts to life as the various staff make their opinions known.

Ruth looks to Pryor, who solemnly turns and marks Faith's vote on the chalkboard.

DAWN

(to Pryor)

I won't let you down.

Pryor doesn't answer, turning and leaving the room.

RUTH

(apologetic)

I'll... I'll talk to him.

She hurries after him, and as Dawn looks over to Faith with a grin, Faith's stern expression shows how difficult a call she just made as we CUT TO:

Pryor is marching back to his office, stopping as Ruth catches up to him.

RUTH

Pryor... Pryor! Wait!

PRYOR

This is completely irresponsible, Ruth. I told them of the dangers, I did my best to make it explicitly clear to them what would happen if we tried again, and... and...

(seethes)

They didn't hear a word of it.

RUTH

Dawn's doing the best she can. She's just a little girl, Pryor. She's got a lot to try and deal with.

PRYOR

She's had enough experience of the world we live in to know that every action has a consequence.

RUTH

And she also knows enough to know that you can't leave your friends behind.

She lets that one sink in.

PRYOR

(shakes head)

I can't stand by and let her do this again.

JERRY (O.S.)

Meaning what?

They look round as Jerry joins them.

JERRY (cont'd)

Pryor, we took a vote. Democracy won out.

PRYOR

We could sabotage the plan. Let Dawn try but make sure she can't cause any more damage.

RUTH

(aghast)

We... we can't!

JERRY

Ruth's right. That's not what we do here.

PRYOR

What else can I do?

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

You could let her try. She brings
Noa back, that's all that matters.

The trio are interrupted as Faith and Vi hurry towards them.

PRYOR

What is it?

VI

Demons, breaking into a hardware
store a few blocks away.

The girls keep moving, rapidly heading for the exit.

VI (cont'd)

We'll call back when we're done!

And they're gone. Ruth and Jerry look back to Pryor, but he's
unrepentant as we CUT TO:

An endless sea of rippling, purple sands. Dunes rise and
fall, the twin suns high in the sky.

Shimmering in the heat are two figures wrapped in thick
clothing, making slow progress over the shifting sands.

As they draw closer, the blonde hair spilling from one's
headcloth gives them away.

ON NOA AND KINCAID, their faces and bare skin covered against
the searing heat, as they come to a stop. Kincaid's packing a
much larger backpack than she is.

KINCAID

Is this it?

NOA

(dry)

Yes, I remember that bit of sand
perfectly.

She looks around - nothing but sand for miles.

NOA (cont'd)

Man, it's a good job you and
Torrell found me out here when you
did. I am not a desert person.

(beat)

Dessert, maybe...

She looks to Kincaid, but he's squinting at something.

NOA (cont'd)

What?

He points, and she follows to see something GLINTING.

KINCAID

Let's take a look.

He starts off, Noa following as we CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT - CRATER - NEXT

The duo traipse carefully down the side of a steep sand dune, approaching a wide crater in the sand.

Something comes into view - a mangled, twisted hunk of METAL, very out of place amidst the sand.

Kincaid slows, but Noa presses on past him, pulling her headcloth from round her mouth to exclaim:

NOA

Son of a...

It's a CAR. A PT Cruiser, in fact - Noa's car from back home! It looks a sorry state, folded and crumpled like it was made of paper.

She moves up to it, running her hands over it as if to check it's really there.

KINCAID

You recognise this?

NOA

It's my car!

KINCAID

Your what?

NOA

Um... like a chariot, only without any of those vrenna things you guys use to pull them along.

Kincaid raises an eyebrow, inspecting the wreckage.

KINCAID

It doesn't look very comfortable.

NOA

(rolls eyes)

Well, obviously, it didn't look like this before!

(MORE)

NOA (cont'd)
I remember seeing it get sucked
into a portal right before I was,
so it must've followed me here.
(brightens)
You know what this means?

KINCAID
This is the spot where you fell
into our world.

NOA
That's right! So all we need to do
now is wait.

She looks round, still beaming, but the featureless desert
all around fades her smile a little.

NOA (cont'd)
We should probably sit down.

And as the duo settle down behind the shade of the car, we
CUT TO:

Back with Faith and Vi, tackling a gang of DEMONS outside a
downtown hardware store.

Windows are smashed and stolen goods litter the floor, a
feeble ALARM ringing in the background.

Several demons are already flat on the floor, and Faith and
Vi are tackling the last two, one each.

FAITH
So I was thinking...

She CRACKS her knuckles across the demon's jaw.

FAITH (cont'd)
... about Dawn's plan...

VI
Yeah?

She SPIN KICKS her demon, knocking it to its knees.

FAITH
You think I made the right call?

Faith HAULS her demon up by its chin, then SLAMS a fist into
its face.

VI
I'd have done the same thing.

Her demon RUSHES her, but she FEINTS to one side, using its momentum to propel it head first into the wall with a CRUNCH.

VI (cont'd)
I mean, Dawn's like Buffy. Once
they get an idea in there...

Faith PUSHES her demon back, and Vi's ready to GRAPPLE it.

VI (cont'd)
... it stays there 'till it's done,
you know?

POW! Faith lays into the last demon, a barrage of punches finally knocking it cold.

It slides from Vi's arms to the floor, the two Slayers surveying their night's work.

FAITH
That's what I thought. Still, all
that stuff Pryor said...

VI
Pryor's meant to think of worst
case scenarios. That's his job.

Faith still looks pensive. Vi nudges her.

VI (cont'd)
C'mon. Let's head back.

The two girls turn to leave - and the FLASH of a camera goes off close by! They look round, startled.

VI (cont'd)
Did you -

FAITH
Yeah.

She frowns, scanning up and down the street, but nobody's there.

FAITH (cont'd)
Let's get out of here.

They hurry out of frame as we CUT TO:

Pushing through the heaving crowd are Dawn and Rachel, making their way to the bar.

Loud ELECTRO MUSIC pulses all around them, the air filled with the chatter of the beautiful people.

DAWN
(over noise)
What time is he meeting you?

RACHEL
Any time now!

DAWN
Alright, I'm gonna go visit the
ladies room. Get me a JD and Coke
to start, right?

RACHEL
(laughs)
You're still not old enough to
drink yet!

DAWN
You are, and you're buying!

With an impish smile, Dawn disappears back into the crowd.
Rachel keeps fighting her way forward.

She finally arrives at the bar, gaining the BARTENDER's
attention.

RACHEL
Uh, hey, two JD and Cokes, please.

BARTENDER
Coming right up.

He moves to the rear of the bar as Rachel hears:

SCOTT (O.S.)
Early start, huh?

She turns to see Scott leaning casually against the bar.

RACHEL
Oh, hey! Have you been here long?

SCOTT
Not really. I was in the area doing
some official business so I swung
by early.

She smiles, sidling up next to him.

RACHEL
It's not the kind of official
business that's gonna have you
called away just as things get
interesting, is it?

SCOTT

(grins)

No, this one's a slow burner.

She wraps her arms round him, gazing happily into his eyes - and then she KISSES him.

Pulling back, she lets out a nervous LAUGH as she lets go and steps back.

RACHEL

Oh... oh, God, I'm sorry, I just got a little carried away...

SCOTT

It's fine, it's fine. I think we're at the 'awkward make out' stage by now.

She LAUGHS again, nudging him.

RACHEL

Don't take this the wrong way, but... is that a camera in your pocket?

He grins, extracting the bulky DIGITAL CAMERA from his jeans pocket.

SCOTT

All part of the 'official business.'

She turns away, waving to Dawn who starts to head over.

As her back is turned, she misses Scott's casual grin quickly fade to a stern, suspicious glare, boring holes into her back as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW