

FAITH

"Father Figure"

by
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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And characters created by Jason Scott
(c) Monster Zero Productions

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Written by Robert Joseph Levy
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - DAY

1

NOA lies on her side, tucked into her bed. She stares out through the window as rain lashes down from grey skies.

She shifts a little, turning with difficulty onto her other side. The view isn't any better over here - the rest of the infirmary is laid out before her.

RUTH is sitting at a desk against the back wall, going through some paperwork.

Noa watches her for a moment, then looks towards the door as it opens - and FAITH walks in.

Faith nods to Ruth, then heads over to Noa, pulling up a chair beside her.

NOA

Come to check up on me?

(beat)

Again?

FAITH

(shrugs)

Figured you'd be bored.

NOA

Good. I am. Can I get out of here yet?

FAITH

Ruth says she just wants to keep you here another night. Something about running a few more tests to make sure you don't have any side effects after your, uh...

NOA

Trip?

Faith fidgets, not sure what to say.

NOA (cont'd)

(rolls eyes)

Faith, I'm not gonna take great personal offence if you say something about my legs, you know.

FAITH

I know, I know, I'm just...

(CONTINUED)

NOA
Really bad at this?

FAITH
(exhales)
Yup.

NOA
(beat)
We've got bigger things to worry
about than me.

FAITH
Noa, you're all we've been worried
about for the last six months!

NOA
Six months?

FAITH
Yeah, that's how long you were...
away.

NOA
(thoughtful)
Huh.

FAITH
(frowns)
What?

NOA
No, no, nothing, just... well, for
me, it was longer than that.

FAITH
Really? How much longer?

NOA
I'm not counting it on my birth
certificate, put it that way.

Noa lets that hang, and Faith pauses before continuing:

FAITH
We've, uh, tried to get back into
the Gateway, you know, see if we
can go back to where you say you
lost that Kincaid guy, but, uh...

NOA
Nothing?

Faith SIGHS, leaning back on her chair and rubbing her eyes.

FAITH

Less than nothing. We can't even get the Gateway to light up so we can go through the damn thing, let alone get down to the control room.

NOA

So there's been no sign of Dawn?

FAITH

(beat)

Once we got you out and the Gateway shut off behind us, that's been it. She could still be down there, we won't know until we can go look for ourselves.

NOA

She'll be alright. She's a Summers girl. I hear they're pretty resilient.

FAITH

I hope so.

Faith absently picks at her nails. The burden on her shoulders looks like it's pressing her into the floor.

NOA

Look, why don't you go back and try again? Maybe Pryor can figure out what not's working and sort it out. I mean, that's what he does, right?

FAITH

We've been trying for days already.

NOA

So one more won't hurt.

FAITH

But -

NOA

Faith. Go. I appreciate you coming to see me, but like I said, - more important things than me right now.

Faith hesitates, then rises from her chair. She reaches over and gives Noa's hand a quick squeeze.

FAITH

I'll see you later, alright?

NOA

That you will.

Faith exits, and Ruth heads over to take her place.

RUTH
Everything alright?

Noa nods, looking over to the window. Ruth does a few checks over the monitors by Noa's bed - then hears her SNIFF.

RUTH (cont'd)
Noa?

She moves round the bed - and sees Noa's eyes wet with TEARS. She SNIFFS again, wiping her eyes.

RUTH (cont'd)
Oh, honey...

She quickly closes in and embraces Noa, who lets out a heavy SIGH as she presses herself into Ruth.

NOA
I didn't want her to see me like
this...

RUTH
Ssh. It's alright.

Ruth strokes her hair and keeps her held tight.

RUTH (cont'd)
I can't begin to imagine how hard
this must be for you. Losing your
ability to walk again, after so -

NOA
It's not that.

Surprised, Ruth leans back a little. Noa looks up at her.

NOA (cont'd)
I'll... I'll have plenty of time to
feel sorry for myself about that.
(beat)
I... I never told him. Why didn't I
ever say anything to him?

RUTH
To who?

NOA
To Glenn! He was always there for
me, right from the start... he
looked after me, came with me when
I had to leave...

Ruth keeps quiet, letting Noa speak.

NOA (cont'd)

He told me... he said he loved me!
Why didn't I just... why couldn't I
say anything back?

RUTH

Sometimes, it doesn't work like
that. Not everybody feels the same
way back as you do about them.

Noa SNIFFS, Ruth grabbing a tissue and letting Noa dry her
eyes. She steps away as Noa settles back down.

NOA

I'll never know... I'll never get
the chance to tell him.

RUTH

How did you feel about him?

Noa looks up, eyes still moist with tears.

RUTH (cont'd)

Did you love him?

Noa holds her gaze, then looks away, trying to work out the
answer herself as we CUT TO:

Faith paces along, the weight of the world still on her back
when JERRY pokes his head out of a door.

JERRY

Oh, hey.

She stops as he heads over to her.

JERRY (cont'd)

How's Noa?

FAITH

Fine. I think. She won't tell me.
She doesn't like me to see her
upset, but she's done it enough for
me to know the signs by now.

JERRY

Right, right.

(beat)

Listen, I was thinking... I know we
keep putting off this big
father/daughter reunion thing of
ours, but last time I checked, you
said to ask you again when Noa was
home, so...

FAITH

Dude, we lost Dawn! The Gateway's... I don't know what the hell it is, but it ain't working! Can't we do this another day?

JERRY

Vi and Pryor can handle things for now.

FAITH

Yeah, well... that doesn't mean I shouldn't be trying to do something.

She starts to walk away, but he calls out:

JERRY

So when will we be able to do this?

She stops. Turns.

JERRY (cont'd)

Faith, there's always going to be something. Some new crisis or fresh disaster to occupy us. We can't keep putting this off.

He walks up to her, keeping her gaze.

JERRY (cont'd)

And I don't know about you, but what happened with Dawn has made me realise how any one of us could just be gone, like that -
(snaps fingers)

And then what? How do we catch up on the things we never said when that person's not there any more?

He walks past her, getting a few paces away before:

FAITH

Alright.

He stops and turns. She nods - then smirks.

FAITH (cont'd)

Dad.

Jerry grins back, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 3

A crappy apartment building in a dead-end part of town. Thick SNOW blankets everything, more falling over the scene.

TITLE OVER: BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS - 1989

4 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - NEXT 4

PUSH DOWN the corridor, picking up the sights and sounds coming from the other rooms along the way.

FOCUS on one door at the end of the hall - number 47. A woman's raised voice can be heard from within.

5 INT. APARTMENT - LOUNGE - NEXT 5

Inside, the place is about as homely as you'd expect - cheap furniture, dated wallpaper.

Sitting on the rug before the TV set is a six-year-old GIRL with long, curly dark hair.

She's wearing an 'It's My Birthday!' badge and playing with a doll - G.I. Joe, not Barbie. Not much, but she looks happy.

Yelling down the phone on the far side of the room is a thin, tired-looking bottle BLONDE in her early twenties - though she looks much older.

BLONDE

So where are you this time? New York? What the hell's in New York?

(listens)

Yeah? Yeah? Well, you listen to me, you god damn waste of space - I don't care what the hell kind of a mess you've got yourself in. You can't just keep doing this! You can't call me up every few months and expect things to be how they were!

The woman listens, turning to look at the Girl by the TV, who's concentrating on her program.

BLONDE (cont'd)

(quieter)

Yeah, she's here.

(beat)

No, she doesn't. And it's gonna stay that way until I have somebody worth introducing her to.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BLONDE (cont'd)
And let's just say that given your
current behaviour, that 'somebody'
ain't you, George.

She listens again, turning her back on the Girl.

BLONDE (cont'd)
Look, just... just don't bother
calling me again.
(beat; sighs)
At least promise me that the next
time I hear from you, it's not
because you need some place to lay
low, or you've got some stuff you
need hiding for a few days, or any
of the other crap you keep pulling.

Without waiting for a response, she puts the phone down. She
stays in place, rubbing her weary eyes.

GIRL
Who was that?

BLONDE
(weary)
Nobody, firecracker. Everything's
cool. Five by five. Just gotta...
gotta have a little faith.

GIRL
You sounded mad.

The Blonde reaches for her purse, taking out a CIGARETTE and
lighting it.

BLONDE
That's 'cause I kinda am.

GIRL
Oh.
(beat)
D'you wanna watch some TV?

BLONDE
Siobhan...

GIRL
It's pretty cool. It's
'Transformers.' They've got -

BLONDE
(snaps)
I haven't got time for your damn
cartoons!

SIOBHAN shuts up. The Blonde winces, looking away, but the
Girl seems all too familiar with outbursts like these.

BLONDE (cont'd)
Just... just don't move, alright?
I'm going out.

She swipes her purse and marches for the door, grabbing her jacket on the way out. She brushes by - and knocks over - several empty SPIRITS bottles.

As she SLAMS the door, PUSH IN on Siobhan, who throws a sad look at the door as we CUT TO:

Faith and Jerry are out on a small balcony overlooking the car park and surrounding buildings. Faith admires the view while Jerry lights a cigarette.

FAITH
You know what, you're right - it is
pretty cool up here.

She turns to find him staring at the floor, fingers rolling the lit cigarette absently.

FAITH (cont'd)
Jerry?

He looks up, snapping out of it.

JERRY
Sorry, just... was that really what
it was like for you?

FAITH
(shrugs)
Some people were never meant to be
mothers. I guess mom was one of
them.

JERRY
But still...

FAITH
Look, this is the part of the story
we can't change right?

She leans against the edge of the balcony, facing him.

FAITH (cont'd)
Let's just get through these parts
without stopping to analyse
anything. Alright?

Jerry nods, looking at his feet again.

FAITH (cont'd)

And if you're gonna get that guilty look every time I tell you something, then I'm gonna get tired of this conversation real fast.

JERRY

Sorry. Just takes some getting used to, you know? Remembering who I was back then. All the things I did - or didn't do.

(bitter laugh)

I'm still trying to catch up on the fact that the daughter I left behind grew up to be you.

Faith waits a moment before continuing:

FAITH

So, to keep us moving: I just described pretty much every night of my life from the day I was born up to round about my fifteenth birthday.

(beat)

Far as I knew, you were just... gone. When I was, what, three? Mom used to make up all kinds of reasons. All I remember is you just not being there any more one day.

Jerry watches her, finding all this hard to hear.

FAITH (cont'd)

I kind of stumbled through grade school, scraped into high school, ended up with a social worker keepin' tabs on me. Cool chick, Vanity Collins. Called her 'V.'

JERRY

Why would you need a social worker?

Faith raises an eyebrow and looks over to him. Jerry takes a drag from his cigarette, looking away.

FAITH

She'd cut out on me for a week, two weeks at a time, looking for work wherever she could get it. Like the time she went to Reno to work in a casino, and ended up in jail.

Faith turns, looking out across downtown NYC.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

It was a few months after you split that Mom changed our names back to 'Lehane.' I figured it was her way of getting rid of what reminded her of you.

(beat)

Well, almost everything.

She turns back to Jerry.

FAITH (cont'd)

I guess things really started to turn for me the day I kicked Sam Flynn's ass.

Jerry looks puzzled, waiting for the rest as we CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - CORRIDOR - DAY

Fifteen-year-old Siobhan - all angry faux goth - stomps down a sunny school corridor.

TITLE OVER: BOSTON HIGH - 1997

FAITH (V.O.)

Had exactly one friend through most of high school, guy called Tommy. About the only guy to ever be cool with me.

She passes a group of Hispanic girls, who immediately start whispering and GIGGLING.

SIOBHAN

You got a problem, Maria?

The group's leader, a voluptuous brunette named MARIA, steps up, hands on hips.

MARIA

No, but your boyfriend does.

The girls erupt into cackling LAUGHTER.

SIOBHAN

What's that supposed to mean?

MARIA

Sam Flynn said he was going to kick the crap out of your boy Tommy after gym class. I'd say that's happening, oh, about now.

Siobhan hesitates, and then turns and breaks into a RUN, racing away as the girl's laughter chases her.

8 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - NEXT

8

Gym class is just emptying out, Siobhan pushing her way through the sea of bodies. Angry SHOUTS follow her.

She makes it into the middle of the gym hall, searching up and down for any sign of life.

She then hears someone SHOUT in pain, and she hurries towards a door marked 'Boys.'

9 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYM - BOYS' LOCKER ROOM - NEXT

9

Siobhan carefully pushes the door open and peeks inside, eyes going wide as she sees:

TOMMY, a handsome Johnny Depp-alike - flat on the floor, BLEEDING from a split lip and bruised chin.

Siobhan takes a step forward - and the hulking form of SAM FLYNN steps before her, blocking her.

FLYNN

Take a hike. This is the men's room. No snatch allowed.

She tries to PUSH past him, but he shoves her back - and she sees two more JOCKS emerge from behind the lockers.

They land a few KICKS to Tommy's gut, and Siobhan pushes harder to get past Flynn.

FLYNN (cont'd)

(sneers)

You coming to save your girlfriend?
Or is this like some porno I saw
and we're gonna take turns doing
you against the lockers?

She turns her furious glare up at him, snarling:

SIOBHAN

Why don't you and your bad self
show me what you got?

She balls her fists, and Flynn SNICKERS - before SLAMMING her hard against the wall!

He presses himself close against her. Siobhan squirms, unable to get free - as Tommy takes another KICK in the background.

FLYNN

Is this what you want?

He reaches up and grabs one breast with a clumsy paw.

(CONTINUED)

FLYNN (cont'd)

Is that it? You want some of this?

Siobhan grimaces - and then her expression drops. Utter calm replaces the revulsion as she looks up into his eyes.

And WHAM! She drives her KNEE into his groin, dropping him in a heartbeat.

SIOBHAN

Not any more.

She steps over his writhing form, advancing on the two jocks still wailing on Tommy.

One jock pulls away, moving to intercept her, but as he makes to SLAP her, she GRABS his wrist and HURLS him face-first against the wall!

She's surprised as the other TACKLES her, pinning her to the floor, Siobhan gasping for air as he smothers her:

FAITH (V.O.)

And that's the last thing I remember.

SMASH CUT TO:

10 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - RECEPTION - DAY 10

Siobhan sits next to Tommy, both of them bruised and battered. Siobhan blinks, looking around as if she's not sure how she got there.

SIOBHAN

What happened?

TOMMY

What do you think?

SIOBHAN

I... I don't remember.

TOMMY

Huh. Handy.

She looks him over - split lip, black eye, bloody nose.

SIOBHAN

Dude. You look how I feel.

TOMMY

Really? As in, totally embarrassed and humiliated?

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN
 (waves it away)
 Forget about it. Sam Flynn and his
 goon squad beat on everyone. It's
 like a Southie rite of passage.

 TOMMY
 I'm not talking about them. I'm
 talking about you.

She frowns, confused. He rolls his eyes.

 TOMMY (cont'd)
 Listen, next time I need someone to
 go all psycho and destroy the
 locker room, I'll be sure to call
 someone else.

 SIOBHAN
 (thrown)
 What?

 TOMMY
 You didn't think I had it bad
 enough already? You thought a girl
 coming to save me would help my non-
 existent reputation?

Siobhan is utterly confused - and the door to the office
 opens, Flynn and his boys exiting.

Siobhan gapes - they're in a much worse state than Siobhan or
 Tommy, one walked with a heavy LIMP.

As Flynn gives Siobhan a deathly glare, PRINCIPAL MARTIN
 emerges from the office,

 MARTIN
 (barks)
 Lehan? Get in here and sit down.

She looks to Tommy, but he pointedly looks away. Head down,
 Siobhan trudges into the office:

11 INT. HIGH SCHOOL - OFFICE - NEXT

11

And finds a woman in her thirties sat in one of the chairs.

 SIOBHAN
 (blinks)
 Vee?

VANITY COLLINS turns to Siobhan, watching as she slides into
 the other chair. She's in her thirties, bookish but
 attractive with curly dark hair.

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN (cont'd)
What's... what's going on?

Principal Martin looks to Vanity.

 MARTIN
I'm sure you don't need me to tell
you that you're in deep trouble for
what you did this afternoon.

 SIOBHAN
Guess not. When do I start my
suspension?

Vanity and Martin exchange a look.

 MARTIN
Actually... there won't be any.

Siobhan remains confused as Vanity starts to flip through a
folder open across her knees.

 VANITY
Are you familiar with a man named
Clark Rutherford?

She holds up a photo. Siobhan visibly tenses.

 VANITY (cont'd)
Convictions for dealing, armed
robbery, assault with a deadly
weapon... and sexual assault.

 SIOBHAN
So? What's this have to do with me?

 VANITY
So you mean to tell me your mother
hasn't been seeing Clark
Rutherford, also known as 'Gable,'
for the last six months?

Siobhan looks away quickly, but her face gives her away.

 VANITY (cont'd)
Siobhan...
 (sighs)
Your mother was arrested two nights
ago for drug possession and
solicitation. I was with her this
morning when she went in front of
the judge.

Siobhan blanches. Vanity reads from another file.

VANITY (cont'd)

She hasn't been working in over six months, which violates the terms of her parole, nor is she staying clean and sober. And God knows, taking care of you is not her top priority right now.

Siobhan looks at her feet as Vanity continues:

VANITY (cont'd)

Siobhan, it's my responsibility to make sure you're safe, and I don't feel comfortable any more with the idea of you living with a mother who neglects or abuses you, or exposes you to an environment where someone like one of her deadbeat boyfriends might hurt you.

SIOBHAN

So... so what are you saying?

She exhales again, not sure how best to break the news, as we
CUT TO:

Jerry raises an eyebrow in surprise.

JERRY

Foster care? For how long?

FAITH

Mr. and Mrs. Duncan P. Jones, or the 'American Gothics' as I called 'em. Uptight, weasely, 'I've-got-a-flagpole-up-my-ass-and-it's-fine-by-me. Used their foster kids as slave labour. Lasted there about two months before I bounced.

JERRY

Then what?

FAITH

Couch surfing. House to house, 'hood to 'hood. Shackled up with a lot of losers to make sure I always had somewhere to stay. A lot of drummers, for reasons I never worked out. Thing is, people never liked me crashing that long, on account of the dreams.

Jerry looks confused. Faith smirks.

FAITH (cont'd)
 Slayer visions. Didn't know it back then, though. All I knew was that every other night I'd wake up screaming the place down, attacking anyone who came near me until I calmed back down. Hell of a way to make friends and influence people.

Faith rubs her arms as a breeze blows across the balcony.

FAITH (cont'd)
 And that's how I ended up in McLean.

13 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

13

A little older and a lot leaner, Siobhan wanders down a lonely, dark street.

She passes the garish flashing neon of a club called 'Combat Zone,' laughing men and women stumbling in and out.

Siobhan watches them go then sets off again, reaching a corner and looking out across the street.

A woman in a leather mini and a skimpy halter is leaning into the passenger window of a big blue Cadillac.

She works her client for a few moments, before he reaches over and opens the door for her to climb in.

As the light hits her face, Siobhan freezes - it's NORAH. She gets in, the Cadillac inching away from the kerb.

FAITH (V.O.)
 All I can say is that I musta just lost it. I mean, wouldn't you?

The Cadillac rolls by Siobhan, and as the headlights fall over her we:

WHITE OUT:

14 INT. MCLEAN HOSPITAL - ROOM - DAY

14

And there's Siobhan again - dressed in plain white hospital duds, inside a sparsely-furnished room.

In fact, it looks a hell of a lot like one of the patient's rooms from the Asylum.

TITLE OVER: MCLEAN PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL, BOSTON - 1999

Siobhan sits on the bed, hugging her knees, rocking back and forth. Dark bags line her eyes, her hair ratty and tangled.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (V.O.)

And I spent a month in there, after
all the screaming died down and
they stopped having to shoot me
full of sedatives three times a
day.

There's a KNOCK at the door, and it opens to reveal one two
women - one in a clinic uniform, the other is older, dressed
in tweed and with her hair in a bun.

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

And that's about when Professor
Diana Dormer found me.

Siobhan looks up as the women approach. The woman in tweed -
PROFESSOR DIANA DORMER - smiles down at her, speaking with a
crisp British accent:

DIANA

Hello, Siobhan. I'm Diana, I'm your
new guardian.

Diana nods to the other woman, then steps up to Siobhan,
leaning down to whisper into her ear:

DIANA (cont'd)

And you have a destiny waiting.

Siobhan stares up at her, uncomprehending, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

15

INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY CHAMBER - DAY

15

The Gateway. Standing tall and impassive in the centre of the huge chamber.

VI (O.S.)

Son of a... work already!

PULL BACK to find VI standing next to it, sleeves rolled up to show her TATTOO. She turns:

VI (cont'd)

Anything?

PULL BACK FURTHER to find PRYOR, sitting by a hastily-assembled bank of monitors and equipment.

He checks readouts, printouts and displays as Vi waits for her answer - but then he shakes his head.

PRYOR

Still nothing. No power spikes, no change in energy signature, nothing.

Vi turns and angrily KICKS the Gateway. A beat. And then she HOPS back a step, rubbing her foot.

VI

Ow.

PRYOR

I think we're going to have to face facts, Vi. We're out of options for now.

VI

No! No, Pryor, we can't. We're not just stopping. Not while Dawn's still in there. What if she's trapped like Noa was?

PRYOR

Vi... we were all there when it happened. I hate to be the one playing Devil's Advocate, but there's a chance -

VI

(cuts him off)

Don't say it.

He pauses, holding her stern gaze.

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)

We don't give up on our people,
Pryor.

PRYOR

Even if said person might be the
only one who could help us begin
searching in the first place?

Vi doesn't have an answer. Pryor heads over to her.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Dawn's Key tattoo is an integral
part of the operating system of the
Gateway. Think of it like a
computer that's missing Windows.

VI

Don't suppose we have anything
resembling Linux to try instead, do
we?

PRYOR

I'm afraid not. At least, I haven't
come up with anything so far.

VI

Well... keep trying. That's what we
seem to be best at.

Pryor gets back to work, studying the readouts as we CUT TO:

Siobhan sits in the passenger seat, staring morosely out
through the window. Diana drives. And she drives a sweet,
shiny new Porsche.

FAITH (V.O.)

Diana was part of the Folklore and
Mythology department at Harvard.
She told McLean's she'd taken a
'special interest' in my
'situation,' and volunteered to
become my new guardian. The suits
at McLean's couldn't wait to ship
me off somewhere, so they signed me
over like I was somebody's new pet.

DIANA

I'm sure this seems quite unusual
to you - a strange English woman,
chauffeur-ing you away to a new
life.

Siobhan keeps quiet.

DIANA (cont'd)

You'll see stranger things yet. I'm sure you found McLean's more of an... accommodating residence than the city hospital.

SIOBHAN

You mean 'cause they had me doped up in there all the time?

Siobhan looks round the interior of the car. She SNIFFS - new car smell. She turns to Diana, frowning.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

You paid my bills, didn't you?

DIANA

(smiles)

Harvard Medical School is affiliated with McLean's, so it was only a matter of making a few phone calls to have you admitted there - once I'd already assumed guardianship of you, of course.

SIOBHAN

Oh. Right.

(beat)

Listen, I don't know what your deal is, but I should just say straight up - I don't do chicks.

DIANA

I'm sorry?

SIOBHAN

I mean, don't get me wrong, never say never, but -

DIANA

You... misunderstand my intentions. I'm not...

(beat)

I'm your Watcher, Siobhan.

SIOBHAN

(blinks)

What are you gonna do, watch me take a shower?

Diana suddenly SLAMS on the brakes, jerking Siobhan forward.

DIANA

Get out of the car.

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN

What?

DIANA

(stern)

Get. Out. Of. The. Car.

SIOBHAN

I don't - it's fricken freezing out there! I... I don't have a jacket, I can't -

DIANA

Well, then, I suggest you keep your mouth shut until you're prepared to have a more civilised conversation about your future.

FAITH (V.O.)

I liked her straight away.

She stares at Siobhan for a beat, then pulls the car away from the kerb and heads off again. Siobhan makes sure she sits quietly as we CUT TO:

Back with Faith and Jerry. He offers her a cigarette, which she takes. He lights it for her.

FAITH

Thanks. So how about you?

JERRY

Aren't we just getting to the good part with your story?

FAITH

Yeah, we are. Which is why I want to take a break and get yours all caught up.

(off look)

Builds dramatic tension. Or something.

He grins, pausing to take a drag off his smoke.

JERRY

Your mother and I met in '81. Everyone full of optimism. Capitalism was leading us out of the guilt of Vietnam and the haze of the Seventies. Pretty handy time to be a young stud about town.

He flicks some ash away as we DISSOLVE TO:

18 INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

18

A nightmare of white suits, New Romantic fashion and flashing neon lights over the heaving dance floor.

TITLE OVER: BOSTON - 1981

PUSH THROUGH the packed dance floor as 'Fade To Grey' by Visage plays - until a young, handsome man appears:

JERRY (V.O.)
Of course, back then I wasn't
'Jerry.' I was just plain old
George Patrick Heal.

GEORGE is dancing with three girls, his good looks keeping them razzle-dazzled: until he spots her.

Standing over by the bar is a teenage NORAH, dolled up but still looking like she's walked into the wrong party.

George stops dancing, awestruck by this vision of beauty. He starts pushing through the crowd to reach her.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)
Your mom and I hit it off straight
away.

He reaches her and SMILES, and as Norah smiles demurely back, we CUT TO:

19 EXT. CLUB - ALLEYWAY - NEXT

19

And there they are - he's screwing her up against the wall, oblivious to passers-by at the end of the alley.

JERRY (V.O.)
Thing is, I was a lot less...
reliable back then.

As the breathless duo start to wind down, we CUT TO:

20 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

20

George stands as a queasy-looking Norah emerges from the bathroom - and she's holding a PREGNANCY TESTER.

She meets his gaze and George swallows, his stomach doing a backflip.

JERRY (V.O.)
When I found out your mom was
pregnant, I... well, I dealt with
it in my own way.

Norah flops into a chair, starting to CRY as we CUT TO:

21 EXT. BANK - DAY

21

And three ARMED ROBBERS burst from the front entrance of a downtown bank. Masked, they brandish SHOTGUNS.

TITLE OVER: NEW YORK CITY - 1987

The trio clatter down the steps, heading for a waiting GETAWAY CAR, even as the bank's ALARMS ring and distant POLICE SIRENS can be heard.

The robbers hurl themselves into the car, which SCREECHES away in a cloud of tire smoke.

It gets about ten seconds down the road before a POLICE CAR pulls out in front of it!

WHAM! The getaway car SMASHES nose-first into the police cruiser, the two cars tangling themselves in a spray of glass and metal.

JERRY (V.O.)

Sadly, armed robbery was not
something I turned out to be all
that good at.

More COPS arrive on the scene, closing in on the smashed cars with handguns at the ready, and we DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. HOSPITAL - WARD - DAY

22

As a NURSE strolls past the row of beds, we come to rest on one in particular - holding a heavily-bandaged George.

JERRY (V.O.)

I was in the front without a
seatbelt when we crashed. I went
halfway out through the windshield.
The only thing that stopped me
flying straight out onto the
pavement was the police cruiser in
front of us.

George turns - he's badly SCARRED and injured from what's visible through the bandages.

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

I was stuck in intensive care for a
few months, and soon as I was able
to stand trial...

George looks towards the end of the hall - two COPS are conversing with the Nurse, glancing back at George as we DISSOLVE TO:

23 EXT. JAIL - DAY

23

The heavy front gates of a large, grey prison building ROLL BACK - George waits on the other side, bag in hand.

TITLE OVER: WOODBOURNE CORRECTIONAL FACILITY, NEW YORK

JERRY (V.O.)

It was 1992 when I got out. Good behaviour. Otherwise I'd have spent a few more years rotting away in that hole.

Nodding to the GUARDS either side, George steps out into the world at last, standing before the gates as they slide shut.

There's nobody there to meet him. He waits there for a long beat before he finally starts walking.

FAITH (V.O.)

Guess that's something we both have in common, huh? Doing time, I mean.

JERRY (V.O.)

See, you were lucky. You had a purpose when you got out. You just headed straight to LA to save that friend of yours, right? Well, me... I had nothing.

George continues up the street as we DISSOLVE TO:

24 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

24

PUSH ALONG a queue of youngsters all waiting to get into whichever hotspot of clubland this is.

By the door are two BOUNCERS - dark suits, earpieces, grim expressions. And one of them is George.

JERRY (V.O.)

I drifted around, taking work wherever I could find it. Some time around '97 I was working as a bouncer in this downtown club...

A cocky young ROCKER with a girl on each arm swaggers up to the front door, trying to blag his way inside.

George turns to him - revealing the badly-scarred side of his face. The rocker reels back, horrified.

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

You could say I'd been gifted a natural advantage.

(CONTINUED)

Green-faced, the rocker backs away as George turns back to survey the queue - and then he spots someone.

Further down the street waits a smartly-dressed MAN, keeping a steady eye fixed on George.

JERRY (V.O.) (cont'd)
And that's when they came and made
me an offer I couldn't refuse.

The man straightens his tie and nods a greeting to George as we CUT TO:

Jerry flicks his cigarette butt away.

FAITH
So who were they? Is this the
Church?

JERRY
(nods)
They told me they were looking for
a new frontman for their cause.
Somebody who'd been through hard
times and who could make people
appreciate what they were trying to
offer the world.

FAITH
So what did you say?

JERRY
Mostly four-letter words. I just
wanted to be left alone.

FAITH
What made you change your mind?

Jerry smirks as we CUT TO:

George sits before the Smartly Dressed Man in a plush uptown office - as the man opens a briefcase full of CASH.

JERRY (V.O.)
Several incentives. Chief among
them a new face, a new identity and
a fresh start. That was the end of
George and the birth of Jerry - and
I never even stopped to think why.

George boggles at the cash, then reaches across the table and eagerly shakes the Man's hand as we CUT TO:

27 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - DAY

27

Siobhan paces round the interior of a huge library, with packed shelves stretching up to the ceiling.

TITLE OVER: CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS - 1999

Diana sits at a large desk nearby, lighting a cigarette - which catches Siobhan's attention.

SIOBHAN

Can you do that in here?

DIANA

It's my house, Siobhan. I can do whatever I like.

She grins, watching Siobhan as she peers at the bookshelves.

DIANA (cont'd)

Can I get you something to drink?
Tea? Perhaps a soft drink?

SIOBHAN

Uh, no thanks.

DIANA

Then why don't you take a seat. We have a great deal to discuss.

She motions to another chair by the desk. Siobhan slowly approaches and sits down.

DIANA (cont'd)

My work at the university is more of a supplementary career. It is my life's pursuit, and that of my organisation, that brings us here today.

(beat)

I am a representative of the Watchers Council, a secret society based in England and charged with looking after a few very special young women. You, Siobhan, are one of those women.

SIOBHAN

What's so special about me?

DIANA

There are forces that walk among us, agents of darkness that wish to do humanity egregious harm.

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN

'Egg... regious?'

DIANA

Bad things, Siobhan. They've gone by many names over the centuries, but most often they're referred to as demons. They are what ruled this plane before humans came into being.

She opens one of the books on the desk - displaying illustrations of several monstrous creatures.

DIANA (cont'd)

A great power was created to battle these demons, a legacy that is passed down through the ages in the form of a warrior meant to root out any evil, to hunt and destroy its forces wherever it may live. She is called the Slayer.

Siobhan tears her eyes away from the books, starting to get pretty freaked out.

SIOBHAN

I... I don't understand - what does any of this have to do with me?

DIANA

Into each generation a Slayer is born, one girl in all the world - a Chosen one, with the strength and skill to stop the vampires, and to stem the spread of their evil and the swell of their numbers.

SIOBHAN

Are you saying... is that me? Am I... some kind of vampire hunter?

DIANA

Well... no. Not yet. It's my function to train for the day when you are called to duty. You'll learn the art of combat, as well as wisdoms beyond the reach and comprehension of the majority of this planet's citizens.

Siobhan looks down at the book, then back up at Diana.

SIOBHAN

Is this gonna involve books?

27 CONTINUED: (2)

27

Diana raises an eyebrow as we CUT TO:

28 INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - GYMNASIUM - DAY

28

WHAP! Diana, heavily clad in protective gear and padding, stumbles into frame and lands flat on her back.

Siobhan hurries over, grabbing a hand to help lift her back up. She's dressed in sports gear.

 SIOBHAN

 You alright?

 DIANA

 Yes, yes, I'm fine.

She pauses to catch her breath. Siobhan hasn't even broken a sweat.

 DIANA (cont'd)

 I didn't think it would come to this so quickly, but you're quite... cunning. Where did you attain such confidence in your combat skills?

 SIOBHAN

 (shrugs)

 Must've just picked it up somewhere. Get the snot beaten out of you enough times and you learn the basics real quick.

Siobhan grins, amused, as Diana starts removing the padding so she can stretch her aching muscles.

 FAITH (V.O.)

 So that's how things were for the first few months. Up at 6 for a morning run, studies 'till lunch, three hours at the dojo with Sensai Kanno in the afternoon before more studies, dinner, one last bit of studying and then bed.

 (beat)

 It was mid-April when the dreams suddenly came back.

Diana heads for a bench nearby, fishing out a fresh cigarette from her pocket. Siobhan just gets back to work, doing some shadowboxing on one of the crash mats as we CUT TO:

29 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NIGHT

29

Tattered and filthy, a bruised Siobhan is being DRAGGED along the rough ground by two WOMEN, both wild-eyed and primal.

(CONTINUED)

Siobhan lifts her head - TORCHES line the walls, showing off the HUMAN SKULLS scattered all around. She tries to move, but she's MANACLED and GAGGED.

The women haul Siobhan into an enormous stone chamber, also lit by torches and filled with more of the feral women.

Stalactites drop from the ceiling, giving the impression of being in a huge, piranha-like mouth. The women filling the chamber are CHANTING over and over.

Siobhan is deposited roughly at the foot of some marble stairs, the women backing away.

She raises her head to see what looks like a huge MAN, deep in the shadows, sitting on a throne made of HUMAN BONES.

MAN

Daughter... do you know where you are?

He rises, pacing towards her, every footstep a heavy THUD.

MAN (cont'd)

I asked you, daughter, do you know where you are?

He finally steps into the light - his face twisted and hideous, baleful RED EYES staring at her. He's a VAMPIRE!

Siobhan SPITS out the gag - soaked in blood, and shuffles away from the vampire as he towers over her.

SIOBHAN

(whispers)

Home...

MAN

Louder!

SIOBHAN

(screams)

Home!

And as the vampire LUNGES for her, SMASH CUT TO:

And Siobhan jerks bolt upright in bed, SCREAMING, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

32

INT. DIANA'S HOUSE - BREAKFAST ROOM - MORNING

32

Diana flips through the paper as she munches on a slice of toast. She looks over to Siobhan, stirring her bowl of cereal listlessly.

DIANA

Pulling a face like that isn't going to get you out of studying the Xiochimayan Codex this morning, you know.

Siobhan doesn't answer. Keeps stirring. Diana puts down her paper and shuffles her chair closer.

DIANA (cont'd)

Siobhan? Is everything alright?

SIOBHAN

I keep... I keep having this dream.

DIANA

Yes, you will. We've discussed this. Your visions are your link to the shared -

SIOBHAN

Yeah, the Slayers, I get that. This one... it's different. I keep having it. Like, every night. I think it's trying to tell me something.

DIANA

Perhaps it is. What happens in this dream?

Siobhan pauses, reluctant to stir up the memories again.

SIOBHAN

Who's 'the worst of the worst'?

Diana freezes. Siobhan looks up.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

I get dragged into this cave by these freaky looking skanks, and they keep chanting the same thing, over and over: 'Holy, holy, he is the one, the worst of the worst, the world come undone.' Then...

(exhales)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

32

Diana is silent, eyes down.

33

34

The world seems to fade out around Siobhan. PUSH IN on her expression as shock starts to set in, and we DISSOLVE TO:

35 EXT. ASYLUM - BALCONY - DAY

35

Faith and Jerry are sitting together now, resting against the edge of the balcony. They're silent for a long beat.

JERRY

How did it happen?

FAITH

They found her body in an abandoned car in Chinatown. Took them two weeks to identify her.

She runs a hand through her hair.

FAITH (cont'd)

I wanted to remember when I was little, and she'd leave me with strange men for weeks at a time, and then how when she came back she couldn't take care of me, forgetting to make sure I brushed my teeth or even took a bath. And the drinking. And the drugs. And the memory of seeing her get into that Cadillac, how old she looked, how used up and tired and... sad.

She turns to Jerry, who stares into the sky.

FAITH (cont'd)

But all I could think of was her crooked smile, the grin she got when I told her some dumb joke I heard at school, or when one of her boyfriends brought her something she liked. How that was gone.

(beat)

And how it made me hate her even more.

She's surprised to find a single TEAR rolling down her cheek. She wipes it away with a SNIFF.

JERRY

I... I can't even begin to imagine what that must have been like for you. To just get so... angry.

FAITH

(bitter grin)

I found a way to express it.

Jerry looks over to her as we CUT TO:

36

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

36

SMACK! A VAMPIRE reels back into frame, arms cartwheeling from the heavy PUNCH Siobhan just landed. They're in a dark cemetery, RAIN pouring down.

She launches a SNAP HIGH KICK which connects with the vamp's jaw, sending it spinning to the floor.

She grabs a STAKE from her jacket and goes in for the kill - but the vamp GRABS her and TOSSES her away.

She springs back to her feet, but the vamp TACKLES her, the two of them falling struggling to the ground.

The vamp HISSES as it pins her down, Siobhan fighting against its strength - until the vamp GASPS - and DUSTS!

Siobhan rolls clear, rising and patting the dust off her outfit with a grimace.

DIANA (O.S.)

Sloppy.

She looks over as Diana enters frame, sheltered beneath a golfing umbrella.

DIANA (cont'd)

You drew your stake far too soon.
The vampire wasn't nearly weakened
enough to give you that
opportunity. You have to soften
them up first before going in.

SIOBHAN

He's dust, ain't he?

She turns and stomps away. With a roll of her eyes, Diana follows.

DIANA

How long are you going to keep
avoiding this?

SIOBHAN

Don't know what you mean.

DIANA

Your mother.

Siobhan stops. She keeps her back turned.

DIANA (cont'd)

I'm aware of the fact that you had
a...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DIANA (cont'd)
 difficult relationship with her,
 but when you bury your emotions and
 feign that you're stronger than
 they are, you're setting yourself
 up for a very rude awakening. The
 pain will only intensify.

Siobhan whirls to face her, pissed:

SIOBHAN
 What do you know about pain?

DIANA
 I've had my share.

She lets the statement hang. Siobhan registers the sincerity.

DIANA (cont'd)
 You need to come to terms with the
 past so that it doesn't consume
 your future. What if you're called?
 What if you become the Chosen One?
 I've seen what can happen when one
 is given power beyond their wildest
 dreams. Anger feeds off power.
 (beat)
 You should go to her funeral.
 Rituals have their place.

Siobhan doesn't answer. She just turns and walks away. Diana
 sighs heavily, watching her go as we CUT TO:

Siobhan is up a ladder, carefully selecting and then fishing
 a thick book from one of the shelves. It's the same textbook
 Diana was seen reading earlier.

She sits on a step and opens the book across her knees,
 flicking through the pages.

She stops dead when she comes to one section, and the
 illustration alongside it - it's the VAMPIRE from her dream!

She scans the text, seeing the phrase 'Worst of the Worst'
 alongside the word KAKISTOS.

DIANA (O.S.)
 Siobhan?

She quickly shuts the book and rams it back into the shelf as
 Diana enters the room below.

DIANA (cont'd)
 (suspicious)
 What are you doing up there?

SIOBHAN
Catching up on some research.

 DIANA
Well... come on down now. Dinner is
served.

Diana exits, but as Siobhan starts to follow, she suddenly sways unsteadily.

 SIOBHAN
 (dizzy)
Whoo...

She manages another step - but then STUMBLES and clatters down the ladder to the floor!

Diana rushes back in, going to Siobhan's side as she picks herself up off the ground.

 DIANA
Goodness! What happened?

 SIOBHAN
I don't know, I...

Siobhan's head is spinning, Diana helping her up:

Diana ushers her into a chair, heading for the sink and filling a glass of water.

 DIANA
Here, drink this.

Siobhan takes the glass - which promptly SHATTERS!

 DIANA (cont'd)
Good Lord... your hand!

Diana looks into Siobhan's eyes - but Siobhan doesn't seem fazed by the CUTS across her palm.

 DIANA (cont'd)
Do you know what's -

 SIOBHAN
 (pulls hand away)
Don't.
 (beat)
Sorry. It's just that... I'm just
kind of freaking out a little here,
okay?

DIANA

Of course. You must be. This is...
well, come, sit down, sit down.

Siobhan sinks into one of the chairs. PUSH IN as all her senses seem to overload - COLOURS get brighter, SOUNDS get louder. Siobhan clamps her eyes shut.

DIANA (cont'd)

How do you feel?

SIOBHAN

I feel... I don't know...

DIANA

Chosen.

SIOBHAN

(meets gaze; nods)

Yeah. Chosen.

Diana smiles proudly, laying a hand on her shoulder. Siobhan still looks dazed as we DISSOLVE TO:

Faith and Jerry, side by side.

FAITH

I wanted to say 'scared.' Or
'powerful.' Or 'like I could go out
and kick some demon ass.' Half of
me felt like the new sheriff in
town, but the other half started
wondering what happened to the last
Slayer that meant I'd been called.

JERRY

What had happened?

FAITH

Vamp named Drusilla took her out.
She was this Jamaican chick called
Kendra, who got called when Buffy
died this one time.

(off look)

Yeah, it tends to happen a lot.
Thing is, Buffy came back from that
one, so it wasn't until Kendra got
iced that I came along.

(beat)

'Course, the first thing I did when
I got my new powers was the
stupidest thing I've ever done.

Faith looks thoughtfully up at the clouds as we CUT TO:

40

EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

40

Siobhan is on patrol, a new confidence in her stride as she weaves through the gravestones and markers.

She pauses as she nears a large MAUSOLEUM, seeing LIGHT flickering within. She ducks down behind a small monument.

Moments later, several figures carrying torches emerge from the mausoleum, all VAMPED OUT.

Siobhan studies them for a beat - and then slowly rises from her cover, putting herself in their field of vision.

The VAMPIRES immediately fan out, hissing sharp commands to each other as Siobhan strolls nonchalantly closer.

SIOBHAN

What you boys got in there?

They don't answer. All she gets is GROWLS.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

(rolls eyes)

Fine. Don't tell me.

One vamp suddenly RUSHES her - but she snaps a FOREARM up into its chest, knocking it sideways!

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

I figure one of you'll spill sooner or later.

As two more vamps suddenly LEAP through the air towards her, Siobhan's ready for them:

She weaves to the side, KICKING one vamp out of the air. He CRASHES into a tombstone, splitting it.

Siobhan quickly STAMPS DOWN on his neck, using the jagged stone to DECAPITATE him in a cloud of DUST.

She turns to face two more vamps as they approach her - and she whips a STAKE from her jacket with a smirk.

The vamps suddenly don't look quite as confident, and as Siobhan advances on them we CUT TO:

41

INT. MAUSOLEUM - NEXT

41

Siobhan enters the crypt, looking around - and seeing a STAIRCASE leading down from an open hole in the floor.

She pauses, staring down into the inky blackness that waits - and then starts down the stairs:

42 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - NEXT 42

Siobhan heads down the same tunnel from her dream - flickering torchlight shows off the skulls all around.

She swallows - scared but trying to keep it pushed far down as she continues, approaching a large ARCHWAY:

43 INT. UNDERGROUND CHAMBER - NEXT 43

She enters the cavern with the stalactites hanging from the roof, although this time it's empty.

She looks around, knuckles white as she grips her stake tightly. Nothing.

The air is thick with blood and dirt. Siobhan looks like a lost child in some monster's belly as she moves on.

VOICE (O.S.)

Slayer...

She freezes, slowly turning - as something MOVES in the shadows close by!

She jumps back a step, stake raised and ready, dropping into a tight offensive pose.

But all that melts away as the huge VAMPIRE from her nightmare steps into view, his animal-like features curled into a sinister SMIRK.

His hands are like a goat's hooves - hard, curled and thick - as he opens them towards her.

VAMPIRE

I knew this day would come... that
one of your kind would return to
finish what she could not...

He CHUCKLES, a deep, booming sound - as more VAMPIRES and the banshee-like WOMEN start to emerge from the darkness.

Siobhan is surrounded. Her head snaps left and right, trying to assess all her targets.

The vampire advances on her as she starts to back up, the other vamps keeping a wide perimeter around them both.

SIOBHAN

You're him, aren't you? Kakistos.
The Worst of the Worst.

KAKISTOS bows before her. Cackling LAUGHTER ripples through his attending vampires.

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN (cont'd)
Wait, this... can't be happening.
How can this be the same?

 KAKISTOS
You saw what she saw. I felt it
too. Your presence as it lived
through her memories. That's how I
knew you would find me soon.

 SIOBHAN
But...

 KAKISTOS
Memory and fantasy merge as one in
the mind of the Slayer, little one.
You were always meant to be here,
now, in this place - your dreams
connected past and future to show
you the way.

 SIOBHAN
Who was she? The girl in my dreams?

 KAKISTOS
Her name was Artemia. She was a
Slayer from my time, back in
Greece. I offered her the chance to
become one of my children...

He gestures to the women, who HISS at Siobhan.

 KAKISTOS (cont'd)
... but she rejected my kindness
and chose death instead.
 (beat)
Is that why you are here?

He advances on her, looming over her.

 KAKISTOS (cont'd)
Is this what you want?

FIRE flickers in Siobhan's eyes. A memory rolls back to her:

 FLYNN (V.O.)
Is that it? You want some of this?

 KAKISTOS
I asked you, daughter... do you
know where you are?

He reaches one huge, taloned hand towards her...

... and Siobhan DRIVES the stake RIGHT THROUGH his hand!
Kakistos ROARS in pain, rearing back.

(CONTINUED)

43

And she turns and RUNS, even as several vamps charge her. She BASHES into them at full speed, scattering them.

More vampires give chase as Siobhan races back out of the chamber, and we CUT TO:

Diana pokes her head up into the converted attic space that functions as Siobhan's bedroom.

Frowning, she makes her way back down.

Diana steps into the hallway, heading for her jacket hanging from the coatstand.

She hesitates - then grabs her UMBRELLA from the stand too, crooking it over her arm.

Satisfied, she leaves the house, and we CUT TO:

Head down, Siobhan powers onwards as fast as she can, not daring to look behind her.

Just as well, as around a DOZEN VAMPIRES are pursuing her, WHOOPING and LAUGHING in the thrill of the hunt!

She turns a corner, CRASHING into several stray garbage cans and knocking them across the street.

As she heads into the distance, the vampires turn the corner - some SLIDE on the stray garbage, others tripping over them.

Diana strolls down a dark path through the middle of a park,
eyes scanning for any sign of life:

And Siobhan tears into frame and BARGES into her, knocking them both to the ground!

(CONTINUED)

Diana recovers, Siobhan picking herself back up and grabbing the professor, hauling her to her feet.

DIANA
Siobhan! What -

Siobhan rushes up to her, grabbing her and shoving her back down the path.

DIANA (cont'd)
What on earth is going on? Siobhan!
Answer me! What's -

And then she sees what Siobhan was running from - the VAMPIRES, some still bearing torches, closing in fast!

DIANA (cont'd)
(jaw drops)
Oh, no...

SIOBHAN
(frantic)
Run!!

And as the duo turn and flee back into the night, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

48

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

48

Siobhan and Diana run on, Siobhan slowed considerably by the older woman.

 SIOBHAN
Faster! Come on!

 DIANA
I'm doing my best, Siobhan! I'm not exactly a sprinter, am I?

 SIOBHAN
We have to get to the house! Once we're in there, they can't get in.

 DIANA
 (proud smile)
That's correct.

 SIOBHAN
So, quicker we get to the house, the better! So move already!

They run on - the borders of the park are now in view, just a few moments away...

... when Siobhan is TACKLED by a vampire that dives down from one of the trees!

 DIANA
Siobhan!

She fights the vampire, kicking and squirming as she tries to get a hold of it.

The vampire HEADBUTTS her, Siobhan's head cracking painfully off the hard ground beneath.

She's stunned, vision swimming as the vamp pins her down and HISSES, baring its fangs...

FWOOSH! The vamp DUSTS with a pinched HOWL of agony - revealing Diana, her umbrella aimed point-first at Siobhan.

She blinks - and realises the end of the umbrella is a sharpened wooden STAKE!

 DIANA (cont'd)
Always be prepared, my dear.

She reaches down to pull Siobhan to her feet - and WHUMP! She gets GRABBED by two more vampires!

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN

No!

She flails, trying to get up, hearing only the sound of Diana's struggles somewhere nearby.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

Don't... prof, hang on...

She gets to her feet, shaking the cobwebs away.

KAKISTOS (O.S.)

So this is the one who watches?

Siobhan whips round - and sees that Kakistos has got Diana held firm in his claws!

SIOBHAN

No! Get away from her!

She tries to rush in - but more VAMPS appear, slowing her down as she tries to batter her way through them. One SWATs her with its torch.

To her credit, Diana remains defiant even as Kakistos' monstrous face leers down at her.

KAKISTOS

Would you like to die before, or
after your slave?

DIANA

Neither. I'm quite happy to wait
for her to send all of you
monstrosities back to the dust.

KAKISTOS

Then you shall have a long wait,
Watcher...

Siobhan's still trying to fight through to get to her.

SIOBHAN

Diana! No! Diana!

Diana closes her eyes as she feels Kakistos' grip tightening...

... and with a sickening CRUNCH, the mighty vampire TEARS HER IN TWO! Siobhan HOWLS.

SIOBHAN (cont'd)

No!!

The vampires LAUGH, revelling in Siobhan's despair as the two ugly halves of Diana's body fall to the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Kakistos casually LICKS Diana's blood from his fingers.

KAKISTOS

Bring the child to me.

Still struggling, Siobhan is brought before Kakistos.

SIOBHAN

(fierce)

I'm gonna kill you so many times
over, you sick bastard...

KAKISTOS

Hush now. Tell me, daughter...

He strokes a bloody finger down her cheek. Siobhan shivers at his touch.

KAKISTOS (cont'd)

... tell your Father... do you know
where you are?

She shuts her eyes, the vamps holding her starting to CHANT.

VAMPIRES

Holy, holy, he is the one, the
worst of the worst, the world come
undone...

None of them notice Siobhan twist her right arm slightly -
and something SLIPS into her hand.

Kakistos grins, revealing his huge FANGS, and he pulls her
shirt aside to bare her neck...

... and Siobhan STABS something - right into his groin!

Kakistos ROARS in pain and stumbles back - a DAGGER
protruding from his crotch!

SIOBHAN

Guess you ain't a father any more.

Quick as lightning, Siobhan TWISTS and slips out of her
jacket, leaving the vamps holding it.

POW! Two PUNCHES knock those vamps back, Siobhan reaching
into her jacket as it falls - and revealing two STAKES.

She DUSTS the first two vamps, and as more throw themselves
at her she turns it up - another EXPLODES into fragments
before he even lands.

She scoops up a discarded TORCH and SHOVES it into one vamp's
face, the vamp going UP IN FLAMES and SHRIEKING horribly!

(CONTINUED)

One ROARS right in her face - so she grabs his ears and PULLS, the ears coming away in her hands!

He SCREAMS - and she STAKES him, turning to grab another by the throat and RAM the second stake home.

KAKISTOS
Kill her! Kill her!

He's still staggering, trying to wrench the dagger from his groin, while Siobhan keeps attacking.

Juggling the stake and torch in one hand, she sets another vampire ALIGHT, letting him stumble blindly into the trees - which also CATCH FIRE.

More vamps go down - for each one she SLAMS to the floor, another is DUSTED until only a handful remain.

Siobhan's not gotten through this unscathed - she's bruised, bleeding and her clothing is torn.

Two charge her at once - so she takes aim and HURLS both stakes at them!

They hit home, dead on target - the vamps DUST, the fragments blowing over her.

Several trees are now ABLAZE, thick SMOKE wafting across the scene.

She's unarmed as the last one faces her, swinging clumsy punches as she backs away.

She hooks a foot round Diana's discarded umbrella and flips it up, DRIVING the stake point into the last vamp.

As it DUSTS, there's only her and Kakistos left. She keeps her distance as he finally YANKS the dagger free.

He's beyond words, uttering a feral ROAR as he thunders towards her.

Between them, one of the larger trees CREAKS ominously as the fires continue to rage out of control.

Siobhan takes aim, hefting the umbrella and waiting until the last moment...

... and just as Kakistos LUNGES for her, she brings the point down and SCYTHES it across his face!

Nimble dodging to the side, she lets the huge vamp CRASH to the ground, BLOOD spraying from the wound she delivered.

(CONTINUED)

Kakistos clutches his face, eloquence lost as he BABBLES incoherently in his own, ancient dialect.

SIOBHAN

That was for her.

She hears another loud CREAK behind her and turns - the nearest tree is about to fall!

She DIVES aside as the mighty oak starts to lurch forward - and beneath it, Kakistos finally looks up!

KAKISTOS

No!!

CRASH! The burning tree SMASHES into him, fires now burning all around.

COUGHING as she stumbles through the smoke, Siobhan makes it to the edge of the park, looking back.

There's no sign of Kakistos or anything else - just SMOKE and FLAMES.

She clambers over the park railings, falling painfully to the ground, and as distant FIRE ENGINE SIRENS start to wail, she staggers away into the night.

DISSOLVE TO:

The bored CLERK finishes serving one customer, waiting for the next to move up.

It's Siobhan - cleaned up a little from her fight, but still looking like she just went ten rounds.

The clerk raises an eyebrow as she slides a handful of notes across the counter.

FAITH (V.O.)

With the prof gone, there was only one place I could think of to go.

SIOBHAN

Sunnydale, California. One way.

The clerk hesitates, then takes her money, punches out a ticket and slides it back to her.

Siobhan emerges from the station, duffel bag slung over her shoulder, heading for an otherwise empty bus stop.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (V.O.)

I guess I caught one lucky break
that night, 'cause I was able to
settle something else before I left
town.

Siobhan hears ARGUING nearby, and looks round to see a young
BLONDE, all fishnets and daisy dukes, arguing with an older,
meaner-looking GUY.

He suddenly SHOVES her back into an alleyway, out of sight,
following her down.

Siobhan stares at the alley for a beat - then rises from her
seat and starts towards it.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NEXT

She appears at the entrance, as further down the Guy and
Blonde are continuing their argument.

He suddenly SLAPS her so hard she bounces her head against
the wall, poking a finger in her face.

GUY

How many times we gotta go over
this, you dumb bitch? You get cash
up front or you do nothing at all!

BLONDE

(tearful)

I'm... I'm sorry, Gable... next
time, I promise...

The guy, also known as GABLE, glares at her coldly.

GABLE

'Next time'? Maybe I oughtta make
sure there isn't a 'next time.'

He raises his fist to strike her - and Siobhan's hand GRABS
his wrist in mid-air!

GABLE (cont'd)

Hey! What the -

WHAM! She CLOCKS him so hard he's blown right off his feet,
landing on his ass. Siobhan turns to the Blonde.

SIOBHAN

Go.

(firmer)

Go!

She turns and flees, leaving Siobhan with Gable as he starts
to pick himself up. BLOOD drips from his nose.

(CONTINUED)

GABLE

What in the name of good god damn
do you think you're -

CRACK! She punches him again - this time, TEETH fly from his mouth and skitter across the pavement.

She grabs a handful of his hair, DRAGGING him to his feet - and she PRESSES him up into the air!

GABLE (cont'd)

Put me down! Put me -

SLAM! She brings him down - hard - across her KNEE. Something SNAPS. She drops his mewling, broken form to the ground.

Gable is WHIMPERING, trying to curl up as Siobhan leans in and whispers into his ear:

SIOBHAN

My mom says 'hi.'

She rises, looking down at the pathetic mess she's made of him. And then she turns:

To find the Blonde, who saw the whole thing, staring with wide, horrified eyes at Gable - and then at Siobhan.

Siobhan falters, registering the fear in the girl's eyes at the sight of her.

Head down, Siobhan walks past her and out of the alley without another word, and we DISSOLVE TO:

The sun is setting now, giving an impression of just how long Faith and Jerry have been up here.

FAITH

So that was that. Got on my bus,
rode non-stop to Sunnydale.

She pauses to finish off her cigarette.

FAITH (cont'd)

Siobhan got on that bus, but
Faith's the one who stepped off.
You know, like mom used to say.

She turns to Jerry. He muses on what he's heard.

JERRY

I tried to find you, you know. Both
of you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)
Once the Church had me in
Washington, training me up to be
their...

(chuckles)
Their equivalent of Tom Cruise, I
guess. I had time and resources at
my disposal, so I went looking.

FAITH
But mom was dead and I wasn't
'Siobhan Heal' any more.

JERRY
Exactly.

FAITH
(grins)
Caused the Council some grief, too.
When I showed up in Sunnydale,
Giles had to work out for himself
that I was the same girl Diana'd
been training, even though I was
using 'Faith.' I guess he just
rolled with it in the end. G was
always pretty cool like that.
(beat)
Why do you think they chose you?

JERRY
Honestly? I'm not sure. Part of me
thinks they just saw me as an
honest disaster area that was the
blank slate for them to use as
their perfect-teethed
spokesperson... and part of me
thinks they knew about us, and were
gonna use me to get to you.

FAITH
Guess we'll never know now, huh?

JERRY
Oh, they're still out there. New
York was just one of their bases of
operation. But they won't be back
here for a long while yet.

FAITH
(grins)
So you're Darth to my Luke
Skywalker, is that it?

He smiles back, Faith noticing at last how dark it's getting.

FAITH (cont'd)
C'mon. The others'll be wondering
where we got to.

JERRY

Who knows? Maybe they had some luck with the Gateway.

FAITH

Yeah, and maybe I won't have to try and explain to Buffy how I let her sister get blown away. Again.

That statement makes Faith stop, but Jerry's quick to take her by the arm.

JERRY

We worry about things when we need to. Not before. We don't know what's happened to Dawn yet.

Faith doesn't look all that encouraged as the duo head for the fire door that leads back inside, and we CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - EVENING

MAYOR WILKINS is going through some paperwork in his office when there's a KNOCK at the door.

MAYOR

Come in.

The door opens - and SCOTT enters.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Ah, Detective Jacobs. Please, sit.

Scott pulls up a chair, looking a little awkward as the Mayor finishes up his signature with a flourish.

MAYOR (cont'd)

There. Now you have my undivided attention.

He clasps his hands together, leaning forward.

MAYOR (cont'd)

So? Have you come to a decision about my offer?

SCOTT

(beat)

I'm still not sure why you're asking me to do this, sir.

MAYOR

Because, detective, that asylum is a menace to the good citizens of New York City.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR (cont'd)

It's staffed by dangerous zealots, practices unethical and probably even illegal 'treatments' on its patients, and I know for a fact that several of its administrative staff have been involved in a wide variety of unsolved crimes over the last few years.

(leans back; grins)

And you, Scott - may I call you Scott? - have exactly the kinds of qualities I'm looking for to head up this task force.

Scott exhales, the Mayor locating another FILE on his desk.

MAYOR (cont'd)

You'll have full access to the resources of this office to help you, as well as all the funding and expenses you'll need. Put simply, anything you need, you'll get, until that place is shut down once and for all.

SCOTT

I've done a little research myself, sir, and... well, there's not exactly a whole lot on record about the asylum in question.

MAYOR

That's because they're careful. Very careful. And smart. But I want you to be smarter.

(beat; smiles)

What do you say, son? Can I count on you to bring these people to justice?

Scott inhales, torn between two sides of this decision. Finally, he nods.

SCOTT

I'll do it, sir.

MAYOR

Excellent!

He reaches forward and vigorously shakes Scott's hand.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Now, as I explained, most of the task force is already assembled, so all you -

SCOTT

Actually, I do have one request.

MAYOR

Name it.

SCOTT

I'd like my partner, Ann Hogan, to be on the team.

MAYOR

Done. Anything else?

SCOTT

Not for now, sir.

MAYOR

Good man. I can see a bright future in the department ahead of you if you pull this one off, Scott. You'll find I'm a man who always remembers his allies.

Scott nods, managing a courteous smile as the Mayor reaches for his phone.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Marlena? Yes, get me a reservation at the best restaurant you can find for me tonight. I have something to celebrate.

He flashes Scott another winning smile, and we CUT TO:

Vi sits cross-legged before the Gateway. She's studying the tattoo on her arm as if it'll answer all her problems.

She finally rises, and with a sad SIGH turns and heads for the door.

She's halfway there when one of the glyphs on the Gateway GLOWS - just for a moment.

Vi turns - did she just sense something? She frowns, looking around, but when she turns back:

A loud HUM fills the chamber, and the Gateway starts to LIGHT UP, one section at a time!

Wide-eyed, Vi hurries up to it - as she passes Pryor's monitors, they all start to SWITCH ON.

VI

What the...

Printers go haywire, spewing out reams and reams of densely-printed paper, while the PC screens are filled with bizarre symbols, scrolling rapidly past.

Flustered, Vi reaches for a radio - but yanks her hand back, pulling her sleeve up - her tattoo is GLOWING!

She winces, the heat from the tattoo starting to hurt - and with a loud BOOM, a PORTAL appears within the Gateway!

She steps back, her body tense, ready to face whatever might come through...

... but a wisp of LIGHT starts to form right in front of her, rapidly brightening and growing!

Vi stares, dumbstruck, as the light blazes brighter and brighter, forcing her to look away as it grows to full size...

... and as the light fades, Vi lowers her hands...

... and there's DAWN!

DAWN
(brightly)
Hey!

Vi boggles, jaw hanging, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW