

FAITH

"Dirty Needle"

by
Daniel Loach

Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
(c) Mutant Enemy, Inc. & FOX
And characters created by Jason Scott
(c) Monster Zero Productions

(c) Monster Zero Productions 2008

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. ASYLUM - FITNESS ROOM - NIGHT

1

FAITH boxes the punching bag, GRUNTING with every hit. She delivers a devastating spinning back kick to the middle, and the bag is ripped out of the ceiling.

It clears the room and SLAMS into the opposite wall, sliding to the ground in a heap.

She bites her lip, then shrugs, and immediately starts SHADOW BOXING.

Not paying particular attention to what she's doing, she's surprised to have her latest punch blocked by VI.

Vi looks back over shoulder to the discarded punching bag, then back to Faith.

FAITH

Sorry. Got caught in the moment,
you know?

Vi raises her eyebrows.

Faith looks at her still outstretched arm - Vi has a tight grip on it.

She looks into Faith's eyes, Vi does the same. There's a fierceness in there, tension between them that seems to unsettle and confuse Faith.

FAITH (cont'd)

Something up?

Vi loosens her grip.

VI

There's something you need to see.

FAITH

Yeah? Where is it? I'll take a look
as soon as I'm done here.

VI

(insistent)

No, now.

(beat)

Just go down to the Gateway.

Without another word, Vi turns and leaves, leaving Faith to speculate on her strange behavior before we CUT TO:

2 INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT

2

PRYOR and RUTH are engaged in a passionate embrace on Pryor's desk, his paperwork brushed aside. They're startled by a rattling outside, followed a moment later by Vi opening the door.

They both stand, brushing themselves down, trying their best to look natural. Vi just rolls her eyes and ignores them.

VI
Gateway. Now.

She doesn't elaborate, and looks irritated when:

PRYOR
What's going on?

VI
Just follow me. Faith's already
down there.

Pryor goes to question her, but Ruth, sensing the urgency in the Slayer's voice, puts her hand on his shoulder. He gets the idea.

3 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

3

RACHEL, who seems startled to see the redhead.

RACHEL
What's the rush?

Not even bothering to explain, Vi pushes past, calling back:

VI
Follow me.

Rachel just stands there looking puzzled until Pryor and Ruth file out of his office, sharing her bemused look, so she tags along.

Pryor walks in front, leaving Rachel and Ruth a few steps behind. Rachel looks up and down, noting her slightly skewiff attire. She smirks, but Ruth doesn't pay any attention.

4 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - NEXT

4

Vi and the others enter the room, Faith is looking at the Gateway with her arms crossed. NOA and JERRY are with her.

They turn to see them - Faith shrugs when Pryor looks at her, expecting an answer of some sorts.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Any chance you could tell us what
this is all about?

RACHEL

Yeah, I'm supposed to be meeting -

Vi silences them by raising her hands.

VI

I was down here earlier, trying to
get the Gateway to open.

PRYOR

Vi, you really shouldn't be -

She cuts him off with a sharp look.

PRYOR (cont'd)

(nods)

Carry on.

VI

Anyway, I was trying to get it to
start up, and...

She places her hands on its surface, and instantly the
symbols on it begin to GLOW, as does the tatoo on her arm.

Faith frowns, and is about to step forward - when something
starts to happen.

A light starts to form in front of the Gateway, rising up
from the floor and bending into a human shape.

It starts to clear, and there sh is - DAWN!

DAWN

(cheery)

Hi, guys. Did you miss me?

Her smile drops a little as she sees everyone's shocked
expressions. She turns to Vi.

DAWN (cont'd)

I... guess I have a few things to
explain, huh?

She bites her lip, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - NIGHT

5

As we left them, everyone is staring in shock at Dawn, who looks more and more uncomfortable with every second.

DAWN
(shifts)
It's rude to stare, you know?

FAITH
Um...

PRYOR
(slowly)
My thoughts exactly.

JERRY
What... happened? We though you
were...

Dawn takes a deep breath.

DAWN
Honestly? I'm still not sure. But
remember the thing, you know, when
my body got... shredded?

She smiles, trying (and failing) to lighten the mood. Noa looks particularly hostile towards her right now.

DAWN (cont'd)
Anyway, it looks like when I used
my powers to bring Noa back...

She turns to the girl herself.

DAWN (cont'd)
Welcome back, by the way.

She's startled by the icy glare Noa gives her. Dawn laughs nervously and moves on.

DAWN (cont'd)
Where was I? Oh, yeah, lots of
power. I was pretty much about to
be torn into little bits, but the
Gateway protected me somehow.
(beat, to Ruth)
Think it could have been because of
my teleporting thing?

Ruth thinks on it for a moment, but can't come up with answer off hand. She motions towards the Gateway.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH

So... you're in there?

Dawn reaches out with one arm, and as it extends beyond a certain distance, it begins to fade away. She quickly withdraws it, flexing her now fully visible fingers.

DAWN

Looks like. I'm working on it.

PRYOR

I warned you not to -

DAWN

Hey, I'm stuck in this fricking room for a while, not the time for a lecture, okay?

For the first time her happy demeanor slips. Her distress shows through.

FAITH

(to Vi)

When did you find out?

VI

Few minutes ago. I was down here, testing my powers, and...

DAWN

(cheery again)

Poof, here I was.

(beat)

Oh, look else what I can do!

She closes her eyes for a moment, and a second later several flickering SCREENS appear, floating in mid air.

Thoroughly impressed with herself, she turns and point to each, one at a time, so that they display strange looking landscapes.

PRYOR

(impressed)

Are those what I think they are?

RUTH

(in awe)

They're other worlds.

Dawn nods, then the team take a closer look, and they're not so much impressed now as they are terrified. The worlds all have something in common. Chaos.

One, an icy world, has begun to melt, with civilians running in all directions, falling through the thin ice as they do.

(CONTINUED)

Another, a forest is ablaze, with lighting striking the surviving trees, increasing the size of the inferno. The blood red sky, meanwhile, has dark black patches appearing all over.

Everyone is astounded at the sight before them, they turn to each other, silently battling over who gets the break the silence.

FAITH

So... who screwed up? Did you do all this?

Vi shoots her a look.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hey, I'm just saying.

VI

Well, don't. She got Noa back here, didn't she? She was only trying to do what was right.

FAITH

And look what it cost.

PRYOR

We all knew the risks.

Faith turns, surprised that he's not backing her up on this.

PRYOR (cont'd)

We knew what it could do but we didn't stop it. It's not her fault.

(to Dawn)

What do we do?

Dawn's looking a bit teared up, obviously as surprised that she's getting his support as Faith was.

DAWN

We need to help them. We...

(beat)

I did this. There has to be a way to help.

FAITH

Then that's what we'll do.

She turns to leave, but Dawn calls after her.

DAWN

There's something else.

All but one of the screens vanish, and the one that remains changes to reveal a familiar face: AKU!

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Who's that?

Noa's expression darkens as she studies the screen - the samurai warlord stands before a circle of MYSTICS, who are drawing magic circles on the ground.

NOA

His name is Aku.

(beat, off mystics)

What's he doing?

DAWN

He's trying to open the portal again. If he succeeds -

NOA

(cuts her off)

We'll kill him. He's no big deal.

DAWN

I'm not so sure. Something about him...

She trails off, her eyes glazing over slightly, but she quickly snaps to attention.

DAWN (cont'd)

We need to deal with him.

PRYOR

I think this calls for a conference.

DAWN

Oh, sure, go somewhere I can't go!

(off looks)

Guys! Teasing. Go... conference.

PRYOR

We'll find a way to get you back to normal, Dawn. I promise.

DAWN

I know. And don't worry - I'm okay here. I'm not in pain, I can still help out - as long as you guys fix what needs fixing, my problem can wait.

Satisfied, Faith turns to leave, and she's quickly followed by Jerry, Ruth and Pryor.

RACHEL

It's good to see you, Dawnie.

(CONTINUED)

She's clearly genuinely happy to see her friend, but a little overwhelmed.

RACHEL (cont'd)
Did it... hurt?

DAWN
What, having my body almost ripped
to little pieces?
(shrugs)
Tingled.
(beat)
So, how are things with Scott?

Rachel smiles at the mention of his name, something Dawn takes note of but doesn't mention.

RACHEL
They're... good.

DAWN
Just good? Come on, I want details!
Filthy, dirty, details!

They both giggle, and Rachel checks her watch and her eyes widen.

RACHEL
I'm late. I'm meeting...

A sly grin appears on Dawn's face, she doesn't need to be told. She nods and Rachel runs off.

DAWN
(after her)
Have fun. Don't do anything I
wouldn't. Not that can do much
right now, but still...

She's gone, leaving Noa and Dawn alone together. There's an awkward silence.

DAWN (cont'd)
Look...

NOA
(quickly)
Don't.

She starts to turn away.

DAWN
I'm sorry.

Noa stops.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

If you hadn't, I'd be there. Aku wouldn't have come looking for me and I'd still be there. And anyway, if Aku's still out there, then Glenn will be too. We just need to figure out how to get him back.

Her face softens.

NOA (cont'd)

Thank you for trying. You did what you thought was best, right?

(beat)

Besides, I kinda missed the old chair.

She smiles and starts to wheel away. Dawn watches her leave, her guilt slightly diminished.

THUNK. Noa's chair gets caught on something at the other end of the room.

NOA (cont'd)

Crap.

Dawn sighs, feeling for Noa as we CUT TO:

The staff file in, suitably overwhelmed by the information they need to digest.

FAITH

Where's Rachel?

VI

She has a date.

FAITH

Good to know someone's getting some. Everything that's going on, I could do with a good -

Jerry shifts uncomfortably and she takes the hint. She leans up against a wall.

FAITH (cont'd)

So, what do we do?

VI

Dawn said we need to fix the damage. We should probably look for ways to do that.

FAITH

Point out an ass, I'll kick it.

The comment clearly grates on Vi, but nobody notices.

PRYOR

I'll do some research. See if there's anything in the readings that could indicate a solution. If it's what I suspect, then the power surges Dawn used to locate and retrieve Noa have upset the natural balances of these various worlds - although in what precise ways, I can only speculate.

RUTH

There are more than likely a few people in the city with information that could be helpful - mystics, seers, people like that. I'll take a look around, see what I can find.

JERRY

I can help. I still have a few contacts myself.

Pryor throws Jerry a look.

PRYOR

Later... perhaps.

Everyone turns to Faith, waiting to see what she'll volunteer for, but she's oblivious.

FAITH

Whatever gets the job done. I just need to blow off some steam.

She grabs her jacket off of the back of the nearest chair, wrapping it around her, and turns to leave. She notices there's a look in her fellow Slayer's eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)

(reluctant)

Vi, you coming?

Not appreciating the tone, Vi shakes her head and Faith smiles, reaching for the door.

PRYOR

Faith, before you go...

FAITH

(impatient)

What is it?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I have something for you in the
lab.

FAITH

(interested)

Weapon?

He nods, and a grin creeps across her face. Vi looks on with disappointment, unaware that Jerry is looking at her, he seems sympathetic.

As the others leave, with only Vi and Jerry left behind, he stands, placing a hand on her shoulder.

JERRY

Still getting to you, I see?

She half smiles, it's about all she can manage.

VI

She just...

Frustration gets the better of her briefly, and the nearest table leg suffers the full force of her foot. The table looks a little lopsided, and she bites her lip.

VI (cont'd)

(beat)

Think Pryor'll notice?

Jerry cocks his head, noticing the angle at which the leg now stands.

JERRY

(unconvincing)

I doubt it.

(beat)

You should go with Faith. Blow off
some of that steam she's talking
about. Now that we know Dawn's...
well, not 'okay,' but at least not
dead, then we can get back to work.

He tries the smile again, this time it seems to do the trick.

VI

I suppose I could. I think I've got
plenty of steam backed up.

Victorious, his grin widens, and he lightly ushers her towards the door leading out into the corridor. They open it and nearly run into:

7 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 7

Noa! She pouts.

VI
Where were you?

NOA
I got stuck. Thanks for the help,
by the way! Man - I'm back in this
chair five damn minutes and already
you people are forgetting how I
work in it!

VI
Look, we have to...

She indicates towards Pryor's lab. Noa rolls back, holding
out one arm.

NOA
Lead the way.

Noa's cheer and the talk with Jerry obviously have had an
effect on Vi, as she seems almost happy as she walks towards
the office. Jerry follows and Noa isn't far behind.

But Noa is far from happy, the smile dropping from her face
the second the others' backs are turned.

8 INT. ASYLUM - LABORATORY - NEXT 8

Faith is holding a few vials of blood, rolling them around
across her fingers. Pryor notices and quickly snatches them
away, putting them carefully back in their proper place.

Bewildered, Faith slides up onto one of the workbenches.

FAITH
What's up with the blood? You
cooking something up in here?

PRYOR
It's vampire blood. Which means do
not play with it. Get some of it
into your bloodstream and there's a
risk of infection.

A little grossed out, Faith slides off of the bench, well
away from the blood.

FAITH
By infection, you mean...

He nods.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
And how exactly did you...

He knows what she's going to say and he just shakes his head.
She doesn't want to know.

FAITH (cont'd)
Okay, why exactly are you keeping
vamp blood in the lab?

He removes a syringe from one of the drawers, removing the plastic cover. He then fills a beaker with one of the vials of blood.

PRYOR
I've been developing a formula
which should come in handy in the
field.

He squirts the liquid into the blood and waits. Nothing happens.

FAITH
(dry)
How did I ever manage without you?

She's soon eating her words when the blood appears to BOIL, bubbles rising out, small platters forming around the breaker on the bench where it spills over.

FAITH (cont'd)
Huh...

The bubbling stops and the blood appears have disappeared, all but smears along the glass. Pryor picks the beaker up and turns it upside down. Something falls out of it.

Faith takes a step forwards, wiping her fingers on the workbench. She inspects them, a tiny amount of ASH is now on her fingers!

FAITH (cont'd)
Okay, that was pretty cool.

The door opens and Vi, followed by Jerry and Noa enter the room.

FAITH (cont'd)
Hey, Vi, Pryor made us a new toy.

Vi smiles, not half as excited as Faith.

VI
(to Pryor)
You got it working, then?

FAITH
(surprised)
You knew?

PRYOR
She caught me in the middle of an
experiment a few weeks ago.

VI
(looks around)
Oh, hey! You got all the stains
out. Cool.

Faith ignores the obvious question and turns back to Pryor.

FAITH
When did you come up with this?

PRYOR
I saw something similar in a movie,
believe it or not. 'Blade,' is it?

FAITH
(stunned)
You saw 'Blade'?
(off look)
Just didn't think it was 'you.'

PRYOR
(shrugs)
Admittedly it wasn't entirely to my
taste, but I thought the idea of a
chemical weapon was something worth
investigating.
(beat)
Besides, Jon insisted.

Noa flinches at the mention of Quinn's name. Faith spots it
out of the corner of her eye and gives Pryor a sharp look in
return for his careless comment.

FAITH
Good job he did.

She turns around to Vi.

FAITH (cont'd)
So you changed your mind?

VI
I thought I'd let my hair down,
have a little fun.

FAITH
Works for me. Ready to roll?

(CONTINUED)

Vi notices the barely covered up disappointment in Faith's voice. It's almost as if she's pleased to be cramping Faith's style the way she smiles.

VI

When you are.

FAITH

Then let's book.

She reaches over the workbench to take a few syringes from the drawer, but Pryor puts his hand over them, stopping her.

PRYOR

Actually, I think I might come too.
I'd like to see how it works first
hand.

Off Faith's now undisguised, crestfallen expression, we CUT
TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a run down looking section of the city.
There's a loud CRASH!

EXT. NEW YORK STREET - SAME TIME

A VAMPIRE has just been flung head first into several garbage cans. He stumbles to his feet and sees the person responsible. Vi.

She's panting, he's obviously giving her a hard time, but she's enjoying it, letting the thrill of the fight wash over her.

VI

Maybe now would be a good time to,
you know, run screaming?

He takes her advice, but not quite as she'd expect, racing head first towards her. With a roll of her eyes, she steps aside, he stumbles, exposing his back.

Quick as a flash she's impaled him with her STAKE, and he's nothing but dust.

VI (cont'd)

Right. That only works when you
guys say it. Gotcha.

She's alerted by another CRASH somewhere nearby as Faith plows a vampire into a wall, then picks him up by the neck, holding him there for a moment.

Vi is about to step in, but she's TACKLED by another vampire.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

See, this is what happens when you
play in my sandbox.

She tightens her grip, not that it does much.

FAITH (cont'd)

What have we learned?

He struggles against her grip and tries his best to speak,
but she's holding on too tight. She lets go and he drops to
his feet, immediately ready to fight again.

Before he can even move, Faith slams a SYRINGE into the
vampires' chest and injects the liquid inside into him!

The vamp quickly SWATS the empty syringe away, backing up.

VAMPIRE

What the hell is wrong with you?
Was that supposed to do something?

FAITH

You'll see.

Nearby, Pryor is trading blows with another vampire. Despite
its obvious advantages over him, he's holding his own out
there.

He blocks a mean left hook and delivers a palm strike to the
vampire's nose, breaking it.

He steps back, trying to make it look as if that block didn't
hurt his arm.

ON FAITH

Her vampire looks at her like she's insane.

VAMPIRE

Seriously, what was...

He trails off, looking a little uncomfortable all of a
sudden.

FAITH

There we go.

He COUGHS and SPLUTTERS, spitting out a little blood and what
looks like a tiny bit of ash. He wipes his lips and much to
Faith's surprise.

VAMPIRE

Was that it?

(CONTINUED)

Realising that something must have gone wrong, she wastes no time in dispatching her vamp - STAKE to chest, DUST.

FAITH
(shouts)
Pryor!

She's too late - Pryor has jabbed his vampire with the syringe. Unaffected, and given an opening by Pryor's sloppy technique, the vampire BITES DOWN on Pryor's arm!

FAITH (cont'd)
Crap.
(shouts)
Vi! Man down!

Vi finishes off her opponent and sees the vampire fighting Pryor pull him into position, using him as a human shield.

Both she and Faith race forward, but SKID to a halt when the vamp repositions Pryor's head, ready to snap his neck at a moment's notice.

VAMPIRE
(cackles)
I gotcha man! I gotcha man!

FAITH
Okay... now what?

No sooner has she said it, she's given a slight clue as to what happens next - as another SIX VAMPIRES step out of the shadows. Vi and Faith prepare, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

11 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - NIGHT

11

As we left them, Faith and Vi are quickly taking in everything they can before the inevitable fight.

VI

Faith, we need to do this...

Too late, Faith has already charged off towards one of the vampires.

VI (cont'd)

Together. Damn it!

She charges off in the opposite direction, heading towards a heavily PIERCED VAMPIRE.

Faith's vamp grins, arms out ready. The BALD VAMP easily grabs her in mid stride, pinning her to the wall.

BALD VAMPIRE

That all you got, Slayer?

A boot to his nether regions gives him his answer. Wincing, he drops Faith, who disposes of him with a stake before he can react.

She looks over as Vi ducks a punch from another vamp, steps around him, and SNAPS his neck.

All the while, the vampire holding on to Pryor is enjoying himself. Pryor struggles against his grip but it has no effect. His captor doesn't even pay attention to him.

FAITH

Two down.

She quickly PIVOTS on one foot, planting her stake into another vampire's chest, his reward for trying to creep up on her.

VI

This is just... sad.

FAITH

We're not impressed, boys.

The remaining three vampires don't look as though they're appreciating the slayer's taunts. Two of them race in at the same time with a FLURRY of blows.

(CONTINUED)

Faith and Vi can do nothing but block as they wait for their opening. Simultaneously they kick their opponents away, but it doesn't faze the vamps.

Realising that they're back to back, and that the vampires still have an advantage over them, they both silently start to plan, shaking their heads at their own private ideas.

FAITH (cont'd)
I have an idea.

VI
Care to share?

As the vamps run in, Faith forces Vi to bend down, then rolls over her, kicking the oncoming vampire in the gut and finishing him with a stake.

Vi, distracted by Faith's move, doesn't react quickly enough, and takes a kick to the gut herself, followed by a blow to the back which puts her face down on the concrete.

FAITH
(frustrated)
Damn it, Vi!

She launches her stake through the air, and it lands with perfect precision, right in the heart. The vamp dusts all over a SPLUTTERING Vi.

Faith offer her fellow Slayer a hand up, but it's rejected as Vi struggles to her feet alone. She dusts herself down and gives Faith a dirty look.

FAITH (cont'd)
Hey, what did I do?

VI
Just...

She spots the sixth backup vamp closing in on them, and throws her stake in an imitation of Faith's earlier move. It SLAMS into the vamp's shoulder, leaving him wounded but not dusted.

The vamp takes off and Vi follows without a word, leaving Faith to get Pryor back.

She looks up - the vamp is gone. The only other place nearby is an alleyway, which Vi has just rounded in her pursuit of the vampire.

FAITH
(to herself)
Next time, he stays home.

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

She sprints off down the street, looking for the missing vampire and Pryor as we CUT TO:

12 EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME TIME

12

Vi picks up the lid of a nearby trash can and throws it towards the vampire. It smacks him right at the base of his skull and he keels over.

She approaches him, and as he tries to run away, she stakes him. Before she can breath a sigh of relief, something passes by the alleyway on the other side of the street - Pryor and his captor!

13 EXT. NEW YORK STREET - CONTINUOUS

13

Vi sprints to intercept the vampire.

VAMPIRE #2

You again?

VI

Let him go!

VAMPIRE #2

Or what, pipsqueak? You gonna whip me to death with those ponytails?

He prepares to follow through on his threat and snap Pryor's neck. Taking his time, savoring the moment. Before he can do it however, he's floored by something falling from the sky.

Vi rushes forwards, pulling a very shaken Pryor away from the downed vampire, revealing the falling object to be Faith!

She's straddling the vamp, pummeling his face. GRUNTING with every blow. Once the vamp is sufficiently bleeding, she grabs hold of his neck and SQUEEZES until something CRACKS.

The vamp's eyes widen and it quickly DUSTS. Faith stands and turns to the slowly recovering Pryor.

FAITH

Get yourself patched up and back to the Asylum.

VI

Faith...

FAITH

(pissed)

No. If his damned weapon had worked like it was supposed to, this wouldn't have happened. He coulda been killed - could have gotten us killed.

(CONTINUED)

He doesn't defend himself, but Vi looks angrily at her.

VI
We'll get him back.

FAITH
I'm staying out.

VI
No, you're not.

FAITH
(snorts)
You plan on stopping me?

She's shocked as Vi raises an eyebrow - apparently she will, if she has to.

FAITH (cont'd)
Fine.

She kneels down and picks Pryor up under one arm, Vi takes the other. When he's steady on his feet they let him go, and he walks without support.

PRYOR
I'm sorry, girls...

FAITH
Forget about it.

She catches Vi's eye, and the tension there is unmistakable.

FAITH (cont'd)
(ignoring it)
Let's get you home.

They head off down the street back towards the asylum, and we
DISSOLVE TO:

SCOTT is walking through the daily mayhem of the NYPD towards his desk, pushing past people as they go about their business.

His phone RINGS and he answers. His eyes suddenly widen as he hears the voice on the other side.

SCOTT
Hi, Rachel.
(beat)
I know... listen, something came up. I'm real sorry.

He winces at whatever her reaction is. We can guess she's not exactly overjoyed.

SCOTT (cont'd)
I'll make it up to you, I swear.
And you know me, I'm a man of my
word. Remember that Secret Cinema
night I promised I'd get you the
tickets for? Well, let me just take
a look in my wallet...

He reaches into his jacket as he speaks, opening his wallet -
two TICKETS stick out from within.

SCOTT (cont'd)
... and oh, gosh, what's this? Two
tickets for Tuesday night? However
did those get in there?

He listens, then grins. Obviously he's talked her around with
incredible ease.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Okay, I'll see you soon.
(beat)
You too.

With that he puts his phone away, and realising he's reached
his desk, takes a seat. He picks up a file on his desk, but
before he can open it:

HOGAN (O.S.)
Anything interesting?

ANN HOGAN steps into frame. Scott doesn't even look up at
her, opening the file and lazily browsing through it, not
looking for anything in particular.

SCOTT
An old case. Similar story from
what I can tell, no connection
though. And it's rude to sneak up
on people, Annie.

HOGAN
Then maybe you should think about
getting an office with a door.

SCOTT
Working on it.

Finally he looks up.

SCOTT (cont'd)
The team ready?

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

HOGAN

Almost.

He nods, stands, and leaves, quickly followed by Ann, who picks up his discarded file. It's marked "G. SAVIDGE".

CUT TO:

15 INT. ASYLUM - LABORATORY - NIGHT

15

Pryor, his arm dressed in fresh bandages, BURSTS into the room, startling Ruth who had clearly been waiting for him.

RUTH

What happened?

PRYOR

It didn't work.

RUTH

What do you mean, it didn't -

PRYOR

(snaps)

It didn't work, alright?

She recoils, and he sighs, realising he shouldn't be taking it out on her.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Sorry. Ask me that again when my adrenaline's had time to stop making me act like an idiot.

He quickly goes to work, pulling out several petri dishes, then takes out one vial of vampire blood. Using a pipette, he squeezes out a single drip onto each dish.

Ruth eyes him, clearly worried. She approaches, resting her hands on his shoulders and he immediately seems to relax a little, but not quite enough.

As she gently starts to massage his shoulder muscles he starts to work slower and slower, until he's near enough calm.

He turns to her, smiling.

RUTH

Better?

PRYOR

Much. What would I do without you?

RUTH

Never going to happen.

(CONTINUED)

She kisses him softly, they both close their eyes and for the first time since he walked into the lab, he's not distracted by his failure, he just goes with the flow.

They break apart and stare into each others eyes for a moment, and we see a genuine tenderness there between them.

The moment is tragically cut short as Jerry enters the room, oblivious to what's going on.

JERRY

You ready?

Pryor looks confused, but Ruth nods. She does, however, look reluctant to leave Pryor in his current state.

RUTH

Is it time already?

JERRY

Best to get there a little early,
keep an eye open.

PRYOR

I take it you're going to speak to
another informant?

JERRY

That's the plan. I'll upgrade that
to 'interrogate' if he gives us any
trouble.

He notices the equipment laid out haphazardly on the workbench, then Pryor's bandaged arm and slightly bruised face.

JERRY (cont'd)

I take it something went wrong?

Pryor just rolls his eyes and turns to Ruth.

PRYOR

Did you find anything out that we
could use to undo the damage to the
other worlds yet?

RUTH

No, sorry. But we found someone who
could help me find Jaleena.

(beat)

It's probably just a dead end,
but...

He nods, sensing her need to find her long lost sister. She smiles, appreciating his understanding.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH (cont'd)
I won't be long.

PRYOR
I could come along?

Ruth bites her lip, the situation becoming suddenly awkward.

RUTH
The problem is, this informant,
he's...

JERRY
He's someone I know from the
Church. Barely trusted me enough to
bring someone else along, two would
seem like an ambush.

PRYOR
You'd get nothing.

JERRY
Sorry.

PRYOR
No, it's fine. You two go together,
I'll be here. I need to find out
why my new project failed so
spectacularly tonight, before Faith
decides to finish the job the
vampire started.

Ruth smiles again, obviously missing the slightly unhappy
tone in his voice. She gives him a kiss on the cheek, then
turns to leave.

Pryor watches them go, and sees as Jerry places his hand on
Ruth's shoulder as they walk through the door into the
corridor.

He frowns, watching them with suspicious eyes as CUT TO:

Rachel storms into the Gateway, surprising Dawn, who's sat
cross legged in front of several of the floating screens,
surveying the worlds displayed on them.

DAWN
Date went well?

If looks could kill, Dawn'd be sprawled out on the floor.
Now's obviously not the time. She pats the ground next to her
- or at least she tries.

DAWN (cont'd)
Care to join me? I'd have asked
Pryor to bring me a proper TV down
here, but I can't exactly use a
remote right now, so...

Rachel shakes her head, then looks at the screens - not
pretty scenes, any of them.

DAWN (cont'd)
(beat)
You want to talk about what
happened?

Rachel thinks, deciding it can't do any harm.

RACHEL
He's great, and -

DAWN
(interrupts)
I know. You seem really happy, not
so much now, but you know,
recently. He seems like a good guy.

RACHEL
Sorry, I thought you wanted me to
talk about what happened.
(beat)
He cancelled our date, some work
thing.

DAWN
Bastard. Never liked him. Get out
while you still can!

Rachel smirks, surprisingly appreciating Dawn making light of
the situation.

RACHEL
He's just busy, you know? He's just
started on some big new case.
Still, he might have told me before
I set off. Coulda saved a few bucks
on cab fare.

DAWN
Ouch.

RACHEL
Speaking of work, what are you
doing about school? I'm not sure
NYU's got any kind of access policy
for ghosts.

DAWN
 I'm not a ghost!
 (beat)
 Am I?
 ('anyway...')
 Pryor's gonna ring them in the morning. Cover story is that I had to drop out because of a family thing. I can always start again next semester. You know, assuming I'm done with the Casper thing by then.

She doesn't look particularly thrilled at the idea, but it's not like she has a choice.

RACHEL
 Did you speak to Buffy yet?

DAWN
 She doesn't know. There's no point in worrying her, not until we can figure this out.
 (as if on phone)
 'Oh, hey, sis. Yeah... remember that big, dangerous thing I was going to do? Well, guess what!'

She's trying to smile, but she's clearly distraught at what's going.

RACHEL
 Dawn...

Something catches Dawn's attention and she turns sharply to look at the Gateway. There's nothing there, but she stares at it, as if trying to understand something.

DAWN
 Something's happening...

The screens all start to FLICKER, as if they were old TV sets tuning to new stations.

DAWN (cont'd)
 Oh, my God...

One of the screens grows whilst the others disappear. The grass there is a vibrant blue, the sky a scorching red. They seem to be wrong, fluctuating between shades.

RACHEL
 What's happening?

There's a ripple along the horizon, barely visible at first, but it grows. The screams of the people there become audible for a moment, but they're quickly silenced as the sky TEARS!

A roaring wind drowns everything else out as the darkness on the other side of the tear seems to drown everything else out.

Dawn shuts the screen down with the flick of a wrist. Rachel glances at her - and sees TEARS are rolling down her cheeks!

The tears fall to the ground - but vanish before they reach the floor.

Rachel instinctively steps forwards to hold her friend - but of course, her arm goes straight through.

Dawn looks up, devastated.

DAWN

It's all my fault. Those people...

Rachel suddenly seems a little out of her depth, there's nothing she can do to help her friend and she knows it.

RACHEL

We'll stop it. I promise.

FAITH (O.S.)

Me too.

The two friends look over to the entrance where Vi and Faith now stand. They're all business, both clearly still shaking off the effects of the night so far.

RACHEL

How did it go?

FAITH

Don't ask.

(to Dawn)

You okay?

Dawn nods, not making a very convincing lie, but she obviously wants to be left alone. Unfortunately for her, it doesn't look like she's going to get her wish.

FAITH (cont'd)

We need to use the Gateway, see what's happening with Aku.

DAWN

Faith, you can't just mosey on up to him and start with the kicking!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAWN (cont'd)

If we open a portal, his mystic guys on the other side might be able to jam it open, stop us sealing it.

FAITH

Not planning on a tussle, kid. We see what he's up to, what he's capable of, then we attack.

Rachel's phone rings and she quickly pulls it out and reads the caller ID. She cancels the call.

FAITH (cont'd)

Problem?

RACHEL

Wrong number. I'll, uh... leave you guys to it.

Rachel heads out of the room, leaving Dawn with our two Slayers.

DAWN

So... you want to come in? 'Cause, you know, this is kind of where I live now. You need an invite.

VI

Yep. We may even be able to do something to protect us from Aku.

DAWN

(nods)

Follow me.

As if controlled by her mind, the Gateway lights up, the glyphs flicking on up both sides before a PORTAL opens with a loud BOOM, and we CUT TO:

Scott has his phone to his ear, we just about hear.

RACHEL (O.S.)

(filtered through phone)

Hi, this is Rachel, I can't come to the phone right now. Leave a message and I'll -

Scott snaps the phone shut. It's starting to dawn on him that Rachel isn't going to be talking to him just yet.

He turns around and looks at the empty conference room. There are a number of chairs around a large table, with a dozen files stacked in front of one of the seats.

(CONTINUED)

Picking up one of the folders, Scott takes a quick look through it, not showing us what's in there.

His reading is interrupted as the door opens and SIX people, all of them dressed in smart clothes, with their POLICE BADGES strapped to their belts.

They all take their seats as the last of them enters the room, with Hogan bringing up the rear. She remains standing.

SCOTT
(confident)
Okay, you've all been briefed on the case, so I won't bore you with the details.

He picks up the files from in front of the only chair left empty, and throws one to each of the eight officers, keeping the one from before to himself.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Inside these folders you've got Detective Quinn's findings from the original investigation, surveillance footage, and your individual targets. You'll be tracking these people, seeing what they do.

We get individual SHOTS OF THE FILES - pictures of Faith, Vi, Pryor, Ruth, Jerry, and Dawn.

HOGAN
I take it you have a target of your own, Detective Jacobs?

Scott places his file on the desk. His target is right there for us to see. Rachel.

SCOTT
I'll be following Rachel Hagerman.

Hogan raises her eyebrows, intrigued.

HOGAN
I'm sorry, but if you don't mind me asking, why did you select Miss Hagerman?

She obviously knows the answer, and Scott clearly doesn't appreciate the veiled accusation, but they don't get a chance to take it further as:

WOMAN (O.S.)
Excuse me. I'm with the Mayor's office...

Everyone turns towards the door.

ANGLE ON FLOOR: A stark contrast with the grubby floors, we see shining black, high heeled shoes.

TILT UP to reveal a smart and expensive looking women's suit.

ON SCENE: It's DARK AMBROSIA! Sans the Darkling's usual demonic eyes and with Amber's baby blues.

AMBROSIA

... and I'll be the Mayor's
official overseer for this case.

Off the team's confused faces, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

18

Jerry and Ruth walk back towards his Jeep, looking deeply satisfied with whatever's been going on.

JERRY

I told you he'd come through.

RUTH

We don't know if he was telling the truth yet.

JERRY

(confident)

He was. Did you miss the awe-inspiring fear I managed to invoke in him just by being there? I'm telling you - that guy couldn't have lied to us if he'd tried.

He's teasing, and she grins as he opens the passenger door for her:

19 INT. JERRY'S JEEP - CONTINUOUS

19

She fastens her safety belt as Jerry climbs inside.

RUTH

Have you ever heard of this Layton?

JERRY

Can't say I have.

He turns the ignition and they move away. Ruth switches on the radio but Jerry quickly turns it off. Ruth looks a little startled.

JERRY (cont'd)

Sorry, I have a thing about the radio. Only I can...

(beat)

It's a long story.

Beat. Jerry taps the steering wheel, then turns SHARPLY, throwing Ruth to one side and causing other cars to brake suddenly. Angry car horns HONK behind them.

RUTH

(shaken)

Where did you learn how to drive?

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Learn?

(beat, grins)

Just kidding. I just hate to wait.

RUTH

(dry)

For death?

Ruth turns away for a moment.

JERRY

What are you doing?

She reaches into her bag and pulls out her GLASSES CASE. She opens it and removes her dark glasses. Putting them on.

JERRY (cont'd)

Why did you...

He gets his answer as she reaches inside, knocking the glasses down just enough for us to see a little GREEN LIGHT as she removes her contact lenses.

Jerry stops the Jeep carefully and waits at the next turn. Ruth looks back up and smiles.

RUTH

I thought you didn't like to wait?

JERRY

I don't. Of course, I don't like the idea of knocking those glasses off either, so on this occasion, I'll make an exception.

His charming smile has the same effect it did on Vi, she can't help but return his cheery attitude.

JERRY (cont'd)

So...

Her smile changes to a look of dread. It's one of those "so"s that only ever comes before someone says something they feel awkward saying.

RUTH

So?

JERRY

So. I was wondering, would you, maybe, if you want to, go out for a drink some time?

And there's that awkward silence that tends to follow the awkward "so"...

(CONTINUED)

RUTH

Uh... I like you, Jerry, but, I
thought everyone knew...

JERRY

(innocently)

Knew what?

RUTH

Me and Pryor...?

JERRY

(blinks)

Oh. That.

(beat)

If you don't mind me asking... how
serious is that, exactly?

Ruth obviously feels a little awkward with the way the
conversation has turned, but shrugs. In for a penny...

RUTH

Honestly? I don't know.

(beat)

We're close, and I know I like him,
but I don't know if he likes me the
same way.

Jerry smiles, but it's not the "brave face" smile of a man
who's just been turned down, more his usual cheery grin. A
light goes off in Ruth's head.

RUTH (cont'd)

(narrows eyes)

And you were just digging for
gossip, weren't you?

JERRY

Yep. Well, no. I was curious,
thought if I knew what was
happening I could help out.

It's hard to tell if she's pissed with him or intrigued at
how he can help. He guesses the latter.

JERRY (cont'd)

He likes you. A lot. Just... go for
it. Worst case is he tells you to -

RUTH

(yells)

Stop!

He hits the brakes and the Jeep SCREECHES to an abrupt stop.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

What?

She points across the road to where there's an old, seedy looking movie theatre.

There's a DEMON there, paying for a ticket whilst trying not to get noticed. This is LAYTON, their suspect.

Ruth tries to get out of the car, but Jerry holds her back.

JERRY (cont'd)

Wait.

RUTH

What? Why?

JERRY

There could be God knows how many demons in there. We wait for him to come out, catch him when he's alone.

She thinks it over, and after a beat, she nods. He's got a point. She sits back in her seat, and off of her steely determination we CUT TO:

As we left them. Scott is still reeling from Amber's self declared position. There's a long silence, before he smiles.

SCOTT

I'm sorry, there must have been some sort of mistake.

AMBROSIA

(impatient)

No, Detective Jacobs, there hasn't.

SCOTT

I spoke to the Mayor myself, he didn't say anything about...

(beat, turns around)

Did any of you know about this?

Blank faces all around.

AMBROSIA

Please, Detective Jacobs. You didn't think the Mayor would hand you a case like this and not keep his eye on it, did you?

Scott blinks - makes sense, at least.

SCOTT

So, what? You keep an eye on us,
forward any details on to the
Mayor?

AMBROSIA

That, and make sure you don't have
any trouble leading the team. One
or two of these boys and girls have
had trouble playing nice in the
past. Have they been causing you
any trouble, Detective?

Scott takes a step back, Amber's permanent smile is creeping
him out a little. He tries not to let it show, but it's of
little use.

SCOTT

No.

She pats him on the chest, and as soon as her back is turned,
he grimaces. As light as the tap may have seen, it obviously
hurt a little.

Amber surveys the team, who all look suspicious of her,
especially Ann, then goes back to Scott.

AMBROSIA

No need to fret. I'm just here to
protect the Mayor's best interests.

SCOTT

Personal?

AMBROSIA

(nods)

The Mayor is very passionate about
this case.

Scott is far from happy about the situation, but there's
exactly nothing that he can do about it, so it's pointless to
try.

SCOTT

(exhales)

Welcome to the team.

He offers his hand, which she takes and shakes, making sure
to put enough pressure on to make sure he knows who's boss.

Clutching his hand, Scott turns to rejoin his team.

REVERSE ANGLE: Ambrosia watches him leave - with the
Darkling's RED EYES.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: (2)

20

She looks as though she'd happily end him at the drop of a hat, but instead she walks out of the room and we CUT TO:

21 EXT. AKU'S DIMENSION - DAY

21

The temple is virtually as we left it last time, only slightly more damaged thanks to the portal activity.

22 INT. TEMPLE - NEXT

22

Aku stands right in front of the spot where Noa disappeared from his dimension. The temple is completely ruined, beyond repair.

Surrounding him are a number of MYSTICS, all dressed in ceremonial red robes, chanting in unison. They bow, left hand to the ground, then right, then lower their heads.

MYSTICS

Cancho. Iyi. Majji.

AKU

<How long will this take?>

The HEAD MYSTIC looks up from his chanting.

HEAD MYSTIC

<It is impossible to say. This magic is hard to predict.>

Almost as soon as he's said it, something happens. Green light begins to crackle in mid air.

AKU

<What is happening?>

HEAD MYSTIC

<There was great power here, but it has been drained. We may not be able to open a portal.>

AKU

<I suggest you try, and that you succeed. I do not tolerate failure.>

The head mystic GULPS, Aku doesn't exactly seem the type to make idle threats.

The mystics chant and bow faster, louder, over and over again. As they do, the green light becomes more intense, more focused.

CUT TO:

23

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

23

Dawn, Faith and Vi are there, staring at the hundreds of screens each depicting a different world.

Without warning, a strange ALARM begins to ring, and the light switches to red.

FAITH

Is red ever good?

DAWN

It can be camp, apparently. Thank God it didn't turn mauve.

She laughs, but both Slayers seem to miss the reference. She COUGHS, trying to move on.

DAWN (cont'd)

Let me see if I can find out what the problem is...

She closes her eyes and runs her hands along the glass tubes of the pedestal until eventually:

All the screens disappear. Well, all but one, which moves to the center and expands to a near cinema screen size.

It shows Aku and his mystics, and nobody looks even remotely surprised to see it.

FAITH

Damn it. Is he getting through?

A sliver of WHITE LIGHT starts to form in the air above the pedestal, gradually expanding as it lowers.

The vague outline of a DOORWAY starts to appear, the alarms now ringing more urgently.

VI

Looks like...

DAWN

Crap, crap, crap, crap!

She closes her eyes again, concentrating hard, but quickly opens them again.

DAWN (cont'd)

Did I mention "crap"?

VI

What's wrong? Can't you just block him from getting through?

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Hey, kinda new at this, alright?
(grimaces)
He's pushing too much power into
it, I can't seal it without another
feedback loop!

The doorway starts to become clearer and clearer.

FAITH

You have to! Noa said he's got a
whole damn army waiting on the
other side - we're not ready!

Vi reaches for the RADIO on her belt.

VI

(into radio)

Pryor, it's Vi. Aku's trying to
force a portal open. Might be an
idea to start lockdown of the
Asylum. Get the security systems
online too.

DAWN

Just... give me a second...

She close her eyes once more, and this time concentrates even
harder, scrunching up her eyes until finally the power of the
Gateway seems to run through her.

She begins to GLOW and her hair blows as if in a powerful
wind. Vi's eyes bulge.

VI

Wait, Dawn! Don't!

DAWN

(shouts)

It's okay! I know what I'm doing
this time!

The light flows from her to the open doorway and:

Out through the other side. It SLAMS into the Mystics,
blowing them aside. Aku barely gets out of the way before it
hits him.

As the light slowly dissipates, the spot where the green
light was just crackling is now just regular empty space.

Aku looks furious, he walks over to a section of wall which
has remained intact, where his weapons are stored, and picks
up a SCIMITAR. He marches over the head mystic.

(CONTINUED)

AKU

<I warned you...>

HEAD MYSTIC

(quickly)

<Master Aku, it was not us! Someone
on the other side must have ->

He doesn't get chance to finish begging for his life as Aku swiftly DECAPITATES him with a single swing of the blade.

He casts a glance around the room. The mystics are all cowering, wondering if they're about to share their leader's grisly fate.

Aku points his sword at one of them, who whimpers.

AKU

<You, you will lead them. Try again
and do not fail me, or you will
share your former master's fate.>

MYSTIC

(shaking)

<Yes, Lord Aku. Thank you, Lord
Aku.>

Thankful for his life, the mystic smiles and slowly backs away. Aku meanwhile turns to leave, and we CUT TO:

Dawn is still glowing, despite the fact that the door has vanished. Her eyes are vacant and she seems to be limp, held up by the power of the Gateway alone.

FAITH

Dawn!

She reaches forwards, but her hand passes straight through.

FAITH (cont'd)

Damn it!

VI

Let me try.

She reaches forwards, and on contact with Dawn her tattoo starts to GLOW! It stings her and she reaches for her arm, but shakes it off.

VI (cont'd)

Dawn!

She tries again - and to her surprise, she manages to touch Dawn!

Expendng far more energy than you'd expect, she puts her arms around Dawn and slowly DRAGS her away from the pedestal.

As they reach the steps down, Dawn suddenly returns to normal, and both girls are THROWN to the ground.

Vi quickly recovers, but Dawn doesn't move. Vi moves forwards, trying to tap Dawn on the cheek to wake her up but her hand goes right through.

VI (cont'd)
Oh, fantastic.
(beat)
Dawn? Dawn!

Dawn's eyes open a little.

DAWN
(groggy)
Five more minutes, mom...

Relieved for Dawn's safety, Vi and Faith lose their concerned looks, and exchange a glance as we FADE TO:

Pryor is stood in full lab gear at one of the workbenches. In front of him are several beakers, each with a vial of vampire blood and a vial of his solution inside.

He moves to the nearest beaker, taking out the two vials. From the label on the weapon, complete with a code number, we can guess he's trying out different solutions.

He picks up a voice recorder he's placed nearby, and switches it on.

PRYOR
Testing sample eighty-three.

He pours the blood into the beaker, and then adds the small amount of solution. He waits, no reaction.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Sample eighty three, negative for
immediate reaction.

He waits a little more, his hand subconsciously moving towards his injured arm, scratching at the bandage. The bandage tears a little.

In the beaker, there's still no reaction. Pryor sighs.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Sample eighty three, negative for
any reaction.

He takes the next sample along, preparing the equipment. He picks up the vial of blood and turns to pour it, first reaching over to scratch again.

He jumps back in pain as he touches his wound, and the vial of blood falls to the floor SHATTERING.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Gah!

He kneels down, picking up the pieces of glass with great care, placing them onto the work top above. He moves forwards and CRIES OUT, falling forwards.

Wincing, he stands. A shard of GLASS is sticking into his knee. Suddenly panicking, he reaches down, pulling it out.

He checks the glass over. Other than the side that was deep in his knee, there seems to be no blood on it. Specifically no vampire blood.

He breaths a sigh of relief, his brief panic over. He even cracks a smile, and once more reaches over to scratch his arm.

His eyes widen as he feels what's there. He looks down - there's blood all over his arm!

He looks down, the very clear imprint of where he fell into the spilled vampire blood.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Oh, God...

Terrified, he runs to the other side of the room, grabbing a syringe. He takes it out of the package and reaches into a draw for a strap, putting it around his arm and pulling it tight.

Finding a vein, he jabs the needle into his arm and draws out a blood sample, wincing in pain.

Without waiting, he runs over and prepares a centrifuge, pouring the blood inside.

He dashes off towards a cupboard, pulling out several chemicals. He pours a tiny amount into the test tube with his blood and starts it up.

As the centrifuge starts to spin, Pryor watches on. CLOSE ON the centrifuge as it spins faster, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27

EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

27

Layton walks out of the theatre alone, still sipping the drink he brought inside. He hums an upbeat tune as he walks. If we didn't know any better, he'd seem quite likeable.

He turns towards an alleyway, tossing his empty cup into a nearby open trash can.

Without warning, he's grabbed by the throat and SLAMMED up against the wall of the alleyway.

LAYTON

Hey, what's the idea?

He sees his attackers - it's Jerry and Ruth! Layton eyes Ruth, and from the GLINT of green behind her glasses, he quickly realises who she is.

LAYTON (cont'd)

Oh, crap.

Jerry pushes him harder into the wall.

JERRY

Layton, right?

LAYTON

Who's asking?

BANG, his head rebounds off of the wall, and a surprised Jerry looks around to Ruth, who is now shaking the fist she just tenderised Layton's face with.

RUTH

We are. Now then, Layton - you have something of mine.

LAYTON

I don't, I swear!

Ruth delivers a painful punch to Layton's gut and he CRIES OUT. Jerry turns to Ruth once more.

JERRY

Maybe we could try interrogation before we move straight to torture?

Ruth sighs, he's right, but venting her frustration has obviously done her some good.

JERRY (cont'd)

Right, then.

(CONTINUED)

He lets go of Layton's throat, placing him softly back on the ground.

JERRY (cont'd)
Where is she?

LAYTON
(confused)
Where's who?

Jerry rolls his eyes and BACKFISTS Layton across the face. Apparently he's not playing around here.

LAYTON (cont'd)
Okay, okay.
(to Ruth)
You're looking for Jaleena, right?

Ruth nods, though she's clearly less than pleased that he dared to use her little sister's name.

LAYTON (cont'd)
I don't know where she is.

Jerry goes to punch him again, he jumps back, raising his arms in surrender.

LAYTON (cont'd)
It's the truth, but there are people who know, I could give you names, addresses, anything. Just please don't hit my face again.

He nurses his quickly bruising face. Jerry turns to Ruth and she nods.

JERRY
We have a deal. You give us names, and we'll let you go.

All of a sudden, Layton seems far less willing to give any names. He whimpers and tries to step back, walking straight into the alley wall.

LAYTON
(stuttering)
See... the thing... the thing is...

Ruth steps forwards, smacking him around the face once more, a little more incentive to give it up.

LAYTON (cont'd)
I can't!

He shies until they can't see his face anymore. We hear what sounds suspiciously like sobbing.

(CONTINUED)

LAYTON (cont'd)
(whispers)
I can't tell you.

JERRY
Why not?

LAYTON
Because...

He sobs louder, unable to finish the sentence. Ruth doesn't care. She grabs him out of the shadows and presses him up against the opposite wall, getting in real close.

RUTH
Why not?

LAYTON
(terrified)
They'll kill me.

Beat. Ruth thinks for a second, then leans in even closer, right up to his ear.

RUTH
And what do you think I'll do to
you if you don't tell us? She's my
sister.

She moves a little further away and lowers her glasses a little, allowing him to see the green light underneath. The threat is pretty clear.

RUTH (cont'd)
And I am a girl who takes great
pride in my family.

LAYTON
(quickly)
Okay, okay! I'll... I'll tell you.

Satisfied, Ruth steps back and we CUT TO:

Pryor paces back and forth as the centrifuge finishes spinning. He quickly pops the lid off of the test tube and drops a tiny amount of the clear liquid now at the top of the test tube onto some indicating paper.

Immediately, the paper turns blue, and from Pryor's relieved look, we can only assume that's a good thing.

He puts his hands behind his head, and turns to see the vials of blood still on the workbench.

(CONTINUED)

He walks over, picking them up, and takes them to a sink. Quickly and carefully, he pours the contents down the drain, then starts to wash out the vials.

VI (O.S.)

You know, just because it didn't work doesn't mean it's a bad idea.

Surprised to hear another voice, Pryor turns around to see Vi in the doorway. He smiles.

PRYOR

I honestly can't work out where I'm going wrong. The chemical should start a chain reaction, but the vampire's immune system counteracts it somehow.

VI

Maybe if -

PRYOR

(quickly)

No.

Vi frowns, it's not like Pryor to give up so easily, but she lets it go.

VI

Okay.

(beat)

Listen, we saw Aku. He -

PRYOR

(rubs eyes)

Please, Vi. Not tonight...

(beat)

It's been a long night.

She smiles, ignoring the fact that he's extremely off right now.

VI

Okay. Uh... good night.

PRYOR

Good night, Vi.

She leaves. Pryor looks down at his freshly bandaged arm and smiles, moving over to the workbench, starting to clear up and we CUT TO:

Ruth and Jerry sit in an awkward silence for a long beat. Jerry moves to say something, but decides to keep quiet.

(CONTINUED)

Another long beat, he COUGHS.

RUTH
Something to say?

JERRY
No. Nothing at all.

He's not even a convincing liar.

JERRY (cont'd)
Actually...
(beat)
What was that back there?

RUTH
(deadly serious)
My sister's been missing for a very long time. I'm done playing around.

JERRY
So I can see. Note to self - don't piss the lady off.

RUTH
(smirks)
Shut up.

The mood seems to have been quickly lifted. Ruth reaches forwards, switching on the radio. She ignores Jerry's raised eyebrow as we CUT TO:

An UNCONSCIOUS MAN lies on an operating table. He has a mask over his face, and everything from that to the equipment to the bedsheets is equally unpleasant.

The walls are covered in a variety of stains and marks, as are the floors. This place obviously hasn't been cleaned in a very long time. This is not your everyday operating room.

TILT DOWN the covered form of the unconscious man until we reach his leg, which is exposed from the thigh down to the... nothing. He's missing his leg.

DOCTOR TAGG steps into frame, carrying something under a blanket. He pulls it out to reveal it's a HUMAN LEG!

Though it looks human, there's something about it - the bones are visible through the flesh! And the bones are black. This leg is far from human.

He lowers the leg into position, and looks incredibly concentrated as he reaches for a strange looking tool nearby.

30 CONTINUED:

30

As he begins to use the tool, creating a loud WHIRRING noise,
we CUT TO:

31 INT. CLINIC - OFFICE - LATER

31

Doctor Tagg signals his entrance with a GROAN as he slips
into his reclining chair, putting his feet up on the desk.

Before he can get too comfortable however, he hears a voice
over an INTERCOM.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)
(over intercom)
Doctor, a Miss DeRubria is on the
phone.

The Doctor puts his hands on his face, obviously not too
pleased to be interrupted. After a moment's debate, he picks
up the phone.

DOCTOR TAGG
(into phone)
Miss DeRubria. How good to hear
from you again.

INTERCUT WITH:

32 INT. ASYLUM - NOA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

32

Noa is sat in her chair, keeping a close eye on the door. She
couldn't look more suspect if she tried.

NOA
Doctor Tagg, thanks for taking my
call.

DOCTOR TAGG
You've thought about what I said?

NOA
Yeah.

DOCTOR TAGG
I hope you've made the right
decision.

NOA
I want to go through with it.

Tagg sighs, apparently this is not the "right decision" he
was referring to.

DOCTOR TAGG
The process is -

(CONTINUED)

NOA
(interrupts)
I know what the process is. Believe
me, it's hard for anyone to forget
the kinds of adjectives you used.

Her cell phone starts to vibrate across the desk, so she
wheels around to pick it up. It reads "Rachel". After a beat,
she hits the button to hang up.

DOCTOR TAGG
And you know the dangers. Noa, this
could be fatal.

There's a long beat.

NOA
I know.

She's startled as a door opens behind her. She wheels her
chair around quickly and sees Rachel there. Noa looks guilty.

NOA (cont'd)
Look, I keep telling you, I'm not
looking to buy a timeshare in
Angola, alright?

With that, she slams the phone down, looking entirely
unconvincing as she does so.

NOA (cont'd)
(cheery)
Wrong number.

RACHEL
Uh huh. There's a lot of that going
around.

Noa glances back round at her phone before turning to Rachel,
and we DISSOLVE TO:

Pryor is fast asleep in his chair. He's sweating profusely
and muttering something. He's clearly in a great deal of
distress.

PRYOR
(blurts)
No!

He sits up, breathing heavily. He takes a moment to absorb
his surroundings, realising that it was just a dream.
Noticing the sweat dripping from his forehead, he wipes his
brow.

With a groan, he gets to his feet, and immediately regrets it. He lurches forwards, diving to the ground where he finds his waste paper bin.

He VOMITS loudly into the bin, leaning back and wiping his mouth with a grimace.

The sweating seems to be getting worse as he rolls over onto his back, wiping his mouth again with his bandaged arm.

As he wipes, the bandage slips away slightly, and we see the wound. Or at least, where the wound should be.

It's closed, not quite healed, but definitely on its way, far more than it should be so soon.

And Pryor spots this too.

PRYOR (cont'd)
(confused)
What?

He looks up to the window, but quickly has to look away - the light almost blinds him.

And then something hits him.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Sensitivity to light, rapid
healing...

His eyes dart back and forth as he thinks hard, trying to figure out just what's going on.

PRYOR (cont'd)
No, the test...

He gets to his feet, still extremely unsteady, and moves towards the door.

PRYOR'S POV: The corridor is unusually bright, and it seems far longer than we're used to. Something approaches, something blurred. It makes a noise but we can't make it out.

ON SCENE:

The thing next to Pryor is Faith. She reacts as he stumbles past her.

FAITH
Woah! Pryor, what's wrong? You hit
the bottle after last night? We
talked about you and alcohol...

PRYOR
(weak)
Nothing... just need to...

FAITH
Pryor?

PRYOR
Faith, please. I'm fine.

Reluctantly, Faith turns to leave, casting Pryor a worried look as he stumbles into the nearest door, which is thankfully the Lab:

The second he's inside, Pryor goes scrabbling for equipment. He clumsily rummages round for a syringe, knocking over a number of beaker and test tubes as he does.

Managing to find one, he grabs the strap that was thankfully placed in the same drawer, and wraps it around his arm.

He finds a vein and jabs the needle in, taking the sample. He looks into the blood, captivated by the deep red and we:

BLACK OUT:

FADE IN:

C.U. ON PRYOR. He's fast asleep, at least for a moment as his eyes snap open.

Some time has clearly passed, the lab appears to have been cleaned, much to Pryor's own surprise as he looks around for shards of glass.

Something BUZZES nearby, and Pryor looks around for the source. It doesn't take long for him to notice the centrifuge. The blood and clear liquid are now ready to be tested.

He stands, still shaky on his feet, and picks up the test tube. He notices there's already some indicator paper on the side ready. He puts a few drops onto it and:

Ruth steps into frame, placing her hand on his shoulder. Pryor JUMPS a mile at the surprise.

RUTH
What are you doing?

PRYOR
(tries to sound natural)
Just running some tests.
(beat)
Did you get the information you
needed?

RUTH
Some names, nothing solid.

She doesn't sound too disappointed, obviously counting her
blessings. She leans in and kisses him tenderly.

RUTH (cont'd)
I'll see you soon.

With a smile, she turns and leaves. Pryor takes a moment, the
distraction of Ruth taking his mind away from the test
altogether, but not for long. He turns around as we:

FADE TO:

A haggard looking Pryor is sat behind his desk, voice
recorder in hand.

PRYOR
Secondary test proves conclusive.
The test for early stage
vampirism...

TILT DOWN to see the indicator paper, large red dot in the
middle where the solution was dropped onto it.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Positive.

Off his distraught look we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW