

FAITH

"Cry Little Sister"

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

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

1

CLOSE IN on a pair of beautiful women: one blonde-haired human and looking to be of exotic ancestry, TARYN, and the other being of a slightly more demonic pedigree, NATA.

Both girls are dressed in very skimpy lingerie. They face each other on an elegant four poster bed, which looks to be set in a very dank, dirty and dingy dungeon.

TARYN

... and this guy's all like...

(macho voice)

'Hey baby, you believe in love at first sight?'

NATA

Oh no he didn't!

TARYN

(grins)

He did. He totally did. And I'm all like, 'It depends. But in your case, a girl would have to be either nearsighted or clinically blind.' And he just got all depressed and sulky and walked away.

NATA

(laughing)

Girl, you are e-vil!

The two girls share a good laugh as the door opens, and in walks a reedy and punkish looking PHOTOGRAPHER, a bulky camera in one hand.

PHOTOGRAPHER

'Sup ladies?

NATA & TARYN

Hey Trent!

TRENT

Well, I'm all reloaded and ready to shoot.

NATA

Trent, when are you gonna do us all of a favor and start using a digital camera?

(CONTINUED)

TRENT
(rolls eyes)
Here we go again.

TARYN
Seriously. It gets so tedious when
you run out of film or some other
freakin' problem occurs that ruins
the whole roll.

TRENT
Look, you know I can't stand those
things! They're so damned... new!
Besides, half the time you get that
stuff developed, they come out all
blurry or pixely, and I hate that.

TARYN
Whatever.

TRENT
Okay girls, into positions.

Nata and Taryn kneel on the bed facing each other, as Trent
gets into position in front of the bed.

TRENT (cont'd)
Now remember, you two represent the
duality of sexuality.

The girls begin posing very seductively, mirroring each
others poses as Trent begins snapping away with his camera.

TRENT (cont'd)
Beautiful! Oh baby, that is sweet!
I love it!
(more snaps)
Come on you sexy bitches! Gimme
more! You wouldn't want me to let
my fans down, would you?

Both girls smile lasciviously as their faces move towards
each other, as though they were about to kiss.

TRENT (cont'd)
That's what I'm talking about!
There's the money shot!

Suddenly there's a KNOCK on the door, but Trent keeps on
snapping pictures.

TRENT (cont'd)
Come in!

The door opens and in steps MELANIE, a young, and somewhat mousy looking girl with glasses and her hair done up and tucked away with hairpins.

MELANIE

Um... excuse me?

Trent stops taking pictures, and turns to look at Melanie.

TRENT

Whatever it is Mel, can't it wait?
I'm in the middle of something
here.

(to girls; grins)

Something sexy.

They roll their eyes as he chuckles. Melanie shifts nervously.

MELANIE

I'm really sorry, really I am. But
I need to steal Nata and Taryn away
for a half hour.

NATA

But I have to be outta here in
fifteen minutes to pick up my son
from day care.

MELANIE

I know, and again I'm really sorry.
But it's one of your regulars,
BigBoi359. He just logged on and he
asked for you and Taryn
specifically. Said he's willing to
pay five hundred... each.

That certainly got both their attention.

TARYN

Sure could use the money.

NATA

You and me both, girl.

(beat)

But what about my boy?

TRENT

(sighs)

Look, if you want, I could pick him
up for ya.

NATA

Really? You'd do that?

(CONTINUED)

TRENT
(shrugs)
Hey, you do what you gotta do, I
just wanna help.

Nata gets off the bed and gives Trent a hug, followed by a
kiss on the cheek.

NATA
Thank you so much!

TRENT
(smiles; modest)
Don't mention it.

NATA
I guess beneath the piercings and
the tattoos you're just a big ol'
softie.

He then receives a big ol' kiss on the lips from Taryn.

TARYN
You forgot devilishly cute.

TRENT
True. But don't say that out loud,
I've got a rep to protect.

Both girls smile as they cross their hearts, signifying their
promise as they follow Melanie out of the room.

CUT TO:

Trent walks around a dimly lit parking garage, a large black
knapsack on his back.

He approaches his car, opens the door and gets into the
driver's seat.

As soon as he gets into the driver's seat, a pair of HANDS
reach out from behind, and use the strap of the seat belt to
wrap around his throat.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Where is he?

TRENT
(strained)
Who?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
Dupri! Where is Dupri!?

(CONTINUED)

TRENT
(strained)
Please, I can't breathe!

Out of the shadows of the backseat, RUTH leans into view sporting her trademark sunglasses.

RUTH
Is he inside, yes or no?

TRENT
(strained)
Yes!

RUTH
Thanks.

WHAM! She smacks his head off the steering wheel, knocking Trent cold.

Smoothing herself back down, she slips calmly out of the vehicle, leaving the unconscious Trent behind as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. DUPRI'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

3

Sitting at a hand carved wooden desk is DUPRI, an elderly man with stark white hair, exuding an air of English elegance, combined with a certain air of authority and a quality consistent with the consummate English gentleman.

He's in the midst of a telephone conversation, using an antique 19th century telephone.

DUPRI

Listen old boy, I don't care if your clients keep bursting into flames or not, because frankly, that's the price they pay for their exotic appetites. If they can't take the heat, they should stay out of the bedroom.

With that he hangs up the phone, and continues work on assembling a ship in a bottle.

Suddenly there is a KNOCK on the door. He focuses his concentration and ignores the knocking.

Then there is another, louder KNOCK on the door.

DUPRI (cont'd)

(not looking up)

Come in, the door's open.
Unfortunately.

A beat - and then Ruth KICKS the door open!

She's flanked by PRYOR and JERRY as the trio slowly approach his desk, but Dupri still doesn't raise his head.

They stand in silence, watching Dupri working on his ship in a bottle, waiting for him to take notice of them.

DUPRI (cont'd)

Gentlemen, will you please step outside the room so that the young lady and I can speak in private.

JERRY

How did you...?

DUPRI

That's the trouble with most young people...

(grins; looks up)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DUPRI (cont'd)
... their unfathomable ability to
underestimate their elders.

JERRY
Be that as it may, we're not going
anywhere.

RUTH
(to Jerry)
It's alright. I'll be fine.

PRYOR
Are you sure?

Ruth nods in a reassuring manner, although Pryor is far from
reassured as he glances at Dupri.

DUPRI
(sly)
Oh, and do be sure to give my
regards to your friends in the van
outside.

Pryor reacts, surprised, as we CUT TO:

NOA, FAITH and VI are back inside Jerry's huge Jeep, ready
and waiting in case backup is needed.

There's a sudden KNOCK on the side of the Jeep, the girls
springing to action:

Faith is the first to grab a weapon, waiting for Vi and Noa
to tool up before she SHOVS the side door open:

To reveal Melanie, a little startled holding a tray of tea
and crumpets. She shrinks back as a sword, a crossbow and a
shotgun are thrust into her face.

MELANIE
Uh... compliments of Mr. Dupri?

The girls exchange curious looks - before Vi reaches forward
to grab a crumpet.

VI
Thanks.
(off looks)
What? We skipped breakfast for
this, remember?

Faith frowns at her, keeping her sword trained on Melanie.
Mel offers a nervous smile before we CUT TO:

5

INT. DUPRI'S OFFICE - NEXT

5

Ruth is sitting in front of the desk, while Dupri is pouring himself a cup of tea.

DUPRI

Tea?

Ruth folds her arms and keeps her stern gaze in place.

DUPRI (cont'd)

Suit yourself, my dear. Although it could do you some good. Nothing quite like a nice cup of tea to help calm the nerves.

RUTH

Look, you already know who I am and why I'm here, so quit with the pleasantries and just tell me where she is!

DUPRI

(sighs)

And I have every intention of telling you. It is obvious that Jaleena means a lot to you, and you mean a lot to her. She told me as much herself.

Ruth stiffens for a beat - but fights the emotion back.

RUTH

Then just tell me where I can find her. Given as how you seemed to know we were coming before I even opened the door, you must know that I've spent the better part of a year trying to find her, and all I've gotten were dead ends.

(beat)

And then, by chance, I came across this.

She SLAMS onto his desk a strip club magazine with Jaleena's picture on the cover.

RUTH (cont'd)

Not every day you find out your little sister been sucked into the adult entertainment industry.

(harsh)

Also not every day you find the bastard responsible.

(CONTINUED)

DUPRI

Just a moment, before you go any further.

(beat)

First of all, whatever you may think about this industry is your business. But I did not force your sister to work for me. When I found her, she was scared, tired, and hungry, and wearing a bag over her head just to keep from turning people to stone. I took her in, gave her a job, food, shelter and I looked after her the best I could.

RUTH

You expect me to be grateful?

DUPRI

Not really. After thirty years in this business I learned not to expect anything from anyone. Cuts down on disappointments.

RUTH

So if you're such a benevolent humanitarian, then why isn't she still here?

(off look)

Believe me, we've checked everywhere already.

DUPRI

Some business associates were looking for girls for some new project, and they showed particular interest in Jaleena.

RUTH

You sold her off? Just like that?

DUPRI

First off, they asked her, and she chose to take them up on their offer.

RUTH

(beat)

What?

DUPRI

Oh, that never occurred to you, did it?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

5

CONTINUED: (2)

5

DUPRI (cont'd)
That for all your obsession in
finding your sister, you never once
considered that perhaps she no
longer needs her big sister to come
to her rescue?

Ruth looks down for a moment, barely holding her anger in
check.

She lifts her head, one hand going to her glasses. There's a
flare of GREEN LIGHT from behind them.

RUTH
I'll spell this out in syllables
even you can understand. Where...
is... my... sister?

DUPRI
My dear girl, if you think turning
me to stone will help, then I
wonder if it's even worth me giving
you her location at all.

A beat - and then Ruth lowers her hands. Dupri shakes his
head slowly, then takes out a piece of paper and begins to
write something on it.

6

EXT. DUPRI'S OFFICE - CORRIDOR - NEXT

6

Pryor is waiting impatiently for Ruth to emerge, while Jerry
is just finishing up a conversation with a few of the girls,
as he heads over to Pryor.

JERRY
Seems they've been running quite a
handy little operation here. They
run a webcam peep show, and it
doubles as a studio for several
demonic skin mags. Just one cog in
the machine of this underground
porn network.

Pryor is still looking at the door to Dupri's office,
seemingly lost in thought.

JERRY (cont'd)
Pryor?

Pryor turns to look at Jerry suddenly as though just
realizing that he was talking to him.

PRYOR
(distractedly)
What? Oh, I'm sorry. I wasn't
listening.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Obviously, you were staring at that door so hard I was afraid you might burn holes through it.

PRYOR

I just wish I knew what was going on in there.

JERRY

Hey, Ruth's a big girl, she can take care of herself.

PRYOR

That's what I'm afraid of. We're all out of the solution we need to de-petrify someone at the moment, and I can't -

Suddenly the door opens and Ruth storms out of Dupri's office, heading towards Pryor and Jerry.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Ruth, what happened in there? Did you -

RUTH

(hurriedly)

I know where Jaleena is, let's go!

She rushes right past the both of them and heading for the exit, leaving Pryor and Jerry in her wake.

Behind them, Melanie slips back into Dupri's office, closing the door behind her.

They are brought out of their confusion by a very loud SHRIEK coming from Dupri's office. The two men race into the office, only to come to a dead stop as they find:

INT. DUPRI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Melanie sobbing and screaming at the sight before her:

Dupri TURNED TO STONE, with a look of horror and shock permanently etched into his features.

Pryor closes his eyes tightly, puts a hand to his forehead in frustration - and perhaps slight disappointment.

Jerry on the other hand just looks stunned and amazed at the display.

JERRY

This is what happens when she...

(CONTINUED)

7

CONTINUED:

7

He mimes beams shooting from his eyes. Pryor nods.

JERRY (cont'd)

Damn. Remind me never to piss that woman off.

PUSH IN on the terror stricken face of Dupri's stone form as we DISSOLVE TO:

8

INT. ASYLUM STAFF ROOM - AFTERNOON

8

The team has gathered together in the staff room, everyone glancing at the door - which opens as Pryor enters the room with RACHEL.

RACHEL

Hey, sorry. I was downstairs.

PRYOR

Alright, what have we been able to learn about the address Dupri gave us?

Noa rotates her chair to the side - she's rigged her laptop up to a projector, which is aimed at the whiteboard.

NOA

Well, here's the strange thing. According to official city records, there used to be a hotel in that area thirty years ago, but it got destroyed in a fire. The land itself then got bought up by some foreign buyers a few years later, but nothing ever came of it. They just bought the land and did nothing with it.

Ruth throws a pencil across the table in frustration.

RUTH

Another dead end.

JERRY

Could you bring an image of the area?

NOA

Already did.

She brings up an image on the display screen for all to see, then uses a LASER POINTER to direct the group's attention to a live satellite image of the area in question.

Which, as they can see, is completely empty.

(CONTINUED)

VI

What's this, Google Earth?

NOA

Better. Meteorological department
weather satellite.

FAITH

How the hell did you rig that up?

NOA

(shrugs)

I'm just that good. Oh, and Pryor?
When the next phone bill comes in,
just... don't ask.

Pryor isn't listening, more concerned with the empty spot on
the map before him.

PRYOR

So Dupri sent us on a wild goose
chase.

JERRY

Back to square one... again.

The others look away from the screen - but Rachel frowns,
squinting at the map.

RACHEL

Wait a minute, hold up.

PRYOR

What?

RACHEL

Did you guys see that?

VI

See what?

RACHEL

(points to the screen)

There.

FAITH

Where?

RACHEL

(points again)

There! Noa, could you zoom in a
little more?

Noa does so, and the image enlarges somewhat, but still they
see an empty lot between two buildings.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Rache, what are we supposed to be...

RACHEL

There!

And they see for a brief moment a flicker of... something appearing and disappearing briefly in the empty lot between the buildings!

JERRY

What the hell was that?

Noa's already typing away at the laptop.

NOA

I don't know. Could be interference, could be -

PRYOR

It could be anything. A building being cloaked by magic, or even a portal to another dimension. The satellite must be able to see through the glamour for brief periods. Magic and technology seldom mix well.

(beat; to Rachel)

Good eyes, Rachel.

RACHEL

Thanks.

RUTH

It doesn't matter what it is. Jaleena's there, and we've got to get to her before its too late.

PRYOR

I agree, that's why we're going to check out that area tonight. We're going to need to know everything we can about what's actually there.

FAITH

(to Jerry)

I guess that's where we come in.

PRYOR

Precisely, go to your usual sources, see what you can dig up. Rachel, you'll have to man the -

(CONTINUED)

VI

Hold it, before we do anything
else, there's something that's
gotta be said.

PRYOR

About what?

Noa and Vi exchange a look.

NOA

About what happened earlier to
Dupri.

Ruth seemed to be expecting this, but doesn't seem to be
afraid.

RUTH

What about it?

NOA

'What about it'? Have you lost your
damn mind?!?

VI

The man gave us the info we needed,
and you turned him to stone anyway!

Ruth glances around - accusing looks all round.

RUTH

I don't need to explain myself to
you.

NOA

You see, that's where you're wrong,
missy. Aren't you forgetting that
we were the ones that took you in,
gave you food, shelter and a job?

RUTH

And I have been more than grateful
to you all for that.

VI

Then why'd you do it?

RUTH

(beat)

You wouldn't understand.

VI

Then try explaining it to us.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Hey come on guys, you heard what Dupri said. He pretty much said that Jaleena would rather keep on doing porn than be with her sister.

NOA

So that gives her the right to turn him into a five foot tall garden ornament?

JERRY

Try seeing it from Ruth's perspective. You're right, he did give her the information willingly. But what was gonna stop him from telling his associates that we're coming to get Jaleena?

FAITH

He's right, she did it to protect us. I woulda done the same thing in her shoes.

VI

(under her breath)
Yeah, I bet you would.

FAITH

(eyes her)
You got something to say?

VI

As a matter of fact -

PRYOR

Enough!

And a sharp silence falls around the room.

PRYOR (cont'd)

We don't have time for this. Whatever your feelings may be regarding Ruth's actions earlier, just keep one thing in mind: she is a grown woman and can do as she pleases.

(beat)

Now, we have a girl to rescue and a family to reunite, so I suggest we get ready before we lose our window of opportunity.

RUTH

He's right. You may not agree with what I did, but it's done.

(CONTINUED)

Vi and Noa look at each other, then at Faith and Jerry, then at Ruth and nod silently as they exit the room.

RACHEL

I'll, uh, be down in the Gateway room, checking in on Dawn.

Rachel exits. Ruth turns to Faith & Jerry.

RUTH

Thanks, to you both, for defending me.

FAITH

Not a problem.

JERRY

Don't mention it.

Faith SWATS him lightly on the arm.

FAITH

Come on, old timer, I'll race ya to the parking lot.

She runs out of the room, quickly followed by Jerry, leaving Ruth and Pryor alone.

RUTH

Thank you, for getting the focus back on finding Jaleena.

(beat)

I'd better go and get ready.

Pryor nods, watching her leave. He exhales once he's alone, glancing towards the staff room windows:

Where his REFLECTION is barely visible! Pryor stares at the disturbing sight, sadly not surprised at all, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

INT. ASYLUM - RUTH'S ROOM - NIGHT

9

Ruth is throwing some things into a small bag - tools of the trade like weapons and equipment, along with spare pairs of glasses.

She heads for a sink in one corner, opening a small box - to reveal a pair of CONTACT LENSES.

She carefully slides them both on, blinking and checking herself in the mirror.

There's a soft knock at the door, and she turns to see Pryor standing there.

RUTH

Oh, sorry. I didn't see you there.

PRYOR

That's been happening a lot lately.
(off her look)
Never mind.

Ruth checks her lenses again, then heads over.

RUTH

Good job you weren't here a minute ago - one wrong look from me and you'd have ended up like Dupri!

PRYOR

(beat)
Ruth, I think we need to talk.

Ruth stays, registering the look of apprehension on Pryor's face.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Ruth, I know you did what you felt was necessary.

RUTH

But?

PRYOR

I want to know the real reason why you turned Dupri to stone. You may be able to let them believe you did what you did to protect us, but I think you owe me a real explanation.

Ruth closed her eyes and takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

RUTH

You're sure?

PRYOR

Yes.

RUTH

You're right, it wasn't so Dupri
wouldn't rat us out.

(beat)

It was because of something he said
about Jaleena.

She pauses a moment, running her fingers through her hair.

PRYOR

What did he say?

RUTH

(sighs)

You know, I've always had to look
after Jaleena, even as a child.
Momma and Poppa put their trust in
me to be responsible for Jaleena
while they were away.

(beat)

Dupri pretty much said that maybe
Jaleena may not need rescuing.

(bitter laugh)

He actually suggested that all of
this...

(indicating all around
her)

... all of the time I've spent
looking for her and trying to bring
her home has been in vain. That in
the year that's passed since
arriving in this city, Jaleena may
not even want anything to do with
me any more.

Ruth rubs her eye - and Pryor notices that TEARS are waiting
to fall.

PRYOR

So you turned him to stone because
he goaded you... and you didn't
believe him?

RUTH

(snaps)

No!

(beat)

I did it... because I was scared
that he might be right!

(CONTINUED)

She SNIFFS, but it's too late - the tears are rolling now. Pryor hesitates, then pulls her into his arms in a warm and comforting embrace.

PRYOR

People grow and change, and mature into adults. It's the way life works. Eventually we all make the choice to live our own lives away from our families.

Ruth pulls away suddenly.

RUTH

But that's just it! She chose the lesser of two evils, which isn't a choice at all! It's because I wasn't there to look after her!

PRYOR

(beat)

Ruth, I think maybe you shouldn't be part of this mission.

RUTH

What?!?

PRYOR

I'm concerned about you. I'm scared that the closer you get to finding Jaleena, the more emotionally unhinged you're becoming. And for someone with your... abilities, it makes you a danger not only to yourself, but to others.

Ruth looks a little stung by Pryor's words.

RUTH

What are you saying?

Pryor looks down for a moment, sighs, then looks up at Ruth.

PRYOR

Let's say we go to the location tonight, and we find Jaleena. Can you honestly say that you wouldn't act on your first instinct and try to go after her? No matter who or what was in the way?

Ruth tries to deny it, but can't bring herself to.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)

Exactly. You'd be putting your life at risk, and I don't want to see anything bad happen to you.

RUTH

I've been through worse before.

PRYOR

Nobody's saying you haven't, but it's not just your life you'd be risking. Think about your sister's life, and the lives of the others.

(beat)

I've lost too many good people to take the risk of losing any more.

Ruth's tears are gone, her eyes taking on a look that wouldn't just turn someone to stone, but shatter that stone as well.

She advances on him, Pryor sensing her rising anger and taking a step back.

RUTH

Pryor, I want you to listen and listen good. I care about you very much, but when it comes to my family, nothing and no-one is going to get in my way. Jaleena is all the family I have left and I refuse to lose her without a fight. Do you understand?

Pryor holds her gaze - GREEN LIGHT flaring behind the lenses - before he drops his head and nods.

She turns away, getting back to packing more to avoid talking than anything else. Pryor takes the message and exits.

10

EXT. ASYLUM PARKING LOT - NIGHT

10

Noa is inside the Jeep, checking over an assembly of weapons such as wooden stakes, daggers, a sword and a crossbow.

NOA

Okay, all the pointy bits are facing the right way.

She turns to Vi, also checking weapons alongside her.

NOA (cont'd)

The sharp end faces the bad guy, right?

Noa grins, but Vi isn't listening.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

Um... Vi?

VI

(preoccupied)

Hmm?

NOA

Before the others get here, can we... talk for a sec?

VI

About?

NOA

You and Faith.

This causes Vi to stop what she's doing, as she closes her eyes and lets out an irritated sigh.

NOA (cont'd)

Ever since I came back, I've been noticing a lot of tension between you two. Especially during that last meeting.

VI

And?

NOA

(shrugs)

Just thought you might like to talk about it now, you know. Vent. I mean, it's either that, or I reserve my tickets now for the inevitable Slayer Smackdown.

Vi smiles a bit in spite of herself. She puts down the crossbow she's cleaning and turns to Noa.

VI

I don't know what it is, but ever since Faith's got her powers back...

FAITH (O.S.)

She's been kicking ass and taking names harder than ever?

Vi and Noa look up suddenly to find Faith standing just outside the van.

FAITH (cont'd)

Thought I felt my ears burning.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH (cont'd)

So, what inappropriate conversation about me did I so rudely interrupt?

VI

Uh, well...

NOA

Nothing really. Vi was getting me caught up on what I missed on that show 'Smallville.'

FAITH

'Smallville'?

VI

Yeah, you know, the one with young Clark Kent?

(off look)

Superman?

FAITH

Oh, right. Only I coulda sworn I heard my name mentioned, is all, so I just -

NOA

(quickly)

There's a character called 'Faith' in the show.

FAITH

There is?

NOA

Uh-huh, and Vi was just telling me what a weird coincidence it is.

VI

Yeah, you know, how she lost her superpowers and just got them back, kind of like you.

Faith narrows her eyes and studies them both, Vi and Noa hoping she buys the story.

FAITH

(shrugs)

Whatever.

Noa gives Vi a look, as though to say, 'we'll talk later.'

NOA

So, where have you been?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Just paying a visit to our neighborhood snitch, Syrus, to see if he knew anything about that freaky vanishing building we're checking out tonight.

VI

And?

FAITH

You're not gonna believe what's there.

VI

What?

CUT TO:

INT. DEMONIC BROTHEL - NIGHT

The interior itself has a strange, otherworldly opulence mixed with a look reminiscent of an Asian opium den.

There are various individuals, both human and demonic, milling about with various scantily clad women of both human and demonic pedigree.

Many of them are engaged in some very heavy petting, while others seem to be merely engaged in conversation.

Loud R&B music booms from the PA system - and a runway leads up to a gleaming POLE mounted on a pedestal at the far end of the bar.

That's right - it's a DEMON BROTHEL, a halfway point between the human and demon worlds focused purely on pleasure.

Jerry and Pryor are at the bar, receiving some drinks and taking a look around.

JERRY

And just when I thought I'd seen everything this city has to offer...

He smiles as two demon girls slink past, grinning seductively.

JERRY (cont'd)

... she goes and surprises me again.

PRYOR

Just try and stay focused on the mission, Jerry.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

I am. But part of said mission involves being undercover, which means not doing anything to raise suspicion. Which means...

He knocks his shot back in one.

JERRY (cont'd)

... acting natural.

Pryor shakes his head, discretely taps his ear:

PRYOR

(quiet)

Noa, how's the reception? You getting all of this alright?

NOA (O.S.)

(filtered)

Clear as crystal. Unfortunately.

PRYOR

I know what you mean.

(to Jerry)

Let's just find Jaleena and get out of here.

JERRY

Look no further.

(gestures)

There she is.

They look at the far end of the room - and see JALEENA in a line up with several other girls.

She's a stunner - slim, raven-haired and supermodel beautiful. She's also wearing an oversized pair of dark glasses.

They're not making their way down into the main body of the club, however - they're descending a staircase to the rear.

PRYOR

You're sure?

JERRY

Ruth didn't show you the pictures of the two of them?

PRYOR

(beat; frowns)

No, she didn't.

Jerry shrugs, grabs Pryor's drink, knocks that back and leads the way across the room.

(CONTINUED)

Before they can reach her, two security guards come and escort the girls out the open back door - and into a stretch limo waiting outside.

Pryor and Jerry try to approach, but the bouncers block their way.

BOUNCER #1

Keep back, sir.

Jerry smiles broadly, trying to bluff:

JERRY

Ah, come on, man! We just saw those girls and we have to see them up close. Can't you help us out?

BOUNCER #2

Not our problem. There are plenty more girls inside.

Jerry keeps talking as Pryor edges back.

JERRY

Just one minute? Come on, what's a minute gonna do to their schedules?
(off looks)
Thirty seconds?

PRYOR

(muted)

Faith, Vi, we're going to need some help.

JERRY

Look, here's the deal - you let me introduce myself, and if any of them want to stay, they can. Okay?

The Bouncers are backing up towards the doors, but Jerry keeps advancing, Pryor close behind:

The girls are already inside the limo, one bouncer closing its door while the other keeps blocking Jerry.

BOUNCER #1

I'm only going to ask you one more time, sir. Step back inside.

Jerry glances at the limo - which starts to pull away! He curses as Pryor moves in:

PRYOR

Where are those girls going?

BOUNCER #2

That's none of your business.

FAITH (O.S.)

Is that right?

The bouncers turn around and see Faith and Vi standing behind them.

FAITH (cont'd)

'Cause, you know, I'm kinda nosy.

The bouncers go to attack the girls, but both Faith and Vi grab their arms and twist them until they are pinned to their backs, forcing the bouncers down to their knees.

VI

Now, I think the nice gentlemen asked you a question. Where are those girls being taken?

The bouncers are straining to get to their feet, their faces wracked with pain.

The girls put on more pressure, almost on the verge of dislocating their shoulders.

JERRY

Look, if you don't tell us what we want to know, they're just gonna rip your arms off, then your legs...

He then looks down to their nether regions.

JERRY (cont'd)

... then your -

BOUNCER #1

(quickly)

Alright! I'll tell you!

BOUNCER #2

Man, don't!

BOUNCER #1

Shut up!

(beat)

They're taken upstate to this mansion of some rich weirdo, he likes to throw all nighters! Said he wanted some of our best girls for a couple of days!

PRYOR

What's his name?

(CONTINUED)

BOUNCER #1

I don't know! I think it's Gatz, or
Gantz, or Gantsby, or something
like that!

JERRY

'Gantsby,' huh?

PRYOR

You know him?

JERRY

Not personally, but his parties are
notorious enough. If Jaleena's
heading to one of those, she won't
be going anywhere for a while.

PRYOR

Good.

(beat)

Okay, let them go.

Faith and Vi do so, although in Faith's case, it is with some
reluctance.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Let's head back to the Asylum.
We've got a party to crash.

The four of them head back to the van as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

13 EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE 13

Time elapse from night to day.

14 INT. ASYLUM STAFF ROOM - DAY 14

The team has once again reassembled in the staff room.

PRYOR

Alright, last night wasn't exactly what I would call a success. But it's not exactly a failure either, considering that we now know for certain where Jaleena will be.

He nods to Noa, who types a few commands into her laptop and an image appears onscreen of a man in his mid to late 30's, exuding the sort of good looks associated with leading men types from the golden age of Hollywood.

JERRY

This is James Gantsby. He was one of the people I met with to gain financial contributions to support the Church. When it comes to eccentric millionaires, they don't come more eccentric than him. I heard this guy once gave five million to the maker of some canceled TV series so that he could produce more episodes, just so Gantsby alone could watch them.

FAITH

Which show?

JERRY

Oh, I don't know. Some space western or something.

RACHEL

So what's the plan?

PRYOR

It's essentially a two fold operation. We need two people to pose as a high society couple in order to infiltrate the party itself, that's one.

JERRY

And I think that Ruth and I should be that couple.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)
I've still got some pull here and there. I can just make a few calls and get us invitations to Gantsby's party, no problem.

Pryor looks a bit uncomfortable at the idea, glancing around the room - but everyone seems to agree with Jerry.

PRYOR
Okay, fine.
(beat)
Faith, Vi, Rachel, you three will take care of the guards while Noa and I work on disabling any other security measures from the van. Once the security is down, have Jerry and Ruth unlock one of the entrances to let you three in without arousing suspicion. Then, it's up to you girls to get in, find Jaleena and sneak her out. Everybody got that?

VI
(raises hand)
Question.

PRYOR
Vi, we're not at school.

VI
I know, but I'm not rude either.

PRYOR
Go on...

VI
Why don't we just get Dawn to open us up a portal?

PRYOR
Because -

RACHEL
I can answer that. We've tried to see what kinds of control she has over the Gateway since her, uh... accident, but we're still having some teething problems. She can make a portal fine, but it's getting it to go where she wants that's proving kinda tricky. Things keep getting... lost.

NOA
So that's where the first floor bathroom went.

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

PRYOR

Dawn's our emergency escape route
in case something goes badly wrong.
Any more questions?

(beat)

Alright then, let's get ready.

Everyone rises, heading for the exit as we CUT TO:

15 EXT. NEW YORK CITY SKYLINE

15

Time elapse from day to night.

16 EXT. GANTSBY'S MANSION - NIGHT

16

The mansion itself is quite magnificent, the bright lights
from inside giving off an extravagant illumination, and one
can hear the sounds of a 1920's brass band playing.

Numerous people (both human and demonic), dressed in the
finest apparel, exiting taxis or limos and heading inside.

Walking up the gravel path towards the entrance of the
mansion, arm in arm, are Jerry (in a white tuxedo jacket, and
black shirt) and Ruth (looking exquisite in a strapless white
gown). Ruth also sports a pair of darkened glasses.

Jerry nods to a few people they pass on their way up the
drive, Ruth clinging to his arm.

RUTH

I really hope this works.

JERRY

It will, my dear, don't worry.

RUTH

'My dear'?

JERRY

We're in character now, remember?

They reach the large BOUNCER at the door, wearing a tuxedo
that looks about ready to burst at the seams.

Jerry pulls out an envelope and hands it to him, which he
opens, pulling out the invitation card inside. He takes a
look at them, then nods and steps aside to allow them
entrance.

17 INT. GANTSBY'S MANSION - NEXT

17

Jerry and Ruth walk out into just one of the many spaci-
ously ornate rooms. They quickly take notice of how freely both
demons and humans mingle with each other.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

We're in.

PRYOR (O.S.)

(filtered)

Good work. Ruth, how are you feeling?

RUTH

Like my stomach's going through a spin dryer. I've never done anything like this before.

JERRY

You'll be fine. Just follow my lead. Remember, we're rich, we're fabulous...

(grins)

... and we're ridiculously in love.

RUTH

(smiles)

Whatever you say, dearest.

They stroll on, arm in arm, as we CUT TO:

INT. JERRY'S JEEP - NEXT

Both Pryor and Noa are watching both Jerry and Ruth walk the room, shaking a few hands and stopping to say hellos.

They've got hidden camera feeds from both of them up on a monitor, giving them a commanding view.

NOA

Man, they sure do look great together.

Noa freezes, quickly glancing at Pryor.

NOA (cont'd)

Uh, I mean, you know, considering they're only pretending, and, uh...

Pryor doesn't respond, eyes fixed on the screen - just as Jerry and Ruth walk onto the dance floor as the band slows the music down for an elegant waltz.

Jerry pulls Ruth in close, the two starting to dance - far too close together for Pryor's liking.

Noa glances from the monitor to Pryor, sensing his rising frustration.

NOA (cont'd)

I'm sure there's nothing -

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
(over her)
Let's get to work disabling those
security systems.

Pryor brings out his laptop, connecting it to another device
and booting it up.

Noa watches him for a beat, then turns to her own laptop as
we CUT TO:

Meanwhile, out in the surrounding area, a number of security
guards are walking the perimeter.

Suddenly, the closest one claps a hand to his neck - and then
sinks to the ground, a TRANQ DART stuck in his neck.

Emerging from the bushes, clad in dark clothing, come Faith,
Vi and Rachel.

Vi and Rachel quickly drag the unconscious guard away as
Faith looks up at a BALCONY on the next storey up.

Faith pulls out the grappling hook, tosses it up, climbs up
quickly and onto the balcony itself.

She finds a set of glass doors which lead into the main
ballroom. She signals for Vi and Rachel to climb up quickly.

FAITH
Jerry, Ruth, we're on the balcony
near the back of the ballroom.

JERRY (O.S.)
(filtered)
On our way.

CUT TO:

Jerry and Ruth continue dancing, and twirling magnificently
around the floor, edging ever closer towards the doors
leading out onto the balcony.

JERRY
Alright, time for the hard sell.
Are you ready?

RUTH
(mock innocence)
Be gentle.

(CONTINUED)

They stop dancing and kiss each other gently on the lips as they reach the glass doors.

They start grasping each other gently and seductively, in a show that they can't get their hands off each other, and wish to have a little privacy outside.

They loosen one of the curtains framing the door and shroud themselves in the curtain, while simultaneously opening one of the glass doors and leaving it slightly ajar for Faith and the others.

A few moments later, Faith, Vi and Rachel slip quickly into the ballroom, making certain to keep the walls and sneaking behind furniture, and under the exquisite buffet tables, until they are safely out of the ballroom.

FAITH (O.S.)
(filtered)
Alright, we're clear.

Jerry and Ruth emerge from the loosened curtain, making a show of fixing their hair and smoothing out their clothes as they rejoin the party, and we CUT TO:

Jaleena, along with several girls from the brothel, are putting on some slinky and revealing outfits, as well as fixing each other's hair and make up.

JALEENA
Okay, girls, the glasses are coming off. Take cover.

The girls nod in understanding, all turning their backs to Jaleena while she takes a seat in front of a vanity mirror.

She opens up a case containing CONTACT LENSES, which she promptly pops into her eyes.

JALEENA (cont'd)
Alright, you can turn around now.

The girls do so, hesitantly and nervously, as Jaleena grins back at them.

GIRL #1
Every time you have to do that, I get the chills...

JALEENA
You'd get more than the chills if Mr. Dupri hadn't found me these things!

Suddenly the door FLIES OPEN, and the girls almost scream out in surprise as Faith, Vi and Rachel rush into the room.

FAITH

Shh! Everyone, keep quiet!

The Girls back up in fear, Jaleena bravely standing at the head of the group.

JALEENA

Who are you? How'd you get up here?

RACHEL

Are you Jaleena?

JALEENA

(suspicious)

Who wants to know?

VI

Yep, that's her.

JALEENA

I... I don't understand.

FAITH

I'm Faith, that's Vi and that's Rachel. We're here to rescue you.

JALEENA

'Rescue' me? From what?

FAITH

From the whole 'sold into slavery' thing?

VI

Your sister Ruth's here with us.

JALEENA

(gasps)

Ruth? Ruthie's here?

RACHEL

Yes, she's here, and we'll take you to her, but we've gotta get outta here.

The trio step to the door - but realise Jaleena hasn't moved. She glances round at the girls cowering behind her.

JALEENA

(shakes head)

I... I can't. I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

VI

What? Ruth's about to have a heart attack out there over worrying about you! Would you come on?

JALEENA

No, you don't understand. I want to come with you, but I can't leave them behind.

She indicates the other girls.

JALEENA (cont'd)

They're my friends, and it wouldn't be right if I abandoned them.

Faith glances at the door, then the girls - then she finally nods.

FAITH

Alright, fine, they can come with us. Question is how?

JALEENA

There's a few spare outfits in the closet. If you change into them, we can walk downstairs together.

VI

Wait - 'outfits'?

Rachel throws open the wardrobe - and gags at the display of hooker-y clothing before her.

FAITH

Oh, hell, no...

RACHEL

We don't exactly have a choice...

FAITH

Sure we do! Straight back out the way we came!

VI

Out the window and down the rope?
(glances at girls)
With them dressed like that?

FAITH

(beat; sighs)
Alright, alright...

Rachel still doesn't look best pleased as she hurriedly tries to find the least slutty outfits she can, and we CUT TO:

22

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

22

Faith, Vi and Rachel appear at the top of the stairs, squeezed into tight-fitting cocktail dresses.

Faith pulls awkwardly at hers, Vi quickly swatting her hand away with a sharp glare.

They lead Jaleena and the other girls down the stairwell. Acting very calm, cool and casual, they reach the bottom floor to enter the ballroom.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hold it right there!

The girls freeze in their tracks as they look up the stairwell - to find JAMES GANTSBY himself walking towards them.

GANTSBY

You three at the front!

Faith, Vi and Rachel try to play it off cool as he approaches them.

RACHEL

(sweetly)

Something the matter, Mr. Gatsby?

GANTSBY

I'll say there is. You three don't belong here.

VI

(heavy southern accent)

Why, whatever do you mean, sir?

GANTSBY

I mean that you three didn't arrive with the girls I sent for, which means either you arrived later, or you're party crashers.

(menacingly)

And if there's one thing I hate more than anything... it's party crashers.

The girls glance round as several SECURITY GUARDS appear, cutting them off.

Faith turns to look into the ballroom - and sees Jerry and Ruth mingling with people.

FAITH

(points)

He can vouch for us.

(CONTINUED)

Gatsby looks into the ballroom and spots Jerry, and a look of malicious glee crosses his features as he turns to his security guards.

GATSBY

You two, guard them. The rest of you, with me.

Gatsby and his security guards head into the ballroom, leaving the other girls behind as we CUT TO:

Jerry and Ruth are in the midst of laughing at some inane joke someone has just made as Gatsby and his guards come up behind them.

GATSBY

Jerry Heal, as I live and breathe.

Jerry turns around and smiles at Gatsby.

JERRY

James Gatsby! How ya been, old sport?

GATSBY

Oh, you know, same ol' same ol'. I see you and your lovely lady friend are enjoying yourselves.

RUTH

Oh yes, very much so.

GATSBY

I thought so. Much is the pity really, since I don't seem to recall inviting either of you here.

JERRY

Must've slipped your mind. Amongst hundreds of people, it's bound to happen.

GATSBY

You see, that's just it. I have a regular list of people that I regularly invite to my soirees. And guess what... you're not on it, nor have you ever been on it.

Gatsby SNAPS his fingers, and the two guards he brought over GRAB Jerry, starting to haul him away!

ON FAITH as she sees this, turning to make eye contact with Vi and Rachel.

Vi's eyes widen, as if she's trying to warn Faith off whatever she's planning...

And then Faith PUNCHES the nearest guard as hard as she can, while Vi and Rachel are forced to launch themselves at the others!

Faith goes for a KICK - but can't move her legs in the dress, taking a hard SMACK from her opponent.

Incensed, she drives an ELBOW back into his nose, then takes the hem of her dress and TEARS it.

Free at last, she KICKS the guard as he recovers, turning and grabbing Jaleena.

FAITH

Let's move!

Vi SMASHES her guard's face against the staircase railings, joining Rachel as they herd the girls along.

Faith pushes Jaleena towards Vi, spotting a FIRE ALARM switch mounted on the wall.

FAITH (cont'd)

(to Vi)

Get them outside!

VI

Faith, wait!

Faith then SMASHES the alarm with her elbow, and a chorus of alarmed SHOUTS follow the RINGING of the bell!

Faith breaks off, racing for the guards tackling Jerry.

FAITH

Hey!

She SLIDES along the floor and SWEEPS the first to the ground, grabbing the next by his jacket and driving her PALM up into his jaw.

He flies back and lands with a THUD, and Faith SPIN KICKS the first as he starts to rise.

Both guards are out before Jerry even knew what was happening, and Faith hauls him to his feet.

FAITH (cont'd)

You alright?

JERRY

I'm fine! Let's go!

(CONTINUED)

He waves for Ruth to follow, and she starts pushing her way through the panicking throng of partygoers.

Gantsby is up on a small podium, calling out:

GANTSBY

Everyone, please! Remain calm! It's a false alarm, there's no fire!

VOICE

Oh, my God! He said there's a fire!

GANTSBY

No, no! I said...

He trails off, defeated - there's a mass push for the various exits now. He sags as we CUT TO:

As the panicking mass of bodies surges out onto the mansion's grounds, across the grass and down the drive:

Jerry's Jeep ROARS up the drive, weaving through the bodies and SCREECHING to a halt.

Pryor throws open the door as Faith and the others race towards them:

And GUNSHOTS start to chase them as several security guards OPEN FIRE!

FAITH

Aw, crap - get down!

He SHOVES Jerry forward, Jaleena finding Ruth in the panic.

RUTH

Jaleena! Oh, thank the gods...

They embrace - but more BULLETS ping around them as Pryor tries to push them into the Jeep!

PRYOR

Come on! Come on! Keep -

He freezes. Looks down at his shirt. BLOOD starts to pool from a BULLET HOLE in his side, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

25

INT. JERRY'S JEEP - NIGHT

25

Jerry is now driving, the once-spacious Hummer now packed full of passengers.

In the back, a frantic Noa and Ruth are trying to stop the bleeding from Pryor's wound. And there's a lot of blood.

NOA

Hold down! Keep pressure on it!

RUTH

I am! I am! It's not working!

NOA

So push harder!

RUTH

(to Jerry)

How much farther?

JERRY

Coupla minutes, tops!

He SWERVES the Jeep sharply. CAR HORNS sound outside, and the sardine-packed girls within squeal in discomfort.

RUTH

Hold on, Pryor!

PRYOR

(woozy)

I'm... I'm really not that bad...

NOA

Pryor, you've gone paler than Vi.

VI

What?

RUTH

Just...

She grips his hand tightly.

RUTH (cont'd)

Just don't leave me.

Pryor shakes his head, eyelids drooping - and he finally PASSES OUT!

Muffled, distant voices shout in alarm before fading away, and we DISSOLVE TO:

26

INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

26

Pryor's eyes flutter open, and he finds himself in one of the infirmary beds.

Sitting up, he winces and checks his side - his wound has been patched up with gauze.

Looking across, he finds Ruth tending to Jaleena, giving her a full checkup.

Ruth sees that he's awake, leaving Jaleena to head over.

RUTH
(smiling)
Good. You're up.

PRYOR
How long was I out?

RUTH
Not long. Jerry wasn't kidding when he said a few minutes. Of course, any normal driver would've taken a lot longer...

She takes his hand, Pryor still very weak.

PRYOR
Jaleena?

RUTH
She's fine.
(looks over)
They took good care of her, believe it or not.

JALEENA
It was in their best interests.

PRYOR
The other girls?

RUTH
Occupying some of our spare rooms for now. Jerry's going to start reuniting them with their families in the morning.

Pryor nods, settling back down. Jaleena joins Ruth.

RUTH (cont'd)
Jaleena was telling me what happened to her after we were first separated.

(CONTINUED)

JALEENA

Dupri's men found me and brought me in. Gave me the choice of going back on the streets or going to work for them.

PRYOR

But at least you're safe now.

RUTH

Dawn said she's going to find us a safe world. Somewhere our kind aren't hunted like animals.

Pryor registers this, sitting back up.

PRYOR

You're... you're leaving?

Ruth glances at Jaleena, who smiles slyly.

RUTH

No, no, I'm... just to make sure Jaleena's safe. I'll come back.

JALEENA

We have relatives in other dimensions.

(off look)

It'd take a while to explain. Let's just say I'm not going to be on my own when Ruth comes back to you.

Ruth smiles down at Pryor, who manages one back as we
DISSOLVE TO:

Down in the nexus of operations, with Faith and the others standing by.

DAWN stands before several shimmering doors, freshly called down from above.

Ruth and Jaleena have bags packed and slung over their shoulders.

DAWN

Okay, forgive me for sounding like a travel guide here, but you guys are so going to love the place I found you.

(MORE)

DAWN (cont'd)

It's warm, like, all year round,
there's beaches, lakes, mountains -
and the tech level's not far off
our own, so you won't have to go
live with a bunch of demon rednecks
or anything.

RUTH

(amused)

I'm sure it's perfect, Dawn.

DAWN

Hey, you think I'd send you guys
somewhere that didn't meet with the
Summers seal of approval? What kind
of Key d'you think I am?

Pryor, Jerry and Faith are closest as Ruth turns round.

RUTH

Thank you. All of you. If it hadn't
been for your help...

FAITH

(waves it away)

Don't mention it. We look out for
our own.

Faith doesn't notice the dark look Vi is giving her.

NOA

Yeah, and besides, Pryor's been a
different guy since you showed up.
I'd go as far as to use an
adjective like 'happy' if I didn't
think he'd fire me for it.

JERRY

When will you be back?

RUTH

Soon. Long enough to make sure
Jaleena's settled, and to allow
myself a little time to catch up
with her.

JALEENA

Which means she wants to scold me
for everything bad I've done since
we got split up.

RUTH

(eyes her)

You've definitely been in this
dimension too long...

Jerry grins, giving Jaleena a quick hug.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Good to meet you, however briefly.

JALEENA

Likewise. Ruthie's friends back home weren't half as hot as you.

Jerry chuckles, and Ruth approaches Pryor.

No words need be said as she embraces him - and then KISSES him, garnering a few grins from the others.

RUTH

I'll see you soon.

PRYOR

I'll hold you to that.

She smiles, stepping away, then moves to hug Jerry - and gives him a quick KISS on the cheek!

Jerry takes it in his stride, but Pryor's mood drops in an instant.

RUTH

(to Jaleena)

Are we ready?

JALEENA

We're ready.

They head for Dawn, who steps aside and motions to Vi. She uses the HANDLE to open the first doorway - and a verdant field can be seen through the portal.

DAWN

Bon voyage.

Ruth nods to her, then turns for a last wave to the others before she and Jaleena step through.

Vi closes the door behind them, and with a wave of her arm, Dawn sends the shimmering portals back to the ceiling.

NOA

So they can get back in touch at any time, right?

DAWN

(nods)

I can basically leave a line open in their dimension. She needs me, all she has to do is call and I'll hear it.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
(relieved)
Thank you, Dawn.

DAWN
Meh. You guys keep working on a way
to get me out of this, I'll keep
doing what I do. Everyone wins.

The group start to disperse, Vi moving to the control
pedestal to replace the Handle.

FAITH
That went pretty well.

Vi is silent. Faith frowns and nudges her.

FAITH (cont'd)
I said, that went -

VI
(snaps)
I heard you.

The others stop, surprised by her tone.

FAITH
What's that supposed to mean?

VI
It means... oh, God, you don't have
any idea, do you?

FAITH
Any idea about what?

Noa wheels over, knowing what's coming.

NOA
Vi, maybe you ought to -

VI
Noa, back off.

NOA
(stung)
Woah! Now you listen just a god
damned minute here -

VI
(to Faith)
You put us all in danger again with
your stunt at the mansion!

FAITH

What 'stunt' The hell are you talking about?

VI

Oh, I don't know, let me break it down for you - you attacked that guard when we were surrounded and had civilians in the way, you broke off to go after Jerry when the rest of us still needed cover, and -

FAITH

We got out, didn't we? We got the girls home!

VI

Pryor got shot!

PRYOR

Now, girls, don't -

VI

What about the next time? Who gets hurt then, while you're bouncing off and acting like you're inde-fricken-structible?

The others are wading in now - Rachel hangs back with Dawn, but Pryor and Jerry take a Slayer each.

JERRY

Hey! Vi, now isn't the time for all this.

FAITH

Oh, what, you're in on this too?

JERRY

No, I -

FAITH

So what's up here? You all think I'm puttin' lives at risk? That it? That since I got my powers back, I haven't stopped to think about anybody but myself?

Vi folds her arms defiantly.

VI

Yeah. That's exactly it.

NOA

Faith, Noa's not saying -

(CONTINUED)

VI

That's what I'm saying.

She stabs an accusing finger at a stunned Faith's chest.

VI (cont'd)

You keep ditching us to go beat up on more bad guys. You keep dropping the mission whenever you feel like it. You are gonna get the rest of us hurt or killed if you don't pull your head outta your ass!

FAITH

(fierce)

You better take that hand back before I break it off, Vi.

VI

Oh, that's right! Threaten me! Because that's just the kind of crap we've come to expect from you!

FAITH

The hell it is!

The Slayers take a menacing step towards each other, forcing Jerry to push them apart.

JERRY

Hey, hey, hey! Knock it off! Both of you!

VI

She needs to wise up! She has to realise what a liability she's being!

FAITH

And you need to get the hell outta my face and stop throwing this bullcrap at me!

VI

Hey, if it sticks...

Faith gets a fist up, but Jerry SHOVES her back, getting in her face.

JERRY

You want to hit somebody? Huh? Will that make you feel better? Will it? Go ahead! Hit me!

Faith holds his gaze - but backs off.

(CONTINUED)

VI

Tonight was the last straw, Faith.

And with that, Vi turns and stomps out of the room. Wisely, nobody tries to stop her.

Once she's gone, there's a long moment of silence before:

FAITH

What was that all about?

Faith gets a few filthy looks before the others start to disperse, leaving her standing.

FAITH (cont'd)

What? Hey! What?

Faith looks around but gets no answers, and as Pryor keeps a hand on his wound as he walks away, we DISSOLVE TO:

It's a few hours later, the guests are gone - and now the POLICE are here. Several squad cars are parked up.

Ducking under the police tape comes SCOTT, with HOGAN close behind. They make their way up the drive, two more DETECTIVES following them - more members of Scott's team.

HOGAN

(whistles)

Never thought I'd get to see one of the great Gantsby's parties in my lifetime...

SCOTT

(shrugs)

Just a lot of money that could be better spent somewhere else.

HOGAN

Yeah, but look at this! There's a swimming pool over there the size of my mom's house.

Scott pauses, crouching down. Hogan joins him - he's squatting by several yellow MARKER TABS left by the CSIs.

SCOTT

And enough bullet casings to start a revolution.

He rises as Gantsby flusters up to him, flanked by several of his security detail.

(CONTINUED)

GANTSBY

It's about time you got here,
Detectives! I want whoever's
responsible for this attack on my
private property found and brought
to justice!

HOGAN

We'll do everything we can to track
down -

SCOTT

How long have you been ordering
girls from illegal brothels for
your parties, Mr. Gatsby?

Gatsby's mouth flaps. Hogan looks at Scott in surprise.

GANTSBY

I... I don't... what does that have
to do with anything?

SCOTT

Well, I may be mistaken, but I'm
pretty sure prostitution is still a
felony in most states, sir.

GANTSBY

They're just escort girls! What's
wrong with that?

SCOTT

Nothing - only several of your
guests have given statements that
suggests the girls they find here
are a little more... upmarket than
the average 'escort.'

HOGAN

(wary)
Scott...

SCOTT

So I guess my question is this -
how long have you been bringing
prostitutes to your parties?

VOICE (O.S.)

Is there a problem?

Scott and Hogan turn - and there's DARK AMBROSIA, cutting a
sharp figure in her skirt and blouse.

GANTSBY

(relieved)
Ah, good! You're here?

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Uh... is there a situation I'm not aware of, Miss Kilby?

AMBROSIA

Mr. Gantsby here is a close personal friend of Mayor Wilkins, and the Mayor's office has pledged the NYPD's full support in finding and arresting the people behind tonight's attack.

SCOTT

But -

AMBROSIA

Furthermore, I can personally vouch for the legitimacy of all of Mr. Gantsby's social events. Every guest he's invited and every expense he's brought in has been declared to our department.

Scott turns to Gantsby, who grins the smug smirk of the rich and influential.

GANTSBY

So I trust this matter will be sorted post haste?

AMBROSIA

Absolutely.

SCOTT

Wait a second, wait a second - we have signed statements from several guests that indicate -

AMBROSIA

This is a matter for the Mayor's office now, detective. You and your team can leave.

Scott hesitates, looking to Gantsby, then to Ambrosia. Finally, with a heavy sigh, he marches away.

SCOTT

(darkly)

Fine.

Hogan follows, Ambrosia joining Gantsby to watch him go.

Two more DETECTIVES step into frame - the same duo who followed Scott into the crime scene. Ambrosia shifts - the DARKLING is coming out to play.

(CONTINUED)

DARK AMBROSIA

We will have to watch him. If he starts to grow suspicious of what we are planning...

DETECTIVE #1

We'll make sure he stays on course.

DARK AMBROSIA

You'd better. The Mayor is investing a lot of his time into this project - if it fails, then both of your lives will be forfeit.

(beat; stern)

To me.

The detectives back away, leaving Dark Ambrosia's glare to burn holes in the departing Scott's back. We CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAWN

Inside Pryor's part of the building, the morning sun is just starting to shine through the windows...

... which Pryor quickly pulls the blinds over, hiding the sun from view.

He pushes his chair over to his desk and flicks on a lamp, lifting his shirt and gingerly pressing his wound.

Peeling the tape over the gauze back, he slowly peels the bandages away.

They're stained with blood - but the skin beneath is smooth. Healed.

Pryor exhales, dropping the gauze in his bin and leaning back in his chair.

PULL BACK from the silhouette he casts, deep in thought, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW