

FAITH

"Cashback"

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. NOA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 1

A light breeze blows through the open window, letting the sweet sound of NYC traffic filter into the immaculately girly bedroom.

A RADIO suddenly clicks on and Madonna's 'Like a Virgin' (in mid chorus) drowns out the car horns from outside.

NOA groans as she wakes up and turns the alarm off, ending the music.

CUT TO an overhead shot of the bed as she turns over to her other side and sleepily pats the other side. Her eyes shoot open when she realises she's alone at the moment.

She sits up (keeping the sheet pulled across her apparently bare chest) and looks around. Her eyes fall on a NOTE under the alarm clock.

She grabs it, reads it, and can't help letting a grin creep across her face.

NOA
(sighs)
And the best part is, he never runs
out of energy...

She flings the sheet off herself, covering the frame and causing a CUT TO:

2 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NEXT 2

'Like a Virgin' fades back in as Noa turns on the dial to her shower, letting the water flow from the movable nozzle in a hostler just over the dial.

She adjusts her wheelchair so it's next to a SHOWER CHAIR sitting in the tub and starts to untie her robe.

DISSOLVE TO later, looking at a fogged up mirror. Noa's hand wipes away the water, revealing her reflection. She's back in her bathroom with a towel over her head.

Her head bops from side to side as she lip synchs to Madonna's voice before starting to brush her teeth.

PULL AWAY from the cheery moment, showing the sink and mirror in front of Noa have been lowered to accommodate the handicapped.

3 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM CLOSET - NEXT 3

Now inside Noa's moderately sized (for her) walk-in closet. She flips a (lowered) switch on the wall and the left rack of clothes starts to rotate with a mechanical WHIRRING.

She throws the switch again, stopping the rack's movement, and pulls a cute deep red blouse from a hanger.

4 INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - NEXT 4

An elevator DINGS and the doors open. Noa, dressed in the aforementioned red blouse and black capri pants wheels herself out.

DISSOLVE TO:

5 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FRONT ENTRANCE - NEXT 5

Noa glides down the wheelchair ramp, going all "Look, Ma! No hands!" and letting gravity do the work for her. She stops herself at the bottom and retrieves a make up compact from her purse.

One final check.

She puckers her lips and frowns, apparently not liking what she saw. 'Like A Virgin' abruptly stops. She digs through the purse again, but comes up empty.

Another frown. Another, more frantic rummage through the purse. She huffs and turns her head to look back up at the building.

ZOOM UP TO a window high up the building and move into:

6 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 6

Back in the apartment looking straight at the front door. The handle JIGGLES, being rattled from the other side.

Then the door is KICKED IN, revealing two garden variety GOONS in sharp business suits and dark sunglasses.

It takes them about fifteen seconds of out of frame searching to determine Noa isn't home.

His voice is deep and scruffy, sounding like a fifty year old cigar smoker.

SCRUFFY GOON (O.S.)
She ain't home!

Both goons meet back in the center of the living room. Goon 2 pulls out a cell phone and dials a number.

(CONTINUED)

His voice has a thick NY accent and is unexpectedly high pitched, like Mike Tyson.

TYSON GOON
(into voice)
Yeah, she ain't here, boss. You
want we should -

NOA (V.O.)
Hey, what the heck's going -

Both goons turn back to the kicked in door to see Noa sitting in it.

NOA (cont'd)
(shocked)
Oh! Sorry, this - this isn't my
apartment.

TYSON GOON
(grinning; into phone)
Uh, scratch that. Come on up and
say hi.

Noa nervously smiles and daintily waves as the two goons close in on her. They walk right into the camera, causing a:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

7

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

7

The goons don't seem to be in too much of a hurry to grab an admittedly defenseless looking Noa.

NOA

(nervous)

Uh, I'm not that behind on my bills, am I?

The goons smile to one another as they stand over her. Noa yanks a small bottle from her purse and sprays the contents into the eyes of Tyson Goon, who screams in pain.

TYSON GOON

(rubbing his eyes)

Ah, sum bitch!

The Scruffy Goon swats the bottle out of Noa's hand. She immediately delivers a right punch to his groin!

TYSON GOON (O.S.) (cont'd)

My eyes! It burns!

He doubles over in pain and Noa smacks him in the cheek with a side hammer fist. She briefly shakes the pain out of her hand before wheeling herself backwards.

Tyson Goon, still grunting from the pain of the pepper spray in his eyes, runs and leaps after Noa. He crashes into her, knocking her out of her chair to the ground.

Scruffy Goon gets back to his feet and half walks, half limps over to a belly crawling Noa, scooping her up from behind.

Noa squirms, tries to free herself.

SCRUFFY GOON

(strained)

Feisty lil thang, ain't ya?

Noa responds with a back HEADBUTT, popping him right in the nose.

He staggers back a few steps, but doesn't drop her. She does it again and a POP is heard. His nose instantly starts pouring blood.

SCRUFFY GOON (cont'd)

(enraged)

You stupid blonde bitch!

(CONTINUED)

He flings her to the ground and clutches his broken nose. Noa crawls over to her couch, reaching under it to produce a BASEBALL BAT.

Scruffy Goon doesn't see it and rushing in to lay a beating on Noa. She turns and swings, blasting him right in the kneecaps.

He yelps and drops to his knees. Noa feeds him another swing right to the jaw, knocking him out.

Tyson Goon's back in the game now. He kicks the bat out of Noa's hands and boots her right in the face! Noa turns to her stomach and tries to crawl back to the bat.

Tyson Goon turns her over to her back and gives her a vicious backhanded slap across the face. He picks up the bat himself, raises it over her head and:

FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Stop!

All (conscious) eyes move to the door. Noa squints.

NOA

Paisley?

PAISLEY GIANTELLI, a sassy looking blonde dressed in a yellow sundress, cheerily waves.

PAISLEY

(false sentiment)

DeRubria! Oh my Gawd, how have you been?!?

(to Tyson Goon; re: bat)

You wanna put that down, sweetie?

Don't wanna go messing up a pretty face like that, do we?

Tyson Goon obliges, tossing the bat away from Noa. He kneels down over Scruffy Goon and starts to wake him up.

Noa props her back up against the couch, her cold eyes following Paisley as the new arrival gives herself a tour, admiring the place.

PAISLEY (cont'd)

You've done well for yourself, Noa.

(pumps her fist)

Proud of ya! Way better than your mother, at least.

NOA

(icily)

Glad you approve.

(CONTINUED)

PAISLEY
(faux awe)
How could I not? I mean...

She picks up a decorative VASE from the end table next to the couch.

PAISLEY (cont'd)
(turns the vase over)
I mean, stuff like this is just
gorgeous.

There's a tense moment as Paisley holds the vase out in front of her with both arms, looking like she's gonna drop it.

Finally, she sighs and simply puts it back down. Noa allows herself a small sigh of relief.

Paisley flashes a winning, runaway model-like smile so hollow one could likely hear the ocean through it.

NOA
("cut the crap")
You want to get to the point? I'm
late for work.

PAISLEY
Oh, you're working? That's great!
It's nice to know worthless
cripples can still get jobs in this
city.
(beat; serious)
Your mom took out a small -
(does finger quotes)
- "business loan" from us and
unfortunately it's in default.

NOA
(eyes narrowing)
That's not my problem.

PAISLEY
Oh, but it is. You being her next
of kin and all. How was her
service, by the way?
(giggling)
Did anyone show up?

Noa's breathing gets very heavy. She's holding it all in.
Barely.

NOA
Don't talk about her like that.

(CONTINUED)

As she's talking, the goons are creeping up behind her. Both of them wearing expressions of fury and embarrassment that Noa handled them so easily.

Paisley holds out her hand to stop them and shakes her head. Noa briefly looks back to them before turning back to Paisley.

PAISLEY
(sighs; bored)
Okay, okay. Look, just cut me a check and we'll be on our way.

NOA
(stern)
No.

PAISLEY
(incredulous)
No? I haven't even told you how much yet.

NOA
I don't care. M -
(shakes her head)
Mom's problems aren't my problems.

PAISLEY
Really?

She mindlessly SLAPS the vase off the end table. It shatters on the ground out of frame, causing Noa to gasp.

PAISLEY (cont'd)
That's a shame.
(to the goons)
Boys, help Noa redecorate.

A beat. The goons look back at her like she's speaking ancient Nubian.

PAISLEY (cont'd)
(rolls her eyes;
exasperated)
Trash the place?

The goons nod and start turning the apartment upside down.

Noa watches them, her eyes welling up with tears. Paisley sits down on her knees next to Noa.

PAISLEY (cont'd)
(calling to the goons)
Hey, don't touch her closet 'til I get a peek first!
(to Noa)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PAISLEY (cont'd)
Now please understand that I do
this because I care.

Noa's eyes stare a hole right through the false pretense.
Behind them, a loud CRASHING sound is heard.

NOA
You're full of it.

PAISLEY
No, sweetie, I really do care.
(beat)
About my money. Consider all this a
little reminder of our visit. We'll
be back later. Is four hours from
now good for you? Great!

She lightly pats Noa on the cheek. Amazingly, Noa doesn't
choke her to death in response.

PAISLEY (cont'd)
If you don't mind, I'm gonna help
myself to a few of your things.

She looks Noa up and down.

PAISLEY (cont'd)
Hmm. Looks like some of your stuff
might be a little big on me, but
I'll make due.

She walks out of frame, leaving a tearful Noa just sitting
there.

DISSOLVE TO later in the day. PAN AROUND the living room.
It's totally trashed.

FAITH and JERRY dash into the room.

FAITH
Noa?

They take in the disheveled appearance of the place.

JERRY
What happened here?

FAITH
(panicked)
Noa?!?

NOA (O.S.)
In here.

Faith's head turns to the bedroom and she runs into:

8

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

8

Noa's on the bed with her blanket curled around her. The bed itself is the only piece of furniture still upright.

She's holding a plastic bag of water to her cheek. Her forehead has a nasty bruise on it.

Faith is at her side in a flash. Jerry slowly enters, looking around the room and seeing it's just as destroyed.

Faith slowly pulls Noa's hand away from her cheek, revealing another bruise.

FAITH

Why are you using water?

NOA

(distant)

It's ice. Isn't it?

JERRY

(cutting to the chase)

Who did this?

Both girls look to Jerry, who is righting a turned over dresser.

NOA

Loan sharks.

FAITH

What?!?

NOA

(stares Faith in the eyes)

My mom's loan sharks.

Faith's face falls as she instantly understands. It takes about two beats for her expression to tighten up again. She grabs Noa's shoulder.

FAITH

They just co-signed on an ass kicking. Who are they? Where can I find them? What do they look like?

NOA

(shakes her head; whining)

Faith, no.

FAITH

(cold)

Noa, yes.

(waves her arm around)

Look what they did to your place!

(CONTINUED)

Jerry scoops up an armful of clothes and tosses them into Noa's closet.

NOA

Come on, Faith! You're smarter than that. You know how this goes. You beat down two guys, four more come back.

FAITH

So and they get the same treatment. Vi can back me up.

NOA

And then you get six. With guns. Then eight with rocket launchers. Then ten with tanks. It doesn't stop.

FAITH

(shrugs)

I'll clear my schedule for the day.

NOA

No! Dammit, I just-

(pleading)

Faith, just please let me handle this. They've given me some time to get it figured out.

FAITH

We don't need 'some time.' There's a nice, violent solution staring at you right now.

JERRY

Faith.

Both girls look to Jerry again, who is in the adjoining bathroom placing pill bottles into the medicine cabinet.

JERRY (cont'd)

Let's just let Noa do her thing.

Faith huffs, but looks back to Noa and nods her head.

FAITH

Okay, what do you want us to do?

NOA

Just... go. I need to make some calls first.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(shakes her head)
I'm not leaving you here! What if
they come back?

NOA
They won't. Like I said, I have a
couple of days.
(reassuring)
I'm okay. Really. Just... just keep
it between us for a while, okay?

FAITH
Didn't you used to bitch at me
about keeping secrets?

NOA
I just don't want everyone at the
Asylum knowing my business. I
promise I'll call you if I need
you.

Faith doesn't want to go, but Noa's holding her ground. Jerry
gently grabs Faith's arm and she lets him pull her away from
the bed.

Faith looks back to Noa one last time before leaving. Noa
waits until they're gone before letting out a silent SOB. She
cover her mouth as the tears start to flow.

Despite the overwhelming emotion, she does manage to pull out
her phone and start to dial a number.

SCOTT is leaning against a wall, patting the spine of a
folder with his hand. He sighs and checks his watch. His team
of investigators are standing all around him.

All of them seem to be waiting.

SCOTT
Anyone heard from Hogan this
morning?

Murmurs to the negative are all the response he gets.

SCOTT (cont'd)
(sighs)
Alright, we'll get started. I'll
get a uni to pick Hogan's
assignment.
(opens the folder)
Hall, you're on -

FEMALE OFFICER (O.S.)

Hey, Jacobs?

Scott looks up to see the uniformed woman standing in the entrance to the briefing room.

Her face is solemn. Something's wrong. Scott's expression says he knows it as well.

The officer nods her head behind her, silently asking Scott for a private audience. Scott hands the folder off to one of his team members and follows her out.

As the team member flips through the folder and hands out pieces of paper to the others, the officer tells Scott something we don't hear.

Scott's jaw drops and he shakes his head. The officer grimly nods her head. Scott turns away and clenches his hair in his hands.

10

INT. RESTAURANT - CATERING ROOM - DAY

10

MAYOR WILKINS, dressed in a suit as usual, is sitting at the head of a table in the private dining area. Several other men, also dressed in suits are seated down the sides.

All of them have plates of food in various degrees of completion in front of them. Wilkins himself is slurping down a plate of spaghetti.

MAYOR

(swallowing)

Mmm. So I tell her it's not my fault. She's the one who rode the horse!

Everyone bursts into laughter. Apparently, it's funny if the whole joke were heard.

MAYOR (cont'd)

(chuckling)

Yeah, yeah. I mean it was just -

He stops as his eyes fall on DARK AMBROSIA standing in the entrance to the room. She walks over and whispers into his ear.

The other men size up the attractive blonde, like the bunch of lecherous old men they are.

Wilkins nods to her and dabs his mouth with a napkin.

MAYOR (cont'd)

If you'll excuse me a moment...

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

He gets up from the table and Dark Ambrosia follows him out of the room. The other men steal glances at DA's ass until she stops and gives them all a cold glare. They go back to their meals.

11 INT. RESTAURANT - MEN'S RESTROOM - DAY

11

Wilkins is hunched over one of the sinks, washing his hands.

MAYOR

So what's so interesting that you
had to drag me away from a
perfectly fine meal?

Dark Ambrosia speaks in Ambrosia's normal voice.

AMBROSIA

So you're not interested in gaining
leverage on Faith's team?

MAYOR

Always. But Detective Jacobs -

AMBROSIA

(interrupting)
Is rapidly proving himself to be
useless.

Wilkins sets his hands under the electric hand dryer and taps the on button.

MAYOR

(speaking over the noise)
Last I checked, you were supposed
to be giving him some much needed
motivation.

AMBROSIA

That's been taken care of, but it
never hurts to have back up plans,
right?

She raises an eyebrow and cheekily grins. Wilkins returns the grin.

MAYOR

Well, then. I guess you have been
listening.

A SERVER enters the restroom and freezes when he sees the two of them. He looks to Wilkins with a wry expression.

SERVER

Am I interrupting something?

(CONTINUED)

Dark Ambrosia's eyes flash RED and her voice deepens as she glares at the server.

DARK AMBROSIA

Leave us.

The frightened server runs out the door. Dark Ambrosia's visage returns to her host's standard look.

AMBROSIA

(cheery)

Now, where were we?

Wilkins chuckles to himself.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12

INT. MORTUARY - DAY

12

The morgue ATTENDANT, a college aged guy in a white lab coat, leads Scott and the female officer down the rows of body drawers. He stops at one in particular and pulls it out.

Scott's hand involuntarily reaches up and wraps around the small cross dangling around his neck.

The attendant pulls the black sheet back to reveal the battered, mutilated corpse of HOGAN.

The officer gasps and turns away. Scott can't look away. His face shows all the pain he's feeling. He swallows the lump in his throat.

SCOTT

Do you have the M.E. report?

ATTENDANT

Yeah, I was just entering it into the computer.

SCOTT

What happened to her?

ATTENDANT

Multiple contusions to the head.
Bruises pretty much... everywhere.

(beat)

From the blood spread, the, uh...

(clears throat)

The wound to the neck was the fatal one.

The officer wraps her arm around Scott, who is still keeping himself contained.

SCOTT

(choked up)

Rape kit?

ATTENDANT

Negative.

SCOTT

Negative? So this was just a random attack?

ATTENDANT

That's your department. We already sent all the hairs and fibers we got to the labs for testing.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Thanks.

ATTENDANT

If it's any consolation, she had,
uh, some skin under her finger
nails and her knuckles were
bruised.

(beat)

She put up a fight.

Scott shakes his head, yanks arm away from the officer, and storms out.

The officer and the attendant watch him leave. The attendant sighs and draws the sheet back over Hogan's face.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Noa wheels herself down a row of headstones, having to strain due to the slick grass not giving any traction.

Among the elaborate headstones depicting angels and other celestial beings, she stops at a slab of cement that's barely visible over the weeds surrounding it.

The heading is simple: Barbara DeRubria; 1960 - 2005.

The simple grave looks almost pitiful in the collection of more expensive tombstones.

NOA

(soft)

Hey. Bet you never thought you'd
see me again, huh?

(beat; voice rising)

You probably already know this, but
Tommy's a few rows up. You know,
the brother you never told me
about.

She takes a moment to get her composure back again.

NOA (cont'd)

I just wanted to know that...

(beat; eyes welling up)

... that I really want to hate you.
All you ever did was dump your
issues in my lap and hope I'd fix
things for you. God, it's been
three years and I still think about
who the mother really was in our
relationship.

She turns away briefly, defiantly holding in the tears brimming in her eyes. She takes a deep breath before she continues.

NOA (cont'd)
(shakes her head)
I'm not gonna cry. I've... I've
cried enough. I cried when you
tried to kill me to get Tommy back.
I cried when you got killed in that
store.
(scoffs)
God, I even felt like crap about
the last things I said to you, but
true to form, you only came to see
me for money in the first place.

She shakes her head and starts to laugh at the absurdity of it all.

NOA (cont'd)
(stammering)
Then, things changed. And I thought
I was done with you. I had Faith
and... and Pryor and...
(closes her eyes, takes a
moment)
... and Jon. I had a family and
despite all the messed up stuff
that came with it, it was still a
hell of a lot better than being
your personal ATM.
(screaming; lip trembling)
So why the hell can't you leave me
alone?!? Huh?!? Is that too much
for your daughter to ask?!?

Her outburst starts an old man standing a few graves down. Their eyes meet briefly before he quickly turns away and leaves.

Noa composes herself (again) and finishes up.

NOA (cont'd)
(calm)
I'm gonna make some calls and I'm
gonna do this last thing for you.
Then we're done. Completely. Do you
hear me, Barbara?

Noa says her mother's name with the vile and bitterness normally reserved for enemies.

NOA (cont'd)
(softly)
We're through.
(MORE)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

NOA (cont'd)
The people I'm with now, the work
I'm doing now, everything in my
life now is bigger than your damn
gambling addiction. I'm done
getting punished for being born to
a... to an...
(sighs again)
... to you.

Having said her piece, she turns her chair and wheels away,
not looking back.

NOA (cont'd)
Goodbye, Barbara.

Stay at the grave as Noa turns and rolls out of frame.

14 INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

14

The place is still littered with debris, though most of the
major furniture has been picked up.

Noa blows a strand of hair out of her face and opens to the
first page of a black book in her lap, running her finger
down a list of names and numbers.

She pulls out her phone and makes a phone call.

NOA
(into phone)
Hello? Aunt Rooney, hey! It's Noa
and I-

The phone CLICKS.

NOA (cont'd)
Hello? Hello? Aunt Rooney?

She frowns and hangs up. After a moment to get her together,
she makes another call.

DISSOLVE TO later in the same place. Noa's on another call,
pinching the bridge of her nose.

NOA (cont'd)
I know she's dead, but now these
people are coming after me and -
(pauses; listens)
No, I'm not getting involved in
'that stuff.' They're just coming
at me to collect on her old...
hello, hello?
(hangs up)
Dammit!

She looks at the black bag, about midway through the phone
listing right now. She sighs and dials again.

(CONTINUED)

DISSOLVE TO later still. Noa, on another call, POUNDS her fist into the arm of the couch.

NOA (cont'd)
(frustrated)
No, I'm not joking. Last time I checked it was eleven grand, but who knows -
(beat; frowns)
Why are you laughing? Stop laughing!

She groans and ends the call.

Before continuing, she clenches her fists and SCREAMS in frustration. Had to get that out. Back to the phone calls.

DISSOLVE TO later. Again. Noa's on a call. Again.

NOA (cont'd)
I know. I know it was a long shot.
Thanks anyway, Trishelle.
(snorts)
Yeah, if I make it through today, we can do lunch tomorrow. Bye.

She hangs up and pops herself in the forehead with the phone. She instantly winces, apparently forgetting there was a phone there.

She whimpers and gently rubs the bruise on her head.

Then she looks down to the black book. It's on the final page now. She takes a deep breath and dials.

NOA (cont'd)
(into phone)
Hello? Hi, Daddy. It's Noa.
(beat)
No, no. Noa.
(beat)
N-O... ah, never mind.

She hangs up and tosses the black book over her shoulder.

KINCAID is walking down the hall, peering into the various doorways. He finds RACHEL standing in one room giving instructions to an orderly.

She smiles when she sees him and waves him in. The orderly leaves, throwing Kincaid a quick fleeting smile.

Kincaid leans against the doorway, the camera looking over his shoulder at Rachel.

KINCAID

I'm sorry I interrupted.

RACHEL

No, it's fine. He's just mad I wouldn't give him the rest of the day off to see a ball game. Actually, I was wondering have you seen Pryor at all today?

KINCAID

Pryor?

(thinks)

No, I haven't, now that you mention it.

RACHEL

Hmm... you'd think he'd call if he were taking a personal day.

(blinks)

Come to think of it, I don't think he's taken ever taken a personal day.

KINCAID

(not caring)

I'm sure he'll turn up. Has Noa arrived? Vi asked me to come in early to help move some things, but she should've been here hours ago.

RACHEL

Tried calling her?

KINCAID

Yes, several times. There's no answer.

RACHEL

And we are talking about the telephone here, not you yelling from the rooftop, right?

(off his look)

Hey, we all remember what happened last time.

He hears voices and turns around to see Faith and Jerry walking away from him down the hall.

KINCAID

(calling out)

Faith! Hey, Faith!

PUSH IN on Jerry and Faith watching Kincaid run up to them.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Oh, great.

(to Jerry; whispering)

Don't tell him what's up.

JERRY

(whispering back)

Noa's his... whatever they are. He has a right to know.

FAITH

Noa didn't want any muscle involved in this. That kid's all muscle.

What do you think he's gonna do?

Jerry nods just as Kincaid gets to them.

KINCAID

(breathing heavily)

Hey, have you heard from Noa today?

FAITH

Not since this morning. She called to say that, uh...

JERRY

(cutting in)

Forgot about a doctor's appointment!

KINCAID

(confused)

Doctor's appointment?

(crosses his arms)

She didn't mention anything to me.

FAITH

Oh, well, uh... I think she was a little... embarrassed.

She leans in towards Kincaid. He bends over and cocks his ear to hear.

FAITH (cont'd)

(whispering)

It's feminine stuff.

KINCAID

Girl stuff?

(beat; gets it)

Oh. Well, I, uh...

(scratches the back of his neck)

Yeah, I guess I'll just leave her to it then.

(CONTINUED)

He walks away. Faith turns to Jerry and winks at him.

FAITH
Works every time.

They start walking again.

FAITH (cont'd)
No man wants to hear about extra
padded wings and yeast infections
and -

JERRY
(cutting in again)
Okay! Point proven. Back to the
matter at hand.

FAITH
I'm still thinking the best
solution is to beat the snot out of
them and -

JERRY
Faith, this isn't some demon
problem you can just throw your
fists at.

FAITH
No, it's a human problem I can
throw my fists at. These jerks are
extorting money she ain't got for
problems that ain't hers. It ain't
right.

JERRY
No, it ain't.
(blinks)
Isn't. I'm looking into other
potential solutions.

RUTH (O.S.)
Potential solutions for what?

RUTH steps out of an adjoining office, sipping a cup of
coffee.

JERRY
Uh, for -

FAITH
(blurts out)
Birthday gifts! For Dawn.

RUTH
(disbelieving)
Birthday gifts? For a ghost?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I'm not getting her movie passes or
a ferry ride or anything, but
still, ya know.

Ruth looks back and forth between them, not buying one iota
of this.

RUTH

No, I don't know.

She starts to walk down the hall, going backwards so she's
still looking at them.

RUTH (cont'd)

But if you two decide not to be so
secretive, I'll be more than happy
to help you with your... shopping.

FAITH

(waves)

Thanks, we'll let you know.

They wave to each other and Ruth turns around to actually see
where she's going.

JERRY

Hey, we're still on for the drive
tonight, right?

RUTH

(calls back)

Yep. Though I'm hoping we can still
get Pryor to go.

Jerry smiles as he watches her go. Then he turns back to his
daughter, who gives him a sardonic look.

FAITH

Drive, huh?

JERRY

It's a charity drive. Soup kitchen.

FAITH

Uh huh. Sure it's not a drive to a
secret make out spot.

They start walking again.

JERRY

I don't know what you're talking
about.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I mean if the lights are out, maybe that'll stop her powers from -

JERRY

(quickly)

Getting back to Noa. I've made some calls to a few contacts. Got some avenues to explore if Noa needs the help.

FAITH

Yeah, you do that.

(checks her watch)

It's lunchtime now, though. She's got an hour to check in before I'm out for blood.

JERRY

Fair enough, but at least give her that hour.

Faith nods, accepting those terms.

Several people in business suits come out of the revolving door, carrying briefcases and talking on their cell phones.

Noa rolls up, her face absolutely caked with makeup to hide all the bruises. The mark on her forehead is all but covered with concealer.

NOA

(to herself; cheery)

Hi! I'm Noa DeRubria and I would love for you to give me some money.

(nods; sarcastic)

Yeah, that'll work.

She lifts up from her seat and pulls out a small file folder. She opens it up and reviews the contents.

Satisfied with everything, she puts on her best fake smile and rolls up to the door. A man passing by on the street holds the main door open for her.

SMASH CUT TO:

Another man in a business suit, the BANK OWNER, holds the door open for Noa to wheel herself out.

She's looking mightily pissed off. He follows her out and runs around to talk to her face to face.

(CONTINUED)

BANK OWNER

Miss DeRubria, I do apologize, but we can't approve a loan that size for someone in your... situation.

NOA

(frowns)

Situation? Is this because of the chair?

(points at him)

I'll sue your asses to hell for discrimination!

BANK OWNER

No, no it's not that. We just... well, I noticed the bruising.

Noa's silent, caught out. The bank owner kneels down to be eye level with her. His voice goes from business-like to soothing father figure.

BANK OWNER (cont'd)

Do you need help, Miss DeRubria?

NOA

'Help'? Why do you think I'm here?!?

BANK OWNER

No, not financial help. I mean...

He reaches out and touches her hand, which she instantly jerks away.

BANK OWNER (cont'd)

You don't have to live your life this way. There are places set up where people like you can go for safety.

NOA

Safety? What are you talking about?

BANK OWNER

(soothing)

Noa, domestic abuse is a terrible crime and you don't have to -

NOA

I am not being abused!

The owner yelps at her exclamation and falls to his ass. He immediately yanked to his feet by Tyson Goon! His eyes go wide when he sees the oafish like thug holding him.

(CONTINUED)

TYSON GOON

Beat it before I take withdrawals
outta your ass!

He flings the owner to the ground and the wuss scampers back
into the building.

Paisley steps into frame, scrunching her face at Tyson Goon.

PAISLEY

(disgusted)

'Withdrawals out of his ass'? Do
you know how that sounded?

(scoffs; to Noa)

So, where's my money?

NOA

(frowning)

You told me I had two days!

PAISLEY

(shrugs)

I'm impatient.

(smiles)

Ya got it yet?

NOA

(softly)

No.

(out loud)

I tried to get in Mom's accounts,
but they're all frozen.

PAISLEY

(condescending)

Of course they're frozen, silly.
They're all negative. Otherwise, we
wouldn't have come to you in the
first place.

(sighs; checks watch)

Time's up. You better come with us.

Noa's jaw drops. Uh oh.

NOA

Paisley, please. I know I can -

PAISLEY

(holds her hand up)

Please, don't beg. It's just sad
and you'll get worry lines in your
forehead.

(squints)

Not that it could look much worse
at the moment.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

I'll come up with the money. I
swear.

PAISLEY

We already tried that. Didn't work.

NOA

(changes tack)

You gonna take me right here in
broad daylight? I'll scream.

Scruffy Goon pulls his suit jacket back, briefly flashing a
GUN in his hip.

PAISLEY

(wry)

You wouldn't for long...

Noa looks around, trying to think of a way out of this.
Finally, she nods dejectedly. The goons part ways and let her
pass them before they fall into step behind her.

Paisley checks her teeth in the reflection of the bank door
before she follows after them.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

18 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - DAY 18

Faith is hunched over in a chair, rocking back and forth, opening and closing the flip on her phone.

She nervously checks her watch and stops rocking, flipping her phone open and punching a few keys, all while staring at the watch.

She nods her head, silently counting down until:

FAITH
(presses dial)
Okay, there's your hour.

She starts pacing again, impatiently waits for an answer.

INTERCUT WITH:

19 INT. PAISLEY'S HOME - ATTIC - NEXT 19

ON Noa's face, staring at her phone sitting on a table across the room from her.

There's a lot more GOONS, at least a dozen, all around her. Paisley picks up the phone.

PAISLEY
(robotic)
You've reached the cell phone of
Noa DeRubria.

FAITH
(shocked)
What?

PAISLEY
She's indisposed at the moment. If
you would like to ever see her
again, please send a cash deposit
of two hundred and five thousand
dollars -

Faith's eyes go wide, as do Noa's.

FAITH
(pissed)
Okay, hold it!

PAISLEY
Wait, wait! I didn't get to the
beep.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAISLEY (cont'd)
(beat)
Beep!

She covers the mouth and winks at Noa. The goons all chuckle at their boss's sense of humor.

FAITH
(icily)
Listen, you little bitch.

Paisley casually sits down in a chair, not feeling any sort of threat from Faith's tone.

PAISLEY
(unfazed)
Not the best way to open up negotiations.

FAITH
This ain't a negotiation. It's a promise. If Noa's hurt in any way, I'm gonna -

PAISLEY
(suddenly serious)
No, you listen. Your friend, just by virtue of being a DeRubria, dug this hole for herself.

FAITH
She's got nothing to do with her mother's baggage.

PAISLEY
Yeah, people keep saying that, but all I'm hearing is when they do is:
(mocking voice)
"Sorry, Paisley."

Faith mouths "Paisley?"

PAISLEY (cont'd)
"You're not getting your money because a stupid mark went and got herself killed."
(serious again)
It's called inheritance. People don't just get wealth from dead loved ones. They get the debts too. Now, are you gonna get me my money or not?

A beat. Faith doesn't answer, but she's seething with anger.

PAISLEY (cont'd)
 Didn't think so. I don't take idle
 threats or I.O.U.s, so when someone
 comes along that's willing to pony
 up the dough, give me a call.
 (beat)
 Oh, and I should mention there's a
 timetable on this.

She walks over to Noa and starts to stroke her hair. Noa
 tries to pull away, but Scruffy Goon holds her in place.

FAITH
 What 'timetable'?

PAISLEY
 Can't say for sure. I just know
 Noa's a pretty pretty girl and my
 boys get so lonely sometimes.

She looks to Tyson Goon and winks. He looks at Noa and licks
 his lips.

PAISLEY (cont'd)
 So I can't say for sure how long
 I'm gonna be able to hold them off.

FAITH
 I swear to God, lady, I'm gonna -

PAISLEY
 (cheery)
 Hope to hear from ya soon! Bye!

Paisley hangs up.

END INTERCUT

Staying with Faith, who goes to throw her phone into the
 wall, but thinks better of it. She storms out of her room.

Faith looks down the hall in both directions, spotting Ruth
 at the far end.

FAITH
 (sprinting)
 Ruth! Hey, Ruth!

Ruth turns to see Faith, who is coming in at top speed.

RUTH
 Faith, what's wrong?
 (frowns; crosses her arms)
 (MORE)

RUTH (cont'd)
Is this about what that secret with
Jerry from earlier?

FAITH
(rushed)
Ruth, I don't have time for
attitude... for a change. Do you
know where Kincaid and Vi are?

RUTH
Umm, they were working down in the
Old Asylum last I knew.

FAITH
Thanks!

And she's off again, not giving Ruth anytime for further
questions.

Kincaid and VI are walking up the stairs, in the middle of a
conversation.

KINCAID
So the trip was worthwhile?

VI
Better than expected, to be honest.
It's good to be back, though.
(grins)
This city's corrupted me.

Faith comes bounding down the stairs.

FAITH
Guys! We got smack to lay down.

She passes by both of them.

KINCAID
We've got what to what?

VI
People to beat up. Or demons.

KINCAID
(nods)
Oh.

They turn around and watch as Faith reaches the bottom and
waves them to follow her.

FAITH
Come on! Let's go!

VI

Faith, didn't we just have a talk
about -

FAITH

Noa's in trouble.

Kincaid and Vi swap a look before they start back downstairs.

VI

What kind of trouble are we
talking?

KINCAID

Is the doctor doing something to
her?

FAITH

(not paying attention)
What doctor?

Kincaid's eyes narrow.

KINCAID

The one you told she was seeing
this morning.

Faith's guilty face gives the lie away, but she doesn't break
stride.

FAITH

Okay, so I lied. You can rail on me
after we get Noa back.

Faith keeps her hurried pace, all business now. Kincaid and
Vi get their game faces on as well.

Wilkins is putting his signature to a few documents when a
KNOCK at the door gets his attention.

MAYOR

Come in.

Ambrosia opens the door and enters with Scott right behind
her.

Scott's still looking upset over Hogan's loss, but he squares
his shoulders as he walks into the office, trying not to look
quite so down.

SCOTT

You wanted to see me, sir?

MAYOR
Yes, Detective.
(motions to a chair)
Please sit down.

Scott basically plops down in the chair. Wilkins folds his hands on top of the desk and leans forward in his chair.

MAYOR (cont'd)
I received word about your partner.
I just wanted to offer my most
sincere condolences.

Scott's face tightens up and he looks away.

SCOTT
Thank you.

MAYOR
I just wanted to tell you
personally that my office will be
launching a private investigation
into this terrible tragedy. I'm not
going sit idly by while a cop
killer goes unpunished.

SCOTT
(nods)
I understand.

MAYOR
I know it's still fresh on your
mind, but have you considered any
potential suspects?

SCOTT
(sighs)
I don't know. I mean the M.E.
report suggests more than one
person was involved, but...
(shakes his head)
... I don't know.

Ambrosia hands him a cup of water, putting on her best sincere face. He accepts it with a nod of thanks and takes a sip.

Wilkins walks around to the front of his desk and sits on the edge of it.

SCOTT (cont'd)
It takes a lot of stones to kill a
cop. And the way her body looked...

He trails off, not wanting to finish that statement.

(CONTINUED)

MAYOR

(softly)

It wasn't just about the kill.
Someone was having fun, right?

SCOTT

(bitter)

Yeah.

MAYOR

You know, there are some people in
New York who believe they're above
the law.

SCOTT

Sir?

MAYOR

Well, 'above' might be a bad term.
'Outside' the law seems a more apt
description. People who operate in
circles that the law as we know it
isn't equipped to deal with.

Scott looks pensive. He gets where Wilkins is going, but
doesn't want to say it out loud.

MAYOR (cont'd)

You may also want to consider this
being a personal attack. Perhaps
someone the two of you sent to
prison out for revenge. Or perhaps
someone under investigation that
wanted to send a message.

Wilkins moves back to his seat.

MAYOR (cont'd)

(chuckles)

Then again, what do I know? You're
the professional in the room here.
Just know that the full resources
of my office are available to you
until the culprit is found.

SCOTT

I don't think her case is going to
get assigned to me. Personal
interest and bias.

MAYOR

Would that stop you from conducting
your own personal investigation? As
long as it doesn't interfere with
your primary assignment, I can't
see it being a huge problem.

(CONTINUED)

Scott nods, getting all the hints being thrown at him.

SCOTT

We'll see, I guess.

MAYOR

We will indeed.

(extends his hands)

And again, I'm sorry for your loss.

Scott gets up from his seat and shakes Wilkins' hand.

SCOTT

Thank you again. I'll contact you
when I have anything new to share.

MAYOR

(nods)

I look forward to it. Good day,
Detective.

Scott nods and exits. After he shuts the door behind him,
Wilkins looks to Ambrosia, who is standing off to the side.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Subtle enough?

Ambrosia smirks.

DAWN is hunched over the central panel in the Gateway. The
fluid tubes are raising and lowering and she's blowing into
them, creating a song.

She jumps when she hears:

FAITH (O.S.)

Dawn!

Dawn whirls around and all the tubes drop back into the
panel.

DAWN

Geez, guys! Heart attack much?

VI

Thought you were all dialed into
the Gateway? You couldn't sense us
coming in?

DAWN

Well, yes and no. I mean... I was
distracted.

FAITH
(stepping up)
Get distracted playing musical
bottles later, I need your help to
find Noa.

DAWN
(not following)
Ooooh kaaay.

FAITH
She's in trouble, Dawn, and we
don't know where she is. I need a
portal, pronto.

DAWN
(nods)
Okay, okay. I can help steer the
ship, but you're still doing the
rowing.

Faith shakes her arms loose, working out the nerves.

FAITH
Not a problem. Let's go.

Faith steps up to the center panel and stretches her hands
out.

Dawn takes a deep breath and closes her eyes. Her entire body
starts to close as Faith operates the panel, running on
instinct.

Kincaid and Vi stand off to the side, watching the two of
them work. The light from Dawn's body grows in intensity,
forcing the others to shield their eyes.

24 INT. PAISLEY'S HOME - BEDROOM - NEXT 24

PAN AROUND the sparsely decorated bedroom to the closet door.
A white light FLASHES from inside before Faith pushes it
open, holding the Gateway's HANDLE to it.

Vi and Kincaid follow her out. She slips the

25 INT. PAISLEY'S HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 25

Our three heroes creep down the hallway, ducking into a
bathroom as Scruffy Goon comes down the staircase to the
attic.

Faith peers out from behind the door, ducking back in as he
passes by the bathroom and disappears around a corner.

When he's gone, they all come out of the bathroom, looking to
the staircase.

(CONTINUED)

VI

Think she's up there?

NOA (O.S.)

Get your hands off me!

FAITH

Fair guess.

They hear a loud SMACK followed by Noa screaming in pain.

FAITH (cont'd)

(enraged)

Noa!

Vi grabs Faith's arm, but Kincaid's free to move and he dashes up the stairs as fast as his legs can carry him.

Faith shirks off Vi's grip and follows Kincaid up.

An exasperated Vi throws her hands up before following them up the stairs.

Jerry's sitting at a table by himself, sipping on an amber liquid from a snifter. A slim figure walks up to his table. It's Paisley!

PAISLEY

You Heal?

JERRY

Depends on the ailment.

(frowns)

I asked my contact for the head of the Giantelli family.

Paisley takes a seat, removing her purse from her shoulder.

PAISLEY

And you got her. Daddy retired two years ago. Left it all to me.

JERRY

I see. Can I get you a drink, or aren't you old enough for that yet?

PAISLEY

Can you cut to the chase?

JERRY

Noa DeRubria.

PAISLEY

Owes my family a quarter of a million dollars. What about her?

Jerry's face falls for a split second, but he quickly recovers.

JERRY

A quarter mil? Somehow I doubt -

PAISLEY

Look, Daddy was partial to Barbara back in the day. She kept him happy physically and he kept her happy financially, but they were always loans.

JERRY

Still, two hundred fifty grand is lot of money.

PAISLEY

Daddy paid for her house and most of the cars she had.

JERRY

Why would he do that?

Paisley signals to a server, who walks over to take her drink order.

PAISLEY

(to the server)

Dirty Stoli martini. Extra olives.

JERRY

(to the server)

Put it on my tab.

The server nods and walks away.

PAISLEY

(sighs)

Look, I don't like talking about this, but Daddy knocked Barb up back in the day. I guess he felt obligated to take care of his son.

JERRY

Noa... never told me she had a brother.

PAISLEY

Died a few years ago. Barbara guilt tripped Daddy into paying for all the arrangements and then some.

(CONTINUED)

Jerry looks down at his glass, taking this all in.

PAISLEY (cont'd)

And the only reason I'm wasting my time telling you all this is because the people that got us in touch are very good clients.

JERRY

And I appreciate that. I believe we can come to some sort of arrangement that benefits everyone.

PAISLEY

(scoffs)

Like what? Eighty cents on the dollar? How deep do your pockets go, Mr. Heal?

Before he can answer that, Paisley's phone rings. She fishes it out of her purse and answers the call just as her drink arrives.

PAISLEY (cont'd)

Yes?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PAISLEY'S HOME - ATTIC - NEXT

Scruffy Goon is on the other end of the call, peering over the top of the staircase.

Faith, Kincaid, and Vi are laying waste to all the goons. Scruffy Goon is smartly keeping out of sight.

SCRUFFY GOON

Boss, there's some people here.

PAISLEY

People? What people?

SCRUFFY GOON

I think they're friends of the girl's. They're fighting our guys.

A stern faced Paisley ends the call.

END INTERCUT

Staying in the bar, Paisley downs her entire drink at once before giving Jerry a deadly look.

(CONTINUED)

PAISLEY

(icily)

You've made a big mistake here, Mr.
Heal.

JERRY

What? What are you talking about?

PAISLEY

Diverting me here and siccing your
troops on us. Not a wise move.

Jerry looks positively dumbstruck. Paisley stands and slings
her purse back up on her shoulder.

PAISLEY (cont'd)

(bitter)

Thanks for the drink.

She leaves in a huff, not letting Jerry get a word. He groans
and rubs his forehead.

JERRY

(realizing; to himself)

Faith.

As he rises, tossing some bills onto the counter and hurrying
out, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 INT. PAISLEY'S HOME - ATTIC - DAY

28

Faith rolls forward, under a goon's kick, to her feet and delivers an UPPERCUT to another goon right front of her. She spins and delivers a back roundhouse kick to the goon she just ducked.

Kincaid has one goon by the collar, brutally punching him in the face and yanking him back in after each blow.

He finally lets his bludgeoned foe crumble to the ground at Noa's feet.

Kincaid quickly moves behind her and unties her. He spins her around to face him.

KINCAID
(looking her over)
Are you alright?

He notices the bruise on her forehead.

KINCAID (cont'd)
They did this to you?

NOA
My head? No. I mean yes, but that
was from earlier today.

ON Vi, trapped between two goons, but not looking like a cornered victim. She's skillfully, almost effortlessly blocking their attacks with her arms and legs.

She catches a kick under her arm and yanks that goon into a punch of the other one. He goes down and Vi flings his foot into the groin of the other, who doubles over.

Vi back somersaults, kicking the goon with both feet as she flips. She lands at the head of the downed goon and drops a snappy punch right on the bridge of his nose, knocking him out.

ON Faith, squaring off against three goons. She ducks under a punch and spins into the goon throwing it, snapping her elbow up into his armpit and dislocating his shoulder! She arm tosses him to the ground.

Both of the other goons go for their guns, but Faith grabs both weapons.

FAITH
(taunting)
Nuh uh, we don't use guns here.

(CONTINUED)

Still keeping the guns in their holster, she squeezes both triggers, shooting both goons in the foot!

They yelp and hop around in pain before Faith decks them both with one punch.

BACK TO Kincaid and Noa, now off in a corner. Kincaid has his arms around Noa from behind, both of them watching the bodies fly around. A SNAP is heard out of frame followed by a YELL.

They both wince at whatever just happens.

ON the staircase where Scruffy Goon is watching. His eyes go wide a split second before Tyson Goon crashes into him, knocking the both down the stairs.

NOA
(to Kincaid)
Go help them.

KINCAID
(smirking)
Who? The thugs? Because I don't
think Faith or Vi need any help.

NOA
Yeah, but I know you want to. So
go.

Kincaid leans down to look Noa in the eyes.

NOA (cont'd)
I'm fine, really.
(nods her head towards the
fight)
Go.

Kincaid leaps back into the fray.

NOA (cont'd)
(dejected)
Just fine.

The faint sound of her phone RINGING grabs her attention. She wheels around the perimeter of the room, stopping to let the flying body of a goon pass by her, to retrieve it.

Her face tightens up in confusion when she checks the number before answering it and rolling into an adjoining room.

ON the staircase. Scruffy Goon and Tyson Goon come back up the stairs, only to be smacked with the body of another goon!

They tumble back down the stairs.

Vi runs into frame and leaps down the stairs as well. Out of frame, all three goons are yelling of pain and the sounds of several strikes landing are heard.

One goon flies back up the stairs and lands hard on the floor of the attic. The fighting sounds stop and Vi comes back up the stairs.

A wide angle shot shows the damage they've done. Goon bodies everyone with our three standing tall.

FAITH
Ya know, after fighting demons and
vamps all these years, humans are
kinda... dull.

Vi, who has her arms crossed and is looking nonplussed, can't help a smile. Kincaid is grabbing any rope he can find to tie the goons up.

Faith's phone rings and she fishes it out of her back pocket.

FAITH (cont'd)
(re: phone)
Ever wonder how these things don't
get broken in fights?

VI
Better plastics.

FAITH
(into phone)
'Sup?

JERRY
(filtered through phone)
Faith!

Faith yanks the phone away from her ear. After a beat, she pulls it back in.

FAITH
Yeowch! Geez, what's your problem?

JERRY
My problem is you just made this
whole situation worse.

Faith scoffs at that and looks around the room. Kincaid has a few of the goons restrained now. Vi is helping him.

FAITH
Oh really? 'Cause from where I'm
standing, we just served up twelve
meatheads, and Noa's still in one
piece.

(CONTINUED)

The mention of her name gets Kincaid to notice she's nowhere in sight.

KINCAID
(looking around)
Noa?
(beat; louder)
Noa?!?

Noa rolls out of the room she was in, ending her call.

BACK ON Faith and Jerry's conversation.

JERRY
I had things well in hand and I was
close to a nice, peaceful solution
to the whole thing when you -

FAITH
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold on. Noa's my
best friend and they were -

She stops and looks around, then cups her hand to the mouthpiece on her phone.

FAITH (cont'd)
(harsh whisper)
They were talking about running a
train on her. I wasn't gonna stand
for that.

She yanks the phone away again when Jerry yells:

JERRY
That's not the point!
(normal voice)
You were reckless and could've
gotten Noa hurt. Not to mention
that Paisley's pissed.

FAITH
Well, bring her on.

JERRY
You're ignoring the fact that
despite things seeming okay now,
Noa's still in debt to this woman!

FAITH
Ya know what? I'm not gonna argue
with going after my friend and
saving her life right now, so I'll
see you at the Asylum.

She hangs up and walks over to Noa, placing her hand on her shoulder. Kincaid is standing behind Noa's chair.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

You okay?

Noa looks down at her phone and to the surprise of everyone, she SMILES.

NOA

Yeah, I'm great. Better than great.
It's over.

Everyone else swap confused looks.

NOA (cont'd)

I don't believe it, but one of my
people came through.

FAITH

(incredulous)

Came through? With a quarter
million bucks?

Vi and Kincaid's jaws drops. First time they've heard that
number.

VI

What?

NOA

Yeah, I can't believe it either,
but... it's over. I can pay Paisley
off and put this whole mess behind
me for good.

A beat.

FAITH

(slapping her thighs)

Well, I think that calls for a
beer. Let's go home.

Everyone nods. Kincaid leans down to Noa and scoops her out
of the chair and into his arms. Noa giggles and wraps her
arms around his neck.

NOA

(giddy)

Uh, think I might skip the beer,
guys.

She and Kincaid share a smile as he carries her out of frame.

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

Can one of you get my chair for me?

Faith shakes her head, grinning, and collapses the chair.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(picking the chair up)
Alls well that ends well... or
something.

VI
(rolls her eyes)
Yeah, whatever.

Faith notices the tone in Vi's voice and sets the chair back down.

FAITH
Okay, what's eating you?

VI
(matter of fact)
You. Again.

Faith sighs and crosses her arms.

FAITH
Okay, can we get your ass chewing
out of the way now because I've got
another one from my old man waiting
for me back at the Asylum.

VI
Let's say, hypothetically speaking,
that Noa didn't come up with the
money. What would all this...
(motions to all the goons)
... have accomplished?

FAITH
Sent that bitch a message not to
mess with our people.

VI
Okay, so now she's just more pissed
off and next time she doesn't
bother with the threats. She just
shoots Noa between the eyes.

Faith noticeably tenses up.

FAITH
(seething)
I wouldn't let that happen.

VI
You can't protect Noa twenty four
seven. Or any of us for that
matter.

FAITH
I can damn sure try.

VI
Really?

FAITH
Yeah.

VI
(angry)
Then why is Noa in the wheelchair
now?

That hits Faith like the familiar sting of a knife to the stomach. She recoils immediately.

VI (cont'd)
And why do I still, to this day,
have nightmares of a monster
wearing your face torturing me?

FAITH
What? You're blaming me for all
those things now?

VI
(shakes her head)
No, but every time you go all half
cocked, I don't see you. I see her.
(beat)
And that's part of why I had to go
home in the first place. You need
to get over this "beat 'em up and
let the cards fall where they may"
mentality. One of these days,
things aren't just gonna work
themselves out when you're done
throwing punches.

Vi sighs and picks Noa's wheelchair up.

VI (cont'd)
When you really think about it,
they already haven't.

Vi starts down the stairs. Faith notices one of the goons stirring. She kicks him in the face, knocking him back out, and starts down the stairs.

The orange rays coming in the window let us know the sun's setting. Rachel is sipping from a cup of coffee with her phone cupped to her ear.

RACHEL
(into phone)
Hey! You're still picking me up
from work, right?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NEXT

Scott has a Bluetooth headset on. His face is hard and cold.

SCOTT
I'm sorry, I need to take a rain
check. Had a bad day.

RACHEL
Wanna talk about it?

SCOTT
I... well... my partner was found
dead last night.

RACHEL
(horrificed)
Oh my God. Scott, I'm so sorry. Is
there anything I can do?

SCOTT
No. I just think I need to be alone
tonight.

RACHEL
To sulk? Nuh uh. Look, just let me
buy you dinner at least.

SCOTT
I'm not hungry.

RACHEL
Of course you're not, but you need
to eat and I know you're not going
to if you go home and sulk.

SCOTT
(sighs)
Alright. Give me an hour?

RACHEL
(solemn)
Okay.

They both hang up. Scott rubs his weary eyes and takes the
headset from his ear.

31

INT. NOA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

31

Everything's been cleaned up now. There's a KNOCK at the door and Noa emerges from the bedroom, once again wrapped up in a bathrobe.

Behind her, the sounds of the shower can be heard.

She wheels to the door and opens up to reveal Paisley and two (new) goons.

NOA

Hey. Come on in. Want something to drink?

Paisley seems a little taken aback, but she enters the apartment.

PAISLEY

I see the door's working again.

NOA

Maintenance guys do good work.
Anyway...

She points the nightstand her vase used to sit on before Paisley broke it. There's a large black BRIEFCASE on it now.

Paisley opens up it up and her eyes light up at the stacks of MONEY inside.

Paisley looks back to Noa, then at the money again. She grins and shuts the briefcase. One of the goons picks it up and heads for the door.

PAISLEY

I guess that's it, then.

NOA

Guess so.

A beat.

PAISLEY

I'll, uh, let myself out.

Paisley quickly leaves, gently shutting the door behind herself.

Noa sighs and her phone rings. She frowns and answers it.

NOA

(cold)
Yes?

INTERCUT WITH:

32 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT

32

Wilkins stands up from his seat, his phone pressed to his ear.

MAYOR

Miss DeRubria. I trust my donation found its way to you.

NOA

Yeah, it did.

MAYOR

Did it alleviate your little problem?

NOA

(dejected)

Yeah.

MAYOR

Excellent. Glad to be service. No need to thank me, really. I'll be touch should I need any favors in return.

Noa is silent. He's got her and she knows it.

MAYOR (cont'd)

Enjoy the rest of your evening.

Wilkins ends the call and chuckles to himself.

END INTERCUT

Still with Noa, who tosses her phone on the couch and bows her head.

KINCAID (O.S.)

(from the bedroom)

Noa?

Noa picks herself up (so to speak) and puts on a smile.

NOA

Coming!

She wheels herself towards her bedroom.

33 INT. ASYLUM - HALLWAY - NIGHT

33

Rachel is standing by a water fountain in the middle of a hallway.

Scott emerges from the men's room on the other side of the fountain, still looking rather depressed.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Ready?

Scott nods and sighs. Rachel links her arm in his and they start walking down the hall.

RACHEL (cont'd)

It'll be okay, eventually.

SCOTT

(bitter)

It'll get okay when I catch whoever did this to her.

Rachel's turn to sigh now. This isn't going to be easy.

They pass by Faith who was coming out of an adjacent hall.

RACHEL

Night, Faith.

FAITH

(looking up)

Night.

Faith freezes and double takes when she notices Scott.

Rachel turns around, just missing that reaction.

RACHEL

Geez, I'm sorry I'm being rude. You haven't met Scott yet, have you?

Scott manages a smile and extends his hand.

SCOTT

Scott Jacobs. Pleasure.

Faith hesitates a moment before shaking it. It's not the firmest handshake in the world. Clearly neither of them want to be doing it.

FAITH

Faith. Likewise.

Scott nods and he and Rachel head off. Faith watches them leave.

PUSH IN on her face.

FAITH (cont'd)

(to herself)

Gabriel?

Hold on her bewildered expression for a beat before a CUT TO:

34 INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S LAB - NEXT

34

The lab is almost pitch black, barely allowing the outline of a shadowy figure sitting on a stool to be visible.

There's a knock at the door and the figure's head looks up towards it. The moonlight streaking in through the window reveals PRYOR.

And he's in full VAMP FACE!

He looks edgy and nervous as hell. A far cry from the usual vampires we're used to seeing. If he needed to breathe, he's probably be panting right now.

RUTH (O.S.)

Pryor?

(beat)

I called your place and you weren't there. No-one's seen you all day.

(beat)

Pryor?

Another beat before Ruth's footsteps are heard walking away from the lab.

Pryor rocks back and forth, clench his hands together over the back of his head, his arms shielding his face from view again.

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW