

FAITH

"Office Romance"

by
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT 1

Rainswept as a STORM crashes and bangs overhead. The Asylum stands before us like something out of a pulp novel.

PULL BACK as Jerry's JEEP slows to a stop by the sidewalk, disgorging first FAITH and VI.

They shut the doors and stand before the Asylum, looking up as LIGHTNING flashes overhead.

FAITH
Hell of a night.

VI
Yeah...

A long beat. Faith glances towards the back of the Jeep - where a BODY lies, covered in sheets.

FAITH
We should, uh... we should get her inside.

VI
Right.

They head for the back doors, opening them as we CUT TO:

2 INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NEXT 2

Faith and Vi carry the body in between them as NOA waits by one of the unused beds.

She's silent, trembling slightly as the Slayers lay the body down.

NOA
Did she - I mean... was it quick?

VI
I... maybe. I guess.

FAITH
She bled out in seconds. She wouldn't have had time to feel much.

Noa's head sinks into her hands.

NOA
I can't believe this...

(CONTINUED)

Faith reaches for the sheets - and reverently draws them back to reveal RUTH.

FAITH
Believe it.

She stares down at Ruth's pale, peaceful body.

FAITH (cont'd)
Pryor's turned. And even though we... it doesn't matter what we used to think about him. He's not Pryor any more.

VI
So, what, he's just another one of the enemy now? Is that it?

FAITH
Evidence speaks for itself, Vi.

VI
It can't be that simple... it just can't!

DAWN (O.S.)
Hey, guys, what's with all the...

The girls turn - DAWN has popped into the room. Her jaw hangs as she stares at Ruth's body.

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

NOA
Dawn, you'd better -

DAWN
What happened? Who did this to her?
(hands go to mouth)
Was it Pryor? Has he gone evil?
Like, properly evil now?

VI
We don't know -

FAITH
(snaps)
We do know!

Faith turns to face them all.

FAITH (cont'd)
He killed one of us. He had a chance to surrender, and he didn't take it.

(CONTINUED)

VI

We didn't exactly give him a choice.

FAITH

He tore her throat out and jumped off a building to get away from us. I'd say he made his choice.

VI

(grimaces)

Can you stop being your usual self for, like, a minute here? I'm trying to say that maybe Ruth did have all this under control before we barged out there and attacked!

NOA

Wait - Ruth was talking to him? Before you guys got there?

FAITH

That's not - we didn't -

NOA

So... so you not only let her go up against him alone, but then both steamed in half-cocked and probably got her killed?

A look of awful realisation flashes between Faith and Vi.

FAITH

There's... there's no way we coulda known. We had to assume he was a threat!

NOA

Like Ruth did?

She turns her chair round and exits, leaving a frost on the air behind her.

Faith sits on one of the other beds, running a hand through her hair.

VI

What if she's right?

FAITH

Don't say that.

VI

No, seriously - what if we got Ruth killed? Maybe she was about to talk him down and we screwed that up?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

We can't let ourselves think that.

VI

Because I might be right?

FAITH

Because you might be wrong. What if Pryor was just about to bite her, whether we showed up or not?

DAWN

(nods)

Could've been playing you both.

FAITH

Pryor's smart. He knows how we think. How we react. Even if he hadn't gone all the way vamp when we found him, he'd still know enough to set us up. To make us think we messed up, so we'd sit around blaming ourselves instead of getting back out there to find him again.

A beat. Vi isn't sure what to say - but Dawn suddenly perks up, glancing over her shoulder.

DAWN

Someone's coming.

VI

No-one else is here, Dawn.

DAWN

No, I mean outside. Someone...

She frowns - then BLINKS out of sight! With a sigh, Vi nods to Faith, who rises from the bed.

Faith and Vi enter the reception to find Dawn already waiting, looking out into the stormy night.

FAITH

Well? Who is it?

DAWN

Not sure. They stink of magic, though. Like old eggs and soup.

VI

(blinks)

That's what magic smells like?

DAWN
(shrugs)
Depends.

She squints, trying to make something out - and a MAN falls hard against the glass doors!

The girls jump, startled, and get a better look as LIGHTNING illuminates the new arrival:

He's a scrawny, wild-haired man who looks like he's been a POW for the last twenty years.

The girls hurry forward as the weak man slides down the doors, ending in a heap on the sidewalk.

FAITH
Get him inside!

Vi hits a button to open the sliding doors, the girls hauling the man inside before they close again.

FAITH (cont'd)
(to Vi)
Get me some blankets, water and a first aid kit.

Vi nods and hurries off, as Faith helps the weary man up.

FAITH (cont'd)
Are you okay? What happened?

MAN
(croaks)
I... I escaped...

He SMILES, trying to laugh before he slips into unconsciousness, going limp in Faith's arms.

She looks back to Dawn, who shakes her head - as confused as Faith is - before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S LAB - NIGHT

4

Faith appears at the doorway to find Noa inside, tidying up some of the mess as best she can.

Faith gently KNOCKS on the door, but Noa doesn't stop or turn round.

FAITH
Need any help?

NOA
No.

A beat. Noa continues to struggle - she can't reach far from the chair.

FAITH
Noa, come on -

NOA
I said 'no,' Faith. Just leave me alone.

Faith folds her arms, leaning against the door frame.

FAITH
And this helps us how, exactly?

NOA
It helps me.

FAITH
Noa, all you're doing here is..
Actually, I don't know what the hell it is you're doing.

Noa finally turns, a scolding look in her eyes.

NOA
I'm trying to restore a little order to the chaos around here. I mean... look at this place.

She indicates the wrecked lab, smashed window and so on.

NOA (cont'd)
Pryor locked himself away in here, turning into something monstrous day by day, and what did we do?

She angrily TOSSES a heap of burned papers into the bin.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

We let him do it. We carried on being wrapped up in our own lives, and our own problems, and we didn't even bother to find out what was becoming a new problem right under our damn noses.

She stops at last, letting out a heavy SIGH.

NOA (cont'd)

Some 'team' we turned out to be.

Faith heads over to her, crouching before her. Noa keeps her head down, fighting back fresh tears.

FAITH

Pryor didn't ask for help. That's what you do when you're in a team, Noa. You help each other out.

NOA

He shouldn't have to ask!
(beat; corrects)
Shouldn't have had to ask.

She SNIFFS loudly, wiping her eyes. Faith rises, casting her eyes over the accumulated junk of the lab.

FAITH

Look, we don't need to do this now. There's a ton of stuff in here, half of it I don't even have the name for yet.

NOA

I know, I know, I just... I had to do something.

FAITH

We got a sick escaped prisoner resting up in the infirmary. Once he comes to and tells us where he escaped from, maybe we can go find the rest of 'em. That'll be something to do.

Noa manages a half smile, looking up.

NOA

Stop trying to cheer me up.

FAITH

(grins)
Stop letting me.

(CONTINUED)

Faith heads for the door.

FAITH (cont'd)
C'mon. I'll let you lead the first
round of questions.

With a last look round the ruined lab, Noa turns and follows Faith out, as we CUT TO:

Faith and Noa enter to find Vi at the bedside of the man, cleaned up and sleeping fitfully.

Vi rises and heads over to join them. The man fits and turns, his sleep far from peaceful.

FAITH
He say anything?

VI
Nothing yet. Lots of mumbling.
Something about a prison, maybe
a... dark... thing that was eating
the prisoners. It's all still kinda
vague at the moment.

NOA
Should we get Dawn up here? Maybe
she can help? I mean, she picked
him up half a mile away, after all.

FAITH
I've got Dawn downstairs at the
Gateway, looking for Pryor.

NOA
(blinks)
Oh. Were you... gonna tell the rest
of us about that?

FAITH
If she found something, yeah.

Faith ignores their exasperated looks and heads over to the man's bedside. She pulls up a chair, studying him.

His body is marked with scars and wounds, but also TATTOOS, symbols and markings she doesn't recognise.

She sees one that looks familiar, and moves a hand to brush his long, matted hair aside for a better look:

And the man GRABS her wrist!

Faith reacts, leaping to her feet - but manages not to attack as the man carefully releases her.

MAN

Sorry. Can't be too careful.

He swallows weakly, and Faith brings over a glass of water. He sips delicately.

MAN (cont'd)

Am I here? Is this the sanctuary?

FAITH

Depends who you ask. You're at the Constantine Asylum.

(beat)

And I just realised, I never said the name out loud before... huh.

MAN

(nods)

I am here. Here is where I need to be. She will not find me here.

FAITH

Who won't find you? And what's your name? We're putting you up here and we don't even know who to bill yet.

He looks across - she smirks. Joking. He relaxes a little.

MAN

My name is Ennis. I'm a warlock from the East Side. My grandparents came to America from Holland. From Amsterdam to New Amsterdam.

FAITH

Sounds like you didn't move around much, then.

ENNIS grins and nods. Faith nods Noa and Vi over.

FAITH (cont'd)

This is Vi, that's Noa. We pretty much run this place.

ENNIS

Ladies. I thank you for saving me.

VI

Don't thank us yet - we don't know what we saved you from.

ENNIS

A prison. Unlike any other.

(CONTINUED)

He sits up, with difficulty, Faith placing pillows behind his back to support him.

ENNIS (cont'd)

Thank you.

(beat; sips water)

I was captured by agents of the
Unascended, who -

NOA

Wait, the who?

FAITH

(twigs)

The Mayor.

(off looks)

Long story. Sunnydale thing.

ENNIS

They locked me in a jail with many
of my fellow mages, male and
female, young and old. Some of us
were forced to perform rituals and
spells that the boundaries of our
ethics would not allow, while
others...

(shudders)

Others were fed to her. The Dark
One. She Without Form. She would
pace up and down our cells like she
was selecting a puppy from a pet
store, and those of us she chose...

He turns away, recalling memories too gruesome to ever be
spoken again.

FAITH

Wait a second... are you talking
about Ambrosia?

(Ennis looks round)

Five one, perfect teeth, looks like
she just stepped out of a Disney
flick?

Ennis holds her gaze, then drops his head and nods. The girls
step back, processing this information.

VI

Didn't we interrupt one of her
feeding sessions already?

FAITH

(nods)

At that Domovian place, yeah.

(to Ennis)

How often does she come by to feed?

(CONTINUED)

ENNIS

Once a week. At first. Lately it has been more often.

FAITH

Something's making her use up her juice quicker.

NOA

So if we bust out the rest of the prisoners before her next visit...

VI

... then we put her out of action!

FAITH

Ennis, can you tell us where this prison is? We'll need to know how to get in, how many guards there are, anything like that.

ENNIS

I will do what I can.

NOA

How did you escape?
(off looks)
What? Someone had to ask.

ENNIS

In truth... I'm not sure. There was a... disturbance caused last time the Dark One fed. I believe my cell was unlocked due to the energy she was displacing. Her feedings have become increasingly... violent.

FAITH

Then we'd better get moving.

She heads for the door. The others don't follow.

FAITH (cont'd)

What?

VI

Hadn't we better keep looking for Pryor? I mean, he could be anywhere right now, and we don't -

FAITH

We can sit here and wait for Pryor to show up, or get out there and kick one of our other problems right where it hurts. I know what I'm doing.

(CONTINUED)

She exits. Vi glances at Noa - and then follows. Noa looks back to Ennis, offers a comforting smile, then to the window as LIGHTNING flashes again:

MATCH CUT TO:

The Mayor's plush downtown office, where the same bolt of lightning finishes flaring.

PAN ACROSS the broad desk, taking in the framed photographs and mounted artefacts, to find PRYOR.

He's crammed into the chair as though trying to hide in it, chewing anxiously on his nails.

The door opens and Pryor jumps a mile - but it's just MAYOR WILKINS. He grins as he heads for his desk.

WILKINS

Looking a little jumpy there,
fella.

PRYOR

Can you blame me?

WILKINS

I've got something that'll calm
your nerves. If you're interested,
that is.

He opens up a cabinet, revealing a FREEZER, and takes out a glass of fresh BLOOD from within.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Always keep a few drops of the
stuff on ice. You never know who
might pop round for a visit.

He places the glass down before Pryor, who stares at it like he still doesn't know what to do with it.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Well?

Pryor shoots him a look - then SWATS the glass away.

WILKINS (cont'd)

(frowns)

I hope that gesture wasn't meant to
impress me, sport. I'm more alarmed
by the mess you just made on my
Axminster than your attempt to
appear aloof.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Beware Greeks bearing gifts, they say.

WILKINS

Yes, but I'm not from Greece.

(beat)

Shall we get down to business, or would you rather spill a little more food first? I can have Gretchen bring you some burritos if you really want to hurt my feelings.

PRYOR

What exactly is it you want from me?

WILKINS

Who says I 'want' anything?

PRYOR

Come on. You wouldn't shelter me from Faith and the others without a damn good reason, and you wouldn't be keeping me alive if you didn't have a use for me. So come on. Out with it.

WILKINS

(grins)

A man with presence. I like that.

Wilkins lazily opens up a folder, flicking through it.

WILKINS (cont'd)

A man of your talents deserves to be given all the resources he needs to carry out his work, whatever direction that 'work' may lead him.

He turns the folder round to face Pryor. Pryor hesitates, then edges closer to take a look.

WILKINS (cont'd)

What I'm putting - literally - on the table here is a state of the art laboratory and research facility, right here in New York City. The finest equipment money can buy, and even a few things it can't.

PRYOR

Why?

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS

Why? Why do you think? I want you to work for me. Back at your old little lab, you were always finding new ways to take on vampires and demons, kill 'em deader than dead in half the time it takes to boil up a kettle.

PRYOR

(scoffs)

I'm expected to believe you want me to go on finding new and improved ways to kill your people?

WILKINS

Creatures of war are governed only be fear and respect, Pryor. With your help, I can ensure I have a healthy supply of both.

Pryor looks up, then back at the folder - and finally sits, taking it for a closer look.

WILKINS (cont'd)

(leans back)

I can supply you with any and all raw materials you may need. Chemicals, mystical ingredients... even live test subjects.

Pryor glances up - but keeps on reading.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Of course, there'll be other projects I'll need you to pursue from time to time, but I'll make sure you get plenty of free time to follow your ultimate goal.

PRYOR

Which is? Seeing as you seem to know me so well, I mean.

WILKINS

Simple.

(beat)

You want to know what you are.

Pryor pauses, looking away but still listening.

WILKINS (cont'd)

You want to understand what you've become, test your limits, catalogue every detail of your existence...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

6

CONTINUED: (3)

6

WILKINS (cont'd)
and maybe find a way to turn
yourself back.

Pryor looks sharply across at him.

PRYOR
And you'd let me do that?

WILKINS
Quid pro quo, Pryor. You help me,
I'll help you.
(beat)
Do we have a deal, or would you
like to see the facility itself?

Pryor muses for a beat, then puts the folder back down.

PRYOR
Show me. Everything.

WILKINS
(smiles)
Right away.

Wilkins allows himself a smug moment as we CUT TO:

7

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

7

An old, abandoned building with boarded up windows and
missing doors, this is clearly a very rough part of the city.

A TRAMP sits in a doorway opposite, mumbling indistinctly to
himself. He looks up, squinting, as Faith and Vi approach.

Vi's got a bulky sports bag over one shoulder, Faith's talking
on her cell phone:

FAITH
(into phone)
So there's no news?

INTERCUT WITH:

8

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

8

RACHEL sits in the stuffy reception area of New York's main
hospital, the late night dregs and pity cases filling up a
third of the seats around her.

RACHEL
(into phone)
They're just running a few more
tests. They reckon he's okay - no
internal damage.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(relieved)
Good. Thanks for staying there with
him, Rache.

RACHEL
Hey, no big. As long as you don't
mind signing off on that raise I
asked Pryor about.

FAITH
(beat)
Yeah, we'll... talk about that when
you get back.

RACHEL
Okay. I'll call you if Jerry gets
out or if there's any more news.

END INTERCUT:

FAITH
Thanks.

She snaps the phone shut, joining Vi as they look the
building up and down.

FAITH (cont'd)
What do we think?

VI
I'm thinking there should be two
more of us and at least another bag
of weapons.

FAITH
Let's just get inside. Ennis said
Ambrosia could show back up at any
time. We want this place empty when
she does.

Faith heads for a FIRE DOOR, rattling it a few times before a
quick SHOVE of Slayer strength pops it open.

The tramp opposite eyes the girls warily as they head into
the building, before we CUT TO:

The interior of the building appears to have been a warehouse
at some point, but all that's left is empty steel cans and
decades' worth of debris.

The girls quickly make their way through the gloom until they
reach a huge HOLE torn out of the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Faith takes out a FLASHLIGHT and shines it down the hole - there's a rickety old staircase winding down.

She goes first, carefully lowering herself onto it and letting Vi pass the bag down to her, before Vi follows.

INT. BUILDING - PRISON - NEXT

Faith and Vi edge along a dim corridor, FOOTPRINTS on the dusty stone floor beneath them.

They come to a corner and stop, hearing voices up ahead:

And peer round to see the PRISON laid out before them. Dozens of CELLS, stacked in rows on top of each other.

Each cell holds a bedraggled man or woman, emaciated much like Ennis was, LADDERS and GANGWAYS connecting them all.

Several DEMONS are patrolling - squat, pig-like beasts with stubby legs and sharp halberds, GRUNTING at any prisoners who plead for help.

Standing with her back to the girls is KATHRYN, the oddly elegantly dressed brunette who seems to be in charge.

VI
(whispers)
Plan?

FAITH
(reaches back)
Two flash bangs, give us a couple seconds to close in. I take down the chick, you get started on the guards. You find keys, you get them to the prisoners and let them start freeing themselves while we take out the rest of those demons.

VI
That's... actually pretty good.

She drops to FLASH GRENADES into Faith's waiting hand.

VI (cont'd)
And if Ambrosia shows up?

Faith shoots her a look - then pops the catches on the two grenades and TOSSES them towards the cells!

A beat - and then there's a loud BANG and a brilliant FLARE of light that sends Kathryn and the demons reeling.

FAITH
Now!

10 CONTINUED:

10

The girls burst from cover, racing for their targets:

11 EXT. BUILDING - NEXT

11

As outside, the tramp looks up from his paper bagged whiskey bottle as a shadow falls across him.

He looks up - and sees two RED EYED blaze fiercely in the face of whoever's over him!

TRAMP

(panicked)

No... no! Get away! Get away!

He scrambles to his feet and runs for the hills, CRASHING over everything in his path.

The figure steps back and turns, moonlight falling across their features:

And it's DARK AMBROSIA. She glances left and right, then heads for the building, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

12

INT. BUILDING - PRISON - NIGHT

12

Straight into the fight as the blazing light from the flash grenade dies down:

Faith SLIDES across the floor to sweep Kathryn's legs from under her, the tall woman hitting the deck with a CRUNCH.

Vi is straight into the nearest pack of demons, SWORD flying as she hacks the stunned guards down.

Spotting the KEYS on one's belt, she swipes them and races for the nearest ladder.

Faith hauls Kathryn up and lands a few PUNCHES, bloodying her opponent.

KATHRYN

(reeling)

What... who...

FAITH

We're the prison break committee,
bitch.

POW! Faith clocks her again and lets her slump as she spots a few more DEMONS stumbling towards her.

They can barely see where they're going, and Faith GRINS as she reaches for her belt, flicking out a NIGHTSTICK.

ON VI as she hurries along one rickety level - the cells are covered with scaffolding to allow the guards to reach them.

Desperate, grabbing hands flail from each cell she passes, the prisoners inside pleading for help.

Vi gets snagged on a couple, slowing her down - and that gives two groups of demons time to cut her off, appearing at both ends of the level.

She grits her teeth and CHARGES the nearest pack, landing an ELBOW into one's face and HURLING them to the floor.

DUCKING under a clumsy axe swing, she SLICES from belly to chin and drops the next demon.

The third, armed with a long halberd, THRUSTS his weapon at her, forcing Vi to jink left and right.

She GRABS the shaft of the weapon as it passes her and PULLS - bringing the demon into sword range.

SPLUTCH! She buries the sword in his chest and SHOVES him off the scaffolding.

(CONTINUED)

Grabbing his halberd as he falls, she yanks it from his grip and turns to face the second group of demons, closing in.

ON FAITH as she tackles her own foes, weaving in and out of their attacks as she KICKS one in the gut.

He doubles over, she drives a KNEE into his face then a ROUNDHOUSE to knock him flat.

She faces down the next batch, who are hanging back with weapons raised, recovered now from the grenade's effects.

FAITH (cont'd)
Come on, boys, don't say you're
getting shy now we're -

ZAP! A bolt of energy SLAMS into Faith's back, sending her skidding across the floor.

She pushes herself up with a groan, twisting to see KATHRYN striding towards her, one raised hand CRACKLING with power.

KATHRYN
You insolent child! Do you have any
idea who you just pissed off?

Faith grits her teeth and rises, just as Kathryn swings her arm back and FLINGS another burst of power her way!

Faith DIVES to avoid it, the bolt striking two incoming demons and INCINERATING them!

FAITH
I dunno - some chick with really
bad aim?

Kathryn SNARLS and launches herself at Faith, raising her hands as energy snaps round them - making CLAWS!

Faith gets her nightstick up to block, Kathryn laying into her with a flurry of strikes, chops and blows.

KATHRYN
(between attacks)
You'd better hope that she doesn't
show up while you're here... she'll
consume your soul as easily as if
it was a damn cookie!

WHAP! Faith gets a hit in, clocking Kathryn on the chin.

FAITH
(shakes head)
Bad metaphor, lady.

Faith follows up, GRAPPLING her:

ON VI as she holds off the guard demons, using the halberd to keep them at a distance.

She looks for her opening, dodging round their attacks as the prisoners cheer her on:

And then with a YELL she surges forward, halberd aimed right at the demons!

It GUTS the first, but Vi keeps rushing, the blade PIERCING the next and going on to IMPALE the third!

The three demons are skewered on the blade, and with a GRUNT of effort Vi manages to HEAVE it aside, pitching them off!

A clamorous CHEER erupts as the demons hit the deck, and Vi gets chance at last to start unlocking cages.

She flicks the locks open, moving onto each next cell in turn, as the weary prisoners push the cell gates aside.

VI

(to prisoners)

Go! Get outside, we'll be right behind you!

They don't need telling twice - they head for the ladders and start clambering down.

Vi looks up to find one prisoner, a redheaded girl, has broken off and is heading for her.

VI (cont'd)

What are you doing? Get out of here!

REDHEAD

Give me some keys, I'll help!

Vi quickly wrenches half the keys off her own ring and tosses them to the girl, who runs for the ladder to the next level.

ON FAITH as she battles with Kathryn, the brunette CRACKLING with power even as Faith keeps her from getting a chance to use any of it.

FAITH

(between pushes)

What I gotta know is... how the hell does someone end up running a place like this?

KATHRYN

Everyone has needs. And those people usually have money. It's just supply and demand.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Huh...

WHACK! Faith gets a knee up and KICKS Kathryn back, and before she can recover Faith STUNS her with the stick.

FAITH (cont'd)

Guess your supply just ran out.

CRUNCH! A final punch knocks her cold.

Faith looks up to see the first wave of prisoners rushing towards her, and then spots Vi and the other girl busy freeing more.

She GRINS, pleased with how well this is going - but then notices the nearest prisoners pulling up sharply, eyes wide with fear at something behind her.

Faith frowns - and then hears somebody slowly CLAPPING. She turns round:

And there's DARK AMBROSIA, her mocking, slow clap ringing out as the huddled inmates fall silent in fear.

DARK AMBROSIA

I never thought you'd actually have the audacity to tackle something like this, Slayer.

Faith's grip tightens on her nightstick as she turns to face Ambrosia, stepping between her and the prisoners.

FAITH

My mom always said I never thought too far ahead.

DARK AMBROSIA

This time, however, well... you've outdone yourself.

She starts pacing casually forward, the prisoners shuffling back with each step.

DARK AMBROSIA (cont'd)

You attempt to take away my one true food supply. You defeat a powerful wicca in single combat, as well as her retinue of guards. But do you know the best thing you've done tonight?

FAITH

Surprise me.

Dark Ambrosia's eyes GLOW RED for a beat.

(CONTINUED)

DARK AMBROSIA

When you beat her, you turned off
her ability to suppress my powers.

And with a hideous ROAR, she shifts into THE DARKLING in one fluid moment!

Faith's eyes bulge at the crackling, expanding black cloud before her as she turns and yells:

FAITH

Everybody, move!

She turns and runs, the prisoners scattering around her as the Darkling SWOOPS down like a bird of prey!

It snags two stragglers, enveloping them in its own inky blackness.

Their muffled SCREAMS for help are soon silenced - and picked clean BONES drop from the Darkling to clatter on the floor.

ON VI as she observes the spectacle, the Darkling zipping left and right, devouring more of the fleeing prisoners.

VI

Oh, crap...

She looks across as Faith clatters up the nearest ladder, the girls regrouping.

VI (cont'd)

What are we gonna do?

FAITH

We need something with power.
Electricity. That's what stuns that
thing, remember?

VI

Yeah, but where? This whole
building's just bricks and glass, I
didn't even see a wall outlet!
There's nothing here that works!

REDHEAD (O.S.)

Oh...

They turn - Vi's helper is grinning, raising one hand.

REDHEAD (cont'd)

... I wouldn't say that.

She clenches her fist - and it CRACKLES with power!

(CONTINUED)

VI

(twigs)

Of course... the prisoners, their
powers'll be back on too!

FAITH

But how are we gonna get 'em to
start fighting back?

The redhead answers by turning to face the Darkling and
HURLING a bolt of crackling blue energy towards it.

It strikes, the Darkling SCREECHING with pain and spiralling
up to the ceiling.

Shocked, grubby faces peer up at the redhead - before they
too realise that they can help fight back.

FAITH (cont'd)

(shouts)

Electricity! That's what hurts it!

And right on cue, a dozen blasts of ELECTRICITY fly from the
massed prisoners, chasing the Darkling up above.

It jinks and weaves around the ceiling, dodging several - but
a handful hit their mark, the smoky black mass CRACKLING.

VI

That's it! That's it!

More and more bolts fly at the Darkling, slower now as it
starts to weaken.

As more hit home, the creature WAILS pitifully, shrinking in
size as it shoots for the exit.

It manages to squeeze through the hole leading upstairs and
vanish, even as more bolts SLAM into the walls.

The Darkling banished, the prisoners CHEER again, hugging one
another in victory.

Beaming, Vi turns to the redhead as Faith breathes a sigh of
relief.

VI (cont'd)

Thank you! You saved all our asses
right there.

The redhead smirks - then quickly leans in and SMOOCHES Vi!

REDHEAD

I'll consider that my payment.

Vi blinks, gobsmacked, as the girl heads for a ladder:

(CONTINUED)

REDHEAD (cont'd)
Oh, and the name's Lori.

LORI winks at Vi before she slides down the ladder, and a grinning Faith pats Vi on the shoulder.

FAITH
Looks like you made a new friend.

VI
(a little dazed)
Yeah...

Faith chuckles, looking back down at the prisoners - several of whom are busy giving the KO'd Kathryn another beating - as we CUT TO:

Overhead strip neon lights FLICKER on to reveal a clean white LABORATORY - 'state of the art' being an understatement.

Brand new, factory fresh lab machines, monitors and equipment lines the desks, shelves, alcoves and floor of the place. Lots of it is still covered in its plastic wrapping.

A large freezer section to the rear has several compartments - hazmat stickers label the last part as more dangerous.

Pryor looks around the facility, clearly impressed by what he sees, as the Mayor leans amiably against the door frame.

WILKINS
Pretty snazzy, huh? I paid a lot of people a lot of money to get all this pulled together.
(beat)
Then I killed them and took my money back, but the point is all this is here for you.

Pryor turns, his gaze flicking from one object to the next.

PRYOR
I... I don't know what to say.

WILKINS
'Thank you, Mister Mayor' would be a start.

PRYOR
No, I mean I seriously don't know what to say. Normally, I'd make some mumbled, humble comment of thanks, or... or something...

He runs his hands over some of the smaller machines - there's not even a layer of dust on them.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Maybe it's the lack of conscience means I'm not struggling to come up with meaningless blather to fill the gaps any more. Hard to say.

The Mayor steps away from the door and heads over.

WILKINS

But that's the point, now, isn't it? With all this, you can find out the answers to those kinds of questions. What is a 'vampire.' Why is it a vampire?

PRYOR

A vampire is a demon living inside a human's body.

WILKINS

According to stuffy old books and scrolls, written by people mostly as crazy as the things they were writing about, perhaps. But what's the scientific answer?

Pryor meets the Mayor's gaze, his face remaining calm.

WILKINS (cont'd)

So what do you say? You've heard my offer, you've seen the evidence... so let's hear it. Work with me and I'll keep you safe from Faith and the others.

PRYOR

And if I find a way to cure myself?

WILKINS

Than I'll release you from your contract. Heck, if you manage to work that doozy out, I'll consider you having gone above and beyond anyhoo.

Wilkins extends a hand. Pryor studies it carefully.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Do we have a deal?

Pryor hesitates for a long beat - and then SHAKES. The Mayor grins broadly.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

WILKINS (cont'd)
Excellent. Now, we -

SMASH! Something SHATTERS in the next room. The men exchange a glance, then hurry back out into:

14 INT. LAB - RECEPTION - NEXT

14

The foyer of the facility is a small, plain reception area - where a shivering Ambrosia lies curled on the floor!

WILKINS
Ambrosia!

He hurries over, avoiding the broken glass from the window she busted in through. Pryor hangs back.

WILKINS (cont'd)
(to Pryor)
Don't just stand there, help me!

PRYOR
If it's alright with you, I'll pass. A stray piece of glass is what got me into this mess.

Wilkins kneels beside Ambrosia, reaching to help sit her up - but his hand PASSES RIGHT THROUGH HER!

WILKINS
Oh, my...

AMBROSIA
(weak)
The Slayer... she took them... she took them away...

WILKINS
Took whom away? What did she do?

AMBROSIA
My food... those witches and warlocks... she freed them...

Ambrosia FLICKERS, parts of her vanishing for a beat like a badly tuned TV.

Wilkins rises, quickly drawing his cell phone. He speed dials a number and holds it to his ear:

WILKINS
(into phone)
Yes, Detective Jacobs, please. Tell him we need to have an urgent meeting.

(CONTINUED)

The Mayor puts his phone away, crouching by Ambrosia again.

AMBROSIA

I... I need... I need to...

WILKINS

I know, sweetie. I know what to do.
You just need to hang on a little
while so I can sort it all out.

Wilkins rises, addressing Pryor as he heads for the exit:

WILKINS (cont'd)

(stern)

Stay with her. Don't let her fade
away, or our deal will be forfeit
and you will find I am not a
forgiving man.

Wilkins exits, leaving a puzzled Pryor with the dishevelled
Dark Ambrosia as we CUT TO:

Working late at his desk is SCOTT, frowning as he studies
shaky surveillance footage on his PC screen.

All around him are piles of paper and folders - reports,
statements, photos, the works.

VOICE (O.S.)

Scott?

He JUMPS, startled, and turns to find DECADWAY, the station
desk clerk, hovering nearby.

DECADWAY

Woah! Sorry, sorry. Didn't mean to
make you jump.

Scott relaxes, rubbing his tired eyes.

SCOTT

No, no, it's fine. I've just been
working for...

He glances at the clock on the wall and WINCES.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Damn.

(to Decadway)

Sorry.

DECADWAY

(off files)

What's all this for?

SCOTT

Case presentation tomorrow to the Mayor about what my task force and I have been doing these last few months.

DECADWAY

Oh, right. Yikes.

SCOTT

What did you want?

DECADWAY

Oh, uh, well, talking about the Mayor, he's kind of here to see you.

SCOTT

Now?

DECADWAY

(nods)

Looks like it's important.

SCOTT

Alright, tell him I'll be down in a sec.

Decadway nods and exits, leaving Scott to YAWN as he rises from his seat, and we CUT TO:

Scott ambles into the waiting area to find the Mayor standing near the desk, holding a manilla envelope.

SCOTT

You're a little early for the presentation, sir. I'd actually planned on getting some sleep before then, so -

WILKINS

This isn't a time to get cute with me, Detective. My liaison, Ambrosia, was attacked tonight.

SCOTT

(all business)

Who by?

Wilkins hands him the envelope. Scott blinks, then takes it.

WILKINS

By the same people who murdered your partner.

Scott freezes, hand halfway into the envelope.

WILKINS (cont'd)
(off envelope)
That's new evidence that's just
come to light about Detective
Hogan's death. I think you'll find
it makes for a pretty compelling
case.

Scott hesitates, painful memories resurfacing, before he
takes the photo from the envelope:

It's the shot of 'Faith' (or Dark Ambrosia in disguise)
stabbing Hogan in the neck.

Scott stares at the shot, wide-eyed, as Wilkins moves closer.
He lays a comforting hand on Scott's shoulder.

WILKINS (cont'd)
The time has come, Detective. The
presentation can wait. We have to
move on Faith Lebane and her team.
Tonight.

Scott looks up, mind reeling in disbelief, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17 INT. NYPD - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

17

Scott sits at a desk at the head of the room, staring at the photo of Hogan's murder. The Mayor stands nearby.

WILKINS

(checks watch)

I don't mean to be insensitive,
Scott, but how much longer are you
planning on staring at that photo
like you can change what happened
in it?

SCOTT

(mumbles)

It doesn't add up.

WILKINS

I'm sorry?

SCOTT

I said it doesn't add up.

He leans back, reaching for one his many folders as the Mayor takes the photo and holds it up.

WILKINS

What 'doesn't add up'? This all
looks spectacularly clear to me.

Scott shakes his head, leafing through folders until he pulls up a thick bundle of notes.

SCOTT

None of them were alone or in the
area where Ann was killed at her
approximate time of death.

He holds up his own notes, which the Mayor takes and reads.

SCOTT (cont'd)

I've had surveillance on them as
often as I can, but on that night I
know exactly where they all were.
Violet Bowen was out of town, and
the others were all there to
receive her when she returned,
which was about an hour before
Annie died. They all stayed put in
the Asylum the entire time.

Wilkins hesitates, thinking fast.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS

How can you be sure?

SCOTT

(shrugs)

Photos. Surveillance footage. Phone logs. I'm pretty sure.

He rises, stabbing a finger at the photograph.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Therefore, that doesn't add up. In fact, nothing about this whole damn case does. You've got a chief suspect with a paper trail that just cuts off dead one day, I've got conflicting reports and evidence on what it is these people actually do, I've got nothing concrete to tie them to any of the stuff your office keeps trying to get me to pin on them, and above all, I'm not even sure why you want these people sent down so bad!

Wilkins holds his stare for a beat, then exhales.

WILKINS

Detective, are you forgetting who you work for?

SCOTT

The New York Police Department, last time I checked.

WILKINS

Wrong. You work for me. I gave you this task force, this opportunity for career advancement, because I had some bad guys I needed you to help me bring to justice. Are you now about to stand there and tell me you're not willing to do your job?

SCOTT

Who said anything about 'not willing'? I'm just trying to make you see that -

WILKINS

And I'm trying to make you see that you're out of line, Detective.

Scott bristles, crossing his arms.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Are you insinuating that I'm lying?

WILKINS

I'm insinuating that you're ignoring a blatant piece of hard evidence, for reasons unknown to me... unless it has something to do with your romantic liaison with one of our chief suspects.

Scott freezes, swallowing.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Oh, you thought I didn't know about that? Ambrosia was keeping an eye on this investigation or a reason. She told me what I needed to know.

SCOTT

So what... what did she tell you?

WILKINS

That you'd been seeing Rachel Hagerman for some time, and that you were justifying it as part of the investigation, when your own partner suspected it was something far less clean cut. Not that we can ask her opinion any more, of course.

Scott slumps back into his seat. He's too tired to fight.

WILKINS (cont'd)

So you have two choices open to you now, Scott - you can either execute the plan of action to take Faith and her accomplices into custody, or I can have you removed as head of this investigation and simply transfer the entire case to my office. Oh, and I may even let slip a few details about your affair with Hagerman to Internal Affairs.

Scott keeps his gaze lowered, agonising over the decision.

SCOTT

Mr. Mayor...

He rises, the Mayor waiting for his answer.

SCOTT (cont'd)

... I cannot in good conscience continue with this investigation.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS

(sighs)

I'm sorry to hear that. I had high hopes for you, Scott.

(beat)

You're relieved of duty. Consider your role in this case terminated.

Scott doesn't reply. He just heads straight for the door.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Oh, and I'd make sure my story was straight if I were you.

Scott turns, glaring back at him.

WILKINS (cont'd)

You know, for when you get asked those sticky questions about your involvement with Rachel.

Scott narrows his eyes, but manages to restrain himself before he exits.

Pryor is standing before one of the sealed-off freezer compartments, looking through a large viewing window.

He stares at whatever's inside curiously, head tilting to follow its movement.

PRYOR

I never knew you could be so... docile. I imagine taking a beating like that would work on most things.

The Mayor pushes through the doors and enters, scanning the lab floor as he approaches.

WILKINS

Where is she?

Pryor nods towards the window, and as the Mayor joins him, he looks in to see:

THE DARKLING, back in its natural form and floating serenely around inside the chamber.

PRYOR

It seems to like the cold. Its mass seems to have stabilised again, but its not been getting any bigger either.

Wilkins steps back, taking out his phone.

WILKINS

Just make sure she stays comfortable. I need a few more hours to put all my pieces in place.

PRYOR

'She'? Don't you mean 'it'?

WILKINS

(into phone)

It's me. Yes, I know how late it is. Listen... Jacobs is out. He lost his nerve at the last stage.

(listens)

That doesn't matter, Commissioner.

The Mayor glances back at the Darkling.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Events have pushed our time scale forward. I've transferred the case to my office, so we can proceed with the plan tonight.

He listens a moment longer, then hangs up. As he heads for the exit again, Pryor corners him:

PRYOR

What 'plan'?

WILKINS

It doesn't concern you.

He tries to push past, but Pryor VAMPS OUT with a SNARL and blocks him again.

PRYOR

Consider it an employee privilege.

WILKINS

(not fazed)

Do you remember that planning application you made for the Asylum?

Pryor DE-VAMPS, narrowing his eyes.

PRYOR

To get it declared a city landmark? Yes. What of it?

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS

Let's just say it gave me an
unmissable opportunity to do
something about a problem.

PRYOR

So they approved it?

Wilkins just GRINS - and then steps past Pryor to exit.

INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Several of the prisoners from the raid - including Lori - are
laid up around the infirmary.

Faith, Vi and Noa are distributing first aid kits and doing a
little work themselves. Lori is talking to Dawn.

LORI

So you're a real live ghost, huh?

DAWN

Oxymoron.

(off look)

Oh! Oh, no, sorry, I didn't mean
that as in, you know, 'moron,'
just... well, you said 'live
ghost.'

LORI

I know. It's a figure of speech.

DAWN

Right.

(beat)

What was the question?

Lori chuckles, her gaze moving to follow Vi as she walks
past. Dawn glances round, a sly grin forming.

DAWN (cont'd)

Wait a second... I've seen that
look before.

LORI

(mock innocence)

I don't know what you mean.

DAWN

What is it with you witches and red
hair?

Lori just chuckles, getting back to watching Vi move around
the infirmary.

ON FAITH as she and Noa finish bandaging up another wicca.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

How many more of these are we expecting?

FAITH

That's it for down here. The ones who were in better shape are holed up in 'E' wing.

NOA

Ah, right. That's the one where we keep getting those coloured orbs of light falling out of the ceiling, isn't it?

FAITH

Didn't you fix that?

NOA

No, I fixed 'D' wing. The one with the time displacement down the east corridor?

FAITH

Right. Sorry.

NOA

That's cool. I think it's still broken - I walked down there the other day and ended up in last Wednesday.

Faith's phone RINGS, and she excuses herself to answer it.

FAITH

(into phone)

Any news, Rache?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - WAITING AREA - NIGHT

Rachel, as before, sitting by herself.

RACHEL

Some Indian doctor came out a second ago, said Jerry checked out fine but they're gonna keep him overnight just in case.

FAITH

Good. You may as well head back - we've got plenty of sick notes here need a helping hand.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Great. 'Cause, you know, it's not like I've been sat in a hospital for the last few hours.

FAITH

(grins)

See you later.

END INTERCUT:

She hangs up, looking round and seeing that things are under control here. She slips quietly outside, and we CUT TO:

21 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

21

Faith is alone now, strolling down a quiet part of the building.

She stops by a window, offering a great view of downtown NYC and the full moon high above it.

She leans against the window, tiredness washing over her at last, and looks about ready to doze off right there...

DAWN (O.S.)

Faith!

Startled, she turns - Dawn has materialised behind her.

FAITH

Jeez, Dawn, what is it? Haven't we done -

DAWN

(alarmed)

You have to get everyone out of here, right now.

FAITH

What? How the heck am I supposed to do that?

DAWN

I don't know, just do it! Please!

Dawn starts to FADE AWAY, but Faith barks:

FAITH

Hey!

Dawn returns, fretting with her hair.

DAWN

Come on! We don't have time!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Don't have time for what? Dawn,
what's going on?

Dawn sighs, petulant, as if explaining this to a child:

DAWN

Part of what I can do now means I
can pick up some frequencies
outside human hearing, okay? One of
those is the radio. So I worked out
how to tap into police channels,
you know, to see I could use that
to help us get the drop on things -

FAITH

Point? Any time soon?

DAWN

The police are on their way, Faith.

The colour drains from Faith's face.

DAWN (cont'd)

They're getting ready to shut this
place down and arrest everyone
here.

FAITH

What?!? How? Why?

DAWN

Look, I don't know! Alright? Just
get everyone out of here before
they...

She trails off, looking into the distance.

FAITH

Before what? Dawn!

DAWN

(gulps)
They're here.

Faith blinks - then hears distant SIRENS as we CUT TO:

And sure enough, a dozen PATROL CARS are racing down the
street leading up to the Asylum.

The first wave SCREECH To a halt, pulling up outside,
officers within leaping out as more cars arrive.

Blue and red flashing lights bathe the whole scene - and a HELICOPTER swoops past overhead, fixing a SPOTLIGHT down onto the building itself.

Two black vans - SWAT - also pull up, the black-clad troopers within pouring out and heading for the main doors.

The occupants have also heard the sirens, some of them peering outside as the helicopter's spotlight floods inside.

Faith bursts into the room, breathless, and yells:

FAITH

Everyone who can walk, move!

Startled looks all round. Nobody moves.

VI

What's going on?

FAITH

The cops are here.

NOA

What? Why? How many?

FAITH

All of 'em! Just get everyone who can walk down into the Old Asylum, and everyone who can't into wheelchairs or on stretchers!

The handful of night shift ORDERLIES spring to action, ushering the walking wounded around the room.

Vi and Noa hurry over as Faith takes out her phone and dials.

NOA

I don't understand - why are the police here? What have we done?

FAITH

Doesn't matter. Dawn heard 'em saying they were coming for us, so we'd better move before -

ALARM BELLS start to ring, grabbing everyone's attention.

NOA

That's the main security alarm - they're inside!

Faith and Vi swap an urgent look as we CUT TO:

24 INT. ASYLUM - FOYER - NIGHT 24

The main doors have been SMASHED open, the glass frontage SHATTERED and spread across the floor.

The SWAT team flow into the room, gas masks on and rifles high and ready.

TEAM LEADER

Fan out! A Squad, take the west wing, C Squad take the east. B Squad, with me. Apprehend only, do not fire unless fired upon.

The team splits into three, hurrying down the corridors. Behind them, several COPS cautiously step through the broken doors and glass panels.

25 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 25

Faith races along, phone to her ear:

FAITH

Rachel, when you get this, stay away from the Asylum! The cops are here, and I think they're trying to shut us down, so do not come back here!

She shoves her phone away as she skids round into

26 INT. ASYLUM - SECURITY BOOTH - CONTINUOUS 26

Faith barrels into the main security centre, looking over the bank of CCTV monitors.

She sees the SWAT team moving through, and a swarm of cops gathering in the foyer. An external shot shows the cluster of squad cars waiting outside.

FAITH

Crap, crap, crap...

She starts hitting buttons and flicking switches, activating the Asylum's security grid.

On the wall, a map of the complex starts showing green lights as the various defence systems come online.

Vi appears at the booth, eyes wide as she sees what Faith's doing.

VI

Faith, no!

(CONTINUED)

She grabs Faith's hand, stopping her from hitting the master activation switch.

FAITH
Vi, get off me! They're gonna be
all over us unless I -

VI
Unless you what? Turn on the
defence grid and kill them?

Faith hesitates. Vi points to the map on the wall.

VI (cont'd)
Faith, we've got shotguns, bombs,
booby traps, razor wire, gas,
flamethrowers... we can't use those
on normal people!

FAITH
What are we supposed to do? Sit
here and let them round us up?

VI
We can't blow the heck out of them
and expect to get away with it!

Faith looks back at the monitors - one team is moving perilously close to a set of traps.

FAITH
We're out of options, Vi.

VI
Look. We get everyone down to the
Gateway and have Dawn take us to
the other side of the city.
Nobody'll know we were here. We lay
low, figure this out. We do not get
into a slap fight with the NYPD.

Faith stares her down - then at the last moment, relents and hits the 'Power Down' switch to turn the grid off.

On the monitor, the unaware SWAT team walk right past one set of traps.

FAITH
C'mon. We got work to do.

The girls hurry out of the booth as we CUT TO:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 27

On a SWAT team as they sweep through the corridor, ALARMS still ringing out overhead.

Up ahead, two ORDERLIES round the corner, shepherding some of the escaped prisoners to safety.

They freeze when they spot the SWAT team - who promptly swoop in, surrounding them!

SWAT #1

On the floor! Get down! Now!

The orderlies raise their hands, and are quickly shoved to the floor and cuffed for their trouble.

The wounded prisoners are pushed down next to them, plastic ties going round their wrists.

ANGLE ON a security camera, watching all this from up in the ceiling, and we CUT TO:

28 INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT 28

With more CCTV monitors to one side of the office, Faith CURSES as she watches the orderlies get busted.

She looks up as Vi enters, tossing her a WALKIE-TALKIE.

FAITH

Danny and Sarah just got caught.

VI

Lewis' group got found out too.

FAITH

Any of 'em make it to the Gateway?

VI

Not yet. The cops have got all our exits covered so we can't ship anyone out that way, and the SWAT team keep rounding us up on the floor wherever we go.

Faith grimaces, trying to come up with a new plan, and we CUT TO:

29 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 29

In one of the resident corridors, two COPS are forcing one of the captive orderlies, LEWIS, to open up the various doors.

(CONTINUED)

As each is opened, more cops swoop in, leading the frightened residents within outside. Some are more *corpus menti* than others, but they're all panicking as they're led away.

30 EXT. ASYLUM - ENTRANCE - NEXT 30

One group of residents are led outside, to find several AMBULANCES are waiting amongst all the squad cars.

The helicopter's spotlight falls on the group, its rotors kicking up a flurry of wind and dust as it hovers.

Protesting, the residents are helped into the ambulances as more of them are led outside in the background.

31 INT. ASYLUM - OLD ASYLUM - NEXT 31

Faith arrives at the entrance down to the Old Asylum, where Noa is ushering in as many residents and escapees as her team of orderlies could round up. It's not many.

NOA

Faith! Thank God. Where's everyone else? I'm waiting on Danny, Sarah and Lewis already, and -

FAITH

They ain't coming. Cops got 'em.

NOA

The residents too?

Faith nods. Noa sags in despair.

NOA (cont'd)

They're cleaning us out...

Faith's radio CRACKLES, and she answers:

FAITH

Hello?

ALICE

(filtered; over radio)

Faith? It's Alice. Me and Rob managed to get a bunch of residents out before the cops came by, but now we're cut off. We need a way out of 'B' wing, and fast!

FAITH

Hang ten, I'm on my way.

Faith turns to Noa as she counts through more residents.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
If the cops get near here, seal
this off and make sure you're on
the other side of the barrier.

NOA
What? But what about -

FAITH
Don't argue with me!

She races off, leaving a helpless Noa as we CUT TO:

Peering out from inside one of the recreation areas, two SWAT
members pace past, guns raised.

PULL BACK to find ALICE watching them, the pretty young
orderly with a crowd of residents huddled nearby.

VOICE (O.S.)
Psst!

She looks round to see ROB, the slacker-y orderly.

ROB
They gone yet?

ALICE
Rob, little word of warning - when
you say 'ssh!' or 'psst!' it's
actually much louder than just
plain old whispering.

ROB
Oh. Uh... sorry.
(beat; quieter)
So... they gone yet?

ALICE
I think so...

She turns to the residents. One of them, a middle-aged woman
named MARJORIE, is rocking back and forth.

ALICE (cont'd)
Come on, Marge, time to move.

MARJORIE
(shakes head)
No, no, can't go. Can't move.

ALICE
It'll be alright. Look. See? Robert
and I are right here with you.
(MORE)

ALICE (cont'd)
I just need you to be really quiet,
okay?

Marjorie buries her face in her arms, MOANING softly. Alice winces, glancing back at the doorway.

ALICE (cont'd)
Marjorie, please. Everyone else is
ready to go, we just need you to
start moving. One foot in front of
the other. You can do that, right?

Marjorie looks up, and Alice smiles hopefully. Marjorie begins to rise, painfully slowly:

VOICE (O.S.)
Down on the ground!

Alice freezes - two SWAT members have entered the room! One is busy cuffing Rob while the next has Alice at gunpoint.

SWAT #2
Hands in the air, turn around.
Slowly.

Alice starts to turn, hands above her head.

ALICE
Listen to me, please -

SWAT #2
Shut up! Get down on the ground!

ALICE
These people are sick, you can't
just -

The SWAT guy steps forward, gun right in her face:

SWAT #2
I said shut up!

FAITH (O.S.)
And I said...

He spins round - POW! She nails him with one punch. Spinning on her heel, she KICKS the other SWAT in his chest.

FAITH (cont'd)
... actually, it doesn't matter.

ALICE
Faith! Oh, thank God you're here,
we need to -

FAITH

Get them out, I know. Go. I'll
watch your backs.

Alice nos gratefully, starting to move the residents to the
door, when they hear:

VOICE

(filtered; over radio)
TK-421, what's your status, over?
(beat)
TK-421, come in!

FAITH

They'll be here soon.
(to Alice and Rob)
Get to the Old Asylum. Noa's there,
she'll help you.

The duo don't waste any more time, heading out as Faith stays
with the two downed SWAT members.

She starts helping herself to their supplies - smoke
grenades, nightsticks and tasers - as we CUT TO:

Just past the cavalcade of squad cars, barriers have been
erected to keep the growing crowd of onlookers back.

They're forced to scatter as a car SCREECHES to a halt - and
it's Scott who jumps out, racing up to the barriers.

SCOTT

Oh, no...

He pushes his way through the crowd to meet a uniform by the
barriers - this is TAMLIN, an old black cop.

TAMLIN

Sorry, Scott. Authorised personnel
only.

SCOTT

You're kidding, right? Am I gonna
have to pull rank on you here?

TAMLIN

Nothing I can do about it.

SCOTT

Bobby, come on! This was my case.
I've got to at least stay on site
to see how it goes down, even if -

TAMLIN

Sorry, Scott...

(sighs)

Orders from the Captain. We're not
to let you past the barriers.

SCOTT

Excuse me?

TAMLIN

C'mon, man... don't make this any
harder. I'm sorry, but I got my
orders. You have to stay back.

Frustrated, Scott BANGS his hands on the barrier and pushes
back through the crowd.

He gets a vantage point to see the terrified residents being
herded into ambulances, and several orderlies in custody
getting shoved into squad cars.

And then he sees a BLACK LIMOUSINE parked nearby. His eyes
narrow - he knows exactly who that is. As he heads towards
it, we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - REC ROOM - NIGHT

Back inside the Asylum, and down the corridor one of the SWAT
teams can be seen approaching.

As they spot their fallen comrades, they pull up tight,
weapons trained into the room.

They advance slowly in pairs, covering their approach, and
just as the first reach the doors:

Two SMOKE GRENADES roll towards them, already BILLOWING thick
white smoke!

The SWAT team falls back, the smoke quickly filling the
corridor. Thanks to their masks, the team aren't affected.

The first pair slowly edge inside, emerging from the milky
white smoke...

... and WHAP! Faiths urges up to attack them, a mask on as
she attacks them men with the nightstick.

She CRACKS one's arm to make him drop his rifle, BACKHANDS
him in the face and then SWEEPS him down.

As he falls, she ROLLS across his back, TASER in hand, and
JABS it into the second trooper!

He CRIES OUT as he convulses, dropping hard as Faith sweeps
past him and into hiding again.

(CONTINUED)

The second two SWAT members pile inside in moments, drawn by the commotion:

And Faith attacks again, this time driving the first's gun up into his face with a CRUNCH, before SHOVING him into the other and knocking both down.

She's over them in a moment, ZAPPING them with the taser until they're both out.

Removing the mask, she surveys the damage - six SWAT members, all down - and grins before she slips through the smoke:

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

And straight into the second SWAT team! Faith freezes as six MP5s are trained on her.

She curses, slowly raising her hands.

SWAT #3
Drop your weapons!

She lets the nightstick and taser fall.

SWAT #3 (cont'd)
Hands behind your head, down on
your knees! Now!

Keeping her covered, two of the team move behind her, ready to cuff her. Faith's pinned down...

... until VI blasts in out of nowhere, TACKLING two of the SWAT team down and launching herself at the others!

She SWATS one's rifle away, ELBOWS another and then pulls another's nightstick from his belt, WHACKING him with it!

One of them GRABS her from behind, so she HEADBUTTS him to be released, then turns and SWEEPS his legs away.

The SWAT team is are down - but shouted voices signal the arrival of a dozen COPS, pouring down an adjoining corridor towards them.

Faith and Vi rise, back to back, keeping the SWAT team in their sights.

VI
I'm starting to think this was a
bad plan...

FAITH
How many you count?

VI
Uh... twelve.

VOICES behind them make the girls turn - and MORE COPS are inbound from the opposite corridor!

VI (cont'd)
Make that twenty. Twenty-two.

FAITH
We can't fight all of them.

VI
Sure we can! I'll take the thirty thousand on the left -

FAITH
No, I mean we can't fight them.
It's like you said. We can't kill 'em. They're just cops. They're just doing their jobs. Like us.

VI
But -

FAITH
No, Vi. We're done.

Vi panics - the cops are almost on them!

VI
Faith, we... we have to do something!

FAITH
Noa's got her orders. She's gonna seal off the Gateway and get everyone to safety.
(beat)
We're the diversion.

And that's when it sinks in. Vi exhales, realising.

VI
We were all along.

FAITH
Sorry.

VI
No, it's cool... kinda wish I'd thought of it myself.

And that's when the cops hit them - both girls are SWARMED by half a dozen cops each, forcefully restrained and PINNED to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: (2)

35

PULL BACK as the girls are cuffed, and CUT TO:

36 INT. ASYLUM - OLD ASYLUM - NEXT

36

Alice and Rob turn a corner, hurrying to the waiting Noa.

NOA

Come on, come on!

They reach her, their residents hurrying down into the depths as Alice waits with Noa.

ALICE

Did Faith come back?

NOA

No, not yet.

ALICE

Hadn't we better go help her out?

NOA

She'll manage.

Noa stops as she hears VOICES - more police, closing in fast.

NOA (cont'd)

But we won't! Get inside, quick.

She wheels herself back, passing beneath the heavy SHUTTERS that hang over the entrance.

NOA (cont'd)

Here goes...

She brings out a REMOTE CONTROL, aims it at the shutters and hits a button...

Nothing.

NOA (cont'd)

What the - hey!

She tries again. Still nothing. The voices are getting closer.

Noa wheels back out into the corridor, trying the remote again. Alice tries to reach it.

ALICE

It's too high...

NOA

Aah! Damn it, damn it! Come on!

And DAWN materialises next to them.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

What's the fricken hold up?

(realises)

Oh. Well, I can do this.

She fixes her gaze on the shutter - which starts to MOVE.

Noa looks up - a group of cops have just rounded a corner and spotted them.

NOA

Keep at it!

She turns and starts to wheel away - towards the cops!

ALICE

Wait! Noa! What are you doing?

NOA

Buying you time! Get down to the Gateway and keep the others safe!

ALICE

What about -

DAWN

Got it!

With a CLUNK, the shutters finally start to descend. Dawn looks across and sees Noa leaving.

DAWN (cont'd)

(groans)

Oh, man...

ON NOA as she wheels determinedly towards the cops - and draws her SHOTGUN from a side pouch!

NOA

Hey! You fellas looking for someone to arrest?

She FIRES a warning shot that punches a hole in the ceiling. The cops scatter, taking cover.

NOA (cont'd)

Try me!

She RELOADS the shotgun - SLOW MOTION as the smoking shells fly from the breech.

Glancing back, she sees that the shutter is almost down. Noa grins - she did her bit.

ON THE SHUTTERS as Alice and Dawn watch Noa from the other side.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

We have to help her!

DAWN

We can't. If we do, then the cops
get everyone we tried to save back
here. This is the only way.

ON NOA as she defiantly tosses the shotgun aside, raising her
arms and inviting the cops to approach.

With her weapon gone, they rush her and surround her in
seconds, twisting her arms round to CUFF them.

ON DAWN as she watches this go down, her sad eyes telling the
whole story before the shutters finally SLAM into place,
blocking her from view as we CUT TO:

EXT. ASYLUM - NEXT

Just a few metres away from the Asylum, Scott reaches the
black limo and HAMMERS his fists on the rear windows.

SCOTT

I know you're in there! Open up!

A beat - and then the window SLIDES DOWN to reveal the Mayor.

WILKINS

(casual)

Can I help you, sport?

SCOTT

You used me. You were never gonna
let me run the investigation my way
- you just needed me to help you
bring all the evidence together!

WILKINS

I needed an official stamp on my
case. Congratulations, Detective.
In business terms, you're now what
we call a 'facilitator.'

SCOTT

But this is all wrong! You don't
have any proof!

WILKINS

You'll soon learn that 'proof' is
all relative, Scott. I'm a man who
always gets what he needs.

(looks to Asylum)

And I've got everything I need now.

(CONTINUED)

He smirks as the window slides back up - and the limo pulls away, even as Scott yells after it:

SCOTT

This isn't over! You hear me? This isn't over! I'm not gonna let you get away with what you've done!

The limo glides away, passing through a plume of smoke rising from a vent - and revealing RACHEL, who stares at Scott with mute horror.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Rachel?

RACHEL

You... you did this!

SCOTT

No, I -

RACHEL

This is all your fault!

SCOTT

Rachel, no!

She turns and RUNS. Scott yells after her:

SCOTT (cont'd)

I didn't know! Rachel! I didn't know!

But Rachel doesn't get far before another SQUAD CAR suddenly pulls in front of her!

She freezes, but there's nowhere to go as two COPS leap out and grab her.

Scott can only watch as she's SHOVED against the car and cuffed, then pushed into the rear compartment.

She looks up, her cold, furious glare cutting Scott dead as the squad car backs up and pulls away.

PULL BACK on Scott, alone in the street, the clamour around the Asylum washing over him.

The helicopter's SPOTLIGHT falls on him for a beat, then moves on to pick up other squad cars as they start to leave the scene, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

38 INT. NYPD - PROCESSING AREA - NIGHT 38

FLASH! WHITE OUT and bleed in to show Faith - a few BRUISES now starting to form - holding the black board with her name and number.

FLASH! Another shot, this time her profile.

ANGLE BACK to show Faith, job done, handing the board to one of the clerks nearby, before she's taken away again:

39 INT. NYPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - NEXT 39

Faith sits quietly in a cold, hostile interview room. An untouched cup of water sits before her, and she's still in cuffs. She doesn't look up at the TWO-WAY MIRROR:

40 INT. NYPD - OBSERVATION ROOM - NEXT 40

Looking in on her are DETECTIVE BLACK (40s, paunchy) and DETECTIVE ANDERSON (30s, eerily smart).

BLACK

I swear I know this girl.

ANDERSON

You've been saying that since she got here, but I'm telling you...

Anderson has a FOLDER in his hands. He opens it up, leafing through the handful of pages within.

ANDERSON (cont'd)

... there's nothing here. If she's got a record, it isn't showing. And I should know - I've been part of the task force investigating her the last few months, remember?

BLACK

Yeah, yeah... so what happened to Jacobs? Thought he was in charge here?

ANDERSON

(shrugs)

Beats me. All I know is he got replaced.

Anderson steps past him and exits the room. Black steps up to the glass, staring hard at Faith.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK

(mutters)

Who are you? And why do I know you?

Shaking his head, he steps away, and we CUT TO:

INT. NYPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - NEXT

Faith looks up as Anderson and Black enter. She keeps quiet, the two men pulling up seats.

Anderson reaches across the desk to switch on a DIGITAL RECORDER embedded into the surface.

ANDERSON

Interview with suspect Faith
Lehane, Detectives Anderson and
Black in attendance. Interview
begins at...

(checks clock)

... four-twelve a.m.

He leans back, a second, larger folder in his other hand.

BLACK

Long night, huh?

Faith says nothing. Anderson starts laying out the contents of the folder - reports and photos, mainly.

BLACK (cont'd)

You know, I was actually looking
forward to a quiet night before my
commissioner calls me up, tells me
the Mayor's office has a hot case
they need a new lead detective on,
and that congratulations were in
order because I was now that guy.

Faith still says nothing. Black EXHALES, leaning back.

BLACK (cont'd)

Have we met before?

She meets his eyes. Holds the stare for a long beat.

FAITH

No.

She's lying - Black was the detective who processed her when she was briefly arrested last year. Not that he remembers.

BLACK

See, that's where we differ. I took one look at you and something went off in some deep, dark corner of my brain, telling me that -

ANDERSON

(over him)

Let's begin, shall we?

Black looks across - Anderson gives him a wary look, saying 'get back on topic.' Black HUFFS and leans in.

ANDERSON (cont'd)

Alright, Miss Lehane, let's start going over the facts. You and your accomplices are being held over a wide variety of criminal offences, including -

FAITH

Before we start...

(off looks)

... I just want to know that my friends are okay.

Black and Anderson swap a glance.

BLACK

You've all been arrested, kid. It's not looking good for any of you.

FAITH

That's not what I meant. They're all still here, right? I mean... no-one from the Mayor's office has taken anyone away, have they?

ANDERSON

Not that we're aware of.

FAITH

(exhales)

Good. Alright, carry on.

ANDERSON

(bemused)

We have reason to believe that you and your accomplices have been responsible for a long string of robberies, property damage, theft, grievous assault - much of which perpetrated on a SWAT team this very night...

PAN LEFT as Anderson speaks, into the walls of the room:

42 INT. NYPD - PROCESSING AREA - NEXT 42

FLASH! Noa's photo is taken next - understandably much lower down, as she's still in her chair. CUT TO:

43 INT. NYPD - INTERVIEW ROOM #2 - NEXT 43

Straight into the next room, where Noa is being interviewed by a female detective, BULLEN, speaks:

BULLEN

... and, of course, there's the murder of Detective Ann Hogan to throw in as well.

NOA

We didn't kill anybody. We work in an asylum. We look after sick people.

BULLEN

Yeah, you're a regular Samaritan, Miss DeRubria.

Bullen flicks through another case file.

BULLEN (cont'd)

I mean, even if we disregard the moment tonight when you fired a shotgun at several NYPD officers -

NOA

I wasn't aiming to hit them. I just... never mind.

BULLEN

(beat)

Even without that, we've got plenty of contact between you and several illegal doctors and surgeons, in this country and elsewhere. You do realise that it's an offence to even ask for a Band-Aid from some of these people, right?

NOA

No comment.

BULLEN

Right. Just like you'll have 'no comment' about the several hundred thousand dollars' worth of gambling debts your mom ran up, and her ties to the Giantelli family?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

(bristles)

My mom's life was all her own. I
had nothing to do with it.

BULLEN

So what happened to those debts,
Noa? We know that Paisley Giantelli
came to town, we know you met with
her. So what did you two talk
about? The 'Sex And The City'
movie? Posh and Becks?

(beat)

Or did you do something to get rid
of all that money hanging over you?

Noa looks away, knowing she can't answer that. PAN LEFT
again, into the black of the wall:

44 INT. NYPD - PROCESSING AREA - NEXT

44

FLASH! Hello, Vi. She looks suitably deflated, her whole body
sagging with defeat as we CUT TO:

45 INT. NYPD - INTERVIEW ROOM #3 - NEXT

45

Here we find Vi, this time with a male and female duo before
her - SPRAGG (male) and VALCIC (female, Polish).

SPRAGG

We've got half a dozen of your
staff down the hall, waiting to be
processed. I feel like I'm pretty
familiar with most of them - I
mean, Detective Valcic and I have
been on surveillance around you and
your accomplices for some time now.

VALCIC

So why don't you do all of them a
favour and start telling us what
you know. The less we have to
charge them with, the better.

VI

(scoffs)

You're gonna lock us all up no
matter what I say! We all know the
Mayor's behind this. He's got you
people...

She tries to gesture at them, but the HANDCUFFS she's wearing
cut the movement short.

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)
... jumping through hoops without
any of you stopping to ask why.

SPRAGG
So tell us, Miss Bowen. What should
we know?

VI
Haven't any of you stopped to
wonder why a bunch of people
working in a fricken insane asylum
are suddenly all getting hauled up
on a rap sheet a mile long?

SPRAGG
It's not our job to question that.
We just need to establish what you
did so you can be charged for it.

VI
See? That's what I mean!

She leans forward, cuffs CLINKING again:

VI (cont'd)
None of this makes any sense, does
it? You guys are just doing your
job, I get that. But you have to
start asking the right questions.
This is a set up.

VALCIC
Really? Because it looks pretty
clear cut to me...

She flicks through the case file:

VALCIC (cont'd)
Assault and battery, grand theft
auto, trespass, breaking and
entering...

Vi slumps back in her chair.

VI
Okay, okay. So there's all that.

Valcic quirks an eyebrow as we PAN LEFT, into the walls again
before we CUT TO:

FLASH! It's Rachel's turn to have her shot taken now - and
it's pretty clear she's been CRYING.

47

INT. NYPD - INTERVIEW ROOM #4 - NEXT

47

And into the final room, where Rachel is now being interviewed by a stocky black detective, LUDFORD.

Rachel, in contrast to the others, is one step away from disintegrating into a blubbering mess. Luckily for her, Ludford seems the most sympathetic of the lot.

LUDFORD

Look, Miss Hagerman, I know you're just an accomplice in all this.

Rachel looks away, her eyes full of tears.

LUDFORD (cont'd)

I know Faith and the others just pushed you to go along with whatever they were doing. I know you're not a bad girl.

Rachel SNIFFS, trying to wipe her eyes dry.

LUDFORD (cont'd)

But you have to give me something. Names, places, dates - anything. The more you co-operate now, the easier this'll be on you.

RACHEL

(bitter laugh)

'Easy'? Is any of this supposed to be 'easy'?

LUDFORD

No... I don't suppose it is. But you can make it easy. Just tell us what we need to know.

Rachel shakes her head, squeezing her eyes shut.

RACHEL

I can't. I... I just can't. I'm sorry. I know what's at stake here, but... but I just can't do that to my friends. I'm sorry.

Ludford leans across the table as Rachel SNIFFS again, tears now rolling freely down her cheeks.

LUDFORD

They're not your friends, Rachel. They're people who made you do things, terrible things, and you -

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

You don't know! You don't even know. I bet you didn't even know about this case before -

LUDFORD

Well... actually, that's where you're wrong.

Rachel shuts up, blinking in confusion.

LUDFORD (cont'd)

I've been part of the team assigned to gather evidence and keep tabs on you and the others for months now. Detective Jacobs was in charge, but I understand someone else has taken over.

RACHEL

Scott... he's not running this any more?

LUDFORD

Got taken off tonight, as I understand.

Ludford shuts the case file and leans forward, as Rachel processes this bit of news.

LUDFORD (cont'd)

But that's not what we're talking about here. We're looking for something, anything you can give us to help us start putting the pieces together, and making sure your 'friends' answer for what they've done.

Rachel clams up again, fresh tears welling as we CUT TO:

Scott steps inside to find a dozen uniform cops sorting through boxes of evidence taken from the Asylum:

Some have various WEAPONS including AKU'S SCYTHER, bagging and tagging everything, while others have the PCs and are searching through the files.

Scott spots Decadway near the suspect board and heads over to her, a few curious glances coming his way as he moves.

DECADWAY

Scott? What are you -

He takes her by the arm and leads her to one side.

DECADWAY (cont'd)
You're not supposed to be here.

SCOTT
I know, I know, but listen - Suzi,
you have to help me.

DECADWAY
I can't, Scott. Look at all this
stuff! There's another van full of
this downstairs to get through. I
don't think any of us are getting
out of here before the sun comes
up...

SCOTT
I need you to get me access to one
of the suspects they brought in.

DECADWAY
And how am I supposed to do that?

Scott glances at the ring of KEYS on her belt.

DECADWAY (cont'd)
(realising)
Oh, no... no way.

SCOTT
Suzi, please!

DECADWAY
I could lose my job! I can't give
you unauthorised access to one of
the suspects in this!

SCOTT
Five minutes. Less. Please.

He takes her by the hand, and Decadway looks into his eyes.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Please.

She holds his gaze - then SIGHS, nodding.

DECADWAY
C'mon. Before anyone else realises
you're here and they throw your ass
out for interfering with an
investigation.

The duo quickly exit, and we CUT TO:

49 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY CHAMBER - NIGHT

49

Back in the Asylum, where Dawn and Alice are standing before the Gateway itself. Alice is checking names off a clipboard.

ALICE
Alright, so that's... forty-seven
confirmed at the safe point.

DAWN
(sighs)
Which means over a hundred and
fifty got taken away by the police.

ALICE
We did what we could, Dawn. We
didn't have time to do anything
more.

DAWN
I know, I know, but...

She stops, tensing up.

ALICE
What is it?

DAWN
He's here...

Alice frowns, and as Dawn looks over her shoulder, we CUT TO:

50 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NEXT

50

Stepping over the glass and ducking under the criss-crossed police tape is Mayor Wilkins, with a clutch of DEMONS.

WILKINS
Okay boys, you know why we're here.
(gestures)
Go.

The demons hurry off, Wilkins pausing to examine the damage done to the foyer. He TUTS disapprovingly as we CUT TO:

51 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY CHAMBER - NEXT

51

Dawn stands before the gateway, raising her hands - and as she does, the GLYPHS carved into it start to LIGHT UP.

ALICE
What? What's going on?

With a loud SNAP, a PORTAL forms within the Gateway.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

You have to go. Right now.

ALICE

Is it the Mayor? He's here, isn't he?

DAWN

Alice, come on! We don't -

They hear a muffled THUD - then another, and another.

DAWN (cont'd)

They're at the shutters. They're trying to break them down.

ALICE

Can you stop them?

DAWN

I can, but first I have to get you out of here.

ALICE

Wait a second - then you'll be all alone up here!

DAWN

I know, but we don't have time to think about that, alright?

Dawn gestures for Alice to hurry through the portal, the muffled BOOMS still ringing out above them as they step in:

WHITE OUT:

And FADE IN to find the girls standing by the pedestal.

DAWN

This'll seal up after you're gone.
No way in or out.

ALICE

Dawn, please, there's got to be something else you can do!

DAWN

(shakes head)

There's nothing else. If I leave any way the Mayor can use the Gateway open, if he manages to get down here...

(beat)

Just get going.

(CONTINUED)

Dawn's hands move over the tubes in the pedestal, soft CHIMES sounding before another PORTAL opens with a crackle.

ALICE

I... thank you, Dawn. For everything.

DAWN

(smiles)

Just doing what's in my blood, I guess. Now get out of here!

Alice heads for the portal, pausing to throw one last look back at Dawn before she steps through.

She VANISHES - and then with a wave of her hand, Dawn closes the portal with a SNAP.

She lets out a breath. She's all alone now. She waits a beat, then nods - and BLINKS out of sight:

53 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

53

At the entrance to the Old Asylum, with the SHUTTERS down to protect it, where the demons are busy HAMMERING at them - some with fists, some with weapons.

The Mayor hangs back, watching his troops work with a proud smile:

Until the shutters suddenly BLAZE with energy, and the demons attacking it are engulfed in FLAMES!

54 INT. OLD ASYLUM - ENTRANCE - NEXT

54

With Dawn, her hands raised as she conjures the blazing energy that's covering the shutters!

55 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

55

The Mayor jumps back as the screaming demons burn to ASH in moments - and the shutters return to normal.

WILKINS

(narrows eyes)

Alright, young lady... if that's how you're going to play this, go right ahead. I've got all the time in the world to wait you out.

He GRINS, knowing he's right, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

56 INT. LABORATORY - NIGHT

56

Pryor is studying samples of something through a microscope, making notes on a PC alongside.

He glances towards the chamber holding the Darkling - which can still be seen floating round inside.

He hears a phone RING, looking around and trying to locate it. Moving around, he eventually finds it, still wrapped in plastic. He pulls that away and answers:

PRYOR
(into phone)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

57 INT. BLACK LIMO - NIGHT

57

The Mayor is back in his limo, which is moving through the dusk traffic.

WILKINS
Any change?

PRYOR
Not that I can tell. It's not like I can really get in there to take any samples without it trying to burn my skin off, is there?

WILKINS
Ah! Nobody likes a Mr. Flippant, Pryor.

PRYOR
That's not flippancy. That's honesty.

WILKINS
Details. Listen, there's been something of a change of plan. I need you to do something for me.

END INTERCUT:

Stay with Pryor as he listens, his eyebrows rising.

PRYOR
I'm sorry - what?

Pryor scratches his head, puzzled, as we CUT TO:

58

INT. NYPD - INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

58

With Faith, Black and Anderson. Black has removed his tie and blazer, a CIGARETTE burning in a small ashtray.

BLACK

(rubs eyes)

Look, we can sit here and go round
and round all night, or you can
tell us how you killed Detective
Hogan so we can go home.

FAITH

I didn't kill her.

Black lifts up the photo showing Faith doing just that.

FAITH (cont'd)

(shrugs)

That's not me.

BLACK

Really? 'Cause...

(looks from photo to
Faith)

... there's an uncanny resemblance.
Almost to the point of it being
you.

FAITH

What can I say? I didn't do it. I
wasn't anywhere near any alleyway
that night. I was at the asylum.
Lots of witnesses.

ANDERSON

All of whom are in custody as
accessories to your multiple
felonies.

FAITH

Doesn't mean they're not still
witnesses.

Frustrated, Black rises and starts to pace around the room.
Anderson takes over, leaning across the desk.

ANDERSON

Let's cut to the facts. We all know
you're probably going to skim
around most of the charges we're
bringing against you purely through
a lack of solid evidence.

Faith keeps quiet as Anderson takes a sheet from the file.

(CONTINUED)

ANDERSON (cont'd)

This, however, is what's going to keep you from walking.

Faith reads over it - it's an official document from the City Council.

FAITH

What... I don't know what that is.

ANDERSON

It's an agreement between the Council and your administration, a Mr. Pryor Webb who we have yet to locate, registering the asylum as a city landmark.

FAITH

Meaning what?

Anderson and Black swap a glance.

ANDERSON

Cute. Acting like you don't know.

FAITH

Seriously, I don't. I didn't have anything to do with that.

BLACK

It means that the asylum stays, even though it's cleared out of patients and staff. Can't be knocked down.

ANDERSON

It also means that both the property and its staff have to be subjected to a strict set of building codes...

Anderson takes out sheet after sheet from the file, arranging them before Faith.

ANDERSON (cont'd)

... and as you can see, you failed on a significant amount of these.

BLACK

Illegal modifications to the building, failed health and safety checks, environmental damage... the list goes on. And on.

Faith looks between the two men in disbelief.

FAITH

This is what we're bein' busted
for? God damn code violations?

ANDERSON

(shrugs)

It may not seem like much, compared
to some of the things you and your
little band of thugs have gotten
away with, but believe me - it's
enough to put you behind bars for
some time.

Faith can't believe this - her head spins.

BLACK

So I guess it becomes a question of
what you're willing to do to make
things easier on yourself.

FAITH

Like what?

BLACK

Like telling us where to find Pryor
Webb.

FAITH

(dark)

You don't want to know.

ANDERSON

He's a part of this, just like you
are. He's as far from innocent as
any of you.

FAITH

Trust me... you ain't gonna find
him. Not now, not ever. And no, I
don't know where he is.

(beat)

It's better that way.

Black and Anderson exchange a look - when there's a KNOCK at
the door. It opens to reveal VALCIC.

VALCIC

We're needed outside.

The detectives exit, leaving Faith to reel as it begins to
sink in that they've got her this time:

Black and Anderson join Valcic, Spragg, Bullen and Ludford.

(CONTINUED)

BLACK

What's the occasion?

He looks round to see Mayor Wilkins approaching.

BLACK (cont'd)

Huh.

WILKINS

Gentlemen. Ladies. Thank you all for assembling so late, I know tonight's been hard work for all of you.

VALCIC

Not a problem, sir.

SPRAGG

Yeah, we're just hoping we can nail these guys at last.

WILKINS

Detective Black, I assume you've had time to meet the rest of the task force by now?

BLACK

Yeah, pretty much. Not much time to get my head around what's going on, but -

WILKINS

Fellas - and girls - I'm going to have to ask a favour here. I need to speak to the suspects alone.

Black blinks, while the others seem to accept this.

BLACK

Sir, I'm not sure -

WILKINS

So if you'll all just give me a minute or two here, I'll be out of your hair.

He flashes that winning smile, and everyone but Black leaves.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Is there a problem?

BLACK

No, just -

WILKINS

Good.

(CONTINUED)

And with that, he steps past, heading for the first room that holds Faith.

Black turns to watch him, exasperated - and misses Scott letting himself into Rachel's room at the far end of the corridor.

Rachel looks up as Scott enters, gaping in shock.

RACHEL

What -

SCOTT

Rachel, I'm sorry, but you have to shut up and listen to me, alright?

RACHEL

You've got to be kidding! It's your fault we're in this mess!

SCOTT

I know, and if you'll just -

RACHEL

(steaming)

Do you have any idea what you've done? The damage you've caused? There are sick people back out there now, getting shipped off to places that don't have a chance of being able to do anything to help them, and everyone that could help them is about to get locked up, all because of you!

SCOTT

(beat)

Are you finished?

(before she can reply)

I'm gonna make this right. I don't know how, and I don't know how long it'll take, but... look, I know something stink here. The Mayor hired me to take this case on, I never asked why, even when all the little inconsistencies and contradictions in the 'evidence' we were collecting started adding up.

RACHEL

(frosty)

It's kind of late in the game to grow a spine, Scott.

SCOTT

(bows head)

I know. I... look, I could apologise the rest of my life but that won't make any difference. Putting together a counter-case, that'll help.

RACHEL

You sure that's what you want to do? I mean, far as you're concerned we must all be criminals, right?

SCOTT

Maybe, but not for what they're charging you for!

He hears VOICES outside, glancing over his shoulder.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Look, I've got to go. But I want you to know I'm gonna do what I can to fix this. Alright?

She just glares at him. Scott rises, gets to the door and opens it a crack.

With a last glance round at Rachel, he's gone. Silence falls for a beat - and then Rachel starts to SOB again.

INT. NYPD - INTERVIEW ROOM #2 - NEXT

ON THE DOOR as it opens and the Mayor steps inside, beaming down at:

NOA, who frowns as he locks the door behind him and pulls up a chair before her.

NOA

What are you doing here?

WILKINS

Collecting on a bargain.

Noa blanches, shrinking into herself.

NOA

You... what?

WILKINS

You see, Noa, when I forge a deal with somebody, I always expect them to pay me back. Maybe not right away, usually not in a manner they expected, but nonetheless... I get my end of the bargain.

Noa SHIVERS, to which Wilkins just GRINS.

NOA

So what do you want from me? I mean... look around. I'm not exactly somewhere I can do you any favours.

WILKINS

Ah, you see, that's where you're wrong.

ON THE AIR VENT as a strange, smoky substance starts to seep out of it. Noa doesn't spot this.

WILKINS (cont'd)

I had a new associate of mine run some tests on blood samples for you and your team, and the results were... happily convenient.

NOA

What do you mean?

More of the now thick BLACK SMOKE cascades down from the vent - flowing down the wall like liquid.

WILKINS

You see, another associate of mine is in bad shape at the moment, and has been on the lookout for somebody special to help them carry on doing what they do best.

ON THE FLOOR as the smoke slides towards Noa, almost like spectral black fingers reaching for her.

NOA

You're not making any sense. Not that you usually do, but still...

WILKINS

Oh, it'll make sense soon enough.

He just smiles again, leaving Noa bemused.

And then she SHIVERS again. She rubs her arms like the room temperature just dropped several degrees - and then she glances down at her feet.

And the BLACK SMOKE has circled round her chair, crawling steadily up over her legs!

NOA

(gasps)

What in the -

(CONTINUED)

The smoke suddenly LUNGES for her, clawing up her body and reaching for her throat!

NOA (cont'd)
Help! Help me! Somebody! Help!

Wilkins CHUCKLES as she rocks around in her chair, trying to scrape the thick smoke from her.

WILKINS
Oh, there's nobody here to hear you. I made sure of that.

Noa starts to CHOKE as the smoke forces itself into her mouth, pushing it open and rolling down her throat!

WILKINS (cont'd)
I did want to make sure that I and I alone got front row seats for this, however.

The last of the smoke slips into her mouth, Noa still COUGHING and RETCHING violently.

Wilkins rises casually, his eyes on Noa as she slumps forward, her struggles fading away...

A long beat passes. Wilkins glances around, then tries clearing his throat.

WILKINS (cont'd)
Hello?

Noa's head SNAPS UP, fixing him with a baleful stare...

... and then her eyes GLOW RED!

WILKINS (cont'd)
A-ha! I knew you were in there.

Noa looks down at herself, examining her hands, her legs - and then the chair.

NOA
(deep voice)
This... is unacceptable.

WILKINS
Only you have the power to change that, my dear...

Noa looks up at him - and then RISES FROM THE CHAIR!

WILKINS (cont'd)
Much better.

61 CONTINUED: (3)

61

Noa flicks one leg out and KICKS the chair away, letting it SMASH against the wall.

Wilkins steps up to her, waiting as she finishes examining her body like it's the first time she's seen it.

WILKINS (cont'd)
So? She was the one whose sample
was the closest match for what you
were looking for. How does she
feel?

And DARK NOA grins, nodding her head.

DARK NOA
Perfect.

Wilkins beams like a proud father, patting her on the shoulder.

PUSH IN CLOSE on Dark Noa's eye - and visible for a moment almost within her eye is Noa, desperately screaming...

... and with a BLINK, she's gone again.

Wilkins and Dark Noa leave the room, the Mayor holding the door open for her, as we CUT TO:

62 INT. NYPD - CELLS - NIGHT

62

The first rays of dawn are starting to peek through the tiny window up in the wall...

... but that's little comfort to Faith, sitting on the fold-down bed mounted on the wall.

She hears VOICES outside her cell and looks up - to see Vi getting led past by Detective Valcic.

Vi and Faith share a look - interrupted as Valcic pushes her to keep moving.

Faith watches Vi go for as long as she can - then hears:

SCOTT (O.S.)
Faith?

Faith looks over - Scott is standing at the cell gate.

FAITH
What do you want?

SCOTT
I, uh... I came to ask if there was
anything I could do.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

You've done enough.

SCOTT

I meant about the others. Bowen, DeRubria... Rachel.

FAITH

What can you do exactly, Mr. Master detective?

SCOTT

I don't know. Help, maybe. Make sure the Mayor doesn't have everything his way.

Faith holds his stare for a long beat - then heads for the cell gate. She stops a few feet short.

FAITH

Why the change of heart?

SCOTT

Because I realised I was used. This, all of this is a miscarriage of justice. And whether you guys are innocent or guilty of even a tenth of what Wilkins had me investigating, I can't stand back and let this happen.

FAITH

That'd be pretty admirable. Y'know, if you'd decided this before they shut my asylum down and locked us all up.

She turns and heads back for her bunk.

SCOTT

I'll keep an eye on Rachel.

Faith sits, holding his gaze again.

SCOTT (cont'd)

I'll make sure they go easy on her. Minimum security.

FAITH

How're you gonna do that?

SCOTT

I'll think of something. Wilkins may have taken me off my own team, but I've still got a few strings to pull here and there.

(CONTINUED)

Faith doesn't answer. Scott takes that as his cue to leave. He's a few steps away when:

FAITH
Me and Vi can take care of
ourselves.

Scott stops. Turns and looks back.

FAITH (cont'd)
But prison... it'll break Rachel in
half. You gotta make sure that
doesn't happen.

SCOTT
(nods)
I will. And if I find some way to
get you guys out of this...

FAITH
Just do what you can, Detective.

He nods again, turning and leaving her. Faith exhales,
leaning back on the bed and closing her eyes.

WILKINS (O.S.)
Well, well...

Her eyes snap open - there's the Mayor. Gloating.

WILKINS (cont'd)
This is getting to be a habit with
you, isn't it, firecracker?

FAITH
Screw you.

WILKINS
(tuts)
Young lady, please! After I've
given your friends such wonderful
opportunities for personal
development!

Faith jumps up, marching up to the bars.

FAITH
'Personal development'? One of
those kooks you had questioning me
said I could be in here a year,
maybe longer!

WILKINS
I wasn't talking about your
development.

And that's when Pryor steps into view. Faith's jaw drops.

PRYOR

He was talking about mine.

FAITH

You...

PRYOR

I wish there was some other way,
Faith, but we both know this is the
only path for me now.

FAITH

Pryor, no... it's not too late, we
can still help you!

PRYOR

I'm helping myself.

(beat)

I killed the woman who loved me
tonight, Faith. That's something I
can't ever take back. I have to
accept what I've become and just
try to make the best of it.

Pryor bows his head and leaves, heading for the exit.

WILKINS

So you see...

A shellshocked Faith turns to face him.

WILKINS (cont'd)

This is what it looks like when I
win.

Faith starts to sink to her knees, overwhelmed by shock.
Wilkins crouches down to stay at her eye level.

WILKINS (cont'd)

That pesky Summers girl may have
barricaded herself up tight inside
your precious asylum, which Pryor
unfortunately made sure I couldn't
just have bulldozed, but she's
fooling herself if she thinks she's
going to keep me from getting that
Gateway forever.

Wilkins rises, leaving Faith in a pathetic heap.

WILKINS (cont'd)

With any luck, she'll just fade
away, stuck in there all by herself
for so long.

(CONTINUED)

He shakes his head, almost sad to see Faith so beaten.

WILKINS (cont'd)

I'll be getting to work on the next stage of my plans now. It'll be a shame not to have you as a distraction in a way, but then again... what I'm aiming for is too important to risk having you running loose to get in my way.

(beat)

Goodbye, Faith.

Wilkins turns and starts to walk away, not bothering to look back.

Faith pulls her knees to her chest, her world breaking into a million pieces all around her.

PULL BACK from looking into the cell, with Faith shivering like a frightened little girl.

GUARD (O.S.)

Lock it down.

And as another set of bars CLANG shut before us, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW