

FAITH

"Did My Time"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

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TEASER

FADE IN:

OVER BLACK, and to the tune of Everlast's 'Folsom Prison Blues,' we find ourselves in:

1 INT. PRISON - CELL - DAY 1

Inside a jail cell as the bars slide back, locking into place with a loud CLANG.

A GUARD appears in the doorway, silhouetted against the morning sunlight streaming in.

GUARD

Time to go.

And there's FAITH, looking up from within the shadows. No defiance, no attitude. She rises, still silent, dressed in plain blue and white prison fatigues.

2 INT. PRISON - CORRIDOR - NEXT 2

Faith walks down one of the long corridors, lined with more cells on both sides. The Guard follows behind.

A few of the female inmates make the odd HECKLE or CATCALL as she heads past, but nobody's putting any effort into it.

3 INT. PRISON - BOOTH - NEXT 3

Waiting as more sets of barred doors slide back, Faith and the Guard step a little way forward at a time.

Working their way through the network of security gates, they come to a booth where another GUARD waits.

He looks Faith up and down. She doesn't look back,. She still hasn't said a word.

GUARD #2

Almost sorry to see you go, Lebane.

She looks his way. He grins. Nods his head to the Guard behind her.

GUARD

Keep it moving.

They head onward, the second Guard turning to check out the view as Faith heads into:

4 INT. PRISON - CHANGING ROOM - NEXT 4

With the Guard close enough to keep an eye on her, Faith finishes slipping back into her usual outfit.

(CONTINUED)

4

CONTINUED:

4

Dressed in a more typical jeans, plain t-shirt and jacket, she heads for the exit, passing the Guard.

5

INT. PRISON - OFFICE - NEXT

5

Faith stands before a desk, itself behind a glass partition. Behind it stands the CLERK.

He's scribbling across paperwork - Faith standing neatly behind a yellow line a few feet from the desk.

The Clerk drops a CLIPBOARD into a tray and pushes it forward - motioning for Faith to take it.

Leaning forward, she takes the clipboard, using the attached pen to sign on several dotted lines.

Behind the Clerk, another man heads forward with a large manilla envelope. He passes it to the Clerk, who empties it out onto the desk.

CLERK

(bored formality)

Are these your possessions, in the
same condition as when you first
handed them over to us?

Faith takes a glance over them - a wallet, a cell phone, some gum. Nothing much. She nods.

The Clerk sweeps the goods into the tray and pushes it open again. Faith returns the clipboard and starts taking her things back, stuffing them into pockets.

The Clerk checks over the clipboard, then hands it to his colleague.

CLERK (cont'd)

Congratulations, Lehane.

She looks up. Meets his gaze. Something in her stare makes him look away.

Faith turns, heading for an exit to her left. The Guard stays behind her all the way.

6

INT. PRISON - HALL - NEXT

6

Faith waits as the heavy main gates are unlocked and drawn aside for her.

Other members of prison personnel are out to watch - a few guys in suits peer down from a balcony overhead.

Faith doesn't meet anybody's gaze as she waits for the doors to finish opening.

7 EXT. PRISON - MAIN ENTRANCE - NEXT 7

Stepping out into sunlight for the first time, Faith has to squint against the change in contrast.

It's only a short walk down the drive to the gate which leads out onto the street.

Faith glances up, shielding her eyes - ARMED GUARDS patrol up on the walls. The distant sounds of prisoners on their morning exercises drifts back to her.

8 EXT. STREET - NEXT 8

Faith steps through the gate as it's opened for her, and onto the street itself.

She turns to look up at the sign over the door as the gate is closed and locked behind her:

'Bedford Hills Correctional Facility.'

Faith looks back up and down the street. Sees a row of taxis parked not too far away. Sets off towards them.

9 EXT. STREET - TAXI RANK - NEXT 9

There's a news stand, a bar and a handful of shops near the line of plain TAXI CABS. She's in a quiet part of New York State - plenty of open ground, one main road.

Faith glances at the news stand, then heads over and starts scanning over the headlines.

VENDOR

What can I do for you, young lady?

Faith looks up at the VENDOR - a wrinkled, silver-haired old guy. Seems pleasant enough.

FAITH

Just seeing what I've missed.

VENDOR

(nods)

You're from up the road, right?

(off her look)

Bedford Hills.

FAITH

That obvious?

He chuckles, leaning forward to nod his head towards the prison visible further up the road. There isn't much else in the nearby area.

(CONTINUED)

VENDOR

My patch is right next door to the only maximum security women's correctional facility in New York State. Seen plenty of girls just like you.

Faith's eyes narrow as she picks up various headlines: 'Riots In England' and 'Who Are The Slayers?'

FAITH

(under her breath)

I doubt that...

She digs some change out of her pocket and scoops up a handful of papers and magazines.

The vendor slots the coins into his till, watching Faith as she begins quickly leafing through the various papers.

VENDOR

Where'd they keep you locked up?
You must've gotten to see the news
or something, right?

FAITH

How do you know I'm not some ax
murderer?

VENDOR

They let you out, didn't they?

She pauses. Glances his way. He shrugs.

VENDOR (cont'd)

No business of mine what you did.
Long as you pay for whatever you
take, we're all square.

Faith manages a grin at last, her eyes falling back onto the papers. The vendor peers over her shoulder as she reads.

VENDOR (cont'd)

(off paper)

Damndest thing, isn't it? Started
in England a while back. Some kind
of riot in the capital, next thing
you know everybody's talking about
them.

Faith's looking at an article that makes several mentions of 'Slayers' and 'vampires.'

(CONTINUED)

VENDOR (cont'd)
All a load of hooey if you ask me.
Bunch of conspiracy nuts with a
journalist's license. Nothing more
than that.

Faith closes the paper - her gaze stopping on something on
the front page.

VENDOR (cont'd)
Where are you headed?

FAITH
Lower East Side.

VENDOR
Yeah, just take the six eighty-
four. Tell any of them drivers to
ride it all the way to NYC. Won't
take you long.

Faith glances across, then back at the paper. She's looking
at the date.

It reads: 'February 7th, 2010.'

FAITH
(quiet)
I've got time...

She stuffs the papers under her arm and heads for the nearest
cab. As the vendor watches her slip inside:

TITLE OVER: 18 MONTHS LATER

The cab pulls away and heads down the road, leaving the kiosk
and cluster of buildings behind, and as the song finally
comes to a close, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

10 EXT. NYC - STREET - DAY 10

Faith emerges from a yellow cab and finds herself in a quieter part of the Lower East Side. Plenty of nondescript tall buildings blocking out the sun.

She leans back into the cab and slips the driver a few bills, then turns back to survey the scene as the taxi departs.

Crossing the street, she heads towards an apartment block dead ahead:

11 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - FOYER - NEXT 11

Faith looks over the mailboxes - doesn't seem to recognise any of the names there.

She peers closer at the box for number forty-seven - the name Sellotaped onto the box is 'Mallozzi.'

With a frown, Faith heads up the staircase.

12 INT. APARTMENT BLOCK - CORRIDOR - NEXT 12

Pacing down the corridor, she glances back and forth as if expecting somebody to jump out on her at any moment.

Faith reaches apartment forty-seven. She pauses an awfully long time before hesitantly reaching out and KNOCKING on the door.

Muffled voices and noises can be heard from within - until the door is opened and a middle-aged MAN appears before her.

MAN

Yes?

FAITH

(thrown)

Oh, uh, sorry, I... is Noa here?

MAN

Who?

FAITH

Noa DeRubria. This is - was her apartment.

MAN

Sorry, can't help.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Who is it, honey?

(CONTINUED)

MAN
(calls back)
Just somebody looking for an old
tenant, honey.

The Man nods apologetically to Faith, stepping out into the corridor and closing the door.

MAN (cont'd)
Sorry. We're expecting, she gets
jittery whenever someone shows
up... you know how it is.
(off Faith's look)
Or... not. So! Um. Noa DeRubria,
was that it?

FAITH
Yeah. She used to live right here.

MAN
How long has it been since you last
saw her?

FAITH
About a year and a half?

MAN
(shakes head)
We've been here over a year now. I
think I did hear something about
the previous tenant's lease being
forfeit... I can't say for sure.
You'll have to ask the manager.

FAITH
Right... right.

Still trying to process, Faith starts to head away, when:

MAN
I hope you find your friend.

Faith stops at the top of the stairs.

FAITH
(solemn)
Yeah. Me too.

She descends, the Man stepping back into his apartment as we
CUT TO:

Watching her from across the street, Faith stands on the
front steps of another apartment building.

(CONTINUED)

This time, she's talking to an overweight guy - the building's manager - and pointing up to one of the rooms overhead.

The manager shakes his head, and whatever he tells Faith doesn't lift that frown etched into her features.

With a half-hearted wave of thanks, she walks back down the steps and onto the street.

Faith sits at the counter of a modest little bar. There's a few other patrons scattered around.

Faith's holding a single shot of something, swirling it listlessly round in the glass.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

You know, you're within your rights
to drink that.

She looks up - the bald, well-built BARTENDER is standing before her. He gestures to the wall of bottles.

BARTENDER (cont'd)

I have plenty more.

Faith offers a weak grin as the Bartender absently starts wiping the counter.

FAITH

Just hoping some kind of answer'll
jump out at me, I guess.

BARTENDER

What questions are you asking?

Faith SIGHS, running a hand through her hair. She stares back out onto the street - early lunchtime traffic starting to fill the sidewalk outside.

FAITH

I'm trying to find my friends. I've
been... out of town for a while.

The Bartender keeps quiet, letting her tell the tale.

FAITH (cont'd)

I've checked their apartments,
nothing. Places they used to hang,
nobody's seen 'em for months. No
forwarding addresses.

BARTENDER

Maybe they're out of town too?

She looks back at him, hesitating before replying:

FAITH
Yeah... maybe.

She knocks the drink back, takes her wallet from her jeans pocket and checks the contents.

BARTENDER
What about just calling them?
People move all the time, but they
tend to stick with the same cell
number. Right?

FAITH
(shakes head)
No good.

She fishes her own phone from her pocket.

FAITH (cont'd)
Tried every number I had for any of
'em - either got a dial tone,
somebody else asking how I got
their number or just no answer.

BARTENDER
Huh. Sounds like some of your
friends don't want to be found.

FAITH
Nah. They wouldn't... I mean, I
don't think they...
(sighs)
I just need to know they're
alright.

The Bartender nods, glancing up and down the counter - nobody else is sitting there. He turns back to Faith.

BARTENDER
You staying for lunch? We do a mean
five alarm chilli. Personal recipe.
Won't help find your friends, but
it'll get you through the day.

FAITH
No, thanks. Not hungry.

She lays a few bills down and heads for the door, pausing as she starts to push it open.

FAITH (cont'd)
Hey, you know if the old
Constantine Asylum on First and
Sixth is still there?

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

BARTENDER

Far as I know. Nothing out there
but piles of old buildings nobody
knows what to do with anyway.

Faith pauses, then steps out onto the street.

15 EXT. STREET - EVENING

15

It's a few hours later by now. Faith isn't walking with any
sense of urgency - it's been a long day already.

She's heading past older, less used buildings now. Lots of
boarded up windows, graffiti and signs of disuse.

She turns a corner onto a wider road, and standing proudly a
short distance away is:

THE ASYLUM

Faith stands and looks it over for a while - and it's not
looking like it used to.

As she approaches, she begins to make out changes to its
appearance - boards over the windows, scaffolding, cordons.
Doesn't look like anybody's been this way for a while.

16 EXT. THE ASYLUM - MAIN ENTRANCE - NEXT

16

Hopping over one of the barriers at the end of the drive,
Faith strides up to the glass frontage.

She presses her hands against the glass to peer inside -
nothing. No lights, no movement. Lots of dust.

She takes a few steps back, looking up and trying to assess
the state of the rest of the building.

There's no obvious way in - any exits have been sealed up
tight, either with thick boards or by actual welds in the
case of the fire doors.

17 EXT. THE ASYLUM - BALCONY - NEXT

17

Hauling herself up from a rickety fire escape and onto a
small, flat balcony space, Faith heads for a door.

She rattles it, but it won't budge. She turns - a pretty
decent view of Downtown is laid out before her.

Faith takes a moment - she and the others used to come here
to gather their thought.

She turns back to the door - noticing the many discarded
CIGARETTE BUTTS on the ground.

(CONTINUED)

Kneeling, she starts trying to detach the casing around a small electrical conduit.

A quick YANK of Slayer strength and it comes loose. Faith pulls the wires apart - revealing a small KEYPAD.

She types in a six-digit number - and with a CLICK, the door unlocks!

She rises, allowing herself a grin as she pulls on the stiff, resisting door before stepping inside:

Within the Asylum, it's like a ghost town. Dim streams of light are all she has to see by, highlighting how thick the air is with dust motes.

She paces forward, senses sharp and alert for any signs of life. After a few steps, she tries:

FAITH
(calls out)
Hello?

But with a roll of her eyes, she realises what little good that'd do her.

She tries a few doors - some are locked, and those that aren't only open into empty, abandoned rooms.

She takes a few more steps - then hears a BEEPING sound. Her eyes widen as she recognises it.

She hurries over to one wall, wiping away more dust - and revealing another KEYPAD, this one needing a swipe card.

Faith punches in a code - but the beeping continues. Realising she also needs a card, Faith tries the code again:

Just as a RED LIGHT flashes on the keypad. Faith quickly DIVES back:

Just in time to avoid RAZOR WIRE as it SLICES from either side of the corridor!

She slowly rises, having narrowly missed that particular aspect of the building's security system - but the red light stays lit.

FAITH (cont'd)
(mutters)
Crap.

Pacing forward very carefully, she gingerly steps past the section of wall that housed the wire, before continuing:

19 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - NEXT 19

Faith carefully pushes open the door to the staff room. It's as undisturbed as everywhere else.

She looks over the whiteboard - still displaying the hastily-scribbled plan of defence against the police raid on the Asylum.

20 INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - NEXT 20

Everywhere she goes, it's the same story. Nothing's been here for a long time.

Faith's footsteps ring out loud, echoing around the rooms and corridors beyond as she continues.

She pauses near the doorway - and reaches up over the frame, groping round until she hears a CLICK.

Several razor-sharp BOLTS drop slightly from the door frame - another of the building's security systems. With the trap disarmed, Faith moves on:

21 INT. ASYLUM - OLD ASYLUM - NEXT 21

Faith turns a corner into a long, wide corridor - where the huge set of STEEL SHUTTERS are still down over the entrance to the Old Asylum beyond.

There's evidence of plenty of work here - SCORCH MARKS from a variety of sources, blunt trauma and more, but nothing managed to get through.

Faith runs a hand across the shutters, as if she'll get an explanation from the cold metal, before moving on.

22 INT. ASYLUM - QUARTERS - NEXT 22

Faith pushes open a door to reveal her old room - abandoned just as she left it.

She paces forward, her gaze lingering on various personal effects - clusters of photographs, trinkets, even her case full of weapons.

She sits down on the bed, the springs SQUEAKING beneath her weight. Glancing up at the window, the sun is already starting to set outside.

With a last look round, Faith tucks her legs up and lies down on the bed, curling her body in close.

Staring at the door as if waiting for someone to step through, PULL BACK from Faith as she stays lying down.

23 INT. ASYLUM - QUARTERS - NIGHT 23

Faith's eyes SNAP open - it's several hours later. Night has fallen, and the already gloomy Asylum is now in near darkness.

She gets up, carefully making her way across the room and feeling for the door:

24 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 24

Outside, Faith tries the light switch - nothing. Still no power anywhere in the building.

Squinting as her eyes adjust to the darkness, she keeps one hand against the wall for guidance as she moves on.

25 INT. ASYLUM - BOOTH - NEXT 25

Faith's now in one of the many security booths dotted round the building.

The bank of CCTV monitors by the desk are blank, but Faith's more concerned with rifling through one of the supply cabinets.

She locates a flashlight, checking it works and sweeping the beam round the gloom.

Her back is to the monitors - so she doesn't notice as they flicker silently to life.

A fuzzy, indistinct FACE peers out as if from within the screens themselves:

But as Faith turns, the screens go blank again. Faith exits, none the wiser.

26 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 26

Emerging back into the corridor, her flashlight beam cutting through the gloom at last, Faith moves on.

She hasn't gone far when a door SLAMS behind her. She spins - nothing.

She frowns, flashlight searching for any sign of movement in the darkness.

FAITH

Hello?

A thought hits her. She checks up and down the corridor, then tries calling out:

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

Dawn?

CRASH! Every door on the corridor suddenly FLIES OPEN, and from within each room, dozens of OBJECTS come hurtling out!

Faith ducks, shielding herself as she's assailed on all sides by various items - books, a cell phone, picture frames, shoes, even a large MIRROR.

ALARMS wail, the building suddenly on full alert as Faith defends herself against the onslaught.

The mirror SHATTERS against the wall behind her - and all activity ceases. Everything is silent once more.

Spooked, Faith slowly recovers, brushing debris from her jacket and stepping carefully over the piles of random crap strewn around her.

She starts off down the corridor at a brisk pace, breaking into a jog as she rounds a corner:

27

INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT

27

Faith BARGES the office door open and heads for Pryor's desk - the room in the same untouched state as the others.

Searching quickly through the drawers, emptying them onto the floor and rifling through the contents.

Aside from official looking folders and paperwork, there are also various MAGICAL TRINKETS - a spellbook, a bag of herbs, a potion bottle.

It doesn't look like she's found what she wants, as Faith heads over to the cabinets against the far wall.

She's just about levered one open when she hears something SCRAPING behind her.

She turns - and then DUCKS as the entire DESK flies towards her, SLAMMING into the wall inches from her head!

The ALARMS are back - wailing klaxons that force Faith to cover her ears.

FAITH

(yelling)

Dawn, it's me! Faith! Knock it off!

Everything in the room starts moving - doors CRASH open and shut, furniture JUMPS about, and Faith gets the message.

She rises and bolts for the door, PENS and FOLDERS from the overturned desk chasing her back out.

28 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 28

Arms raised as more and more things fly at her, Faith races back down the corridor.

A janitor's closet opens, and MOPS and BUCKETS shoot out towards her.

A bucket WINGS her in the knee, and Faith twists awkwardly and hits the deck.

She looks up - to see a line of mops spearing towards her like javelins!

ROLLING aside as the mops STRIKE the ground and splinter, Faith is quickly back on her feet and running.

29 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - NEXT 29

Faith makes it into the staff room, turning and SLAMMING the door and locking it behind her.

Outside, a chorus of objects FLING themselves at the door - but it holds.

Backing away, Faith looks round for anything that'll help - but there's no other way out.

The door handle starts to RATTLE - and the door itself is beginning to BUCKLE under the assault outside.

She curses under her breath, lifting her head and calling out:

FAITH

Dawn, can you hear me? If it's you,
then quit screwing around! I'm me!
The real me! You need me to prove
it? Try me! Anything you need!

And everything falls silent once again. Faith exhales slowly, not daring to move a muscle.

Still nothing. Cautiously, Faith edges towards the door, reaching for the handle:

30 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 30

Faith tries the handle - and has to put her weight against the door to open it against the pile of objects heaped against it.

Stepping out into the corridor proper, Faith sweeps her flashlight up and down the deserted area.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Come on, Dawn. It's me. I know I've been gone... a while, but I could really do with seeing -

DAWN (O.S.)

Faith?

She turns - and there's DAWN, standing a few feet away. As if she just popped in from nowhere. She's dressed in her usual geek chic.

FAITH

(exhales; grins)
Yeah, Dawnie. Hey.

DAWN #2 (O.S.)

Is it really you?

Faith frowns, turning round - as another DAWN emerges cautiously from one of the open doorways.

This one, however, looks very different - her dishevelled hair hangs over her face, her clothing messy and torn.

FAITH

Uh...

DAWN #3 (O.S.)

How did you get in here?

Faith whips round - a third DAWN emerges from the shadows to join the first!

The new Dawn is a sluttier, more daring version of the Summers girl - all fishnets, thick makeup and knee-highs.

FAITH

The hell...?

DAWN

We locked this place down tight.
How did you get past the security?

FAITH

'We'?

DAWN #3

(shoves Dawn)
Duh! She knows the access codes, doesn't she? Probably opened one of the sealed hatches and got in that way.

DAWN

Oh... yeah. Right.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Dawn, what's going on? Why are there... what's with the other 'you's?

The first Dawn starts to speak - but Dawn #3 interrupts:

DAWN #3

Don't ask her anything. She doesn't have a clue. She never does.

DAWN

(tetchy)

I do so have a clue!

DAWN #3

So why have we all been stuck in here so long?

They start bickering, before Faith hears:

DAWN #4 (O.S.)

Where are the others?

A thoroughly confused Faith turns - and two more DAWNS are heading towards her. One is all buttoned up like a stern librarian, the other with long, flowing hair and dressed in a virginial white summer dress.

DAWN #5

Noa? Vi? Rachel? Have you seen them? Are they alright?

The crowd of Dawns closes in around Faith, forming a circle and cutting her off.

As they all start speaking at once, barraging her with questions, a shellshocked Faith has to cover her ears against the din before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

31 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

31

Back with Faith, the circle of Dawns still all talking at once, until:

FAITH
(yells)
Shut up!

They fall silent. She turns to the first - and most recognisable - version of Dawn.

FAITH (cont'd)
Get rid of them.

DAWN
But -

FAITH
Dawn! Now!

DAWN
(blinks)
Sure, sure. No problem.

And just like that, the other Dawns are GONE. Like they were never even there. Faith exhales, leaning over and resting against her knees.

DAWN (cont'd)
(beams)
It's great to see you. You know that? I mean, I never thought I'd see anybody who wasn't me ever again, so you just walking in here is all, you know... eee!

Dawn registers Faith's weary stance, still hunched over.

DAWN (cont'd)
You, uh, want me to put the lights on?

FAITH
Can you?

Dawn CLICKS her fingers - and the overhead lights SWITCH ON all along this section of corridor.

DAWN
I don't usually bother. Nobody here but me, you know?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31

CONTINUED:

31

DAWN (cont'd)
And, anyway, don't want to draw
attention to me still being here.

FAITH
(straightening)
Attention from who?

Dawn's vanished. Faith quickly turns - to pick up Dawn
walking back down the corridor, already several feet away.

DAWN
(over shoulder)
Come on! This way.

Still thrown, Faith jogs to catch up:

32

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

32

The girls stroll down another section of the Asylum. Faith
glances up - noticing how the lights are turning off and on
in sync with their progress.

DAWN
I mean, the Mayor stopped trying to
beat his way down into the Gateway
room a while back, but people still
try to get in from time to time.
Squatters, demons, that kind of
thing. Usually I can just scare
them off or freak them out.

Faith is still looking around, processing the state of
disrepair the Asylum has fallen into.

DAWN (cont'd)
But yeah, it's been quiet. Well,
obviously. But I mean really quiet.
For a few months now. I think. Gets
a little hard to tell. Most days I
just sleep. Or whatever it is
ghosts do. If I am a ghost, I mean.
Never did work that out. Maybe -

FAITH
(over her)
Do you know how long it's been?
Since we all got arrested?

DAWN
Five hundred and forty-five days,
eight hours, forty-seven minutes
and five seconds.
(thinks)
Seven seconds. Why?

FAITH
Uh...

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Oo! Come on. This'll help explain.

Dawn SHIMMERS and blinks out of sight. The lights overhead CLICK off as soon as she's gone.

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

In here!

Faith follows the sound - Dawn's jumped further up the corridor, waving Faith into another room.

INT. ASYLUM - NOA'S OFFICE - NEXT

Faith reaches the doorway - this is where Noa used to work. The wheelchair-accessible conversions mark the room out.

DAWN (O.S.)

A day or so after the police raid,
Wilkins made his first attempt to
breach the shutters.

Faith steps inside, taking in Noa's various personal effects as Dawn activates the lights - and notices that Dawn has now switched to the meek, nerdy version of herself.

NERDY DAWN

'Course, those things don't come
down easy, especially with me
helping reinforce them, so after a
few months of trying he just gave
up and went back to his office.

FAITH

(beat)

A few months?

NERDY DAWN

(nods)

After that... well, see for
yourself.

Dawn waves an arm absently behind her - Noa's PC, TV and radio all spring to life. The television and radio are nothing but STATIC, and the PC just brings up the old Blue Screen of Death after a moment.

NERDY DAWN (cont'd)

See, every time I tried to reach
outside the Asylum, this happened.

Faith tries changing TV channels and tuning the radio.

DAWN (O.S.)

I think Wilkins put a whole range
of seals on the building.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DAWN (O.S.) (cont'd)
Blocks all transmissions in or out -
even the magical ones. No phone, no
internet, nothing.

Faith turns - Dawn is back to normal. Faith blinks, but Dawn
doesn't seem to have even noticed the change.

FAITH
So you don't know what happened to
the others either?

NERDY DAWN (O.S.)
Do you?

Faith turns - Nerdy Dawn is now back over by the PC - both of
them are here at once. Faith wearily rubs her eyes - this is
going to be a long night.

FAITH
They split us up. Sent us all to
different places. Couldn't get
anybody to tell me where they were,
so every time I tried to call,
write or e-mail I just got bounced
right back.

Faith heads for one of the chairs, flopping into it and
rubbing her eyes.

DAWN
That's about when I figured out I
could make more versions of me. At
first, you know, just to help me
keep track of things round the
building in case Wilkins or anybody
came back, but when he didn't...
then it was just for company.

FAITH
I'm sorry, Dawnie. There wasn't
anything I could -

DAWN
Pssh! Don't worry about it. I'm
fine. See? Look at me. Fine.

NERDY DAWN
She's right, you know. I'm fine.
Well, technically, we're fine, but
I guess you know that by now.

Faith meets her gaze - taking in the somewhat manic glimmer
in Dawn's eyes.

FAITH
(dubious)
Yeah... fine.

She gets up, heading for Noa's desk and trying a few commands in the computer.

FAITH (cont'd)
You said you couldn't contact
anyone externally - what about
internally?

DAWN
What do you mean?

FAITH
The Gateway. Alice and all the
other orderlies who got out before
you sealed it off.

NERDY DAWN
(bites lip)
Um... yeah. About that.

Faith frowns as we CUT TO:

EXT. ASYLUM - OLD ASYLUM - NEXT

Back before the huge steel shutters.

DAWN
See, as it turns out...

She slowly raises one hand - and with a series of THUNKS and the GRINDING of metal, the heavy shutters gradually rise.

DAWN (cont'd)
... just the Key on its own can't
really do much.

Faith senses something and glances behind her - half a dozen more DAWNS in various guises are mirroring Dawn's motion.

Spooked, Faith turns back just as the shutter gets high enough to duck underneath.

DAWN (cont'd)
(motions)
After you.

Faith slips under the barrier, clicking her flashlight back on as she heads down the slope into:

INT. OLD ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

Down in the murky depths of the old Asylum building, Faith knows which way to head.

Dawn appears alongside her as she walks, keeping pace. This time, it's the more punky, aggro model.

(CONTINUED)

PUNK DAWN

I think it might have something to do with all the spells layered on the building - either that, or I needed the Warden to boot the thing back up again.

FAITH

Figures. Nobody on the outside could've let us know they were okay either.

Faith comes to a stop. Punk Dawn carries on walking, realises Faith isn't with her - and POPS back to her side.

PUNK DAWN

What? Is something wrong? Do you want me to -

FAITH

What about Buffy?

Dawn sags a little. Faith turns to her - and Dawn has shifted back to her normal appearance.

FAITH (cont'd)

If you didn't check in, she'd have been over here like a shot to check up on you. Is she... did something happen?

DAWN

I don't know. I don't think so. Stands to reason that if Wilkins could make sure I was stuck inside, he'd have some way to keep anybody from looking for us either.

FAITH

You still can't get any further than the Asylum grounds?

DAWN

(shakes head)

I've figured out a lot of things the last year and a half, but far as I can tell I'm still locked to within a certain radius of the Gateway no matter what.

Faith looks away. Dawn frowns, stepping in front of her.

FAITH

I'm just thinking...
(bitter laugh)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Hell, I'm trying to think of how
we're gonna get back on our feet
after all this, and I can't come up
with a damn thing.

DAWN
Oh. Well... let's just keep moving.
If you can maybe get the Gateway
working, then that's something.
Right?

Dawn bounces off again. Faith hesitates before following, and
they soon arrive in:

Faith steps out before:

THE GATEWAY

The inscribed stone archway as impassive and indecipherable
as ever. Faith's flashlight follows the runes on its surface
and power lines running along the walls.

Dawn appears on the far side of the Gateway, walking beneath
the arch and approaching Faith.

DAWN
I'm thinking all you need to do is
just touch it, and kawoosh! Back in
business.

FAITH
(raises eyebrow)
'Kawoosh'?

DAWN
You have got to watch more TV.

Faith rolls up her sleeve - displaying the WARDEN TATTOO.

FAITH
People inside always asked me what
this meant.

DAWN
Inside... the prison?

Faith nods. Dawn fidgets, unsure how to phrase this:

DAWN (cont'd)
How did... I mean, what was it
like?

FAITH
Better than the last one. I was
just there longer this time.

Faith strides up to the Gateway, taking a breath - before she clamps her hand against it.

Nothing happens.

DAWN

Maybe you need to... I don't know,
try harder?

Faith steps back, closes her eyes. Shakes the day's worries away as best she can. Stepping up, she places her hand against the Gateway again.

Still nothing.

FAITH

This thing hasn't been used in a
long time, Dawnie.

DAWN

Yeah, and who knows how long it had
been offline before you and Noa
found it the first time? Keep
trying.

FAITH

I don't think -

DAWN

(wavering)
Keep trying!

Faith turns - Dawn's hopeful expression flickers for a beat, like a video afterimage.

Faith looks back to the Gateway - then steps away from it. Dawn's face falls properly this time.

FAITH

Let's get the hard lines working
again first. We can come back to
this later. It ain't going
anywhere.

Faith heads back out of the room. A crestfallen Dawn turns back to stare at the Gateway as we CUT TO:

Faith is heading back to the office suite - the lights coming on overhead to follow her once again.

A new version of Dawn steps out in front of her - this one is BALD, wrapped in thick brown robes like a monk.

MONK DAWN

So what now?

FAITH

Now, we wait for inspiration to hit.

MONK DAWN

I have a feeling that could take a while.

Faith just shoots her a look and steps into:

INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT

Faith heads for the desk, still up against the wall from where it was thrown earlier.

Monk Dawn waits in the doorway as Faith rights the desk, searching around on the floor for the PHONE.

MONK DAWN

I already told you, I can't get any line of communication outside.

FAITH

Yeah, you said. Which got me thinking. What if it's not just magic that's closing this place down?

MONK DAWN

What do you mean?

Faith follows the trailing phone cable to the wall, YANKING the socket away and peering inside.

Monk Dawn hovers nearby as Faith shines her flashlight into the hole in the wall:

FAITH

Aha.

She reaches in -a nd PULLS something loose. Holding it up to the light, it's a small white BOX, wires trailing from it.

FAITH (cont'd)

When Wilkins had people here trying to break down the shutters and keep you busy, he probably had some of these things fitted all round the building. Block any outgoing or incoming calls.

Dawn leans into frame - now appearing as the Nerd Dawn.

NERD DAWN

How did you know to look for them?

A beat. Faith's expression darkens as she rises, placing the phone tap on the desk.

FAITH

Pryor. Pryor invented these things.
Said they'd be handy if we ever
needed to barricade ourselves
inside the Asylum to stop anybody
hacking into our systems.

NERD DAWN

Oh.

(beat)

So you think -

The phone starts to RING! Faith and Dawn swap a look. Faith reaches for the phone, and answers it before Dawn can speak:

FAITH

Hello?

VOICE

(filtered; through phone)

Faith? Is... is that you?

Faith's eyes bulge. It takes her a moment to reply:

FAITH

Noa?

NOA lets out a sob of relief on the other end of the line.

NOA

Oh my God, I never... I can't
believe it's you! Are you alright?

FAITH

Where the hell are you? And how did
you know to call me?

NOA

Pryor set this thing up on all our
cell phones, remember? The
emergency call thing? If the Asylum
ever got cut off, soon as the lines
were reconnected our phones would
automatically dial in.

FAITH

Oh, yeah... yeah, right.

Faith glances to Dawn - who is shaking her head. She doesn't like this.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

Where are you?

NOA

I... I don't know. Wilkins has kept me locked up for... God, I don't even know how long it's been any more!

FAITH

Alright, sit tight. Stay on the line. I'll track the call right back to you.

Faith heads for the door, phone pressed to her ear.

DAWN

Faith? Something's not right here.

She stops. Turns. Dawn looks pretty spooked.

FAITH

No offence, Dawn, but you've filled the Asylum with copies of yourself just so you'd have somebody to talk to. You're not exactly the best judge of what's 'right' at the moment. I think I'm gonna follow my gut on this one.

Dawn starts to protest, but Faith is already out the door:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

PAN ACROSS a parked car - some old, rusty thing - as the driver's side window SMASHES, Faith's elbow through it.

She's quickly inside the car, tearing away the steering column moulding and starting to hotwire it.

As the engine REVS and come to life, Faith drops it into gear and pulls away with a SCREECH.

INT. CAR - NEXT

Travelling at a fair speed through the long, narrow lanes of the city, Faith keeps glancing at her phone:

ON THE SCREEN, a GPS map is up, showing the distance between Faith and her target - Noa's cell phone.

EXT. LOWER MANHATTAN - DOCKS - NEXT

SCREECHING to a halt near a row of mucky old shipping warehouses, Faith scrambles out of the car.

41 CONTINUED:

41

She checks the phone for a moment, fixating on one building out of the cluster and racing towards it.

42 INT. WAREHOUSE - GROUND FLOOR - NEXT

42

SMASH! She KICKS the door open, barging inside without stopping to check her surroundings.

Using the phone as a locator, she follows the trail to an iron staircase, rattling up it:

43 INT. WAREHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR - NEXT

43

And onto a long corridor with a half dozen abandoned office suites leading off it.

Faith makes her way along, stopping at the third door. She tries the handle - locked - and braces her shoulder to barge it open:

44 INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

44

CRASH! Faith stumbles into the room, taking in the furniture covered in plastic sheets:

And NOA, her grimy face streaked with tears, sitting on a rickety old chair.

NOA

Faith!

She hurries over - and Noa tries to get out of the chair, FALLING flat on the ground.

Faith reaches her as Noa literally crawls towards her, Faith quickly helping Noa up to a sitting position.

NOA (cont'd)

(weeping)

I can't... oh, God, I never thought
I'd see you again... I... I...

Faith closes her eyes, EMBRACING her and letting Noa cry it all out:

REVERSE ANGLE to show Noa's expression change - shifting from sobs to a wicked SMIRK, the tears still flawless.

And as DARK NOA's eyes GLOW a baleful RED for just a moment, her features move back to tears again as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

45 EXT. ASYLUM - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

45

The car Faith stole SKIDS to a halt, ending up almost sideways outside the front glass doors.

Faith springs out, racing to the passenger door and opening it. She grabs Noa and starts to haul her out, being mindful of the many injuries Noa's sporting.

NOA

(woozy)

Faith... don't... just get the others, don't try to -

FAITH

There are no others.

NOA

What?

Faith gets her arms crooked around Noa and bodily lifts her out of the seat.

NOA (cont'd)

What happened? I mean, when my phone called the Asylum, I figured everyone was back there, so what -

FAITH

(over her)

Not now.

Nudging the door shut with her knee, Faith jogs up to the front doors.

She pushes against the door with her shoulder - but the doors won't open. Faith steps back, sighing.

FAITH (cont'd)

C'mon, Dawn. Open up.

NOA

I thought you said -

FAITH

Dawn's still a ghost.

NOA

Oh.

Frowning, Faith shifts Noa's weight to get one arm free and POUNDS it against the doors.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Dawn! What the hell?

NOA
Maybe she can't hear us?

FAITH
No, she knows we're here.
Something's not right.

Noa COUGHS, and Faith looks her over - she needs medical attention. Fast.

FAITH (cont'd)
Alright, wait here. I'll be right back.

Faith gently lays the still-coughing Noa on the ground.

NOA
(between coughs)
Right, because saying that always ended so well...

Faith dashes off screen. Moments after she's gone, Noa's facade drops - Dark Noa is back. And she looks almost bored at how slowly things are progressing.

She hears a CRASH off screen, and the sound of BREAKING GLASS. A few moments later, Faith returns. Dark Noa puts her game face back on.

NOA (cont'd)
What did you -

FAITH
(picking Noa up)
Ask me later.

With Noa safely in her arms again, Faith hurries off screen, and we CUT TO:

The corridor stays dark as Faith hustles along, Noa looking all around at the state of disrepair.

NOA
What happened to this place?

FAITH
We didn't. There's only been Dawn here for months now.

NOA
Where is she?

FAITH
I don't know...
(calls out)
Dawn? Dawn!

Faith stops, turning in a circle. No sign of her.

FAITH (cont'd)
Damn it...

Faith puts her head down and moves on, arriving at:

INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NEXT

Faith quickly lays Noa down on one of the beds, before rushing to the supply cabinets.

She pulls open one of the drawers - but it SLAMS back into place!

FAITH
(thrown)
What?

She tries again - but now she can't even pull the drawer open at all!

NOA
(weak)
Faith?

FAITH
(grim)
Hang on...

She goes to the larger cabinets, scooping rapidly through the items within.

Returning to Noa's bedside with gauze, wipes and a pre-packaged shot of painkiller, she gets to work.

FAITH (cont'd)
I'm gonna patch you up then go find
Dawn and see what the hell's going
on, alright?

She reaches forward to start cleaning up Noa's wounds - but something SNATCHES the gauze from her hand!

FAITH (cont'd)
(turning)
Hey! What's the -

WHAM! An invisible force BARGES into Faith, knocking her off her feet!

NOA

Faith!

Faith tries to get up - and sees Noa's bed DRAG itself across the floor!

Faith jumps up, grabbing hold of the rail and trying to pull back - having to put all her grunt into it.

FAITH

Dawn, what are you doing? Cut it out!

The bed JERKS away from her again, and Faith stumbles, helpless as the bed SHOOTs across the room!

It hits the wall with a CRASH, dislodging Noa and sending her tumbling to the floor with a YELP.

Faith rises, hurrying over to the fallen Noa. She clings to her, terrified.

NOA

What's going on? Are we under attack? Is it another poltergeist?

FAITH

I think it's Dawn.

NOA

That doesn't make any sense! Why would she attack me?

FAITH

She attacked me when I first got here.

(off look)

Solitary hasn't been good to her.

Faith looks round - spots a WHEELCHAIR nearby.

FAITH (cont'd)

C'mon. Let's get you mobile.

Faith scoops her up, lowering Noa into the chair.

NOA

Where are we going?

FAITH

Straight to the source. Before she finds something bigger to throw our way.

Faith pushes Noa towards the door, and we CUT TO:

48 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

48

Faith wheels Noa along the corridor as quick as she can. They haven't made it far when ALARMS start to blare again!

Noa claps her hands to her ears. Faith keeps her foot down, powering onwards.

NOA
(yelling)
Was she this bad with you?

FAITH
(yelling back)
At first, yeah!

NOA
What if somebody hears all this noise?

Faith's lack of reply says it all, the duo turning sharply round a corner:

49 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

49

Another dark section of the building - but this time, as Faith and Noa pass through one archway:

SNIKT! A line of DARTS shoot from the wall, narrowly missing them!

NOA
(wide-eyed)
Woah! Is she trying to -

FAITH
(grim)
Yes. She is.

Doors FLY OPEN as they pass, random objects HURLING themselves out at the girls.

Faith does her best to swat away any that get too close, but they both take a few hits along the way.

NOA
You honestly think going down there to speak to her will make any difference?

FAITH
We don't have another choice!

Noa shuts up, clinging to the chair for dear life as Faith runs ever faster, and we're soon in:

50 INT. ASYLUM - OLD ASYLUM - NEXT

50

Back by the raised steel shutters over the ramp entrance to the older Asylum complex.

As the girls approach, however, the shutters start to MOVE - and then begin CLANKING slowly down!

NOA
(alarmed)
Faith...

FAITH
I see it, I see it! Hang on!

NOA
To what?

They only have seconds before the shutters close completely, and Noa shrinks down in her chair as they close in:

But with mere inches to spare, the girls clear the descending shutters, which land with a loud CLANG.

51 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - NEXT

51

Faith pushes Noa through the double doors and into the gloomy Gateway chamber, pausing to close and lock the doors.

Moments after she slides the heavy bolt into place, the doors start RATTLING - something's trying to get in.

NOA
Will that keep her out?

FAITH
Should do. There's nothing to throw at us in here.

Faith backs away, casting a quick glance at Noa before turning towards the Gateway.

Noa watches as Faith approaches the Gateway, Faith taking a moment to study the stone monolith.

NOA
Have you tried to use it since you got back?

FAITH
Once, earlier. No go. I'm hoping it just needed a jump start or something.

Faith rolls up her sleeves and approaches. Noa cocks her head to one side like a curious animal.

(CONTINUED)

Faith stands before one stanchion of the Gateway, inhaling deeply and clearing her thoughts.

She reaches slowly out and places her hand against the stone - nothing happens.

FAITH (cont'd)
(exhales)
Damn it!

NOA
No good?

FAITH
It'll work. Just gimme a sec.

Faith closes her eyes, rotating her neck and trying to focus.

NOA
I still don't see how going into
the Gateway will stop Dawn thinking
we're the enemy.

FAITH
Because that's where she's stuck.
When we had that accident bringing
you back and Dawn became...
whatever she is now, the Control
Room's where she got absorbed. Her
signal's strongest down there, I
guess.

Faith opens her eyes, CRACKING her fingers.

FAITH (cont'd)
Stands to reason if we can get down
there to see her, then she'll have
to listen.

Faith plants her hand against the Gateway again.

FAITH (cont'd)
(shuts eyes)
Come on, come on, come on...

Nothing happens for an agonising beat.

NOA
Maybe we should -

A loud HUMMING suddenly fills the room, and as Faith quickly steps back, rippling lines of ENERGY start to flow along the ruts in the walls towards the Gateway.

FAITH
(punches air)
Yes!

She takes a few steps back as the energy reaches the Gateway itself. The various glyphs and carvings begin to LIGHT UP in their now familiar sequence.

Faith turns to Noa, who beams back at her. As Faith looks away, she misses Noa's smile shift to something more sinister.

With a BASS DROP followed by a SNAP, a whirling PORTAL forms within the archway, and Faith heads for Noa.

FAITH (cont'd)
You ready?

NOA
Faith, I was born ready.

Grins all round as Faith pushes Noa through the portal:

And the girls soon arrive in the Control Room.

As Faith starts carefully rolling Noa's chair down the stairs one step at a time, the room begins to LIGHT UP.

The stairs illuminate first, descending into the larger chamber as the main lights come on.

The pedestal, banks of Pryor's old monitoring equipment and racks of cabinets are all as they were left.

Faith leaves Noa to wheel herself on as they reach the foot of the stairs, Faith striding into the middle of the room.

FAITH
Alright, Dawn, come on out! We
couldn't have made it this far if
we weren't the real deal, so quit
all this ghost crap and get your
incorporeal ass out here!

Nothing. Just the gentle background humming of the various elements of the room.

NOA
I don't think she's buying it.

FAITH
We just need to give her more time,
maybe she's still checking if -

WHUMP! Faith is THROWN several feet across the room!

NOA

Faith!

She turns to wheel over to her - but another PUSH of force sends Noa tumbling from her chair!

Faith rises - and Dawn materialises in front of her! She looks pretty wired, hands raised to stop Faith.

DAWN

No!

FAITH

(bunching fists)

Dawn, I swear to God, if you had a neck I could throttle right now -

DAWN

That's not Noa!

Faith charges forward - PASSING THROUGH Dawn on her way to the stricken Noa.

DAWN (cont'd)

(turning)

Faith, listen to me! Get away from it!

Faith looks back as she helps Noa up, shooting Dawn a disgusted look.

FAITH

'It'? The hell is wrong with you?

NOA

(winces)

Yeah, way to roll out the welcome mat, Dawnie!

DAWN

(cold)

Don't speak to me. Don't even look at me.

Faith sits Noa back in her chair, then turns to face Dawn.

FAITH

This'd better not be some more of your crazy spook stuff, 'cause now is really not the time for...

She trails off. Realises Dawn is staring, wide-eyed, over her shoulder. Faith slowly turns...

(CONTINUED)

... and sees Noa rising from the chair to her feet!

FAITH (cont'd)
(jaw drops)
How...

NOA
Oh, Faith... You really need to
slow down and think once in a
while.

Straightening, Noa's features curl around a sickly grin -
before her eyes BLAZE RED.

Faith stumbles backwards - Dawn blinking out of sight again
beside her - as DARK NOA advances.

FAITH
No...

DARK NOA
I was starting to wonder if you'd
ever figure it out. Looks like I
overestimated your intelligence.

FAITH
This can't be right, you... You're
not her! You can't be her!

Dark Noa lifts her arms - wisps of BLACK SMOKE starting to
rise and swirl in the air above her.

DARK NOA
We've been one ever since the day
you were all arrested. I feel...

She closes her eyes, letting a happy shiver run across her.

DARK NOA (cont'd)
... like I'm home.

As the dark smoke above her starts to solidify into THE
DARKLING itself, Faith's shock gives way to defiance.

FAITH
(snarls)
This was all a trick.

DARK NOA
I needed to get into the Asylum,
Faith. Simple as. That stupid ghost
always found some way to stop me -
but I knew that if I called out to
you, made you think you were
rescuing a friend, you'd walk me
right in through the front door.

(CONTINUED)

FWOOSH! The Darkling suddenly surges forward, SIDESWIPING Faith and sending her flying across the room!

DARK NOA (cont'd)
Thanks for making this so easy.

Faith, stunned, tries to sit up - but Dark Noa is on her in a second, the Darkling back inside her body.

She grabs Faith and hauls her to her feet, spinning on one heel to HURL Faith across the chamber!

She SMASHES into the filing cabinets, tipping them over and pinning her down as she hits the deck.

Faith tries to rise - but slumps back down to the floor. Everything starts to BLUR, sound echoing around her.

FADE TO BLACK:

DAWN O.S.)
(muffled; distant)
Faith! Wake up! Faith!

FADE IN:

ON FAITH as she stirs, blinking blearily through the cobwebs. She sits up, broken glass falling from her.

NERDY DAWN stands in front of her, wringing her hands fretfully.

FAITH
(dazed)
What...

NERDY DAWN
We can't hold her off much longer,
she's going to -

Faith pushes herself up with a GRUNT, looking past Nerdy Dawn to see:

DARK NOA trying to work the pedestal, hands moving rapidly over the liquid-filled glass tubes.

THE DARKLING rises in a cloud of black matter above her, fending off the attentions of several other DAWNS.

It SWIPES and CLAWS at any Dawn that gets too close - the girls themselves using their powers to HURL stray pieces of equipment towards Dark Noa.

The pedestal lets out a loud HUM, and as Faith staggers closer she sees a single sliver of LIGHT drop from the roof.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

No... no!

Dark Noa turns and gives her a final, victorious grin - then grabs the HANDLE and darts away from the pedestal, the Darkling sucking itself back into her!

The light forms into a single DOORWAY, and Dark Noa is quick to CLAMP the Handle into place and swing the door open, DIVING through into the darkness beyond.

The door SLAMS SHUT before Faith can reach it - and the Handle falls away from it.

Faith scoops it up and tries to fix it back to the door - but it won't take!

FAITH (cont'd)

What's going on? Why can't I open this? It's not working!

She turns - Dawn and a crowd of her doppelgangers are clustered round the pedestal, all talking rapidly at once.

FAITH (cont'd)

Dawn!

DAWN

(over the others)

She did something, I - we can't follow the signal!

The door starts to GLOW - it's about to fade away to nothing! Frantic, Faith rushes over to the pedestal.

FAITH

Move! Move!

The Dawns scatter, Faith quickly scanning the control pool within the pedestal's basin for any clues:

But she's too late. The doorway fades to nothing. Faith BANGS her fist against the pedestal in frustration as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

53

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

53

Faith is up to her armpits in the innards of various scattered pieces of monitoring equipment.

Dawn, Nerdy Dawn, Monk Dawn and Punk Dawn are still standing around the pedestal, having an increasingly heated argument.

NERDY DAWN

But there's no way to track where she went!

DAWN

Then we're not looking hard enough!

MONK DAWN

The Darkling is a creature as old as the Gateway itself. It may know things we do not.

DAWN

(scowls)

Yes, because that's an exceptionally useful thing to say right now.

NERDY DAWN

What about if we try -

PUNK DAWN

Look, it's gone, alright?

MONK DAWN

'It' has a name.

DAWN

(shakes head)

That's not Noa. Not right now, anyway.

NERDY DAWN

Shouldn't we be trying to find a way to get Noa back?

DAWN

How? You saw what that thing could do before - we don't exactly have a lot of resources to play with here!

PUNK DAWN

All I'm saying is -

CRASH! Faith KICKS OVER one of the monitors.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(seething)
Do you think this is helping?

The Dawns swap guilty, admonished glances.

FAITH (cont'd)
We just watched one of our best -
one of our only friends - jump
through a portal to God knows
where, seconds after we find out
that she's being used as a fricken
party suit by a smoke monster from
another dimension!
(beat)
What's wrong with you?

There's a long beat. None of the Dawns want to reply.

NERDY DAWN
(meek)
We're just -

FAITH
(snaps; to Dawn)
I'm talking to her.

Dawn folds her arms - and the other Dawns blink out of sight.

DAWN
I'm listening.

Faith marches up to her, still pissed but trying to reign her anger in.

FAITH
You can't find out where she went.
That right?

DAWN
Not so far, no.

FAITH
Alright, then we stop looking.

DAWN
But -

FAITH
If you could find it, you'd know by
now. Let's assume she covered her
tracks well enough and move onto
one of our other problems.

Dawn sighs, flicking her hair back.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Like what?

FAITH

Like getting you back in touch with the outside world. You're more use to me if you can get eyes and ears outside the Asylum.

DAWN

That connection blocker thing you took off one of the phone lines helped. Maybe if you found the rest, I could try and hook back into local phone and internet lines?

FAITH

(nods)

I'm on it. We need to find Vi, Rachel and Jerry before that thing does.

Faith starts to head for the stairs, pausing as Dawn calls after her:

DAWN

What are we going to do about Noa?

Faith stops. Doesn't turn around.

DAWN (cont'd)

She was able to play Noa well enough to fool you. That means she's well integrated into Noa's consciousness. Who knows if we can even separate them by now?

FAITH

(exhales)

We can't think that.

DAWN

And we both know how powerful the Darkling is. It knows you're out and knows we're here now.

Faith slowly turns to face Dawn as she steps closer.

DAWN (cont'd)

Who's the first person you think she's going to tell?

Faith look tells the story as we CUT TO:

54

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

54

Inside a plush, executive suite, the walls decorated with framed photographs and paintings. Trophy cabinets fight for attention alongside artefacts from round the world.

There are also six seats filled with COUNCIL OFFICIALS, middle-aged men in suits arranged in a half-circle around a desk, the edge of which is just visible:

All rudely disturbed by a crackling PORTAL of energy opening up in the middle of the room!

The officials scoot away from the portal, scooching their chairs aside and clutching board papers to their chests.

Dark Noa steps calmly out of the vortex, hair swirling in the wind. Once clear, the portal closes with a SNAP.

WILKINS (O.S.)

You know, that's going to leave one doozy of a stain on my Axminster.

Dark Noa tilts her head - as MAYOR WILKINS leans over his desk to inspect the damage.

DARK NOA

Our mission's a little more important than your upholstery, boss. Sorry.

Wilkins chuckles, sitting back down as Dark Noa comes to stand before his desk. She either hasn't noticed the officials or doesn't care that they're staring at her.

WILKINS

Always straight to business with you, cupcake. Doesn't matter whose body you're renting, does it?

Wilkins notices the others at last, and raises a hand in apology.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Boys, we'll have to finish up tomorrow. I know this next election isn't going to win itself, but I think we're far enough ahead of schedule to take a night off!

The officials gather their papers and briefcases, leaving the room with a last few glances at Dark Noa.

WILKINS (cont'd)

So I take it your little fact-finding trip went as planned?

(CONTINUED)

DARK NOA

Faith's back at the Asylum. Dawn's still there too.

WILKINS

No sign of the rest of her gang?

DARK NOA

They were alone. Either the others haven't been released yet, or they're still out there trying to make contact.

WILKINS

Well, we'll come to that in due course. We don't need to move on the Asylum for some time yet - as long as we keep an eye on Faith to make sure she's not getting too far ahead of herself, we can leave them be. For now.

Wilkins watches Dark Noa as she paces round the room, examining the trophies and artefacts.

WILKINS (cont'd)

And what about the... others?

Dark Noa turns to face Wilkins. Then she GRINS.

DARK NOA

Gathering. They'll be ready soon.

WILKINS

(beams)

Excellent. It's a shame you only had enough for a one-way trip - I'd have loved to have met some of them!

He reaches for his phone, tapping in an extension.

WILKINS (cont'd)

(into phone)

Janice, can you put me through to Special Projects, please?

Wilkins raises a finger to Noa - 'just a minute.' She continues her slow circuit of the room.

WILKINS (cont'd)

(into phone)

Ah! Mr. Webb. Good evening. I trust I find you in good spirits?

INTERCUT WITH:

55 INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS - MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT

55

And here's PRYOR, phone to his ear. He's wearing a lab coat and is standing in the middle of a large, extravagantly well-equipped laboratory.

Around a dozen other technicians are moving around behind him, checking machines and monitors.

PRYOR
(into phone)
What do you want, Wilkins?

WILKINS
That's 'Mr. Mayor' to you.

PRYOR
(beat)
Well? What is it?

WILKINS
I just wanted to call and give you a quick heads up. Noa's completed her reconnaissance mission, and I'm giving you the official green light to move into the next phase.

Pryor is silent. Wilkins shifts.

WILKINS (cont'd)
Did you hear me?

END INTERCUT:

PRYOR
Green light. Phase Two. Understood.

He HANGS UP. Rubs his eyes - more out of weariness than actual fatigue.

He steps round a desk and starts to walk down the long aisle that divides the lab in two.

As he passes various long tables and desks, glimpses of the work going on here can be seen:

Something that looks like a HUMAN HAND is ABLAZE; a BUBBLING LIQUID is carefully ladled into smaller syringes; the body of a large, lizard-like DEMON lies open on an autopsy table; and finally, a piercing human SHRIEK rings out as we CUT TO:

56 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

56

Back with Faith, hard at work levering a phone outlet casing from the wall.

(CONTINUED)

She reaches in, using a flashlight to pick out what she's looking for.

DAWN (O.S.)

How many have you got now?

Faith looks round - the summery, MAIDEN DAWN stands behind her, leaning over to watch Faith work.

FAITH

'Bout a dozen. Think that's most of the main ones.

Faith reaches further into the wall - and pulls something free with a CLICK.

She rises - showing Maiden Dawn another of Pryor's devices.

FAITH (cont'd)

We can start working on the magic seals once I know you can get a line out of the building again.

They start to walk - the overhead lights flicking on and off to follow their progress.

FAITH (cont'd)

You - I mean, actual you is still working on things down in the Gateway, right?

MAIDEN DAWN

Oh, yeah. I'm multi-tasking.

FAITH

(chuckles)

This is gonna take some getting used to.

MAIDEN DAWN

Meh. At first, it was just so I had someone to talk to, but after a while I learned having lots of me around is actually kind of productive.

Faith casts a wry look her way, but Dawn misses it.

MAIDEN DAWN (cont'd)

You still haven't told me much about being in jail.

FAITH

Because there ain't much to tell. Kept my head down, same as before.

(CONTINUED)

MAIDEN DAWN

I saw this movie once that said the best way to survive in jail is to either kick someone's ass on your first day... or become somebody's bitch.

Faith just raises an eyebrow.

MAIDEN DAWN (cont'd)

So... not like that?

FAITH

You survive inside by picking your friends well and trying not to piss the wrong people off. Most people figured out I was tough after a coupla days, so that helped put anyone off messing with me.

Faith unconsciously scratches at her forearm.

FAITH (cont'd)

I did get real sick for a few months, though. Had these freaky green veins all over my body and a cough like I was on forty a day.

MAIDEN DAWN

What was it?

FAITH

(shrugs)

Beats me. Cleared up and went away one day like it'd never happened. Meant I could lie up in the infirmary and chill out, so it wasn't all bad.

MAIDEN DAWN

Good. I'm glad you didn't -

She freezes. Looks up as though listening for a distant sound.

FAITH

What is it?

MAIDEN DAWN

Somebody's here.

BLINK! She's gone. Faith throws her hands up in frustration.

FAITH

Damn it, Dawn!

(CONTINUED)

56 CONTINUED: (3)

56

Dawn BLINKS BACK, pulling a classic 'me so stupid' face.

MAIDEN DAWN

Sorry! Sorry. Keep forgetting it's
not just me here now. Somebody's
outside.

Faith tenses up. Starts off down the corridor at a jog as we
CUT TO:

57 INT. ASYLUM - FOYER - NEXT

57

Faith turns into the foyer from a side corridor, to find
standard Dawn waiting near the reception desk.

FAITH

Any idea who it is?

DAWN

Actually, yeah. You'd better go see
for yourself.

Dawn doesn't seem too concerned, and with a frown Faith
approaches the double doors.

With a flourish, Dawn makes the doors slide open to allow
Faith a clear route outside:

58 EXT. ASYLUM - MAIN ENTRANCE - NEXT

58

Where she slows to a halt at the sight before her:

JERRY

Leaning against his Jeep. He stands as Faith exits the
Asylum, a broad grin creeping across his features.

JERRY

Thought I heard a rumour! Soon as I
found out you'd been released I -

He gets cut off as Faith hurries up to him and HUGS him!
Jerry laughs, returning the embrace.

It's just a brief one, Faith quickly releasing him and
stepping back.

JERRY (cont'd)

Is that all I get after eighteen
months?

Faith hesitates - then HUGS again. This time, she holds on.
Eyes closed. Soaking in the moment.

JERRY (cont'd)

It's good to see you again.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Yeah... you too.

She steps back, surprising herself at how emotional she's getting.

JERRY
Every day, it killed me knowing I couldn't just roll up to the gates and see you. I wanted to try and call, or e-mail, or write, or something, but -

FAITH
Too risky. I get it. I'm not mad. Hell, I'd have gotten mad if you had paid me a visit. You kept off of Wilkins' radar?

JERRY
Just about. Been doing some work here and there, keeping one foot in the system for when you guys came out at last.

Faith smiles, genuinely happy to see him.

JERRY (cont'd)
I'm sorry I missed your release, Faith. I wanted to be there.

FAITH
It's cool. Don't sweat it.

JERRY
Anyway, I had a feeling you'd come home sooner or later, but the place still looks deserted so I was going to hang around here until morning and then try somewhere else.

FAITH
Lucky for me you're as stubborn as mom, huh?

JERRY
Where are the others?

Faith's grin drops, and Jerry exhales.

JERRY (cont'd)
This is going to be a long story, isn't it?

FAITH
You'd better come inside.

(CONTINUED)

They start back towards the entrance.

FAITH (cont'd)
Oh, and don't panic if you see more
than one Dawn. She's found an...
unusual way of keeping herself
entertained while we've been gone.

JERRY
Anything else I should know?

Faith starts to reply, then saves it - there's too much to go
into right now. As they reach the doors:

JERRY (cont'd)
So what's our first move going to
be? Once I'm all caught up, I mean.

FAITH
Only move we can make.
(beat)
We're getting the band back
together.

And as the duo step inside, the doors sliding shut behind
them, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW