

# FAITH

"Getting The Band Back Together"

by  
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - NIGHT

1

PAN DOWN from the moon, piercing the cloudless night sky, and descend past the thick trees of inner Central Park.

We're off the reservation here - one of those winding paths that's within sight of plenty of buildings but never seems to actually lead anywhere.

And along this path walks ALEX, a young, slim redhead, coat and bag clutched tight against her. She's lost and knows it.

Walking as quick as she can, she keeps her head down and tries not to hear the many NOISES from the foliage nearby:

Animals CHIRP and TWITTER, a cool night breeze RUSTLES the leaves and branches. The distant HUM of the city around her is muffled by the trees.

Alex stops, frowning as she turns and surveys the dark path behind her.

She squints into the gloom - but can't see a thing. After a moment more, she moves on.

ANOTHER P.O.V:

As somebody follows Alex from the safety of the bushes lining the path. They're keeping her pace and maintaining distance.

ON ALEX

As she stops again, this time turning round and calling out:

ALEX

Hello?

A beat. She HUFFS and rolls her eyes.

ALEX (cont'd)

Justin, that had better not be you!

She reaches into her purse, eyes still carefully scanning the darkness - and she produces a can of MACE.

ALEX (cont'd)

I bought this specially for you.  
You know, just in case.

Nothing. She RATTLES the can to get it ready. Still nothing. With a smirk, she tucks the mace away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALEX (cont'd)  
(mutters)  
Jerk.

She turns to walk on:

And a MAN jumps straight into her path! Alex SHRIEKS and staggers back, tripping and falling.

MAN  
I'm... I'm sorry. I wasn't looking  
where I was going.

ALEX  
What the hell?!? You scared the  
crap out of me!

MAN  
My apologies again.

She can't make out the man's features. He just stands there, looking down at her.

ALEX  
Well, don't just stand there, help  
me up!

She reaches out a hand. The man hesitates - then takes it and YANKS her sharply to her feet.

Alex dusts herself down, tutting at the dirt now streaking her outfit.

ALEX (cont'd)  
Look at this...

MAN  
Please, let me make it up to you.

ALEX  
Unless you know how to get into an  
Urban Outfitters at this time of  
night...

MAN  
I have a better idea.

He takes a step forward - and his features are revealed in the moonlight. He's pretty hot. Alex eases up a touch.

MAN (cont'd)  
How about a drink?

Alex raises an eyebrow - but damn this guy is cute. He grins, and she can't help grinning back.

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

How do I know you're not some  
serial killer preying on young  
women alone in the park at night?

MAN

You don't.

Alex's smile drops. The Man takes a step closer - and his  
features suddenly shift as he VAMPS OUT!

MAN (cont'd)

But that was a pretty good guess.

Alex SCREAMS and turns to run - but the VAMPIRE simply GRABS  
her purse and PULLS.

Alex is yanked hard to the floor, and before she can recover  
the vampire GRAPPLES her, hauling her to her feet.

ALEX

(struggling)

Get off me... get off me! Help!  
Help! Somebody hel-

She's cut off as he clamps a hand over her mouth.

VAMPIRE

Ssh... I'm not one of those guys  
who likes it when they scream.

Alex's eyes bulge as the vampire HISSES, revealing his razor  
sharp FANGS.

She WHIMPERS, trying to cower away from him as he closes in  
for the bite...

WHAM! Something SLAMS into his face and he SNAPS backwards,  
releasing Alex. She collapses to the floor again.

REVERSE ANGLE:

She looks up as somebody steps into frame before us - boots,  
jeans, jacket. STAKE clutched in one hand.

ON SCENE:

As the new arrival - definitely female, hair hidden under a  
beanie - DARTS forward, straight past Alex.

She turns and watches - and the GIRL is attacking the vampire  
like a seasoned martial artist!

Alex takes her cue, scrambling to her feet and tearing off  
back down the path away from the melee.

(CONTINUED)

The Girl is a tough fighter, shrugging off several of the vamp's punches as she lands plenty of her own.

She drops to one foot and SWEEPS the other, knocking the vamp up and onto his back.

She POUNCES and pins him down, stake raised - but the vamp manages to grab her wrist to hold her off.

She pushes down, fighting against his strength, but it's a dead heat. The vampire SNICKERS...

And she rears up and KNEES him in the groin with her free leg! The vampire HOWLS in pain:

And she RAMS the stake into his chest! His howl becomes a SHRIEK as he explodes into DUST.

The Girl is dumped on the ground as the vamp disintegrates, and she catches her breath before rising.

She hasn't noticed the SECOND FIGURE now standing a little way behind her, hands in their pockets.

SECOND FIGURE

Hey.

The Girl turns - and as she pulls her beanie, long, red hair tumbles down around VI's features.

And it's FAITH who steps forward into view as Vi stares her down.

FAITH

Old habits, huh?

She grins - but Vi doesn't look best pleased, narrowing her eyes as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2

EXT. NYC - STREETS - NIGHT

2

Faith and Vi wander back down a more populated part of the city. The nightlife is thick and bustling around them.

There's a distinct chill in the air between the girls, however - Faith casts glances Vi's way, but Vi keeps her gaze dead ahead, arms folded.

FAITH

I tried to find you. Hell, I tried to find everyone. The leases on our apartments must've all come up while we were inside.

No answer. Faith frowns, feeling more uncomfortable with every step.

FAITH (cont'd)

Dawn'll be glad to see you. I told you about her... thing, right?

VI

Yeah.

FAITH

Right, right, 'cause I wasn't sure if I, you know... had.

Vi turns off down another street, forcing Faith to jog to catch her up.

FAITH (cont'd)

So where are we headed?

VI

I'm going home.

FAITH

Home is in TriBeCa?

VI

Mine is.

FAITH

Vi, c'mon. The Asylum's safe again now. Dawn's been working on getting the place up and running, just like it used to -

Vi suddenly whirls to face her.

(CONTINUED)

VI

'Like it used to be'? Nothing's  
ever gonna be 'like it used to be'  
ever again! Or haven't you figured  
that out yet?

Still scowling, she walks on. A stunned Faith takes a moment  
before catching her back up.

FAITH

Vi... what's gotten into you?

VI

Oh, I don't know, maybe it was the  
eighteen month jail sentence? Maybe  
it was the fact that not one of my  
so-called 'friends' managed to  
speak to me that whole time?

FAITH

I already explained that! I didn't  
know where any of you were!

VI

Then you should've tried harder!  
What the hell were any of us  
supposed to think?

Both their voices are rising as they descend deeper into the  
cast-iron architecture towering over them.

FAITH

You were supposed to think that  
maybe someone or something was  
stopping us speaking!

VI

(scoffs)

Yeah, 'cause Mayor Wilkins is  
really gonna give two craps about  
us while we're locked up, isn't he?

FAITH

(loud)

You don't know what he did to the  
Asylum trying to get back into it!

VI

(louder)

Who cares?

Faith stops dead. Vi exhales, trying to reel her anger back.

FAITH

'Who cares'?

(CONTINUED)

VI  
You know what I meant.

FAITH  
(narrows eyes)  
Nah, I don't think I do.

VI  
(beat)  
We're here.

Vi nods her head towards the building behind them - a tall, thin grey building covered with a rickety iron fire escape.

FAITH  
(looking up)  
What is it?

VI  
It's a building, Faith.

FAITH  
I mean, what was it? Before you moved in?

VI  
I dunno, some kind of factory or something. Got turned into apartments back in the Sixties but nobody ever really owned the place.

Vi approaches the steps to the front entrance - then slips to the side, into:

Where a rusted FIRE DOOR stands behind a pile of crates and soggy cardboard boxes.

Faith hangs back, puzzled, as Vi starts hefting the various boxes out of the way.

FAITH  
What, are you squatting here?

Vi's lack of a reply tells Faith all she needs to know.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Vi -

VI  
(sharp)  
Don't.

She turns back to look at Faith.

VI (cont'd)  
Just... don't.

She grabs the door handle and gives it a HEAVE - it CREAKS open enough for her to step through.

Faith hesitates, then follows, checking back to make sure nobody's watching as she enters:

Inside, the narrow stairwell fills with the echoing sound of Vi's footsteps as she climbs the stairs.

Faith takes a look around - this place even looks like a squat - garbage, murky pools of water, bugs.

Wrinkling her nose in distaste, she starts to follow Vi up the stairs.

FAITH  
So how long've you been here?

VI  
I dunno. Few weeks, maybe?

FAITH  
When did you get out?

VI  
About a month ago.

FAITH  
Did you try the Asylum?

VI  
First place I went. Shut up tight,  
couldn't find a way in.  
(pointed)  
You knew the access codes for that  
hidden door up on the balcony.

Vi's accusing glance back makes Faith shift guiltily.

FAITH  
Look, I never meant for -

VI  
This is it.

Vi steps off onto:

Where every floorboard CREAKS at a different pitch. Vi heads for a sturdy door - one of the few still in its frame.

She produces a ring of KEYS from her pocket and opens three separate bolts before the door opens.

She motions for Faith to enter, and with a last glance at Vi, Faith steps inside:

Bringing new meaning to the word 'spartan.' Okay, so there's a sofa, a fridge, a TV and a few other amenities - but this is a dump no matter how you call it.

Vi heads inside past Faith, shrugging off her jacket. The room is dark but Vi doesn't bother with the lights.

She either doesn't notice or doesn't care about Faith's disappointed expression.

Faith looks to Vi - and spots something on her arm that wasn't there before. A TATTOO.

FAITH

What's with the ink?

VI

(without looking)

It's a reminder.

FAITH

What of?

Faith tries to get a closer look, but Vi moves away, scooping empty food cartons and heaps of clothes off the couch.

VI

Things that need remembering.

(beat)

Sit.

She heads into the next room, and after another look around Faith takes a seat. She sinks into the old couch a little.

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

Some guys living upstairs got us electricity and hot water, but we don't get either for long so I'm gonna take a shower while I can.

FAITH

Uh... okay.

RUNNING WATER can be heard, and Faith shifts awkwardly. She doesn't know what to say or think right now.

Until she hears FOOTSTEPS coming up the echo-y stairwell, and she's quickly on her feet.

(CONTINUED)

She waits by the doorway and glances out down the corridor - no-one's there yet.

She glances back at what passes for the bathroom - and then slips round behind the door without alerting Vi.

The footsteps get closer - somebody's heading right for the apartment!

Faith pulls her jacket open, hands gripping round a STAKE she draws from a pocket within.

The intruder is right at the door now, and Faith gets ready to pounce as they step inside...

Faith SPRINGS forward and TACKLES the intruder to the ground, tumbling across the floor.

Faith gets the stake up, trying to get a better look at her opponent - before there's a BANG and a BLAZE of light!

Faith is KNOCKED FLYING, skidding across the floor as the intruder rises, ENERGY crackling around their hand.

VI (O.S.)

What the hell...

Faith looks over - Vi has entered the room, half out of her clothes already.

FAITH

Vi, look out! It's a -

INTRUDER

(female)

Faith?

Faith blinks, and Vi finally switches on the lights - to reveal LORI, the redhead wicca the team rescued from the Darkling's feeding ground.

Lori dispels the energy round her hand as Vi goes to Faith's side, helping her stand up.

LORI

Sorry. Knee jerk reaction to getting jumped in my own apartment.

FAITH

(to Vi)

The hell is she doing here?

LORI

(blinks)

Uh... Vi?

(CONTINUED)

VI

It's cool, Faith. She's with me.

Faith still doesn't get it, looking back to Lori as the wicca puts her hands on her hips and smirks.

LORI

Yeah, didn't she tell you?

(beat)

I'm her best friend.

Faith looks back to Vi as we CUT TO:

INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS - NIGHT

And we're back in the Uptown laboratory and research department run by none other than:

PRYOR

Who walks down one of the aisles dividing the lab into sections and compartments.

Glimpses of the various tests, trials and experiments going on can be seen as he passes - but with the occasional SCREAM mixed in with muffled BOOMS and HISSES, the less detail we get the better.

His assistant WOODS (early thirties, nerdy) walks alongside, the two poring over a clipboard.

PRYOR

(off notes)

No, look - there's the problem.  
Whatever caused that spike in the  
tolerance levels, that's what I  
want to identify.

WOODS

I understand that, but with the  
shortage of test subjects after the  
last trial, we -

PRYOR

You and I both know there's no  
shortage of test subjects. We just  
need to be more proactive in  
finding ourselves some more.

WILKINS (O.S.)

Am I interrupting?

Pryor looks up - and there's MAYOR WILKINS, with DARK NOA stood beside him. Wilkins beams amiably.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS (cont'd)  
Time for that meeting we scheduled.

PRYOR  
(frowns)  
I didn't schedule a meeting.

WILKINS  
Noa?

She passes Pryor a slip of paper. He reads it, exhaling.

DARK NOA  
Now you've got the memo.

WILKINS  
Can we move things into your  
office? It's a little peaky out  
here.

Wilkins shivers for effect.

PRYOR  
(sighs)  
Alright, fine.  
(to Woods)  
Call Bennett down in Acquisitions.  
Have him go out and trawl round  
that nest we hit a few weeks ago  
down by Morris Heights station.

WOODS  
Yes, sir.

He takes the clipboard and scuttles away. Pryor gestures off screen.

PRYOR  
This way.

He leads, Wilkins and Noa following:

Pryor enters his office, leaving the door open for Wilkins and Noa.

It's trademark Pryor all over - piles of paperwork, reference materials, computers and equipment, and large windows to offer a panoramic view of the facility.

Pryor sits behind his desk, Wilkins taking a seat opposite. Noa stays by the door, scanning through the windows.

PRYOR  
Alright, here we are.

WILKINS

How's work on Phase Two coming along?

PRYOR

It's coming along. As you may have heard, we need to fetch ourselves a fresh batch of lab rats so we can continue more smoothly, but other than that, early results have been promising.

WILKINS

They're out, you know.

Pryor pauses. A flicker of something passes over his face.

PRYOR

Who?

WILKINS

(chuckles)

Good save. You know very well who I mean.

PRYOR

(beat)

That... they don't matter to me any more. And I certainly don't matter to them.

WILKINS

Nonetheless, we've got to keep our guard up now. Oh, sure, they've got less than diddly to take us on with at the moment, but you know how belligerent and resourceful those little buggers can be!

PRYOR

I don't see how this news warranted a face to face meeting.

Wilkins rises, leaning across the desk.

WILKINS

(suddenly serious)

Because it means things are going to start moving forward a lot faster now. You've had a year and a half to get your operation - my operation - up to speed. I need to know you're ready.

PRYOR

I'm ready.

(CONTINUED)

Wilkins leans back, all smiles again.

WILKINS

Fantastic! Then I assume the first field test will be set up soon?

PRYOR

As requested.

Wilkins CLAPS his hands together, heading for the door. He pauses, glancing at Noa, then Pryor, then back to Noa.

WILKINS

I'll see you outside.

Noa nods, and with a final nod to Pryor, Wilkins exits. Noa steps away from the door and slinks up to Pryor's desk.

PRYOR

(icy)

What do you want?

NOA

I just wanted to see how you were doing.

PRYOR

Drop the act. We both know you're just a... thing wearing her face.

NOA

And here was me thinking not having a soul would make you a little more open-minded!

PRYOR

It doesn't mean I have to like seeing you walk around inside her.

Noa just grins, pacing casually round the office.

NOA

It's not like you think it is. Noa and I have had so much time to connect, to merge, to... fuse together, I really feel like we're the same being now.

PRYOR

So you keep telling me. But this isn't a case of 'if it walks like a duck,' you know.

NOA

Am I really so different?

(CONTINUED)

Noa pushes her hip out, dropping into the kind of wry grin that only Noa could pull off.

NOA (cont'd)

I mean, what, do you want me to do a little tap dance? Tell one of my jokes?

(mock gasp)

Maybe we could try talking about my new boots!

Pryor opens his mouth to reply, but Noa PLONKS one expensively-booted foot up on his desk.

NOA (cont'd)

I mean, come on. I literally had to kill a guy to get these!

Pryor SHOVES the boot away. Noa stumbles back for a beat, startled - but then the Darkling's grim scowl settles in.

PRYOR

I don't know whether it's some kind of muscle memory that keeps making you want to spend time with me, or that you're just too ignorant to realise how much I despise you, but either way... get the hell out of my office.

Noa hesitates - then marches to the door, pausing to deliver a parting shot:

NOA

You need to start thinking very carefully about which side you're on Pryor, 'cause it's the only way you're gonna get your wish of becoming a real little boy again.

She exits, SLAMMING the door for effect. Pryor settles back in his chair, EXHALING loudly.

WOODS (O.S.)

Uh... boss?

Pryor looks up - Woods hovers cautiously in the doorway, glancing over his shoulder at the departing Noa.

PRYOR

Come in, Sam. Don't mind her.

(beat)

It.

Woods heads over to the desk, handing Pryor another clipboard.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Ever wonder why it is that vampires  
still sigh, exhale and huff even  
though they don't need to?

WOODS  
Creatures of habit, sir.  
(off clipboard)  
Budget report for the first  
operation.

PRYOR  
(reading it)  
Listening at the door, were we?

WOODS  
(grins)  
It's my job to anticipate people's  
requests, sir.

PRYOR  
And what about our other project?

WOODS  
Nobody knows anything about it.

PRYOR  
Excellent.

Pryor signs off on the clipboard and passes it back.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Make sure it stays that way.

Woods nods, and with a conspiratorial grin turns and leaves  
the office.

Pryor leans back in his chair, interlacing his fingers and  
gazing thoughtfully out across his domain, as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

EXT. ASYLUM - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT

9

A light rain has set in as Faith, Vi and Lori arrive at the entrance to the Asylum.

LORI

(continuing)

... so once I'd used the right tracking spell, all I had to do was sign in as a visitor and I could go see her any time I wanted.

FAITH

And it never crossed your mind to come find the rest of us? Let each of us know the others were okay?

LORI

Couldn't. I tried, but I'd have needed a different spell formula for each of you, and I couldn't figure out a recipe that'd work.

She turns to Vi, smiling again.

LORI (cont'd)

Ever since she saved my life, me and Vi have got a... connection. It helped me lock onto her.

VI

Can we get in this way? Last time I tried -

FAITH

Last time you tried, Dawn was probably still hiding down in the basement.

Faith steps up to the glass front doors and HAMMERS her fist against them.

FAITH (cont'd)

Dawn, it's me! Open up!

A beat - and then the doors slide smoothly open.

LORI

Neat.

FAITH

Before we go in, I ought to... I don't know, warn you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)  
Dawn's gotten herself kinda mixed  
up while we've all been gone.

LORI  
Yeah, you mentioned. Something  
about a split personality thing?

FAITH  
She also doesn't like people she  
doesn't already know coming in  
here, so if anything freaky starts  
to happen...

LORI  
Trust me.

Lori raises her hand - and a quick FIZZ of blue sparks runs  
over her fingers.

LORI (cont'd)  
I can handle myself.

Faith shoots Vi a look, then leads the trio inside:

Faith pushes the staff room door open - to find the place  
filled with files, folders, computers and at least three  
telephones.

In the middle of the chaos is JERRY, having a heated  
discussion with three different DAWNS.

JERRY  
You're not listening to me! Any of  
you!

DAWN  
I can hear you perfectly!

NERDY DAWN  
Um, maybe we should all just -

PUNK DAWN  
His plan's going to have the Mayor  
beating down our door with another  
of his goon squads!

JERRY  
There is no danger of that!

PUNK DAWN  
Says you!

DAWN  
Guys! This isn't getting us -

Faith clears her throat. Jerry and Dawn turn and see the trio at last.

DAWN (cont'd)  
(eyes bulge)  
Vi! And... other... person.

Punk Dawn narrows her eyes and reaches out a hand - several folders start to levitate menacingly off the table...

FAITH  
Dawn, chill! She's cool. She's...  
she's with Vi.

Punk Dawn stares at Lori, who just quirks an eyebrow.

NERDY DAWN  
Who is she?

VI  
This is Lori. We saved her from the  
Darkling not long before... well,  
you know.

Dawn gives Punk Dawn a little SHOVE, and with a final scowl Punk Dawn lets the folders drop.

NERDY DAWN  
Sorry about her. She's a little...  
uptight around new people.

JERRY  
That one of you's a little uptight  
around every person. Any chance you  
can make the extras go away?

LORI  
(grins)  
Awesome. You've actually got your  
own schizo ghost!

All three Dawns shoot her a filthy look - and then BLINK out of sight. Jerry SIGHS, turning to Lori.

JERRY  
She doesn't like being called that.

Lori bites her lip, hanging back as Jerry approaches Vi for a quick hug.

JERRY (cont'd)  
Good to see you again, Vi. I'd ask  
how you've been, but...

VI  
Yeah. Moving on. What's all this?

Jerry heads back to the melee of files and equipment, holding up one of the phones.

JERRY

Dawn and I have been busy trying to re-establish her communications with the outside world.

FAITH

Before we got shut down, Dawn was able to tap into phone lines, radio, the internet -

VI

Yeah, I remember. I was there.

Faith hesitates, stung. Jerry picks up again:

JERRY

Wilkins had his people block any means for her to connect once they'd given up trying to get access to the Gateway.

LORI

Wait, the what?

Faith glances at Vi - who nods.

VI

You can tell her.

FAITH

Vi...

VI

Faith! Not up for discussion. She's in or I'm out.

FAITH

(exhales)

Basically... we've got a device down in the basement that can create portals to other worlds and dimensions.

LORI

Oh. Like a Stargate?

FAITH

A what?

JERRY

Yes, like a Stargate.

(to Faith)

You need to watch more TV.

(CONTINUED)

LORI

And Mayor Wilkins, I mean, I know he's a bad guy, but he wants this Gateway thing, right? And your little Casper chick's been stopping him all by herself since you got locked up?

(whistles)

Man. No wonder she's screwed up.

JERRY

We should probably go and talk to her. You know where she'll be.

FAITH

(nods; to Lori)

Guess you're getting the tour.

Faith and Jerry head for the door, Lori waiting for Vi with a smile as we CUT TO:

11

INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - NEXT

11

PAN DOWN from the GATEWAY as it lights up, Faith standing beside it with her hand against one arch.

Vi and the others are watching from the other side of the chamber.

LORI

Now that is cool.

A PORTAL forms inside the arches with a loud SNAP, and Faith steps out before it.

FAITH

Ready?

And she steps into the portal, VANISHING through it.

VI

Don't forget to swallow as you step through. You get a bitch of a headache else.

LORI

Thanks, babe.

She smiles warmly at Vi as the two advance. Jerry, hanging back, watches the exchange suspiciously as we CUT TO:

12

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT

12

Faith jogs down the steps, which light up beneath her before the rest of the dome-shaped chamber illuminates.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Dawn? You in here?

Dawn MATERIALISES over by the pedestal, and Faith approaches as Vi, Lori and Jerry arrive at the top of the steps.

LORI

Woah!

She's wide-eyed with wonder as she descends, Vi trying to stifle a grin as she follows.

Faith stands before Dawn, lowering her voice so the others can't hear:

FAITH

You okay? You're not gonna wig out on me again, are you?

Dawn folds her arms and glares darkly at Lori over Faith's shoulder.

DAWN

I don't like her.

FAITH

Play nice. Looks like she's been helping Vi out, so for now, we cut her a little slack.

DAWN

'For now'?

FAITH

At least until I figure out if she's been playing Vi or not.

Faith turns as the others join them.

LORI

Hey. Uh, sorry about what I said up there.

DAWN

(waves it away)

Whatever. Serves me right for being so sensitive, right?

VI

So what have I missed?

DAWN

How much do you already know?

(CONTINUED)

VI

Assume the answer is 'nothing.'  
Makes sure I didn't miss anything.

DAWN

(deep breath)

Okay...

She turns, and with a wave of her hand conjures up several floating SCREENS in the air behind her.

Flickering like badly-tuned TV sets, each one shows a different scene - cities, forests, deserts, glaciers.

DAWN (cont'd)

Since you guys all got arrested,  
the realities that were broken when  
Faith rescued Noa have remained  
that way. Some have cleared up by  
themselves, some got worse, most  
stayed the same.

Dawn gestures again - and now the screens change to show:

DAWN (cont'd)

Pryor. He's still a vampire and at  
large, although I hadn't heard a  
thing about him right up 'till  
Wilkins had me locked off in here.  
Still MIA as far as we know.

Lori nudges Vi, giving her an impressed face, but Vi just shrugs - this is nothing new to her.

The screens change again - this time to show Noa. Vi tenses - especially as Wilkins is with her in every picture.

DAWN (cont'd)

And as I'm sure you know by now,  
we've...

(sighs)

We lost Noa to the Darkling. Best  
guess is it took her over the night  
you got busted, which means it's  
had plenty of time to make itself  
feel at home.

FAITH

Tell her about the other stuff.

Dawn nods, and the screens flicker and change again - this time to scenes of media frenzy. Snapping photo bulbs, hordes of reporters and beleaguered spokespeople.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Seems that the Academy over in England had a little... PR incident.

LORI

'Academy'?

VI

School for Slayers.

DAWN

They had to take down some bad guys who'd taken over a chunk of the capital city, and that got them all kinds of media attention. They've fielded it pretty well, but there are plenty of people asking lots of the wrong kinds of questions out there right now.

JERRY

You can Google a 'Slayer' these days and get thousands of hits. It's like an urban legend for the MySpace generation.

Vi huffs, scritching the back of her head absently.

VI

So where does that leave us?

FAITH

Having to keep one hell of a low profile. No more patrols without a better plan for running 'em. We need to stay off the radar.

LORI

Won't the Mayor know you guys are back here, though? What's to stop him trying to get hold of this Gateway place all over again?

Nobody answers that one. Lori grins.

LORI (cont'd)

Hmm. If only you guys knew a wicca who was willing to whip up enough glamours and cloaking spells to make this place look like it was still deserted...

DAWN

You can do that?

(CONTINUED)

LORI

It'll take me a while, but yeah.  
The Asylum'll look the same as it  
has done since it got shut down to  
anyone from the outside.

DAWN

Huh.

(to Faith)

I think I'm starting to like her.

JERRY

Is there time to talk about my  
ingenious plan?

FAITH

Shoot.

JERRY

I think I can track down the  
majority of our old residents. Get  
them back here and getting the help  
they need, out of places that just  
aren't equipped to handle them.

VI

So, what, you're gonna run the  
place now?

JERRY

That's the idea, yes.

FAITH

That a problem?

VI

No, no, just... no. No problem.

FAITH

Alright.

(to Jerry)

Great plan. In theory. We'll talk  
about it later.

Faith starts to head back towards the steps.

DAWN

Where are you going?

FAITH

Ain't you noticed yet?

(off looks)

We're missing somebody.

Faith leaves on that note, climbing back up the steps as we  
CUT TO:

13 EXT. NYC - PARK - NIGHT

13

Faith rests atop a park bench, jacket pulled tight against the evening breeze.

She looks left and right, scanning the path running past her - until she hears:

VOICE (O.S.)

Gotta say...

Faith turns as SCOTT JACOBS steps into view.

SCOTT

... yours was a call I wasn't expecting to get.

FAITH

How's life on the late shift treatin' ya?

SCOTT

When I woke up this morning, I was five years older. Think that says it all.

FAITH

You have something I need.

SCOTT

Faith, ... I can't even -

FAITH

You know where Rachel is. And you're gonna tell me.

Scott hesitates - then SIGHS and takes a seat on the bench.

SCOTT

How did you know?

FAITH

Because you cared about her. Figures you'd keep an eye on her.

Scott nods, reaching into his jacket for a pack of cigarettes. Faith raises an eyebrow.

FAITH (cont'd)

Since when did the golden boy take up the smokes?

SCOTT

Since he stopped being so golden.

(CONTINUED)

He lights one, offering the pack to Faith. She takes one too, letting him light it.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
(blowing out smoke)  
After the raid on the Asylum,  
Wilkins made sure I stayed behind a  
desk instead of out where I could  
kick up a fuss.

FAITH  
You never struck me as the fussy  
type.

SCOTT  
After Wilkins played me, used me to  
get you all sent down, believe me -  
I got pretty good at making a fuss.

He stares idly at his cigarette for a beat.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
Turns out when you try to speak out  
against the Mayor, people stop  
being your friend real fast.

FAITH  
(chuckles)  
Try being on our side.

SCOTT  
No, thanks.  
(off look)  
I've got enough problems without  
getting involved in whatever  
operation you're trying to put back  
together.

FAITH  
And yet here you are, about to tell  
me where to find Rachel.

SCOTT  
(beat)  
She's part of your world. Not mine.  
Never was.

Scott reaches into his pocket, taking out a few slips of  
paper. He passes them to Faith.

SCOTT (cont'd)  
With what little influence I still  
had before Wilkins shut my task  
force down, I managed to downplay  
Rachel's part in your operation.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Heh. 'My operation.' Makes it sound like we actually knew what the hell we were doing.

SCOTT

Got her transferred to a minimum security prison. Don't know how early she got out for good behaviour, but I've kept an eye on her since then.

(off notes)

That's where she works, and that's where her apartment is.

Faith finishes her cigarette, tucks the papers away and rises to leave.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Faith...

(exhales)

Could you pass on a message for me?

FAITH

What makes you think she'd care about anything you had to say?

Scott bows his head. She's absolutely right.

FAITH (cont'd)

See you around, Scott. But hopefully not.

Faith walks away, leaving Scott to his thoughts. He finishes his cigarette, flicking the butt away before leaning forward, face in his hands.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

14

INT. DINER - NIGHT

14

It's the late shift in this Greenwich diner, wedged in between larger buildings deep in the labyrinth of streets.

There's a table of NYU students grabbing some food before they hit the bars again, a few lonely souls with nowhere better to go, and weaving through them all is:

RACHEL

Dressed in a lemon yellow waitress outfit, swerving round the diners seated at the counter as she heads for a booth.

Arriving there, her notepad and pen are already in hand as she asks with practised friendliness:

RACHEL

What can I get you?

She looks up at the two women seated before her - and her jaw drops to the floor.

Faith grins up from behind her menu, while conversely Vi's face is like stone.

FAITH

Hey, Rache.

Rachel hangs for a beat - then DIVES towards Faith, wrapping her arms around her!

RACHEL

Oh, my God! Faith! Vi! You're alright!

She pushes her way along to sit beside Faith, all thoughts of food orders forgotten.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Where the hell have you been? Well, I mean, I know where you've been, it's the same place we all -

VI

(sharp)

'Same place'? Really? You sure about that?

Rachel shoots Vi a confused look, and Faith quickly interjects:

(CONTINUED)

FAITH  
I got out the other week. Vi a few weeks before that.

RACHEL  
What about Noa?

Faith and Vi exchange a look. Rachel's face falls.

RACHEL (cont'd)  
What? What is it?

FAITH  
When do you finish your shift?

RACHEL  
(concerned)  
A half hour. Why?

FAITH  
Maybe... we should explain this somewhere more private.

The colour drains from Rachel's face as we CUT TO:

It's a little later as we PAN ACROSS to find ourselves in Rachel's place, the girl herself clutching a mug of coffee as Faith sits opposite her.

In contrast to Vi's craphole, Rachel's managed to land on her feet with this modest, neat little apartment. The contrast isn't lost on Vi, who hovers frostily by the door.

RACHEL  
My God... and Noa, you're sure she's -

FAITH  
Yeah, I'm sure. She threw my ass around the control room before making a run for it.

Shocked, Rachel mechanically sips her coffee.

FAITH (cont'd)  
It's not like last time with Ambrosia, either. It seems... stronger. Like it's gotten into her head more.

RACHEL  
What are we going to do?

FAITH

Try to take this on one problem at a time. We need to get the Asylum back up to speed first.

RACHEL

I... I should probably change.

She drains her coffee, putting the mug down and rising.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Sorry the place is such a mess...

Vi SCOFFS loudly, but Faith manages not to react.

FAITH

When did you get out?

RACHEL

Just over three months ago. First place I went was the Asylum, but it was all boarded up, so then I tried to find Jerry, but...

FAITH

Yeah, tell me about it. Took me almost twenty-four years to find him last time.

RACHEL

I called a few relatives, got a little money together, found this place which was going for, like, nothing, then managed to find the only diner in New York that'd give a job to an ex-con.

Rachel steps into her bedroom as she talks, already stripping out of her uniform.

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

So it's safe to go back home now?

FAITH

Yeah, Lori's working on keeping the place covered up with a bunch of glamour spells.

Rachel re-emerges, changed into more typical casual wear.

RACHEL

(to Vi)

She's your friend, right? The wicca?

Vi just nods. Rachel frowns, puzzled.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL (cont'd)  
Is... is something wrong? You  
haven't said two words to me since  
we left the diner.

VI  
I'm fine. Five by god damn five.  
(to Faith)  
We should head back.

Vi turns and leaves, and the increasingly bemused Rachel  
turns to Faith - who shakes her head.

FAITH  
She had a rough time, far as I can  
tell. Saw a prison tat on her  
arm... let's just say it's not one  
you get for making daisy chains  
with the other girls.

Rachel bites her lip, but Faith tries to grin.

FAITH (cont'd)  
We've all been through a lot.

RACHEL  
Do you think... what if she's mad  
at me because I didn't go through  
what you guys did? I mean, I know I  
ended up somewhere minimum  
security, wasn't hard to figure  
that out, but I'm guessing you guys  
landed somewhere more, what...  
hardcore? What was it like for you?

FAITH  
(shrugs)  
Seen one, seen 'em all.

RACHEL  
(rolls eyes)  
Yeah, you haven't changed much.

FAITH  
C'mon. Let's go meet up with the  
others.

She exits, Rachel grabbing her bag as she follows:

And we're behind Pryor as he pushes open a large set of  
double doors, striding into the main testing centre of his  
new facility.

This is where the real work gets done - and there are several distinct areas of activity.

A vampire locked inside a narrow, glass-fronted booth shivers with fear as he looks to the ceiling:

Before a fine mist of WATER starts to spray down onto him. The vamp HOWLS and claws at his skin - it's HOLY WATER!

As the liquid burns him, flesh SIZZLING as steam rises from it, two lab-coated TECHNICIANS outside take careful notes.

Elsewhere, a struggling vamp is strapped down tight to a steel table, which is rising from one end to slowly stand him upright:

And inching him closer and closer to a STAKE mounted at chest height! The vamp strains against his bonds, but it's no good.

As the stake starts to pierce his skin, he lets out an ungodly SCREECH, but we're quickly past that:

Pryor meets Woods, who bounds towards him filled with the kind of glee only good science can provide.

PRYOR  
(looking around)  
Good to see Bennett still works as fast as always.

WOODS  
Oh, absolutely, sir. He said he's always up for any chance to clean a few more vampires up off the streets.

Pryor nods, glancing over his shoulder - where a SCREAMING vamp is getting dosed by controlled bursts from a FLAMETHROWER - then turns back to Woods.

PRYOR  
So let's talk numbers.

The duo start to walk, passing more gruesome 'experiments' on their way.

WOODS  
We're getting closer to establishing the critical distance in the stake trial.

He hands Pryor a thick sheaf of notes, which he starts rapidly flicking through.

PRYOR  
Any advance on point-seven?

(CONTINUED)

WOODS

There seems to be a definite cut-off point at which the stake can safely enter the heart and not lead to combustion, but we'll need more tests to narrow it down.

PRYOR

Alright. What about the water trial?

WOODS

Twenty-three seconds of continuous exposure is the maximum we've recorded so far.

PRYOR

Hmm. Not as good as I'd been hoping for. Is there any way we can tweak the control settings a little? I'm not sure the mist option is our best means of testing resistance.

There's a loud SHRIEK from behind them, and they turn just in time to see:

The vampire being set on fire as he DUSTS, leaving the technician with the flamethrower standing a little awkwardly under Pryor's scrutiny.

WOODS

The fire trial's the one where we're making the least movement.

PRYOR

Looks that way, doesn't it?

They continue, approaching and entering:

INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS - PRYOR'S OFFICE - NEXT

Woods closes - and locks - the door as Pryor heads for his desk.

WOODS

All in all, I'd say the results we're getting are very promising.

PRYOR

I wouldn't.

Woods opens his mouth to reply, then stops.

PRYOR (cont'd)

What we're trying to accomplish here...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)  
it's bigger than Wilkins' pipe  
dream of a tougher vampire army and  
we both know that. We both know  
what's at stake here.

WOODS  
Of course, sir.

Pryor flips through the result notes again, then drops them  
on his desk. He turns to look out through the windows.

PRYOR  
We'll have to step up our program.  
Cover our tracks more carefully. As  
long as Wilkins thinks we're just  
working on his own project, then he  
won't ask too many questions.

WOODS  
Explaining to Acquisitions why we  
suddenly need twice as many test  
subjects may be a little trickier.

PRYOR  
I'll deal with Bennett. You just  
make sure you keep our records  
secure.

Pryor's phone RINGS, and Woods takes that as his cue to  
leave. Pryor answers the phone:

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Webb.

INTERCUT WITH:

Wilkins reclines in his chair. Once again, he shares his  
office with a group of men and women in suits - the DEPUTY  
MAYORS.

WILKINS  
Good evening, Pryor.

PRYOR  
(rubs eyes)  
I'm a little busy over here, Mr.  
Mayor. Is there something you  
wanted?

WILKINS  
I just wanted to give you a big old  
green light to go ahead with the  
field test.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR  
(checks watch)  
It's almost two a.m.

WILKINS  
Exactly! The location we picked  
will be absolutely ideal. I trust  
you're ready to proceed?

PRYOR  
It's a little short notice... but  
yes, we're ready.

WILKINS  
Excellent! I'll call you in the  
morning to discuss results. Good  
night!

END INTERCUT:

Wilkins hangs up without letting Pryor reply, turning in his  
high-backed leather chair to face the Suits.

WILKINS (cont'd)  
Alright! Things are rolling forward  
at a good old pace, ladies and  
gentlemen. If those are the  
appropriate pronouns, that is.

A ripple of laughter passes through them.

WILKINS (cont'd)  
Okay, time for the boring stuff.  
Progress reports from your various  
departments. Patricia?

DEPUTY MAYOR PATRICIA HARRIS is a middle-aged woman who opens  
up a folder on her lap, reading from it.

HARRIS  
Well...  
(laughs)  
Everything's just fine, Mr. Mayor.

WILKINS  
Now that's what I like to hear!  
Edward?

DEPUTY EDWARD SKYLER, a brisk, military-styled man, nods.

SKYLER  
The Task Force squads you  
authorised will be ready to roll  
out as soon as you've made your  
announcement.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS

And the specialised equipment we ordered?

SKYLER

Fully installed in every unit, with each trooper given a full breakdown of advanced combat techniques and knowledge of the hostiles they'll be encountering.

WILKINS

Dennis, over to you.

DEPUTY DENNIS WALCOTT, a librarian in an expensive suit, leafs through his folder.

WILKINS (cont'd)

The additional study materials you asked to be implemented throughout the city's grade school system are already in circulation. Once your announcement goes live, we're ready with the pamphlets and information websites to answer any questions people may need to ask.

Wilkins claps his hands together, rubbing them for effect.

WILKINS (cont'd)

I honestly can't remember the last time I had a plan that went so well! I mean, things in Sunnydale got pretty close there for a while, but we all know how that worked out for me!

More laughter.

WILKINS (cont'd)

In fact, why don't we kick off our collective shoes and relax a little? We're all among friends here, after all!

The men and women exchange glances.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Don't be shy. Nobody's going to know! Let me see the real you.

Wilkins' amiable grin seems to ease their nerves, and the Deputies start loosening their clothes a little.

Wilkins watches, still smiling, as the Deputies start to shift in their seats, bodies moving unnaturally...

(CONTINUED)

... and each one of them starts to CHANGE, their skin darkening, their features devolving into something more monstrous, until every single Deputy is revealed as NAXTOPAN DEMONS!

We've seen these shapeshifters before - tall, their bodies made up of dark green, scaled carapace segments. Their long, thin heads shift left and right, huge eyes blinking.

Wilkins leans back in his chair, not in the least bit ruffled to be having a meeting with several demon shapechangers.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Now, I know I've been asking a lot of you all this last year. The level of infiltration you guys and girls have to keep up every day and night... whew! You have my eternal admiration and gratitude just for showing up.

He rises, pacing over towards the window. Behind him, the demons turn to watch, taloned hands gripping the chairs.

WILKINS (cont'd)

We're on the cusp of something truly historic here. When Wolfram and Hart went down in Los Angeles, they just about managed to keep a lid on things. Even when the Slayers got on the wrong side of the lens over in England, they're surfing through without too much interference.

He turns to face the room, dramatically framed by the moonlight.

WILKINS (cont'd)

But when I take that stand next week and tell the good people of New York what we've been planning...

(broad grin)

The lid will be well and truly blown off this madcap little world of ours. And I'm glad to know I've got such good people - demons, even - along for the ride.

The demons make a chorus of grunts - they seem to be noises of agreement and support. Just about.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS (cont'd)

And in the years that follow, when you put on your faces and step into your offices, you'll find all the power this planet has to offer at your fingertips... for as long as we see fit to abuse it.

He laughs, the demons joining in - after a fashion. Wilkins returns to his desk, opening a drawer.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Now! Who's for some snacks?

He lifts up a tray of COOKIES - but gets blank looks back from the demons.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Ah. Of course. Forgot where I was for a moment. Excuse me.

He replaces the tray, opens another drawer - and lifts up a basket full of KITTENS!

The demons like the look of that, jaws working hungrily as they eye the cluster of mewling, wide-eyed kitties.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Tuck in, friends. You've earned it.

PAN UP to fix on Wilkins as the nearest demon GRABS the basket and hauls it over to the others.

The meowing mixes with the slobbering sounds of the demons stuffing their faces, Wilkins' paternal grin watching them throughout as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

19 INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - NIGHT

19

Raised voices can be heard as Faith, Vi and Rachel step into the large dining area:

It's Jerry and several Dawns bickering once again, the mess of files, computers, equipment and other clutter having spilled out of the staff room and into here now.

FAITH  
(over noise)  
Guys... guys!

Jerry and the Dawns turn - and see Rachel.

JERRY  
(beaming)  
Hey! There she is...

DAWN  
Rachel!

RACHEL  
(waves)  
Hey.

Jerry walks up to her and embraces her warmly. Rachel seems a little surprised by the gesture, but goes with it.

Dawn is up next - Rachel casting a wary glance back to the other Dawns hanging further back.

DAWN  
I'd hug you, but you know, can't,  
so... and you're looking at the  
others instead of at me.

RACHEL  
(blinks)  
Huh? Oh... oh, right. Sorry.  
Just...  
(lowers voice)  
Faith told me about, you know,  
your... 'thing,' but I never  
thought -

DAWN  
You ever talk to yourself?

RACHEL  
Sometimes, I guess.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Me too. Only, after a while, I got sick of never having anybody to answer back, so...

She waves a hand behind her to indicate the other Dawns. Rachel quirks an eyebrow as Faith joins them.

FAITH

'Kay, so we're all caught back up. Dawn, you and Jerry have any luck getting things back online?

JERRY

Did you notice the glamour spells working on your way in?

VI

(nods)

Place looks deserted. I mean, it kind of is anyway, but you know what I mean. More deserted.

LORI O.S.)

That would be thanks to me...

They turn - Lori enters from one of the other doorways, dabbing a little BLOOD from her nose.

VI

Lori?

Vi hurries over, but Lori grins and waves away the concern.

LORI

Just a little feedback from layering so many glammers all at once. I'm fine. Could use a coffee, though.

JERRY

As it happens...

He heads for the drinks station - kettles, cups and vending machines - and flicks on the percolator.

JERRY (cont'd)

We have power.

DAWN

Without it having to come from me and the Gateway, he means.

FAITH

What else works now?

(CONTINUED)

Vi helps Lori into a seat. Rachel offers the wicca a friendly smile, but Vi's stern look makes her turn away.

JERRY

As far as we can tell, Dawn's now got access to the city's communications grid again.

DAWN

Phones, internet, radio - all that stuff we were talking about before.

Some of the other Dawns join them - Nerdy Dawn and Maiden Dawn. The others simply FADE AWAY.

FAITH

So what were you guys yelling about when we got here?

Jerry and Dawn swap a look.

NERDY DAWN

(coughs)

Um... Mr. Heal didn't think it was a good idea for us to start monitoring the airwaves yet.

JERRY

And I stand by it! Look, Wilkins must know you're all out of jail by now. Stands to reason he'd assume you'd get back in touch with one another and come here. Now, he may not be aware yet that we're actually all in here, but if Dawn starts listening in on every police band and we start showing up at hotspots, he's going to figure out we're back in business.

VI

'Back in business' is a bit of an overstatement right now, isn't it?

MAIDEN DAWN

People could be hurt. Needing our help. Isn't that why we're all here in the first place?

DAWN

Yeah, what good's having the power to listen out for trouble if we're not gonna let ourselves use it?

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

You know, you were a lot easier to reason with when there was only one of you.

DAWN

Yeah, well... suck it up, champ.

Jerry and Dawn look to Faith. It's her call.

FAITH

(to Dawn)

Do it. But not for long. Just, I don't know, skim. Make sure you still can do all this stuff you're arguing about before we -

DAWN

I got something.

Dawn looks away, as though listening to something.

DAWN (cont'd)

Nightclub. Second and East Seventy-Seventh. Some kind of disturbance... police are on their way...

(looks up)

Large group of attackers, bust their way inside and started tearing up the place. Reports of people being bitten.

Faith looks to Jerry, who concedes this one, before she turns to the others.

FAITH

They're playing our song, guys.

(to Rachel)

You ready to get back in the game?

RACHEL

Hey, you know me. Besides, my next shift doesn't start 'till two.

FAITH

(to Vi; off Lori)

She good?

VI

She'll be -

LORI

I'm fine.

(to Vi)

Really.

(CONTINUED)

She rises, stuffing the bloody tissue into her pocket.

LORI (cont'd)  
Lemme at 'em.

VI  
Was that... Scrappy Doo?

LORI  
(grins)  
Child of my generation. Sorry.

VI  
(grins back)  
Loser.

Faith looks between them, not sure what to make of the rapport, before she heads for the exit.

FAITH  
(calling back)  
Dawn, keep an ear open. Let us know  
if we're gonna run into any of  
Wilkins' goons.

NERDY DAWN  
We will.

JERRY  
Be careful, kids.

Faith shoots him a grin as they exit, and we CUT TO:

Standing across the street from this Midtown nightspot, the team watch the scene unfold:

Panicking, screaming clubbers flee from the front doors, as COPS set up a barricade outside and try to calm the masses.

REVERSE ANGLE:

On the team as Faith sizes up the situation.

FAITH  
What do we reckon?

RACHEL  
Police haven't moved in yet, so  
we'll have a clear shot at  
whatever's inside.

VI  
Fire escape. Jump across from the  
next building along.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

VI (cont'd)  
(points)  
It's not that far.

Lori looks down at her skirt - a complex, layered black Goth number.

LORI  
Damn it. Knew I shoulda worn those  
new jeans.

FAITH  
Alright, let's do this.

ON THE GIRLS as they start out across the street. A hero shot for the new generation.

21

EXT. BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - NEXT

21

Now they're climbing up the fire escape of the adjacent building.

The nightclub roof is about ten feet below, the flashing lights from the squad cars illuminating the street beyond.

FAITH  
(judging distance)  
Clean jump, straight down. We're  
out of sight up here.

VI  
We've probably got a little while  
longer before the cops make their  
move.

FAITH  
We only need a little while.

She looks to Vi and grins - and Vi grins back.

FAITH (cont'd)  
That's my girl.

And without another word, Faith JUMPS - sailing across empty space to land with a THUMP.

Rachel peeks over the edge - and takes in the drop to the street below - before leaning back with a GULP.

RACHEL  
You know, I'm filled with a sudden  
urge to make pots of coffee and  
take orders for apple danishes...

LORI  
Ah, c'mon, Rachel...

Lori steps up to the edge, ready to jump.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

LORI (cont'd)  
You wanna live forever?

And with a wink she LEAPS, landing gracefully on the roof below.

RACHEL  
Where did you get this girl?

Vi just offers a grin as we CUT TO:

22 INT. NIGHTCLUB - TOP FLOOR - NEXT

22

Aggravating techno is THUMPING throughout the club as the girls slip inside.

Flashing lights, raised platforms and garish posters decorate the space, while abandoned drinks and bags litter the floor.

Big red HEARTS also adorn the walls, with mobiles hanging from the ceiling and ROSES dotted all around.

Hearing CRASHES and SHOUTS from below, Faith indicates to the others that they should head down in two pairs.

23 INT. NIGHTCLUB - MAIN FLOOR - NEXT

23

With Faith and Rachel as they creep carefully down one spiral staircase into the main arena:

Where about six VAMPIRES are smashing the place up, HOOTING and CHEERING like frat boys after one kegger too many.

Faith quickly scans the floor, indicating to Rachel which three they're taking on. Rachel nods, reaching into the waistband of her jeans - and producing a STAKE.

Faith grins proudly, before looking across to check on Vi and Lori - who have made it down another staircase to the far side of the room.

Faith holds up her fingers, counting down from three, two one...

FAITH  
Now!

The foursome SPRING into action, charging into the vamps and quickly barging them into two separate groups.

Faith is straight into the offensive, SPIN-KICKING one vamp to the floor as Rachel GRAPPLES with another.

Vi SLIDES across the floor, kicking one vamp's legs from under him, while Lori sizes up another.

(CONTINUED)

The vamp ROARS as it leaps towards her, but Lori is ready as she raises one hand and yells:

LORI  
Fire in the hole!

FWOOSH! A FIREBALL streaks from her hand and engulfs the vamp, who crashes to the floor, screaming!

ON FAITH as she ducks a few clumsy swings, ready with the stake as she RAMS it into the vamp's chest:

But the vamp doesn't dust! He staggers back a few steps, then grins and starts to advance again...

... until Faith KICKS the stake deeper into his chest, and the vampire DUSTS this time.

RACHEL is still grappling with her vamp - it SHOVES her against a pool table and LUNGES for her:

But she grabs several pool balls and CRACKS them against the vamp's head as it reaches her!

The vampire stumbles from the blow, giving Rachel chance to close in and STAKE it.

This vamp DUSTS without any problems - and as Rachel turns, Faith HURLS the third vamp bodily over the bar!

FAITH  
You okay?

Rachel nods, then realises she's bleeding from a cut along her cheek. She dabs a hand against it.

RACHEL  
I'm fine. Very conscious of how public this whole thing is...

FAITH  
Yeah, so let's -

She pauses, turning as the vamp JUMPS UP from behind the bar - and she smoothly PUNCHES it, stake in her other hand as she SKEWERS it to the wall!

FAITH (cont'd)  
(as vamp dusts)  
Let's keep this quick.

ON LORI, the FLAMING VAMPIRE from before still going, flailing blindly and still trying to reach her!

LORI

Uh, I may not be an expert, but  
shouldn't he have gone 'poof' by  
now?

There's a SMACK off screen and Vi staggers back, lip curled  
in anger.

VI

So hit him again!

She charges off screen, leaving Lori with the vampire - so  
she blasts him with another FIREBALL!

The vamp finally DUSTS with a piercing shriek, and Lori looks  
across to see Vi battering two vamps at once.

She hurries over to help - but Vi's attacking with such  
ferocity that she doesn't need the assist.

She grabs a stray wine bottle and SMASHES it, SLASHING it  
across one vamp's throat.

While that one GASPS and clutches the wound, Vi grabs the  
other and SMASHES it head-first into a table.

The table splits on impact, and Vi is quick to kick the vamp  
onto its back, plunging a stake into its chest.

As that one dusts, she turns to the last and GRABS it by the  
shirt, turning and HURLING it across the room!

The vamp skids up to Faith's feet, who looks up.

FAITH

You sure you don't wanna finish  
this one?

Vi shakes her head, flicking hair from her face.

FAITH (cont'd)

(shrugs)  
Suit yourself.

She STAKES the vamp, and as it DUSTS, the room is clear.

LORI

Is that all of them?

RACHEL

You know, I think it is.

VI

We'd better get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED: (3)

23

She's already heading back up the staircase, Lori close behind, as Rachel joins Faith.

RACHEL  
Looks like the band's back  
together, huh?

Faith grins - but it fades as she watches Vi and Lori climb the stairs, leaving them both behind.

CCTV P.O.V.

And we're watching the scene via a security camera up on the wall, the footage a little grainy but clear enough to follow.

Faith and Rachel follow Vi and Lori up the staircase, leaving the abandoned club behind.

24 INT. VAN - NEXT

24

PULL BACK to find the screen is one of several set up on a row of monitors inside a van - and Pryor is watching!

He rests his chin on his hand thoughtfully, various camera angles of the club's interior showing on the screens.

Moments later, the main doors fly open and several COPS finally storm the club. As they begin their sweep, guns ready as they check the dance floor, we CUT TO:

25 EXT. NIGHTCLUB - ROOFTOP - NEXT

25

Reaching the roof again, the girls regroup as they hear the police entering the scene behind them.

FAITH  
You know the drill. Split up,  
regroup at the Asylum.

RACHEL  
Just like old times, huh? And here  
was me thinking I'd settle in and  
catch up on some TiVo tonight.

Faith and Rachel head off screen. Vi starts to follow, but Lori holds her back.

LORI  
Hey, I, uh... I got you something.

Vi frowns - and Lori produces a single ROSE.

LORI (cont'd)  
Happy Valentine's Day.

Vi hesitates, then takes the rose.

(CONTINUED)

LORI (cont'd)  
(smiling)  
See you back at the base!

And she's gone, leaving Vi alone on the rooftop. She stares down at the rose for a beat - then grins, tucking it inside her jacket before she exits, and we CUT TO:

Pryor now has a phone to his ear, the monitors showing the police forensics team moving into the nightclub.

PRYOR  
I wasn't able to gather much data from the situation, given that you haven't allowed me much time to prepare a suitable batch of test subjects.

INTERCUT WITH:

Wilkins is on the phone with Dark Noa standing nearby.

WILKINS  
We all have to make these little sacrifices in the name of science, Pryor.

PRYOR  
You'll be glad to know I also got the footage you requested.

WILKINS  
How much?

PRYOR  
Enough.

WILKINS  
Perfect. There'll be a nice, fat bonus check winging your way in the morning!

PRYOR  
I'm not in this for the money, Wilkins. You know that.

WILKINS  
(chuckles)  
I sure do. But it keeps the kids down in Accounting happy if I give them something anomalous to process, so humour me!

(CONTINUED)

He looks up to Noa, rolling his eyes for comic effect. She grins, amused.

PRYOR  
(switching off monitors)  
I'll get to work on the editing in the morning.

WILKINS  
I look forward to seeing the first cut! Good night, Pryor.

END INTERCUT:

He replaces the receiver, all smiles as he turns to face Noa.

WILKINS (cont'd)  
There's a saying from an old TV show I used to love that seems appropriate here... something about plans coming together?

Noa cocks her head to one side, and Wilkins just laughs.

WILKINS (cont'd)  
I definitely prefer you when you're more... comfortable in your skin, you know.

DARK NOA  
You mean when I play nice and behave like the daughter you always wanted?

WILKINS  
I wouldn't go that far.

Noa heads for the door, pausing as Wilkins adds:

WILKINS (cont'd)  
Just... try not to slip back into your old routine. If you don't mind.

DARK NOA  
(sweetly)  
For you, boss? Anything you want.

ON NOA as she turns to exit - and that sweet smile drops very firmly before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW