

FAITH

"The Public Interest"

by
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. VAMP NEST - NIGHT

1

SMACK! A VAMPIRE reels back into frame, staggering from the punch just delivered by FAITH. She piles in with another attack, forcing the two of them off screen.

Behind her, in this dilapidated vampire nest that's the usual kind of squat-y building their kind favour, more VAMPIRES are locked in battle:

VI is trading blows with one, dodging a swing and landing a KICK to the vamp's gut.

She locks her hands and swings a HAMMER PUNCH upwards, sending the vamp cartwheeling backwards.

It lands close to RACHEL, who is momentarily distracted - and the vampire she's facing GRABS her!

RACHEL

Aah!

She struggles, trying to prise its hands free as the vamp SWINGS her into the wall with a THUMP.

Dazed, Rachel gets yanked forward and THROWN along the floor, the leering vamp sizing her up for the kill...

Until a FIREBALL slams into its chest, igniting the vamp in a pillar of flames!

It SCREAMS, stumbling blindly around the room, and Faith casts a scornful glance back to LORI.

FAITH

I told you to watch it with those things!

LORI

Hey, she needed an assist!

Rachel gets up, reaching for the STAKE in her belt.

RACHEL

I was fine.

LORI

Yeah, looked like it, too.

VI

Guys!

She LAYS OUT her vamp with another punch.

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)
Can we bicker after we clean these
things out? Please?

She turns to address the others - and gets TACKLED out of
frame by her vampire, dropping her stake!

The flaming vampire finally DUSTS with a SHRIEK, leaving
Rachel without a target.

Faith has her vamp pinned to the ground, and after another
few PUNCHES to soften it up, raises her stake:

FWOOSH! The vamp DUSTS as she drives the stake home, and
Faith is quickly back on her feet.

FAITH
Door!

She points - one vamp is about to make a break for freedom.

RACHEL
I got it!

She takes aim - then WHISTLES loudly. The vamp at the door to
the nest turns:

And Rachel THROWS her stake straight into its chest! The vamp
has time to register a look of surprise before it DUSTS.

LORI
Is that all of them?

She turns - Vi is still scrapping with her vampire, the last
in the room.

Lori moves to help her out, but in rapid succession Vi LEG
SWEEPS the vamp, scoops up a CHAIR with one leg as she rises
and SMASHES it against the wall.

With a makeshift stake at the ready, she DUSTS the vamp as it
tries to get back up.

FAITH
That's all of 'em.

Faith dusts her hands off as she takes a look around the
room. The others move to join her.

RACHEL
Why do they always pick these
places to live in?

LORI
Not many people can afford decent
real estate these days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VI

Yeah, but there's always TriBeCa.

The girls share a grin - then realise Faith is grinning back at them.

RACHEL

What?

FAITH

Nothin', just... that felt good.
You know? Like old times.

LORI

I wouldn't know.

VI

No, she's right. It did.

FAITH

Guess the old magic's still there
after all, huh?

Rachel rolls her eyes, checking her hair and grimacing.

RACHEL

Oh, would you look at this? I've
got so much crap in my hair from
this place... my shift starts in an
hour! What am I supposed to do?

The others head for the exit, sharing a grin.

VI

Get a hairnet?

LORI

Maybe invest in a hat?

FAITH

We could always spring for some
hair dye.

RACHEL

(scowls)

Yeah, that's right. Laugh it up,
fuzzball.

Chuckling, Faith gives the rusty door a SHOVE to open it, and
as the girls step out into the night we CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Where MAYOR WILKINS is going over some notes at his desk. A
glass of MILK stands nearby.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (O.S.)
You're really going ahead with
this?

He glances up, peering over his reading glasses as DARK NOA
slips into the seat opposite.

WILKINS
I really am, sugar bun.

NOA
And I suppose that nothing I say
will make you change your mind?

WILKINS
Nothing short of the apocalypse
starting early!

NOA
That can be arranged.

WILKINS
No, it can't. Or we'd have done it
already.

He smiles - and despite herself, Noa smirks back.

WILKINS (cont'd)
Trust me. I know plenty of my
people have their concerns over
tomorrow morning's press
conference, but I can promise you
one thing...

He drops the notes onto his desk, reaching for the milk.

WILKINS (cont'd)
Things are going to be a lot more
fun around here very soon.

And as he gulps down the milk, PAN DOWN to get a glimpse at
the headline on the notes:

Which reads: "THE UNDERWORLD MENACE."

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

INT. CITY HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

3

A crowd of REPORTERS wait before a large conference table, lined up in several rows of chairs.

It's sunny outside but the blinds are drawn over the room's large windows.

Camera crews representing local news channels are stationed at the side of the room.

There's a buzz of chatter as the assembled journalists talk amongst themselves.

A row of photographers are also setting up for the conference, tripod mounts and flash bulbs at the ready.

The activity steps up a notch as two of the Mayor's ASSISTANTS enter the room through a door at the back, making their way along the conference table.

They check the various microphones mounted along it as the reporters get ready for their attack.

Moments later, Wilkins emerges to an initial flurry of camera flashes and questions, one hand raised in greeting and a jovial smile in place as he sits down.

WILKINS

Good morning, ladies and gentlemen of the free press! If any of you have had to rise far before your normal operating hours for this, then you have my apologies.

A ripple of laughter passes through the crowd.

WILKINS (cont'd)

You may be wondering what I've called you all here for. Well, if you presumed it was related to my upcoming re-election campaign, then you'd be right. But that's far from the only thing I'm here to talk about today.

One of his assistants leans in and whispers something in his ear. Wilkins looks towards the back of the room:

Where Noa has just slipped inside. She's dressed in a smart power suit and skirt.

(CONTINUED)

Wilkins nods to her, then turns his attention to the journalists again:

WILKINS (cont'd)
I'm here to bring the attention of
the good citizens of New York to a
dangerous threat that's been
lurking right here in this city -
heck, the whole state, even - for
as long as anyone cares to
remember.

Some of the reporters swap puzzled looks. Several hands rise.

WILKINS (cont'd)
I won't be taking questions just
yet, but I promise you'll have all
the answers you'll need by the time
we're done here.

Wilkins glances to his left - and the assistant there motions
for a VIDEO SCREEN to be rolled into view.

More aides move along the rows of reporters, handing out
thick PRESS PACKS to each of them.

Wilkins waits for the packs to be distributed, scanning the
crowd and taking in their growing confusion.

WILKINS (cont'd)
We're all people of the world here.
We're aware that there are...
events, circumstances and even
things in this world that can't be
rationally explained or dealt with.
(beat)
We know that there are mysteries
waiting to be explained, truths
that defy any attempt to find a
logical reason and above all,
dangers that we want to protect
ourselves and our loved ones from.

Blank looks all round. Where is he going with this?

WILKINS (cont'd)
As you know, my initial candidacy
for the office of mayor was under
the banner of the Independence
Party...

As Wilkins continues, we CUT TO:

4 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - DAY

4

Where the conference continues on a TV SET resting on a table within the cluttered room.

JERRY is watching with interest, sipping his morning coffee as Faith and Rachel enter.

FAITH
Morning, Jerry.

JERRY
Girls.
(off TV)
Have you heard about this?

RACHEL
No, what?

They move to get a better look. Faith scowls at the sight of Wilkins.

FAITH
What does he want?

JERRY
Not sure yet. He's called some big press conference and gotten every news channel in the state watching him, but so far he's just... well, he's kind of rambling.

FAITH
(shrugs)
Whatever. I'm going to see if Dawn's had any luck tracking the others down.

RACHEL
Need any help?

FAITH
Nah, you'd better get ready for work. We'll see you later.

Rachel nods as Faith exits, and we CUT TO:

5 INT. ASYLUM - VI'S ROOM - NEXT

5

Vi sits on a bed inside this pretty spartan living quarters - it's one of the usual rooms the staff use as accommodation.

She's watching Lori fuss around the room - she's arranging photo frames and moving other trinkets around.

(CONTINUED)

LORI

This'll be good for us, I think.
Get out of that hole for a while.

VI

I liked that 'hole.'

LORI

Vi. Come on. The rats had their own union. We couldn't stay there forever. What's so bad about this place, anyway?

Vi just shrugs, awkward. Lori rolls her eyes.

LORI (cont'd)

Look, I get that you have 'history' here, and not all of it good. But it's you and me versus the world now, right?

Lori comes to sit by Vi on the bed.

LORI (cont'd)

Who came to see you every single week while you were in prison?

VI

(quiet)
You did.

LORI

Who found a place to hang out and helped you get back on your feet once they let you go?

VI

You did.

LORI

And who never asked for a single thing in return other than your company?

Vi turns to look at her. Lori smiles, taking Vi's hands.

LORI (cont'd)

You saved my life, Vi. If you hadn't pulled me out of my own prison cell, then I'd have just been another Happy Meal for that Darkling freak. So like it or not, you're stuck with me wherever you go now. Right?

(CONTINUED)

VI

I know, I know...

LORI

And if I say this place is alright,
then you're just gonna have to
trust me. 'Kay?

Vi manages a small smile. Lori gives her hands a little
squeeze, but they're interrupted by:

FAITH O.S.)

Vi?

She looks up - Faith is hovering in the open doorway. Vi
quickly slips her hands free from Lori's.

FAITH

I'm gonna check in with Dawn
downstairs. You good? You took a
few knocks back at that nest.

VI

I'm -

LORI

(quickly)

She's fine. Few bumps, nothing I
can't fix up with a spell or two.

Faith glances at Lori, then looks to Vi for confirmation.

VI

Yeah, I'm okay. Thanks.

FAITH

Alright.

With a last - slightly suspicious - look at Lori, Faith
exits. Lori turns back to Vi.

LORI

Guard up much?

VI

I'm just tired.

She leaves it at that. Lori hesitates, then nods, getting the
hint. She rises.

LORI

Right, right. I'll, uh... I'll go
check on my own room. It's just
next door. You, uh, get some rest,
alright?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (3)

5

Vi nods as Lori heads for the doorway. She lies down, curling up into a ball on top of the bed.

Lori hangs in the doorway, watching her for a few more moments before she exits, and we CUT TO:

6 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - NEXT

6

Faith steps back from the GATEWAY as it fires up, glowing lines of energy reaching out along the grooves in the walls, floor and ceiling towards the stone arches.

The markings and runes carved into the arches light up in the familiar sequence, before a loud SNAP and flash of light heralds the PORTAL that forms inside the archway.

PUSH IN on the swirling vortex of energy as we CUT TO:

7 INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT

7

Where DAWN stands before a row of several floating SCREENS, each one cycling rapidly through shots of various landscapes.

PULL BACK to find three more DAWNS all doing the same with other sets of screens - NERDY, PUNK and MAIDEN.

Faith descends the staircase into the room, the steps lighting beneath her.

FAITH
So where are we at?

DAWN
(without turning)
Needing a bigger boat.

FAITH
That bad?

Faith comes to join her, trying and failing to process the dizzying number of images flickering across the screens.

FAITH (cont'd)
How hard can it be to find where they went? I mean, we're only really looking for Alice, Rob and a few others, right?

DAWN
Given that I deliberately scrambled the codes for their destinations so if Wilkins got hold of me I wouldn't be able to find them...

(CONTINUED)

NERDY DAWN

... and we sent each group of orderlies and residents to a different location...

PUNK DAWN

... then you can get why we're all working down here.

Faith exhales, leaning against the pedestal.

FAITH

They've all been out there for over a year and a half now. How do we know any of them are where we left them?

MAIDEN DAWN

We don't.

NERDY DAWN

Plus, time may be moving at different speeds relative to us in any of the places we sent them.

FAITH

I thought the plan was that we picked a bunch of places where that wasn't a problem? After what happened with Noa?

The Dawns exchange a few guilty looks.

DAWN

We were kind of in a rush...

FAITH

Alright, alright. Just keep looking. Anything I can do?

MAIDEN DAWN

Step up to the pedestal. Maybe having some Warden juice in the system will help us lock onto the teams quicker.

Faith nods, stepping up to the pedestal. She takes a breath, closes her eyes and holds her hands over the glass tubes.

As the pool of water GLOWS softly and CHIMES ring out from the tubes as Faith begins to move her hands, we CUT TO:

Wilkins is continuing. The press are starting to look a little restless.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS

... and with the global terror level at its highest level in history, there's never been a better time to keep the public informed of threats in their midst.

A hand rises from the crowd. Wilkins pauses - then nods.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Go on, Joanne.

JOANNE, a perky young blonde reporter, rises.

JOANNE

Mr. Mayor, forgive me if this sounds a little blunt, but... where is this going? We've been here half an hour already and it doesn't feel like you've told us anything about your campaign strategy!

WILKINS

I'm just setting the scene a little.

(glances at watch)

Although I suppose I have run over a little... Right, then!

(claps hands)

Let's move on to the next item.

Wilkins nods to his assistant - who starts playback of a video on the screen to their left.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen of the press, citizens of New York... I'm here to tell you about a grave threat that walks amongst us here in this very city.

The screens flicks from static to CCTV footage - inside the club where Faith and the girls tackled a pack of vampires.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Monsters live side by side with humans in New York City.

ON THE SCREEN, the gang of VAMPIRES are gleefully trashing the club. Fangs and claws clearly visible.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Creatures such as vampires, zombies, ghosts and werewolves are very much real.

(CONTINUED)

The journalists run through a gamut of shocked and bewildered expressions as they watch:

The vampires have their hands on the last few nightclubbers who didn't get out in time.

A last few pitiful SCREAMS ring out as the vampires feast on their unfortunate victims.

REPORTER

Is this some kind of joke?

REPORTER #2

What the hell are we supposed to be watching?

WILKINS

Footage captured a week ago at the scene of a multiple homicide in Greenwich. What you're seeing is a pack of vampires murdering several young people at the 'Afterglow' nightspot.

The vampires continue their rampage on the screen, leaving the drained corpses of the humans behind.

Several reporters rise as if to leave - but find Noa blocking the only exit, arms folded defiantly.

WILKINS (cont'd)

If you'll just turn to your information packs, you'll find more evidence of the terrible dangers I'm trying to educate you all about.

More catcalls and JEERS sound from the press - they're not buying this. And why should they?

WILKINS (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, please!

Wilkins raises his voice to try and be heard over the rising clamour as we CUT TO:

Faith and the Dawns are still hard at work, when Dawn looks away from her screens.

DAWN

Faith? Jerry's on the phone.

FAITH

Huh?

(CONTINUED)

And Faith's phone starts to RING. Faith blinks, then takes it from her pocket to answer it.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

10

INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - NEXT

10

Jerry turns away from the TV, which is now being watched by Rachel, Vi and Lori. Wilkins' chaotic press conference is still playing.

JERRY

You need to get up here, right now.

FAITH

What's going on?

JERRY

Wilkins is trying to tell every news channel in the city about vampires.

FAITH

He's what?!?

JERRY

I don't think it's going too well, but either way, you need to see this.

FAITH

Okay, okay, I'm on my way.

END INTERCUT:

Faith snaps her phone shut, jumping off from the pedestal and racing for the steps.

DAWN

Faith?

FAITH

(over shoulder)

Put an ear to the ground for any chatter about a press conference Wilkins is running!

Dawn glances at Punk Dawn, who nods and steps away from her screens. Faith is already bounding up the stairs.

DAWN

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

Faith pauses at the entrance to the chamber.

FAITH
(darkly)
Wilkins is trying to change the
rules.

She darts out of the room, and we CUT TO:

11 INT. CITY HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

11

Back with Wilkins, who is losing control of the press conference. More reporters are on their feet, several trying to shove past the immovable Noa to leave.

WILKINS
(shouting over voices)
Please, please listen! There's
plenty more that I need to tell
you!

He looks around - the news crews are starting to pack away, the cameras switching off and cutting transmission.

Wilkins makes eye contact with Noa on the far side of the room - and he suddenly seems very calm as he smoothly nods once to her.

She nods back, finally stepping aside to let the journalists she's been holding back get to the doors:

Which suddenly BURST OPEN to reveal a pack of VAMPIRES waiting outside!

Several reporters SHOUT in alarm as the fully vamped out creatures RUSH them - GRABBING several in the first row!

The room erupts into chaos as the vampires start sinking FANGS into necks, spurts of BLOOD spattering across other people in the melee.

Noa hangs back, looking to the Mayor - who can barely hide his grin as things escalate.

He glances at the news crews - who are now quickly getting their cameras up and running again to capture the carnage.

More people fall to the vampires, who number almost a dozen as they pile into the room!

LEAD VAMPIRE
Plenty for the takin,' boys and
girls! Don't let any go to waste!

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

Cackling with glee, he GRABS another reporter - Joanne - and as he yanks her head to one side, revealing that juicy jugular and preparing to bite her, we CUT TO:

12 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - DAY

12

Where the shocked team are rooted to the spot, unable to look away from the madness on screen.

Faith bursts into the room, joining them before the TV - and her jaw drops in horror at what she's seeing.

ON THE SCREEN, with panicked hand-held cameras jerkily capturing the thick of the action:

And the caption 'Live' displayed in the corner of the screen.

FAITH

How many...

Rachel reaches for the remote, changing channel a few times - the same footage is on every station.

RACHEL

All of them.

The chaos continues as the team exchange shocked looks, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13

INT. CITY HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

13

Back with the vampires as they continue to feed on the press - they've blocked off the only exit.

Some people are trying to force the windows open, others brandishing chairs as makeshift weapons. Others are just running around screaming.

A couple of the vampires are still busy drinking from their latest victims, while the rest are chasing their prey around the room.

One LEAPS through the air to tackle a running journalist to the floor. As a younger reporter SCREAMS in horror, she's GRABBED from behind by another vamp.

At the back of the room, Noa is doing his best to herd a small group of huddled, terrified press away from a trio of vamps as they close in.

VOICE O.S.)

Get down on the floor! Now!

People turn - a team of SECURITY GUARDS are now at the door, and cries of relief sound from the press.

The guards rush in, weapons drawn, each singling out a vamp or two as their target.

SHOTS are fired, the guards grappling with the vampires - as the TV crews continue to capture the event on camera.

One guard gets BITTEN, and as he falls the press realise that they're no match for the vampires after all...

WILKINS

Stop!

All attention turns to Wilkins as his voice rings out across the room. The vampires temporarily stop their rampage - some pausing mid-grapple with the security.

Wilkins quickly glances either side - making sure the cameras are watching - before smoothing out his clothes.

WILKINS (cont'd)

What do you... things want here?

LEAD VAMPIRE

Isn't it obvious?

The vampire LAUGHS - fresh blood dribbling down his chin.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS

I hope you know what you're getting yourself into.

LEAD VAMPIRE

We're just reminding the people of this city that you're not in charge. We are.

Wilkins narrows his eyes, keeping a steely gaze fixed on the vampires as we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - DAY

Meanwhile, Faith, Vi and Lori are tooling up, ready to move out, while Rachel and Jerry keep an eye on the TV.

The girls have stakes, holy water and other supplies and weapons spread across one of the tables, stuffing things into bags and pockets.

RACHEL

You know...

FAITH

Whatever it is, it can wait.

RACHEL

No, listen. Something's not right here.

VI

Yeah, damn straight something isn't right! You figure that out all by yourself?

RACHEL

(off TV)

This is too easy.

LORI

Maybe I'm missing the definition of 'easy' here...

RACHEL

Oh, would you two stop double teaming me for a second and listen?

Vi and Lori swap a look. Faith stops packing and turns to Rachel at last.

FAITH

Alright, what?

RACHEL

It's too public.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

I think that was the idea behind Wilkins' little PR stunt in the first place...

RACHEL

Yeah, but the vampires showing up too? Just as he was losing control of the conference? And what's with the vampires being so public? Since when do they want to blow their own cover?

VI

So, what, Wilkins sent the vampires too?

Everyone stops. Exchanges glances.

JERRY

Makes sense.

FAITH

Kill a few reporters, clean the vamps up, come out lookin' like a hero.

RACHEL

Yeah, only I don't think he's doing such a good job 'cleaning up' at the moment...

The team gather round the TV again as we CUT TO:

Back with the action - or rather, the standoff as the vampires keep the security and reporters cornered in pockets around the room.

LEAD VAMPIRE

Give me one good reason why we won't just rip all your throats out...

(off news crews)

... while the whole state watches.

WILKINS

As a matter of fact, young man, I can give you one good reason.

(beat)

Noa?

And Noa steps forward, CRACKING her fingers as she approaches the nearest vampire. The vamp bursts out LAUGHING.

VAMPIRE

Strawberry Shortcake here's gonna
stop us? Using what?

Noa rears back and SWINGS - and her punch TEARS the vampire's
head clean off its shoulders!

The vampire DUSTS, both body and head disintegrating before
either hit the ground. The room falls into a hush.

NOA

I thought I'd start with my hands.

Two more vampires launch themselves at her with a SNARL, but
Noa's ready:

As one LEAPS and the other rushes her, Noa smoothly GRABS the
first vamp out of the air, SWINGING him bodily into the
second!

Both vampires clatter to the floor as Noa draws a STAKE from
within her jacket.

The vampires scrabble to get up as Noa takes aim, and just as
they manage to get a look at her:

REVERSE ANGLE as Noa THROWS the stake towards them - a thin
sliver of barely visible DARK ENERGY flowing from her hand to
guide the stake to its target!

The stake pierces BOTH VAMPIRES - twisting slightly as it
passes through the first - and both vampires are DUST.

The security team double their efforts as Noa marches up to
the next vampire, GRABBING him and TOSSING him like a rag
doll across the room.

NOA (cont'd)

You see, that's always been the
problem with you vampires...

She grabs another and SOCKS it across the jaw, but as that
vamp reels another KICKS her square in the face!

Noa staggers back a step - but as she raises her head, she
simply stares the vamp down.

NOA (cont'd)

... no sense of timing.

With a mighty ROUNDHOUSE KICK, she sends the vampire hurtling
across the room - and straight through the WINDOW!

It punches through the blinds and SHATTERS the glass beyond,
and we SMASH CUT TO:

16 EXT. CITY HALL - CONTINUOUS 16

As the vamp hits the sunlight outside, it SCREAMS and bursts into FLAMES. It's dust before it hits the floor.

17 INT. CITY HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT 17

Straight back with Noa as she marches towards another pair of vamps - who are now looking a lot less enthusiastic.

As she starts laying into them, there's a flurry of activity back over by the door:

A squad of black-clad SWAT OFFICERS pile into the room, body armour and machine guns at the ready!

Their armour is branded with the logo 'Task Force,' and as they move to engage the vampires, Wilkins' smile broadens.

More SHOTS are fired - but the first vampire who gets a chest full of bullets starts to HOWL in pain.

SMOKE rises from his chest as he starts clawing at himself, trying to literally scratch the bullets out!

WILKINS

That'll be concentrated allium
sativum in those bullets, fellas.
(winks at cameras)
Garlic.

As more vampires are felled by the bullets, the Task Force troopers descend on them with NIGHTSTICKS, clubbing them into submission.

STAKES are drawn and driven into chests, the vampires reduced in number to just two in a matter of moments.

The remaining vampires are cornered, with Noa on one side and more Task Force agents closing in on the other.

Wilkins steps out from behind the conference table, smoothly approaching the cowering vampires.

He stops just short of them, turning to face the watching cameras with a dramatic flourish.

WILKINS (cont'd)

I'm sorry you all had to see
that... but I hope my point has
been made. This threat is very
real, and doesn't care who gets in
its way.

He turns, levelling an accusing finger at the vamps.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS (cont'd)

These vermin infest every darkened alleyway, sewer tunnel and run-down tenement in our fair city, and ever since I came to learn of their existence I've been devoting all my time to finding ways to wipe them out.

The press are starting to move closer again, buoyed by the presence of the Task Force.

Some stop by the bodies of their colleagues, hands over their mouths in horror. Others watch Wilkins with rapt attention.

Wilkins lays a fatherly arm round Noa's shoulders, turning her to face the cameras. She shifts, awkward under this close attention.

WILKINS (cont'd)

And as you can see, my aide Noa DeRubria here and the fine agents of my specialised Task Force are exactly what this city needs to exterminate the menace once and for all.

He nods nonchalantly towards the troopers.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Finish them off, boys.

VAMPIRE

No... no! Wait! You said we'd -

FWOOSH! He's DUSTED, the final vampire cowering and following suit a moment later as the Task Force soldiers charge them with their stakes.

Faith and the team are now watching the TV, their weapons and supplies forgotten on the tables behind.

WILKINS

(filtered; over TV)

You asked me earlier what my re-election campaign strategy was going to cover... well, I think that little situation aptly covers pretty much all of my major points.

VI

Oh, my God...

RACHEL
He... can he do that?

JERRY
He just did.

Jerry takes his phone from his pocket.

JERRY (cont'd)
We need to get to work on some
serious damage control, right now.

WILKINS
(over TV)
If re-elected, I will make it my
office's number one priority to
clean up this city from the
underworld menace, just as
effectively as Guliani's Zero
Tolerance took care of all the,
ah... human problems we had several
years ago.

Faith and Vi exchange a troubled look as we CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Wilkins is now facing a half-circle of the surviving
journalists and TV crews, hanging on his every word.

WILKINS
But it's not just creatures like
the vampires you just witnessed in
action that we need to contend
with.

He looks back towards the desk - where one of his still-
shaking aides rights the toppled video screen.

He starts the playback again, continuing the footage of the
vampires inside the nightclub:

As Faith and the team rush into the scene, tackling the
vampires!

WILKINS (cont'd)
Dangerous, unsanctioned vigilantes
roam our streets, taking matters
into their own hands and trying to
purge these infestations, with
little thought for collateral
damage or the lives of any innocent
citizens who may get in their way.

The journalists watch the screen:

ON SCREEN, where the team's various tussles with the vampires are causing just as much damage to the club as the vamps themselves did!

Lori's fireball IGNITES one vamp, who sets other parts of the club ablaze as he stumbles blindly around the room.

WILKINS (cont'd)

There are several different types that my office is pledging to bring to justice - some calling themselves 'Slayers,' others just plain old 'hunters,' but all of them have one simple objective - destroy the creatures in our midst.

REPORTER

Shouldn't we be working... with these people?

As if to prove Wilkins' point, ON SCREEN they see Vi grab a bottle and SLASH it across the throat of one vamp.

As the vamp stumbles, clutching its throat, she grabs it and SLAMS it face-first into a table - which BREAKS on impact.

WILKINS

Would you rather let these lunatics handle the situation, or trust things to people like Miss DeRubria here?

All eyes turn to Noa. She forces a confident smile - but it's through clenched teeth.

Noa leans a little closer to whisper to the Mayor as photographers start snapping the pair:

NOA

(still smiling)

You're taking a big risk here, Mr. Mayor...

WILKINS

No risk, no reward, sweetie. Besides, look at them...

REVERSE ANGLE - the press are starting to barrage Wilkins with questions as FLASH BULBS keep popping and the camera crews keep filming.

WILKINS (cont'd)

All the candy from all the babies in the world doesn't taste this good.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (2)

19

Wilkins waves, straightening and making the most of this defining moment in his political career, as we CUT TO:

20 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - DAY

20

The stunned team watch the TV for another few beats, before Faith reaches forward and switches it off. Silence falls.

Until Dawn pops into the room behind them:

DAWN

Guys! I've been listening to the chatter, and you would not believe how quickly every single communications network in the area filled up with...

She registers the team's shellshocked expressions.

DAWN (cont'd)

Guys?

Faith turns to face them all. She meets their gazes - they're all waiting for her to speak.

FAITH

(exhales)

We've got work to do.

The team don't look like they even know where to begin as we CUT TO:

21 INT. CITY HALL - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

21

EMTs are now on the scene, tending to the wounded as others carry BODY BAGS from the room.

Spatters of blood on the walls and floor mark the carnage that took place, with some sobbing reporters led away by their colleagues and friends.

The Task Force are overseeing the operation, shepherding the press outside and removing the ash remains of the felled vampires.

Noa is giving an interview in one corner, glancing across to Wilkins as if wanting to be rescued - but he just gives her a thumbs up.

PRYOR (O.S.)

Mr. Mayor?

Wilkins turns - there's PRYOR.

WILKINS

Ah! Mr. Webb. Just in time.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I take it the... conference went as planned?

Wilkins glances round to check no-one is listening, then ushers Pryor to one side.

WILKINS

Like a gold-plated charm covered in chocolate frosting, Pryor. Your team did an excellent job.

PRYOR

I'm just doing what was requested of me, Mr. Mayor. I maintain that this is easily the worst idea you've ever had.

WILKINS

There are plenty of ideas I haven't had yet, so how can we say this one was the worst?

Pryor blinks. Wilkins chuckles, slapping him lightly on the arm.

WILKINS (cont'd)

That's a joke, Pryor. And what's it going to take for any of you to trust me?

He lays an arm over Pryor's shoulders, turning him to face the room. Wilkins sweeps his other arm to indicate the aftermath of the conference.

WILKINS (cont'd)

We just announced the existence of vampires and demons to the world. After what went on in Los Angeles when Wolfram and Hart were put out of business, then the wonderful PR disaster the Slayer Academy got itself mixed up in, the general public's minds were already starting to open to the possibility of things that go bump in the night.

Wilkins nods to one of the Task Force soldiers as they pass by - EVIDENCE BAGS full of vampire ash in his hand.

WILKINS (cont'd)

We've just given their collective conscious a little push in the right direction.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

And by the way - 'Task Force'?
That's a little... on the nose,
isn't it?

WILKINS

I got the idea from this short-
lived group over in Los Angeles.
Right idea, bad execution. Luckily,
there wasn't anybody still alive to
worry about copyright violations.

Wilkins stands before Pryor, hands on his shoulders.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Now. Every press corporation in the
state is going to be calling your
office during the next hour to
demand more evidence. I suggest you
get back to your lab and get ready
to start sending it out.

Pryor holds his gaze for a beat - then turns and walks away
without another word.

Wilkins looks back across the conference room as the clean-up
operation continues.

WILKINS (cont'd)

That Hannibal fellow was right...
it is great when a plan comes
together.

Chuckling merrily to himself, Wilkins coasts on the wave of
his own satisfaction as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

22

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - DAY

22

Faith marches along, the others alongside or just behind.

FAITH

Okay, so - let's start with the idea that everybody in the city who owns a radio or a TV set saw that press conference.

VI

Which would be pretty much everybody, so that's...

LORI

Eight and a quarter million people.

A beat for that to sink in.

FAITH

How many of those do you reckon are gonna believe anything they just saw?

RACHEL

Why would the Mayor of one of the biggest cities in the country make something like that up?

LORI

Because he wants to get re-elected.

FAITH

Right. And any one of his rivals is gonna come out and talk crap about that vampire attack. They'll be trying to say it's just a publicity stunt, something Wilkins cooked up to trick people into voting for him in November.

VI

But this is Wilkins we're talking about. He wouldn't have done any of this if he didn't have plenty of backup plans.

RACHEL

Pryor?

FAITH

Could be. Somebody taped us in that club last week, after all.

(CONTINUED)

LORI
Aren't we missing the bigger
picture here?

FAITH
Meaning?

Lori steps in front of the group, stopping them.

LORI
Meaning, look around.

She indicates the darkened corridor and empty rooms.

LORI (cont'd)
This place is empty.

RACHEL
Yeah, we know, genius.

Lori shoots her a look - as does Vi.

LORI
No, I mean this place is empty. And
there are gonna be plenty of people
like us out there needing somewhere
to lay low...

Faith nods, catching on.

FAITH
... so we need to start bringing
'em all under our roof. Right.

RACHEL
Woah, woah, wait - are you guys
crazy? We can't bring that kind of
attention onto ourselves!

LORI
Would you relax? I put enough
glamours on this place to keep us
hidden. We could hold a rave in the
lobby and nobody'd notice.

RACHEL
You want to try that out?

Vi steps between Rachel and Lori.

VI
Back off.

RACHEL
'Back off'? What are you -

FAITH

Guys! Not the time.

Faith gently separates them, taking charge.

FAITH (cont'd)

Lori's right. We've got to assume that Wilkins is going to do everything he can to turn the city against us. That means cops, voters, the news - everybody. He's got the resources and the influence to do it.

VI

He got himself elected Mayor, after all...

FAITH

So we need to do the same. We've got to get the Asylum up and running ASAP so that when people come here looking for a place to lay low, we've got somewhere safe to offer them.

RACHEL

You want to turn us into, what, a sanctuary?

LORI

Why not?

VI

There are Slayers all over the state. Some working for the Council, some not. That's not to mention other hunters, wiccans and anybody else on the average vampire's hit list.

JERRY (O.S.)

They won't be the only ones.

The girls turn as Jerry and Dawn approach them.

JERRY (cont'd)

I've been on the phone to a few of my contacts in the demon community, and they're just as freaked out as we are right now.

DAWN

It's not just the standard networks that are full of people talking about the Mayor's announcement.

(CONTINUED)

Dawn turns and draws several box shapes in the air with her finger - and smaller versions of the floating SCREENS she uses in the Control Room form in the air!

RACHEL

Huh! When did you learn how to do that?

DAWN

I had time to figure plenty of new things out.

She TAPS each screen - they switch to show snapshots of different species of city-dwelling DEMONS.

DAWN (cont'd)

Last count, we had something like fifty-seven different species of non-violent demons living inside Manhattan alone.

FAITH

Numbers?

DAWN

Hard to say. In the hundreds, at least.

RACHEL

We can't hold that many!

FAITH

We don't need to. Remember?

RACHEL

(light bulb)
The Gateway...

FAITH

Dawn, any more luck tracking down the rest of the orderlies?

DAWN

Sort of.

VI

Danny, Sarah and Lewis - what about them?

FAITH

They could be like us - out of jail but not knowing we're here. Dawn's been trying to track 'em down.

DAWN

But Faith's right - we can just use the Gateway to send any groups of demons who come here looking for shelter to the destination of their choice.

JERRY

That'd work...

FAITH

It's a start, but we need to keep spreading the word.

LORI

I could hit up the local wicca communities, make sure they know the Asylum's a safe place to go if they get any trouble.

VI

I'll go with you.

FAITH

Jerry, keep on top of your demon contacts. Head for every bar and hangout in town. They know you, they won't give you any trouble.

JERRY

All the same, Wilkins will have gotten them all pretty spooked...

RACHEL

I'll come with.

(off looks)

I think work knows I'm not coming in today by now.

DAWN

What about me?

FAITH

Keep trying to find Alice and the others. We're gonna need all the help we can find.

DAWN

I could also try sending out a kind of psychic beacon, something to say that we're here for anyone who might need us.

FAITH

Can you do that and make sure Wilkins doesn't hear any of it?

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Sure thing.

FAITH

That goes for all of you. If he gets on to us, we're done. Watch who you tell about this.

Faith strides past them, leaving the group behind.

VI

Where are you going?

FAITH

I've gotta make a few calls.

She marches on, face full of determination as we CUT TO:

INT. DEMON BAR - DAY

Jerry sits at the counter, a shot of something in front of him. Rachel hangs back by the door, trying not to notice the stares she's getting from the clientele.

And the clientele in question are an assortment of DEMONS, some more human than others, all skulking in dark corners and jealously guarding their drinks.

The place is pretty quiet, however - lots of empty glasses adorn the tables.

Jerry's talking to the BARTENDER, a grey-skinned demon with large, antler-like horns growing from his skull. Several of the antler prongs are holding empty glasses.

JERRY

Come on, Baxter, you know as well as I do that my team have never had any issue with you or your customers.

BAXTER

And that's what worries me, Heal. Whole city's demon population are halfway to packing their bags after the Mayor's press conference. Not you and yours we need to worry about any more.

JERRY

My offer still stands, if you're willing to spread the word. We can offer sanctuary to anybody who wants it.

(CONTINUED)

BAXTER

Ain't nowhere safe from the Mayor.
You oughtta know that, after what
happened to you.

Baxter holds up a glass he's been cleaning, inspects it, then
slips it onto one of his antlers.

BAXTER

I'd have thought you'd be on your
way out of the country by now.
(off Rachel)
You and cookie dough over there.

Rachel marches forward, arms folded.

RACHEL

Maybe some of us think there's work
to be done, you ever consider that?

JERRY

Easy, Rachel.

He gently pushes her back a few steps.

JERRY

Baxter, you know I'm a man of my
word. I can promise your customers
safety, but if we don't get the
word out soon then -

BAXTER

Then either Wilkins'll send round a
squad of those Task Force goons to
clean us out, or he'll get the
general public whipped up into a
lynch mob frenzy, and just sit back
and watch while they beat our doors
down and burn our homes to the
ground.

RACHEL

(beat)

Okay, you're obviously thinking
worst case scenarios here...

Jerry finishes his drink in one gulp and rises.

JERRY

You know how to get in touch. I'd
suggest you do it sooner rather
than later.

He nods to Rachel, and the duo head for the exit. Jerry
pauses at the doorway, turning to add:

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

And don't kid yourself into thinking that ratting us out to Wilkins' office will get you any favours with him. He doesn't work like that.

Jerry holds the door open for Rachel and they exit, leaving a thoughtful Baxter behind as we CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - DAY

Vi and Lori, meanwhile, are inside a modest community centre, talking to a few young girls as others mill about on the stage behind them.

The group seems to be led by REBECCA, a brunette clad in earthy, flowing colours.

REBECCA

I just don't see how this affects any of us, is all.

LORI

C'mon, Becky, open your eyes! I know you always say you never watch the news, but even you must've heard about what Wilkins did by now.

VI

And if you haven't yet, I can guarantee that by tomorrow everybody will be talking about it.

REBECCA

Alright, even if the Mayor has made some kind of big announcement to the world that vampires and demons are real... I repeat, how does that affect us?

Rebecca glances over her shoulder - the girls on stage have settled into a loose sitting circle.

REBECCA

We're not vigilantes, prowling the streets looking for action...

The girls on stage link hands - and wisps of glowing ENERGY starts to rise from each of them.

REBECCA

... we're wiccass. Plain and simple.

VI

You really think he'll stop at the bad guys?

The other girls glance Vi's way. Rebecca registers this and ushers Vi and Lori to one side.

REBECCA

Don't say things like that if you don't know they're true.

LORI

(off Vi)

Listen, I may not have been in the family business as long as my friend here, but I've been told enough about Wilkins to know he won't play by any rules.

VI

None that'll matter, anyway.

REBECCA

So, what? We just pack our bags and run for the hills? What is this, seventeenth-century Salem? This is New York City, Lori. We came here for a reason.

LORI

I know, and I appreciate that, but we just -

VI

We have somewhere. It's safe, secure and protected.

REBECCA

Where?

VI

If you want to know, we'll tell you. But we want you to make sure every other group you're in contact with knows about it too.

LORI

And needless to say, we don't want any of this getting back to Wilkins and his people.

Rebecca crosses her arms thoughtfully, looking back towards the stage. The wiccans are still mid-ritual, waves of glittering magic wafting over them.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: (2)

24

Rebecca looks back to Vi and Lori, who tries her best, hopeful smile.

REBECCA
Tell me about this place.

Lori exhales in relief as we CUT TO:

25 INT. ASYLUM - PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

25

Faith sits perched on the edge of the desk, talking into the phone:

FAITH
(continuing)
... really? A movie deal? Huh.
(listens)
No, no, look, I'm sure if you have people there telling you it's a good idea, then...
(laughs)
Yeah, I guess I do sound pretty skeptical.

She hops down off the desk and starts to pace around the room.

FAITH (cont'd)
So there's how many of you left now?
(whistles)
That bad? Jeez. I'd offer my help, but, you know... got my own problems right now.

She leans back against the desk, running a hand through her hair.

FAITH
Yeah, you know, I was just calling to try and offer some kind of heads up, but it sounds like you guys are already on top of things over there, so...
(listens)
You bet. First sign of anything we can't handle, you'll be the first person I call.

She looks up as Dawn materialises in the room before her.

FAITH (cont'd)
Alright, gotta bounce. Speak to you soon, Skye.

She hangs up as Dawn approaches.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Well?

FAITH

Academy's cool. They've even got some people in to help them with the new publicity they got after that London thing. They'll put the word out to any Slayers over here to watch their backs, especially any in the New York area.

DAWN

Good. Nice to know the Council hasn't completely run that place into the ground yet.

FAITH

What about you? Any luck?

DAWN

What, you mean in trying to find a way to broadcast a psychic beacon to any friendlies in the area?

(sighs)

Next time I open my mouth to offer a great idea like that, please leave the room before I say anything.

FAITH

So... not going so well?

DAWN

I haven't found a way to mask the signal that I'm happy with. I need to know that I can send it out without risking letting Wilkins know we're here.

FAITH

Dawn, I asked if you could do that at the time, and you said 'yes.'

DAWN

(frowns)

Did I? That doesn't sound like something I'd say.

FAITH

(beat)

I'm gonna head back to the staff room, wait for the others to check in.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Okay. I'll keep working on that thing.

Dawn BLINKS out of sight as Faith heads for the door, opening it and exiting as we CUT TO:

Wilkins' usual calm centre is now a hive of activity - both doors are wide open and the sounds from the adjoining rooms floods in:

At least a dozen different aides and assistants are talking rapidly on phones, fielding a million and one questions aimed at the Mayor.

Wilkins himself sips from a mug of coffee, unflappably calm as he watches his minions at work.

Within his own office, the DEPUTY MAYORS are also all present, either talking to aides or talking on their cell phones.

Only Dark Noa shares Wilkins' air of cool, reclining in a leather chair in one corner of the room.

She looks up and meets Wilkins' gaze. He waggles his eyebrows at her, grinning from ear to ear as he takes another swig of his drink.

Noa looks away, waves of irritation radiating from her body language. She is not a happy bunny.

WILKINS

(to Deputy Mayors)

Fellas, could you clear the room for a second? I need to have a word with my PA here.

NOA

I'm sorry - your what?

The Deputies gradually filter out of the room, closing the doors behind them and leaving Wilkins with Noa.

WILKINS

I'm sensing a little aggression coming from your side of the room.

Noa folds her arms haughtily, looking away.

WILKINS (cont'd)

You still firmly believe this was a bad idea, don't you?

NOA

You don't need me to tell you that.

Wilkins takes a seat, finishing his coffee.

WILKINS

Noa, cupcake, I don't think you're fully appreciating the bigger picture here.

NOA

You've antagonised every non-human creature living in the entire state. You'll have all the humans running riot because they'll be seeing monsters in every dark alleyway they pass, and you'll also have the media tearing you to shreds and trying to prove how this whole thing is one big hoax.

(beat)

Simply put, I think you just made all our lives a lot more difficult, and the 'big picture' I'm obviously failing to see is why you did any of it!

WILKINS

What if I was to tell you that I had... information in my possession that told me of a major change in the established order of things?

NOA

I'd ask to know what it was.

WILKINS

(grins)

Of course you would. Let's just say that what I've done is merely the first step in bringing something even greater to pass, and I'll be gosh darned if I'm going to let a few naysayers swing me off this path now. Even if those baby blues of yours are among the aforementioned naysayers.

Wilkins places his hands behind his head, reclining.

WILKINS (cont'd)

And now that we have the city's ear, there'll be nobody to stop us doing whatever we want around here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS (cont'd)
Once we show them - and by 'we' I
mean you and the Task Force - that
only we can save them from the
monsters, people will be queuing up
to eat out of our hands.

NOA
And what about Faith and her team?

WILKINS
Let's see them try to get anybody
to listen to them now.

The office door suddenly bursts open as one of Wilkins' AIDES
enters.

WILKINS (cont'd)
Justin? Did we or did we not have a
conversation about knocking?

AIDE
Sorry, sir, but... you need to see
this.

He thrusts the papers he's carrying at Wilkins. He leans
forward to take a look:

It's a newspaper headline, proclaiming in huge letters:
'Wilkins - Monsters Are Real.'

Wilkins beams happily, grabbing the newspaper for a closer
look. The Aide shoots a wary glance at Noa - who merely
shrugs as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

27 INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

27

The team have reconvened down in the control room. Dawn stands with a few of her copies, still keeping an eye on many of the floating screens.

RACHEL

It was the same story in any bar or hangout we went to. Demons are already leaving the city.

JERRY

We're going to have a noticeably large exodus on our hands at this rate.

RACHEL

And if Wilkins has got people looking out for anything strange or out of the ordinary...

FAITH

Then we're gonna have lynch mobs looking for anything that doesn't look a hundred per cent human.

VI

We spoke to a few of the wicca groups and covens, tried to get them to spread the word among the magic-using community.

LORI

Only the thing is, most of 'em didn't seem to think they were under any kind of threat.

FAITH

So try harder to persuade them!

LORI

Hey, you try!

FAITH

Do you get how important this is? We can't let them think any of 'em are gonna be okay!

JERRY

Girls! Come on. We're all doing our best here.

(CONTINUED)

VI

What about bringing Alice and the others back? Any movement on that?

FAITH

Dawn?

Dawn glances over, then nods to her copies to make sure they keep working before she heads over.

DAWN

I think I've got something. Faint readings, but it could be Alice and Rob with their groups of residents.

LORI

How can you even track them?

DAWN

Anybody who uses the Gateway gets trace amounts of the energy it uses to transport you places left on their bodies. It's harmless, microscopic stuff, but it allows me to track anyone who's ever used the Gateway. Only problem is...

VI

Because the particles are microscopic, they're that much harder to actually find in the first place.

DAWN

We have a winner.

FAITH

Did you get that beacon sent out?

DAWN

Um... yes and no.

Blank looks from the others. Dawn waves for them to follow her back over to the screens.

She motions to the screens, half a dozen of them smoothly turning to face the team.

DAWN (cont'd)

I got a few blips out on the airwaves, just to try and test the signal, but what I got back, well... see for yourselves.

The others step up to examine the screens:

(CONTINUED)

One shows a crowd of people smashing up a bar; another has a family of demons splashing along a sewer pipe; and a third shows two vampires, blankets wrapped around themselves against the sun, fleeing down an alley.

DAWN (cont'd)

It's like this all over the city. People who've lived side by side with demons for years are suddenly turning on them, and honest, non-violent demon families and societies are packing their bags and running for the hills.

JERRY

Already? Wilkins only made the announcement this morning!

DAWN

Oh, his PR machine's been greasing the wheels plenty since then. Take a look.

She SNAPS her fingers and the screens all switch to show various news channels, and we CUT TO:

Where two MEN in suits are in the middle of a heated debate:

SUIT #1

What proof do we have, besides Wilkins' insane ramblings, that any of that so-called 'incident' at his press conference was real?

The second man holds up a thick folder stuffed with papers.

SUIT #2

We've got these information packs, distributed to the press from the Mayor's office...

SUIT #1

I mean hard evidence! Everybody knows that what we saw on screen could have just as easily been faked.

SUIT #2

By six different news channels at once?

SUIT #1

CGI! Prosthetics! Animatronics, even! It's not difficult!

SUIT #2

The Mayor has promised to bring evidence to anyone who wants it, courtesy of his science advisors, a Mister...

(checks through folder)

... Pryor Webb.

SUIT #1

Hmph. I'll need to see proof of these alleged 'vampires' with my own eyes before I'm ready to believe any of it, and the citizens of new York should demand nothing less for themselves!

The men continue their debate as we CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

A vox pop interview, with a microphone poking into frame and a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN standing before it.

WOMAN

Well, I just think that if the Mayor was willing to go on live TV and expose these creatures, there's got to be something to it. I mean, we've all seen the movies and TV shows, haven't we? It's not a huge leap of faith these days...

SWITCH TO an overweight twentysomething MAN.

MAN

Hell, I was just about convinced anyway, but when that blonde chick started tearing those guys up? Sign me up, brother!

SWITCH TO a pair of heavily made-up GOTH teenagers.

BOY GOTH

It's like life just exploded out of the books and into the real world, you know?

GIRL GOTH

Yeah, I mean, people like us have known about these beings for years, but Wilkins looks like he's the guy to finally make mainstream America wake up and smell the coffee.

And as the couple exchange a happy smile, we CUT TO:

30 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

30

It's bedlam outside City Hall, with dozens of NEWS CREWS and REPORTERS all trying to cover the breaking story.

Focus on one in particular - a young Asian woman named CHRISTINA KIM, as she speaks to her camera crew:

CHRISTINA

A new press release has come out every hour on the hour since Mayor Wilkins' breathtaking announcement earlier today, part of the shocking incident which saw the deaths of almost a dozen members of the New York press.

CUT TO an insert of footage from the morning's press conference as the vampires burst in.

CHRISTINA (V.O.) (cont'd)

City officials have been answering any question both the public and the media put to them about the existence of vampires, demons and other allegedly mythical creatures within the New York area, and while heady amounts of scientific evidence is being presented on request and without any attempt to disguise its contents, many people still believe Wilkins is staging an elaborate hoax designed to guarantee his victory in the upcoming election.

(beat)

Christina Kim, City Hall, for Channel Nine News.

As the vampires continue to attack, the camera we're watching the scene through falls and cuts to STATIC, and we CUT TO:

31 EXT. DEMON BAR - DAY

31

Back outside the same bar that Jerry and Rachel visited earlier - as BRICKS are hurled through the shuttered front windows!

A jeering crowd of Manhattanites has gathered outside - mostly youths, their faces covered by scarves and bandanas.

YOUTH

(from crowd)

Go home, freaks!

(CONTINUED)

One of the more human-looking demons comes stumbling out, face cut by broken glass - and the crowd descend on him, kicking and punching.

Passers-by keep their distance but still slow down to watch as the violence increases.

Things escalate as more patrons spill out into the open - some of them increasingly demonic in appearance - until POLICE SIRENS can be heard.

Most of the youths scatter, a few remaining to land a last few blows as two jet black POLICE CRUISERS round a corner and speed towards the bar.

A large black ARMOURED VAN follows behind, ominously clear of any official markings.

Some of the demons limp back inside, leaving the ones who can pass for human outside to deal with the authorities:

But as the cruisers pull up and the men inside get out, they're not cops but members of Wilkins' Task Force, decked out like a SWAT team and brandishing firearms.

More of them pile out of the van, the sidewalk outside the bar soon filled by black-clad troopers.

Some start erecting tensa barriers to keep the growing horde of onlookers back, others shoving the last few youths back out of harm's way.

Three of them approach a DEMON as he straightens, wincing and pressing a hand to a bruise forming on his temple.

SQUAD LEADER

What happened here?

DEMON

Just a little exuberance getting the better of people, officer. Nothing for any of us to get our panties in a bunch about.

SQUAD LEADER

Maybe you ought to let us decide that?

He gestures to his comrades - who march into the bar.

DEMON

Hey! You can't just -

NOA O.S.)

They can do whatever they want.

(CONTINUED)

The Demon turns as Noa finishes exiting one of the cruisers and heads over. She's kitted out like the rest, but isn't carrying a weapon.

NOA

Didn't you see the news? This city's infested with creatures that need controlling.

DEMON

Yeah, 'creatures' I can understand. This is just a bar like any other.

There are several CRASHES and SHOUTS of alarm from inside the bar. Noa grins wickedly and steps up to the Demon.

NOA

You sure about that?

WHAM! She PUNCHES him in the gut, and as he doubles over she nods to another two squad members. They haul him back towards the van as Noa takes a look round the crowd.

Plenty of concerned faces are watching what's going on, so she steps up to the barriers and calls out:

NOA (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, I can assure you there is no cause for alarm. We're with the Mayor's official Task Force, and we're handling this situation.

VOICE FROM CROWD

What 'situation'?

NOA

(points to bar)

This is one of several establishments all over the city that are harbouring dangerous criminals and fugitives from justice. We're here to shut it down.

She steps back, ignoring more questions that fly out from the crowd. She heads back for the bar entrance, pausing as she makes eye contact with one of the youths from the mob.

He nods to her and she returns the gesture, offering a comradely smile before she steps inside, and we CUT TO:

And as lines of HONKING cars creep along one of the many long road tunnels leading in and out of the city:

(CONTINUED)

PUSH IN on a small group walking down the side of the tunnel, bodies clad in thick clothing and a mismatched selection of bags and suitcases carried between them.

The WHOOP of a police siren echoes down the tunnel, and the group turn to see a lone MOTORCYCLE COP rolling towards them.

They double their efforts, shuffling faster along the narrow gap between the wall and the line of cars.

Reaching a STORM DRAIN, the lead member of the group quickly reaches down and levers it up, ushering the others down.

COP
Hold it right there!

He pulls his bike over, grabs a FLASHLIGHT and hurries closer, his other hand ready over his gun.

The group are almost all down into the drain, the lead figure pausing to make sure everyone's safe.

COP (cont'd)
I said freeze!

The figure looks round just as the Cop's flashlight beam falls on his features:

And the Cop skids to a halt at the feral, DEMONIC features that look back at him!

The Cop draws his gun, fixing it dead on the figure and keeping his flashlight beam in place.

COP (cont'd)
Step away from the drain, now!

No response. The Demon just stares back at him.

COP (cont'd)
Back away, or I will fire!

A tense beat - then the Demon JUMPS down into the drain!

COP (cont'd)
Damn it!

He rushes over as the released drain cover CLANGS back into place, quickly shining his flashlight into the sewer tunnel below.

CLOSE ANGLE as his beam searches for any sign of the Demons - but they're gone.

33 INT. SEWER TUNNEL - NEXT

33

PAN DOWN from looking back up through the narrow opening in the grating as the Cop rises and walks away:

To find the DEMON FAMILY pressed tight against the wall, holding each other's hands tightly.

Two parents, two kids, all looking scared out of their wits. They wait for the Cop's footsteps to fade before they start to move again, and we CUT TO:

34 INT. BASEMENT CAR PARK - DAY

34

Wilkins pushes open a set of swing doors and enters the basement car park area of a building.

Standing smartly to attention as he enters are three squads of Task Force troopers, lined up alongside black vans.

Pryor is waiting nearby with his assistant WOODS, the duo exchanging a glance and moving to meet the Mayor.

WILKINS

Pryor, my boy! Are these the plucky young specimens?

PRYOR

Squads One through Five are already out on the streets, as per your instructions. What we have here is the night shift, ready to take over when the sun sets in a few hours' time.

WILKINS

Marvellous. And have you been instructing them fully on the latest weapons and tactics?

PRYOR

They know more about hunting vampires than I do at the moment. They're ready for whatever you're throwing them at.

Wilkins stands before his men, proudly surveying them.

WILKINS

I'm sure Mr. Webb and his colleagues have impressed upon you brave boys and girls what's expected of you when night falls on this city.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS (cont'd)
The creatures we're going to be
facing won't have to hide from the
daylight any more. They'll be
stronger, bolder and more numerous.
Which is why it's even more
critical that we show them who's in
charge around here.

TROOPERS
(in unison)
Sir, yes sir!

Wilkins beams, turning to Pryor:

WILKINS
Oh, I like that. Make sure they do
that more often.

Pryor just shoots Wilkins a look as he turns back to the
troopers:

WILKINS (cont'd)
Your friends and families may not
understand the importance of the
job you have to do. They'll
question the hours you work and the
tasks you complete for me, but I
want you all to keep one thing in
mind when you're out there on the
streets tonight.
(beat)
This is our city, and we are taking
it back!

The troopers let out a CHEER, and Wilkins punches the air in
victory.

Behind him, Pryor and Woods exchange another look, clearly
more skeptical than Wilkins as we CUT TO:

And back at the bar where the Task Force made an appearance -
as a dozen badly beaten DEMONS are frogmarched out and into
the waiting vans.

Their inhuman features are on full display, with gawking
citizens crowding round to take photographs with cell phones
and digital cameras.

Noa emerges from the bar, and as she steps into view ripples
of APPLAUSE start from the crowd.

Surprised, she stops and looks around as the applause rises
in volume, and before long the entire gathered crowd is
whooping and CHEERING.

35 CONTINUED:

35

Noa is bewildered for a few moments - before a smile creeps across her features, and as she waves merrily to the adoring crowd, we start to PULL BACK:

36 INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - DAY

36

To find that the scene is playing out on one of Dawn's floating screens, the team watching in horror.

Dawn glances round, registers the dark expressions and SNAPS her fingers, cutting the transmission.

Nobody speaks for a long beat.

RACHEL

We are so screwed...

VI

How the hell did he turn this round so quickly?

LORI

He's been planning this for months. Had to be.

FAITH

All the time we were inside and couldn't do a thing about it.

DAWN

All this footage is from a little earlier. Sunset's in about an hour, and you can bet Wilkins'll have more people out on the street for then.

LORI

Keeping up a strong, visible presence. It's Zero Tolerance all over again.

VI

Yeah, only this time, we're the target.

They start to walk away, Dawn letting out a SIGH.

JERRY

We'll need to hit the streets again, keep getting the message out. Something tells me people are going to be knocking on our doors pretty soon looking for somewhere safe to go.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Yeah, and not just demons -
hunters, people like us. They've
been stuck with the same label as
the vampires, according to Wilkins'
people.

Rachel glances over - and sees Nerdy Dawn and Maiden Dawn
approach the real Dawn, whispering urgently into her ear.

RACHEL

Dawn?

DAWN

Uh... we've picked something up. A
weird energy reading, like
somebody's communicating and using
a lot of energy to do it.

NERDY DAWN

But it's a signature we've seen
before.

MAIDEN DAWN

When Noa used the Gateway. We're
getting the same kinds of numbers
as what we managed to read from her
destination before we lost the
signal.

The team exchange wary looks as we CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The blinds are drawn, and Noa sits cross-legged in the middle
of the room, eyes closed.

Wisps of DARK ENERGY rise from her like smoke as we PUSH IN,
a distant RUMBLING starting to sound as we CUT TO:

EXT. UNKNOWN

And we're suddenly thrown into a maelstrom of energy - like a
thousand electrical storms all fighting for the same space.

Black CLOUDS swoop left and right within the crackling,
violet energy - until RED EYES can be seen burning from
within each cloud.

It's DARKLINGS. Hundreds of them, swirling round like a
living tornado of energy, filling the screen until we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW