

FAITH

"Same Old Song And Dance"

by
Chris Haigh

Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. NEWS STATION - MORNING

1

The jingle of a morning BROADCAST sounds up as two NEWSCASTERS appear, one a smart-suited MALE, the other a smiling FEMALE.

Behind their DESK, the pasted-on image of the New York City skyline appears.

MALE

Good morning New York, this is Channel Eight News, bringing you the latest news, stories and developments before any other news channel. I'm Kirby Stonem.

FEMALE

And I'm Julia Gutierrez. Today's top stories.

(beat)

Mayor Richard Wilkins is set to unveil the latest information from his campaign which so explosively burst onto the worldwide scene two weeks ago today. With a recap of the story, here's chief NYC correspondent Christina Kim.

The screen CUTS TO a news broadcast - where young, perky reporter CHRISTINA KIM is standing on the streets of NYC.

CHRISTINA KIM

Everything changed two weeks ago when Mayor Richard Wilkins' press conference became a global tragedy and the beginning of our realisation that we humans are not alone in this world.

Shaky FOOTAGE of Wilkins' press conference appears (5x03) - REPORTERS running and screaming as VAMPIRES pounce on them!

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

The world watched in awe and horror as no less than six innocent reporters were brutally murdered by representatives of the vampire race. However, a secret weapon was revealed to the world that day as Wilkins extinguished the threat.

Now it's showing Wilkins' TASK FORCE heading in, STAKES in their hands as they knock vamps aside.

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINA KIM (V.O.) (cont'd)
Two secret weapons if you include
Wilkins' personal bodyguard and
head of the Task Forces, Noa
DeRubria.

Now it's DARK NOA who appears on-screen, a vicious SNAP KICK
from her KNOCKING a vampire into the crowd!

CHRISTINA KIM (V.O.) (cont'd)
Following the press conference,
Wilkins introduced his Task Forces
to the world and introduced his
'Zero Tolerance' campaign, which
aims to drive the dangerous
creatures out from New York City.
(beat)
The campaign has since been
referred to as 'Vampgate,' or in
some quarters 'Noagate'. However,
New Yorkers seem to be taking a
less light-hearted approach to the
notion of demons and vampires
living within their city.

A middle-aged BLONDE WOMAN appears.

BLONDE WOMAN
(nasal Brooklyn accent)
I think it's despicable! They musta
known about these vamps and
everything for years, and the other
Mayors didn't do nothing about it!
Thank God for Wilkins, I say!

Now a BLACK TEENAGER.

TEENAGER
I don't know about the whole
'demons are dangerous' thing. I
mean, if they were that big a
threat to all of us, why haven't
they attacked us before? There
ain't been a demon invasion of
Manhattan, has there?

Next an elderly MAN.

ELDERLY MAN
We never heard of demons in my day.
Except the rumours 'bout Hitler,
y'know, like him working in the
occult and black magic. Wilkins is
cleaning up this city better than
Guliani ever did, that's for sure!

1 CONTINUED: (2)

1

ON CHRISTINA KIM as she re-appears, back on the streets.

CHRISTINA KIM

All that we know for sure is that Mayor Wilkins' next conference scheduled for this morning in Central Park - presumably to combat the potential vampire threat after the Wilkins Conference Massacre - is set to be a keystone speech in what is rapidly becoming the most controversial mayoral campaign since records began.

(beat)

This is Christina Kim, reporting from New York City. Back to the studio.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. STREETS - MORNING

2

ON A SCHOOL BUS as it heads past a BUS STOP, stopping to let a few CHILDREN on. ANGLE ON one child, carrying the requisite BAG and LUNCHBOX.

HOLD ON the lunchbox for a beat or two to show that the BLONDE GIRL on the front isn't any Hannah Montana or High School Musical star:

It's NOA! She looks ready to kick ass as we CUT TO:

3 INT. SEWERS - SAME TIME

3

PUSH ALONG the streets to find several FLASHLIGHTS cutting paths through the darkness. Behind the flashlights are several FIGURES, all clad in black:

THE TASK FORCE

All with specially modified SHOTGUNS, STAKES around their utility belts and with thick, high-tech VISORS guarding their faces.

They stalk through the darkness, the odd BEEP from their equipment the only noise as we:

REVERSE ANGLE

To find that behind the Task Force soldiers, a DEMON FAMILY scurries past, not making a sound as they hurry off to safety.

4 EXT. STREETS - SHOP - SAME TIME

4

A group of PEOPLE, right off the street, are watching the Channel 8 News broadcast we've just seen through the glass front of a cheap TELEVISION STORE.

Some of the viewers are SMILING, pleased at the reaction and at the general feel of the report.

PUSH IN on the TELEVISIONS, the report repeating itself:

5 EXT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - SAME TIME

5

... as we PULL BACK to find a single FIGURE watching the news report stonily. PULL AROUND to find that it's JERRY.

JERRY

(sighs)

God damn it.

He sips from the coffee in his hand, grabbing the REMOTE for the TV in the other before he FLICKS the TV off with a CLICK, forcing us to:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY

6

PULL UP from the well-worn pavement surrounding the park as a PAIR OF FEET appear, clad in expensive Italian loafers.

Continue to PULL UP, taking in the smart, tailored suit and immaculate appearance of MAYOR WILKINS.

He SMILES, taking a deep breath, and takes in the near-perfect Spring day - blue skies, light sunshine.

The world's his oyster.

At his side, DARK NOA appears, dressed in her usual dark chic and leather boots.

NOA

I don't see why I have to be here.
This is your big speech.

WILKINS

Aww, but honey, think about it. The Task Force tends to put people off a lot - big men with big guns, even though they're fighting for you, really don't send out the right image.

(smiles)

Whereas you, my dear, are the perfect Disney heroine turned saviour of mankind.

NOA

Look, it's not that all the praise and adulation isn't satisfying, it's just that the whole...

(air quotes)

...'media darling' thing doesn't make a lot of sense to me, when you have all the spotlight you need.

Wilkins wraps a paternal arm around Noa's shoulder. She SHIVERS a little under it.

WILKINS

Because this way, everyone wins. The people get their heroine - and we all know that the average human responds more positively to the idea of a girl - I get my campaign and you...

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS (cont'd)
Soon you'll get everything you
want. And isn't pretending to the
perfect little Amazonian warrior in
a Prada skirt worth it, even for a
few more months?

Dark Noa SIGHS, looking reluctant at this.

NOA
(beat)
Fine. But ultimately, this facade
will not continue for much longer.
Our plans will not allow it. Until
then, I suppose will have to be
your... heroine.

WILKINS
Attagirl. Now let's go and show the
world how good we are.

His arm around Dark Noa stays - and through the fake smile
she puts on, she's clearly uncomfortable.

PUSH IN on the front of Central Park - as REPORTERS start to
enter, CUT TO:

PULL DOWN from the expansive foliage of Central Park to find
that a small PODIUM has been set up, a small PLASMA SCREEN
mounted behind that to show:

WILKINS

Who's busy meeting and greeting the reporters, guiding some
over to where a large BUFFET TABLE has been set up.

Dark Noa is putting the final touches together, signalling to
an AUDIO TECH who stands next to a COMPUTER.

The Tech NODS, fingers hurrying across the keyboard. The
SPEAKERS next to the stage start to fire up, sound CRACKLING
from them.

'Get On Your Boots' by U2 starts up - causing a few CHUCKLES
from the reporters as Mayor Wilkins takes the stage.

WILKINS
(grins)
Allow me some fanfare, folks.

There's a hearty round of APPLAUSE, Wilkins soaking it up
before beckoning Noa onto the stage. The applause only
intensifies, a few WOLF WHISTLES from the crowd mixing in.

ON WILKINS, smiling as the applause dies down. His expression
becomes serious as the screen behind him changes.

It shows a DEMON - all scales, teeth and claws. Very scary. The reporters share nervous glances.

WILKINS (cont'd)

This is a Tug'roti demon. It's been secretly observed for fifteen hundred years, ever since it was believed to be synonymous with disappearances of teenage boys. This is a photo of one living in the sewers of New Jersey, with colonies advancing towards Brooklyn.

He CLICKS his fingers and the image changes to one of a pair of YOUNG MEN.

They're walking away from an alleyway, dark LEATHER DUSTERS flapping in the wind.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Ladies and gentlemen, the demons you have seen are deadly. Dangerous. But the people you are looking at now are just as deadly. Possibly even more so, due to the fact that they are vigilantes.

(beat)

For many years, these self-proclaimed heroes and hunters have been massacring innocent and hostile creatures alike, with humans simply acting as collateral in their own self-pursuing lives.

(beat)

And my purpose here today, ladies and gentlemen, is to let you know who these dangerous people are. And to make sure you know what to do when they stalk the streets.

The image now SPLITS into several images, each showing CCTV PHOTOGRAPHS of various people.

ANGLE ON one man, bearded and mean-looking. Like an older Harry Callahan.

WILKINS (cont'd)

This is Frank DeSimons, a hunter of demons, vampires and other creatures, illegally living here in Manhattan. Originally born in Brussels, he was smuggled here and has since been living off the radar.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILKINS (cont'd)

He's believed to have murdered a young NYU college student in order to justify executing a group of vampires.

ON DARK NOA as she swaps a quick look with the Mayor - it's all lies, but it's selling as he CLICKS.

The next image shows a TEENAGE GIRL, catching her in the middle of a perfect SPIN KICK that's knocked a vampire into the middle of a road.

She's black, pretty and perky, long tresses of dark hair flowing out behind her.

However, her expression, well-worn clothes and the STAKE in her hand show that it's all business.

WILKINS (cont'd)

(off next photo)

Those of you who have been reading the papers or haven't been living underneath a rock for the past eighteen months have heard the revelations following the riots in London last year and the roles of the so-called heroines, the Slayers.

(beat)

The British may have tamed these wild, angry and malicious girls for a while but here in New York, they're running rampant and believing that it's their destiny to save people from the creatures living here.

(beat)

This girl you're looking at right now is simply known only as Rosie, a medical student drop-out from NYU. Her young life has been wrecked by the serious medical condition that has given these girls the illusion of destiny.

The Teenager - ROSIE - disappears from the screen as two more TEENAGE GIRLS appear - one a sour-faced black girl, the other a smiling Asian girl.

REPORTER #1

(from crowd)

And these girls... are they Slayers too? Like the ones in England?

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS

(nods)

Over the years, my sources have been monitoring the influx of Slayers across the state of New York. Two Slayers joined the so-called Academy in England - Anna Sutton and Zoe Song.

(beat)

Unfortunately - or fortunately, depending on how you see it - both girls have since been confirmed to be killed in action.

(off photos)

These girls have never been apprehended in their actions as 'Slayers'.

(beat)

There is also an active cell in New York City, having previously inhabited and victimised the patients and staff of an asylum. They are led by a woman known as Faith Lehane and are under suspicion for the murder of Alexandra Salus, director of the Asylum.

A grainy photo-shot pops up - a rough one of Faith and the team, escaping the carnage of the nightclub (5x02).

WILKINS (cont'd)

(clicks)

She and he co-conspirators are just as dangerous as the magickal beings which have become affiliated with these dangerous vigilantes. We have become aware of several communes, which are currently being investigated by my Task Forces.

CUT TO:

INT. COMMUNITY CENTRE - SAME TIME

PULL THROUGH the quiet centre, taking in the pastel colours and generally peaceful atmosphere.

BOOM!

The glass front doors BURST OPEN with a CRASH, shards of glass EXPLODING over the foyer as SWATs storm the place, GUNS raised.

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS (V.O.)

These people known as 'wiccans' are dangerous, destructive and potentially have enough power to annihilate every living thing on Earth if these... cells of witches and warlocks start to work together.

REVERSE ANGLE to see that the place is abandoned, empty.

The LEAD SWAT curses under his breath and speaks into a WALKIE strapped to his uniform:

SWAT

Negative on the target. The place looks abandoned. Over.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - FIELD - SAME TIME

ON WILKINS as he plays it up to the crowd - photographs of the murdered reporters (5x03) appearing on the screen.

WILKINS

These innocent reporters, like yourselves, were murdered by the creatures, and I think it's about time that their memories were honoured by making sure that vampires and vigilantes alike never take another innocent human life!

REPORTER #2

(from crowd)

But how can we do that? We only learnt a few weeks ago that they weren't something from a horror novel!

WILKINS

(smiles)

And that is why I am distributing these information packs across the state, one to every household. These packs also contain some of the light weapons that can be used to kill or fend off the creatures, should they attack you.

(beat)

In the case of vampires, a wooden stake directly into the heart works the most effectively.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS (cont'd)
Direct sunlight, removal of the head or pushing the vampire into the path of flames also work as methods for killing attacking vampires.

(beat)

Each demon has its own particular method of effective extermination, but if attacked in your home by one of these creatures, removing the head will hopefully neutralise it, as will stabbing it in the chest cavity.

Dark Noa looks once more at the Mayor who NODS at Noa... as she removes a large, shiny AX from behind her back.

WILKINS (cont'd)
The hunters, Slayers and other vigilantes that roam the streets should not be approached alone. My specially trained Task Forces will be patrolling the streets night and day, active from today, and worried civilians will be able to report genuine demon and vigilante sightings through a new hotline.

CUT TO:

The SWATs walk down the streets, CIVILIANS watching them go - several CHEERING as they go past!

WILKINS (V.O.)
The Task Forces are here to protect and serve you. Just make sure that you give them your trust and respect and they will help keep you safe.

A few of the passer-bys take photos, a couple of the more relaxed SWATs actually smiling and posing with civilians.

WILKINS (V.O.) (cont'd)
Don't worry, my fellow New Yorkers - simply put: the city will become safe again. I promise you that.

CUT TO:

Wilkins flashes the crowd a charming GRIN as the final images appear on the screen - showing Wilkins, Noa and the Task Force. Very hero shot.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

WILKINS

(beat)

So? Any questions?

As a barrage of FLASHES from the cameras and the sound of a hundred voices fills the area, Wilkins raising his arms dramatically, we CUT TO:

12 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

12

A haunting silence fills the corridor as we PAN ALONG, through the stained and dishevelled area - resting on FAITH who sits on a window ledge.

She takes a drag from a lit CIGARETTE in her hand as she stares out across NYC mournfully. She SIGHS.

There's a light POP and MAIDEN DAWN appears, flowing hair looking a little flustered as if she's been busy.

FAITH

Hey girly Dawn.

MAIDEN DAWN

Faith, there's a team meeting in the Gateway. Thought you should know, seeing as you're the, y'know, team leader and everything.

FAITH

(sighs)

Who else is gonna do it, huh?

She STUBS the cigarette out, flipping off the window ledge and starting to walk down the hallway. Maiden Dawn follows, a little behind.

MAIDEN DAWN

(off cigarettes)

Those things kill, you know.

FAITH

Yeah, well... chances are I'll die before then.

ON FAITH as she walks INTO CAMERA and we MATCH CUT TO:

13 INT. ASYLUM - CONTROL ROOM - LATER

13

Faith as she walks into frame, CRACKING her knuckles lightly as she strolls into her domain.

PULL UP a little to see that as well as Faith and Maiden Dawn, Jerry, VI and LORI are assembled there too.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

So, what's the sitch?

VI

Nothing. We're just checking up on everything that's happening since Wilkins' 'let's blow the lid on everything secret' press conference.

(off Faith)

Someone's gotta be taking charge here.

JERRY

Keep the snark for the fights, Violet.

(beat; to Lori)

How's the security getting beefed up?

LORI

(shrugs)

Nothing to beef up really. I've been layering glammers and magicks onto Dawn's protocols, which means that it'd take the scrying equivalent of Destroyer to blow us open to the real world.

(off looks)

Destroyer? As in the thing that killed Godzilla?

FAITH

Yeah, yeah, I need to watch more movies.

(nods towards Dawn)

Yo, Dawn, how's our inter-world recon going?

Behind them all, PUNK DAWN and LIBRARIAN DAWN appear - Punk Dawn leaning over and:

PUNK DAWN

Boo.

Faith, Jerry and Vi all react - Lori remaining cool as a cucumber.

FAITH

If you don't stop doing that, I'll find some way to get into the Gateway and beat your skinny ass.

LIBRARIAN DAWN

(to Punk Dawn)

She means it too.

(CONTINUED)

At the main console, DAWN is working - the other Dawns joining her soon, hands at the brightly coloured tubes.

DAWN

If we keep working at this rate,
then we should be all to check all
the remaining potential worlds in a
few days.

VI

Wow. How many--?

RACHEL (O.S.)

Sorry, sorry!

They all turn as RACHEL enters, pulling her jacket off and revealing her awful lemon diner ensemble.

And as we PULL UP, there's a HAT on her head. In the shape of a chicken.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Diana was sick and Tio wouldn't let
me get off early and...

LORI

And there's a chicken on your head.

RACHEL

There's a chicken on my head?
(blinks; beat)
Oh!

She YANKS the hat off, Vi and Lori sharing a light chuckle.

RACHEL (cont'd)

This week's special is 'anything
with chicken'.
(beat)
So where were we?

JERRY

We were just discussing what's been
occurring around New York since
Wilkins...

LORI

Basically made it a free for all
for anything non-human.

FAITH

Dawn, get the girl up to speed.
(to Rachel)
We're still looking for Alice and
Rob.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

There are about seventy different worlds I've left to check, and we've been using their temporal energy to try and track them.

(sighs)

But...

LIBRARIAN DAWN

But it's slowly fading.

FAITH

(beat)

Which means what?

DAWN

That if we don't find them in the next few days, chances are we never will.

PUNK DAWN

Or at the very least, it'll take a lot longer.

RACHEL

Still, longer is better than never right?

(beat)

That sounded way less dirty in my head.

FAITH

(to Jerry)

Manage to get any of our old patients back in yet?

Jerry indicates to Librarian Dawn - who with a WAVE of her hand, makes a screen MATERIALISE, showing an inventory of Asylum patients.

JERRY

Most of them got released to minimum security asylums in the New York state area, but even so, it's hard actually bringing them back to an asylum that doesn't technically exist anymore.

VI

I'm praying there's a 'however' there.

JERRY

(smiles)

However...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)
 a few of them were never officially
 arrested or brought in, and have
 been living in halfway houses in
 New York City since we got shut
 down. So you can imagine it wasn't
 a great feat to bring 'em back in
 here. They're currently in 'A'
 wing.

FAITH
 Nice one, Da-- Jerry.

Faith bows her head, the others not noticing her little
 Freudian slip - except for Jerry who actually gives a hint of
 a smile.

RACHEL
 So you're looking for Alice and Rob
 and the residents they took? What
 about the whole 'dimension
 breaking' thing?

PUNK DAWN
 We've figured out a way to siphon
 off excess Gateway energy to fix
 some of the problems we caused.

DAWN
 Band-Aids over gunshot wounds,
 admittedly, but better than
 nothing.

VI
 That's something at least. But...
 (beat)
 Guys, we've all seen the news.
 Wilkins is declaring anything not
 garden variety a dangerous threat,
 even peaceful humans and demons.
 (beat)
 How many refugees do we have?

MAIDEN DAWN
 Since Rebecca and the wiccas
 joined?
 (long beat)
 None. The message hasn't reached
 the grapevine of the underworld so
 to speak, and even if they do
 hear...

DAWN
 ... they might end up walking into
 a trap on their way here.

LORI

(blinks)

I liked cheery Dawn a lot more.

PUNK DAWN

And I liked having a body. Guess we can't all have what we want, huh?

MAIDEN DAWN

Stop it!

(beat; to Lori)

Sorry. She's a bit of a... well, bitch.

LORI

It's fine. I grew up with two sisters, I can take my punches.

FAITH

(to Jerry)

Keep circulating the word, right? Anyone that can get here and needs some sanctuary needs to haul ass here before they end up in Wilkins' hands - or worse.

(to Dawn)

Keep looking for the orderlies. Danny, Sarah and Lewis are still out in the real world, but Alice and Rob are the ones still with residents lost in worlds. Keep our eyes and ears out.

DAWN

Will do.

She indicates all of the Dawns nearby.

DAWN (cont'd)

Literally.

Off Faith rolling her eyes a little, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 INT. POLICE STATION - WORKSTATION - SAME TIME 14

PULL ALONG the cluttered desks, hives of activity - until we land on the sprawling figure of SCOTT.

He's bored out of his mind, hand tapping a PENCIL against his coffee MUG absent-mindedly.

On the desk before him, there's a tower of PAPERWORK - but he's not touching any of it. Then:

OFFICER #1 (O.S.)
Hey you heard the news 'bout
Wilkins'... uh... what are they
called?

OFFICER #2 (O.S.)
Walt, they're called Task Forces.
Repeat and remember, buddy.

Scott turns as two OFFICERS appear, mugs full of fresh coffee.

One is tall and overweight, the other short and weasel-y faced. The overweight one - WALTER - sees Scott listening in. Frowns.

WALT
What you want, pipsqueak?

SCOTT
Nothing. Just interested in what's
happening with the Task Forces.

WALT
(glances around)
This is need to know, but
apparently Wilkins is rolling out
another batch of them today. A
dozen units or so, clean up this
city good.

SCOTT
Right.

ON SCOTT as he realises what this means.

15 EXT. POLICE STATION - MINUTES LATER 15

Scott's on his CELL PHONE. Or at least is staring at it. Debating something.

(CONTINUED)

ANGLE ON THE PHONE to reveal a list of names - and the one highlighted is: RACHEL HAGERMAN.

He BITES HIS LIP... before hitting the 'dial' button.

SCOTT

(beat)

Hey. It's me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - SAME TIME

Rachel's on the other end naturally, looking pissed.

RACHEL

What the hell do you want?

SCOTT

Look... I know how you must feel about me. But it's not about us. Not now, anyway.

(beat)

I just got intel that Wilkins is rolling out the newest full batch of Task Force soldiers - at least twelve of the regular squads.

(beat)

I just thought I should give you guys a heads up. That's all.

(beat)

Bye, Rache.

END INTERCUT:

Rachel, suddenly looking a little nostalgic.

RACHEL

Thanks, Scott.

She HANGS UP, turning - to see Vi and Lori at a table - having heard the whole conversation.

VI

Thought you said you weren't in touch with him any more?

RACHEL

I wasn't. If you'd been eavesdropping properly, you'd know that he rang me.

LORI

Romantic interlude?

RACHEL

Wilkins' first Marine-size batch of Task Force soldiers are getting released today. A dozen units.

LORI

(beat)

So Scott's got a fair bit of... influence on what goes through the coconut telegram?

(off look)

God, watch TV once in a while.

RACHEL

Yeah, I suppose he does. So?

VI

So... maybe it's best if you two... stay friendly.

RACHEL

(blinks)

You're asking me to... what, go out with him for information?

LORI

Hey, it makes sense, right? We need all the resources we can.

RACHEL

God. I never thought that you guys would suggest something like this.

(long beat)

Huh.

She's looking intently at Vi and Lori.

LORI

What?

RACHEL

(smirks)

Nothing.

(beat)

So obvious.

ON RACHEL as she exits, leaving a mildly confused Vi and Lori in her wake and forcing us to CUT TO:

PULL ALONG the streets to land on an abandoned WAREHOUSE. The place looks condemned, old rotting wood and foundations making it practically unlivable as we PUSH IN:

18

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

18

Not that unlivable as several VAMPIRES stroll into view - SNICKERING to one another as they circle a YOUNG WOMAN tied to a chair, GAGGED and bound.

She's terrified, eyes wide and nearly hyperventilating... as the LEAD VAMPIRE bends down, STROKING a lock of her messy blonde hair.

LEAD VAMPIRE

Pretty soon, you won't be able to scream any more. Especially seeing as I'm gonna be chowing down on your vocal chords.

The Woman SHRIEKS into her gag, the sound muffled as she tries desperately to free herself.

LEAD VAMPIRE (cont'd)

(leans in close)

They're like cheese strings, you know. Just give 'em a little pull and they snap.

The Lead Vampire LICKS along the length of her exposed neck...

... just as a BANG sounds, a nearby window SHATTERING as several SWATS burst through!

'What A Wonderful World' by Louis Armstrong STARTS UP, over everything - as SWATS rush in, GUNS raised as the vampires take positions.

At the Task Force's head, clad all in black is DARK NOA. She cocks her own SHOTGUN before FIRING...

... and a propelled STAKE hits the chest of the Lead Vampire, EXPLODING into dust as the vampires suddenly realise what they're up against.

Another vampire tries to make a break for it but a SWAT throws a BOMB at him... exploding into a FIREBALL which ENGULFS the vampire, INCINERATING him instantly!

A third vampire is KARATE KICKED by one, PUNCHED in the face by another and has his arm SNAPPED by one more - before a SWAT swings a blade, DECAPITATING him!

His severed HEAD drops to the ground, ROLLING a little before it turns to DUST. Up ahead, Dark Noa advances on the last of the vampires, the others falling to the SWATS.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

The vampire has his teeth pointed right at the Woman's jugular, preparing to bite - before Dark Noa removes a long, thin CANISTER and presses the BUTTON on top...

... which SPRAYS out a stream of HOLY WATER, HISSING against the vampire's skin as he stumbles back, YELPING in pain!

Dark Noa takes this chance to SNAP KICK the Woman's chair - both freeing her and SMASHING the wooden chair into pieces.

She SCOOPS one up, plants a ROUNDHOUSE KICK to the vampire and drives the point home, RAMMING it into the vampire's chest, turning to dust seconds later.

The Young Woman clutches at the SWATs and Noa who pull her to her feet and she HUGS them tearfully.

19 EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

19

The music still playing, the Task Force, Noa and the Young Woman emerge - to a CROWD of cheering people.

Noa SMILES, the media darling as always as we PULL BACK to take in the public show of support.

20 EXT. BUILDING COMPLEX - DAY

20

PULL DOWN from a warm azure sky to see another crowd outside a building. But where there was once reverence, there is now anger and hatred as we PUSH IN...

... to see a group of sad-faced DEMONS exiting, SUITCASES in their clawed hands.

The crowd are JEERING, throwing STONES at them with lack of remorse as the demons make their way out of the city...

... and the jeers turn to CHEERS as a Task Force appears, cleaning up the mess.

There are even POSTERS now - "Task Force is No #1", "Task Force, Saving NYC One Demon At A Time" and even "Take Me To Task!"

21 INT. SUPERMARKET - NIGHT

21

PULL UP from the fluorescent lightning and squeaky-clean floors of a supermarket... landing on a YOUNG BLACK GIRL who is busy shopping for groceries.

She turns around, letting us see her calm features - and it's ROSIE from Wilkins' speech!

PULL BACK down the aisle - to where a group of MEN are watching and then realise that she's the Slayer they saw before!

(CONTINUED)

They start to YELL, cat-calling after as Rosie realises. She starts to run, turning right into the path of another group.

One MAN moves to grab her but she KICKS him away, SLAMMING another's head into a nearby FREEZER.

A woman tries to pepper-spray her but Rosie KNOCKS the can away, pushing the woman into a display as she tries to escape the store.

She DIVES over displays, pushing over food which spills out in all directions as she starts to reach the shop's entrance.

However, before she can make it out of the doors, a burly MAN appears and PUNCHES her square in the face, knocking her out cold.

PULL BACK as the jeering crowd start to KICK the defenceless Rosie, and as the music finally fades out, we DISSOLVE TO:

And it's the same NEWS ANCHORS from before - the burly STONEM and the graceful GUTIERREZ.

GUTIERREZ

Breaking news in NYC as Mayor Wilkins' Task Forces take centre stage, continuing their clean up of the underworld menace that exists in New York City.

STONEM

In the past twenty four hours, the head of Wilkins' Task Force, Noa DeRubria and her own private squad rescued a young woman from an abandoned warehouse in the Lower East Side and killed a group of deadly and notorious vampires. Meanwhile, a group of demons were evicted from a terrorised housing complex and then prohibited from entering the state of New York again.

GUTIERREZ

And the most recent incident only happened a few hours ago. Reports are coming in that a Slayer, identified as vigilante Rosie Daniels, was captured by a group of civilians and then arrested by a Task Force a few moments later.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GUTIERREZ (cont'd)
 We've been on the streets to see
 how New Yorkers are reacting to
 this latest series of events.

CUT TO:

A young REDHEAD, looking distinctly nervous.

REDHEAD
 They're only scratching the
 surface, right? I mean, what if
 there are things a helluva lot
 worse underneath New York right
 now? I won't feel safe until
 Wilkins has established Task Forces
 across the whole of the city.

CUT TO:

An older MAN, a touch geeky.

GEEKY GUY
 (British accent)
 This whole business with Slayers
 has been misconstrued - in Britain,
 we understand what Slayers are and
 they are helping us. Not scheming
against us!

CUT TO:

A middle-aged COUPLE, their two-year DAUGHTER in their arms.

MAN
 I do not want my baby girl growing
 up in a city where anything
 unnatural could come and get her!

WOMAN
 We already have trouble with the
 evils that humans do, so anything
 not human should just be taken away
 from here!

PULL BACK to find ourselves:

Jerry and Rachel are wrapped up warm against the sudden chill
 - a Starbucks cup in either of Jerry's hands. They're
 watching the news broadcast via TVs in the store window.

JERRY
 (beat; dry)
 Glad to see they're not
 overreacting, then.

(CONTINUED)

He hands her a COFFEE which she sips from. Bleurgh.

RACHEL

That's your 'no cream, no sugar, no taste' one.

JERRY

As opposed to your 'caramel mocha, anything but actually coffee' coffee.

RACHEL

(beat)

I've missed these intellectual exchanges we have.

They share a smile, walking along as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - SAME TIME

Faith is at the console, hands pressed against it - LIGHT emanating from the pool of fluid within the basin.

She looks up as NERDY DAWN leans over her shoulder, examining the glowing liquid and the tubes rising around it.

FAITH

Glowing's good, right?

NERDY DAWN

Yeah. Glowing's always good.

(blinks)

Except with radiation. Apart from that, glowing equals good.

FAITH

'Cos I gotta admit, we've been at this for... hours and nothing's happened yet. You told me my Warden mojo would get something happening.

Beside her, a solemn-looking MONK DAWN pops into life.

MONK DAWN

It will take time. Everything takes time, Faith.

Faith SIGHS. Nods. She starts to run her fingers over to the brightly coloured tubes once more, a faint CHIME sounding delicately.

FAITH

Let's get my juice going then.

ON FAITH as she takes a deep breath, visualising and calming down... before a soft GROAN starts to sound out!

Nerdy Dawn, Monk Dawn and now SLUTTY DAWN and MAIDEN DAWN are there, working frantically at several floating screens:

Before the chamber's lights start to FLICKER! Faith turns to Maiden Dawn.

FAITH (cont'd)
The hell's going on?

MAIDEN DAWN
We've finally isolated the energy signature using the bio-synthetic apparatus!

FAITH
In English!

SLUTTY DAWN
We've found Alice and Rob.

FAITH
Thank you.
(beat)
Let's bring 'em home.

Faith eagerly presses her fingertips onto the tubes, which GLOW intensely now.

Her TATTOO starts to GLOW, Faith WINCING as the light glows - letting out a pained YELP before it subsides.

Faith looks down, RUBBING her tattoo before looking up:

And a DOORWAY has appeared before her, floating a few inches off the ground. Through it, a VOICE can be heard:

WOMAN (O.S.)
Hey! Hey Rob, they're here! They're finally here!

Faith BLINKS, recognising the voice. She grabs the HANDLE from the control pedestal and hurries up to the door.

She CLAMPS it in place and pulls the door wide open - to reveal ALICE!

She looks a little older, her dark hair longer and no longer wearing her orderly uniform, but a graceful dress.

Alice leans forward, HUGGING Faith tightly, Alice letting out a grateful LAUGH!

ALICE
Ohmigod, ohmigod, ohmigod! I knew you guys would come back for us, I knew it!

(CONTINUED)

Behind her, ROB appears - looking clean-shaven and almost smart in a shirt and jeans. He too SMILES, giving Faith a quick one-armed hug.

FAITH
(to Dawns)
Can you keep it open?

NERDY DAWN
Sure. Why?

FAITH
They left with residents. Let's see
if they came back with 'em.

ALICE
Oh, God, I forgot! They're only a
little way away. I'll show you.

FAITH
(over her shoulder)
Get Rachel, Vi and Lori down here
in case I need backup.

ALICE
Don't worry. You won't.

ON ALICE as she leads Faith back THROUGH the open doorway,
forcing us to:

WHITE OUT:

FADE IN:

ANGLE ON THE GROUND. Green grass stretching off for miles,
blowing gently in a light breeze.

PULL UP to reveal Alice's world... and it's quite simply
stunning. Rose-coloured skies with a pair of BLUE SUNS.

Rolling green fields, teeming with all sorts of life... and
beyond that, a large CITY. The city looks as though it's made
from shimmering glass that changes colour.

Faith steps into frame, her jaw dropping as Alice proudly
takes it in beside her.

ALICE
Welcome to Shanti and the city of
Kalinara. We've never gone far
because the city's pretty much
everything we need. And everyone's
really nice.
(beat)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALICE (cont'd)

The residents have set up home here, and I think some want to stay, but most of them want to go back to the Asylum.

FAITH

And leave this place? You sure about that? The asylum ain't exactly how we left it...

ALICE

Even paradise can't be home. Home is... where your family is.

(beat)

So! What've we missed?

FAITH

First things first. How long has it been for you since you got here?

ALICE

About eighteen months, I think. Same for you?

FAITH

Pretty much. And trust me... a lot's happened since then.

Off Alice's confused expression, we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26

INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - LATER

26

ANGLE ON THE GATEWAY as Alice, Rachel and Rob start to lead out the PATIENTS - all of them looking well-tanned and rested.

PULL BACK to find Faith, Jerry and Maiden Dawn watching this scene:

FAITH
I feel kinda guilty.

JERRY
What for? Dragging 'em out of paradise?

FAITH
Yep. Thanks for not reinforcing that fear.

MAIDEN DAWN
Heaven's in a different dimension.

They both turn to her. Maiden Dawn BLUSHES.

MAIDEN DAWN (cont'd)
We were scouting one day, and...

JERRY
Let's just leave it at that. Don't wanna piss off more Churches than we have done already, right?

FAITH
Yeah. Right.

The last of the patients are through, Rachel and Rob herding them back through the double doors that lead outside as Alice approaches.

ALICE
Listen, I know this is probably a bad time, but I just need to know.

NERDY DAWN
Oh, the freighter people were kind of evil. And Michael came back.

A sharp look from Faith sends Nerdy Dawn VANISHING.

ALICE
Have you heard from any other of the orderlies?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ALICE (cont'd)
(lowers voice)
And why is there a lot of Dawns?

JERRY
(shakes head)
As far as we know, you and Rob were the only ones to get through the Gateway. Sarah, Danny and Lewis were all taken into custody but they were given much lighter sentences than the rest of you, a few months.

MAIDEN DAWN
(nods)
He's right. Danny and Lewis were given two-month sentences, Sarah a one-month but they never showed up at the Asylum.
(blinks)
I don't think so anyway. But I've been trying to keep tabs on them. Danny took a flight to Nova Scotia last Christmas, Sarah's from Phoenix so probably went home, and Lewis hasn't got any family but has a rented apartment down in Miami.

FAITH
So why haven't you tried calling them?

MAIDEN DAWN
I can't track them that closely still. For one thing, I can't risk leaving an open comms line that could blow our cover here, and for second... they're really, really far away.

ALICE
Can't you just use the Gateway again?

MAIDEN DAWN
Because they're not in the Gateway, they don't have enough of the same energy residue you and Rob did. Makes finding them a lot harder, especially as they're doing their best to stay off the radar too.

ALICE
(beat)
So... are you the Dawn? Or, like, a piece of Dawn?

Maiden Dawn SHIFTS into regular Dawn.

DAWN

I'm all Dawn. It just makes multi-tasking a hell of a lot easier.

ALICE

(smiles)

Thank God it was a girl who got stuck there, right? A guy would never have survived this long.

Alice, Faith and Dawn share SMILES, Jerry rolling his own eyes as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - LATER

The whole team's assembled - Faith, Vi, Lori, Rachel, Jerry, Alice and Rob.

Off to one side, REBECCA sits, the young wicca listening in this time around, next to Dawn.

FAITH

... and so we've just been trying to round anyone left up.

(beat)

Any questions?

ROB

(raises hand)

So... Noa's, like, evil now?

VI

Basically, yeah.

ROB

And Wilkins told the whole world about demons, Slayers, vampires and everything?

LORI

Yep.

ROB

Huh. Bummer.

Rob leans back, an arm around Alice's shoulders.

ALICE

So what can we do to help?

FAITH

Keep the patients in check. Dawn's ordering medication in using Rachel's apartment address and fake ID credentials.

DAWN

(off Rachel)

Yep. You're looking at Dr. Angela Mellowitz, general mental health doctor and registered Yale medicine student. Has one cat, no boyfriends, and...

RACHEL

Did you have to give it that much detail?

DAWN

Hey, you have the ability to actually go out. Give the ghost girl some pity here.

JERRY

And with the medication coming in, us siphoning off the electricity and essentials...

DAWN

With me hiding the biometric data...

LORI

And me hiding the Asylum from view underneath an ass-load of magic and glammers...

JERRY

... we're just needing more refugees to fill up our numbers. Otherwise we're without any allies.
(to Rebecca)
No offence.

REBECCA

None taken. I'd consider myself more a 'desperate houseguest' than an ally anyway.

FAITH

Okay... so here's where we get serious. Lori?

Lori reaches over and flicks on the projector - and an image of ROSIE pops up on the screen behind Faith.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

Last night, a Slayer was attacked by a mob in a supermarket near Grand Central. She got arrested by Wilkins' goons, and as of now she's waitin' in a cell at the nearest precinct for us to bust her out.

JERRY

Faith, I'm not really -

FAITH

We're gonna rescue her. She's only nineteen, for God's sake! Barely an adult, and she's terrified outta her mind.

(beat)

Plus... we're kinda on the short side of friends at the moment. Rescuing a Slayer might just balance the odds a little, and might get us some of our rep back amongst the seedy little demon bars.

ALICE

Makes sense to me.

(beat)

Can I tag along?

ROB

Hey, you're not going anywhere.

ALICE

Excuse me?

ROB

Look... we just got back home. I don't want you running out and getting hurt on your first night back, full of adrenaline or whatever.

(beat)

Just this once, please?

ALICE

(beat)

Fine. For you.

Rob bends down, KISSING Alice gently. Sweetly.

VI

(blinks; penny drops)

Oh.

(beat)

Yeah, okay.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Rache, you cool for a mission?

RACHEL

Um. Actually... no, sorry. I've got... a thing.

FAITH

A 'thing.'

RACHEL

Yup.

(checks watch)

A thing I will be late for if I don't go now.

She gets up, nodding to the others as she quickly exits. Vi and Lori swap a knowing look.

FAITH

Lori?

LORI

Absolutely.

VI

You don't have to.

LORI

I want to. You get a thrill from it. Helping people.

Faith turns to Vi who looks back at the elder Slayer coldly.

FAITH

Come on, Vi. One more for the road? It's just us girls and...

VI

So? The girl's gonna have to learn sooner or later that some people don't get bailed out of jail.

(beat)

Some people don't get rescued.

LORI

Hey!

Lori turns to Vi, getting in her face a little.

LORI (cont'd)

She's scared and lonely. And I don't think even you can stand by and watch someone just like yourself suffer like this.

(CONTINUED)

VI

(beat)

Fine. But you owe me.

LORI

(dry)

That's only one down in the
gazillions of favours you owe me,
girl.

Lori's enthusiasm's somewhat infectious - Vi lending her a
warm SMILE as we CUT TO:

And find ourselves in a high-end restaurant - silver class
service all the way. PULL ALONG the small tables, already
almost all full with SOCIALITES and BUSINESSMEN to find:

SCOTT

Who's dressed immaculately in a suit and is looking very
nervous - a nearly empty GLASS of wine at his elbow. He
SIGHS, checking his watch...

... just as a figure GLIDES into view. It's RACHEL - looking
drop dead gorgeous in a plain green number.

Scott stands, grin betraying how pleased he is that she's
here.

SCOTT

Rachel, wow... you look great.

RACHEL

Thank you.

(beat)

You look good too.

They sit down. Silence. Rachel grabs the MENU, reading it
while Scott tries to speak:

SCOTT

I'm really glad that you decided to
take one of my calls, Rache. I know
that what I did to you all... what
I helped do, even... you must think
I'm a grade A jerk.

RACHEL

Oh, there are more colourful words
I used. Picked 'em up in the
slammer.

(beat)

But... I'm glad I'm here too. I - I
missed you.

ON SCOTT as he GRINS, a smile that has even Rachel melting as his hand CLASPS hers. But then Rachel GULPS. Stands.

SCOTT
(confused)
Rache, what are you...?

RACHEL
I'm - I'm sorry, Scott. It's too -
too soon...

Rachel grabs her purse and hurries out of the restaurant, DINERS watching her go and then looking at Scott. He sags back in his chair, head in his hands.

29 EXT. RESTAURANT - SAME TIME 29

ON RACHEL as she rushes out past the crowds. TEARS are in her eyes. It's too much for her now. Too soon.

ANGLE ON a FIRE ESCAPE as Rachel rushes past. PUSH IN on the fire escape - to find LORI sat there, having seen the whole thing!

ON LORI as she SIGHS, dropping to the ground and starting to walk away before we CUT TO:

30 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 30

It's a cold night here, a thin layer of FROST on the sidewalk as we PULL BACK to find a rusty looking CAR parked nearby.

31 INT. CAR - SAME TIME 31

Rachel's in the driver's seat, Faith riding shotgun while Vi and Lori are crammed into the back.

Rachel cranks up the heating, all of them bundled up in dark clothing. Lori leans over, flicking through radio channels.

RACHEL
(sighs; beat)
So how are we gonna do this?

FAITH
I was gonna suggest the front
door...

And several SWATS are strolling past the FRONT ENTRANCE, a couple of well-armed COPS at the entrance itself.

FAITH (cont'd)
But I think we'd like to stay out
of another cell.

(CONTINUED)

VI

Dawn said that the Slayer was being held in one of the back cells, which are always patrolled by at least three armed cops. All of which have Level Six security clearance.

RACHEL

Crap.

LORI

Wait a sec. Isn't this that cop Scott's precinct?

Rachel shoots Lori a glare, but Faith misses it.

FAITH

Yeah...

LORI

(off Rachel)

So why doesn't Tootsie Pop over there slink in, use her womanly ways and grab his clearance card? Presuming he even has one these days, that is.

VI

(nods)

All the officers have to have 'em since security's stepped up in the past few weeks.

FAITH

(to Rachel)

Looks like you're taking one for the team, kid.

Rachel sags, glancing back at Lori as we CUT TO:

ON RACHEL as she enters, looking around and seeing only a few of the POLICE OFFICERS working tonight. All of them are checking her out.

She GRUMBLES under her breath but spots the person she's after. Scott's lounging by his desk, paperwork all done, as he reads from a tattered PAPERBACK.

RACHEL

(off book)

It turns out to be Mary Magdalene in the end.

Scott flicks his head up, gaping a little at Rachel's get-up.

SCOTT

Rache... what are you... what are you doing here?

RACHEL

Look, I felt really bad about dinner. It's just that...

(beat)

You really hurt me, Scott. I never thought I'd be able to... to...

(beat)

To even speak to you again, without thinking about everyone whose lives you ended up betraying.

SCOTT

Rachel... it really wasn't my fault. I really hope that you can understand that.

RACHEL

I had a lot of time to think. And a couple of my friends showed me that you were just a pawn in someone else's game.

(beat)

And I'm sorry for standing you up at dinner.

SCOTT

No, no, I'm sorry. About everything.

Rachel reaches forward, she and Scott EMBRACING in a tender hug.

The officers, still checking her out, mutter CURSES and get back to work as Scott and Rachel release their embrace.

RACHEL

I'll ring you soon, 'kay?

SCOTT

(warmly)

Definitely.

Rachel smiles, turning and walking away as we CUT TO:

Rachel strolls out, past the cars - dangling Scott's SECURITY CARD which she swiped from his pocket!

Faith and Lori share wide grins with her and even Vi manages an impressed smile.

FAITH
Attagirl, Rache.

LORI
He really fell for the 'poor me
wanting forgiveness' crap, huh?

RACHEL
(weak)
Yeah...

ON VI as she notices this - but let's it pass as Faith slings a DUFFEL BAG over her shoulder.

FAITH
Let's get to work.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

34 EXT. POLICE STATION - ROOFTOP - NIGHT 34

PAN DOWN to find Lori, Vi and Faith on the rooftop, working at disassembling a skylight.

Lori is off to one side, Scott's card in her hands as she CHANTS.

Energy starts to SWIRL around the card and soon it FLICKERS - before returning to normal.

Faith watches with a quizzical look as Lori hands the card over.

LORI

Made a direct copy of the card and I've given both our copy and the original some of my own... technological security protocols.

VI

Hey, where is the original?

LORI

Back in the hands of Mary Jane down there. Now all she has to do is put the card back and get out while we grab the Slayer.

CUT TO:

35 INT. POLICE STATION - WORKSTATION - SAME TIME 35

Rachel weaves her way through the sea of workstations, spotting Scott once more - finishing up on the last of his paperwork.

She bites her own lip, trying to come up with a decent excuse. He looks up, sees her.

SCOTT

Rachel, what are you doing here?
Again, I mean?

RACHEL

I... I, uh...

CUT TO:

36 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - SAME TIME 36

All quiet here, minimal LIGHTING, as Lori's head pokes down from the space where a skylight used to be.

(CONTINUED)

She WHISPERS a chant and the CCTV CAMERA in the corner FREEZES, its little red light turning green moments later.

Lori swings down to the ground, followed by Vi and Faith. Faith pulls a TORCH from her belt, aiming at the map that Vi's looking at.

VI
(indicates; whispers)
This way. Down the corridor.

LORI
(whispers)
Why are we whispering if they can't see us?

VI
Because they can still hear your voice if you don't shut up.

LORI
Oh, yeah. Right.

The three girls start off down the corridor, Faith's torch the only light available as we CUT TO:

ON RACHEL as she rattles through her mind:

RACHEL
(blurts out)
Number!

SCOTT
Excuse me?

RACHEL
I moved into a new apartment and I realised that if you wanted to ring me, then you'd end up... you know, not being able to.

SCOTT
(surprised)
You... want me to have your number?

RACHEL
(beams)
Absolutely!

She grabs a piece of paper and a pencil and starts to write it down, checking over her shoulder every few moments for anything suspicious.

SCOTT
Something up?

RACHEL
No, no... just tired. Very sleepy.
Today's been a long, tiring, very
weird day.

SCOTT
I can sympathise.

RACHEL
(off book; dry)
Really? Cos I didn't know reading
paperbacks was part of the new NYPD
literacy initiative!

Scott CHUCKLES, happy at this sort of contact as we CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - PRIVATE CELL - SAME TIME

In a cell on her own, Rosie is laid on her bunk. Looking for
all the world like a little girl lost.

She's marred with BRUISES from the kicking she was receiving,
WINCING as she sits up a little.

She's amusing herself by TAPPING out a rhythm on the steel
frame of her bed, the sound echoing loudly.

The medical treatment's barely minimal, a PLASTER or two over
some of the more vicious cuts.

The cell itself is a typical iron bars job, with a thick
sheet of reinforced glass for a door.

Beside the door, a small SWIPE SLOT is visible along with a
SCREEN.

COP (O.S.)
Hey!

She looks up - sees a COP watching her from his desk.

ROSIE
What?

COP
Some of us are trying to work here.

ROSIE
Yeah, like what you're doing is
remotely like work.

The Cop chuckles, rising from his desk and approaching the
cell. Rosie keeps the tapping going, defiant.

COP

Oh, I like me a girl with a big attitude.

He puts his own KEYCARD in the swipe slot and opening the door before he approaches Rosie, BATON rapping against the bars of her cell threateningly.

COP (cont'd)

It's always more fun to shut 'em up for good.

ROSIE

Try it and I'll stick that baton somewhere even your mama wouldn't be able to look.

(beat)

Yeah, you're not so big now, huh?

The Cop CHUCKLES, hitting the bars a few more times, Rosie's passive reactions starting to grind his gears.

COP

Come on, girl... it doesn't have to be that hard, you know. I can be real nice to you... but only if you're real nice to me.

FAITH (O.S.)

Oh, we can be real nice.

He SPINS - and FAITH RAMS a FIRE EXTINGUISHER into his face! He COLLAPSES, baton sliding along the ground.

Behind him, the door CONNECTS SHUT, a short BLEEP sounding as Rosie's locked in once more.

Vi spots a second OFFICER rushing in, SIDEARM raised!

VI

Gun!

She SLIDE KICKS him, SWEEPING his feet from under him and ROUNDHOUSE KICKS the gun away, it FLYING into a wall and DISCHARGING!

Faith DUCKS the bullet, scurrying over to reach the cell with Rosie in it. She scrambles in her pocket and pulls the copy of Scott's card out.

She SWIPES it and a small IMAGE of Scott appears on the screen as Faith enters, Rosie clawing to be free.

ROSIE

Please, please, get me the hell out of here!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
Hey, hey, chill it. We're gonna.
(beat)
Me and the redhead are like you.
Slayers.

ROSIE
(boggles)
You're Faith Lehane?

FAITH
You know who I am?

ROSIE
Yeah! You're like the chief Slayer
of New York!

FAITH
Oh. Cool.

Faith pulls at the bars but they won't budge, even with
Slayer strength. Faith HUFFS, turning to see:

VI slugs another officer in the face while Lori rushes to
Faith's side, fingers already CRACKLING with energy.

Lori aims a BLAST to the bars but it doesn't do much good,
the wicca wiping sweat from her brow.

LORI
I haven't gotten much sleep. I need
to recharge.

FAITH
Okay. Plan B, then.

LORI
Plan B?

Faith removes the contents of her duffle bag and GRINS.

It's DYNAMITE!

LORI (cont'd)
Where the frack?

FAITH
Apparently Alice's perfect
dimension had plenty of dynamite.
It grew on trees. So...

She starts to apply it to the bars.

FAITH (cont'd)
... we borrowed some.

(CONTINUED)

BACK ON VI as she AX KICKS the last officer, knocking him out cold. Faith and Lori finish applying the dynamite, Rosie looking more worried by the second.

VI

Don't worry. We're actually...

(beat)

How do we class it? Professionals?

FAITH

Experienced.

ROSIE

Does this happen a lot with you guys?

VI

Probably best if you get back. Just in case.

FAITH

With dynamite? No. In general...

ON FAITH as she grabs the detonator, everyone as far away as they can be.

FAITH (cont'd)

... yes.

She HITS THE BUTTON and the bars EXPLODE!

The distinct BOOM of the explosion almost catches Scott out, he turning towards the sound of it...

... before Rachel GRABS him and KISSES him passionately, arms trailing around him!

He's shocked but quickly leans into the kiss, the boom fading away as quickly as it came.

SCOTT

Wha--?

RACHEL

Like I said, I've been having a weird day.

(beat)

'Night, Scott.

ON RACHEL as she hurries out, leaving a bewildered but pleasantly surprised Scott behind her.

SCOTT

Goodnight...

39 CONTINUED:

39

He scratches the back of his head, puzzled, as we CUT TO:

40 INT. POLICE STATION - CELL - SAME TIME

40

A thick cloud of SMOKE obscures the scene until Vi and Lori ENTER FRAME, a semi-conscious Rosie in their arms.

Behind them, Faith finishes up - SNAPPING the fake card in two and throwing it into one of the many FIRES now sprung up around the site of the explosion, the card instantly starting to burn up.

PULL BACK as the four girls hurry out, the unconscious bodies behind them framing the scene of destruction as we CUT TO:

41 EXT. POLICE STATION - SIDE EXIT - MOMENTS LATER

41

BANG! A well-aimed KICK from Faith SHATTERS the door's lock and the foursome hurry out, looking around desperately around the dingy alley before:

RACHEL (O.S.)

Come on!

At the end of the alleyway, Rachel's sitting in her crappy little car, awaiting the gang's exit.

Within seconds, they've all gotten inside and are tearing away down the street. ANGLE ON THE CAR as it disappears into a plume of smoke before we DISSOLVE TO:

42 INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

42

PULL ALONG the empty beds, dusty and ill-treated. Forgotten. That is until we find a single figure on one of them:

ROSIE

The young girl has several BANDAGES on her exposed skin but otherwise looks in good condition. She stares out of the infirmary's large windows.

A heavy RAIN has settled over NYC, dark clouds obscuring the moon while the city lights are the only illumination.

Rosie takes a SIP from a mug of tea, and keeps on staring out at the gloomy looking city.

The door to the infirmary opens and Faith and Vi walk in, sitting down beside Rosie.

VI

How you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE

(chuckles)

How are you meant to feel when you almost get blown up by TNT?

FAITH

I don't know. First time I've tried that in a long time.

ROSIE

Anna warned me there'd be days like these...

FAITH

So... are you gonna go home?

ROSIE

(shakes head)

If Wilkins and his cronies found out that I'm a Slayer, chances are that they've found out where I live and they've trashed the place.

VI

For all it's worth, we've all gone through it.

FAITH

(beat)

Listen, I don't know if you wanna, but... since Wilkins' pulled the curtains back, we've started taking in refugees. People who are being hunted and have no place to go.

(beat)

So if you wanted...

ROSIE

I could stay? Here?

FAITH

Yeah. You know. If you wanted.

ROSIE

That'd be nice. But how do you guys stay hidden? And what's up with that girl who kept appearing when we came in? She was a goth and then she was all student-y and then she was like a princess...

Faith and Vi share a knowing look.

FAITH

I suppose if you're gonna stay,
you'll get the full tour. The
Asylum 101.

ROSIE

Yeah, like that girl mentioned
something called the Gateway, and a
couple of people named Alice and
Rob who'd just got back from
somewhere called Shanti, and...

FAITH

This is the Asylum. Home to
mentally unfit patients, orderlies
and my team. We did... we did have
two of our main guys but they
were... lost.

ROSIE

(frowns)

How can you 'lose' them?

VI

You know Noa DeRubria? Wilkins'
chief girl?

(Rosie nods)

She was one of us for a few years,
but now... this sort of demon's
possessed her and she's working for
Wilkins because she used to be
paralysed and now she can walk.

Silence.

ROSIE

Riiight.

VI

Probably best if me or Faith take
it. Lori's only been here a couple
of weeks more than you and...

ROSIE

Really? Cos she seems like part of
the team since... ever.

VI

Yeah...

ON FAITH as she notices Vi's tone... but then shrugs it off
as we CUT TO:

43 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - LATER

43

ON JERRY as Vi, Faith and Rosie enter, laughing at a joke told earlier:

FAITH
... and it was all like 'but I
wasn't parked in the blue zone!'

They burst into LAUGHTER.

ROSIE
Does that happen every Sunday?

VI
(shrugs)
More than you might think...

Faith's laughter soon subsides once she sees Jerry's serious expression.

FAITH
What is it? What's wrong?

JERRY
(off TV)
The latest reports coming in. Not
good.

ROSIE
Is it about last night? Have they
got a lead on the breakout?

JERRY
No...

ANGLE ON THE TV as we PUSH IN... revealing it to be a NEWS
REPORT, similar to the ones earlier on.

Christina Kim, the perky Asian American reporter is on:

CHRISTINA KIM
And just to reiterate - two
notorious vigilantes have been
killed by Mayor Wilkins' Task
Forces in attacks last night.
(beat)
One man has been named as Frank
DeSimons, a dangerous vigilante
publicly profiled by Wilkins'
Central Park speech. Another man
was killed after apparently
attempting to kill a demon by using
humans as bait traps. He has not
yet been identified by the
coroner's office.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHRISTINA KIM (cont'd)

(beat)

In addition, five more were
arrested last night and two dozen
demonic creatures have been
apprehended into custody...

FAITH

(sadly)

Damn.

JERRY

Faith... we can't save them all.

FAITH

I know... but we're gonna have to
step it up a notch if we wanna save
any of 'em.

PULL BACK as the team watches the news, framing this scene as
we eventually CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - SCOTT'S DESK - MORNING

ON SCOTT as he flicks through his FILES, before starting to
type up. Then he notices something on his screen. CLICKS.

And his eyes widen as he sees the logins of his security
card, accessed by Faith and the gang!

SCOTT

What the hell?!?

WALT (O.S.)

Hey, Jacobs?

He turns slowly. Sees Walt.

SCOTT

Yeah?

WALT

What happened last night?

SCOTT

(shrugs)

Some guys busted that Slayer chick
out. Something about dynamite, I
don't know.

ANGLE ON HIS CARD - FLICKERING with energy for a few brief
seconds.

WALT

Okay. Cool then. I missed all the
action 'cos my wife got me tickets
to see the Yankees play the Red
Sox.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WALT (cont'd)
(beat; grins)
Killer game. You shoulda seen it.

SCOTT
Yeah... I'll have to see it on
repeat. See ya later, Walt.

Walt NODS, moving away to a fresh box of doughnuts, taking on his hand as he moves down the workstations.

Scott turns back, looking a tad freaked out and nervous as he SWIVELS back...

... and then sees that the logs are gone! He refreshes the page, but they're gone. No trace.

ANGLE ABOVE HIM as he sags in his chair, part relief and part shock. Then it hits him.

How the hell did it happen?

ON SCOTT as he ponders this question, worry etched onto his face as we eventually DISSOLVE TO:

ANGLE ON the interior of the truck, showing the DEMONS evicted from their home.

They're tired, worried. And are staring at the SWATs who have their guns trained on them, barrels almost right in their faces.

DEMON #1
(thick Brooklyn accent;
sarcastic)
Hey buddy, what's happening here?
We getting kicked outta Manhattan
or are we going to the zoo? Gonna
make us look at the caged animals
some more?

SWAT
Shut it.

DEMON #2
Hey, cool it -

WHAM! The SWAT turns and SMACKS the Demon with the butt of his rifle, BREAKING his nose!

The Demon leans back, CLUTCHING his nose in agony, the other Demons looking more worried and wary now.

SWAT
I said shut it!

Within seconds however, the truck has stopped and the truck's back doors FLY OPEN as SWATs start to HAUL the Demons unceremoniously out.

Their meagre possessions and suitcases are left behind in the truck as one demon clocks them.

DEMON #3

Hey, what about our stuff? I got more stuff in that suitcase that you're gonna have in twenty years!

SWAT

You'll get it later. The possessions'll be transported when you get moved.

PULL BACK to reveal that the truck is now in a large WAREHOUSE, dilapidated and

However, as we ANGLE ON THE DEMONS as they are SHOVED through a set of double doors in the side of the empty warehouse:

ON THE DEMONS as they realise what's happening to them. The cubicles show several horrifying events.

One demon is being slowly roasted, its CLAWS starting to actually CRUMBLE under the pressure! It SCREAMS in dulled pain, flesh SEARING.

Another SCREECHES in agonising pain as SCIENTISTS start to douse it in chemicals.

Suddenly this demon is FLIPPED into a large TANK which starts to HISS as the demon literally BOILS AWAY into nothing!

Another is being attacked by razor-sharp BLADES which SLICE into its defenceless skin. It tries to duck and dodge but is forced to run through them.

In one cubicle, a heavily subdued PREGNANT WOMAN is being tested upon, a faint GLOW around her body.

PULL UP to find that on a BALCONY high above the action, PRYOR is watching. He looks cold and impassive.

ANGLE ON THE DOORS as the demons start to YELL out in fear, and as the doors finally SHUT, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW