

FAITH

"Most Wanted"

by
Lee A. Chrimes

Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
(c) Mutant Enemy, Inc. & FOX

(c) Monster Zero Productions 2009

TEASER

FADE IN:

1

EXT. STREET/BAR - NIGHT

1

PULL BACK from the frontage of a quiet bar somewhere out in the Bronx. Traffic rumbles past in the background.

The front door opens, a blast of ROCK MUSIC briefly spilling out along with a MAN.

He staggers a little as he tries to light a cigarette. CLOSE on him as he manages to get the lighter working:

To reveal he's a DEMON. Dark green scaly skin, huge bags under his eyes and a flat, smooth nose.

But he enjoys a smoke like anyone else, sucking in a lungful and blowing it gratefully out into the night air.

Until several sets of HEADLIGHTS fall on him, and the startled demon looks up to see:

Three SQUAD CARS screech to a halt, surrounding him and the bar, red and blue lights FLASHING!

The demon's eyes bulge as he stumbles back towards the door, yelling:

DEMON

Task Force! Everybody run! Run!

He jumps back inside, a chorus of shouts of alarm ringing out as the doors swing open.

ON THE CARS as their doors open and a full squad of the TASK FORCE step out, decked in riot gear and packing some suitably heavy weaponry.

The SQUAD LEADER motions to his troops with quick hand signals, and as he leads four men in through the front door, two more teams of four head to the side entrance and fire escape respectively.

PULL BACK from the bar as SCREAMS and louder CRIES ring out from within the bar - followed by GUNFIRE.

The troopers at the side door KICK it open and burst inside - and up on the fire escape, the squad there is ready as a FIRE DOOR flies open.

Several DEMONS try to make a run for it, but head straight into the waiting fists, boots and batons of the third squad.

VOICE (O.S.)

The hell happened to this town?

(CONTINUED)

REVERSE ANGLE:

And parked up a few hundred yards back is a beaten up old PONTIAC, with someone leaning against the hood:

A weathered Hispanic MAN in his thirties, pulling on a cigar.

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

(female)

Didn't you see any news in the last year? This sorta stuff's been happening all over.

He glances to his side as a young WOMAN joins him - mid-twenties, a shock of bottle blonde hair. She passes him a beer, cracking hers open.

WOMAN

Ain't no place safe for a good old-fashioned demon bar these days. Especially not in New York.

MAN

I know, but still... right out here in the open like this?

He glances at her, before:

HIGH ANGLE:

Looking back towards the bar from just above the Pontiac's position, as the Task Force start hauling out the first of their prisoners.

Red and blue lights bathe the scene, a small crowd of onlookers gathering to watch the show.

MAN (cont'd)

It ain't right.

VOICE (O.S.)

Who said anything about it being 'right'?

The duo turn as a third person joins them - bearded male, late thirties. And four feet five inches tall.

DWARF

This is Mayor Wilkins' brand new policy. City hasn't seen a shake up like this since Guiliani's Zero Tolerance crap.

MAN

Carter, I swear to God, you start with that Guiliani bull again...

(CONTINUED)

CARTER shoots a scowl at his comrade.

CARTER

Just because I'm not a tree-hugging liberal like you, Regan, doesn't mean I have to lie back and let these City Hall bureaucrats wipe their asses with the ballot papers that got them into office!

REGAN chuckles, swigging his beer.

CARTER (cont'd)

(to woman)

And where do you get off passing judgement, Bodie?

BODIE shrugs, reaching across to snatch Regan's cigar and take a token from it.

BODIE

Hey, the Mayor wants to start cleaning up the streets a little, ain't none of mine. Doesn't mean we don't all have a job to do.

The mood turns serious for a beat.

REGAN

We should get moving. That thing's already got enough of a head start.

He takes his cigar back for one last pull, then FLICKS it away. Bodie drains her beer and TOSSES the bottle away.

CARTER

(as bottle smashes)

Do you have to always do that?

BODIE

Keeps my throwing arm in practise.

He rolls his eyes as the trio climb back into the Pontiac, Regan driving.

He carefully backs up, three-point-turning the car to drive away from the commotion outside the demon bar.

HIGH ANGLE as the Pontiac rolls out onto a main road beneath us - missing the SECURITY CAMERA that pivots to follow its movement.

A red light FLASHES beneath the camera and something CLICKS before we CUT TO:

3

INT. TASK FORCE HQ - OBSERVATION - NIGHT

3

Where a grainy CCTV image of the Pontiac flashes up on a PC screen.

A young TECHNICIAN is monitoring the station, fingers rattling across the keyboard as the car's license plate is highlighted and enlarged.

There are about a dozen similar desks arranged around the large, cluttered room, with huge maps of the five boroughs up on moveable notice boards.

The PC scrolls the license plate quickly through a database before pulling up a match - a mugshot of Regan, accompanied by a criminal record.

The technician's eyes scan down the offences before he leans back in his seat and calls out:

TECHNICIAN

Miss DeRubria?

And it's DARK NOA who looks up from her paperwork, nodding to the assistant she was talking to before heading over.

NOA

What is it?

She leans across the technician's desk as he brings up two more mugshots - Bodie and Carter.

TECHNICIAN

Three potential hostiles were just spotted by one of our monitoring cameras over in the Bronx, ma'am.

NOA

(reading)

Regan, Carter and Bodie... demon hunters.

TECHNICIAN

Healthy rap sheet on each of them - Regan in particular.

NOA

Why are they here?

TECHNICIAN

No idea as of yet. I'll make sure we keep eyes on them.

NOA

No...

(CONTINUED)

She straightens, arms folded.

NOA (cont'd)
Better just bring them in before
they have a chance to cause
trouble. Would you print those
images off for me?

TECHNICIAN
(nods)
I'll put out an APB.

He hits 'Print' and reaches for his phone as Noa steps away,
heading to a large NOTICE BOARD against one wall:

It's covered with pinned items, but we're too close to make
any out.

The PRINTER stops clunking, and Noa turns to swipe the image
of the three hunters.

She pins it to the board, taking a marker and writing the
names beneath each image, followed by the legend 'At Large.'

She steps back, and we PULL BACK to reveal the rest of the
board:

Which holds dozens of similar images. Every hunter, Slayer or
other vigilante in the state, all tagged and identified.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - NIGHT

4

The large canteen is bustling with activity - it's feeding time at the Asylum.

Human RESIDENTS sit side-by-side with an assortment of DEMONS, and on other tables we have BECCA and her group of wiccans, the still-bandaged young Slayer ROSIE and a few more new faces.

RACHEL, LORI, ALICE and ROB move from table to table, handing out food and chatting with the various refugees.

Against one wall, a smaller table seats FAITH, JERRY and VI, eating their own late meal as they observe the scene.

VI

Feels weird to have the place busy again.

FAITH

Don't get used to it. Once snack time's over, they're all goin' straight back downstairs. Where it's safe.

JERRY

At least by getting them up and out of their rooms now and then, they'll feel less like prisoners and more like part of the family.

Vi raises an eyebrow, glancing over her shoulder at a table of DEMONS - upright octopii engaged in a heated family bickering session.

JERRY (cont'd)

(off her look)

Alright, 'family' is a relative term, but still...

FAITH

No, you're right. That old asylum complex is more like a prison than the rooms upstairs, so we're doin' the right thing letting them out to play once a day.

Alice and Rob approach, each holding clipboards.

ALICE

All present and accounted for.

(CONTINUED)

She hands Faith her clipboard, which she leafs through.

ROB

Not sure exactly where we'd lose
anybody, though.

FAITH

Can't be too careful. Plenty of
places any one of these guys could
wander off and get lost downstairs.

VI

There's still plenty of rooms and
areas we haven't explored down
there, after all. Roofs about to
collapse, pitch black corridors
with no power...

POP! They all turn at the noise to see DAWN has appeared next
to the table. She offers a weak smile.

DAWN

Hey! Oh, sorry. Are you busy? Shall
I come back?

Her eyes fall hungrily on their plates of food.

DAWN (cont'd)

(sadly)

Burger Day, huh? I used to love
Burger Day. Highlight of my week.

She gazes around at everyone else tucking into their food,
not helping her melancholy.

DAWN (cont'd)

Yeah, I used to love eating a lot
of things in here...

FAITH

Somethin' we can help you with,
Dawnie?

DAWN

(miles away)

Brownies... lasagne... yams... that
weird thing with the spinach that
Ruth used to make...

FAITH

Dawn!

DAWN

(turns)

What? Oh. Right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DAWN (cont'd)
Um, can one of you swing by the
control room when you get a minute?

JERRY
Trouble?

DAWN
Not sure. Picking up some
interesting chatter, need a second
opinion.

FAITH
(nods)
I'll be down in a minute.

DAWN
'Kay.

She POPS out of sight again. After a beat:

VI
How's she dealing?

Faith glances at Alice and Rob.

FAITH
You mean after losing Danny, Sarah
and Lewis? Hard to tell. She's been
in sixteen different places at once
since I found her in here again.

ALICE
Has anybody tried talking to her?

FAITH
She won't answer. Says she's too
busy, then makes an excuse and
'poof.' Gone.

ROB
What about Rachel? I mean, they
used to be tight, didn't they?

VI
She doesn't need Rachel.

Vi realises that comment got her some odd looks.

VI (cont'd)
What?

Faith SIGHS, laying down her cutlery.

FAITH
And I'm done.

She rises, grabbing the clipboards.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
I'll go see Dawn. You okay handling
the rest of the new intake?

JERRY
(nods)
I'm waiting on some calls and e-
mails from a few places they
shipped some of our old residents
to, see if I can arrange a
transfer.

FAITH
Good, Stay on it. Holler if you
need a hand.

She leaves the table - heading for Rosie, who waves as Faith
approaches. Faith slots into a seat opposite.

FAITH (cont'd)
How's the food?

ROSIE
Better than I'd expect for a mental
institution.

Faith jerks a thumb towards a table of rotund, jolly-looking
pink-skinned demons.

FAITH
Tupelov demons. Get past the
constant smell of wet cat and
you've got a whole family of kick
ass cooks.

ROSIE
Huh. Who knew?

FAITH
Listen, I'm putting down a few
contingency plans in case, you
know...

ROSIE
Mayor Wilkins figures out we're all
hiding here and brings his Task
Force to kill us?

FAITH
Something like that. Got a meeting
tomorrow afternoon if you want to
get back in the game.

ROSIE
(nods)
Yeah, I'm in.

(CONTINUED)

She flexes her bandaged arm.

ROSIE (cont'd)
Pretty sure I can still clock your
average bad guy with this.

FAITH
Cool. Staff room at two sharp.

Faith rises, heading for the exit and passing more tables
full of refugees as we CUT TO:

Jerry enters his room with Alice and Vi following as his
phone RINGS.

He jogs to his desk and answers, motioning for the girls to
take a seat.

JERRY
(into phone)
Hello? Yes, this is Dr. Silberman.

Alice glances at Vi, who mouths 'cover story.'

JERRY (cont'd)
Really? Excellent.

He grabs a notepad and starts to scribble something down.

JERRY (cont'd)
No, no, I'll send some of my team
out to come pick them up.
(listens; chuckles)
I'm sure they have been a handful,
but I can assure you that we're
more than capable and prepared to
cater for Janey's... unique
situation.
(listens)
Alright, you too. Bye.

He hangs up, tearing off the note and holding it out to Vi.

JERRY (cont'd)
Janey Brink. Twenty-five. Sees
ghosts because she gives out a
unique energy signature that
attracts local phantoms.

VI
Oh, yeah, I remember her. She was
kind of like a gas station for
spooks. They'd stop by, top up and
move on.

JERRY

Can you sort out bringing her back here?

VI

No problem.

She exits. Jerry turns to Alice.

JERRY

Have to maintain the cover story. We pick them up when we find them, we never have them brought here. Far as anybody at the other end knows, we're transferring them out of state to a private facility.

ALICE

Which doesn't exist.

JERRY

Exactly.

(beat)

You and Rob settling in alright?

ALICE

It's... an adjustment. Especially after, you know, what happened to Danny and the others.

Jerry nods, sombre.

ALICE (cont'd)

What's this I hear about Faith's 'contingency plans,' though?

Jerry sorts through the piles of folders on his desk until he locates some sheets of paper. He passes them to Alice.

JERRY

Faith wants to keep locating hunters, vigilantes, Slayers and anyone else we can call an ally here at the Asylum.

Alice flicks through the papers - some are personnel files.

ALICE

What, is she building an army?

JERRY

It's only a matter of time before Wilkins figures out we're back here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)

Even with the precaution of keeping the refugees down in the old asylum complex, even with all of Lori's glamour spells masking us from the outside.

ALICE

So Faith wants to have enough hands to fight back when they kick the door down.

JERRY

Right again.

Alice exhales, putting the papers back down.

ALICE

You think it'll make a difference? Wilkins has got every cop in the state in his address book on top of that Task Force.

JERRY

Won't know till they show up, will we?

He grins, but Alice doesn't look so assured as we CUT TO:

Faith descends the staircase into the Control Room, steps lighting up beneath her.

Several Dawns are gathered in the centre of the dome-shaped room, talking amongst themselves.

FAITH

Ladies! What's the sitch?

A few of them POP and vanish as Faith approaches, leaving Dawn, NERDY DAWN, MAIDEN DAWN and PUNK DAWN.

NERDY DAWN

(pushing glasses up nose)
Lots of chatter on the police bands, but mainly on the frequencies reserved for Task Force communication.

PUNK DAWN

Sounds like they've got their eye on a bunch of hunters that just rolled into town.

MAIDEN DAWN

We're not sure why yet, but it looks like they're closing in.

FAITH

These hunters - they the kind we
want on our team?

PUNK DAWN

We're being picky now?

NERDY DAWN

Um, what she means is, I thought we
were taking pretty much anybody
under our collective wing?

FAITH

Can't be too careful. Lots of
crazies out there got a few demon
kills under their belt - doesn't
mean they'd cause any less trouble
here, especially with all those
potential targets finishing off
their dessert upstairs.

Nerdy nods to Maiden, who waves a hand - creating a FLOATING
SCREEN in the air before her.

It displays several moving waveforms, and as she adjusts the
volume levels, we hear:

POLICE RADIO

(filtered)

All units, all units. Suspects
sighted on East 8th, Avenue B.

FAITH

That's right by Tompkins Square
Park.

NERDY DAWN

(nods)

Demon hotspot. Coincidence?

FAITH

No such thing. Got names for these
hunters?

Punk Dawn brings up a screen, this one showing the mugshots
of Bodie, Regan and Carter seen earlier.

PUNK DAWN

Three regular badasses out of New
Jersey. No idea what brought them
here, especially with everything
going on.

FAITH

Maybe they don't watch the news.

(CONTINUED)

NERDY DAWN

There's something else. We've picked up some kind of trail that the hunters look like they're following.

MAIDEN DAWN

Could be a demon - hard to tell. The characteristics of the trail keep changing.

Faith glances at Dawn - she's been silent throughout, avoiding eye contact and letting her doubles do the talking.

FAITH

Alright, I'll take a few bodies, go see what's happening.

MAIDEN DAWN

Watch yourself. If the Task Force are planning on taking these hunters down, you can't get involved.

FAITH

Relax. I'll be quiet.

She offers a grin as she turns to leave, and we CUT TO:

EXT. TOMPKINS SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

PAN ACROSS this patch of green nestled in the heart of the East Village. The memorial statue - a boy and girl watching a steamboat - glints in the moonlight.

Something RUSTLES in the bushes, and MOVEMENT can be seen in amongst the leaves, until:

RACHEL (O.S.)

Ow! Damn it!

Faith, Rachel and Vi emerge from the cover, Rachel sucking her finger with a frown. They're clad in caps and hoodies, keeping their features obscured.

RACHEL (cont'd)

Damn thorns...

VI

Rache, if you can't even manage to be quiet when you're not speaking, what the hell chance do we have when you're -

FAITH

Ssh!

(CONTINUED)

She points - more MOVEMENT up ahead. The trio crouch back behind fresh cover and watch:

As a JOGGER pads along a footpath up ahead, weaving around various tall trees. She's heading towards the trio, also wearing a hoodie so her features are hidden.

VI

Kinda late for a run, isn't it?

FAITH

That's not what I saw first.

They look again - and there they are. Regan and Carter, moving stealthily through the undergrowth. They're moving to intercept the jogger.

FAITH (cont'd)

That's them.

Rachel turns, hearing RAISED VOICES and the SLAM of car doors close by.

RACHEL

I think we've got ourselves a little company of the NYPD kind...

FAITH

(frowns)

What are they doing?

VI

Jogger stalking? Could be some new flash mob thing.

Rachel keeps her eyes out - seeing FLASHLIGHT BEAMS cutting through the trees behind them.

RACHEL

Guys, we need to move.

Faith nods, motioning for them to follow her as she steals on through the bushes.

ON THE JOGGER, iPod in place as she keeps running, oblivious to the two groups of people sneaking up on her.

She slows down, hands on her knees as she catches her breath. She presses two fingers to her neck and looks at her watch...

And with a vicious SNARL, something large BLURS out of the treeline and TACKLES the jogger to the floor!

REGAN

Hit it!

(CONTINUED)

They BURST out of cover, racing to the aid of the jogger as they struggle with the creature - it's big, dark skinned and SNARLING as it claws at the helpless woman.

FAITH (O.S.)

Hey!

Regan, SHOTGUN at the ready, he looks up to see Faith, Vi and Rachel have broken cover and are now sprinting towards them.

REGAN

The hell?

CARTER

Uh, Regan?

He looks down - Carter's struggling with the demon as the jogger fights her way to her feet - her hood falling back to reveal Bodie!

BODIE

Any time, Esteban!

He LOADS the shotgun and takes aim at the demon's head - just as it snaps round to face him, ROARING in his face!

REGAN

Yeah, yeah. Heard that one too.

He SQUEEZES the trigger - but the demon's lightning fast, one huge arm SWATting the shotgun barrel up as it FIRES!

Faith is seconds away now. Regan CURSES and COCKS the shotgun to fire again:

But the demon SLAMS a fist into his chest, sending him flying backwards!

BODIE

Regan!

She rushes to his aid - leaving the still wildly struggling Carter to yell:

CARTER

Hey! Don't leave me with this thing! It's too -

The demon WHIPS round, tossing the diminutive Carter through the air!

He YELLS as he hurtles towards Faith and the others - COLLIDING with Vi and Rachel and knocking all three flat!

Faith LEAPS into the air and DROP KICKS the demon, but her boots just bounce off its thick hide.

(CONTINUED)

She hits the deck hard, the demon looming over her:

REGAN

Get out of the way, kid!

Faith glances past the demon - then rolls aside just as a SHOTGUN BLAST rings out!

The demon HOWLS, stumbling forward - Regan has recovered, RELOADING the shotgun quickly.

Bodie is at Faith's side, helping her up - as behind them, Vi and Rachel pick themselves up from under the dazed Carter.

BODIE

Get out of here, now! This thing's too dangerous for you to -

FAITH

The hell kinda demon takes a shotgun to the back and keeps moving?

Bodie blinks - did she just say 'demon'? But then she sees something behind Faith:

BODIE

(eyes bulge)

Oh, crap! Regan, where's the -

SHINK! The demon RAKES its claws across her leg, and Bodie SCREAMS in pain, falling to the floor.

CARTER

Tess!

COP (O.S.)

NYPD! Freeze!

The demon turns - to see two COPS racing across open ground towards it, now seconds from reaching them.

The monster turns back to Faith, BELLOWS in her face and then LEAPS inhumanly up into the trees!

Faith can only watch as it BOUNDS from tree to tree, quickly vanishing into the darkness.

VI

Faith, c'mon!

She SHOVES Faith to get her moving, Rachel and Regan helping the wounded Bodie to her feet.

REGAN

Carter -

(CONTINUED)

CARTER

I know, I know. Get the car.

He rushes off ahead, the group following as fast as they can.

REGAN

I don't know who you people are,
but you just pissed off the wrong
demon! The hell did you think you
were gonna do?

BODIE

(weakly)

Hey, I know you... you're that
Faith chick... the Slayer...

Regan looks to Faith. She shrugs.

FAITH

Small world, huh?

COP (O.S.)

Hold it right there!

There's no time for a comeback as the team hurry to stay
ahead of the incoming cops, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

8

INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

8

Rachel is busy patching Bodie up, while Faith and Vi talk to Regan and Carter.

Regan has his arms crossed, body language closed, while Carter can't take his eyes off the wounded Bodie.

FAITH

So you're telling me you've been tracking this thing for weeks now?

REGAN

Are all Slayers as quick on the uptake as you?

FAITH

(narrows eyes)

Less of the attitude, Carlos.

REGAN

It's 'Esteban.'

FAITH

Whatever. This is my turf. My rules. And if you hadn't noticed, New York's kind of a bad place right now for people like us.

CARTER

Oh, you're referring to this?

He scoops up a NEWSPAPER from one of the tables by some chairs nearby - the headline is all about the Task Force, complete with beaming shot of Noa.

CARTER (cont'd)

Yeah, I've been trying to get these two caught up on everything since we crossed the state line.

REGAN

What kind of operation are you running here, anyway? Isn't this a mental institution?

VI

Sure is. Bet you feel right at home.

Faith shoots her a warning look. Vi raises her hands, backing away.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Look, fact is we can't have you
three running round unsupervised
out there at the moment.

REGAN

'Unsupervised'?

BODIE

(calls out)

I think 'running around' might be a
stretch at the moment...

Rachel has finished the repairs, and Carter heads over.

CARTER

Hey. How are you?

BODIE

Actually, I'm good.

She smiles, dreamily - a little spaced out. She clumsily
strokes Rachel's arm.

BODIE (cont'd)

This cutie gave me some amazing
stuff to stop the pain... what was
it called again?

RACHEL

Morphine.

BODIE

Morphine! Can you believe it?

CARTER

Yeah, it's... unbelievable.

Bodie settles back as Carter leads Rachel a few steps away.

CARTER (cont'd)

Is she going to be alright?

RACHEL

Should be. I've had way too much
practise patching people up.

CARTER

No, I mean...

(looks round)

We're pretty sure that demon's
claws are poisonous.

RACHEL

Oh.

CARTER

We're not a hundred per cent -
nobody's survived an encounter long
enough for us to check. But could
you, you know...

RACHEL

Keep an eye on her? No problem.

CARTER

Thanks, kid.

RACHEL

I'm twenty-five.

CARTER

And I'm thirty-nine. Ergo, 'kid.'

He smiles - she grins back.

REGAN

So, what, you're saying you're
gonna try and stop us leaving here
once Bodie's fixed up?

FAITH

I don't 'try' anything.

VI

She's saying if you fly solo again
and get busted, then you're on your
own. But if you want some help...

FAITH

... then we'll help. If you play
ball.

Regan looks to Bodie, then Carter - who nods.

REGAN

(sighs)

Fine. But it's our hunt. Our kill.

FAITH

Not a problem.

She motions towards the exit, and as Regan and Carter head
out, we CUT TO:

Faith walks with Regan and Carter down a quiet corridor.

REGAN

So you've got people here now?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Almost a hundred last time we checked. A Slayer, few hunters like you, bunch of wiccass, way too many demons -

Regan stops her, a hand on her arm.

REGAN

Did you say 'demons'?

Faith looks down at his hand - until Regan removes it.

FAITH

Yeah, demons. Not all of 'em are out to kill us, Regan. Thought you of all people'd appreciate that.

REGAN

Putting demons next to the people who hunt them...

CARTER

Pretty forward thinking, I was going to say.

Faith grins at him, the duo continuing to walk on. Regan hangs back, not liking the way things are going.

10

INT. OLD ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

10

Faith pushes open a set of double doors and enters one of the green-tinted old asylum corridors.

FAITH

We know it ain't exactly the Waldorf down here...

CARTER

Actually, I think I've been in Holiday Inns that were like this.

FAITH

... but it'll have to do for now. The rooms here aren't too bad, long as you don't mind them looking like prison cells.

CARTER

Just so we're clear, we're not actually prisoners... are we?

FAITH

Nah, course not. It's just safer to keep everyone below ground.

(CONTINUED)

As if on cue, a small group of DEMONS rounds a corner, chattering to themselves:

Until they spot Regan and Carter! The demons quickly PANIC, some fleeing, some bristling defensively.

Faith steps forward, hands raised to calm them down. Regan just watches.

FAITH (cont'd)
 Woah, woah, easy! Uh...
 (thinks)
Trag nackett, uh... quin... hasta?

The demons exchange looks, CHATTERING in their own tongue for a beat. One points an accusing finger at Regan.

DEMON
Ragta num emsip durtha.

CARTER
 What's he saying?

FAITH
 I don't exactly have a phrasebook here, but I think he's saying he doesn't like your friend too much.

CARTER
 (chuckles)
 I don't like him sometimes. Tell him to relax, we're not here to cause trouble.

FAITH
 Right, right. Uh...
 (to demons)
Pega epping rutha... trag nackett.

The demons shoot some more dark glares Regan's way, but seem satisfied with Faith's attempt at peacemongering.

Regan joins her as she watches the demons head back off down the corridor.

REGAN
 Like I was gonna say...

He nods towards other rooms - where more DEMONS are peeking cautiously out at the new arrivals.

REGAN (cont'd)
 Putting demons next to the people who hunt them - bad idea.

He steps past her, leaving Faith to ponder as we DISSOLVE TO:

11 INT. ASYLUM - JERRY'S OFFICE - DAY

11

Jerry is at his desk, Rachel putting some files away over by the cabinets.

Faith opens the door and leans in, glancing at both of them.

FAITH
C'mon, guys, meeting starts in five!

JERRY
Be right there. Just checking up on those new guys.

Faith heads over, standing behind Jerry to examine what she's got on screen.

FAITH
Anything I should worry about?

He hesitates - Faith registers this.

FAITH (cont'd)
What?

JERRY
Esteban Regan's a murder suspect.

FAITH
Damn it...

He taps some keys, bringing up Regan's rap sheet.

JERRY
He's wanted in connection with the death of a girl back in Jersey. DNA evidence puts him at the scene.

He brings up some crime scene photos - not pretty.

JERRY (cont'd)
She was hacked to pieces. Edged weapon, never recovered.
(beat)
How do you want to handle this?

FAITH
Only way I know how.

She marches straight back out of the office. Jerry looks to Rachel - who is staring at the various folders she's holding, puzzled.

JERRY
Everything alright?

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL

Hmm? Oh, yeah, just having a little trouble working out the filing system, is all.

JERRY

I hear you on that one. I think it was Noa who decided...

He trails off. Rachel blinks.

RACHEL

Noa who decided what?

JERRY

Never mind.

He heads over, taking the files off her.

JERRY (cont'd)

Go join the meeting. I'll finish up here.

She nods, heading for the exit. She pauses as Jerry adds:

JERRY (cont'd)

Oh, and I won't tell Faith you got those files by speaking to Scott last night if you don't want me to.

RACHEL

(beat; smiles)

Thanks.

She exits without another word. Jerry frowns - then shrugs, getting back to the filing as we CUT TO:

A small group is gathered here - Vi, Lori, Alice and Rob along with some of the newer faces including Becca and Rosie. Regan, Carter and the recovered Bodie are perched against a table near the back.

The door opens as Faith enters, everyone straightening - but she points straight at Regan, beckoning.

FAITH

We need a word.

REGAN

Aren't we supposed to be having this meeting first?

FAITH

That can wait. Outside.

Regan looks to Carter, who shrugs. Regan makes his way to the door as Faith adds:

FAITH (cont'd)
Vi, you good to start without me?

VI
No problem.

Faith nods, waiting for Regan before she shuts the door. Vi takes her place at the head of the class.

VI (cont'd)
Alright. Thanks for coming,
everyone. We're looking to start
coming up with emergency plans in
case Wilkins and the Task Force
ever figure out we're here...

As she continues, we CUT TO:

Faith confronts Regan.

FAITH
When were you gonna tell us?

REGAN
About what?

FAITH
About the murder one charge
following you around?

REGAN
(exhales)
I didn't do it.

FAITH
We can't have that kind of heat
leading anyone back here.

REGAN
You saw that thing for yourself.
How fast it is, how hard it is to
even make it slow down. Is it so
hard to believe that it could
easily make people think I killed
that girl back in Jersey?

FAITH
You shoulda told me.

REGAN
You never asked.

FAITH
(frustrated)
That's not the point!

CARTER O.S.)
Uh... is there a problem here?

She turns - Bodie and Carter have joined them.

REGAN
I was just explaining to Faith here
about the incident in Jersey.

BODIE
You know he didn't do it, right?

CARTER
Yeah, I mean, we were all there.
Plus, you saw what that thing can
do...

Regan looks to Faith, raising an eyebrow. Daring her to
challenge him further.

FAITH
Don't hide crap like that from me
again.

She brushes past him, heading back into the meeting. Regan
shakes his head as Bodie and Carter join him.

REGAN
Something tells me we're better off
not staying here.

BODIE
Don't know, Regan, that Barbie doll
did a pretty good job on my leg...

She COUGHS. Concern flashes across Carter's face.

REGAN
You know how this thing works. How
it's been turning people against
us. We can't trust anyone here.

CARTER
We also can't keep being one step
behind it. Maybe this Faith chick
and her team can help us end this?

BODIE
They do seem to know what they're
doing.

Regan doesn't look so convinced as we CUT TO:

14

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

14

A busy press conference is in full swing - with the ever-glowing MAYOR WILKINS taking questions from the floor.

Banners behind and either side of the stage show stylised shots of the Task Force in action. Slogans like 'Do Your Part!' and 'Know The Enemy!'

WILKINS

Ah, yes, Suzanne.

SUZANNE, a tight-lipped brunette, rises from her seat.

SUZANNE

Mr. Mayor, what comment do you have about the allegations of abuse and brutality aimed at your Task Force?

WILKINS

I'd say that whoever is making those allegations is probably on the receiving end of the Task Force's mandate - and for good reason!

SUZANNE

We're all hearing reports of the use of excessive force as they carry out their duties - homes and businesses ransacked, innocent civilians getting caught up in the melee, even deaths.

WILKINS

First of all, I'd like to reassure the people of New York that every single member of my Task Force is personally vetted and approved for active duty by my Unit Leader, Noa DeRubria.

He glances towards the back of the room - Noa stands near the door. She nods, accepting the mention.

WILKINS (cont'd)

We don't hire thugs and give them guns and a badge, then tell them to do whatever they feel is necessary. We carefully train them in current and correct techniques in suspect capture, crowd control and house-to-house combat.

SUZANNE

So you don't feel that -

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS

Furthermore, I think I'd like to
pass this question over to Miss
DeRubria herself. Noa?

All attention turns to Noa as she makes her way to the stage.

NOA

Thank you, Mr. Mayor.

She steps up onto the platform, facing the reporters.

NOA (cont'd)

As Mr. Wilkins said, there isn't a
single member of our Task Force who
isn't...

She pauses, hunching over a little.

NOA (cont'd)

Who isn't...

She stutters, pressing a hand to her chest.

SUZANNE

Uh... Miss DeRubria? Are you
alright?

NOA

I'm fine, I'm fine, sorry...

She quickly grabs a glass of water from the table.

NOA (cont'd)

Just a little bug I picked up.
Nothing to worry about.

She lifts the glass - and drains it in one continuous gulp!
The reporters start to MURMUR to each other - and Wilkins
senses the mood turning.

WILKINS

Perhaps, we should banish Noa back
to her sick bed. I'll continue with
the conference.

He nods to two of his AIDES, who hurry up to Noa and start to
lead her away.

NOA

I'm fine... I said I was fine!

She suddenly SHOVES one of them, sending him flying off the
platform! SHOUTS of alarm sound from the crowd.

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
Get away from me!

Wilkins is at her side in an instant, clamping a hand round her arm.

WILKINS
(hisses)
What do you think you're doing?

She looks up - her eyes flashing RED for a beat before Wilkins realises TEARS are rolling down her face.

NOA
Please... get it out of me! I'll do anything you want...

She starts to SOB. Wilkins blanches - he knows what's happening. He quickly ushers Noa into the waiting arms of two SECURITY GUARDS.

WILKINS
Get her out of here. Now. And get Pryor Webb on the phone.

He looks to Noa, who is now MUMBLING incoherently.

WILKINS (cont'd)
Tell him the problem's made a return appearance.

The Guards nod, escorting Noa from the room. Wilkins turns back to the crowd, trying his best smile.

Confused looks all round - the aide is picking himself up, but the atmosphere has definitely taken a turn as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

15 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - NIGHT 15

Faith is asleep in bed, tucked up safe and warm - until an ALARM starts to blare!

Her eyes snap open and she's out of the bed in moments, bursting out into:

16 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 16

Where Vi, Lori and Jerry emerge from their own rooms nearby. They have to shout over the alarm bells.

FAITH
What's going on?

VI
No idea!

LORI
Tell Dawn to shut that alarm off!
Half the state'll hear it!

FAITH
(calling out)
Dawn? Dawn!

NERDY DAWN O.S.)
Faith?

She turns - Nerdy Dawn has appeared behind her.

FAITH
Dawn, what's -

NERDY DAWN
You need to get down to the old
asylum. Quickly.

She VANISHES, and as Faith casts a frown back at the others, we CUT TO:

17 INT. OLD ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 17

Faith hurries towards a cluster of humans and demons gathered up ahead. Nerdy Dawn hovers anxiously nearby.

NERDY DAWN
I didn't know what to do, they
wouldn't listen to me!

SHOUTS ring out - there's a scuffle in progress, angry cries fly back and forth along with the odd SHOVE.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Hey, hey! Knock it off!

She wades into the crowd, pushing people apart - it's DEMONS on one side and HUMANS on the other, with Carter among the faces, clutching a hand to a bloody cut on his head.

FAITH (cont'd)

The hell's goin' on here?

The ringleader of the demon side, his mouth a mass of blubbery tentacles, steps up:

DEMON

They killed them!

FAITH

Killed who?

CARTER

We didn't do anything!

Vi, Lori and Jerry catch up, helping Faith push the two sides apart. Lori turns to Nerdy Dawn.

LORI

(wincing)

Damn it, Dawn, can't you do something about that -

And the alarm finally STOPS. Dawn smiles weakly.

LORI (cont'd)

(beat)

Thanks.

FAITH

What happened?

DEMON

Murder!

CARTER

It's not - that's not what happened here!

DEMON

Lies!

The demons SURGE forward - and Faith SHOVES the leader back hard. He stumbles into others, toppling like dominoes.

FAITH

(loud)

Everybody, chill!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Anybody takes one step closer and
I'll toss your sorry asses out on
the street!

That works. The mob quietens down.

FAITH (cont'd)
Now. In words of less than three
syllables... who's dead?

CARTER
See for yourself.

He points, and Faith turns - the door to one of the rooms
further down the corridor hangs open. BLOOD pools on the
floor outside.

Faith and Jerry hurry over to investigate, looking inside the
room to see:

Two more DEMONS, butchered in their beds and left sprawled
across the room.

JERRY
(grimaces)
Oh, God...

Carter joins them, followed by a few weeping demons.

CARTER
They were found like this. That's
when all hell broke loose.

He checks his hand, grimacing at the blood.

CARTER (cont'd)
They burst into our room, accusing
Regan of killing them.

JERRY
Where is he now?

Carter steps back, facing off against the demon ringleader.

CARTER
They're keeping him locked up. Said
they're going to have 'justice.'

Faith turns to the demon:

FAITH
I decide what gets called 'justice'
round here.
(beat)
Take me to him. Now.

The demons shuffle away, Faith following:

18

INT. OLD ASYLUM - ROOM - NEXT

18

ON REGAN as he looks up, the door to the room opening as Faith pushes her way past the demons outside.

REGAN

(rising)

It's about damn time! Can you tell these freaks that I had nothing to do with -

FAITH

Shut up.

Regan scowls, sitting back down. Faith shuts the door.

FAITH (cont'd)

Look, I know you're not stupid. You wouldn't try to take out two demons for no reason when you're stuck living with another fifty.

REGAN

So you're gonna get them to back off?

FAITH

Can't do that either. You'd better stay here while I figure this out.

REGAN

What? Why?

FAITH

Because if you're out and who or whatever killed them does it again, then all hell's gonna break loose. I can't have trouble here. We show up on Wilkins' radar, that's it.

Regan HUFFS loudly.

FAITH (cont'd)

Didn't say you had to like it. But it's what we're doing.

REGAN

(nods reluctantly)

Makes sense, I guess. Just clear this up fast, alright? That demon's still out there doing God knows what while we're stuck down here.

She nods, heading for the exit. She throws one last look back at Regan before she closes and LOCKS the door, and we CUT TO:

19

INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS - NIGHT

19

Same staff and equipment, different location - the entire division is now settled into its new place of residence.

PRYOR looks up from a microscope as Noa is frogmarched towards him, two burly Task Force troopers either side.

PRYOR

Ah, good. You're here.

NOA

There's nothing 'good' about me being here.

Pryor nods to the troopers, who leave Noa with Pryor.

PRYOR

I heard about your little incident at the press conference earlier.

NOA

I'm fine.

Pryor shines a mag-lite into her eyes.

PRYOR

That's what we're here to discover.

NOA

I experienced a momentary loss of concentration.

PRYOR

Is that what you're calling it? Because Wilkins seemed to distinctly recall hearing you say 'please, get it out of me, I'll do anything you want.'

He quirks an eyebrow. She deadpans him right back.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Fair enough. I can see why you'd be a little reticent to explain yourself.

He looks over his shoulder, gesturing for WOODS to join them.

WOODS

Yes, sir?

PRYOR

Prepare the Interscope Chamber for Miss DeRubria.

(CONTINUED)

Noa manages to suppress a SHIVER at the name. Woods nods to Pryor and heads away.

NOA

Pryor, seriously, you don't have to go through all -

PRYOR

Actually, I do. And when are you going to listen to what I keep telling you?

He leans in close, lowering his voice:

PRYOR (cont'd)

Don't pretend to be her in front of me. Ever.

He leans back. Noa straightens, body language making a subtle shift - before her eyes GLOW red for a beat.

DARK NOA

As you wish.

PRYOR

Are you going to co-operate with the procedure?

DARK NOA

Do I have a choice?

PRYOR

Not if you want to walk out of here again, no.

(off look)

And you know I can make good on that threat.

Dark Noa SIGHS theatrically, then strides past Pryor in the direction Woods went. Pryor watches her go as we CUT TO:

Faith stands before Vi, Lori, Rachel and Dawn.

FAITH

We've got a regular crisis on our hands here. Lot of spooked demons and hunters with itchy trigger fingers.

LORI

What are we gonna do about it?

VI

We need to separate them.

FAITH

(nods)

Stop anybody having a chance to be alone with anybody else.

(to Dawn)

You're sure nothing got in here?

DAWN

Nothing I could pick up. No forced entry, all the underground access tunnels we've got through the sewers and things are clean too.

RACHEL

What if this is an inside job? It's like you said, lots of fingers on hair triggers down there. Could be someone on either side looking to cause trouble.

FAITH

(shakes head)

Doesn't add up. Why risk having the Task Force come down on us for the sake of a few extra kills?

VI

You remember who we've got boxed up down there? Some of these people invented the old school, Faith. No telling how far they'll go.

FAITH

(sighs)

Alright, what about -

Her radio CRACKLES, before:

ALICE

(filtered; through radio)

Faith? You'd better get down here.

Faith grabs the radio from her belt, thumbing the button:

FAITH

What now?

ALICE

It got someone else.

Faith lowers the radio, cursing silently as we CUT TO:

Faith steps past the onlookers gathered in the doorway, stepping inside the room to find:

(CONTINUED)

Carter, sobbing at Bodie's bedside. Her glassy eyes stare up at the ceiling.

CARTER

She... she wouldn't wake up, so I
thought she was still sleeping off
the pain meds, but... she...

Faith crouches beside him, one sympathetic hand across his shoulders. Carter WEEPS, clutching Bodie's hand.

FAITH

(frowns)

This ain't right.

Carter SNIFFS, looking up at her with tear-stained eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)

Whatever killed those two demons
didn't kill her. Look.

Faith reaches over and turns on a LAMP, casting more light on the scene.

FAITH (cont'd)

There's not a mark on her.

Carter blinks, wiping away the tears - he hadn't realised.

CARTER

But... but how...

Something hits him. He spins round - seeing Rachel in the doorway.

CARTER (cont'd)

You!

RACHEL

What?

He charges towards her with a YELL - Faith just holds him back in time.

CARTER

I told you to watch her! I told you
there could be poison in her
system!

RACHEL

I - I didn't -

CARTER

(snarling)

She's dead because of you!

(CONTINUED)

He angrily shrugs out of Faith's grip, going straight back to Bodie's body.

Faith steps back, leaving him to his grief as she approaches Rachel.

FAITH
Rache, what the hell?

RACHEL
I'm sorry, I... I - we've just had
so much going on, and she was fine -
she was fine!

Faith watches Rachel, who covers her mouth with her hands -
TEARS forming in her eyes.

RACHEL (cont'd)
She was fine...

Faith exhales, stepping past her to address the crowd
gathered outside.

FAITH
Alright, everyone back to their
rooms and stay there. I catch
anyone outside, I'm gonna assume
they're hostile and take them down.

One of Becca's WICCAS steps forward.

WICCA
What are we supposed to do? I mean,
shouldn't we all be -

FAITH
You're supposed to go sit in your
damn rooms until I tell you
anythin' different! Now go!

The crowd hastily disperse. Faith turns to Vi and Jerry. She
glances at Rachel - who has sunk to the floor, her head in
her hands. She CRIES softly as we CUT TO:

Dark Noa is strapped to a device like an oversized electric
chair, thick CABLES running from it to banks of machinery
either side.

PULL BACK and PASS THROUGH a glass viewing partition to find
she's in a sealed chamber, the HUM of an energy field
surrounding it.

Pryor and Woods stand by more monitors and equipment, watching a steady feed of information scrolling down various screens.

PRYOR

Alright, increase the current.

Woods turns a dial - inside the chamber, Dark Noa stiffens, grimacing as if in some discomfort. Pryor speaks into an intercom mic:

PRYOR (cont'd)

I appreciate that this isn't exactly comfortable for you, but if you want Wilkins to let you back out on the streets, you need to stop resisting the process.

DARK NOA

(filtered)

Just make this fast!

Pryor steps back, picking up a long spool of printout and scanning through it.

WOODS

Still not picking up any fluctuations.

PRYOR

Something triggered the suppressed consciousness in there - we need to find the stress levels that allow Noa to come to the surface.

WOODS

Without actually letting her through, though... right?

They exchange a glance.

PRYOR

The Mayor wants to know the darkling's limits. There's been little or no trouble from Noa's personality for over a year now, but these instances of the Darkling temporarily losing control are becoming more frequent. Either Noa's finding new ways to try and retake control of her body...

WOODS

Or the Darkling itself is steadily weakening.

(CONTINUED)

Woods turns the dial up another notch. Within the chamber, Dark Noa mutters a string of CURSES in an unknown dialect.

PRYOR

You know, the data we gather from this session could easily identify several ways to contain, incapacitate or even kill the Darkling...

He looks across to Woods.

PRYOR (cont'd)

... should we ever need to.

WOODS

Absolutely. Sir.

A shared, silent beat of understanding. And then Woods cranks the power up another notch.

INSIDE THE CHAMBER, Dark Noa finally snaps and lets out a loud CRY of pain as we SMASH CUT TO:

Rachel is curled up on Faith's bed, Faith herself perched nearby.

RACHEL

You haven't got to sit with me, you know. I feel bad enough about all this all by myself.

FAITH

New rules. We go everywhere in pairs. Less chance of this thing getting the drop on us that way,
(beat)
And I just want to make sure you're okay. You can deal with this later - right now, somethin' tells me I'm gonna need all hands on deck to find that demon.

There's a KNOCK at the door. She turns - it's Carter, accompanied by Rob.

ROB

Uh, hope this is okay, but he said he had something important to say.

Faith nods, and Carter steps inside. Rachel can't bring herself to look at him - but he stares coldly at her.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

What?

CARTER

There's something we didn't get round to telling you about the demon we're hunting.

FAITH

Which is?

CARTER

What it can do. Why we've had so much trouble tracking it - and why Regan ended up as a murder suspect.

(beat)

It's a shapeshifter.

FAITH

Wait, you mean...

CARTER

(nods)

I mean if that thing's in here, then it could be any one of us.

Faith tries to process this, her mind reeling with a million new problems as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

24 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

24

Faith stands with Dawn, Vi, Rachel, Jerry and Lori.

JERRY

Dawn, you said you couldn't detect
any forced entry to the Asylum - so
is it possible the shapeshifter
walked in here disguised as
somebody else?

She hesitates, glancing round at the others.

FAITH

Dawn?

DAWN

It's... possible.

Vi EXHALES, Jerry rubbing his tired eyes.

JERRY

So Carter's right. Any one of the
hundred people down there could be
that demon in disguise.

DAWN

Or any one of us.

(off looks)

Well, except me, of course.

She glances at Rachel - who blinks, puzzled, before Vi
reaches across and passes a hand STRAIGHT THROUGH Dawn.

DAWN (cont'd)

See? Still Casper-ing over here.

RACHEL

What should we do?

FAITH

We need to work out some kind of
test. A quick an accurate way of
proving people are who they say
they are. Dawn, can you rig
something up like that?

DAWN

Maybe. Let me work on a few things.

She POPS out of sight. Faith turns to the others.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I'm gonna go talk to Regan and Carter, see what else they haven't told us. You guys get to work setting the canteen up.

RACHEL

What do you need?

FAITH

Once Dawn figures out a test, I want to start bringing people up from downstairs in groups no bigger than ten. We sit 'em in the canteen, cuff 'em to the heaviest chairs we've got.

JERRY

What if they say no?

FAITH

Be persuasive.

She moves to leave, but Lori steps up and adds:

LORI

Um, I could go help Dawn, see if there's anything I can do to get this test done quicker?

VI

(to Faith)

Take her down there. I'll talk to the hunters.

Faith hesitates, then nods, beckoning for Lori to follow her. Jerry walks off and Rachel starts to follow, when:

VI (cont'd)

Uh, Rache?

RACHEL

(turns)

What?

VI

You, uh... I mean, can we...

Rachel raises an eyebrow. Vi shakes her head.

VI (cont'd)

Never mind.

Puzzled, Rachel just nods before following Jerry. Vi looks a little frustrated as she marches off down another corridor, and we CUT TO:

25 INT. OLD ASYLUM - ROOM - NEXT

25

Regan is lying back on the bed as Carter shouts:

CARTER
That's everything, I swear!

Vi stares down at him, arms crossed.

CARTER (cont'd)
Look, the only reason we didn't
tell you it was a shapeshifter
before was -

REGAN
Was because we knew it could've
gotten to any of you once it saw
you at the park.

Carter HUFFS - not happy with Regan's call on this one.

VI
We all came back together! How
could it have copied any of us?

REGAN
Coulda sworn each one of you was
out of sight of anyone else for at
least a few hours over the course
of today.

Vi shoots him a look. He pushes himself up, shrugging.

REGAN (cont'd)
Can you honestly say you know where
each and every person on your team
was at any given moment today?

Vi doesn't have an answer, shifting uncomfortably.

CARTER
You said you were fixing up some
kind of demon detector test, right?
(Vi nods)
I'll supply as much intel on the
demon as I can. Maybe that'll help
figure out a way to catch it out.

VI
Thanks.
(to Regan; pointed)
For all the help.

Regan doesn't respond as Vi leaves the room. Carter heads for
a chair, pulling himself up into the seat as we DISSOLVE TO:

26 INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - LATER

26

Faith appears in the doorway, a group of demons behind her chaperoned by Alice and Rob.

The main seating area has been cleared - ten sturdy steel CHAIRS stand in the centre of the room. Each one's been securely fixed to the floor by RIVETS driven through the chair legs.

Rachel checks a SHOTGUN, leaving it with a supply of other WEAPONS on a nearby table.

JERRY

We're all set.

Faith nods, waving for Alice to lead the first batch into the room. Among them are the tentacle-faced demon from earlier.

TENTACLE DEMON

(shaking head)

No. Not doing this first.

ALICE

Come on, Fiffiff. You know this is the only way.

FIFFIFF

No.

(points at Faith)

You first. You and your people.

FAITH

Sit the hell down, man.

JERRY

Actually...

(off looks)

He's got a point. I mean, how are they supposed to trust us to test everyone else if we haven't proven we're all in the clear first?

Fiffiff nods, folding his arms defiantly. Faith HUFFS.

FAITH

Fine. Rache, put a call out for Dawn and Lori. Let's get started.

Rachel nods, glancing at the chairs - and the HANDCUFFS hanging from each as she grabs her radio, and we CUT TO:

27 INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS - INTERSCOPE CHAMBER - NIGHT

27

The pressurised door unseals with a HISS, rising slowly as Dark Noa shakily steps out.

(CONTINUED)

She looks to the waiting Pryor as if expecting him to give her a hand for support - but when one isn't forthcoming, she stumbles out unassisted.

PRYOR

You'll be relieved to know that my tests have been inconclusive.

Dark Noa rubs her neck, stiff and sore after her ordeal.

DARK NOA

And how am I meant to find that news relieving?

PRYOR

We pushed your body's stress levels well past normal tolerances. Whatever's been causing the conflicts between your personality and Noa's, it's not related in any way to physical stresses.

DARK NOA

Meaning?

PRYOR

Meaning, it's a hundred per cent psychological.

Dark Noa looks away, unsure what to make of this.

PRYOR (cont'd)

You're going to have to find some way to communicate directly with Noa's repressed consciousness and force it to stop battling your own.

DARK NOA

And how would you suggest I do that?

Pryor waits for the chamber door to seal with another HISS.

PRYOR

I have absolutely no idea. Darkling psychology would be your department. However, if you'd be willing to let me perform some more tests, I could -

DARK NOA

(quickly)

No!

(calmer)

No more tests. I will deal with this problem myself.

PRYOR
See that you do.

She scowls at him before walking away, still a little unsteady. Woods enters frame, watching Dark Noa leave.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Is it wrong that I took a great deal of satisfaction in that?

WOODS
I'd say that falls within acceptable scientific parameters.

PRYOR
Good.

With a grin, Pryor and Woods exit and we CUT TO:

Faith, Vi, Jerry, Alice, Rob and Rachel are all sitting in the steel chairs - HANDCUFFED to the arms. Regan and Carter are also cuffed, Regan not looking best pleased.

Lori stands with Dawn, and Maiden, Nerdy and Punk Dawns all hover close by.

Lori holds a SCALPEL in one hand, and a pot of a GLOWING substance in the other.

She turns to the group of assembled humans and demons - which includes Becca, Rosie and Fiffiff.

LORI
This is what Dawn and I came up with to test for the demon's presence.

She takes the scalpel and CUTS lightly across her thumb. Holding it over the pot, she waits for a single drop of BLOOD to fall...

... and as it falls into the pot, the liquid within glows a bright GREEN. She holds it up for all to see.

DAWN
We managed to synthesise a substance that reacts to any trace of the shapeshifter's unique DNA.

LORI
We managed to extract some samples from Bodie - the poison the demon left in her system.

Carter bows his head. Rachel glances his way, guilty.

LORI (cont'd)
I got the idea from 'The Thing.'
You know, with Kurt Russell? Hot
copper wire and blood sample?

Blank looks all round. Dawn leans closer to Lori:

DAWN
They don't watch a lot of movies.

BECCA
So one drop of blood, and...

DAWN
Green means no demon, red means -

LORI
If it turns red, I've got one of
these babies ready and waiting.

She tucks the pot under one arm and extends her free hand - a
FIREBALL snaps to life there, hovering over her palm.

LORI (cont'd)
(to Faith)
Ready to start?

FAITH
Let's do this.

Lori reaches down and CUTS Faith's thumb, waiting while a
droplet of blood drips into the pot.

GREEN.

LORI
(grins)
I guess you're okay.

FAITH
Thanks. Wanna get me out of these
cuffs now?

Lori nods to Rosie, who approaches with the keys. She has a
PLASTER over her thumb, showing she's also already been
tested.

Next up is Vi - GREEN. She exhales, Lori WINKING at her as
Rosie uncuffs her.

LORI
You're next, Poppa Bear.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Be gentle.

Lori cuts, blood drips - GREEN.

FIFFIFF

How we know this working?

BECCA

We'll know if one of them turns red.

FIFFIFF

And if none are red?

A few people swap glances. Nobody's planned that far ahead.

ALICE

Keep it moving, Lori. We've got plenty of people to get through.

Lori cuts Alice's thumb - GREEN. Same with Rob. Rosie uncuffs them both as Lori gets to Rachel.

LORI

Ready?

Rachel nods. Lori CUTS - and it's GREEN. Rachel exhales, relieved. Rosie unlocks her cuffs and Lori prepares to move on to test Regan, when:

VI

Wait.

She steps over to Rachel, who rubs her wrists.

VI (cont'd)

I, uh... I wanted to say I was sorry.

RACHEL

For what?

VI

For treating you like something I scraped off my shoe ever since we all came back.

RACHEL

Violet, you don't have to -

VI

(raises hand to stop her)
Yeah, I do. You were right, you know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)
 When you said I was just being a
 grade 'A' bitch towards you because
 you didn't go to as tough a place
 as the rest of us.

Rachel shifts, awkward. The others watch with interest.
 Fiffiff keeps his suspicious gaze on Regan.

VI (cont'd)
 I wanted to blame somebody for what
 happened. You were an easy target.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry.

RACHEL
 It's fine. Really.

VI
 No, it's not.

She extends her hand. Rachel looks down at it.

VI (cont'd)
 Will you forgive me?

Rachel opens her mouth to respond, when:

FIFFIFF
 Red...

Everyone turns. He's pointing at the pot in Lori's hand.

FIFFIFF (cont'd)
Red!

And the liquid is now glowing RED. Vi's eyes bulge as her
 attention snaps back to Rachel:

Who suddenly SWATS her arm across Vi's face, launching Vi
 back into the air!

LORI
 It's her! It's Rachel!

She drops the pot - which SMASHES - as Regan and Carter start
 to YELL, struggling to get out of their chairs!

FAITH
 (to Jerry)
 Get everyone out of here! Now!

The group of onlookers are already stampeding for the exit as
 Jerry follows.

Faith and Alice rush Rachel - her body is already starting to
 SHIFT, features distorting, her slim frame almost BUBBLING as
 it starts to grow!

Rachel lets out a hideous GROWL, her hands twisting and snapping into vicious CLAWS.

Faith has to DUCK under one swing - but the Demon spins and SNAP KICKS Alice square in the chest!

Dark brown skin BURSTS through Rachel's flesh, skin sloughing to the floor as the same hulking creature seen in the park starts to emerge!

Rosie is frantically trying to free Regan and Carter as the Demon SWINGS for Faith again.

CARTER

Don't let it cut you!

Faith LEAPS back as the now fully-formed Demon LUNGES for her. She turns and grabs one of the chairs - and WRENCHES it free from the floor!

The Dawns get between her and the demon, raising their hands and sending a SURGE of energy its way:

But the demon wades through the pulse like it was nothing, marching straight through the Dawns and onto Faith!

Using the chair to hold the Demon back like a lion tamer, she glances behind the thing to see Regan and Carter are now free - and weapons are quickly being dished out.

FAITH

(yells)

How do we kill it?

Regan doesn't reply, scooping his shotgun from the table and reaching into his jacket pocket.

Rosie and Rob try to attack the demon with SWORDS, but they can't cut through its thick hide.

It ROARS, mighty arms SWEEPING left and right to push them both back.

BOOM! The Demon HOWLS and staggers forward - Regan's put a shell just below the creature's neck.

It whirls round to face him - but he just calmly puts his fingers in his ears and crouches down.

FAITH (cont'd)

What the hell are you -

POW! A brilliant blue SHOCKWAVE of energy surges out from the shotgun shell, knocking everyone to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

The Demon stumbles forward another few steps - before its chest EXPLODES outwards, spraying BLOOD and VISCERA across the room!

It CRASHES heavily to the floor, still TWITCHING as it tries weakly to keep moving.

A dazed Faith - ears BLEEDING - looks up as Regan rises - having ducked neatly beneath the shockwave.

REGAN

Specialised ammo. Guggenheim rounds, made by this demon hunter over in Lawrence, Kansas.

He strides up to the dying demon, rolling it onto its back with his boot.

REGAN (cont'd)

Sends a concussive blast through the target from the inside out. All you've gotta do is know where to shoot to hit a weak spot.

(off looks)

Didn't have any last time.

Faith staggers towards the demon, crouching next to it. Its chest rises and falls, but the light is fading from its eyes.

FAITH

Where is she?

The Demon tilts its head to look up at her. Blinks.

FAITH (cont'd)

Rachel. The person you copied. Did you... did you kill her?

DEMON

(deep, rasping voice)

No...

REGAN

You're gonna believe that thing?

DEMON

Wanted to... followed her... found where she lived... but she was gone when I came for her.

FAITH

'Gone'? Gone where?

The Demon COUGHS, breath rattling in its throat. Faith grabs the Demon, SHAKING it.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Answer me! Where is she?

With a final WHEEZE, the Demon goes limp.

FAITH (cont'd)
Damn it!

She PUSHES away from it, rising. She turns to Dawn.

FAITH (cont'd)
Find her.

DAWN
I -

FAITH
Now!

Dawn nods quickly, closing her eyes. Everyone falls silent, watching. After a few moments, she opens her eyes:

DAWN
She's not here. That thing copied her exactly. Same basic physical energy signature, everything. But now it's gone... if she was here, I'd be able to sense her. If she was within fifty miles, I'd be able to pick her up because of her exposure to Gateway particles.

FAITH
What about... if she was dead, would you still be able to -

DAWN
Yes.

VI
So... if that thing didn't kill her...

She looks to the others. They're all already thinking it.

VI (cont'd)
... where the hell is she?

Nobody has an answer as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW