

FAITH

"Save The Freaks"

by
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. POWER DRAIN - NIGHT 1

CLOSE UP on a pair of sneakers, their owner barely a blur as they sprint through the muck and dirty water.

The sprinter quickly turns a corner, SPLASHING water at us.

CLOSE UP on a pair of naked, blue demon feet, doing much the same thing.

2 INT. POWER DRAIN - TUNNEL - NEXT 2

The aforementioned blue DEMON, mostly humanoid and clearly female. Her smooth skin is covered in dark tribal marks, her dignity covered up by dirty rags, her long black hair is matted and filthy.

She runs down a tunnel, her pink eyes glowing with fury. Her lips peel back to reveal a row of very sharp teeth.

3 INT. POWER DRAIN - TUNNEL - NEXT 3

FAITH splashes through the same tunnel - the owner of the aforementioned sneakers.

She glances behind her quickly, her eyes wide with fear as dark SHAPES move along the wall behind her.

She's being chased.

4 INT. POWER DRAIN - TUNNEL - NEXT 4

The demon SNARLS, her eyes glowing BRIGHTER and BRIGHTER as she continues to run.

She comes to a crossroads and moves to go down one tunnel, but is suddenly pulled back by the arm.

She spins, baring her teeth, and finds Faith grasping her arm.

FAITH
Trust me, bad idea.

Pulling the demon away from that tunnel, Faith pulls open a steel access door to her right and pushes the demon inside.

Hearing shouts in the distance, Faith looks about for a moment before following her.

5 INT. POWER DRAIN - ACCESS DOOR - CONTINUOUS

5

The demon and Faith stand next to each other, very cramped and squashed together, so much so they might as well be hugging.

The demon smiles uncomfortably and Faith nods her head in appreciation of the situation.

FAITH

You know, normally I'd ask you to
buy me a drink first...

Despite the situation, the demon chuckles.

DEMON

Funny lady.

FAITH

Yeah... that's me, alright.

Hearing a nearby SHOUT, Faith places a finger to her lips as the demon looks around, her eyes suddenly filled with fear.

6 INT. POWER DRAIN - TUNNEL - NEXT

6

A squad of heavily armed TASK FORCE men storm down the tunnel, guns and flashlights raised in search of their prey.

TROOPER

Corridor 'B' - clear!

TROOPER #2

Copy that, corridor 'B' clear.
Continuing the sweep.

Not finding it, they quickly move on.

7 INT. POWER DRAIN - ACCESS DOOR - CONTINUOUS

7

Faith presses her ear against the door.

FAITH

I think they've gone.

DEMON

I think you right.

FAITH

Do you have any idea how stupid it
is to be hiding in these tunnels?

DEMON

(huffs)
No choice, funny lady.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DEMON (cont'd)
Bad men come and burn home.
Mireshkala and offspring forced to
flee!

FAITH
Miresh-what?

DEMON
Mireshkala. My name.

FAITH
Oh, okay. Mireshkala. I'm Faith.

MIRESHKALA
Faith. Funny lady.

FAITH
(smirks)
Okay.

MIRESHKALA
We heard of you. Slayer of demons,
offer sanctuary. We look for you,
when bad men come again.

FAITH
Luckily, you came up on Dawn's
systems as some kind of blockage
down in these tunnels. You're not
far from the asylum.
(beat)
And you have no idea what I'm
talking about, do you?

MIRESHKALA
Then we go, yes? I find offspring.

FAITH
(blinks)
Offspring?

Faith watches with interest as Mireshkala lifts a huge, steel
drain cover out of the ground and tosses it aside as if it
were paper.

MIRESHKALA
Hide offspring so bad men no find
them.

Faith peers into the drain to see four tiny blue BABY DEMONS,
almost like small lizards, clinging to the sides of the
drain.

Apparently sensing their mother, the children climb out of the drain and crawl up Mireshkala's legs, finally taking refuge around her shoulders.

Faith raises an eyebrow as Mireshkala smiles proudly.

MIRESHKALA (cont'd)
Important they safe until they
strong.

FAITH
We can offer you that. Come on.

Faith leads the way, Mireshkala and her children following quickly behind.

FAITH (cont'd)
What I don't get is you just lifted
that drain cover, which probably
would have squashed the crap out of
me.
(beat)
Why didn't you just fight?

MIRESHKALA
Mireshkala no hurt men. Mireshkala
just want to raise offspring.
Mireshkala just want to... live.

FAITH
(nods; sadly)
Amen to that, Mishke... Mirish -
you know, let's just stick with
'Mish,' okay?

MIRESHKALA
Okay.
(beat)
Funny lady.

And as they disappear down the tunnel, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

9

INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - NIGHT

9

The dining area is full of numerous DEMONS, some of them sleeping in the chairs under blankets, some of them talking, grunting and snarling to each other, some of them not looking too happy to be here.

An old demon COUPLE play chess on a coffee table, while a HORNED DEMON not too far away sings a horrible rendition of 'Anywhere The Wind Blows' in a shrill, high-pitched voice.

Among the refugees, ROSIE is busy talking to a group of teenage girls, and BECCA is tending to the wounds of a HUNTER, who looks in pretty bad shape.

CARTER and REGAN watch the proceedings as Regan smokes, the two hunters keeping up a stoic silence.

ALICE helps an elderly human PATIENT across the room, who looks around at the assortment of creatures as if it were all just some terrible dream.

It isn't long before the Horned Demon is confronted by PUNK DAWN.

PUNK DAWN

I'm telling you, Benny, one more massacred tune and you'll be thrown to the wolves!

HORNED DEMON

I'm bored!

PUNK DAWN

It's better than being dead.
Seriously, my ears hurt, shut up!

HORNED DEMON

(to himself)
Freak.

PUNK DAWN

I heard that!

He grumbles as Punk Dawn moves on to help MAIDEN DAWN and MONK DAWN usher demons towards rooms.

Gathered around a large desk are VI, LORI and JERRY, none of them looking particularly impressed by the noise of the invasion.

Jerry is typing away at a computer, while Vi and Lori are locked in discussion.

(CONTINUED)

VI

We have exactly ten rooms left downstairs, and from what I've heard... word is officially out. Asylum's the place to go.

LORI

Which means trouble all round. I don't think we really thought this through, did we?

JERRY

(not looking up)

You're worried the Mayor will find us?

LORI

I'm good, but I'm not that good. My glammers aren't going to last forever, even with Becca and the others bulking them up. You heap too much of that kind of magic in one place, after a while it starts decaying.

VI

Then there's the... uh, residents, themselves. I had to break up a fight between two Cortish demons yesterday.

(beat)

Have you ever seen a Cortish demon? They're eighty per cent teeth. It wasn't really the highlight of my week.

LORI

(glances at Regan)

Not to mention the fact we have to keep an eye on any hunter that passes through here, seeming they all seem to want to kill anything vaguely non-human.

VI

It's like a circus.

Sighing, Jerry finally looks up.

JERRY

We'll just have to find a way to manage.

The trio cringe simultaneously as Benny the Horned Demon starts singing again, this time an equally awful rendition of Tina Turner's 'I Will Survive'.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)
We can't exactly throw them out on
the street, so I suggest you stop
complaining about it and help us
work through it.

PUNK DAWN (O.S.)
Oh, for God's sake, someone shut
that guy up!

Lori rolls her eyes and carves a symbol in the air with her
hand. Benny the Horned Demon is immediately muted, though he
continues to sing, apparently unaware.

JERRY
(smiles)
See? We can do this.

FAITH (O.S.)
Do what?

The trio turns as Faith approaches them from the crowd,
followed by Mireshkala and her kids.

VI
Get Benny to shut the hell up.

Faith turns and notices the muted demon, nodded her head in
approval.

FAITH
Thank God for that.
(beat)
Uh, guys, this is Mireshkala,
the... 'blockage' Dawn found.

MIRESHKALA
Good people. Good to meet.

LORI
(frowns)
Uh... hi. Are those lizards?

MIRESHKALA
I... no understand.

FAITH
("anyway...")
Let's find Mireshkala and her
offspring a room.

She gives Lori a pointed look and the witch nods in
understanding.

LORI

I'll do it. I promised to find a room for the West Forn clan too. I think there's space in the room we put the Traenals in.

MIRESHKALA

Traenal and West Forn? No same room. They kill each other.

LORI

(beat)

I'll figure something out.
Mireshkala, you're with me.

Lori heads off down a corridor and Mireshkala grins excitedly, hurrying after her.

MIRESHKALA (O.S.)

I help?

JERRY

She's... nice.

VI

Yeah, who thought we'd ever be so multi-cultural.

FAITH

(to Jerry)

Any word on Rachel yet?

The air immediately turns uncomfortable, as Vi turns away and Jerry returns to the computer.

JERRY

No. Dawn and I have been searching all day. She didn't call in sick at work, nobody in her apartment's seen her, not even so much as a text message to say where she is.

FAITH

Keep looking. She was with us right up to when we split up after we first met Regan's crew.

JERRY

Of course.

FAITH

(looking around)

Where is Dawn? I mean... the real one.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Room twenty five. A Slayer got into
it with a Groshna demon.

Sighing, Faith turns and heads off as Jerry continues his
work.

10

INT. ASYLUM - ROOM 25 - NEXT

10

A tall, slimy GROSHNA DEMON is yapping at DAWN in a series of
shrieks and barks, a completely indistinguishable language.

Dawn holds up her hands, frowning.

DAWN

What? Wait, I don't...

Behind her, ANGELIQUE (20), a blonde-haired woman dressed in
torn jeans and a hoodie speaks up in a slight French accent.

ANGELIQUE

Just let me kill it, Casper.

DAWN

(snaps)

Hey! You're not in charge here.

ANGELIQUE

It attacked me.

DAWN

Oh, no it didn't, I saw you! We
have CCTV.

Angelique sighs.

FAITH (O.S.)

Dawn, you okay?

Dawn turns as Faith walks into the room.

DAWN

Just do me a favour? Keep your
little Mini-Me's under control.
This whole thing is a pain in the
ass as it is without Slayers
running around starting fights.

Dawn POPS out of the room, and Faith turns her eyes to
Angelique.

FAITH

Out.

Angelique rolls her eyes but obeys, quickly leaving the room.
Faith turns to the demon.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Won't happen again.

The demon starts to yap at her in its language. Faith frowns, unsure how to react.

INT. TV STUDIO - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE UP on a pair of lips as a hefty amount of glittery lip gloss is applied to them.

PULL OUT to reveal NOA sitting in front of a large mirror, a slight frown on her face as a female MAKE-UP ARTIST leans over her, applying the lip gloss to her already made-up face.

Behind her, a HAIR STYLIST does his job, twisting and curling out her hair. She's being pampered, but she doesn't look too pleased about it.

MAKE-UP ARTIST
And I said, like, I don't think so.
Do I really look like the kind of
girl that would let a dude go there
on the first date?

HAIR STYLIST
Honey, you are the kind of girl
that would do that on the first
date.

MAKE-UP ARTIST
I know, but I don't, like, want
everyone to know that.

Noa grits her teeth, looking just about ready to snap some spines.

NOA
(bluntly)
Excuse me.

She brushes the make-up artist's hand away and reaches for a tissue, promptly wiping the lip gloss off her lips.

The make-up artist glances uncertainly at the stylist, who shrugs his shoulders in response.

MAKE-UP ARTIST
Okay, then. You're all done.

Putting her make-up away, she quickly leaves, crossing paths with ELLEN DEGENERES as the TV host enters the room.

ELLEN
Hey Pete, how's our heroine
looking?

HAIR STYLIST

She's almost done, Miss DeGeneres.

ELLEN

You look great!

Noa smiles thinly. Not very convincingly.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Uh... okay. Well, I'll see you in a half hour and we can get this show on the road.

Noa doesn't respond. Ellen smiles falsely and turns to leave.

ELLEN (cont'd)

Okay, then.

(shakes head)

Thinks she's Paris Hilton. And she was bad enough.

Ellen leaves Noa and Pete to it, as Noa reaches into her pocket to answer her RINGING cell phone.

NOA

Yes?

WILKINS (V.O.)

(filtered; through phone)

Hello cupcake, just checking in before your big show. How are things going?

NOA

Just great.

WILKINS (V.O.)

That's what I like to hear. Just make sure you... behave yourself.

NOA

It's a television interview. Why would I need to worry about 'behaving'?

WILKINS (V.O.)

Oh, no reason. Just wanted to make sure you weren't going to have another of your 'episodes' live on air. That would be bad, as I'm sure you don't need to be reminded.

(beat)

Oh, and can you get me Ellen's autograph?

Noa rolls her eyes and hangs up.

12 INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

12

MAYOR WILKINS hangs up his own phone, carefully considering the conversation he just had. He turns to look at two armed MEN, members of the Task Force.

WILKINS

Make sure that team in California is ready, just in case anything goes wrong.

(beat)

I want an eye kept on her at all times.

MAN

Yes, sir.

And the two of them quickly head out, as the Mayor frowns thoughtfully.

13 INT. ASYLUM - FOYER - DAY

13

A new day, and the only sound comes from Becca and two other WITCHES, who are busy reinforcing Lori's glammers with whispered spells.

Benny the Horned Demon is also present, but he's thankfully asleep in one of the reception chairs, apparently guarded by Rosie, who absently flicks through a magazine next to him.

Vi is sat behind the reception desk, yawning widely as she takes up a position behind the computer. She looks up as Lori and Mireshkala enter.

Mireshkala has a clipboard in her hands and is talking very quickly. Her offspring are asleep, clinging to her shoulders.

MIRESHKALA

And move Foresco tribe far away from Queskor. Foresco eat Queskor brain.

LORI

(grimaces)

Brain. Got it. Nice.

MIRESHKALA

(shakes head)

Not nice seeing.

Lori takes the clipboard from Mireshkala.

LORI

Thanks for your help.

(CONTINUED)

MIRESHKALA

Happy help. Sleep now?

LORI

(smiles)

Yeah.

Mireshkala bows her head and quickly walks away, leaving Lori with Vi.

VI

Everything okay?

LORI

She's a godsend - there's no way I'd remember which species wants to eat who without her! What are you doing?

VI

Just checking some reports. A demon was arrested two blocks away last night.

(beat)

I think it was probably on its way here.

LORI

(sighs)

And Mireshkala was lucky. If Faith hadn't been there, she'd be in a cell too.

VI

We need to do something. We can't risk the Mayor finding us.

She glances across the room to where Becca and her witches are casting spells.

VI (cont'd)

You said yourself those spells aren't going to last forever.

LORI

(sighs)

If we were up against anyone else I'd say we were safe, the amount of spells we're laying out. But from what I've already seen of the Mayor's operation... who knows what kind of mystical resources he has?

VI

Then we need to find some resources of our own.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

VI (cont'd)
There must be something we can do,
we have enough wiccas.

(beat)
I mean, look what Willow did to me
and the others. She changed the
world.

LORI
(shrugs)
I can check some more... uh,
advanced texts. See what I can...

Lori pauses, a slow, confident smile starting to creep across
her face.

VI
What?

LORI
Oh, baby, I'm good.

Lori grins at Vi's confused expression.

Dawn stands near the GATEWAY, apparently paying little
attention to a meeting led by Lori. Faith, Vi, Jerry, Becca
and Alice are listening to what she has to say.

LORI
So this ritual would give us full
control of who can come into the
Asylum and who can see it.

FAITH
How exactly does it work?

LORI
Basically, we would shift the
Asylum into a different time
stream, only about a second behind
everyone else.

ALICE
But what does that mean?

BECCA
It means that no matter how hard
the Mayor looks, he won't ever find
us. Not unless he figures out what
we've done.

LORI
Because, essentially, we won't
exist in his time.

JERRY

And you can do that?

BECCA

(sighs)

It's some pretty serious mojo.

LORI

But there are enough of us. And not to toot my own horn, but I'm a little more advanced than most. So is Becca.

DAWN

It's not safe, though.

Everyone turns to look at Dawn, who seems to have awoken from her reverie.

LORI

(beat)

What do you mean?

DAWN

Messing with time? What if something went wrong? You could land us in the Jurassic period!

LORI

(frowns)

Or, we could not.

DAWN

That kind of magic, combined with such a volatile force like time... you're asking for a serious bitch slapping.

(off looks)

I listened to Willow and Tara a lot, okay? I'm practically an expert.

VI

So it... wouldn't work?

LORI

It would!

DAWN

Look, at the moment the glammers are working. I don't think it's worth risking a ritual like that.

FAITH

I'm with Dawn.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

She gets a few looks for that. Faith shrugs.

FAITH (cont'd)

I know the Gateway can do stuff with time travel - and the first person to even think about asking me how gets a slap - but that doesn't mean we should. Even for this.

JERRY

I have to agree with Faith. What we have in place is working fine so far. We don't need to risk trying anything more... flamboyant.

ALICE

(shrugs)

Sorry.

LORI

(sighs; defeated)

Fine. Whatever.

She storms out of the room. Vi quickly follows her:

15 INT. OLD ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT

15

Vi catches up to the stomping Lori.

VI

(quiet)

You're not gonna try this anyway... are you?

Lori shoots her a look, and Vi's troubled expression says it all as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

16 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - DAY 16

Faith is lying on her bed and staring up at the ceiling, ignoring the various demons and people walking past her open door.

Slowly, she turns and pulls a photograph out from under her pillow, one so torn and battered that it must be well looked at.

CLOSE UP on the photograph, which is one of Faith, Noa and Vi, all grinning, dragging a reluctant PRYOR into frame. Happier days.

ON SCENE as a loud CRASH catches Faith's attention. Sighing, she sits up on her bed and shoves the photograph out of sight.

FAITH
Here we go again...

Someone SHOUTS in an unrecognizable language, followed by a shrill SCREAM.

Faith quickly gets up and heads out the door.

17 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS 17

Faith hurries down the corridor, which is quickly filling up with sounds of flesh hitting flesh, CRASHES and more shouting.

She comes to the end of the corridor and turns, disappearing down another.

18 INT. ASYLUM - CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS 18

Faith pushes through to the cafeteria and stops in her tracks at the sight that meets her. DEMONS, HUNTERS, SLAYERS and WICCAS, shouting, fighting and throwing furniture about.

FOCUS on one conflict, as two demon tribes face off against each other.

One is very tall and giraffe-like, their arms, legs and necks impossibly tall and thin, though otherwise humanoid. The other is very short and stout, dwarf-like and leathery.

A representative from each tribe are arguing, while the others hurl abuse in native languages.

(CONTINUED)

TALL DEMON

And then there was that time in
1863 when your so-called peaceful
people kidnapped our reverend
mother!

STOUT DEMON

Oh, compared to that time you
massacred our holy tribe?

TALL DEMON

For heaven's sake, that was five
hundred years ago! Get over it!

STOUT DEMON

It was our holy tribe, we're not
going to 'get over it!' You get
down here, you giraffe, I'm going
to -

FAITH (O.S.)

Hey! Enough!

Faith quickly intervenes, pushing the little demon away from
the tall one.

FAITH (cont'd)

If you guys are gonna fight, you
can take it outside. You know,
where you'll either be beaten to
death or thrown in a cell.

STOUT DEMON

But -

FAITH

Shut it.

Faith opens her mouth to say something else, but is
distracted by a CRASH, as Angelique and the Groshna demon
land on a table behind her, fighting for dominance.

ANGELIQUE

Get off me, you bitch!

FAITH

(beat)

It's a girl?

Shaking her head, Faith tries to pull the Groshna demon off,
but it rears back, throwing Faith away.

As Faith hits the floor with a THUD, Angelique manages to
free herself, promptly DECKING the Groshna with a solid right
hook.

(CONTINUED)

ANGELIQUE

Yeah!

She leaps on the Groshna's back, as Faith is one again distracted, this time by Alice, who is trying desperately to get a HUNTER to stop beating on Benny the Horned Demon.

Faith hurries forward, grabbing the guy by the scruff of the neck, kicking his legs out from under him and stomping on his chest before he can get back up.

ALICE

Thanks!

FAITH

What the hell's going on here?

ALICE

I think you just said it. Hell.

The two of them look around desperately as all hell literally breaks lose around them, a full-scale riot on their hands.

Faith's gaze falls on Regan, leaning casually against the wall and not getting involved. He shrugs - not my problem.

FAITH

(dark)

Go find the others.

Alice nods and hurries away as Faith gets stuck in.

Turning back to Angelique and the Groshna, Faith pulls Angelique off the demon and BACKHANDS her.

ANGELIQUE

Ow! What are you doing?!?

Faith answers with another PUNCH, sending the Slayer sprawling to the floor. The Groshna laughs, but Faith turns and lays her out with a PUNCH as well.

Leaping over a table, Faith pulls two HUNTERS away from each other, and KICKS a demon out of her path before continuing.

FAITH

Hey!

Yelling at the nearest warring faction, Faith tries to get their attention but they completely ignore her.

She grabs one of the demons roughly, but he KICKS out at her, freeing himself.

FAITH (cont'd)

Oh, for the love of -

(CONTINUED)

MIRESHKALA (O.S.)

Help now?

Faith turns to look at Mireshkala as she emerges from the fighting crowd, looking around in disbelief. Her kids are nowhere to be seen.

FAITH

What do you mean?

MIRESHKALA

I make them stop?

FAITH

(beat)

How?

Mireshkala shrugs and climbs on top of a table. Her eyes being to GLOW, much like when we first saw her.

MIRESHKALA

Cover eyes.

Faith frowns, but obeys just in time as a WAVE of BLINDING LIGHT erupts from Mireshkala's eyes and the markings on her skin!

The flash is enough to completely stun the crowd, all of whom cry out, grabbing at their eyes as the light fades away.

MIRESHKALA (cont'd)

Done.

Faith removes her hands and looks around at the crowd, who are now more concerned about their eyes than fighting with each other.

Faith looks at Mireshkala in disbelief.

FAITH

Where the hell did that come from?

MIRESHKALA

Mireshkala born of light.

Faith nods in appreciation, and climbs up on the table next to her to address the crowd.

FAITH

(shouting)

Okay! Consider this your first and last warning, every single one of you. I see anything like this again you can pack your bags and get the hell out.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

This is meant to be a sanctuary. A safe place. Not somewhere for you to play out your grudges and rivalries!

(beat)

You all have exactly one minute to get back to your rooms and stay there.

Mireshkala immediately turns and starts to hurry away.

FAITH (cont'd)

Not you, Mireshkala.

The blue demon stops and turns back.

FAITH (cont'd)

(to the crowd)

Move!

Immediately, the crowd separates, all of them heading off in various directions as fast as possible. Faith watches the stampede with a look of exasperation.

VI (O.S.)

What happened?

Faith turns as Vi, Rosie, Lori and Jerry enter the cafeteria.

ROSIE

I saw Benny with one hell of a cut on his -

FAITH

Fight broke out. This was... stupid. This whole thing. Even keeping 'em divided up down in the old asylum, they're just looking out for themselves.

JERRY

What did you expect?

MIRESHKALA

Some of tribes been fighting for long time. They never stop.

FAITH

Did you see how it started?

MIRESHKALA

No. Just eating porridge.

FAITH

(sighs)

Let's see if there's any wounded. I laid a couple of guys out.

(CONTINUED)

The others obey, but Mireshkala stays with Faith.

MIRESHKALA

What we do?

FAITH

I don't know.

MIRESHKALA

I find out who started fight.

FAITH

Thanks.

Faith smiles as Mireshkala hurries away. But it's not quite a genuine one. She looks back round the cafeteria.

FAITH (cont'd)

(to herself)

Could really use your help right
now, Rache...

Absently rubbing her sore knuckles, we leave her and CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - DAY

PAN ACROSS an audience as they clap and cheer enthusiastically over theme music. Very over the top.

FOCUS on the stage, where Noa is sat next to Ellen. Camera men and crew are everywhere. A PRODUCER raises his hand.

PRODUCER

Okay, and we're set. Live in three,
two, one.

The clapping and the cheering gets louder as the cameras start rolling. Noa pastes a sweet smile on.

ELLEN

Hi! And welcome to this special
live edition of the 'me' show. I'm
joined today by the nation's
favourite blonde, apart from me of
course, Noa DeRubria!

More clapping and cheering, to which Noa gives a dazzling smile.

NOA

Thank you, thank you.

Ellen waits for the applause to die down before she turns to Noa, ever the genial host.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

Now, of course you're here to plug your much anticipated documentary on the inner workings of the Task Force currently cleaning up the mean streets of New York City...

She pauses - APPLAUSE and CHEERS ring out from the crowd. Noa nods, mock graciously, as Ellen nods towards her audience.

ELLEN (cont'd)

(to crowd)

I know, right? Good work. Anyway, the documentary's titled 'Like No Other Task.'

(beat)

What was it like filming with Michael Moore?

NOA

It was a real honour. You know, it's Michael Moore!

The audience LAUGH - on cue.

NOA (cont'd)

I think it's important that the public know what we do and how we do it, so they can trust that we're looking after them. Michael was...

Noa looks around for a moment, dazed, as if she forgot what she was saying.

ELLEN

Wow, he was that good, huh?

The audience LAUGHS again, and Noa turns back to look at her, smiling.

NOA

Uh, sorry, Michael was very professional as you'd expect, and I think the public are really going to respond well to what they see.

ELLEN

So this 'demon' stuff is still a bit new and crazy to everyone. How long have you been fighting demons? It's not exactly a job in Burger Queen!

NOA

(snaps)

What would you know about it?

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

(beat)

I'm... sorry?

NOA

You pathetic fleshy wormbabies have
no concept of what it means to
fight a demon with your bare
hands...

Ellen glances at the Producer, who waves his hand, indicated
a cut to commercial break. Ellen nods discreetly.

FOCUS on the camera screen as it turns away from Noa to focus
entirely on Ellen.

ELLEN

Okay then, I think Miss DeRubria's
had a bit too much caffeine. That's
what happens here when people leave
you in a dressing room for four
hours.

Uncertain laughter from the crowd.

ELLEN (cont'd)

We'll be right back after this
commercial break. Don't go
anywhere!

ON SCENE as the cameras stop rolling.

Ellen quickly gets off her chair and backs away as Noa stands
up, her eyes FLASHING RED!

ELLEN (cont'd)

Okay, maybe a little worse than
Paris Hilton.

NOA

Who do you think you are?

Noa steps towards Ellen, but in a blink she's grabbed by each
arm by two armed TASK FORCE team members.

NOA (cont'd)

What are you doing?

They're quickly joined by two others, who quickly start to
drag Noa off stage.

NOA (cont'd)

Get off me! Don't you know who I
am? I'm Noa DeRubria! You can't do
this to me!

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: (3)

19

PAN ACROSS the audience as they watch on in shock. They start to glance at each other uncertainly.

20 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - DAY

20

Faith, Jerry, Vi, Dawn, Lori, Mireshkala and Rosie are gathered in the staff room, most of them looking a little beaten up.

Regan is sat in a chair in front of them, staring them out. Carter hovers by the door.

REGAN

I told you, I didn't do anything.

VI

Five different witnesses say you attacked Benny unprovoked. Which led to a full scale riot.

FAITH

In our cafeteria, of all places.

DAWN

We were serving yams today, too. You know how much people look forward to that?

REGAN

Yeah, according to her.

He points at Mireshkala, who frowns.

MIRESHKALA

I no lie. I asked many, they say same thing.

DAWN

Look, we understand you wanting to hurt Benny. We all want to hurt Benny. But you can't just attack him because he's annoying.

(beat)

Unfortunately.

JERRY

It took us all day to calm this place down.

LORI

You know? This place we're trying to make as inconspicuous as possible?

CARTER

Dude... just tell them.

(CONTINUED)

Regan shoots him a look. Carter nods.

REGAN
Alright, fine. It was me.

FAITH
I knew it.

REGAN
But I didn't start a fight just for
the hell of it.

LORI
What do you mean?

REGAN
He's planning on selling us out to
the Mayor. Giving away our
location.

VI
How can you know that?

REGAN
I've seen him.
(nods to Carter)
We've seen him.

Carter pushes away from the doorway, joining the group.

CARTER
He's been making suspicious calls
when he thinks he's alone. We don't
know who he's speaking to or what
intel he's managed to leak so far.

FAITH
You got any proof?

REGAN
That's what the fight was about. I
was trying to create a diversion
while Carter snatched his phone...

Regan looks to Carter. He holds up his hands apologetically.

CARTER
Turns out my pickpocketing skills
aren't what they used to be.

REGAN
Anyway, apparently I offended his
cousin's tribe somehow, and then
before I knew it the whole room was
trying to kill each other.

(CONTINUED)

Vi reaches into her pocket and pulls out a cell phone, showing it to him.

VI

I have a cell phone too. So does Jerry. Doesn't mean we're having secret phone calls with the Mayor.

REGAN

I know what I've seen, okay? If we'd managed to get that phone, you'd have your proof.

CARTER

Of course, now you know there's nothing to stop you just walking into his room and taking it...

FAITH

You know what I think? I think it's you that's trouble, and you're just making excuses so we don't kick you the hell out.

(beat)

Get back to your rooms. Now.

REGAN

You're not even going to -

FAITH

You let me handle this. Go.

Shaking his head in disbelief, Regan gets up and leaves. Carter follows. The gang look to Faith.

FAITH (cont'd)

Come on. It's Benny. Guy may be trying to kill every song we ever liked, but he doesn't have it in him to get us all killed.

She rubs her shoulder, looking like she needs several good nights' sleep.

FAITH (cont'd)

And we still don't have a clue where Rachel is. Either that shapeshifter was lying and it did kill her, or...

VI

Or we've got nothing. We all know, Faith. We all want to find her.

FAITH

Do you?

(CONTINUED)

VI

(blinks)

Excuse me?

FAITH

(shrugs)

We've all seen how you've treated
her since she got back. Not exactly
the actions of a concerned citizen.

VI

(caught)

I... I didn't - she's not -

LORI

(sharp)

That's enough.

FAITH

(exhales)

Damn right, it is.

And with that, she turns to leave. Something CRASHES out in
the hallway, followed by a SHOUT.

FAITH (cont'd)

(sighs)

That's it. I'm going to Vegas.

As she slouches outside, we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

21 INT. ASYLUM - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

21

Dawn is stood near the Gateway, her eyes narrowed and her head tilted as if listening to something in the distance.

She looks up as Faith, Alice and Rosie enter, finishing off a conversation.

ROSIE

And I managed to stop Arslen... you know, that slimy thing from Queens, from tearing Angelique's head off. Stuck up bitch didn't even...

She trails off, the Slayer's eyes lighting up with wonder as she takes in the spectacle of the Control Room.

ROSIE (cont'd)

Woah...

ALICE

(grins)

Yep, that's what most people say.

ROSIE

Probably best to keep them apart for a while, anyway.

FAITH

(shakes head)

I'm gonna do better than that. Dawn?

DAWN

Hey, what's up? Apart from the obvious, I mean. It's like 'Big Brother' up there, only with more teeth. Oh, and before you ask, no, still no more word on Rachel. I'm doing everything I can to -

Faith raises a hand to cut her off.

FAITH

I want these guys gone. Or at least most of them. We can't keep on top of who wants to kill each other, and if this carries on I'm gonna end up just handing myself over to the Task Force to get it over with.

DAWN

Okay...

(CONTINUED)

ALICE

Faith thought it might be a good idea to use the Gateway.

DAWN

(catching up)

You wanna stash 'em somewhere?

FAITH

(nods)

If we can find enough non-hostile dimensions, we can make sure all the refugees end up somewhere where they're not gonna fight, and if we need to we can bring them back in a blink.

DAWN

'If we need to'?

ROSIE

If we're found, wouldn't you want that rabble fighting on our side? After what they tried to do to each other?

DAWN

Like an instant army.

(nods)

I'll see what I can do.

FAITH

Alice, if you can get started, I'm gonna need Dawn for a sec.

(points to filing cabinets)

Records of every place we've ever been to through the Gateway are in there. Get us some places to start checking out.

ALICE

On it.

FAITH

(to Rosie)

I need you to stay upstairs and keep an eye out for bloodshed.

(beat)

Vi's out looking for Rachel again, so you're in charge of the general pop.

ROSIE

What are you going to do?

21 CONTINUED: (2)

21

FAITH
(smirks)
Me and Dawn are gonna make a prank
call.

Dawn grins back at her before we CUT TO:

22 INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS - CHAMBER ROOM - NIGHT

22

There's no light at all until a door is pushed open and light
spills into this small, clinical room.

It's the INTERSCOPE CHAMBER that Dark Noa was sealed inside
before, ready for the girl herself to make an appearance.

The lights flick on as PRYOR enters, followed by the Mayor.
Both men examine the chamber.

WILKINS
And you're certain it will hold
her?

PRYOR
It's reinforced to contain the
mystical equivalent of a nuclear
bomb. The Darkling's energies will
be completely contained.
(beat)
And once she's inside, we'll be
able to run any manner of tests on
her physical and mystical
qualities.

WILKINS
Good. Let's get her in, then.

He turns to the door where two Task Force members drag a
barely-conscious Noa into the room. Pryor frowns.

PRYOR
What did you do to her?

TASK FORCE MEMBER #1
We had to sedate her, sir.
Perylistine.

The Mayor glances at Pryor questioningly.

PRYOR
It's a highly advanced mystical
sedative. It would have temporarily
paralyzed the Darkling's
consciousness, and therefore its
control over Noa's body.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor kneels down in front of Noa and forces her to look at him, peering into her eyes, which are blank and out of focus.

PRYOR (cont'd)
However, it's starting to wear off.
Inside, please, before she regains
control.

Pryor gets to his feet and presses his hand against a pad on the side of the chamber.

The door promptly swings open, allowing the men to drag Noa inside and dump her into the waiting CHAIR.

Once they've fastened the restraints, they walk back out. The door SLAMS shut as the men exit.

WILKINS
What do you think you can do for
her?

The Mayor peers inside the chamber as Pryor examines a number of buttons on the side of the chamber.

PRYOR
Based on the data we took from her
last test, there are a number of
theories we can test on her, try
to... silence Noa. But most of them
are very experimental.

WILKINS
(nods)
If it can't be done, then you know
what must happen. Extreme measures
are necessary, Mr. Webb. I can't
have her getting out of hand.
(beat)
If you can't cure her, then you
kill her. Do you understand?

PRYOR
(beat)
Yes, sir.

The Mayor peers into the chamber one more time.

WILKINS
(sighs)
Sorry, cupcake. But you're not
exactly leaving me with a basket
full of options out here.

And as he leaves, Pryor takes his place to look inside the chamber.

(CONTINUED)

His hands move over the controls - turning the DIAL that increases the power of the chamber's containment field. As the HUM starts to build in volume, CUT TO:

23 INT. SPECIAL PROJECTS - INTERSCOPE CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS 23

CLOSE UP on Noa's eyes, as they narrow, searching wildly for something to focus on.

PULL OUT as she cries out, arching her back and struggling within the restraints round her wrists and ankles.

NOA

What... what are you doing to me?

Her head drops, hair falling over her face. She slowly lifts it, baleful RED EYES glowering. She spots Pryor looking in through the glass and ROARS:

NOA (cont'd)

What are you doing?

PRYOR

How was California?

She GROWLS, her voice dropping several octaves to a deep, guttural pitch for a moment.

NOA

That was a temporary...

She pauses, unable to find the words.

NOA (cont'd)

Let me out. Now.

PRYOR

We both know I can't do that.

She looks at him pleadingly, her eyes searching his and welling with tears. This doesn't look like Dark Noa.

NOA

Pryor, please... just let me go. We used to be friends. Just open the door.

PRYOR

(beat)

Did you really think that would work, Ereshkigal? Noa might be trying to gain control, but she doesn't have it yet. I can tell that from right here.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)
And if you thought it would have
made a difference, you're wrong.
Get comfortable.

Noa's eyes FLASH red, as Pryor disappears from view. The
HUMMING grows louder - he's turning up the juice.

NOA
(rages)
Your brain cannot even conceive the
punishments I will bring down on
you for this insolence! Let me out
of here now, and I may yet allow
you the use of your legs!

She ROARS, viciously THRASHING within the restraints, beating
the chair with everything she's got. It doesn't even budge.

NOA (cont'd)
Let me out! Let me out!

And with one final SLAM, she SCREAMS in fury as we CUT TO:

Jerry is typing away at the reception computer. He glances up
as Rosie and Mireshkala enter.

JERRY
Hey. How's the World's Circus?

ROSIE
Got them all stashed down in the
old asylum, like you asked. Lori's
got the wiccas throwing up new
glamours on all the windows, just
in case.

JERRY
Hopefully I can finish this
cataloguing now I can hear myself
think.

Mireshkala peers over his shoulder, squinting her eyes at the
screen.

MIRESHKALA
It 'h-e-n-s-o-u' demon, no 'h'.

He frowns. Then starts tapping 'Delete.'

ROSIE
(smirks)
Spoke too soon.

LORI (O.S.)
Hey.

The trio turn as Lori enters.

LORI (cont'd)
Who's up for Chinese? I'm starved.

JERRY
(beat)
We're in hiding.

LORI
I can go get it. I know how to not
be seen.

JERRY
Not really a good idea at the
moment. We need all hands on deck
with Vi out, no Rachel and Faith
and Dawn tied up.

LORI
Where are they?

JERRY
I don't know. Faith had an idea,
they disappeared about ten minutes
ago.

LORI
(beat; realising)
How long will they be?

ROSIE
You can't be that desperate for the
Pink Dragon's slime.

Lori gives her a look.

JERRY
I don't know. Why?

LORI
No reason.

Jerry returns to his work, with Mireskala peering once more
over his shoulder. Lori smiles, a contemplative look coming
over her face.

Becca is stood on a chair, running her hands over the frame
of the window as it SPARKS, a soft silver GLOW emanating from
her palms as she chants under her breath.

An annoyed Angelique sits on the bed frowning at Becca, an
unread but open novel in her hands.

ANGELIQUE

Are you going to be here all day?

BECCA

The more you interrupt me,
Frenchie, the longer I'm gonna be.

ANGELIQUE

(glares)

I'm Québécois.

BECCA

Still francophone. Now shh.

She continues her work, but is interrupted once more as Lori hurries into the room.

LORI

Hey, you need to come with me.

Becca sighs and turns to look at her.

BECCA

Seriously, it's taken me twenty
minutes longer than it should have
to cast this glamour. Can you
people not just let me do my work?

LORI

This is important. Faith and Dawn
are out of the way, now's the time.

BECCA

(sighs)

For what?

LORI

The displacement ritual.

BECCA

They said no.

LORI

What they don't know doesn't hurt
them.

(beat)

Come on, you know we can do it.
It's the only way we're gonna keep
this place safe.

Becca shakes her head, unsure.

ANGELIQUE

Will you please just agree to the
stupid plan and get out? I'm trying
to read!

(CONTINUED)

BECCA
 (scoffs)
 Oh, come on, it's 'Misery'! You
know how it ends.

And with that, the two witches exit, leaving Angelique with her book. She stares at it for a beat - then tosses it aside with an aggrieved HUFF before we CUT TO:

The room is empty except for Faith and Dawn, Faith busy punching a number into the phone while Dawn stands nearby.

FAITH
 You sure you can do this?

DAWN
 Despite how sick this is? Totally.
 I pranked Buckingham Palace once in
 the Queen's voice.
 (beat)
 I was on my own here for eighteen
 months. Had to pass the time.

FAITH
 And it works how?

DAWN
 Think of the Gateway as a gigantic
 transmitter/receiver. It picks up
 every kind of frequency in the area
 - man-made, energy, mystical,
 whatever. I can tap into those,
 listen in, and communicate back
 down the same lines. Once I have a
 channel open, I can modulate the
 frequencies any way I like, so I
 can sound like anybody I want.

FAITH
 (shrugs)
 I flunked science, dropped out of
 school. I'm gonna take your word
 for it.

She hits the speaker button and the two of them wait as the phone RINGS.

VOICE (V.O.)
 Hello?

DAWN
 (in Rachel's voice)
 Hey, Scott. It's me.

Faith reacts at how flawless the impersonation is.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - SCOTT'S DESK - NIGHT

SCOTT stops focusing on his work and pushes his chair back from his desk, smiling uncertainly.

SCOTT
(into phone)
Hey. Uh... hi.

DAWN
How are you?

SCOTT
I'm... good, thanks. What can I do for you?

DAWN
Do? I'm just seeing how you are. You know, because we're kind of trying to, uh...

SCOTT
Rachel, it's okay. I get it. I know you're only trying to get information. You don't have to pretend you actually still like me.
(sighs)
What do you need?

Dawn glances at Faith, the pair of them recognizing Scott's guilty tone.

DAWN
I need your professional opinion on something. Remember that guy I asked you to pull the records for the other week?

SCOTT
Oh, uh, Esteban Regan, right? Wanted for murder?

DAWN
That's him.
(beat)
Do you think he did it?

SCOTT
Excuse me?

DAWN
Just being thorough. Please.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

I'm not sure I understand -

DAWN

Scott, come on. We... we're in a position to do something about this guy if he's guilty. We just need to be sure. I didn't get enough intel first time round to make that call.

SCOTT

Alright, alright, let me see what I can pull up.

(beat)

So... how are you?

Once more, Dawn and Faith glance at each other. Dawn turns away sadly.

DAWN

I'm good...

SCOTT

(smiles sadly)

Good. I mean...

(beat)

Oh.

DAWN

What is it?

Scott scrolls the file on his computer down, looking at the screen in interest.

SCOTT

They've come up with some pretty hardcore DNA evidence linking him to that girl's murder in Jersey. Not a recovered weapon, but evidence left at the scene.

DAWN

Are you sure?

SCOTT

I'm as sure as these CSI nerds' lab report can make me.

DAWN

And there's no way it could have been someone else?

SCOTT

Not looking likely. These labs are usually pretty accurate.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT (cont'd)
Rache, this guy's dangerous. Please
tell me you're not going after him.
At least not without Faith and the
others for backup.

DAWN
Uh... no. Just keeping an eye on
things. You know how it is, Task
Force and everything.

SCOTT
I don't know what you're up to,
but... please be careful.

DAWN
Sure. I'll uh, see you around.

Dawn looks to Faith, who nods.

END INTERCUT:

The phone goes dead before Scott can respond. He looks down
at the receiver as it DIAL TONES back at him, concerned.

Faith removes her hand from the phone and looks to Dawn, both
of them wearing dark expressions.

FAITH
Son of a bitch.

DAWN
What do we do?

FAITH
We need to be sure. If he's getting
away with murder... trust me, I
know that's no way to live.
(beat)
I need to have me a little talk
with our friend Regan.

Faith turns and storms out the room. Dawn glances sadly back
at the phone before POPPING out of existence, as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

29 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

29

Across the street from the diner Rachel works at, Vi hides in the shadows of an alleyway, peering across the short distance.

A number of waitresses pass by the windows, but none of the bored, over-worked young women are Rachel.

Sighing, Vi pulls out her cell phone. CLOSE UP on the phone as she selects 'Rachel H' from her contacts list.

Putting her phone to her ear, Vi waits for several moments before hanging up.

VI
(to herself)
Where are you?

LORI (PRELAP)
Where are you?

30 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - NIGHT

30

Lori glares up at the door as Becca hurries into the room, a box of supplies in her arms. Becca gives her a look.

BECCA
You need to stop hurrying me,
Elphaba. I just convinced my entire
coven to put their lives on the
line for your ritual, so how about
you don't piss me off?

LORI
I'm sorry, but we don't have a lot
of time. If Dawn or anybody else
figures out what we're doing...

The two witches head towards the Gateway, where Becca's coven are waiting. Thirteen WICCAS all together.

LORI (cont'd)
Now let's get this show on the
road.

Reaching into Becca's box, Lori passes a large white candle to each of the witches as Becca sets a dish in the centre of their circle, full of weird and wonderful ingredients.

Once they're done, the girls take their place in the circle, the Gateway looming over them.

(CONTINUED)

BECCA

Is everyone ready?

Receiving affirmative murmurs, Becca turns to look at Lori. The redhead smirks and all the candles LIGHT THEMSELVES simultaneously.

LORI

*Vicis ego compello vos ut parvulus
sapiens lacuna.*

BECCA

*Temerarius per prolixus auditurus
esse. Ego narro lacuna formidonis
quod tripudium.*

WICCAS

(together)

Nos precor vos.

The mixture in the dish beings to SMOKE lightly, a golden haze sizzling in the air above it.

LORI

*Nos quaeso obduco. Nos quaeso
verum.*

WICCAS

*Nos quaeso vicis quod verum ut
exsisto propono.*

The dish SPARKS and a few of the Wiccass flinch uncertainly, but the ritual continues, energy starting to CRACKLE along the Gateway.

WICCAS (cont'd)

*Tribuo nos sententia. Tribuo nos
tutela.*

Energy EXPLODES from inside the Gateway, soaring into the air and swirling around the circle of witches like a terrible whirlwind!

The Wiccass look about fearfully but can't seem to move, held in place by their own magic.

LORI

Keep focus! We've done the hard
part! We -

She SCREAMS as a CUT appears along her cheek. The energy begins to ravage her, tendrils of power seeping into her pores.

BECCA

Lori...

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED: (2)

30

LORI
It's okay, it's working!

31 EXT. ASYLUM - CONTINUOUS 31

A shot of the asylum, as it slowly starts to FADE away as if becoming invisible.

LORI (V.O.)
*Tribuo nos sententia. Tribuo nos
tutela!*

DAWN (V.O.)
Enough!

32 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 32

As suddenly as the energy appeared it SHOOTs back inside the Gateway, throwing the witches off their feet and onto the floor. HARD.

Dawn appears amidst the vortex of energy, her hair flying about, her eyes GLOWING dangerously. Lori looks up at her, a hand trying to protect her eyes from the intense light show.

33 EXT. ASYLUM - CONTINUOUS 33

A shot of the asylum, as it slowly starts to FADE back into existence. As if nothing ever happened.

34 INT. OLD ASYLUM - GATEWAY ROOM - CONTINUOUS 34

The energy dies down, being pulled back into the Gateway entirely.

Dawn's features return to normal as the power leaves, and one by one all her variations POP into the room; Punk Dawn, Maiden Dawn, Monk Dawn, NERDY DAWN, LIBRARIAN DAWN, SLUTTY DAWN and BLONDE DAWN. There are also new variations GEISHA DAWN, HIPPIE DAWN and NURSE DAWN.

They stand in a circle around the fallen Wiccass, and none of them look happy. The Wiccass are understandably intimidated by the show.

DAWN
What the hell did you think you
were doing, you selfish,
immature... losers?!?

LORI
We were doing something that would
have kept us protected
indefinitely, and it was working!

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

We agreed not to. Did you really think I wouldn't be able to feel you tapping into the Gateway?

BECCA

(sighs)

We were hoping you wouldn't notice until it was too late.

DAWN

You could have killed us all.

(beat)

I'm telling Faith. You are so busted.

She POPS out.

LORI

Then maybe I'll tell Faith what you did.

A beat. Dawn REAPPEARS, her eyes narrowed.

DAWN

What I did?

Lori smirks victoriously. She reaches into her pocket - producing a small white BOX with cables trailing from it. Dawn's eyes bulge.

LORI

You know what this is?

Dawn is silent.

LORI (cont'd)

One of the bugs Wilkins' people put in this place after everyone got arrested. Faith thought she'd got them all, and you said you couldn't find any more...

She starts tossing it from hand to hand.

LORI (cont'd)

But you missed one, didn't you?

PUNK DAWN

She's really looking for an ass kicking isn't she?

HIPPY DAWN

Chill out. Violence never solved any of our real problems.

(CONTINUED)

LORI

You say anything to Faith about this, I'll make sure she knows that you're not exactly the squeaky clean little Summers spectre.

Dawn stares at Lori for a moment, her expression crushed. She POPS out of view, followed by all the other Dawns except Punk Dawn and Maiden Dawn.

PUNK DAWN

Bitch.

She disappears.

MAIDEN DAWN

You have no decorum, do you Lori?

LORI

I do what I can. To protect the people I care about. Something you should think about more often.

Maiden Dawn disappears, leaving Lori with the Wiccass. They all look at her and begin to get up and leave.

LORI (cont'd)

Where are you going? She won't stop us trying again after that.

BECCA

I think we've had enough.

LORI

What?

(beat)

But... Becca, come on. I can't do this by myself.

Becca turns back to look at her as her coven exit the room.

BECCA

Maybe that's a good thing.

Lori sighs as Becca leaves too. She kicks over her magical dish in frustration, spilling its contents over the floor.

Faith walks along the sidewalk, her hands in her pocket. Regan walks alongside her, glancing around cautiously.

REGAN

Are you sure it's safe to be out?

FAITH

Yeah. Stick to the shadows, we'll be fine.

(beat)

Thanks for coming with me. Figured I'd need backup, but I need the others to stay at the Asylum.

REGAN

(smiles)

Sort out the chaos.

FAITH

You got it. Been a crazy couple weeks.

REGAN

I know what you mean.

FAITH

Bet you do.

REGAN

(beat; frowns)

What's that supposed to mean?

FAITH

I've killed too, you know. People. It happens.

(beat)

There was also a time where I kind of lived for it. I thought I was above people, that I could do anything I wanted.

REGAN

(exhales)

This again? Look, I told you -

FAITH

I know what you told me, but you're a liar. The police found DNA evidence proving you're the killer.

REGAN

And I told you, the demon we were hunting could've just -

FAITH

We gonna keep playing it this way?

(beat)

I know how this works. Ordinary people, they don't understand what we do. Can't. Sometimes... they get in the way.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Leave their house at the wrong
time, take a shortcut down the
wrong alley...

REGAN
What are you trying to say?

FAITH
I'm trying to say I know how easy
it is for someone innocent to walk
right into your sights while you're
on a job. To get themselves dead
because they were too oblivious to
look where they were going.
(beat)
It happens. I get that better than
anyone. You know that.

Faith turns to Regan, staring him down. Daring him to keep
lying. After a long moment, he sags, sighing heavily.

REGAN
It was an accident. This girl,
she... she just showed up, right
when we had the thing cornered, and
when it saw the open door, it...
(beat)
She was between it and the exit. It
ran, all I had was my knife, so I
took the shot...

He runs a hand over his head. Painful memories.

REGAN (cont'd)
I hit her. She went down, it
skipped right over her and got
away. There wasn't anything I could
do.

FAITH
Did you try?

REGAN
Did I try and save her? Of course I
did! I'm not a monster.
(beat)
But she bled out in seconds. I hit
an artery. No way I could've helped
her.

FAITH
Your buddies know about this?

REGAN
Yeah. They saw it, knew it was an
accident. Bodie, she...
(MORE)

REGAN (cont'd)
she said we should run. Knew
nobody'd believe it wasn't us.

FAITH
I know. I've been there. If there's
anyone here who can help you - who
understands what you're going
through, it's me.

REGAN
You can help get them off my back?

FAITH
(beat)
What?

REGAN
I have to live with what I did.
Every day, every night. Nothing's
gonna change that. But I can't kill
demons from a prison cell.

FAITH
And you figure you're doing enough
good to make up for the girl you
killed?

REGAN
I figure I might. Given time.

He nods, relieved that she's on his level. Regan walks away
to continue the patrol.

Faith's look of vague hope quickly fades, and she looks after
him with an expression of distaste and suspicion.

FAITH
Yeah... time.

CLOSE UP on a pair of sprinting boots as they run through
scattered trash puddles.

CLOSE UP on two pairs of sneakers as they sprint through the
same.

ON SCENE as a female VAMPIRE reaches a crossroads in a
labyrinth of alleyways. She turns right and left, frantic,
before making a hasty decision and turning left.

Just as Faith arrives on scene, just catching sight of the
vampire fleeing. She waits for a moment as Regan catches up.

Wheezing, he bends over and tries to catch his breath, as
Faith stares straight ahead.

REGAN
(short of breath)
I didn't... know... Slayers...
could run so... fast!

FAITH
Sanya Richards wants to watch her
medal.

REGAN
Did you see where she went?
(beat)
The vampire, not Sanya Richards.

FAITH
(beat)
No. You go right, I'll go left.

He nods and stands up straight, jogging to the right turn and disappearing.

Faith watches him go, a sad, contemplative look on her face, before she strolls towards the left turning.

37 EXT. STREET - LEFT TURNING - CONTINUOUS

37

Faith walks down the alleyway, very casual and confident. She listens carefully, a stake already raised.

FAITH
Come on, you're giving a bad name
to girl power. What kind of vampire
chick hides behind a row of trash
cans?

A row of trash cans to Faith's right are turned over as the vampire makes a run for it. But as Faith already seemed to know she was there she reacts quickly.

It takes her only a moment to catch up with the fleeing vampire, pulling her back by the hair, elbowing her in the chest and SHOVING her up against the alleyway wall.

The vampire SNARLS and tries to punch Faith but the slayer easily blocks the attack and quickly STAKES her.

She EXPLODES into dust.

38 EXT. STREET - RIGHT TURNING - NEXT

38

Regan jogs along the alleyway, his senses on alert as he searches for the vampire, a stake ready in his hand.

He comes to the end of the alleyway and frowns, unsure which turning to take now.

(CONTINUED)

REGAN

Ah, come on, that's just -

A bright LIGHT shines on him, and he holds his hand up to shield his face.

VOICE (O.S.)

Freeze! Drop your weapon and put
your hands up!

Regan turns to run but finds his path has been blocked by four members of the TASK FORCE, all of them aiming their guns at him!

He turns to find another escape route, but finds that he is in fact surrounded by members of the Task Force, a good dozen of them in number.

EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

Faith stands on top of a rooftop, looking down at the scene unfolding below. She stands with her arms folded, no compassion or guilt visible on her face.

DOWN BELOW, she watches the cornered Regan get mobbed by the troopers, dragging his struggling form to the ground.

REGAN

Get off me! No!

The sound of a struggle, a yell, flesh hitting flesh.

REGAN (cont'd)

No!

Faith closes her eyes as we CUT TO:

INT. ASYLUM - MAIN LOBBY - NIGHT

Jerry is once more sat behind the reception desk, joined by a very deflated Vi. They both look up as Faith enters.

JERRY

Dare I ask?

FAITH

He walked right into it. I'll have to get Rachel to thank Scott for their patrol patterns.

(beat)

When we find her, I mean.

VI

So you got him to confess?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
I appealed to his better instincts.
(beat)
Just wish I hadn't been right about
this one.

She leans against the desk, drained from her evening.

FAITH (cont'd)
Where's everyone else?

JERRY
Dawn's locked herself in the
Gateway room. Residents are all
filed away.

VI
Lori and Alice are asleep.

JERRY
And Rosie's just doing a sweep of
the rooms with Rob to make sure
there's no trouble.

FAITH
(nods)
It's quiet.

VI
Sure is. I think they got the idea
at last. Piss us off, end up in a
cell.

FAITH
You told the refugees what I was
doing?

VI
(hard)
Yes.

FAITH
How'd they take it?

VI
How do you think?

Faith considers that - then senses something and turns:

It's CARTER, staring coldly at her from the far side of the
foyer. Their gazes meet - until Carter turns and silently
walks away.

Faith EXHALES, bowing her head as we CUT TO:

41 INT. ASYLUM - ROOM 15 - NIGHT

41

This room is occupied only by Benny, who peers out of his door cautiously before closing it behind him. Making sure he's alone, he pulls out a cell phone and dials.

BENNY

It's me. Benny. You said to call if I had any information.

(grins)

I think I have some you might be interested in. Now the offer still stands right; you'll put me on a plane to the Caribbean and I'll never hear from you again?

(beat)

Okay, well... I can tell you where they're hiding out. It's -

A HAND snatches the phone away.

Benny turns quickly, backing away from Rosie, who throws the phone on the floor and SMASHES it under her foot.

ROSIE

Wow, and here I thought your only personality trait was a love of late Seventies disco.

BENNY

You - you don't understand! They were going to kill me!

ROSIE

But it's okay for them to break in here and kill all of us?

BENNY

(quickly)

No! No, of course not!

ROSIE

(sneers)

You coward.

She PUNCHES him, and he cries out, grabbing his bloody nose.

FAITH (O.S.)

What's going on?

The two of them turn to look at Faith as she enters the room. Rosie motions to Benny's crushed phone.

ROSIE

He was on the phone to someone, was going to tell them where we are.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROSIE (cont'd)
My guess? Someone at the Mayor's
office.

Faith turns her eyes to glare at Benny, who shrinks at the
very sight.

BENNY
Faith, you have to understand, I
didn't have a choice! They said
they'd kill my -

She PUNCHES him out and turns back to Rosie, her eyes full of
guilt.

FAITH
Get him out of here.

ROSIE
Where?

FAITH
Anywhere. Just dump his sorry ass
as far from here as you can.

As Rosie starts to drag him outside, Faith looks down at the
unconscious Benny uncertainly, clearly upset by the outcome
of tonight.

FAITH (cont'd)
(mutters)
Damn it, Regan...

She looks down at the smashed phone.

FAITH (cont'd)
(beat)
I'm sorry.

PUSH IN slowly on the remains of the phone, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW