

# FAITH

"Betting On The Cure"

by  
Mike Jay

Based on characters created by Joss Whedon  
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## TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

1

Some teeny bopper GIRL BAND MUSIC plays in the background as DAWN spins and dances, singing along to the song with a pantomimed microphone in her hand.

The song ends and Dawn brings up a SCREEN out of nowhere playing a stand up comedy show.

The COMEDIAN (middle aged and pudgy with a horrible dye job on his obviously fake hair piece) is in the middle of his routine.

COMEDIAN

And how about all this monster  
madness, huh? How crazy is that?

The crowd OOHS and the comedian nods with a winning grin.

COMEDIAN (cont'd)

That's right. Speaking of which,  
did you hear the one about the  
werewolf who swallowed a clock?  
Yeah, he got ticks.

Applause and laughter from the crowd. Dawn rolls her eyes, but can't stop a slight smile from creeping out.

It drops when everything in the Gateway starts going HAYWIRE! The liquid tubes randomly rise and fall. The walls SHAKE. Dawn herself stumbles around like she's in an earthquake.

DAWN

What the hell?

She makes a motion with her hand and a swirl of new SCREENS spin around like a mechanical neck tie rack. Dawn's head whips back and forth as she scans each of them in turn.

Her eyes widen and she holds out her hand to stop the spinning images. The one in front of her shows a massive group of DARKLINGS worked up into a frenzy.

Their collective HOWLING sounds like a fierce wind, drowning out all of the other sound in the room. She SIGHS.

DAWN (cont'd)

Yeah, because that's what tonight  
was missing.

Dawn turns to the pedestal and starts motioning with her hands. The fast moving tubes slow down and the quaking subsides.

(CONTINUED)

She grits her teeth and thrusts a hand towards a nondescript spot on the wall. A fissure of WHITE LIGHT cracks into it. Dawn strains to close her hand and the fissure begins to close up.

She cranes her head back to look at the Darklings, who fade into the abyss of the sky they're hovering in. The fissure in the wall closes and everything settles down.

Dawn drops both of her arms and lets out a sigh of relief.

DAWN (cont'd)  
(gasping)  
Whew. This is getting old already.

She wipes the sweat from her brow and brings up the screen of the comedy show again.

Faith's phone is on her bed, ringing. FAITH herself, soaked in sweat with her wrist in boxer's wraps, rushes in and answers without checking the caller name.

FAITH  
Hello?

She sits down on the bed and starts to take the wraps off.

PRYOR (O.S.)  
(through phone)  
Evening, Faith.

Faith freezes. Her face tightens. She starts putting the wrap back on, her movements sharp and deliberate now.

PRYOR (O.S.) (cont'd)  
Silence? That's fine, I'll talk. An opportunity has presented itself that could finally deal with our mutual interest.

FAITH  
How about you skip the vague phrasing?

PRYOR (O.S.)  
Not over the phone. Others may be listening. Will you meet me?

FAITH  
(sardonic)  
Sorry, my stupid pills are only good for four hours and I missed my afternoon dosage.

Faith picks up a towel from the foot of her bed and starts to wipe her neck off.

PRYOR (O.S.)

This is moving forward with or without you, Faith. Chances of success are better with you.

FAITH

If you were so worried about people listening in, you wouldn't have said this much to begin with.

PRYOR (O.S.)

That's a fair point, but consider this a phone interview. Should you desire a face to face follow up, you know where to go.

A CLICK signals the end of the call. Faith slowly sets the phone down.

PUSH IN on her confused face.

FAITH

Interview?

She finishes wiping the sweat off and drops the towel.

More of an interior/exterior mix, we're at the remains of a small, one level burnt building with no roof. Faith tentatively steps into view, the charred remains crunching under her feet.

PRYOR (O.S.)

Glad you figured it out.

Faith whips around, stake in hand. PRYOR steps out from the shadows, dressed in plain slacks, a polo, and a long coat.

FAITH

We've only ever had one interview. Dunno know if you can even call it that, since you basically hired me when I walked in the door.

Pryor chuckles to himself as he steps out further into the destroyed remains of his old lab where he and Faith first met.

PRYOR

Yeah, well, didn't have many takers. And Noa was missing at the time, so I was in a bit of a rush.

FAITH

Sure she's not joining this party?

PRYOR

(sighs)

I'm not working with them any more.

I thought I'd explained that?

Faith puts her stake away and crosses her arms, not in the mood.

FAITH

You wanna talk in circles or get to the point? I'm missing Conan.

PRYOR

We're going to launch an assault on Wilkins. I'd like you and your people involved.

FAITH

Did you steal the stupid pills I mentioned earlier? Going up against his Task Force and Noa, and -

PRYOR

Noa won't be a problem.

(beat)

I believe I can separate that creature from her permanently.

(beat)

Now are you interested?

Faith uncrosses her arms. All that defiant conviction is gone.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

EXT. PRYOR'S OLD LAB - NIGHT

4

Pryor watches Faith intently, waiting for an answer. Faith's looking off to the side.

FAITH

You said 'we.' Earlier. You said  
'we' are gonna launch an assault.

Several GROWLS from the shadows around her get her attention. Faith does a 360 as VAMPIRES emerge from the shadows around her, one by one.

Her body tenses. Her hands curl into fists.

PRYOR

This is what I meant by 'we.'

Pryor clears his throat and takes a step towards her. She whirls back to face him and drops into a fighting stance.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Faith, if I wanted you dead...  
(shakes his head)  
Lord, now I do sound like a bad  
guy. How many times have you heard  
that in your nights on the streets?

FAITH

Then what the hell is this about?

PRYOR

Proving how serious I am.

FAITH

(edgy)  
By breaking out your posse?

Pryor takes another step towards Faith, who raises her stake towards him. He holds his hands up defensively and steps back.

PRYOR

I remember shortly after finding  
out you were a Slayer, I asked you  
how you felt when a vampire was  
around and you couldn't explain it.  
Part of my research found that it's  
actually chemical.

(beat)

Vampires give off a sort of  
pheromone.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)

Too faint for a normal human to detect, but demons with heightened senses and Slayers can pick up on it. Learned that from studying the body of a Slayer Wilkins had dug up and flown over from that Academy in England. I've developed a masking agent for it.

FAITH

Hang on. I'll start clapping any second. Or would you prefer a cookie?

Pryor smiles to himself, just slightly amused at the bravado.

FAITH (cont'd)

So you expect me saddle up with a bunch of vamps and launch a jihad on Wilkins?

PRYOR

Pretty much. Unless you'd rather hang back and wait for him to sack the Asylum and make a play for the Gateway for the umpteenth time. Thought you would've gotten a little bored with that broken record by now.

FAITH

At least he's consistent.

PRYOR

Wilkins is filming an interview in a few hours. It'll likely be the only time he doesn't have the full Task Force at his side while out of the office. That's when we plan to attack.

FAITH

Gee, well, good luck with that.

Faith turns and walks away, coming to a stop in front of two vampires blocking her exit. Pryor is barely in frame behind her.

FAITH (cont'd)

(to the vampires)

Place is already a pile of ash, fellas. I doubt two more smaller piles is gonna make it look worse. Got me?

The vampires looks past her to Pryor, more than a little nervous.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Faith, I don't see the conflict here. Seems like a win-win for both of us.

FAITH

(not turning around)

A 'win' for me would've been you not getting vamped in the first place.

PRYOR

Well, when life hands you lemons -

FAITH

(sharp)

I'm not marching my friends into a potential trap, Pryor. Even if you're on the level, it's a stupid ass plan. Not even worth my time.

Pryor puts his hands on his hips.

PRYOR

If that were true, you wouldn't have met me here. And if you really felt unsafe, you wouldn't have come here alone.

FAITH

Did you miss what I said about not walking my friends into traps?

Pryor runs his hands through what passes for his hair.

PRYOR

Faith, you're going to help me.

Now Faith turns around to Pryor.

FAITH

Last time I checked -

One of the two vampires she threatened clamps a rag over Faith's mouth! She struggles briefly before the other vampire grabs her.

Pryor starts towards her.

PRYOR

I was hoping this part of the plan would be voluntary, but what can you do?

All of the vampires swarm around Faith as she passes out from the rag's contents, and we FADE TO BLACK:

5

INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

5

CLOSE UP on Faith as she opens her eyes. Her face is ghostly pale. She moans and takes in her surroundings.

She's in a bed, still in the clothes she met Pryor in. Her skin's a bit pale and flushed. A needle is injected into her arm with a tube leading up to an empty plastic bag on a stand.

PAN RIGHT to show another tube extending from the back leading to an unconscious ROSIE in an adjacent bed.

FAITH  
(dazed)  
What...?

JERRY (O.S.)  
He took almost two quarts of blood.

Faith looks to her other side to see Jerry sitting in a chair with his head against a pillow.

FAITH  
What did you say?

JERRY  
Pryor.

Faith immediately starts feeling her neck for bite marks. Not finding any, she looks over her arms.

JERRY (cont'd)  
He didn't bite you. Just drained  
you the same way Red Cross would.

FAITH  
How do you know?

JERRY  
Because he called Vi when it was  
done. Explained everything and told  
us where to find you. Even told me  
your blood type so finding a donor  
on the fly would be easier. Vi  
called me right after.

Jerry gets up from his chair and walks over to Faith's bed.

JERRY (cont'd)  
(nods to Rosie)  
She and Rob matched, thankfully.  
What I'm not getting is why.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Slayer's blood is like nitro to a vamp. Guess Pryor wanted to hoard some of it for his kamikaze run.

JERRY

No, I mean why you were dumb enough to go meet him alone like that.

Jerry puts his hand on top of Faith's. She allows the gesture to linger.

JERRY (cont'd)

Especially without telling someone.

FAITH

Pryor put you in the emergency room the last time you two got together. Didn't need that tension in the air.

Jerry's expression hardens, remembering that experience.

JERRY

Okay, maybe not me, but... someone.

(beat)

Anyway, he told me what he's planning to do. We were all going to have a meeting about it after you woke up.

FAITH

There's nothing to meet about. The bastard bled me like a damn pig. We can't trust him.

A beat. Jerry goes back and pulls his chair up to Faith's bed. He sits back down and sighs.

JERRY

He could've let you die. Hell, he could've done anything to you. Instead, he just -

FAITH

He just took what he wanted and left me there. And why the hell did he call Vi, anyway?

JERRY

He didn't have to call at all, did he? And I'm assuming he called Vi to relay the message to allow enough time to get out of dodge before we came in stakes a-blazing.

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: (2)

5

Another beat.

FAITH  
Fine. We'll talk about it.  
(beat)  
But my vote counts twice.

Jerry smirks and nods.

6 EXT. PROMENADE - NIGHT

6

VI walks absentmindedly down a sidewalk populated by partying teenagers. LORI is next to her, enthusiastically licking away on a triple scoop ice cream cone.

LORI  
Peanut butter triple chocolate  
chunk with walnuts on a cinnamon  
waffle cone. I could live off this.

VI  
(not paying attention)  
Uh huh.

Lori looks over to Vi, who is staring off into space, her arms crossed tightly across her chest.

LORI  
Hey there, Miss Bowen? This is  
mission control. Come back to us.

Vi blinks and comes out of her haze.

VI  
Huh? Oh, sorry.

LORI  
You're still worried about Faith?

VI  
(shakes her head)  
Jerry texted me to say she's fine.

LORI  
Oh, well, that's good. So why are  
you still orbiting Jupiter?

Vi shrugs and goes back to staring off into space. Lori holds her ice cream out in front of Vi's face. Vi frowns and pushes it away.

LORI (cont'd)  
Oh, come on. Take a lick. No  
cooties to be found. Promise.

(CONTINUED)

Vi doesn't respond at all. Lori stops walking and grabs Vi's arm to halt her.

LORI (cont'd)  
Alright, what gives? You've been all Captain Tightpants tonight. If I'd have known Hazelhurst would bring out the Bible thumper in you -

VI  
(snapping)  
You wouldn't have maneuvered me into leaving New York and coming home?

Lori takes a step back, suddenly on the defensive.

LORI  
Not like you took much convincing! Part of you wanted to leave!

VI  
And how would you know that?

Lori takes another lick of ice cream.

LORI  
(gulps)  
Why do you still refer to here as 'home' and New York as 'New York' or 'The Asylum,' then? You never felt like you belonged there.

VI  
Oh, don't try to make it out as being for my own good. You wanted me here so you could have me to yourself.

LORI  
Well... I'll admit that's a bonus, but it damn sure ain't the whole reason.

Lori reaches out and gently removes a strand of hair from Vi's face.

LORI (cont'd)  
Come on, don't be like this. It's a gorgeous night.  
(looks up)  
Stars are out and shimmering...  
(back to Vi)  
I'm out with you...

Vi shrugs off the contact.

(CONTINUED)

VI

Would you stop it? Christ, we've  
been over this, I'm not -

LORI

Oh, God, don't start saying you're  
'confused.' I'm so tired of -

Vi stomps off before Lori can finish. Lori watches her go and sighs. She tosses her remaining ice cream into a nearby trash can.

INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NIGHT

Faith's sitting the edge of her bed now. The color's returned to her skin and overall she looks like her normal self again.

Dawn's twirling her hair in one finger by the doorway. She's startled when Jerry enters with two cups of coffee. He hands one to Faith.

DAWN

(looking around)  
Where's everyone else?

FAITH

I don't want to put this to them  
until the three of us hash it out.

JERRY

Wilkins's spot is in two hours.  
We're short on time here.

FAITH

The rest of them don't know Pryor.  
They'd just see him as the enemy.  
Evil vampire looking to play us for  
suckers. Wouldn't be a fair vote.

Jerry takes a sip of his coffee and frowns. He exchanges his cup for Faith's.

JERRY

Personally, I don't disagree with  
that assessment of him.

FAITH

You said yourself, he could've  
killed me and he didn't.

JERRY

That was before you reminded me of  
that little ass kicking he dealt  
me.

Dawn raises her hand.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Not to play Pryor's cheerleader or anything, but I spent an unhealthy amount of time around a vampire back in Sunnydale. They can surprise you.

FAITH

Yeah, that's the problem. Never liked surprises.

JERRY

Do I need to bring up all the experiments he's been doing? You mentioned that pheromone thing earlier. If he's eliminating vampire weaknesses, how do we know it's not part of a larger plan?

FAITH

Like what?

Jerry scoffs and sits down in the chair he was in earlier.

JERRY

Rendering vampires unkillable? Be a hell of way to, oh I don't know, butcher some innocents without retaliation. Maybe a Slayer or two.  
(beat)  
Hundred.

DAWN

He wouldn't do that. He's... Pryor, ya know? Even with a demon inside him, he's still being a big nerd about everything. Just a... psycho demon nerd.

FAITH

He's not Pryor. Not like we know him, anyway.

Faith takes a sip of her coffee and now she frowns.

FAITH (cont'd)

Bleh! I don't do black.

She switches cups with Jerry. He sits the black coffee down on the ground, not bothering with it.

JERRY

Faith, if he's not Pryor, why is this even up for discussion?

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

Because he's going after the Mayor.  
That's gotta count for something.  
Plus, you mentioned he can get the  
Darkling out of Noa for good.

FAITH

(nods)

Yeah. We haven't been able to do  
anything towards that on our end.

JERRY

(to Faith; points to Dawn)

You gonna listen to reason or the  
girl whose sister fell in love with  
two vampires?

Dawn huffs and puts her hands on her hips.

DAWN

What does that have to do with  
anything?

JERRY

You're biased. And we haven't even  
brought up the question we should  
really be asking.

DAWN

Which is?

JERRY

What logical sense would it make  
for Pryor to want to take Wilkins  
down? The man who provided the  
means for all those experiments?

(beat)

With Wilkins out of the way and Noa  
depowered with the Darkling out of  
her, who takes that position of  
power?

Faith bows her head.

FAITH

Yeah. I'd thought about that.

DAWN

Pryor's not some power hungry -

JERRY

Him, maybe not. The demon inside  
him? Who knows.

(turns to Faith)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)  
How do you know once Wilkins is out of the picture, Pryor won't just turn his vamps on us? Personally, I think that's too much of a risk to take.

Jerry leans back in his chair and crosses his arms. Dawn looks between father and daughter, waiting.

DAWN  
(stammering)  
W-well we... we don't know for sure whether he'd really -

JERRY  
(icily)  
Ruth.  
(beat)  
Remember her? We don't know what Pryor's capable of. His feelings for her, and he still...

Jerry trails off and has to look away to compose himself.

FAITH  
(resigned)  
You're right.  
(shakes her head)  
We can't. It's too much of a risk to compromise all of us. I'll call Pryor and -

Faith's phone RINGS. She looks around for it until Jerry fishes it out of his pants pocket and hands it to her.

FAITH (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Hello?

PRYOR (O.S.)  
I'm sorry to hear your decision, but I understand it.

FAITH  
(frowning)  
What? How did you-?

PRYOR (O.S.)  
Oh, I've had long range surveillance on the Asylum since before your wiccan put up the spells. I've always covered all my bases, Faith. You know that.  
(beat)  
So I suppose this is goodbye.

The call ends. Faith hangs up her phone and sets it down on the bed.

FAITH  
(off looks)  
Never mind. He already knows.

Dawn lowers her head as does Jerry. None of them really happy with the decision.

A random VAMPIRE takes a shot glass of what appears to be BLOOD off a large tray and passes it to another vampire standing next to him.

ZOOM OUT to a wide shot of the whole warehouse. There are vampires all lined up. Pryor's army.

Pryor is standing at the top of a metal staircase looking out over his troops.

PRYOR  
It's not much, but the Slayer's  
blood should boost all of your  
bodies long enough for this battle.

Pryor nods to a vampire standing at the bottom of the staircase, who starts handing out syringes to the countless vampires one by one.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
The blood combined with my feratu  
compound should give us a bit of  
leeway in the balance of power in  
this battle.

Pryor starts to walk down the stairs, his steps echoing off the high ceilings.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
The Mayor wishes to kill our kind.  
He's using the threat of vampires  
and demons as a scapegoat to  
acquire more power. If we fail  
tonight, he's going to do just  
that.

(beat)  
In a year or two, he'll be so  
politically powerful that he'll  
have Task Forces in every major  
city in the state, if not the  
country. I don't know about the  
rest of you, but I planned on  
living a long, rich undead life.

The vampires CHEER and pump their fists in the air, showing their support.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
We've all gone over the plans  
enough times. Everyone knows where  
they need to be.  
(beat)  
Remember, to get the message  
across, no innocents. Not even a  
quick slurp. This is about Wilkins  
and his Task Force. I will handle  
DeRubria personally. Anyone who  
deviates from this plan will be  
giftwrapped and thrown at the feet  
of a Slayer, with a sign that says  
'stake me.'

Yeah. No applause on that one.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
(smirks)  
There'll be plenty of time for  
snacking after the job is done, but  
the job gets done first.

Pryor holds up his shot glass of Faith's blood, as do all of the other vampires. Pryor VAMPS OUT.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Bottoms up.

He and his army simultaneously throw down the shots of blood.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

EXT. CNN STUDIOS - NIGHT

9

A LIMOUSINE pulls up in front of the towering home of slanted news propaganda. A set of black vans and cars immediately surround the limo and a number of TASK FORCE OFFICERS pile out.

The limo's DRIVER opens the door to let MAYOR WILKINS and DARK NOA out of the back. Wilkins smooths down the jacket to his suit as he approaches the entrances, flanked by his small army.

The DOORMAN smiles at Wilkins and opens the door as he approaches.

DOORMAN

(nods)

Evening, Mr. Mayor.

Wilkins throws back a winning smile and takes out a campaign BUTTON. As he's sticking it on the Doorman's coat:

WILKINS

Good evening. I trust I have your  
vote in the next election?

Wilkins straightens the Doorman's coat and pats him on the shoulder as he enters.

The Doorman frowns and starts to remove the button, but Dark Noa snatches his wrist and TWISTS it to stop him, never breaking stride.

The Doorman YELPS and shakes the pain out, throwing Dark Noa a look she luckily never sees.

The camera drops down, THROUGH the ground to:

10

INT. SEWERS - CONTINUOUS

10

Pryor and his cronies walk through the dank pipes of the sewers under the studio. Two vampires flanking him are each carrying an enormous duffel bag. All but Pryor are in full GAME FACE.

11

INT. CNN STUDIOS - LARRY KING LIVE STAGE - NEXT

11

The Task Force guards every entrance and exit to the room. The crew members of the show appear more than a little nervous at all the guns and weaponry clearly on display.

Wilkins takes a seat across from LARRY KING and they shake hands.

(CONTINUED)

LARRY

Mr. Mayor. Always a pleasure. I trust you'll be a better interview than Criss Angel.

WILKINS

Evening, Mr. King. I expected you would have wanted me here earlier.

LARRY

(shakes his head)

We'll be live in a couple of minutes. I find no prep work for the guest beforehand makes for a better interview.

(beat; leans closer)

Did you need to bring the militia?

WILKINS

Mr. King, I blew the lid off the best kept secret in the world. I can hardly go to the restroom without a bodyguard. Lots of superpowered humans and... other things would prefer to see my head on a pike.

Wilkins starts to pour himself a cup of water from a pitcher on the table between them.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Purely a precautionary measure, I assure you.

Dark Noa is sitting in a chair next to the main camera, legs and arms crossed, looking bored out of her mind.

Next to her, the A-CAMERA OPERATOR holds up three fingers.

And two.

And one.

Larry picks up a stack of papers for no real reason just before we CUT TO:

CAMERA'S POV

Now we're watching the live feed of the show. Larry taps the papers on the table to straighten them out.

LARRY

Welcome back to the show. Our next guest could possibly be the most well known politician other than the President himself.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LARRY (cont'd)  
His honor, Richard Wilkins, Mayor  
of New York.  
(turns to Wilkins)  
Mayor Wilkins, how are you this  
evening?

WILKINS  
(grins)  
Just dandy, Mr. King. Thanks for  
asking.

LARRY  
Alright, let's get right to it.  
What do you have to say about -

BANG! The double-door entrance to the stage behind the  
A-camera is BLOWN off its hinges. Pryor, now carrying both of  
the duffel bags, walks in, still in his human visage.

The film crew GASP when Pryor's vampires follow him in.  
Several of them are holding terrified hostages in their arms,  
including the Doorman from earlier.

Dark Noa bolts out of her chair and steps in front of the  
Task Force, who all form a human wall between Pryor's gang  
and the interview desk.

Larry stands and starts to leave, but Wilkins grabs his wrist  
to stop him. The vampires holding the hostages step to the  
forefront, using the hostages as shields against any gunfire.

PRYOR  
(stern)  
Keep the cameras rolling or I will  
ring the dinner bell on these  
people.

The Camera Operator glances up to Larry, who doesn't look to  
be any sort of position to make coherent decisions. Wilkins  
winks at the Camera Operator and nods to him.

Dark Noa walks up to Pryor, who drops both of his bags and  
starts to fish through his pockets.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Hello, Noa. You look immaculately  
possessed as always.

DARK NOA  
Do I even have to start with how  
dead you all are?

PRYOR  
You're misunderstanding the point  
of this intervention. Consider this  
the beginning of my campaign. I  
trust I have your vote?

Pryor pulls a small DISC from his pocket and flicks it to Dark Noa before she can move.

It lands on her chest and a bolt of ELECTRICITY explodes out of her. Dark Noa SCREAMS and drops to her hands and knees.

Pryor smirks and picks up his bags.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
A vote for me is a vote for  
progress. Guys, clear a path.

The vampires not holding hostages charge right at the Task Force, who OPEN FIRE on all of them - some firing shotgun-loaded STAKES.

The shots drive a few vampires back, but none of them dust!

WILKINS  
(amazed)  
He did it... he actually did it!

The two sides plow into each other like charging rams. Pryor sidesteps all the action, only having to SMACK one Task Force member in the face with one of his bags to knock him aside.

Pryor steps up to the stage and glances towards Larry.

PRYOR  
I'll be conducting this interview  
if you wouldn't mind, Mr. King.

Larry sits stock still in his chair, petrified with fear.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
(roars)  
Leave!

Larry's out of his chair in a heartbeat. Pryor heaves both bags up onto the table and takes Larry's seat.

They both duck as a YELLING Task Force member sails over their heads.

Rosie is sitting up in her bed now, sipping from a cup of water. Faith is sitting on the edge of her bed.

FAITH  
Feeling better now?

ROSIE  
(weak)  
Yeah.  
(MORE)

ROSIE (cont'd)  
Apparently, it's not a good idea to  
eat twelve hours before giving  
blood.

FAITH  
(winks)  
Kinda hard with our metabolism,  
right?

They share a smile.

ROSIE  
Yeah.  
(beat)  
You okay?

FAITH  
I'm good.

DAWN (O.S.)  
Faith!

Rosie jumps, but Faith doesn't even flinch as Dawn POPS into  
sight before them.

FAITH  
What's up?

DAWN  
Just overheard a call from the CNN  
Studios.

FAITH  
(beat)  
Tell me he didn't...

DAWN  
Yep. Sacked by vampires. Cops can't  
get in because all the doors are  
sealed off and shocking anyone who  
touches them.

Faith gets off Rosie's bed.

FAITH  
Guess he meant business after  
all...

Faith quickly leaves.

Faith walks down the hall with a purpose. Dawn blips in  
beside her and falls into step.

DAWN  
What do you want to do?

FAITH

What we should've done earlier.  
Gear up and get involved.

DAWN

Anything I can do?

FAITH

I need a way in without fifty  
million volts. Look over the  
building and find one for me.

Dawn nods and disappears. Faith breaks into a jog.

INT. CNN STUDIOS - LARRY KING LIVE STAGE - NIGHT

Dark Noa is laying on her side now, CONVULSING from the  
pulses of electricity emanating from Pryor's device.

A Task Force member TACKLES a vampire right next to her and  
drives a STAKE into the vampire's chest, but it doesn't  
penetrate.

The vampire SMACKS him off and he's knocked through the air,  
CRASHING into one of the cameras in the room.

TASK FORCE MEMBER

(groggy)

Armor...

(yelling)

They're wearing body armor! Strip  
'em down, then stake 'em!

Another Task Force member rips the shirt off another vampire,  
revealing a KEVLAR VEST under it. The vampire grins before  
throwing a punch that SHATTERS the mask of the TF member and  
knocks him out.

ON THE STAGE

Pryor is pulling a few things out from the top duffel bag.

PRYOR

(to the camera)

My name is Pryor Webb. I worked for  
his dishonor, the Mayor, for almost  
two years before being  
unceremoniously dismissed.

WILKINS

(low; almost whispering)

Leave now, and you have my word I  
won't come after you.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR  
(ignoring him)  
Now, for those who fail to see the  
irony in my former employment,  
well...

Pryor VAMPS OUT on camera!

PRYOR (cont'd)  
You may find it a little odd to  
know that the man crusading against  
all demonkind kept several of them  
on the payroll.

Pryor pulls out a small tape recorder.

WILKINS  
Mr. Webb, if this is some sick  
attempt at a smear campaign...

Pryor simply presses PLAY on the recorder.

PRYOR (V.O.)  
(through recorder)  
I don't want anything you could  
possibly have to offer me.

WILKINS (V.O.)  
(through recorder)  
Let me put this another way, sport -  
if your friends find you after what  
you just did, then the last thing  
you'll feel is a stake plunging  
into that old heart of yours.

PRYOR (V.O.)  
How... how could you possibly know  
what I -

WILKINS (V.O.)  
(grins; shrugs)  
A magician never tells. Especially  
when he just pays people to know  
these kinds of things.  
(beat)  
So what do you say?

Wilkins's confident demeanor drops. Uh oh. Pryor stops the  
recording.

PRYOR  
The night you first recruited me,  
though I'm sure you remember.  
(off Wilkins look)  
I was... am a man of science, Dick.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Only time I don't have a notepad  
and recorder with me is when I'm in  
the shower.  
(beat)  
They're wall-mounted in there.

Wilkins nervously smiles and glances at the camera. The red light on it is still on, indicating it's still rolling.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Sit tight. There's more.

Pryor continues digging through his bag, now producing a file.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
This is a lab result from the New  
York Police Department you had me  
destroy before it could be indexed.  
(beat)  
Hair, print, and fiber results on  
the body of one Rachel Hagerman.

Pryor coolly slides the file over to Wilkins.

Neither of them budge when a vampire SLAMS into their table. The vampire staggers up and a SHOTGUN BLAST from a Task Force member blows its head off, DUSTING it.

Pryor sweeps the unfortunate vampire's ashes from the desk, then pulls out a small CD.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Honestly now, did you really think -

Pryor stops and turns to the vampire/Task Force melee taking place by the entrance.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Keep it down! I'm trying to talk.  
(beat; back to Wilkins)  
Did you really think I wouldn't  
have every second of the activities  
in Special Projects recorded?

Wilkins, who was flipping through the file, flings it aside. His normally reserved expression is rapidly fading.

Pryor pulls out another file, this one full of PHOTOGRAPHS. He holds one in particular up in front of him for the camera.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Or photographed, for that matter?  
This here is a great shot of our  
Mayor personally snapping Miss  
Hagerman's neck.

Wilkins quickly snatches the photo away. Pryor cues his recorder and hits PLAY again.

WILKINS (V.O.)  
And the other business, Miss  
Hagerman's remains -

PRYOR (V.O.)  
Can't be linked back to you. All  
records of you even knowing who she  
is are being destroyed by my IT  
team as we speak.

WILKINS (V.O.)  
Excellent.  
(beat)  
You know how I hate getting my  
hands dirty. I appreciate you  
taking the time out of your busy  
schedule to take care of that.

Pryor stops the recorder again.

PRYOR  
I kept back ups of my back ups,  
Wilkins. Not even Woods knew of my  
secondary storage.

ON DARK NOA

Still shaking on the floor, too weakened to even scream at this point. A Task Force member kneels down and rolls her over. He gently touches Pryor's device and gets a SHOCK in return.

He jerks his hand away, but Dark Noa grabs it and stares into his eyes. He sighs and grabs the device, SCREAMING from the backlash before finally yanking it free and collapsing.

Dark Noa sits up and takes in the situation. The sides have whittled down to a scant few on each end. All of the hostages are dead on the ground, as are many of the Task Force.

INT. BOWEN HOUSE - VI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Meanwhile, back in Hazelhurst, things are much calmer. MOONLIGHT from the open window falls across the bed.

Vi is curled up on one side of the bed, Lori on the other, a small distance between them - which may as well be miles.

Lori shifts, sitting upright. She looks down to Vi, listening to her regular breathing.

LORI  
Vi? Are you awake?

(CONTINUED)

No answer. Lori EXHALES slowly, her body language tense and frustrated.

LORI (cont'd)

Just in case you are... I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry I pushed you to do this.  
But you did want to do it. You  
don't want that life any more. I  
saw that in you every single time I  
visited you in jail, every day that  
place sucked one more sliver of  
your soul away.

She waits, as if expecting a response. None comes.

LORI (cont'd)

And if you can look me in the eye,  
honestly and truly, and say that  
there's nothing there, that you  
don't have any feelings for me...

She can't bring herself to finish that. Lori hesitates a moment longer, then slips out of the bed and pads quietly across the room.

PAN DOWN to see Vi's face - her eyes are wide open, TEARS rolling down her cheeks as we CUT TO:

Faith slings a CROSSBOW over her shoulder. Dawn is next to her, pointing to a wire frame schematic HOLOGRAM of the CNN building in front of them.

DAWN

If Pryor had to get to the studio  
fast enough to avoid them getting  
the heads up, he wouldn't have had  
time to secure things there. It's a  
bit of a tight squeeze, though.

FAITH

I'll make it work.

Jerry enters the room.

JERRY

Everyone's ready to go. Are you  
sure you want to do this?

FAITH

Not really.

Faith puts her foot up on her bed and mounts a stake to a strap around her calf.

FAITH (cont'd)  
But Pryor's got no chance of  
getting out of there alive, even  
with a bunch of vamps juiced up on  
my blood.

JERRY  
(sneers)  
And we suddenly care about this?

FAITH  
He's trying to take Wilkins down  
and doing a damn better job of it  
than we've managed in the last few  
months. I'm not giving up this  
opening because I don't like who  
we're working with.

Faith storms out, a woman on a mission. Dawn pops out and  
Jerry rushes out after his daughter.

17 INT. CNN STUDIOS - LARRY KING LIVE STAGE - NIGHT 17

Pryor grabs Wilkins by his neck and yanks out of his chair.

PRYOR  
(threatening)  
I may have the face to show for it,  
but you're a much greater monster  
than I could ever hope to be.

WILKINS  
(smooth)  
You'll be dust buster bound before  
any of this sees the light of day,  
Webb.

Pryor roughly jostles Wilkins.

PRYOR  
What are you talking about? We're  
only on a three second tape delay.

WILKINS  
More like an indefinite delay.

Pryor's anger fades slightly. He glances towards the camera.  
The red light is still on.

PRYOR  
We're live. Did you miss the title  
of the show?

WILKINS

Actually, your specific demand was to keep the cameras rolling, and they are. The actual feed was killed the second you walked in.

Pryor falters a bit and glances at the camera again.

WILKINS (cont'd)

I like to keep all my bases covered too, Mr. Webb.

Dark Noa DIVES INTO FRAME and tackles Pryor to the ground, knocking over the pitcher of water.

The two get back to their feet and Dark Noa GRABS Pryor by his collar. Pryor pulls another electric disc from his pocket, but Dark Noa stops him from pinning it on her.

DARK NOA

Fool me once.

PRYOR

(smirks)

Shame on you.

Pryor DROPS THE DISC.

TILT DOWN as the disc falls:

... past Pryor's feet as he raises them off the ground:

... into the puddle of water spilled from the pitcher that Dark Noa is standing in!

The disc activates on impact, sending a shock wave of ELECTRICITY through Dark Noa's body.

Pryor bats her arms off of him and rolls backwards over the table. He spins and drops Wilkins with a RIGHT HOOK before grabbing his second duffel bag and scampering away.

Dark Noa HOWLS and the DARKLING starts to eject itself from Noa's body, hovering above her like a dark storm cloud.

Wilkins KICKS a chair into her, knocking her out of the puddle and away from the device's range. She slumps to the ground as the Darkling slips back into her body.

She's HISSING, her shoulders heaving up and down.

WILKINS

(seething)

Kill him.

(as she turns)

Oh, and Noa?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WILKINS (cont'd)  
Be a sweetheart and make it as  
painful as possible, will ya? I'd  
appreciate it.

Dark Noa creepily grins and stalks off after Pryor. Wilkins  
smooths out his ruffled clothes, turning to survey the  
carnage filling the studio behind as we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

18                   EXT. CNN STUDIOS - MAIN ENTRANCE - NIGHT                   18

The building is surrounded with police cars and SWAT vans. HELICOPTERS hover over the roof.

At the entrance, four SWAT Team members rush into the front door with a BATTERING RAM.

They're immediately hit with a current of electricity that drives them back. They tumble and fall in front of another team member, the SWAT LEADER.

SWAT LEADER

(into radio)

It's no use. All the conventional entrances are booby trapped. We're going to have to make our own door.

The SWAT Leader helps a couple of his men up and they head back towards one of the vans.

19                   EXT. CNN STUDIOS - LOADING DOCK - NIGHT                   19

Another bolt of electricity from the service elevator SHOCKS more cops trying to get in the building.

PUSH IN on a dumpster off to the side. Faith, ROB, ALICE, and ANGELIQUE are huddled behind it. Faith is swinging her arms low down by her hips, looking straight up.

ROB

So you're gonna jump, spring off this dumpster, get ten feet of lift, and scurry up a garbage tunnel into the building.

FAITH

(confident)

Yep. You forgot the part where I throw a rope down to you.

ALICE

Is now a bad time to mention I was never able to climb the rope in gym when I was younger?

Faith takes a few steps back.

FAITH

That's cool.

(nods to Angelique)

She can just throw you up.

(CONTINUED)

Alice looks to Angelique, who just shrugs.

Faith gets a running start, JUMPS off the dumpster, and disappears up the garbage chute. The sounds of her climbing echo from inside.

ROB  
(in awe)  
That was unbearably bad ass.

Alice looks over to him and clears her throat. Rob shakes his head and looks back to her.

ROB (cont'd)  
Uh... did I mention your hair looks nice today?

The sounds of a current of ELECTRICITY precede Faith's echoing SCREAMS before she falls out of the chute and crashes through the top of the dumpster.

ANGELIQUE  
Faith!

Faith moans in pain as she pulls herself up. Angelique helps her climb back out of the dumpster. She's SMOKING lightly.

ANGELIQUE (cont'd)  
No go?

FAITH  
(pained)  
No go.

ALICE  
So what now?

Faith pushes herself up to her feet, leaning on Angelique to steady herself.

FAITH  
Take the hard way in.

Faith limps out of frame.

ROB  
(beat)  
That was supposed to be the easy way in?

Rob jogs to catch up to Faith with the other two right behind him.

20 INT. CNN STUDIOS - LARRY KING LIVE STAGE - NIGHT 20

Wilkins is next to a window where Larry is cowering in terror.

WILKINS  
Appreciate the airtime, Mr. King.

He peeks out the window to see all of the authorities surrounding the building.

WILKINS (cont'd)  
I hope I still have your vote.

Wilkins heads for the exit, taking care to duck the GUNFIRE and BODIES being thrown around in the battle.

21 INT. CNN STUDIOS - HALLWAY - NEXT 21

Dark Noa stalks down the hall, her eyes scanning for any sign of Pryor.

DARK NOA  
(low; menacing)  
Is this really how you want it to  
go down, Pryor? You hiding in the  
dark like a coward?

She comes to a cross section and is BLASTED BY A POWERFUL  
STREAM OF WATER!

REVERSE ANGLE to show Pryor spraying a fire hose at her!

Dark Noa slams into a wall and HOWLS more out of rage than pain. The Darkling partially rises out of her and blocks the water from Noa's body.

Pryor's eyes widen as the cloud form of the creature drives the water back to him, knocking him off his feet.

The cloud reenters Noa's body and she SPITS out a mouthful of water. Pryor picks up his duffel bag and pulls out a small handheld device.

PRYOR  
I've never been one for hand to  
hand, Noa. You know that.

He lightly SNIFFS the air and turns around to spot Wilkins at the opposite end of the hall.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
(louder voice)  
And it doesn't matter what happens  
to me. I've taken out insurance  
should worse come to worse.

(CONTINUED)

Wilkins pauses and their eyes meet. Pryor smirks and turns back to Noa.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
We all know you're not a big fan of  
electricity. Do loud sounds bother  
you too?

Pryor turns a dial on his device, and a piercing high pitched sound SCREECHES through the halls.

Dark Noa takes a step back and turns her head to the side. It's bothering her, but not much.

Pryor turns the dial up higher and the pitch increases. Now Dark Noa grits her teeth and closes her eyes. She rears back and shoot a torrent of dark smoke at Pryor.

Pryor hits the deck and turns the dial all the way up. Now he's wincing.

CLOSE UP on Pryor's ears as they start bleeding.

All of the lights in the ceiling SHATTER, dropping thin shards of glass on the two of them. Dark Noa drops to her knees and covers her ears.

Pryor gets back to his feet, grabs his bag, and runs.

Faith and her team come through the stairwell door onto the roof. Faith has a phone pressed to his ear.

FAITH  
Dawn, first entrance didn't fly. I  
need to know what floor they're on.

INTERCUT WITH:

Dawn has herself surrounded by a larger version of the building schematic from earlier. The hologram zooms in and out with the motions of her hands.

DAWN  
You're gonna do something stupid,  
aren't you?

FAITH  
(sharp)  
Dawn!

DAWN

Hang on! Geez!

(beat)

Looks like the... fifteenth floor.  
Tenth window down from the top.  
Third from the left.

FAITH

Thanks.

Faith hangs up.

END INTERCUT:

Faith picks up a large ROCK and turns to the rest of the group.

FAITH (cont'd)

Any of you play baseball or  
softball back in the day?

Rob raises his hand. Faith tosses him the rock and walks him to the edge of the roof.

ANGELIQUE

Even if Rob hits it, and that's a  
big 'if' -

ROB

Hey!

ANGELIQUE

You expect us to jump off this roof  
into -

She stops when she sees the grim determination in Faith's eyes.

ANGELIQUE (cont'd)

(shakes her head)

You're nuts! I'm not -

FAITH

The rest of you don't have to go.  
Just keep me in the loop on what's  
happening on the outside. Rob?

Rob takes a deep breath and tosses the rock in the air a few times. He winds up and THROWS the rock as hard as he can.

Larry is still curled by the window - as a Task Force member SLAMS into the ground in front of him.

(CONTINUED)

24

CONTINUED:

24

A vampire pounces a second later, but the Task Force Member gets his stake up in time and the vampire DUSTS before his feet hits the ground.

The window next to Larry SHATTERS as a rock flies through it.

25

EXT. ROOFTOP - NIGHT

25

Rob smiles, proud of himself.

ROB

High and outside. Never fails.

Faith SOARS by him, arms spread like an eagle. Rob YELPS when he notices.

ROB (cont'd)

(frightened)

Jesus!

ZOOM IN on Faith as she flies across the street and:

26

INT. CNN STUDIOS - LARRY KING LIVE STAGE - CONTINUOUS

26

Faith darts through the window like an Olympic diver and lands with a neat front roll back up to her feet.

27

EXT. CNN STUDIOS - NIGHT

27

A helicopter lowers down to the window Faith just landed through.

HELICOPTER PILOT (V.O.)

(via radio)

What the hell was that?

SWAT LEADER (V.O.)

What?

SWAT LEADER (V.O.) (cont'd)

A freakin' girl just dove through a damn window!

SWAT LEADER (V.O.) (cont'd)

(beat)

What?!?

PUSH IN on the rooftop across the street from the building.

Rob, Alice, and Angelique are dumbstruck. They all look to one another.

ALICE

(to Rob)

It's okay. You can say it.

(CONTINUED)

ROB

That -  
(looks back to the CNN  
building)  
- was awesome!

Alice's phone rings and she picks it up.

ALICE

(blinks)  
Faith?

INT. CNN STUDIOS - LARRY KING LIVE STAGE - NEXT

Faith is plugging a Bluetooth piece into her ear.

FAITH

Any change out there?

ALICE (V.O.)

(through phone)  
Looks like they're following your  
lead. Some SWAT guys are rappelling  
down from a chopper.

FAITH

Alright. Keep me posted.

Faith separates a Task Force member from one of the vampires,  
easily holding them apart with one arm pushing on each.

FAITH (cont'd)

(to the vampire)  
You're with Pryor, right?

The vampire nods.

Faith releases him and DECKS the Task Force member with a  
back spinning roundhouse kick.

FAITH (cont'd)

Where's Pryor?

VAMPIRE

He bolted out the hall. Superblonde  
went after him.  
(beat; sniffs)  
You smell familiar. Have I bit you  
before?

Faith SHOVES him aside and runs out of the room.

29

INT. CNN STUDIOS - HALLWAY - NEXT

29

Pryor's running as fast as he can while digging through his back. He pulls another small disc-like device and squeezes the top of it.

A small GREEN LED lights up on it.

Pryor drops it to the ground and turns a corner. Dark Noa passes the device a second later. The LED turns RED and the device shoots straight up into the air and EXPLODES.

Pieces of metal SHRAPNEL fire off in all directions. Dark Noa has to turn and her body partially VAPORIZES. The shrapnel passes through.

She solidifies again and an errant piece STABS her in the shoulder. She SCREAMS and immediately yanks it out.

Pryor tackles her to the ground and drives two electric discs into her sides. Dark Noa HOWLS in agony before the Darkling exits her body entirely.

NOA

Pryor! Stop it! Please!

Pryor releases her immediately and turns her over. The look in her eyes and the Darkling hovering in the air lets him know this is the genuine article.

PRYOR

(relieved)

Noa. Are you o-

The Darkling BARRELS into Pryor, carrying him through the air into a wall. It stretches itself all over Pryor's body, spreading his limbs out like a snow angel.

Pryor GROANS as his arms and legs are stretched beyond their limits. The Darkling GROWLS and its red eyes stare a hole through Pryor's.

Faith comes out of nowhere and crashes into the two of them, knocking Pryor free.

They land in a heap on the ground. Pryor rolls off from on top of Faith. Both of their eyes look to Noa, who is crawling away from the scene as fast as she can.

The Darkling dives back into her body before she gets too far away. She doesn't even get a scream out before it regains control.

Faith and Pryor get to their feet.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)  
Vi give you any tips on how to beat  
this thing one on one?

FAITH  
Got a glowing mystical key in that  
bag o' tricks?

Dark Noa gets back to her feet and faces off with the two of  
them with murder in her eyes.

Pryor digs in his pockets once again.

PRYOR  
No. Got another key, though.

He pulls out a small KEYPAD and punches in a code.

FAITH  
What the hell's that?

PRYOR  
Letting in the cavalry.

DARK NOA  
(low; almost growling)  
So they can find your bodies?  
(glances to Pryor)  
Or ashes.

Faith drops into a fighting stance.

FAITH  
I'm gonna beat you out of Noa with  
my bare hands.

PRYOR  
And I'm gonna help.

DARK NOA  
I'll kill her before that happens.

FAITH  
She's a tough girl. You'd be amazed  
what she can live through.

PUSH IN on ear piece on Faith's ear.

ALICE  
Faith?

Alice is looking down from the roof with Angelique and Rob  
with her phone pressed to her ear.

CUT TO a BIRD'S EYE SHOT looking down from the roof. The SWAT Team and police officers are streaming through the front entrance.

ALICE  
Apparently, the dam just burst.  
Everyone's flooding in now.

FAITH (V.O.)  
Heard that.

The line goes dead. Alice pulls the phone away and looks at it. She throws a worried look to Angelique and Rob.

Faith charges in first. Dark Noa VAPORIZES before Faith can get an attack off. Faith immediately spins and CLIPS the solidifying Dark Noa behind her with a backfist.

Dark Noa spins with it and returns fire with a straight LEFT to Faith's chest that knocks her a good ten feet way.

Pryor makes a run for his bag. Dark Noa turns to him and raises her hand.

Faith slides across the ground and SWEEPS Dark Noa's legs out from under her. Faith mounts her and gets one punch in before the Darkling EXPLODES like a tornado out of Noa's back.

The tornado form blasts both of them straight into the air and Faith SMASHES against the ceiling. They fall back to the ground.

Dark Noa TOSSES Faith into the corner of one of the hallways. Faith's lower back catches the edge and she's knocked for a loop before falling to the ground.

Pryor is busy digging through his bag for another weapon.

Recovering quickly, Faith FLIPS into a handstand and drops her legs around Dark Noa's neck.

She pushes up to a sitting position resting on Dark Noa's shoulders and repeatedly PUNCHES her in the face, driving her back.

Dark Noa's back THUDS against a wall. Faith springs off her shoulders and backflips to the ground. She leaps forward with a flying punch.

Dark Noa ducks and Faith punches THROUGH the wall! She YELLS from the pain of punching through solid brick - her fist still lodged inside the wall.

Dark Noa shoots back up, HEADBUTTING Faith underneath her chin. Faith staggers back, but her trapped hand holds her in place.

Dark Noa throws an ELBOW that Faith blocks with her free hand. Dark Noa fires a KICK that Faith deflects with her own leg and KICKS her in the chest, pushing her back.

Pryor runs over and hits Dark Noa in the back with a TASER. He grabs Faith's trapped arm and YANKS it free.

Faith drops to the ground, clutching her arm. Pryor taps her shoulder.

PRYOR

Tag. I'm in.

Pryor rolls up his sleeves, revealing a METAL GAUNTLET on each arm. He presses a button and they CRACKLE with electricity.

Dark Noa gets to her feet and Pryor lands a hard LEFT CROSS. The blow knocks a small bit of BLACK MIST off Dark Noa's body.

Pryor continues PUNCHING away, backing Dark Noa into a wall. He gets his hands around her neck and turns up the juice.

Dark Noa YOWLS as yet more electricity is pumped into her, her body SPASMING with every pulse.

She grits her teeth and her eyes start GLOWING. She opens her mouth and a part of the Darkling spews forth, surrounding Pryor's face. Pryor backs off, blinded.

Dark Noa yanks one of the gauntlets off before Faith flies into frame with a FLYING KICK to Dark Noa's jaw, sending her sprawling.

The smoke clears from Pryor's face and he stumbles forward into Faith's arms.

PRYOR (cont'd)

You okay?

TILT DOWN as Pryor looks down to Faith's hurt arm. It's dripping blood from several nasty cuts.

FAITH

Not quite five by five.

PRYOR

Five by two?

They share a quick smirk. Faith kneels down and pulls the stake free from her calf.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor's sent flying by a torrent of Darkling mist, knocking him all the way down the hall.

Faith stands up with the stake, glancing back to Pryor before turning back to her foe.

DARK NOA  
You'd honestly kill her just to be  
rid of me?  
(shakes her head)  
I don't think so.

Faith stabs with the stake, aiming more for Dark Noa's arms and legs than a fatal attack. Dark Noa ducks under one swipe and GRABS Faith's arm, TWISTING it around to her back.

Dark Noa SLAMS Faith face first into a wall. Faith's eyes roll in the back of their sockets and her head lulls to one side. She's almost out.

Faith unconsciously releases the stake into Dark Noa's waiting hands.

DARK NOA (cont'd)  
Vi killed my last host with one of  
these. Consider this karma.

She rears back with the stake. Pryor grabs that wrist with his gauntlet covered wrist and SHOCKS her!

Released, Faith drops to the ground, dazed.

The Darkling fires out of Noa again, pushing both of them into a wall, with Pryor's back against it.

Pryor releases the wrist and throws a PUNCHES that Dark Noa catches. Dark Noa stabs for Pryor's heart with the STAKE and Pryor catches that.

They're locked in a battle of strength. Pryor's quickly losing ground. The wall against his back affords him no leverage to use his hips for each push.

DARK NOA (cont'd)  
(straining)  
Pryor, remember that time we  
kissed?

PRYOR  
(also straining)  
I kissed her, not you. Either way,  
I'd rather not remember that little  
nightmare.

Both of Pryor's arms are being driven back. Only seconds left.

Faith shakes her eyes and blinks her eyes, clearing the cobwebs out.

The red fades from Dark Noa's eyes, revealing our Noa's baby blues. Pryor registers this, features softening a touch.

PRYOR (cont'd)  
I'll... I'll say hello to your  
mother for you.

DARK NOA  
(frowns)  
Why? She was a bitch.

PRYOR  
Fair point.

BAM!

The stake slams home.

FAITH  
(struggling to her feet)  
No!

Pryor's face goes from vamp to human and he bends over, his mouth gaping open.

PRYOR  
(pained)  
I'm... sorry, Noa.

A single tear rolls down Noa's cheek.

NOA  
(soft)  
Me too...

PUSH IN ON Pryor as he closes his eyes - and DUSTS.

There's a long moment of silence. The camera holds on the wall where Pryor was standing just a second ago. A few particles of dust swirl in the air.

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

32

INT. CNN STUDIOS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

32

CLOSE UP on Faith, her face showing all the anguish of another lost friend.

Dark Noa takes a step back, still holding the stake. She looks almost... remorseful.

Her face tightens again. The eyes turn RED. She turns back to face Faith.

Faith's hands curl into fists.

So do Dark Noa's.

SWAT TEAM MEMBER

Freeze! Police!

Faith turns around to see the SWAT Team rushing down the hall towards them.

DARK NOA

(pointing at Faith)

Arrest her! That's Faith Lehane,  
one of the rogue Slayers!

Faith sprints down an adjacent hall. Dark Noa smirks as the SWAT Team rushes after her.

CUT TO another part of the hall. Faith races as fast as her injured body will allow. She pulls out her phone and quickly makes a call.

FAITH

(frantic)

Dawn, zero in on this call. I need  
a way out, now.

DAWN (V.O.)

(through phone)

Didn't Alice say all the exits were  
open?

SWAT TEAM MEMBER (O.S.)

Freeze or we will open fire!

FAITH

One that doesn't involve cops!

Faith keeps running and has to duck some gunfire as she turns a corner.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN (V.O.)  
Okay, three doors down on the right  
leads to the stairs. Go one flight  
down.

Faith rams her shoulder into the third door on her left.

DAWN (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I said right!

FAITH  
Oh!

Faith dips into the correct door and gets halfway down the  
first flight before it shuts.

33 INT. CNN STUDIOS - FOURTEENTH FLOOR - NEXT 33

Faith continues running, coming to a dead end intersection.

DAWN (V.O.)  
Hang a left.

She skids and turns back the other way when more COPS spot  
her.

COP #1  
(giving chase)  
Freeze!

Faith pants from exertion as she runs for her life.

FAITH  
Detour, Dawn!

DAWN (V.O.)  
Take a right at the opposite hall!

Faith complies. Despite her labored breathing, she manages a  
smile.

FAITH  
I see it!

REVERSE ANGLE on the end of the hall. A wide open GARBAGE  
CHUTE is there.

Faith gets to the chute and DIVES down it headfirst.

34 EXT. CNN STUDIOS - LOADING DOCK - NEXT 34

Here's a familiar scene. Faith drops out of the chute and  
lands in the same dumpster from earlier.

Alice, Rob, and Angelique run up to the dumpster. Rob and Angelique help Faith out. Faith nearly collapses once she's on solid ground.

FAITH  
(panting)  
How'd you know I was here?

Alice waves her phone.

ALICE  
Dawn's a great multitasker.

Faith nods as Angelique supports her. Together, they leave the alley going away from the front entrance.

ROB  
How'd it go in there?

FAITH  
Pryor's...  
(pained)  
... gone.

Rob briefly stops and bows his head.

ROB  
Damn.

He takes a moment to himself before jogging to catch up with the girls.

Faith's sitting on a bed with Jerry patching up her arm. Her head is down, looking at the ground.

For the duration of this scene, Jerry periodically looks up to try to catch Faith's eyes, but she never looks away from the ground.

FAITH  
(low)  
He was the first.

JERRY  
What's that?

FAITH  
When I first came to New York, he was the first person I met. Well, aside from Goliath. But I guess he was only a cat.  
(beat)  
Gave me a job. Looked out for me.

JERRY

I know.

Jerry finishes with Faith's arm and starts to dab her face with a damp white cloth.

FAITH

This one time, there was these...  
chattering teeth demons.

JERRY

(frowns)

I gave you too many painkillers.

FAITH

(smirks)

I'm seriously. No bodies, just...  
teeth. Creepiest damn things I've  
ever seen, and that's saying  
something coming from me.

JERRY

And Pryor stopped them?

Faith nods, just slightly.

FAITH

(gulps)

Carved his face up. They were  
connected to him. Long story. It's  
how he got those scars.

JERRY

Jesus.

FAITH

Saved my life. Noa's too.

(beat)

I know you didn't care for him too  
much, but -

JERRY

He was a friend. I know.

Jerry gently puts his hand on top of hers. Gives it a light squeeze.

JERRY (cont'd)

And I'm sorry.

Faith doesn't respond. She never looks up. Her hair hangs down from her shoulders, almost covering her eyes from view.

DAWN (O.S.)

Me too.

(CONTINUED)

Jerry looks up to see Dawn in the doorway. Her eyes are brimming with tears, but none of them fall.

JERRY

Hey. How you holding up?

DAWN

(ignoring the question)

I called Vi.

FAITH

How did she -

(shakes her head)

Never mind, stupid question.

DAWN

I hacked their private network. Got all the recorded footage of Pryor's attack.

Faith nods. Jerry takes a seat on the bed next to her.

JERRY

Well, that's good.

FAITH

More than good.

Dawn and Jerry both look to Faith, waiting for elaboration.

FAITH (cont'd)

I don't want Wilkins dead any more. It's too good for him.

(beat)

He's turned this whole city against all of us. His evil copy of me put Noa in that wheelchair.

(beat; bitter)

Rachel.

(beat)

Vi would probably still be here if -

(beat)

And now Pryor? I ain't standing for that.

Jerry nods. He goes to put his hand on her back, but thinks better of it.

FAITH (cont'd)

We kill him, none of that damage gets undone. He let the world know what we are. We owe him the same.

(beat)

We'll call it 'karma.'

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

(nods)

I, uh, I've got some things...  
to... well...

She gives up trying to say anything and disappears.

Jerry puts his hand on Faith's back. Faith closes her eyes and leans her head against his shoulder. He rests his chin on the top of her head and rubs her back.

Faith shivers, her eyes tear up, but she doesn't break. Her jaw clenches. Too angry to cry.

INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT

Dawn is watching feeds of several NEWS REPORTS in silence. The volume on one cranks up.

REPORTER (V.O.)

(male voice)

Thankfully, Mayor Wilkins and Mr. King were unharmed in the attack, though several fatalities have been reported. The vampires were dispatched through the joint efforts of Mr. Wilkins's Task Force and the New York City Police Department. Mr. Wilkins has promised a press release in the morning.

Dawn waves the screens away.

She sits down on the floor of the control room and wraps her arms around her legs.

She waves her hand and several new screens appear, showing Asylum footage of Pryor.

Doing experiments. Eating with RUTH. Jumping away from sparks in one of his devices.

Happier times.

Dawn buries her face in her knees and starts to SOB.

INT. BOWEN HOUSE - BATHROOM

CLOSE UP on the mirror vanity. Lori's reflection rises up from the sink. She splashes some water on her face. Her red eyes betray that she's been crying too.

She lifts a glass of water to her lips and drains it in one go, finishing with a satisfied sigh.

(CONTINUED)

She puts the glass down, staring at her own reflection and letting out a heavy SIGH.

UNKNOWN POV

Lori turns the faucet off and turns to leave, towards the camera.

She FREEZES.

A PISTOL lifts into frame and two SILENCED SHOTS are fired into Lori's chest before she can make a sound.

She drops out of frame.

TILT DOWN to Lori's body. She gasps and blood curdles out of her mouth as she desperately tries to force clean air into her lungs.

She goes still.

DEAD.

We back out of the bathroom:

INT. BOWEN HOUSE - HALLWAY

Still in our unknown shooter's point of view.

Slowly track down the hall to:

INT. BOWEN HOUSE - VI'S BEDROOM - NEXT

A black gloved hand pushes the door open. Another pistol comes frame from the left. Two more from the right.

They all OPEN FIRE on the bed!

Our shooter moves to the bed and FLINGS the blankets off.

There's no-one there!

UNKNOWN SHOOTER  
(whispering)  
Damn!

WHIP PAN back to the hallway, revealing the other two shooters as masked men in all black.

They hear FOOTSTEPS suddenly thundering towards them, and turn to see:

Vi racing down the hallway. She jumps and DROPKICKS the other two shooters in the chest.

## NORMAL SCENE

Vi rolls to her side to avoid the SHOTS of Lori's killer. She flips her mattress up into his face with her feet.

One of the other two gets to his feet.

Vi skips up to her feet, GRABS him by his collars and throws him THROUGH the door to her closet.

She leaps again and delivers a FLYING KICK to her mattress, knocking the shooter behind it through her bedroom window!

The third shooter staggers to his feet. Vi KICKS him square in the groin. She grabs him by his waist band and RAMS him into a wall.

Vi yanks him and spins him around, this time tossing him headfirst into the mirror over her dresser.

He staggers away and Vi snaps off a side KICK to his face, punching his head through the back of the mirror and the wall behind it. His body goes limp and slumps, only held up by his head being stuck in the wall.

The second shooter stumbles out of Vi's closet. Vi yanks one of the drawers out of the dresser and THROWS it at him.

She jumps in the air again, launching into a FRONT SPINNING ROUNDHOUSE KICK that SMASHES the dresser into the face of the second shooter, knocking him out.

Vi, hissing and panting, walks over to the upended mattress and yanks it away.

Lori's killer is slumped half out of the window. Vi yanks him back in and pushes up the window. She sticks his head back and SLAMS IT DOWN on top of his head.

And again. Again. Each blow more violent and forceful than the one before it. BLOOD spatters across her.

After about ten of these, the sill itself BREAKS and Vi lets the shooter fall to the ground. Vi grabs his gun and the guns of the other two.

Then she looks back towards the bathroom in the hallway.

Lori's body is still sprawled out on the ground.

VI (O.S.)

Lori?

Vi rushes into the bathroom and FREEZES, the horror written all over her face as she sees Lori's body, her blood still pooling on the tiles.

She steps inside just as JOHN and ELENA BOWEN come up in the doorway, their reactions just as, if not worse, than Vi's.

ELENA  
(covering her mouth)  
Vi, what's - oh, my God!  
(beat)  
Who... who did this?

Vi kneels down and checks Lori's pulse. Her SIGH answers the unspoken question hanging in the air.

ELENA (cont'd)  
Oh, God, John... they were in our  
home!

With tears welling up in her eyes and her body shaking with barely restrained rage, Vi gently closes Lori's eyes with two fingers.

JOHN  
(absentmindedly)  
I'll... go call... someone.

He dashes off. Elena watches him go before turning back to her daughter.

ELENA  
Honey, what... what should we -

Vi's face tightens.

VI  
(choked up)  
I... need to pack.

Without another word, Vi stands and leaves the room, brushing past her parents.

JOHN  
We can't just leave her here!

ELENA  
'Pack'? Violet, what are you  
talking about? 'Pack' for what?

VI (O.S.)  
Home.

Elena looks back at the departing Vi, then Lori's body.

PUSH IN on Lori's cold, lifeless form before we FADE TO:

41 EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT 41

The air around the building starts to SHIMMER and RIPPLE.

42 INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT 42

Dawn looks up from her fetal position. Her jaw drops. She stands up and brings up a screen showing the outside of the building.

DAWN  
(shakes her head)  
Oh, no.

43 EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT 43

A FLASH OF LIGHT whites out the whole screen.

When it fades, the REAL ASYLUM, with lights on and shadows moving through the windows is visible!

44 INT. GATEWAY - CONTROL ROOM - NEXT 44

Dawn's eyes widen.

DAWN  
Oh, crap!

She disappears.

45 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - NEXT 45

Faith is laying flat on her back when one of her forearms across her forehead. Sleeping's not much of an option at the moment.

Dawn POPS in.

DAWN  
(exclaiming)  
Faith!

Faith doesn't move a muscle. She just exhales.

FAITH  
Dawn, I don't -

DAWN  
The glammers are down!

A beat. Faith's eyes widen and she bolts up to a sitting position.

46

EXT. CNN STUDIOS - NIGHT

46

Dark Noa looks bored once again as a male PARAMEDIC checks her over. All the evidence of her fight with Faith and Pryor is gone. Her skin is flawless again.

Wilkins walks up to her and hangs up his phone.

WILKINS

Miss DeRubria, I have some news.

Dark Noa shoves the paramedic away from her. He looks over to Wilkins, who gives him a nod. The paramedic leaves the two of them alone.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Despite the fact that our ambassadors have yet to check in, I'm fairly certain our campaign down South was a resounding success.

Dark Noa nods, not looking too interested.

WILKINS (cont'd)

But that's not all. Our eyes on the Asylum just reported a bright flash of light, almost as if a spell was just dropped.

Dark Noa looks up to Wilkins, who breaks into a grin.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Apparently, they really are open for business. Who knew?

Dark Noa returns Wilkins's smile.

WILKINS (cont'd)

And there's my number one girl. So how d'you feel about a little field exercise? Shake off some of that tension?

She rises, knuckles CRACKING loudly. Wilkins CHUCKLES, clapping a fatherly hand on her shoulder before we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**