

FAITH

"Election Day"

by
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Based on characters created by Joss Whedon
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - RECEPTION - NIGHT

1

WHAM! The main doors fly open as FAITH barges in, the broken and bloody body of NOA in her arms.

FAITH

Help! Anybody! I need help!

Following her are JERRY and DAWN, the latter still a little woozy from her recent adventures.

The sliding doors leading into the main emergency room open as a DOCTOR races out, flanked by a NURSE.

DOCTOR

(to Nurse)

Get me a gurney!

(to Faith)

What happened to her?

FAITH

She got hit by a car, we found her
in the street, she didn't...

A GURNEY is quickly wheeled over, the Doctor helping Faith carefully lay Noa down.

He checks her eyes with a pen light before he scans her body, taking in the various injuries.

DOCTOR

(incredulous)

What kind of car?

JERRY

A big car.

NURSE

Faint breath sounds, weak pulse.

DOCTOR

Get OR One ready and call down Dr.
Keating, stat!

FAITH

Is she gonna be alright?

NURSE

We can't say.

DOCTOR

She needs to be in surgery now.

(CONTINUED)

The Nurse waits with Faith as the Doctor hurriedly rolls Noa back through the sliding doors.

FAITH
But what about -

NURSE
Ma'am, you need to stay here.

FAITH
I can't just leave her!

NURSE
She's in good hands. The best thing
you can do is tell me everything
you can about what happened to her.

Faith glances back, meeting Jerry's eyes.

NURSE (cont'd)
Miss? Is there a problem.

FAITH
No, uh, just that -

DAWN
(steps in)
We only saw it happen, like, fast.
We ran over but the car was already
gone.

NURSE
Alright, what kind of vehicle was
it?

DAWN
Something big. A Hummer, maybe? It
had those bull bar things. Must've
been doing sixty, easy.

The Nurse nods, scribbling all this down on a notepad. Jerry takes the opportunity to lead Faith to one side.

NURSE
How did she fall? On her side? On
her neck?

DAWN
On her left side, I think, but she
bounced pretty hard.

ON FAITH as she sinks into a chair, clothes spattered with Noa's blood.

Jerry sits beside her, glancing round the reception - the dramatic arrival has attracted plenty of attention.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

(quiet)

Faith, I know you don't want to
hear me say this, but -

FAITH

No. We can't leave her. I won't.

JERRY

We're public enemies. Wanted
fugitives. Wilkins' Task Force just
trashed the Asylum trying to get to
us. You really think waiting
quietly in a brightly lit, public
area is the best thing we could be
doing right now?

(beat)

Noa's getting the best care she
can. Becca and Lucy said they
couldn't do anything for her.
Fighting the troopers used up
pretty much all their juice.

Dawn approaches, rotating her neck.

JERRY (cont'd)

Smooth talking.

DAWN

I watch a lot of TV, on case you
hadn't noticed. Including plenty of
medical dramas.

(looks around)

We can't stay here.

Jerry looks to Faith, hoping she'll agree. Faith just leans
forward and puts her head in her hands, trying to process
everything, before she hears:

SCOTT (O.S.)

She's right.

Faith looks up - and SCOTT is approaching them. Jerry rises,
getting in Scott's way.

JERRY

What the hell are you doing here?

SCOTT

Heard about the raid on the Asylum,
saw your Jeep leaving the scene, so
I followed you here.

JERRY

Maybe you ought to just turn around
and head right on back?

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: (3)

1

FAITH

Jerry...

(looks up; exhales)

Leave it. I ain't got the energy to
deal with anything else right now.

SCOTT

So I'm guessing you guys haven't
seen the news?

The trio exchange looks. Scott SIGHS as we CUT TO:

2 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

2

MAYOR WILKINS is on screen, a news report showing him at a
live press conference.

WILKINS

(filtered; on screen)

... and so, as we pick up the
pieces of tonight's terrorist
attacks, I just want to re-iterate
how saddened and appalled I am that
the... enemies of my campaign, and
indeed enemies of the people of New
York, would stoop to such...
catastrophic lows in their attempts
to derail what we're trying to
accomplish.

PULL BACK to find Faith is watching this with Scott.

WILKINS (cont'd)

I want to say, right now, that
tomorrow's voting goes ahead as
planned. These reckless, chaotic
vigilantes have had their day. This
city belongs to us now.

FAITH

What am I supposed to be missing
here? I've heard him churn out this
crap for years now.

SCOTT

Keep watching.

WILKINS

And I know this won't come as any
comfort to those of you bereaved by
tonight's terrible events, but I
can tell you this - we have, in
custody, one of the perpetrators of
tonight's atrocities.

(CONTINUED)

The camera changes to show footage of a dazed Vi being hauled along by two Task Force troopers!

FAITH

No...

WILKINS

The terrorist and self-appointed 'vampire Slayer' Violet Bowen will stand trial tomorrow for her crimes against humankind. She was apprehended during the attacks, and it was only after she fought and killed several of my men that she was finally taken down.

The screen CUTS BACK to Wilkins.

WILKINS (cont'd)

My only hope is that the justice we serve tomorrow goes some way to easing the burden suffered by us all over the last few hours.

(beat)

Thank you.

He steps away from the podium, a barrage of QUESTIONS shouted his way.

ON SCENE as Faith steps back, running a hand through her hair. She's at a loss as she tries to process this.

FAITH

The hell is she even doing here?

SCOTT

I don't know. All I know is that they've blamed whatever those... things that got loose in the city were square on you guys, and that tomorrow morning Vi's going to stand trial for it before Wilkins opens the voting booths for the mayoral election.

FAITH

We've got to get her back.

SCOTT

(grins)

Kinda hoping you'd say that.

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3

INT. CITY HALL - MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

3

WILKINS steps into view, a semi-circle of smartly dressed, seated figures before him - the DEPUTY MAYORS.

WILKINS

Ladies and gentlemen, we stand on the brink of a new era. Voting opens in the morning for the mayoral seat, and opinion polls...

(chuckles)

I was hoping to use a less obvious word than 'landslide,' so maybe something like... 'avalanche.'

The Deputy Mayors return his satisfied laughter.

WILKINS (cont'd)

However... I'm afraid this night also brings some sad news.

He exhales, walking round behind his desk.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Our associate Ereshkigal is no longer with us.

The Deputies exchange surprised looks.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Our planned raid on the Constantine Asylum took place as planned, with Miss DeRubria leading the Task Force as always. As we expected, inside they met... resistance.

DEPUTY MAYOR PATRICIA HARRIS pipes up:

HARRIS

What about the asset?

Wilkins pauses again, his silence telling them all they needed to know.

WILKINS

It seems the Gateway has been destroyed, or at the very least rendered unusable. According to the energy spikes and readings our Science division took at the scene...

DEPUTY EDWARD SKYLER sits up.

(CONTINUED)

SKYLER

And the Darklings? Everybody saw a cluster of those things make it out into the city - it was on every news channel we've got!

DEPUTY DENNIS WALCOTT is the next to speak:

WALCOTT

We also saw those beams of energy hooking the Darklings and dragging them back the way they came.

WILKINS

I know what you're all about to ask, so I'll lay it out for you - the Darklings are gone.

The Deputies start to MUTTER amongst themselves.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Pretty sure I still mentioned something about an 'avalanche' a few seconds ago...

HARRIS

With all due respect, Mr. Mayor, without access to the Darkling army, our plans just got a lot more difficult.

WILKINS

One step at a time, Patricia. Let's not forget the bonus prize we have waiting downstairs.

Wilkins GRINS at last as we CUT TO:

PAN ALONG a grimy, dark basement corridor, sounds of FISTS hitting FLESH ring out.

WILKINS (V.O.)

Even without the Darklings, our primary objective has always been to have the proud, chutzpah-loving citizens cheering on our every move.

Arrive at a DOOR which looks into a small storage room - where VI is tied to a chair, taking a hell of a beating from a pair of GOONS.

WILKINS (V.O.) (cont'd)
 And what better way to make sure
 they love us right the way to the
 front steps of the apocalypse than
 a little on-air trial?

Vi tries to lift her head, BLOOD dripping from a cut over her
 eye, but she just gets another PUNCH and we CUT TO:

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - RECEPTION - NIGHT

Back with Dawn and Jerry, as Jerry gives Dawn a makeshift
 exam to check her for any injuries.

DAWN
 So how am I doing?

JERRY
 For a girl who's spent the last few
 years as an incorporeal being...
 pretty good, I'd say.

Dawn grins as Jerry gives her hair a quick, affectionate
 ruffle.

DAWN
 I know this is going to sound
 wrong, but I can't stop touching
 things!

She runs her hands across every available surface, savouring
 the sensation.

DAWN (cont'd)
 You forget how good it feels to be
able to feel, you know?

She realises Jerry is looking back towards the sliding doors
 leading into the ER.

DAWN (cont'd)
 She'll be okay. I mean, yeah, there
 was that whole plan where getting
 the Darkling out of her almost
 killed her, but the operative word
 here is 'almost.'
 (beat)
 You heard back from Alice yet?

Jerry nods, fishing out his Blackberry.

JERRY
 She e-mailed me a minute ago. Says
 the Task Force are all dead or
 gone, and it doesn't look like
 they're bringing reinforcements.
 (MORE)

CONTINUED:

JERRY (cont'd)
City emergency services are busy clearing up the mess from those escaped Darklings. The others are working on getting the Asylum's defence systems back online.

DAWN
What about the others? They good?

JERRY
All in one piece, far as we can tell. Carter's still complaining about his hand.

DAWN
(realising)
Oh, God, the other others! The people we left off world!

Jerry's eyes widen as he catches up:

JERRY
Without the Gateway...

DAWN
... we've got no way to get them back! Any of them!

JERRY
(beat)
Is that so bad?

Dawn shoots him a look. He shrugs.

JERRY (cont'd)
We left them all on Shanti. Out of the places they could have gone...

DAWN
(concedes)
Man's got a point.

She looks up and down the waiting room.

DAWN (cont'd)
Where's Faith?

JERRY
She just needs a minute. She's had a lot to process.

DAWN
She's had a lot to process? Hello? Former ghost over here! Almost went insane? Just got spat back into her body by a mystical transport device mid-detonation?

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

Difference is, you're joking about it.

Point taken. Dawn bites her lip, before spotting Faith and Scott heading back their way.

DAWN

Hey! Where have you -

FAITH

He's got her.

JERRY

Who?

FAITH

Vi! Wilkins has got Vi!

JERRY

How? She wasn't even in New York!

FAITH

(grim)

Looks like she came back...

DAWN

Wait up - you mean 'got' as in arrested?

SCOTT

As in he's gonna put her on trial live tomorrow as part of his election campaign.

DAWN

Oh, my God...

FAITH

He's not getting her. Not after everything else.

(to Jerry)

What's the sitch back at the Asylum?

JERRY

Recovering, but still in one piece.

Faith nods, pacing up and down as her mind races.

JERRY (cont'd)

Faith, if your brain's going where I think it is, then I can tell you right now that it's a really, really bad idea...

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

We have to get Noa out of here.

DAWN

Did you see the mess she was in?

Faith whips round. Fixes Dawn with a steely glare.

DAWN (cont'd)

(gulps)

I - I mean, I just...

Jerry slides between the two of them.

JERRY

Wilkins won't come after her here.
He probably doesn't even know what
happened to Noa at the Asylum.

FAITH

Doesn't mean he won't find out.

SCOTT

Maybe I can help you with that.

FAITH

Bit late to throw down with us, boy
scout.

SCOTT

Not here for that.

DAWN

Hey, at least he didn't actually
help get us attacked this time.
(off looks)
Devil's advocate, shutting up.

SCOTT

I can watch Noa. I may be a desk
cop now, but I'm still a cop. I can
get close to her and stay there.

JERRY

Why should we still trust you?

SCOTT

What possible reason could I have
for wanting to hurt her?

They exchange looks. He's got a point.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Also...

(CONTINUED)

He reaches into his jacket. Faith tenses - but Scott takes out a FLASH DRIVE.

SCOTT (cont'd)
Your friend Pryor gave me this.
Just a sample of enough evidence to
put Wilkins and his cronies at City
Hall away for good.

FAITH
It say anything in there about
Rachel?

SCOTT
(firm)
Enough.

DAWN
What else does it say?

SCOTT
Did you guys know Wilkins replaced
all the deputy mayors with
shapeshifters?
(off looks)
Guess not.

JERRY
All the evidence in the world won't
do us much good without a way to
get people to hear it.

SCOTT
That's where you guys come in.

He tucks the flash drive away again.

SCOTT (cont'd)
We all know now what Wilkins is
planning to do to Vi tomorrow. I
figured you'd have something to say
about that.

FAITH
You figured right.

SCOTT
So I'll take care of my side of
things while you guys go in and get
her back. When it's the right
moment...

DAWN

Do you even have a cartoon outline of a plan for any of this, or are you just trying to sound like you know what you're doing?

SCOTT

I've got plenty of files, dossiers, photos and all the rest waiting back at my office. Give me the right moment and I can bust Wilkins' operation wide open.

FAITH

Dawn. Help him.

(off Dawn's look)

You're the nerd here. If anyone can figure out how to get what's on that drive out to the public long enough for them to see and hear it, it's you.

DAWN

(sighs)

Right, sure. Play on my pride.

FAITH

Can you do it or not?

DAWN

I'll do it, I'll do it.

(scowls at Scott)

Just don't expect me to like it.

Scott bows his head, accepting the parting shot. Faith glances back towards the main doors as they slide open.

FAITH

(to Jerry)

We need to get back to the Asylum. Get the guys together, come up with a plan.

JERRY

(nods)

Scott and Dawn can handle things here. Right?

DAWN

Absolutely.

Jerry starts to lead Faith away. She hesitates, almost stumbling as Jerry puts a little more force into it.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(to Scott)
Anything happens to her...

SCOTT
It won't.

FAITH
Anything.

DAWN
Faith... we've got this.

With a last look towards the ER itself, Faith finally relents and lets Jerry usher her outside.

ON SCOTT AND DAWN as they stand awkwardly in silence for a beat, before:

DAWN (cont'd)
Anyway, hi. I don't think we ever
met. I used to be a ghost.

She sticks out her hand. Scott looks at it, then her, raising an eyebrow before we CUT TO:

The door to the room holding Vi and the goons opens as Wilkins steps in, fresh from the press conference on the TV.

The goons look round, fists bloody, and Wilkins gives them a cheery, yet dismissive wave.

WILKINS
I've got it from here, boys.

The goons obediently step away, exiting the room. Wilkins waits for the door to close before he approaches Vi.

WILKINS (cont'd)
Well, Violet, I hope you -

PTUI! She SPITS a fat gob of BLOOD onto his expensive shoes. Wilkins glances down at them and CHUCKLES.

WILKINS (cont'd)
I was going to say 'learned to co-operate,' but I suppose the stain that's going to leave on my loafers answers that question.

VI
(woozy)
You son of a bitch...

WILKINS

I think you'll find my mother was a school teacher. Educated. Classy.

VI

(screams)

You killed her!

WILKINS

I didn't kill anybody.

(beat)

Maybe one or two here and there. Collateral damage. You know how it is.

Vi lets out a guttural ROAR, thrashing wildly in her bonds, trying to get free. This just amuses Wilkins further.

WILKINS (cont'd)

What did you think was going to happen? That you'd be able to just waltz back into my city like nothing had happened?

Vi is sagging in the chair now, what little strength she had left all used up. Wilkins leans closer to her.

WILKINS (cont'd)

If the boys I sent after you had done their job, you wouldn't even be here to finish this conversation. All you've done by coming back is make things a hundred times worse for yourself.

Vi's head lolls - TEARS are running down her cheeks.

VI

(weak)

I'll kill you...

Wilkins straightens, exhaling.

WILKINS

You know, in a way I'm almost sorry things ended up this way. A different roll of the dice and you could've been on my team. I could really have used a firecracker like you. Ah, well.

He turns and heads for the door.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Get some rest if you can. It's a big day tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

VI

Faith...

Wilkins stops. Slowly turns back to face her. Vi is actually GRINNING despite her injuries.

VI (cont'd)

She'll do it. Even if I can't.
She'll stop you.

WILKINS

Oh, I'm counting on Faith turning
up, don't you worry about that.
Nothing sells a campaign better
than a little on-air justice
twofer.

Vi's grin drops at that statement. Wilkins opens the door,
turning to smile back at her:

WILKINS (cont'd)

And when today is over and done
with, I get to be the Mayor again,
and you'll have helped me.

He steps out, and the goons re-enter, ready to get back to
work on Vi as we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

7 EXT. ASYLUM - NIGHT 7

The Asylum stands stoic as ever, framed against the NYC skyline as a backdrop.

There's no Task Force or police presence here - a few abandoned vehicles, nothing more.

8 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NEXT 8

PUSH THROUGH the main entrance, the aftermath of the Task Force's attack and the Darkling escape attempt still very much visible.

DEBRIS litters the floor, chunks of plaster are missing from the walls and ceiling as we pass into:

9 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NEXT 9

Where electrical CABLES dangle from the ceiling, some HISSING and others SPARKING.

10 INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - NEXT 10

Here's where the main battle took place - a few of the survivors such as ANGELIQUE and CARTER are moving bodies of friend and foe alike.

11 INT. ASYLUM - INFIRMARY - NEXT 11

BECCA and LUCINDA are patching up some wounded DEMONS, the last of the Asylum's refugees.

Several BODIES are covered with sheets at the back of the room - those who didn't survive the fight.

12 INT. ASYLUM - STAFF ROOM - NEXT 12

ALICE, ROB and ROSIE are laying out WEAPONS across the tables, sorting through what remains of the Asylum's stash.

It's not looking like a whole lot, Alice and Rob exchanging a concerned look as we CUT TO:

13 INT. ASYLUM - FAITH'S ROOM - NIGHT 13

Faith is busy stuffing some things into a duffel bag. There's a KNOCK at the door - she turns to find Jerry waiting.

FAITH
C'mon in, Jer. You don't need to
ask permission.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH (cont'd)
(mock serious)
Or do you?

JERRY
Gallows humour. I'm impressed.

FAITH
Been taking lessons. What's up?

JERRY
Nothing. The others are getting
their things together, like you
asked, and it looks like Wilkins is
leaving us along after the
darklings took a bite out of his
Task Force, so I, well...
(beat)
I thought one of those thankfully
less awkward than they used to be
father-daughter chats was needed.

Faith grins, heading for a cabinet and opening it - to reveal
more WEAPONS hanging up than clothes.

FAITH
Pretty sure we've said all we need
to.

JERRY
About the plan, yes. I was thinking
more along the lines of 'things we
should say in case something goes
wrong tomorrow.'

She stops. Turns to face him. Jerry shrugs.

JERRY (cont'd)
Let's be honest, it's been known to
happen round here.

FAITH
I...

Silence falls. Faith looks at him, pleading.

FAITH (cont'd)
I don't... I mean, I try not to get
into these kinds of, y'know...
things.

JERRY
(chuckles)
I can tell.
(beat)
You're the most important thing in
my life, Siobhan.

(CONTINUED)

Using her real name? That gets Faith's attention.

JERRY (cont'd)
I'm not going to pretend that I can
make amends for what I put you and
your mother through, or any of that
Hallmark crap. We both know better
than that.

He steps closer. Takes her by the arms.

JERRY (cont'd)
I just wanted you to hear that. To
know that I meant it. And -

He gets cut off as she HUGS him. It's a little awkward -
she's not exactly had a lot of practise - but it works.

JERRY (cont'd)
(grins)
I'll take that as your approval.

She steps back, quickly SNIFFING and bottling that emotion
right back up again. Jerry's eyes fall on the duffel bag.

JERRY (cont'd)
Going somewhere?

FAITH
Got an errand to run.

JERRY
Need any help?

Faith grins, shakes her head and lifts the bag.

FAITH
If I told you where I was going...

JERRY
... I'd try to stop you. Got it.
One of those errands.
(beat)
Be safe.

FAITH
Always am.

She walks past him, giving him a light bop on the arm as she
exits. He laughs, turning to watch her go as we CUT TO:

Wilkins is on the phone, pacing up and down as WOODS knocks
and enters. Wilkins motions for him to sit.

WILKINS

(into phone)

Alright, Diane, just do what you can. I want to make sure we have blanket coverage of tomorrow's trial. The people need to see justice being served, and I need to see all those pretty little graphs and pie charts you people use for ratings going up.

(grins)

You too. Good night.

He hangs up, turning to Woods.

WILKINS (cont'd)

My day so far has been a mixture of eager anticipation and disappointment, Mr. Woods. I hope you're bringing me something that falls into the former category.

Woods nervously shuffles through some FOLDERS he's holding.

WOODS

Well, uh, the thing is, sir, uh...

WILKINS

Mr. Woods?

Wilkins smiles - but Woods knows it's the kind of smile that could slice a man in two. He SHIVERS involuntarily.

WOODS

We... we can't locate her, sir. It.

WILKINS

I see.

WOODS

After the other darklings were dragged back through the Gateway, we tries to look for Ereshkigal's unique energy signature, but it was just... gone.

WILKINS

Could she have escaped?

(off look)

After how long it spent living inside Miss DeRubria, I'm classing it as a 'she.'

WOODS

(quickly)

It's... possible.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOODS (cont'd)
I mean, I don't even begin to have
the kinds of equipment or resources
I'd need to try and track it - her.
We're talking multi-dimensional
dragnets of sensor readings - the
power drain alone could black out
half the seaboard, and we -

Wilkins leans forward, patting Woods on the shoulders. This,
not surprisingly, doesn't calm Woods' jitters.

WILKINS
I trust you'll do everything you
can. Tomorrow goes ahead with or
without the Darkling, but it sure
would be handy to know she's still
part of the team.
(beat)
That'll be all.

Breathing an obvious sigh of relief, Woods rises and heads
for the exit. He pauses as Wilkins adds:

WILKINS (cont'd)
What about our backup plan?

WOODS
Oh, they're almost ready, sir. I
obviously had to cut a few corners
without access to Pryor's full
research, but -

WILKINS
Will they do the job?

WOODS
Yes. Sir. They will.

WILKINS
(brightens)
Dandy.

He reaches round across his desk, returning bearing a plate
full of COOKIES:

WILKINS (cont'd)
Oreo?

Woods blinks as we CUT TO:

Slap bang in the middle of the square itself, a large
PLATFORM is being constructed.

Rows of seats face it from the street, with what looks suspiciously like a courtroom setup being built on the platform itself.

The glaring, flashing lights of the buildings all around and the video screens beaming down bathe the scene in a variety of garish colours.

PULL BACK to find the scene is playing on a TV SET as we find ourselves in:

A spartan, dark room with little more than a bed and the TV set. Vi sits up on the bed, her back to the wall. She's recovered slightly from her earlier beating but is still in pretty rough shape.

Her eyes are fixed to the TV, knowing that she's watching the stage for her own execution being built.

She closes her eyes and leans back, letting out a deep SIGH.

VOICE (O.S.)

Now that didn't sound good.

And LORI leans forward into frame, now sitting next to Vi on the bed. Vi doesn't react to her presence.

VI

Can you blame me?

LORI

Not really. I guess if I was stuck watching what was in store for me, I wouldn't feel like switching it off either.

VI

Faith'll find a way to get me out of this.

LORI

You sure about that?

VI

She has to at least know I'm here by now. It's been all over the news for hours. I should know. I've been watching it all night.

LORI

I meant are you sure she wants to come get you out of this?

Vi turns to look at Lori at last. Lori shrugs.

LORI (cont'd)
You know you've been thinking it. I mean, you are having this conversation with yourself, after all.

Vi lets out another heavy SIGH, shuts her eyes and leans back against the wall.

VI
Thanks for reminding me.

LORI
Your subconscious, not mine.

VI
I know I screwed up. I know after everything that happened, and when I went AWOL last time, that I wasn't exactly making things easy for myself, but -

LORI
But you still think what you two have been through matters, right?

VI
Doesn't it?

LORI
I dunno, what were her last words to you? Oh, yeah - 'you're either in this 'til the finish or you leave and don't bother looking back.'

Lori pushes up off the bed and paces across the room. Vi opens her eyes to watch her.

LORI (cont'd)
Okay. Worst case scenario. Faith doesn't come to your rescue, and in a few hours Wilkins has you tried and probably executed live on air, and as a result wins the election with enough votes left over to take a crack at the Senate too.

VI
That's a hell of a 'worst case.'

LORI
Best case scenario. She saves you, Wilkins goes down and all is forgiven.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LORI (cont'd)
(beat)
Which do you think is more likely?

Vi stares back at her, unable to respond - until the lock on the door CLICKS as it's opened. Lori turns:

But she's gone as a GOON steps inside, tossing a tray of sickly-looking FOOD across the floor.

GOON
(smirks)
Not so tough without your powers,
are you?

Vi just holds his gaze - as Lori reappears beside her.

LORI
Go for it. Slayer powers or not,
you can take this guy. Do it.

But Vi doesn't move, and with a final leer the Goon steps back outside - and LOCKS the door.

Lori HUFFS and flops down across the bed.

LORI (cont'd)
You're hopeless.

VI
Even if I got past him, there'd be
a dozen more waiting for me. I
wouldn't make it past a hundred
yards, and then I'd get my ass
kicked again and I'd be in even
worse shape for whatever they've
got planned for me tomorrow.

LORI
Fine. Use logic on me.

Vi turns to her. Lori grins - and Vi manages a half-smile back. She looks sad all of a sudden, bowing her head.

VI
I'm sorry...

Lori doesn't answer.

VI (cont'd)
You just wanted us to be together,
and part of me... maybe, I don't
know. Somehow. I just... I wasn't
ready. Not for what you wanted.
Maybe I never would've been.

She looks over - but Lori is gone.

16 CONTINUED: (3)

16

VI (cont'd)
But maybe I would.

Alone in the room again, Vi cuts a small, huddled figure as the flickering light from the TV sends shadows dancing across the walls, before we CUT TO:

17 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - RECEPTION - NIGHT

17

Dawn is seated, drumming her fingers against her knees. She then moves her hands to start tapping against every available surface:

Before realising a nearby PATIENT is staring oddly at her. Dawn grins and settles back down.

DAWN
Sorry. Just refreshing my memory.

The patient shakes his head and looks away - as Dawn sees Scott re-enter, something tucked under his arm.

DAWN (cont'd)
Did you get it?

Scott nods, handing her the package - it's a LAPTOP, bright pink, and Dawn accepts it with a gleeful smile.

SCOTT
Let's hope you're as good with this sort of stuff as everybody keeps telling me you are.

DAWN
Oh, I'm better.

She holds out her hand expectantly. Scott places the FLASH DRIVE into her palm.

Dawn slots it into her PC, types a few commands and watches her screen fill with folders, files and information.

DAWN (cont'd)
Alright, Pryor, let's see what your plan 'B' looks like...

Scott takes a seat, watching Dawn get to work as we CUT TO:

18 EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

18

Faith steps into frame outside a ramshackle, grafitti-sprayed old building.

City lights and sounds aren't far away, but this isn't a part of the city many people frequent.

(CONTINUED)

She steps up to a rusted old fire door and HAMMERS three times. Steps back.

VOICE (O.S.)
(through door)
Who is it?

FAITH
Pryor sent me.

A beat - and then a HATCH slides open in the door. A pair of suspicious EYES glint out at her.

VOICE
What's the password?

FAITH
Jaleena.

Another beat - and then a series of locks SCRAPE and CLANG on the other side of the door.

Faith waits until the sounds stop - and the door slowly CREAKS open. She steps through:

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

And several LIGHTS come on as soon as she does, highlighting her but keeping the rest of the room in darkness.

FAITH
(shielding her eyes)
I'm alone.

VOICE (O.S.)
Can't be too careful.

VOICE #2 (O.S.)
What's in the bag?

FAITH
Mugged some guy dressed as Santa on the way over.

She drops the bag - it CLINKS as it hits the ground.

FAITH (cont'd)
So are you gonna shine lights in my face all night, or are we gonna do this?

VOICE (O.S.)
Easy on the attitude, Slayer...

And a MAN steps from the shadows. Faith tenses a little as he steps into the glare of the lights - he's a VAMPIRE!

VAMPIRE

You ain't exactly among friends
here.

Faith looks round as more movement catches her eye - and
around a dozen more VAMPIRES emerge from the darkness!

She's surrounded, vampires on all sides. Faith does her best
not to look intimidated as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - MORNING

20

Sun rises slowly over the now fully-assembled platform in the belly of Times Square.

It's a wide, red-carpeted structure stretching almost fully across the street, with bleachers either side holding rows of chairs.

In the centre, the mock courtroom has pride of place, looking like it's been plucked straight off the set of 'Judge Judy.'

The lights, colours and sounds of the surrounding buildings keep the scene looking busy, even though a Task Force cordon has the area secured for now.

A handful of NEWS TEAMS are already in attendance, prepping their shots and lights for later as the ANCHORS sip coffee and go over scripts.

A LIMO rolls up to the cordon, more police officers on standby as Wilkins emerges, sheepskin coat on against the chilly morning.

He beams, unable to conceal his pride as he looks over the platform. The news anchors spot him and hurry over.

First on the scene is JULIA GUTIERREZ, quickly shrugging off her coat and going straight into Camera Mode:

JULIA

Mr. Mayor, can we get a few words from you about what to expect today?

WILKINS

(solemn)
Justice.

JULIA

And as for the captured terrorist Violet Bowen, can you give us any more information about her involvement in last night's attacks?

WILKINS

I'm sure the trial itself will tell the public all they need to know, but it's safe to say that this is far from the only criminal activity she's engaged in.

(CONTINUED)

Task Force troopers step in to usher the reporters back behind the cordon.

Wilkins offers them a cheery wave as Woods exits the limo, arms overflowing with folders and papers.

WILKINS (cont'd)
(almost giggling)
Did you hear that? 'Justice.' Oh,
how I kept a straight face saying
that, I'll never know...

Woods is struggling with his load, but Wilkins doesn't even register his distress.

WOODS
Uh, sir, we'll need you to, ah,
sign these...

He tries to offer Wilkins some PAPERS but ends up spilling half his load onto the floor, scrabbling to recover it.

WILKINS
You know, Mr. Woods, if you're
going to last five minutes as my
new PA, then you're going to have
to roll out your 'A' game when
we're out in public.

WOODS
(grovelling)
Yes, sir, of course, sir, it's
just, I, uh, I still have a ton of
work waiting back at Special
Projects, and -

WILKINS
That's not today's priority. Making
sure all of that -
(indicates courtroom)
- goes off without a hitch is.

Wilkins peers up at the cloudy morning sky, shielding his eyes against the sun.

WILKINS (cont'd)
Fine day for it, too. And the
absolute last time of day Faith and
her buddies will be expecting to
meet the fruits of our science
experiment.
(to Woods)
Assuming your promises about their
efficiency were on the nose?

WOODS

Absolutely on the nose. Sir.

WILKINS

Marvellous! Right.

(claps hands together)

I think it's time for some coffee.

He stares at Woods for a beat. Woods catches up.

WOODS

Oh! Oh. Uh... coming right up, sir.

Woods scurries off obediently, leaving Wilkins to return to marvelling at the stage before we CUT TO:

INT. ST. VINCENT'S - RECEPTION - MORNING

Dawn is sitting cross-legged on one of the waiting room chairs, her LAPTOP perched on her knees as she types. She looks pretty bleary-eyed, pausing to YAWN widely.

A cup of COFFEE is held into frame - she looks up to see Scott, and takes the coffee from him.

DAWN

What time is it?

SCOTT

Early. You've been on that thing all night.

DAWN

Had a lot to do.

Dawn makes to take a swig of coffee, but pauses. She glances suspiciously at Scott.

SCOTT

Right, because I'd slip something into your coffee while we were waiting at a hospital.

A beat. Dawn shrugs - fair enough - and gulps it down.

DAWN

Any news?

SCOTT

Noa's out of surgery. Doctor Keating said her internal injuries are pretty rough, but she's past the worst of it. Doesn't think she'll be out of here any time soon.

DAWN

When can we go see her?

SCOTT

Just waiting for one of the nurses
to come back and tell me.

(off laptop)

Getting anywhere with those files?

DAWN

Oh, heck yeah. Pryor knew how to
come up with a hell of a plan' B,
that's for sure.

He takes a seat, sips his own coffee. He notices Dawn giving
him a sideways look.

SCOTT

Am I scoring any points back?

DAWN

Hard to say.

She tries to act aloof - but can't hide a GRIN.

NURSE O.S.)

Detective?

Scott rises as the Nurse from last night approaches.

NURSE

Noa's awake and asking for somebody
named 'Faith.' Does that mean
anything to you?

SCOTT

It's her -

DAWN

(over him)

Her room mate. She's away at the
moment. Don't worry. I'm said
roomie's little sister.

The Nurse looks to Scott for confirmation, who nods.

NURSE

Alright, then. Follow me.

Dawn gets up, Scott taking back his jacket as the duo follow
the Nurse, and we CUT TO:

22

INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - MORNING

22

Jerry and the others are preparing for war - what tables and desks remain standing are home to a wide variety of WEAPONS and EQUIPMENT.

Faith enters, looking like she had a long night. Jerry is made aware of her return and moves to meet her.

JERRY

Hey.

FAITH

Morning.

JERRY

How did it go?

FAITH

Little sticky at the start, but I think I came out of it alright.

(off look)

They told you where I went, didn't they?

JERRY

(nods)

You were right. I would have tried to stop you.

She just smirks, heading for the table to join the others.

FAITH

We all set?

ALICE

More or less. I've got Carter and Angelique on a final sweep to make sure the Asylum's secure

Becca lets out a little SNORT of laughter.

FAITH

Something funny?

BECCA

No, no, nothing.

(off looks)

Oh, come on. I can't be the only one who's seen the way those two keep looking at each other.

ROB

Huh. Guess size really doesn't matter.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE
Any word on Noa?

FAITH
Dawn checked in, they were just going in to see her. She made it through surgery. Still in the ICU, though.

JERRY
That's better than the alternative.

Faith scans over the assembled weapons and gear.

FAITH
This all we got?

ROSIE
How much were you expecting?

FAITH
I dunno. Coupla rocket launchers, maybe.

ROSIE
Must've left those in our other stash of weapons.

FAITH
It'll have to do.

She grabs a bulky duffel bag, heaving it up and over one shoulder.

FAITH (cont'd)
Grab what you can. We're moving out in ten.

She starts to walk away, but stops at:

JERRY
Faith? Don't you want to... I don't know, say a few words?

Faith turns. Scans the expectant faces of her team.

FAITH
Anything I say is gonna sound like 'goodbye.' Everybody know their part in the plan?

A chorus of nods and affirmations.

FAITH (cont'd)
Then that's all there is to say.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

With that, she heads for the exit. The others resume their packing.

LUCINDA

Well, that was encouraging.

She SIGHS as she gets back to work, and we CUT TO:

23 INT. ST. VINCENT'S - ICU - MORNING

23

Dawn pushes open the door to a private room - and there's Noa, dozing on the bed.

She's hooked up to a bewildering array of monitors, and despite the bandages and stitches looks like she lost a tug of war with a cruise ship.

Dawn gingerly steps into the chair by the bed, slipping her hand around Noa's. Scott waits by the door.

Noa stirs, turning to face Dawn as her eyes flutter open. She manages a weak smile.

NOA

Hey there, squirt.

Dawn smiles back, TEARS in her eyes.

DAWN

Hey...

NOA

Oh, don't start crying. Then I'll have to cry and I'm pretty sure I'm too dehydrated.

DAWN

Sorry, sorry...

(sniffs; wipes eyes)

I just - I didn't think -

NOA

And yet, here I am.

Noa lifts her head, noticing Scott hovering by the door.

NOA (cont'd)

What's Captain Backstab doing here?

SCOTT

Waiting for my stage call.

DAWN

He's helping us. Pryor gave him a bucket full of intel about Wilkins, we're gonna use it later when he...

(CONTINUED)

NOA
(frowns)
When he what?

DAWN
(bites lip)
He, uh... He's kind of gonna put Vi
on trial so he can win the
election.

Noa is silent for a beat. Processing. And then she tries to
get up!

DAWN (cont'd)
Hey! Noa! What are you doing?

Noa's weak, but still fights back as Dawn tries to push her
back down.

NOA
What does it look like? I'm getting
out of here so I can help!

DAWN
You can't! Did you forget the last
eighteen months? What you've been
through? Taking the Darkling out
nearly killed you!

NOA
Yeah, 'nearly.' Now shut up and get
me a wheelchair or something. I'm
pretty sure my legs stopped working
again.

Dawn throws a pleading look to Scott, who finally moves over
to help restrain Noa.

NOA (cont'd)
What is this, a tag team? Let go of
me already!

SCOTT
(to Dawn)
Is she always like this after major
internal injuries?

DAWN
Pretty much. Usually there's more
swearing.

NOA
(frustrated)
Damn it, Summers, get your dainty
little hands off me before I snap
'em off and slap you to death!

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

And there we go...

Noa finally relents, flopping back against the pillow. She WINCES, something pulling painfully.

SCOTT

Hate to say this, but... you really aren't going anywhere.

NOA

Becca.

DAWN

Huh?

NOA

Fetch me Becca, or Lucy, or one of the other wiccass.

(off looks)

I remember them from the raid. I could still see and hear what was happening even if I wasn't driving. Get one of them down here to patch me up with some magic mojo.

SCOTT

I'm not sure -

NOA

Listen up, Traitor Boy, the only person here who knows the inside skinny on Wilkins' operation is me. If the Darkling comes back, then the only person who knows for sure how to kill it is also me. You really want me to be stuck here recovering when I should be out there, helping us win?

Dawn and Scott exchange a look.

DAWN

Go. I'll stay.

NOA

No, he stays, you go.

DAWN

I'm not leaving you here!

NOA

Dawn Summers, you will go and help save the world this instant!

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

But -

NOA

Do you want me to call your sister
and tell her everything that really
happened to you the last few years?

(beat)

Now go!

Dawn steps away from the bed. Looks to Scott.

SCOTT

Go. Once we've got Noa on her feet -

Noa clears her throat loudly. Scott winces.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Once Noa's out of here, I'll catch
back up with you and work on my
side of the plan.

Dawn nos, throwing a last look at Noa before she exits. Scott
turns back to Noa.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Uh, can I -

NOA

Get me anything? Damn straight you
can. Get me a phone and make sure
no nurses come in here. I've gotta
make a lot of calls.

Scott raises an eyebrow as we CUT TO:

Vi looks up as the door to her makeshift cell opens and a
pair of GOONS step in.

Vi exhales. She doesn't resist as they head over and
manhandle her to her feet, leading her back outside.

Crowds are starting to gather now - the seats up on stage are
filling up and the air is filled with eager chatter. PAN DOWN
to find Julia Gutierrez addressing her camera:

JULIA

With only a few hours to go before today's delayed polling for the mayoral elections opens, Mayor Wilkins' on-air trial of the terror suspect Violet Bowen is due to begin within the hour.

CUT TO:

INT. BOWEN RESIDENCE - FRONT ROOM - MORNING

It's a few hours earlier in the day over in Hazelhurst, where JOHN and ELENA BOWEN are watching Julia's report live on TV.

JULIA

(filtered; through TV)

Although the full details of her criminal acts has not been released, sources close to City Hall are hinting that a list of offences dating back several years is on the agenda today.

Elena lets out a SOB of despair, John hugging her tightly before we CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - ROOFTOP - MORNING

Back in Times Square, now looking down across the scene below from one of the nearby rooftops.

Faith lowers a pair of binoculars, passing them to Jerry. They keep low, hiding behind a power junction box. Faith grabs a WALKIE-TALKIE from her belt and thumbs it:

FAITH

(into radio)

All teams, stand by. We move in on my mark.

She tucks the radio back as Jerry lowers the binoculars.

FAITH (cont'd)

Time to find out if we can fill the top ten Most Wanted all by ourselves.

He nods, starting to edge forward. Faith moves to follow, but pauses when she hears a BUZZING:

It's her PHONE. Jerry hears it too, hanging back to wait for her. Faith flips it open and answers the call:

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Hello?
(eyes widen)
Noa! Damn, girl, it's good to hear
your -
(listens)
No, no, not yet. Why?

Faith keeps listening. She frowns, obviously surprised at what she's being told.

FAITH (cont'd)
Back up - you want us to do what?

She looks up to Jerry. He frowns, puzzled.

FAITH (cont'd)
No, no, yeah, I got it here with
me.
(listens)
I dunno, I thought it could help.
Hadn't exactly figured that part
out yet.

Faith keeps listening - and her bemused expression changes to something more assured. She even GRINS.

FAITH (cont'd)
And you're sure that'll work?
(listens; nods)
Knew I kept you around for a
reason.

She looks to Jerry, her smile broadening.

FAITH (cont'd)
Maybe we can win this thing after
all.

She keeps listening as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

28 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - DAY 28

A thick crowd has now gathered. HELICOPTERS from both police and the media hover overhead.

A commotion starts further up the Square, the crowd parting as Task Force troopers clear a path for a line of official vehicles:

And on foot, led through the JEERING crowd like a witch on her way to the stake, is Vi. She's chained at the wrists and ankles like a Death Row inmate, shuffling awkwardly.

Civic-minded members of the crowd HURL things at her - Vi tries not to flinch as empty paper cups BOUNCE off her.

29 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - SIDE STREET - NEXT 29

Away from the hubbub and growing clamour by the stage, the official cordon extends almost a block in every direction.

A bored-looking COP kicks his heels as he mans his section of the roadblock - everybody in the city, it seems, is trying to get near to Times Square, only not this way.

So when Faith darts into frame, GRABS the Cop and hauls him out of frame in a heartbeat, nobody's paying too much attention.

Jerry appears, glancing around to make sure they're not seen as he follows Faith.

A few moments later, he reappears, hastily buttoning up the Cop's uniform and trying to look presentable.

Faith joins him - she's wearing a hoodie and shades, her hair back in a ponytail. Her radio is ready in one hand.

FAITH
Uniform suits you.

JERRY
(tugs at sleeves)
Couldn't we have found a guy nearer
my size?

FAITH
(into radio)
B Team, you in place?

CARTER
(filtered; through radio)
Copy that, A Team. Over.

(CONTINUED)

JERRY

This is what happens when we let
you pick the codenames.

She pats him on the arm before heading off, leaving Jerry to
fuss at his uniform before we CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - BACKSTAGE - NEXT

Behind the main stage, a flurry of activity fills the street.
An array of SCREENS and COMPUTERS spill out of the back of a
van, while various ASSISTANTS hurry to and fro.

Standing tall in the midst of all this is Wilkins, finishing
off another coffee and handing the empty cup to Woods.

WILKINS

Looks like everything's ready to
go. Any last minute things I need
to look over?

WOODS

Not that I'm aware of, sir.

A loud chorus of BOOS rises from the crowd beyond the stage.

WILKINS

Our guest of honour's here. I'd
better go out and say a few words.
No sign of Faith or the others?

WOODS

We have people covering the area,
sir. If they show up, we'll know.

Wilkins nods, taking a moment to compose himself. He fixes
that big old Mayor of NYC grin into place before ascending a
short staircase that leads onto:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STAGE - NEXT

The courtroom set, where a CHEER rises from the crowd.
Wilkins soaks up the applause like a rock star descending
from his private plane, hands aloft.

ANNOUNCER

(filtered)

Ladies and gentleman, the man who
cleaned up the streets of New York
from the threats we didn't even
know were out there... Mayor
Richard Wilkins the Fourth!

More CHEERS. Wilkins mock bows to the crowd a few times,
loving every second of this.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

Vi is already stationed within the defendant's box, a square of troopers surrounding her. She can only watch in subdued disbelief at the reception Wilkins is receiving.

The court is ready for session - along with the DEPUTY MAYORS, a JUDGE and JURY have taken their seats as Wilkins approaches the front of the stage. An assistant hands him a microphone.

WILKINS

Good morning, New York!

More CHEERS. Wilkins' beaming face appears on VIDEO SCREENS overlooking the stage as we CUT TO:

32 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - ROOFTOP - NEXT

32

A pair of troopers are stationed up on another roof overlooking the stage - one mans a SNIPER RIFLE.

They're watching Wilkins make his entrance, unaware of a blur of movement behind them:

Until Rosie SNAPS into frame, grabbing the rifle and flicking it LEFT and RIGHT, crunching it into both troopers.

Lucinda steals in as the first trooper staggers back, placing her hands round his head. There's a quick FLASH of blue light and the man faints dead away.

The other trooper starts to fight back, landing a KICK to her gut and driving an UPPERCUT into her chin.

Rosie stumbles, but as the trooper reaches for his sidearm she SWEEP KICKS him to the ground, then drops an ELBOW into his throat.

As he chokes, she puts him down with a final PUNCH, starting to haul his body out of sight as we CUT TO:

33 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STAGE - DAY

33

Vi's trial is getting underway - a slick ATTORNEY who looks more like a movie star's agent is speaking:

ATTORNEY

And then, aided and abetted by her cabal of self-appointed 'vigilantes,' the defendant took part in a raid on a Midtown nightspot that left it razed to the ground, with City taxpayers footing the repair bill.

Suitably hostile JEERS rise from the crowd. Vi remains silent - she knows there's little point trying to argue back.

34 INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY 34

The huge crowd around Times Square is just visible out through the cafe's front windows.

Dawn is sitting at an inconspicuous desk in one corner, checking to make sure she's not being watched:

She then quickly hooks the PC up to her laptop, keeping it out of sight within her bag.

Pages of data and folders full of files rapidly fill the PC screen, and Dawn begins organising her attack as we CUT TO:

35 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - BUILDING - DAY 35

Looking in on a window overlooking the action below, and there's Alice and Rob:

36 INT. BUILDING - ROOM - NEXT 36

It's an empty office suite, the duo the only source of activity within.

They're setting up for an assault, unfurling rappel lines and preparing weapons.

ROB
Remind me why we can't just do this
from the street?

Alice shoots him a look. He SIGHS, getting back to work.

ROB (cont'd)
Right, right.

ALICE
Just make sure those lines are
secure. This won't be much of a
daring rescue if we end up
splattered on the pavement.

ROB
(grins; corrects)
Sidewalk. C'mon, Alice, you've been
living here long enough now!

ALICE
(returns grin)
And here I am, still clinging to my
old ways.

Their eyes meet for a moment. She leans over for a quick KISS, then steps back and checks over her rappel lines.

(CONTINUED)

ALICE (cont'd)
Now we just need to wait for our
distraction.

She edges towards the window, peeking outside:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STAGE - NEXT

Where down below, the trial is pushing forward in earnest.

ATTORNEY
(to jury)
Now, you've heard what the facts
about the reign of terror Violet
Bowen and her accomplices brought
down on this city over the last
five years. The lives that were
lost, the property destroyed, and
the cost in millions to the honest,
tax-paying citizens of New York.

More BOOS. Vi looks out across the crowd - a sea of hostile
faces glare back at her.

ATTORNEY (cont'd)
Ladies and gentlemen of the jury...
I ask you to consider this.
(beat)
Can we stand idly by and let these
ruthless mercenaries continue to
believe they have free reign over
the streets of our city, or do we
take a stand now and show them that
we will not tolerate their
unsanctioned vigilante crusades a
day longer?

More CHEERS. Wilkins chuckles from his position to the side
of the stage - this is just what he wanted. Woods approaches
him with a laptop and a concerned expression.

WILKINS
What are the ratings like so far?

WOODS
What? Oh, uh, through the roof,
sir, as expected. That's not what I
wanted to speak to you about.
(raises laptop)
I've noticed some unusual activity
around our communication system's
firewall. It may be nothing, but -

WILKINS

(still watching the stage)
Whatever it is, I trust you'll take
care of it, Mr. Woods. That is what
I employ you for. Now scoot. This
is just getting interesting.

Wilkins hasn't turned his attention from the trial, so Woods
is forced to slink away as we return to the court in session:

JUDGE

The jury will now adjourn to
discuss their verdict.

Vi perks up, confused, and calls out:

VI

Hey! Hey!

The Attorney turns towards her. The crowd's attention drifts
back to her - though the CATCALLS keep coming.

VI (cont'd)

Don't I even get to make a
statement?

ATTORNEY

What could you have to say in your
defence?

VI

Oh, I've got plenty to say. Like
how Mr. 'Look at me, I'm the Mayor'
over there sent a team of hitmen to
my mom and dad's house to kill me!

JEERS. LAUGHTER. Nobody's buying this. The Attorney mugs for
the crowd - this is descending into pantomime by now.

VI (cont'd)

It wasn't me they took out. It was
my... someone close to me. She was
shot dead in cold blood, and it's
all because of him.

She jabs an accusing finger towards Wilkins. He just shakes
his head, as if hearing the deluded ravings of a madman.

VI (cont'd)

That a good place to start?

ATTORNEY

And what evidence do you have for
this alleged assassination?

(CONTINUED)

VI

What evidence do you people have
for any of the crap you're trying
to pin on me today?

Without missing a beat, the Attorney pulls out a REMOTE CONTROL from his blazer, aiming it at the nearest bank of video screens and pushing 'Play.'

VIDEO FOOTAGE pops up on screen - it's Vi and the others taking out the vamps attacking the nightclub from earlier in the season.

That cuts to handcam footage of Vi attacking Task Force troopers during their most recent raid on the Asylum.

The crowd GASPS as, on the screens, Vi shoots a crossbow bolt into one trooper before piling into the rest.

Vi can only watch, her mouth hanging in horror. The Attorney smoothly slides up to her.

ATTORNEY

That a good place to start?

With a smug grin dripping off his features, he turns back to the crowd, raising his hands to ask their opinion.

They explode into angry BOOS once again, and as Vi can only keep watching the damning footage on screen, we CUT TO:

Scott opens the door, checking the coast is clear before waving Becca inside.

Noa sits up in bed, smiling gratefully as Becca heads over.

NOA

Hey. Becky, right? I don't think
we've met properly.

(offers hand)

Noa DeRubria.

BECCA

Oh, I know who you are. And it's
Becca.

NOA

(frowns)

Faith did tell you I'm clean now,
didn't she? No more evil uber-demon
possessing me?

BECCA

She might have mentioned it.

Becca suddenly clamps a hand down on Noa's arm. There's a SPARK of red energy, and Noa YELPS in pain.

NOA

Hey! What the hell?

BECCA

Just checking. Now we're good to do this.

She rubs her hands together, Miyagi style. Noa takes a deep breath as Becca carefully lays her hands on Noa's shoulders, bows her head and starts to mutter an INCANTATION.

A warm green GLOW spreads from Becca's hands, enveloping Noa's body. She inhales, her whole body tensing as the light rolls over her, and we CUT TO:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - SIDE STREET - NEXT

Another street leading up to the main square, where a pair of Task Force APCs are acting as a mobile roadblock.

A small group of troopers are stationed there, idly glancing up and down the street before they hear:

ANGELIQUE (O.S.)

Excuse me, boys?

They turn - and Angelique LAUNCHES herself feet first at the nearest one, knocking him flat!

Carter is quick to follow up, his height keeping him under a disorientated SWING from another trooper before Carter pushes a TASER into his gut.

That trooper CONVULSES and falls, and before the third can bring his weapon to bear Angelique has KICKED it from his hands, grabbed it in mid-air and SMASHED it back into him.

The trooper crumples, Angelique giving him a quick SHOVE back against the APC.

ANGELIQUE (cont'd)

It's so much better when they get chance to see it coming.

CARTER

I'll take your word for that.

(off troopers)

C'mon, help me with this one. We're almost at zero hour.

They take an arm and a leg of the closest downed trooper as we CUT TO:

40 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STAGE - DAY

40

The jury are starting to leave, and so Wilkins heads back to the front of the stage, microphone in hand.

WILKINS

Thank you all so much for your
patience. Polling stations will be
opening shortly, but before then,
I'd just like to -

THWACK! Wilkins spins - as a TROOPER comes hurtling backwards from the wings, landing on the stage with a THUD.

The troopers on the stage snap to attention, weapons ready - and there's some kind of commotion taking place off stage.

Another PUNCH rings out and a second trooper SLIDES unconscious across the stage, skidding to a halt at Wilkins' feet.

The crowd start to swell, a flutter of panic rushing through the packed mass of bodies.

Faith climbs up onto the platform, and the troopers guarding Vi immediately move to intercept:

BLAM! One gets hit by a BULLET and cartwheels backwards, clutching his bloody shoulder.

41 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - ROOFTOP - NEXT

41

Rosie, manning the sniper's rifle, looks up from the sights to gaze adoringly down at the gun.

ROSIE

Woah... want.

LUCINDA

(off Square)

Uh, Rosie?

ROSIE

Oh. Right.

She puts her eye back to the scope, aims and FIRES:

42 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STAGE - NEXT

42

And as Faith grapples with the other two troopers, the third takes a round through his thigh, collapsing with a YELL.

The crowd start to SHOUT in alarm, pushing and heaving against one another as they try to get away - but the cordons and blockades make a quick exit more difficult.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED:

42

Wilkins backs away as Faith lays out another trooper, and an ASSISTANT quickly hurries to his side.

WILKINS

How did she get this far past our security?

The Assistant's mouth flaps uselessly, stuck for an answer as we CUT TO:

43 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - BACKSTAGE - NEXT

43

And behind the main stage, Carter and Angelique are busy laying some smack down on the troopers and officers guarding the backstage gathering.

Angelique grabs one trooper's outstretched arm as he draws a HANDGUN, and with a GRUNT of strength she SLAMS him back against a bank of monitors.

As they SPARK from the impact, Carter barrels at knee height into another, his momentum BOWLING the trooper over.

With an opening made, Carter heads for the nearest bank of terminals, taking out his phone and speed-dialling:

CARTER

(into phone)

Dawn, it's me. I'm at the network terminal. What do you need me to do from here?

He listens, typing commands into the PC as Angelique watches his back, and we CUT TO:

44 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - SIDE STREET - NEXT

44

Further back still, Jerry is busily directing incoming reinforcements away from the scene, sending them the long way round the block. He's gesturing directions to a waiting group of TROOPERS.

JERRY

Yeah, yeah, straight up 45th and 8th, and then take a left, two more rights and you're right there.

TROOPER

But I thought -

JERRY

Trust me, pal. Quickest route. Now get moving!

The troopers exchange puzzled looks - but set off, hurrying the opposite direction to the melee backstage as we CUT TO:

45 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STAGE - NEXT

45

As the announcer tries to keep the crowd calm:

ANNOUNCER

(filtered)

Ladies and gentlemen, please, we're having, uh, a security situation here, so, ah, if you could all just keep calm and make your way back to the barricades...

But his calls for calm are lost in the rising panic within the crowd.

On stage, Faith HIP TOSSES the final trooper right into the judge's podium, which almost SHATTERS on impact.

More GUNSHOTS ring out as Rosie continues to snipe at any more reinforcements that make it past Carter and Angelique up onto the stage.

Faith straightens, hair knocked loose in the melee, and meets Vi's eyes at last.

VI

Hey.

FAITH

Hey. You coulda called ahead.

VI

(smirks)

Sorry.

(eyes bulge)

Look out!

Vi pushes herself up and out of her booth - her hands and ankles are still CUFFED but she still manages to LEAP towards Faith:

Sailing straight past her and TACKLING another incoming trooper to the ground!

Vi gets her hands up and CRACKS her shackles across the trooper's jaw, stunning him. Faith grabs an arm and helps her back to her feet.

FAITH

Thanks. Nice save.

VI

They shot me full of something that zapped my Slayer mojo, but I think it's starting to come back.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Good job. We're gonna need it.

Faith turns - Wilkins is already disappearing behind a sea of assistants and a handful of troopers.

She meets Wilkins' gaze - and he just SMIRKS. Seconds later there's a SHRIEK from the crowd, and Faith turns:

To see a horde of VAMPIRES spilling out from two adjacent buildings!

Faith grits her teeth, looking up at the sky - the sun's still up but it's not affecting the vamps much as they steam forward.

VI

Oh, crap...

Vi and Faith share a look as the ROARING tide of vampires pushes their way through the crowd towards them, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

46 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STAGE - DAY

46

As the horde of VAMPIRES rushes in, Faith reaches for her radio as she helps Vi back away from the edge of the stage.

FAITH
(into radio)
Team B, go! Team C, time to give
our friends some cover. Team D...
this is where you come in. Wait
'til it's all clear, then make it
count.

She tucks her radio away, grabbing Vi and pulling her back towards the wings:

LOOKING UP at the offices hiding Alice and Rob as a window BLOWS OUT, Alice appearing in the empty frame.

She tosses the RAPPEL LINES out, and they spool down to a few feet above the stage itself.

47 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - ROOFTOP - NEXT

47

Rosie turns away from her sniper rifle to find Lucinda standing with her arms out and head back.

ROSIE
You sure you can do this?

LUCINDA
Trust me...

She lifts her arms - a low HUM of energy starting to sound as a breeze buffets her hair around her.

LUCINDA (cont'd)
... this I can handle.

The scene starts to DARKEN, and Rosie looks up - to see DARK CLOUDS rapidly spreading across the sky!

48 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STAGE - NEXT

48

Back with Faith and Vi, Faith dropping into a combat stance as the first batch of vampires begin clawing their way up onto the stage.

VI
Is it me, or is it getting darker?

There's a sudden CHEER - and several MANHOLES in the street suddenly FLY up into the air!

(CONTINUED)

A moment later, a fresh horde of VAMPIRES start to pour out of them, game faces locked in...

... and they race straight for Wilkins' force of vampires, SLAMMING into them like a tidal wave and starting to tear through them!

Wilkins' vamps are obviously tougher, but the new arrivals all start reaching into their jackets...

... and drawing out a variety of high-tech GADGETS and WEAPONS - recognisable as Pryor's various inventions!

One hurls a GRENADE at a pair of vamps that explodes with a burst as bright as SUNLIGHT, sending its targets to the floor SHRIEKING, their flesh SIZZLING from the light.

Another jams a SYRINGE filled with dark fluid into one vampire, who stumbles back a few steps - and then DUSTS violently, limbs flying from his body!

One of the new vampires turns and finds Faith, GRINNING broadly. She nods back - go get 'em.

ON WILKINS as his face drops, trying to process what the heck's going on. He looks to Faith again, who shrugs:

FAITH

Always take the weather with you.

She glances up - Alice and Rob are quickly descending their rappel lines towards them.

Faith nods, then finally reveals what she was hiding in her jacket: a leather POUCH covered with runes and symbols.

She unties the drawstring and lets the pouch fall away - and it's the HANDLE!

FAITH (cont'd)

(to Vi)

Made sure I picked this up when the Gateway went boom.

VI

(frowns)

But won't that mean -

There's a sudden RUMBLE of thunder from overhead. The girls look to the sky - a single BLACK stormcloud is forming, isolated from the cloud cover Lucinda is creating.

FAITH

I hope so, yeah. Noa gave us a change of plan... I just hope she knows what she's talking about.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (2)

48

Vi looks back across the vampire free-for-all enveloping the area before the stage, the crowd pushing back as far away as they can before we CUT TO:

49 INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

49

Dawn is still hard at work, glancing from her PC to the laptop peeking out of her bag. Her phone is cradled under her shoulder.

DAWN
(into phone)
No, that's all I need. Thanks,
Carter. You guys can get back to
kicking ass or whatever now.

She brings up a login screen and types in a password - and with a BEEP, a series of screens pop up allowing dawn easy access to the Team Wilkins wireless network!

DAWN (cont'd)
(grins)
And Operation 'Wilkins Is My Bitch'
is a go...

Dawn quickly gets to work, transferring files and resetting access permissions as we CUT TO:

50 EXT. STREET - NEXT

50

Exiting his parked car and jogging towards the hubbub up ahead by Times Square, Scott is on his phone:

SCOTT
(into phone)
What 'level'? NYPD level access, is
what I have! Are you gonna sit
there and tell me I can't cross an
official police blockade? I am the
police!

Behind him, Becca is helping Noa out of the passenger seat and into a waiting wheelchair.

Scott listens a few moments longer, then SNAPS his phone shut with an aggrieved GRUNT.

SCOTT (cont'd)
We'll have to try again when we're
closer to the line.

NOA
Suddenly you're not seeming like so
big a help.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Hey, I'm doing everything I can to -

He trails off - a TASK FORCE VAN has pulled up across the street.

SCOTT (cont'd)

(hisses)

Get down! Quick!

He backs up, out of sight behind a news stand, and watches as three troopers climb out - followed by Woods. He's consulting his laptop, moving it round like a compass.

SCOTT (cont'd)

(realises)

Dawn...

NOA

Go. Becky here can get me to Faith.
You can't let those goons stop Dawn
from sending that evidence.

BECCA

It's Becca!

NOA

Whatever!

She GRUNTS in annoyance, wheeling Noa off away from the troopers.

Scott keeps his head down, darts across the street and breaks into a run down another avenue as we CUT TO:

Back with Faith and Vi - the vampire on vampire battle royale is still in full swing. Alice and Rob have joined them now.

FAITH

(to Alice; off handcuffs)

Get her out of those things!

Alice and Rob get to work on freeing Vi, Rob scooping up the KEYS from one of the fallen guards.

ON THE VAMPIRES, and Faith's side are using Pryor's weapons to good effect, but even with that Wilkins' boosted vampires are keeping it an even fight.

Faith steps out into the middle of the stage, raising the Handle into the air. Wilkins looks back from behind his protective shield of Task Force troopers.

WILKINS
 (shouting over noise; to
 troopers)
 Get that off her!

Two troopers advance on Faith - but BULLETS courtesy of Rosie PING into the platform, clipping one in the arm!

They fall back, and Faith looks upwards - the BLACK CLOUD from a few moments earlier is intensifying into a localised ELECTRICAL STORM, snapping and snarling with power.

Alice, Rob and Vi join her, Vi now free of her shackles and rubbing her sore wrists.

ALICE
 Here it comes...

VI
 (wary)
 Faith...

FAITH
 Relax, Vi.

There's a loud BANG, and a dark shape starts to SWIRL down from the storm clouds like a tornado.

FAITH (cont'd)
 All part of the plan.

The DARK SHAPE starts to snake towards her faster and faster. Faith grips the Handle tight and swallows.

FAITH (cont'd)
 (to herself; less
 confident)
 All part of the plan...

An inhuman SCREECH reverberates around the square, loud enough to make even the fighting vampires look up.

WILKINS
 Oh, my...

And we follow THE DARKLING as it swoops down towards the stage, skimming the heads of the crowd who SCREAM in suitable levels of terror!

It passes over the battling vampires, who DUCK as it misses them by mere inches:

And surges straight towards Faith, who lowers the Handle and turns towards Wilkins with a grin.

FAITH

Catch.

SLOW MOTION:

She TOSSES the Handle towards Wilkins!

The Darkling SWERVES sharply, closing in on the flying object.

The troopers surrounding Wilkins know what's coming and DIVE out of the way:

Leaving Wilkins unguarded as the Handle sails into his hands...

And with a final SCREECH, the Darkling SLAMS into him at full speed!

RESUME SPEED as Wilkins stumbles back, CHOKING and staggering blindly as the thick black cloud envelops him, following his erratic movements.

Faith pulls back, the others close by as they watch Wilkins trying to fight off the Darkling's attention.

WILKINS

No... no! You can't do this to me!
I... get away from me!

ALICE

Faith... what the hell have you done?

FAITH

I've shown everybody what we've been up against.

She looks to her sides - despite the crush of people, the NEWS TEAMS are still chronicling every moment, as are the HELICOPTERS overhead.

Wilkins throws back his head and ROARS - suddenly deep and booming, far from his usual voice - and Faith can see the Darkling is starting to flow into his body!

He COLLAPSES as the last wisps of smoke and energy finish weaving their way into him, the fighting vamps and panicking citizens falling silent once more.

FAITH (cont'd)

(to Alice)

Get everyone who isn't a vampire back out of the way. Carter and Angelique are backstage, they can help out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

51 CONTINUED: (3)

51

FAITH (cont'd)
Find Jerry, get him to help with
the crowd control.
(to Rob)
Make sure the cameras keep rolling
on this no matter what.

VI
What about us?

Wilkins slowly pushes his way to his feet, eyes closed as he
straightens. He inhales deeply, opens his eyes...

FAITH
We're gonna take that bastard down.

... and they blaze a baleful RED as DARK WILKINS starts to
LAUGH, the sound echoing round Times Square like a nightmare
made flesh before we CUT TO:

52 INT. INTERNET CAFE - DAY

52

Dawn looks up as Scott hurries over to her. She's alone at
her desk - everyone else is pressed up against the windows,
trying to see what's happening over at Times Square.

DAWN
I take it the plan is afoot?

SCOTT
We have to get out of here.

DAWN
Scott, I'm in the middle of a major
league firewall hack here! I can't
just port out and run, I'll lose
any chance I have of -

Scott grabs her bag with one hand and her wrist with another.

SCOTT
I repeat, we have to get -

CRASH! The cafe doors are KICKED OPEN by a pair of gun-toting
troopers.

They quickly shove past the onlookers at the window and make
their way towards the back of the room:

But Dawn's PC is unattended, her laptop and bag also gone.
Woods steps into frame, narrowing his eyes suspiciously
before we CUT TO:

53 EXT. STREET - NEXT

53

Where Scott is near-dragging Dawn along behind him.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN

But I hadn't finished! I'd got the remote upload connected to my laptop but I hadn't started transferring the files!

Scott hears something, quickly SHOVING Dawn out of sight as he ducks behind a row of newspaper dispensers:

And another TASK FORCE APC rumbles past, heading for Times Square.

Scott rises from cover, looking towards the skies above the square and taking in the violent localised storm.

Dawn appears beside him, face like thunder as she dusts off her clothes.

DAWN (cont'd)

Okay, let's get some ground rules in place. One, do not shove me anywhere, ever. Two -

SCOTT

We need to get to Times Square. Wilkins has people looking for you, and I need to keep you safe until you can upload that evidence.

DAWN

Oh. Then... I guess you're forgiven.

He takes her by the hand again, the duo racing for the square as we CUT TO:

Alice, flanked by Carter and Angelique, has hit the crowd of vampires - still furiously battling.

CARTER

Which ones are ours?

ANGELIQUE

The ones not trying to kill us.

She smoothly STAKES one vamp as they march on.

CARTER

Right. Just thought I'd ask.

Alice finds herself by a Task Force APC, climbing inside and finding the keys still in the ignition.

She starts it up, reversing a few feet and using it to SHOVE some of the heavy barricades out of the way.

Trapped sections of the crowd now have somewhere to escape to, spilling out to freedom.

Alice jumps out of the van just as a VAMPIRE stumbles into her. She has a stake in her hand before he's even turned round, but the vamp puts up his hands in surrender.

VAMPIRE

Woah! Easy. I'm on your team. See?
I got one of these.

He shows her the GAS SPRAY in his hand - it has Pryor's INITIALS stamped on the side.

Alice lowers the stake, and the vamp gratefully scurries off to rejoin the fray. Alice looks back towards the stage:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STAGE - NEXT

Where Faith tears in and goes straight for the attack - only to have Wilkins CATCH her punch and effortlessly FLIP her!

Faith manages to land awkwardly, and Wilkins delivers a firm KICK to her belly that sends her sprawling.

She tries to rise but he FLOORS her with another heavy PUNCH, leaving her flattened as he straightens.

Vi steams in, Slayer strength returning with every second as she rains down several heavy PUNCHES.

Wilkins soaks them all up, BACKHANDING her and knocking her back a few steps, before DUCKING under another swing and driving an UPPERCUT into her chin that sends her flying.

Wilkins strides out into the centre of the platform, all eyes human and vampire turning towards him.

DARK WILKINS

I'm sorry for the interruption in
proceedings, everyone... but I have
something I think you need to see.

He stretches out his hand, the Handle starting to BURN with energy and SPARK as if white hot:

And there's a loud SNAP before a blazing portal of DARK ENERGY starts to form behind him!

Wilkins throws his head back, starting to LAUGH again as the portal deepens, strong winds BUFFETING the scene.

DARK WILKINS (cont'd)

Come to me, my children...

Distant HOWLS and SCREECHES sound from deep within the portal - and tiny DARK SHAPES start moving towards its opening from far away on the other side!

The crowd aren't stupid - they know something bad is about to happen, redoubling their efforts to escape.

The vampires are caught in the middle, as are Carter, Angelique and Alice, shoved in all directions as they try to hold their ground.

An opportunist vampire GRABS Angelique in the fray, sinking his FANGS into her neck!

CARTER

Angelique!

She CRIES OUT in pain - dropping out of sight and disappearing into the horde of moving bodies.

The police and trooper blockades finally GIVE WAY, a stampede of terrified citizens running for their lives.

In the middle of all this are Becca and Noa, valiantly trying to push the opposite way to the crush to reach the stage.

More troopers vainly try to hold back the tide, getting knocked down and TRAMPLED for their efforts as we CUT TO:

A little further back, just as the crowd is breaking through the cordons and surging to safety, Scott and Dawn arrive on scene.

Scott keeps his arms up, trying to push his way through the tidal wave of bodies spilling towards them, until:

WOODS (O.S.)

There they are!

He turns - Woods has spotted them, and is fighting his way closer with several TROOPERS for support!

Scott pulls Dawn to one side, using a parked car for cover and drawing his HANDGUN.

SCOTT

I'll hold them off. You get to where you need to be and get those files out there!

DAWN

What? No! Last time somebody did this whole 'valiant self-sacrifice' thing for me, they died! Is that your plan?

Scott hesitates - then rises and pushes back into the crowd without another word, on an intercept course with Woods.

DAWN (cont'd)

Scott! Scott! Damn it!

Without another option, Dawn clambers up over the bonnet of the car, sidestepping a chunk of the crowd and running on towards the centre of the square:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - PLATFORM - NEXT

Where the PORTAL behind Dark Wilkins is growing with every second, large enough now for the winds it's creating to start SHAKING the courtroom set.

The recovered Faith steps into frame, rolling her neck as Dark Wilkins turns towards her. Vi COUGHS weakly, still trying to push herself up.

DARK WILKINS

You're too late, Slayer. My children are mere moments away. There's nothing you can do!

FAITH

Oh, there's plenty I can do.

She drops into a fighting stance. Wilkins just CACKLES and advances a few steps - the BLACK CLOUD forming the Darkling starting to rise menacingly from his body.

DARK WILKINS

Hit me with your best shot, firecracker.

He rears back and SWINGS, the body of the Darkling WHIPPING round like a scythe to follow the punch, forcing us to:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

58 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - PLATFORM - DAY 58

Faith ducks under the punch. Wilkins' momentum carries the blow down onto the stage:

And the platform beneath SPLINTERS from the impact! Wilkins is quick to recover, Faith circling behind him.

Vi is back in the fight, a JUMP KNEE into Wilkins' side knocking him off balance, before the Darkling LASHES across her belly.

She stumbles back - her clothing torn and skin left BLOODY from the attack.

Faith risks a quick glance at the portal - the incoming DARKLINGS are closing fast, and this time there are plenty more of them!

She looks back to Wilkins - just as he steams in with another PUNCH, barely missing her as she jinks back.

59 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NEXT 59

Becca and Noa have managed to find a spot out of the way - the battling vampires are still knee deep in each other, but the Task Force are tied up with the crowd.

Becca scans the stage, spotting the Deputy Mayors as they cower in their seats, cut off from any escape route.

NOA

You sure this'll work?

BECCA

If your cop friend's on the level...

She drops her head and starts to MUTTER an incantation.

60 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - PLATFORM - NEXT 60

On the Deputy Mayors as they start to GLOW with green energy, looking down at themselves and each other in confusion...

... before their features start to SHIFT and WARP, the glamour concealing them falling away and revealing the DEMONS hiding beneath!

There are SCREAMS from the civilians wedged in close by as they're spotted, the demons trying to cover themselves:

(CONTINUED)

But the nearby NEWS CAMERAS have caught the whole thing, their attention flicking between the Wilkins vs. Faith and Vi battle and the newly-exposed demon shapeshifters.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STREET - NEXT

Still fighting through the crush, Dawn manages to find some space by an overturned hotdog stand to open up her laptop.

DAWN

Alright, let's get this -

BANG! She DUCKS as a bullet SHATTERS the glass panels framing the stand.

She looks up to see a TROOPER taking aim at her, the red flare of a LASER SIGHT sweeping her way!

Dawn GASPS as the sight finds her, poised over her heart. She locks up, too scared to move...

WHAM! The trooper is TACKLED to the ground by Scott just as he squeezes the trigger, the SHOT going wide.

ON DAWN as she wastes no time scrambling to her feet and running, slipping back into the crowd.

ON SCOTT as he trades punches with the trooper, his opponent's military training kicking in as he CATCHES Scott's next punch and TWISTS his arm round.

Scott drops to one knee and the trooper KICKS his legs out, dropping Scott face first to the floor.

Scott is pinned down, yanked halfway up as Woods pushes his way over to them.

WOODS

Where is she?

Scott just GRINS. Woods glances at the trooper, who delivers a KIDNEY PUNCH that leaves Scott wheezing.

WOODS (cont'd)

I repeat, for the hard of hearing -
where is she?

SCOTT

I hope your pension plan's solid,
because in a few minutes you're
gonna be out of a job.

Woods rises with a SIGH, nodding to the trooper. He delivers another KICK to Scott's gut, leaving him breathless on the floor as the group move on, and we CUT TO:

62 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - PLATFORM - NEXT

62

Faith, Vi and Wilkins are still battling, Wilkins' fists literally CRACKLING with energy from the Darkling.

Vi goes in first, her reflexes still not quite up to speed as she's too slow to dodge several heavy PUNCHES.

She GRABS Wilkins' arm mid-punch, pushing herself up into the air and sweeping her leg round to KICK him across the neck.

Wilkins half-staggers, but drops to one knee and GRABS Vi's outstretched leg, HURLING her out of frame!

Faith steams in, but Wilkins nimbly dodges her attack and GRABS her by the throat, lifting her off her feet.

WILKINS

Tearing you to shreds in front of
this audience will be sweet revenge
indeed, Slayer.

He drives a HAMMER FIST down onto her neck, knocking Faith into a stoop, before a KNEE to her gut pushes her up and drops her face-first.

WILKINS (cont'd)

But perhaps I should start by
simply breaking you in two...

Wilkins raises a foot to STAMP on the downed Faith, who is too stunned to defend herself...

Before a SHOT rings out, a bullet WINGING his leg! Wilkins stumbles back, and Faith rolls clear.

He turns, frowning - his eyes scanning for the shooter as he raises his hand, DARK ENERGY forming into a point.

WILKINS (cont'd)

I see your friends are doing their
best to delay the inevitable
conclusion!

He pauses - then HURLS the energy like a spear!

FOLLOW the dart of energy as it streaks through the air,
until:

63 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS

63

It tears towards Rosie, still taking aim with the sniper rifle, moving at impossible speed until it strikes:

ON ROSIE as the energy enters through the rifle's scope,
SLAMMING into her waiting eye!

(CONTINUED)

Rosie's head SNAPS back from the impact, and after swaying for a beat she keels over backwards, hitting the floor.

LUCINDA
(shocked)
Rosie!

She drops her arms, the ENERGY swirling around her dissipating in an instant:

But the dart of black energy that killed Rosie is still going, LOOPING back round and aiming for Lucinda!

She gets to Rosie's side, shaking the fallen Slayer and trying to rouse her - then senses the incoming bolt of energy and turns...

LUCINDA (cont'd)
Oh -

TRACK the bolt as it rushes towards her and PIERCES her forehead with a CRUNCH just as we CUT TO:

The distraction has given Faith chance to get back to her feet, but Wilkins still has the advantage as he keeps SWINGING her way.

The air CRACKLES with barely-contained energy from his attacks, Faith only just keeping clear.

DARK WILKINS
Did you think destroying the
Gateway would stop me?

Faith reaches into her jacket for something - POW! She's laid flat by a HAYMAKER from Wilkins. Whatever she was holding SKITTERS away from her.

DARK WILKINS (cont'd)
My kind created them! We can
channel the energies from trinkets
such as these -
(tosses Handle aside)
- to do with as we please!

Faith pushes herself up, spitting BLOOD and wiping her mouth.

VI
Faith!

She looks up - Vi TOSSES her what she dropped. Faith smoothly CATCHES it, turning back to Wilkins.

FAITH

Yeah, I know you can. That's why we
changed the plan to let you do
it...

Wilkins frowns, getting ready to KICK her as she rises - but
Faith manages to FLIP over the incoming boot.

Landing on her feet, she spins and brings her hand up - she's
holding a bulky EMP GRENADE!

FAITH (cont'd)

... so we could use this.

SLOW MOTION:

Wilkins' eyes bulge as he realises what Faith is wielding -
just as she HURLS it towards the open portal!

Wilkins reaches his arms for it, trying to pull off a mid-air
catch - but the grenade sails past and into the portal.

RESUME as Wilkins lands with a CRASH - and the grenade
DETONATES inside the portal with a green FLARE!

DARK WILKINS

(howls)

No!!

Jagged arcs of energy lance out from the portal in all
directions, TEARING through the stage and gouging smoking
furrows out of the street and sidewalk!

Beams of energy snake out and SNARE Dark Wilkins, who
struggles and claws at himself trying to get free.

DARK WILKINS (cont'd)

(desperate)

I won't... this world is mine! I
won't let you take it from me!

Faith and Vi wisely scamper for cover as more unleashed
energy starts to build up in and around the portal.

From within, the pitiful WAILS of the Darklings trapped
inside filter out into the scene...

... until with a final BOOM, the portal EXPLODES in a shower
of sparks, electricity and smoke!

Wilkins is HURLED away from the explosion - tendrils of BLACK
SMOKE ripped from his flying body and back into the portal.

He lands with a heavy THUD on the street, rolling to a stop.
SMOKE rises from his charred clothes.

(CONTINUED)

64 CONTINUED: (2)

64

He's not moving. The crowd keep back, holding their collective breaths as we CUT TO:

65 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NEXT

65

On street level, Dawn finds herself a quiet spot as the crowd falls mostly silent, opening up her laptop and starting to type:

Before Woods GRABS her, surging into view from behind! Dawn YELPS, trying to wriggle free.

WOODS

Got you, you little -

CRACK! She CLOCKS him with her laptop, and Woods staggers back with BLOOD dripping from his nose.

WOODS (cont'd)

(snarling)

You bitch!

He BACKHANDS her, and Dawn hits the deck, laptop SKITTERING from her hands. Woods looms over her.

WOODS (cont'd)

Nobody's gonna notice if I rub out one stupid little -

BANG! Woods stiffens - BLOOD pools on his shoulder. He slowly turns:

A battered but stoic Scott lowers his handgun.

SCOTT

You got it, Dawn?

She drags her laptop back within reach.

DAWN

Yeah, I got it.

She stabs her finger down on the 'Enter' key:

66 EXT. TIMES SQUARE - PLATFORM - NEXT

66

And suddenly, every video screen around the stage is filled with grainy CCTV footage:

It's of Wilkins, Noa, RACHEL and PRYOR, back on the night she died in the Special Projects Experimentation Room.

Rachel stirs, looking around with bleary eyes at her surroundings. Pryor is holding her upright.

(CONTINUED)

RACHEL
(dazed)
What's... what's happening?

WILKINS
Well, call me suspicious but I
wouldn't mind testing that theory.

Without hesitating, he turns and SNAPS Rachel's neck!

PRYOR
(roars)
No!

She slips from a shocked Pryor's grasp and drops to the floor in a heap.

The footage LOOPS, showing Wilkins killing Rachel with an audible SNAP as he twists her neck over and over again.

Faith looks back out across the crowd - those that haven't noticed the screens yet are alerted by those that have.

67 INT. NEWS TEAM VAN - NEXT

67

Inside one of the network news team vehicles, looking at the bank of monitors over the console as they also display the footage of Rachel's murder.

An open LAPTOP perched on the console starts to BEEP - FILES and FOLDERS are popping up on screen as Pryor's evidence finds its way to the van's network.

The TECHNICIANS inside exchange a puzzled look at the rapidly unfolding story before them, and we CUT TO:

68 INT. POLICE CRUISER - NEXT

68

Scott limps into frame to stand by a parked police cruiser, the two COPS inside staring with amazement at:

Their mobile terminal, attached to the dashboard, which is spewing forth a list of charges related to Wilkins.

COP
Is this... is all this for real?

SCOTT
You'd better believe it.

He reaches in and grabs the radio handset:

SCOTT (cont'd)
(into radio)
All units, this is Detective Scott
Jacobs.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

68

CONTINUED:

68

SCOTT (cont'd)
We have a warrant for the arrest of
Mayor Wilkins. Convene at Times
Square, stat.

He puts the radio back to incredulous looks from the Cops.

COP #2

Do we have a warrant? All this
stuff only just came through!

SCOTT

We will have one. Trust me. We're
just saving ourselves some time.

He starts to head towards Times Square up ahead. The Cops
exchange a look, shrug, then exit their cruiser and start to
follow as we CUT TO:

69

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - PLATFORM - NEXT

69

Faith and Vi slowly rise from behind their cover - the stage
is a smoking wreck by now, half-burned to a crisp.

FAITH

You alright?

VI

A little sore but all in one piece.

Faith hears BEEPS from the crowd - people are getting TEXTS
as the evidence is also SMS'ing its way to everyone in the
vicinity.

She checks the cameras - Rob gives her the thumbs up. They're
all getting this.

VI (cont'd)

Did whatever you wanted to do work?

Faith grins, walking to the edge of the platform and hopping
down onto:

70

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

70

Where she approaches Wilkins, who is just starting to push
himself to his knees.

He COUGHS, swaying unsteadily, before realising Faith is
standing over him.

FAITH

That you in there again?

WILKINS

(dazed)

What... what did you...

(CONTINUED)

WILKINS (cont'd)
 (filtered; on screen)
 Well, call me suspicious but I
 wouldn't mind testing that theory.

Wilkins blinks, recognising his own voice - then slowly turns to look up at the screens. Faith leans into frame:

FAITH
 I think they got your good side.

Wilkins can only watch, stunned, as the crowd start to MUTTER amongst themselves - is any of this really happening?

Faith looks to her side - Scott is approaching, pushing through the crowd flanked by several COPS.

She turns as Jerry appears, carrying Noa in his arms. Dawn is with them, her battered laptop under her arm.

NOA
 Did we win?

DAWN
Please say we won. I don't think
 I've ever typed so fast in my life!

Faith smirks, turning back as Scott and the cops surround the still-kneeling Wilkins.

SCOTT
 Mayor Wilkins, I'm arresting you on suspicion of first-degree murder, and a long list of charges relating to your continued efforts to deceive the people of New York City.

He holds Wilkins' gaze as two cops take Wilkins and slap on the HANDCUFFS.

SCOTT (cont'd)
 This is for Rachel.

Wilkins keeps quiet - there's nothing he can say as he's pulled to his feet.

FAITH
 Hey, Dick?

Wilkins turns to Faith.

FAITH (cont'd)
 This is what it looks like when I win.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
(mock wave)
See you later.

The cops lead Wilkins away, the crowd parting and looking like they can't quite believe what's happening.

Vi, Alice and the rest of the team join Faith's group, the survivors watching the events unfold around them.

Over by the stage, the Demons who were posing as the Deputy Mayors are also getting cuffed and marched away.

Somebody CLEARS THEIR THROAT behind Faith. The team turn - it's what's left of their vampire allies.

VAMPIRE
That's all of 'em. Those gizmos you
gave us did the job.
(beat)
So, uh... we cool?

Faith looks around - the floor around the stage is littered with piles of ASH and SCORCH MARKS from Pryor's various gadgets, and of the initial force only about a dozen vampires are left.

FAITH
(nods)
You guys kept your side of the
deal. I'm a girl of my word.

VAMPIRE
Sweet.
(beat)
So, uh... how d'you wanna do this?

FAITH
You get what Pryor promised you. A
secure place to hang, out of our
patrol zones. You keep off our
radar, feed only on people who
won't be missed and don't sire any
new vamps, and we won't come
knocking on your door.

The vampire approaches. Everybody but Faith tenses up.

VAMPIRE
I can live with that. If you see
what I mean.

He extends his hand. Faith takes a beat to chuckle at the irony of the moment - then SHAKES his hand.

FAITH
Now get out of here before I change
my mind.

(CONTINUED)

VAMPIRE

(grins)

Hopefully never see you around,
Slayer.

FAITH

Same to you.

The vamp SNAPS his fingers as he turns to his comrades, the
vampires retreating back down through the open manholes.

ALICE

Uh, Faith?

She turns back - several of the news crew cameras are now
aimed directly at her.

JERRY

I think they're waiting for a
statement.

Faith looks to the others.

NOA

Specifically, from you.

FAITH

But -

VI

You just got the Mayor of New York
City arrested for murder, Faith.
That's worth a few words.

Faith hesitates - then cautiously steps away from the group.
The cameras track her every step.

FAITH

Uh...

She scans the crowd, seeing nothing but expectant faces
staring back at her. Faith rubs a hand through her hair.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hey. My name's Faith, and I'm a
vampire Slayer.

(beat)

I know most of you will still be
trying to work out what the hell it
is you just saw, but let me break
it down for you - Wilkins has been
lying to you for years. Ever since
he threw the election and filled
City Hall with his own people.

(beat)

Demons.

(CONTINUED)

The crowd start to MUMBLE to themselves, the chatter growing in volume.

FAITH (cont'd)

I know you've been told that my side is the enemy. That we're a threat to you and this city, and that we don't care about anyone or anything.

(beat)

All we've ever tried to do is help. We fight so you people don't have to. We take out the demons, stake the vampires and bring down the bad guys so that those of you who get to lead a normal life can carry on doing that.

IN THE CROWD - some people are capturing her speech on camera phones and video recorders. The news teams have her front and centre.

FAITH (cont'd)

There's still plenty of people out there who need our help. Hell, there's always gonna be people who need our help. But you don't have to face any of it alone.

(glances at the others)

There's a place you can come to find us. The Constantine Asylum. Me and my team... this is kind of what we do.

(beat)

Uh... any questions?

And the crowd ERUPT into life, a sea of raised voices fighting for her attention - civilians, reporters, anybody and everybody.

Faith blinks, bewildered by the clamour in front of her. She turns to the others - Vi can only offer a shrug before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

FADE IN:

71 INT. SING SING CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - CORRIDOR - DAY 71

Looking down a long prison corridor as a figure approaches, identity hidden in the dim light. Their FOOTSTEPS echo round the plain walls.

They approach a set of sliding GATES that ratchet noisily back out of the way, allowing

FAITH

To enter:

72 INT. SING SING - SECURITY CHECKPOINT - NEXT 72

Where she meets Scott as he leaves a conversation with two PRISON GUARDS.

SCOTT

Lehane.

FAITH

Jacobs.

A beat. Faith cracks a wry grin, which Scott returns.

FAITH (cont'd)

Thanks for setting this up. Means a lot to all of us.

SCOTT

Does that mean all is forgiven?

FAITH

Hell, no.

Scott's smile fades. He was kind of expecting that.

FAITH (cont'd)

But what you've done here?
Definitely a start.

Scott perks up. He nods back towards the Guards.

SCOTT

They'll take you to see him. I couldn't wrangle more than a few minutes, though.

FAITH

That's all I need.
(beat)
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

You don't have to thank me for anything, Faith.

FAITH

No, I know. But thanks anyway.

Scott turns to the Guards and nods. They UNLOCK the next security gate, waiting for Faith to join them.

SCOTT

So... you're, like, a national celebrity now?

FAITH

Not really. Still the same old me. I just get more press coverage.

SCOTT

How you gonna handle all that?

FAITH

Let Jerry take all my calls. Seems to be working so far.

SCOTT

And the Asylum?

FAITH

Business is good. Lots to keep us busy.

She heads past him, pausing as he continues:

SCOTT

If you ever need anything...

FAITH

(turns)

I know. Pretty sure we'll manage, but the offer's there.

(beat)

She'd be proud of what you did for her.

SCOTT

You think so?

FAITH

(nods)

She was a sucker for a cute face like that.

Scott bows his head as Faith exits, following the Guards. As they wait for the next set of gates to open, one COUGHS to get her attention.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD

Uh, sorry to have to ask, but...
would you mind signing this?

Faith looks down - he's holding out a NEWSPAPER and a Sharpie to go with it.

Faith takes the paper - the front headline reads 'WILKINS ARRESTED,' with plenty of photos and coverage below of the events from Times Square.

A picture of Faith stands prominently on the page, and with a grin Faith scribbles her signature beneath it.

FAITH

(as she returns it)
You know what's really weird?

GUARD

No?

FAITH

That I've signed so many things
last few days, I think I'm actually
starting to get used to it.

The Guard returns her grin before motioning for her to carry on into the next section, and we CUT TO:

PAN ACROSS a row of empty holding cells until an orange jumpsuit-wearing figure scrolls into view:

WILKINS

Hands in his lap, head down. Silently contemplating.

FAITH O.S.)

Knock, knock.

He looks up, sees Faith. Nods with a resigned smile.

WILKINS

I was wondering when you'd make an
appearance, Faith.

He RISES, the chains round his wrists and ankles RATTLING.

WILKINS (cont'd)

Have you come to gloat?

Faith moves to stand before him, only a few feet apart despite the heavy bars between them.

FAITH

Not my style. Guess I just wanted to make sure it was really this way around.

WILKINS

Oh, my goose is well and truly cooked, there's no questioning that. From what I've been able to gather in between the raised voices, angry mobs and downright rude police questioning, Mr. Webb had compiled a considerable amount of evidence against me during our time together.

FAITH

Serves you right for trusting him.

WILKINS

After the way you and your team turned your backs on him, I didn't have any reason not to.

FAITH

Yeah, but it wasn't just the stuff you had him working on that swung the jury, was it?

(counts off)

We've got the plan for how you were gonna rig the vote and get a shapeshifter puppet Mayor elected after your second term so you were free to have the job back whenever you wanted.

WILKINS

(chuckles)

I was quite proud of that one.

FAITH

We've got all the outlines and drafts for what you were gonna do with the public school system, indoctrinating the kids to believe in your crusade and raise a new generation of loyal followers, trained and ready to go out staking like a city full of hunting dogs.

WILKINS

Never let it be said I didn't plan ahead.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I guess filling City Hall with
shapeshifting demons seemed like a
good idea at the time too, huh?
Although, that now gives them a
half dozen other murders to pin on
you as well as Rachel's.

Wilkins stays quiet after that remark.

FAITH (cont'd)

Why did you kill her?

WILKINS

She'd outlived her usefulness.

FAITH

You used her to blackmail Noa into
letting the Darkling take her over
again, I get that.

(beat)

I just don't get why you still went
ahead and killed her. You must've
known it'd come back to bite you.

WILKINS

Didn't you ever see a movie, or a
TV show, where the villain had one
of the heroes at his mercy only to
inexplicably let them go?

(off look)

I always hated those sorts of
stories.

Faith mulls that over - it rattled her, but she tries not to
let it show as she returns to:

FAITH

My favourite was your plan to give
vamps and demons the vote, so that
those who wanted to stay off your
Task Force's radar had to pledge
their support or end up like the
others.

WILKINS

You must have known I'd spent a
long time setting this up. Why do
you think you never saw all that
much of me in the year leading up
to when the Asylum was shut down?

FAITH

What, were you planning on running
for President next?

(CONTINUED)

Wilkins is silent. Faith lets out a short laugh, shaking her head.

FAITH (cont'd)
Figures. You were never one to know
when to quit while you were ahead.

WILKINS
I haven't survived the last two
hundred-odd years - barring a few
hiccups - by not reaching for the
stars.

Faith TAPS the bars of his cell.

FAITH
Guess you'll have to make do with
reaching for the bars instead.

WILKINS
(grins)
Puns never have been your strong
point, have they?

Faith steps close, right up to the bars.

FAITH
How does it feel to know you lost?
And that I beat you?

WILKINS
Young lady, if you think this is
the last you've heard of me, then
you're very much mistaken. I sold
my soul over a hundred and ten
years ago to gain immortality. They
could strap me to an electric chair
tied to the national grid, and I
wouldn't feel a thing.

FAITH
Oh, they're not gonna try and
execute you. Didn't you hear?

Wilkins' smile falters for a beat. Faith steps back.

FAITH (cont'd)
Nah, the way I heard it was going
down is they're gonna put you away
and see just how long immortality
can last. How'd you fancy spending
the rest of eternity in a small,
dark hole somewhere underground?

WILKINS

I... That's not how this is
supposed to work, I -

FAITH

Have people in the justice system
who're meant to cut you a deal
should you ever get this far?

(beat; savours)

Had. Their names were in Pryor's
files too. They won't be helping
you worm your way outta this one.
In fact, they'll probably put them
in the cell next door so you'll
have some company.

Wilkins stutters, trying to respond, before he bows his head.
He steps back, sitting calmly down on his bunk.

WILKINS

So this is how it ends.

FAITH

For you, yeah.

She steps back further, signalling to the guards that she's
done. He looks up at her as they approach.

FAITH (cont'd)

Something tells me I'm just gettin'
started.

WILKINS

(wry grin)

You're a good girl. You can take
whatever they throw at you.

She starts to leave, when he adds:

WILKINS (cont'd)

And for what it's worth...

(beat)

If anyone had to put me down, I'm
kind of proud it was you.

The Guards stand, ready to escort Faith away. She holds
Wilkins' gaze for a long beat - then tears herself away.

ON WILKINS as he leans back against the wall, closing his
eyes. He looks almost peaceful. Resigned.

DISSOLVE TO:

74 INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - DAY

74

Looking down a long prison corridor as a figure approaches, identity hidden in the dim light. Their FOOTSTEPS echo round the plain walls.

It's Faith once again, head down and hands in her pockets. She glances to her sides as she passes the various rooms.

At first, they're empty, but FIGURES start to appear within each one as she looks into them:

Inside the STAFF ROOM, she sees RACHEL and TODD sharing a joke about something, Rachel giggling without a care in the world.

She looks into another room - and sees PRYOR, surrounded by lab equipment and machinery, tinkering busily away.

He looks up as RUTH steps into frame, leaning across his desk to KISS him delicately on the cheek. They share a smile.

In the next, an office suite fades into view, where ALEX has her head down, scribbling away as she works through a pile of paperwork.

Another room holds QUINN, checking a row of weapons as he lifts them up, squints down the sight and then replaces them.

The next room has the fallen from the most recent battle - Rosie, Lucinda and Angelique - sharing a joke about something as they ignore the paperwork around them.

In the final room is LORI, idly playing with her hair as she holds out her other hand, SPARKS and ENERGY dancing a few inches above her hand.

Faith turns a corner, and into:

75 INT. ASYLUM - RECEPTION - NEXT

75

There's a large crowd of people here - in fact, a line stretches outside and round the corner of the building.

It's potential applicants for the Asylum, flanked by friends and family as they step forward, processed one at a time.

Alice and Becca are checking people off, with Rob waiting to move the new intake to another area.

76 INT. ASYLUM - CANTEEN - NEXT

76

Here, there's still plenty of activity - humans, demons and everything in between, all seated round the tables and chattering amongst themselves.

(CONTINUED)

At the head of the room stands Dawn, proudly wearing an orderly's jacket as she points new arrivals to empty seats.

She catches Faith's eye as she passes along the back wall - they nod to one another. Keep doing what you're doing.

Dawn's phone suddenly RINGS, and she fishes it from her pocket. She checks the caller ID - and GROANS.

DAWN

(answers phone)

Hey, Buffy. Again.

(listens)

Yeah, of course I'm still busy!

Look, why don't I just call you

when I've got a minute?

(listens)

I am so gonna call you back!

She looks to Faith, rolling her eyes. Faith smirks, moving on as we CUT TO:

Faith peers into the training and fitness area, where Vi stands before a line of new faces.

She paces up and down - Carter waits nearby, prepping a long line of training weapons like staffs and nunchucks.

VI

Alright. Who wants to tell me the top three ways to take out a vampire?

After a few nervous glances, some hands are raised.

VI (cont'd)

(points)

You.

NEW RECRUIT #1

Uh, stake through the heart?

VI

Good. What else? You, with the oddly appropriate t-shirt with the heart on it.

NEW RECRUIT #2

Fire works, right?

VI

Absolutely. And? What bout Mr. Happy days haircut over there?

NEW RECRUIT #3
Off with the head.

VI
Full marks.
(beat)
Alright. So who wants to step up
here and see if they can kick my
ass?

This time, it's all nervous glances and no raised hands. Vi
grins, turning to Carter.

VI (cont'd)
I think we're gonna have some fun
with these kids.

CARTER
Just try not to break too many of
them this time.

The new recruits GULP audibly. Faith moves on:

INT. ASYLUM - OFFICE - NEXT

She passes under the banner reading 'Dr. Alexandra Salus
Memorial Wing' before she stops at the open doorway to the
main office:

Inside, Jerry and Noa are both on the phone, the switchboard
lit up with more calls than either will have time to handle.

Noa's back in her WHEELCHAIR, but as she looks up and sees
Faith, she flashes her a big, pearly white grin.

NOA
(into phone)
Excuse me for a second.

She covers the receiver with her hand.

NOA (cont'd)
(to Faith)
Feel like coming in here and
helping take a load off us two?

FAITH
(shakes head)
Looks like you've got it covered.

Jerry shoots her a look - but that just makes Faith LAUGH.
Noa resumes her call as Faith steps away, and we CUT TO:

79 EXT. ASYLUM - BALCONY - NEXT

79

Faith pushes open a fire door and steps out onto a small balcony - it's her old smoking spot, with its commanding view of the NYC skyline beyond.

She walks up to the edge, hands on the railing as she looks out across the city.

She reaches into her jacket, taking out a pack of CIGARETTES. She stares down at them for a beat - then with a sigh CRUMPLES the packet.

She tosses it away, looking back across the city. She seems restless somehow, chewing her lip.

80 INT. ASYLUM - GYM - NEXT

80

CLOSE on Faith's hands as she slowly ties white tape around her fists.

CLOSE on a punching bag as her hands steady it.

WHAM! She lands a heavy RIGHT HOOK that sends the bag wobbling backwards.

PULL BACK to find Faith hopping from foot to foot, decked out in her gym gear.

In the background, Vi is sparring with one of the new recruits, executing a perfect JUDO TAKEDOWN to leave the newbie on the mat with a THUMP.

Faith watches Vi pull the flattened newbie to their feet and motion for them to try again. She smiles - this is what they do best.

Faith sizes up the punchbag again, narrowing her eyes and focusing...

And in SLOW MOTION she twirls on one foot to deliver a powerful ROUNDHOUSE KICK, which connects with a loud THWACK just as we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW