

**FAITH: SUCKERPUNCH BLUES**

"Surprise Me"

by  
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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY.

1

TITLE OVER - May 2003

We fade up to find ourselves inside a plain old yellow school bus, speeding away through the wide, open highways of Nevada.

Driving the bus is FAITH, the dirt and blood streaks on her face and hands reminding us of the trial she's just been through.

As we pan left to pick up the rest of the bus passengers, we get a visual representation of that trial - the battle to close the Sunnydale Hellmouth and defeat the vampire army of The First may have taken its toll on BUFFY and the rest of her newly-created Slayers, but the air is filled with a sense of victory. For now, the fight is over.

All the usual suspects are here - GILES, staring out through the windows and watching the desert landscape roll by, WILLOW, her eyes closed and her head leaning on XANDER's shoulder, the grief in his expression at the loss of Anya plain for anyone to see.

Except ANDREW, who is asleep against Xander's other shoulder.

Propped up behind Faith's seat, his wounds being tended to by DAWN, is ROBIN WOOD, and despite the heavy injuries he's suffered he still looks ready to go another few rounds.

He glances towards Faith, who has her eyes on the road, and smiles proudly.

No-one on the bus speaks - the remaining Potentials-turned-Slayers are either too exhausted or too traumatised from the battle to move or make a sound. We pick out VI and RONA sitting together, their hands gripping each other for support.

Dawn finishes patching up Robin, and with a nod to her, she gets up and sits back down by Buffy, who is still wearing that enigmatic half-smile.

Robin heaves himself up, with a little difficulty, into the seat alongside Faith's.

FAITH  
(noticing him)  
The hell are you doing? You're  
barely held together by those  
bandages, man, sit your ass back  
down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBIN

Hey, don't let the blood loss and near death experience fool you. I'm ready for another round, any time you want to call it.

Faith smirks back at him, then glances over her shoulder to check out how the rest of the bus is getting on.

Looking back, she leans down to speak to Robin, the hum of the engine hiding her words to the rest of the bus.

FAITH

How are they all doin' back there?

ROBIN

It depends. Some lost good friends today, some lost people they'd barely known five minutes. I know if I'd just spent the last few hours watching my friends get ripped apart by vampires, I wouldn't feel like saying much either.

FAITH

How about Buffy?

ROBIN

Buffy?

He looks towards her and grins again.

ROBIN (cont'd)

She's fine.

Faith glances round at Buffy, then turns back to the road.

FAITH

God knows what she's got to smile about, we just demolished her home town!

ROBIN

I think it was a symbolic thing for her. Like a great weight lifting off her shoulders or something.

Faith raises an eyebrow at him, but Robin just shakes his head to dismiss it.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Doesn't matter. How far till the first pit stop?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH

Depends. I'm thinking rolling into a truck stop with a coach load of teenage girls all carrying large amounts of medieval weapons might get us a bit more attention than we really need.

ROBIN

So are we looking for somewhere more discreet?

Faith looks down at him and smirks.

FAITH

Something like that.

She looks back to the road, as we dissolve to:

2

EXT. ROADSIDE GAS STATION - EARLY EVENING.

2

The school bus is pulled over, all the girls inside ducked down low and out of sight. A hose runs from a large gas cannister to a tanker parked up nearby, as we pick up Faith and Robin, sneakily siphoning off some fuel.

Faith sucks on the end of the hose, spits out a mouthful of fuel and slips the hose into the neck of the cannister. She looks up to see Robin smirking at her again.

FAITH

(frowns)

What? You never saw a girl jack some gas before?

ROBIN

Actually, I was going to make a tasteless, yet somehow amusing 'spit or swallow' joke, but I think I'm gonna let it pass.

FAITH

(grins)

Damn straight you are.

With a few quick glances around to make sure nobody's seen them, Faith disconnects the hose, and she and Robin scurry back over to the school bus with a full tank of gas.

We get a shot of the bus as its engine roars to life and the headlights flick on, before it drives towards us, forcing a white out and cut to:

3 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - EVENING.

3

Now we find ourselves inside a modest hospital ward, scrolling along the beds and picking up a few familiar faces as we see the new Slayers have gotten some medical attention at last.

In a bed at the far end of the ward is Robin, bandaged and dozing, as Faith sits next to the bed, her upper body slumped across Robin as she snores.

Robin's eyes flutter as he comes round. He looks down at Faith and smiles fondly again, reaching out to stroke her head as she mumbles something, also waking up. She flops her stray hair back and blinks blearily at him.

FAITH

Hey.

ROBIN

Hey yourself.

FAITH

What time is it?

ROBIN

Late. You okay?

FAITH

Me? Five by five, I'm not the one who's laid up in hospital!

ROBIN

You say that now, but if you'd made one mistake with that stunt with the bus, we'd all be in the I.C.U. by now!

FAITH

(rolls eyes)

Would you stop bringing that up already? There was no way we'd have gotten everyone admitted without making it look like we'd had an accident in the bus, so...

She trails off, and Robin finishes the sentence.

ROBIN

So you caused an accident.

FAITH

But a good one. You gotta admit, from the outside it would have looked pretty cool!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBIN

I'm afraid I cannot confirm or deny  
that statement on the grounds that  
it may incriminate me.

Faith chuckles, and the two lock hands as they gaze at each other, taking a quiet moment.

The moment, sadly, is rudely interrupted as a shadow falls across them both.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ah, Faith Lebane and Principal  
Robin Wood, I presume?

The duo look up - and see Derek, a clean cut man in his mid-twenties, with glasses, neatly-combed hair and a smart suit and tie.

Faith and Robin exchange a look - they know a Watcher when they see one. Faith glares up at him.

FAITH

Do you mind? We're kind of having a  
moment. We don't need any extra  
British round here.

DEREK

I wish I could leave you to your,  
ah... 'moment,' but I'm afraid I  
have pressing news.

Faith groans and leans back in her chair.

FAITH

Don't tell me...

DEREK

The Watcher's Council, or what's  
left of it, needs-

FAITH

(interrupts)

Needs my help. Way ahead of you on  
that one, chief.

She looks over to Robin.

FAITH (cont'd)

Guess the quiet time's gonna have  
to wait, huh?

ROBIN

They do say 'a hero's work is never  
done.'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH  
I ain't no hero.

ROBIN  
Says you.

Faith stares back at him for a beat, then raises her eyes to look up at Derek, noticing the briefcase he's carrying.

FAITH  
(resigned)  
Alright, what've you got for me?

And from Faith's look, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4 INT. HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR - EVENING. 4

Faith sits on a plastic chair next to Derek, her bored gaze flicking to watch doctors and nurses wandering past her as Derek struggles with an armful of papers, trying to organise them.

DEREK

Now, as I'm sure you're aware, the,  
ah, First had many agents around  
the world, and we-

He drops the papers, which cascade to the floor. Faith sighs and leans over to help him gather them back up. Once they're collected, he takes a breath and starts again.

DEREK (cont'd)

Now then. The First's influence  
spread to many corners of the  
globe, and chances are it's very  
aware of Miss Rosenberg's somewhat  
unusual solution to the manpower  
problem we were facing.

FAITH

Thousands of girls across the world  
suddenly turn into Xena, I'm  
thinking a few people are bound to  
notice.

DEREK

And therein lies our problem. The  
bomb attack on the Council left us  
at less than twenty per cent of our  
strength, and many of the, ah,  
newer Watchers like myself have  
suddenly found a lot more  
responsibility in our hands.

FAITH

Figures. The Council never struck  
me as the kind of place that had  
great backup plans.

DEREK

Er, yes, quite. So, coming to the  
case in hand, one of my new duties  
is to take part in the contact and  
assessment of some of these new  
Slayers, preferably with a Slayer  
of some experience to assist me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Derek stops and looks at Faith expectantly. She stares blankly at him for a beat before he continues.

DEREK (cont'd)  
And that would be you.

FAITH  
Yeah, I got that part. I was waiting for the catch.

DEREK  
There's no catch, Faith. All I need you to do is help me find some of these new Slayers and see how fit they are for the task at hand. We have several plans in progress to take care of any that make the grade, but I really need your help to weed out the weak from the strong.

FAITH  
So, what, I'm like a quality surveyor?

DEREK  
Basically, yes.

Derek unfurls a map of Europe, which has already been divided into several different regions and colours with bright marker pens.

Derek (cont'd)  
You'll be helping me out in Western Europe at first, starting in the Netherlands and moving across the region until you end up in France. We have contacts along the route watching out for any new Slayers, and when you find them it'll be your job to put them through their paces, make sure they've got what it takes and all that.

FAITH  
Back up - when I find them? What are you planning on doing all that time?

DEREK  
I'll be back at the Council, in England, keeping track of your progress and receiving any new recruits you send my way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DEREK(cont'd)

There are dozens of teams being set up to do just this - we're busy assigning the remaining survivors of the, ah, Sunnydale Incident to do just that.

Faith stands, pacing up and down, clearly not happy with the arrangement.

FAITH

Why not ask Buffy? I mean, technically she's the most senior Slayer, why not get her to do this? And besides, she's been a school counsellor for the past year, makes sense she'd be better with the kids than me.

DEREK

Miss Summers is relocating to Cleveland.

FAITH

(blinks)

Huh?

DEREK

A new Hellmouth has recently woken up over there, foreshadowed by several years of increased vampire and demonic activity, and so Miss Summers will be moving out there to continue her duties as the Slayer.

FAITH

Which leaves the puppy nobody wanted to take home from the pound to do all the dirty work, right?

Derek stands, trying to get on Faith's eye level to cut past the scowl she's busy wearing.

DEREK

Faith, you're being very negative about all this.

FAITH

Can you blame me? A few hours ago I was fighting for my damn life in that Hellmouth, watching kids who had no business being down there get ripped up by an army of bad guys you weren't smart enough to prepare us for, and now you come running to me to ask my help just because Buffy's too busy!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Faith pokes Derek hard in the chest, and he takes a step back. Faith turns on her heel and heads back towards the ward - and Robin. Derek calls after her, having the sense not to follow.

DEREK

I can see this isn't a good time to talk about this, maybe if we-

FAITH

(turns; interrupts)

Maybe never's gonna be a good time. I'm done. Find some other sucker to do your job for you.

Faith's taken a few more paces when Derek calls out again.

DEREK

And what about your criminal record?

She stops. Taking a beat, Faith turns slowly on her heel, glancing round to make sure nobody heard that last statement.

DEREK (cont'd)

Don't worry, there's no-one around to hear.

Faith stomps back over, looking ready to knock Derek down and roll him down the nearest staircase.

FAITH

Look, preppie, I don't know where the hell you get off threatening me like that, but if you think-

DEREK

Faith, please.

He raises a hand to stop her talking.

DEREK (cont'd)

Believe me, I'm trying to be on your side in all of this. I wasn't making a threat, and if it came across that way, then I'm sorry.

He motions to the chairs again.

DEREK (cont'd)

Shall we sit down again?

Faith eyes him for a beat - then sits. Derek smiles, pleased with the way he handled things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DEREK (cont'd)

Well! That all went rather-

FAITH

Don't push it. Tell me your story, then get out of my face while I go back and see my man in there.

DEREK

Very well. As I'm sure you know, the Council is aware of your unfortunate criminal past.

FAITH

Yeah, the part where they tried to lock me up kinda gave me that idea. What's your point?

DEREK

The point is, we are prepared to admit we were somewhat hasty in our efforts with you. Mr. Wyndham-Price has gone on record to say he believes leaving you with Angel in the first place would have been the best course of action, but sadly we can't turn back the clock.

FAITH

Cry me a river. Gettin' bored here.

DEREK

What we're now proposing is a way to keep you under the radar. We know you have a criminal record, and after your little escapade with the prison break you're a wanted felon.

FAITH

And that's the beauty of it. Didn't figure I was gonna make it out of Sunnydale alive, so I figured 'what's left to lose,' you know?

DEREK

What would you say if I told you we could make sure your record never becomes an issue? That you should be able to travel freely from country to country, helping us track down and assess these new Slayers, without worrying about the authorities being one step behind you at all times?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Faith watches him, curious, before nodding.

FAITH

Go on.

Derek grins and flips through his papers, bringing out another few sheets which he hands to Faith.

DEREK

We have a technopagan on our books who believes she can keep your personal file encrypted magically, stopping it from showing up on any police database around the world, effectively making you a free woman.

Faith scans over the sheet of paper - but then hangs her head, sighing loudly.

DEREK (cont'd)

Is something the matter?

FAITH

No, man, it's all good.

She stands, handing him the paper.

FAITH (cont'd)

But maybe I don't want to forget about what I did just to help you guys out. I can't just close my eyes and pretend I never killed any of those people, and I damn sure know it's gonna take more than some witch nerd with an Apple Mac to clear my conscience for too long.

Derek stares back at her, then nods.

DEREK

Will you at least consider it? I'm not suggesting this is a permanent post, by any means. If the other search teams perform to expectations, we should have covered most of the globe in a few years or so.

Faith looks back towards the entrance to the ward, tapping her foot as she mulls things over.

FAITH

I ain't going anywhere without Robin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DEREK

Principal Wood's injuries are quite severe, Faith, he could be in here a while and we don't have the time to spare to wait for-

FAITH

I said, if Robin stays, I stay. If he goes, I go. That's my deal. Take it or leave it.

Derek thinks it over for a moment, then nods and extends his hand.

DEREK

As you wish.

Faith eyes him, suddenly suspicious.

FAITH

Giving up kind of easy, ain't ya?

DEREK

Well, if you turned the offer down, there were other Slayers I could ask. There's a young lady by the name of Vi, for example, she-

FAITH

No. You ask me or not at all. Those kids have been through enough. God knows what's waiting for them out there!

DEREK

(sly)

Then you'll reconsider?

FAITH

(beat)

Ask me again tomorrow. Whatever I say then, that's my final answer.

DEREK

(nods)

Done.

They shake hands, and Faith finally gets to walk away. Derek watches her go, as we cut to:

5 INT. HOSPITAL WARD - EVENING.

5

Robin is struggling through a bland hospital meal as Faith recounts the story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH

And then he says he'll go ask some of the Potentials to do it if I say no! Can you believe that?

ROBIN

In all fairness, Faith, they're not Potentials any more. You saw how they went down there, most of them clicked into a higher gear and started kicking ass like they were born to do it.

(beat)

Which, if you think about it, they were.

FAITH

Yeah, most of them. Some just stood and watched like rabbits in the headlights as the Turok Hahn pulled them to pieces. They can't send those kids back out there yet. They're not ready.

ROBIN

But you are?

Faith pauses as she realises she's talking herself into going along with it.

FAITH

Maybe I am... But I'm still not going without you.

ROBIN

Faith, that's good of you to say, but you can't wait for me. I don't have Slayer healing, I could be like this for months yet.

FAITH

That was my deal. You're the first person I've given a damn about in years, and until I work out why, I ain't letting you out of my sight.

ROBIN

I think that was a compliment...

FAITH

(smirks)

It was. Get used to it.

Robin chuckles as Faith YAWNS, stretching out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBIN

You should get some rest. You've been up for, what, three straight days now?

FAITH

Nah, I'm cool. I'll catch a few minutes here and there, no big.

ROBIN

Don't make me get all Principal on you, Faith!

FAITH

(devilish grin)

Ooh, why, you gonna punish me? Do I have to stay behind after class for some one-on-one student-teacher time?

ROBIN

(laughs)

You just don't stop, do you? Here I am, lying in a hospital bed, barely held together by several miles of bandage, and you're still getting flirty with me!

FAITH

(shrugs)

Natural talent.

She leans over to kiss him, but he leans his head back a little and fixes her with a stare.

ROBIN

Get some rest. We can play in the morning, assuming I'm up to it.

She opens her mouth to add a dirty joke, but he just shakes his head. Defeated, Faith sits back down.

FAITH

Alright, you win. This time. I'm gonna go crash out in the waiting room, I saw some sofas in there on the way in.

ROBIN

That's my girl.

Faith stands and steps out of frame - then quickly darts back in, plants a kiss on top of Robin's head, then dashes away again with a snicker before he can react.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Robin shakes his head and smiles to himself, before taking another mouthful of the stodgy meal before him.

ROBIN (cont'd)  
(grimaces)  
Oh, good God...

As he pushes the tray away, we dissolve to:

6

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT.

6

Faith is curled up on one of the sofas in the cosy little waiting room, a drinks machine humming away quietly beside her.

As we push in on her, she starts to frown and shift around, looking like she's having a bad dream, but as we draw closer, we see it's more than that - she's having a Slayer dream.

We get a brief FLASH of an image - six robed figures standing round a fire.

Faith shifts a little more, then another FLASH image - this time, it's of a ball of green energy, which pulses just for an instant.

Faith settles down, seeming to have passed the dream - but then with a rapid zoom in we cut to:

7

EXT. STORM - DAY.

7

We're suddenly thrown into the middle of a ferocious thunderstorm, rain lashing down and rumbling thunder bringing in two quick FLASHES of lightning, before we cut to:

8

INT. EMPTY ROOM - NIGHT.

8

Back with the six hooded figures, arranged around a burning log fire. We can hear them CHANTING, but we can't make out what they're saying at first.

We start to walk around the figures, drawing closer until we make out some kind of symbol sewn into the front of their robes.

The chanting starts to make sense - a repeated word, over and over again.

HOODED FIGURES  
Ulithios... Ulithios... Ulithios...

The fire suddenly FLARES UP, its flames leaping high into the air, and as the chanting continues, starting to become faster and more intense, we hear a distant SCREAM of something unearthly, before we quickly smash cut to:

9 INT. SHOPPING MALL - DAY. 9

CRASH! A young woman flies backwards and through the window of a department store, sending fragments of glass in all directions, but no sooner has she hit than we cut to:

10 EXT. PARK - EVENING. 10

As the storm rages on overhead, we're looking up and over the tops of the trees inside some kind of inner city park area - and there is something BIG staring back at us from inside the storm itself, as two sinister yellow eyes appear out of the clouds and glare at us.

As we hear a low RUMBLING that sounds like the growl of a huge animal, we quickly smash cut back to:

11 INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT. 11

Faith, bathed in sweat, snaps awake and sits up with a start, her legs flailing for a moment as she gathers her wits.

Gulping in deep breaths of air, she looks around, remembering where she is, and after a beat she flops back down on the sofa, still clearly spooked by her dream. We stay on Faith for another beat, then we cut to:

12 INT. MOTEL ROOM. EARLY EVENING. 12

We're inside a cheap roadside motel, the curtains closed and the lights off, looking towards the door.

With a CLICK of a key turning, the door opens and Faith steps inside, her coat already half shrugged off as she nudges the door closed with one boot and reaches for the lights.

As she flicks them on, her back is turned and she doesn't see Robin, lying on one of the room's two beds. He was asleep but the sudden brightness has woken him, and he squints and raises a hand to shield his eyes.

ROBIN

Hey! Some of us are trying to sleep, you know...

Faith spins round, thrown for a beat to see him there.

FAITH

(frowns)

What are-

ROBIN

I checked myself out early.

FAITH

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBIN

Because that Watcher guy told me  
you weren't going to go anywhere  
without me.

Faith scowls, throwing her jacket onto the bed and stomping  
over to the TV. She flicks it on and starts flipping between  
channels, obviously angry with Robin.

ROBIN (cont'd)

He explained what they wanted you  
to do, and also that you weren't  
exactly keen on the idea.

FAITH

Good, I guess he was paying  
attention after all.

ROBIN

Faith, you can't turn them down.  
This is bigger than us now, there's  
a lot of work to be done, and-

Faith spins round to face him.

FAITH

Oh, no, don't you start on me as  
well! It's bad enough I've got  
nerds from the Council trying to  
talk me into doing their dirty work  
for them, now they have to go and  
brainwash you too?

ROBIN

It makes sense, you know. What  
they're asking.

FAITH

I don't care, I don't want to do  
it. I told that Watcher I'd think  
about it, but I just wanted him to  
leave me alone, and now he's gone  
and talked you into crawling out of  
that bed before you're ready!

Robin patiently lets her pace angrily up and down for a  
moment, then pats the side of his bed.

ROBIN

C'mere.

FAITH

Don't talk to me like one of your  
fricken students!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBIN

I'm not. I'm just being patient.

He keeps his gaze on her, and after a beat she relents and sits next to him on the bed, as he pushes himself upright.

FAITH

If this is gonna be a speech about great power and responsibility, I am so out of here.

ROBIN

Don't worry, I'll keep it simple. We've got hundreds of new Slayers all round the world, right?

FAITH

Looks that way.

ROBIN

And nobody to show them the ropes, tell them what's coming, show them how to use the skills and powers they have now, right?

Faith is silent, and Robin continues.

ROBIN (cont'd)

So who would you rather gave them their introduction into the world of Slaying - you, or somebody who doesn't know what they're doing?

Faith lowers her head - he's making a lot of sense.

ROBIN (cont'd)

You're the best person for the job, Faith.

FAITH

Not true, Tony said there were plenty more teams out doing what they want me to do, and-

ROBIN

But you'd be in charge.

Faith cocks her head to one side - she'd not thought of it like that!

FAITH

Yeah, I guess I would...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ROBIN

I'm not saying it's going to be easy, it'll be tough on both of us, but if anybody can prepare these girls for the new life they've suddenly been thrown into, if anyone out there understands what it's like to have your life as you knew it ripped away and have somebody hand you a new rule book... then it's you.

Faith thinks this over for a moment - then grins.

FAITH

Got a way with words, haven't you?

ROBIN

(shrugs)

Family trait. So what are you going to tell Derek tomorrow?

Faith stares back at him for a beat - then lunges forward and KISSES him.

ROBIN (cont'd)

(laughs)

Is that a yes?

FAITH

That's a 'shut up and get naked, then ask me later.'

Grinning broadly, Faith leans in to kiss him again, and as Robin wraps his arms round her, we:

**BLACK OUT:****END OF ACT ONE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

13 EXT. FRANCE - TRAIN STATION - DAY. 13

TITLE OVER - Paris, France - Six Months Later.

We're looking down on a busy terminal, commuters milling around the platform as one of the sleek trains rolls into the station, its brakes squealing as it slows to a halt.

As a crowd of passengers disembark, rapidly filling the platform with a horde of bodies, we can pick out Faith and Robin as they leave one of the carriages.

Both are carrying large backpacks - travelling light - and we track them as they weave through the crowds around them, heading for the station exit.

14 EXT. OUTSIDE TRAIN STATION - DAY. 14

Standing before the main entrance to the station, built into an elaborate stone archway, Robin hails down a taxi, and within a few moments a plain Citroen has stopped for them.

Robin holds Faith's door open, which she smirks at as she slides into the car.

15 INT. TAXI - DAY. 15

We're looking at the back seat as Robin opens the other door and steps inside. The TAXI DRIVER, a short, swarthy man, turns round from the driver's seat to address to them.

TAXI DRIVER

*Bonjour.*

FAITH

Hey.

TAXI DRIVER

Ah, American, eh?

FAITH

That obvious?

TAXI DRIVER

Your clothes are a clue, but your accent decides it. Where to?

Robin retrieves a map from his backpack and studies it.

ROBIN

We're looking for Rue St.  
Chanteuse, you know it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAXI DRIVER

Ah, *oui*, just a few minutes drive.

FAITH

Sounds good. Floor it, Latka.

The driver looks blankly to Robin.

ROBIN

She means 'that's fine.'

The driver nods, turns back and starts to drive away, leaving us with our duo again.

ROBIN (cont'd)

So, France at last. Always did want to come out here one day. How about you?

FAITH

(shrugs)

S'alright.

ROBIN

Takes a lot to impress you, doesn't it?

FAITH

After a few months, all these European places start blending into one as far as I'm concerned. Not much to pick between them.

ROBIN

(dryly)

Remind me never to try to impress you with a fancy holiday.

FAITH

Hey, give me a room with air conditioning and plenty of TV channels, you can take me any damn place in the world you want.

ROBIN

Is that a promise?

FAITH

Maybe. You got something in mind?

ROBIN

Well, as a matter of fact, I do.

FAITH

Uh oh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBIN

Relax, this is all within acceptable limits. You know how I'm from New York originally, right?

FAITH

Yup.

ROBIN

Well, I was thinking, after all this is over, I've still got plenty of family back over there, and my uncle Jermaine is still part of the regional school board out there, so...

FAITH

So you wanted to settle back down and be a teacher again?

ROBIN

It's what I know how to do.

(beat)

Well, that and killing demons and vampires, but I figured I could leave that part to you.

Faith doesn't answer for a few beats, looking everywhere but at Robin. It doesn't take him long to pick up on this.

ROBIN (cont'd)

Problem?

FAITH

Huh?

ROBIN

You spaced out for a minute there. Was I being too forward or something?

FAITH

No, no, it's just...

She trails off again. Robin looks a little less content all of a sudden.

ROBIN

Just what?

Faith opens her mouth to reply, but the taxi pulls to a halt and interrupts her.

TAXI DRIVER

Rue St. Chanteuse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Robin glances at Faith, but the moment's gone. Whatever she was going to say will remain unsaid for now. As Robin digs in his jacket pocket for some cash, we cut to:

16

EXT. STREET/APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY.

16

The taxi drives away, leaving Faith and Robin standing outside a tall, inner city apartment building, a large pair of doors with buzzers for each apartment making up the entrance.

Faith hops up the steps and starts reading down the names of the occupants.

FAITH

Who are we looking for?

Robin digs in his backpack again and fetches out a wad of note paper.

ROBIN

Our girl's name is Monica Florelle, eighteen years old, five feet two inches with long, blonde hair and blue eyes.

Faith keeps scanning the names as Robin joins her.

FAITH

You ever stop to wonder how the Council gets so much detail on these girls?

ROBIN

I tried asking a few months back, they said something about sensory demons on the payroll scanning for new Slayers, and that was about as far as I wanted to take it.

Faith finds the right name and points to it.

FAITH

Here she is. Apartment twenty-six.

She hits the buzzer and waits. After a beat, a noticeably non-French voice answers.

VOICE

Uh, hello? Oh, I mean, uh, *bonjour*?

Faith and Robin exchange a look, before it suddenly twigs on Faith who the voice belongs to.

FAITH

Vi?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We cut from her puzzled look to:

17

INT. MONICA'S APARTMENT - DAY.

17

We're inside the modest apartment, looking at the door as we hear a KNOCK.

Vi walks into frame, heading for the door, but the young Slayer looks very different to when we last caught up with her. Her previously short red hair is long and braided, and her hippy-esque choice of clothes has gone, replaced by a more military style of dress - combat pants and a khaki shirt.

She opens the door and beams happily as she sees Faith and Robin, who still look confused to all heck.

VI

Hi! Woah, this is cool. I thought it'd be way longer before I got chance to see you two again.

FAITH

What's up, Vi? You going native on us or something?

VI

Huh?

ROBIN

She means 'why are you in this girl's apartment'?

VI

Oh, right. You'd better come in.

Vi steps back, and with another sideways glance at each other, Robin and Faith step inside.

Faith scans the apartment and notices something odd straight away - the place looks as though it's been ransacked, with the furniture smashed and scattered around the place, along with various pictures, ornaments and other personal effects.

FAITH

What happened in here? You throw a whole bunch of parties?

VI

No, no, this was how I found it. I'm looking for Slayers too, same as you guys. I showed up here a week ago but our girl was already gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBIN

I thought Faith and I were meant to be covering France?

VI

Oh, you were, but the Watcher I've been assigned, he's... well, he's kind of an independent thinker.

FAITH

Figures. Let me guess, the guy reckons he can do it all by himself, right?

VI

Pretty much. I think he's new but wants to get onto the inner circle at the Council in a hurry, so he's covering other people's patches to get the job done quicker.

Robin puts his backpack down as he strolls round the apartment, inspecting the damage.

ROBIN

Looks like there was some kind of struggle in here. How much have you found out?

VI

Not much, except she's not the first.

FAITH

Not the first what?

VI

We're not finding every Slayer we're sent to pick up. Some of them are... well, missing. Like Monica.

FAITH

You think the Bringers are still after them?

VI

Stands to reason, if I was the lackey of some evil spirit and a bunch of teenagers kicked my bosses ass, I'd go looking for some payback.

ROBIN

Does the Council know about this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VI

Uh, I'm not sure. I told my Watcher  
but he just said he'd 'take care of  
it.'

FAITH

(resigned)

Which probably means 'no.'

Robin starts sifting through a mound of papers that have  
spilled out of a writing desk.

VI

Oh, I checked everything best as I  
could, but my French is kinda  
patchy so I don't know much yet.

FAITH

What do we know?

VI

One of the other Slayers I'm with  
speaks French, and she's been  
translating this missing Slayer's  
diary. Seems she'd started to  
notice people following her over  
the past few weeks, as well as  
realising that she felt a little  
different when she woke up one  
morning.

FAITH

(nods)

So sounds like the Bringers were on  
to her long before we got here.

ROBIN

Did you say 'other Slayers'?

VI

Oh, yeah, there's three of them.  
Newbies, but some of the better  
ones. Ambrosia, Magda and Xia.

FAITH

What are they like?

Vi pauses, choosing her words carefully.

VI

Um... well, Magda's Polish and  
doesn't say much, and Xia's from  
Africa, she's kinda headstrong.

FAITH

And the other one?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VI

Ambrosia? She's...

(beat; sighs)

She's a stone cold beyatch. Plus,  
our Watcher just happens to be her  
dad.

ROBIN

Yikes.

VI

Oh, yeah, it's like all she ever  
talks about. 'My daddy this' and  
'my daddy that,' all day, every  
day. Seriously, they think they're  
the new Buffy and Giles or  
something.

FAITH

(smirks)

Sounds like you've got your hands  
full over here, kid!

Faith walks over to Robin, who isn't finding many clues in  
his sweep of the apartment.

FAITH (cont'd)

Anything?

ROBIN

Not at the moment.

VI

Yeah, I've been checking back here  
in case she showed up again, but so  
far nothing.

Vi checks her watch and bites her lip.

VI (cont'd)

Oh, geez, I'd better be getting  
back, we've got a team meeting in  
twenty minutes.

FAITH

'Team meeting'? What are you, like,  
going for corporate sponsorship?

VI

Oh, no, we're just... uh, I  
shouldn't really talk about it.  
It's kind of a secret mission  
thing.

Faith and Robin exchange a raised eyebrow, then look back at  
Vi. She blinks once, before we cut to:

18

INT. RESTAURANT - EVENING.

18

Faith, Robin and Vi are tucking into a lavish, three person buffet meal, Vi chatting excitedly between mouthfuls.

VI

So, yeah, there's like this cult or something, and they may be the ones helping the Bringers find the Slayers, so part of the reason me and the other Slayers are out here is to find 'em and shut 'em down.

FAITH

Pretty nifty. Doesn't seem like yesterday you were too green to know which end of a stake was the pointy one, now look at you, going all Jennifer Garner!

VI

(shrugs)

I just help out. The other Slayers, I mean, they're good and all, so I think they just have me around for backup.

ROBIN

Well, either way, stands to reason we should combine forces with your squad, get a few extra pairs of hands on deck.

VI

Oh, God, no. I wouldn't wish those girls on anybody!

FAITH

You wanna help us out instead?

VI

Well...

Vi takes a swig of water, thinks for a beat then continues.

VI (cont'd)

To be honest, I'm not sure I have much confidence in Mr. Kilby.

ROBIN

That's the Watcher, right? The one Slayer's dad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

(nods)

He's great at making plans, and using words like 'stratagem' and 'nullify,' but when it comes down to it, he's kinda clueless.

FAITH

I think I see where you're going with this...

VI

I know enough about what the cult is doing to find 'em myself, probably, but I can't take care of them on my own, so...

ROBIN

So you want us to help you instead.

Vi nods enthusiastically, and Robin looks to Faith.

ROBIN (cont'd)

You up for a little sidequest?

FAITH

Beats getting on another train.

ROBIN

I guess that seals it, then.  
Ladies?

He raises his glass, prompting the two Slayers to do the same, and as the trio CLINK their glasses together, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19

INT. HOTEL SUITE - EVENING.

19

We're looking in on a lavish, luxury suite, panning across the four poster bed and taking in the fact that this is a really, really big room.

The shower is on, with a little light peeping out from behind the bathroom door, and over the hiss of the water is the sound of a young girl's voice, singing along to some god awful pre-processed pop ballad or other.

Panning further over, we finally pick up RICHARD KILBY, the Watcher Vi mentioned earlier. He's in his thirties, well groomed and possessed of the same permanently hassled expression that all Watchers seem to have as standard.

Richard is sat at a bureau, trying to concentrate on several piles of paper in front of him, but as the singing from the bathroom grows steadily louder, he eventually leans back, sighs in annoyance and gets up, walking over to the bathroom door and rapping his knuckles against it.

RICHARD

Ambrosia?

The shower is switched off, and after a beat the bathroom door opens a little to reveal AMBROSIA KILBY, Richard's daughter and one of the other three Slayers.

Ambrosia is an attractive girl with long, currently wet peroxide blonde hair, and she smiles innocently up at her father as he glares sternly down at her.

AMBROSIA

Yes, daddy?

RICHARD

While I commend your commitment to your daily hygiene routine, is there any chance you could continue to shower without singing along quite so loud?

AMBROSIA

Oh, daddy, don't you like my singing voice?

RICHARD

That's not the point, I-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMBROSIA

Mom always says I've got talent,  
she says I should sing every chance  
I get because I may be able to make  
something out of it one day.

RICHARD

Yes, well, that was before you  
became a Slayer, so I'm afraid we  
have more pressing matters on our  
agenda now.

Ambrosia rolls her eyes and shuts the door, but she continues  
to talk to Richard through it.

AMBROSIA (O.S.)

I don't think I'll ever understand  
why my Mom married you, you know.

RICHARD

Why- what has that got to do with  
anything?

AMBROSIA (O.S.)

Because! You're all British and  
stuffy and... British, and she's a  
Homecoming Queen, an all American  
girl who produced a fabulous  
daughter that you managed to  
inherit, who just so happens to now  
be one of the Chosen Many, and what  
do you do?

RICHARD

I don't-

Ambrosia throws the bathroom door open again, a dressing gown  
drawn around herself.

AMBROSIA

You tell her off for singing.

Ambrosia scowls at him, and Richard backs down, sighing and  
heading back over to his desk. Ambrosia's victorious smirk  
suggests she tends to win their confrontations on a regular  
basis.

Richard goes back to his work as Ambrosia flops back onto the  
bed, using up every inch of free space.

AMBROSIA (cont'd)

When are Vi and the others getting  
here? Aren't we supposed to go and  
find that cult's base tonight?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RICHARD

They'll be here shortly. If my information is correct, the cult is in league with the First's own footsoldiers, the Bringers, and that the cult appear to be serving some deity known as 'Ulithios.'

AMBROSIA

Guess they ran out of snappy names.

RICHARD

The information I've uncovered also mentions these cultists needing something known as 'The Key,' but I've as yet been unable to decipher what that is.

AMBROSIA

I'll remember to ask one of them in between punches.

Richard opens his mouth to reply but is interrupted by a knock at the hotel room door. He stands and heads over.

He opens the door to reveal MAGDA, a mousy Polish girl with shoulder length brunette hair almost covering her face, and XIA, a tall, lithe African girl with black dreadlocks and a fierce look in her eyes.

RICHARD

Ah, good to see you at last, girls.

XIA

Is Ambrosia here?

Ambrosia hops off the bed and heads over, beaming.

AMBROSIA

Good evening, ladies! Are we ready to go out there and do what comes naturally?

VI (O.S.)

Uh, hello?

The foursome turn to face Vi as she steps into frame, heading up towards the room's entrance from the corridor beyond.

VI (cont'd)

Sorry I'm late, there was a... thing.

AMBROSIA

(sarcastic)

Oh, look, it's the Red Peril.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Ambrosia grins wickedly, and Xia looks Vi up and down with disdain as the redhead Slayer joins them. The look on Vi's face quickly turns sour as she follows the other girls inside - she obviously gets comments like that off Ambrosia a lot.

Richard heads over to his bureau and picks up four binded information packs, handing one out to each Slayer.

RICHARD

Right then, now that we're all here, let's get started. I've taken the liberty of printing out maps of the areas where I believe the base may be located, if you take one sector each and patrol it, we're bound to turn the base up. Now, also in there is-

Richard pauses as Ambrosia tosses her information file over her shoulder and heads towards the large wardrobes on one side of the room.

RICHARD (cont'd)

Ah, Ambrosia, shouldn't we-

AMBROSIA

(ignoring him)

So, girls, what are we thinking tonight? Classic black, or something with a little more zing?

Magda and Xia both drop their packs down on the bed as they head over to nose around inside the extensive wardrobe with Ambrosia, leaving a weary-looking Derek and an awkward-looking Vi.

RICHARD

Sometimes, I wonder why I bother...

VI

Well, uh, if it helps, I'm still here.

RICHARD

Yes, at least I can rely on one of you.

Ambrosia, meanwhile, is sifting through various outfits.

AMBROSIA

See, I'm looking for something that's less 'I'm too pretty to get killed!' And more 'watch out, creatures of the night, this Slayer has style!'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

XIA

American clothes all look the same  
to me.

AMBROSIA

That's just because you have no  
class, honey.

Back with Richard and Vi, he scratches the back of his head  
and takes a deep breath.

RICHARD

This could be a very long night...

Vi smiles hopefully at him, before we cut to:

20

EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT.

20

It's a few hours later, and as we sweep across what used to  
be a busy set of factories and warehouses, but is now just a  
collection of empty buildings and heaps of rubbish, Vi walks  
into frame, her eyes scanning the area for any activity.

She reaches into her pants pocket for the crumpled up  
information pack Richard gave her, and uses a small torch to  
read from it. She looks up and round again, checking her  
location.

VI

Well, this is the place...

She takes another few glances around, not looking entirely  
convinced that she's on the right trail, then moves on. Vi  
starts to head out of frame, as we cut to:

21

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT.

21

Ambrosia is also out on patrol, and the disgruntled look on  
her face tells us she's had no luck finding any sign of the  
cult either.

She stops at the end of one street, looking up and down the  
empty sidewalk, her hands on her hips.

AMBROSIA

This blows.

Reaching round into her noticeably expensive backpack, she  
retrieves her own copy of the notes Richard gave everyone,  
checking the maps of the different patrol zones.

A thoughtful look suddenly crosses her face, and after  
glancing at the road signs around her to get her bearings,  
she marches off screen. We cut back to:

22 EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT. 22

Vi looks about ready to call it a night as she passes a burned out car, when she hears something and pauses.

At first, there is silence, but as she takes a few steps back, we can start to hear something too - voices, quiet but definitely close by.

Frowning, Vi begins to double back, following the edge of a tall warehouse building as she follows the sounds.

She's soon faced by a small, rectangular building that used to be the main office suite for this part of the estate - and visible inside is the flickering orange light of an open fire. Vi grins, knowing she's struck gold.

Crouching down, she quickly scampers across the open ground to get to the office suite, craning her head up to peer in through one of the cracked windows.

23 INT. EMPTY OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT. 23

Looking back at Vi as her face peers in through the window, we pull back to take in the rest of the room.

Piles of abandoned office furniture have been shoved into the corners and against the wall - chairs, desks and the like - and in the centre of the room is a roaring log fire surrounded by six HOODED FIGURES. They're chanting in a low, monotonous voice:

HOODED FIGURES  
Ulithios... Ulithios... Ulithios...

There is a symbol on the front of their robes - '<I>' - and as they continue to chant we push back in on Vi, still watching them from the window.

24 EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT. 24

Vi ducks down out of sight and shrugs off her backpack, quickly taking out a stake. She glances at it, thinks - and then puts it back with a shake of her head, taking out a short sword instead and smiling.

Satisfied, she stands and presses herself against the wall of the building, starting to work her way towards an entrance.

Pulling back, as Vi rounds a corner and disappears from view, we see that there's somebody watching her - and it's Ambrosia! Stepping out of the shadows, she smirks victoriously to herself as she watches Vi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMBROSIA

And how did I know the star pupil  
would be the one to find them? Not  
like she was probably given the  
right place to look or anything...

(shrugs)

Ah well.

Ambrosia lifts up a large sword, and as she takes a step  
towards us, we cut back into:

25

INT. EMPTY OFFICE SUITE - NIGHT.

25

The robed figures are still chanting, the fire before them  
starting to burn with more intensity, and as they all begin  
to raise their arms to the ceiling, the chanting grows faster  
and more dramatic.

They haven't spotted Vi carefully creeping towards them,  
using the shadows of the room as cover, until she's about six  
feet away from the nearest cultist.

She tenses up, getting ready to pounce and catch them by  
surprise when -

CRASH! Ambrosia smashes in through one of the large windows  
on the other side of the room, causing the cultists to stop  
chanting and whip round to face her. Vi freezes as all six  
figures spot her.

Ambrosia, meanwhile, fresh from her dramatic entrance, smiles  
and points her sword towards them.

AMBROSIA

Alright, hands up! Nobody move, or  
I'll-

POW! A cultist dives into frame and knocks her off her feet.

Vi is swamped by three more of them, one holding an arm each  
as the other swings for her.

Vi shouts over to Ambrosia as she fights back against the  
other three cultists, dropping her sword and using fists and  
feet instead.

VI

Amber? What the hell are you doing  
here?

AMBROSIA

I followed you! I figured you'd  
find these guys first and lead me  
right to them!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vi staggers as she takes a punch to the gut, kicking out again to knock her attacker to the ground.

VI

This was meant to be a surprise  
attack!

AMBROSIA

It was! Did you miss my entrance?

Vi kicks out with her legs, pushing her attacker away, managing to flip herself up and over and breaking free of their grasp.

She deftly snatches up her sword and drives it into the gut of the first cultist, shoving him away and kicking a second to the ground.

Ambrosia starts to get the upper hand, flooring one of her opponents with a head butt and kicking a second's legs from under him.

AMBROSIA (cont'd)

All right! Now we're getting  
somewhere!

Vi is trading blows with her last opponent as Ambrosia grabs the last cultist standing and shoves him to the floor, planting her boot against his throat and aiming her sword at his face.

AMBROSIA (cont'd)

Okay, start talking! Who is  
Ulithios, and what is the Key?

Vi freezes as she hears the word 'Key' - she knows something, or rather, someone, that used to be known as the 'Key,' but before she has chance to react, she's floored as her opponent tackles her to the ground.

Ambrosia rolls her eyes and sighs irritably.

AMBROSIA (cont'd)

Vi, could you hurry up and take  
care of him, please? I'm trying to  
interrogate my suspect!

Vi is struggling to hold the cultist off, as he uses his weight to try and press her sword down into her shoulder.

VI

(through gritted teeth)  
Can I get a little help?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ambrosia looks from the final cultist to Vi, then back - then lifts up her sword, holds it like a javelin and THROWS it at Vi's attacker.

The sword sails straight into his back, and with a last WHEEZE he slumps down, his dead weight pinning Vi to the ground.

Ambrosia turns back to her captive.

AMBROSIA

Sorry about that. Now, you were about to start talking?

CULTIST

There is no way you will stop it... Ulithios will rise again, and he will use the Key to enter this world as flesh!

AMBROSIA

See, all I'm hearing right now is 'blah, blah, blah.' Could you try speaking in English?

Vi finally heaves the dead cultist off herself and staggers over to Ambrosia.

AMBROSIA (cont'd)

Oh, have you decided to join me?

VI

(scowls)

Amber, shut up.

(off cultist)

What did he say?

AMBROSIA

Nothing yet. I'm going to try pressing harder with my boot on his Adam's Apple, see if that changes his mind.

Ambrosia puts her weight on her foot, and the cultist pinned beneath it starts to COUGH and CHOKE.

VI

How's he supposed to talk if you're choking him?

A beat. Ambrosia realises her error and leans back a little.

AMBROSIA

There. Happy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CULTIST

You will not stop us. When I fall,  
a dozen more shall take my place.  
We shall use the Key as our vessel,  
and we will-

VI

Wait - what 'Key'?

AMBROSIA

Weren't you listening to daddy  
earlier?

VI

Were you?

AMBROSIA

(beat)

That's not the point. He told us  
these people need something called  
the Key to bring back whoever this  
Ulithios guy is, so unless the monk  
wannabe here tells us where to find  
it, I'm going to find out exactly  
how hard I need to press down to  
snap his neck!

Ambrosia turns to Vi, grinning smugly at her own  
interrogation tactic - but Vi is already hurrying away, out  
of the suite. Ambrosia huffs as she watches Vi leave.

AMBROSIA (cont'd)

She is just so unprofessional...

With her attention taken off the cultist, Ambrosia leans  
forward a bit too much - and there is a SNAP and a last COUGH  
from the cultist under her foot.

Ambrosia freezes, then looks slowly down to the now very dead  
cultist, before sagging.

AMBROSIA (cont'd)

Oh, perfect!

As she takes one careful step back, grimacing at her  
accidental handiwork, we cut back to:

26

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

26

Faith and Robin are asleep on the single bed, huddled close  
to each other due to the lack of room.

Robin's cell phone sitting on the bedside table starts to  
RING, and a bleary-eyed Faith sits up, yawning as she reaches  
for it and answers it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH  
Hello?

VI  
(filtered; through phone)  
Faith?

FAITH  
Yeah, it's me. What's up?

VI  
We have a problem.

FAITH  
When don't we have a problem?

VI  
No, I mean this is a serious  
problem. You remember those cult  
guys I was telling you about?

Robin stirs and starts to wake up, and Faith glances down at  
him as we cut back to:

27 EXT. ABANDONED INDUSTRIAL ESTATE - NIGHT.

27

Vi is talking into her cell, still within the limits of the  
empty estate.

VI  
Amber and I just found a bunch of  
them, doing some kind of ritual  
chanting exercise, and apparently  
they're after something called 'The  
Key.'

FAITH  
(filtered; through phone)  
The Key?  
(beat)  
Ah, crap. You mean-

VI  
Yeah. Dawn. You think it's her  
they're after?

FAITH  
I dunno, maybe. Where are you?

VI  
I'm in this old factory yard a few  
miles away from where we met  
earlier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH

Alright, damage limitation. Get over to my hotel room, pronto. And don't let any of those other Slayers know where you're going.

VI

I won't. Bye.

She hangs up, tucking her cell phone away and jogging out of frame.

We stay on the scene for a moment - as Ambrosia once again steps out of the shadows, watching Vi race away. She frowns, puzzled by what she just heard Vi say.

AMBROSIA

Who's Dawn?

As Amber reaches for her own cell phone, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ACT FOUR

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FADE IN:

28 INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

28

We're inside Faith and Robin's hotel room as we hear a frantic KNOCKING at the door. Faith steps into frame and opens it, revealing a breathless Vi who hurries inside.

VI

Okay, I was trying to think of a plan on the way over, but...

FAITH

You got nothing.

VI

(shakes head)

Sorry.

ROBIN

Look, we can worry about plans later. Right now we need to concentrate on what we do know. This cult are after Dawn, right?

VI

I can't be completely sure, but-

FAITH

It wouldn't be the first time a coach load of crazies have gone after Dawn.

Faith heads over to her jacket, then pauses and turns to Vi, frowning.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hold up a second - how do you know about Dawn?

VI

(evasive)

Huh?

FAITH

You knew about Dawn being the Key, it didn't click with me till just then that we're not in the habit of making that public knowledge. So how come you know?

Vi suddenly looks pretty shifty, and wrings her hands nervously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

Uh, well, thing is...

ROBIN

Relax, Vi, you're not in any trouble. We just need to make sure we know all the facts.

VI

Okay. Willow told Kennedy, she told me and a few other Slayers just before we all went into the Hellmouth. I don't know why, maybe she wanted to make sure we all understood what we were fighting for or something - she said to make sure the bad guys didn't get their hands on Dawn, in case they could use her to make something bad happen.

FAITH

(nods)

Makes sense.

ROBIN

Okay, thanks. Now what are the chances of your Watcher and those other Slayers figuring this out? And what are they likely to do?

VI

Well, Richard's always looking for ways to make more of a mark inside the Council, you know, that's why he took on the mission to investigate this cult.

FAITH

So it stands up that he'd keep this little nugget about the Key to himself, so he could deliver her to the Council and take the credit for saving the world.

VI

Or...

Vi trails off, and Faith and Robin both turn to look at her.

VI (cont'd)

All I'm saying is, he's not above using... well, you know. Excessive force. If he thinks something's a big enough threat, anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FAITH

You reckon he'd have Dawn taken out?

VI

Hey, I can't say that for sure, but... maybe, yeah.

ROBIN

We can't let that happen.

FAITH

Damn straight we can't, we've got to find Buffy and warn her, fast.

Faith is already reaching for her backpack when Robin lays a hand on her arm to stop her.

ROBIN

Tell her what? Faith, we don't even know what the cult are after Dawn for, or if they're going to hurt her. We should make sure we know all the facts before we throw this curve ball Buffy's way.

FAITH

Buffy can handle it. She needs to know this - she died once for her sister already, I'm pretty sure she'd prefer not have to do it again.

Faith starts to cram stray clothes into her bag - but then pauses. She thinks for a beat, then turns to Vi.

FAITH (cont'd)

Is there any way we could find out exactly what your guys know?

VI

We could try breaking into Richard's room, that's where he keeps all his notes.

FAITH

I'm sold. Robin, wait here in case we need any backup - if we're not back in an hour, call Buffy and tell her what we know.

ROBIN

No, I'm coming with you.

Without missing a beat, Faith POKES Robin in the ribs, and he gasps in pain and steps back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FAITH  
 Sorry, but you can't help me like  
 this.

ROBIN  
 (frustrated)  
 Come on, Faith! You know I can  
 still help.

FAITH  
 (firm)  
 No. Stay here. If anything goes  
 wrong, Buffy still needs to know.  
 That's your job.

Faith scoops up her jacket and heads for the door.

ROBIN  
 See you in less than an hour, then.

Faith opens the door, then pauses. She turns to Robin,  
 locking her gaze with his for a long beat as she tries to  
 think of something to say.

But nothing comes. With a brief nod, she steps outside and  
 takes Vi with her.

Robin is left alone in the room, so he sits back down on the  
 bed and glances at his watch.

ROBIN (cont'd)  
 (sighs)  
 This is going to be a very long  
 hour...

We cut outside to:

29

EXT. OUTSIDE HOTEL/STREET - NIGHT.

29

Faith and Vi are exiting the cheap hotel's front doors when  
 Vi freezes, looking across the street.

FAITH  
 What is it?

She looks up and follows Vi's gaze - and sees Ambrosia! The  
 blonde Slayer is hightailing it down the street, running away  
 from the hotel as fast as she can.

Faith and Vi exchange a worried look.

FAITH (cont'd)  
 That one of yours?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VI

Yeah, that's Ambrosia. Why would she be here?

FAITH

Could she have followed you back from busting up those cultists?

VI

Uh, maybe, I don't think so, but-

Faith is already off, running after Ambrosia. She shouts over her shoulder back to Vi.

FAITH

She could have heard us, come on!

Vi breaks into a run and starts to catch up with Faith, as we join up with Ambrosia, fumbling for her cell phone as she races down the quiet city street, dodging the occasional pedestrian.

AMBROSIA

(into phone)

Daddy? It's Amber.

(listens)

What? Oh, no, I'm fine, I took care of the culty people. Daddy, why would Vi know somebody called 'Dawn,' and what would they have to do with that Key thingy you told me about?

Ambrosia runs on as she listens to the reply, before we cut back to:

30

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT.

30

Robin is lying on the bed, his hands behind his head. The small TV buzzes away in the background, but Robin is staring at the ceiling, counting the minutes.

There is a single KNOCK at the door, and Robin jumps up and heads over, opening the door with a smile.

ROBIN

Good, that was quicker than I-

He FREEZES.

Standing in the doorway are three more of the hooded men Vi fought earlier, the same symbol emblazoned on their robes.

Robin blinks for a beat - then rears back with a punch as his instincts kick in, but the three men swarm in through the door and are all over him in an instant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We cut from their struggles to:

31 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT. 31

Richard is at his desk, his phone cradled against one shoulder as he rapidly types into his laptop.

RICHARD  
(into phone)  
'Dawn,' you say? Well, let me try to run a database search of the Council files, see what matches it pulls up.

AMBROSIA  
(filtered; through phone)  
Thank you, daddy. Oh, and there's one more thing.

RICHARD  
What is it?

Richard continues to type away as we cut back to:

32 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT. 32

Ambrosia races along at full pelt, throwing a glance over her shoulder.

AMBROSIA  
We may need to leave in a hurry, I think Vi's been working as some kind of double agent.

RICHARD  
(filtered; through phone)  
She's been what?!?

AMBROSIA  
I heard her talking to someone after we- I mean, after I beat up those cult guys, so I followed her. She met with two people in a hotel room, a man and a woman. I didn't get a good look at them, but I listened in on them, and they mentioned this Key and the name 'Dawn' a few times again.

RICHARD  
Understood. I'll find Magda and Xia and get us all ready to leave as soon as you arrive.

AMBROSIA  
Thanks. Gotta go, buh bye!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She hangs up and puts in an extra burst of speed, rounding a corner and disappearing from view.

Moments later, Faith races into shot, with Vi still trying to catch her up.

VI  
(calls out)  
Faith, slow down!

Faith eases up a little to allow a breathless Vi to catch them back up. Panting for breath, Vi doubles over and sucks in gulps of air as Faith scans the streets.

FAITH  
Damn it! We lost her. You reckon she made us?

VI  
Doesn't matter, she'd be heading back to the hotel. She's just taking a short cut to get there quicker.

FAITH  
Then we're gonna have to take a shorter cut. Come on!

Faith takes one step but pauses as her cell phone starts to ring. Vi eyes her curiously.

VI  
Thought you hated cell phones?

FAITH  
I do. Robin gave it me so we could keep in touch.

Faith fishes the phone out, checks the caller ID and answers.

FAITH (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
Robin? What's up?

We cut from Faith over to:

33 EXT. EMPTY CAR PARK - NIGHT.

33

Bruised and battered already, Robin is being restrained by one cultist, as a second holds his cell phone close to his mouth.

Robin glares at the man holding the phone up, before closing his eyes and speaking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROBIN  
Faith... Faith, I'm in trouble.

FAITH  
(filtered; through phone)  
What? What's happened?

ROBIN  
Just after you two left, some guys  
showed up at the hotel, and they-

SMACK! The cultist holding the phone socks Robin in the jaw,  
taking the phone away and speaking into it himself.

CULTIST #1  
(French accent)  
We have your partner, Slayer. We'll  
kill him unless you agree to our  
terms.

FAITH  
How did you find us?

CULTIST #1  
The blonde Slayer wasn't the only  
one following your redheaded  
accomplice back to your hotel. I  
should thank you, you made things  
very easy for us.

FAITH  
If you've hurt him, I swear to God  
I'll-

CULTIST #1  
And that's the heart of the matter,  
Slayer. I swore to my God that I  
would assist in his Restoration, no  
matter what. And if you don't help  
me, then I'll gut your lover and  
leave him here for the rats.

Robin, one of his eyes swollen, lifts his head to stare back  
up at the cultist.

ROBIN  
I should warn you - making my girl  
angry? Really not a good idea.

We cut back across to:

34

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT.

34

Faith isn't running any more - she's gripping the phone  
tightly, her mind racing to try and work out a plan as a  
concerned Vi looks on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAITH  
Alright, so spill. What do you want  
me to do?

CULTIST #1  
(filtered; through phone)  
It's very simple. Take us to the  
Key.

Faith looks up at Vi, who gestures for faith to tell her what  
was just said.

FAITH  
(bluffing)  
What makes you think I know what  
you're talking about? What 'Key'?

CULTIST #1  
(angrily)  
Do not insult my intelligence,  
Slayer! Do as I say, or he will  
die, right now!

Faith starts looking up and down the street for a taxi, or  
anything that'll get her moving quicker, as we cut to:

35 EXT. EMPTY CAR PARK - NIGHT.

35

Robin suddenly puts up a fight, wrenching free of the cultist  
holding him and grabbing the phone from the other.

ROBIN  
(into phone)  
Faith, just go! Don't worry bout  
me! You know what you have to do!  
You have to get to-

POW! He's silenced as a vicious left hook knocks him to the  
floor, and a kick to his still-healing ribs doubles him over  
in pain.

CULTIST #1  
Silence!

The cultist KICKS Robin again for good measure, then scoops  
the phone back up.

CULTIST #1 (cont'd)  
(into phone)  
There you go, Slayer. That is your  
choice. We will make his death slow  
and painful if you do not assist  
us. I will personally make sure  
he'll require a closed casket  
funeral. We shall be waiting on the  
car park behind the town hall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cultist waits for Faith's response, as we head back to:

36 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT. 36

Pacing back and forth, obviously torn between two impossible choices, Faith tries to think of what to do next.

CULTIST #1  
(filtered; through phone)  
Well? What is your answer?

Faith closes her eyes - and when she opens them, a TEAR runs down her cheek.

VI  
Faith?

Faith is still looking around, her mind in obvious turmoil. What can she do?

FAITH  
I swear, I'm gonna find every last one of you bastards, and I'm gonna make sure you all die slowly.

VI  
Faith, what's going on?

Faith doesn't look up at Vi - and then she snaps the cell phone shut, ending the call. Vi's jaw drops, as we quickly cut back to:

37 EXT. EMPTY CAR PARK - NIGHT. 37

Cultist #1 blinks in surprise as he hears the dialling tone through the cell phone.

Then, he grunts with annoyance, then tosses the phone away and turns to his two cronies.

CULTIST #1  
She has made her decision. Our task is now more difficult, but still not impossible.

CULTIST #2  
(off Robin)  
What about him?

Cultist #1 stares down at Robin for a long beat - then GRINS.

CULTIST #1  
She has abandoned him.  
(beat)  
Kill him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The lead cultist turns to walk away, leaving Robin to struggle against his two captors.

One of the cultists draws a long, curved DAGGER, and as he raises it in the air, we quickly cut back to:

38 EXT. CITY STREET/HOTEL - NIGHT.

38

Tears staining her cheeks, Faith runs down the street, skidding to a halt as she reaches the entrance to Vi's team's hotel. Vi catches up to her, still looking shocked.

VI

Faith? What did you do? Who was that?

(pales)

Oh, God, is it Robin? Is he okay? Tell me! What was-

FAITH

(snaps)

He knew what he was doing!

Vi takes a slow step back, as the realisation dawns on her.

VI

They're gonna kill him, aren't they? Is it more of those cult guys?

(yells)

Faith!

Faith doesn't have an answer. Clearly one step away from tears, she steps up to the hotel entrance, and with a burst of Slayer Strength simply PULLS the locked door open.

Vi follows her inside, her own mind reeling with recent news, and we cut up to:

39 INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT.

39

We're inside Richard's team's suite - but the place is empty.

With a CRASH, the door is kicked off its hinges, falling to reveal a severely pissed off Faith. She steps into the suite as Vi follows in behind her.

VI

(scanning the room)

Oh, no...

They're too late. Richard and his team have already cleaned out and left. Richard's desk is empty, and from the scattered trail of clothes leading from the wardrobe to the half-filled suitcase on the bed, they had to leave in a hurry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Vi dashes from place to place, looking for anything that would tell them where they went, as Faith slumps down, falling to her knees.

VI (cont'd)  
There must be something here,  
anything that'll tell us where...

Vi trails off as she sees Faith doubling over, and rushes to her side.

VI (cont'd)  
Faith? What is it?

FAITH  
(sobs)  
Oh, God, Vi... what have I done?

VI  
I don't understa-

Faith springs to her feet, stepping backwards and into the doorway as a bemused Vi watches her.

FAITH  
I'm sorry, but... I have to go, we  
shouldn't have come here, maybe  
they...

She trails off, turns and bolts out through the door.

VI  
(calls after her)  
Faith? Hey, wait! Faith!

We leave the suite and cut to:

40 EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT. 40

Faith sprints back down the street, using every last ounce of energy to make it to the town hall. Overhead, a CRACK of thunder is followed by a sudden downpour of heavy rain. She rounds a corner, and as she runs away from us, we cut to:

41 EXT. EMPTY CAR PARK - NIGHT. 41

We're looking down at the entrance to the car park, taking in the ornate architecture of the town hall building alongside it, as Faith races into frame.

Her eyes fall on something off screen, and she dashes towards it with a look of horror.

FAITH  
No... no... no...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She skids to a halt - and we see Robin, lying on his back in a pool of his own blood, the cultist's dagger embedded in his side.

Faith crouches next to him, cradling his head and trying to rouse him.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Robin? Robin! Wake up! Come on!  
Wake up, damn it!  
(beat; tearful)  
Don't be dead, you stupid bastard,  
please...

Robin GROANS and stirs, and Faith gasps with relief.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Hey! Hey, Robin? Robin, stay with  
me, I'm gonna call an ambulance.

ROBIN  
(weakly)  
Why... what did you... come back  
for?

FAITH  
The other Slayers are already gone,  
Robin. They must have figured out  
who Dawn is and took off. Vi's  
still at their hotel, I had to...

She looks down at his wound - it's bad. Robin reaches a hand up and presses it to the side of her face.

ROBIN  
I told you... to go...

FAITH  
(shakes head)  
I couldn't. But... but I guess I  
took too long to realise that.

She reaches for her phone, starting to dial '911' and then stopping, a frantic look on her face.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Crap! Robin, how do I call for an  
ambulance in France? What's the  
number?

Robin's eyes are fluttering - he's passing out. Faith shakes him to try to keep him conscious.

FAITH (cont'd)  
No! No, you stay with me, you hear  
me? Don't you leave me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROBIN

It's alright... I know you  
didn't... want to stay with me...

Faith hesitates at that comment. She stares down into his eyes, grabbing his other hand and squeezing it tightly.

FAITH

Don't say that, I didn't-

ROBIN

Every time... I talked about the  
future... you looked away. You  
don't... you don't want to get tied  
down... I see it now... I'm sorry I  
made you... feel like that...

Tears streaming down her cheeks, Faith holds him a little closer, dropping her phone. She knows how this is going to end, and it's breaking her heart to watch it.

FAITH

I'm... I'm sorry.

ROBIN

Don't be... can't change... who you  
are...

FAITH

(suddenly angry)

No, you're not dying here! I'm  
gonna go find some help, don't  
move, I'll be back in-

ROBIN

Faith...

She stops. Robin doesn't have much time left.

FAITH

What?

ROBIN

You have to go... you have to stop  
them... from getting to Dawn  
first...

FAITH

I will. You know I will. But not  
without you. I'm not leaving here  
without...

Robin's eyes roll back, and then close. With a last SIGH, he falls limp in Faith's arms. She starts to cry again, pulling his dead body to her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

FAITH (cont'd)  
No... no... don't go... don't you  
leave me! Don't leave me! Robin!

She SCREAMS his name - but it's no good.

We start to pull up and away from her, Faith rocking gently back and forth as she holds Robin's body as tightly as she can, the heavy rain making the floor slick around her.

We stay on her for another few beats, before the scene is broken by:

42

EXT. STREET/VW VAN - DAY.

42

SLAM! A van door is pulled shut, and as we take a step back, we see Vi and Faith getting into the front seats of a beaten up old VW camper van.

Faith has a cold, detached look in her eyes, and Vi looks a little nervous of her.

VI  
Uh, Faith?

She doesn't answer, just turning her head to look at Vi.

VI (cont'd)  
Oh, I was just gonna say, uh... do  
we have a plan?

Faith looks back out towards the road ahead.

FAITH  
Get girl. Kill baddies. Save entire  
planet.  
(turns to Vi)  
You in?

VI  
(nods)  
I'm in.

FAITH  
Alright then.

Faith STARTS the van's engine, revving it a few times.

FAITH (cont'd)  
Looks like we're going to  
Cleveland.

Faith looks up to the lowered sun visor above her head - and we see a single photograph secured there - Faith and Robin, standing inside some kind of public garden.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Robin is laughing, and Faith smirks, obviously not one for having her photo taken but relenting on this occasion.

Faith stares at the photo for a long beat, then lowers her eyes to the road.

43

EXT. STREET - DAY.

43

We're looking down on the van as it pulls away from the kerb and joins the flow of traffic around it.

A sign pointing towards the nearest airport makes the van take a left turn, and as it indicates and rounds a corner, going out of view, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**