

Fate 2x02 "The Likeness"

by

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Based on Joss Whedon's Buffy The Vampire Slayer and Angel

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT

It's a nice suburban home with a rocker on the porch and a big, DOPEY HOUND panting on the steps.

Crickets are chirping. Frogs burp somewhere off in the distance. Moths flit around the porch light.

The dog becomes alert. Very alert.

The night sounds go SILENT.

A pair of lady's sneakers runs up the steps and past the dog. It lowers its head and whines.

FEMALE (O.S.)

I got it! I got it!

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

It's a cosy, country kitchen. There's an apple pie on the counter.

TRISH and ROGER BURKLE, an older couple, dodder around the sink. Trish wipes the surfaces, Roger puts down a dish cloth.

TRISH

The interview for that job in Houston! Oh honey, I'm so proud of you.

ROGER

Now see. Didn't I tell you that all you needed was a positive attitude?

The two smile widely at--

WINIFRED "FRED" BURKLE, the sweetest gal next door.

FRED

You sure did Daddy.

She hugs both of her parents.

FRED

Just remember I haven't got the job just yet. I mean, this is only an interview.

ROGER

Nuh. What did I say? Think positive.

FRED

Think positive.

TRISH

You're not going to be heading
out too early are you?

FRED

First light Mom. It's a long drive.

ROGER

But at least it's shorter than L.A.

Trish smoothes over some of Fred's crazy hair.

TRISH

Oh honey. I was just getting used
to having you home again.

Fred extracts herself.

FRED

Well, I'd better get to bed. Gotta
look my best.

She heads toward stairs.

TRISH

Honey, don't you want dinner?

FRED

I'm fine Mom. Goodnight.

Fred disappears up the stairs.

TRISH

She barely eats now.

ROGER

She's still stuck on that nice
man she worked with. Give her time.

He kisses his wife's forehead as she nods.

INT. FRED'S ROOM - NIGHT

Fred walks into a beautifully soft and feminine room. She
shuts the door behind her and locks it.

Turning away from the door, her body MORPHS into--

ILLYRIA, God-king of the Primordial.

She's also blue.

She stalks over to the window and stares out.

TIME-LAPSE

- The stars move swiftly across the horizon
- The sun rises
- Illyria has not moved a hair

BACK TO SCENE

There is a KNOCK at the door.

TRISH (O.S)
Honey, you getting up?

Illyria turns her head without a touch of emotion.

ILLYRIA
(in Fred's sunny voice)
I'll be right down Mom.

FADE OUT

ACT I

FADE IN:

INT. THE MANDRAKE INSTITUTE, MEDICAL FLOOR - DAY
PING

Bronze, intricately-embossed elevator doors open.

A GURNEY pushes through.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH KARVAN heads the pack.

JASON and CONNOR hold down the VIOLENTLY struggling SAMUEL.
His eyes are YELLOW.

DAWN and DEVON trail behind.

They all look like crap; Cuts, bruises and blood. Devon in particular.

A COUPLE OF MEDICAL STAFF take care of Samuel.

A MALE NURSE tries to look at Devon's head while running alongside her.

KARVAN
When will it wear off?

DEVON
Now.

Samuel starts to gasp for breath.

KARVAN
Crash cart!

They wheel him into a-

CUSHY PRIVATE MEDICAL ROOM

It's not a typical hospital setup. The room houses state of the art equipment and looks more like a 5-star hotel room.

One of the medics immediately starts getting equipment ready, another pulls open Samuel's shirt.

Karvan's eyes flick over the group briefly.

KARVAN
Wait outside.

Samuel gives another violent buck.

Jason and the orderlies are thrown back.

Connor remains unfazed, holding him down with barely any effort. He takes over from the others.

KARVAN
(to Connor)
Except you.

Dawn and Jason are reluctant, but they all comply and wait outside, in various states of worry, staring at the events through the glass panelling on the other side.

HALLWAY

Jason can't stand still. Dawn hugs herself.

Devon waves away an orderly with a FIRST AID KIT and instead heads toward a SUPPLY CART. She starts rifling through the drawers.

The FLAT, STEADY TONE of the heart monitors reaches the hallway.

Jason and Dawn rush to the window.

THEIR POV

The heart-rate on the monitor is flat-lined.

Connor has moved away from an unconscious Samuel.

Karvan and her staff are attempting to restart his heart. Karvan is charging panels.

KARVAN
Clear.

She touches the panels to his chest and watches the monitor.

DAWN
Come on.

She winces as Karvan slams down the panels again.

SAMUEL'S ROOM

Devon pushes past everyone and heads to Samuel.

She JAMS a syringe of black liquid straight into his heart.

Samuel's eyes snap open, turning shades to yellow.

He has a moment of clarity as he's seen what Devon has done.

DEVON
I'm sorry.

Samuel starts to growl.

KARVAN
Restraints!

The staff hurriedly comply.

DEVON
(quiet)
I'll fix this.

Samuel watches her, dangerous.

Karvan injects something into his IV.

His eyes close.

Devon pulls out two bottles of the black liquid, one is half-empty. She places it on top of the monitor.

DEVON
When that starts to beep, you
dose him.

HALLWAY

Devon charges out.

Jason approaches her as she heads back to the medical cart and pulls out another SYRINGE and RUBBER TUBING, which she pockets.

DEVON
You need to do whatever it is you
usually do to get me to San
Francisco. Now.

JASON
You can barely stand.

He motions at one of the hovering medics. The poor fellow makes his way to her again with his trusty first aid kit.

Again she moves way from him, giving him a glare this time for good measure.

DEVON
If you want him to live, then I
need to go.

JASON
No. You need to get checked out
for a concussion. I can get
whatever he needs.

DEVON

We don't have time for a game of
favour roulette. I know where to
get help.

Connor enters the hallway. He exchanges a look with Dawn.
She's really uncomfortable with the tension.

JASON

We have enough Death's Bane to
keep him alive long enough for
the doc to clear you.

DEVON

He's not alive. He died the minute
his heart stopped on the mountain.
This...

(waving her hand)

Is postponing.

She wobbles a bit on her feet. Jason makes to grab her elbow.
She slaps him away.

DEVON

We're running out of time.

DAWN

Look Devon, maybe Jason's right.
Just let the doctor take a look
at you and then-

Devon throws up her hands.

DEVON

God! Just once could you back me
up? Even when we were kids you
had to disagree with everything I
said.

DAWN

Uhm.

Dawn is confused. She and Jason exchange a worried look.

Devon is oblivious. She wants - needs - to convince them.

DEVON

You can't fix this. I can.

Connor steps in.

CONNOR

Look, I need to get home to my
folks in L.A. I'm happy to play
bodyguard, if that helps.

Dawn begrudgingly smiles at him.

JASON

If she goes, she goes with me.

DEVON

No.

JASON

What?

She points through the glass at Samuel.

DEVON

We all made this choice. The least
you can do is stay here with him.
We're supposed to be his friends.

(quiet)

I don't know if he'll recognise
that when this is done.

Jason looks away.

JASON

Fine. I'll get Hughly to fly you.

She's about to leave him. He grabs her arm.

JASON

But please just let the doc look
at you. A shower really wouldn't
hurt either.

There are some things men should never say to a woman. Her
face says as much.

Jason misses it as he regards Connor with steely eyes.

JASON

She doesn't leave your sight.

Connor gives Devon his complete and utter attention for a
moment before giving Jason a slow smile.

CONNOR

Not really gonna be a problem.

Jason - not happy. It's as though a challenge has been issued.

DEVON

Thank you.

Jason nods as the two walk away - the medic trailing after
Devon again - leaving him and Dawn alone.

Dawn looks through the glass at Samuel's sleeping form.

DAWN

She knows what she's doing.
Everything will be okay.

Jason shrugs, not optimistic.

JASON

Well, it's not like things can
get any worse.

INT. KARVAN'S OFFICE - DAY

Karvan closes the office door behind her as she enters. She's holding a folder and reading the contents.

KARVAN

Sorry to keep you waiting. Today
is a little stranger than most.

ILLYRIA (O.S.)

Oh that's okay. I don't mind.

Karvan smiles as she sits behind her desk. "FRED" grins happily back, all peaches and cream.

ILLYRIA/FRED

I'm just grateful for the
opportunity.

INT. PRIVATE JET CABIN - DAY

HUGHLY BROWN is flying the sleek private jet.

Behind him, in the cabin, Connor and Devon sit opposite each other.

She's cleaned up and is wearing a different change of clothes. Her hair is pulled into a damp ponytail. The cut on her head is neatly taped.

She's lost in thought as she sorts and re-sorts her slim collection of vials.

Connor is jittery. He glances around the small aircraft. Looks out the window. Pulls the shade down hastily. Takes deep calming breaths. Taps his fingers against the arm rests.

He frequently glances in Devon's direction - not escaping Hughly's notice.

CONNOR

(less than manly
squeak)

So-

(tries again with
better success)

So. San Fran. We seeing a shaman,
warlock or tele-evangelist?

Devon remains blissfully ignorant to his too-peppy small talk or obvious discomfort.

DEVON
Just a supplier.

CONNOR
(deflated)
Oh.

She finally looks at him.

DEVON
Is something wrong?

CONNOR
No... no. It's just been a while
since I've had all of this in my
life. Demons and death. Heroes
and stuff. I think I kinda miss
all the adventure. I thought maybe
there'd be some more.

Hughly, listening, smiles.

DEVON
(faraway)
I can't imagine ever missing it.
(back on track)
But no. No adventures. Just
commerce.

She pulls her hand away and gently starts to lift the vials
back into her worn bag with much greater care.

Connor regards her with measured curiosity.

CONNOR
Are you an Aquarius?

Hughly laughs.

They look in his direction. Devon confused, Connor
embarrassed.

INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - DAY

A drop of black liquid drips into an IV.

Dawn watches Samuel sleeping.

Jason enters with two take-out cups.

Both have showered and donned a fresh change of clothes.

JASON
Hot chocolate as ordered.

She takes it meekly, mouthing thanks, but places it on her
lap, both hands cradling it gently.

He sits beside her.

JASON

What's with the less than Dawny face?

DAWN

Nothing.

Jason stares at her, waiting.

DAWN

I'm just wondering if it's worth it.

JASON

If what's worth what?

DAWN

Hunting for things that most people are happy to leave alone. We found The Keys. We saved... well, maybe not the world, but a small part of what makes it ours. Maybe we're done. Maybe that was all we were meant to do.

She looks up quickly.

DAWN

(cont.)

I guess if you believe in fate and all.

JASON

I believe in this. I believe in you. I believe that fixing holes no one else can see makes you the strongest person I know.

DAWN

You sure it's strength and not a zealous amount of optimism?

He places his hot chocolate on his knee, staring at it.

JASON

Nadya... Nadya lost her way. She lacked that strength. She touched that power and it corrupted her. It shattered everything good about her.

Dawn takes his hand.

DAWN

I'm sorry.

He shakes his head.

JASON

It's okay. The point is, you always knew. I used to think portals were innocent enough, pretty handy, wicked cool. Now I think they're the most dangerous power in the universe.

He takes a sip.

JASON

So if you don't think this is worth it, you're wrong. Maybe you don't get the glory of saving the world from legions of the undead. But you make it possible for someone to do that. You do save worlds. Just... your way.

Dawn smiles and looks away. She looks down at her hot chocolate.

DAWN

You know what would be great right now?

Jason waits in question.

DAWN

Cookies. Double chocolate nut.

JASON

Guess I'd better find some.

She stands first and motions for him to stay.

DAWN

I'm the master at hunting down objects that are forbidden, especially when they yield chocolicious nuggets of goodness. Plus, I know where the vending machine is.

She smiles widely as she exits the room. She turns back and leans across the doorway.

DAWN

Jason?

JASON

Yeah.

DAWN

Thank you.

She retains her good mood as she leaves.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME

Karvan and "Fred" walk through the hallway. Karvan holds a file.

They pass a standard EMERGENCY ALARM button on the wall.

KARVAN

And this is our medical floor.
Our clientelle enjoy the benefits
of the best medical and mystic
amalgamated treatments available.

ILLYRIA/FRED

I don't want to sound like I'm
gushing, I've been told I do that,
but this place is amazing. Is
there another test I have to take?
I can bring in a peach cobbler
next time.

Karvan laughs.

KARVAN

Relax. Your level of expertise in
both the scientific and
supernatural is impressive.
Bribery isn't necessary.

ILLYRIA/FRED

So I guess my biggest minus is...

KARVAN

Your previous employer? I
appreciate that you informed me
upfront that there was some bad
blood between you and...
(looks at Fred's file)
Wolfram and Hart.

ILLYRIA/FRED

(cold)
Lies are ropes lesser beings tie
themselves to.

Karvan is momentarily puzzled by her change in demeanor, but ignores it when Fred gives her another winning smile.

KARVAN

I think you've gathered that
working for this facility requires
a certain breed of pioneer. A
little friction from some law
firm is hardly going to affect
your chances. Well, unless they
turned you into some soul-sucking
lawyer.

ILLYRIA/FRED

Not a lawyer, but sometimes the
Winifred Burkle I used to know
feels like a fluffy memory.

KARVAN

Well, Miss Burkle. I can't promise
you won't change here, but I have
every hope it will be for the
better.

ILLYRIA/FRED

You mean I got the job?

Karvan nods and Fred giddily hops like an excited school girl.

ILLYRIA/FRED

I can't wait to tell Mom and Dad.

DAWN (O.S.)

Hey Doc. What's up?

Dawn smiles at the joviality. In her hands, she clutches her
hot chocolate and an unopened bag of cookies.

KARVAN

Good news. I finally found my
newest Head of Amalgamated Research.

Dawn offers congratulations, but Fred does not hear it. She
scrutinizes Dawn intently. Very intently. Unnervingly so.

Dawn looks at Karvan for a moment in confusion. When she
turns back--

Fred MORPHS INTO ILLYRIA.

Karvan and Dawn startle - more so when Illyria reaches
forward and grabs Dawn.

ILLYRIA

Your shell stretches where mine
cracked. Tell me how or I will
rive you open and find the answer
for myself.

OFF DAWN'S LOOK OF STUNNED FEAR

FADE OUT

ACT II

FADE IN:

INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - DAY

Jason snoozes in his chair, head lolling back against the wall.

He leaps out of the chair at the sound of a SHRILL ALARM.

His hot chocolate clatters on the floor and spills out.

He first takes stock of Samuel. Still asleep. Still no heart beat on the monitor.

He races out of the room--

CORRIDOR

Karvan is racing toward the far end of the hallway pointing back as TWO SECURITY GUARDS cautiously move into the corridor, holding stun-sticks.

Dawn is desperately trying to pull out of Illyria's death grip.

ILLYRIA

How is so much power contained
within this brittle cage of skin
and bones? How was it made? The
shell is no more than a child,
but the power's age outweighs
mine. And it still grows.

Dawn fights her panic to realise what Illyria is saying.

DAWN

You can see me. What are you?

ILLYRIA

I am Illyria. God-king of the
Primordial, shaper of things,
traveller of worlds and grievous
hammer to those who've wronged me.
I've been betrayed if a mere child
can hold more glory than I.

Her fingers start to squeeze Dawn's arms painfully. Dawn can do nothing for the pain but try to keep her cries to herself.

ILLYRIA

Tell me how to restore my majesty.

Dawn twists her arms uncomfortably in a futile attempt to alleviate her pain.

The two security guards near them, their stun sticks held in front of them.

SECURITY GUARD #1

Let her go Ma'am.

Illyria regards them coolly, her grip on Dawn tightening. Dawn can't help it - she yelps.

The security guards react to it. They move in--

Illyria tosses Dawn away from her, straight into Jason who buffets her fall. They both fall to the floor.

JASON

You okay?

DAWN

I'll live.

They look up.

The guards are already unconscious. Their stun sticks on the ground in front of them.

FOUR MORE GUARDS race down the hallway.

Jason leaps to his feet.

JASON

Stay here.

Weaponless, Dawn starts searching around the nearby corridor.

Jason leans down to pick up both of the discarded stun sticks--

He ducks as a security guard goes crashing into the wall behind him.

He smoothly moves into a fighting stance, the stun sticks are his hammer and knife.

Illyria smiles, as she easily swats and dodges the guards. With a loud thud, she renders the last of the guards unconscious by slamming them into each other.

ILLYRIA

Are you her worthy protector?

The move toward each other at once.

Jason uses his limited weapons like a rapier and short sword.

Illyria avoids the predictable thrusts--

Jason twirls one the the sticks until it faces behind him--
He moves forward with the other--

She feints--

He moves with her, as though a waltz, brings his arm behind her and jams the other into her back.

She lashes out with her fist - catching him squarely in the chest.

He sails through the air-- passing Dawn who shies out of his way -- clanging into the supply trolley near Samuel's room, spilling its contents to the floor.

ILLYRIA

Perhaps not.

Illyria moves forward with purpose.

Dawn rushes toward him and kneels down amongst the rolling vials, syringes and paraphernalia.

DAWN

Jason!

She clutches as his shoulders and tries to shake him out of his stupor and pull him to his feet.

Illyria storms toward them.

There's no time.

Bracing herself, Dawn stands and places herself between Illyria and Jason.

Jason dazedly clutches at the vials and syringes scattered in front of him.

ILLYRIA

Enough of this game. I will
discover your secret.

She swings at Dawn.

Dawn flinches, trying to jerk away from the impact--

And DISAPPEARS!

Illyria's fist completes its arc, SMASHING through the GLASS PANEL.

She looks around in anger.

Jason seizes the opportunity and stumbles up.

She notices him a moment too late. He jams the syringe into her leg.

On reflex, she immediately reaches out and grabs him by the neck, lifting him off his feet.

ILLYRIA

You think to weaken me as though
I were a pitiful mortal. I am
Illyria.

With cold anger, she tosses him aside.

He flies through the smashed panel into--

SAMUEL'S ROOM

Jason sails over the bed where Samuel still sleeps.

Jason's flight KNOCKS OVER THE IV and most of the equipment.

He comes to a sudden stop when he hits the wall.

He falls to the ground in a heap. Out cold.

HALLWAY

Illyria pulls out the syringe and drops it in distaste.

She stares upward at the ceiling, considering.

Takes a few steps back the way they came, toward the stairs and elevators.

And takes a misstep.

She stops and lifts her hand before her, studying it from every angle.

ILLYRIA

Vile weakness.

She clenches her hand into a fist and moves it to her side.

EXT. CHINA TOWN, CHEN'S HERB EMPORIUM - NIGHT

A MAN in his sixties in a expensively tailored suit and wearing a tartan scarf, exits the brightly-coloured door. His name is ALISTER.

A CHAUFFEUR follows him, holding a large brown paper bag.

The chauffeur races walks swiftly ahead to reach the black limo parked on the quiet street first.

He opens the door for the older man.

CHAUFFEUR
Anywhere else, Sir?

The man studies their surroundings.

ALISTER
(Scottish accent)
No. Take me home.

The chauffeur nods and hands Alister the bag after he has slid into the back.

Devon, Connor and Hughly walk past the limo, ignoring it.

It pulls away as they reach the door and enter the store.

INT. CHEN'S HERB EMPORIUM - SAME

The trio enter and wait in the centre of the store. Connor and Hughly looks around at the sheer number of herbs and vials.

MISTER CHEN doesn't look up from his cash register.

MISTER CHEN
Welcome to Chen's. No herb too rare, no spell too fair- Oh. It's you again.

He slams the cash register shut.

DEVON
I need essence of Amohra. Dove's breath. Ground Scarab if you have it.

MISTER CHEN
You and your bad timing. I have everything else, but my Amohra is gone. All sold no more than two minutes ago.

Devon looks at the door, considering.

MISTER CHEN
Don't even think it. I know him. He's scary and he doesn't negotiate. Best save your luck for a better cause.

DEVON
Fine. Then I need a meeting.

MISTER CHEN
You get more crazy every time I see you. No. I won't do it.

Devon dumps the contents of her bag onto the nearest flat surface.

She keeps a vial of green, foggy liquid and the stoppered black bottle with a cloth wrapped around it. The rest she leaves for Chen to peruse.

She steps away, abandoning the bag. Chen is clearly tempted.

DEVON

You will do it, and you'll arrange it for within the hour.

Chen begins to neatly arrange the vials.

MISTER CHEN

You don't play fair.

DEVON

Playing fair gets you killed.

INT. THE MANDRAKE INSTITUTE, TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

Dawn lies face-down on the tiled floor. The light is dim.

She opens her eyes and tries to take stock of where she is.

Not having much luck from her low angle, she pushes herself up.

Bad idea. She grabs the back of her head.

DAWN

Ow. Ow. Ow.

Rubbing her head, she takes stock of her surroundings.

It looks like a fancy research floor, with three doors in close proximity: one with a stylish EXIT SIGN above it and one each leading into laboratories on either side of the fancy corridor Dawn is lying in. All three doors are closed.

Like the medical floor, the laboratories are very cutting-edge and slick, with glass paneling above the foot or so of walling.

A receptionist's desk with HIGH-BACK CHAIR is parked next to the UV-protected windows overlooking the beautiful city beyond.

There are two LARGE FIRE EXTINGUISHERS, one on each side of the corridor. An AXE behind emergency glass is close to the exit.

The exit is a door that would, presumably, lead to the elevator and stairs.

Dawn walks toward it. She tries to open it. It's locked.

The CARD READER besides the door has digital text above it that reads "LOCK DOWN".

DAWN

Great.

She idly tries a door to one of the laboratories. She is not surprised that it is locked.

Dawn takes stock for a moment.

She awkwardly lifts the heavy fire extinguisher and cracks open the emergency glass with the bottom of it.

She takes the axe.

STAIRWELL

Illyria walks up the stairwell and moves onto a floor's landing.

The card reader on the door facing her also reads "LOCK DOWN".

Illyria doesn't waste time. She slams her fist THROUGH THE DOOR.

Her other fist does the same to another portion of the door.

With a firm grip on the door, she shakes and budes it until she--

RIPS IT RIGHT OFF ITS HINGES.

She tosses it into the corridor beyond it.

She makes to move into the floor - an open-plan office - but is stopped by the sound of clambering FOOTSTEPS moving up the stairwell.

She turns as the first members of the heavily-protected SECURITY TEAM turn and run up the stairs toward her.

ILLYRIA

These attempts at delay grow tiresome.

They pool around her on the landing, before charging as one with their stun sticks and TRANQUILIZER GUNS.

INT. RUN-DOWN FACTORY - NIGHT

The factory is empty. Steel tables are dotted across the floor. Lighting is provided by solitary bulbs hanging over some of these tables.

Devon stands at one of these tables, her back to the others. Devon takes the stopper off an empty glass vial and stands it on the table.

She also lays out the spare syringe and tubing she pilfered earlier.

Hughly and Connor stand a little away from her, keeping a watchful eye on the entrances. They can't see what she is up to.

There is a LARGE, LONG DUFFEL BAG at Hughly's feet. He bends down and adjusts it so that the SCABBARD of a sword and AXE HANDLE can't be seen. It makes the sound of metal scraping together as he moves it.

Rolling up her sleeve, Devon ties the tubing around her arm and flexes her hand. She uses the syringe to draw blood from her arm.

CONNOR

So, these are demon doctors?

DEVON

In some dimensions they're powerful healers. But not here.

HUGHLY

So what exactly are they in this dimension?

DEVON

Assassins. Soldiers. Martyrs.

CONNOR

Ookay. So what makes you think they're going to give you what you want? In my experience, assassins comma soldiers comma martyrs don't generally trade well with others, especially humans. Even the pretty ones.

He turns to look at her and finally catches a glimpse of what she is doing. He walks closer to confirm his suspicions.

She stoppers the vial of blood.

CONNOR

What's that for?

DEVON

Payment.

Hughly also walks closer.

HUGHLY

I don't understand. We're not dealing with vampires, are we?

DEVON

No, but my blood is special.

CONNOR

How?

Devon shrugs.

DEVON

I don't really know. I just know it does things it shouldn't be able to, like heal dying vampires or close magical portals. Everyone's wanted my blood at one time or another.

Both men look at her in sympathy.

HUGHLY

Miss Payne. Have you considered that these demons may - in realising how special you are - try to double-cross you?

DEVON

Yes.

HUGHLY

Is it worth it?

DEVON

Without question.

He nods, and steps away, back to his post.

Connor gives Devon a smile and a nod, before resuming his watch too.

The side entrance creaks open.

A green demon enters, garbed in samurai warrior garb, with a sword in a scabbard and a dagger on its side. A large red jewel is embedded on its forehead. This is a MOHRA DEMON.

It sneers at the three, not impressed by what it sees.

THREE OTHER MOHRA DEMONS, similarly decked, enter and spread out - a show of intimidation.

The humans don't so much as flinch.

INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jason groans in pain as he wakes and tries to stiffly pull himself into a seated position, leaning against the wall with each pained effort.

He rest his head back against the wall when he's close to upright and shuts his eyes.

On opening his eyes, he finally notices what's wrong with this picture.

Samuel's bed is empty.

He turns his head to look--

SAMUEL'S HAND GRABS HIM by the neck and hoists him up the wall.

Samuel's eyes burn YELLOW. His face nears Jason's, twisted in an angry, almost inhuman snarl.

TOP FLOOR

Dawn stands in the centre of the corridor, a fair distance away from the door. The desk and chair have been moved.

She holds the axe, watches the door.

A MUFFLED BANG and then ANOTHER.

Dawn brings the axe up.

A CRASH as something metallic scrapes along the ground.

Fingers tighten on the axe handle.

The door seems to GROAN--

Then FLIES and CRASHES against one of the laboratories and cracks a few glass panels.

Illyria stands in the doorway. Dust seems to billow around her.

ILLYRIA

And now we learn if you are a God
among mortals. Or an insect among
sheep.

FADE OUT

ACT III

FADE IN:

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Devon waits with arms folded.

DEVON
So we have a deal?

MOHRA
The army of darkness does not
enter into deals with mortals.
You can offer nothing of value,
save your heads.

DEVON
Yeah. Okay.

She tosses the vial of blood towards him.

He catches it easily. The other Mohra stare at it in interest.

Hughly and Connor look at each other in concern. Hughly shifts the bag beneath his feet.

The leader takes the stopper off and sniffs.

DEVON
I think your kind knows enough to
recognise the value of that.

The Mohra tastes some of the blood.

Clucking, it says something in a DEMONIC LANGUAGE to its companions.

Devon lets her hands drop to the side - spectacularly unenthusiastic. She watches them with barely concealed impatience.

DEVON
Vampire concubine. Really? Over
my dead body.

The three demons turn to look at her, realising she understood them.

Devon's eyes TURN WHITE.

INT. TOP FLOOR - NIGHT

Dawn dives out of the way as Illyria takes another wild swing. She's still a big sluggish. She shakes her head, annoyed at her lethargy.

DAWN

I don't know what you want.

ILLYRIA

I will learn the secret to your shell's power.

Dawn gets to her feet, axe clutched to her chest like she really thinks it is her hope.

DAWN

Shell? What shell? I don't understand you.

Illyria slows - frustration in every movement.

ILLYRIA

The cage of skin and bones stretched over what you are. How does it ebb and flow around who you are? How do you breathe?

DAWN

I'm just a girl.

ILLYRIA

If that is all you think you are, then the world will not mourn your leaving it. Your power must yield its secrets. I will be whole again.

Illyria reaches for Dawn.

Dawn ducks and skips back.

Illyria keeps advancing as Dawn retreats. She keeps her axe steady in front of her.

ILLYRIA

Interesting. You can't fight me.

DAWN

I can fight you.

ILLYRIA

Yet you hesitate. Is it because of this?

She TRANSFORMS INTO FRED and back.

Dawn keeps backing away, drawing closer to the chair and desk.

ILLYRIA

Is it because you think I am like
you? Or are you simply unwilling
to wield power when you have it?
(shrugs)
Your mistake.

Dawn now stands behind the receptionist's chair which now
faces her. It's her shield.

DAWN

Meh. I just find using an axe
pretty messy. More ick for your
nick.

ILLYRIA

Your speech is strange and
insignificant. It will not
distract me.

Dawn smiles.

DAWN

Actually it already has.

Illyria is confused.

DAWN

Come and get me.

Illyria obliges and swipes for her.

Dawn keeps the chair between her and Illyria, swinging with
it so that Illyria's back is to the window and Dawn is facing
her.

Illyria gets fed-up and grabs the chair.

Dawn steps back and swings the axe--

Right into the heads of the two FIRE EXTINGUISHERS that are
now tied to the chair with copious amounts of sticky tape.

An explosion of white hides Dawn and the chair as it shoots
forward into Illyria.

Dawn uses the distraction to dart around the chair and RACE
like crazy toward the open door.

The sound of GLASS shattering slows Dawn's escape.

She chances a glance behind her. Her eyes widen in shock.

Illyria is gone.

White foam and mist curls before the smashed window.

Dawns runs back to the edge.

BALCONY

The body of a very human-looking Fred is splayed on the balcony a few stories below. Glass is all around her. She doesn't move.

TOP FLOOR

Dawn seems horrified.

She lets the axe slip from her fingers.

It clatters to the ground.

She walks toward the door.

SAMUEL'S ROOM

Jason crashes against another wall. He falls with a thud. Not his day.

Gasping, he tries to pull himself up.

In front of him, the bag from the IV looks like it's been chewed open. Some black liquid still pools in a corner.

JASON

You drank it all. Sam, this isn't you.

Samuel's voice has become a deep-throated growl. He seems as though he is talking to himself - as though Jason is just a voice in the distance, unimportant.

He paces with animal energy.

SAMUEL

Idiot children.

Samuel reaches for him again.

Jason falls out of the way, stumbling to keep out of reach.

JASON

You're not thinking like you right now. How about we calm down?

SAMUEL

Not me? Not the good old Watcher. And why would that be? What could possibly have changed?

JASON

If you're angry because we saved you, tough. We did what we had to.

Samuel laughs, loudly, too boisterously.

SAMUEL

The empty-headed fool thinks he
can decide a man's fate. Oh. Are
you a god now?

He holds his fingers before him, reaching out like a claw.

SAMUEL

I could be a God.

Jason is sure Samuel is two bolts short of working crossbow.

JASON

(soothing)

It's okay, Samuel. This is just
temporary. Hold on for a little
while longer. You'll be yourself
soon.

Samuel barks out a laugh.

SAMUEL

Myself! Who am I? A Watcher. An
old man. A vampire. Death.

(shakes his dead)

What does the weak child know? He
doesn't even know himself.

(dead calm)

You'd kill your lover if someone
told you to.

Samuel stops pacing. His energy primed for something else.

Jason's face could freeze water.

JASON

I'm not going to apologise for
trying to save your life. I'll
always do what I have to. You can
lash out if you want. I'm still
going to help you.

Samuel begins to stalk Jason again, who backs up to the wall,
not quite as confident as he sounds.

SAMUEL

Help!? You tried to kill Dawn.
You almost helped bring about the
end of the world. You and your
whore. Did it feel good to hurt
your friends? Was it easy to bow
to that witch or did you beg for
your leash? Like a dog.

Samuel has him cornered.

JASON

I had no choice.

For a moment, Samuel seems lucid. Himself.

SAMUEL

Exactly.

Jason relaxes somewhat - a relief.

SAMUEL

Someone took your choice from you.

Samuel's anger flares. He swipes at Jason, sending him reeling into the corridor.

CORRIDOR

Jason is on the ground, too tired from all the crap people are putting him through.

SAMUEL

You should've let me die, boy.

He reaches down and turns Jason over, grabbing his neck with both hands.

Jason starts to choke.

Samuel's face is contorted in animal rage.

Jason's eyes start to roll back.

Samuel's eyes widen. His face slackens. His grip loosens.

He tries to turn around--

Falls to the floor in an unconscious heap.

Doctor Karvan stands behind him with an empty SYRINGE.

She holds a panicked look with Jason.

Taking a deep breath, Jason shuts his eyes, no intention of moving.

The good doctor stands amongst the chaos. Two men lying in broken glass and scattered syringes.

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Steel meets steel.

The Mohra demons are strong, disciplined and extremely good at what they do.

CONNOR

Takes on two of the Mohra. They each attack with their swords and daggers.

Connor brandies a twin-headed axe in each hand.

These is no easy battle. He's loving every moment of it.

HUGHLY

Tackles his opponent with a much more structured and measured defence. He wields a sabre and short short and elegantly blocks and anticipates each move.

DEVON

Holds out her hand, her eyes are white.

The lead Mohra forces his leg to move forward. One step. He forces the other leg to move. Then another.

He moves as though a great wind is holding him back. A wind that is losing its power.

BLOOD starts to run from Devon's nose.

The Mohra BREAKS FREE of the invisible wall holding him back.

The white disappears from Devon's eyes. She still holds her hand up, but it is a useless gesture.

The demon SLAMS into her and lifts her by her neck. He slams her against the nearest wall of the warehouse, lifting her higher above him.

Devon gasps for breath. Her hands beat uselessly against his arm.

Her wild swipes KNOCK THE VIAL OF HER BLOOD FREE from his uniform. It rolls onto the floor, unbroken.

HUGHLY

Devon!

They finally notice her situation. So do the other Mohra demons. They up their game and try to keep the men from coming to her aid.

Connor becomes more focused and stops playing with his demon foes.

His speed increases, surprising the demons who struggle to keep up with him.

DEVON

Devon's eyes are rolling upward, eyelids closing as the life is strangled out of her.

HUGHLY

Devon! Hold on!

Hughly stabs his demon through the heart. It drops to the ground.

Connor plants an axe in the chest of each of his demons. He yanks one of the axes out, ignoring the green blood oozing off the blade.

Devon loses consciousness.

The men race toward her--

Devon's eyes SNAP open. Her face seems different - cold and detached.

She reaches up and grabs the hands of the demon.

She pulls its hands away from her neck with very little apparent effort.

The demon tries to pull himself out of her grip, but instead finds itself in a steel grip.

Bracing her feet against the wall behind her, Devon uses it to climb up, until her body is much higher than his.

The men stutter to a stop.

CONNOR

Are you seeing this?

Hughly just nods, slackjawed as they stare in fascination as-

Devon pushes back with her feet and FLIPS over the demon.

It ROARS in pain as her momentum whips its arms up and back. It pulls away with all its strength.

Devon lands behind it, almost catlike, her body turning to meet the demon. A warrior pose.

It yanks out its sword, realising the threat. It starts its attack run.

Hughly moves to aid her.

Connor stops him, holding up a restraining hand to Hughly's confusion.

CONNOR

Devon.

He tosses one of his axes toward her. With expert grace, she immediately catches it and swings into battle.

She appears every bit the expert in combat as Connor was only moments before.

Despite being a great deal smaller than the demon, she meets each strike with equal power. It has no advantage over her.

She drives her attack with calculated viciousness and impersonal speed. It recoils with each hit, finally being driven to the ground.

Its sword scatters across the floor, knocked from its hand.

MOHRA

What are you?

DEVON

Living death.

She slams the axe into its neck. It gurgles and falls to the ground, the axe still embedded in soft flesh.

Devon turns to her two companions.

They don't know what to make of what just happened.

FADE OUT

ACT IV

FADE IN:

INT. FACTORY - NIGHT

Devon holds a vial under one of the demon's wounds. The vial is almost full of the luminous green blood.

She stands up and stoppers it when she's done.

DEVON

Okay. Let's get out of here before they regenerate.

CONNOR

Sorry. They re-what? 'Cause they look really dead to me.

He looks at them closely and considers the axe in his hand.

CONNOR

I'll dice and cube to be sure.

Devon grabs his arm.

DEVON

No. We came here to make a deal. Not to kill them.

CONNOR

They tried to kill us.

Devon lifts her shoulders in a disaffected shrug, already heading toward the doorway.

DEVON

Can't blame them for who they are.

Hughly hefts his bag onto his shoulder and follows her. Connor doesn't move.

CONNOR

They're demons.

She pauses and looks at him.

DEVON

Yes. But I brought them here to save a life. That's all that matters. Killing demons is not what we do.

She holds his eyes for a moment. He nods and moves away from the demons.

The toe of his boot catches the bottle of her blood. It clinks along the floor.

She bends down to pick it up.

Connor watches as she walks to the lead Mohra and places the vial in its stiff hand.

DEVON
A deal's a deal.

As she reaches Connor, she stops and looks at him.

DEVON
Did you really miss it?

CONNOR
What?

DEVON
Demons and death. Heroes and stuff.

He thinks about it.

CONNOR
I thought I did. But you're right. Killing demons is not what I do. Not anymore. My dad, my real dad, did everything in his power to make sure I left this life behind. I should probably respect that.

DEVON
Sounds like a great dad.

CONNOR
Yeah. He was. Is.

Devon pointedly stares at the axe in his hands.

Smiling sadly, he hands it over to her.

CONNOR
You need to go. I can make my way home from here. I guess this is goodbye.

DEVON
Maybe.

She smiles and moves back toward Hughly. Connor doesn't make any move to follow.

EXT. ROOF - NIGHT

Dawn sits on the edge of the roof, her feet dangle over the side. She watches the quiet but vibrant city life.

Footsteps sound behind her on the roof.

Dawn doesn't even need to look behind her.

DAWN

I'm glad I didn't kill you.

The footsteps slow.

DAWN

It's not what I do. At least I hope not.

Illyria comes to a stop beside Dawn. She stares at the horizon too.

DAWN

I can't help you. Monks made me and that secret died with them.

ILLYRIA

What manner of god is Monks?

DAWN

Monks aren't gods. They were just men. The Order of Dagon.

ILLYRIA

I knew Dagon when he walked the earth, lost in fool thoughts of treasuring life and creation.

Dawn turns her head toward Illyria, not sure if she's being serious.

ILLYRIA

His worshippers tore down his temples and razed his effigies when he no longer inspired terror in their eyes. You are wrong.

Dawn is a little affronted.

DAWN

Hey, that's what my sister told me they were called. Maybe they fibbed as they lay dying on the street, but you can't blame a girl--

ILLYRIA

For one so old, you stink of this world's pointless inflections and babble.

DAWN

Sorry. I think.

ILLYRIA

You are wrong about your creation. No magick from man, beast or god can create life where there was none before. Not even Dagon had that power. Nor I.

And with that, Illyria realises...

ILLYRIA

You cannot help me.

She turns and starts walking away.

DAWN

(calling)

I'm sorry.

Illyria stops, and regards Dawn, considering her words. It feels empty even to Dawn.

DAWN

For what it's worth.

Illyria turns away, the moment cast aside and forgotten.

Dawn watches her go, strangely saddened.

INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT

It's a different room, but mostly identical.

Samuel is asleep, still restrained. The silent heart rate monitor shows a flat line.

Devon leans in the doorway as Karvan injects a green concoction into Samuel's drip.

KARVAN

How long do you think before we see--

The heart rate monitor spikes. Karvan sees this and reaches over to turn the sound up. The audible beat steadily falls into a rhythm.

KARVAN

And there it is.

She stands back, smiling.

KARVAN

You don't mind if I run some tests
on this substance?

Devon shakes her head. Karvan is ecstatic.

KARVAN

Great.

(considers)

But tomorrow, or rather later
today. There's been far too much
excitement for me. They'll call
me if there are any problems.

She nods kindly at Devon as she leaves.

Devon, worn out, heads to the chair beside Samuel.

She shuts her eyes and breathes.

Without looking, she reaches into a pocket and pulls out her
stoppered black bottle.

Tilting her head back, she takes a generous sip.

SAMUEL

What is that?

Devon's eyes snap open.

He watches her weakly, his eyes their regular brown.

DEVON

Nothing.

His stare becomes more penetrating.

DEVON

It's for headaches.

SAMUEL

You're not the type for painkillers.
What is it?

DEVON

I'm not lying.

SAMUEL

You're obscuring the truth. It's
an old trick and I am quite old.
You left me to trust that you
would undo what you did to me.
Maybe you start trusting one of us.

Devon hugs herself, vulnerable and unsure.

He watches, waiting.

She looks away as she confesses, the burden of sharing unfamiliar.

DEVON
 Something's wrong with me.
 Something went wrong... that night.

SAMUEL
 When you faced Nadya.

Devon stares him dead in the eye.

DEVON
 No. When I faced Dawn.

He shows confusion.

SAMUEL
 I don't-

DAWN (O.S.)
 Samuel!

Dawn rushes into the room to stand by his side. She's overwhelmingly relieved and giddy. Best news all night.

Devon immediately clams up.

DEVON
 I better check on Jason.

SAMUEL
 Devon?

Devon heads out of the door at light speed.

Samuel is disappointed, but hardly surprised.

SAMUEL
 Dawn, if I might trouble you.

He wriggles his fingers. Dawn laughs and starts undoing his restraints.

EXAMINATION ROOM

Jason lies back on a upraised bed, eyes shut. He has bandages around his ribs and a mass of cleaned cuts and fresh bruises. The light is on.

Devon enters the room. Seeing his state, she immediately turns around to leave.

JASON
 Something wrong?

His eyes are open. He's fully awake.

DEVON

Thought you were resting.

JASON

Just my eyes. How's Samuel?

DEVON

He's awake now.

JASON

Good. Good.

They share awkward silence.

JASON

Uhm. So-

DEVON

I have something-

They stop. More awkwardness.

Devon pulls a vial out of her pocket. It's the foggy green liquid, the last vial she saved.

She approaches him with it. Clutching and unclutching it as though unsure whether or not to hide it.

The question is on the tip of his tongue.

Forcefully, having made the choice, she shoves it in his direction abruptly, almost begging him to take it before she changes her mind.

Her hand moves away in relief as he takes it.

DEVON

It's called Fog of the Clouded Mind. Well, in English.

JASON

Okay.

He doesn't get it.

DEVON

It allows you to see what's been hidden from you. A drop or two should do it. It won't erase the memories she gave you, but...

JASON

It'll fill in the holes. Thank you.

She nods, about to leave.

JASON

Does it hurt?
 (off her look)
 I mean, what does it feel like?

DEVON

I don't know. I've always been
 too afraid to try.

Again, she makes to go. Feeling like she's said too much.

He reaches forward and grabs her hand, hissing against the pain his movement caused.

JASON

Will you stay? With me?

Her body seems ready to make a run or it. With deliberation, she forces herself to sit on the bed beside him, albeit stiffly.

She tries to give him a small, encouraging smile.

It's enough for him.

INT. FRED'S ROOM - NIGHT

"Fred" shuts the door behind her and walks to the window.

There is a knock on the door.

TRISH (O.S)

Honey. Are you okay? How did it go?

Fred walks to the door and opens it. Trish is on the other side, wearing a night-gown and robe.

ILLYRIA/FRED

I think I blew it.

TRISH

Aw. That's okay sweetie. There's
 always the next one, right?

Fred plasters on the biggest smile.

ILLYRIA/FRED

Always.

Trish waves goodnight and heads away.

Fred closes and locks the door, TRANSFORMING INTO ILLYRIA.

She takes her usual position at the window. And watches the world go by.

FADE TO BLACK