

FAITH

"Tracks"

by

Lee A. Chrimes

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. THE LAB - FAITH'S OFFICE. EVENING. 1

FAITH sits behind her desk, white lab coat on as she flicks idly through a magazine, looking bored as heck. She stifles a yawn, stretches, and checks her watch.

2 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM. 2

Still stretching, Faith wanders up to a row of bunsen burners and bubbling beakers filled with different coloured, smoking fluids, lined up across one of the tables.

She picks up a clipboard, checks some numbers off and then glances at the thermometer in each beaker.

FAITH
Whaddya know. Absolutely no change.
(puts clipboard back)
Again.

Looking increasingly fed up, she turns to head back into her office to wait for the next round of checks, when she hears a faint SMASH of breaking glass.

She freezes, turning slowly round, her senses suddenly alert. She heads towards the source of the noise.

3 INT. THE LAB - CORRIDOR. 3

Faith opens one of the exam room doors into a long, darkened corridor, her eyes scanning the gloom. She is about to close it again when a FIGURE darts past us in the foreground, and Faith whips back round.

With one last glance into the exam room, she quietly closes the door and starts to pad down the corridor. She's about ten feet along when she hears a RUMBLE, as though someone knocked over a pile of boxes.

Quickening her pace, she heads towards the nearest door, labeled 'Stocks & Supplies.' She tries the handle and finds it's unlocked.

She starts to nudge the door open, then pauses and pats her belt. It only takes her a second to realise she's left her trusty stake behind, and with a silent curse she nudges the door a little wider.

4 INT. THE LAB - SUPPLY ROOM. 4

The room is piled high with boxes, and doesn't look like it's been disturbed for a long time.

(CONTINUED)

Faith takes a few steps forward when she hears a SHUFFLING sound coming from the far side of the room.

FAITH

Alright, hombre, come on out. This may be the first interesting thing that's happened all night, but I'm damned if I'm getting jumped while I'm still on duty...

Nothing. Faith sighs and reaches out for the light switch, flicking it on.

As the room illuminates, we can see the huddled form of somebody hunched over in the corner of the room. Faith starts, then catches her breath and chuckles.

FAITH (cont'd)

Nice try, Blair Witch. Almost had me.

She steps forward, starting to make out a soft moaning noise coming from the figure.

As we draw closer, we see it's a young woman with blonde hair, her arms wrapped tightly round her chest and her back to us. Faith narrows her eyes as she recognises the figure.

FAITH (cont'd)

Noa?

She kneels and lays a hand on the figure's shoulder. As she does, the figure slowly turns - and it is indeed NOA, her face deathly pale and her eyes glazed.

FAITH (cont'd)

Noa? What the hell are you doing in here? Aren't you meant to be out with that guy?

Noa doesn't answer, she just looks down towards her chest again and starts to rock slowly back and forth.

FAITH (cont'd)

Okay, you're startin' to freak me out, so let's-

Faith pauses as she notices blood on Noa's hands and forearms. A lot of blood. She reaches out and slowly pulls Noa's arms away.

Noa is wearing a now blood-soaked white shirt, but it's torn across the chest, and where her heart should be is just a bloody wound and a black hole.

Faith's eyes bulge and she looks to Noa, frantic.

FAITH (cont'd)
Noa? What happened? Who did this?

Noa starts to whisper something, but as Faith struggle to hear her, Noa suddenly faints dead away - literally.

Faith grabs her body and stares dumbfounded at it, her brain racing to try and process what she's seen.

FAITH (cont'd)
Noa... Noa! Noa!

INT. THE LAB - FAITH'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

Faith suddenly jolts herself awake with a shout.

FAITH
Noa!!

NOA (O.S.)
What?

We pan across and pick up Noa, noticeably well-dressed beneath her lab coat and looking sulky as she munches through a packet of potato chips. Faith rubs her eyes and leans far back in her chair.

FAITH
(groans)
Don't tell me...

NOA
You've been asleep about ten minutes. I was trying to tell you what a jerk that guy Ronald turned out to be - I mean, who wouldn't be a jerk with a name like 'Ronald' anyway - and you were listening and nodding in that half-bored, half-complacent way you do, and when you dozed off, I just...
(looks guiltily at bag of chips)
Well, I kinda finished your dinner. Are you okay? You look pretty pale.

FAITH
Just dreamin,' was all.

Faith notices what Noa's wearing - the same white shirt she just saw in her dream. Noa realises she's staring.

NOA
You like the shirt? Just got it today!

(MORE)

CONTINUED:

NOA (cont'd)
Special offer too, continuing my
reign as Queen of the Bargains.

Noa's smile fades as she takes in Faith's dark look.

NOA (cont'd)
Uh-oh... that's not a good look, is
it?

FAITH
(shakes head)
'Fraid not, twinkie. I think we've
got trouble.

Noa bites her lip, and we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. NYPD CENTRAL PRECINCT - FRONT DESK. EVENING. 6

We're walking towards the front desk and taking in the usual assortment of late night stragglers as QUINN walks into frame, mid twenties, thin and unassuming. The desk sergeant looks up as the newcomer approaches.

SERGEANT

Something I can help you with, son?

QUINN

Yeah, Detective Jon Quinn, I just transferred out here, I'm supposed to ask for a Detective Lehto?

SERGEANT

Alright, just a second.

He picks up a phone as Quinn looks round the lobby.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Carmell? Got a newbie down in the lobby, a Detective, uh...

(to Quinn)

What was it again?

QUINN

Quinn, Jon Quinn.

SERGEANT

Detective Jon Quinn. Says he's here to see Lehto, new transfer.

(beat; laughs)

Yeah, I know, that's what I thought!

He puts the phone down and points towards the lift.

SERGEANT (cont'd)

Fourth floor, end of the second corridor. Lehto's the young, pretty boy-looking one.

Quinn nods, walks past the desk and into the elevator.

7 INT. PRECINCT - FOURTH FLOOR. 7

We're looking out across an open plan office, with about half the desks occupied by plain clothed detectives.

We focus on one, DETECTIVE LEHTO, who is indeed a young, pretty boy-looking type of guy. He's on the phone.

(CONTINUED)

LEHTO

No, ma'am, I'm not... of course not.
I'm sure you did see a monster
going through your trash. Mm-hmm,
right outside your back porch. Yes,
I can imagine how scared you were.

Quinn walks into frame and nods towards Lehto, who indicates he should take a seat. He starts scribbling something on a notepad as Quinn sits.

LEHTO (cont'd)

Okay, here's what I'm gonna do.
I'll send an officer over to drive
round the neighbourhood, keep an
eye out for anything. If there are
any monsters still out there, we'll
pick 'em up. That sound like a
plan?

Lehto holds up the notepad - he's written 'Third Crazy Tonight!' across it. Quinn grins.

LEHTO (cont'd)

Great. Okay, you too, ma'am.

He hangs up and sags in his chair.

LEHTO (cont'd)

Man! I am getting all the stone
cold crazy ass elderly housewives
tonight, I'm telling ya!

QUINN

(shakes his hand)

Jon Quinn. New transfer.

LEHTO

Ah, cool. I'm Michael Lehto, people
usually call me 'Late' 'cause it's
what I am most of the time.

QUINN

Just 'Jon,' Not the nicknames type.

Lehto lights up and offers one to Quinn, who declines.

LEHTO

So what brings you to El Grande
Manzana, Detective?

QUINN

The Sunnydale Case.

Lehto nods, and we get the impression this case is some pretty serious business.

(CONTINUED)

LEHTO

That's a big one, bud. Kind of case that makes or breaks a man.

QUINN

I've been tracking it round the country for a long time, everything I've got points to the killer being in New York, right now.

LEHTO

That's a big case, Jon, you have my sympathies and respect in equal measure!

(stands)

C'mon, I'll show you your new office.

Lehto takes one step away from his desk and spreads his arms to indicate the rest of the floor, with a grin.

LEHTO (cont'd)

And this would be it! One big happy cop family. That's your desk, next to mine. Guess they figured you'd learn best from sticking close to me. I'm never here on time, so you'll have answered so many of my calls by the end of the week, you'd be able to do my job for me!

Quinn manages a grin, but doesn't look too thrilled.

Faith sits by one of the room's tables, Noa is perched on top of another, flicking through Faith's magazine, while a just-woken-up looking PRYOR paces up and down.

PRYOR

And you're sure it was Noa you saw?

FAITH

Absolutely. Same vacant expression.

Faith looks to Noa with a grin, but she's miles away, concentrating on her magazine. Faith rolls her eyes.

PRYOR

These dreams, do you have them often?

FAITH

Part of the Slayer package deal.

PRYOR

Have any of them ever come true?

FAITH

Most of 'em, yeah.

PRYOR

This is bad news. Very bad indeed.

FAITH

Hey, you know, sorry to drag you out of bed on your night off and everything, but I figured-

PRYOR

No, no, you did the right thing. I get the feeling this kind of thing is going to happen a lot from now on.

NOA

(shocked)

Oh, my God!

PRYOR

What? What is it?

NOA

(off magazine)

She's pregnant again! That girl needs to learn how to say 'no'...

PRYOR

(flustered)

Noa, please! Try to concentrate, this is important!

Noa sighs and puts the magazine down, and Faith smirks.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Now, we need you to try and think of anything suspicious or out of the ordinary you may have seen in the past few days.

We pull back and pan down to pick up the large, very ugly and very dead demon corpse laid out on one of the operating tables, an axe still embedded in its chest.

Faith and Noa look over to it, and when Pryor twigs what they're looking at, he sighs.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Except that, I mean.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Pryor, I don't know! For all I know, some random guy, or monster, or vampire, or whatever could have been spying on me all week, looking for a chance to rip my heart out!

(beat; pales)

And boy, did I ever not want that thought in my head...

FAITH

Look, let's start small, work our way out. Why would somebody or something want Noa's heart?

PRYOR

Hmm... I'll check my records, see if I've encountered any creatures that require human hearts for sustenance.

FAITH

Great. I'll go hit a few demon bars, see if there are any new heart-eating bad guys in town.

Pryor nods, and Faith stands and heads for the exit as Pryor walks towards his office. Noa blinks and raises a hand to get their attention.

NOA

What about me?

FAITH

You stay right there.

PRYOR

And try and think if anybody you know has enough of a grudge against you to want you dead.

Noa pouts as the other two leave.

NOA

Well shucks, I always thought I was kinda likeable...

She shrugs and goes back to the magazine.

Quinn is unpacking a few personal items from his bag - a few photos, a silver cross and a small teddy bear in a cop's uniform. Lehto leans over and grabs the photos.

(CONTINUED)

LEHTO
Wife and kid?

QUINN
(nods)
Jennifer and Gina.

LEHTO
Nice. Stereotypical, but nice.

QUINN
Stereotypical how, exactly?

LEHTO
Heh, just an office joke, Jonny
boy. If you look round the desks in
here, 'most everyone has a family
portrait of their wife and
daughter!

QUINN
What about you?

LEHTO
Women hate me. It's a gift.

Quinn turns to face a whiteboard and display board next to it
on the wall, taking a large, folded sheet of paper from his
bag and spreading it out across the board.

He pins down a map of New York, covered with lines and glossy
photos of murder victims before and after stuck to it. The
map is covered with notes showing phrases and theories, a
work in progress.

LEHTO (cont'd)
That your work on the case so far?

Lehto walks over to the display, studying it.

LEHTO (cont'd)
So go on, hot shot, you're the
newbie. Tell me what you got so
far.

QUINN
Single homicide, committed in a
suburb of California called
Sunnydale.

LEHTO
Yeah, went there once. Nice place.
Kinda creepy at night.

QUINN
And also not there anymore.

(CONTINUED)

LEHTO

Huh?

QUINN

Earthquake or something. The whole city just fell into the ground.

LEHTO

Man! Tough break.

QUINN

Suspect's description has been cobbled together from witness reports, still sketchy, but as best we can make out the killer is a female, early twenties by now, average height, lean build, athletic, dark hair, and an almost surgical precision to her kills.

LEHTO

'Kills'? As in plural?

QUINN

(nods)

We've got at least six more murders leading in a trail from Sunnydale to New York over the past few years, same M.O. And most likely same killer.

Lehto nods as Quinn takes points to some of the victim's photos to illustrate his points.

QUINN (cont'd)

She started in Sunnydale then made her way across the country. Apparently, a suspect gave herself up over in Los Angeles in 2000, but somebody hacked into the records following a jailbreak last year so I've not been able to confirm if it was her or not. M.O. involves massive trauma to victim's chest, typically the heart, with an edged, improvised weapon, stabbed at close range and from the front. No sneaking around for this girl, she likes to look into her victim's eyes when she kills.

LEHTO

(beat)

You're a little creepy, know that?

(CONTINUED)

QUINN

(turns back to display)
Yeah, I get that a lot. So, that's
why I'm out here. I've been
following this case for a long
time, then when her path crossed my
old precinct, I just started
following.

LEHTO

Must be rough on the family.

QUINN

Jenny knows the deal. Cops can stay
on the same beat all their life -
detectives get a little freedom of
movement. We have family out here,
so moving wasn't a big deal. Gina's
just about to move up into grade
school anyway, and Jenny's a
freelance illustrator so she could
transfer easily enough.

LEHTO

What's your interest in all this?

QUINN

(beat; shrugs)
Just wanted to solve the case. No
big deal.

Quinn studies the map as a crack of thunder signals the start
of a downpour of rain outside.

10 EXT. OUTSIDE FOURTH FLOOR. NIGHT.

10

We're looking in on Quinn and Lehto through the window,
pulling back and away as rain starts to fall, descending to
street level and picking up Faith, marching down the street,
her hair slick with the rain. She passes through the neon-lit
doorway of a club.

11 INT. 'WICKED GAMES' CLUB. NIGHT.

11

Faith shakes herself dry as she scopes out the club's
interior. It's another demon bar, the clientele inside
craning to examine her, a few shuffling nervously away. She
approaches the bar and stares down GREGOR, the bulky, sour-
faced bartender.

FAITH

Nice night for a walk, huh, Gregor?

GREGOR

Mierda... What do you want in here,
Slayer?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GREGOR (cont'd)
You're killin' my business in more
ways than one! Half my regulars got
too scared to come in here, half
the rest are dead because of you!

Faith grins as she hops up on a bar stool.

FAITH
Ah, come on, you know you're
pleased to see me really! You
oughtta be thankin' me anyway, last
week I smashed up the Kennedy's
place down on 45th, I'd have
thought that sent more business
your way!

Gregor mutters but doesn't answer back.

FAITH (cont'd)
Here's the deal. What I want is-

DEMON (O.S.)
Hey, Slayer!

Faith groans and turns round. Facing her is a pack of three
angry-looking DEMONS, the lead one a muscular, grey-skinned
guy called BARGO. Faith steps down off her stool.

FAITH
Alright, boys, let's keep it-

THWACK! Faith is felled by a powerful backhand from Bargo.
She flips back up and onto her feet in seconds, ready in a
fighting stance. She glares at the demons.

BARGO
You Slayer girls oughtta know
better than to come to a place like
this!

FAITH
I hear that a lot, ya know? Gets
kind hard to remember where I'm
supposed to avoid!

Bargo lunges at her with a snarl, but she dodges back, grabs
him by the back of the shirt and tosses him ass over elbow
towards the bar.

Gregor yells and ducks for cover as Bargo SMASHES into the
bottles lined up behind the bar.

GREGOR
Slayer!! Take this outside!

Faith ducks a swing from the next demon and the two start
trading punches.

We pull back from the fight and into a booth in the corner. A HOODED MAN is watching the fight, sipping quietly from a glass of green liquid.

Back with the fight, Faith knocks the last of the demons to the ground and stands over them, defiant.

She turns to Gregor, peering over the bar's surface, and shrugs her jacket back on.

FAITH

Hate to love ya and leave ya, Greg
old pal, but maybe I'll try back
another time. I get the feeling
people in here ain't much with the
talking tonight.

She turns and leaves as Gregor hurls a tirade of abuse after her, smirking to herself.

We walk up to the door with her, and as she pushes it open and heads outside, the door swings into frame, forcing a:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

12

Noa knocks on Pryor's office door and peeks inside. Pryor is concentrating on his computer, scrolling through long lists of files, and he doesn't notice her as she steps inside. She waits a beat but he's still oblivious.

NOA

Pryor?

Pryor YELPS and spins round, startled. Noa raises an eyebrow as her boss calms back down and tries to look casual again.

PRYOR

Yes, Noa? What is it?

NOA

I, uh, did some checking for you.

She hands him a sheet of handwritten paper, which Pryor scans over before looking back at her.

NOA (cont'd)

It's all the people I can think of who'd have some kind of problem with me. You know, for the whole 'wanting my heart' thing.

PRYOR

(resigned)

Noa, this is a list of your ex-boyfriends. And that woman at the coffee shop who shouted at you once for stealing all their sugar.

(beat; reads)

I'm on this list!

NOA

Well, duh, I know you don't think I'm the greatest assistant in the world, else you wouldn't have hired Faith...

Pryor crumples up the paper and tosses it into his bin.

NOA (cont'd)

Hey!

PRYOR

Noa, this is serious, we're trying to locate someone who wants to kill you, not some jilted lover who wants his CDs back!

(CONTINUED)

Noa pouts and Pryor sighs, rubbing his eyes.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I'm sorry, it's late, I wasn't sleeping well anyway, and I-

NOA

No, no, it's cool. You're stressed. I get it. I'm just still not used to this whole 'evil' business, you know? A few months ago, the most evil thing I could think of was last season's shoes, and now, I'm already intimately familiar with the internal anatomy of a grebblax demon! The concept of my life being in mortal danger isn't something I've thought about much, you know?

PRYOR

Noa, we live in New York. We may not be based in the Bronx, but we're not exactly a hundred per cent safe on our streets these days!

Noa retrieves her list from the bin and unfurls it, pointing to one name in particular.

NOA

Okay. I get all that. But here's one person worth checking out, this guy Richard that I was seeing for a while last year. I broke up with him because he was into all sorts of creepy stuff - you know, pentagram posters on his wall, books about magic, things like that.

PRYOR

Well, I suppose it's as good a lead as any... we'll see what Faith turns up then the two of you can go investigate this when she gets back.

NOA

Let's hope she's having more luck than us...

POW! A demon, DRAKE, falls back into frame, stunned, and Faith reaches in and grabs him by his shirt, hoisting him up off the ground as she stands over him, one fist ready.

FAITH

Alright, Drake, let's see if we're makin' progress. I'm gonna ask you that question again, and if I detect even a hint of sarcasm in your answer, you're gonna be eatin' your next meal through a straw. We clear?

DRAKE

(hands raised defensively)
Okay, okay! Man, what is it with you tonight, Slayer?

Faith releases him, and Drake picks himself up, rubbing the side of his sore jaw.

DRAKE (cont'd)

First, I hear you've gone and busted up Gregor's place, then you're shaking down me and my customers - what's gotten you in this mood? You've only been in this town a few weeks!

FAITH

I'm sorry, did I say you could ask for details? Stick to the facts, I'll be outta your way soon as I get them.

DRAKE

Alright, alright...

Drake sits down on an empty beer crate, still rubbing his jaw. He glares up at Faith.

DRAKE (cont'd)

You don't have to hit me, you know. You could just try asking me stuff before you punch next time.

FAITH

Keeping up appearances. Wouldn't want your boys thinkin' you were a willing snitch, would you?

DRAKE

I guess not... and in answer to your oh-so-eloquently put question, no, I don't know about any heart-eating demons moving into town. I mean, that wouldn't be the kind of thing they'd like to make a big show tune out of anyway, but I'd still have heard something. As it is, zip.

(CONTINUED)

Faith turns and starts to walk away as Drake calls out.

DRAKE (cont'd)

Wait, that's it?

FAITH

Pretty much, yeah. Why, you want me to rough you up some more or something?

DRAKE

Oh, hell, no, just, you know, thought you were gonna ask me about that other guy.

FAITH

(suspicious)

What 'other guy'?

DRAKE

This old dude, grey hair and a big cloak, made him look like an oversized hobbit or something. Came round earlier, asking all sorts of questions 'bout you, where you lived, where you worked, that kind of thing.

FAITH

What'd you tell him?

DRAKE

Me? Nothing. I value my teeth and bones, I'm not going to bring another smackdown on myself by blabbing to every crazy that comes round here looking for you!

Faith pauses, mulling this over for a beat, then nods a short thanks at Drake.

FAITH

Thanks. And... sorry about the jaw.

DRAKE

Ah, no big. I know it's what you do. Just try and pull your punch a bit more next time, okay?

Faith turns and walks away, disappearing through the smoke at the end of the alleyway.

LEHTO (V.O.)

So give me your FBI style profile of this chick, then.

14 INT. LEHTO'S CAR. NIGHT.

14

We're inside Lehto's car as he negotiates the evening traffic, Quinn riding shotgun.

LEHTO

You must have built up some kind of a picture, what kind of girl are we looking for?

QUINN

She's restless. She can't stay in one place too long, either because her conscience won't let her rest after what she's done, or because she's smart enough to know she'll stay on the run longer if she keeps moving.

15 EXT. CITY STREET. NIGHT.

15

The voiceover continues as we pick up Faith, retrieving some dollars from her wallet and buying a burger from a street vendor. She chomps greedily into the burger, smiling happily to herself.

QUINN (V.O.)

She stays off the record, no credit cards, nothing that could be used to trace her. She most probably doesn't have anything on the system except a criminal record, but I've not been able to track one down yet thanks to that hacker. I'm guessing she uses several aliases, or she may even have had help in covering her tracks.

Faith turns down a sidestreet and back towards the lab.

QUINN (V.O.) (cont'd)

She's a loner. She stays away from anything that could tie her down, no friends, no accomplices. I'd be surprised if she didn't sleep rough every night and survive on part-time temp jobs where she can get them, or just using the cash of her victims.

Faith knocks, and waits for Noa to open the door. She greets the Slayer with a smile and lets her in.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (V.O.) (cont'd)
And most of all, she's more than
capable of killing anyone she
meets. She's a ruthless, stone cold
killer.

Faith, still finishing her burger, strolls into the lab after
Noa, as we pick up Pryor, perusing several piles of papers
spread across one of the tables.

PRYOR
What did you find?
(looks up)
Apart from food, of course... or
whatever that slab of processed fat
in your hands passes for.

FAITH
That I'm the all-new Public Enemy
Number One for most of the local
underworld.
(grins)
Which is kinda flattering. Nice to
know I've still got it.

NOA
We've spent all night looking up
everything we can, and we've got
one definite lead.

FAITH
Oh?

NOA
Yeah, an old boyfriend of mine,
creepy guy who was into all of his
voodoo and black magic and stuff.

PRYOR
It's not much, but it's more than
what I've found. I've yet to find a
demon in my records that
specifically needs human hearts for
sustenance, so I'd like you and Noa
to go and look up this old flame of
hers.

FAITH
Can do. All I found out was that
there's yet another creepy guy in
town asking about me. I'll see what
I can get out of people about him.
Probably nothing.

NOA

Well come on, partner, let's go!

Noa pulls on her coat as Faith walks over, tossing her empty burger wrapper into one of the medical bins.

FAITH

Only if you promise to never call me 'partner' again.

NOA

Uh, okay.

Faith pushes the door open, frowns up at the rain outside which has started up again, and fastens her jacket up.

NOA (cont'd)

So, if we find this guy and he's the one, you gonna rough him up for me? You know, pull some of that Slayer Fu stuff you do?

The duo exit, Noa still jabbering excitedly. We focus back on Pryor, still studying his records, when he pauses over one page.

Looking over his shoulder, we see an anatomical diagram of a particularly fiendish-looking demon, and he scrolls a finger down the accompanying text as he reads.

PRYOR

Hello, what's this? Quazlatil demons... known to broker deals with humans in order to get the organs they require to sustain them during their hibernation periods... also said to have regenerative powers for both themselves and others...
hmm.

Pryor stands, rubbing his chin. He hasn't noticed that the girls have left yet and calls out to them.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Girls, I think I've found something, we could-

He glances over to the doorway. The girls are long gone.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Ah.

Pryor stands, gathers up a few things and bustles out of frame. We close in on the diagram of the demon.

17

INT. DARKENED ROOM. NIGHT.

17

And standing before us, mostly wrapped in shadows, is a QUAZLATIL DEMON just like the illustration. It appears to be resting, but starts to rouse as someone else walks into frame, a middle-aged woman with her back to us.

DEMON

(imperious)

Who dares to-

(beat; normal voice)

Oh, it's you.

WOMAN

I'm sorry, but... I need more time.

The Demon sighs and manages to look annoyed despite its inhuman features.

DEMON

Time isn't something you have the luxury of. Every second you waste out there in the light, dithering, brings you a second further away from getting back what you lost.

WOMAN

I can't do it! You don't know what you're asking of me, I just can't!

DEMON

You knew the terms of the deal before you signed it! I told you the risks and the costs, you knew full well what must be done. If you want to back out, I can always take this back where I found it...

The demon looks down - and by one of its hands is a still sealed body bag. The demon's hand pats the bag.

WOMAN

(slumps)

No.

DEMON

Then you know what you have to do. My magics will only be effective for a short while, if you delay past tonight, there will be no hope for you... or your son.

WOMAN

I understand.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

There's a beat as the demon looks to the bag, then back at the woman. It blinks once.

DEMON

Well? Go!

The woman scurries off screen, leaving the demon to huff impatiently.

DEMON (cont'd)

Humans... they just can't take a hint.

The demon goes back to its rest within the shadows.

18 EXT. OUTSIDE MORGUE. NIGHT.

18

Lehto and Quinn step out of his car, parked up outside the local City Morgue. A worried looking ATTENDANT heads out to meet them.

ATTENDANT

Hey, detective, thanks for coming.
Lehto and the attendant shake hands.

LEHTO

No problem, Jimmy. This here's Detective Quinn, he's new in town.

QUINN

Hi.

LEHTO

So, what have we got here?

ATTENDANT

It's the damndest thing...

He heads back into the morgue, and after taking a moment to look around outside, Lehto and Quinn follow.

19 INT. MORGUE. NIGHT.

19

The attendant hustles across the main exam room as the cops follow in. Already, we can see that something large and indelicate has smashed its way into the lab.

LEHTO

What happened in here? Looks like you tried to steal the Hulk's lunchbox and he came lookin' for it...

(CONTINUED)

ATTENDANT

Wish I could tell you more, Mike,
but the worst part is this...

He points towards one of the slide-out trays that normally hold the bodies - but the door to this one has been torn off its hinges and lies discarded to one side. Quinn peers into the now empty chamber as Lehto takes out his notebook.

LEHTO

Alright, let's go over this. When
did you discover this?

ATTENDANT

Earlier this evening. The normal
late shift girl didn't show up, off
sick or something, so I called by
to check things over, and found
this, that would have been at about
nine.

LEHTO

And what's been taken?

ATTENDANT

(sarcastic)
A body, detective.

Lehto chuckles as Quinn reaches into the chamber.

LEHTO

Yeah, sorry. Who was the deceased?

ATTENDANT

Uh, a young boy of three, died a
few days ago in a hit-and-run auto
accident. We'd already informed the
family, the funeral was this
weekend, but then this...

LEHTO

Okay, we'll take it from here.

The attendant wanders off as Lehto peers into the chamber
alongside Quinn.

LEHTO (cont'd)

Cosy fit. I hear the staff sleep in
these sometimes, when it's a dead
night... get it? 'Dead' night?

Quinn stretches and reaches further inside.

LEHTO (cont'd)

Jon? What is it?

(CONTINUED)

Quinn steps back, something in his hand. He turns it over under the light as he and Lehto peer at it.

QUINN

I don't know, looks like some kind
of fingernail or something...

We get a close up on the object - it looks like some kind of claw, a fragment of something larger.

QUINN (cont'd)

We'd better get this back to the
lab. May have some prints on it.

We look out at the two detectives from inside the chamber, still examining the claw, as they close the door, forcing a:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

20 EXT. RICHARD'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

20

Noa's car, a small, perky-looking Honda, pulls into frame across the street from a quiet suburb residence. Noa switches the engine off and stares across the street at the house as Faith unfastens her seatbelt.

NOA

Man, this is bringing back some memories, coming down here... I remember when Rich and I used to tear up and down here on his bike, seeing how many houses we could wake up in one pass!

Faith eyes Noa as she gets a faraway look in her eyes.

FAITH

Never figured you for the wild child type, Noa!

NOA

(smirks)

Oh, there's a lot you don't know about me! Think you're the only one with any secrets round here?

They get out of the car and walk across the street to the front door of the house. Noa hands Faith a photo.

NOA (cont'd)

That's him, a few days before we broke up.

Faith takes a look - Richard is an archetypal long-haired rocker, badly-trimmed goatee beard and biker jacket proudly on display. The girls reach the house, and Noa takes a moment to compose herself before she knocks on the door.

After a beat, someone comes to the door - Richard's mother, BETTY. She's a pleasant-looking woman in her fifties, a Martha Stewart fangirl.

BETTY

Yes?

NOA

Uh, hi, Betty, it's me, Noa.

BETTY

Noa! My goodness, how have you been?

(CONTINUED)

Betty lunges forward and hugs Noa, catching her by surprise. Faith smirks as Betty lets go again.

BETTY (cont'd)

Why, it's been such a long time since you came round to visit! How have you been? Last I heard, you'd moved to the city and taken up an office job somewhere?

NOA

Uh, yeah, something like that... Betty, this is Faith, we work together.

BETTY

How do you do?

FAITH

Five by five.

NOA

Um... is Richard home? We're organising, uh... a little get together for all the old crowd, you know, and I know it's kinda late, but we-

BETTY

Of course, come in, come in!

Betty steps aside and waves the girls inside.

The girls step inside as Betty bustles towards the front room. We can faintly hear choral music.

FAITH

Nice place. Very typical of a guy who still lives with his mom, too.

NOA

Oh, you know, Betty's a sweetheart, but she was always kind of clueless about what Rich and I got up to, and we always-

RICHARD (O.S.)

Noa?

The girls look round - and there's RICHARD. Or rather, the new look Richard. Flattened down, short, neat hair, no beard, a comfy powder blue sweater and slacks. Noa's jaw drops, and she blinks a few times in shock.

NOA

Rich?!?

RICHARD

Oh, my God, it's so good to see you again!

BETTY (O.S.)

Language, Richard!

RICHARD

Sorry, mother!

Faith and Noa exchange a look - is this their suspect? Richard steps forward and gives Noa an awkward hug.

RICHARD (cont'd)

It's been a long time, Noa, I... I never thought I'd see you again.

NOA

Rich? What... what happened to you?

RICHARD

Huh? Oh, you mean the hair, right?

NOA

The hair, the beard, the clothes - oh my gawd, are those slacks?

RICHARD

Uh... maybe you both ought to come sit down. Who's your friend?

NOA

This is-

FAITH

I'm Faith. Hey.

RICHARD

Faith. What a pretty name... Anyway, come on in!

Noa and Faith exchange a look as Richard heads into the living room, before they follow him through.

The girls and Richard sit in the front room, a church service on the TV as Betty makes some tea in the b.g.

RICHARD

So then, after you left, well, I just wandered around for a long time, not knowing where to find any kind of peace, until...

NOA

Don't tell me...

RICHARD

I was riding past a church one day, and when I stopped listened the hymns, something inside just opened up and told me 'Richard, that is where your path lies now.'

Noa sits forward, one hand on her chin, still amazed.

RICHARD (cont'd)

I sold my bike and jacket, cut my hair short and embraced our Lord. Noa, I've never been happier. All my life, I felt as if I was running from something, as if I was afraid that if I stopped moving, something awful would happen - but I was wrong. I stopped, and something amazing happened.

FAITH

(tongue in cheek)

Yeah, I heard the Rapture can really sneak up on ya like that...

NOA

I... see...

RICHARD

So, uh, mom told me that you were planning a get together of all the old gang? Who have you seen so far?

Noa blinks, then fixes a big grin on her face as she prepares to dig herself out of this one.

Back in Noa's car as we drive back into the city.

FAITH

That still ranks as the lamest excuse I ever heard.

NOA

I was on the spot! I had to say something!

FAITH

Yeah, but pretending to get a phone call, then making out that your old posse were in a coach crash and are all hospitalised? Come on! I'd expect that from a bad daytime serial...

NOA

I just can't believe it! Rich the Rebel! Rich the Rocker! Turned into...

FAITH

The Reverend Richard.

Noa sighs heavily as Faith sniggers to herself.

FAITH (cont'd)

We did get one thing done, though.

NOA

What?

FAITH

We can cross Richard off our list.

NOA

You sure? I mean, he looked like he was pretty... I was gonna say 'normal,' but I'll just stick with 'nonthreatening,' but you never know with these guys who wear slacks... I hear they're kinda crazy on the inside.

FAITH

Trust me, if that was our boy, my Slayer sense would've picked up something. That guy's cleaner than The Cosby Show. All of which takes our suspect list down to none.

NOA

So what now?

FAITH

Now, we head back to the lab, see what Pryor turned up. And more importantly, we make sure nothing tries to take a piece outta you!

Noa manages a brave smile as she starts the car up, but the worry is beginning to show as the Honda pulls off screen.

24 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT.

24

We're looking out across a rainy street through a literal hole in the wall, from inside a dark and dilapidated building.

Pryor leans into frame, shining a torch into the gloom and squinting. He steps into the building and walks on, his torch struggling to cut through the thick darkness.

He has a strange-looking device in one hand, which he lifts up and sweeps in an arc in front of him. It emits a tinny beep, quickening when he aims it in one direction. Following its signal, he treads carefully through the rubble inside the building.

Occasional shafts of moonlight peek in through cracks in the wall, and Pryor pauses in one of these when he hears a SCRATCHING noise to his left. He swings the torch round that way and steps off screen.

25 INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE. NIGHT.

25

Faith nudges the door open and steps inside. She spots a note on his desk as Noa hangs in the doorway. Grabbing the note, she reads it out loud.

FAITH

'Girls, I think I've found something. We're looking for a quazlatil demon, and I've marked down a few likely hiding places for such a creature in the vicinity. Come and find me when you get this. P.S. bring weapons.'

NOA

Am I the only one not encouraged by that last part?

FAITH

He's doin' better than us. Let's move, blondie, we can't go lettin' our boss get sliced up all by himself, can we?

Faith walks out, leaving Noa to pout.

NOA

Oh, more wading through slime and hacking monsters to pieces. Fun.

Faith steps into frame and hands her an axe, and Noa struggles under its weight.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Quit complaining. If it was good enough for me for six years, you'll pick it up soon enough.

NOA

And what if I don't?

FAITH

(shrugs)

Then you'll probably get killed.

With a sardonic grin, she shrugs on her jacket, shoves the back door open and steps out into the rain.

INT. FORENSICS LAB. NIGHT.

BOWERMAN, the grey-haired forensics chief, peers into a microscope as he examines the claw Quinn retrieved.

BOWERMAN

Very interesting...

Lehto and Quinn watch the expert at work.

QUINN

What is?

BOWERMAN

You say you found this at the scene?

LEHTO

Yeah, Jonny Boy here did a little grave robbing.

QUINN

It was in the empty meat locker.

Bowerman looks up from the microscope and sets his glasses back in place, rubbing his chin.

BOWERMAN

Were there any animal tracks at the crime scene?

QUINN

Animals? No, nothing at all.

BOWERMAN

Odd...

LEHTO

Don't leave us hanging, Doc, what did tomb raider here find?

BOWERMAN

Boys, I can't tell you where this came from, but I can tell you it is definitely not human. The bone structure resembles a fingertip, but unless your suspect is in the habit of sharpening the bones in his own fingers, this came from some kind of animal. A dog, perhaps, maybe even a wolf. Heck, it even looks like a miniature bear claw.

Lehto shrugs as Quinn takes the fragment back and stares thoughtfully at it.

QUINN

Okay, thanks.

BOWERMAN

Anytime. If you two find the rest of that, bring it in, I'd like to find out what it was after all!

Quinn nods and heads for the door.

The two detectives leave the forensics lab and walks back towards the stairs. Quinn has the bone fragment sealed in a plastic evidence bag, giving it a last look before tucking it into his pocket.

LEHTO

So what do you think, Jonny Boy? Do we have a crime wave led by the horror that is Gentle Ben?

QUINN

I'm not sure... but I've seen stuff like this before.

LEHTO

You have? Where?

QUINN

All over. Unusual skin or tissue samples, tooth and bone fragments left at crime scenes. There's a catalogue of unidentifiable stuff like this in police files up and down the country.

LEHTO

And let me guess, it has a habit of showing up at crime scenes for our mystery killer from Sunnydale?

QUINN

Not always, but sometimes, yeah.

They reach the lift, and Lehto calls it.

LEHTO

Okay, I'll buy it. So what does it all mean? Shall I put out an APB for the Elephant Man?

QUINN

It means we're close. And it means that she's close.

They step inside, and we watch as the doors close.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT.

Noa's car pulls to a halt and the girls look out across the wrecked building we saw Pryor enter.

NOA

This is the last place, right?

FAITH

Right. If he ain't in there, well...

NOA

Then let's just hope he is!

They get out and dart cross the street, climbing inside.

INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT.

The girls pace through the same darkness, Noa slapping her flashlight to try and coax some power out of its drained batteries, Faith scanning the interior.

NOA

Gah! This stupid thing! I told Pryor to get more batteries, but he said 'the budget won't-

FAITH

Ssh!

Faith holds a hand up, and Noa shuts up. Faith gestures off to the left, and with a nod Noa follows her.

30

INT. DARKENED ROOM. NIGHT.

30

Faith steps into the room we saw the demon occupy earlier, and as she hears the same SCRATCHNG sound Pryor did, she draws her stake on reflex. The room is apparently empty, broken wooden furniture and boxes scattered across the floor.

Faith steps carefully inside through an empty doorframe, Noa tucked in behind. A line of thick plastic curtains are hanging across the ceiling, dividing the room in half, and we can see the shadows of things hanging behind them. Faith reaches out a cautious hand, then WHIPS the curtains back.

We see four very dead bodies, hearts cut out, hanging by their ankles from the ceiling. Noa yelps in surprise, but a steely-eyed Faith looks round and spots something worse.

Pryor is hanging too, a bloody wound across his forehead. Faith jogs over to him and presses two fingers to his neck, sighing with relief as she finds a pulse.

NOA

Faith? Is he...

FAITH

He's alive. Kinda tied up, tho.
Come on, shine that flashlight up
there, I'll see if I can get him
down.

NOA

What about the others?

FAITH

They're dead. The lack of a heart
kinda gives it away.

Faith drags a crate across and steps on it to reach up and cut Pryor loose, ripping away a leather strap holding him up.

He flops into her arms, and she lowers him to the floor as Noa crouches next to him. The girls haven't noticed the new shadow standing just behind them.

FAITH (cont'd)

(slapping his cheeks)

Pryor? Pryor!

He comes to, woozy.

PRYOR

Hrnh? Wha?

FAITH

You were busy doing a Skywalker.
What happened?

(CONTINUED)

DEMON (O.S.)

I did, Slayer.

Faith spins round - and sees the quazlatil demon, all six foot, two hundred pounds of it. It grins wickedly.

DEMON (cont'd)

And I'd love to see what you're going to do about it!

FAITH

Aw, heck..

As the demon takes a step forward, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

31 INT. DARKENED ROOM. NIGHT.

31

Faith backs up, one hand pushing Noa to the side as the demon advances, hefting the hanging bodies aside.

FAITH

So is this your gig? Kill people,
take their hearts, truss 'em up
here to save the rest for later?

DEMON

Something like that.

FAITH

Kinda unimaginative, don't ya
think? What'd you do, get bored and
watch Predator too many times?

DEMON

I did, actually. You know they
based the monster in that on me?

FAITH

I get that, you sure are one ugly
mother-

NOA

Faith, look out!

Faith's head turns - but she's too slow, and with a meaty
WHAP she's knocked off her feet by something.

She staggers back to her feet, and we see what hit her - the
demon has a long, thick tail that snakes in front of him,
rising like a scorpion's sting again.

DEMON

You're interrupting something
important, Slayer!

FAITH

That's me, always callin' round at
a bad time!

She leaps forward, but the tail is too quick, catching her in
mid-air and throwing her hard against the brick wall.

Faith collapses, stunned, to the ground as the demon steps up
to Noa.

DEMON

(grins)
Now then.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED: 31

DEMON (cont'd)
This scrawny bearded one was just a
snack for myself for later... you
were the one I was hoping to find.

He reaches out a claw for her, and a terrified NOA screams,
as we dissolve to:

32 INT. DARKENED ROOM - LATER. 32

Faith groans and stirs, sitting up and rubbing the back of
her head painfully. She looks up and sees a Faith-sized dent
in the wall behind her, and slowly gets up.

Pryor and Noa have gone, and Faith staggers forward, shoving
the plastic curtains out of the way. The hanging bodies swing
with a creak as she passes them.

33 INT. ABANDONED BUILDING. NIGHT. 33

Faith walks back into the gloom, looking round for any trace
of her two colleagues.

Sounds of a scuffle attract her attention, and she spots an
entrance to another room.

34 INT. BUILDING - LARGER ROOM. NIGHT. 34

Faith jogs up to the doorframe and waits, listening. Off
camera, we can hear the demon humming some kind of chant
under its breath, and the sounds of something bubbling.

Faith peers round the empty doorframe and sees the demon,
with Noa laid out unconscious on a slab in front of him, a
large cauldron smoking and bubbling behind him. Pryor is
gagged and bound, shoved awkwardly into one corner of the
room, also out cold.

Faith is about to spring forward when she hears someone else
approaching, and she hangs back.

The woman we saw earlier walks into the room through a side
entrance, a heavy coat and wide-brimmed hat on against the
rain outside.

The demon opens one eye, spots her and huffs.

DEMON
Nice of you to finally join me. Oh,
and, before I forget, excellent job
in bringing the girl here yourself.

The woman, her face still obscured, looks down to Noa and
starts to reach a hand out towards her, but the demon swats
it away.

(CONTINUED)

DEMON (cont'd)

This is no time to get sentimental.
I have to perform the ritual now,
otherwise I don't get my heart, and
if I don't get my heart, what's in
that bag stays in there,
permanently.

The demon points down to the body bag we saw earlier, laid out on a similar slab to his left.

WOMAN

Isn't there some other way? I... I
can't watch you do this to her..

DEMON

Tough. You want your boy, you just
sit back and watch.

The woman takes a step back and removes her hat - she's attractive, early forties at the latest, with long, golden blonde hair and high cheekbones. She looks down at Noa tenderly as the demon holds one claw out over her chest.

DEMON (cont'd)

(chanting)

From the life of five shall come
five decades of sleep, and from the
life of five shall come the power
to restore one, all for this price
I pay to thee.

The demon's other hand comes into frame - and his claws are out, each two inches long. He poises the claws over Noa's chest, ready to strike.

Faith's had enough. She stands and strides imperiously into the room, halting the demon's chant.

FAITH

Hope you got a license for those
claws, bud, 'cause otherwise I'm
gonna to confiscate 'em.

DEMON

(hisses)

You!!

(to woman)

You did this! You led her here!

WOMAN

What?!? I - no!!

(CONTINUED)

DEMON

You think you can trick me? You
think you can save both the girl
and the child?

The demon grabs Noa by the throat and lifts her up, holding
his claws to her jugular as Faith dashes in.

DEMON (cont'd)

Then I'll let her lifeblood pour
onto this filthy floor, and you can
watch all of your empty promises
die with her!

WOMAN

No!!

The demon starts to tighten his hand - and then with a soft
WHUMP Faith's stake embeds itself in the back of his hand.

He HOWLS in pain and drops Noa, who the woman dashes in to
catch.

FAITH

See! I warned ya...

The demon SNARLS and leaps over the slab to the attack.

DEMON

Five must die! From the life in
their hearts, I will sleep, and I
won't let you ruin it!

FAITH

Yeah, cry me a river already.

SMACK! She gets one good punch in across the demon's jaw, and
he staggers backwards. He reaches out and grabs her by the
hair, snapping her round and slamming her against the stone
slab.

She wheezes for breath as he throws a handful of her hair to
the ground. Faith lunges forward, wrenches her stake from his
hand and SLAMS it into his chest.

The demon GASPS and staggers backwards, hands clawing at the
wood in his chest as his strength fails and he sinks to the
floor.

DEMON

One more... that was all...

He expires, and Faith turns to see the woman cradling Noa,
sobbing.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Okay, let's start this with a
'huh?' and work from there. Who are
you?

The woman looks up, teary-eyed.

WOMAN

My son... my son died in a car
accident, and he... he came to me, he
said he could bring my son back if
I... if I brought him one more heart.

Faith glances over to the body bag, and the penny drops.

FAITH

Did that thing tell you he could
bring him back?

The woman nods, not noticing that Noa is starting to come
round as she continues speaking.

WOMAN

He said I needed to sacrifice blood
for blood, that the only way I
could revive one member of my
family was if another was to die...

FAITH

Hold up, are you saying-

NOA

(weakly)

Mom?

The woman, Noa's mother BARBARA, looks down at her daughter
in her arms. Noa blinks as her eyes focus, and Barbara
smiles.

Noa doesn't smile back, however, and sharply pushes her away,
falling back onto the floor. Faith helps her up as Barbara
starts to cry again.

FAITH

You okay?

NOA

(icily)

I'm fine.

She rubs her throat as she looks coldly at her mother.

NOA (cont'd)

What's she doing here?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I get the feeling mommy dearest is
about to explain everything. Right?

Barbara nods and slowly picks herself up, her eyes now locked
on the body bag on the other slab.

BARBARA

Noa, that's... that was your brother.

NOA

(dumbfounded)

My- I have a- what?!?

BARBARA

Noa, I'm sorry, I wanted to-

NOA

No, stop! Stop! How do I have a
brother?!?

BARBARA

(deep breath)

After you left home, three years
ago, I got myself pregnant again,
and... and against my better
judgement, I kept it. 'It' turned
out to be little Tommy, and I loved
him more than anything in the
world...

Faith glances at Noa, who is pale and shaking as she tries to
take these revelations in.

FAITH

So what happened to him?

BARBARA

He was running down the street, I
lost sight of him for a second, and
this car... Hours after it happened,
that... that demon, that thing
approached me, told me he could
bring Tommy back, but I had to
choose someone else. Somebody to...
who'd die in his place.

NOA

(stiffens)

And you picked me, right? Your
'lost' daughter?

Barbara bursts into tears, her head buried in her hands.

(CONTINUED)

BARBARA

Noa, baby, I'm so, so sorry! I didn't realise what I'd done, I was still so angry at you for leaving, after everything that happened, I was half crazy with grief, and I-

NOA

(cold)

And you did exactly what your conscience told you to. You haven't changed a bit, mom.

Noa spits the last word out, and stares coldly down at her mother as she sinks to her knees, still sobbing and moaning 'I'm sorry...' over and over again.

Faith reaches down and unties Pryor, who is starting to come to at last, and looks up at Noa in a new light as the normally bubbly girl glares down at her mother with undisguised disgust.

NOA (cont'd)

Get up.

Barbara looks up and stands, tears staining her face. Noa is suddenly close to tears too, but holds it back.

NOA (cont'd)

Get out of here.

BARBARA

Noa, I

NOA

(furious)

No!! No, get away from me! I had a brother... I had a brother, and you never told me!! You never even told me, and now he's dead! Get out of my sight!

Barbara hesitates, then realises she only has one option. She walks straight back out of the room and away. Faith watches her go and then stands, stepping over to Noa.

FAITH

Are we just gonna let her go? Shouldn't we-

NOA

Forget about her.

FAITH

And what the hell was all that about-

(CONTINUED)

NOA
(sharply)
Faith. Please. Not now.

Faith takes a step back, nods in understanding and helps Pryor to his feet as the two head for the doorway.

PRYOR
Faith, I know I've taken a blow to the head, but... what just happened?

FAITH
Ah, you know. Family stuff.

Noa is left alone. She steps forward, over the body of the dead demon, towards the still zipped up body bag.

Trembling, she reaches out a hand towards it then stops, biting her lip and pulling her hand away. She turns and walks out, throwing one last glance into the room before leaving.

35 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM. NIGHT.

35

Pryor's head is bandaged up now, and Faith passes him a mug of coffee. He sips it with a nod of his head to say thanks, wincing as the movement causes him pain.

FAITH
So what do we know about that nasty? Besides the 'big and tough' part.

PRYOR
A very rare form of demon, it has to enter a fifty-year long period of hibernation every fifty years, and to do this it needs to consume five human hearts, something to do with the vitamins and minerals it ingests from them to maintain its metabolism while its asleep. As for the power to raise the dead... well, there are some things that fall beyond the realm of science, and that's one of them. I'd imagine that the same process that sustains its body allows it to regenerate the cells of the recently dead, but the need for a close family connection would suggest some kind of magical property... Imagine the medical ramifications if we could use that...

Pryor drifts off, lost in thought, and Faith jolts back to life with a start.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Huh?

PRYOR

Sorry, that did get a bit technical, didn't it!

FAITH

'S cool. I'm getting used to phasing out whenever your word count passes a certain limit.

(looks round)

Where's Noa?

PRYOR

I, ah, left her in my office. I think she needs to deal with this herself for now.

FAITH

Did you know any of that stuff about her mom? What happened between the two of them?

PRYOR

I don't know and I'd rather not ask, she'll tell us more when she's ready.

With Pryor and Faith's voices drifting into the dark office, Noa sits on the chair behind the desk, hugging her knees, crying openly.

PRYOR (O.S.)

I'm sure she had her reasons for keeping it quiet, and that's her business.

FAITH (O.S.)

She's a tough kid. She'll be okay.

PRYOR (O.S.)

Yes, I hope so.

From Noa's sobbing, we cut to:

With the white FLASH of a camera briefly illuminating the frame, we see that the police have descended on the demon's lair. Police tape covers the entrances, the hanging bodies have been taken down and are lined up in body bags next to the missing little brother's, and the dead demon's body is covered by a sheet.

Quinn and Lehto are investigating, Lehto organising the paramedics as they start to cart the body bags away.

LEHTO

That's the last of 'em. Four dead, not including our missing cadaver from the morgue. Well, four dead, the kid's body and whatever the hell that thing was.

Lehto lifts the sheet over the demon and grimaces.

LEHTO (cont'd)

The hell is that, anyway?

QUINN

I have no idea.

Quinn spots something and leans forward.

LEHTO

What?

QUINN

Look, see the wound over the chest?

LEHTO

Yeah, big hole, I'm not laying my reputation on the line by guessing that was the cause of death. So what?

QUINN

We've seen wounds like that before.

LEHTO

(thinks)

The Sunnydale girl?

QUINN

I told you she was in town. That's her style, alright. Sharp, edged weapon to the chest at close range.

Quinn stands and starts looking round the room, crouching down by the stone slabs as Lehto lights a cigarette.

LEHTO

What're you hopin' to find?

Quinn holds up his gloved hand - he's found the clump of hair that the demon tore out during the fight with Faith. He turns it round, examining it.

QUINN

Tracks.

(CONTINUED)

37 CONTINUED: (2)

And from Quinn's look as he studies the hair, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW