

FAITH

"Everlasting"

by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. ALLEY/THE LAB - DAY 1

The sun shines on the city of New York. Pedestrians stroll along the sidewalk just a few feet from the Lab's back door.

PRYOR (V.O)
It does not!

2 INT. THE LAB - EXAMINATION ROOM - DAY 2

PRYOR is in his lab coat, doing some tests with various liquids. NOA is standing by the cabinets, pulling random ones open and sniffing them.

NOA
It so does! People in China know
it!

PRYOR
A slight over-exaggeration, I
think.

NOA
No way, I'm telling you, this place
stinks like --
(seeing)
Faith!

FAITH enters. Pryor hasn't noticed her yet.

PRYOR
This place stinks like Faith?

FAITH
Gee, thanks. And I thought you two
liked havin' me around, too...

PRYOR
Oh, no... um, that's what Noa said.

NOA
No, what I was actually saying was,
this place is getting ripe.

PRYOR
(protests)
It's the chemicals!

NOA
It's the dead demons in the storage
containers!

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

I've gotta agree. Demon flesh is up there with used cat litter in the Bad Stink stakes.

Noa SMILES, as if winning the argument.

PRYOR

Fine. I'll get some air fresheners.
(beat)
Faith, we've got some news.

FAITH

Slay related?

PRYOR

As always. We've had some dead bodies turn up. Human, this time.

NOA

Not just dead, either. They were, like, totally ripped and shredded.

FAITH

Nice. So, what have you got?

PRYOR

My contact revealed some very unusual details about the killings - it looks like the bodies have been cleaned out, their organs just boiled away. Not the usual killings we see round here.

NOA

And the best part? The victims are always together.

FAITH

(raises eyebrow)
That's the 'best' part?

NOA

Well, no, but what I meant was, the dead people are always in a certain position when they die. We have photographs.

(to Pryor)

Show her the photos!

Pryor does, passing some Polaroids to Faith. She looks them over, then looks back to them.

FAITH

Where did you get these?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
My, uh, contact.

NOA
(brightly)
He has a friend who's a cop!

PRYOR
Hey! I was trying to maintain a
vague degree of secrecy and...
(off their looks)
... and I should stop pretending I'm
'cool' at all and start dealing
with this case.

NOA
Okay. And I'm all onboard here and
everything, but I'm not staying in
here another second until this
place is completely stench free.

She GRABS her jacket and EXITS. Faith turns to Pryor.

FAITH
Girl's got a point. I've smelt
worse, but even that wasn't every
day.

PRYOR
(defeated)
I'll sort something out.

He returns to his work.

We cut away to another time and place, inside a dark cave
entrance. The caves are eerily silent, not a whisper in the
wind. The walls are alight with burning lanterns.

Suddenly, there is a FLASH OF BLUE AND RED as a vortex opens.

Two figures are thrown out of the vortex, which quickly
dissipates after their arrival. They are DEMONS, ugly, big,
and holding hands.

They turn to each other, a longing gaze into each other's
eyes. Then --

TWO MEN enter the caves, brandishing swords. The demons
exchange a look before OPENING THEIR MOUTHS WIDE.

An energy is released, which funnels into the men. They
STAGGER back, until the energy is completely inside.

CONTINUED:

They turn to each other, smiling, their eyes glowing RED. On this, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

4

INT. PRYOR'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

4

Pryor is making his way around the kitchen, tidying things up. He turns to Faith in the doorway, and throws her a nervous smile, obviously not used to having ladies round.

PRYOR

It's messy, I know, but truth be told, I don't really get a lot of visitors. I guess it's the work I do.

FAITH

Sure can't be your way with the ladies.

(beat)

So this kitchen is right above the examination room, right?

PRYOR

Yes, yes it is.

FAITH

So that's what that smell is.

PRYOR

Sorry?

FAITH

Nothing. Just saying... it's a great apartment.

PRYOR

Just redecorated. Took me a while, had to do it alone. Noa turned down the overtime, I don't think decorating is her forte somehow!

FAITH

No family round here?

PRYOR

My Mom is back in Florida and, well, I don't see my father. How about you? Parents? Siblings?

FAITH

Got a cat. He's about all I need. Great thing about cats is you just feed 'em and leave 'em. When they want company, they come back, when they don't, they go. I can identify with that.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

(beat)

Sorry, did I touch on a bad subject there?

FAITH

My Mom cared more about herself and her life than me and my Dad, well, I don't even know who my Dad is and couldn't care less. So... yeah.

PRYOR

That must have been tough growing up. I mean, not having the stability.

FAITH

I got through it.

(beat)

So how about you? This demon business isn't the kind you get from a job agency, how'd it end up being your gig?

PRYOR

I'm making up for things I should have done a long time ago.

FAITH

Yeah, you said before. Guess we're not so different after all.

PRYOR

I bet you've got some stories, with you being the Slayer and everything.

FAITH

A Slayer. There's a lot more of us runnin' round now.

PRYOR

There is?

FAITH

Yeah. Big spell. All the potential Slayers got their power, went and saved the world. It was quite a ride, shoulda been there.

PRYOR

Wow. I mean... that's gotta even it out a bit, right?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

You'd think that, but instead it put things off balance, and... let's just say it ended with a death.

(beat)

Actually, a couple of 'em.

PRYOR

So that's what you meant when you said you'd seen too many people killed. I get it now.

FAITH

Don't take this personal, Pryor, but you don't. I'm not really into the whole sharing feelings thing, so-

(sees)

What's this?

She picks up some test tubes, with an orange liquid in it. Pryor quickly takes them from her.

PRYOR

Instant fire. New invention, smash one of these on the ground and you'll have yourself some flames - well, only for a short time. I haven't worked out how to prolong the effect.

FAITH

Oh.

(beat)

So, you got Tivo? I keep missing 'Lost' and you strike me as the kind of guy who tapes it in neatly-numbered boxes.

She peers into the lounge at the TV, then back to Pryor, who looks guilty as his secret Tivo habit is revealed.

We pan the room until we come across an AGED MAN. He's coughing in his bed, looking like death itself.

He turns to see a second older MAN walk through the door, who comes to the bed, taking the other one's hand.

OLD MAN #2

I have one, finally! He is young and ripe, and he will-

OLD MAN #1

No... there must be two...

OLD MAN #2

I have been searching high and low,
but to no avail. At least this one
will save you.

OLD MAN #1

I will not transfer without you... it
would not be right.

OLD MAN #2

But you could die here if you do
not!

OLD MAN #1

I would rather die by your side
with us both this aged, than watch
you die without a face to match.

OLD MAN #2

This is not how it is to end. I
will not lose you to this mortal
disease.

OLD MAN #1

Then keep looking, my love. Keep
looking for a pair, whose hearts
are open and will allow us inside.

OLD MAN #2

Your words are beauty in its rarest
form. I will fulfil the quest and
we shall live on. Always together.

OLD MAN #1

As the creator himself intended.

They share a tender moment before Old Man #2 pulls away,
grabbing an ax from the wall and EXITING.

Faith is alone in the lab, looking over some papers. She
turns and walks into the back office, sitting down at the
desk, catching some shuteye.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

Long day?

She turns to see GABRIEL standing just a few feet away from
her. Rolling her eyes, she responds with added sarcasm.

FAITH

Oh good, it's you.

Gabriel grins back at her, the remark bouncing off him.

GABRIEL

Expecting someone else? Come on, you should know by now I come and go at times that aren't always appropriate.

FAITH

Whatever. What do you want?

GABRIEL

Geez, anyone would think you didn't like me!

(beat; serious)

I'm here is because something is going down tonight.

FAITH

Great. So, are you gonna tell me what or just hand me a bunch of riddles like last time?

GABRIEL

People are dying.

FAITH

Yeah, happens every day. Not a lot I can do about that.

GABRIEL

Innocent people.

FAITH

(scoffs)

No such thing.

GABRIEL

I get that you're not the most willing champion, but you have a job to do.

FAITH

I know. Which is why I'm gonna get on with it. Got loads of samples to sort --

GABRIEL

Not the job I was talking about, Faith. The deaths are supernatural. So, as always, you will have to intervene.

FAITH

And here's me thinking I'd just get a front row seat and some tacos!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Look, Gabe, there are plenty more
Slayers out there now, most with a
lot less baggage than me. Why fix
on me?

GABRIEL
(ignores the question)
Pryor won't find the reasons. He'll
need to look deeper.

FAITH
(eyes him)
O-kay. So, any more cryptic clues
while you're here, or does the
Sphinx want them back?

GABRIEL
Look down the ages.

Faith waits for him to continue, but he's said his piece.
Finally she stands, looking him over.

FAITH
So what are you anyway? Some kind
of sucky guardian angel?

GABRIEL
(grins)
All good things come to those who --

FAITH
Cut the crap here. Okay? I'm
through with taking it from you.
Just tell me what you want from me.

GABRIEL
I've told you before. To make sure
you stay on the right path.
(beat)
Faith, you've done a lot of good in
your life already, but that's not
enough. You must believe in
yourself. Only then will you be the
champion you've dreamed of
becoming.

FAITH
(raises hands)
Whoa. I ain't been dreaming of --

GABRIEL
You can't fool me, Faith. I see it
all. Your hopes, dreams... your soul.
Yeah, you still have a soul,
despite your best efforts to act
like you don't. It's time you
proved that.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
(beat)
I can try, but-

GABRIEL
Do, or do not. There is no try.

A beat, then Faith groans and Gabriel chuckles.

GABRIEL (cont'd)
Sorry, couldn't resist that. Try is
all you can do. Just believe in
yourself.

FAITH
So... down the ages, huh? That means,
like, a timeline, right?

NOA (O.S.)
Faith?

Faith suddenly JOLTS AWAKE. She'd been sleeping. She turns to
see Noa standing right beside her.

FAITH
Damn it!

NOA
Are you okay? You looked... well, you
were talking in your sleep.

FAITH
(disorientated)
Yeah, I'm... timeline! I have to tell
Pryor to look down the timeline.

NOA
O-kay...
(then)
So anyway, I got some major
cleaning stuff to get this place
back on the health and safety chart
'cause seriously, it's way off the
radar, you know, with the dead
demons and everything.

Faith is a little confused still, but quickly rushes out of
the back office, to find Pryor just ENTERING.

FAITH
Pryor, I've got some info on what's
killing these people.

PRYOR
You do? From where?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

We have to look back over the years, I think there's been more like this.

PRYOR

How do you know that?

FAITH

Let's just say I got a message.

On Pryor's bemused expression, we cut to:

INT. THE LAB - EXAMINATION ROOM - LATER

Pryor is at the computer, while Faith and Noa are at the desk, looking over some old newspapers.

NOA

So you really have someone who comes to you and tells you about the bad stuff?

(beat)

Is he cute?

FAITH

He's an annoying jerk! Like he's been specifically chosen to piss me off, you know? Tells me these things then 'pfft!' He's gone! Doesn't even stick around for-

NOA

(raises eyebrow)

Coffee?

FAITH

(stern)

Hey. Dangerous ground, sister. Back away from the vehicle.

NOA

If he's a hottie and a good guy, why not mix a little business with pleasure?

FAITH

Because... just no. Not jumping on that horse again.

Noa notices her almost sullen expression.

NOA

Your last relationship, what happened to him?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)
'Cause, you know, I don't need my
psyche exams to know there's what
we call 'history' there.

FAITH
He... let's just say I wasn't there
for him when he needed me the most.

NOA
He died?

Faith nods and looks back at the papers, suddenly sombre.

NOA (cont'd)
I'm sorry. I didn't mean to push.

FAITH
'S cool. It was a long time ago.

NOA
Yeah but still... I'm sorry, you
know.

PRYOR
(calls)
Girls!

Faith and Noa quickly jump up, rushing over to the computer
where Pryor is sitting.

FAITH
Found something?

PRYOR
I think so. It took a while but
there's cases like these spanning
over five hundred years.

NOA
So it's a serial killer.
(confused)
Wait. A five hundred year old
serial killer? Are there a lot of
those? Something doesn't add up.

FAITH
It does if it's a demon.

NOA
(sighs)
Demons. Demons. Demons. It's all I
ever hear about these days! Aren't
there any other kinds of monsters
out there? You know, for a bit of
variety?

7

CONTINUED: (2)

7

Faith concentrates on the PC, leaving Noa to her thoughts as we dissolve to:

8

EXT. LAKE - 1659 A.D

8

A RED HEADED WOMAN and TEENAGE BOY sit in the fields by a beautiful lake, laying down, looking at the sun.

RED HEAD

This is beautiful, Odan. Everything
I've dreamed of.

TEENAGER

I would do anything for you, Unia.
I would pluck the stars from the
sky.

RED HEAD

Just you. That is all I wish for.
That is all I have ever wished for.
To hold you, touch you, feel you as
if your skin were my own.

(beat)

It is but a shame we cannot be in
our own skin.

TEENAGER

Yes, but sometimes the world works
in mysterious ways and we cannot
always have what we dream of.

RED HEAD

But we do. Now, we do.

TEENAGER

Unia...

(beat; sad)

Soon these bodies will cease to
hold us. Our power is too strong.

RED HEAD

Yes. Do not fret, my love, I have
already lined up more hosts.

TEENAGER

(smiles)

You think of everything.

RED HEAD

I only think of you. You are my
always.

The Red Head leans forward and the two are soon locked in a
passionate embrace, and we start to pan away from them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As the camera PANS, we see two people, a BALD MAN and a NOBLEWOMAN, tied up, bound and gagged.

As they struggle for freedom, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

9

INT. THE LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

9

Pryor is on the phone. Faith, waiting in the seat opposite, looks bored and impatient. Finally he hangs it up.

PRYOR

He can't tell me anything more.

FAITH

That's some contact you've got!

PRYOR

Well, without knowing the exact details, I'd say we're pretty much in the dark. Except, we know it's a demon... which was pretty much a given anyway.

Noa suddenly BURSTS through the door.

NOA

We're in!

PRYOR

Ah! Excellent.

(to Faith)

We thought that maybe we could get into the police station if we posed as reporters.

FAITH

Police station --?

PRYOR

I've already made some fake I.D. for us, it'll be like a piece of cake. I'll distract them long enough for you to get into the case files and --

FAITH

(shakes head)

Woah, woah, back up there, Cagney and Lacey. I... I can't go into a police station.

NOA

What? But... do you know how long I had to lie to get us in there?

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Faith, this is the only shot we have of tracking this demon and stopping it from killing anymore innocent people.

FAITH

I know but... I just can't. It's a long story, me and cops don't mix, okay?

NOA

(curious)

And you don't mix because...?

FAITH

(changes subject)

You two can handle it, right? I know a few places and people I can try to get some news out of, maybe they'll help more than your cop contact.

NOA

But --

PRYOR

(interrupts)

That sounds like an excellent plan.

FAITH

I'll get started, see you both later.

And with that the Slayer gets up and EXITS.

NOA

What's her deal?

PRYOR

I don't know. That girl undoubtedly has a past she'd rather we didn't know too much about.

NOA

We all do, it's what generally comes with living. You know, living? That stuff that happens outside of work?

PRYOR

No, I mean... it doesn't matter. We should be getting ready to infiltrate the station.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Yeah. It's almost dangerous.

(beat)

Are you scared?

PRYOR

(beat)

A bit. Just pretend we're on a TV show or something.

Noa nods in understanding.

10

EXT. THE LAB/STREETS

10

Faith comes out of the back door and leans against it as it closes, covering her face with her hands.

After a moment, she shakes herself, as if pulling herself out of a trance. She pulls out a cigarette, lights it, and inhales. Then, she continues through the alley and into the street.

As she leaves, someone comes out from the shadows. It's Gabriel. He looks on after her, before turning around, and walking in the opposite direction.

11

INT. POLICE STATION - GRANGER'S OFFICE

11

DETECTIVE ROGER GRANGER, a bulky man in his late forties, sits at his desk. Pryor and Noa sit opposite, sporting I.D that makes them out to be with the New York Post.

GRANGER

Look, I'm sure you two are here for legit reasons, all I'm saying is that we don't get a lot of New York Post reporters wanting to come down for an interview without there being a catch!

PRYOR

Well, to tell you the truth, we, um-

NOA

We heard about the case with the dead people. You know, where their organs get cooked?

PRYOR

Yeah. That's pretty much what we heard.

NOA

And we were wondering if you could comment on that.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

Maybe tell us something we could,
you know, print, and therefore...

PRYOR

Therefore, the public would know
what to look for. They could be on
the lookout, so to speak.

NOA

Yeah, so to speak.

GRANGER

And what did you say your names
were?

NOA

Charlene Edmunds, and this is...

PRYOR

Mitchell Dobbs. Yes, that is my
name.

NOA

We just wanted to see if we could
help with this awful --

PRYOR

Tragic.

NOA

Awful and tragic case. I mean, it's
obviously the work of a serial
killer.

PRYOR

Obviously.

NOA

I mean, from what we've heard.
We're just reporters, it's not like
we've researched this case or
anything!

PRYOR

(laughs)

Oh my, no!

NOA

But say someone had, what would
they find out?

PRYOR

More deaths?

NOA

Maybe years ago?

PRYOR

Decades?

NOA

Centuries?

(realising)

Oh right, yeah. No, that could never happen. I mean, not as if we have creatures in this world that can live to over that --

(quickly)

So, any comments, Detective?

Granger looks at them, a little confused, a little amused.

GRANGER

Maybe I could --

NOA

Get some case files? Are they in here?

GRANGER

No. They're in the, uh, file room.

PRYOR

That's upstairs, right?

GRANGER

No, actually, that's down in the basement but what has that --

NOA

(switches on the charm)

Detective Granger, how does a man like you stay looking so young and alert when you have all this work to do?

She discreetly motions for Pryor to get out.

PRYOR

(stands)

Oh, right! Well, I have to go... use the men's room. Because... I need to pee.

NOA

(rolls her eyes)

He has bladder problems. If he doesn't go straight away he'll just burst like a water balloon.

(CONTINUED)

GRANGER

Oh. Well, the facilities are upstairs. Take a left and down the corridor, you'll find them there.

PRYOR

Thanks. And once I'm done there, No -- I mean, Charlene, we'll meet back here.

NOA

Uh huh.

(to Granger)

Do you have a personal trainer? I mean, you just look so fit!

Pryor quickly makes his EXIT as Noa flirts with Granger, distracting him.

We see Faith sitting at the bar, not so much pumping demons for information as knocking some beers back. She turns to FRITZ, who's slouching, listening to her.

FAITH

It's just... you know when you know your past is gonna come back to bite you in the ass but you just can't do anything about it?

FRITZ

Seems to me you need to tell your friends.

FAITH

(quickly)

They're not my friends.

(beat)

They're just people I work with.

FRITZ

So why does it feel to me like you're scared of losing them?

FAITH

Trust me, I'm not. For the first few days I was here, all I had for company was a stray cat that sneaked into my apartment. But those two? I'm not. I'm really not.

(then)

I guess I never fit in. Ever. It's like a disease. Wherever I go, I'm just there to help out.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)

I mean, before I was there to kill the people who only ever tried to help me but now... I mean, I helped Angel when he went evil. I helped Buffy stop the army of Uber- Vamps... then tried to help her kill an Old One, which was really her sister!

FRITZ

(beat)

You realise I don't know who any of those people are, right?

Faith shrugs and knocks back another swig of beer.

FRITZ (cont'd)

So you're repaying old debts, huh?

FAITH

Don't get me wrong, stick me in the hive and I'll have a gay old time, but... these people, they really think I'm Xena the fricken Warrior Princess or something.

FRITZ

And you don't?

FAITH

That's not who I am.

FRITZ

So tell them. Tell them about your past before they find out themselves. 'Cause the way I see it, that'd be worse.

FAITH

Maybe. Maybe I just need to...

(beat)

Wow. The beer really brings out the sharer in me. This isn't good.

FRITZ

Yeah but it's okay. I'm the bartender.

FAITH

Always got an ear, right?

FRITZ

Two last time I checked. One hasn't worked so good since that last Motorhead gig, though.

12 CONTINUED: (2)

12

FAITH
(sighs)
Well, I guess I really should be
beating people up for information.

FRITZ
(smirks)
Yeah, good luck with that.

She finishes off her beer and heads out the door.

13 INT. POLICE STATION - FILE ROOM

13

The door opens and Pryor flicks on the lights. He looks around, seeing filing cabinets everywhere, as well as a single desk in the middle of the room, with a vase and some flowers on it.

PRYOR
This could take a while...

He gets stuck in, looking over the cabinets, reading the labels. He comes to a cabinet and smiles.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Thank God for organised filing
systems!

He pulls open the drawer and takes out a file, looking it over. He grimaces at one of the photos.

A WOMAN is lying on the ground, very much dead. We can tell because her skin is literally slashed to bits, as if something crawled out of her. Her jaw is horribly disfigured, bent in a way it should never be.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Holy...

OFFICER (O.S.)
Who are you?

Pryor SNAPS his head around to see the OFFICER standing in the doorway. He looks down at the open folder in his hand and tries to look as innocent as he can.

PRYOR
Um, hi.

OFFICER
What are you doing down here?

PRYOR
Me? I was just... I'm Mitchell Dobbs.
I'm with the New York Post and
we're here because...

(CONTINUED)

OFFICER

Are you snooping around?

PRYOR

What? No! I mean... well, yes.

(beat)

Are you going to have me escorted
out of the building now?

OFFICER

Actually, I'm gonna get Detective
Granger on the call and have him
deal with you. He's never been one
for the press since that business
at the costume party!

The officer turns around, grabbing his CELL PHONE out of his
pocket and begins to dial. Suddenly, Pryor SMASHES the vase
over his head. The officer drops.

PRYOR

Sorry, there's just more at stake
here.

He folds up the file, tucking it inside his jacket, and
quickly leaves the basement, turning the lights back off.

INT. POLICE STATION - GRANGER'S OFFICE

Pryor enters to see Noa stroking Granger's arm.

PRYOR

What the --

GRANGER

Um, we were just discussing the...
case.

PRYOR

Yeah, well, Noa- um, Charlene,
whatever your name is, we need to
go. Now.

NOA

Oh. Right. Yes.

(to Granger)

It's been fun, sweetie, thanks for
talking with me!

She quickly jumps up as she and Pryor EXIT. Granger looks on,
disappointed.

INT. THE LAB - EXAMINATION ROOM

Pryor and Noa are going over the case file they stole from
the police station.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I hope that officer's okay.

NOA

You had to do it, Pryor. A vase to the head was the only way to make sure we got this file, so we could stop this demon from killing any more people...

(thinks)

... and I'm suddenly wondering when my life started to revolve around demons!

PRYOR

I thinking it probably began when you came to work for me.

NOA

So, I blame you for destroying my life.

PRYOR

Hey! Now that's not... well, okay, that's fair, I suppose.

NOA

Ah, relax. It's not like I've been out much since Shelley and Louise moved away anyway, if I wasn't here I'd just be at home, watching TV and trying to finish writing my novel...

(thoughtful)

You know, I still remember that first demon I saw. It was horrible... but it didn't scare me as much as seeing my Grandma without makeup and the rollers.

(shudders)

That's a memory that'll haunt me forever!

PRYOR

Do you blame me, Noa?

NOA

For what?

PRYOR

Getting you into this? You only came here to pay your way through college and... you ended up giving that life up so you could do what? Help me?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

I gave it up because, next to the work we do here, it doesn't even compare. Pryor, you opened my eyes to the real world and yeah, I complain about the demons and, God, the smell but at least I can try and help, you know? Do the right thing and if we save some lives in between, then even better.

(beat)

But you really need to sort out the smell 'cause I am so not sticking around any longer.

PRYOR

Okay, okay! I'll buy some things.

NOA

Not the cheap stuff. I come out in a rash if you get the cheap stuff.

FAITH (O.S.)

Hey.

They turn to see Faith ENTER.

FAITH (cont'd)

So what'd you find out?

NOA

That Detective Granger is a complete pervert who did nothing but try and get into my -

(realising)

And you meant about the demon, right?

Faith nods, bemused.

PRYOR

We managed to get a file from the appropriately-named file room. There's some photos of the recent victims but I don't think the cops have made the connection to the murders from previous centuries.

NOA

Yeah, turns out they don't really know about demons so they don't bother checking that kinda thing.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

And did I mention how grossed out I was having to flirt with that detective? At one point he had his hand on my knee!

FAITH

Where is it?

NOA

Well, it's halfway up my leg...

FAITH

I mean the file.

NOA

Oh. Right.

She passes Faith the document. The Slayer looks it over.

PRYOR

I gotta warn you, the photos are really not nice at all.

FAITH

I've probably seen worse.
(flicks through them)
I've definitely seen worse.

NOA

Maybe for you Slayer girls, but for us normal people, it's a little too much.

FAITH

Check this one out. Looks like something stuck inside this guy was trying to dig its way out, see how the claw marks look like they've come from the inside?

Close on a photo of a MAN, who looks very similar to the woman we saw in the previous photo. The flesh is torn, pale as well, veins sticking out. And the jaw is very dislocated.

PRYOR (O.S.)

And the mouth... the damage there suggests something tried to either get in or out that way. Something really not designed for human mouths!

As Faith studies the photos, we cut to:

16

INT. MANSION GROUNDS - NIGHT - 1721 A.D

16

We pan across a beautiful wooden floor, only to see it spoiled by a pool of blood. Then we see a hand, limp, motionless.

FAITH (V.O)

Always two victims, always died the same way. Stands to reason there's two of these things.

The NOBLEWOMAN we saw previously comes into frame. She's older and deader than a stiff in a morgue, except, more so!

PRYOR (V.O)

Perhaps they're possessing these people, but as the bodies get older, they have to find new hosts? Parasitic demons often have lifespans of hundreds of years as long as they keep finding new hosts.

Now the BALD MAN comes into view, lying next to the noblewoman, again, older. He's in the same position, dead like her. Both their jaws are disfigured, almost broken off their faces completely.

We follow the pool of blood to see ENERGY flowing into two new bodies. Finally, it stops flowing. The HUSBAND and WIFE turn to each other.

FAITH (V.O)

Then we need to find them and stop them before two more people die just to keep them alive.

They KISS passionately, blood dripping from their lips.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

17 INT. THE LAB - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

17

Pryor, Faith, and Noa are hard at work. On the computer, looking over the police file, in some books.

NOA

Ugh! This is getting us nowhere.
Can't you just call that Gabriel
guy and get him to lead the way?

FAITH

I don't think it works like that.
(beat; puts books down)
But we do need to find out what he
is. If this guy's gonna keep
showing up and throwing trouble my
way every time, I want to know what
I'm dealing with.

NOA

Sounds like he's some kind of
spirit guide. Ooh, you know, maybe
he's like Al from 'Quantum Leap' or
something?

FAITH

(blinks)
Who?

NOA

You know, bad stuff happens and he
needs to make sure you can stop it.

FAITH

Maybe. I don't wanna take any
chances.

NOA

Yeah, I guess, for all we know he
could be an ax murderer.

PRYOR

From another dimension!

NOA

Well, I wasn't exactly pointing in
that direction, but-

Pryor heads over, reading from a swathe of computer printouts
in his hands.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

No. I mean, I've cross-referenced all the details we have about these demons, including the way the victims died, and the search program's flagged up one strong possibility. The demons in question are from another dimension, Irlora to be precise.

NOA

There are other dimensions?

PRYOR

Irlora is home to the Crulash and Gylag Demons. There was a big war, back in the sixteen hundreds on our timeline, and the Gylags were enslaved. In their own realm, they are as solid as us, but once they cross through to any other world, their bodies start to disintegrate and they become like parasites, unable to exist without embodying humanoids.

(beat)

And, oh dear, both species are pretty invincible. But they don't like fire.

NOA

Score for the Trekkie!

PRYOR

I don't watch Star Trek. 'Voyager' ended the experience for me.

FAITH

(beat)

So, okay, we've got our nasties. But where do we find them?

NOA

The last victims were found on a corner in 31st Street. Maybe they're somewhere near there, or they left a clue?

FAITH

I'm on it. She grabs her jacket and heads for the door.

PRYOR

We should come, for backup.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH
No. I can handle it.

PRYOR
But what if they get you? I mean,
you could probably fight them,
sure, but what if they possess you?

FAITH
(sighs)
Fine. Sure, whatever.

Pryor follows Faith, looking back to Noa.

PRYOR
Are you coming?

NOA
Me? Heck, no. I signed on for dead
demons, not the walking, talking,
shredding kind.

PRYOR
If these demons get us and we come
back here, you'd be the first we'd
kill.

NOA
(beat)
Can I bring an ax?

Faith smirks as the trio head for the exit, and we cut to:

'Happy' by God Lives Underwater plays over the following
montage as we head through the alley, only to see the Husband
and Wife, older, but in no means weaker. They are attacking a
young couple.

The Husband is kicked in the groin by the YOUNG MAN, who then
follows it up with a punch. He GRABS the Wife and pushes her
away, attempting to free his love. But the Husband GRABS his
legs, pulling him down. He jumps on top of him, holding his
head in a locked position.

Meanwhile, the Wife has the YOUNG WOMAN pinned against the
wall. We pull back to put the whole scene in view. The
Husband and Wife open their mouths wide, so wide there are
CRACKS as that very same energy we saw before begins to POUR
into the victims.

Faith leads Pryor and Noa, who are just behind her, as they
make their way through the deserted streets.

20 INT. HOUSE - DAY - 1847 A.D. 20

A SMALL BOY goes to the door and pulls it open, only to be faced with the Young Couple. They push him back into the house, closing the door behind them, trying to make this as quiet as they possibly can.

21 EXT. ALLEYWAY/STREETS - NIGHT 21

Our trio are looking over a bloody print on the brick wall. Pryor flashes his flashlight on it, giving an eerie nod to Faith.

With that, they trace the blood, where it leads to a row of residential homes. Each of them exchange glances, before splitting up. Faith goes on to one house, Pryor and Noa go onto another.

22 INT. TRAIN STATION - 1935 A.D. 22

Crowds of SCREAMING pedestrians run away in their droves as we see TWO DEAD BODIES. They are old, bloodied, disfigured, but we realise these were once the small children we saw before.

Standing just a few feet away from the bodies are a TEENAGE BOY and a TEENAGE GIRL, who ignore everything around them, lost in each other's eyes. They KISS.

23 EXT. STREETS/HOUSE 23

Faith is standing outside a house as someone comes to answer the door. An OLD WOMAN looks at her as the music fades out.

FAITH

Hey. Um, there was a death just around the corner from here and I'm investigating it.

OLD WOMAN

I'm sorry, dear. I don't know anything about that.

FAITH

Okay, cool. But, did you see anything strange happen that night?

OLD WOMAN

No, now go away!

She SLAMS the door. Faith heads down the steps, seeing Pryor and Noa with the same deflated expressions.

FAITH

Nothing?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Now what? We don't know where they are and we've got no way to find them! And this ax is really, really heavy!

FAITH

There has to be something. Something we've missed. Gabriel told me it's all going down tonight.

(beat)

We can't just give up.

PRYOR

But how do we stop it?

NOA

Pryor's right. We have no way of knowing where to look.

(beat)

We tried. Isn't that enough? Faith stiffens at the suggestion and Noa backs away, noticing the intensity on Faith's face.

FAITH

Maybe we should go back to the Lab and look over the files again.

NOA

(quickly agreeing)

Good idea.

Faith turns and walks off. Pryor opens his mouth to respond but Noa silences him with a look and nudges him along.

Faith is looking over the police file.

GABRIEL (O.S.)

Still nothing, huh?

She looks up to see Gabriel sitting in the chair opposite her. She throws the file back down, hands on hips.

FAITH

I don't know what I'm looking for. I try and I try but all I get is nothing!

GABRIEL

I wish I could help you more.

FAITH

So do it! Stop being such a pain in the ass and tell me where to find these two creeps, before I spend tomorrow night picking up what's left of their last two victims!

GABRIEL

Sorry, I only get fed small amounts to relay.

Faith seethes but manages to remain calm.

FAITH

Okay. Think. There's got to be more. You said it was tonight. So what am I doing wrong?

GABRIEL

Maybe you've done everything right?

FAITH

I haven't caught the demons, and innocent people are probably still gonna get killed. That doesn't add up to 'right' in my language.

GABRIEL

(raises eyebrow)

Thought you said there was no such thing as an innocent person?

FAITH

Maybe I was wrong, I just... I don't know how I'm supposed to stop this when I have nothing to go on.

(beat)

We know what kind of demons they are, even what dimension they come from. We've know the victims and where they died but that's it. We've tried, but-

GABRIEL

(smiles)

You'll always try, Faith.

FAITH

But it's gotten me nowhere!

GABRIEL

You don't see it yet, but it has.

FAITH

(groans)

Great, more cryptic clues!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
Do you guys take, like, a class in
being obscure or something?

GABRIEL
The answer is closer than you
think.

FAITH
What --?

GABRIEL
It may not be what you want but
you'll have to make a choice.
There's an easy way and a hard way.

Faith grimaces and fumbles for a cigarette. Gabriel holds out
a lighter for her, and she uses it to start the cigarette,
but he just shakes his head.

FAITH
Oh, what? You gonna get all preachy
on me about lung cancer now, too?

GABRIEL
Smoke is bad for you.

He turns to the door.

FAITH
You're just gonna go out the door?
What about the trademark
disappearing act?

GABRIEL
Gotta keep you on your toes, right?

She watches him leave, noticing that the back door to the
office was already open.

She turns back to the police files but then realises
something and starts searching the desk.

FAITH
Hey... my lighter!
(turns to door)
Hey! You took my...

He's long gone. With a SIGH, she turns back to the files,
looking stumped and frustrated.

The door is left wide open and we see two dead bodies lying
on the steps, bloodied and disfigured, as always.

Then, as we pan down the street, we see Pryor and Noa KISSING. That same passionate kiss we've seen countless times before. On this, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

26 INT. THE LAB - EXAMINATION ROOM - NIGHT

26

Noa is sitting on the desk, with Pryor standing not two feet away, caressing her hand.

NOA

You think the Slayer knows?

PRYOR

She's a half-wit, Unia. No way she could know these hosts are no longer the people she cares about.

NOA

I feel more... alive in this body. It satisfies me.

PRYOR

Yes, but I am too old, and this body will disintegrate long before yours.

NOA

Don't worry, my love, we will be long gone before that happens.

(beat)

But I wonder why I feel so very cautious about this Slayer?

PRYOR

Hush. She cannot know. And even if she found out, she is powerless to stop us. If she tried to kill us, she would destroy these hosts, her friends.

(grins)

I think we have found the perfect hosts this time. We are safe. The Slayer will be forced to protect us!

NOA

I am always safe with you, Odan.

They KISS, tenderly. Noa breaks away and starts to look around the Lab, curious.

NOA (cont'd)

These people conducted experiments.

(beat)

I sense a lot of death here.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

And a smell I cannot quite put my
finger on...

PRYOR

It is the stench of demon flesh.
Remember the battle of Liberation?
All those dead bodies, all because
of us...

NOA

Do not feel guilty, Odan. It is not
our fault our families were at war.

PRYOR

But how ironic we should each fall
in love with one of the enemy?

NOA

You were never my enemy. From the
first moment I laid my eyes on you,
standing over a dead crusader, I
knew I had to make you mine.

(beat)

It has been a long and hard
journey. Escaping our dimension to
live in peace with one another, in
this Earth realm? I never thought
we would survive!

PRYOR

The things we do for love!

NOA

I would rather kill every mortal in
this dimension than face a world
without you.

PRYOR

Don't worry, love. We will never be
parted. Our love remains as strong
as the day we first made love, by
the ocean, the waves drowning out
the wails of countless dying
soldiers...

NOA

Our love is everlasting. Always.
Forever.

PRYOR

And soon... soon I will fulfil your
wish and give you the offspring you
have longed for.

NOA

(brightens)

You mean that, Odan?

PRYOR

Of course.

NOA

(smiles)

I love you.

They move in for the kiss but the door opening interrupts them. They quickly part as Faith ENTERS.

FAITH

Hey.

PRYOR

Faith. Greetings... um, I mean, hello.

NOA

How goes the hunt?

FAITH

I give up. I can't deal with the trying and trying and coming up blank.

(beat)

I think I kinda want a coffee.

NOA

(quickly)

I will make it.

FAITH

Thanks.

Noa EXITS the lab. Faith sinks into the chair by the computer, soothing an ache in her neck. Pryor hovers by her, unsure of how to treat the situation.

PRYOR

This is unusual, it isn't like a Slayer to give up so easily.

FAITH

Trust me, I'm no poster child for Slayer-ness. And besides, if we've got nothing more to go on than a chain of cryptic crossword clues from Gabriel, we ain't going anywhere fast.

PRYOR

(smiles)

Very poetic.

FAITH
(pats pockets)
Damn. I left my cell in your
office, I'll be right back.

She quickly gets up and EXITS. Pryor looks on after her,
before turning back to the Lab with a satisfied grin.

The kettle is on the stove, steam rising from the spout. Noa
opens each of the cupboards, looking for some mugs.

She turns around, to be faced with Faith, who is standing
nonchalantly against the doorframe.

NOA
(startled)
Oh, Faith! You scared me.

FAITH
Really?

NOA
Yes. Is there something... what is
the meaning of this interruption?

Faith picks up a test tube on the kitchen side, with the
orange fluid inside it. She shakes it, studying its warm
colour as Noa watches, nervous.

FAITH
Know what this does?

NOA
I do not.

FAITH
Makes everything clearer. Like when
I started thinking about what
Gabriel said to me. He said 'the
answer may be closer than you
think,' and then I realised.

Faith starts to advance on Noa, who backs away nervously.

FAITH (cont'd)
Where would be the best place for
two demons I was looking for to
hide?

NOA
I don't-

FAITH

Smoking is bad for you, that's something else Gabe said. But it's not the fire, it's the smoke.

NOA

(wary)

Wait, what are you-

Faith quickly THROWS the tube to the ground, which SMASHES, releasing a burst of fire.

The fire is quickly contained in itself but the smoke is overwhelming. Noa is KNOCKED back, struggling to breathe.

Faith watches as the girl COUGHS and RETCHES, as if she were choking, until finally Noa coughs up a SMALL PARASITE, which looks like some kind of demon cockroach.

Noa tries to regain her breath as the smoke dissipates, looking to Faith.

NOA (cont'd)

Faith... you saved me! There was this-

(recoils in horror)

Oh God! What the hell is that?

(shudders)

It was like... I was in there but I couldn't do anything...

(suddenly)

Oh my God, I kissed Pryor!

(then)

Which isn't really important considering a demon is inside him, but still... blechh! I need disinfectant...

FAITH

It can wait. We need to get that thing out of Pryor before... well, before the demon does something stupid.

NOA

Like jumps out of his body and killing him, just to spite us? Or try to get back into me, or even you?

(beat)

You know, this is all his fault! He made me come along with you guys! I say we let him die.

(off her look)

We could make it quick?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Noa, chill. I need you to listen to me. I've got a plan but it's gonna need a lot of acting.

NOA

(smiles)

My second best attribute!

FAITH

What's your first?

Noa opens her mouth to answer but Faith holds up a hand.

FAITH (cont'd)

Never mind. Okay... now this is how it's gonna go.

As Faith begins, we cut back to:

INT. THE LAB - EXAMINATION ROOM

Noa enters, putting on her Marilyn Monroe strut and trying her best to look as seductive as possible.

PRYOR

What took you so long?

NOA

That damn Slayer kept talking to me... stupid mortal! I mean, she thinks she's all that, walking around, killing dem- uh, our kind like she's some kind of superhero. Pah!

PRYOR

Don't worry, my dear. If you like, we could kill her.

NOA

No, I think emphatically not!

(quickly)

I mean, yes... all in good time.

First, we should, um...

(awkwardly)

Make love?

PRYOR

With the Slayer not too far away?

NOA

Yes! Uh, I mean, it makes it exciting and new. I like the... er, excitement.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR
Yes, I remember...

They draw closer but we see Noa is a little reluctant.

PRYOR (cont'd)
Kiss me.

NOA
(un-enthused)
Okay...

She leans in for a kiss but he stops her.

PRYOR
Tell me you love me first.

NOA
Uh, I, love... you?

PRYOR
Say my name.

NOA
Shoot, I remember this. Hold on...
Odi? Oda? Ogre --?

PRYOR
(disgusted)
I knew it!

He BACKHANDS her, sending her flying across the room. Noa quickly gets to her feet.

NOA
(shocked)
Ow! That hurt. You idiot! Boy, when we get that thing out of you, boss or not, you're toast!

PRYOR
I could smell the human stench all over you the moment you entered. You think you can trick me? What have you done with Unia? Where is she?
(angrily))
If you have killed her, then you too will die!

NOA
Uh-oh... so, no more cuddles?

Pryor heads for her, marching in a menacing stretch, ready to wrap his hands around her neck but --

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (O.S.)
Hey, Romeo!

He turns to see Faith with an ax. He looks it over, then chuckles out loud.

PRYOR
You would not endanger this host by
hacking me with that tool!

FAITH
You know what? You're dead right.

And with the wooden part of the ax, she SMASHES it over Pryor's head. He STUMBLES back but manages to stay on his feet.

He grabs a chair and SMASHES it over the desk, breaking off a leg, wielding it as a weapon.

PRYOR
(furious)
You took my Unia's life! We were
supposed to be forever!

FAITH
Nothing lasts forever any more.

PRYOR
Lies! You speak filth!

FAITH
Just telling it how it is. Now
look, that body belongs to a friend
of mine. So I'm giving you two
options. Either crawl out nice and
slow, or I'll beat you out of it.

PRYOR
You cannot stop me. I waged a war
on the lower species and maimed
hundreds of warriors! You will be
as simple as a new-born to
vanquish.

FAITH
Careful, I'm tougher than I look!

Suddenly Pryor attacks, swinging the chair leg left, right, and centre. Faith backs off a little, then realises she's up against the wall.

She DODGES a swing, then brings her hand up to grab his weapon. He GROWLS. Faith KICKS him back before pushing the blunt end of the ax into his face.

(CONTINUED)

He falls back, but she's on him again. She PUNCHES him across the face, and again, and again...

FAITH (cont'd)
(to Noa)
Now!

NOA
Huh? Oh, right!

Noa pulls out one of the test tubes from the kitchen upstairs and THROWS it down to where they're wrestling. The SMOKE fills the screen.

NOA (cont'd)
Faith? You okay?
(beat)
Are you dead? Faith --?

The smoke clears and we see Faith's hands wrapped around Pryor's neck, with a small parasite lying next to them. Faith quickly releases her grip.

FAITH
Woah! Uh, sorry, Pryor.

Pryor struggles to catch his breath as we pull back from the scene, Noa rushing in to help Pryor up.

All three are on the couches, Pryor and Noa drinking their coffee and still trying to recover.

PRYOR
I can't believe --

NOA
Say it again and there will be
extreme violence.
(beat)
Let's just forget our little
encounter with each other's lips. I
mean, we were being controlled by
demon parasites. We had no way of
stopping it, or crying for help, or
even -

PRYOR
Liking it?

NOA
(beat)
Eww! No!! You're my boss, and
you're, like, old!

PRYOR
(offended)
I'm thirty-one!

FAITH
Guys, come on! Pipe down. I'm just glad I didn't have to kill any of you.

NOA
Yeah, that would really have put a dampener on my day.

FAITH
I'm still a little confused. These demons, they were travelling from body to body, killing people as they continued their sex-capades... why? I mean, why come here in the first place?

PRYOR
Ah, I can answer that. When they took us over, we had access to their memories. There was an awful lot of history to suddenly take in, but from what I could gather, their families were at war in their homeland. They couldn't be together there, and the only way was to escape, and they managed to create a portal to warp through. They randomly made it here and had no choice but to keep living, even at the cost of people's lives.

FAITH
No. They had a choice. They could have gone home. Or just died. At least they'd have died together. That's more than a lot of people get.

PRYOR
It's like the song says, Faith, love makes us do the craziest things.

A beat. Noa drains her coffee and puts the mug down.

NOA

Right. Time to get back to it.
Pryor, while you're getting rid of
the stink in here that you've been
promising to for the last week, you
can get rid of the gunk those two...
whatever the hell they were's left
behind.

FAITH

What are you gonna do?

NOA

I'm gonna take a bath and get an
early night, and when I wake up
tomorrow, we will never speak of
this again. Ever.

Noa gets up and walks off screen, leaving Pryor and Faith.

FAITH

I think she did like it, you know.

PRYOR

Like what?

FAITH

The little match of tongue hockey
you two played. Just take some
advice from a girl who knows.

PRYOR

Uh... okay?

FAITH

Don't ever mention it again.

With a smirk to herself, Faith gets up and leaves the now
very-confused Pryor to it. He blinks and carries on sipping
his coffee, his mind spinning.

As we watch Faith heading towards the Lab's back door, we
begin to zoom out, pulling back farther until we cut to:

We're outside, looking in through the window. And we're not
alone. The HOODED MAN we saw watching Faith in the bar last
episode is back, observing the Slayer from the shadows.

He smiles, and we follow him as he turns and walking away,
his hooded coat flapping in the breeze as he disappears
through a cloud of fog.

30 CONTINUED:

We stay on the scene for a beat, before we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW