

**FAITH**

"Faithless"

by

Lee A. Chrimes

## TEASER

FADE IN:

1 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT. 1

An unpleasant looking street in an unpleasant part of town. Steam wafts up from air vents as cars roll past, garish neon lights flash across the street from the sides of buildings, and everybody who's on the streets seems to be in a hurry to leave them.

Except for the figure walking casually towards us, that is. Obscured by smoke and silhouetted by the city lights behind, they head towards us and we push in closer, until they step free from the mist and into sight.

It's NOA, wrapped up against the chill evening wind. She glances to either side, then continues walking.

We stay on the street behind her as she walks on, past a bar with a crowd of street punks loitering outside. They heckle Noa as she walks past, but she doesn't react.

They punks shrug and go back to their beers - all except one, who stares after Noa with a sudden intensity.

2 EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT. 2

Noa turns off the street and into an alleyway that intersects two city blocks, still walking at the same speed, head down.

As she draws closer to us, we see a figure appear at the alley's entrance - it's one of the street punks. With his eyes still locked on Noa, he starts forward after her.

3 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT. 3

Noa turns out into an even quieter part of the city, with a selection of cut price shops all closed down for the night.

We focus on her feet as they pace down the sidewalk.

And then we see the boots of her pursuer, gradually picking up speed.

Noa throws a glance over her shoulder and registers the punk, and she turns back round, walking a little faster now.

Suddenly, Noa breaks into a run, and as she darts diagonally across the street towards a cluster of buildings ahead, the punk starts to sprint after her.

4

EXT. SHOPPING QUARTER - NIGHT.

4

Noa races past us, not looking back, and the grinning punk hurries after her, looking like he's going to enjoy getting his hands on her, when WHAM!

The punk is floored as QUINN steps out of the shadows behind one building and clotheslines the punk to the ground. He glances to Noa, standing a few feet away.

QUINN

You alright?

NOA

Yeah, yeah, fine, I'm-

(quickly)

Look out!

Quinn spins round as the punk jumps to his feet - and he's VAMPED OUT!

Quinn draws a stake from inside his jacket, and the vampire snickers at him.

VAMPIRE

Nice, nice, I see what you're doing here. Use your girlfriend as bait and draw me away from the others, then take me on one on one, huh?

QUINN

Pretty much.

VAMPIRE

Not bad. Full marks for initiative.

The vamp doesn't notice Quinn flinch at that last word.

VAMPIRE (cont'd)

One thing you didn't plan on, though.

QUINN

And that would be?

The vamp pauses - then KICKS out, lightning fast, and knocks the stake out of Quinn's hands.

VAMPIRE

(smirks)

On me being such a badass!

The vampire LUNGES at Quinn, who is shoved to the ground.

Noa dashes for Quinn's dropped stake as Quinn pushes the vampire away.

(CONTINUED)

The two trade a few punches, but the vamp lands two heavy blows to Quinn's gut, then brings up his knee to clock Quinn across the jaw.

Quinn staggers backwards, as Noa darts into frame, stake raised.

The vampire spins round and grabs Noa by the neck and wrist, grinning at her as she struggles against him.

VAMPIRE (cont'd)  
Gotta say, thanks for letting me  
work out some aggression. Since the  
Slayer skipped town, things have  
been kinda slow round here.

Quinn is back on his feet and races at the vamp - but without turning round, he KICKS out and knocks Quinn back down.

VAMPIRE (cont'd)  
Still, you take what you get...

The vampire HISSES, and Noa whimpers as he tilts her head to the side and starts to lean in for the bite...

THUNK! The vampire stiffens suddenly, releasing Noa, who drops awkwardly to the floor.

VAMPIRE (cont'd)  
Damn... didn't see that one  
coming...

FOOM! The vampire DUSTS - to reveal VI, stake in hand, who breathes a sigh of relief. She offers a hand to Noa and pulls her back to her feet.

VI  
Hey, sorry, I got kinda caught up  
back there.

NOA  
It's okay. No harm done.

Quinn GROANS from off screen, and Noa quickly dashes over to him. Quinn is sitting up, rubbing the back of his head, as Noa crouches next to him.

NOA (cont'd)  
(bites lip)  
Oh, honey! Are you alright?

QUINN  
Yeah, I'm okay. Cracked my head off  
the sidewalk, that's all. I'm good.

VI

Was that the only one?

NOA

That was the only one that followed me. Chances are his friends aren't vampires, or we'd be four against three down here right now.

Noa helps Quinn up, running her fingers tenderly across the back of his head as Vi scans the streets, making sure they're alone.

VI

We should keep moving. There may be-

NOA

No, we're done for tonight. That's the first vamp we've seen all day, I think we've had our action for the night.

(to Quinn)

Wanna go back to the Lab and put some ice on that head of yours?

QUINN

(winces)

I'm thinking ice would be good.

Noa smiles and kisses him on the cheek, before they duo link arms and start to walk away from us, with Vi following.

NOA

I think I did okay, all things considered.

QUINN

Yeah, you've got your 'helpless victim running for her life' face down real good now.

Noa swats him on the arm, and from that, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

5

We're looking out from inside the Lab as the swing doors leading in from the corridor outside are pushed open, and Noa, Quinn and Vi file inside.

NOA

(to Quinn)

All I'm saying is, next time maybe you should be the victim.

QUINN

Okay, several things wrong with that idea.

NOA

Like what?

The trio make their way to the large desk in the middle of the room, but we can see that the Lab is much messier than when we were last here - experiments in test tubes and beakers lie discarded along one wall, overflowing paperwork is stacked up all over the main desk, and in the background, we can see at least four different species of dead demons lying on the operating tables, all awaiting dissection and study.

QUINN

(counts off on fingers)

Okay, one, how many vampires do you know that'd prefer taking on a young, healthy male instead of a short, blonde female for their next meal?

Noa pouts, and Quinn continues.

QUINN (cont'd)

Two, I'm not great with the whole concept of being 'bait.' Turning and running isn't in my blood, and most vamps would pick up on that.

Vi moves a pile of folders off a chair so she can sit, as Noa shoves a crate full of specimen jars to one side, revealing a kettle and three coffee mugs.

QUINN (cont'd)

And three, I'd rather watch your back than have you watch mine.

Noa's jaw hangs open in shock at that last comment.

(CONTINUED)

NOA

What is that supposed to mean?

VI

It means when it comes to the actual punching and kicking part of the night, you're not exactly knocking 'em out of the park, Noa.

Noa glares at both of them, but as the kettle boils, she just turns and starts making up the refreshments.

Quinn grimaces as he stretches out, clearly bruised from his tussle with the vampire.

QUINN

Besides, and this is for purely selfish reasons, I know, but if it comes down to one of us getting their ass kicked and having the other one nurse them back to health, I'd rather you were looking after me than the other way round any day of the week.

Noa walks over and hands out the coffees, still glaring - but as Vi CHUCKLES at her attempt at a cold shoulder, Noa rolls her eyes and sighs.

NOA

Alright, fine. I'll go on being Bait Girl. I mean, like you said, I'm blonde and I've got these things...

(points to bosom)

... so what self respecting vampire wouldn't want a piece of me?

QUINN

(grins)

Exactly.

Quinn YAWNS as Noa reaches down and lifts a stack of newspapers up onto the desk, which Vi groans at the sight of. Noa then heads to a PC standing on its own desk over to one side, flicking it on and taking a seat in front of it.

QUINN (cont'd)

Straight back to work, huh?

NOA

Yup.

VI

You really think we're ever going to find anything?

(CONTINUED)

Noa doesn't take her eyes off the PC monitor as she waits for it to load.

VI (cont'd)  
I mean, you know I'm with you guys  
whatever happens, but it's been  
three months...

Noa turns to stare at Vi.

VI (cont'd)  
She may never be coming back.

Noa glares at Vi for a beat, and then Vi raises her hands defensively.

VI (cont'd)  
Alright, alright.

Vi grabs the paper on the top of the pile, flips it open and starts scanning the pages - searching for any news on the current whereabouts of Faith.

QUINN  
I'm gonna head home, catch some  
rest. Meet you girls back here in a  
few hours, alright?

VI  
Yeah, see you later, Jon.

QUINN  
(to Noa)  
Later.

Noa smiles at him as he heads out. She waits for the computer to boot up, sipping her coffee before turning to look towards the rear of the exam room.

Pryor's office still takes up most of the back part of the room, but the door to the office is closed and the shutters are down. All the other windows are covered and closed as well, but the sad look on Noa's face tells us there's more to this story.

The PC BLEEPs and Noa's attention goes back to it, and as she starts to rapidly type into it, we cut to:

A rattle of keys in the door leads to the apartment's door swinging open and revealing Quinn, who looks ready to drop.

He nudges the door closed, scoops up some junk mail from the floor and flips on the lights with his elbow.

Quinn's place is what Faith would call 'spartan' - modestly furnished, homely without any obvious money having been spent on it. Quinn tosses the junk mail onto a small dining table and steps into his bedroom.

INT. QUINN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS.

Quinn turns on the bedroom light and shrugs his jacket off, falling back onto the bed with a grateful sigh.

He winces and sits up, lifting his shirt to examine his war wounds from the evening's activities. There are several bruises and scratches, some older than others - looks like Noa, Quinn and Vi have been taking on the underworld of NYC for some time.

Quinn stands and pulls his shirt off over his head, heading for a small sink and mirror in one corner of the room.

He fills the sink with water and splashes some on his face, looking up and peering into the mirror, tilting his head from side to side as he examines his reflection.

He stands and grabs a towel, and as he dries off we pan across to the right - and see that the wall is covered with a large map of the entire city, with pins, markers and crime scene photographs tacked to it.

Further across from that is a larger scale map showing the whole of the United States, with a line tracing from a third of the way up the west Coast, all the way across to New York itself, with pins marking points along the way.

Quinn walks over to the wardrobe set against one wall and finds a fresh shirt, and as he closes the doors we see the room's opposite wall, which is just as heavily decorated.

This time, it's pictures of Quinn himself, taken from various points in his life - his family, as a young police recruit, more recent ones of happy times with Noa, then a group shot of Faith, Noa and Pryor, before the team was split up.

In the centre of all of these is something more unusual - a set of x-rays, with a small bulb screwed into the wall behind to light them up. They're of a human skull, and a tag attached to them reads 'QUINN, JON.'

Quinn sits down on the bed, which has a small TV sitting on top of a chair facing it, and with after staring up at the x-rays and pictures around them for a beat, he reaches for the remote and flips the TV on, and we cut to:

8

INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - NIGHT.

8

Noa is working away at the PC, going through the search engine of a news channel and typing in several different keywords, scanning the results carefully.

She hears a soft SNORING, and turns to see Vi is slumped face down at the desk. She made it halfway down the stack of papers at least.

Noa glances back at the PC, then reaches over and switches it off, staring at the blank monitor for a beat.

She gently shakes Vi awake, the Slayer's braided red hair starting to loosen and cascade over the desk around her.

VI  
(bleary)  
Mmf? Huh?

NOA  
You fell asleep. Again.

VI  
I did?

NOA  
Yeah, you did. Look, let's call it  
a night, okay?

Noa starts tidying the papers away as Vi rubs her eyes and stands, grabbing her jacket.

VI  
Any luck with your stuff?

NOA  
No. Nothing.

VI  
Right.  
(beat)  
Listen, Noa, about what I said  
earlier...

Noa looks up and Vi shifts awkwardly.

VI (cont'd)  
We'll find Faith again. I didn't  
mean to sound negative, it's just  
that-

(CONTINUED)

NOA  
(interrupts)  
It's just that she's been gone for  
three months and we haven't found a  
single thing to tell us where she  
is since then.  
(sighs)  
I know.

VI  
Come on, you know what she'd say.

NOA  
Yeah, something like 'damn it,  
twinkie! Hurry up and find me  
already, I gotta do everything  
myself?'

The girls share a laugh as Noa starts flicking the room's  
lights off.

VI  
So, back here tomorrow afternoon,  
same time, same bat-channel?

NOA  
That's the plan.

Vi heads out through the swing doors. Noa pauses and glances  
back towards Pryor's office - and in the darkness of the Lab  
we can see light poking out from behind the shutters.

Noa stares for a beat, before she turns and exits the Lab,  
and we cut to:

9 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

9

Noa unlocks the door and steps into the darkened apartment.  
With a chorus of lonely meows, Goliath the cat races over,  
rubbing himself against Noa's legs as she steps inside and  
flicks a light on.

NOA  
Well hey there, mister!

She bends down and lifts Goliath up, cradling the grumpy-  
looking cat on one arm.

NOA (cont'd)  
You hungry? Me too. Let's go get  
something to eat.

She heads over to the kitchen.

10 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT. 10

Noa places Goliath's bowl on the kitchen counter, and he hops up after it as she reaches into one of the cupboards and retrieves a can of cat food.

Noa pops it open, grabs a fork from the sink and spoons the mush out into the bowl.

NOA  
Here you go, cat.

She pushes the bowl towards him, and as Goliath gets stuck into his dinner, Noa strokes him absently, looking out the window and across the bright city lights.

We cut from her thoughtful expression to:

11 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT. 11

Noa steps into the bedroom, pulling off her sneakers and jacket as she sits down on the bed. She flips on the bedside lamp and removes her earrings, then takes a minute to look round the bedroom.

You wouldn't be able to tell anyone but Noa was living here - everything is pretty much how Faith left it, apart from a small pile of Noa's clothes sitting on top of a chair.

Noa shrugs off her t-shirt and pants, then slides under the covers, reaching over to turn the lamp off.

We stay looking down at her in the darkness for a beat, before she shuffles over onto one side, and we cut to:

12 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT. 12

TITLE OVER - SoHo.

Establish shot of a wealthy-looking small apartment complex, four wings of tall buildings, set back from the main street by security gates and floodlit to show off the expensive architecture.

As a black Mercedes pulls up at the gates and waits for them to swing slowly open, we cut to:

13 INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT. 13

We're panning across a luxuriously-furnished apartment, a world away from the budget dwellings of Noa and Quinn. Framed art, sculptures, rugs, long leather sofas, the works. Whoever lives here makes a point of spending enough to justify living in this area.

(CONTINUED)

We can hear a young woman talking on the phone as we continue to pan across the apartment.

WOMAN (O.S.)

So, yeah, are you going to show?  
Because everybody is going to be  
there. I'm talking top level makeup  
artists, the kinds of hair stylists  
that Madonna has to fight for a  
booking with, and the scouts for  
all the big agencies.

The woman steps into view - this is ANNABELLE, fresh from the shower but clearly a fantastically beautiful woman with or without the clothes and makeup. She's talking on her cordless phone, her hands waving animatedly as she continues.

ANNABELLE

So are you going to come?  
(listens; smiles)  
That's great! Okay. Here's the  
plan. We'll meet Cherise and Trina  
at that place on Perry Street in  
the Village, you know the one?  
(listens; nods)  
Uh-huh! So, what are you gonna  
wear? I think if we're going to co-  
ordinate, now's the time to-

There is a KNOCK at the door, and Annabelle sighs.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)

(into phone)  
Just a second.  
(shouts to door)  
Be with you in a second!  
(into phone)  
Okay. Where were we? Oh, yeah. I'm  
gonna go for that black Versace  
number I picked up last-

She stops as someone KNOCKS at the door again, more forceful this time. Annabelle rolls her eyes.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)

(shouts to door)  
In a minute already!  
(into phone)  
Sorry about that, some people just  
have no-

CRASH! Annabelle yelps with shock and drops the phone as the apartment door is kicked off its hinges.

She trembles with fear as three figures step through into the apartment - DEMONS.

(CONTINUED)

All are tall and well built, with their thick muscles barely contained in the expensive suits they're squeezed into.

The lead demon, a black skinned, horned rascasse demon called SIMMONS, grins his pearly whites at Annabelle as she slowly crouches, her hands scrabbling for the phone and her eyes locked on the demons.

She finds the phone and holds it to her ear with a shaking hand.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)  
Uh, Betty? Can I call you back?  
Something's just come up. Okay,  
bye.

She hangs up and puts the phone down, backing up to stand against a tall pillar, one of three running floor to ceiling.

The demons stroll round the apartment, examining the lavish trappings, as Simmons walks casually up to Annabelle, who is frozen to the spot.

SIMMONS  
Good evening, Miss Grazer. I trust  
you know why we're here?

ANNABELLE  
I- I- I don't-

SIMMONS  
(tuts)  
Oh, come now. Of course you do.  
This is your friendly reminder that  
your rent here is overdue.

He leans in close, his eyes narrowing, and Annabelle recoils.

SIMMONS (cont'd)  
(menacing)  
Very overdue.

He steps away, walking into the middle of the apartment as the two other demons lift up a large painting from one wall.

SIMMONS (cont'd)  
I'm still not a hundred per cent  
sure why Mr. Jones tolerates your  
continued attempts to avoid paying  
anything at all for the  
accommodation you enjoy here.

He turns and looks Annabelle up and down - then SMIRKS.

SIMMONS (cont'd)  
Well, I'm sure I could think of a  
few reasons...

He turns back and walks over to the two demons with the painting, as Annabelle starts to edge towards the door.

SIMMONS (cont'd)

This is one of the finest apartment complexes in all of SoHo, Miss Grazer - some would say in all of New York City. We pride ourselves on the excellent relationships between our tenants and the people who manage this place. So when we come to a case such as yours, with someone who was all too quick to sign the tenancy contract but who has been noticeably stubborn in paying her way afterwards, well...

He nods to the demons, and with a GRUNT of effort they TEAR the painting in half, throwing the jagged pieces of it to the floor.

Annabelle sags, feeling her way over to the sofa and sitting down, knowing she's trapped.

SIMMONS (cont'd)

I think it's fair to say that we're a little upset.

ANNABELLE

I'm sorry, I know I'm behind, but the agencies, they're just not hiring like they used to, and-

Annabelle JUMPS as Simmons suddenly surges into frame, his snarling face a few inches from hers.

SIMMONS

Your problems do not concern me!

Annabelle is still shaking with fear, and after a beat Simmons back away, straightening his tie.

SIMMONS (cont'd)

You know the price to be paid. You have until tomorrow night to pay it, or our next visit will damage more than a painting.

SMASH! Simmons turns round - one of the other demons has knocked a large vase onto the floor, shattering it.

Simmons looks back to Annabelle with a shrug.

SIMMONS (cont'd)

Better make that 'a painting and a vase.'

(CONTINUED)

He SNAPS his fingers, and the other two demons head for the door. Simmons follows, turning in the now open door frame to address Annabelle again.

SIMMONS (cont'd)  
Tomorrow night, Miss Grazer. Don't  
force me to make an example out of  
you.

Simmons turns, and the three demons leave.

We stay with Annabelle for a beat, before she starts to SOB, leaning forward and cradling her head in her hands, and it's from her tears that we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT ONE**

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

14 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - MORNING. 14

The door is unlocked and opened again, this time as Quinn steps inside. He looks round, seeing only Goliath, who is lying stretched out on the windowsill, busy soaking up the morning sun. Quinn smirks at the lazy cat as he closes the door.

QUINN

Noa?

He heads over to the bedroom.

15 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING. 15

Quinn carefully pushes the door open, and grins as he sees Noa curled up in the bed, still fast asleep. He heads over and sits down on the edge of the bed, stroking the side of her face.

Noa stirs and starts to wake up, her bleary eyes focusing on Quinn. She smiles and curls back up again.

NOA

Too early...

QUINN

It's past eleven. I've normally been up at least four hours by now. Assuming I got to go to sleep at all, of course.

Quinn starts to pull the covers back, but Noa grabs them and pulls them up, over her head.

NOA

(muffled)

No!

QUINN

Come on, Noa, we've got plenty to do today. We're meeting Lesley at twelve, which is in about...

(checks watch)

... forty minutes. So I want you up, dressed and out of here in twenty. Let's go!

He starts to pull the covers back, but Noa fights back again, just leaving her eyes peeking mischievously over the top of the covers at him.

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)

Alright, yes. Very endearing. Now  
can we get moving? We've got to-

Noa suddenly LUNGES for him, wrapping the covers round Quinn and pushing him onto his back, pinning him onto the bed. Noa looks down on him, a triumphant grin on her face.

NOA

And so you see, brave warrior, how  
the cunning female mind will always  
outsmart that of her inferior male  
opponent.

She KISSES him, taking her time with it, and Quinn doesn't try to resist. These two are obviously very close now. She leans back, staring into his eyes.

NOA (cont'd)

How long did you say we had?

QUINN

Forty minutes or so.

NOA

(devilish)

Better get started then, huh?

She KISSES him again, and as Quinn's hands start to reach up towards her, running across her back, the clinch quickly becomes more passionate before we cut to:

Strolling hand in hand down the busy Lower Midtown street, Noa and Quinn look for all the world like any other happy young couple in love.

They stop at a street cafe, its tables and chairs full of other New Yorkers soaking up the midday sun, and Quinn leads Noa over to a table to meet LESLEY FIEDEL, the grey-haired local NYPD precinct's Chief Medical Examiner.

He and Quinn shake hands before Quinn and Noa take their seats, Lesley gesturing for a waitress.

LESLEY

Good to see you again, Jon. I take  
it this is Noa?

NOA

Noa is this. Hi. Sorry we're so  
late, we, uh, got caught up.

She shakes hands with Lesley.

QUINN  
Lesley's the CME for my precinct.

LESLEY  
(corrects him)  
Your old precinct, you mean.

QUINN  
(grins)  
Old habits.

The waitress arrives at their table - and it's Annabelle!  
She's dressed down in a plain uniform, a world away from the  
high class woman we last saw.

ANNABELLE  
May I take your order?

QUINN  
Yeah, just a latte, please.

NOA  
Ditto.

LESLEY  
Nothing for me, sweetheart, I've  
gotta shoot off any second.

Lesley flashes a winning smile at Annabelle, who nods  
politely and heads back into the cafe. Quinn raises an  
eyebrow at Lesley. He shrugs.

LESLEY (cont'd)  
What? I'm off duty till this  
evening. Reduced hours on account  
of my age.  
(smiles happily)  
The happy, happy life.

Quinn leans forward and pats Lesley on the stomach.

QUINN  
So I see.

LESLEY  
Hey, if I was off running around  
like you kids every night, the  
extra padding'd stay off!

Quinn grins as Annabelle brings their drinks over.

LESLEY (cont'd)  
So how've you been keeping, Jon?

QUINN

Oh, you know. Helping out. With Noa's boss still off on extended sick leave, she needed a lot of help to keep the Lab running.

NOA

Yeah, I mean, when there was three of us working there, it was...

She trails off, and Quinn quickly covers for her.

QUINN

And besides, after what happened to first Lehto and then Sing, I guess it just got a little-

LESLEY

Weird?

Quinn nods, and Lesley takes a deep swig of his beer.

LESLEY (cont'd)

Truth be told, whole department's been walking on eggshells since you left. When you first showed up, talking about that murderer from Sunnydale you were after, with your little map and your pins with different colours, well... we all thought you were kinda crazy.

NOA

(grins)

Yeah, don't we all.

LESLEY

(serious)

But now... this perp's a cop killer, Jon. We don't know if they got Lehto or not, but they killed Sing, that much we're sure of. And maybe you're next. Maybe it's going to be another one of us, just to show you what they think of you.

Quinn has fallen silent - Lesley's making a lot of sense.

LESLEY (cont'd)

I guess all I'm really trying to say is be careful, Jon.

Quinn looks up and nods. Lesley grins warmly back at him, then checks his watch, groaning.

(CONTINUED)

LESLEY (cont'd)  
Well, I'm afraid I've got to scoot.  
If you guys had made an effort to  
show up earlier...  
(raises hands)  
Just kidding. It was nice meeting  
you, Noa.

NOA  
Yeah, you too.

LESLEY  
Jon.

LESLEY (cont'd)  
See you around, Lesley.

Lesley wanders off, leaving Quinn to his thoughts. Noa waits  
a few beats, then places a hand on his arm.

NOA  
Come on. Let's finish these drinks  
and get back to the Lab.

Quinn nods, obviously preoccupied, and he stands and follows  
her away.

Neither of them notice Annabelle watching them from inside  
the cafe as they leave, before we cut to:

17 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - DAY.

17

Noa and Quinn walk in to find Vi in the middle of a training  
session - decked out in tracksuit pants and a vest top, she's  
busy shadowboxing, glancing over as the duo walk in.

VI  
Hey.

NOA  
Morning.

VI  
Afternoon, actually.

Noa checks her watch and grimaces.

NOA  
Man, is it that late already?

Quinn shrugs and Noa makes her way over to the main desk,  
sifting through the papers from last night. Quinn joins her  
at the desk as she hands him a paper.

QUINN  
No rest for the wicked, right?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

Hey, you were the one bunking off early last night, mister! You can start by helping me catch up on-

ANNABELLE (O.S.)

Uh, excuse me?

They look up to see Annabelle half in, half out of the Lab's swing doors, still in her waitress uniform.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)

Sorry to just walk in, but the door was open, and I wanted to try and catch up with you guys.

QUINN

(squints)

Aren't you the waitress who just served us?

Annabelle blinks - then realises she's still in her uniform. She sighs as she steps into the Lab proper and makes her way towards Noa and Quinn.

Noa throws a quick glance over her shoulder - and luckily, the demons on the slabs behind them are all tucked up in the sliding morgue trays set into one wall for now.

ANNABELLE

Yeah, well, you know how it is when you're an aspiring model with no actual contacts, friends or even clothes that cost more than fifty bucks trying to make a living in this town.

Noa blinks, and Annabelle tries to laugh her comment off.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)

Sorry, of course you don't.

QUINN

May we help you, Miss...

ANNABELLE

Grazer, Annabelle Grazer. Well, I sure hope you guys can help me after I followed you all the way here - I mean, I've heard that if you're in any kind of trouble, this place is somewhere you can go to for, you know... help.

(beat)

Is that right?

(CONTINUED)

Noa and Quinn exchange a look, before Noa smiles at Annabelle and offers her a seat.

NOA

It sure is. I'm Noa, this is Quinn and that's Vi. Sit down, tell us what's up.

(to Vi)

Do you want to rustle us up some drinks?

Vi nods and heads over to the kettle as Noa pulls up a chair next to Annabelle.

ANNABELLE

Okay. It's like this. I'm a model, like I said, but as you can tell from the whole waitress thing going on, I'm a model without much cash. That didn't stop me taking one particularly persuasive friend's advice, however, and signing up for a new apartment at this place in SoHo.

NOA

Ouch.

ANNABELLE

Yeah, exactly. So, anyway, I mean, it's tough enough finding a decent place in this city, but this friend knows a friend who fixed me up there, said they'd take care of the first few month's rent for me, till I got settled in and found my feet, started getting some agency work to pay the bills.

Vi steps into frame and passes Annabelle a coffee.

NOA

But let me guess, the work didn't come up and you're overdue on the rent now?

ANNABELLE

Pretty much, yeah.

QUINN

Forgive me if this sounds blunt, but that's not really the kind of thing we normally help people with, you know.

ANNABELLE

Oh, I know. That's why I figured the part where I tell you my landlord's goons have been threatening me would help win you over.

VI

Threatening you how? Like, by kicking you out?

ANNABELLE

More like just plain old kicking. He's already sent them round to rough up my apartment, so I figure I'm the next thing to get a little hands on treatment if I don't pay them off.

NOA

What else can you tell us about your landlord or his heavies?

ANNABELLE

(thinks)

Well, they are demons...

She catches them all exchanging glances.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)

No, I mean actual demons, like-

NOA

We know.

ANNABELLE

Huh?

QUINN

About demons. That's sort of what we do.

ANNABELLE

Oh. So you'll help?

Noa glances at Quinn, who nods, and Noa turns back to Annabelle with a smile.

NOA

You've come to the right place.

Annabelle smiles brightly, and we cut to:

18 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY.

18

Quinn's car turns onto one avenue and stops dead as it hits a backed up queue of traffic. There's some kind of parade going on up ahead, centered on an old church that looks freshly renovated, and Noa steps out of the car to take a look.

QUINN

What's going on?

NOA

Looks like some kind of press conference or something, I can see a stack of news vans parked outside that old church on Houston.

Quinn peers out at the lines of stationary cars, with an accompanying chorus of honking horns.

QUINN

Well, we're not going to get there going this way. C'mon, Noa, we'll turn back and go the long way round.

Noa steps back into Quinn's car, and after a quick three point turn, he drives back towards us, away from the commotion and traffic jam, to:

19 EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY.

19

Quinn's car pulls into frame and stops outside the complex. As the team get out, Noa looks the complex up and down, awestruck.

NOA

Wow!

QUINN

Yeah, guess she wasn't kidding about the rent.

NOA

I'd have to sell a kidney before I could afford a place like this, especially on the non-salary I'm pulling in at the moment!

VI

Do we have a plan?

QUINN

As a matter of fact, we do.

The trio head towards the front gates, and we cut to:

20

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - DAY.

20

We're in another of the complex's apartments, this one less furnished than Annabelle's, as the door opens and Noa and Vi step inside, followed by MR. JONES, the complex's landlord.

Vi just glances around, this kind of thing not bearing much interest for her, but Noa doesn't have to act very hard to look overawed by the place.

Mr. Jones is a suave-looking man in his thirties, immaculately dressed and groomed.

JONES

And so as you can see, the apartments all come with high quality furnishings as standard, but there's still plenty of room to start adding your own personal touches.

Noa spots the large master bed and gleefully runs over, flopping back onto it and bouncing on the springs.

NOA

This place is amazing!

Jones glances at Vi, who tries to look as though she shares Noa's enthusiasm.

VI

Uh, yeah, it's you know, very, er... big.

Jones smiles and wanders over to Noa, who is busy checking every corner of the room, throwing the spacious wardrobes open and looking out across the commanding view.

JONES

Now, as I'm sure you've been told, these places don't go out on the open market. We like to make sure our clients are of a certain...

NOA

Pay scale?

JONES

(grins)

I was going to say 'class,' but yes, we do have justifiably high rates. There are, of course, other arrangements we can come to for new tenants such as yourselves, but we can work that out later.

(CONTINUED)

Noa and Vi exchange a look before Noa heads over to Jones.

JONES (cont'd)

So what do you ladies think? Are you interested in taking the apartment, or are you going to walk out that door and let somebody else get their hands on this dream home?

NOA

(sweetly)

Now, don't get me wrong Mr. Jones, this place is fantastic and all, but...

(whispers)

Well, you see, my girlfriend over there, she's kinda fussy. I'd appreciate it if we could look round a few more rooms first.

(batters eyelids)

Is that gonna be okay?

Jones leans in and whispers back.

JONES

I think we can do that.

Noa beams and Jones flashes a professional smile back at her, as we cut to:

21 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CORRIDOR - DAY.

21

We pan across one of the long, thickly carpeted corridors of the complex, with the widely-spaced doors giving us another idea of how large each apartment is, before Quinn steps silently into frame.

Pressed against the wall, he sneaks forward, pausing as he hears voices up ahead.

He sees the Simmons and his two demon accomplices walk past the corridor intersection up ahead, and Quinn ducks into an alcove to stay out of sight.

Once the demons have passed, Quinn leans back out, and once he's sure the coast is clear he starts forward again.

22 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - 2ND CORRIDOR - DAY.

22

Simmons and his crew turn a corner and walk out of frame, as Quinn appears in the background, carefully following them at a distance.

He's halfway towards us when he hears them heading back, and he quickly dives out of sight.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

Quinn tries the handle of the nearest door, and luckily for him it opens. He ducks inside and closes it, just as Simmons and his men walk into frame.

23 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LARGE ROOM - DAY.

23

Quinn listens at the door as Simmons walks past, then steps away, considering his options.

Quinn turns round - and freezes.

He's walked into a large, plain room that just has a large table and a card game in progress - and half a dozen more DEMONS!

They stand, not looking at all happy to see Quinn, and even less so that he's just interrupted their game.

Quinn holds up his hands and tries to back away.

QUINN

Okay, think I took a wrong turn  
back there, so I'm just going to-

SIMMONS (O.S.)

Leave?

Quinn turns round - Simmons and the other two demons are standing in the door. Quinn is trapped.

SIMMONS (cont'd)

(shakes head)

I don't think you're going  
anywhere, whoever you are.

And from Simmons' evil grin, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

24 INT. THE LAB - EXAM ROOM - EARLY EVENING.

24

We're back inside the Lab, with Noa staring at a pile of papers and twirling a pen nervously in her fingers, as Vi thwacks a punchbag hanging from the ceiling.

Noa glances at the clock on the wall, then at Vi, but she's focused on her training, smacking the bag as hard as she can.

Noa looks back at the clock, then the papers, and finally stands, pushing her chair away with a scrape that gets Vi's attention.

VI

Noa? Are you okay?

NOA

No, I'm not okay! Where the heck is he?

VI

Quinn? I'm sure he's fine. You know how thorough he likes to be whenever he's staking a place out.

NOA

Yeah, but he knows to always call and check in if he's going to be sitting in his car outside somewhere all night!

VI

Did you try calling him?

NOA

His phone's off.

Noa bites her lip and starts pacing, and Vi leaves the punchbag and walks over, sweaty and out of breath from her workout.

VI

Alright, look. I'm sure he's okay, but let's go check the complex out again, maybe he's just forgotten to call in and tell us where he is.

NOA

He never forgets to check in.

Vi gets the hint. She grabs a towel and dries herself off, then reaches for her jacket.

(CONTINUED)

VI

Just give me a minute, and I'm  
ready to-

NOA

(shakes head)

No, you'd better go out on patrol.

VI

You sure?

Noa looks out through the Lab room's windows, taking in the  
fact that the sun has gone down.

NOA

It's that time of the night again.  
I mean, you're probably right and  
Quinn's fine, but we can't miss a  
night's patrol to find out.

(beat)

Maybe he just fell asleep in his  
car or something?

Vi smiles, unlocking and opening one of the trays in a large  
drawer of medical supplies. Inside are all the tools of the  
Slayer trade - stakes, holy water, crosses - and Vi stocks up  
for the night.

NOA (cont'd)

You'll be okay on your own, right?

VI

Managed before.

Vi grins as she heads out for the night's work. Noa watches  
her go, then grabs her own jacket, heading for the swing  
doors, when she pauses.

She turns round and looks back towards Pryor's office - the  
door closed and the shutters down as always - and as she  
stares at it for a thoughtful beat, we cut to:

The office is in almost total darkness, and by what light we  
do have we can see that the office is in as much of a mess as  
the exam room outside, perhaps even more so.

Discarded experiments in bottles, jars and test tubes are  
heaped up alongside computer printouts, research books, older  
textbooks and prototype gadgets.

The only light in the room comes from an anglepoise lamp  
pointing towards the shuttered windows, presumably to stop  
anyone outside looking in, and a PC monitor in one corner of  
the room.

There's a KNOCK at the door, and after a beat we hear Noa.

NOA (O.S.)

Pryor?

She waits, then KNOCKS again.

NOA (O.S.) (cont'd)

Come on, Pryor, open up. I need your help.

There's a shuffling sound, and we can dimly make out a figure moving across the room. It reaches the door, unlocks it and then quickly scurries back out of view.

The door opens a little, and Noa peers cautiously inside, letting a little light flood into the room.

NOA (cont'd)

Pryor?

PRYOR (O.S.)

Close the door behind you, please.

Noa slips in through the half-open door and shuts it again, plunging the room back into darkness.

PRYOR (O.S.) (cont'd)

What can I do for you, Noa?

NOA

(sighs)

You could start by putting some lights on in here.

PRYOR (O.S.)

We both know that's not going to happen.

Noa looks round in the darkness but can't see Pryor. She starts to make her way across the room.

NOA

Okay, fine. Quinn's gone missing, and I think he might be-

She bumps into a table and YELPS in pain, followed by a SMASH as something she knocked falls to the floor and breaks.

NOA (cont'd)

Oops! Sorry...

She crouches, trying to see what she knocked over, and doesn't see the shadowy form of PRYOR step into view. We can't get a good look at him, the light from the PC monitor facing away from his features.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Leave it, it's alright.

Noa glances up and tries to get a good look at Pryor's features, but he leans back into the shadows again.

PRYOR (cont'd)

Did you say Quinn was missing?

NOA

Yeah, we were staking out this apartment complex down in SoHo, a woman there was getting roughed up by demons to force her to pay the rent, so we said we'd check it out.

PRYOR

And you think Quinn may have landed himself in some trouble?

NOA

(resigned)

This is Quinn we're talking about...

Noa waits for Pryor to offer to help.

NOA (cont'd)

So?

PRYOR

So what?

NOA

Are you gonna come and help me find him?

PRYOR

Noa, you know very well I'm not leaving the Lab under any circumstances. It's too-

NOA

(interrupts)

Too dangerous, too risky, yeah, yeah, heard it!

(getting angry)

Pryor, you can't keep locking yourself away in here all day and all night! Okay, you screwed up and some bad things happened. But we're all still here, aren't we? No harm done, and after all, we're still a team. Or, at least, we used to be.

(CONTINUED)

Pryor leans forward a little - and in the glow from the monitor we get a brief view of his face. Two thin scars run out from the edges of his lips and across his cheeks.

PRYOR

Don't ask me again, Noa.

Noa recoils a little as she sees the scars, and Pryor leans back into the darkness.

PRYOR (cont'd)

I've made my decision. I can help you and Jon far better from in here than I can out there.

NOA

(frustrated)

Well, I guess you can just go on thinking that. I'm going to get my boyfriend back.

Angry, Noa turns and heads for the door - bumping into another table and causing something else to fall to the ground and BREAK - but Pryor calls out to her as she starts to open the door.

PRYOR

Catch.

Noa turns - and Pryor tosses a small device to her, which she just about manages to catch. She turns it over in her hands - it looks like a small aerosol can.

NOA

What's this?

PRYOR

A new gadget I've been working on. Think of it as insect repellent for demons.

NOA

Huh. How does it work?

PRYOR

You point and spray, Noa, it's not rocket science.

NOA

No, I mean, what does it do?

PRYOR

(beat)

Sorry.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)

I've done a lot of work in here to isolate the unique electrical impulses present in most demon DNA, and the gas in that can is geared towards affecting anything non-human. It acts like tear gas, causing choking and nausea, but won't affect any humans.

NOA

How do you know? I mean, remember the last thing like this you gave us? Jon almost choked to death on-

PRYOR

(quickly)

This is different. In layman's terms, if you have a soul, you're safe.

NOA

(frowns)

Huh?

PRYOR

The human soul is, at its core, a collection of electrical impulses unique to human biology. The gas won't react to it. And don't forget those electronic lockpicks I made for you, if you're going to go breaking and entering you'll need something like that.

NOA

Oh, right. Gotcha.

She opens the door a little and steps back into the exam room, pausing in the doorway.

NOA (cont'd)

We'll be here for you when you want to come back into the world, Pryor.

PRYOR

I know. Just don't wait up.

With a sad expression, Noa pulls the door closed, and after a beat in the gloom of the office, we cut to:

Night has fallen by the time Noa makes it outside the Lab, and there is a rainstorm currently lashing the streets.

Pulling her jacket collar up and raising an umbrella, she starts to head back towards the apartment complex.

(CONTINUED)

A loud CRACK of thunder startles her, and a flash of lightning draws her attention to the city's skyline.

The storm seems to be centred over one part of the city, with gathering storm clouds and flashes of brilliant purple lightning streaking across the sky.

Noa stares at the electrical storm for a beat before continuing on her way.

Down in a rainswept alleyway alongside a Chinese restaurant, Vi is hard at work with a vampire.

Ducking its punches and rolling back to avoid a kick, she drop kicks the vamp back into one of the alley walls, and before it can recover she SLAMS her stake into its chest.

It dusts with a SHOUT of pain, and as Vi takes a moment to catch her breath, she hears the storm rumbling away as well, and turns to look at it.

We get another shot of the storm as a bolt of LIGHTNING streaks down from the heavens towards the buildings below, before we cut to:

We're looking at one of the back garden walls separating the complex from the outside world, before Noa FALLS into view with a YELP.

She scrambles to her feet, now splashed with mud from her messy landing, and quickly dashes towards the cover of one of the large trees lining the garden.

She looks up towards the complex, seeing her best way in as a thick iron door set into the rear of the complex.

She scurries over, flashes of lightning illuminating the scene, and ducks for cover under the shelter of the stone door frame.

Noa fumbles in her jacket pocket and produces a small metal box with what looks like a credit card attached to it by a thin white cable, and she swipes the card down the slot of the iron door's lock.

The box in her hands flashes up a sequence of numbers, and Noa types them into the keypad next to the lock on the door.

With a CLICK, it unlocks, and she pushes it open, ducking inside the complex at last.

29

INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT.

29

Annabelle is pacing up and down inside her apartment, the rain outside lashing against her windows, when there is a KNOCK at her door.

She jumps half a mile and nervously calls out.

ANNABELLE

Who... who is it?

NOA (O.S.)

It's Noa, open the fricken door!

Annabelle rushes over and opens the door, blinking at Noa's sodden, mud-stained appearance.

ANNABELLE

What happened to you?

Noa just points towards the storm outside, and Annabelle nods, before stepping aside and letting Noa step inside. Annabelle grimaces as Noa tracks muddy footprints across a white rug near the door.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)

Uh, could you try not to walk on that, please? I was hoping to keep this place once you sort everything out.

Noa turns and glares at Annabelle, who finally gets the hint.

ANNABELLE (cont'd)

Hey. Why don't I get you a towel?

Annabelle walks off into the bathroom as Noa tries to wring out her hair.

NOA

Anna, do you know where Jon is?

ANNABELLE (O.S.)

What, your partner from before? I thought he left with you?

Annabelle walks back into frame and hands Noa a towel, waiting as she dries off.

NOA

He didn't come back after we scoped this place out earlier, I think he might be in trouble.

ANNABELLE

Okay, well, what can we do?

(CONTINUED)

NOA

First, we need to get you out of here. I don't think it's safe for you any more.

ANNABELLE

Alright... can I pack a few things first?

NOA

(eyes her)

We don't really have the time.

Annabelle starts to head back towards the wardrobes.

ANNABELLE

Oh, just a few things, I mean, if I'm going to be out on the street after this, then I'll need-

Noa grabs Annabelle's arm, a serious look in her eyes.

NOA

Annabelle! It's too dangerous, if these guys found Quinn snooping around, then they've probably figured out that you asked for help, so that means they'll come calling on you a little earlier than they said.

ANNABELLE

(beat)

Good point. Let's go.

They head towards the door. Noa opens it a fraction and peeks out into the corridor.

NOA

I'll get you out of here, then I'll come back for-

She shuts up as she hears VOICES, and as she watches the corridor she sees Simmons walk past up ahead - followed by his two lackeys, who drag an unconscious Quinn between them!

Noa's eyes widen in horror, and she pushes the door closed, walking back into the middle of the apartment.

ANNABELLE

What is it? What did you see?

NOA

Trouble. We need to get-

BONG! An antique clock on the far side of the apartment suddenly CHIMES loudly, startling Noa. Annabelle's face drains of blood, but Noa doesn't notice.

NOA (cont'd)  
Whew, that was loud!  
(back on subject)  
Anyway, they've got Quinn, so we  
need to...  
(frowns)  
Annabelle?

Annabelle is looking at the clock with fear locked into her face, and a bemused Noa steps closer to her.

NOA (cont'd)  
What is it?

Annabelle finally turns to look at Noa, and stutters as she tries to say something, but a voice behind them makes both girls spin round.

JONES (O.S.)  
She was going to say something like  
'I think it's time for me to pay  
the rent.'

Jones stands in the open doorway, with Simmons behind him, and as Jones grins across at the two girls, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF ACT THREE**

**ACT FOUR**

FADE IN:

30 INT. UPSCALE APARTMENT - NIGHT.

30

Back with Noa as she stands defiantly between Jones and Annabelle. She keeps her eyes locked on Jones and Simmons as she talks over her shoulder to the terrified looking Annabelle.

NOA

Run.

ANNABELLE

(tearful)

I can't... I can't!

NOA

Annabelle! Run!

Noa SHOVES Annabelle to one side and quickly draws Pryor's gas spray from her pocket.

She aims it like a can of mace at Jones and Simmons and SPRAYS, and the room quickly fills up with the thick white smoke that pours out of it.

As Jones and Simmons start to COUGH, waving their arms to try and waft the smoke away, Noa grabs Annabelle and races past them, out into the corridor and away.

We stay inside the room, as the smoke quickly dissipates to show Jones and Simmons, looking no worse for the wear. Simmons blinks, confused.

SIMMONS

What the hell was that supposed to do?

JONES

I have no idea... Quickly! Get after them!

The duo hustle out of the apartment, and we cut to:

31 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

31

Noa clatters down a flight of stairs and races down one of the complexes identical corridors, dragging the coughing Annabelle along.

Noa eventually stops and grabs Annabelle by the shoulders, trying to bring her to her senses.

NOA

What the hell is wrong with you?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

ANNABELLE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry...

NOA

Sorry for what? Anna, we don't have  
time for this! Come on, we need to  
find Quinn and get out of here!

Noa takes the lead again, her eyes scanning the doors around  
her as she tries to recall which way she saw Quinn being led.

A thought strikes her, and Noa pulls out her phone, rapidly  
dialling Quinn's number. As she holds it to her ear and  
waits, we cut to:

32 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT. 32

Quinn is sprawled on the floor, badly bruised and beaten, but  
as his phone starts to RING from inside his jeans pocket, he  
GROANS and starts to come round.

33 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - CORRIDOR - NIGHT. 33

Back with Noa, she lowers her phone and listens, squinting as  
she tries to concentrate.

She turns and shushes Annabelle as the model continues to sob  
quietly, before Noa finally hears it - Quinn's phone, ringing  
somewhere nearby.

NOA

This way!

Noa takes off again, and we cut to:

34 INT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - LARGE ROOM - NIGHT. 34

Quinn sits up, wincing and pressing a hand to his head. He  
manages, with some effort, to dig his phone out from his  
pocket, finally flipping it open and answering.

QUINN

Hello? Hello?

He flips it closed again and tries to stand, groaning with  
pain as he stretches his battered muscles out.

The door handle suddenly starts to flick rapidly up and down,  
as though someone is trying to get in.

Wary, Quinn takes a few steps back, looking round the room  
for something to use as a weapon.

His eyes fall on one of the chairs arranged around the card  
table, and he grabs it, lifts it up and SMASHES it down on  
the desk, making himself an improvised stake.

(CONTINUED)

Armed and ready he waits as whoever is on the other side of the door continues to try and get in.

They suddenly stop, and Quinn relaxes a little.

NOA (O.S.)

Jon? Are you in there?

QUINN

Noa?

He steps up to the door and unlocks it, to reveal Noa and Annabelle. Noa beams with relief and throws her arms round him, not noticing his grimace as she squeezes his bruised ribcage.

NOA

There you are!

QUINN

Yeah, I'm definitely here.

She lets him go, grabs Annabelle and shoves her into the room, closing and locking the door behind her before heading for Quinn again, this time to kiss him.

NOA

You had me worried sick, I thought you'd been captured or beaten up or something!

A beat as she realises that's exactly what did happen. Quinn chuckles and puts the broken chair leg down.

QUINN

Never mind, point is we're all together again now.

NOA

Yeah, but we've got company on the way.

QUINN

More of those demons?

NOA

One, and the landlord, but I'm guessing they'll call for reinforcements.

As if to confirm her fears, the door handle starts to rattle again, and the trio back away from it.

ANNABELLE

(still weepy)

I'm so sorry... this is all my fault...

NOA

Much as I'd love to agree with you, we've got more important things to discuss now.

(to Quinn)

Like 'how are we going to get out of here'?

QUINN

(looks up)

Roof's probably the best bet. The next building along is pretty close by, I think we can either jump, or at best find a fire escape and get back down to the street. My car's still there...

He checks in his pockets and fishes out his car keys.

QUINN (cont'd)

... and we're still in the getaway business.

NOA

Okay, liking the plan so far, but how are we gonna get up to the roof?

Quinn looks round the room and spots a second door in the right-hand wall.

QUINN

(points)

That way.

He races over and throws the door open, turning to usher the girls through first.

He starts to close the door, just as Simmons finally BARGES the other door open, and the demon turns to glare at Quinn with a SNARL.

Quinn grins back and gives Simmons a wave.

QUINN (cont'd)

Nice place you've got here, in case I didn't mention it earlier.

Simmons races over, but Quinn shuts and locks the door before he can reach them.

(CONTINUED)

Simmons struggles with the handle as Jones steps into frame.

SIMMONS  
(through gritted teeth)  
We've... almost... got them!

JONES  
(grins)  
Relax. They're right where they're  
supposed to be.

Simmons looks over at Jones, confused, and we cut from Jones' grin to:

Quinn is holding onto the door handle with all his strength, trying to stop Simmons from pulling the door open. He shouts over to Noa.

QUINN  
Quick! Find us another way out of  
here!

Noa nods and heads into the middle of the room, looking all around, but she spots something and suddenly freezes.

Quinn looks around, not sure why she's stopped, and he shouts over as he continues to hold the door closed.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Noa? What is it?

Noa looks down to the floor - and as she does, we crane up to get a bird's eye view of the floor of the wide room.

Painted onto the bare floorboards is a huge PENTAGRAM, marked out from wall to wall in bright red paint. Skulls with candles melted onto them sit at each corner, with incense sticks burning round them.

Noa's eyes bulge as she takes the sight in, but the effect is more pronounced on Annabelle, who sinks to her knees, whimpering.

Quinn is losing his battle over by the door, and he shouts desperately back over to Noa.

QUINN (cont'd)  
Noa! Come on!

She turns round - just as the door finally FLIES open, and a PUNCH from Simmons sends Quinn staggering back into Noa's arms.

Jones steps into the room, followed by Simmons and a half dozen more of the dark-skinned demons, and he CLAPS his hands slowly.

JONES  
Well done. Bravo.

NOA  
(defiant)  
You're not gonna get away with this!  
(beats; looks round)  
Whatever 'this' is, anyway.

SIMMONS  
(steps forward)  
You shut your mouth, you little bi-

Jones places a hand on Simmons' chest to stop him, and with a last SNARL at Noa, he backs down.

JONES  
You're brave, I'll give you that.  
But, also, somewhat misguided. It's not you we're here for.

He points to Annabelle, who looks white as a sheet.

JONES (cont'd)  
It's her.

QUINN  
Maybe we have something to say about that.

JONES  
Oh, not for long.  
(to Annabelle)  
Why don't you tell them the real story behind this place?

Noa and Quinn slowly turn to look at Annabelle, who looks up at them with tear-soaked eyes.

ANNABELLE  
I'm so sorry...

NOA  
What does he mean, 'the real reason'? What's going on?

Jones waits for a beat, but Annabelle stays quiet. With a sigh and a roll of his eyes, he steps forward.

JONES

It's quite simple, really - you see, she-

NOA

Get back!!

She SPRAYS him with the aerosol again, and a cloud of white smoke quickly spreads to cover them all.

After a few beats, it burns up and fades away again - but the only person choking on the stuff is Annabelle, and a bewildered Noa looks down at her.

JONES

I'm afraid Miss Grazer hasn't been a hundred per cent straight with you.

Jones steps forward and takes the aerosol from Noa's hand, tossing it back to Simmons.

JONES (cont'd)

I'm sure she told you a story about how she couldn't afford to pay the rent because she's fallen on hard times, and that we were going to kill her if she didn't pay up, and blah blah blah.

Quinn makes sure he's between Jones and Noa, but as Jones walks over to them, it's only Annabelle he's interested in.

JONES (cont'd)

But the truth of the matter is that Miss Grazer here knew full well the cost of taking one of these apartments.

(to Noa)

If you and your little redhead friend earlier had shown a definite interest, you'd have found out too.

NOA

Annabelle?

Jones offers his hand to Annabelle, and as she sniffs back the last of her tears, she takes it and stands.

Jones leads her towards the centre of the pentagram, and Quinn takes that as his cue to move himself and Noa out of the way.

JONES

I don't ask for much from my tenants to secure a prized piece of real estate, in the heart of one of the wealthiest parts of Manhattan.

There are fresh tears in Annabelle's eyes as Jones takes her hand and KISSES it gently.

JONES (cont'd)

Just their soul.

Noa's jaw hangs open, then she glances over to the aerosol in Simmons' hand - and the pieces start to fall together.

QUINN

Her soul? That's crazy! She can't have-

Annabelle turns to look at Quinn, and one look into her eyes tells him that that's exactly what has happened.

ANNABELLE

I'm sorry I didn't tell you guys - I didn't think you'd help me if you knew, and I just wanted to...

She starts to SOB again, and Jones gently wraps his arms round her.

JONES

Ssh. Don't cry. It's alright. It'll be over soon.

There is a CHIME from another clock, and Quinn looks round to see another antique clock, identical to the one in Annabelle's room, standing imperiously on the other side of the room.

As it continues to chime, the painted lines of the pentagram start to GLOW, and as Annabelle continues to weep Jones starts to slowly dance with her, taking her hands in his and leading her in a relaxed waltz.

He looks over to Quinn and Noa and continues the story.

JONES (cont'd)

The problem is, I don't allow my tenants to try and back out on the deal once it's signed. Miss Grazer tried to do just that, so I'm afraid she knows exactly what consequences that will have.

Noa looks to Quinn, but he shakes his head - this is rapidly going way out of their league.

(CONTINUED)

Noa looks back at the pentagram, as the candles on tops of the skulls at each point suddenly burst into FLAME, so bright that Noa and Quinn are forced to look away.

As the flames spread from each point, along the painted lines and quickly cover the whole pentagram, we get a final shot of Jones and Annabelle slow dancing in the centre of it all, before there is a sudden FLASH of light - and they are gone.

The flames die back down, leaving nothing but smoke, and as Noa and Quinn hold onto each other, shocked by what they've just seen, Simmons and his demons turn and file out of the room.

We stay on the still smouldering pentagram for a beat, before we dissolve to:

Noa is tucked up in the bed, with Quinn sitting on the edge, looking down on her.

NOA

I just can't believe it...

QUINN

I know. I guess that old saying was right.

NOA

Which one?

QUINN

The one that says you can't escape paying the devil his due.

NOA

You think that was...

QUINN

What? No, not the devil. Just a demon with good taste in suits and a sense of theatrics.

Noa looks lost in thought, so Quinn gets the message and leans down to kiss her on the forehead.

He switches off the bedside lamp and heads over to the door, pausing in the doorway as Noa calls out to him.

NOA

You sure you don't want to stay over tonight?

QUINN

(grins)

Any other night, I'd already be in there with you, but not tonight. I've got a few errands to run.

NOA

(smiles)

Okay. But, you know, if you get done early...

QUINN

I know, I know. Just come on over.

She beams across at him, then snuggles down for the night as Quinn turns and leaves.

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT.

Quinn closes the door to the bedroom, then takes out his phone and dials a number, waiting for an answer.

QUINN

(into phone)

Lesley? It's Jon Quinn.

(listens; smirks)

Yes, I do know what time it is, and I'm sorry.

(serious)

Lesley, we need to talk. It's about Sing, and Lehto. I need you to get me the autopsy reports and anything else you still have access to.

(listens)

Let's just say I'm still continuing my own investigations.

(listens)

Alright. Bye.

He flips the phone closed, and we stay on his thoughtful expression for a beat, before we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - CORRIDOR - NIGHT.

We're inside a long, plain corridor of what looks like a psychiatric institution. The thunder storm we saw earlier is back with a vengeance, and as the wind and rain lashes the walls of the asylum, the lights flicker on and off, followed by a FLASH of lightning.

The distressed residents - some pressed against the walls, some in their rooms - are kicking up a fuss at the frightening attack by Nature on their home, as orderlies rush back and forth, guiding stray residents back into their rooms and trying to maintain order.

(CONTINUED)

One orderly, a portly man with short, side-parted hair and glasses, jogs into frame, looking around anxiously for someone.

He grabs the nearest orderly as they lead a resident back into their room and shut the door.

ORDERLY #1

Where's Dr. Salus?

ORDERLY #2

Back on 'E' wing, we've got terrified residents coming out of our damn ears at the moment! She went down there to help out.

The first Orderly rushes down the corridor, leaving his colleague behind.

ORDERLY #2 (cont'd)

What's wrong? Hey!

The orderly locks the door, and we cut to:

INT. ASYLUM - 'E' WING WALKWAY - NIGHT.

We're looking at a long pathway that splits this part of the institution into two floors, upper and lower. The pathway is surrounded by wire fencing to cage it in, and along it strides DR. ALEXANDRIA SALUS, an attractive, slim woman in her thirties with long, curly blonde hair.

Two more orderlies follow her, and the stern looks on everyone's faces tell us this has already been a long and tiring night.

She stops outside the door to one room and checks something on the clipboard she's carrying.

ALEX

Alright, number two-seventeen, Marracheck, John. How's he coping?

ORDERLY #3

Not too good, doc. This whole wing was acting pretty spooked even before the storm kicked in, and he's been in an even worse state since then.

Alex slides back the food hatch on the door and peers inside.

We get a shot of the dark room for a beat - before a FLASH of lightning shows us the eyes of John Marracheck, standing less than an inch away from the hatch and staring balefully back at Alex.

(CONTINUED)

She starts and takes a step back, catching her breath, and slides the hatch closed again.

ALEX

Alright, keep everyone in their rooms until the storm blows over. I don't know what's got them all acting like this, but we're not going to be able to find out until they start to calm down again. Now, let's get over to-

ORDERLY #1 (O.S.)

Doctor Salus!

She looks up as the orderly jogs over, red-faced and out of breath.

ALEX

What is it, Alan?

ORDERLY #1

She just- I mean, there's no way she could have-

ALEX

Slow down. What's wrong?

ORDERLY #1

(deep breath)

You'd better come and take a look at this.

He heads back the way he came, and with a puzzled expression Alex starts to follow.

Orderly #1 sorts through a roll of keys as he and Alex walk along another corridor of the building, the lights still flickering thanks to the storm.

ORDERLY #1

It's like she came out of nowhere, doctor. One minute, I'm doing my rounds and it's just one of the empty rooms, then I hear this noise, like...

ALEX

Alan, I don't understand. Who came out of nowhere?

Alan stops outside one of the institution's thick iron doors, finally finding the relevant key.

ORDERLY #1  
See for yourself.

He unlocks the door and pushes it open.

INT. ASYLUM - ROOM - NIGHT.

We're looking out from inside the room as the door swings open, and the Orderly motions for Dr. Salus to step inside. She scans over the room, her eyes widening when she sees something off camera.

She turns to the Orderly, confused.

ALEX  
How did this happen?

ORDERLY #1  
Like I said, one minute it was an empty room, the next, poof! There she was.

Alex walks slowly into the room - and we see at last that there's someone sitting on the plain, unmade bed pushed up against one wall. Their body is curled up, knees pressed against the chest, and their head is down, long, straggly dark hair hiding their features.

Alex kneels next to the bed and takes out a small torch from her white coat pocket, reaching out a hand towards the room's occupant.

As she gently raises the person's head, the hair falls to one side, and we get a look at their features at last - and it's FAITH!

Alex shines the torch in either eye, looking Faith up and down for any injuries. Faith is still wearing the black pants and t-shirt we last saw her in, but she's covered with wounds and marks, and her clothing is torn and dirty.

Alex turns back to the Orderly as he steps into the room behind her.

ALEX  
This is impossible, people don't just appear out of thin air!

ORDERLY #1  
And I'm telling you, this room was empty, and when I came back, she was just there.

Alex looks back at Faith, who hasn't moved a muscle on her own since we saw her, and stands, tucking the torch back into her pocket.

ALEX

Well, she's not one of ours, that's for sure.

ORDERLY #1

What's her condition?

ALEX

She's unresponsive, and despite the injuries she appears to have suffered she's physically stable. My guess? Catatonic shock.

ORDERLY #1

What do you want to do with her?

Alex looks down on Faith for a beat, deep in thought, then she sighs and shakes her head.

ALEX

I don't know. We'll have to come back to her when we've finished calming the rest of this place down, she's not going to be going anywhere until then.

Alex turns and walks out of the room, and the Orderly pulls the door closed.

We push in on Faith as the key turns in the door, and as the lock CLICKS, we:

**BLACK OUT:**

**END OF SHOW**