

EDGE OF VISION

"TROUBLED WATERS"

written by
M.J. Calder

Produced by



in association with

The VPN

COPYRIGHT© 2011 M. J. Calder. This script is the property of M. J. Calder. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced, or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of M. J. Calder.

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a modest two-story home on a quiet residential street. As we close in on the house it becomes apparent that things are too quiet.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: Curtain. The material looks wet. The HAND of an unknown person comes into view, a MATCH held in their fingers. They strike the match, producing a small flame.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

A small flickering light appears on one of the front windows, slowly growing in size and brightness. It's not long before the lace curtain is engulfed in FLAMES and we realize the light was actually the beginning of a fire.

The flames begin to spread through the house and a MANIACAL LAUGHTER can be heard. As more windows are lit by the growing fire, the laughter gets louder until we -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HOUSE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - MORNING

The two-story house is now a blackened shell of what it once was. FIREFIGHTING CREWS are busy assessing the structural integrity of what remains of the home. POLICE are securing the scene and interviewing neighbors.

As we PAN across the scene we come to rest on Detective VICTORIA LANCE and Detective SHAYNE GREY, standing on the small front lawn.

SHAYNE

That's the second house this week. Up until now it's only been one a week, almost like clockwork.

VICTORIA

I know, Grey. I am working this case too if you hadn't noticed.

SHAYNE

Just thinking aloud, Lance, no need to get snippy.

Before the argument can escalate the detectives are

approached by a local POLICE OFFICER that had been cordoning off the area.

POLICE OFFICER
Detectives.

He nods his head in greeting to each of them.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)
The scene is ready for you. I'd watch where you step though, the ground's a mess.

VICTORIA
Thanks officer.

CUT TO:

INT. BURNT OUT HOUSE – RESIDENTIAL STREET – DAY

In the living room of the house a couple of CSIs are photographing the room. There isn't much but the blackened remains of objects left. From our angle we can see the back of a couch with what is left of four BODIES sitting on it.

Hovering over the bodies is DR. CASSIE BREWER with a grim look on her face. She glances up from her work and catches sight of VICTORIA and SHAYNE picking their way through the mess.

CASSIE
I was wondering when they were going to let you two in.

She waves them over with a gloved hand. Victoria and Shayne make their way towards her, careful not to trip on the uneven floor.

SHAYNE
(upon seeing the family)
Damn it...

VICTORIA
I take it that's Mr. and Mrs. Kraver.
(beat)
And their two daughters.

Shayne runs a hand through his hair, an upset tell, and Victoria places her hands on her hips with a slow exhale.

CASSIE
Prelim suggests it's them. Of course, I won't be able to give you a definite answer until I get the proper tests done back at the lab.

VICTORIA

Of course.

Cassie steps back from the bodies and allows the MORGUE ASSISTANT to begin prepping the bodies for transport.

CASSIE

Well, I need to get these four into body bags and back to the morgue.

She points at Shayne and Victoria.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

You two I'll see back at the DCIU.

SHAYNE

We won't be far behind.

The two detectives make their way out of the room and back into the main hall of the house. Like the living room, most everything in sight is burnt black.

VICTORIA

How the hell are we going to stop this?

SHAYNE

We'll find a way.

Victoria shoots an exasperated look in Shayne's direction.

VICTORIA

Everything in this case has been pretty random so far. How are we supposed to protect people when we're always a couple of steps behind?

SHAYNE

We'll just have to up our game.

VICTORIA

(annoyed)

Oh, yeah, do you actually have any idea how to do that?

SHAYNE

Right now? No. But I'm working on it.

(beat)

Our Demon will give himself away, eventually.

They pause to watch the first of the BODY BAGS be rolled out on a gurney past where they stand.

VICTORIA

I hope so. I really hope so.

BLACKOUT:

END OF TEASER

ROLL OPENING CREDITS

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. BULLPEN — DCIU BUILDING — DAY

VICTORIA and SHAYNE sit at their desks. Though there are a number of open folders and pieces of paper strewn across both desks it is clear that neither of them is getting very far on the case. Shayne is reading off a piece of PAPER while Victoria absentmindedly twirls a PEN in her right hand.

SHAYNE

Credit card history reads just like the others.

(beat)

The Kravers did visit the same supermarket as the other families though.

VICTORIA

Because they lived in the same area. That's not a lead.

Shayne looks up from the paper.

SHAYNE

The fact that they all live in the same neighborhood is a lead.

Victoria drops the pen onto the desk, frustrated.

VICTORIA

One we can't act on.

SHAYNE

Sure we can act on it.

VICTORIA

(skeptical)

How?

SHAYNE

Get some cops out on the streets to patrol the neighborhood. We might be able to flush him out.

VICTORIA

If the police force was willing to lend us their manpower that might be a good idea, but everyone knows that's not going to happen. Besides, if we come down too heavy on the

(MORE)

neighborhood we're likely to spook
our killer and he'll move somewhere
else and start over.

It's Shayne's turn to be frustrated now and he slaps the
piece of paper down onto the desk with more force than is
necessary.

SHAYNE

(angry)

How the hell are we supposed to do
our job if the cops aren't going to
co-operate?

VICTORIA

Don't ask me, I was just pointing out
the flaws in your plan.

SHAYNE

It's not like you've got any better
ideas on how to deal with our serial
killer, Detective Lance.

LLOYD (O.S.)

God, you two make a racket.

Detective LLOYD HARMON approaches the desk, but unlike
the last time we saw him he now sits confined to a
WHEELCHAIR. He appears haggard but glad to be back in the
DCIU.

VICTORIA

(surprised, happy)

Lloyd! I didn't know you'd been
released.

LLOYD

You're not the only one around here
who has a distaste for hospitals.

Victoria smiles warmly.

VICTORIA

It's good to see you out and about
old man.

She rises from her seat to give Lloyd a gentle hug. She
is mindful of the fact that even though he is out of the
hospital he is not fully healed just yet.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Even if it is with a pair of fancy
new wheels.

While Victoria and Lloyd are talking Shayne stands and
approaches hesitantly. He holds out his hand to Lloyd but

when he speaks his voice doesn't betray his nervousness.

SHAYNE

You must be Detective Harmon. It's great to finally meet you. I'm Detective Shayne Grey.

Lloyd accepts Shayne's outstretched hand in a firm handshake.

LLOYD

Yes. I've heard all about you, detective.

Shayne grins but it's not nearly as self-assured as usual.

SHAYNE

(slightly worried)

You have? Nothing bad I hope?

LLOYD

Your hope's misplaced kid.

SHAYNE

What do you mean?

Lloyd is saved from answering by the approach of DCIU Special Agent NORA FIELDS. She is immaculate in her business suit, as usual, and walks towards them with purpose. She greets Lloyd with a warm smile.

NORA

Detective Harmon, wonderful to see you out of hospital. I assumed you'd arrived when I could no longer hear these two arguing over whatever it is they're disagreeing about today.

With a slight nod of her head she gestures to Victoria and Shayne who are smart enough to stay quiet. Both look like they'd like to rebut the statement though.

NORA (CONT'D)

But onto matters of more importance.

(beat)

My office is free if you'd like to discuss when you'll be returning to the DCIU and in what capacity.

LLOYD

Of course. After you, Special Agent Fields.

Nora gives Victoria and Shayne a stern look before turning and heading off screen towards her office, Lloyd

following. Once they are out of earshot Shayne speaks up, glancing sidelong at Victoria.

SHAYNE

So, that wheelchair... is it a permanent fixture?

VICTORIA

Unfortunately.

Victoria sits down heavily in her chair just as the phone on her desk starts RINGING. She picks it up quickly as Shayne sits on the edge of her desk.

VICTORIA

(into phone)

DCIU, Detective Lance speaking.

There is a moment of silence as Victoria listens to the person on the other line. She nods her head.

VICTORIA

We'll be there in a minute.

She hangs up the phone and stands, Shayne looking at her expectantly.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Adam wants to see us.

SHAYNE

Here's hoping he can shed some light on this case.

As Shayne gets up to follow Victoria we -

FADE TO:

INT. SPECIAL AGENT NORA FIELDS' OFFICE - DCIU BUILDING - DAY

NORA sits behind her desk, leaning back in her chair with her hands clasped in her lap. On the other side of the desk sits LLOYD, restricted to his wheelchair.

NORA

I'm glad to see you back Lloyd.

LLOYD

Good to be back. Though it's not in the capacity I was hoping for. Sitting around pushing paperwork nine to five isn't what I signed on for.

NORA

And I'm of no doubt that your skills
would be wasted doing so.

(beat)

That's what I wanted to talk to you
about.

Nora swivels in her chair to face a FILING CABINET beside
her. She opens the top draw and skims through the file
labels.

NORA (CONT'D)

Currently the DCIU doesn't host many
desk jobs, none beyond basic
secretarial duty anyway.

She finds the label she's looking for and pulls out a
number of thick, paper filled, MANILA FOLDERS that she
places on her desk before turning to face Lloyd again.

NORA (CONT'D)

What I have in mind is something
different.

LLOYD

(eyeing the folders)

A something different you've been
working on for some time now by the
look of those.

NORA

(incensed)

Damn right I have.

(beat)

For as long as the DCIU has been
around we've been labeled as nothing
more than police officers who work
with Demon related crime. This would
be fine if we were dealing with the
problems of twenty years ago, but
we're not. The Demons are evolving as
far as their crimes are concerned and
it's high time the DCIU stepped up to
the plate.

LLOYD

You telling me the government finally
started giving a damn?

Nora laughs but there's an undercurrent of bitterness.

NORA

I wish. That would have made this a
whole lot easier.

LLOYD

I'm intrigued. What has Special Agent Nora Fields been working on under the radar?

Nora pushes the folders towards Lloyd, nodding her head for him to take a look. Curious now, Lloyd picks up the first folder and begins flicking through the pages. After a moment he looks up at Nora, mildly surprised.

LLOYD

You did this?

NORA

Technically no, but I initiated it. Our detectives sometimes end up on temporary desk duty, I just made sure they had something productive to do with their time.

LLOYD

A report into the increase of Demonic crime over the last five years, the beginning of files on Demons who have avoided custody, a collection of everything we know about Pandemonium and the Fracture... How is it that no one has thought to do this before now?

Nora shakes her head.

NORA

I don't know. But it's about time the government started taking this seriously.

LLOYD

You're taking this to the big shots?

NORA

Not yet. I want to have so much information to shove down their throats they won't be able to continue ignoring our requests and warnings. That's where you come in.

(beat)

I want you to run this for me Lloyd. It's not your old job, not by a mile, but it's important. Important to me, the DCIU, and the Barton citizens. Though the latter may not know it yet.

Lloyd takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly, sifting

though the files Nora gave him as he thinks. Finally he looks up and holds out a hand over the desk for Nora to shake.

LLOYD

Where do you want me to start?

With a smile Nora shakes his outstretched hand and on that we —

CUT TO:

INT. TECHNICAL ANALYST'S OFFICE — DCIU BUILDING — DAY

The DCIU technical analyst's office is a room with very little wall space that isn't housing some sort of computer screen. There are no windows, instead all light comes from two fluorescent ceiling lights and the numerous screens. The resulting light is very artificial looking with a slight blue tinge to it.

The room appears to be split into two separate work stations, one on the left side of the room, the other on the right by the door. At the right workstation sits KATE WILSON, a young woman with wavy blonde hair tied back in a ponytail, typing away rapidly at her computer.

She doesn't look up as the door next to her desk opens and SHAYNE and VICTORIA enter the room. The technical analyst at the other workstation does glance up, and the smiling face of ADAM PARKER greets us.

ADAM

Hey, Victoria. Shayne.

The two detectives approach Adam as he turns back to his COMPUTER, pulling up the information he wants to show them.

VICTORIA

You said you'd completed the location analysis over the phone?

Adam smiles.

ADAM

Straight to business, as usual. I'll put it up on the big screen for you.

Shayne and Victoria make their way over the big PROJECTOR SCREEN on the wall between the two technical analyst workstations. With only a couple of quickly typed commands the image on the large screen changes to mirror that of Adam's monitor.

ANGLE ON: Projector screen. A couple of clicks of the mouse and Adam brings up a MAP of Barton.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I ran the location analysis like you asked but I've got good and bad news. What do you want to hear first?

Both Shayne and Victoria answer at almost the same time.

VICTORIA

Bad news.

SHAYNE

Good news.

Victoria turns to Shayne, looking surprised at his answer and unable to resist saying something.

VICTORIA

Good news? Who asks for the good news first?

SHAYNE

Uh, I do?

Victoria shakes her head in disbelief. She crosses her arms over her chest and returns her attention back towards the screen.

VICTORIA

No, you have it around the wrong way.

Realizing he's not going to be able to sway Victoria's mind Shayne turns to Adam, a friendly and pleading smile on his face.

SHAYNE

You agree with me though, Parker, right? Good news then bad?

Not wanting to get involved Adam swivels his chair back around to face his computer.

ADAM

It's really a matter of... personal preference.

SHAYNE

And your personal preference is...?

ADAM

(beat)
Bad then good.

SHAYNE

(dejected)
Seriously? But what if-

VICTORIA

(interrupting)

Hey! If you don't focus I'm going to be the only bad news you'll have to worry about.

SHAYNE

Point taken.

There is a lengthy silence, filled with the ambient sounds of typing and computer beeps before Adam realizes the two detectives are waiting for him to speak.

ADAM

Oh, right, results.

Adam hits a button on the keyboard and a series of COLORED DOTS appear on the map, marking specific places.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I've allocated a different color for each family. The Johnson family is in red, Alexander in green, Bryant in yellow, and the Kraver in blue. On the map I've marked each family's house along with places the family was likely to be seen together. That covered supermarkets, schools, kid's sporting clubs and so on.

SHAYNE

So what's the bad news?

Adam gestures at the screen in front of Victoria and Shayne.

ADAM

Take a look for yourself.

ANGLE ON: the projector screen. The colored dots are all found in roughly the same vicinity and in some cases all converge at the one location.

SHAYNE

They're all relatively close to each other, that gives us a comfort zone. And this...

Shayne extends his hand to tap on one of the locations where the colored dots cluster together.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

A shopping center three of our four families shopped at. Could be where our Demon is picking their victims. I don't see that as bad news.

Victoria's shoulders slump with disappointment.

VICTORIA

No, Adam's right, it is bad news. I mean, you're correct about the comfort zone but we're still no closer to figuring out if there's a method behind how the victims are chosen. Perhaps the Demon simply likes the neighborhood and is picking houses at random. That three of our families shop at the same place is probably coincidence.

Shayne frowns.

SHAYNE

Let's hear the good news Parker, before Madame Pessimist here thinks of any more things that could go wrong with this case.

Adam swivels his chair around to face the two detectives.

ADAM

Well, it's actually kinda good *and* bad news...

VICTORIA

(exasperated)

Adam!

ADAM

(quickly)

Fracture lines. All the houses they've attacked are either on, or extremely close to, a Fracture line.

VICTORIA

Great...

Shayne takes a step closer to the screen, studying the layout of the marked locations.

SHAYNE

Can you get rid of all the markers except for those on the homes? And put a Fracture line map over the top of it?

ADAM

Give me a moment...

Adam types rapidly on the keyboard and all but four of the markers disappear. Another few seconds of typing and a number of BLUE LINES are layered over the existing map.

One of the lines runs though, or extremely close to, most of the house markers.

ADAM (CONT'D)

There we go.

VICTORIA

(quietly)

I thought there was something odd about the crime scenes.

Shayne glances back over his shoulder at Victoria who has a hand raised to her mouth as she chews absently on her thumbnail.

SHAYNE

And you didn't think to mention it because...?

VICTORIA

I didn't think it was anything important. It's not like Sensitive abilities are an exact science, I'm allowed to make mistakes.

SHAYNE

Mmmhmm.

Victoria rolls her eyes, fed up with the turn of conversation.

VICTORIA

Forget it. Adam, could you print up a couple of copies of that and send it to the bullpen when you get the chance?

ADAM

No problem, I'll have it to you soon.

VICTORIA

Thanks Adam.

Victoria catches Shayne's eye and tilts her head towards the door.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Let's go.

Shayne smirks and gives her a mock salute.

SHAYNE

Yes boss.

Shayne receives a rather scornful glance from Victoria before she makes her way to the door, Shayne following slowly behind her. In a childish display of annoyance,

Victoria doesn't bother holding the door open after she exits. Shayne has to quicken his pace to grab the handle before the door closes again. After he leaves the door shuts with a CLICK and Adam lets out a long sigh.

CUT TO: Kate. She turns to face Adam with a small smile on her face.

KATE

Are they like that all time?

ADAM

Yeah, they are.

On Adam offering Kate an exasperated smile we –

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY – DCIU BUILDING – DAY

SHAYNE and VICTORIA are walking down the hallway that leads to the bullpen. In the short time since leaving the technical analyst's office they've already managed to start up another argument.

SHAYNE

We should head down to the morgue, see if Cassie was able to find anything. Perhaps a different link between our victims?

VICTORIA

The only link between our victims is the unfortunate happenstance of their homes sitting on a fracture line.

SHAYNE

You don't know that for sure.

VICTORIA

I know our time would be better spent looking at where the fracture lines lie in the neighborhood. Besides, if Cassie had anything important she would have let us know.

SHAYNE

I'm starting to think you're just trying to annoy me by doing the opposite of what I want.

VICTORIA

I'm starting to wonder who thought it was a good idea to make you a detective. Ever hear about prioritizing leads?

Shayne steps in front of Victoria, facing her and blocking her path forward.

SHAYNE

You know what? There are two of us. Why don't you go look at your oh-so-important fracture lines and I'll speak to Cassie about the bodies. God knows she's one of the few people around here who'll actually listen to me.

VICTORIA

Perhaps if what came out of your mouth was useful I'd listen to you too. Though I doubt that'll be happening any time soon.

With a sarcastic laugh Shayne steps towards the ELEVATORS and violently jabs at the down arrow.

SHAYNE

You're a laugh a minute you are, Lance.

The elevator doors open and he steps inside, turning to get one last jab in at Victoria.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

Go have fun with your little maps. I'm going to get some real work done.

VICTORIA

Oh, you do that.

SHAYNE

(snaps)
Fine.

VICTORIA

(snaps)
Fine.

The elevator doors close and Victoria is left standing in the hall, glaring daggers at where Shayne had been standing.

With a frustrated groan she kicks out at a nearby POT PLANT, just as the second elevator opens to reveal a couple of other DETECTIVES. They both looking a little surprised at her outburst and Victoria laughs nervously.

VICTORIA

Uh, sorry about that. Hard day.

Ducking her head in embarrassment she turns away from the

elevators and walks to the glass doors of the bullpen,
pulling them open and hurrying inside as we –

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**FADE IN:****INT. BULLPEN — DCIU BUILDING — DAY**

VICTORIA sits at her desk, a number of MAPS and other PAPERS covering the surface in front of her. She holds a BLACK MARKER in one hand, twirling it between her fingers as she stares at the mess before her with some contempt.

As if struck by some sudden inspiration she begins searching for something on her desk, lifting up papers and moving them about. After a moment she glances over at Shayne's desk, catching sight of the FOLDER she is looking for.

Leaning over her desk, Victoria stretches out an arm to grab the file. As she pulls it towards her she bumps Shayne's NAMEPLATE, leaving it half hanging off his desk.

Half way through withdrawing her arm she pauses, and then pushes the nameplate the rest of the way off with the folder in her hand. The nameplate falls to the floor with a soft thud and Victoria leans back in her chair, a self-satisfied smile on her face.

LLOYD (O.S.)

As mature as ever I see.

Startled, Victoria jumps slightly in her chair. She turns sheepishly to find LLOYD just a few meters away looking at her with a mixture of disapproval and amusement.

VICTORIA

Sorry...?

Lloyd chuckles lightly and wheels himself the rest of the way up to Victoria's desk.

LLOYD

I don't know why you're apologizing to me. It's not my nameplate, not my desk anymore either.

VICTORIA

He's just being a real pain and- wait, not your desk anymore? I thought you were coming back to work soon?

LLOYD

You're smarter than that, Tori. Did you really think I'd be able to keep chasing down Demons in this?

When he says 'this' Lloyd pats the arm of his WHEELCHAIR.

LLOYD (CONT'D)

My days as a DCIU field agent are over.

VICTORIA

I always believed you'd be doing this job for a long time yet.

LLOYD

(resigned)

Yeah. Me too kiddo.

VICTORIA

So... I guess that talk with Nora was you turning in your notice, huh?

LLOYD

What? No. Just because I can't work in the field anymore doesn't mean I'm useless!

VICTORIA

(surprised)

So you're not leaving?

LLOYD

No need to sound so shocked.

VICTORIA

Well that's great! What exactly are you going to be doing?

LLOYD

Bit of this, bit of that. Desk work mostly, a bit of PR.

VICTORIA

I never really picked you for a PR sort of person. Though, I can't deny you'd probably be able to convince anyone to side with you in an argument.

LLOYD

I'm going to hazard a guess that you're not commending my interpersonal skills right now.

Victoria smiles cheekily.

VICTORIA

Not really Lloyd.

LLOYD

We're still working out the kinks in the job description.

(beat)

Enough about my job though. How are you fairing with this Shayne Grey? I hear your partnership leaves much to be desired.

ANGLE ON: the fallen nameplate.

VICTORIA (O.S.)

You have no idea.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DCIU BUILDING - DAY

We PAN across the DCIU morgue taking in two black BODY BAGS, one on each of the metal tables in the center of the morgue. Neither is empty.

We FOCUS IN on the back corner of the morgue where two people can be seen through the window of Dr. Cassie Brewer's office.

CUT TO:

INT. CASSIE'S OFFICE - MORGUE - CONTINUOUS

CASSIE is sitting in her desk chair, leaning back in the seat with legs crossed and hands resting in her lap. She is focused on SHAYNE who sits on the edge of her desk, arms crossed loosely over his chest.

SHAYNE

So you don't think the bodies are going to be any help?

CASSIE

I haven't started the examinations on the Kraver family but I strongly doubt you're going to find your case-breaking clue down here, Chinchilla. Sorry.

Shayne drops his arms and places the heels of his palms on the desks edge.

SHAYNE

This case is just one giant mess.

CASSIE

Tell me about it. My morgue hasn't been this full since that Demon who managed to blow up a restaurant two years ago.

SHAYNE

Ugh. Well, Parker might have given us a lead to go on. We won't know how that's gonna pan out till we do a bit of legwork though.

Cassie nods her head in understanding.

CASSIE

So that must be why Tori isn't down here. You two are doing the smart thing and delegating.

Shayne coughs sheepishly, carefully avoiding Cassie's amused gaze.

SHAYNE

Not exactly...

He finally meets her eyes and notices her quiet amusement.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

...but you already knew that, didn't you?

Cassie laughs and leans forward conspiratorially in her chair.

CASSIE

I may spend most my time 'round dead people, Chinchilla, but it doesn't mean I don't know how the live ones work. In fact, you'd have to be dead to miss the tension between you and my darling Victoria.

SHAYNE

How anyone is able to work with her is beyond me.

Cassie purses her lips as she tries not to smile.

CASSIE

Hate to be the bearer of bad news, but I have heard the same said about you.

Shayne frowns.

SHAYNE

Okay, I can't deny that. I still don't understand why Special Agent Fields insists on keeping us partnered up.

Cassie sighs and stands up, grabbing a purple FOLDER that

was sitting on her desk and facing Shayne.

CASSIE

I can't speak for Special Agent Fields, and I certainly don't know what Mama Bear's thoughts are, but perhaps, and this *is* a radical idea, but perhaps you two might actually work well together.

SHAYNE

But we're not.

Cassie just shakes her head with a laugh. She places her hands on Shayne's shoulders and begins steering him towards her office door.

CASSIE

I said you *might* work well together. I didn't say you *were* working well together.

She opens the office door and pauses, fixing Shayne with a sympathetic look.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

If you want to make this work you're going to have to loose the ego-

SHAYNE

I have to-

CASSIE (CONT'D)

-*both* of you. You've solved all your cases so obviously you can work together when it counts. Just... try to remember that when you're stuck in the office with each other.

She smiles and slaps his arm gently with the folder in her hand.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Now, out of my morgue and back to your desk. I have four bodies to examine and you have a Demon to find. I'll call if anything interesting pops up.

As Shayne and Cassie walk out of the office we -

FADE TO:

INT. LLOYD'S OFFICE - DCIU BUILDING - DAY

We are focused on the door of a small shadowy room. There

is a buzz of noise from somewhere outside that increases when the door is opened, distinguishable now as the sound of voices. We PAN around as a wedge of LIGHT spills into the room, illuminating dusty SHEET COVERED office furniture that looks like it hasn't been used for a few months.

NORA (O.S.)

It's been sitting empty since Jonathan retired so we might as well start using it again. I'm sure the peace of your own office will be nice after the ruckus of the bullpen. Though if you ask me, the walls are much to thin.

CUT BACK TO: The door, where NORA and LLOYD loiter in the doorway. Eventually Nora walks to the far wall of the office and pulls open the BLINDS on the window, filling the room with natural light. Lloyd wheels himself into the room slowly.

NORA (CONT'D)

We can get someone in here to tidy up if-

LLOYD

(interrupting)

It's fine. I can do it. Set things up how I want them from the get go.

NORA

If that's what you want.

(beat)

Just holler at some of the younger detectives if you need help moving the furniture around. In the mean time, I will get onto collecting those files for you and outlining your new job here at the DCIU.

Nora smiles softly as she makes her way back to the bullpen, stopping by Lloyd's side and placing her hand on his shoulder.

NORA (CONT'D)

It's good to have you back.

LLOYD

It's good to be back.

Nora squeezes his shoulder gently and leaves, closing the door behind her and leaving Lloyd alone in the office. He places a hand on top of the covered desk and sighs.

After a moments pause he PULLS off the white sheet and we
—

CUT TO:

INT. BULLPEN — DCIU BUILDING — DAY

We follow SHAYNE as he walks through the bullpen. When he reaches his desk he stops, attention caught by something on the ground by his chair.

He bends down to pick up his NAMEPLATE, looking at the object now held in his hands before turning to VICTORIA. She is leaning back in her chair, a FILE held open in front of her face.

SHAYNE

Really? You couldn't not act like a child for five minutes?

Victoria lowers the file slightly so she can peer at Shayne over the top.

VICTORIA

What?

Shayne holds up the nameplate and wiggles it.

SHAYNE

This.

He places it back in its rightful spot on his desk.

VICTORIA

That was an accident.

SHAYNE

And you couldn't pick it back up?

Victoria raises the file, again obscuring her face.

VICTORIA

I was busy.

SHAYNE

(skeptically)

Right...

After a long beat Shayne finally pulls out his desk chair and sits down. After another glare in Victoria's direction, she is still studiously ignoring him, he picks up one of the FILES on his own desk and opens it, getting ready for a long afternoon of trolling through papers.

FADE TO:

INT. LLOYD'S OFFICE - DCIU BUILDING - AFTERNOON

The afternoon sun streams through the window on the back wall of the office. It lights the room up with a warm YELLOW GLOW. All the furniture is now uncovered, a pile of WHITE SHEETS lay on the floor beside the door.

LLOYD himself sits to the side of the DESK, trying in vain to move the heavy piece of furniture father away from the back wall.

There is a KNOCK at the office door and he slumps back into his wheelchair with a scowl.

LLOYD
(sharp)
Yeah, what?

The door opens slowly and Detective WADE MORRISON, a dark skinned middle-age man with shoulder length black hair, pokes his head into the office.

WADE
Is this a bad time?

LLOYD
No, no, it's fine. What can I help you with?

WADE
Special Agent Fields ask me to give you some files.

LLOYD
Bring them in.

Wade still looks a bit hesitant but nudges the door open a bit further, entering the room. In his hands he holds a FILING BOX.

WADE
Where do you want it?

LLOYD
Just by the filing cabinet.

Wade nods and makes his way over to the filing cabinet, dropping the box of files on the ground beside it. He turns to leave but pauses, eyes flicking between Lloyd and the desk.

WADE
Would you like some help moving the desk, Detective Harmon?

Lloyd looks a mixture of embarrassed and irate. He's about to deny the help when Wade smoothly interjects.

WADE (CONT'D)

That way you can get started on organizing the files. Just tell me where you want it to go.

Lloyd sits in silence for a beat before rolling away from the desk.

LLOYD

It needs to come out a little further from the back wall. A little more to the right wouldn't hurt either.

WADE

No problem Detective.

Wade takes up the spot Lloyd just vacated and begins dragging the desk into the desired position. We FOCUS IN on Lloyd's face as he wheels himself over to the filing cabinet. A small, grateful grin crosses his lips as we -

FADE TO:

INT. BULLPEN - DCIU BUILDING - EARLY EVENING

VICTORIA and SHAYNE are in their respective seats, both diligently ignoring each other. Shayne has his feet up on his desk, a FILE resting open in his lap.

Victoria is reclined in her chair, legs stretched out, ankles crossed, and a FOLDER identical to the one Shayne is reading held in her hands.

Eventually, Shayne speaks up.

SHAYNE

We're not getting anywhere like this.

VICTORIA

(slowly)

You don't say.

SHAYNE

Humor me for a moment.

Victoria closes the file and purposely drops it onto her desk.

VICTORIA

Okay, what?

SHAYNE

Sitting here is helping no one, right?

VICTORIA

Right.

SHAYNE

Then let's head out, canvas the streets. We know our Demon is staying close to fracture lines, maybe we can find him before he kills another family.

Victoria sighs.

VICTORIA

I hate to admit it but I was thinking something along the same lines.

Shayne just smirks.

SHAYNE

See? We can do this whole partner thing.

He stands up and grabs his JACKET. Victoria does the same, albeit a little less enthusiastically.

VICTORIA

Jury's still out on that one, Grey.

On the two detectives leaving the bullpen we –

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**FADE IN:****EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – BARTON – NIGHT**

We open on a quiet residential street on the outskirts of the city. The few STREETLAMPS lining the side of the street bathe the road in a soft glow while leaving the houses in relative darkness.

Despite the late hour a couple of HOUSES at the far end of the street have LIGHTS on, illuminating one or two of the windows. The rest of the houses are quiet and DARK.

We FOCUS IN on the far end of the street, a pair of HEADLIGHTS illuminating a few of the houses as a DARK SEDAN turns into the street. The car rolls slowly into the street and pulls up on the side of the road under one of the streetlamps.

CUT TO:**INT. CAR – RESIDENTIAL STREET – CONTINUOUS**

In the drivers seat of the car sits VICTORIA. She reaches forward to turn off the headlights and then the engine, leaving the KEYS in the ignition so the radio continues to play softly.

After a quick glance out the windows at the otherwise deserted street she looks at her WATCH. She notes the time with a frown and relaxes back into the seat.

After a few moments of tapping her fingers idly on the bottom of the steering wheel she suddenly unbuckles her seatbelt and turns to the back seat. Twisting somewhat awkwardly, she reaches out for her BAG and begins fishing around in it.

VICTORIA

(muttered)

Come on phone, where are you?

Still digging through her bag, Victoria doesn't notice a SHADOW that falls across the driver's side window as someone approaches the car.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Finally!

PHONE now in hand she turns back to sit properly in her seat, just as someone reaches out and RAPS on the driver's side window with the knuckle of their index finger.

Victoria jumps, startled, and drops the phone in her lap,

head turning sharply to the window. Outside the car, peering in through the window, is SHAYNE. He tries not to grin at Victoria's shock.

Looking less surprised and more peeved now, she rolls down the window and raises her eyebrows at him.

VICTORIA

You couldn't have got my attention
without scaring the crap out of me?

Shayne just smirks as he leans on the open window.

SHAYNE

It was either this or jump straight
in the passenger seat. Judging by
your reaction to a tap on the window
though, the second option my have
ended up with you shooting me.

There is a moment of silence before Victoria reluctantly acknowledges her partners logic.

VICTORIA

Touché.

(beat)

You can stop grinning like an idiot
and get in the car now.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE — RESIDENTIAL STREET — CONTINUOUS

ANGLE ON: Second story window. From a house further down the street we watch through a fluttering lace CURTAIN as Shayne moves away from Victoria's car window. His chuckle echoes along the quiet street as he makes his way around to the passenger side of the car.

There is the sudden sound of movement in the house. A FIGURE darts quickly past the window, chasing, followed by the loud YOWL of a CAT.

The sound is cut off quickly and BLOOD splatters across the lace curtain as we —

CUT TO:

INT. CAR — RESIDENTIAL STREET — CONTINUOUS

Victoria tosses her PHONE haphazardly onto the dashboard as Shayne slides into his seat and pulls the car door closed.

VICTORIA

I was just about to call you.

SHAYNE

Yeah, sorry. Thought I had something a couple of streets over, turned out to just be a couple of teenagers mucking around.

VICTORIA

And you didn't call me?

SHAYNE

It was just a couple of teenagers.

VICTORIA

What if it wasn't?

Shayne turns in his seat to face Victoria.

SHAYNE

So you're worried about me now?

Victoria scoffs at that idea.

VICTORIA

I'm worried about my job should you go off and do something stupid on your own.

SHAYNE

So you'd rather we go off and do something stupid *together*?

Victoria turns her eyes on him and frowns.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

I won't go off and do something stupid.

Victoria just rolls her eyes and re-buckles her seatbelt before starting up the car engine.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

(insisting)

You know I wouldn't.

Victoria waits for Shayne to put on his seatbelt before pulling away from the curb.

VICTORIA

I know.

(beat)

Let's just check out the next fracture line branch. I don't want to be up all ni-

Victoria's sentence ends in a startled yell as something THUDS onto the car windscreen, splattering a DARK LIQUID across the glass.

She slams on the breaks and both her and Shayne jerk forward slightly in their seats. Victoria is holding the steering wheel in a white knuckled grip.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

What the hell!?

Shayne reacts first, flinging off his seatbelt and getting out of the car. Victoria isn't far behind, turning off the car and clambering out of her seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET – BARTON – CONTINUOUS

Victoria and Shayne move to the front of the car to get a good look at what exactly it was that landed on the windscreen.

ANGLE ON: Car windscreen. Whatever it was it is very much dead now, hacked up into something almost non-recognizable. What is recognizable is the BLOOD smeared and splatted across the windscreen, matted black FUR, and a long fluffy TAIL. A CAT.

VICTORIA

Crap.

SHAYNE

Is that a cat?

VICTORIA

I think so. God, where did it come from?

SHAYNE

I have no ide-

The CLUNK of a closing window draws the attention of both detectives. They turn and face the HOUSE they've stopped in front of.

The house seems inconspicuous enough, nothing is out of place and all the lights are off inside. Not entirely convinced, Shayne tilts his head discreetly in the direction of the house.

SHAYNE

Shall we check it out?

VICTORIA

(slowly)

Yeah...

She glances back at the cat on the windshield.

VICTORIA

What should we do about this?

SHAYNE

We'll deal with that in a sec. It's not going to bother anyone.

VICTORIA

Not anymore it isn't.

With one last shared glance, the two begin to approach the house and on that we-

CUT TO:

INT. TECHNICAL ANALYST'S OFFICE - DCIU BUILDING - NIGHT

The HUM of machinery is the only sound in the technical analyst's office at this time of night. We FOCUS IN on ADAM who sits slouched in his chair, resting an elbow on the desk top and propping his chin up with his fist.

He looks quite bored, free hand moving in a random rhythm across the keyboard ARROW KEYS. As we PAN around to his back we can finally see what's on his COMPUTER SCREEN: a game of TETRIS.

KATE (O.S.)

Very productive.

Startled, Adam turns around to face KATE. She is standing behind him with a small smile on her face. She looks ready to leave, her handbag slung over her right shoulder.

ADAM

Oh, sorry. I, uh, forgot you were still here.

Kate leans forward, peering over Adam's shoulder at the computer screen.

KATE

Playing games on the computer, not even realizing there's someone still in the room with you? You must be really out of it.

ADAM

Just a little tired.

KATE

Then go home, spending all night here isn't going to help you any.

ADAM

Can't.

He wheels his chair away from the desk and stretches.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Nora asked me to stay on until Shayne
and Tori get back.

KATE

Ohh...

Understanding dawns on her face and a small smirk graces
her features. Adam chuckles.

ADAM

Yeah, exactly. I think she's worried
they're going to cause some kind of
ruckus and wants all hands on deck
for when that happens.

KATE

You want me to stick around?

ADAM

Nah, you're all ready to leave
anyway. Go home, I'm sure I'll be
fine.

KATE

Okay...

Still a little hesitant to go home and leave Adam alone
when there's the potential for more work to arise, Kate
makes her way towards the door. She turns around as she
places a hand on the door handle.

KATE (CONT'D)

Have a good night.

(beat)

Or, try to.

CUT BACK TO: Adam, who raises his hand in an awkward
little wave before turning back to his computer.

KATE (CONT'D, O.S.)

Bye- Oh! Hi, Detective Harmon.

The use of Lloyd's name draws Adam's attention. He looks
up from the computer screen and back towards the door.

ANGLE ON: Doorway. Partially silhouetted by the bright
hallway lights, LLOYD nods at Kate from the doorway and
glances behind her into the technical analyst's office.

LLOYD

Parker hasn't left yet, has he?

KATE

He's going to be stuck here for a while by the sounds of things.

Kate steps aside to allow Lloyd to wheel himself into the room.

KATE (CONT'D)

I, on the other hand, am heading home. Have a good night Detective Harmon, and it's good to see you back.

LLOYD

Thank you.

With one last bright smile Kate steps out of the room, letting the door swing shut behind her with a soft CLICK. The room is once again plunged into its slightly darkened state as the hallway light disappears. A little apprehensive, Adam looks towards Lloyd as the older man wheels himself a little closer.

ADAM

Uh, can I help you with anything, Detective Harmon?

LLOYD

You wouldn't happen to know where Victoria and Grey have gone and disappeared to?

ADAM

They're out checking the neighborhoods their Demon has been attacking, trying to find something new to go on. Did you need to get in contact with them or...?

Lloyd shakes his head.

LLOYD

No, it can wait.

(beat)

What are you still doing here anyway?

ADAM

Nora asked me to stay.

A knowing smile crosses Lloyd's lips for a moment. He knows exactly why Nora asked Adam to stay.

LLOYD

I see. Well while you're still here
(MORE)

could you help me out and pull up all the files on Demons we've taken into custody. Hard copies preferred. Whenever you get the chance bring them by.

ADAM
Any particular reason...?

LLOYD
Just doing some research. I'll leave you to it then.

Lloyd wheels himself back to the door but just as he is about to leave he turns back to Adam.

LLOYD
And the last time I checked that's not how you win a game of Tetris.

ADAM
(confused)
What?

This time Lloyd outright laughs as he pulls open the door and exits the room. Still confused, and somewhat embarrassed, Adam turns back to his computer screen and finds the source of Lloyd's amusement.

ANGLE ON: the computer screen. The Tetris game has a column of colored shapes rising up the middle of the screen and the words 'GAME OVER' stamped across it in big red letters.

Adam slumps back in his seat with a sigh.

ADAM
Please don't let this be a long night.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - BARTON - NIGHT

VICTORIA and SHAYNE approach the house cautiously. Shayne's hand hovers over his holstered GUN. They reach the door but the small alcove on the porch stays dark.

SHAYNE
(quietly)
No automatic light.

VICTORIA
Maybe they just turned it off.

Reaching out a hand Victoria KNOCKS firmly on the door. When there is no answer Shayne takes a quick peak though

the window.

SHAYNE

Can't see much. I'm going to head
around back.

VICTORIA

Call it in before you decide to do
anything drastic.

SHAYNE

You think something's about to go
down?

VICTORIA

I think you should call it in.

She knocks on the door again, a little louder this time.

SHAYNE

Why don't you call it in?

VICTORIA

I left my phone in the car.

SHAYNE

Fair enough.

He turns away from Victoria and makes his way towards the
side of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE – RESIDENTIAL STREET – CONTINUOUS

From inside the house we watch through a gap in the
curtains as Shayne walks past. He pulls out his PHONE and
begins punching a number in before disappearing from
sight.

We PAN around slightly to the left and a BLOODY HAND
reaches out to tweak back the curtain little more.
Victoria is revealed standing outside, still waiting for
the door to be answered.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE – RESIDENTIAL STREET – CONTINUOUS

Shayne walks quietly down the side of the house, checking
each window he passes before continuing on. He holds his
phone up to his ear, halfway through a conversation with
the person on the other end.

SHAYNE

(into phone)

That was a request for a police back
(MORE)

up at 14 Hayes Street. Detectives Grey and Lance from the DCIU are currently investigating.

There is a pause as Shayne listens to the person on the other end. He has reached a GATE blocking off the yard from the street and reaches over with his spare hand to fumble for the latch.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

It's not confirmed yet but we potentially have a family being held hostage inside their own home.

(beat)

Okay, thank you.

He hangs up the phone and replaces it in his pocket, unhooking the latch on the gate and swinging it forward as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Victoria knocks again on the door, even sleeping there is no way anyone could ignore it.

VICTORIA

This is Detective Lance with the DCIU, could you please answer your door?

Victoria looks about to give up when the faint sound of shuffling FOOTSTEPS can be heard. Cautious and a little on edge, Victoria finds her hand moving back to hover over her GUN, ready to react in a moments notice.

There is a loud SCRAPING from inside the house. Victoria frowns as she realizes something was blocking the door.

After a moment it stops and the door opens ever so slightly. The ashen face of SAUNDRA BOYD, a dark haired middle aged woman, peers out at her.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry to bother you at such an hour.

Saundra gives her a shaky smile. It looks like she has been crying.

SAUNDRA

That's okay. W-we were just sleeping.

VICTORIA

I see.

(beat)

This may sound a little odd Miss...?

SAUNDRA

Mrs. Boyd. Sandra Boyd.

VICTORIA

This may sound a little odd Mrs. Boyd
but you wouldn't happen to own a
black cat...?

Victoria is a little taken aback when the woman in front of her suddenly bursts into hysterical tears.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Mrs. Boyd-

FEMALE DEMON (O.S.)

Out of the way you dumb bitch.

Sandra is violently pushed aside as the door is swung open, revealing another WOMAN. She is younger, with dirty blond hair that hangs limply around her face and hard eyes.

Her appearance is not what draws Victoria's attention though. Instead, Victoria is focused on the large kitchen KNIFE in the Demon woman's hands.

Victoria moves for her gun but the Demon is faster, SLASHING out at her with the knife.

While Victoria tries to avoid the slicing blade the Demon grabs a fistful of Victoria's HAIR, dragging the detective into the house as we -

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Shayne glances up as he hears a door SLAM shut, freezing in place until he's sure there's no one trying to sneak up on him.

He backs up a few steps and glances towards the front of the house.

SHAYNE

(quietly)

Lance?

He waits for a beat but when there is no other sound he continues around the back of the house. After a quick glance of the backyard reveals nothing he steps up onto the back porch.

He pauses beside one of the WINDOWS and is about to move closer to the back door when the glass window EXPLODES OUTWARDS.

Shayne ducks back quickly, avoiding most of the glass. He looks up just in time to see the CHAIR that was thrown out the window roll to a stop on the grass.

Reacting quickly he draws his gun and points it through the gaping HOLE in the floor to ceiling window.

SHAYNE

DCIU! Drop any weapons you have and walk towards me slowly with your hands up!

There is a hoarse chuckle from inside the house. A MALE FIGURE steps slowly towards the window and the dim outside light.

MALE DEMON

A bossy one, aren't ya?

Slowly the Demon steps out of the broken window. He is tall, with dark hair and an overall scruffy look. His hands are raised in what appears to be surrender but he still clasps a GOLF CLUB in his right hand.

SHAYNE

Put the weapon down.

MALE DEMON

Oh, I see how it is. You think you're calling the shots, right?

The male Demon laughs heartily.

MALE DEMON (CONT'D)

(suddenly aggressive)

Well you're not!

The male Demon takes a moment to compose himself after the small outburst. He fixes Shayne with a lazy grin and begins twirling the golf club with his fingers.

Shayne keeps his gun trained on the Demon's chest.

SHAYNE

Lucky for me my bosses aren't too concerned when it comes to putting a bullet hole through a murdering Demon. So I'm going to ask you again, put down the golf club and-

MALE DEMON

(nonchalant)

Aren't you supposed to... have a partner... or something?

Shayne falters for a moment. It's all the encouragement the Demon needs.

MALE DEMON

Cute little thing, 'bout yay high-

He holds his hand up horizontally at roughly Victoria's height.

MALE DEMON (CONT'D)

-with dark hair and a spitfire attitude? Wonder where she could be?

(beat)

Oh! That's right, she's inside with my friend. So if you don't want her bleeding all over this lovely house I'd suggest *you* drop *your* weapon and step inside.

The Demon takes a step back from the window and gestures to the hole with the golf club. Shayne looks indecisive.

SHAYNE

We have back up only minutes away.

MALE DEMON

All the more fun.

On Shayne's hesitance to discard his only weapon we —

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. SPECIAL AGENT NORA FIELDS OFFICE – DCIU BUILDING – NIGHT

Special Agent NORA FIELDS sits at her desk, filling out and signing off on various PAPER WORK and FORMS. The only light in the room is a small desk lamp used to illuminate the area in front of her. The DCIU building is quiet and missing the usual hum of activity that makes its way from the bullpen into Nora's office during the day.

She signs off on another report and adds it to a growing pile on her desk before reaching for the next. She is about to open the file and is interrupted by a hesitant, but urgent, KNOCKING on her office door.

NORA

Come in.

She glances up as the door opens, revealing ADAM on the other side.

NORA (CONT'D)

Yes?

ADAM

That problem you were worried might happen?

Nora sighs.

NORA

(deadpan)

Don't tell me. Detective Grey mouthed off to some high-ranking police officer. No, Tori finally snapped and decide to shoot him. Am I getting close?

ADAM

Detective Grey called in for backup five minutes ago. I think they may have found the Demon they were looking for.

Nora suddenly becomes a lot more serious and stands from her chair.

NORA

Talk and walk.

CUT TO:

INT. BOYD'S LIVING ROOM — HOUSE — NIGHT

The MALE DEMON, who now holds the GOLF CLUB and Shayne's GUN, shoves SHAYNE into the middle of the living room who takes a moment to get his bearings.

Standing by the window are the two Demons. The male is watching Shayne carefully. The FEMALE DEMON has what appears to be a PETROL CANISTER held at her side.

Sitting on the couch is the BOYD FAMILY. SAUNDRA, her HUSBAND, and their young SON cling to each other. Both Sandra and her son have clearly been crying. Sandra's husband is grim faced and scared, frustrated at not being able to help his family.

Opposite the couch, sitting on the ground and leaning against the TV cabinet, is VICTORIA. Her hair is a disheveled mess, half pulled out of its ponytail, and she holds a hand to her chest just under her left collarbone. Her hand hides most of, but not all of, a long bleeding CUT.

MALE DEMON

No funny business.

SHAYNE

What-

FEMALE DEMON

Shut it.

VICTORIA

Shayne.

Shayne glances over at Victoria, the use of his first name effectively drawing his attention, and she shakes her head subtly.

SHAYNE

Okay, okay.

Slowly he moves to Victoria's side and slides down to sit next to her. The two Demons are still eyeing them.

MALE DEMON

Go check the rest of the house. Get ready to burn it.

FEMALE DEMON

But-

MALE DEMON

Do it. There are more of 'em coming. We don't have time to draw this out.

The female Demon scowls but she leaves the room. The male

Demon turns to the remaining occupants, pointing the golf club at each of them as he speaks.

MALE DEMON (CONT'D)

I'll tell you again, try anything and
I'll make sure your death is long and
painful.

He stalks over to the window and peers out from behind the curtain at the street. Shayne watches his back for a moment and when he's satisfied he's not going to turn back around he shifts to face Victoria.

SHAYNE

(quietly)
What happened?

VICTORIA

(quietly)
She caught me by surprise, dragged me
into the house and took my gun.

SHAYNE

(quietly)
She's armed?

VICTORIA

(quietly)
Just with a knife, she put the gun
down on the table by the door.

The male Demon looks over his shoulder suddenly.

MALE DEMON

What are you whispering about?

SHAYNE

Just asking if my partner is okay.

The Demon considers this for a moment and then chuckles.

MALE DEMON

Heh, it's not like it's gonna matter
in a few minutes.

He turns back to the window. Shayne and Victoria continue their hushed conversation.

SHAYNE

Are you okay?

VICTORIA

Yeah, fine.

SHAYNE

You're not having trouble moving your
arm.

VICTORIA
It's a shallow cut.

SHAYNE
Good, because...
(he hesitates for a moment)
...because we're going to have to
work together to get out of this.

The irony of the statement is not lost on Victoria and she smiles sardonically.

VICTORIA
What's the plan?

CUT TO:

INT. TECHNICAL ANALYST'S OFFICE — DCIU BUILDING — NIGHT

The door to the technical analyst's office opens and ADAM hurries though followed by NORA.

NORA
What's happening?

Adam sits quickly in his chair and draws up an INFORMATION FILE on the screen of his computer.

ADAM
Detective Grey called for assistance at 14 Hayes Street ten minutes ago. Two local squad cars were dispatched to the scene but couldn't find him or Detective Lance on arrival.

NORA
The situation?

ADAM
Suspected civilian hostages, neither Detective Grey or Lance have made any contact since the initial call for assistance.

NORA
And neither have their tactical earpieces with them?

ADAM
No.

NORA
Damn it. Okay. Send word to the attending patrol cars to hold off entering the house unless things
(MORE)

appear to take a bad turn or Shayne or Tori establish contact with them. The last thing we need is some hotshot police officers spooking our Demon, especially if everything in the house is under control.

Adam grabs his EARPIECE with one hand and is already typing with the other.

ADAM

On it.

CUT TO:

INT. BOYD'S LIVING ROOM - HOUSE - NIGHT

The MALE DEMON pulls the curtain back across the window with a snarl to block out the flashing RED and BLUE LIGHTS.

MALE DEMON

Looks like your buddies are here.

SHAYNE

I told you before that I'd called them.

Taking his chance SHAYNE stands slowly, arms half raised and palms facing forward.

SHAYNE (CONT'D)

Look, cut your losses now and we can figure out a solution that doesn't result with you and your friend on a slab in our morgue.

The male Demon turns to face Shayne sharply.

MALE DEMON

Sit down and be quiet.

Shayne just takes another step forward.

SHAYNE

You're done. I wasn't lying before when I said we have very loose policies on the rights of Demons. Most people would be happy to see you dead.

We PAN back to the floor to see VICTORIA moving slowly across to the couch where the Boyd family sits.

SHAYNE (O.S)

Those cops out there won't hesitate.
(MORE)

I'm trying to do you a favor here.

Victoria beckons the family closer while the male Demon is distracted. She gently pulls them off the couch and begins steering them to the back of the house, the same direction from where Shayne entered.

VICTORIA

(whispering)

Head out through the back and get to the police out front. Don't wait for us, we can handle things from here.

We CUT BACK TO the male Demon, who has the GUN pointed lazily at Shayne.

MALE DEMON

We do what we have to do to survive, and if that means killing a few people along the way? It's not our problem if we've learned to enjoy it.

FEMALE DEMON (O.S.)

Oi!

CUT TO: The FEMALE DEMON, who has stepped out of the hallway and into the path of Victoria and the Boyd family. She drops the CANISTER OF PETROL onto the ground and pulls a box of MATCHES from her pocket.

FEMALE DEMON (CONT'D)

Looks like we have some deserters. Too bad we're all done here.

MALE DEMON

Light it and grab the stuff.

The Boyd family cowers back as the female Demon grins toothily. She moves to light the match just as Victoria launches herself forward, TACKLING the demon to the ground.

Unfortunately the match catches before Victoria gets to the Demon and it drops on the petrol, sending FLAMES spreading outwards quickly.

Victoria and the female Demon grapple on the ground, barely rolling out of the way of the fast burning petrol trail.

MALE DEMON

Bitch!

He aims the gun at the tangle of limbs that is Victoria and the female Demon.

With the spotlight off him, Shayne takes his chance. He

grabs the Demon's arm, wrestling for the gun and trying to keep it pointed away from everyone.

SHAYNE

(to the Boyds)

Go, get out! Tell the cops outside to get in here before the house goes up.

More things are catching fire now and the situation is becoming dangerous fast.

Shayne is eventually dislodged from his hold on the male Demon, hitting his back on the WALL beside the FRONT DOOR just as the Boyds duck outside.

Shayne reaches out for something to steady himself.

ANGLE ON: Shayne's hand as it lands on top of Victoria's GUN, the one left on the small table by the door. His hand tightens around the weapon.

Shayne looks up, just in time to see the male Demon train his own gun on him.

With amazing speed, Shayne pulls up Victoria's gun and FIRES off two shots into the male Demon's chest before the Demon can so much as squeeze the trigger.

Shayne walks forward swiftly, grabbing the gun from the lifeless Demon's hand. The SMOKE is getting thicker and he COUGHS harshly before calling out to his partner.

SHAYNE

Lance?

VICTORIA

(strained)

Busy!

CUT TO: Victoria trying to hold down the female Demon long enough to get cuffs on her but it's proving difficult.

Flammable items are catching alight all around them and just when things are looking to be at their worst the LOCAL POLICE burst into the room.

After establishing the threats one of the officers moves to Shayne's side, barely sparing a glance the deceased Demon at his feet.

It takes another two to grab the female Demon, kicking and hissing, and drag her away from Victoria and towards the door.

Shayne moves hastily to Victoria's side, helping her to her feet and hurrying her towards the door with the

assistance of the first police officer.

SHAYNE

Let's go.

In the distance we can hear the SIRENS of approaching FIRE TRUCKS as Shayne and Victoria leave the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOYD HOUSE – RESIDENTIAL STREET – CONTINUOUS

Shayne and Victoria stumble out onto the lawn and are helped further away from the house. Behind them we can see the FIRE growing, the house lost to the flames as dark SMOKE billows from the burning building.

BLACKOUT:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. BOYD HOUSE – RESIDENTIAL STREET – NIGHT

FIREFIGHTERS work to put out the fire in the Boyd family's home. While most the large flames are gone, smoke still rises from the half burnt building.

We PAN around, past firefighters hosing down the building, to the BOYD FAMILY.

They stand, shaken but alive, by one of the police vehicles. Saundra's son clings to her leg. Her husband has one arm wrapped around his wife's shoulders and the other hand resting on his son's head as they watch the firefighters work.

We continue to PAN, past more police cars, until we finally stop on the back of an AMBULANCE.

Sitting on the back bumper of the ambulance is VICTORIA. Her blouse is half unbuttoned and pulled off her right shoulder as a PARAMEDIC applies a patch of GAUZE over the CUT on her chest.

Victoria is looking a little worse for wear, clothes dirty and black smudges of ASH on her face.

VICTORIA

Thanks.

The paramedic finishes smoothing down the gauze covering and nods his head in acknowledgement before moving away to the front of the ambulance.

Victoria pulls her blouse back over her shoulder and begins redoing the buttons as SHAYNE approaches the back of the vehicle. He looks almost as bad as Victoria.

SHAYNE

How are you feeling?

VICTORIA

Could be better.

(beat)

Yourself?

SHAYNE

Not too bad.

They lapse into silence for a moment. Each is lost in their own thoughts until Shayne clears his throat and speaks again.

SHAYNE

The Boyd family is going to be fine.
Still a little shocked but unharmed.

VICTORIA

Good.

Using the ambulance door to help her, Victoria gets to her feet.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

You were good in there.

Shayne just shrugs.

SHAYNE

Could have gone a little better-

VICTORIA

(interrupting)

No, really. You did good.

SHAYNE

We did good.

(beat)

I, uh, think I owe you an apology. I know I haven't been the easiest to work with-

VICTORIA

(interrupts again)

Ditto.

SHAYNE

(confused)

Ditto?

VICTORIA

You're right. You haven't been the easiest to work with but neither have I.

(beat)

I can admit that much.

Shayne stares at her for a moment before holding out his HAND.

SHAYNE

Detective Shayne Grey.

Victoria raises her eyebrows in surprise but her face quickly softens to amusement. She takes his outstretched hand and SHAKES.

VICTORIA

Detective Victoria Lance. Friends call me Tori.

SHAYNE

I think I'll stick with Lance. Has a nice ring to it.

On Victoria's amused laughter we —

FADE TO:

INT. BULLPEN — DCIU BUILDING — NIGHT

LLOYD sits in the open doorway of his office, looking out into the dimly lit BULLPEN. Leaning on the doorframe beside him is NORA.

LLOYD

I don't believe it.

We CUT TO a view of the glass bullpen doors as they're pushed open by the rather disheveled looking SHAYNE and VICTORIA.

They are chatting amicably as they make their way over to their desks. A worried looking ADAM, who had been seated on the edge of Shayne's desk and waiting for them to return, greets them there.

We CUT BACK to Nora and Lloyd, both watching the scene in front of them.

NORA

The peace is strange, isn't it?

Lloyd chuckles.

LLOYD

Nothing like adverse situations to bring people together. Give it a few days and they'll be back at each other's throats.

NORA

Just what I need.

LLOYD

I wouldn't worry about it.

Nora turns her head to face Lloyd, looking skeptical.

NORA

Hmm?

LLOYD

They remind me of a couple I used to know. Always at odds with each other, but that's just how some people work. They'll make great partners, great detectives too.

Nora smiles and shakes her head.

NORA

I guess I'll just have to take your
word for it.

She straightens, ready to walk back to her own office.

NORA (CONT'D)

Though next time their ridiculous
argumentative tendencies need to be
dealt with I'm sending them to you.

Lloyd laughs quietly.

LLOYD

Fair enough.

As Nora walks away we PAN back, past Lloyd, to Victoria
and Shayne's desks. On them chatting animatedly with Adam
we slowly -

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT FIVE