

FAITH

"Fairytale"

by
Emma Platt

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. MANHATTAN APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1

We're inside a luxurious children's room, panning across the toys and bookshelves before we come to little eight-year-old KELVIN GORDON, snuggling down for the night.

Standing over him are his parents SUSAN and CHARLES, warmly smiling down at their one and only.

SUSAN

Now we won't be gone long, and if
anything is wrong, remember that
Sandy is here to take care of you.

KELVIN

But can't I play GTA for a little
bit more?

SUSAN

No Kelvin, its bed time and you
have school tomorrow, so be a good
boy and go to sleep.

Kelvin lies down, obviously unhappy about not being able to get his own way. Both his parents kiss him before leaving the room.

2 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. NIGHT. 2

The living room is huge, full of all the latest gadgets and expensive looking furniture. The family defiantly has money. SANDY, the baby sitter, is standing nervously with her hands behind her back. She's 16 and sloppily dressed. The Gordons walk into the room, and Charles goes over to the fire place where he retrieves two tickets from behind the clock.

SUSAN

Kelvin's in bed so he shouldn't be
any trouble to you, there is pizza
and soda in the fridge so feel free
to help yourself. Also there are
some DVD's over there, make
yourself comfortable and if there
are any problems our number is on
the fridge.

Sandy nods, her eyes flicking towards the drinks cabinet in one corner of the room, and then back to Charles.

(CONTINUED)

SANDY

I'm sure everything will be fine,
Mrs. Gordon, there weren't any
problems last time I baby sat
Kelvin.

SUSAN

I know, but I just worry. Don't
answer the door if anyone knocks,
alright? You never know who's
prowling round these streets at
this time of night!

CHARLES

Calm down Susan, this building has
the best security system around, no
one's going to get in. Now come on,
we have to leave now or we'll be
late, and how do you think that
will look to the other senior
partners?

Susan nods and steps towards the door, where Charles is
waiting with her coat.

SUSAN

We shouldn't be too late back!

Sandy smiles and bids them goodbye. She stands in the same
spot until the door has slammed shut, and then she turns and
heads straight into the kitchen.

The kitchen, which is just as big as the living room, is dark
until Sandy enters and turns on the light. She heads straight
for the fridge and notices a post-it Susan has left, with a
cell phone number written on.

Sandy pulls it off and puts it in her pocket, before opening
the fridge and pulling out a bottle of tequila. She takes it
over to a counter top and reaches up to a cabinet for a small
shot glass.

SANDY

(smiles)

Let's get this party started!

Sandy is staggering around the kitchen, the now empty bottle
of tequila still in her hand, she's smiling happily to
herself.

She suddenly looks very unsteady on her feet and CRASHES to the floor, landing in an undignified heap with the bottle still in her hand.

A moment later, Kelvin wanders in and looks down at Sandy on the floor. He shakes his head before walking over to the glass patio doors and sliding them open.

Once open he walks back to Sandy, grabs her by the arm and with all his might begins dragging her across the floor, out onto the balcony.

He locks the door behind him and happily heads into the living room.

Kelvin is sitting on one of the sofas, an Playstation 2 set up in front of him and a video game playing on the wide screen television. He's really into the game, talking to himself as he plays and jerking the controller around as though he were really driving that car.

Suddenly, what sounds like a WHISPERING VOICE can be heard, and Kelvin stops playing the game and listens out. It only lasts for a few seconds, but Kelvin gets up from the couch and stands still, listening in case he hears it again.

He begins wandering around the living room, looking behind furniture just to make sure no one is hiding. The whispering starts again, and Kelvin looks noticeably freaked out.

KELVIN

Sandy?

There's no reply, and the whispering has once again stopped.

KELVIN (cont'd)

Sandy, this isn't funny. I'm
telling my Mom and you won't get
paid!

He continues on his search around the living room only to have the whispering start up again, and Kelvin, now looking terrified, edges back towards his bedroom, darting inside and slamming the door shut.

Sandy, still lying on the floor, slowly begins to move and opens her eyes. With her hand on her head, she gets to her feet and begins rolling her neck.

She stands and tries the balcony door, but it's jammed shut. She rattles it a few times, banging on the glass.

6 CONTINUED:

6

SANDY

Kelvin? Kelvin, you little creep, I
know you did this! Open this damn
door, right now!

7 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

7

Kelvin dashes for his bed and dives under the covers, turning
all the lights in the room out.

He sits under the bedclothes, his breathing quick and ragged -
he's clearly scared out of his wits.

He lets out a little whimper of fear as he hears a soft
SWOOSH inside the room, and he dares to take a quick peek out
from under the covers.

At first, nothing. The room is silent again.

And then - something DRAGS the covers away, and we're looking
down on Kelvin as something hovers over him. A low GROWL can
be heard - whatever's in the room with him, it doesn't seem
friendly!

Kelvin's eyes bulge, and he SCREAMS for all he's worth!

8 EXT. APARTMENT - BALCONY. NIGHT.

8

Sandy hears Kelvin's scream.

SANDY

Kelvin?

(shouts)

Kelvin! What is it? Come on, open
the door!

Sandy rattles the balcony door in its frame again, and
finally manages to wrench it open. She races inside.

9 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

9

Sandy bursts into Kelvin's room and throws on the light. We
don't see what she sees on the bed, but it's enough to make
her SCREAM!

As Sandy falls to her knees, sobbing in horror, we:

BLACK OUT:**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

10 INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE. DAY.

10

We pan round the sofa to pick up FAITH, reclining lazily with the TV remote in one hand and her house phone in the other. Goliath, her pet cat, is curled up asleep on her lap. Faith looks pretty bored as she channel hops.

FAITH
 (into phone)
 Okay, wait, Noa, back up a sec.
 What guy?
 (beat; listens)
 Oh yeah, of course, *that* one. No, I remember now, it just gets kinda hard to keep track sometimes.
 (beat; rolls eyes)
 Didn't mean anything by that, Noa.
 Keep talking.

Faith zones out again as we hear Noa's voice talking rapidly down the phone at her. Goliath MEOWS and turns to look at Faith, who shrugs - she's stuck.

FAITH (cont'd)
 So when you saw him with the, uh, 'skanky ho,' what did you do?
 (beat; listens)
 Uh-huh. Well, And this is just me talking, but while I would've stormed out too, first I'd have kicked the guy's teeth down his throat, and as for the ho...

She clenches her fist and cracks her knuckles with a grin.

FAITH (cont'd)
 Lets just say I could teach her a thing or two.
 (beat; sighs)
 No, of course I'd never hit somebody who didn't deserve it. Just sounds like she does, is all. You know.

There is a KNOCK at the door, and Faith sits up, dislodging Goliath who scurries away with a dissatisfied MEOW.

FAITH (cont'd)
 Noa, I gotta go. Noa?
 (beat; shouts)
 Noa! There's somebody at the door, I gotta go.
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
I'm in at the Lab in an hour, you
can tell me all about it then,
okay?

Faith heads to the door and opens it - it's GABRIEL, who
opens his mouth to speak, but Faith holds up a hand to stop
him, pointing to the phone.

FAITH (cont'd)
Noa! I'll call back.

She hangs up at last, and Gabriel smiles at her.

GABRIEL
Bad timing?

FAITH
She was going anyway. What do you
want?

GABRIEL
Can I come in?

FAITH
First, let me see some I.D.

Gabriel doesn't reply, and for a few seconds they stand in
silence. Faith cracks first and steps aside.

FAITH (cont'd)
Alright, whatever. D'you wanna come
in?

He steps past her and Faith follows, slamming the door a
little harder than she should.

Once in the lounge she throws the phone down onto the couch.
Gabriel is looking around the room, nodding.

GABRIEL
Nice place you've got here.

FAITH
How did you know where I lived?

GABRIEL
That isn't important.

FAITH
Yeah, it is, I don't like the idea
that you seem to know a hell of a
lot about me, and I know a whole
heap of nothing about you!

Gabriel just grins, and Faith folds her arms over her chest,
suddenly getting very defensive

GABRIEL

Faith, seriously, that isn't important right now.

FAITH

Right, then why are you here? And make it quick, I still gotta feed my cat and I'm in at work in an hour. Or maybe you know that, 'cause I'm guessing you were listening at my door before you knocked. You look like the listening type.

He opens his mouth to speak, but the phone begins to RING. Faith rolls her eyes and waits for the person to hang up, but the phone just keeps ringing, and eventually Faith snatches it up.

FAITH (cont'd)

Hello? Noa? I thought I'd told you I'd ring back later?

(beat; listens)

Yeah I'm sure it is important, but I'm in the middle of something right now.

(beat)

I don't know, I haven't had a chance to find out because you just rang me!

She walks out of the room leaving Gabriel alone. His attention is drawn to the television set.

Faith walks in, still on the phone as she digs out a tin of cat food from the cupboards. Goliath hops up onto the counter as Faith starts to spoon the mulch inside into a plastic bowl.

FAITH

Look, you really have to go and stop calling me!

(beat; listens)

Alright, fine, do you *really* want my advice? Track the guy down and kick his ass!

With that, she hangs up. Faith sighs, absently stroking Goliath as he tucks into his food, before remembering about Gabriel and heading back into the lounge.

12

INT. FAITH'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE. DAY.

12

Faith walks back in and throws the phone back onto the couch. Gabriel is standing exactly where she left him.

FAITH

Sorry about that, Noa is having man trouble.

GABRIEL

Doesn't every woman?

FAITH

Only if the woman is stupid. Is that what you came here for? To give me advice on men? 'Cause if it is, I gotta tell you-

GABRIEL

Faith, I came to give you a message, an important one.

FAITH

What?

He cocks his head to one side, motioning to the television which is now showing the news.

GABRIEL

Watch some TV.

Faith raises an eyebrow, then shrugs and hops over the back of the sofa to flop back down on it.

FAITH

Alright, sure. Beats talking to you all damn day.

TELEVISION REPORT (V.O.)

New York Police officials and medical examiners are said to be baffled by the death of eight year old Kelvin Gordon. Kelvin's body was discovered this morning by his parents, and is said to have aged almost a hundred years overnight. With no explanation present, medical examiners have promised a thorough investigation at the family home. This is the second attack of its kind in the past seven days.

Faith leans in and turns the television set off before turning to Gabriel.

(CONTINUED)

GABRIEL

Well?

FAITH

So let me get this straight, the parents go out for the night, and when they come home their kid is nothing but a dried up corpse?

GABRIEL

Pretty much, the baby sitter got locked out, and when she found the kid, he was doing a great impression of a California raisin.

FAITH

What else can you tell me?

GABRIEL

Nothing much, only that you should probably start at the crime scene. It's in Manhattan.

A beat. Faith looks at Gabe as if waiting for more, but he's said all he's going to.

FAITH

That's it, you're just going to come here, make with the cryptic and leave?

Gabe just shrugs, and Faith shakes her head and turns back to the TV.

FAITH (cont'd)

I don't know why I should expect anything different, you're getting real good at this-

She turns round - but Gabriel is gone. Her apartment door is still open, and with an annoyed huff, Faith sits back down.

FAITH (cont'd)

Disappearing act.

Faith scoops up the TV remote and flicks the set off.

A large section of the street has been closed off by yellow police tape. Police cars and vans line the street as do several police officers, some are taking notes, others are trying to keep back the ever growing crowd, all eager to get a look at what happened.

Faith pushes her way through the crowd, right to the front and looks at the scene in front of her. The apartment building itself isn't being guarded that closely and nobody seems to be paying that much attention to it.

While the officer looking over the crowd is distracted by the questions of two elderly women, Faith takes the opportunity to slip under the tape.

As she approaches the door of the building four medical examiners come out, all dressed in white and pushing a covered gurney that no doubt holds Kelvin's body.

Faith watches as they load it into the waiting ambulance before disappearing into the building, pausing on her way inside to grab a brown paper grocery bag sitting on top of a dumpster.

The stairs are more active the outside, and still no one notices Faith as she walks past them heading closer to the apartment, the grocery bag making it look like she's just returning home with her shopping.

On her way up she passes two uniformed officers, standing close together and comparing notes.

POLICE OFFICER #1

This place has a pretty good security system, so we're going to check the CCTV tapes to look for anything suspicious.

POLICE OFFICER #2

The security guard on duty didn't see anything either. You'd think with all the money these people had, they'd have been ready for an intruder or something!

Faith is so busy listening to their conversation that she doesn't pay any attention to where she's going, and she walks right into someone - QUINN.

QUINN

Oh! Oh, hey, sorry. Didn't see you there.

FAITH

Uh, yeah, my bad.

QUINN

Can I help you?

FAITH

I dunno, I was just out getting some, uh, groceries, and when I came back, I was...

Faith realises Quinn has one sceptical eyebrow raised - he isn't buying her story. She grins and drops the empty bag.

FAITH (cont'd)

Alright, you got me. I'm just nosing round to check out what happened here.

QUINN

Uh-huh. You a private investigator or something?

FAITH

Uh, no, my name's Faith, I'm a, er, reporter, with...

(beat; grins)

Angel Investigations. We look into local crimes and stuff, you know, see if any of our readers can help the police enquiries.

QUINN

Angel Investigations? Never heard of them. You got any ID?

FAITH

(pats jacket pocket)

Must be in my other jacket.

A beat as Quinn looks her up and down - he should turn her away, but there's something about her... With a shrug, he motions for her to follow and starts back up the stairs.

QUINN

What brought you out here, if I can ask?

FAITH

Because this case has something freaky written all over it, and I want to find out what.

QUINN

You and me both.

They continue up the stairs together, walking side by side

QUINN (cont'd)

What do you know so far?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Not a whole lot, just that this is the second attack in a week, and that the victim was a little kid who ended up looking like George Burns.

QUINN

That's pretty much all we know as well. Guess even reporters have to watch the news, huh?

They arrive at the apartment, and Quinn holds the door open for Faith to enter, a bemused grin on his face as he watches her, still trying to work her out.

15 INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM. DAY.

15

The duo enter a huge wide room where everything in it screams money - a stark contrast with Faith's own apartment. A few police officers are dusting the place for prints as Quinn walks through, Faith following.

QUINN

Whoever did this got in and out without anyone seeing them. They didn't leave behind any prints or any clues, and there's no sign of forced entry.

FAITH

So it was either an inside job, or...

QUINN

Or somebody who knows more than we do about the security system these guys had installed. I'm looking into it.

Faith gives a small nod and begins walking around to inspect the place, she can't help eyeing all the expensive things in the room, the wide screen plasma television, the leather couches and the expensive looking rug. Her search takes her into:

16 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN. DAY.

16

Faith finds more officers taking pictures out on the balcony. Faith strains her neck to see what's going on, but there are too many people in her way.

QUINN (O.S.)

That's where the baby sitter got locked out, we're checking for prints to see who did it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (O.S.) (cont'd)
In her statement, she said she
passed out and woke up out there,
with the door locked and no way
back inside.

Faith carries on looking around.

FAITH
This has weird written all over it.
Where did they find the kid?

QUINN
In his room, curled up on top of
his bed. We had to pretty much drag
the baby sitter out of here, she
was too scared to even stand.

FAITH
Nothing else?

Quinn shakes his head.

QUINN
We'll have to wait for the corners
report to come back on the body
before we get a final answer on
what happened.

FAITH
Isn't the cause of death kinda
obvious? I thought the kid's body
had aged something crazy like a
hundred years, all at once?

QUINN
It's not an answer when my question
is how.

FAITH
What about the previous victim?

QUINN
Pretty much the same thing. A seven
year old girl named Chloe
Kensington, it happened just a few
blocks from here. We managed to
keep most of the details from the
press - present company accepted.
Didn't want anyone hearing about it
with it being such a weird case.

Faith nods and heads back into Kelvin's room.

17 INT. APARTMENT - BEDROOM. DAY.

17

Faith and Quinn walk back in, stopping in the doorway. The bed has been stripped to the mattress, on which stands a chalk outline to mark Kelvin's final resting place.

FAITH
Cliche enough for you?

QUINN
It's part of procedure, okay?

Faith smirks and walks over to the bed. She spots something on the floor and leans down for a closer look - it's a book on fairy tales. Quinn leans over her as she reaches out for it, and shakes his head.

QUINN (cont'd)
I wouldn't touch that if I were you, it hasn't been dusted for prints yet.

Faith leans forward a little more so she can see the pages. The book appears to have fallen open on a section telling a story about a tooth fairy, and Faith turns her head to try and get a better look.

QUINN (cont'd)
It's just a book, Faith, nothing important.

FAITH
The little details are always important, Quinn, don't they teach you that at cop school any more?

QUINN
Must've skipped that class. I did go to all the lectures about nosy reporters, though, and when it's time to get them off my crime scene.

She gets back on her feet and looks around once more, ignoring his last comment.

FAITH
What about the first victim? Are there any other similarities besides the way they died?

QUINN
A bunch, no one saw the killer, no prints and no clues. We're drawing up a blank on both of them.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

QUINN (cont'd)
Say, hows about we give your paper
a call and see if they can send a
photographer down here, huh?

Faith looks at him - that'd blow her cover, and she gets the
feeling he knows it. She tries a disarming smile.

FAITH
Well let me see what I can dig up,
thanks for all your help,
detective.

QUINN
Quinn. Jon Quinn.

FAITH
Alright, Quinn, thanks.

She gives the apartment one last look before leaving. Quinn
watches her go, a thoughtful look on his face.

One of the cops in the apartment calls to him, and with a
shake of his head he dismisses the thought and gets back to
work.

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

18 INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY.

18

Faith is jammed into a tiny phone booth and is tapping her foot as she waits for the other line to pick up.

NOA

(filtered; through phone)

Good morning, Webb Researching, Noa speaking.

FAITH

Noa, it's me.

NOA

Faith! Glad you called back, I was thinking about last night and I just remembered that-

FAITH

Noa, shut up a second, alright? This is important!

NOA

So is my love life!

FAITH

I need you to tell Pryor to watch the news, the report about the dead kid in Manhattan. I'm coming in, and I want to know what he thinks.

NOA

News, kid, Manhattan. Got it. How long are you going to be?

FAITH

Twenty minutes, tops.

NOA

Okay, I'll tell him to get right on it, and when you get here I can tell you what I remembered about last night!

FAITH

(rolls eyes)

Great, lookin' forward to it!

She hangs up and shakes her head slightly before turning around and leaving the booth.

19

INT. LAB - EXAM ROOM. DAY.

19

NOA is leaning in to peer through a microscope, one of four lined up on a counter top. She stands up straight, looking very unimpressed, and makes a note on the clipboard she's holding before moving onto the next one.

As she is looking over the next sample Faith walks in, Noa doesn't look up to greet her.

NOA

Hey, Faith.

FAITH

Where's Pryor?

NOA

In his office, doing God knows what. Did I tell you how I thought I caught him getting high the other week?

FAITH

(holds up a hand)

Several times.

She straightens up and makes another note on the board before turning to Faith.

NOA

He's probably dreaming up more mind numbing experiments for me to do. I know this is all for the 'greater good' and everything, but a little bit of excitement wouldn't go amiss!

FAITH

Did he see the news?

NOA

No idea, sorry.

FAITH

Alright, cool, I'll go talk to him. You get back to your... whatever it is you're doing.

Faith walks off in the direction of Pryor's office, and Noa turns her attention back to the microscopes with a heavy sigh.

20

INT. LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

20

PRYOR is sitting at his desk, a small and old television set is on and he is making lots of notes, writing furiously with his head down and muttering, as though he's trying to keep up with the news reader.

Faith walks in and takes the chair on the other side of the desk. It takes a few minutes for Pryor to stop writing.

FAITH

Hey, sorry, don't stop on my account.

PRYOR

I was just making some notes on the case. I have to say that I don't recall hearing anything like it, so I'm just formulating a rough plan of action. Checking the scene would be a good idea to start with.

FAITH

Already been.

PRYOR

Did you find anything?

FAITH

Nada. The place was clean and crawling with cops, I don't think they bought my story about being a reporter. There was this one detective, seemed alright, but you know me. I get allergic if I spend too much time round cops.

Pryor makes another note, nodding.

PRYOR

So there was nothing there that you didn't already know?

FAITH

Nope. Dead kid, no sign of forced entry.

PRYOR

What about the first attack?

FAITH

A week earlier just a few blocks away, same M.O.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

I see. I've got a few theories but they'll all need looking into in more depth.

FAITH

Want me to check out a few contacts?

PRYOR

(shakes his head)

I get the feeling this isn't your everyday demon. Whatever it is, it isn't going to be hanging around with the rest of them. We should start with looking up rituals that require the innocence of a child.

FAITH

Me and Noa could do the research thing - or, I could *try*, you know, me and books-

Pryor gets the hint and pushes some of his notes across the table towards her.

PRYOR

Don't mix, yes I know. This creature, if that's what it is, doesn't sound local, you should check some of the older files stored on the computer and I'll see what I can come up with in regards to how this thing steals the youth. It could be any number of things really, I mean does it preform its own ritual to do it, or maybe it just feeds directly from the...

FAITH

(sensing him rambling)

Pryor!

Pryor blinks and looks up - and realises he was dangerously close to a full strength ramble. He nods, standing.

PRYOR

Right, sorry. You go and try and narrow down a list of potential victims.

FAITH

How? Just grab together the names of all the kids in the city and start ticking off any that look suspicious?

(CONTINUED)

Pryor just stares at her - its all they can do.

PRYOR

You do that, and I'll...

He doesn't finish his sentence, instead he absently gets up from his chair and wanders over to the filing cabinet on the other side of the room. Faith takes it as her cue to leave, taking the notes she was given.

INT. LAB. NIGHT.

It's A few hours later. The microscopes are all cleared away, and it's just Noa and Faith. Noa is sitting at a desk in front of a computer screen, chewing on a pen, while Faith sits at her own desk with a huge printed out list in front of her. She scans it, not looking too thrilled.

NOA (O.S.)

Anything?

FAITH

No, anyone over the age of ten is pretty much out but that's all I've got. There's like three *million* kids in this city! What about you?

NOA

Well there are plenty of youth stealing demons in the database, but most of them leave marks or symbols, some sign that they where there, and that doesn't fit in with what you said. Maybe Pryor's found something? He's been locked away for hours now.

FAITH

If he had, don't you think he would have come out and told us already?

Noa shrugs and goes back to scroll through pages of information on the computer, while Faith crosses out more names.

After a beat, she sighs and lays the papers down.

FAITH (cont'd)

This really isn't what I expected when I came to New York. I'm a Slayer, the all action type. I didn't want to be sitting around reading books and checking printouts!

NOA

The more people we have working on this, the quicker we'll find it and you can kill it.

FAITH

We've been at this for hours already, Noa!

NOA

What? Don't you think that we can find it?

FAITH

(sighs)

No, I'm sure we will. Mantra me and my buddy Vi used to have, 'no matter how Big the Bad is, we're always better.' I don't know how we do it, but we always manage to track it down and kill it just in the nick of time.

NOA

'We'?

FAITH

You know, we, the team.

Noa blinks, and Faith realises she's talking about old times that Noa knows little about.

FAITH (cont'd)

Never mind. Series of long stories that I can save for another night.

Noa tilts the PC screen towards Faith to show her something.

NOA

Have you ever seen anything like this before?

FAITH

Nope, and I've seen a lot of stuff.

Noa tilts the screen back and leans back in her chair, yawning and stretching.

NOA

I can see this being an all nighter. Pryor is going to owe me some serious over time once all this is through! I was only supposed to be working a six hour shift, but then again...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NOA (cont'd)

Maybe I'll be able to afford those
new leather boots I had my eye on?

FAITH

Are you even aware that you're
still talking?

NOA

What? They're really great boots,
they have zips up the side and-

FAITH

(interrupts)

Noa! Why don't you go check on
Pryor or something?

NOA

But you just said-

FAITH

Forget what I just said, because if
I have to listen to you babble on
for one more minute...

NOA

(pouts)

Fine, I get it!

She walks off, leaving Faith alone with her list of names for
company. She looks through a few more pages and gives a heavy
sigh. She hasn't found anything yet.

FAITH

Great.

Faith picks up a coffee mug next to her - but the drink
inside is cold, and with grimace she slides the mug away.

She leans back against her chair and closes her eyes, just
for a second - and we SMASH CUT to:

A very tired and worn out looking Faith is sitting, asleep,
at the computer, while Noa is slumped over the desk behind
her, also asleep.

Suddenly there is a CRASH off screen as the door to Pryor's
office slams open, and they both jump, awake at last.

NOA

I'm awake!

Noa begins reading, trying to look like she never stopped,
but when Pryor walks in he isn't interested in what they're
doing - he's holding a sheet of paper high above his head.

PRYOR

I found something! It took me all night, but I'd been looking in the wrong places, and when a thought struck me, then it finally hit me...

He stops himself short, realising he's getting over-excited, and clears his throat before looking down at the paper.

PRYOR (cont'd)

The demon that we're looking for is of the genus *virtus carnifex*.

(beat)

Also known as... the Tooth Fairy!

A beat - then Noa and Faith burst out laughing.

FAITH

You've got to be kidding me!

He shakes his head, and Faith's laughter tapers to a chuckle as she stands and stretches her aching muscles.

FAITH (cont'd)

The tooth fairy? The little woman with wings who takes your teeth and leaves quarters under your pillow? *That* tooth fairy?

PRYOR

Sort of. The *real* tooth fairy was allegedly an actual mortal woman, way back in the seventeenth century. She worked as a maid, but she was never paid and never appreciated. The children of the house used to tease her, as time passed and the treatment continued, she became more and more angry at the family, until one day, when she was an old woman, her rage conjured a vengeance demon who turned her into a demon herself.

Faith leans over and takes the paper off Pryor, reading it for herself, Pryor continues to talk

PRYOR (cont'd)

She could get revenge on the families, but the only condition was she would continue to age, so she needed to take the youth of their children so she could live and carry on doing what she did.

(CONTINUED)

Faith frowns, starting to see details in Pryor's report that tie in with what she knows about the attacks, but Noa is still sceptical.

NOA

It took you all night to come up with that? I'm so unimpressed right now...

PRYOR

Many people thought this thing died out, that's why it took so long to find it. Like I said, it's something of an urban legend, it's never been conclusively linked to actual demonic activity.

FAITH

Until now.

PRYOR

Yes, until now.

FAITH

Alright, so how do I kill it?

PRYOR

With something sharp, I'd imagine. That's not our main problem, our first concern is how do we find it? With all the kids in this city, it's like trying to find a needle in a haystack! Did your search through the records find anything?

FAITH

(shakes head)

Like you said, needle in a haystack. There's gotta be something else connecting these kids, the attacks can't just be random.

NOA

(stands)

Well, while all this exciting developments are going on, I'm going to make some coffee and grab the paper. Anyone want anything?

Faith and Pryor both shake their heads and she leaves the room.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR

Maybe there's a spell or something
we could perform that would help
you find it?

FAITH

That's still gonna take up a lot of
time. Maybe I can try and find
Gabriel, see if he knows-

NOA (O.S.)

Erm... guys?

They turn to Noa, who is standing in the doorway with the
news paper.

NOA (cont'd)

You should probably take a look at
this...

She turns the front page around. The headline reads 'THIRD
CHILD FOUND DEAD.' Off Faith's dark look, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

23

INT. NYPD - 4TH FLOOR. DAY.

23

Quinn is sitting at his desk, the morning newspaper laid out on the desk in front of him. There's a case file in his hand and he's flipping through it, details from the death of the latest victim.

He sits at his desk, and looks across at the empty desk where his partner Lehto should be. With a frown, Quinn calls out to the rest of the office.

QUINN

Hey, has anybody heard from Lehto?

DETECTIVE

Uh, no, not for a few days. Isn't he sick or something?

Quinn thinks for a moment, the frown not going away, before he pats his shirt pocket as if checking something.

He double takes and pats it again, and then starts going through all his pockets as another detective drops some case files onto Quinn's desk. He pauses, watching Quinn frantically searching for whatever he's mislaid.

DETECTIVE #2

Lose something?

Quinn stands up and puts his hands into his pockets, and then he begins looking around the desk.

QUINN

My badge, I know I had it here, now I can't seem to find it...

DETECTIVE #2

(smirks)

How can you lose your *badge*? I know you're new round here, but that's kind of a rookie mistake!

QUINN

Maybe someone took it.

DETECTIVE #2

(laughs)

Oh yeah, like who?

As Quinn tries to think, we cut to:

24 INT. LAB - PRYOR'S OFFICE. DAY.

24

Faith is pacing the office, reading the news story about the latest victim.

FAITH

Two victims in two nights. Damn,
this thing is getting frisky!

PRYOR

And really hungry. It's feeding
pattern can be extremely erratic,
that's probably why it disappeared
off the radar, as it were.

NOA

At least we know what sort of kids
its targeting. We've narrowed it
down to three, all the right age
range, right neighbourhood, pretty
much identical to the other
victims.

She holds up a piece of paper with the three names written
on, which Faith swaps with the news paper.

FAITH

Alright, lets go, we can split up,
take a name each.

NOA

As much as that *sounds* like a plan,
can I just get something cleared up
first? I want to know why it's just
going for the rich kids.

Noa looks at Faith, who simply shrugs, and then at Pryor.

PRYOR

Well, think of it like this. If
you're a child growing up in a
wealthy family, then there isn't a
whole lot you have to worry about.
You can go about your everyday
business without ever knowing what
the real world is like.

(beat)

You can stay innocent for longer,
retain your youth - and thus make
you the perfect target for
something like this.

Pryor realises Noa and Faith are looking at him skeptically,
and he coughs once and shrugs.

(CONTINUED)

PRYOR (cont'd)

Or maybe not. It was just a theory.

FAITH

Okay, whatever, let's get some stuff together and move now. We want to be able to get a good feel of the area before night fall, so that if this thing shows up, we can nail it before it kills another kid.

They all begin to move, getting ready for the night's mission. As they leave the room, the newspaper gets knocked onto the floor.

EXT. NY STREET. DAY.

Faith, Noa and Pryor are walking along the street together, pushing through crowds of people.

NOA

Not that I don't get why we're splitting up or anything, but what if one of us gets into trouble and needs a little assistance? And by 'one of us,' I do, of course, mean me.

PRYOR

The apartment blocks aren't that far apart, just use your cell if you get into a tight spot!

NOA

What if there isn't time for that?

FAITH

How's about we worry about that later? For now, let's just concentrate on doing our thing and bringing this nasty down. We all know where we're going, right?

They nod, and Faith nods back.

FAITH (cont'd)

Good. Remember, try and blend in, and keep in contact. With want this over with as quickly as possible or it's going to get messy. Normally, messy is fine, but I don't want any of those kids getting hurt because of us. Got it?

She throws a determined look at Noa and Pryor, who nod before heading off in their separate directions.

Faith turns and digs something out of her pocket - it's Quinn's badge. With another smile she puts it back in her pocket and walks on.

Faith is standing in front of a door, checking the address on a scrap of paper before knocking on the door.

She taps her foot impatiently as she waits, before the door is opened by a woman in her late twenties with red hair, wearing what looks like a maid's uniform.

FAITH

Mrs. McKenna?

MAID

No, I'm the house keeper. Who are you?

FAITH

(quickly flashes badge)

I'm Detective Quinn with the NYPD, I need to talk to Mrs. McKenna, is she home?

MAID

Well, I'm afraid you're out of luck, she's in the middle of a manicure and facial, and she doesn't like them to be interrupted.

FAITH

Ma'am, this is an important police matter, and if you're refusing to let me speak to her, then I may have to arrest you for wasting police time.

Faith waits to see if the maid will buy it - and when she SLAMS the door shut, she rolls her eyes.

FAITH (cont'd)

Great, now I'll just have to do this the hard way...

She raises up her foot as if she's getting ready to kick the door in, but before she can the door opens again, and standing in front of her with a green face mask on is MRS. MCKENNA, with the maid standing behind her.

MRS. MCKENNA

Detective Quinn? I'm Laurel McKenna, and if this is about my husband and his business then you'll have to go to his office, we don't deal with those sorts of affairs here.

She's about to shut the door again, but Faith jams her foot in the way. Mrs. McKenna glares at her, but Faith puts on her best forced smile.

FAITH

This isn't about your husband, ma'am. It's about your son.

Mrs. McKenna raises her eyebrows and stands in silence for a few seconds..

MRS. MCKENNA

(shouts)

Jordy! Get over here, now!

(beat; to the Maid)

Will you go get him?

The maid nods and disappears.

MRS. MCKENNA (cont'd)

Okay, so tell me, what has he done *this* time? I mean, Jordy is normally a really good child, so whatever he's done, I promise that its the first and last time he'll get himself into trouble over it.

FAITH

He hasn't done anything, its just...

The maid reappears with JORDY MCKENNA standing next to her. He's about seven and dressed up in a Spider-Man costume, *sans* mask.

MRS. MCKENNA

Jordy, will you please tell me what this lady is doing here?

Jordy shrugs and hides behind the maid.

FAITH

Like I was saying, he hasn't done anything, it's just... look, can I come in?

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. McKenna looks over her shoulder and then back at Faith, unsure if she wants to let her in. Reluctantly, she stands aside and waves Faith inside.

The lounge is even bigger and the furniture even more expensive looking than the last apartment. There's a massage table set up in the lounge with a team of beauticians sitting around, waiting for Mrs. McKenna's return. She waves her hand.

MRS. MCKENNA

Leave us, please. We won't be long.

They instantly begin cleaning up and leave the room at lightning fast speed.

Mrs. McKenna sits down on one of the leather sofas and pulls Jordy up onto her knee. Faith sits opposite looking uneasy, something we're not used to seeing her look like!

MRS. MCKENNA (cont'd)

Well? What is it, and can you make this quick, I have dinner plans this evening and I need to get ready.

FAITH

Right. The thing is, I'm working on the case involving the children who've been dying in, uh...

(beat)

Strange circumstances.

MRS. MCKENNA

Ah, yes. I've been reading all about that, Jordy went to school with one of those children. What's it got to do with us?

FAITH

We've found a pattern and we made a list of children who fit it. Jordy was on that list.

Mrs. McKenna laughs and slowly pushes Jordy off her knee - he takes the hint and leaves the room.

MRS. MCKENNA

You're wrong. I mean, there's no way this person could be after my son, he just doesn't fit in with the others!

FAITH

Actually he's the perfect fit. He's under the age of ten, he lives just three blocks from the last victim and the family is...

She trails off and looks around the room again. Mrs. McKenna follows Faith's gaze as she takes in the lavish apartment.

MRS. MCKENNA

Rich? This is ridiculous! My son is on someone's hit list because he comes from a privileged background? This is insane! Things like this don't happen to people like us!

FAITH

Excuse me? What's *that* supposed to mean?

MRS. MCKENNA

I think you know what I mean, Detective. Society looks up to people like my family, we enjoy an elevated social standing thanks to my husband's years of hard work, and the crimes we've heard about are the sorts of things that affect... Well, you know - *common* people.

FAITH

(getting angry)

You mean that you're better than everyone else?

MRS. MCKENNA

(shrugs)

If that's the way you want to see it, then yes, we are better than everyone else, and I refuse to believe that someone is sick enough to come after my son because of that!

Faith takes a breath to avoid saying something she shouldn't, before continuing.

FAITH

Well, with all due respect, you should wise up, because someone *is* after him, and the only person who wants to help is someone 'common' like me.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. MCKENNA

This building is equipped with state of the art security equipment, no one gets in without somebody knowing, and anyway, one alarm trips and a team of personal security staff are here within moments!

FAITH

It was the same thing in all the other places, and now those kids are dead. Do you want that to happen to your son?

For a brief moment Mrs. McKenna seems to soften, almost as though she is thinking of all the other children and realizing it *could* happen to her son. She stands up suddenly and squares her shoulders.

MRS. MCKENNA

What do you suggest? I can't cancel my plans, its very important I be seen at this event this evening.

FAITH

Okay, new plan. I'll stay here for surveillance, keep an eye on your son.

MRS. MCKENNA

And if this person shows up?

FAITH

Then I'll take care of it.

Off Faith's stern look, we dissolve to:

INT. MCKENNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Jordy is jumping on the bed, which is shaped like a racing car, still dressed in his Spider-Man costume and throwing popcorn around the room.

When Faith enters, shutting the door firmly behind her, Jordy doesn't stop jumping, and Faith folds her arms.

FAITH

(cross)

Hey, didn't your Mom say you couldn't eat sweets after seven?

Jordy ignores her, and Faith takes a step closer to the bed. Outside, a storm is kicking up, with lightning flashes and pounding rain accompanied by a howling wind.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
And didn't she say you had to be in
bed by now?

Once again, she gets no reply.

FAITH (cont'd)
Are you listening to me?

JORDY
I don't have to!

FAITH
Why not?

JORDY
I just don't, you're not special
like me.

Faith gives a snort that's somewhere between disbelief and
amusement.

FAITH
Kid, you have no idea...

Jordy stops jumping and THROWS the bag of popcorn at Faith,
which she catches with a quick SNAP of her wrist.

Jordy stops bouncing, impressed, and with a smirk Faith sits
down and helps herself to some popcorn.

JORDY
What are you doing here, anyway?
Mom said that the baby sitter was
sick and you were filling in, but
you don't look like a baby
sitter...

FAITH
I'm not, I'm a cop.

JORDY
Oh, Mom is always talking about how
you normal people are poor. Do you
need the extra money?

Faith laughs and shakes her head.

FAITH
Kid, you are all different kinds of
screwed up. I used to be jealous of
kids like you, but now... Never
mind. Now why don't you make both
our lives easier and go to bed?

JORDY

No!

FAITH

'No'? You're *seven*!

JORDY

So? I'm important, my parents are important. What are you?

FAITH

In charge!

Jordy shrugs slightly and rolls off the bed, heads over to a large television in the corner and turns it on before sitting cross-legged on the floor.

Faith really can't believe what's going on - she's being challenged by a spoilt seven year old!

She walks over to the television and turns it off.

JORDY

Hey!

FAITH

Bed! Now!

JORDY

You can't tell me what to do!

FAITH

Really? I just did, and you have until the count of sixteen to get in bed, before I *make* you!

JORDY

Why sixteen?

FAITH

(evil grin)

I can make it twelve.

Jordy just watches Faith, challenging her authority - we can see in her eyes that she's counting down, but Jordy doesn't make a move for the bed.

FAITH (cont'd)

One! Alright, have it your way.

She strides over and picks Jordy up, carrying him over her shoulder to the bed. Jordy is kicking his legs and when she drops him down on the bed he jumps straight back up on his feet. Faith groans.

(CONTINUED)

JORDY

Who do you think you are? My Dad has told me all about you people. You think you're the same as us, but you're not. You're below us, you do the jobs we don't have to!

FAITH

I can't believe this, I'm getting a lecture on social standing and class, from a midget dressed as freakin' Spider-Man!

JORDY

My Mom says the sooner I learn about the difference between us and you, then the sooner I can avoid ending up like one of you.

FAITH

And I thought *my* Mom's idea of parenting was disturbed...

JORDY

My Dad-

FAITH

(interrupts)

Look kid, I don't care what your Mom or your Dad said! I came here to help you, I stayed up all last night working on this, and now I'm here all I get is your stuck-up Mom and you, constantly going on about the difference between me and you, when I'm here to save your ass!

Jordy opens his mouth wide in shock and stares at Faith.

JORDY

You said a bad word! I'm telling my Mommy.

FAITH

Whatever, kid, just go to bed, then go to sleep and do it quickly. You do *not* wanna piss me off tonight.

Faith leaves the room, shutting the door loudly. Jordy climbs back on the bed and looks at the popcorn all over the floor, before climbing into bed with a shrug.

Faith walks in and sits on the sofa, swinging her legs up and reaching for the remote control to turn on the television.

(CONTINUED)

As she flicks through the channels her eyes wander over to the clock on the wall - its nearly 11.

A rhythmic BANGING begins from somewhere off screen. Faith looks over at the door which leads to Jordy's bedroom, as she hears that the banging is accompanied by the squeaking of springs. Jordy must be jumping on the bed again. Faith turns up the volume on the TV.

FAITH

(mutters)

Brat. I just hope Noa and Pryor's
kids are as big a pain as mine...

She flips to another channel, before there is another, much louder BANG, and every light in the apartment goes out.

Faith leaps off the sofa, suddenly alert, throwing looks round in the darkness, her Slayer senses kicking in.

FAITH (cont'd)

I guess it's here...

As she grabs her stake from inside her jacket, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

30 INT. NYPD - 4TH FLOOR. NIGHT.

30

Quinn is all alone, standing near the wall where all his information on the Sunnydale Slayer is stuck up. On the table in front of him, in a plastic evidence bag, is the book that Faith spotted in the last victim's apartment.

He opens out a folded map of the city and spreads it out over the book, before picking up a small bowl, before he begins muttering something under his breath. Quinn takes something from a bowl and throws it at the map.

We don't see exactly what he sees, but Quinn puts the bowl down and moves closer to the map, smiling slightly.

QUINN

Gotcha.

He grabs the map off the table and stashes the book in his desk just as another detective walks in.

DETECTIVE

Hey. Working late again? Bad for your health you know!

But Quinn isn't listening, he's pulling on his jacket

DETECTIVE (cont'd)

Where are you going?

QUINN

I've got something to do, I won't be long.

With that, he pushes past the detective and leaves.

31 INT. MCKENNA'S APARTMENT - LOUNGE. NIGHT.

31

Faith stalks through the now-silent apartment, stake in one hand, passing a large fireplace which catches her attention - a long line of framed photos of the McKenna family are highlighted by a flash of LIGHTNING from the storm, still kicking up a racket outside.

Jordy looks over the moon in a series of high-class pursuits - horse riding, yachting, the works. Faith tears her eyes away - it's not her world, and it never will be.

She suddenly stops and stands very still, sensing something. She takes one step towards Jordy's room.

FAITH

Jordy?

(CONTINUED)

There's no reply, and she reaches a hand out for the door.

FAITH (cont'd)

Jordy!

This time, she hears something - Jordy, whimpering, and something else, a low GROWL that does *not* sound good.

Faith takes a beat, then KICKS the bedroom door open and lunges inside, to:

INT. MCKENNA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Faith quickly takes in the scene - Jordy, cowering on the bed, the covers pulled tightly against him, and hovering over him...

With another FLASH of lightning, Faith's eyes bulge as she sees the demon at last - the self-styled TOOTH FAIRY, halfway between an old woman and a demon, black, leathery wings flapping lazily to keep it in the air, parchment-thin grey skin stretched tightly over its bones.

The Fairy whips her head round to glare at Faith, who seems frozen to the spot.

TOOTH FAIRY

(roars)

Get out! He's *mine*!!

Faith staggers backwards, dropping her stake - the demon's eyes BLAZE a deep red, and Faith looks like something is pinning her down.

The demon floats closer to Jordy, who SCREAMS and tries to push himself as far back as possible.

JORDY

Help me!

TOOTH FAIRY

(cackles)

She won't, why should she? She's just like me, she understands. This has to be done to teach people like you a lesson!

JORDY

Please! Help me!

TOOTH FAIRY

This has to be done, she knows that. Unappreciated, used by others, looked down on by the people with enough money to call themselves 'better' than us!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TOOTH FAIRY (cont'd)
I am the great equalizer, I take
away their youth to make them see
they're no different to the rest of
us!

The tooth fairy moves closer and Jordy SCREAMS again, but
still Faith can't move.

The demon gestures towards Jordy with one hand, and a hazy
yellow mist starts to form in the air around him. The fairy
grins wickedly and starts to reel in the mist, and as the
first tendrils of it touch her fingers, a streak of GREY HAIR
springs across Jordy's brown hair.

TOOTH FAIRY (cont'd)
Any last words, child?

FAITH (O.S.)
Hey!

The tooth fairy turns to see Faith on her feet, now in full
Slayer mode at last, stake back in her hand.

FAITH (cont'd)
Nice voodoo trick there, knocking
me on my ass. Now why don't you
step away from the kid?

TOOTH FAIRY
I have no business with you,
mortal! All I want is the child!

FAITH
Well, that's too bad.

The demon looks Faith up and down, then with a wave of her
hand sends the yellow mist floating back towards Jordy.

TOOTH FAIRY
I suppose I can make an exception
this once...
(to Jordy; grins)
This won't take long, sweetie.

Faith glances at her stake, then notices a signed baseball
bat is hanging on the wall. She steps towards it and grabs
it, taking a practice swing as the demon floats over.

FAITH
Alright, you fairytale reject, show
me what you've got!

The tooth fairy gives an almighty SCREAM and suddenly flies
straight at Faith, who swings the bat hard, connecting with
the demon's side. There's a loud CRACK as she slams into the
wall.

FAITH (cont'd)
Jordy, run!

Woozy, Jordy scrambles out of bed and heads for the door.

The tooth fairy makes one last ditch attempt to reach for him, only to have Faith swing the bat again and hit her in the head. The demon drops to the floor with a SHRIEK.

TOOTH FAIRY
You should understand, you're not
like them!

FAITH
Doesn't mean I'm gonna let you kill
'em!

The tooth fairy surges back into the air flies at Faith again, managing to dodge Faith's swing and fly up behind her, giving Faith a hard KICK in the head.

Faith falls forward onto the bed, dropping the bat.

TOOTH FAIRY
You're strong, special! We both
know you're better than these
pampered cattle - let me take what
I need!

Faith gets back up, picking the bat up again and facing the demon down.

TOOTH FAIRY (cont'd)
(grins)
There are other children in this
city, you can't protect them all
from me, child.

FAITH
You a betting girl? 'Cause I got
twenty bucks says I'm feedin' you
those wings by the end of tonight!

TOOTH FAIRY
We'll see!

She takes off again, heading for the window and SMASHING through it before Faith can catch her.

Faith rushes over and looks out across the city - but the demon's already out of sight.

Faith bangs her hand on the window frame in frustration, and digs Noa's cell phone out of her pocket.

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Pryor? It's Faith. We've got a new problem.

She glances back towards the window, before we cut to:

EXT. NY STREETS. NIGHT.

Faith is now outside, cell phone in hand and walking down the streets, stopping every so often to look up at the sky or look down an alleyway for any signs of the demon.

FAITH

Pryor, I'm looking, but I'm not seeing anything! Whereabouts would something like this hide?

PRYOR

(filtered; through phone)

It could be any number of places, somewhere dark and secluded. Somewhere where it won't be disturbed and have easy access to the city.

FAITH

So... the sewers it is, huh?

PRYOR

Most likely, but I don't know how you'll track it down! If you wait, Noa and I can be there in-

FAITH

Don't worry, these things usually find me. I'll call you when I find it. Oh, and you're gonna call the maid and get her back to the apartment, right? I don't want that kid left on his own for long. He's seen enough tonight.

She hangs up the phone and walks out into the middle of the road, stopping by a manhole cover and pulling it off.

FAITH (cont'd)

Here we go again...

As Faith drops down, we cut to:

INT. SEWERS - NIGHT.

Faith drops down into the sewer and takes a few seconds to take in her surroundings. She decides to take a left, trying not to make too much noise in case she hears anything that might indicate the demon.

(CONTINUED)

Suddenly, up ahead she sees a light, and she reaches for her stake. Poised for action, she makes her way towards the light, and sees a shadowy figure looking around.

The figure turns around and shines the light at Faith, who raises her hand to block out the beam - it's Quinn!

QUINN

Faith? What are you doing here?
What's that in your hand?

Faith quickly tucks the stake out of sight as she steps closer to Quinn.

FAITH

Uh, nothing, it's a new type of
self defense weapon, all the girls
in LA have one.

She tucks the stake back into her pocket and Quinn lowers the torch.

FAITH (cont'd)

What are you doing down here?

QUINN

I think I just asked you the same
question, and you should answer me
first, seeing as I'm the cop and
you're the reporter. Apparently.

Before she can answer, him a loud noise like the flapping of wings fills the sewer, coming from behind them, and Quinn points the torch in the direction.

QUINN (cont'd)

Think that's what we're after?

FAITH

I don't think there's time to ask
the audience, let's just go.

Quinn pulls a gun from his belt, and Faith unconsciously starts to reach for her stake, before stopping herself.

QUINN

So... This still part of your news
story?

FAITH

Yeah... Something like that.

Quinn leads on as we cut to:

35 INT. SEWERS - DEMON'S LAIR. NIGHT.

35

Inside a wide, circular part of the sewers, the tooth fairy is flying high, circling the ceiling and muttering.

TOOTH FAIRY

Have to find another child, have to
find another child... And soon! But
what about that mortal? She will
find me, others will come with her,
they'll hunt me down again... Have
to find another child!

She continues flying back and forth across the sewer muttering to herself, not noticing as Quinn and Faith quietly step in.

FAITH

Hey! Miss me?

The demon stops sharply and spins round, hissing when she sees Faith.

TOOTH FAIRY

You again! And you brought a
friend? How sweet... but it won't
save you!

QUINN

(to Faith)

You *know* that thing?

FAITH

Long story. That gun loaded?

Quinn aims his gun at the demon and clicks the safety off, as faith starts to walk out towards the demon.

With a SHRIEK, it divebombs at Faith, who deftly rolls out of the way as Quinn takes aim with his gun and FIRES.

The bullet rips through one of the demon's wings, and she drops to the floor of the room with a SPLASH. The tooth fairy quickly gets to its feet and examines the hole in its wing, scowling.

TOOTH FAIRY

You will pay for that!

FAITH

(smirks)

So come make us pay! If you're
tryin' to miss us, you're doing a
great job so far...

(CONTINUED)

The tooth fairy charges at them with a ROAR, but Faith catches it off guard with a hard KICK to the stomach, followed by another to the ribs.

The demon stumbles into Quinn, who raises his gun and brings it down hard into the back of its neck.

Faith brings her knee up into its face, but the demon grabs hold of her leg and BITES down hard, and Faith HOWLS in pain.

Quinn grabs it by the hair and pulls it off, throwing it to the floor, where it slides along the floor and stops near the wall. Faith stumbles to the floor, clutching the bloody wound on her leg.

FAITH (cont'd)

That bi-

Out of nowhere, the demon SPEARS Quinn to the floor and wraps one hand round his throat. He struggles, but her grip's too strong, and with a sneer the demon leans in.

TOOTH FAIRY

You're older than I like them...
But you'll do for now!

She waves her other hand, ready to steal away Quinn's lie force, only to have Faith grab hold of her wrist.

FAITH

Snack time's over!

Faith twists its arm back with a loud SNAP, and the tooth fairy lets out a SHOUT of pain.

Faith pulls it away from Quinn, spinning it around and then PUNCHING it hard in the face twice.

The demon staggers back, clutching its chest and pointing an accusing finger at Faith.

TOOTH FAIRY

They don't understand you, they
never will. You're an outsider! You
think that by defending them,
they'll ever see you as an equal?

FAITH

Give it a break! You think you're
so big because you pick on *kids*?
I've killed bigger things than you
in my damn sleep! And just because
these kids *think* they're better
than anyone else, doesn't mean they
are.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

FAITH (cont'd)
But that still doesn't give you the
right to kill 'em just so you can
keep your ugly ass body alive!

The demon COUGHS, clearly in bad shape by now, dropping to one knee as Faith steps closer.

TOOTH FAIRY
You don't understand... They *made*
me into this... They created me
through their ignorance!

FAITH
But you *chose* to stay that way.

The demon looks up and meet's Faith's gaze - then LUNGES forward, but Faith is quicker, and she drives her stake straight through the tooth fairy's stomach.

The demon pulls back off the stake and looks down at the bloody wound in its stomach, before looking up at Faith with a twisted grin

TOOTH FAIRY
You think this will stop me? One
little stab with your wooden stick?

QUINN (O.S.)
No...

He's back up, a red mark visible on his throat, but his gun is raised and his finger is on the trigger.

QUINN (cont'd)
But *this* will.

He FIRES the first bullet which rips through the tooth fairy's shoulder, the second hits it in the leg and it drops down on its knees with a scream.

He FIRES twice more in quick succession, hitting the tooth fairy in the chest. Dark blood quickly begins oozing out of the wounds.

TOOTH FAIRY
After me... There will always be...
Others...

The tooth fairy falls on its back, and Quinn lowers his gun as Faith walks over to it.

The demon's skin is ageing even farther, just like Kelvin's did. It's eyes are still wide open, looking up at Faith as she stands defiantly over it.

FAITH

Good job I'll be around to stop
them then, huh?

She takes her stake and STABS it down into the demon's heart,
striking the final blow. With a final WHEEZE, the demon falls
still.

FAITH (cont'd)

Well, *that* was something new...

She turns to face Quinn, who is pressing his hand against a
cut on his cheek.

FAITH (cont'd)

You okay?

QUINN

Fine. I take it that it's dead?

FAITH

It better be, and if not I don't
think a walking skeleton will be so
hard to kill.

QUINN

Where the hell did you learn to
fight like that?

FAITH

Told you, self defence classes.

QUINN

(not buying it)

Uh-huh, and they also teach you
about... Whatever that thing was in
self defence?

FAITH

(shrugs)

Hey, we're both people of the
world, right? Seen a lot of things
weirder than that.

Faith walks past him, and with a last glance at the dead
demon, Quinn follows her off screen.

Once up on the streets, Faith drags the manhole cover back on
and they head onto the side walk.

QUINN

Tell me the truth, do you do that
sort of thing often?

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Kinda, its sorta in the job description. What about you?

QUINN

I'd call it more of a hobby.

FAITH

What about the investigation? What will happen now?

QUINN

Nothing, it'll run for a few more weeks, and when we get no more leads and no more victims show up, it'll probably just get closed and stashed away somewhere. It'll be forgotten.

FAITH

Right, but what about Jordy? I'm pretty sure his parents will log some sort of complaint about the cop who baby sat their kid, and then trashed his room fighting off a demon...

QUINN

Wait, the *cop*?

Caught out, Faith grins and grabs Quinn's badge from her pocket. She hands it back as he looks up at her.

FAITH

Sorry, but I needed it to get close and stop this thing.

QUINN

So... Not really a reporter either, huh?

FAITH

Let's just say I look out for the interests of the little people.

Quinn stares at her for a beat, than chuckles and tucks his badge away.

QUINN

Yeah, well, you did a good job tonight, so I suppose it's all okay, if killing some kind of mutant old woman in the sewers counts as 'okay.'

(CONTINUED)

FAITH

Great. Now, if you go be a good little cop and go check on the kid, make sure he's alright, then you get to be the big hero, and I can go back to being Little Miss Nobody.

She starts to walk away, but he calls after her and she turns round.

QUINN

Did you mean what you said in there, about seeing worse things than that?

FAITH

Hell, yeah. Out of everything I've ever fought she definitely ranks somewhere near the bottom. Back in Sunnydale I saw a lot of crazy stuff, things you can't even imagine.

QUINN

Hey, I believe you. If anything like this comes up again, why don't you give me a call?

FAITH

(beat)
Maybe.

There's a moment before Quinn glances back towards the apartment block.

QUINN

Well, I'd better get back to the office, something tells me that last kid's parents are gonna call up real soon.

FAITH

Yeah, I should head off home. I don't really feel like going two nights without any sleep, can't be good for a girl.

With that she crosses the road and heads off back to her apartment, leaving Quinn on the street alone. He starts to walk away, before pausing as a thought hits him.

QUINN

Sunnydale?

(CONTINUED)

As Quinn turns and looks back after Faith, we:

BLACK OUT:

END OF SHOW