

Hell's Gate

Season Two - Episode Six

"What Are Little Girls Made Of?"

Written By
Tyler Moody

(Based on characters and situations created
by Joss Whedon and Mutant Enemy Productions)

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. WELSH FOREST - DAY

TITLE OVER: 2001

BILLIE is single-handedly taking on an entire clan of EKEMU DEMONS, basically anthropomorphic dogs. She blocks lefts and rights, every now and then getting in her own KICKS and PUNCHES.

BILLIE

How's it going over there, Frank?

She draws a GUN.

When Frank answers, it's in an exhausted, beaten voice.

FRANK (O.S.)

Almost done!

BILLIE

Well, do take your time!

She FIRES THREE SHOTS, dropping one of the demons. When one of them LUNGES at her, all teeth and claws and fur, she ROLLS behind a tree for cover.

BILLIE (CONT'D)

This is really very easy to do alone.

FRANK (O.S.)

I am having my own difficulties, thank you!

Billie peers out from behind the tree, POPPING two more demons between the eyes.

BILLIE

Well, if you want to trade off...

Finally we PAN OVER to FRANK, who's flailing around madly as a winged SIX-INCH TALL LITTLE GIRL bounces against his face. It's a lot like paddle-ball.

FRANK

Shut up!

The Pixie, PRAXX, GIGGLES in the most sinister way imaginable and flies in circles around Frank's head. He tries to swat her, but winds up SMACKING HIMSELF IN THE NOSE.

FRANK (CONT'D)
God Dammit!

GUN SHOTS.

BILLIE
For the love of Christ, Frank, it's
only a pixie. Just pop it already!

FRANK
I'm working on it, woman!

Praxx will have none of it, however. She flies round Frank's head a beat longer, then drives her full, albeit slight, weight into the top of Frank's head.

He falls down.

Billie blows the penultimate Ekemu demon's head off.

Praxx flies up Frank's nose. He SNEEZES, and the golden blur launches out, clutching a fistful of Frank's nose hair. Frank quickly reaches into his pocket and pulls out a miraculously-unbroken bottle, inscribed with strange runes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(strange language)
Eberrath intatum!

Green energy swirls out of the bottle just as Praxx flies towards Frank. The energy acts like a vacuum, sucking Praxx in to the bottle. She SCREAMS as she's pulled inside, the green energy following her. Frank pops the top onto the bottle, sealing it shut.

FRANK (CONT'D)
(breathless)
In your face, you sawed-off pixie
hooker!

He's so busy celebrating his victory, he doesn't notice the last Ekemu demon creeping up on him. It ROARS.

Frank turns.

The demon's head EXPLODES covering Frank with bloody debris. It falls.

Billie stands behind the demon, gun pointed where the demon used to be, still smoking.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Now that's badass.

BILLIE
 "In your face?"

FRANK
 (defensively)
 I've heard it said.

BILLIE
 You should... just, never.

FRANK
 (shrugging)
 All right, fine.

He holds up the bottle.

FRANK (CONT'D)
 What do we do with this?

BILLIE
 Bury it?

Frank looks at the bottle.

FRANK
 (smirking)
 Just hand the man a shovel.

"Welcome Home" by Coheed and Cambria begins to play.

FADE TO:

EXT. WELSH FOREST - DAY

TITLE OVER: "Present Day."

The camera fades to what looks like the same location except now there is no sign of Frank, Billie, or any demon corpses.

A TREE FALLS, a chainsaw blade whirring behind it.

BOOTED FEET walk over the torn-up roots. A BULLDOZING CREW is apparently tearing down the forest.

A TILLING MACHINE plows up the dirt, digging deep. We PAN DOWN to Praxx's bottle, finally exposed after eight years. A bulldozer rolls over it, the glass CRACKING.

Praxx flies up, right into the camera, and we see her face-- that of a young girl. She grins, all fangs and angles. She opens her hand, and in her palm, she's still clutching Frank's hair. She brings it to her nose and SNIFFS DEEPLY.

The hair falls to the ground. And in a FLASH, she's gone, flying quickly away into the sky.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY

FRANK, FLETCHER, VI, MIKE, and TAMSIN sit around the counter, various files and folders open in front of them. They're reviewing current cases. JAMIE sit at a table reading a stack of books.

FRANK

What about this one? Those walking skeletons?

TAMSIN

No, no, we put them down. And anyway, the two-week window has passed already, they'll have fallen apart.

FRANK

Oh, right. What's next?

VI

What about those bird thingies?

FLETCHER

Migrated.

VI

Oh.

(beat)

What?

Fletcher LAUGHS.

FLETCHER

We burned the last nest a few days ago.

(beat)

Now, here's something. Another Wilcox kid has gone missing. That makes four now.

Mike swipes the chart Fletcher is looking at. Mike looks at the page before him and squints his eyes.

MIKE

What are you talking about? I don't see any--

Without even looking, Fletcher reaches over and rotates the chart. Mike looks again.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Oh, hey, yeah.

Frank whaps Mike on the back of the head.

FLETCHER
And Tamsin got us an ID on Hester
and Silas' friend.

He produces another file.

FRANK
(to Tamsin; jokingly)
And it only took you a week.

FLETCHER
(too defensively)
Tracking down an arrogant English
vamp with a fondness for knife-play
was easy. It was trying to pull
data off those old Watcher's
Council hard drives that was the
hard part. She had to piece
together files--

Realizing he went a bit overboard, Fletcher catches himself and gives Tamsin an embarrassed smile. Everyone else gives a knowing smile.

TAMSIN
He's called Zachariah. Apparently
the three of them used to be quite
"close".

This perks Mike's curiosity.

MIKE
(lasciviously)
How close?

Another whap from Frank.

FLETCHER
Still no progress on what they're
looking for though.

We slowly PULL BACK as the team continues talking, until finally we--

FADE TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Hovering outside the window is Praxx.

PRAXX'S POV

She stares intently at Frank. Something catches her eye. It's Jamie. Her eyes soften for a beat before she returns her attention to Frank.

BACK TO SCENE

Praxx smiles, cruelly. Her eyes light up bright gold, filling the screen, and we:

WHITEOUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. TAMSIN'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Early in the morning. JAMIE sits on the couch in a school uniform, clearly uncomfortable. TAMSIN enters, carrying a tray of breakfast food.

JAMIE

Mom, I don't wanna go to school!

TAMSIN

I am utterly shocked to hear a child voice such an opinion. Truly this is a landmark day. Besides, Dartwell Academy is a very prestigious school. Do you realize how many documents your Uncle Simon had to forge for you to--

She catches herself as she puts the tray on the coffee table in front of him.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Eat up. You need your strength. And I need to get rid of these eggs.

JAMIE

Golly, thanks.

TAMSIN

Golly?

JAMIE

I was watching old movies last night.

Tamsin's mother senses tingle.

TAMSIN

When, exactly?

JAMIE

Uh... just... later. At night. You know. When it got dark.

TAMSIN

You stayed up too late again, didn't you?

Jamie starts eating, not meeting his mother's eyes.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Jamie, come on. You need sleep to function. You're not immortal.

JAMIE

Exactly. I'm not going to live forever. Why do I have to waste my time in school? I'm already smart. I was packaged smart. I came out of the box a genius.

TAMSIN

(mutters)

You "came out of the box" on the floor of a steakhouse.

JAMIE

Hmm?

TAMSIN

Nothing. Look, sweetie, I know you're smart. I just want you to spend some time around children your own age.

JAMIE

I'm like a month old.

TAMSIN

Shh! Jamie! You can't tell anyone that. They'll think you're insane.

JAMIE

Like I'll be so accepted otherwise. I watch TV, remember?
(sarcastically)
American schools love smart children.

Tamsin flounders for an argument, finally settling on:

TAMSIN

You just eat your eggs.

Jamie frowns and shoves the fork in his mouth as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY

Frank wipes down the counter. Vi, wearing her waitress's apron, sits at the bar, spinning on the chair. The diner is otherwise empty. Frank has a small piece of tissue paper under his chin. Vi notices this.

VI
Cut yourself shaving?

Frank rubs the cut with his finger.

FRANK
Yeah, I've been doing that more and more lately. Damndest thing.

He removes the paper, and a tiny drop of blood rolls down. It's followed by a steady but thin stream.

VI
Not healed yet.

Frank GRUMBLES and goes to the back. The BELL on the door rings and a MAN and WOMAN enter. They look around, then take a booth near the door. Vi GASPS and grabs an order pad off the counter, pulling her pencil out of her hair. She walks over to the couple.

VI (CONT'D)
Hey guys!

MAN
Uh... hi?

VI
Welcome to Frank's. What can I get you?

WOMAN
I don't know, we've never been here before. What's good?

VI
Uh... we have... like...

She's groping for words, utterly stumped.

VI (CONT'D)
...he makes...hamburgers?

MAN
Sounds good. Can we get two of those with fries?

VI
Yes. Sounds perfect!

She scribbles the order down and bounces back to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Frank is applying more paper to his face. Vi enters, excited.

VI

Frank! Frank! Frank! Frank!

FRANK

What?

VI

We have customers.

FRANK

Huh?

VI

You know. Mythical beasts. Four-limbed, red-eyed monsters. A lone horn jutting from their heads. Six-foot wingspan. Money, which they exchange with us for food, and which we in turn give to the tax collector and the building inspector!

Frank glares.

FRANK

Remember when you used to be sweet and bubbly and bouncy and naive?

VI

I do.

FRANK

I miss that. Those were good days.

VI

Frank! Customers. Urgent. What should I do?

FRANK

(beat)

You know, to be honest, I don't entirely remember.

Vi holds her notepad at arm's length.

VI

I wrote down the things they said. They said the names of food.

FRANK
Maybe they want me to cook it for
them?

VI
Could be.

He takes the notepad from her, gently.

FRANK
You should go... give them drinks?

VI
It's all coming back to me now.

She walks out of the kitchen, muttering "Drinks, drinks,
drinks" to herself.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Vi fills two cups with soda from the machine and carries them
over to the couple at the table.

VI
Here you go.

WOMAN
Thanks.

VI
I'm sure your food will be ready in
a minute.

MAN
Cool.

From the back, a terrible sound. The sound of MANY POTS AND
PANS FALLING.

FRANK (O.S.)
(shouting)
Goddam! Son of a bitch!

The couple's eyes go wide with stunned surprise. Vi grimaces.

VI
I'll be... right back.

And to the back she goes, leaving the alarmed couple as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Vi enters. Frank is buried under a collapsed rack of cookware.

VI
What happened?

FRANK
(digging himself out)
The damn rack fell off the wall.
This is what I'm talking about!
Over and over terrible things are
happening to me!
(beat)
I have a spatula lodged in my ass.

VI
I could have done without that.

FRANK
Tell me about it. Just help me get
out of here!

She quickly rushes over, digging through layers of silver as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

The couple sit alone, awkward. Tamsin enters the diner, looking around.

TAMSIN
Anyone here?

MAN
Uh...

Tamsin sees them, shocked.

TAMSIN
(accusatory)
What are you doing here?

MAN
(confused)
Eating?

WOMAN
(annoyed)
Trying to eat.

TAMSIN
 (beat; amused)
Really? How extraordinary.

TYLER enters, from upstairs.

TYLER
 Tamsin!

He pauses in his tracks as he notices the customers.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 And two total strangers.

He continues on his way to the bar, joined closely by Tamsin.
 The two sit next to each other at the counter.

TYLER (CONT'D)
 Where's Jamie?

TAMSIN
 He went to school.

TYLER
 Oh, yeah. I remember school. Play
 dough, nap time, cookies... it was
 great.

TAMSIN
 Well, Jamie's in the ninth grade,
 so probably not so much of that.

TYLER
 Shame. Some of my best times were
 in kindergarten.
 (off Tamsin's look)
 I peaked early.

Mike and MIKE'S CONQUEST #96 enter the diner. Mike pecks
 Conquest on the cheek and walks him to the door.

TAMSIN
 Oh, look, another boy.

TYLER
 Yeah.

TAMSIN
 How delightful.
 (beat)
 I can't believe him. Little
 slapper. Makes me wonder how many
 other men he had when he was with
 Lon.

Tyler turns on her.

TYLER
Don't say that! He loved Lon! He
would never-- that right there,
that isn't love.

Tamsin rolls her eyes. Tyler turns back to his friend, biting
his lip.

Mike sits next to him.

MIKE
Morning.

Tamsin nods, curt.

TYLER
Good morning. Who was that?

MIKE
(big grin)
The latest valiant explorer to
climb the peak of Mount Mike.

TYLER
You're shameless.

MIKE
I have some shame. I'm ashamed of
you.

TYLER
Well, thanks.

Mike looks around.

MIKE
Hey, where is everyone?

CUT TO:

EXT. DARTWELL ACADEMY - COURTYARD - DAY

Jamie and BEAU BUXTON sit outside at a picnic table, eating
lunch.

BEAU
Hate math.

JAMIE
I don't mind it.

BEAU

Well, that's 'cause you're good at it. Hell, boy, seems like you're good at everything. At least if what I've seen from you so far is any indication.

(beat)

It ain't fair.

JAMIE

Well, I study very hard.

BEAU

Liar.

JAMIE

Occasionally.

BEAU

You occasionally lie, or you occasionally study?

JAMIE

What would life be without mystery?

Beau narrows his eyes.

BEAU

You don't talk right.

Jamie LAUGHS at the ironic wording of his new friend's statement.

He looks around the courtyard, just gazing. Finally he stops when he sees BRYNN (15), a cute blonde girl in a school uniform, sitting at the next table, all alone. She looks over at Jamie. Startled and nervous, he waves. She smiles and turns away. This catches Beau's attention.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Whoa! Check out the new girl!

Beau drools over the Brynn as she looks back at Jamie. He BLUSHES as we:

WHITEOUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY

The couple is gone. Mike, Vi, and Tyler are likewise gone. Frank works behind the counter. Tamsin and Fletcher sit at a booth, going over files.

FRANK
Aagh! Dammit!

Tamsin and Fletcher jump up. Fletcher's hand goes inside his coat.

FLETCHER
What?

FRANK
I burned my hand!

They relax. Fletcher brings his hand back.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I know I turned this grill off! I know I did!

FLETCHER
You probably just overlooked it.

FRANK
Overlooked? I'm a man of skill, of training. I worked black ops for fifteen years. I don't overlook anything.

Tamsin and Fletcher look doubtfully at Frank.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Okay. After the tenth time I burned my hand, I installed an automatic shut-off switch. Happy?

Tamsin and Fletcher laugh quietly while Frank wraps his hand with a towel.

FRANK (CONT'D)
All day long with this! I think I'm cursed or something.

TAMSIN

Frank. You aren't cursed. We have a warlock right upstairs who would have noticed.

FRANK

Well, something's going on. Too much stuff has happened today for it to be just coincidence.

FLETCHER

People look for connections, Frank. A few bad things happened today and your brain is linking them together to make it seem like you're particularly unlucky. Everyone has a bad day.

FRANK

Bad day. Please.

He holds up his hand.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I'm crippled!

Tamsin rolls her eyes and sits back down.

FRANK (CONT'D)

What are you doing sitting, woman? I'm hurt. Fetch for me a glass of water and a handful of Tylenol! You! Aussie! I require an ice cream cone.

Fletcher smirks and tosses his pen at Frank.

CUT TO:

INT. DARTWELL ACADEMY - CLASS ROOM - DAY

Jamie, Beau, and Brynn sit together at the back of the class.

JAMIE

(quietly)
So you're new also?

BRYNN

(quietly)
Just transferred.

BEAU

From where?

BRYNN

Oh, a long way from here. What about you boys? Lived here long?

BEAU

Nah. I'm originally from Austin Texas as you can tell by my charming accent.

He gives Brynn a wink.

BEAU (CONT'D)

My mom works for MacroWare. Got transferred here last year. Oh, and Jamie, it's his first day too.

(beat)

You guys know each other?

JAMIE

No.

BRYNN

(at the same time)

Maybe.

Jamie makes a confused face. Beau looks back and forth between Jamie and Brynn. Brynn turns away from the boys and smiles. She raises her hand.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Yes, uh...

(beat)

Brynn?

BRYNN

May I go to the rest room?

TEACHER (O.S.)

Of course.

Brynn gets up, smoothing her skirt as she exits the classroom.

BEAU

What did she mean, maybe?

JAMIE

I have no idea. That girl is weird.

BEAU

Yeah.

(beat)

Pretty, though.

Jamie rolls his eyes.

JAMIE

Come on.

BEAU

What?

JAMIE

You've known her, what, five minutes?

BEAU

I didn't propose to her! I just said that she's, you know, pleasing to the eye.

JAMIE

Mmhmm.

BEAU

What?

JAMIE

You fancy her.

BEAU

(confused)

Fancy? What?

JAMIE

(unsure)

I-- it's like-- my mom says it about boys. I don't understand it, she says a lot of weird things.

BEAU

You don't talk like your mom.

JAMIE

Nah. I talk like the people on TV.

Beau waves his hands in the air.

BEAU

Whatever. Doesn't matter. The point is, when she comes back, you need to let me talk to her, okay?

JAMIE

Fine. Why don't you invite her to the diner after school? We can... hang out.

Beau smiles, thoughtful.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY

Everyone's in the diner. Vi and Tyler play checkers at a booth. Frank, Fletcher, and Tamsin discuss a case. Mike, however, is nowhere to be found.

Vi takes one of Tyler's pieces.

TYLER
Dammit!

FRANK
(looking up)
What?

TYLER
Vi jumped me.

Tamsin and Fletcher turn in unison.

FRANK
Really now.

Tyler looks to Vi for help, but she just sticks out her tongue.

TYLER
Well-- I--

FLETCHER
It didn't seem to take too long.

TAMSIN
Look at her, doesn't appear she enjoyed it very much, poor dear.

FRANK
Boy, that must be embarrassing.

Tyler plants his face in his hands and randomly flicks one of his checkers across the board. Vi claps gleefully and jumps THREE of Tyler's pieces in one go.

VI
King me!

TYLER
I dub thee King Victoria of Dinertopia.

VI

Very good, sir. And what powers am I given over this land?

TYLER

Well, I won't lie, your duties are largely ceremonial.

VI

Rats.

TYLER

Standing by at the annual stove-cleaning, waving as guests come in, collecting your portion of the tip for the royal coffers.

Vi GIGGLES. Over Tyler's shoulder, she can see Jamie, Beau, and Brynn approaching the door. She THROWS one of Tyler's captured checkers at Frank.

VI

Kids coming. Files go away.

Tamsin quickly shuffles the files together and slides them across the table to Frank, who pops them under the counter just as the bell RINGS and the kids enter.

JAMIE

Hi, Mom!

TAMSIN

Hey, baby.

Jamie shuffles uncomfortably. Beau sniggers.

FRANK

Good day at school?

Brynn looks to Frank.

BRYNN

(to Jamie; stage whisper)

Is that your dad?

Jamie's face falls. Tamsin and Frank lock eyes, disgusted. Fletcher has to turn and walk away to conceal his HYSTERICAL LAUGHTER.

BEAU

Definitely not.

TAMSIN

Who is this, Jamie?

She indicates Brynn.

JAMIE

This is Brynn. She's new at school.

TAMSIN

Hello Brynn. I'm Tamsin, Jamie's mother. This is Fletcher, Frank, Vi, and Tyler.

At their names, each respective person nods, waves, or smiles at Brynn. She politely smiles back.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

Tell me about your day, son.

As the kids crowd around Tamsin, Tyler and Vi continue their game.

VI

Haven't seen Mike around much lately.

TYLER

Yeah, he's... been busy.

VI

He certainly has.

Tyler rolls his eyes. He knows what's coming.

TYLER

Look--

VI

He's got a problem. We all know it. Serial sex like that isn't healthy.

TYLER

I know.

VI

Someone should really talk to him.

She looks sternly at Tyler. Tyler is oblivious.

TYLER

You're right.

Vi looks at Tyler expectantly as he continues to move his checkers. His eyes flick up at her, then back down. Then up again.

TYLER (CONT'D)

What? Me?

VI

You're his best friend.

TYLER

Exactly. That's exactly the reason I shouldn't do it.

Vi clearly doesn't understand.

TYLER (CONT'D)

I've dealt with this particular "Mike Problem" before, though never on this scale. It's not a conversation I want to ever have again. That way lies anger and shouting... and possible dismemberment. And I happen to like my "member", thank you! That's why I tried to get Frank to--

VI

But you're the only one he really listens to. I mean, now that Lon...

Tyler nods.

VI (CONT'D)

He takes you seriously. None of us can get anywhere because he just jokes around until we go away. You know how to get around his... "smartass-ery".

Vi gives Tyler a pleading look. He sighs resignedly.

TYLER

All right. Fine. I'll talk to him. No promises. But I'll try.

Vi smiles and jumps another of Tyler's pieces.

VI

I win!

Tyler SLUMPS onto the table.

ACROSS THE DINER, Jamie, Brynn, and Beau sit at a booth.

BEAU
(braggingly)
...and so I walked up to him and I
said, "You just try it!"

Jamie and Brynn are obviously not paying attention, instead they smile shyly at each other.

The clueless Beau continues his boasting as the camera PANS to Tamsin smiles to Fletcher and Frank.

TAMSIN
My mutant son has friends!

FRANK
They're definitely going to give
you a motherhood award.

TAMSIN
Shut up, you grumpy old coot! My
child is fitting in. He's the first
male in my family who hasn't been
stuffed in a locker his first day
of school. And look!

She points to the children. Brynn says something. Jamie laughs.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
A girl is talking to him! That's
utterly unprecedented.

The adults continue to observe the kids from across the room as Jamie looks at Brynn and blushes.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)
I think someone has their first
crush!

FLETCHER
I think you might need to calm down
a bit. You're a little too...

TAMSIN
I'm just trying to pack the fifteen
years of excitement I missed into a
few months so I can be normal
later.

Frank puts his hand on Tamsin's.

FRANK

We get that. But do it a little quieter, yeah? You don't want to be one of those mothers.

TAMSIN

I've no idea what you're talking about.

As Frank smirks, we PAN OVER to the kids sitting at the table. Jamie and Beau joke about something as Brynn looks over at Frank and Tamsin.

There's a LOUD SNAPPING SOUND.

Frank looks up--

FRANK'S POV

--one of the large lights suspended over the bar FALLS--

WHITEOUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DAY

As before. The light FALLS TOWARDS FRANK--

--and with surprising speed Fletcher VAULTS over the counter, knocking Frank back, both men landing safely against the far wall. The light SHATTERS, glass and metal going everywhere.

Frank looks from the light, to the light fixture, back to the light.

FRANK

(beat)

All damn day!

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - LATER

The kids are gone. Vi and Tyler sweep up the debris from the light. Frank sits at a booth, an ice pack on his injured elbow. Tamsin gently cleans a cut over Fletcher's eye.

FLETCHER

Ouch!

TAMSIN

Well, bloody hold still, then.

(beat)

There. All done.

She pastes a pink "Princess" Band-Aid over the cut.

FLETCHER

(smirking)

Classy.

With an amused smile, Tamsin slaps him lightly on the cheek.

Tyler gingerly steps around the glass.

TYLER

(to Frank)

Jeez, Frank! What happened? And more importantly, should I invest in a crash helmet?

Frank surveys the scene with an annoyed expression.

FRANK

I have no idea. We were talking,
then it fell. Stuff like that has
been going on all damn morning.

FLETCHER

It's very strange.

Frank turns to him, eyebrow raised.

FRANK

What happened to "It's just bad
luck?"

FLETCHER

I hadn't been almost killed by it
then.

FRANK

Well, thanks.

The diner door opens and Mike enters, looking happy. Vi
points to him over her broom. Tyler turns around and SIGHS.

TYLER

Okay. All right.

He leans the broom against the counter and follows Mike
upstairs. Vi shouts after him.

VI

I didn't mean right now! Who's
gonna help me clean?!

Off her annoyed expression we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - MIKE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters his bedroom and kicks off his shoes, flopping
down on the bed. Tyler is quickly in as well. He knocks on
the open door. Mike looks up.

MIKE

Hey.

TYLER

Where've you been?

MIKE

I was...
(grins broadly)
...out.

Tyler rolls his eyes.

TYLER

I don't--

MIKE

Okay, you got me. I was "in" and then "out... and then "in"... and then "out"...

Mike chuckles to himself.

TYLER

(to himself)

Yes. This is what I did not want.

He sits down heavily on Mike's bed.

TYLER (CONT'D)

(seriously)

We need to talk.

Mike shifts uncomfortable, a guilty look on his face.

MIKE

Yeah, I know. And I'm sorry man.

Tyler relaxes slightly. Things are going better than he thought.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And you're right... I shouldn't have used your razor, but I had some very intimate grooming to do and mine was dull.

A grossed-out look crosses Tyler's face.

TYLER

That's not what this is about, and Eww! I shaved with that this morning!

Mike looks away sheepishly.

TYLER (CONT'D)

Everyone's-- we're worried about you!

Mike looks back to Tyler wearing an incredulous expression.

MIKE

What? Why? I'm fine. Great. Haven't you seen me recently?

TYLER

Yeah, dude. I have. That's my point.

The two stare at each other. Words passing, no sound.

MIKE

(realizing)

Oh God! You really wanna do this, dude? Give me the "After School Special" treatment?

The air hangs heavy between the two men.

TYLER

What are you doing, Mike? It's been, what, almost seven months? There must have been seventy guys come through here since then!

Tyler considers his own words and hops off Mike's bed, discreetly wiping his hands on his pants.

MIKE

So? I'm being safe.

TYLER

So? So I'm sick of having to defend you to Vi and Tamsin, that's so! We're supposed to be best friends, man, when's the last time we've actually talked?

Mike jumps up, finger thrust towards Tyler.

MIKE

Don't lecture me on morals and friendship, "best friend." I don't have to answer to you about the people I see.

TYLER

I didn't say--

MIKE

(angry)

This is just what I do. It's fun. Okay? I'm allowed to have fun, Jesus! I have school all day, I kill monsters all night, I should be able to enjoy what little free time I get!

TYLER

I know that.

MIKE

Maybe you should act like it. Oh, and I don't give a rat's ass what you have to do with Tamsin and Vi to appease them. That's not my freaking problem.

He walks to the door, JERKING IT OPEN.

MIKE (CONT'D)

(coldly)

I know, maybe you should show Vi your room sometime, if you know what I mean. Might loosen your tight little ass up. Sure seems to work for me.

He SLAMS the door behind him. Tyler stands in the room, fists clenched. Finally he grabs Mike's alarm clock from the bedside table and THROWS IT ACROSS THE ROOM. It SHATTERS AGAINST THE WALL.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DUSK

The sun is setting. Frank is still cradling his injured arm. Fletcher is absent, as is Tamsin. Frank and Vi finish sweeping the glass from the light. Frank leans his broom against the counter and reaches out to place a hand on Vi's shoulder. She steps away from him.

FRANK

What?

VI

Don't touch me. You're bad luck.

FRANK

I am not bad luck.

VI

How many times have you almost died today?

FRANK

(sheepish)

Couple.

VI

Right. And how many times have I almost died today?

FRANK

None.

VI

I want to keep it that way.

Frank rolls his eyes. Fletcher emerges from the kitchen, a SMALL SCANNER in his hand.

FRANK

What's that?

FLETCHER

It's a modified version of the portal locators. If any magical being is targeting you, or there's any curse or demon after you, I'll be able to find it.

Just now, Mike STORMS DOWN THE STAIRS, opening and slamming the diner door, disappearing into the street.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

And right now it's detecting one very pissy homosexual.

FRANK

Forget him. If he wants to be a bitch, let him be a bitch. Let's just find whatever's trying to kill me.

Fletcher nods.

FLETCHER

All I have to do is sweep this around the area and we'll find our culprit, if there is one.

FRANK

If?

VI

I thought you'd jumped on the "Curse Bandwagon"?

FLETCHER

Time has healed that lapse of judgement. Time, and nothing is hitting me on the head anymore.

(MORE)

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
I would say the latter is just as important as the former. Now, where did these accidents first start?

FRANK
My bathroom.

FLETCHER
Then let's go sweep it!

He starts for the stairs, but Vi grabs his arm.

FRANK
Maybe I should... just... I'll --

He grabs the scanner and heads to his bathroom.

FLETCHER
What was...

VI
That isn't something you want to experience except in a dire emergency.

The two of them sit at the counter, some distance apart. Together, alone, they're uncomfortable. Fletcher DRUMS HIS FINGERS on the countertop.

FLETCHER
So...

VI
Yeah?

FLETCHER
How's the boyfriend?

VI
He's... good.

FLETCHER
Good.

VI
What about you?

FLETCHER
Hmm?

VI
Seeing anybody?

FLETCHER
Oh, no. No. There's a... I'm
looking, though.

A tiny grin breaks Vi's lips.

VI
A specific girl in mind?

FLETCHER
You could say that.

VI
Tamsin?

Fletcher doesn't say anything. He specifically looks away,
tapping his fingers harder.

VI (CONT'D)
Tamsin!

FLETCHER
Shut up.

VI
It's sweet.

FLETCHER
Uh huh.

VI
I could put in a good word for you
if you want.

Fletcher leans in.

FLETCHER
Really?

VI
No. But I can tell her that you
asked me to.

Fletcher leans back, crosses his arms.

FLETCHER
Truly, your ways are of the Devil.

VI
Well, I do have a vagina.

Fletcher nods. Of course.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - SUNSET

The sun's setting. Mike crosses the street, barely looking around for cars. He sits down on a metal bench on the other side of the street, tossing his head back over the rail. He looks at the sunset.

He sighs loudly and looks up at the sky for a beat.

HOBO (O.S.)
Hey! Got any change?

Mike sits up as a HOBO shoves a tin can in his face.

HOBO (CONT'D)
Any change?

MIKE
Uh...

He fishes in his pocket, pulling out his wallet. He hands the hobo a few dollar bills, which the hobo eagerly grabs, knocking Mike's wallet out of his hand.

HOBO
Sorry.

MIKE
No problem. Just, you know...

HOBO
Thanks for the cash.

Mike nods at him as he walks away. Then Mike picks up his wallet. It's the kind with the plastic flaps for photographs. The top picture is Mike, Vi, and Tyler at the Roundhouse, mugging for the camera.

Mike smiles warmly and flips to the next photo. An art shot of Frank's diner, one Mike took personally. The next one, though, is far more personal. Mike, holding LON, kissing the top of his head in a booth at the diner.

Mike takes the photo out of the plastic cover and brings it close to his face. His eyes are red with tears as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

The sun has finally set. Frank, Vi, and Fletcher stand in the diner as Fletcher scans the whole room.

FRANK
Getting anything?

FLETCHER
Nothing over here...

He pace across the diner to the booths against the window.
The scanner goes wild, BEEPING and LIGHTING UP.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Whoa-ho!

VI
What?

FLETCHER
A huge concentration of particles.

FRANK
What kind?

FLETCHER
Well, I'm not sure...

He twists some of the dials.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Sprite particles.

VI
(frowning)
That lady customer spilled her
drink. I thought I cleaned it all--

FLETCHER
Not the soft drink. The pixie
thing.

FRANK
Wait a minute, sprite?

FLETCHER
Yeah.
(off Frank's look:)
Why?

FRANK
(concentrating)
I think there was a... hang on.

Frank takes his cell phone out of his pocket and dials a
speed-dial number.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Hey! Billie! It's Frank. Look,
there's something I need to ask
you.

Vi and Fletcher smile at each other.

FLETCHER
Billie.

VI
Speed dial.

Frank rolls his eyes at the pair.

FRANK
Remember that Ekemu clan we tackled
few years back?
(beat)
Yeah, where was that?

He grabs a notepad off the counter and scribbles down the
location.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Thanks. Thanks a lot, Bill. All
right. See you in a few days. Bye.

He hangs up. Vi and Fletcher grin at him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
What?

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - COMMAND CENTRAL - NIGHT

Fletcher sits at a computer in the command center, Vi and
Frank behind him.

FLETCHER
Yep. That forest you and Billie
fought the pixie in? It's been
bulldozed recently. They're
building some sort of shopping
center over it.

FRANK
So they might have broken the
bottle.

Fletcher nods and turns in his chair.

FLETCHER

Apparently, sprites are vengeful little creatures. Not the cute faeries of children's stories.

FRANK

Tell me about it.

FLETCHER

If this sprite's out, it would definitely come after you. Do you have another fairy bottle?

FRANK

I don't exactly keep 'em handy.

FLETCHER

(sighs)

I'll make one. Shouldn't take long.

FRANK

All right. I'm going to go lock up.

Frank exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. HEAVEN'S GATE STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brynn and Jamie walk side by side on the sidewalk.

BRYNN

I had fun tonight.

JAMIE

Me too. You'll have to excuse Beau. He acts weird around girls.

BRYNN

You don't?

JAMIE

(shrugging)

I act weird around everyone.

BRYNN

I don't think you're weird.

Jamie gives an embarrassed smile.

BRYNN (CONT'D)

I think you're...

The two stop walking. Brynn reaches up and softly touches the side of Jamie's face.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
...fascinating.

Jamie is now clearly uncomfortable.

JAMIE
I... uh... better get home.

Brynn smiles as Jamie quickly departs.

BRYNN
I'll see you later, Jamie Sinclair.

Watching Jamie leave, her smile fade to a look of curiosity as we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Frank comes in from the kitchen. Someone is KNOCKING at the door. Frank gives a curious look and crosses over to the door. Standing outside is Brynn. He unlocks the door and opens it.

FRANK
Hey, kid. Uh, Jamie went home. I can give you the address if you want.

BRYNN
No, that's fine. I'm not here for him.

FRANK
I'm sorry?

A BLINDING GOLDEN FLASH. Where Brynn stood, now floats PRAXX the sprite, tiny and gold and evil.

PRAXX
(garbled)
I'm here for you!

And she FLIES INTO THE CAMERA, forcing a

WHITEOUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

As before. Praxx FLIES INTO the diner. Frank DIVES away. With a SCREECH, Praxx raises her arms. All the glass windows in the diner IMplode INWARDS, tiny blades giving Frank shallow cuts.

He scrambles to his feet and vaults over the counter. Fumbling for a weapon, he grabs a fork and lobs it out like a grenade.

It misses.

Praxx continues to zip around the diner, tiny and unhittable. Fletcher and Vi burst out from the kitchen.

FLETCHER

What the hell is going on!?

FRANK

(irrational)

Little girl! Sprite! Evil! Broke windows! Jamie's fault!

A NAPKIN DISPENSER hurtles across the diner, smashing just above Vi's head. Both Fletcher and Vi instantly dive for cover beside Frank.

FLETCHER

That's a sprite?

FRANK

Yeah-huh.

VI

It's a little girl!

FRANK

It's a monster from beyond Hell itself. She destroyed my diner!

It's quiet now.

FLETCHER

What's...

He slowly rises up, peeking over the counter. Instantly he DUCKS BACK DOWN as a SHARD OF GLASS about a foot long stabs into the wall behind him.

Frank, Vi, and Fletcher gulp as one. They immediately scramble to the floor and crawl towards the door to the kitchen.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The trio arm themselves with pots and pans.

FRANK

Fletcher, go back to Command and finish that fairy bottle. Me and Vi can hold it off.

VI

We can?

Fletcher doesn't stop to find out -- he's gone, disappeared into the caves.

VI (CONT'D)

How are we going to stop it? Her?

FRANK

Hell if I know. I'm just gonna stall for time. Now, look. She's after me. So if it gets too rough, you take off.

VI

Frank, I'm not --

FRANK

(commander:)

That was an order! You understand, soldier?

Vi nods sadly.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Good.

He CLANGS his pots together.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Now let's kick some fairy ass.

(beat)

That didn't sound do "hate crime" in my head.

As if on cue, the door to the kitchen BLOWS INWARD. Praxx hovers in the doorway, a host of small cutlery and projectiles hovering with her, like a squadron of fighter planes.

PRAXX

Fraaaaank...

VI

She knows your name.

FRANK

How cute.

The cutlery goes FLYING towards them. Frank guards his face with one pot, smacking other projectiles out of the air with the other.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(shouting)

I'm really sorry I trapped you in a bottle for a decade. Really!

A fork bounces off Frank's face.

Vi starts sneaking around Frank, hoping that Praxx will continue to focus on him. Frank takes a step back, and Praxx floats forward, keeping pace. More of her flying objects slam into Frank. They don't do too much damage, but eventually, he knows, a piece of glass will catch him just right.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Can we talk this out? Turn back into a fifteen year old girl and I'll give you some milk and cookies and you don't have to murder me and destroy my diner. Huh?

He smiles. A HUGE PIECE OF GLASS nearly hits him in the face, but he ducks just in time.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I've had more polite customers.

VI

Gotcha!

Praxx turns, but it's too late, and Vi brings a LARGE POT down over Praxx, following through all the way to the floor. The sprite is trapped inside the pot, which is upside down on the ground. Vi and Frank quickly stack any debris they can find on top of the pot to cover it, weighing it down.

Praxx's SCREAMS can be heard from inside, tinny and quiet.

FRANK
Good work.

VI
Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Vi sit outside the diner, looking at its wrecked form.

FRANK
That's gonna be a bitch to clean.

VI
Yeah.

FRANK
(beat)
Sucks to be you.

Vi nods. Then a beat:

VI
Wait, what?

FRANK
I hired you for a reason, and that reason was to do things that I didn't want to do.

VI
There are laws, you know.

FRANK
I mock your petty human morality.

There's a loud CLANG from inside the diner. Frank and Vi tense up, but relax as Fletcher emerges, holding a BOTTLE identical to the one Frank trapped Praxx in years ago.

FLETCHER
Guys! I finished it. Where's the sprite at?

FRANK
Uh... Fletch? When you were coming through the kitchen, did you happen to knock over a big stack of stuff on top of a pot?

FLETCHER
 Oh, that junk? I accidentally
 tripped over it, yeah, but I'm
 fine. Why?

Vi and Frank jump to their feet.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
 What?

As if in answer to his question, Praxx EXPLODES UP from the
 roof of the diner.

FRANK
 What the helling hell?

FLETCHER
 They say pixies' strength gets
 stronger as they get angry...

FRANK
 You didn't think that was useful
 information ten damn minutes ago?!

Praxx DESCENDS down towards the three. Fletcher proudly
 raises his bottle as Vi and Frank move into defensive
 positions.

FLETCHER
Eberrath int --

But before he can finish, A SPOON hits him on the nose. He
 SNEEZES and drops the bottle. The three cringe as the bottle
 hits the ground. But instead of breaking into a million
 pieces, it lands intact. They breath a collected sigh of
 relief.

More debris flies around, Frank and Vi move to dodge as
 Fletcher bends down to pick up the bottle. Just as he reaches
 for it, Vi steps back and STEPS ON IT! It SHATTERS.

Fletcher gives Vi a Look. Vi shrugs apologetically.

Praxx descends until she's at eye level. With a wave of her
 arm, Frank RAISES UP in the air, limbs spread. A LOOP OF
 PLASTIC ELECTRICAL CABLE RIPS FROM THE SIDE OF THE BUILDING.
 It snakes up and tightens around his neck, choking him. When
 Vi and Fletcher rush to help him, they BOUNCE OFF an
 invisible wall.

Praxx lands in the middle of the street, SHIFTING BACK into
 Brynn so she can gloat with a full vocabulary.

BRYNN
How does it feel, Frank?

VI
(confused)
Wait a minute, she's Jamie's
friend? Jamie sent her to kill you?

BRYNN
Oh, please. I don't need to be
sent. The boy was just a convenient
distraction. His otherworldly
nature...

Brynn pauses for a beat, her features soften.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
...intrigued me.
(beat; again all business)
I came on my own.

She advances towards Frank, just a step.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
Do you have any idea what it's like
to be locked in a tiny glass jar
for nine years?

Frank can't answer; his face is turning blue.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
I'll tell you what it was like.

She moves her hand, and the noose tightens.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
Hell.

Frank tries to motion something, but he's too faint.

BRYNN (CONT'D)
In fact, maybe I'll--

The HONK HONK of a truck's horn interrupts her. She turns--
but it's too late. A SEMI TRUCK SLAMS INTO BRYNN.

Frank falls to the ground, GASPING for air.

Vi turns away immediately, hands over her eyes.

The truck SLAMS ON ITS BREAKS causing the broken body of
Brynn to FLY through the air, landing in street.

As the truck comes to a stop, the DRIVER quickly exits his vehicle and runs toward the small figure in the road ahead. His face a knot of anguish.

Fletcher bends down to help Frank stand just as Tamsin and Jamie arrive on the scene. They look at Brynn in disbelief. Jamie runs from his mother's side to his fallen friend.

DRIVER
(distraught)
Oh, my God!

The driver drops down my the girl. Noticing Fletcher, Vi, and Frank, he calls out to them.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
(frantic)
Call 911!

Off their faces we:

FADE TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING

The next morning. A sad, exhausted Frank tries to clean the diner. Large plastic tarps cover the windows. Fletcher enters the diner.

FLETCHER
Morning.

FRANK
Hey.

Fletcher steps carefully around the glass and junk on the floor, leaning against the counter.

FLETCHER
Did you sleep?

Frank shakes his head.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Frank looks around the diner and then shrugs.

After a beat-

FRANK
How is... she?

Frank lets the broom rest against the counter and gives Fletcher his full attention.

FLETCHER

Still human.

(beat)

There's a lot of damage. Ribs, arms. A leg. Massive head trauma. It... hold on, I wrote it down.

He fumbles in his pockets, finding a scrap of paper. He reads off it.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Fractured skull. Probably some swelling of the brain. She apparently can't remember anything.

FRANK

Amnesia?

FLETCHER

(half-smiling)

I asked the nurse about that. She looked at me and said, "It's not like this is 'General Hospital' or anything." But yeah. No personal history at all.

FRANK

She doesn't remember the--

FLETCHER

As far as I can tell, she actually thinks she's really a human girl. No magic, no fairies. Just a scared, 15-year-old girl.

Frank frowns. The men stand in silence as we:

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - TYLER'S ROOM - DAY

Tyler lies on his bed, looking up at the ceiling. Still pissed. A KNOCK on the door.

TYLER

Come in.

Mike enters, wearing the same clothes he had on yesterday.

MIKE

Hey.

Tyler doesn't say anything. Mike sits down on the edge of the bed. A long beat. Then:

MIKE (CONT'D)
 "Show Vi your bedroom sometime."
 Was that supposed to be funny?

A smile breaks Tyler's face. A small one, but it's there.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 (sincerely)
 Dude, I'm sorry.

Tyler sits up, leaning against the wall.

TYLER
 Look--

MIKE
 No, I mean it. I've seriously been
 a dick these past few months. A
 total...

He SIGHS.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 There aren't even words.
 (beat)
 I can't imagine what it must have
 been like for Tamsin to see me with--
 -

TYLER
 She thinks you cheated on Lon.

MIKE
 What?! No! I couldn't-- Jesus.

TYLER
 I know you would never do that. You
 didn't love any of them.

MIKE
 It's like... I thought I could just
 fill in this giant... God, I don't
 wanna be a cliché...

TYLER
 Sometimes, Michael, it's okay to be
 cliché.
 (beat)
 But only a little.

MIKE

A big sucking hole. A vacuum. I mean, he's gone, you know? There's not another freaking Lon out there, man. Enough people who are kind of like him should add up, I thought.

He INHALES. He's almost crying. Tyler turns to fully face him for the first time. And he's almost crying, too.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And you know? For a while, every time... it was gone. Just for a little bit. Lon went away. And I didn't hurt anymore. I mean, it always came back. Like giving pot to a crack addict.

Tyler puts a hand on Mike's shoulder.

MIKE (CONT'D)

And then after, it comes back stronger. Because I feel guilty, because I know it's wrong, I know it's wrong.

He turns to Tyler.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. For all the stuff I said to you. You didn't deserve it. And I'll apologize to everyone else, too.

Mike looks at Tyler hopefully. After a beat, Tyler extends a fist. Mike bumps his fist against Tyler's. Forgiven.

TYLER

"Like giving pot to a crack addict?"

MIKE

Look, man I don't know, it was the first thing that came to mind!

Tyler GRUNTS sarcastically.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Bitch.

TYLER

Jerk.

The two friends share a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. HEAVEN'S GATE HOSPITAL - BRYNN'S ROOM - DAY

Tamsin, Jamie, and Frank enter the room. Brynn lies in bed, head bandaged, in what amounts to a body cast. Jamie approaches the bed. Brynn's awake, and she looks at him, struggling for a name.

JAMIE

Hey.

BRYNN

Um, hi.

JAMIE

Do you-- my name's Jamie. We go to school together.

BRYNN

Were we friends?

JAMIE

Kind of. Yeah.

He looks heartbroken. Tamsin hugs him from behind.

TAMSIN

Hey Brynn. I'm Tamsin. Jamie's mum.

Brynn smiles.

BRYNN

I'm sorry, I don't remember any of you.

TAMSIN

It's okay, honey.

She and Jamie back up a little. Brynn looks at Frank. His face seems to register something in her mind.

BRYNN

You...

Frank takes a subtle step back to the door.

BRYNN (CONT'D)

Who are you?

TAMSIN

Oh, that's Frank. He, uh, is the one who called the ambulance.

BRYNN

(to Frank)

You look... Thank you.

FRANK

It's nothing. Anyone would've...

Tamsin sees that Jamie is not handling this very well. With a subtle gesture she indicates this to Frank.

TAMSIN

Maybe we should go...

BRYNN

No!

The three turn to her.

BRYNN (CONT'D)

I mean... not yet. I can't remember you, but I'm kind of lonely.

But Tamsin knows Jamie can't handle anymore.

TAMSIN

It's okay. We'll be right back, we're just going to go get something to drink. Okay, Jamie?

Jamie nods.

TAMSIN (CONT'D)

You go ahead, son.

With one last long look at Brynn, Jamie exits.

BRYNN

Well... uh... Frank. Could Frank stay, at least? He's kind of... I think he's familiar.

Tamsin moves to the door. She leans in to Frank, whispering:

TAMSIN

You should stay.

FRANK

What if she--

TAMSIN

Look at her. You can't just leave a scared little girl alone in a hospital. And now, at this moment in time, that's what she is.

Frank nods. He sits in the chair beside Brynn's bed. Tamsin leaves, closing the door behind her.

FRANK

Hey, kid.

BRYNN

Hey, Frank.

FRANK

How you doing?

BRYNN

Well, my head hurts.

Frank LAUGHS.

FRANK

I bet it does. You got hit by a truck.

BRYNN

Still not real sure how someone does that.

FRANK

You... were chasing a kitty.

BRYNN

So I like kitties.

FRANK

Or it was wearing your sweater.

Now Brynn laughs weakly.

BRYNN

Tell me more things about me.

Frank sits back in the chair, thinks.

FRANK

Well, you were born in a magical forest, far away...

And we PULL BACK as Frank tells Brynn a story, slowly.

FADE TO WHITE.

END OF SHOW