

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Death On Two Legs

Episode 01
If The Shoe Fits

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(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

TEASER

EXT. LONDON - STREET - NIGHT

A busy street lit by lamp posts. PEOPLE bustling about. Leaving work, going out to drink. Shops closing as bars and pubs come alive. Music, voices and laughter all around.

DRUNKEN PATRONS stumble out of doorways. SMOKERS and COUPLES stand in corners.

Taxis, cars and buses stuck in traffic. Honking of horns. People hailing taxis. Stopping buses.

A black BMW sits on the side of the street. Wedged in between a beaten up old Mini and a white van.

INT. LONDON - STREET - DOMINIC'S CAR - NIGHT

In the drivers seat of the BMW sits DOMINIC TURNER, early-thirties, dark features, strikingly handsome with a jaw line to match. An air of cocky sarcasm about him. Coffee in one hand, binoculars in the other.

He takes a sip of his coffee.

A crackle on the radio. Dominic pushes a button.

A voice comes from the radio.

UNSEEN MALE (O.S.)
Anything yet?

DOMINIC
Nothing.

UNSEEN MALE (O.S.)
She can't stay in there forever.

Dominic scoffs.

DOMINIC
I'll go in and get her myself if I have to.

UNSEEN MALE (O.S.)
Got somewhere better to be?

Dominic frowns slightly.

DOMINIC
Something like that.

UNSEEN MALE (O.S.)
Alright, well keep us posted.

DOMINIC
Will do.

He presses a button on the radio. It falls silent.

He looks out onto the street.

A COUPLE linking arms stumble past, laughing and gnashing their teeth at each other. Dominic rolls his eyes.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
(muttering)
Fucking wolves.

He takes a mobile phone out of his pocket. Presses the side button. The screen lights up. He clicks onto text messages. He types.

On screen:

P. CAN'T MAKE IT TONIGHT. DRINK TOMORROW?

Dominic locks the phone. Looks out onto the street.

Phone dings. He looks down.

On screen:

YEAH SURE. WAS LOOKING FORWARD TO IT THOUGH. YOU'LL HAVE TO MAKE IT UP TO ME TOMORROW ;) P XX

Dominic smirks. Locks his phone. Puts it in his pocket.

He raises the binoculars to his eyes. Looks through them at the street.

Through binoculars:

A GROUP OF MEN sit at a table outside a pub. Laughing.

TWO WOMEN lean up against the wall of an alleyway. Completely intertwined in each others mouths.

Glass smashes nearby. Dominic lowers the binoculars and looks around himself.

A BARTENDER outside a bar collects a broken glass from the floor.

Dominic looks back to the street in front of him.

A DEMON WOMAN, long, dark hair, wearing a red evening gown, exits a nearby building.

Dominic narrows his eyes. Raises the binoculars.

The Demon Woman looks around herself. As her face passes Dominic's binoculars, her eyes flash red.

Dominic lowers the binoculars. Smirks.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

Bingo.

He moves to get out the car.

CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE: DEATH ON TWO LEGS

ACT 1

INT. LONDON - RONAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - MORNING

A brightly lit kitchen. Exposed brickwork. Shelves stacked with pots, pans and various half-dead plants clutter the walls.

A long window over a sink allows the morning sun into the room.

A wooden dining table in the center.

RONAN MURPHY, early-thirties, blonde, a pair of glasses perched on his nose, a kind, scholarly face, wearing an open collar shirt and suit trousers, sits at the kitchen table. A cup of coffee in front of him. A newspaper in his hands.

The front page reads 'DEATH IN THE CLUB Another mysterious murder left unsolved.'

ESSIE MURPHY, early-thirties, brunette, wearing a floral maxi dress, hair up in a messy bun, washes dishes at the sink.

Sitting either side of Ronan are CALLIE and ORLA MURPHY, six-years-old. Twins, but one blonde and one brunette.

Both dressed in red and white gingham dresses. Digging in to bowls of Cocoa Pops.

CALLIE
(through a mouthful
of cereal)
Daddy, guess what?

Ronan looks up from his paper.

Essie turns to Callie. Smiles.

ESSIE
Finish your cereal, honey. Daddy
doesn't want to see mushed up Cocoa
Pops!

Callie and Orla giggle.

Callie swallows.

CALLIE
Better?

She sticks her tongue out.

Ronan chuckles.

RONAN
Much better. Now, what were you going
to tell me?

He folds the paper up on the table.

CALLIE
Me and Orla are doing a show today.

She grins proudly.

Ronan raises his eyebrows.

RONAN
A show? What kind of show?

He glances at Essie. She smiles.

ORLA
We have to tell everyone about our
summer holiday.

CALLIE
So we're going to show them pictures
of home.

Essie strokes Callie's hair.

ESSIE

Yes and we mustn't forget to take the photos with us. Why don't you go get them for me?

Callie grins. She jumps down from the table and rushes out of the room.

Essie takes a seat next to Ronan.

ESSIE (cont'd)

Do you miss it?

Ronan smiles.

RONAN

I do.

He looks at Orla

RONAN (cont'd)

But London's nice, right?

Orla pouts.

ORLA

It's louder than home.

Essie chuckles.

ESSIE

Definitely louder than home.

Callie runs into the kitchen. An envelope in her hand.

CALLIE

I've got them, Mummy.

ESSIE

Good girl. Can you both go pop your shoes and coats on?

Callie and Orla jump down from the table and run out of the room.

Essie leans over. Leans down and kisses Ronan.

He takes her hand and squeezes it.

ESSIE (cont'd)

How are you feeling about today?

She lets go of his hand and runs her fingers through his hair.

RONAN

Nervous.

ESSIE

There's a reason they transferred you here. You're good at what you do.

RONAN

Same shit, different town. Just now there's more death.

He gestures to the newspaper.

Essie grimaces.

ESSIE

You've got to show them you're just as good as them, if not better.

She pecks him on the lips.

She stands. Picks up a tea towel. Begins to dry a plate.

ESSIE (cont'd)

And we should tell the girls. They deserve to know.

RONAN

No. They're not old enough. It'll scare them.

Essie puts down the tea towel.

ESSIE

They're stronger than they look.

Ronan runs a hand through his hair.

RONAN

Six is too young.

ESSIE

Fine, but you know you can't protect them forever. And the sooner they know, the more time they have to accept it.

Ronan sighs.

RONAN
We'll talk about it later.

ESSIE
Sure.

Orla and Callie run in. Now with matching pink rain coats over their dresses.

ORLA
Ready!

Ronan smiles at them.

RONAN
Come and give Daddy a hug.

He holds out his arms.

Orla and Callie run into him.

Ronan groans. Laughs. Wraps his arms around them both.

They giggle.

He kisses them both on the forehead.

RONAN (cont'd)
Go ace that show of yours.

ORLA AND CALLIE
We will!

He tickles them both in the side.

They squeal and giggle.

Essie smiles.

ESSIE
Come on, girls. Time to go.

Ronan lets them go.

ESSIE (cont'd)
Wish Daddy good luck for his first day.

ORLA AND CALLIE
Good luck, Daddy!

Ronan chuckles.

RONAN

Thank you. See you later.

Essie leans down and kisses him.

ORLA AND CALLIE

Ewwwww!

Essie and Ronan laugh.

ESSIE

Good luck, love.

Ronan smiles.

Essie, Callie and Orla exit.

We hear the front door open and shut.

Ronan takes a sip of his coffee. Picks up the newspaper.

EXT. LONDON - STREET - CHURCH - MORNING

A small, old church wedged between two office buildings.
Moss growing up the walls. Missing roof tiles.

Ronan approaches. Dressed in a sharp suit, a briefcase in
one hand, a piece of paper in the other.

He stops in front of the church. Looks up. Then back at the
paper. Frowns.

He walks up to the door.

Beat.

Tentatively pushes it open. The door creaks open.

INT. LONDON - CHURCH - MORNING

Pews lined up in rows. Two OLD WOMEN sit side by side in
one. Heads bowed in prayer.

A cross hangs above an altar.

Candles hang from holders attached to the ceiling.

Two doors either side of the altar.

A PRIEST distributes Bibles along the pews.

Ronan enters. The door slams shut behind him, echoing. He jumps.

He looks around.

The Priest clears his throat.

Ronan looks at him.

Without looking up from the Bibles, the Priest nods his head to the left.

Ronan looks at the door to the left of the altar.

The Priest coughs again. Nods his head to the left.

Ronan walks down the aisle to the door.

A fingerprint scanner is next to it.

Ronan pockets the paper. Puts his thumb on the scanner. It beeps. The door clicks.

He pushes the door open. Looks back at the church.

The Old Women don't look up.

The Priest continues to distribute Bibles.

Ronan doesn't look as he walks through the door. Collides with a metal wall.

INT. LONDON - CHURCH - ELEVATOR - MORNING

A silver, metal elevator. Buttons on one side of the door read:

1. CHURCH

-1. PRECINCT

Ronan frowns.

The door shuts. A bell dings. The 'PRECINCT' button lights up.

Ronan presses it.

The elevator descends with a sudden jolt.

Ronan stumbles. Steadies himself. Deep breath.

INT. LONDON - CITY PRECINCT - MORNING

Focus on elevator doors opening. Ronan steps out. Looks around.

A large room. Tall ceilings. Stone archways on the walls. Desks scattered around the room.

Doors leading off into side rooms.

A row of cells against one wall.

DETECTIVES and OFFICERS bustle about. Carrying paperwork. Escorting a variety of CRIMINALS to the cells.

An OFFICER leads the Demon Woman towards a cell. As they walk past Ronan, the Demon Woman hisses at him. Baring her teeth. Eyes flashing red.

Ronan hisses back. The Demon Woman looks taken aback. Frowns.

OFFICER
Keep it moving.

The Officer pushes the Demon Woman forward.

CAPTAIN ADELINA STOKES, early thirties, dark hair tied up in a ponytail, dark eyes, dressed in a fitted suit, approaches Ronan.

ADELINA
Ronan Murphy?

Ronan smiles.

RONAN
Captain Stokes, I assume?

Holds out his hand.

She shakes it.

ADELINA
Pleasure. I've heard great things.

Ronan smiles.

RONAN
Likewise.

Adelina gestures for him to follow her.

They walk through the Precinct.

ADELINA
How do you like our Precinct?

RONAN
It's a lot bigger than the one I'm
used to.

Adelina smiles.

ADELINA
I'm sure you'll settle in just fine.

She pauses. Turns back to him.

ADELINA (cont'd)
And I'm sure you're aware that, as in
Ireland, the Fairy Treaty still
stands. No one but the Precincts and
Supports are to know what we do here.

Ronan nods.

RONAN
Of course.

Adelina smiles. Continues through the Precinct.

ADELINA
Perfect.

Adelina stops next to an empty desk.

ADELINA (cont'd)
This is your desk. Plenty of drawer
space for your...

She gestures to the briefcase.

ADELINA (cont'd)
...personal items.

Ronan puts the briefcase down on the desk.

RONAN
No computer?

ADELINA
We try to keep the use of technology
to a minimum. After the Imp incident
of '09 we're rather cautious.

Ronan nods.

RONAN

Right.

ADELINA

You'll find all the resources you need in the File Room.

She gestures to the other side of the Precinct.

ADELINA (cont'd)

And any computers we do have are kept in that room over there.

She points to a large steel door with a safe lock on the outside.

ADELINA (cont'd)

Please don't go in there unattended and make sure you lock the door behind you.

Ronan nods.

RONAN

Got it.

ADELINA

Any questions?

RONAN

Who will I be working with?

ADELINA

Ah.

She smiles.

ADELINA (cont'd)

We've partnered you with one of our brightest detectives. He takes a little getting used to, but I'm sure you'll both get along fine.

Ronan smiles.

RONAN

When do I start?

Adelina looks around the Precinct.

Her eyes stop on Ronan. Leaned against a wall. Sipping a cup of coffee.

ADELINA

Turner!

Dominic looks up. Sighs. Pushes himself off the wall. Slowly saunters over.

DOMINIC

You called?

Adelina turns to Ronan.

ADELINA

Detective Murphy, this is Detective Dominic Turner.

Ronan holds out his hand.

RONAN

Ronan. Nice to meet you.

Dominic looks at Ronan's hand. Looks at Adelina.

DOMINIC

This the newbie?

Ronan drops his hand.

ADELINA

Yes. And if you don't like it, you can take it up with the Board.

Dominic looks Ronan up and down. He takes a sip of his coffee.

A FEMALE OFFICER approaches, with a case file in his hand.

OFFICER

Captain, this one's just been called in.

She hands the case file to Adelina.

Adelina smiles.

ADELINA

Perfect timing. Your first case together.

She hands the file to Ronan.

Ronan smiles.

RONAN
Can't wait.

Dominic rolls his eyes. Snatches the case file from Ronan.
Walks away.

DOMINIC
(over his shoulder)
Let's go newbie.

ADELINA
He'll warm up to you.

Ronan frowns.

EXT. LONDON - NIGHTCLUB - DAY

A nightclub set between two bars. Police tape surrounding it. Officers from the Precinct mill about.

Dominic's BMW pulls up. Dominic and Ronan get out.

Dominic ducks under the police tape.

Ronan follows.

Dominic flashes a badge at an Officer guarding the door. The Officer nods.

Dominic and Ronan enter the building.

INT. LONDON - NIGHTCLUB - DAY

A large nightclub. Black and dark purple painted walls. A dance floor in the middle. Private booths around the edges. A DJ booth at the top of the dance floor.

FORENSICS mark points around the room.

Dominic and Ronan enter.

Dominic beckons to a FEMALE OFFICER standing nearby.

The Female Officer approaches.

DOMINIC
Where's the body?

The Female Officer frowns.

FEMALE OFFICER
Didn't they tell you? There is no
body.

Dominic runs a hand over his face.

DOMINIC
Why have I--

RONAN
We.

Dominic glares at him.

DOMINIC
...we been sent to a crime scene with
no body?

RONAN
How do you know it's even a case for
us?

FEMALE OFFICER
Hey, I just get given the orders.
Come see for yourselves.

The Female Officer leads them to a private booth, cordoned
off by police tape.

They duck under the tape.

A small private booth. Red velvet sofas. A small table in
the center.

On the floor in front of the table is a blood-soaked, silver
high heel. The silver is barely visible beneath the blood.
Around the shoe is a shiny, gold powder.

Ronan raises his eyebrows.

RONAN
That's a lot of blood.

DOMINIC
Still not seeing why this is one of
ours.

Female Officer gestures to the gold powder.

FEMALE OFFICER
That powder moves on it's own. Sort
of vibrates. Doesn't seem normal to
me.

DOMINIC
Probably just some new drug the
Selkies are taking.

Ronan crouches down. Holds a finger to his lips.

A slight humming can be heard from the floor.

A detective, JEROME CASTER, late-twenties, red hair slicked
back, enters the booth. Two plastic evidence bags and a
small scoop in his hands.

Dominic groans.

DOMINIC
Caster, what do you want?

Ronan stands.

JEROME
I've come to collect the powder.
Captain's orders.

Jerome crouches down. Uses the scoop to collect the powder.
Puts it into the bag.

DOMINIC
We weren't finished with it.

RONAN
I thought you said--

Dominic holds up his hand.

Jerome picks up the shoe. Puts it in the other bag.

JEROME
Not my problem.

The radio on Dominic's belt beeps.

He picks it up. Presses a button.

DOMINIC
(into the radio)
Yup?

UNSEEN MALE OFFICER (O.S.)
We've found a body. About two miles
from the club. Dean Street.

DOMINIC
(into the radio)
On my way.

He presses a button on the radio. Returns it to his belt.

RONAN
Looks like we've found Cinderella.

Dominic sighs.

DOMINIC
Let's go.

Ronan gestures to the shoe bag in Jerome's hand.

RONAN
Can we take that?

Jerome shrugs. Hands Ronan the bag.

EXT. LONDON - ALLEYWAY - DAY

An alleyway between two buildings. Police tape cordons it off.

A body of a GIRL, mid-twenties, long blonde hair, pale skin, covered in scorch marks and deep cuts, dressed in a sparkly party dress, lies on a pile of bin bags.

BUSINESSMEN, WOMEN and other PEDESTRIANS bustle past. They don't seem to notice the crime scene.

Two OFFICERS stand next to the body.

Ronan and Dominic approach. Duck under police tape.

Dominic looks at the Girl. Wrinkles his nose.

DOMINIC
Jesus.

Ronan takes the bloody shoe out of the bag. Slips it on the girl's foot. Looks back at Dominic.

RONAN
If the shoe fits.

Dominic rolls his eyes.

DOMINIC
Fucking hell.

Dominic examines the Girl's body. Flicks her hair back to reveal several bite marks on her neck.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
Vampires.

Dominic looks over the body. Focus on the scorch marks and cuts.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
She's been tortured first.

RONAN
Why did they leave so much blood?
Vampires are usually pretty thorough.

Ronan scans the area.

RONAN (cont'd)
And where's the other shoe?

Ronan purses his lips.

#He lifts the Girl's upper lip with one finger to reveal fangs. Looks back at Dominic.

RONAN (cont'd)
Lover's quarrel?

Dominic shrugs. Takes a piece of card and an ink pad from his pocket.

DOMINIC
Whatever it is, it'll have to wait
til tomorrow.

He crouches down next to the Girl. Puts each of her fingers into the ink pad and presses them on the piece of card.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
We'll drop these off at the lab. The
results will be back within twenty-
four hours.

Ronan frowns.

RONAN
Seems like a long time.

DOMINIC
You weren't there in '09.

Dominic turns.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
See you bright and early.

He exits.

Ronan watches him. Folds his arms.

RONAN
Right.

End of Act 1

Act 2

INT. LONDON - RONAN'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A small hallway. Lit by a single lamp on a small table. A red front door. A coat rack laden with coats and jackets on the wall. A shoe shelf full of muddy wellies and well-worn trainers.

Ronan opens the front door. Enters.

Callie and Orla run straight into Ronan. Wrap their arms around him.

CALLIE AND ORLA
Daddy!

Ronan laughs.

RONAN
I thought you two were supposed to be in bed?

Essie enters. Pecks Ronan on the lips.

ESSIE
They wanted you to read them a story.

RONAN
Okay, girls. You get into bed. I'll be in in just a sec.

Orla and Callie run out of the hallway.

Ronan pulls Essie into a hug.

ESSIE
(muffled in Ronan's shoulder)
How was the first day?

RONAN

Weird.

Essie chuckles. She pulls away.

ESSIE

Isn't that normal?

ORLA (O.C.)

Daddy!

Ronan smiles.

ESSIE

Tell me later.

Ronan nods.

INT. LONDON - RONAN'S APARTMENT - CALLIE AND ORLA'S
BEDROOM - NIGHT

A pastel purple painted bedroom. Two single beds next to each other. A cream-coloured arm chair in the middle.

One wall is entirely taken up by a book shelf. A handle in the center of it opens up to reveal a wardrobe.

A window on one wall with a princess-themed curtain covering it.

Lampshade on the ceiling has fairy-shaped holes in it. Fairies dance along the walls by the shadows cast from the light.

Orla sits in one bed. Callie sits in the other. Both dressed in matching purple pyjamas.

Ronan enters.

RONAN

What story are we reading tonight?

CALLIE

You choose.

Ronan smiles. Walks to the bookshelf. Scans it. Stops on a book with a blue, floral spine. Pulls it out.

He sits in the armchair between the two beds.

Orla leans over to him.

ORLA
What is it?

Ronan opens the book.

RONAN
I think it's one of your favourites.
It's about a girl who loses her shoe.

Orla and Callie gasp.

CALLIE
Cinderella!

RONAN
Are we sitting comfortably?

Orla and Callie snuggle down under their duvets.

Orla cuddles a bunny soft toy.

Callie sucks her thumb.

RONAN (cont'd)
(reading)
Once upon a time in a faraway land,
there was a peaceful kingdom...

CUT TO:

INT. LONDON - THE WEARY TRAVELER INN - NIGHT

Loud music blaring.

A bar filled with the SUPERNATURAL. Laughing, shouting, chatting.

A long bar stretches along one wall. Various alcoholic beverages lined up on shelves behind it, back-lit by bright spotlights.

Bar stools along the front completely full with HUMANS, VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES, FAIRIES, SELKIES and other Supernatural alike.

Tables and chairs scattered around. Overflowing.

A small dance floor in the centre. Various patrons lose themselves in the music.

Dominic sits among those at the bar. Drink in hand. Sloppy grin on his face. He downs his drink and slams the glass on the bar.

DOMINIC

Another!

PHOEBE ANGEL, a fairy, late-twenties in appearance, ruby red hair, dark eyes, dressed in a short, tight black dress, stands behind the bar, Angel by name, not by nature. She approaches Dominic.

Dominic sees her. Grins.

Phoebe leans towards him, resting her hands on the bar. She smirks.

PHOEBE

You know there are more polite ways to ask for a drink?

Dominic chuckles.

DOMINIC

I didn't think you liked polite?

Phoebe rolls her eyes.

PHOEBE

I thought you were meant to be making up for ditching me last night.

She takes a bottle of rum from a shelf behind her. Pours Dominic another drink.

Dominic raises it.

Phoebe pours herself a glass. Clinks hers with his.

They both down their drinks.

DOMINIC

Just my mere presence is enough, surely?

Phoebe smirks.

PHOEBE

Haven't you got work tomorrow?

Dominic huffs.

DOMINIC
It's been a long day, doll.

PHOEBE
In that case...

She pours him another drink.

Dominic raises an eyebrow.

DOMINIC
Trying to get me drunk? Your fairy
magic won't work on me.

Phoebe laughs.

PHOEBE
What good would you be to me then?

DOMINIC
So, you coming back with me tonight?

Phoebe bites her lip. Looks down at her glass.

PHOEBE
Not tonight, sweets. Find yourself
another friend.

Dominic pouts.

DOMINIC
You're really gonna tease me like
that?

PHOEBE
Don't give me that look.

She gestures around herself.

PHOEBE (cont'd)
I have a business to run.

Dominic smirks.

DOMINIC
That hasn't stopped you before.

Phoebe grabs Dominic by the collar with both hands. Pulls her towards him. Kisses him passionately.

PATRONS around them whoop and cheer.

Phoebe pulls away. Rolls her eyes. Lets go of Dominic.

Dominic smirks.

Phoebe wipes the corner of her mouth with her thumb.

PHOEBE
Satisfied?

Dominic chuckles.

DOMINIC
Not nearly enough.

Phoebe gestures around the Pub.

Dominic scans the crowds. Stops on a SELKIE, bright blue hair, pale skin, dressed in a tight white dress.

Dominic smirks.

Phoebe sighs. Raises an eyebrow.

PHOEBE
Another Selkie? Really?

Dominic turns back to Phoebe.

DOMINIC
Jealous?

Phoebe rolls her eyes. Gestures for him to go.

PHOEBE
Be my guest.

Dominic downs his drink. Winks at Phoebe. Saunters over to the Selkie.

The Selkie looks up as Dominic approaches. She smiles.

Phoebe watches. Sighs. Picks up a cloth. Wipes down the bar.

INT. LONDON - CITY PRECINCT - THE SAFE - DAY

A small, square room. A table runs along one wall. A single computer on the table. A printer next to it. A projector screen pulled down from the ceiling.

A huge, metal door with a safe lock on the opposite side.

BRODY SCARLETT, mid-twenties, curly hair tied in a bun, dressed in a neatly pressed shirt and trousers, stands in front of the computer.

Ronan and Dominic stand next to him.

Dominic wears a pair of black Wayfarers. He massages his temple with his thumb and forefinger.

The computer screen displays the fingerprints of the Vampire Girl.

BRODY

So, we use this system to track down any Supernatural currently in our world. We have the prints of every registered Supernatural on here.

He taps the computer screen.

RONAN

What about the unregistered ones?

Brody shrugs.

BRODY

There shouldn't be any.

RONAN

But--

DOMINIC

Brody, do we know who the vampire is?

BRODY

Ah, yes.

He clicks on the computer. An image of the Girl appears on the screen. Next to it:

FLORENCE AUTUMN

SPECIES - VAMPIRE

RELATIVES - TATIANA AUTUMN

BRODY (cont'd)

Florence Autumn. Vampire. Only known relative is a sister, Tatiana.

He presses a button.

A photo of TATIANA, looks to be mid-twenties, dark brown hair, dark eyes, appears on the screen next to FLORENCE.

Ronan frowns.

RONAN
They don't look much alike.

DOMINIC
What does it matter? We've got our
first suspect. Let's go pick her up.

Brody presses a button on the computer. The printer next to
it whirres to life. A piece of paper slides out the bottom.

Dominic takes it. He walks to the door. Presses a few
buttons on the wall next to it. The door clicks. It opens.

Ronan frowns at the computer.

Dominic turns back to Ronan.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
You coming?

RONAN
Yeah.

Ronan and Dominic exit.

Brody watches them.

BRODY
Bye, then.

The door slams shut behind them.

Brody shrugs. Turns back to the computer.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. LONDON - STREETS - BMW - CONTINUOUS

Dominic sits in the driver's seat of the BMW. He expertly
weaves it round the streets of London.

A SATNAV sits on the dashboard.

Ronan sits in the passenger seat. He clings onto the door
handle for dear life.

DOMINIC
Why are you here?

RONAN

Pardon?

DOMINIC

Why are you here? Why were you transferred? It's not like we're short on detectives.

SATNAV

In one-hundred yards, turn left.

Dominic swerves the car to the left.

Ronan grips the door handle harder. Knuckles whiten.

RONAN

Can you slow down please?

DOMINIC

We need to get this vamp before she realizes we're after her.

He looks at Ronan.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

So, no, I can't slow down. Now, answer my question.

Ronan adjusts himself in his seat.

RONAN

I was requested, after I solved a big case in my hometown. There was a Banshee who would wail all night long, under a tree just outside of town. Drove everyone mad.

DOMINIC

Sounds like your Precinct wasn't that great.

RONAN

We did everything they could to find out why she screamed. We thought she might start killing soon if we didn't stop her.

DOMINIC

So, you swooped in and saved the day?

RONAN

I guess so.

SATNAV

Turn right.

Dominic swerves the car to the right.

RONAN

(mutters)

Shit.

Dominic gestures for him to continue.

RONAN (cont'd)

Banshee's signify death, the people knew this, even if they didn't know the Banshee was real. So people started leaving. I looked into every possible solution, through every archive we had. I found an article about a woman abandoned by her family, fifty odd years ago, after she'd fallen pregnant. She had her baby, left it on a neighbors doorstep and killed herself--

DOMINIC

Let me guess, at that tree?

Ronan sighs.

RONAN

Yes. Please don't interrupt.

Dominic shrugs.

DOMINIC

You were taking too long.

RONAN

Anyway, the Banshee was weeping for the child she'd given up, but they still lived in the town. I reunited them, the Banshee moved on, people moved back into town, the end. Happy?

DOMINIC

Sure.

RONAN

The City Precinct liked my thorough approach, so asked me to transfer and here I am.

DOMINIC

Here you are.

Dominic brakes hard.

Ronan shoots forward in his seat. Stops himself with one hand on the dashboard.

RONAN

Do you have to drive so erratically?
I'd like my kids to grow up with
their father.

Dominic unbuckles his seatbelt.

DOMINIC

You have kids?

Ronan nods.

RONAN

Do you?

Dominic scoffs.

DOMINIC

Definitely not.

Ronan raises his eyebrows.

Dominic gets out the car. Leans back in.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

Coming?

Ronan gets out of the car.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - BARN - DAY

A large wooden barn in the middle of a field. A wooden fence surrounding it.

The BMW is parked by the fence.

Dominic and Ronan climb over the fence into the field. They stop on the other side.

Dominic takes a piece of paper from his pocket. Looks at it. Looks up at the barn.

RONAN

Surely this isn't right?

Dominic walks towards the barn.

Ronan frowns. Follows him.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE - BARN - MOMENTS LATER

A large wooden barn. Bales of hay stacked up on either side.

Planks of wood have been hastily nailed to over any cracks in the walls.

In the center of the room, a wooden coffin. Tatiana lies in it, arms crossed over her chest. Eyes shut. Dark hair fanned out on a red pillow.

Dominic and Ronan enter through large doors. The doors creak.

Tatiana shoots up out of the coffin. Dashes with inhuman speeds to the door. Slams it shut behind Dominic and Ronan.

She pins them both to the wall, one hand on each of their necks.

TATIANA

Who are you and what do you want?

Dominic holds his hands up in surrender.

DOMINIC

Wow, such a temper.

He reaches in his pocket. Takes out an ID badge. Holds it up to Tatiana.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

We're from the City Precinct.

Tatiana drops her hands. Backs away.

Ronan rubs his neck.

Dominic puts his badge away.

TATIANA

Why are you here? I've done nothing to break the Treaty.

DOMINIC

Well, that's what we're here to find out. You're Tatiana Autumn?

Tatiana nods.

RONAN
When was the last time you saw your
sister, Florence?

TATIANA
Step-sister. She's my step-sister.

Tatiana narrows her eyes.

TATIANA
Why?

DOMINIC
She was found tortured and murdered
this morning in an alleyway in the
city. Would you know anything about
that?

Ronan shoots him a raised eyebrow look.

Tatiana's face drops. She takes a step back. Runs a hand
through her hair.

TATIANA
Florence is dead?

RONAN
We're very sorry for your loss. Is
there anyone you know who might want
to hurt your step-sister?

Tatiana shakes her head.

TATIANA
Florence was a nice girl. Sure, she
liked to party, but she had no
enemies. She was loved.

DOMINIC
No one at all? No boyfriends,
girlfriends? Secret werewolf lovers?

Tatiana looks back at them.

TATIANA
No, she had no one steady. Not that I
know of anyway.

RONAN
We need you to come down the the
Precinct and make a statement.

Tatiana shakes her head.

TATIANA

No. I won't come until nightfall.

Dominic frowns.

DOMINIC

You do know, the 'vampires burning in the sun' thing is just a myth, right?

Tatiana nods.

TATIANA

I know. It's not that. I don't trust the fairies spell. I don't want the humans to see me. I feel safer at night.

Dominic sighs. Runs a hand over his face.

DOMINIC

Fine. We'll pick you up at sundown.

He turns to the door. Turns back to Tatiana.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

Don't go anywhere.

Tatiana nods.

Dominic and Ronan exit.

INT. LONDON - CITY PRECINCT - NIGHT

The Precinct is quiet. A few Detectives and Officers sit at desks, guard the cells and look through paperwork.

Dominic sits at his desk.

Ronan sits at his. He's on the phone.

RONAN

(on the phone)

I'm really sorry I won't be home to read to them... yes, I know they'll be disappointed... okay, put them on the phone.

Dominic stands. Picks up his coat. Pats Ronan on the shoulder.

DOMINIC

Time to go.

Ronan holds up one finger.

Dominic grunts. Walks towards the elevator.

RONAN

(on the phone)

I'm sorry, sweetie. Daddy will finish the story tomorrow night, I promise... Okay, I have to go now... Yes, I love you all too... Night, night... Sweet dreams to you too.

Dominic clears his throat loudly.

Ronan hangs up the phone.

RONAN (cont'd)

I was saying goodnight to my daughters.

DOMINIC

Yeah, well, there's a vampire-killing murderer on the loose.

Ronan stands. Picks up his coat.

Adelina exits her office. Walks over to Ronan.

Ronan nods to her.

RONAN

Captain.

ADELINA

Detectives.

She gestures for Dominic to join them.

He walks back over to them.

DOMINIC

We're going to get the sister. What do you need?

Adelina raises her eyebrows.

ADELINA

I'll thank you to be a little more respectful to your superior.

Dominic rubs a hand over his mouth in annoyance.

DOMINIC

Apologies.

(sarcastic politeness)

What can I do for you, Captain Stokes?

Adelina smiles smugly.

ADELINA

Better. There's been another body. You'll have to send another Officer to fetch Miss Autumn. You're needed on this one.

Ronan raises his eyebrows.

RONAN

Another sister?

ADELINA

This one's Prince Charming.

She smirks. Walks back into her office.

Dominic groans.

DOMINIC

Let's go.

He walks towards the elevator.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

(muttering)

Bloody Cinderella nonsense. No time for this shit.

Ronan frowns.

RONAN

Cinderella, Step-Sister, Prince Charming.

DOMINIC (O.C.)

Let's go!

Ronan hurries after Dominic.

End of Act 3

Act 4

EXT. LONDON - ZESTY PESTO'S DINER - NIGHT

An Italian restaurant. Brightly lit outside. An Italian flag hanging above the door.

Dominic and Ronan pull up outside in the BMW. They both get out of the car.

Jerome stands on the pavement.

JEROME

Ah, you're here. The body is round the back.

He walks towards the side of the restaurant.

Dominic and Ronan follow.

EXT. LONDON - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

A dirty back alley. Bins overflowing. A few rats scuttle under the bags.

A body, DORIAN WILLOW, looks to be late-twenties, jet black hair, pale skin covered in scorch marks and deep cuts, a silver high heel sticking straight out of his chest, lies on top of the bin bags. A small pile of gold dust sits in his hand.

Ronan, Dominic and Jerome look at the body.

Dominic wrinkles his nose.

DOMINIC

What is it with this killer and bins?

Ronan smirks.

RONAN

Not afraid of rats are you?

Dominic scoffs.

DOMINIC

I've seen a lot worse than a few rats. Trust me.

(to Jerome)

He's a vampire too?

Jerome nods.

JEROME

Yup. Only difference between this one
and the last is the shoe.

He gestures to the high heel.

Jerome kneels next to the body. Takes a small, zip-lock bag
and scoop from his pocket.

JEROME (cont'd)

Same weird glitter too.

He scoops it into the bag and seals it.

Ronan frowns.

RONAN

Tatiana said her step-sister didn't
have a boyfriend. If that's the case,
then why is her shoe sticking out of
his heart?

Dominic takes a piece of card and an ink pad from his
pocket.

DOMINIC

We don't even know if the two are
related.

JEROME

Bit of a coincidence if they aren't.

Dominic shoots him a warning glare.

Ronan crouches down next to Dorian's body. Frowns.

RONAN

Florence didn't have a boyfriend, but
what if Tatiana did? Cinderella
stealing her step-sisters boyfriend
isn't very princess-like.

DOMINIC

That's because they aren't
princesses. Or princes. They're
vampires.

Ronan is in his own world. He stares at the gold dust.

Dominic waves his hand in front of Ronan's face.

DOMINIC (cont'd)

Hello?

He folds his arms.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
I think you're taking this metaphor a little too far.

Ronan shakes his head.

RONAN
No. It was a crime of passion. The jealous ugly step-sister, Cinderella getting her happy ending.

Dominic smirks.

DOMINIC
She was far from ugly if you ask me.

Ronan stands up abruptly.

RONAN
We need to get Tatiana. Now.

INT. LONDON - STREET - BMW - MOMENTS LATER

Dominic sits in the drivers seat of the BMW.

Ronan sits in the passenger seat.

Dominic drives at a normal speed through the streets of London.

RONAN
Now you choose to drive the speed limit?

Dominic shrugs.

DOMINIC
What can I say? I learn from my mistakes.

Ronan groans.

RONAN
I'm sorry for telling you how to drive. Now, can you please put your foot down.

Dominic chuckles.

DOMINIC
If you say so.

He presses his foot down hard on the accelerator.

The car shoots forward.

Ronan is thrown back in his seat.

Dominic laughs.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
That's better.

Ronan composes himself. He picks up Dominic's radio. Presses a button. It crackles.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
Hey! What are you doing?

He grabs at the radio. Ronan pulls it out of the way before he can get it.

RONAN
Concentrate on driving. I'm trying to get hold of the other Officers. Let them know we're coming.

Ronan presses the button again.

RONAN (cont'd)
(into the radio)
Officers. Do you read me.

Dominic rolls his eyes.

DOMINIC
That's not how we talk.

Ronan glares at him. Presses the button again.

RONAN
Officers. Are you there?

Beat.

The radio crackles.

RONAN (cont'd)
They aren't picking up.

DOMINIC
I can hear that.

RONAN
Something's happened.

DOMINIC
I'm going as fast as London traffic
will let me.

Ronan frowns. Reaches under his seat.

RONAN
Don't you have a...

He feels around under his seat.

Dominic smirks.

He presses a button on the control panel.

A siren on top of the car springs to life. Blue and red
lights flash.

TRAFFIC ahead of them clears. Dominic weaves the BMW
straight.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - BARN - NIGHT

The BMW pulls up alongside the field. The headlights cast an
eery shadow towards the barn.

Dominic turns off the car. Everything goes dark.

The full moon above provides a little light.

Dominic and Ronan exit the car. Torches in their hands.

They turn on the torches. Single streams of light illuminate
the field.

They walk through the field towards the barn. Leaves and dry
grass crunch under their feet.

A wolf howls in the distance. An owl hoots.

They stop at the barn doors.

Ronan presses his ear against the door. Hand on a gun in his
belt.

DOMINIC
(whispering)
Like that's gonna do a lot.

RONAN
(whispering)
Garlic bullets.

Dominic pats his gun.

DOMINIC
(whispering
sarcastically)
Sure. And mine's holy water.

Ronan puts a finger to his lips.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
(whispering)
We need to get you hooked up with
some proper equipment.

Ronan rolls his eyes.

RONAN
(whispering)
Will you please be quiet?

Dominic holds his hands up in surrender.

Ronan slowly pushes the barn door open.

RONAN (cont'd)
Tatiana. It's Detective Murphy and
Detective Turner. Please remain calm.

Dominic takes his gun from it's holster and kicks the barn door open.

RONAN (cont'd)
What are you...

They both stop in the barn doorway. They stare inside. Open-mouthed.

INT. COUNTRYSIDE - BARN - NIGHT

The barn is illuminated by a dozen candle sticks in holders dotted all around.

Tatiana sits cross-legged in the center of the room. White dress, face and arms covered in blood. Carrie-esque.

Either side of her lie the bodies of two OFFICERS. Lifeless. Gaunt. Drained of blood.

Ronan and Dominic stand in the door. Guns raised. Eyes wide.

Tatiana looks at them. Her bottom lip quivers. She starts to cry.

Ronan and Dominic exchange a surprised look.

They look back at Tatiana.

Tatiana sobs.

RONAN
Tatiana, what happened?

Dominic scoffs.

DOMINIC
I think that's pretty cl--

TATIANA
I killed them. I killed all of them.
These Officers...

She gestures to the two Officers.

TATIANA (cont'd)
...Florence and my...

She sobs.

TATIANA (cont'd)
...my Dorian.

Dominic raises his eyebrows.

DOMINIC
That was easy.

RONAN
Why did you kill them?

Tatiana wipes the tears away. Her face hardens.

TATIANA
They hurt me. They used me to get to
each other.

She looks down at her hands.

TATIANA (cont'd)
Dorian told me he loved me. But, he
only loved me to get to her.

She balls her hands into fists. Blood seeps from between her fingers.

TATIANA (cont'd)
They were going behind my back the whole time. I tried to get Florence to admit it. I tortured her for hours. But she wouldn't. So I killed her and moved on to him. He was a little easier to open up. But...

Her lips twist into a sadistic smile.

TATIANA (cont'd)
...in the end, he had to go too.

Dominic nods.

DOMINIC
Thanks for the confession. Could we do this again down at the Precinct?

Tatiana nods. Stands. Blood drips down her arms and off her fingers onto the floor.

Dominic wrinkles his nose.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
(mutters)
Just has the car cleaned.

Ronan frowns.

RONAN
Why the Cinderella copycat kill?

Tatiana's eyebrows draw together.

TATIANA
Excuse me?

RONAN
The shoe, the step-sister, Prince Charming. Why go to all that trouble to set it up like a fairy-tale?

Tatiana balls her fists.

TATIANA
Are you mocking me? This is far from a fairy-tale. I don't take too kindly to being made a fool of. Surely you can see that?

Dominic holds up a hand.

DOMINIC
Alright, let's not get carried away.
He's new to the job. I can only
apologise. Now, if you wouldn't mind
letting me handcuff you so we can do
this all again at the Precinct?

Tatiana holds out her hands.

Dominic takes a pair of silver handcuffs, carved with
numerous symbols, from his belt. He handcuffs Tatiana.

TATIANA
You should teach him how to
interrogate properly.

She jerks her head towards Ronan.

DOMINIC
Trust me. I wish I could.

Dominic escorts Tatiana out of the barn.

Ronan stares at the Officers. Frowns.

DOMINIC (O.C.)
Unless you want an escaped murderer
on your hands, I suggest you hurry
up.

Ronan runs a hand through his hair. Exits.

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5

INT. LONDON - RONAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - EVENING

Ronan, Essie, Callie and Orla sit around the kitchen table.

Bowls of half-eaten spaghetti bolognese in front of them.

Callie and Orla both have tomato sauce smeared around their
mouths.

Essie laughs.

ESSIE
Goodness, girls. I've never seen a
messier pair than you two.

She picks up two cloths from the kitchen counter. Hands one to Orla and one to Callie.

Both wipe their mouths. Smearing more around their faces than actually wiping anything off.

Essie and Ronan laugh.

RONAN
I'm not going anywhere near you two until you're tomato-free.

ORLA
Will you finish reading Cinderella?

Callie grins.

CALLIE
Yes please!

RONAN
Go get your pyjamas on and brush your teeth. I'll be in shortly.

Callie and Orla jump out of their chairs.

ESSIE
What do we say first?

CALLIE AND ORLA
Please may I leave the table?

Essie smiles.

ESSIE
Of course.

Callie and Orla run out of the kitchen.

Ronan takes Essie's hand.

RONAN
How was work?

Essie shrugs.

ESSIE
The usual. Books, books and more books. We had a school visit as well which was... messy.

Ronan chuckles.

Essie stands.

ESSIE (cont'd)
Although, I did sneak you out a
little present.

Ronan raises his eyebrows.

RONAN
Is that so?

Essie exits.

Essie returns with a large, navy hardback book in her hands.

She hands it to Ronan.

ESSIE
So you can read them all to the
girls.

She smiles.

Ronan looks at the cover.

On the cover:

GRIMM'S COMPLETE FAIRY TALES

Ronan smiles. Leans over and kisses Essie.

RONAN
It's perfect. Thank you. Although,
after today I may need a break from
fairy tales.

Essie frowns.

ESSIE
Oh really? What happened?

Callie and Orla enter. Dressed in matching purple pyjamas.

RONAN
(whispering to Essie)
Let's just say they don't all end
happily ever after.

Essie raises an eyebrow.

RONAN (cont'd)
I'll tell you later.

CALLIE
We're ready for our story, Daddy!

Ronan stands.

RONAN
Perfect! Mummy bought us a new book
to read from as well.

Callie and Orla grin. They rush over to Essie and both hug her.

Essie laughs. Hugs them back. Kisses the tops of their heads.

ESSIE
Good night, sleep tight.

CALLIE AND ORLA
Night, Mummy.

RONAN
Come on, let's finish this story.

INT. LONDON - RONAN'S APARTMENT - CALLIE AND ORLA'S
BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Callie and Orla sit in their beds.

Ronan sits on the armchair between them. The new book open
in his lap.

RONAN
And the Prince got down on one knee
with the glass slipper in his hand.
He tried the glass slipper on her
foot. It fit perfectly! The Prince
knew Cinderella was the one. He
looked into her eyes and did not see
the cinders or ashes. And so,
Cinderella and the Prince were
married. And they all lived, happily
ever after.

EXT. LONDON - THE WEARY TRAVELER INN - NIGHT

Chatter, music and lights come from the Inn.

SMOKERS linger outside.

The sign above the door reads:

THE WEARY TRAVELER INN

A streetlamp illuminates the pavement.

Dominic approaches. He nods to the Smokers. Pushes the door open.

The music and chatter gets louder.

Dominic enters.

INT. LONDON - THE WEARY TRAVELER INN - NIGHT

Crowds of HUMANS and the SUPERNATURAL.

Dominic pushes his way through the crowds to get to the bar.

HEATHER, mid-thirties, dyed purple hair, stands behind the bar. Wiping down a glass.

Dominic walks up to her.

DOMINIC
Seen Phoebe about?

Heather stops wiping the glass. Puts it down.

HEATHER
Hello to you too.

Dominic sighs.

DOMINIC
My apologies. Heather, hello, how are you on this fine evening?

Heather rolls her eyes.

HEATHER
Phoebe isn't working tonight.

Dominic frowns.

DOMINIC
She owns the place. She's always here.

Heather shrugs. Picks up the glass. Cleans it.

DOMINIC (cont'd)
Right. Always a pleasure.

HEATHER

Whatever.

Dominic walks to the door. Exits.

EXT. LONDON - THE WEARY TRAVELER INN - NIGHT

Dominic exits the pub. Takes his phone from his pocket.

He walks away from the pub. Types on his phone. Holds his phone up to his ear.

A dial tone is heard.

PHOEBE'S VOICEMAIL (O.S.)

Hi, it's Phoebe. Sorry I can't come to the phone right now. Leave me a message and I'll get back to you!

Dominic lowers the phone. Presses the hang up button.

The phone falls silent. He puts it back in his pocket.

Dominic frowns. Runs a hand through his hair.

He takes a pack of cigarettes from his pocket. Removes one. Takes a lighter from his other pocket. Lights the cigarette.

He walks away from the pub down the street. Cigarette in his mouth.

EXT. LONDON - PHOEBE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A dark street lit by a couple of street lights and the moon.

A row of redbrick houses.

An apartment block in between them.

Dominic pulls up in his BMW outside the apartment block.

He gets out of the car. Walks up the steps to the building. Presses a buzzer next to the door.

It rings and rings. No answer.

He presses it again. It rings. No answer.

Dominic sighs. Walks back to his car. Gets in.

He drives away.

END OF ACT 5

CODA

INT. LONDON - CITY PRECINCT - NIGHT

A quiet precinct. A few Officers sit at desks. No sounds but the scratching of pens on paper.

The elevator dings.

Focus on an UNKNOWN FIGURE's feet. A pair of black heeled boots in the elevator.

They step out. Heels echo on the wooden floor.

An Officer looks up.

The Unknown Figure walks across the Precinct. Focus on their hand, perfectly manicured scarlet nails. They raise it. Sparks flicker on their fingertips.

The Officer's eyes turn milky white. One-by-one each Officer's head drops to their desk.

The Unknown Figure continues through the Precinct. Heels clicking. Echo seems to get louder.

They stop at the door to the Evidence Room. They press some buttons on a keypad.

The door opens.

The Unknown Figure steps inside.

INT. LONDON - CITY PRECINCT - EVIDENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Wooden floors. Shelves and shelves full of boxes and jars of evidence. All labeled with a different case number.

Focus on the Unknown Figure's heeled boots.

They walk past the shelves. Heels echo.

They stop in front of one shelf.

Focus on the jar of gold dust.

Label on the jar reads:

VAMPIRE 'CINDERELLA' MURDER

UNKNOWN POWDER

POSSIBLE DRUG

Focus on Unknown Figure's hand as they take the jar off the shelf. Unscrews the lid. Takes a pinch of the dust.

They put the jar back on the shelf.

They remove a silver locket, embedded with a red gem stone, from around their neck. Their face is never shown.

They open the locket. Sprinkle the gold dust into it.

They close the locket. Put it back around their neck.

A tiny amount of dust drops to the floor. Focus on this as it lands between the floorboards.

Follow the heeled boots out of the Evidence Room.

INT. LONDON - CITY PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

Focus on the heeled boots exiting the Evidence Room. Unknown Figure locks the door behind them.

They walk through the Precinct towards the elevator.

The Officer's heads remain on their desks.

The Unknown Figure steps into the elevator.

Focus on the Unknown Figure's hand. They push the '1' button in the elevator.

The doors ding. Slides shut.

End of Episode